

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918

REBELLION IN HELL.

Big sparks flew from Satan's eyes; "What's this I hear?" said he. "They say that when the kaiser dies He'll be consigned to me. And hell to me is mighty dear; The place is mighty fine. But if they send that guy down here Believe me, I'll resign.

I'll stand for murderers and crooks. The fact I'll not disown That I have here upon my books The worst thugs ever known. But my boys would get sore, I fear, I know they would rebel. The kaiser cannot enter here. For that would corrupt hell.

Our sulphur is too clean for him. Our brimstone lake too pure. And if in it he took a swim He'd ruin it, I'm sure. Our company is not so swell; Vile beasts we won't reject. But—keep the kaiser out of hell, We have some self-respect."
—Portland (Mich.) Observer.

GERMAN GOODS GO.

An indication of the future position of this country as regards German-made goods is found in the fact that the Germania Insurance company, despite the fact that it has never been anything but a purely American company, has found it necessary to change its name which many thought indicated German origin or affiliation. No merchandising firm is going to stock German-made goods during the life of the present generation. Even should a merchant's own feelings against such goods not be great, he would not be so lacking in business sense as to try to sell people things they don't want. America now makes most of the things it formerly bought from Germany, either in war or trade.

RUSSIAN PEACE.

There isn't so much of that kind of talk now, but within the memory of the most forgetful there were many who said the surest preventive of war was the lack of an armed force to carry on war. We were informed that if we would keep out of war with Germany, we should not prepare for war with her, and we would be left alone.

The Sentinel confesses that before the opening of hostilities in Europe it did not believe in the maintaining of a great armed force, and that had there been no Kaiser Bill with too many boys in the family for one throne, our theory undoubtedly would have been correct.

Had we been certain that England, France and Italy would lick Germany, the theory of those who would have prevented armed invasion by putting ourselves in a position where we would be unable to prevent invasion, might have proved correct, were we willing to submit to the terms the imperial German government imposed as the price of peace.

But we can now see that without our war supplies, the defeat of the allies would have been certain, and we now know that we were to be plucked to pay Germany's huge war bill.

Being unprepared to resist we would have had to cheerfully pay.

But after we had paid, what then? Will the exponents of non-resistance look at Russia, crushed under the iron heel of Prussianism, and venture another prediction?

Giving away millions of acres of land

and signing an ignoble peace treaty has not stopped the invading Prussian armies, which now advance upon the capital of non-resisting, prostrate Russia.

Her men and boys are yet being killed and her women are being made to pay a greater price than any earthly treasure.

We may look at Russia and in her fate see the fate that awaited us had a policy of unpreparedness for resistance been adopted.

Some might be satisfied with peace at any price, but what if there should not be a piece left to pay the price?

We want no Russian peace. Germany's action in Russia has shown us that there will be no peace except that which we dictate to Kaiser Bill upon a suppliant knee.

WHAT DAD IS DOING.

She's a little tot with golden ringlets enshrining a dimpled face upon which baby smiles play like light upon a full-blown magnolia bloom.

Her nose is pugged from trying to poke it in places it doesn't belong. The sparkling orbs of blue and the childish deviltry hidden there are proof of the visiting of hereditary traits upon the children, even to the third and fourth generations.

The cherub mouth was made for kissing and the tongue to solve the mystery of perpetual motion.

Scattered about the floor, on tables, on chairs, are papers, penciled and scissored in every conceivable design and shape, which bear mute testimony to a busy hour or two, or three, spent by a restless youngster trying to amuse herself.

"Daddy, let me have your pencil a minute."

"Here, baby, I've got to use my scissors."

"When's mama coming home?"

"Oh, pretty soon, I guess."

"Did you know brother got into the water this morning? You're going to give him a lickin', ain't you?"

"Keep quiet just a minute while I answer the telephone."

"Daddy, give me a penny to buy some candy."

(A few moments' respite.)

"I wish my mama would come."

"She'll be here in a few minutes."

"Let me take your knife, daddy, I want to cut."

"There, now, you've tipped the ink over onto your apron."

"I wish my mama would come."

"Here, here, you mustn't tear that up. That's an important letter."

"Daddy, give me a kiss."

"Here, play with these a few minutes."

"Put on my coat, I want to go out and play."

"No, you stay right here where I can keep my eye on you."

"I'm mad at Johnnie. He slapped me this morning. You'll tell his papa, won't you? My, I wish mama would come."

"Here, take this pencil and paper and write a letter to grandma."

"Give me a stamp for my letter, I want to go and mail it."

"Keep quiet a minute while I answer the telephone."

"You're going to give brother a lickin' for getting into the water, aren't you?"

"I'll give you a lickin', too, if you don't shut up."

"Daddy, fix me a piece of paper in the typewriter."

"You're going to get me something for my birthday, aren't you, daddy?"

"What did that man want of you, daddy?"

"What did that man say to you about me, daddy?"

(Repeat above 23 times.)

"Well, hubby, has baby been good this afternoon?"

Gol darn it, who says the men aren't doing any Red Cross work?

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Who will be the next governor of Oregon?

There are but five men in the state who know.

Those five persons are Gus C. Moser, James Withycombe, L. J. Simpson, Dr. J. E. Anderson and Ben Oleott. Strange as it may seem, each of the only five persons who know is a candidate for governor himself, and still more strangely no two of the five who know can agree on who the successful man will be.

The entrance of L. J. Simpson, who somewhat unexpectedly precipitated

himself into the fray without the courtesy of any extended advance notice, has put the wise ones to guessing as to what the effect will be. Few yet believe Simpson can do little else than affect the candidacies of others. What his own peculiar brand of campaign may bring about is yet problematical. Whether Moser or Oleott will be hurt the worst is the anxious question.

While but few believe Simpson would have a chance were the election held tomorrow, but few are ready to venture a positive opinion as to which position he will occupy the day after election.

As far as actual talk is concerned, Moser leads, with Oleott following, although the Oleott talk seems to be more by those who fear his election than by those who intend to vote for him. Oleott's close relations with ex-Governor West and his doubtful political leanings are not helping him any. There are even many democrats who would not vote for him if they thought there would be a senatorial vacancy to fill, for the ex-governor certainly would be appointed.

Moser has a distinct advantage over all other candidates in that his home city has a third of the votes of the state with no other candidates from his home county. He will also profit by his campaign of four years ago, when he was second in the race, and by a big acquaintance built up since then.

Should Withycombe decide not to seek reelection, as is within the range of probability, Moser's position would be materially strengthened, as a large part of the Withycombe vote would go over to him.

Withycombe has said he will be a candidate, but he has been known to change his mind, and has not declared he will not do so in this case.

Japan, as she now contemplates the utter helplessness of unwieldy Russia, must look back with regret upon a time when she hastily signed a peace treaty almost dictated by the Russian bear.

THINGS WE THINK

A big breakfast food concern has been forced to the wall, but that isn't as bad as if it had been forced to live on its own breakfast food.

Cupid strings the beads.

A lazy man seldom has good luck.

Dull people make the best tools.

Be sure you're right—and then think it over awhile.

It would be very nice if a few more people would lay a lot more things go without saying.

Folks don't like a person who is too close—which may prove that distance lends enchantment.

Employees of an eastern glue factory are evidently not so very badly stuck on their jobs. They want a 50 per cent raise in wages.

"What would you do if you had a million?" an exchange asks. Well, we wouldn't do a good many things we imagine we would.

A Tennessee man and woman have lived together twenty years and, during that time, have only spoken to one another twice. Apparently there are yet a few happy marriages.

Eugene V. Debs may be wrong on many things, but he was right when he said: "There is something wrong with a country wherein the wealthy and aristocratic women will pay \$100 for a pugnosed bulldog to hug and kiss and fondle while many a bright orphaned child holds up its tiny hands in a vain appeal for a mother's love and caresses."

For a person with his experience Cupid makes some mighty poor shots.

The luckiest people in this old world are those who go after what they want with hammer and tongs.

Market reports say turkeys will be scarce before Thanksgiving. They will probably be scarcer afterwards.

You would hardly expect a deaf mute to be the happiest person on earth, but you never wasted any time yet listening to one telling about his troubles.

If the demand of our heiresses for Italian titles keeps increasing, it won't be long before the Dago bannanmen will give a coronet as a premium with each dozen of "de bannan."

Polish is a nice thing, but it doesn't change the heart of the granite block.

A man will often stand more from some other man's wife than he will from his own.

There are lots of workmen in this old world—and many that have been worked.

If a man's church contributions were accepted as one-tenth of his income for purposes of taxation, very few would have an opportunity to kick of over-taxation.

OLCOTT DOESN'T ANSWER.

Over a month ago the following letter appeared on the editorial page of the Oregonian, but Mr. Oleott has not deigned to reply, undoubtedly because he couldn't give the answers he would like to give:



Easter Dress Fabrics

Easter usually marks the turning point in fashion from the sombre tints of winter to the lighter, more joyous shades for spring and summer.

Easter morning will blossom forth in fashion's realm in colorings of beige, navy blue, gray, soft tans and other neutral shades.

It is with unadvised pleasure that we call your attention to our complete showing of

LaPORTE Wash Goods, Suitings, Dress Materials and Silks

because this assortment combines some of the rarest and most unique presentations that have ever graced our displays. Batiste has returned to popularity among the waist fabrics and piques, lawns and linens in dainty pastel shades predominate.

For suitings and coatings we are showing tricotings, gabardines, serges, light weight holly in cloth, broadcloth and fabric silks. An early selection is urged if you are to be garbed on Easter morning with the choice of selection from our showing of the products of the famous LaPorte mills.

Cotton Dress Fabrics a yard 13c to 75c
All Wool Quality Dress Goods, priced at \$1.25 to \$3.25
Silks, priced at the yard 95c to \$2.75

The New Season's Trimmings

For those planning to make their spring outfit we have provided appropriate and effective trimmings, among which some of the more important are bands, motifs and tassels in wool, beads in pastel shades, pearl and pyroxylin slides, buttons, faces and embroideries. Selections have been made with care thus assuring authentic ornamentation for your spring apparel.

Umpfrey & Mackin

THE QUALITY STORE—GOOD SERVICE

Roseburg, Ore., Feb. 2.—(To the Editor.)—As Mr. Oleott is now a candidate for governor, I desire to ask him a few questions and ask him to answer them in The Oregonian.

"Are you, Mr. Oleott, a republican, and were you a republican before our democratic Governor West appointed you to your present place?"

"If there should be a vacancy in the senate of the United States, would you appoint Mr. West to fill that vacancy?"

"Why do you not resign your present position and allow the people to elect your own successor?"

"Does not our constitution say that your term of office shall be eight years?"

"Do you expect to hold on for ten in case you are elected?"

"Did you pay an income tax last year and the year before?"

"If not, why all at once become so anxious to have the 'dear people' know that you want to do your duty?"

"Many voters of the state whose vote you hope to get would be pleased to have you answer these questions. We have a right to know something of the inner life of our would-be governors and we shall watch The Oregonian for your reply."

GEORGE BARTLE.

WRITES WAR LETTER TO INTEREST LITTLE FOLKS

Albert Woodard Tells of Things Funny and Serious in England.

Mrs. George Carile, of this city, has received an interesting letter from her brother, Albert C. Woodard, who is a member of the Canadian army and is now in England. Albert is well known here and his letter, written to interest the Carile "kids," is in part as follows:

"Guess you don't know where England is, but it's a long ways away. You

would have to ride on the train a whole week, then get on a boat bigger than the school house and ride all day and all night for nearly two weeks. The boat is nice, though, and clean, and painted white with lots of little rooms and long, narrow halls. There are nice little beds about as wide as the pantry door. They have some nice, good little boys working on the boats, too. They wear blue suits and shiny brass buttons. They are only about ten years old, some of them. Brave little boys to go away across the ocean when maybe a big fishy-like boat may come up and blow up the other one.

"The little boys never seem to get scared but some big men get scared sometimes.

"The waves sometimes get big like little mountains and valleys, but are all water. The ship goes up and down, up and down; sometimes it rocks sideways, down, and sometimes it rocks sideways. Well, you feel kinda' dizzy like, swing ing for a whole week, maybe. The bed has boards on the side to keep you from rolling out on the floor. You get sick, too, and the smell of nice food cooking in the kitchen smells to you like skunk cabbage. No, you don't want any dinner, thank you, and even nice jam would taste worse than mud pies. So you come clear across the big ocean and don't see anything but water all the time. At night when it's dark, maybe you feel a bit funny like.

"Here in England all the houses are made of brick and stone. They are like one long building more than a block long. Of course, they are separated in side but outside they look like one long house a whole block long. They don't have any wood to burn, either, but everybody uses coal. There are little fire-places, but no heating stoves. There are almost no horses to be seen any where. They have been taken for the army over in France. You don't see many autos here, either, the army needs all the gasoline. You would think it funny to see the carriages that the women ride in, the rich ladies, I mean. They are like a buggy all closed, only they are only a little bigger than a baby carriage and old men pull them about the city like you would pull your little red wagon. They have some funny, funny little drays with only two wheels and buggy springs and little donkeys to pull them. Then there are other kinds of box-like two-wheeled carts with ponies to pull them.

"If you lived with the little boys and girls here in England you couldn't have but a little bread, and never all you want. You wouldn't have much jam and hardly any butter. They have lots of fun, though, only when a German airplane comes buzzing through the air like a big white bird that wants to lay bad eggs. Then they must get scared. I think, because they run down cellars. But sometimes lots of people get hurt. The little boys and girls don't chew gum, but they like candy, indeed they do.

"There are lots and lots of soldiers in England. A lot of girl soldiers, too. It looks funny to see girl soldiers. Some are pretty, and some are not so pretty, but they are brave girls and go to war."

Card of Thanks.

We express our deep appreciation to those who lovingly assisted in paying the last tribute of love to our beloved Ella Marguerite Garoutte, especially to the Rebekah, Ladies of the Macneches, L. O. O. F., Moose and Elk lodges, who

rendered such valuable assistance, also to the church, ministers and choir and to the business men, also especially to Marion Vestche, who came from Eugene as a request of our beloved one. The beautiful floral offerings and deeds of kindness were deeply appreciated. May God bless you all.

M. P. Garoutte,
W. A. Garoutte and Family,
Earl Garoutte,
The Many Relatives.

\$5000 to Be Paid Mother.

Five thousand dollars will be paid by the war risk insurance bureau to Mrs. Ella Pierce, of Creswell, on account of the death of her son, James L. Pierce, of the Twentieth engineers, who was drowned when the Tuscanian sank. Representative Hawley was advised of this payment from Washington Friday.

If your wedding stationery is printed by The Sentinel, you are assured a long and happy married life. ***

DAIRYMEN ATTENTION!
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People's Meat Market

W. G. PERRY, Prop.

Free Delivery at All Times of the Day

"Never Mind How Strong You Are"

What Dye KNOW?

To-day it's a battle of wits—and brains win. Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. The great question now is "What do you know?" It draws the line between failure and success, between a poor job and a good one. What do you know? Have you special ability? Could you "make good" in a big job right now? For 25 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men for better work and bigger salaries. They can train YOU, no matter where you live, what hours you work, or how little your education. Mark and mail the coupon and find out—it won't obligate you in the least.

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Endorsements from Outside

Oregon Voter, Portland: Elbert Bede, of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, has shied his hat into the ring for the legislature. He ought to make a fine record if elected. He is clean, honest, well-informed and genuinely humorous—a sweet, droll, quiet humor that delights and cheers. He is usually right on public questions, seldom chases rainbows, and is an all-round capable man. Here's wishing him success, for the sake of the state, for he's the kind of man we need in the legislature.

Woodburn Independent: Elbert Bede, the editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, is a candidate for state senator. It the voters of Linn and Lane counties know when they are well off they will send him to the state senate. He is not only a man of ability, but when he states that he will keep all promises made by him the people can depend upon him. He has so stated. It would do no harm to have a few more newspa-

per men in the legislature. Common people would then be more certain of being represented and have their rights properly recognized and favorably acted upon. There would be no robber insurance combine cutting a wide swath, and if the delinquent tax list must be printed it would be given to the lowest bidder. We would like to see Mr. Bede get into the senate, for if he succeeds in obtaining the consent of the majority we thoroughly believe he will make a strenuous and laudable effort to have some glaring defaults rectified.

Sutherlin Sun: Elbert Bede, editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, has announced his candidacy for the joint senatorship of Lane and Linn counties. The Sun believes that Mr. Bede has all the necessary qualifications to make a capable and efficient official, and we believe the voters of Linn and Lane will be practically unanimous in handing him the take.

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Does Not Street cars. The street cars. You THOUGH eyes need if they are Of course long as you have then time to necessity.

D. OPT LENSES

TALE

Louise No former a now a serge engineers, in Glen H. address to Neb. Benedict liver trust. Three cow papers expen. Rep ask curious Jack Lit be at the March 22 t in prepari Mr. and gene Satur Garden t Mrs. Ell of this wee Miss Mil ende, Mont ter a visit W. P. John Give the watch. A Madson's Mrs. Ely this week Floyd Clark a recent turned hom Mr. and A Sunday at Veni and price. Farm Attorney Eugene at where they Kathryn W seriously in car and no Register.

The Arc

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