

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE
BEDE & GRANT, Publishers ELBERT BEDE, Editor

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One of the troubles with this old world is that there are too many layers and not enough setters

TOOT! TOOT!

The Leader in this week's issue takes exceptions to our "tooting." We respectfully refer our critics to the little squib published in the same issue of The Leader reading as follows:

Did you ever notice—when a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened. When a hen lays an egg there's a lot of noise. The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' instead of duck's eggs.

Ours are hens' eggs.

A SCURRILOUS SCREED

Parkison, foe of the University of Oregon and manufacturer of referendum and initiative petitions to order, seems to be spending most of his time at Corvallis now. He no doubt finds congenial company in the Mormon president of the O. A. C., the Mormon editor of the Times-Gazette, and that band of Mormon students and instructors which Kerr imported from Utah with him. The work of Mormonizing the educational system of Oregon goes steadily on.—Eugene Guard.

The above is one of many such attacks made by the same paper.

The University of Oregon, worthy institution that it is, has a worse enemy than the O. A. C., a worse enemy than the manufacturers of forged referendum and initiative petitions, a worse enemy than those whom The Guard seems fit to acrimoniously and virulently designate as "the Mormon president of the O. A. C., the Mormon editor of the Times-Gazette, and that band of Mormon students and instructors which Kerr imported from Utah with him," a worse enemy than The Oregonian, and a far worse enemy than Parkison.

That enemy, worse than any other, is the Eugene Guard, professed friend of the state's great institution of learning. Under the guise of friendship it is doing the university more harm than any of the enemies it names ever could hope to.

Such vindictive, vituperative attacks as The Guard makes upon the Oregon Agricultural School are sickening, disgusting, emetic and somewhat incoherent. Certainly they are not erudite.

Its scurrilous, infamous, crude vicious manner of anathematizing a worthy head of one of the state's most worthy institutions; its vitriolic attack upon that institution itself; its scathing and unwarranted attack upon the honorable students of that solid institution of learning are insulting, boorish, childish and could only emanate from the brain of one accustomed to wallowing in verbal sewage. They could not have been conceived in the brain of one whose training is such that he appreciates the value of the institution which The Guard in its garbled street jargon attempts to defend. The Guard evidently has not basked in the glow of refinement that hangs about the institution which in its bestial way it pretends to eulogize.

In one breath The Guard whines about what its enemies are going to do to the university—and in the next petard it attempts to deal a death blow to another institution fully as worthy as the first.

The enemies of the university which The Guard pictures are mostly plantasmal, hideous genii

conjured before its disordered, lurid imagination for its own ulterior motives. No institution in the state has more friends than this one of its institutions of higher education. Oregon is going to have and maintain one of the finest universities of the nation. That institution is going to have the buildings, the equipment, the instructors to carry on its great work as it deserves to be carried on. Eugene knows that, but The Guard is in a frenzied fury because there is intimation that that city may not be its permanent home. And forthwith that supposed pabulum of public liberty flies into a tantrum and does the very thing most likely to rob Eugene of the university.

Oregon loves its university, but it also loves its agricultural college. If Eugene wants to keep the university, it has got to have on its side the friends of its sister school of learning; it has got to have on its side many of the signers of the referendum petitions, characterized by it as crooks, knaves, forgers and bowery bums. A few more scurrilous screeds like the one quoted, brought to the attention of the voters through papers of a state circulation, and enough voters will become estranged to forever defeat anything Eugene may ask for.

The friends of the university had better forever denounce and renounce this purveyor of buncombe and filth. Let it loll in its own putrid putrescence.

In passing, if The Register feels that it has been slighted in this denunciation, it is at liberty to take to heart whatever seems to fit.

TAXPAYERS' NATIONAL BANK

In another column is given a syllabus of a novel banking system proposed to assist the good roads movement. The plan was evolved by Wm. J. Scott, a farmer living near Central Point. In brief it is that the county in which road improvements are projected, bond itself in the amount of the proposed improvements, the bonds to be non-interest-bearing. A national bank is to then be organized and these bonds to be given the federal government as security for a paper money issue equal to the face of the bonds, the money to be used in paying for the road improvements and to be retired by a regular tax levy when desired. As they would bear no interest, there would be no rush about retiring them.

The plan on its face seems to be a feasible one, and many are likely to exclaim, "Why did no one think of it before." But on closer scrutiny there are points that make its adoption improbable.

The first of these is that an amendment to the national banking laws would be necessary, as the government uses only its own bonds as security for a currency issue. If the banking act recently proposed by Senator Aldrich, and which drew forth such protest from the common people, had become a law, such a bank as the one proposed by Mr. Scott could probably be organized without further legis-

lation. The idea advanced by Mr. Scott, by some characterized as socialistic, is strikingly similar to that proposed by Mr. Aldrich, condemned as a wealthy standpatter, except that Mr. Aldrich's bonds probably bore some interest.

It is not likely at present, however, that the government would be willing to accept such bonds as a currency guaranty, having plenty of bonds of its own left to dispose of. The national banking laws were constructed for the very purpose of forcing national banks to buy the government bonds. It is not likely that the government would brook interference with its plans at this time.

Permitting the issuance of currency on the lines laid out by Mr. Scott would open the way for the establishment of hundreds of thousands of such banks and the circulation of millions in paper money. What the result would be of such a condition is merely problematical, but it is not at all likely that a plan with such unknown latent possibilities will get ready recognition.

Fate is cruel to some persons. A girl who escapes the Titanic wreck must make her future home in Cottage Grove.—Eugene Guard.

Thank goodness Fate was kind enough in this instance to guide this young lady away from a town where newspapers publish such scurrilous, slanderous dope as the above.

Here's the way Colonel Henri Watterson describes Colonel Theodore Roosevelt:

"If that one of the Caesars who goes by the name of Nero was insane, Theodore Roosevelt, aspiring to be an imitation Caesar, is insane.

"That is the long and short of it. The man is a maniac. He knows not clearly what he does or says. Never an utterance of his will bear discussion or dissection. Never an act of his can be defended.

"Let his family and friends take him to an asylum before he does something irreparable and it is too late."

We have considerable respect for Colonel Watterson's opinions at times.

Ontario's Commercial Club last year received \$9352 and expended \$8783.50. The club has 87 members, is entirely out of debt and has a cash balance in the bank of \$643.74. Ontario is a city smaller than Cottage Grove. Here is food for thought.

The Creswell Chronicle says The Oregonian is a waning light politically. The Chronicle is only partly correct. The Oregonian has already waned.

Mallard Duck Wears Tin Roof to Protect it from Cold Rains.

This is not a fish story though told by fishermen. They are tagging up ducks like knights of old out beyond Springfield and protecting them from the chilling blast of winter by means of tin roofing. Yesterday Jay McCormick and Ben Bingham were fishing up the McKenzie. They went through Springfield going and coming, which has nothing to do with the case. As they were returning and came to a farm near the James Ebbert place, they espied a duck, which, while not of the familiar "lame duck" variety, of which politicians speak, had a peculiar appearance. An examination revealed the fact that the bird was a domesticated mallard which had been plucked before the recent cold, wet spell. The owner of the fowl had evidently taken pity on its forlorn condition and fixed up a suit of light armor which kept it from suffering. Jay called it a tin roof and says it was securely fastened around the duck's neck so it would not come off.

The gentlemen have ample evidence to substantiate their statements, and as they saw but one duck, there is no reason to question the accuracy of their observations.—Guard.

Classy job printing—The Sentinel.

About the most satisfied man on earth is he who doesn't want much—and doesn't make much effort to get even that.

Running a small business is often more work than running a big one.

Leap year nearly half gone—and a lot of good-looking, willing bachelors who claim they haven't been asked yet.

If everyone kept the resolutions he makes, the way of the book agent would be hard.

Jealousy never helps a woman's looks—or a man's either, for that matter.

Things We Think

Things others think, and what we think of the things others think.

The other day the printer got a wedding invitation to print which started out "Mr. and Mrs. _____ request your presents at the marriage," etc.

It is true that rumors are usually false.

The man who gets the worst of a decision could always decide a case much better than the learned judge or the "twelve men tried and true."

An elixir of youth—never tell your age.

Some folks think they are humorists when they are merely being laughed at.

Girls will declare that they are just crazy to get married—and most of them are.

Men condemn—women condone.

Some people get engaged and never see one another until the day of the wedding. Others never see one another afterwards.

Why not predict something pleasant just as well as something doleful. It's just as easy—and just as likely to come true.

It's a good thing that we do not found our faith in mankind on the promises made by office-seekers.

Silver-tongued orators are perfectly willing to have their chautauqua dates paid for in gold.

It's not good for your business to be always butting into someone else's business—and usually not very good for the other fellow's, either.

A fellow who gets married this year will always have the suspicion following him that he didn't have the nerve to pop the question himself.

The pretty girl waits to take her pick—and the homely girl beats her to it.

If the discontented fellow didn't try to pass it around, it wouldn't be quite so bad.

No doubt half the people in this world who are in want have reached that condition because of their own discretions, but that is a lame excuse for refusing charity.

Man returns to dust when dead—and more and more are returning to the dirt to live.

Some married people do not get well enough acquainted with one another—others too well.

It is just as well to remind you again that you can not make amends for lost time.

We can't all be happy—but there are a lot more who could be if they would.

Some men wear stovepipe hats to let the hot air go up the flue.

We are all willing to see the cost of living go down—on everything but what we have to sell.

Every girl thinks it is nice to be engaged until she contemplates the marriage that follows.

If a man wants to do just as he darn pleases, he should lead his wife to believe he is as easy to manage as a Maltese kitten.

There's a whole lot to what a girl means when she doesn't say anything.

No good lawyer would allow his own wife to sit on a jury.

A whole lot of romance is attached to the western plains by people who never lived on them.

Kiss rhymes with bliss—that is the word, not the suction sound made by the osculation itself.

You never notice anyone leave the room when money is talking.

Life insurance companies wouldn't do much business if they limited policies to the value of the insured in the same proportion as fire insurance companies.

The prettiest flowers are often the most sickly looking when they fade.

Healthy people are usually the happiest—and happy people usually healthy. The moral is significant.

The presidential campaign this year has been taken out of the neurotic class.

When doctors disagree it should not be surprising if the medicine does not agree.

Some people only get their morals out when they have on their black clothes.

There's a big difference between fame and notoriety, but sometimes either one is good advertising.

The proposed sterilizing process might be used to advantage in other places than inside the penitentiaries.

Men who wear dress suits can not with consistency make fun of the hobble skirts.

A woman can make a fool of a man by making him think she thinks he is the smartest man on earth.

Men will evolve methods for running the universe and work themselves into a tantrum trying to convince other people of their efficacy—and at the same time let their own digestive organs get all out of whack.

It is no trouble whatever to find sound reasons for making most any kind of a disagreeable prediction.

There's a Style in Clothing You Want!

Every man has an inborn feeling that when he buys a new suit of clothes, he wants it to be the season's style.

We cater to that class of trade.

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POULTRY-KEEPING PROFITABLE

Prof. Dryden of O. A. C. Advises Farmers to Increase Flocks.

"There has been an enormous increase in the production of eggs and poultry in the state in the past two years, but in spite of this the demand has far exceeded the supply, and prices are still as high as ever," said Prof. James Dryden of the Oregon Agricultural College in discussing the object of the present tour of the poultry demonstration car sent over the Southern Pacific lines by the college.

"If the farmers of Oregon would keep, on an average, 100 hens instead of about 50, it would shut out the imports and add \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 a year to the wealth of the state.

"The purpose of the demonstration car is to stimulate a greater production of poultry and eggs. The quickest and best way is to increase the flocks of the farmers rather than to have poultry keepers start large egg farms. The demand cannot be met by the establishment of large, exclusively poultry farms. If the general farmer goes out of the egg producing business there will soon be an egg famine—possibly a serious financial panic.

"Though there are opportunities for profit along special lines in poultry-keeping, the market for specialties is limited, and it would be folly to advise everyone to go into special lines. I am free to confess that we have kept more people out of the poultry business than have gone into it as an exclusive business.

I have received great numbers of letters during the past year from all parts of the state as well as from other states, in which the writers stated that they were going into the poultry business on a large scale and a large majority of them said they knew nothing of the business. Our plain duty was to advise caution. If every one of them had gone into the business as they intended and invested their all in it, it is safe to say that there would have been thousands of dollars lost in every county of the state, and the poultry business would have received a black eye.

"Poultry-keeping is not a difficult business unless we make it so. If conducted along sane, common-sense lines, there is profit in it. The two points on which special emphasis is laid in the demonstration car are feeding for eggs and housing. Egg ratings are on display, feeding charts show results of experiments, breeding charts show results of breeding for eggs, different grades and qualities of eggs are exhibited, marketing possibilities are demonstrated, and the equipment for successful hatching and brooding of chicks is displayed. The walls of the car are covered with signs and charts containing lessons in practical poultry-keeping. A "knockdown" colony house is taken along and set up outside the car at each stop.

"While chickens may be made to do well in different houses, it may be said in favor of the colony system and free range that there is no noted poultry district in the United States where poultry-keeping has been permanently successful, where the colony house system was not followed. The colony house, moreover, was the house used at the Oregon Experiment Station last year for the hens that made the highest egg records ever made in the United States so far as official or authentic record is concerned. The demonstrators on the car explain how those hens were housed and cared for, and answer any questions as to their feeding and treatment."

The Voyagers.

By Wm. F. Kirk.

They listened to wondrous music
In rooms that were planned for kings,
Beautiful notes from beautiful throats,
Sung as a songbird sings.
They revelled in baths of marble
Like the baths of ancient Rome.
'Twas a wondrous trip on a wondrous ship—
The ship that never came home.
Music and baths and splendor!
But where are the noble men
Saying goodbyes with glistening eyes
That never shall glisten again?
They called it a floating palace,
And they found it a funeral urn,
Crowded by Fate with hero freight—
The ship that can never return.



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