

# The Sentinel

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OFFICE, NORTH END OF B STREET  
Entered at the Coquille Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.



If you want Germany to win this war, waste food—use up the food needed by those who are fighting her.

America will deserve to lose this war, if through unwillingness to practice small economies, it fails to save food necessary to keep our allies in the fight until victory is won.

The Sentinel is indebted to Hon. W. C. Hawley for a copy of the War Income Tax law which was approved Oct. 3. This is on file in this office where it can be consulted by any one who is in doubt as to any of its provisions.

As three cents postage on letters was to become the rule today the Sentinel took time by the forelock and sent out information to about a hundred and fifty of its patrons as to the standing of their accounts a day or two ago.

At Salem on the 27th, George M. Brown, Attorney General, held that Frank B. Tichener, representative from the Coos-Curry district, automatically vacated his seat in the Oregon House when he accepted the position of deputy United States marshal.

Seven "whistles" means a week, 14 "meatless" ones and 21 "wasteless" ones is the standard our housewives are to be asked to attain and report. That is easy. We more than fill the first two requirements every week; but the last is a limit more than which no one can attain.

There were "torians" in our revolutionary war who took the side of England against the United States and there were "copperheads" in the north during the civil war who hoped the southern confederacy would win the war. And so there are men in this country now who are so lacking in patriotism as to hope that Germany will win this war, but no name means enough for them has yet been found.

Now that the net incomes of married men are only exempted from the federal income tax up to \$2,000 and those of single men up to \$1,000, there are a good many people in this section who will have to figure their income and business expenses a good deal more exactly than they have been in the habit of doing in the past. And in some cases we have no doubt it will be worth more to them to learn just how they have come out than the amount of the war tax on their excess incomes.

According to the Marshfield papers it took a subscription of \$75,000 of county funds now on deposit in the banks there to fill out their \$240,000 quota of subscriptions to the second Liberty Loan. Certainly with the money coming into the county treasury now it is much better that some of the county funds should be thus invested than to be idle in the banks. But why Marshfield should have all the credit for this subscription and the other districts of the county none at all is something that hasn't yet been explained, though there is no question about the credit going that way.

Postmaster Leneve says that when he made his requisition for stamps last July and the government loaded him up with a great quantity of the 3-cent he was a little put out and wondered how he could ever get rid of them. Indeed he has ever since been trying to unload them by plastering all he could on to parcel post packages sent out. He sees now, however, that the authorities at Washington, were taking a long look ahead and had already discounted the price

age of the law which today makes it necessary for every one to add another cent to the postage on all the letters and mails.

While we are doing all we can to save food for the allies and our boys in Europe in our kitchens, somebody ought to be looking after the German spies and agents who have been burning stockyards and elevators and destroying beef and wheat by the million dollars' worth. Indeed it is high time some of the men who are doing those things were meeting the fate Ambassador Gerard told the Kaiser would befall the half million subjects the latter claimed in this country if they tried to interfere with our prosecution of the war—to be hung to 501,000 lamp posts.

**SOLDIERS CAN'T WE WONT.**  
A Masonic Lodge in Brooklyn, N. Y., has decided to put a ban on liquor at all its banquets for the duration of the war. "If our soldiers can't drink, we won't." Undoubtedly that will be consoling to the soldier who regrets the army regulation against intoxicants. But the measure is intended much more seriously, and is backed by more important reasons than that of consolation.

As one member of the committee making this decision expressed it: "These are serious times, and people who think are beginning to see it. We have meatless days already. If the war goes beyond this winter, we shall have all kinds of 'sans' days, wherein we must, in the national need, give up all sorts of things that we have complacently looked upon as necessities." And liquor at banquets has been about as necessary as the main courses.

The action of the Brooklyn lodge has nothing to do with permanent prohibition, though it's difficult nowadays to prophesy the future of any supposedly temporary measure. It is simply based on sound reasoning that if intoxicants are bad for the soldier in the army, they're bad for the civilian soldier at home. Every American, in whatever capacity he is serving his country, wants to be at his best mentally and physically now.

Similar action has been taken by other organizations. Intended as a patriotic and temporary measure, it is bound to have far reaching effect and to influence an ever widening circle of people.

### STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS

(Oregon Journal)  
In one of his addresses the other day Lord Northcliffe spoke of the war as "that strange and mysterious thing that is passing over the world."

The war itself is not so mysterious as the mind of man which has permitted it to occur. The habit of referring human conduct back to some occult cause for explanation is fascinating but not always wise. If we could but muster up the courage to admit that wars are due to our own lack of sense something would be gained.

Men have been waging wars upon one another for some thousands of years. Usually wars occurrence has been ascribed to something "strange and mysterious." Now it has been the will of some deity, now the malice of some demon. Selcom has man had the candor to confess that war is his own invention and due solely to his own passion and folly.

Things quite as strange and mysterious as this war pass over almost any insane asylum every day in the year, though happily on a smaller scale and therefore less destructively. To discover the "mysterious" causes of war man has only to search his own heart for its secret stores of pettiness and greed.

The worst effect of war upon the world is the annihilation of moral values. It makes evil look like good and good look like evil. Gentleness and patience become vices while cruelty and lust become virtues. After a great war it commonly takes half a century to restore the moral poise of a nation. The tides of passion surge back and forth in the mass-mind long after peace has been formally declared. Frequently the black passions which were only partially satisfied in the fight recoil upon the people who have fostered them. The "man upon horseback" rides over the rights of the men who acclaim him and despotism ends the tale.

The greatest need of the human race, today and always, is common sense. To stir up passion is the easiest thing in the world. Mob psychology responds in tidal waves to the eloquence of almost any stump orator. But the man who tries to arouse a nation's common sense has a hard row to hoe.

The boy who cheered when he marched away will stand knee deep in trench mud; he will face poison gas and deadly flame. He will endure all the terrors of modern battle. That's his bit. Your bit, perhaps, is to save one slice of bread a day in order that he may not fight in vain.

## GIVES SEVEN SONS

All of Mrs. Tisdall's Boys Are Fighting Kaiser.

### WISHES SHE WERE YOUNG.

Says She Hasn't Forgotten Training She Had in Nursing Many Years Ago in England—Her Father Fought in the English Army With Wellington at Waterloo.

Hoboken, N. J.—The seven sons of Mrs. W. J. Tisdall of this city were born in Dublin of Scotch-Irish parents, which may or may not explain why they are such a family of fighters. At any rate, whatever the reason, the last man of them is lined up in the allied cause.

But that's not the only remarkable fact about this unusual family. They are all married and have families of from two to six children, but not one has claimed exemption. Every one of the seven was an electrical engineer.

Mrs. Tisdall also has six daughters, two of whom are doing hospital work while their English husbands are at the front.

The eldest son, John, forty, and Edward, twenty-seven, having both lived some years in Canada, were drafted in the Canadian force and have come through many months' service in France unscathed.

Victor, twenty-six, left his home in Hoboken three months ago to join the gallant Canadian Scouts, who will be in the midst of the fray before long. His



MRS. W. J. TISDALL.

wife is studying nursing and hopes to be sent across with a Red Cross unit when her course is completed.

Henry Tisdall, thirty-eight, has been in the British army five years and holds the rank of colonel.

Trevor Hastings Tisdall, twenty-five, is a member of the engineer corps of the Eleventh regiment, New York, which has been in France two months. The two remaining sons—William, thirty, and Mark, thirty-four—both residents of Connecticut, were taken in the recent selective draft and have passed physical examinations. Both have families, but will not claim exemption.

"It seems a pity I am too old to do anything for my country but knit," said Mrs. Tisdall, meanwhile busily clicking needles over a heavy gray sweater. "If I were only a bit younger I'd be right over there doing my part. I haven't forgotten the training I had in nursing many years ago in England."

"There is nothing so remarkable about my family. We are all fighters and can't help it—it's in the blood. My father, Thomas McCurdy, fought in the English army with Wellington at Waterloo, when Napoleon came to such an ignominious end. My brother fell in the battle of Aden in Egypt in 1870. My husband was an officer in the British army until his death sixteen years ago."

### GIRLS HELP IN HARVEST.

Not Afraid of Field Mice and Lay Aside Fancy Work.

Michigan Valley, Kan.—Farmer girls are not afraid of field mice, snakes and big spiders. They can pitch wheat and oats too.

Such are the claims of Osage county concerning its women who have enlisted in active service in the desperate wheat drive which is in full swing.

Frequent showers make every hour's delay dangerous to the wheat not stacked, so farmers have no time to help each other. All extra harvest hands have gone to the larger wheat fields of western Kansas, and the women are meeting the emergency. Even college girls are abating fancy work and society to bring first aid to the harvesters.

Matches Coin With Wife; Enlists, Fresno, Cal.—W. E. Desmond, a carpenter, of Huntington Lake, Fresno county, is above the selective draft age limit, but he wanted to join the army. He told his wife. She objected. He offered to match pennies with her. She agreed. He suggested heads, stay at home; tails, go to the front. They matched, and tails won. Desmond enlisted in the field artillery here. "My wife's a good sport," he told the recruiting officer.

### Steamer Shows the Right.

With 125 passengers aboard, the stern-wheel steamer "Halley Getzart" safely negotiated the roaring Cascades of the Columbia River at express-train speed some weeks ago, and the November number of Popular Mechanics Magazine contains an account of the feat. So far as is known this is the first time a passenger vessel has attempted the dangerous trip through the rapids. Owing to high water the boat on its upstream voyage was barely able to pass the locks at the Cascades. On the return trip, later in the day, the water had risen to such a stage that the locks had been closed. The captain faced the alternative of tying up the steamer or running the rapids. He chose the latter course, piloted the ship to the middle of the river and plunged down stream, braving dangerous rocks, cross currents, and whirlpools at a startling speed. Twenty-four years ago the steamer "D. S. Baker," towing a barge, shot the Cascades successfully. It is said that previous to that time four freight vessels had also made the trip.

### On Guard at the Reading Gate.

It is a fine thing to guard our homes against alien soldiers of whose purposes we are all aware. But it is also very important to guard them against other insidious foes that creep in under the disguise of friendly entertainers to plunder and destroy the cherished ideals, the lofty standards, the clear views that have given the home its character.

If you will familiarize your young people with the best reading, they will not be likely to crave what is inferior and demoralizing. The Youth's Companion is a powerful influence in swaking a taste for what is best in reading. It is on the guard at the reading gate! Nothing cheap, mean or hateful passes its challenge. But neither does the crabbled, dull or austere. Cheery idealism is the Companion's countersign. Put it on guard at your reading gate!

The Companion is \$2.00 a year. If you do not know it, by all means send for sample copies giving a forecast of what the next volume will bring. By adding 25 cents you can also get McCall's Magazine, the best fashion authority for women and girls—both publications for \$2.25.

Our two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1918.
2. All the remaining issues of 1917.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.
4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers of 1918.

All for only \$2.25.  
**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,**  
Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.  
New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

Plenty of old newspapers now in stock at the Sentinel office and they are still selling at a nickel a bundle.

### RECORD OF THE PAST.

No Stronger Evidence Can be had in Coquille.

Look well to their record. What they have done many times in years gone by is the best guarantee of future results. Anyone with a bad back; any reader suffering from urinary troubles, from kidney ills, should find comforting words in the following statement:

W. A. Trefren, 731 Highland Ave., Grants Pass, Ore., says: "I suffered for a long time from my back and kidneys and never found anything that would give me much relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They straightened my back and eased the dull pain that had settled in it, across my kidneys." (Statement given March 24, 1913.)

On March 20, 1915, Mr. Trefren said: "I am still a strong booster for Doan's Kidney Pills for I don't know of anything that's equal for lame back and other kidney troubles. They always do me a wonderful lot of good whenever I have to take them."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the name that Mr. Trefren has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Company, props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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BEFORE THE INVENTION OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH GRAVELLY PLUG TOBACCO MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION NOW THE PRESENT POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELLY IS ENOUGH AND LASTS LONGER THAN A BIG CHEW OF ORDINARY PLUGS.

**BELIEVE BILLY POSTER, THAT NEW POUCH IS A PEACH**