

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 matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50 Three Months......40
Six Months......80 Single Copies......5c
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Display, 25 cents per inch; reading notice ads., 10 cents per line; legal notices, 5 cents per line; surrounded ads., 50 cents per inch; Classified ads., 1 cent per word. Special discounts on contracts. Cards of Thanks and Resolutions, 6 cents per line.

Wednesday, November 25, 1914.

BUSINESS OFFICE: :: :: 26 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

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

TO HAVE A BAND OR NOT TO HAVE ONE.

MEASURE will be upon the ballot at the approaching city election asking for a one-mill tax for the support of a band. Such a tax would raise something like \$900 per year. It is understood that the bulk of this would be used in paying for the services of a bandmaster.

The members of the band have been very public-spirited in the past. They have furnished their own instruments, bought their own music and given freely of their time. They have given a number of free concerts and have been moderate in their charges the few times they have had opportunity to charge.

The members of the band have acted in a manner to entitle them to consideration. If Cottage Grove is to have a successful band—one that can perform in such a manner as to be a credit to the city—it has got to be supported from some source. If there are any benefits derived from a band, every property owner in the city benefits in proportion to the amount of his property and should participate in the band's support in that proportion. A regular tax for the support of the band is the only way in which such a proposition can be reached.

Too long has it been the habit to ask the business houses on Main Street to support things of this sort when many others who chipped in not a cent received larger benefits. This is a move to attempt to place such burdens where they belong.

If the band is to be supported by the city or business men at all, it should be by a regular tax like that proposed. The only question is, can or can not Cottage Grove afford to support a band?

The Sentinel trusts that the members of the band will not become discouraged in case the proposed measure fails. The failure of the measure would not mean that the efforts of the band have not been appreciated. An unfavorable vote would only indicate that during these depressed times the taxpayers feel that they can not afford to go further. The tendency is towards lower taxes—the demand is for lower levies and for economies in every branch of government. Under such conditions an unfavorable vote would not necessarily express the feeling of the voter towards the band.

Through united and concentrated effort in the part of the state press, Oregon has again been saved from legislation that would have created chaos. The press proved more powerful than all the other organizations combined. The success of November 3 is to be followed up with a demand that the Legislature lop off unnecessary expenses to an amount of at least half a million dollars and that it enact only a few measures—and those sane ones.

THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

ALLEN EATON of Eugene is again a candidate for the speakership of the State House of Representatives. He could, no doubt, land the job without trouble if he had it. view nothing else than satisfying that ambition.

But he would not be satisfied with that. He would not be satisfied unless the speakership should come to him in such a way that it would serve as the means by which he could work out several ideas which he has in mind.

Mr. Eaton is the oldest member of the Legislature in point of service, but he has not been contaminated by that service. He is as fresh as ever and has ideas that are brand new as far as applying them to the Legislature is concerned.

Although length of service entitles Mr. Eaton to the job, he does not wish it unless given him by a majority. He does not wish to be the successful candidate of a minority, for then he might not be able to work out the things that mean more to him than the speakership. He would rather be successful in carrying out his ideas and remain on the floor than to fail with them in the speaker's chair.

The main planks of Mr. Eaton's platform, which give some inkling of his proposed program, are as follows:

"Fair and equal consideration for every man and every measure.

"Fewer bills and more time for important legislation.

"A saving of at least 25 per cent in the cost of the legislative session, without any sacrifice in efficiency."

That platform alone should elect Mr. Eaton. We would like to see him given the opportunity to work out some of his ingenious ideas. We believe the state would benefit thereby.

CHARGE IS TRUE.

UNDER THE HEADING, "Its False Charge," The Oregon Journal prints the following:

An ardent supporter of Mr. Booth, The Cottage Grove Sentinel, says that in the late campaign The Journal refused space for a defense to candidates that it opposed.

It is not true. No man under fire ever asked a hearing in The Journal and failed to get it.

If The Journal stands for anything, it stands for fairness and justice to men. If it does anything, it makes its columns a wide open forum for all people of all kinds and creeds and convictions to make themselves heard, so long as their language is decent and their expression rational.

The Journal is evidently now so ashamed of the manner in which it conducted itself during the recent campaign that it is endeavoring to fib out of it. We don't blame it for that—but it won't go.

The Sentinel's charge, as The Journal can't help but know, despite its strenuous denial, is only too true.

The Oregon Journal asked one of the defeated candidates for Governor why he supported Mr. Booth. The candidate went to considerable pains to explain his position. The language used was decent and the expression rational, but The Journal refused to print the letter. The Journal wanted the idea to go forth that the erstwhile candidate could not answer, or had reasons for not wishing to do so, and for that reason refused to print the letter. It is true that in that reply there were some truths told about Mr. Chamberlain that might have hurt, but The Journal shouldn't object to telling the truth once in awhile.

During the campaign The Journal took Congressman Hawley to task for his position on a certain measure. When Mr. Hawley replied, showing that his position was afterwards adopted by The Journal's candidate, Senator Chamberlain, and that The Journal had praised Mr. Chamberlain for doing the very thing for which it condemned Mr. Hawley, The Journal refused to print the letter, although its language was decent and its expression rational—far more so than that of most of The Journal's editorials during the campaign. By refusing to print Mr. Hawley's reply it hoped to give the idea that Mr. Hawley could not reply, or had reasons for not wishing to do so. Of course, it may be that The Journal did not want it to become known that its candidate had done what The Journal had declared a heinous crime when done by Mr. Hawley.

Is this what The Journal calls "standing for fairness and justice to men"? Other similar instances were called to the attention of The Sentinel during the campaign but these two are sufficient to show that The Journal was all that The Sentinel accused it of being. It refused to give its opponents anything resembling a fair deal, and it knows it.

The Journal even refused to disclose the identity of those having letters published. The supposition, of which there is pretty strong proof, is that The Journal had its own editorial staff write these letters. Under such circumstances the correspondents (?) would be pretty likely to say whatever The Journal wished them to say.

The next Legislature should make a record for sane legislation and economy. The time is here when one may venture to say that he does not approve of the initiative in its present form and that the Oregon system is costing too much. Proper amendment of the initiative and referendum would bring about economy that would make a record for the Legislature.

If a female Indian is called a squaw, why shouldn't a baby Indian be called a squawker?—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Why not call it Squawwh? Its mother thinks it "some punkins," anyway.—Linton Leader.

Visiting Cards—The Sentinel office.

Things We Think

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

It's not hard to write poetry about a pretty girl if she has perfect feet and it's not hard to meter.

A man with such poor judgment that he would blow out his brains has no need of them.

A land lubber looks more confidently for his ship to come in than he would if a sailor.

The writer of epitaphs must feel like a hypocrite lots of times.

A man claims to have found a tree full of money through the aid of spirits. It would be interesting to know whether the money was still there when he got sobered up.

Some folks never can get over the idea that when they fail to get mail they are expecting the postmaster is hiding it from them.

When speaking of a dead person don't refer to his ashes—his relatives may think that is a nasty inference about where he went to.

Teachers are more likely to take an interest in children whose parents take an interest in them. It pays to visit school once in awhile.

One way not to be bothered much with your relatives is to be poorer than they are.

When you tell your troubles it is an invitation to the other fellow to tell his—and he usually has the more. Better keep yours to yourself.

Some folks are quick to give where they can see double the amount coming back.

Those who would rather be right than president are quite likely not to be.

A New York judge recently said that money obscures the flag. We couldn't hide even a point of a star from view.

It's always well to look for the pleasant things, but the man who claimed to have seen a rainbow at midnight was carrying it too far.

We haven't heard much lately about the attachment that was going to be put onto telephones to enable the party at one end to see the party at the other end. Perhaps the telephone girls objected on the grounds that their nerves would be upset all the time if they had to note the expression of every man who was out of sorts and sore at central about something.

A hen-pecked husband does his crowing at the office.

The price of goods seems to be regulated by the supply and demand—for profits.

Someone has condemned the north pole to hades—and some day we may all see it.

We have noticed several news items of late telling about physicians leaving some of their tools inside their patients after operations. This practice should hardly be encouraged. Besides being rather inconvenient for the patient to be totting a lot of hardware around inside of him, we should think there would be danger of the tools being injured, especially where the patient has an iron constitution.

A blemish in a piece of highly polished wood or metal is made all the more noticeable because of the beauty and attractiveness of the surrounding body. So also is it in human life. Brilliance of mind and purity of character tend to make a fault appear all the more hideous.

It would be easy for a man to make his wife believe he is keeping all his promises to her if she didn't go around bragging to the neighbors.

We have never seen an heiress that we thought looked good enough to eat—but a number of the European nobility have nothing else to live on.

Now a scientist claims that limburger cheese makes brains. We would hardly expect pure, sweet thoughts to emanate from that kind of a brain.

The leader of a new religion is trying to make us believe that we ought to adorn our bodies after the fashion of a Greek statue, and that if God had intended us to wear clothes Adam and Eve would have been born that way. She says she expects to see the time when people will perambulate around this mundane sphere garbed in nothing but that provided in the beginning by an all-wise and far-seeing Providence. Under that kind of a system our dress-making and tailoring bills would be modest, if nothing else would be.

Some men are such poor business men that they don't even collect their thoughts.

Some folks do so little that they attract attention even by that.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

(Col. Mercer in Eugene Register.)

Three country editors in three distant ages born:

The first in leftness of thought was unsurpassed;

The next in illuminating wisdom; in both the last.—Korutssel.

I was just wondering in which one of these three distant ages I ought to lay the foundation for this epistle when my mail brought me a neatly printed and elegant little booklet containing the recent address of Retiring President Bede of Cottage Grove to the members of the Oregon State Editorial association.

A careful perusal of this address elicits that it unquestionably has the merit of readily presenting to the reader the precise ideas which Editor Bede intended to express because it is clearly and easily comprehended. This clearness to mental vision is, of course, always the first excellence of writing or speaking. Critically speaking—I feel quite competent to sit in judgment on this address—the subject was well prepared, carefully thought and arranged, indicative of painstaking labor and industry, for which Editor Bede must always be praised. The address deals largely with the work of the editorial page of the country newspaper. From the opening to the closing paragraph it abounds with wholesome admonition and suggestion to the country editors. Of course, no address from the lips or pen of Editor Bede would be complete did it not contain the terse wit and humor with which his writings and addresses invariably abound. To sum up: this address is bubbling over with lively, ingenious and natural thought. Conciseness and point form the real beauty of this notable address, all of which is quite characteristic of the genial editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel.

The poet Alexander Pope declared that "Envy and admiration are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors." It may be that Pope, who in point of propriety and elegance of diction yielded to none, was right in his criticism of authors, but that criticism does not hold good as to our editors, as I shall conclusively demonstrate ere I have finished this communication. The able men who edit our best "uplift" newspapers are oftentimes better informed on public questions than those of us who are in the hurly-burly of every day ordinary life. Hence it is that such of our newspapers and magazines as might be appropriately designated as "uplift" publications have been potent agencies for the dissemination of public intelligence and have consequently borne a conspicuous and a worthy part in the development of our republic. There is no other conceivable force or instrumentality which exceeds them in worth and value as a factor in our educational system.

It was the long-drawn-out agitation of the anti-slavery question—covering the years of 1830 to 1860 and finally culminating in the abolition of human slavery—that first gave a wonderful impetus to the latent power and self reliance and independence of thought and action to the average American country editor. Previous to this period reforms of greater or lesser magnitude were brought about largely by and through lectures from the sacred desk and the rostrum. About the beginning of the period of which I speak, however, the sun had taken to shining upon the world from an entirely new quarter. During those stirring times—ah! well do I remember—hundreds of country editors, especially of east Tennessee and elsewhere, heroically witnessed the pillaging of their printing offices, the burning to the ground of their homes, and numbers of them suffered incarceration in prison cells rather than "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." I would really like to write about these heroic men by the hour, but I have only sufficient space to mention two of them.

Elijah P. Lovejoy, an ordained Presbyterian minister, was, during the early '30's, the editor of the St. Louis Observer. Some editorials written and published by him were such powerful anti-slavery sentiments that he was compelled to flee from the city. Taking his press and printing fixtures with him, he proceeded to Alton, Ill., where he resumed the publication of his anti-slavery propaganda which so enraged a large number of the pro-slavery citizens that his printing press and fixtures were seized by a mob and thrown into the Mississippi River. He was again arrested and imprisoned. He lived to see the slaves liberated and the flag of his country again proudly floating over Fort Sumpter. His last days were passed in ease, peace and tranquility and he died secure in the affections of his countrymen.

Time and time again I have stood uncovered and beheld with hushed awe his prison cell at Baltimore. We were tear-dimmed eyes I have often tried to decipher some of his most stirring poems penciled on the inside walls of that prison cell and then as I took my departure I would remember Whittier's touching tribute to the memory of Garrison:

"With somewhat of thy lofty faith
We lay thy outworn garment by,
Give death but what belongs to death,
And life the life that cannot die.
Go up and on! thy day well done,
Thy morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,
To holier tasks that God has willed.
Go leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man;
With the white legions of the stars
Do service such as angels can.

Whatever wrong shall right deny
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free!"

And now I must bring my readers down from the clouds while I make a brief mention of a very gratifying feature of this communication. My task is all the more pleasing because my newspaper friends—I count them by legions—are so proverbially modest that not a mother's son of them has ever yet been known to use the personal equation as a deterrent. (Say, boys, don't let Editor Bede monopolize this pun.) It seems to have fallen to my lot to, at this time, rescue from oblivion one of the most highly interest-

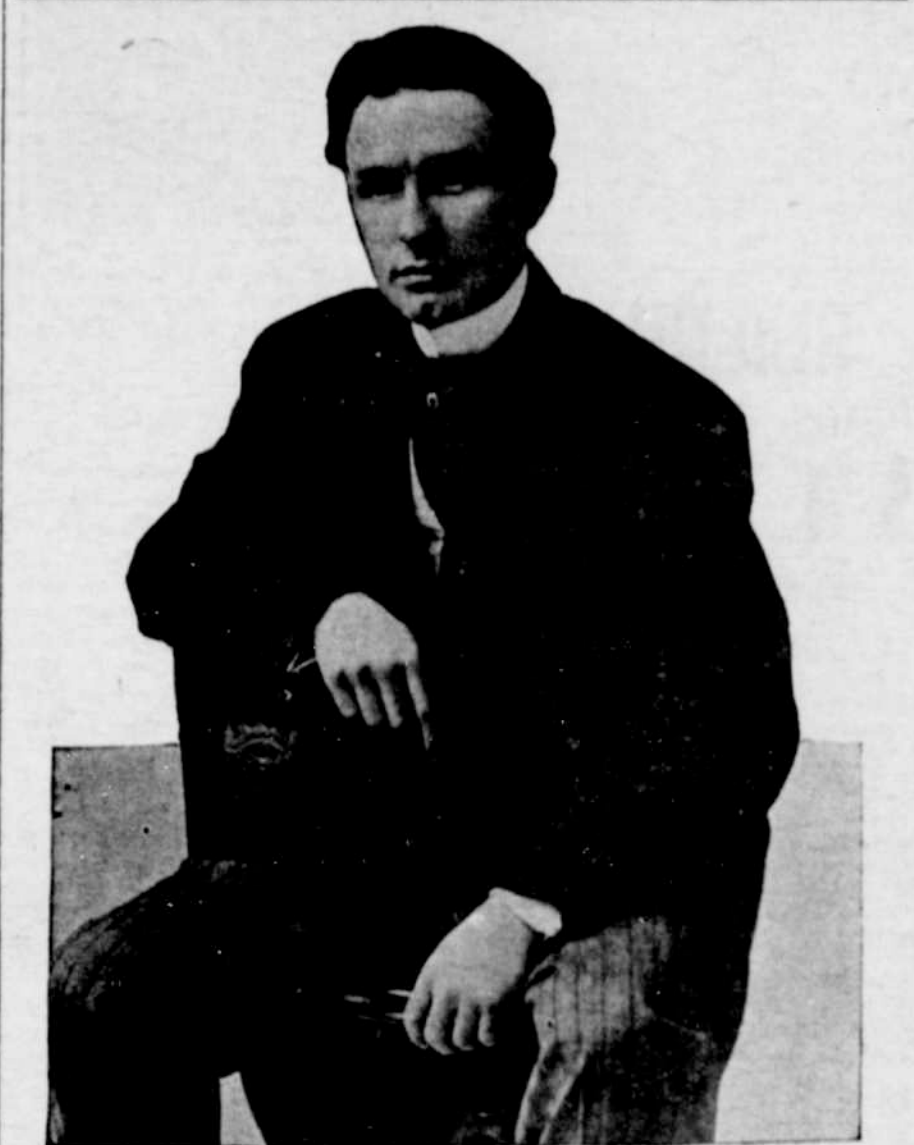
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with anti-slavery sentiments and he was thrown into jail where he languished for seven weeks. On obtaining his liberty he delivered anti-slavery lectures throughout the country with a vehemence and fire not previously brought to his task.

Later he again appeared in Boston and began the publication of a newspaper called "The Liberator." The very first issue gave its key note. "I will," thundered Garrison, "be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject (slavery) I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation." Such a tone compelled attention and hundreds of letters threatened Garrison's life. A mob, led or incited by reputable Bostonians, dragged him through the streets of the city until he was released by the police and placed in jail to secure his safety.

In 1840 Garrison was again at the helm of a newspaper in which he denounced that infamous clause in the constitution which made men owners of their fellowmen as, "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He subsequently made several trips to Europe to promote the universal abolition of slavery and was welcomed and honored everywhere he appeared. He lived to see the slaves liberated and the flag of his country again proudly floating over Fort Sumpter. His last days were passed in ease, peace and tranquility and he died secure in the affections of his countrymen.

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ing incidents that has occurred in our American world during the recent sensational upheaval of public affairs. Inasmuch as the episode has already found its place and its page in the history of our country, I am delighted to become the humble instrument in sending it broadcast among our country newspaper readers, especially so since the effeminate modesty of our country editors seems to deter them from blowing their own bazaar.

It transpires that only a few weeks ago wheat was worth only 80 cents a bushel on the Chicago market. Every so-called "economist" in the country; every grain speculator in the land; actually believed that there would be a reduction in the price of wheat and flour. The European war broke out. Almost without exception the newspapers throughout the country published the prophecy that wheat and other grains would increase in price, that there would be a great demand in wheat and flour in Europe. The expert economists and the Chicago board of trade—seasoned old speculators who had bent the energies of their lives to the one specialty of a close study of the wheat market—scuffed at the idea that it would be possible to put up the price of wheat largely in the face of the exceedingly large crop and the well known scarcity of vessels to ship the wheat abroad.

The editors throughout the country stood pat and repeated their prophecy in their editorials. For once the wheat growers of the great northwest took sides with the editors and held on to their wheat. No money was involved, but it was none the less a battle royal of the giants—intellect versus greed. The economists and the speculators stood firm and a gasping civilization stood agape awaiting the result. In the meantime the plain people throughout the country had sided with the editors and, fearing there would be an increase in the price of flour, they bought two barrels of flour where before they had bought only one; bought one barrel of flour where before they had bought but one sack. The result was—as per government statistics—that there was more flour sold in the 30 days following this incident than ever before in a like period in the history of the country. What followed? The millers had to have wheat. But the farmers were still holding back their wheat. And then wheat went up 25 cents a bushel in 30 days' time—more than that for May wheat—thus establishing the value of our newspapers and thus disproving every assertion that our so-called expert economists have made for years. And so: All hail to our editors! Bully for our farmers!

But alas and alack! Shall truth now fail to keep her word? A professed historian, I cannot conscientiously suppress unwritten history. Every single one of these unregenerate farmers is still remaining at enmity with God—not a solitary one of them has ever yet had the manhood to come across and pay the editor the amount long past due on delinquent subscription—fact by hokey!

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We have loans, Write PETER

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