

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
H. A. and M. D. YOUNG, Publishers  
H. A. YOUNG, Editor

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In the United States there are 41 persons engaged in farming on each 1,000 acres. Italy has 246 persons, or six times as many, cultivating the same amount of land, Germany about 160, France 120, and England and Wales approximately 100 persons.

The tornado that swept through four Kansas counties last Saturday night was the 32d disaster in the middle west to require Red Cross relief since March 1 of this year. If Oregon has had a single occasion to call upon the Red Cross during the past year, we do not remember it.

America's annual college bill is placed at \$2,000,000,000 a year. The question naturally arises, "Do those for whom such a sacrifice is made, appreciate it enough to make the most of their opportunities?" It is our opinion that the number of those in college who would be better off out of it and at work is increasing every year.

There were many voters in 1920 who were in favor of the league of nations and yet voted for Harding because Cox with his "wet" sympathies was impossible. So in 1928 there may be many who prefer to keep the "no third term" tradition alive but will not countenance the elevation of an anti-prohibitionist to the presidency. The question of religion has been raised against Al Smith but it is his sympathy with the liquor cause that will defeat him.

The 127 missionaries in Nanking who protested in February against the use of force by our government in China now admit they were entirely wrong and say: "In but a little more than a month after that we had to depend on the use of foreign force to save our lives. We have favored the return of concessions to China, but today a foreign settlement is our only place of refuge." Until China has evolved a responsible central government she must be treated as a child and restrained from injuring others.

We are entirely in sympathy with President Coolidge's refusal to call an extra session of congress to deal with the need of relief for the Mississippi flood victims. In the first place it is much easier to make a free will offering for such a cause than to be taxed even one-tenth as much as our gift. Voluntary generosity biases both the giver and the recipient. And in the second place our confidence in congress has been weakened until we doubt whether a special session called for this philanthropic purpose could meet without becoming entangled in politics. However, America must not let any of her people suffer in such a calamity as the Mississippi flood now is. All contributions should be sent to John H. Stevenson, Portland Chapter, American Red Cross, 501 Columbia Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

**MEANING WHICH SUN?**  
Upon reading that the light of the sun will continue for 15 trillion years, even if the sun is snuffed tomorrow, we have resolved to take a chance and go fishing next Saturday.—Last Sunday's Oregonian.

The Oregonian paragrapher who typed the above should have turned in his swivel chair and pulled from the office library his dusty volume on astronomy. The sun is about 92,250,000 miles from Earth. Scientists tell us that light travels with the tremendous velocity of 186,000 miles per second. Therefore, a few moments with pencil and paper reveals that in the event our sun is snuffed total darkness would come upon us in 496 seconds, or 8 minutes and 16 seconds.

We trust the editor of the Oregonian has not been flippant. This is a year of calamities. We suggest the fishing trip be arranged for the immediate present in order that the editor may stand a better chance of getting home before dark.

Remember the afflicted in the mid-west and do unto them as you would be done by.

## AN INDIFFERENT AMERICA

In a recent message to the American people Premier Briand proposed a compact between France and the United States outlawing war in the future between the two countries. A treaty providing for compulsory arbitration of all questions in dispute which had failed at settlement by diplomatic processes would put Briand's idea into tangible form.

The proposal challenged no special attention. A fortnight later Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler wrote a letter to the press asking why it hadn't. He saw in it an extraordinary opportunity. The opportunity is there and it is also extraordinary. If Briand has made the same proposal to the United States government through the regular diplomatic channels, something may come of it. If he has confined himself to a rhetorical appeal to the American people through the press as a mere incident of the 10th anniversary of this country's entrance into the recent war, Secretary Kellogg might still inquire if he was to be taken seriously. There is no convincing reason why France and the United States should not agree to outlaw war in their own relations.

For more than 150 years there has been no formal state of war between the two nations. For 125 years not a hostile shot has been exchanged between them. The respective interests of these nations nowhere seriously conflict. For another 150 years war between them should be impossible. If it be said that Briand now desires the treaty outlawing war in order to safeguard his country from reprisals in case it refuses to repay its World War debt to the United States, the reply is that the United States would never undertake to collect that debt by force. Repudiation on the part of France, in the absence of cancellation, would destroy French credit and that would be a penalty comparable in its remoter effects with war itself.

Before the discussion on a treaty for the pacific settlement of French-American controversies had reached the United States senate, the failure of the similar effort of the Taft administration would be recalled. The present administration might feel no enthusiasm for another effort in the same direction, in view of the Senate's murderous treatment of the compulsory arbitration treaty of 1911 with Great Britain.

The Anglo-American treaty was so broadly inclusive that it would have outlawed war between Great Britain and the United States. But, having struck out certain words and paragraphs regarded as infringements on the Senate's rights, the treaty was sardonically approved by the senate with this fatal reservation:—

"Provided that the senate advises and consents to the ratification of the said treaty with the understanding, to be made part of such ratification, that the treaty does not authorize the submission to arbitration of any question which affects the admission of aliens into the United States, or the admission of aliens to the educational institutions of the several states, or the territorial integrity of the several states, or of the United States, or concerning the question of the alleged indebtedness or monied obligation of any question which depends upon or involves the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, commonly called the Monroe doctrine, or other purely governmental policy."

There was outlawry of war, senate smeared! After reading the reservation President Taft refused to negotiate further with Great Britain. He would not insult the British foreign office.

Perhaps a treaty with France along these lines would now fare better than did the treaty with Great Britain in 1911. Yet it looks like the same old senate, in view of that body's recent treatment of the World court protocol. A treaty with France embodying Briand's noble proposal would have this newspaper's warm support. Yet candor compels the admission that not much crusading can now be expected from the present administration in grappling with the senate for the enlargement of those zones of the earth's surface dedicated by solemn international compact to peace.

Nor is this wholly the fault of the administration. American popular sentiment has sunk into a deeper indifference and depression concerning the progressive development of international controls for the confinement of the war spirit than before in 20 years. There is much more concern over the price of rubber tires. Eventually, there will be a revival of the idealism that made America a leader in the memorable Hague peace conferences and that made an American President the acknowledged founder of the League of Nations.

If nothing is now to be done about Briand's proposal, he should at least be asked to call again when the America of Hay, Root, Taft and Wilson shall have awakened and resumed the onward march.—Springfield Republican.

## R. A. Easton's Letter

I am always getting more of the good things of life than I am looking for. The other day when I was at a home Coos county was mentioned and the personal acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Houck, former residents of Coquille, was made; and for the reason they take the Sentinel they know our place on the East Fork for they have been past Mountain Glade on some of their vacation trips. And while they like Ashland they have longings for the coast. Mr. H. is image free from rheumatism here than there and they both seem to be enjoying life, home and friends. What more can any one have?

We surely got a glad surprise Thursday morning, 5th inst., when George Moulton, of Coquille, made us a call. A friend of his was called as a witness to Jacksonville, so George took a vacation and came with him and came up to see his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, former residents of Coquille. They told him we were here and the house nearby, so he came. It sure did our souls good to meet him. He said he had been fishing on the East Fork this spring and that it was a good day for fishing. His call increased the spring to my step and the song to my life.

A call on Lewis Roberts, formerly of Myrtle Point, at his office over the Citizens Bank brought me face to face with a man whom I knew many years ago. The effects of weather show markings on each of us. I would not have known him outside of his office and had a little advantage of him until he got his bearings. I was glad to see him and he seemed glad to see me.

He has built up a good law practice and is Justice of the Peace. In fact he told me that 1926 was his banner year. I take it that it was the best year of his life, not from a business point only but in all that goes to make life worth while.

While he lacked a number of years of being as old as the writer, he has seen many suns rise and set, and if there is any thing which does my soul good more than another it is to meet a man who in the years of lengthening shadows can designate a year as the best year of his life, for I do not believe the kid years are the best years of our lives either for pleasure, intelligence or understanding.

In answer to the question as to whether there is as much moonshining and bootlegging in Jackson county as in Coos county, Lewis Roberts expressed the opinion "not one tenth," and then said, "I have been in Ashland eleven years and in all that time I have only had the offer of two drinks."

He recalled his visiting Coos and attending the Myrtle Point fair and said he was not on the fair grounds a half an hour until he had invitations to "come and have something."

I asked him about divorces. He said, "Directly after the war there were many, but since that run there were not many." In fact he is sure that the percentage is low as compared with some other counties.

The longer I am in Ashland the more I am impressed not only with its scenic beauty but with the homey characteristics of her homes.

In '77 I spent fourth of July in Yosemite Valley, during that trip I heard Judge Dangerfield (am quite sure that was his name) of the Circuit court of San Francisco, say, "This is the third time I have been to Yosemite Valley. I am just beginning to see it, for I see new beauties every time I come." I lacked less than three months of being 23 years old then and could not take in what he meant. Today I not only know but comprehend what he meant.

It may be I went to Yosemite Valley in order to say with a cheery feeling, "I have been to Yosemite Valley."

Sure! I saw Yosemite Valley. I saw those great physical features which like some patterns of wall paper, the figures of which stand out so abruptly they slap you in the face. To say that I saw Yosemite Valley in all its beauty, in all its grandeur, in all its solemnity of height and depth would not be true. Why? Because I was not big enough. I saw the Big Oak Flat grove of big trees. I had driven for a number of miles through a forest of great sugar pines. I remember seeing two men making shakes out of that beautiful timber. Of course, I had my eyes peeled for the big trees and could not or did not see and appreciate that forest of sugar pine which for miles in extent would probably have averaged 5,000 to 10,000 feet of clear lumber to the tree.

As the horse plodded along I wondered if the "big trees" were a fake, then I caught a glimpse of some trees of different color, form and top but they really did not look sizeable and I thought, those big trees are just another California yarn. When the horse came to the tree I said, whoa. Before I got out of wagon I looked at the tree near the road—am not sure but think that tree was named Lincoln or Grant—and was not impressed

with its size. Then the thought came to me to get out and measure that tree as I had measured many a tree back home to see how big they were. I got out, went up close to the tree and stretched out my arms to see how near I could come to reaching around it.

I might just as well have tried to reach around a barn. Then I walked around the tree and then there was no question in my mind as to its size for that tree was 90 or more feet in circumference and 30 feet in diameter and its height in the neighborhood of 300 feet or more. So I learned that the yard stick of youth as represented by a boy's arms was not a reliable tool when used to measure great trees.

In the news items I read not long since that an 18 year old girl was made secretary of the "National Junior Atheist Society," and regrets were expressed that youth should be polluted by organized ignorance. Those things do not bother me for I have known it to come and go. I have had the personal distress when lice came and the glad relief when they departed. There have always been plagues or pests of various kinds, brands and character and while they have caused distress and disaster for some, they have been overcome and the great mass of mankind and cattle have not been afflicted. So these so-called "Atheist Associations" do not bother me any for while their yardstick may be sizeable enough for an immature brain to handle it is not a tool by which the triumphs of life are measured, any more than my arms were a sufficient measuring rule to measure that gigantic Sequoia.

The 48 Psalm contains a line of accurate measurement which does not leave any guess work concerning the results of life:

"We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth; thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

It is lilac time now and Aunt Chaney is in my thoughts many times. My father's place and the old Uncle Bob Easton place joined. On that place was a big two story stone house; between the yard fence and the end of the house toward the road was a grove of lilac bushes, and ever since I can remember that clump of lilac bushes has been the gauge by which I have measured the size, the beauty, the fragrance of lilac blossoms.

In the more than 50 years since I have seen those blossoms there has been no mental dimness of their exquisite purple beauty and sweet perfume, and Aunt Chaney in her home, in the homes of her neighbors, in the wagon as they passed our house to church and in her seat at church, and she like nearly all the other women, carried a stem of southern wood to church, her presence like the fragrance of lilac blossoms and the odor of southern wood is still with me.

As I have been on various streets of Ashland the past week and have seen lilac bushes loaded with blossoms and sometimes caught their breath of sweetness, Aunt Chaney and her lilacs have been with me many times. I am thankful that I possess many beautiful memories of past years, for they give a zest to life and relieve me of fear, discouragement or doubt.

When wife and I had our trip 7 years ago I was at the old Uncle Bob Easton place. The foot of the stranger was on the soil, the old stone house had been torn down, the lilac bushes were there, it was not blossom time, but a sort of a yellow tily, which I remembered, was in bloom. As I stood by the old cellar I rebuilt the house, was in conversation with its inmates and the lilacs were in bloom.


—R. A. Easton.

**Play Day Tomorrow**  
Play Day, an annual event between the women of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College will be held Saturday, May 14, at Corvallis, it is announced by Myrtle Mast, president of the Women's Athletic Association at the University of Oregon.

At this time the girls of the two colleges will take part in major sports, baseball and hockey, and swimming, tennis, canoeing and horseback riding—demonstrations are given. Those attending will have an opportunity to see the polo game between O. A. C., Washington and California which will be held this week ends including a social swim and horse shoe games have been scheduled.

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**Capt. Dollar's Advice**  
Captain Robert Dollar, now past eighty years of age, has contributed an article which is published in the current issue of the Outlook, the cover of which carries his picture. His subject is "Oriental Markets, the Buying Power of the Far East," and he closes with the following interesting paragraphs:

"Years of experience in doing my best to promote foreign trade prove that the yearly visits I make to various world centers, where I call upon business men who have interests kindred to mine, have done more than anything else to bring to pass the culmination of many of my ideals. And surely, if I, a man with more than fourscore birthdays to my credit, can still exert this amount of energy in behalf of my business, a few younger men can do likewise, with the same results.

"Those of us who are in business on the Pacific coast are more keenly aware than ever of the tremendous future that awaits exporters who are willing to enter into trade with the Far East. As I have tried to show it is not the amount consumed by each buyer, nor the individual sum expended on an article that makes for success; it is distribution. The markets of the Orient are limitless."

**DO YOU KNOW—**  
That the American Legion Auxiliary adopted the poppy as its Memorial Flower at its organizing convention held in Kansas City, October, 1921, and pledged the profits from the poppy sales 100 per cent to welfare relief for the service men and women and their families, thus fulfilling the true meaning of the poppy—an Emblem of Faith which is being kept with all who died, through service to the living.

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