

CLIFF LANCASYER, LEADING MAN WITH ATHON COMPANY WHICH OPENS TUESDAY FOR SIX NIGHT RUN AT ARCADE



Cliff Lancasyer, leading man with the Athon company, which comes to the Arcade theater Tuesday night, April 16, in a repertoire of condensed versions of the world's best plays, in addition to

high class vaudeville acts. This company has just finished a 51 weeks engagement at the big Orpheum theater in Seattle. This company's motto is "Your money's worth or your money back."

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

Little Sioux, Iowa, June 18, 1850. I see a request for Washington's Dream, and, as one of my neighbors chanced to have it, I borrowed the paper containing it, and take the liberty of sending you a copy of the dream.—J. W. H.

rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home. "Let us go into the hall, he said. I want to tell you of an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself; and, if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction, you will see it verified. From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, one

time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah, I have often seen tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard of the story of Washington going into the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose divine providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well, the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly. I remained in my quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed his face was a shade paler than usual and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to quarters of the officer I mention, who was present in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter: "I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the nature of a resignation, which I now regretted to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight quivering of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself suddenly became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I no longer felt as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was unconscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, "Son of the republic, look and learn," while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising and folding. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Below me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and I saw the continent of America lay the Pacific. "Son of the republic," said the same mysterious voice as before, "look and learn." At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being standing, or rather floating, in mid air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving waves it sank from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying: "Son of the republic, look and learn." I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say: "Son of the republic, the end of the century cometh, and I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and burn the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords and the shouting and cries of battle, and in the combat, I heard again the mysterious voice saying: "Son of the republic, look and learn."

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long, powerful blast. Instantly a light, as if of a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose head still shone the word "Union," and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well-nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying: "Son of the republic, look and learn."

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then, once more, I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up

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FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

SOME REASONS WHY WHEAT MUST BE SAVED

"A Man Cannot Think, Work or Fight When He is Hungry"—We Must Feed Our Soldiers.

"We have the preservation of the world on our hands. Every single living human being in this republic, from ocean to ocean, should make it his or her special purpose to save food."

These are the words of E. F. Cullen, personal representative of Herbert C. Hoover, in a recent address. "Men will resist any power but the power of starvation," said Mr. Cullen. "Hunger in the final analysis, is the only force that can weaken a nation and demoralize an army. Food is strength, and without a perpetual supply of strength, the world can stand in danger of tottering, weakening and falling into utter chaos. A man cannot think, work or fight if he is hungry."

"The allies today are practically wholly dependent upon the United States for food. Upon this nation rests the responsibility of preserving the world from Prussianism. This is the task of the people of this nation—to produce and save food enough to keep a steady stream of essential supplies moving towards the front so long as it shall be necessary to wage this war. If at any time we fall in this, we must inevitably go down, with the allies, to defeat. This is no exaggeration, but a serious fact. It is the purpose of the United States Food Administration to bring the realization of this fact home to every American man, woman and child, and to enlist the individual aid of our hundred million people in producing and saving food. The Food Administration is not asking you to eat less; it only urges that you substitute one nutritious food for another equally nutritious food, thus saving the vital staples needed by our armies and the armies and peoples of the allies. We must, during the next three months, save wheat especially. Our surplus has already been shipped abroad, and a hundred million bushels more are needed. When you eat a slice of bread, omit the crackers with your soup, or otherwise conserve on wheat products, you are contributing towards the hundred million bushels needed over there by our fighting men and the exhausted people of Belgium, France and England who have for more than three years been bearing the brunt of this war, which is our war. Keep this in mind, and bring it before the minds of your thoughtless friends and neighbors."

where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice: "While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the republic last." And taking from his brow the crown, on which blazoned the word "Union," he placed it upon the standard, while the people, kneeling down, said "Amen."

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I had at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing on my mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I had heard before, said: "Son of the republic, what ye have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the republic. The most fearful is second, passing which the whole world united shall never be able to prevent against her. Let every child of the republic learn to live for his God, his land and the Union."

"The copy for this story was furnished by Mrs. Verne Garoutte, of this city, who has had the clipping in her possession since a little girl."

—L. L. B.—

The Sentinel receives inquiries every week from prospective settlers who wish copies of the paper. If you wish to sell your land your ad should be in The Sentinel, where prospective settlers will see it.

—L. L. B.—

Officers of the local lodge of Ladies of the Maccabees received a few days ago from the home office at Port Huron, Mich., the full amount of the insurance carried by the late Mrs. M. P.

Garoutte. But 30 days elapsed between the death of Mrs. Garoutte and the payment of the policy.

L. L. B.—

Horticultural Society to Meet.

Fruit Diseases, Including Brown Rot in Prunes," will be the subject of the speech to be made by Professor H. F. Barrs, of Oregon Agricultural College, at the quarterly meeting of the Lane County Horticultural society to be held in the chamber of commerce rooms at Eugene Saturday, April 13, at 2 p. m. A special invitation to all residents of the county interested in fruit culture is extended by the society.

L. L. B.—

Card of Thanks.

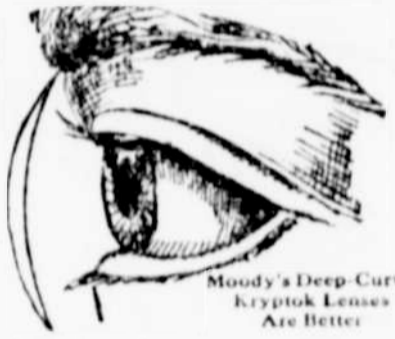
We want to express our thanks to the many friends who so kindly helped us in our recent bereavement and for the kind sympathies shown, especially for the floral offerings.

L. L. B.—

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TI W By you? No, I know they "Well, all Billy Louis Blue went jumps. If he had felt and his mol Blue three heels, and a bit over the trails were mood. The at the last, glance down river sliding with icy edge spotted hills "Hold or pulled up of old devil! for once, I s down there I live. And v down there She manage stiff-legged J Finally she could be the bags and th down. Blue had specks far d the stream I was a cow h those far-off knew that hi look at them Blue chose at the knees edge of the cut-jump and planted closed mind to go o self, and the enough to ex It was with that Blue re though he sl his haunches a soft snowbu to match his l he leaned a neck. "We n I didn't have Blue? You'r all right!" Blue scam firm footing the bottom, at set off in a now and ther or a half-sunk something he reached a pla been before, I knew it and quite as much The cattle s ting away up t ended his stric after, Billy L his neck. Bl alone quite a rider, if he ch The cattle from them, cl pulled ahead and as Billy reins, he slowtly until they bank, uncortal Louise pulled she drew nea sharply. They hers, after all cows and tw One of the to Billy Louise from his dingy splenous thing lise caught he faintest line t message into l She stared an around at her fully. Billy I forward and l little bunch, i each one; r end at her, of bung Finally she s stream side a cattle cry. Th wardly and w had been goin stopped them. fully after, co was playing, close again to