

Cottage Grove Sentinel
Mondays and Thursdays

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PRESIDENT CAMPBELL

President Campbell is dead and the state and nation have lost a great educator.
Indirectly, if not directly, the passing of President Campbell was due to his inability to remain idle while there was work needing his attention, while those working with him needed the inspiration of his counsel. While recovering from a serious illness, he returned to the strain of the endowment fund campaign of the University of Oregon. He was sent back to bed and today he is with his forefathers and he drops a silent tear upon his bier.
For 23 years Prince Campbell was head of the state's great institution of higher learning. During his administration it grew from almost nothing to its present magnificent proportions. During that time it sent out into the world many of the great citizens of the state and nation. Some have achieved fame and riches greater than those that came to the head of the institution, but none in passing will leave a better record for achievements in the interest of his fellowmen; none will leave a better record for devotion to a great duty; none will leave a better record for having given encouragement to others; none will leave a greater monument than is the university to the labors of love of the one who directed its activities for so many years; none will leave more sincere friends; none will be more sincerely missed; none will leave a better record for having lived a clean and noble life.
It was an honor and a privilege to be a personal friend of this prince of God's noblemen. Others may take his place in the administration of educational affairs; others may take as deep a hold upon the hearts of those who loved Prince L. Campbell, but none may ever take the place that was his.

MORE ON SCORPION.

The discussion on the biology of the scorpion, conducted by The Oregonian and The Sentinel, has attracted state-wide attention. Here are several comments from the newspapers:

What Does the Man Mean?

Herbert Bede, in a letter to the Oregonian: "I do not need to go outside of my own family to prove that scorpions are insects."—Portland News.

Herbert Bede, of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, and the Oregonian are having a lengthy and scientific discussion on scorpions. "Stink bugs" would be a more up-to-minute subject and closer to their actual knowledge from experience.—Molalla Pioneer.

Eugene Guard: We begin to fear that a protracted discussion, even



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KEM'S FOR DRUGS

The Rexall Store

C. J. KEM, Prop

though between two great editors, of newspaper "bulls" may pall on the reader, so we confine further comment on the Cottage Grove Sentinel's rejoinder to our reply to its jibe, to the confession that the Sentinel is entirely right in its statement that our memory was erroneous on the subject of how it had used "prococious." The Sentinel's search of the dictionaries, according to its editorial, was for the equally strange word "exhilarating."

This is the way the cold-blooded Rudolph Valentino of the Corvallis Gazette Times hands out packages to his friends: "Herbert Bede, famous and handsome editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, and a chicken fancier, denies in the Oregonian that he is a descendant of the Venerable Bede and gives as a reason that the Venerable Bede was a celibate. We would remind the genial and brilliant scribe that men have been tried and hung on no more attenuated evidence than that. "Any way, comms, Elbert shows some strong resemblances, a great many of his jokes being plainly venerable."

The fashionable gowns, made of three quarters of a yard of material, that our girls are wearing are all right now. But if winter comes!—Eugene Guard.
Evidently The Guard hasn't learned that a flapper can wear a dress like it describes, with silk socks added for good measure, and not be a bit uncomfortable sitting in a car with her sweetie until 2 a. m., but when she hikes off to bed she has to have all the quilts in the house and four or five hot water bottles.

Yellow Dent corn with stalks nine feet high and with six ears to the stalk have been produced this year on the Wright place, not far from Cottage Grove, says the Cottage Grove Sentinel. Wouldn't it be best, in the interest of exact measurement and justice, for Iowa to transfer to Oregon all proprietary and sentimental rights to the famous song, "That's Where the Tall Corn Grows"?—Oregon Journal.

The state board of health solemnly declares that poor water makes poor milk. So does good water.

NO NEED OF MORE HOUSES.

Cottage Grove, Ore., August 14.—(To the Editor.)—I have been asked to answer a letter written for The Sentinel several days ago. It really deserves no notice, but since I am asked, I shall make a few comments.

The house problem in Cottage Grove will be easily solved if we can locate "A Reader" and his nine liberal friends, who are willing to give five cents each for the good of our city, and who think we have no need of booster clubs. Their "rooms for rent", I am sure, will accommodate a large number of families.

Their "sublime faith" that industries will come to our town, or any town, without working for them in this day of close competition is all right for the sleeping, the dying and the dead, but it will never build a city.

Those who say that our chamber of commerce is doing nothing are those who do not belong, or, if they do belong, do not attend. Many things our chamber of commerce is working on can no more be noised from the house tops, no more be made public, than can a bank make public all that transpires within its walls.

Many problems have to be worked out quietly, in secret. On such we have special committees, and no one except members of these committees knows what is doing in that particular line. Business deals and public gossip when mixed accomplish nothing.

Do not put your "sublime faith" in the old saying "that all things come to those who only stand and wait." It is like standing on the highway, the result will be a terrible bump sometime. P. E. M.

Got the Wrong Man.

A physician had been called to attend a man who had been drinking heavily and was threatened with delirium tremens. A roommate of the sick man was an interested spectator of the medical examination.

"See any purple cows?" the doctor asked.

"Nope."

"See any blue monkeys?"

"Nope."

"See any yellow snakes?"

"Nope."

"You'll come out all right. I'll leave a prescription which you can have filled and take as directed."

The sick man's roommate followed the doctor into the hallway.

"Shay, doc, Bill's in a pretty bad fix ain't he?"

"No, I guess not."

"Shay, doc, Bill's going blind, ain't he?"

"No, I guess not, what makes you ask?"

"Well, you asked him if he saw any purple cows, or any blue monkeys or any yellow snakes, and he said no. Shay, doc, the room's full of 'em."

Say it with printers' ink. xxx

Bring Wooden Boxes Back

(C. C. CROW in Crow's Pacific Coast Lumber Index.)

Sixty cents of every dollar produced in Oregon and Washington comes from lumber.

It is the basic industry. When it becomes necessary for the sawmills to shut down or curtail operations it is immediately felt in all other lines of business. The boot-black finds fewer dimes being spent for shines. The butcher and groceryman see their daily sales shrink. The hotel man complains at the lack of patronage. The railroads have less freight to haul for lumber furnishes them their greatest revenue. They find it necessary to lay off men and so on down the line. When the mills prosper everyone else in the Northwest prospers with them and when they don't business goes dead.

And yet, a sawmill or a logging camp is such a homely contrivance, so commonplace and familiar to the average citizen that he loses sight of their importance.

Take during the six months just passed. The sawmills have actually been public benefactors to the tune of many millions of dollars. The market has been off. Prices have been such that it was impossible to break even. In spite of that they have run steadily WITH PRACTICALLY NO REDUCTION IN WAGES.

The citizens of the Northwest owe it to themselves, if not to the men who have their money invested in the lumber industry, to protect their greatest source of revenue.

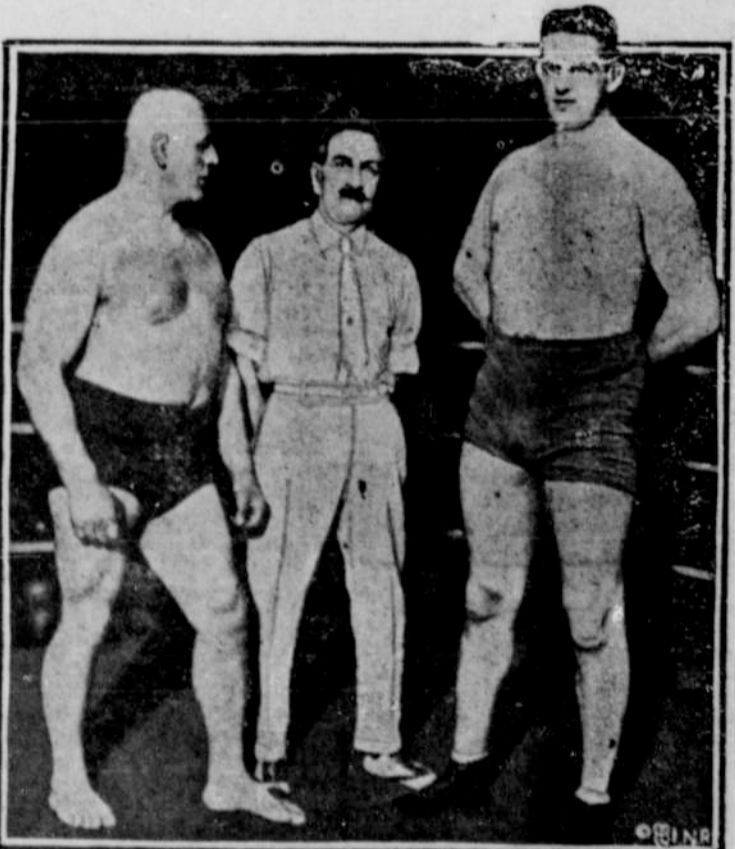
In the manufacturing of lumber there is necessarily accumulated much low grade stock which is best suited for making boxes. A few years ago the mills had a demand which, although never big, went a long way towards helping make ends meet. During the past few years eastern factories that have no interest whatever in the Pacific coast have been undermining the wood box business with paper boxes until today more merchandise is shipped in the flimsy pasteboard contraptions than there is in wood. It has reached the point where it is beginning to hurt the sawmills badly.

The mills and camps are themselves heavy consumers of canned goods, much of which is being shipped in the substitute boxes. They should advise the wholesale houses with whom they are doing business that they will REFUSE TO RECEIVE FURTHER SHIPMENTS IN PAPER SHIPPING CASES OF ANY KIND. The matter of patronage should not be one-sided. If it were not for the sawmills and camps in Oregon and Washington, one wholesale grocery house could supply the whole territory and not be very busy. Let them put a little straw under the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

And that is not all. Every man, woman and child from San Diego to Bellingham should get behind this movement and insist upon his grocer, his butcher, the hardware dealer and every other man with whom he does business, furnishing him with no supplies of any kind that come to the Pacific coast in paper boxes when it is possible for them to use wood.

The mills should see to it that the matter is given publicity in their local papers, that the general public be apprised of the damage which is being done to one of the most important branches of the industry which forms the foundation of every other business in a major portion of the two states.

Every mill has stock deteriorating in the pile that could be profitably sold if the many concerns from whom they are buying supplies would reciprocate their patronage to the extent of using wooden shipping cases instead of paper. They should at first be politely notified and, if that does not do the work, then for the sake of self-preservation a process of elimination would be effective.



FATHER TIME CAN'T PIN HIS SHOULDERS TO THE MAT!

Wrestlers come and wrestlers go—but it looks like old Stanislaus Zbyszko is going on forever. Out of the tangled mess that now involves the heavyweight championship, with claims to the title being filed by half a dozen different athletes—the story of Zbyszko's career in the ring is like a breath of fresh air. Inspiring! Remarkable!

Although more than 50 years of age, the veteran Pole's great physique and strength is nothing short of phenomenal. He has tackled and defeated the youngest, the strongest and the heaviest of mat experts and came within just one rung of the championship. His only really decisive defeat in his mat career was at the hands of Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, generally recognized as the present titleholder.

To give you an idea of what remarkable physical condition the elderly Zbyszko is in—glance at the above picture. It shows the Polish star at the left, just before he tackled and defeated the giant Wayne "Big" Munn (at right) in two straight falls of eight and four minutes respectively. Munn at that time weighed some 290 pounds and towered fully a head above Zbyszko.

Use 3% of your gross receipts for advertising and increase the volume of your business 10%.

If you saw it first you saw it in The Sentinel.

Unlucky Thirteen.
"Say, waiter, you have made my bill out as 14 posetas. It only comes to 13!"
"Well, sir, I thought you might be superstitious!"—(Buen Humor.)

A Hope.

It is to be hoped that all those who throw rubbish by the wayside continue their vandalism by carrying home great bunches of poison ivy.—Boston Transcript.

Everything's related. A chigger probably thinks a flea is an elephant.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Clara Numbers, deceased, which Order bears date the 31st day of July, 1925.

All persons having claims against the estate of Clara Numbers, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned at the law office of Herbert W. Lombard, Cottage Grove, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. Dated and first published this 3rd day of August, 1925.

R. E. LACKY,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Clara Numbers, deceased.
Herbert W. Lombard,
Attorney for Estate. n3-32c(M)

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on September 3, 1925, Cottage Grove Improvement Bond Issue "H" Number 12, of the City of Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, is due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer, First National Bank, Cottage Grove, Oregon. Said Bonds will be taken up and canceled on said date at par value and interest thereon shall cease on said 3rd day of September, 1925.

Dated and first published this 10th day of August, 1925.
HERBERT A. EAKIN,
City Treasurer.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, July 29, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that Jesse L. Crawford of Cottage Grove, who, on September 27, 1920, made Homestead Entry, No. 013341, for S. 1/2, S.E. 1/4, Section 11, 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 10th day of September, 1925.

Claimant names as witnesses: John S. Allen, Arnold Duerst, A. S. Lancaster, Daniel H. Brumbaugh, all of Cottage Grove, Oregon.
HAMIL A. CANADAY,
non-eal. a3-31(2) Register.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

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Cottage Grove Sentinel

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Advertisement for 'Your Home Paper' featuring illustrations of people's faces and the headline 'All Eyes'. The text describes how the paper's advertising reaches a large audience in the community.