

Sale Prices Will Be Given During June

We Will Not Be Undersold

We Invite An Honest Comparison of Real Values

Good, honestly manufactured merchandise at honest Sale Prices. Remember, we carry the largest stock of general merchandise in Cottage Grove and we offer to you any article in stock at prices that defy competition. All our goods were bought for net cash, we paid no long time prices—have bought of the best manufacturers in America. We offer you all these advantages. Will sell you at less prices than many merchants pay wholesale.

BURKHOLDER-WOODS COMPANY

The Daylight Store, COTTAGE GROVE

DON'T KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS.

The little turk in the picture is like many other little poult, chicks and quacks that die every season—he is about to go up the spout because he is fed full to the neck.

These youngsters have such a winning way. Little turks especially set up a squeal like a lot of little pigs. They chase you around and put up such a good bluff that you believe they are starving to death, and you are so good hearted, and you do want them to grow, and brooder chicks, too, have no mother, and every time some person looks at them they think, "The poor motherless bairns!" And so they also must have some more feed, and that's just the way thousands of young stock are killed with kindness.

We ought to follow nature more in our raising of young stock. Mother



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

KILLED BY KINDNESS.

Turkey, Madam Hen, Mrs. Quack and Mother Goose live rather on the hobo style. They pick up a little here, a little there and no large quantity anywhere, and their rule is:

Feed little, but often.

We should study the digestive system of fowls, and we will find the water fowl's different from the hen's, the turkey's, duck's and chicken's digestive apparatus different in certain particulars and their capacity for digesting and assimilating feed not near so great as some persons imagine.

We should study the different breeds as to digestive capacity and their capability to be forced for fast growth, and we will find some get sour crop and go down with leg weakness on what others will thrive and get fat on.

We must remember these tiny balls of down that come from the shell are but tender babies—that have delicate organs that are not hard to break down and need little to sustain them.

Much young stock dies from overfeeding and much adult stock also.

Many hens do not wear out laying, but trying to digest an overplus of feed.

They break down, get baggy, drop over dead from apoplexy, because of overfat.

They get sour crop, liver trouble; they don't lay nor pay because they are overfed.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

An American firm claims to have sold 40,000 incubators last year. Now, it is claimed a single 100 egg machine does the work in a season of thirty-three hens, and if these 40,000 incubators were of only 100 egg capacity there you have just 1,321,000 old, screaming clucks put out of the hatching business, and if laying instead of hatching their eggs would pay for all the hatching operations, and then some.

Crowded brooders and colony houses certainly mean bad air, multiplying lice, disease, mortality and stunted stock. Since incubators make it so easy to hatch chicks many will hatch beyond their capacity to house or to feed right. They bite off more chicken than they can chew and then rue.

There are what are called "diseases of civilization" to which savages are not subject. Likewise with the hen her domestication and development to unnatural size and egg production have caused diseases to which aboriginal poultry was not subject.

What has become of all those chicken systems that guaranteed thousands off a town lot in the twinkling of an eye. They were and are not, but their victims still have a painful remembrance of parting with their good money for a gold brick.

In England the hen is called "The Cinderella of Agriculture" because she is so neglected by the government, and so little is appropriated for poultry culture. A number of our states are treating Biddy the same way, but perhaps they will get wise some day and wake up from their Rip van Winkle sleep.

The accumulation of pigeon droppings until the loft floor is caked with them is a sure sign that the owner is not going to accumulate wealth from the squab business. Oh, bughouse, you sure are nix-cum-erous!

Last year 4,000 cases of eggs from the orient arrived at San Francisco under the five cent tariff. By the way they are coming in now, free of duty, the local merchants estimate an importation of 30,000 cases for the new year. This is certainly considered a deadly yellow peril by the Pacific coast poultrymen, and they have already called the attention of the government to the liability of disease being introduced by the foreign hen fruit and that they are being sold as home product.

It is claimed poultry lice are true insects, but in a degraded form through the loss of wings. This is a question for our louse specialists to determine. We rather think the poultry raiser who allows his poultry to be infested has retrograded to the bughouse class.

The story comes from Reading, Pa., that a rooster, tied up in a bag, escaped from a wagon and flew a whole mile inside the bag before it was bagged again. Must have been an awful big bag.

DON'T CARE A RAP.

I don't care what these stylish folk say 'bout that onion smell.

I eat green onions every day.

An' that's why I keep well.

I list go out into the patch.

An' pull a middlin' lot.

I like 'em fresh an' tender.

For it's then they hit the spot.

Then I git salt an' butter.

An' a loaf of Salie's bread.

I cut a slice an' on it thick.

That yaller butter spread.

Gee crippens, them 'ere onions.

An' that butter bread taste good!

An' my appetite keeps growin'.

Like a fire in pine wood.

Why, that onion's disinfecter.

An' that's list what humans need.

The more strong onions you put down.

The less the microbes breed.

Now, I don't care what funny folk say 'bout that onion smell.

They kin have their crawlin' microbes.

I'll eat onions an' keep well.

C. M. BARNITZ.

THE SANITARY NEST.

If an egg dealer should be asked the question, "Were these eggs laid in a sanitary nest?" he would likely reply, "What on earth is a sanitary nest?"

The shortest answer is, a nest where nothing foul comes in contact with the egg.

There's that nest under the hog pen, on the stable floor, under the dropping board, where the filth drops through cracks on to the egg, or that open top nest in the henhouse, over which hens hop and into which dirt drops, or that nest which is seldom cleaned or the straw changed.

Some people forget that an eggshell is only porous lime, that it absorbs filth and odors and that moisture, penetrating the shell, wets the egg skin and thus lets in microbes.

Just now there is going up a protest from California to the government against the admission of Chinese eggs, because "the Chinese are the most insanitary people on earth," and their eggs partake of their environments.

You wouldn't like to eat "Chink" eggs, either, nor do your egg customers want anything insanitary. Eggs laid in insanitary nests or kept in an insanitary place partake of their surroundings.

They are not good to eat, they are poor keepers, and that's why so much of the egg crop spoils.

Better look up those nests and see if they are O. K., and remember our definition—a sanitary nest is a nest where nothing foul comes in contact with the egg.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

The story comes from Reading, Pa., that a rooster, tied up in a bag, escaped from a wagon and flew a whole mile inside the bag before it was bagged again. Must have been an awful big bag.

It is wise occasionally to stir around

the pigeons' nests. Mice will sometimes nest in the bottom of them. It's a nice warm place for a mouse nest, but often explains why parent pigeons desert their eggs and squabs.

The Argus pheasant runs up and down the scale on his flute, and his whistle at night can be heard a mile. That's almost as much noise as some "bad sports" make at a show knocking the judge.

When you are feeding rats poison don't put it on anything they can drag around. It is liable to be dragged out where fowls and domestic animals can get it and that means funerals.

The Reeves pheasant has a tall seven-foot leg. It can jump eight feet and can fly thirty miles at a mile a minute clip. If you think you're a good shot maybe you won't after you shoot at one of these long tailed sky rockets.

Squabs twelve hours old are called "peepers," twenty-four hours old "squeakers," and a month old "squealers." Some humans start as squealers and end as kickers, and it would be better for the world if they had been stillborn.

Groundhogs are so plentiful in some parts of Pennsylvania that some farmers shoot and trap them and feed them to the chickens. A young groundhog well dressed, parboiled and then roasted makes a good meal for humans these days when beef's so high.

Tobacco stems for pigeon nests are such a necessity to fight off lice and are so cheap and easy to get that it is only a close or careless pigeon raiser that does not have them for his birds. Nappies, too, are the only real receptacles for nests. They are low priced, made to fit the breed and found in all up to date squabbleries.

A wise business man wishes to so serve a customer that he will come back again and become a steady buyer. Poultrymen, to succeed, must hold trade, and the only way to win, hold and increase trade is to give a square deal. When you give a customer a little more than his money's worth you not only hold his trade, but make him a good advertiser, and that counts much in the game.

You better get out some geese for Thanksgiving and Christmas unless you are raising turkeys. If you do not wish to raise geese to sell hatch a few, and thus make sure of a dandy fowl to decorate the center plate in the holiday season of good cheer.

In England the nobility, who compose the "hunts" that ride over a man's gardens and fields chasing foxes and arrest a person for killing a fox that kills his hens, this so called nobility calls fowls the "poultry nuisance." The whole "Henglish" language can't "hex-press" what those Johnny Bull poultry raisers call those debilitated ducks and duchesses and their favorite sport.



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FEEDING THE TURKEY POULTS.

Mother Turkey should hatch, brood and do most of the feeding of poults, and the first thing to do when little turks are hatched is not to feed them, but to look for lice on them and their mother and to give them all a good dusting with Persian insect powder.

Put them in a roomy pen with sod for floor, this pen to be moved around often so they do not sleep on same spot.

See that water drains away from coop, and surround it with enough



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

HUNGRY FOR BREAKFAST.

Screen to make a fair sized yard, where they may run on short grass.

First select the right feed; then handle it with care.

Remember, you are about to build a big fowl with large frame, muscles, much blood, big organs and heavy plumage.

Then the turkey, too, is semiwild, comes from a race that lived in the woods mainly on natural protein, and its digestive organs are especially adapted to digest just such food.

You must feed builder.

You must follow Mother Turkey's advice. Feed little, but often.

You should not feed for at least thirty hours after hatch, nor near as much as turks want, even though they do squeal and chase you all over the place.

You simply feed the little birds enough to get started right and the let Mother Turkey do most of the until fattening time.

We find nothing better to start with than fresh, dry, steel cut, plump oatmeal. Throw a little of this down



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

IN NATURE'S CHAIR.

With a small amount of fine grit the first two days. Serve them dry bread soaked in sweet milk and then squeezed-dry.

Give them a meal of fresh cottage cheese and dry sweet bread, equal parts.

Take a hard boiled egg (one to eight poults) and the same amount of bread and as much tender onion tops or tender dandelion leaves, chop together and serve that as a meal.

Make oatmeal a standby. Go from that to cracked red wheat and then to whole wheat, and then shovels them on to Mother Turkey, giving them something at supper time to get the into the habit of coming home nights.

Remember these points: Feed little, but often; feed builder; don't starve them; keep down lice and follow nature.

Walking and Breathing—A person walking at the rate of five miles per hour consumes 2,300 cubic inches of air per minute.

Calling cards—The Sentinel.

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