

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
BY H. W. YOUNG

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Just now the recall business appears to be lagging. The fall rains may possibly revive it, however.

Editor Savage, of the Herald, emphatically denies the statement that he is a promoter of the recall movement.

Germany has been suffering for a long time with a serious case of "big head" and the result is going to be the usual one where megalomania becomes rampant.

The British government has placed an order for \$50,000 worth of canned apricots with California canners and they are going east over the S. P. in cases which carry 90,000 pounds.

Only a week from tomorrow night every distillery in the land will shut down to run no more until peace comes, unless Uncle Sam accepts their offer to produce alcohol for munitions.

Autos coming up from California by the coast road are now stopped at the county line by watchmen of duty night and day. One of the first cars to be searched was Governor Withycombe's last Tuesday.

Did you ever stop to think how much it costs to feed the people of Coquille for one day? Probably over \$500. New York City, with six million inhabitants, spends nearly three million dollars a day for grub.

Chancellor Michella just cannot get it through his head why the world will not make peace with Germany by "agreement and understanding." Well, doctor, the world happens to know just what an "agreement" with the present government of Germany is worth, and as for an "understanding," it can have none with a burglar.—Kansas City Star.

We have no right to complain that our allies in Europe are slackers when it comes to eating corn pone. We exported \$75,000,000 worth of corn and corn meal in the year just ended against only \$7,000,000 worth three years ago. When it comes to sugar, though, Europe appears to have given up raising beets in order to raise pandemonium. We exported \$71,000,000 worth in the fiscal year 1917 against only \$2,000,000 in 1914.

We all realize what conditions would confront us if the majority of the people of this country were of the I. W. W. class, despising all law, recognizing no rule of life except their own desires, boldly avowing that they do not intend to keep any agreements they may make and declaring that they will take the women they want as soon as they get the power. That a world ruled by Germany would be exactly the same as a nation in which the I. W. W.'s were supreme is now well understood.

The high price of lumber is evidenced by the sort of logs the Smith-Powers Logging company is sending through here to the big mill at the Bay now. Defective logs used to be left on the ground in logging but at present prices those partly burned and baby sticks less than a foot in diameter such as the hills are covered with in all parts of the county are saved and go out with the rest now. So do some that have been burned hollow at the butt. The wanton wastefulness of the old days no longer prevails.

To trade horses in the middle of the stream has always been unconsidered unwise, and likewise the same policy may be applied to ousting the members of the board of County Commissioners at this time. A business man

is not content to see the present administration disrupted because it means neither capital, nor labor, nor the county had so much important county road work on hand. To place new hands in charge means to lose both time and money. Just keep the present board grinding along smoothly is far better, we believe, and safer.—Coss Bay Harbor.

The I. W. W. are blowhards as well as knaves and fools. They talked big about a strike last Monday in which 55,000 laborers in the Pacific Northwest were going to quit their jobs, but when the time came work went on just as usual. The fact is the I. W. W.'s are not workers and they all quit work long ago, so there are no more of them to strike. They are simply a hobo organization whose plan is to live without work at the expense of those who do work, and to make that game work by big talk and threats. They are enemies of the nation and practically traitors and should be interned during the war and given their choice of work or confinement on bread and water after the war.

During the year ending June 30, more than \$10,000,000,000 worth of merchandise and precious metals passed through the custom-houses of the United States. But for the high prices and submarine risks the amount might have been much greater. Even as it is, though, the amount of our foreign commerce would equal the entire value of the taxable property of twelve states like Oregon. They are also twice as great as in 1914, the year in which the war began. And still the Germans are laying their souls the flattering unctious that they are paralyzing the commerce of the Allies. In fact, within a year there will be more new tonnage completed every month than the Kaiser's pirates can possibly sink.

The following from the National Service Handbook just received from Washington would indicate that men in the camps and mills engaged in producing spruce lumber would have excellent grounds for exemption from coming drafts:

Skilled workmen will in most cases serve their country best if they remain at their posts and increase their care and efficiency in contributing to the preparation of war supplies. Workers engaged in the manufacture of war materials should remember that their activities are second only in importance to those of the men in the trenches. Therefore until called to military duty they should stay at their tasks. Even when drafted if their worth appears of primary importance to the officials they may be exempted.

In an Oregon county there was once a district attorney who put his whole heart and soul into the work of enforcing the laws and making people walk as straight as is possible in this world of trials and temptations. When his term expired he was a candidate for re-election on his record. Instead of the triumphant endorsement the "well done good and faithful servant" commendation he had a right to expect, he was barely re-elected, getting through by the skin of his teeth.

A great light then dawned upon him, and during his next term he loafed on the job and did nothing more in the way of law enforcement than he was absolutely obliged to. Still he did not really enjoy the soldiering and so when another election approached he declined to become a candidate. Then he found how heartily his course had been approved, for everybody who had anything to do with public affairs was beseeching him to allow his name to be used. This case is typical. The popular official is always the one who comes as near as he can to letting the people do just as they please.

TREATING PAPERS UNFAIRLY.  
The State Editorial Association is making a vigorous protest against another Liberty Loan drive in November and December with free advertising demanded from the newspapers as was the case the first time. We should think the government officials would be ashamed to ride a free horse to death; but the proposal to impose a special tax on newspapers from which other lines of business are exempt, seems to come with very poor grace after the newspapers of the country gave the government millions of dollars' worth of publicity that cost them heavily, absolutely without charge. We are willing to help to the limit of our ability, but we certainly don't like the sort of appreciation manifested by our lawmakers—even though the Sentinel is in the class that the tax won't reach. It would be just as unreasonable to ask farmers to furnish free grain to the government as to demand free advertising from the newspapers and yet the government guarantees the farmer two dollars a bushel for his next year's wheat crop and at the same time asks the publisher to work for nothing and beard himself.

## UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES OF THE GERMANS

The following is from the pen of Nicola Grovel-Smith:  
Louis Raemaekers, the great Dutch cartoonist, who carries a prize upon his head because of his cartoons against Germany, came to America, he says, because this nation is now the center of the war and he wants to do whatever he can to make us realize what the war is in its reality.

"It would be presumptuous in me to undertake to guide American opinion," Mr. Raemaekers told me, "or to say what America shall or shall not do. I am here to tell what I have seen, to talk about what I know, to make pictures of these things, so that every one who can be reached by words or pictures may know that this war is in reality the life or death struggle of the world.

Maximilian Harden has honored me by saying that my cartoons have done more to hurt the German cause than all the articles that have been written against Germany, but he complained that I represent the Germans as a nation of burglars. So I did. That is what they are.

"Twenty years ago I realized that this war was coming," Mr. Raemaekers continued in a calm, pleasant, even voice that belongs with his blond hair, his brilliant blue eyes and the vivid, fresh pink coloring.

"How did I realize it so long ago? Because I knew many Germans and read many German books. I knew that the German people believed that they are destined to be the conquerors of the world, and that the lower races—that is what they call the Latins—are made to serve them. Even then they bragged openly that they must have Belgium and Holland and Northern France. Today they preach from their pulpits that God is a German that approves of the submarine warfare, that under the Kaiser Germany will rule the world. It is foolish to blame the Kaiser only," Mr. Raemaekers added. "He is merely the chief man in a nation gone mad—a nation which practices systematically cruelties upon women and children.

"I say to you now," Mr. Raemaekers added solemnly, "whatever you may have heard of Germany, of the conduct of German troops in France, in Belgium, in Serbia, you have not heard all, you do not know the worst. I have seen photographs so many that if they were piled on the table over there they would reach to the ceiling, photographs taken in Serbia by a Dutch doctor whom I know, rows upon rows of the dead bodies of little children upon whom the most frightful crimes had been committed before they were slashed to death across the body."—Mr. Raemaekers made a quick sinister gesture with his right hand as though describing a cross with a sword. "I have seen photographs taken by this physician of woman after woman whose breasts had been cut off. I have been in France. I know the terrible stories of the young girls who were deported from Lille—to work in the fields," they said. Why, the German officers took their choice of them.

"Every officer was entitled to take an orderly from among them. That is nothing extraordinary to a German officer. It's what he did with the women of his own race before the war began. Every one of these officers in time of peace took a girl of the people and lived with her when in garrison. If there were consequences, he paid her a small sum. And when he moved to another garrison he took another girl. That was all. The German people do not protest, though their own daughters are taken. Is the man not an officer? What redress would they have?

"Do you know what the position of a German wife is? It is that of the first servant in the house. When there is no one else she cleans her husband's boots. "Here and there," Mr. Raemaekers added with a fine effort at impartiality, "it is possible to find a German who is not a burglar—that is not a burglar as an individual. I am not prejudiced against Germans. My mother is a German woman. But I say that their national dream is one of burglary. They are the only nation which finds its religion in the words, 'Wee to the Conqueror!'"

"In America," I said, "we have tried not to believe that the German nation as a nation is responsible for crimes against women and children. We have remembered that every war has shown instances of depravity in individual men or groups of soldiers."

"Is it possible that you still dream," Mr. Raemaekers replied. "Was not Bismarck a pretty good German. Did not Bismarck write: 'Nothing should be left to the people of an invaded nation but their eyes to weep with.' The German military orders say that war must not be made upon armies alone but upon civilians, upon churches, upon art. That everything must be put to the sword so as to inspire more terror—and shorten the war." "How long will the war last?" I

asked Mr. Raemaekers.

"Russia complicates the answer," he said. "A year ago I thought that it might end within a year. But not today. When do you think?" he asked suddenly.

"I believe it will take several years to beat them," I answered.

"Yes it will," Mr. Raemaekers replied slowly. "But it will be done. It must be done. And already the Germans are beginning to talk peace. At the beginning, when they took the French by the throat, when France had no heavy artillery and Frenchmen by thousands were mown down, the German thought war a glorious thing. Today, when he is being slaughtered by thousands, he says, 'This war has lasted long enough. It is senseless.' The Germans are a very practical people. They know now that their only chance is to finish the business before the United States gets its men and its supplies over. Ah, if only you had begun to prepare three years ago. France, added Mr. Raemaekers, had made the most magnificent struggle in the history of the human race.

"I understand that the Germans now say they love the French; that they hate only England," I said.

"Yes," replied Mr. Raemaekers grimly, they love the French; they loved the Belgians. Doubtless the German soldier in Mons who hung the body of a child from a meat hook in front of a butcher shop as a good joke, loved the little one. God keep them from loving my country," he added fervently. "But Holland is ready for them."

"Holland has helped to prolong the war," I said. "She is one of the neutral nations that have kept Germany alive."

"No one knows it better than I," the great Dutch artist answered. "I have seen roads blocked with vans carrying supplies into Germany. I have seen houses facing Holland, but with back windows looking on Germany, where the owner of the house would stand in the door—some one, any one, entering, would slip him some money and then go up the stairs and throw supplies out the window into baskets held by Germans in Germany. I told these things to our minister of foreign affairs. He said: 'Will you not have the goodness to tell them to the minister of agriculture.' So I saw him. 'Yes said the minister of agriculture, 'I have heard the reports you bring, but then I heard them contradicted.' 'Why not buy a ticket and go to any one of a dozen places I have told you about and see for yourself?' I asked. But I do not think he ever bought that ticket. You see he was pro-German."

### GERMANS WANT TO QUIT.

Thoughtful Germans are beginning to realize what will be the condition of their people after the war if it continues very much longer. They have already expended one-third of the value of all their property before the war, and their fields, their factories, their railroads, everything, even including the bare land of the nation, is steadily depreciating in value, and most of it getting in condition to be scrapped. So it is no wonder some of them are beginning to say it will be better to make the same terms now that they will have to submit to if they are defeated after three million more of their men have been killed. And that defeat is inevitable in the end, no matter how long that end may be postponed, is coming to be realized more and more clearly every day. Their last reliance was the submarine, and that is accomplishing much less now than it did six months ago, while shipbuilding for the allies is steadily growing. That the war was inevitable with Germans thinking as they did is now so clearly apparent that we may be glad that it came when it did instead of after Germany had become relatively stronger.

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