



Is a Lion afraid of a cock?

Medieval wisecracks used to wag their heads and tell tales like this in the village marketplace.

An amusing superstition, of course, but is it any more absurd than the belief that there is something mysteriously "better" about eastern motor oils just because they cost more and come from eastern crudes? Professional drivers and economy-run experts out after records don't share this superstition—why should you pay tribute?

Zerolene—the choice of Western Motorists

Zerolene lubricates more cars in the Pacific Coast states than any other oil made—a better oil if it does cost less. Zerolene increases the gasoline mileage, reduces the carbon removal, and maintenance costs and lengthens the life of any car in which it is used.

Zerolene checked fifteen times for quality

As a matter of fact the best crude so far discovered for the manufacture of motor lubricants is obtained on the Pacific Coast. And the most highly developed refining process is the high-vacuum process, the patents on which are held by this Company. And 15 positive checks on Zerolene at the refinery make quality control absolute.

Why pay tribute to superstition when you want the best oil you can get? Insist on Zerolene—ask for it by name.

Get the Facts!

A series of independent and impartial reports showing the experience of large users with Zerolene has been collected in our booklet, "Why Pay Tribute to a Superstition?" Ask any Standard Oil Company representative or Zerolene dealer for a copy.

Insist on ZEROLENE even if it does COST LESS

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (CALIFORNIA)



"If You Want Quick Action—I'll Get It!"

Anything you want to Sell! Or—Buy? Need Help? Looking for a Job? Want to rent a house or apartment? Want to trade something?

Then it's action and results you want. The quickest, cheapest and surest way is to use the WANT AD PAGE of the

Cottage Grove Sentinel

35 WORDS FOR 35c and 10c off when cash accompanies copy.

Leg Goes for Grub; Goes Back With the Grub

A little old man, broken and bent, his brow wrinkled into a frown, his body shaking from cold and his eyes wet with tears from sorrow and suffering, hobbled into a pawnshop at Wichita, Kansas. Finally he mustered up courage and, calling one of the employees to the back of the store, pounded his wooden leg with his knuckles as he asked: "How much for this wooden leg?"

"Seven dollars," the clerk answered. "Nope, I must have \$10. My family is out of coal. It is cold and getting colder. They need food and clothing, too. I got a check coming Monday, and I can redeem it then," the old man answered.

"Make it \$8," the clerk offered. "Nope, must have \$10. It is a good leg and is worth \$50," the old fellow begged. But the clerk shook his head.

"Well, how much for a crutch?" the crippled one asked. "Give me \$8 and a crutch then," he pleaded. Walter Waincoat, plain clothes man from the police force, witnessed the incident, shook his head and went out of the store. "Pretty tough," he remarked to himself.

An oil man with money who was on the street heard Waincoat tell the story and saw the old man going down the street on the crutch. Late that evening a dray with a ton of coal, a delivery truck with \$50 worth of groceries and an order on one of the Wichita clothing stores reading, "Clothe the family warm," were received at the old man's home. And the wooden leg was found among the groceries.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

"I'm tired of the rattle and hustle, I'm sick of the racket and din, I want to cut loose from the bustle, Get out where the hills begin, I long to get up in the open, 'Amongst the cedar and tall tamarack; I want to make camp on a lake shore; In an old tumbled-down lumber shack, I'm tired of the pomp and grandeur, I'm sick of the falseness and bluff; I want to get up where the country is virgin and wooded and rough, I long to awake in the morning, And pull on an old flannel shirt, And corduroy pants that are mended, And moccasins covered with dirt, I care not a cuss where the place is, Nor how far away it may be, So long as it's up in the open, Where I can unleash and be free, Where the odor of cedar and hemlock

Will greet me when'er I awake, And the moon casts its shadows at night-fall, Of the pine on the wind-rippled lake, Just give me pipe and tobacco, Some flour and bacon, and then Turn me foot-loose in the forest, Far away from the pathways of men."—Unknown.

Playing the Game.

Little Jessie was making a terrible noise while playing with brother Jimmie, so Mamma called to her: "Gracious, Jessie, why are you shouting in that terrible manner? Why can't you be quiet, like Jimmie?"

"He's got to be quiet, the way we're playing. He's papa coming home from Grotto and I'm you."—The Royal Highlander.

By dividing your money properly you can make it multiply. The cream rises to the top of the milk, but sours just as quickly. Doing what you think is right is never wrong.

Filing cabinets. The Sentinel.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—FIVE-HORSE POWER gas engine and 3-inch centrifugal pump. Will take good Ford roadster in trade. W. A. Hemenway, phone 2P22. jy16a6p(T)

FOR SALE—IMPROVED 3 1/2 acres one mile east on Row river road. Furniture, crops and stock all go at reasonable figure. E. H. Dustin, phone 2P26. jy23-30e(2)

FOR SALE—HEAVY TEAM, house and lot on south Fourth street, house and lot on old high way, hay baler, range stove, cream separator, bedstead and springs and large trunk. R. E. Lacey, phone 32P4. jy27a17p(M)

FOR RENT—FURNISHED HOUSE, keeping rooms and sleeping rooms on Main street in Taylor apartments. Mrs. T. K. Sears, over New Era Drug store. jy27p

Apple in High Place as Family Physician

This is what an apple does to one: It starts all the secretions into vigorous action and floods the system with a new tide of life. It is a friend to health and a foe to disease.

It is a food, tonic, condiment and cosmetic all in one. It kindles the brilliancy of the eye, and it plants roses in the cheeks.

You cannot eat too many—after the heartiest meal there is always room for an apple.

An apple is a social fruit; it draws human beings together in fellowship.

Plenty of good apples will keep the children at home and in at night—husbands as well—and keep the doctor away.

It promotes temperance. It appears on our table in many appetizing forms.

Raw fruit, as it comes fresh and crisp from the trees and the refrigerators, needs no culinary art to improve it.

A knife spoils it; let it be crushed and crunched in the mouth, and then it gives out its richest flavor and yields the greatest satisfaction.

The apple family contains in its varieties exquisite flavors adapted to all tastes.

It is the oldest of our known food necessities.—American Pomological Society Bulletin.

Cook Did Her Best, but Big Egg Wouldn't Boil

The often embarrassing trick that Chinese servants have of obeying an order literally is well known. The classic example perhaps is that of the cook who, once observing his mistress who was making cake throw away a spoiled egg, ever afterward cast aside an egg when he was making that particular kind of cake.

A contributor sends us this amusing anecdote of a servant, not Chinese, but negro, who did her best to do exactly as she was told:

A New England woman who had recently moved to a remote South Carolina plantation home handed an egg and a small minute glass to the old colored cook who was part of this by the glass until it runs through three times.

In a little while the woman stepped into the kitchen and asked whether the egg were not ready.

"Law, no, Miss 'Melle," was the astonishing reply. "I биле un right side an' side wild de little wasp-wasls bottle, but dis big egg ain't able to run troo um de fast time yet!"—Youth's Companion.

Irish Wake

A wake is a vigil with a corpse. The word is derived from "wacac," Anglo-Saxon for a watching. It is still customary in many countries for friends and neighbors of the deceased to sit up nights with the corpse until it is buried. The custom probably originated in the ancient superstition that unless carefully guarded a corpse was in danger of being carried away by spirits from Hades. The Irish wake is especially notorious. In some parts of Ireland those remaining up nights with a corpse spend the time in drinking, dancing and telling jokes and stories. It is a highly festive occasion. Grace Greenwood, in her "Stories of Travel" has this to say about the Irish wake: "A wake, sure it's an entertainment a man gives after he is dead, when his disconsolate friends all assemble at his house, to discuss his virtues and drink his poteen."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Dignities in Store

The dignities that confront the older brother are usually appalling to the small sister, and there is a little girl in Baltimore who has been giving to the subject much careful attention. She electrified the family at breakfast on one occasion by announcing:

"Next year Samuel will be a lawn mower. I wonder why they call him that."

"A lawn mower?" echoed the astonished mother. "What do you mean?"

"That is what you told me," replied the little maid, gravely. "This year he was a freshman. Next year he'll be a lawn mower, and then a janitor and then a senator. And then he'll graduate."

First Wireless Messages

A record has been discovered of alleged wireless telegraphy as long ago as 1602. In that year a book by P. de l'Arve was published, in which the author reported that a man had demonstrated to King Henry of Germany a means of communicating with absent persons. The inventor rubbed two needles against a magnet, and attached them to different clocks. As an operator turned the needle on one clock dial the needle on the other made the same movement, regardless of the distances which separated the clocks. King Henry, it is stated, forbade the publication of the invention!

Time at the Poles

The Naval observatory says the phrase "local mean time" has no meaning at the poles; but the common practice all over the earth is not to keep local mean time, but that of some meridian passing near the place. In the United States the time is that of the seventy-fifth, ninety-ninth, one hundred and twentieth meridians. At the poles, as elsewhere, some meridian would have to be agreed upon. Front a purely theoretical standpoint, one meridian would be as good as another.

"A Stone's Throw"

"Why," asked a suburban resident, "are those men throwing stones toward our new depot?"

"The real estate man is simply trying to prove his claims, that is all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Your Home Paper

All Eyes

In more than 1000 homes of the Cottage Grove community are focused twice a week upon the ads of live merchants which appear in The Sentinel.

Nothing equals newspaper advertising for putting the limelight upon any announcement which any business house wishes to broadcast to the people of its community. The printed word and printed illustrations are recognized by all successful advertisers as the best medium for getting interested attention for a business message.

The Sentinel, always ready to do its part, is a subscriber to a comprehensive cut and copy service the use of which is free to its advertisers.

NEWSPAPER advertising makes big stores out of little ones. Every big store has become such through the liberal use of NEWSPAPER advertising.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, June 25, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that C. W. Clarke Co. by C. E. Moulton its Attorney in Fact, the Post Office Address of Attorney in Fact being Wilcox Building, Portland, Oregon, has filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 36), and March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1864) SE 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 2 and NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 12, Twp. 22 South, Range 2 West, W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adverse to the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavit of protest in this office on or before the 3rd day of August, 1925.

non-coal HAMIL A. CANADAY, jy2-30(2) Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 26, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph P. Miller, of Cottage Grove, Oregon, who, on October 18, 1920, made Homestead Entry, No. 013400, for Lot 2, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, and NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 29, Township 21 S., Range 3 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 12th day of August, 1925.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Tharp, John Keibelbeck, George Kappauf, William Kimble, all of Cottage Grove, Oregon, non-coal HAMIL A. CANADAY, jy2-30(2) Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 10, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that Herman A. Leff, of Eugene, Oregon, who, on August 23, 1920, made Homestead Entry, No. 013243, for E 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 29, Township 19 S., Range 4 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Immel, U. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 21st day of August, 1925.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. Russell Sheridan, Thomas J. Sheridan, Andrew F. Ham, Rudolph Leff, all of Eugene, Oregon, non-coal HAMIL A. CANADAY, jy16a213e(2) Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County. T. G. Short, Plaintiff, vs G. Frank Glaser, Defendant.

To G. Frank Glaser, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer complaint filed against you in the above entitled action within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of thirty-one dollars eighty cents (\$31.80), together with interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum from the 5th day

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costs and disbursements of this action; and plaintiff herein will ask for an order of this court directing the sale of the personal property levied upon by the sheriff of Lane County, State of Oregon, under a writ of attachment issued by the county clerk of said county, for the purpose of paying said judgment and the costs and disbursements of this action.

This summons is served by publication by order of the Honorable G. F. Skipworth, judge of the above named court.

Dated and first published this 20th day of July, 1925. HERBERT W. LOMBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and postoffice address, Cottage Grove, Oregon, jy20a31(M)

Ledger sheets of every kind. The Sentinel.

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HARDWARE

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AND RETURN Comfortable, economical service daily.

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