

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

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BUSINESS OFFICE: 26 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

Wednesday, July 22, 1914.

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

WHAT WOULD HE DO?

Our aspiring, if not inspiring, friend, W. S. U'Ren, would be governor of the State of Oregon and has succeeded in securing the Prohibition nomination.

This is the same fellow who was engaged for several years in spending the Fels fund and in endeavoring to foist single tax upon Oregon. He is the author of the \$1500 exemption measure which will be upon the ballot this fall. This measure would give the state almost absolute single tax.

The one hobby that Mr. U'Ren stands for above everything else, above even prohibition, is single tax. He has dedicated his life to the work of making Oregon a single tax state.

But now he comes forth in a public statement and says that if elected governor he would drop single tax for a period of four years.

The kindest thing that can be said about such an offer is that it is made to bribe the voters.

Let us presume that Mr. U'Ren is honest in his statement. What high ideals a man must have, who, for the sake of office, agrees in advance to cease to advocate that to which he has dedicated his life and that which he believes absolutely necessary to the happiness of the poor and downtrodden. For the sake of office he offers to cast aside his life work and desert those who have looked to him for relief from their burdens. What a fine specimen of manhood to place in the chief executive's chair!

We have presumed that Mr. U'Ren honestly intends, in the event of his election, to fulfill the promise referred to. But in making the offer, he is dishonest to himself, his single tax associates and his single tax supporters.

What assurance have we that as Governor he would be any more honest than as a private citizen?

Perhaps he would find that by dropping prohibition he could be re-elected in 1918. If he would drop single tax in order to be elected in 1914 what reason have we to feel certain that he might not right-about-face on prohibition in order to be re-elected four years later?

Every act of his in politics, so far as we know, has been based on deceit. Every measure he has put on the ballot has been a deceitful one and the arguments he has advanced for their enactment have been deceitful, dishonest and misleading.

The argument put forth for the enactment of the \$1500 exemption measure is the acme of deceit and deception.

It is doubtful if Mr. U'Ren could be absolutely honest and above-board in politics if he wished to. His mania for slick and slippery ways to gain an end was demonstrated a few days ago.

The attorney general had prepared a ballot title for U'Ren's proportional representation measure. The title prepared drew attention too strongly to the salient features of the measure, and for this reason Mr. U'Ren objected so strongly that he has now succeeded in getting the title fixed so that the real purposes of the measure are not so prominent.

Are we to trust in the chief executive's chair a man who does not even blush when he so openly shows it to be his purpose to deceive and dupe the voter? No!

ADVICE THAT IS BOTH FREE AND GOOD.

The following recently appeared in the Dallas Observer, edited by Lew A. Cates:

The maternal ancestor who permits her sixteen-year-old daughter to float about nights with a sport with a weak jaw and weak morals merely opens the front door to grief and disgrace. If you are not cognizant of the character of the company your daughter keeps, or what time of night she turns in, your roar when the gossips get busy will sound about as pathetic as a wheeze from a Jew-harp. The girl who insists on spooning with every sport within the corporation limits should be relieved of her overflow of affections with a number ten slipper laid fearlessly across the hiplets. We would sooner see a girl osculate with a blind shout through a barbed wire fence than to have her change partners six nights a week in the family parlor with the lights turned low. It is sometimes a more difficult proposition to marry off a girl who has been pawed over by every yap in the balliwick than it is to fatten sheep on pineapple ice. You can't gold-brick a sharp-eyed suitor with second-hand goods any more than you can make a bathrobe fit a goat. There are weak-minded parents who are going up against the judgment day with about as much chance as a cross-eyed damsel at a beauty show. Their children will rise up and call them blessed with the enthusiasm of a one-legged man at a club dance.

Cottage Grove's cannery is in operation. It is the duty of every citizen to help make it a success. Nothing attempted here in recent years means so much for the present and future welfare as the success of the cannery.

The Oregon climate is the greatest in the world. The only fault that can be found with it is that it is capitalized pretty highly with too much water in it.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; she had so many children she didn't know what to do. She inserted a want ad. in The Sentinel, and then she didn't have enough to go around.

Things We Think

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

If there were 150 hooks in the wardrobe the husband would still have to hang his clothes on nails behind the door.

Huerta has finally resigned. Must have got sobered up.

A person usually smiles on you when trying to fool you, but if no serious harm results, you are ahead in the deal. Smiles are worth money.

It's all well and good to be happy—and other folks like to see you that way—but don't let your joy overflow in such a way as to irritate others.

Why is it that so many girls like to watch the trains come in? We don't know, but wonder if there would be such a fascination if they weren't mail trains.

It seems that a show is something that no one can describe in such a manner that the listener will get any idea of what it was like.

While traveling through this vale of tears we can at least supply dry handkerchiefs.

A good booster for one thing never tears something else down.

When a man makes a bow in such a manner that he seems to be coming loose somewhere, we always think that he exhibits lack of practice.

There is no drifting along in this life. If you don't face yourself ahead, the whirlpool made by those who are forcing themselves ahead will carry you backwards.

About time for a story that the new president of Mexico has resigned.

There may be worse things than being a cigarette fiend—but they are probably punishable by life imprisonment.

We can't help thinking there is a specially prepared place for parents who lock their children in the house while they go galivanting around until midnight.

If a man's wife grabs the pay envelope every Saturday night, which one is subject to the income tax?

You may not be able to knock brains into some people, but the attempt to do so would not be dangerous in any way.

A banker should be so accustomed to being eaged up that a term in prison wouldn't be so arduous as it seems to be to those being punished for their misdeeds.

Wages may not always go up with the cost of living, but the cost of living always goes up when wages do.

While living we may never know how it seems to go to heaven, but we should think some are in a condition to tell us how it seems to die.

At the recent meeting of the National Educational Association one of the speakers said: "God bless the girl who refuses to study algebra—a study that has caused many girls to lose their souls." The doctor would teach her dressmaking, sewing and other practical and artistic things.

Algebra may not be essential to proficiency in the other subjects suggested by the doctor, but we should imagine that they might be helpful. For example: Suppose a girl were given this kind of a problem:

"Take sufficient flour, water, butter or lard, sugar, spices, apples, or other filling and other ingredients used in making pie, add them together and describe the result."

She could go at the problem like this: Let a equal flour.

Let b equal butter, lard, spices and other ingredients used in making a pie crust.

Let c equal sugar, spices, apples, or other filling.

a plus b plus c equals x.

But that might be as far as the example would get. The result might remain an unknown quantity unless the doctor could determine what gave hubby indigestion.

We don't know whether the girl would lose her soul, but she might lose her hubby.

An Old Riddle.

"What is it, that is black and white and red all over?"

And the only answer is the newspaper.

It is the only publication that is READ ALL OVER—even down to the last line of the smallest "want ad."

The newspaper is read because each line in it is of interest to someone.

And not the least interesting feature is the advertising.

It is business news that is as eagerly scanned these days as the ball score or the financial columns.

WHERE CASH BEATS CREDIT HAMPTON'S **WHERE CASH BEATS CREDIT**

JULY BARGAINS, A FEW

A line of 8 1/3 and 10c Lawns.....7c	Ladies' \$1.75 to \$4.00 White Skirts.....99c
A line of 12 1/2c, 15c and 20c Lawns.....10c	Ladies' 85c Chamoisette Gloves.....28c
25c Ratines.....20c	7c and 8c Linen Lace.....5c
25c Soisette.....19c	Men's \$1.50 Straw Hats.....75c
12 1/2c Gingham.....10c	Men's \$1.00 Straw Hats.....50c
Girls' \$1.25 Sailor Blouses.....49c	Men's 50c Straw Hats.....25c
Ladies' \$1.25 White Waists.....49c	

Special on Ladies' House Dresses

Casey's Revenge

A Companion Piece to "Casey at the Bat."

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more; There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore. "Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat! And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that."

All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "shine." They called him "Strike-out Casey" from the mayor down the line, And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh, While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

The lane is long, some one had said, that never turns again. And fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men. And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown. The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come. To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum; And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild. He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began; But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan Who thought Mudville had a chance; and with the setting sun Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."

The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score; But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar. The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on bases—nobody out—three runs to tie the game! A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville's hall of fame; But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night When the fourth one "fouled to catcher," and fifth "flew out to right."

A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face— When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place; His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed; his teeth were clinched in hate; He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away; There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day. They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored, "Strike him out," But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it sped; Another hiss, another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said. Zip! Like a shot, the second curve broke just below the knee—"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot. But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot? A whack! a crack! and out through space the leather pellet flew— A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight The sphere sailed on, the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight. Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, and thousands threw a fit; But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun, And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun; And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall; But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball!

—Selected.

Quips by Famous Advertisers

(From the New York Herald.)

The success of a business house is measured by the volume and continuity of its advertising.—Frank B. Presbrey Company.

We invest in advertising just as we invest in the best materials for our goods.—Colgate & Co.

By advertising only can railroads convince the public that it will be carried in comfort and safety.—George A. Cullen, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

Periodic advertising of the most brilliant kind leads to failure where ordinary advertising, persistently followed, brings successful results.—B. T. Babbitt, Incorporated.

We advertise as a sort of business insurance in winter and summer, in good times and bad, and thus have made Victor talking machines known the world over.—Victor Talking Machine Company.

To be successful you must be consistent. I would rather use four quarter pages in the Herald than one full page for regular purposes, but when I have a special story to tell I want a page.—E. T. Gould, Director and Advertising Manager Regal Shoe Company.

We spend \$250,000 annually in newspaper advertising and find it pays best. The small advertiser simply throws his money away.—Frank L. Erskine, Director Douglas Shoe Company.

C. L. Gano proposes a series of state-controlled coffee clubs, to cost \$3000 to install, state, county and city each paying one-third of cost and maintenance.

Work began on the new Simpson hotel at North Bend to cost \$75,000.

Newport has let contract for a new high school to cost \$16,000.

Boring gets a new saw mill, lumber company and shingle mill.

The Portland, Eugene & Eastern has finished ballasting its loop tracks at

Eugene at an expense of several thousand dollars.

To help make the workmen's compensation act, the board is taking in all state enterprises and institutions possible. The state will be employer and insure itself against accidents on its own work.

By a break in the plant of the American Can Co. at Portland several hundred hands were laid off at Eugene and in the berry fields.

Edison Phonographs

WITH NEW DIAMOND POINT REPRODUCER

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Come In Hear Them

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Office on Main Street COTTAGE GROVE 11 11 11 OREGON

Neighbor

(Special to 'D)

July 19, 1914.—R Minor and Isbell from Cottage Grove Mr. and Mrs. G. son E. L. McReyn attended the funeral of brother in Eu John Fueston wa Grove Sunday.

H. Connor, wife were visitors in Di H. H. Russell for Roseburg for soil's brother ar

Misses Maggie Nizzy Goldobini ing friends and re Wyatt Taylor friends in Divide E John Martin wer evening.

Guy Turner and Inge Grove were in J. J. Turner left kowa, Wash., to w Pete Tonole and trip to London We Walt Robinson, an were Grove visit ing.

Orey Davis and Creek attended the day between Loraz Adolph Lindstrom itor to Cottage Gr Mrs. Frank Tur Mackey shopped i urday.

W. E. Burkett we day for a visit wi Sherman Wilkin Saturday.

Miss Addie Nel her home in Yonei Charlie Miller Sunday.

SILK

(Special to 'D) July 19, 1914.— who had been tea ton, returned home Otto Burcham's been postponed. I leave Monday night Elder R. W. Ah last Wednesday.

Some of the neighborhood held Academy Saturday Mrs. Hunt and have rented and a Wilson house whic copy during the co Mr. and Mrs. son E. M. Babeck Wheeler and daugh their eastern trip.

Wheeler made a leaving to rent l Dwyer for the ens Mrs. J. M. Com was in the neighbor noon.

Oscar Wheeler, Mapleton for tw home Sunday. Mrs. A. Woolcott at the S. Burcham noon.

L. A. Gibson was Mr. and Mrs. R Orrin Davis of l Creek Sunday.

Mrs. L. B. Slagle home of her parent Damewood.

Miss Elsie Dear the nurses' course i um, is home for a Baker Slagle an have been baling h turned home Sunda Chas. Miller took Woolcott and fam Lumber was bei of the week for th ing.

WILD

(Special to 'D) July 21, 1914.—3 in Wildwood the cry Ethel and Cris Morlan, and Mr. s went to Star to pic day of last week.

Mrs. Wes. Reed t son Tuesday of las Mrs. James Ca blackcap raspberri threw her shoulder Mable and Edna the sick list, but rapidly.

Ethel Reed atten Wick's Friday even Miss Belle Reid turned back from have been for the Mr. and Mrs. H were up from Dor Sunday.

WAL

(Special to 'D) July 20, 1914.—3 to Oakland Sunda; Mrs. D. Linel Elma, returned to Lake Monday aft here.

Frank Brumbaugh Sunday to work. Mr. and Mrs. Ge