

COTTAGE GROVE DAY IS SET FOR COUNTY FAIR

Entries Exceed Those of Former Years; Annual Dog Show To Be Big Event.

Friday, September 25, has been designated Cottage Grove day at the Lane county fair to be held in Eugene September 22 to 25. Products from practically every section of the county will be on display at the exposition, which, advance reports indicate, will be the biggest event of its kind yet held.

For lovers of horses the fair will be one of the greatest events of the year. A greater number of entries have been received from this county and several strings of prize winners are coming from other parts of the state.

Exhibits of livestock by boys' livestock clubs of the county will be a feature. Arnold Collier, county club leader, has booked a large number of entries of sheep, calves and hogs. More than 300 club members have been furnished with free tickets to the fair for the first day. Girls' club members will give demonstrations of baking and canning. The winning team of bread makers will be given a trip to the state fair, while the best canners will be given a free trip to the Pacific International Livestock show in Portland.

The first annual kennel show sponsored by the Eugene Kennel club will be held during the fair. More than 300 of the finest dogs on the Pacific coast have already been entered.

County Treasurer Resigns.

Miss Edna Ward, Lane county treasurer for the past seven years, Thursday tendered her resignation to the county court, to take effect October 1. Miss Ward was first elected on the Republican ticket in 1918 and was re-elected in 1920 and 1924.

The county court will make an appointment to fill the vacancy, but no announcement has been made yet who her successor will be. Members of the court complimented Miss Ward on the excellence of her work during her occupancy of the office.

Thieves Enter Warehouse.

Thieves entered the warehouse of Godard & Randall on north Lane street some time Friday night and made their escape with a large tire from one of the firm's trucks. Entrance was gained either through a rear door or an opening near the roof. The rear door was found open Saturday morning when the theft was discovered. One of the rear wheels of the truck had been jacked up and the tire removed. Nothing else was taken, Mr. Randall said.

State to Collect Fines.

Violators of fish and game laws in Lane county owe the state \$425 in fines assessed but never collected and an effort will be made soon by the state commission to enforce payment. Five hundred separate cases are listed in the state, the total fines being \$15,542. The fines cover a period of five years. One half the amount collected will go to the state game fund and half to the county in which the fine was levied.

What have you to place before the 10,000 eyes that read each issue of The Sentinel? NEWSPAPER advertising makes big stores out of little ones.

MICKIE SAYS—

AS A RULE, THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF A NEWSPAPER JUST ABOUT PAYS FOR THE WHITE PAPER IT'S PRINTED ON, AND THE COST OF PRODUCING AND PRINTING THE PUBLICATION IS RECEIVED FROM ADVERTISING AND FROM THE JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT. GUY TH' IDEA?



BIG STORE BARGAINS USUALLY ARE CAMOUFLAGED

Bait Put Out to Cajole Business Away From Home Town Is Carefully Concealed.

The word "bargain" is, sometimes, one of camouflage used by big city concerns who are trying to centralize the business of the country and bring it finally to a monopoly. They shout "bargains, bargains, cheap, cheap," until it seems the words have the psychological effect of making people think they are getting something for nothing, when a little common sense would show there is no reason for supposing they can sell an article for less than it is ordinarily sold on the public market. Nor do they sell cheaper, but they talk cheaper.

It may seem very unimportant to some people if merchandising should be centralized in a few of the big cities, and the home town merchant disappear for lack of trade. But a glance at the local tax lists will reveal what it would mean in loss of taxes to the local community, to say nothing of the loss of improvements and the decay of the town. But outside of all the drawbacks to a locality from loss of trade and the shifting of the benefits of trade and business to big centers, there is another and more important fact to be considered. And that is the possibility of a retail trust organized and controlled by the mail order concerns. All they need to do to control merchandising is to get control of 33 per cent of the retail trade. They can then offer inducements to the manufacturer that will shut out the marketing of their goods except through the monopoly.

So that is another strong point in favor of patronizing home stores. If you send your money out of town you not only deprive yourself and your community of further use of your money, but you aid in the establishment of a retail monopoly that can and will fix the price of goods once they get control.

Read in The Sentinel today the series of home trade advertisements of the business men of Cottage Grove who are awake to the dangers of this situation and wish to call the attention of the people to it by friendly discussion of the problems through the pages of this paper.

Passing the Buck.

The evening lesson was from the book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out." When immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."—Boston Transcript.

Pleasures of Golf

(Telephone Review) Plant Superintendent—"Why did you persuade Uncle Tom to take up golf? Now he'll live forever." Plant Superintendent's Brother—"Don't you believe it—he'll swear himself into apoplexy."

A Mere Cipher

"A proverb says 'Add naught to the truth.'" "I suspect that is what those movie stars do when they are telling what salaries they get—\$500 become \$5,000."—Boston Transcript.

In Lighter Vein

A hardened motorist ran down a pedestrian. "Hey," he shouted, "while you're under there, take a look at my brake rods."

Bookkeeping charge of 25c on all accounts under \$1. The Sentinel.

Footprints of Pioneer Days

INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO LAID STURDY FOUNDATION FOR THE PRESENT GENERATION

IT JUST HAPPENED SO. By Jay Bee.

(Continued from Monday.)

Some few months passed uneventfully to any of the characters herein. Big Mel continued his games in the Miners' Exchange and he was seldom seen on the streets in the day time, but the friendship between him and yours truly grew apace and I often visited his place even when I did not take part in any of the games. Little by little I learned much of his boyhood days and the life he had led after leaving home. As a boy he was large for his age, developed into manhood's estate long before he reached 21 and was a "rolling stone" early in life. At 16 he could do a man's work and did so in the various logging camps throughout the country where he received a man's wages, took his drink in a mason-sized glass; venturesome to a degree and easily picked up a dog of the class of men he associated with, and soon found his judgment and dexterity in handling a pack of cards in a poker game to be far above the average logger, whose leisure hours in camp were passed in card games by the light of oil lamps. Becoming an adept along this line he frequently accepted hard work in logging camps merely as a blind that he might play in games in which he was sure to win sooner or later. Occasional trips to the larger towns gave him opportunity for a wider view of life, as well as a chance to separate himself from a good part of his bank roll.

He gave me graphic accounts and details of many rough and tumble fights he had engaged in, in which no great damage had been done and he managed to keep out of jail except in one instance.

Cow creek canyon, south of Roseburg, was at one time the favorite location for train hold-ups, and it so happened that Big Mel and his buddy were so placed that suspicion fell on them after one of these periodical episodes. They were arrested, thrown in jail, in separate departments, and kept incommunicado for several days, but the job could not be fastened on them and they were finally released.

There was nothing in Big Mel's make-up that indicated a criminal nature or disposition and I am positive that he had nothing to do with any Cow creek canyon business of any kind.

When he blew into Cottage Grove in the garb he was wearing when I first met him, it was not the first time that he had adopted the same means of leading tin horn gamblers to think him an easy mark, but it was the first time he had remained for any length of time in any town which he had so visited. Things were just happening at this period of his life and, under the conditions that existed in such towns in those days it would not be hard to class him as one of its business men, as the places were legalized by license, and I do know that Big Mel conducted square games and permitted no crooked work by any of his employees or patrons. The "take-off" was sufficient profit for his purposes.

Things were going along nicely for some time with no sign of a storm in sight, when—

Standing on the street one day in conversation with a friend, Big Mel was facing the opposite side of the street and had seen a big, husky logger stagger from one corner to another and on down the plank sidewalk until he reached about the middle of the block, on which there were but a couple of frame store buildings. The balance of the block was vacant, with weeds and grass on one side

of the walk and on the other, mud and water. Coming from the opposite direction was a young lady. She met, or was about to pass the logger on the walk in the middle of the block when that husky barred her way and would not permit her to pass.

Tiny Freeman was a dainty little trick of the female type, but she had no fear of men ordinarily. She had lived all her young life in a timber or lumber country—was accustomed to seeing the rough characters of the towns in which she lived, though her life, until recently, had been sheltered by a refined home and cultured environment. The only child of a mother who had been widowed when Tiny was quite young, the mother had exhausted her last resource in giving her daughter the best advantages of schools and social and religious training, and then passed on, leaving the girl without a living near relative so far as known. Her training and education, included a short course in a business college, had prepared her at 18 to assume the responsibilities of making her own way in the world.

As stenographer and general office helper in one of the biggest merchandise stores in town, she had more or less dealings with all classes of the store customers. Of a vivacious nature, quick witted, with a friendly disposition along with her trim little figure, a mass of dark hair and steel blue eyes, she easily found the friendly side of those who came to know her. On no occasion had she ever had to face the familiarity or rudeness of any man, and when the drunken logger barred her way, she at first laughed and thought of no possible harm, as she supposed the man mistakenly thought he knew her, but when he persisted in preventing her from going on her way, and reiterating the assertion: "Must have just one little kiss," the girl became alarmed and looked around as if in search of help or of someone she knew.

Big Mel had seen the logger go down the sidewalk and his attention was riveted on him when he first detained the young lady, but it took some moments for him to realize that the fellow was annoying the girl. When he did sense the situation he did not take the time necessary to make the trip by way of the plank crossing, which would have been the long route. He dashed off the sidewalk into the mud and water, regardless of shoes and clothing and splashed his way to the opposite side of the street.

The logger was intent on his purpose and did not see Big Mel when he leaped to the sidewalk within a few feet of the pair. Without taking time to balance himself he swung on the logger's neck just back of the ear. The blow had just enough force to straighten the giant to his full height and to somewhat sober his befuddled brain. In feeling the blow the logger forgot the girl and all else except that he was facing the man who had slugged him. With a battle look in his eyes and a roar that sounded his purpose he plunged for Big Mel, but he only fanned the air with a fist that looked the size of a pie-pan.

Big Mel knew his kind and his style of fighting. When the big fist of the giant logger reached its destination, Big Mel had moved just enough to give it right of way through space, and nicely timing a left uppercut he rocked the logger once again to an upright position, then swung with his right and landed a blow that would ordinarily put an ox on the ground, but the logger bowed his neck, lowered his head and made a dive for Big Mel with the intention of grappling with him, but the quicker

COSTS OF FIRE FIGHTING IN CASCADE FOREST CUT

Acres Burned Over Is Much Less Than in 1924; Saving Also Made in Siuslaw District.

Cost of fire fighting this year in the Cascade national forest was 320 per cent lower than last year, according to a report of Supervisor N. F. Macduff, the figures for 1925 up to September 10 being \$2,868.24, against \$11,855.10 for 1924. Fire fighting in the Siuslaw national forest this year cost \$1,859.16, against \$1,992.59 for last year.

Fires in the Cascade forest decreased from 66 to 30. Fires to September 11 are listed as follows: Lightning, 6; smokers, 3; camp fires, 14; brush burning, 1; lumbering, 1; incendiary, 4. There were 13 law enforcement cases and 15 convictions or settlements out of court. Acreage burned was reduced from 2649 acres to 302 acres.

Fires in the Siuslaw forest this year were 26, while last year there were 33. There were 21 law enforcement cases and convictions or settlements were obtained in 20. Fires in the Siuslaw forest this year were all man caused.

Jewel of Consistency.

A woman witness in a case was asked by the judge: "What is your age?" "Thirty," she answered without hesitation. "Thirty," the judge exclaimed, "why, that's what you told me ten years ago when you were a witness on another case." "Yes," she replied, "I'm not one of those persons who says one thing one day and another the next."

Better Late Than Never

(Continued) American Visitor—"Why don't they show a comedy instead of this scenery?"

English Host—"Oh, they never show comedies at the cinema in England on Saturday night. They're afraid they'll cause laughter in the churches."

action of the gambler avoided the contact and the logger was unable to stay his momentum. He came to a stop on his hands and knees among the weeds and grass just off the sidewalk on the vacant lot.

There were very few people on the street at the time and no one had come near to where the battle was raging.

Regaining his feet the lumberjack stepped up on the sidewalk and again assumed a belligerent attitude, but before he could resume the fight Big Mel had said to himself, with a grin: "Guess I'll have to put this fellow to sleep, or he may get hold of me with those grappling hooks hanging to his shoulders and squeeze the wind out of me."

With slow motions the logger again advanced to the attack. Big Mel was on the alert, and bracing himself to keep his balance and to put the last ounce of force to his blow, he jarred the man with a left, then stood on his tiptoes and poked over a right that caught the fellow on the point of the chin with such force that the logger lost consciousness and crumpled up like a wet dishrag.

As he sank to the sidewalk Big Mel stepped up and in a moment more he would have been kicking the fellow, but he felt a timid touch on the arm and heard a quivering voice say: "Please, Mr. Metson, the poor fellow is out."

Coming, as it did, from Tiny Freeman, the appeal had its effect and Big Mel walked to the next corner with the girl, raised his hat and crossed over to the other side of the street just as the constable arrived to assist the logger to his feet.

(To be concluded next Monday.)

Year-Old Daughter Puts Dad Out

Elbert Bede, unscarred veteran of many editorial battles, was kept busy Friday and Saturday explaining why he was carrying his right eye in a sling. His explanation was that he was playing with his 14-month-old daughter, who was having a rollicking time brushing the kinks out of the flowing hair-sute adornment that tops the editorial pate, when the little one jabbed the brush into the editorial eye, the bristles scratching the eyeball. As the editor is able to see only half as much as usual of the things about which he likes to editorialize, it is probable that for an issue or two the editorial columns of The Sentinel will contain only half as much as usual.

DELEGATION OF EUGENE MEN PLAN VISIT HERE

Trip Designed to Advertise Fair in Cottage Grove; Lions Club To Be Host at Lunch.

A caravan of 10 or 15 automobiles, carrying business men of Eugene, will arrive here Thursday for an inter-city luncheon with the Lions club, it was announced today by Lee W. Peters, president of the local club. The purpose of the trip, which is sponsored by the fair committee of the Eugene chamber of commerce, is to advertise the county fair.

Efforts are being made in Eugene to secure a band to accompany the delegation and various service clubs of that city will be asked to send representatives. The meeting is primarily designed to secure cooperation of Cottage Grove in boosting for the fair and also to bring the two cities into closer relationship.

The Eugene party will include: E. B. Parks, mayor; Frank L. Chambers, president of the chamber of commerce; E. J. Lee, head of the fair board; Paul R. Kelly, editor of the Eugene Guard, and Frank Jenkins, editor of the Morning Register.

"For heaven's sake!" ejaculated a hypercritical tourist in the Slippery Slap neighborhood, "why don't you wash your windows? You could see!" "Aw well," replied Ogg Onken, a well-known bachelor of the region, "I've seen everything, anyhow."

First with Cottage Grove news—The Sentinel.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

ADMIRE THE MODEST CHAP WHO GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS WITH NO FUSS NOR BLUSTER—JUST QUIET, EFFICIENT AND HIGH-POWERED! REMEMBER, THE CHEAPER THE AUTOMOBILE, THE NOISIER IT IS!



YOUTH IS WOUNDED BY RIFLE IN HANDS OF PLAYMATE

Chester Braswell Shot in Head By Jennings Booker; Condition Thought Serious.

Chester Braswell, 13, was wounded, probably fatally, today about 12 o'clock, when he was shot in the head by a bullet from a 22 caliber rifle in the hands of Jennings Booker, a playmate. The bullet entered the head between and slightly above the eyes. Attending physicians said it probably had penetrated the skull. Local physicians were called immediately and after administering first aid treatment ordered the lad to a hospital.

The Braswell and Booker boys were playing with a boy named Gover, near the residence of the Gover boy's grandmother, Mrs. D. J. Gover, in the south part of the city. They had been firing at a target when the Braswell boy called to Booker, who had the gun, asking him not to fire any more. The Gover lad grasped the gun from behind Booker's back and as the muzzle of the gun was raised it was discharged, the bullet striking Braswell at a range of about five paces.

When physicians arrived the wounded lad was unconscious and in convulsions. He was taken to a Eugene hospital in the Mills ambulance. The doctors stated there was slight hope that the skull had deflected the bullet.

The wounded boy is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Braswell. His mother accompanied him to Eugene. Deputy Sheriff Green Pootler, immediately following the shooting, took the gun which the boys were using and one belonging to the Gover lad. He stated he had repeatedly warned the boys and other youths about firing rifles inside the city. Accidents have been narrowly averted in one or two cases before, he said.

Brief Illness Fatal.

George H. Crawford Jr., six-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Crawford, died Thursday night in a Eugene hospital of laryngeal diphtheria after an illness of 26 hours.

Funeral services were held Saturday from the Mills chapel. Pastor Chester Smith of the Free Methodist church preached the sermon and interment was in the Masonic cemetery.

When You Take Children Along

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?" "I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle." "It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got out of the train there!"—Kesper (Stockholm).

She Was Observant. Tramp—"Madam, I was not always thus." Housewife—"No; it was your other arm you had in a sling last week."—Brisbane, Australia, Mail.

Rubber stamps. The Sentinel. x

YOU WOULDN'T LIVE in a community that didn't have a live newspaper.

You are interested in the affairs of your home community.

There is only one newspaper that keeps you posted on ALL the news of your community.

Your subscription helps keep a live newspaper in your community.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zelm



AFTER DAYS OF ANXIETY, FLOSSIE FEATHERHEAD'S WEDDING PRESENTS ARE FINALLY BEGINNING TO ARRIVE.

PACKAGE FOR MISS FEATHERHEAD — THAT MUST BE A MISTAKE — ARE YOU SURE IT'S A C.O.D.?

HERE'S AN IVORY DRESSER SET FROM MR. BEGGS

SHOOT! HE MANUFACTURES THOSE — HE NEVER SPENT NOTHING FOR THAT

OH LOOK, HERE'S A DARLING LAMP FROM MR. & MRS. FITZGIBB

\$22.50? YOU MEAN \$12.50 — SEE HOW THEY'VE CHANGED THE ONE OVER INTO A TWO

WHAT'S THAT FOOL THING?

SOMETHING FROM THE THOMASES, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE DICKENS IT IS

WOULDN'T YOU THINK PEOPLE WOULD LABEL THEIR GIFTS? THAT'S THE SIXTH THING YOU'VE GOT THAT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR