



Does Your Horse Kick Or His FEED?

A POORLY FED HORSE reflects discredit on its owner, but the owner gets the worst of the deal because economy in feeding the horse affects its working capacity as well as its appearance. If your horse kicks on his feed you can correct it by buying your feed here, as you get the best quality for the least outlay. Farmers, contractors and horse owners generally know that our feed is always up to the standard.

STERLING FEED CO.

W. W. McFARLAND
THE CITY TRANSFER

HAULING AND DRAYING
DONE ON SHORT NOTICE
PIANO MOVING A SPECIALTY

Office at Elite Confectionery PHONE 55

Professional Cards

DR. C. E. FROST
Office in Lawson Building, Phone 47 Cottage Grove Oregon

MAX LUEBKE
THE RAWLEIGH MAN
775 Sixth Ave. W., Eugene, Ore.
G. F. Garoutte, Local Agent

R. McCARGAR, D. D. S.
DENTIST
Neuralgia relieved instantly by local application. Residence and office at Fifth and Main, Phone 131J Cottage Grove, Ore.

DR. S. M. WENDT
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to surgery and ear, nose and throat. Country calls as well as city calls answered day or night.
Office: Cottage Grove Hospital

J. E. YOUNG
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office on Main avenue Cottage Grove Oregon

A. W. KIME, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Phillips building over the Benson drug store. Office phone 34 Residence phone 126J. Cottage Grove Oregon

DR. W. M. HAMILTON
Res. Phone 14F3
LICENSED CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN
Consultation and examination free. Office hours 9 to 5. Sundays and evenings by appointment.
Office in old Cottage Grove bank building at 104 1/2 Main avenue.

H. J. SHINN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
and notary public. Practices in all courts. Twenty five years experience.
Bader Bldg. Cottage Grove, Ore.

ALTA KING
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections, Probate, Notary Public
774 Willamette St., Eugene, Ore.

D. N. McINTURFF
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Practices in all courts. Will attend to your business promptly, honestly and earnestly. Special attention given to the examination of abstracts, drafting of wills, settling of estates, conveyances, collections and pensions. In First National bank building on 6th street.
Phone 36 Cottage Grove, Ore.

H. W. TITUS, D. M. D.
EXPERT DENTISTRY
Modern equipment. First National bank bldg. Office hours 9 a. m. to 12 m., 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. Evenings or Sundays by appointment

J. S. MEDLEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Eugene Loan and Savings Bank Building Eugene Oregon

Grove Transfer Company
All kinds of FURNITURE MOVING AND GENERAL JOBBING
F. W. Jacobs, Prop. Phone 124-R



The good man is always sincere

IMPERIALES
MOUTHPIECE CIGARETTES

are made of good things. Good tobacco, perfectly blended—pure mais paper to wrap it and a mouthpiece to cool the smoke of it. A cigarette manufactured to excel.

10 for 13c
The John Bullman Co. Branch
Manufacturers

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Harvey Taylor, has filed his final account in the estate of Mary A. Taylor, deceased, and that Tuesday, the 23rd day of September, 1919, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the County Court room in the Court House, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing any objections thereto and of settlement of said account.

HARVEY TAYLOR, Administrator.
ALTA KING, Attorney for Estate. a22-spt19

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Harvey Taylor, has filed his final account in the estate of Joseph P. Taylor, deceased, and that Tuesday, the 23rd day of September, 1919, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the County Court room in the Court House, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing any objections thereto and of settlement of said account.

HARVEY TAYLOR, Administrator.
ALTA KING, Attorney for Estate. a22-spt19

CITATION.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane. In the matter of the Estate of Mary Jane Emerson, deceased.

To Hugh B. Hendricks, Hamilton H. Hendricks, Robert J. Hendricks, David A. Hendricks, Vivian Gray, Charles F. Hendricks, Lillian Hendricks, Mary Hendricks, Glen O. Hendricks, Jr., a minor, and Vera L. Gay, a minor, all heirs of the above named decedent, Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, at the Court room thereof, at Eugene, in the County of Lane, on Wednesday, the Eighth day of October, 1919, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and there to show cause if any there be why an order and decree of the County Court above named should not be made authorizing and directing John R. Hendricks, the administrator of the estate of the above named decedent, to sell the real property of said decedent, described as follows, to-wit:

The lots three and four of Block seven of J. H. McFarland's last addition to the City of Cottage Grove, in Lane County, Oregon.

For the purpose of paying the debts, funeral expenses and the expenses of the administration of the estate of said decedent.

WITNESS, the Hon. H. L. Bown, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane with the seal of said Court affixed, this 14th day of August, A. D. 1919.

Attest:
R. S. BRYSON, Clerk.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

Notice is hereby given that on the second Monday in September (being the 8th day thereof) 1919, the County Board of Equalization for Lane County will meet at the Court House in Eugene and publicly examine the Assessment Rolls and correct all errors in valuations, description or qualities of lands, lots or other property assessed in said rolls, at which time and place it shall be the duty of all persons interested to appear.

HERBERT E. WALKER, County Assessor. a15-spt5

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, executrix of the last will and testament and of the estate of Charles Fahrenwald, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same duly verified at the office of J. E. Young, in Cottage Grove, Oregon, within six months after the date of this notice.

Dated at Cottage Grove, Oregon, this 30th day of July, 1919.

ELIZABETH FAHRENWALD, Executrix of the Will of Charles Fahrenwald, Deceased.

WANT-AD. RATES—The minimum price on a want ad. is 25c. Three insertions for the price of two. One-half cent a word after third insertion. No advertisement put on books for less than 50c.

A panacea for everything—Sentinel wanda.

Editors Get Off Earth

(Concluded from first page)

keel now. Isn't it glorious to sit up here and see all the folks humming around down below? There's my little kid running out of the house now wondering if her dad is having his ride. Isn't it funny that moving around doesn't rock the boat? What's the engine stopped for? Well, if worst comes to worst I've heard that a ship can volplane down and land a fellow without injury once in two or three thousand times. The old ship is standing still fluttering like a bird trying to decide what to do. I was kicking about the racket of those engines a little while ago but it would sound mighty good now. There they go again, I guess the pilot was trying to save a little gas on a trip that didn't bring in any revenue. Doesn't the purr of those engines sound fine? Here we go down again. I hope that rush of wind will bring that pilot to. If anything should happen to him I wonder how in the name of common sense I would get back into that other cockpit to run this old wagon. Clambering around on slippery oval surfaces up here doesn't appeal to me very much. If anything should happen I wonder what they would say about me in the paper next week. We'll hit that farm house head on if we don't quit this foolishness pretty soon. Here she turns. Doesn't she do that gracefully? Doesn't she go up like a thing possessed? Why does a person ever wish to be a bird when he can ride around in a ship like this? She must be going 3000 feet a second or a little over. I wonder if that pilot back there has got anything inside of him to lift up under his arms? I know why they don't let aviators get fat. The less they have below the diaphragm the easier it is for them to get accustomed to flying. Isn't it funny a person doesn't get dizzy up here? This doesn't bother a person as much as looking down from a three-story window. Here goes another of those dips. Wonder if that pilot is going to do all his bathing up here in the air? We'll certainly wreck that Main street bridge if we hit 'er at this angle. I'm glad that fellow operating those levers behind can't save himself without saving me. It's a lot of comfort to know that he is looking after his own hide as well as mine. I hope he doesn't take a notion to get out and leave me circling around up here alone. It's not so hard to pick out places down below when the pilot keeps on in one direction for a little while but I suppose he has to turn around once in awhile or he'd get so far away he couldn't find his way back. I wonder who that is driving that car down there in front of the office? There goes a fellow into the office. Bet he's going to pay his subscription. There goes someone from the office over to the bank. Bet he sprung a "V" on 'em and they couldn't change it. They're looking up here now. Guess they want to tell me that business is going on just the same as if I were there to attend to it. A fellow seems foolish to trust his life in the hands of one of these fellows who has been over in France and is used to all kinds of flip-flops and laughs at you behind your back when the centrifugal force of the come-back on that nose dive knocks your head down between your knees. This fellow looked kind-hearted when he was down on the ground. Hope this salubrious ozone up here doesn't make him hilariously. What's going on now? Doesn't this old ship know anything about the law of gravity. Guess air must be just air to it and if it has air to move around in it runs just the same on its side as any other way. I guess he's going to turn her clear over. Doesn't the earth seem to slip away kind of funny like? Look at those green fields sliding up hill. Wonder what has happened to the earth since I left? It never acted that way when I was down here to look after it. Say, this beats the fabled Pegasus. That field with those fellows on it baling hay is going around in a circle and they don't know it. Bet they will be surprised if it stops with the gate on the opposite side of the field from where it was when they went in. Now it's stopped moving. Here we are back where we started. Didn't we spin down quick? Wasn't it lucky that the pilot turned us right side up before we got so close to the ground? There she grounds. See all the people waiting to ask how I liked it. Wish he would take me up again and have someone send our meals up to us.

"This way out, please. Next!"

Do you want to sell something? Use a Sentinel wanda.
Have you a house to rent? Use a Sentinel wanda.

Well, somebody barked "Contact," the engine commenced to bark short, staccato stutters and the next instant we were trundling down the withers and hung on, and presently we swung around into the wind and Mr. Cook turned on the juice and we went away from there. I ventured to stick the old bean up over the cowl and met a tremendous noise and a rush of hot air, but, having lived in Eugene seven years, I soon got accustomed to that. Then I looked down—and say, that whole adjective pasture was slipping right out from under us and taking its departure with it. I watched it go. Then somebody's house jumped in under the old ship, and then Knox hill, and Row river, and Coast fork, and Delight valley, and Saginaw, and Walker, and a lot of other stuff that I couldn't remember having met before—all modestly retiring and getting further and further away every minute—with tiny little squares and oblongs of farms in assorted colors, mostly tan, mahogany brown and battleship gray, silver threads of road on which tiny specks crawled. Then we swung to the left over a cobalt ribbon of river, a couple of tiny glistening wires that must have been the Southern Pacific, and on west over some trifling knolls all covered with vivid green—as if an Irishman had had a hemorrhage all over the country. And then we swung to the left again, and there far below us was Cottage Grove. And say, I hardly knew the old place! Decorous little squares outlined with soft white ribbons, tiny specks of soft colors, another ribbon of wonderful blue right across the whole works, and bits of golden, glinting, shimmery sunshine—boy, oh boy! A jewel city that gleams in a royal diadem of eternal green hills—only a few of the best of us can have a home town like that.

And then we went out Coast Fork way with the tiny squares and oblongs of tan, brown and gray farms slipping smoothly under us, when suddenly the earth began to misbehave. With a mighty roar she rose up right in front of me and stood precariously balanced on edge. Then she let loose with both hands, swung back directly behind me and stood up on the other edge. Then she came at me right off the port bow, and then all those tiny tan, brown and gray squares and oblongs of farms and Sherman Godard's house and somebody's barn and a crazy little creek that was standing right up on its tail began to spin round and round—"salute your pardner, lady on the left, join yer hands and circle to left"—and I weighed seven tons net—and the whole blasted country joined in the merry dance with my eye on it all the while—and the whole tangled outfit rushing right at me like a sinister and gigantic kaleidoscope—say, that was scrambled landscape!

Then all at once the whole mixed mess resumed "places all", the engine lost its voice, somebody turned off the hot air faucet, and there just below us was terra cotta. I looked around at Mister Cook. He was languidly rarin' back on the stick. And we dribbled softly down on the field and landed on three points.

It seems a foolish waste of perfectly good money to be building a lot of roads.

Let's fly.

The guys who invented flying certainly put the transport in transportation.

Tomatoes Lyonnaise—Peel half dozen firm tomatoes and cut into eighths. Peel and chop rather coarsely two Bermuda onions and cook with a generous teaspoonful of hot shortening until the onion begins to change color. Add the tomatoes and a high seasoning of salt, paprika and celery salt. Cook all 20 minutes, or until the tomatoes are tender, stirring frequently. Add half a cupful of chopped parsley, and serve as soon as the sauce begins to bubble.

Don't we care what's at the top of Mount McKinley but we would like to know what's at the bottom of the high cost of living.

(Concluded from first page)

editors and they found out that it worked—and it worketh unto this day (sometimes) even unto the fourth and fifth generation of them that have luck.

And last Sunday an airplane blew into our little metropolis and began to take our prominent citizens up on little joy jaunts at ten berries per jaunt. You see the connection, don't you—airplanes and complimentary-tickets-for-editors? For years I've been crazy to ride in one (airplane, I mean).

Mister Cook was the pilot and Mister Patterson was the mechanic. I did not meet them right away, and I commenced to have palpitation of the heart—something that hadn't bothered me to speak of since I said "I will" years and years ago. I didn't know whether the complimentary-tickets-for-editors was going to spark or not, either, and that was my only chance. After many weeks of watchful waiting, though, I finally met Mister Patterson Monday afternoon, and we shook hands (my other one was shaking, too) and he grinned wide and pleasant and said, "Oh, THIS is Mr. Smith," in a way that made me feel it wasn't half as bad as he expected. And then what do reckon he said? He said, "When you coming out for a ride with us?" just like that. Oh boy, but them was glad words.

No, finally, I was persuaded to go out with him and when we got to the field he introduced me to Mister Cook; also a large liver-colored airship with a bad breath and a voice like an old-fashioned Fourth of July. I parked my cap on a red-headed boy, put on a smile, a helmet with a "treat 'em rough" cat painted on its cerebellum, and a pair of goggles. Then Mister Patterson inserted me into the fore cockpit, where Mister Cook could keep an eye on me and see that I didn't lift any of the furniture, and buckled a small cowhide decorated with hardware across my middle syllable. Say, I felt like a coal miner in a front room.

Well, somebody barked "Contact," the engine commenced to bark short, staccato stutters and the next instant we were trundling down the withers and hung on, and presently we swung around into the wind and Mr. Cook turned on the juice and we went away from there. I ventured to stick the old bean up over the cowl and met a tremendous noise and a rush of hot air, but, having lived in Eugene seven years, I soon got accustomed to that. Then I looked down—and say, that whole adjective pasture was slipping right out from under us and taking its departure with it. I watched it go. Then somebody's house jumped in under the old ship, and then Knox hill, and Row river, and Coast fork, and Delight valley, and Saginaw, and Walker, and a lot of other stuff that I couldn't remember having met before—all modestly retiring and getting further and further away every minute—with tiny little squares and oblongs of farms in assorted colors, mostly tan, mahogany brown and battleship gray, silver threads of road on which tiny specks crawled. Then we swung to the left over a cobalt ribbon of river, a couple of tiny glistening wires that must have been the Southern Pacific, and on west over some trifling knolls all covered with vivid green—as if an Irishman had had a hemorrhage all over the country. And then we swung to the left again, and there far below us was Cottage Grove. And say, I hardly knew the old place! Decorous little squares outlined with soft white ribbons, tiny specks of soft colors, another ribbon of wonderful blue right across the whole works, and bits of golden, glinting, shimmery sunshine—boy, oh boy! A jewel city that gleams in a royal diadem of eternal green hills—only a few of the best of us can have a home town like that.

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Don't we care what's at the top of Mount McKinley but we would like to know what's at the bottom of the high cost of living.

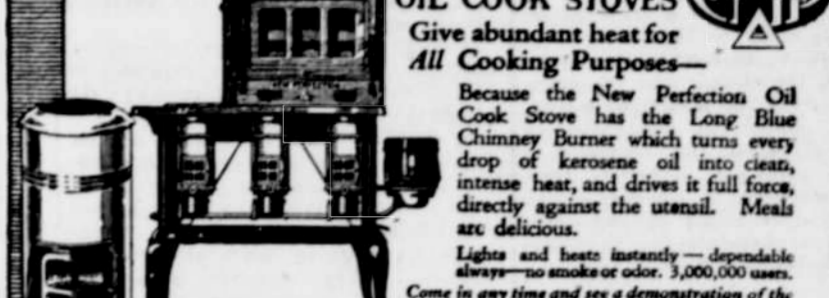
"Here's a Friendly Tip"
says the Good Judge



Men who know tobacco, chew the best without its costing them any more. They take a little chew and it's amazing how the good taste stays in a rich, high grade chewing tobacco. For lasting tobacco satisfaction, there's nothing like a small chew of that rich-tasting tobacco.

THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW
put up in two styles
RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco
Weyman Brothers Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City

NEW PERFECTION



OIL COOK STOVES
Give abundant heat for All Cooking Purposes—
Because the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove has the Long Blue Chimney Burner which turns every drop of kerosene oil into clean, intense heat, and drives it full force, directly against the utensil. Meals are delicious.
Lights and heats instantly—dependable always—no smoke or odor. 3,000,000 units.
Come in any time and see a demonstration of the Long Blue Chimney Burner.

Knowles & Graber

TREASURER'S SEMI-ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF CITY OF COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON, FROM DECEMBER 31, 1918, TO JUNE 30, 1919, INCLUSIVE

GENERAL FUND

Balance December 31, 1918.....	\$ 916.00
Received from county treasurer (taxes).....	7,042.72
Received from city recorder (fines and licenses).....	10.00
Paid warrants.....	\$5,338.50
Paid interest on warrants.....	815.19
Paid bond interest.....	903.15
Balance June 30, 1919.....	911.88
	\$7,968.72 \$7,968.72

WATER FUND

Balance December 31, 1918 (nil).....	
Received from rents.....	\$4,431.99
Paid warrants.....	\$ 723.89
Paid interest on warrants.....	152.68
Paid bond interest.....	3,485.49
Paid sundry.....	41.90
Balance June 30, 1919.....	28.03
	\$4,431.99 \$4,431.99

SEWER FUND

Balance December 31, 1918.....	\$ 949.85
Received from county treasurer (taxes).....	1,407.40
Received from sundry sources.....	41.90
Paid warrants.....	\$ 27.20
Paid bond interest.....	376.34
Balance June 30, 1919.....	1,995.61
	\$2,399.15 \$2,399.15

LIBRARY FUND

Received from county treasurer (taxes).....	\$ 176.50
Paid to library board.....	\$ 176.50
	\$ 176.50 \$ 176.50

STREET FUND

Balance December 31, 1918 (nil).....	
Balance bond issues "A" and "B" December 31, 1918.....	\$ 18.80
Balance bond issue "C" December 31, 1918.....	75.59
Balance bond issue "D" December 31, 1918.....	800.70
Balance bond issue "E" December 31, 1918.....	212.11
Balance bond issue "F" December 31, 1918.....	395.01
Balance bond issue "G" December 31, 1918.....	396.30
Received from county treasurer (taxes).....	3,659.24
Received from miscellaneous sources.....	123.53
Received from payments bond issues "A" and "B".....	181.22
Received from payments bond issue "C".....	140.31
Received from payments bond issue "D".....	1,289.60
Received from payments bond issue "E".....	414.70
Received from payments bond issue "F".....	164.87
Received from payments bond issue "G".....	25.56
Paid warrants.....	\$2,938.52
Paid interest on warrants.....	620.06
Paid bonds.....	2,500.00
Balance street fund.....	1,000.27
Balance bond issues "A" and "B".....	118.59
Balance bond issue "C".....	10.70
Balance bond issue "D".....	5.90
Balance bond issue "E".....	413.43
Balance bond issue "F".....	144.65
Balance bond issue "G".....	64.87
Balance bond issue "H".....	79.95
	\$7,897.54 \$7,897.54

WARRANTS OUTSTANDING, REGISTERED, AND NOT PAID FOR WANT OF FUNDS

General fund.....	\$ 15,319.48
Water fund.....	2,880.88
Street fund.....	7,591.57
Total.....	\$ 25,791.93

BONDS OUTSTANDING

Water, issue 1901, 5%.....	\$ 15,000.00
Water, issue 1904, 5%.....	20,000.00
Water, issue 1910, 5%.....	100,000.00
Sewer, issue 1904, 5%.....	15,000.00
Funding, issue 1910, 6%.....	30,000.00
Total.....	\$180,000.00

BONDS OUTSTANDING, ISSUED UNDER BANCROFT ACT

Issue "D" 6%.....	\$ 10,008.00
Issue "E" 6%.....	6,644.00
Issue "F" 6%.....	12,498.27
Issue "G" 6%.....	3,000.00
Total.....	\$ 32,150.27

I, Herbert Eakin, treasurer of the City of Cottage Grove, Oregon, do hereby certify that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the amounts received, paid out and remaining on hand in the treasury of Cottage Grove, Oregon, from statement rendered December 31, 1918, to June 30, 1919, inclusive, and of bonded and warrant indebtedness.

HERBERT EAKIN.