

# The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

A first-class publication entered at Cottage Grove as second-class mail matter.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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BUSINESS OFFICE: :: :: :: 26 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

Wednesday, July 1, 1914.

Be Sure to Get Stop Over at Cottage Grove.  Be Sure to Get Stop Over at Cottage Grove.

### A LESSON IN OPTIMISM.

ANY a down-hearted sinner has had his courage and backbone stiffened by those simple words, "Cheer up, old man, it might be worse. You'll come out all right yet."

The best number of the recent chautauqua from point of entrancing interest was the vivid story told by Col. Alexander M. Lochwitzky, escaped Siberian exile. Within a few minutes after he had been jailed for an alleged political offense, a young girl in an adjoining cell succeeded in whispering to him through a cranny in the stone wall words of encouragement similar in meaning to the ones we have used. How the Russian language could be twisted into an expression of optimism we do not undertake to explain, but Col. Lochwitzky told many other things even more difficult to believe possible in a nominally christian and civilized nation in a supposedly enlightened age.

Those words coming at such a time from one in a position equally as unenviable as his own, have lingered with him all day and have buoyed him up many times when the fight has seemed hopeless.

IN THESE great United States there is a tremendous feeling of unrest and discontent. We imagine everything has got about as bad as it can. Probably no like feeling has existed since the time of the Civil War. While then the cry was to free the black slave, the present cry is to free the white slave and the wage slave, to guarantee future generations proper birth and to give every man, woman and child an equal right to those things necessary to preserve life, happiness and morality.

We chafe at conditions that give the few more than they can use while many are denied what they need.

Many of those with capital chafe under the laws made by those without it.

We chafe at conditions that permit the libertine to occupy a front pew while the victim hides from the finger of scorn.

Business chafes at conditions that for the moment have stagnated industry.

Republicans fear the world is coming to an end because the Democrats have secured temporal power.

Women of many states feel wronged because they have not yet secured the ballot.

We all howl because we believe the tax money is being squandered.

We stand aghast at graft and corruption in high places.

Many fear that wild-eyed reformers, with their appeal to the under dog, are going to drive the country to the demerit bow-wow.

With an administration giving away millions of our money while fanatics are at the same time devising freak laws to do away with taxation, there are some who find it hard to discern a silver lining in the cloud.

WE WILL not attempt to deny that our economic and social conditions are in a somewhat chaotic condition, that the power of self is supreme, that moral conditions are too low and the cost of living too high. We do not wonder that brave men and women sometimes become discouraged with the apparent futility of their efforts towards righting things and are tempted to give up in disgust.

Bad as conditions may be—it is not our purpose to minimize them or to lull the awakened public conscience—we may well take renewed courage from the story told by Col. Lochwitzky. We may well say to one another: "Cheer up, it might be worse. We'll come out all right yet."

Perhaps Col. Lochwitzky may not consider this the most important message be brought, but he came to us with this one at a time when we can use it to give ourselves encouragement.

IN LANGUAGE that must have been difficult for a Russian tongue to master, the speaker described (in words so vivid that the audience felt for the moment that it had been transported to the land of the Czar) political, economic and moral conditions in Russia, beside which our own stand out almost untainted and untarnished.

A nobleman born, the possessor of large estates, his father a high official in the Russian government, while himself a lieutenant-colonel in the imperial army, and without knowing by whom accused, he was dragged from his family, imprisoned for a couple of years in a vile cell and without trial or opportunity to appeal for help, sentenced to sixteen years' exile.

Probably few viler wretches ever drew the breath of life than the McNamara brothers. Compare our treatment of them, guilty as they were, with that of Count Lochwitzky in Russia, for merely trying to help his fellow man, and then may we well say: "Cheer up, you under dog, it might be worse."

Envy is an indication of inferiority.

The aimless man seldom makes a mark.

Rippling laughter comes from the Fountain of Youth.

A crooked man just can't keep from following his bent.

"Spooning" must be the art of sipping love with the mouth.

Whoever knew a brother to flatter his grown-up sister.

A robber swindled an English jeweler out of \$5,000 by posing as an American magnate. He certainly acted the part.

Had the McNamara brothers, after a trial by jury in which they were defended by the ablest counsel that money could hire, been convicted of the crimes to which they confessed, hundreds of thousands of their friends would have said that they had been railroaded to the gallows and it is impossible to say how serious a strife might have been precipitated between labor and capital.

Count Lochwitzky recounted many incidents in his life that he could explain only as miracles. Perhaps the confession of the McNamara brothers also came as a miracle.

Cheer up, the Lord is with us yet.

Those of altruistic turn of temperament cry out in holy horror at our manner of punishing criminals. Once in awhile a warden is accused of permitting abuse of the persons of prisoners. But listen to the story from civilized (T) Russia:

Without knowing the charge preferred against him, without an opportunity to defend himself, without trial, Count Lochwitzky was imprisoned in a dark, damp cell, was permitted to see no one and to receive no news from the outside world, suffered untold agony and anguish as each day brought its uncertainty, heard the screams of another prisoner in a nearby cell who had been given poison in his food, heard his screams as he was cruelly pounded to death for no greater a crime than giving vent to his sufferings, was permitted finally to see his wife under conditions that were only a torture and suffered indignities that would not be imposed upon the most brutal murderer in this country.

Cheer up, you altruist. Things might be worse. We often complain because it seems so impossible to do much for those less fortunate than ourselves.

The speaker made it plain that in Russia it is dangerous for those above to try to lift those below. For no more than using a portion of his income help those less fortunate he suffered as no criminal in this country suffers for the lowest crime.

Newspapers in this country raise a cry that reaches to the sky if a subsidy in the form of second class rates is denied them. The little girl of whom we have already spoken, she who whispered words of encouragement from her claustrophobic cell, was sent to Siberia for no worse a crime than that of neglecting to inform the police that she knew of an objectionable newspaper being brought into the Czar's domains.

Cheer up, ye quill drivers. Things might be worse.

We complain of high taxes and graft. The speaker told that in Russia taxes are frequently collected two or three times from ignorant peasants who know not how to protect themselves against such graft. Where the money thus grafted goes to only the tax collectors know and no one asks them to tell.

Cheer up and pay your taxes with a smile and get satisfaction by demanding to know where the money goes.

With some reason we complain of graft and the difficulty in stamping it out. In Russia, especially in Siberia, according to Count Lochwitzky's story, hardly a government official touches money part of which does not stick to his fingers. While he was an exile, his stepmother sent him \$100 a month, but the money orders never got further than the postoffice at the delivering end. Of \$75 a month that he was to receive as a government school teacher, only \$2.50 reached him.

Cheer up! Uncle Sam can't be monkeyed with that way.

We wish those who complain about unequal educational advantages in this country could have heard the story of the appalling ignorance of the Russian peasant. Only two per cent of one hundred and seventy millions can even read and write. Education of the peasant there is almost a crime.

Cheer up! Count Lochwitzky sees in our educational system hope of the solution of the downtrodden of his natal land—a land where even nobles dare not belong to secret societies, where free speech and a free press are unknown, where life is held at the caprice of a monarch who dares not mingle with his own people, a land where, despite such oppression, hope has not been stamped out of the human breast.

WE WILL not take space to go further into the story told by the Russian exile—a story that reads like a dream—a fairy story—but here's our point:

While we complain of oppression, of the inequalities of life, this former subject of the Czar finds here every form of liberty, every thing in life most desirable. Hounded even yet by Russian spies, his wife compelled eight years ago to marry another, having suffered enough to destroy belief in a protecting Providence, his belief in a God that cares for those who trust in him has only been strengthened. While many complain that we will never free ourselves from our own peculiar forms of oppression, this exiled optimist expects here to develop the spirit that is to free the children of the land of his birth.

Let us take from his message new hope and develop new strength. We'll come out all right yet!

A want ad. in The Sentinel got an old maid three husbands, another ad. brought her three children for adoption; still another ad. located her three husbands for her after they had run away. A want ad. in The Sentinel will do most anything. One cent a word.

WHERE CASH BEATS CREDIT

## HAMPTON'S

WHERE CASH BEATS CREDIT

### Hurrah for The Fourth of July!

Ladies, Take Notice! You should see our beautiful line of White Dresses.

|                               |                       |                              |        |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------|--------|
| White Dresses at.....         | \$5.00 each           | Men's \$1.50 Straw Hats..... | \$1.25 |
| Children's White Dresses..... | \$1.25 to \$2.25 each | Men's \$5.00 Panamas.....    | \$3.50 |
| Ladies' White Waists.....     | \$1.00 each           | Men's \$7.50 Panamas.....    | \$5.00 |
| Men's \$1.00 Straw Hats.....  | 75c                   |                              |        |

RED, WHITE AND BLUE BUNTING BY THE YARD OR BOLT

### ADDITIONAL PRIZES FOR GRANGE FAIR

The following prizes in the green fruit department were omitted in printing the premium list for the grange fair:

Best collection apples—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.  
Best collection pears—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.  
Best collection berries—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.  
Best collection plums and prunes—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.  
Best collection grapes—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.  
Best collection flowers—  
First \$1.50; second 75c.

Blue and red ribbons will be awarded on single varieties of fruit.

The following special prizes are offered by Brund & Co.:

Best loaf of bread made by woman—  
First \$2; second \$1.

Best loaf of bread made by girl—  
First, 1 1/2 sack Fishers' flour; second, 1 sack Fishers' flour; third, 1/2 sack

Fishers' flour.

Bread to compete for these prizes must be made from Fishers' flour.

All the prizes for the children's department are to be put on exhibition in one of the show windows at the Brund & Co. store.

The grange has put up cash prizes for the following sports which take place Friday and Saturday afternoons:

Fifty-yard dash for boys over 12 and under 15; 50-yard dash for boys over 9 and under 12, same for the girls, tug-of-war for boys under 14, pillow fight, wrestling match for boys over 16, wrestling match for boys under 16, nail driving contest for ladies, potato race, high jump and sack race.

Capital prize of \$25, \$15 and \$10 will be given for best collective exhibits of farm products, all of which must be grown on the farm of the person making the exhibition.

If you have anything you want to trade, from a mother-in-law to a muley cow, a want ad. in The Sentinel will do it for you. One cent a word. apr22-tf

Calling cards—The Sentinel.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar  
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

What do you want anyway? A Sentinel classified ad. will get it for you. What do you want? Anyway a Sentinel classified ad. will get it for you.

### A Paint Story

A CERTAIN well known man residing in the city of Cottage Grove came into our shop the other day and said: "I can buy guaranteed Pure Paint in Portland for \$1.45 per gallon. My neighbor has used some of this paint and it looks pretty good." Now our friend was the "Show Me" kind although not from Missouri, and had a gallon of his neighbors' paint weighed. The \$1.45 guaranteed Pure Paint weighed 13 1/2 pounds. We weighed a gallon of Sherwin-Williams paint in the same color, in this man's presence and it tipped the beam at 18 pounds exactly.

It is needless to say we took this man's order, and he said he saw at least one reason for the difference in price.

Moral: BUY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT FROM

### The Cottage Grove Mfg. Co.

No other paper, daily or weekly, reaches one-quarter as many people in the Cottage Grove country as does The Sentinel.

## Don't Get Fresh

Don't apply when buying meat. You should always get fresh meat—and you always get it when you buy from

## City Meat Market

BARTELS & ERNEST, Props.

The greatest soil in the world for producing crops is located around Cottage Grove. The greatest place in the world to get results from want ads. is in The Sentinel.

I have just enough time to make that Suit for you

Full Line of Winter Samples Now on Exhibition

BOHLMAN :: The TAILOR

NOTICE FOR PU  
Department of  
U. S. Land Office at  
May 29, 1914.  
Notice is hereby gi  
F. Negley, of Dorena  
March 29, 1911, mad  
try, Serial, No. 07094,  
28, township 28 S., Ra  
ette Meridian, has f  
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to establish claim to t  
ceiver, of the United  
fice, at Roseburg, Or  
day of August, 1914.  
Claimant names as  
Wilson, of Dorena,  
Cooley, of Cottage G  
L. England, of Dore  
Kirk, of Dorena, Ore

June 24-July 29 pd

Administrator

ESTATE OF ARTHU

ACK, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby g

Van Schoiak has be

Court of the State o

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Schoiak, deceased.

All persons having e

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within six months fr

day of June, A. D. 19

FRANK VA

H. J. SHINN,

Attorney.

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Property. In the C

the State of Oregon

IN THE MATTER OF

OF WINNIFRED

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Notice is hereby giv

suance of an order of

of the State of Ore

29th day of May, 1914,

the estate of Winnif

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Said sale will be co

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