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.

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Wednesday, December 16, 1914.

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

Be Sure to Get Stop Over at Cottage Grove. BUY YOUR TICKET 1915 VIA OREGON Be Sure to Get Stop Over at Cottage Grove.

BOTTLING UP OREGON.

THIS IS NOT TO BE a dissertation upon the prohibition question or correlated subjects.

We would speak of another way in which Old Oregon may be in danger of being bottled up tight.

We refer to the government policy regarding public lands.

One of the greatest problems in the development of Oregon is to get more people onto its lands and get these lands on the tax roll.

Oregon will develop as its lands are developed.

This proposition is so patent as to need no explanation. We all accept the statement as an axiom, but few know that 67 per cent of the area of Oregon is government land and not on the tax roll. Two-thirds of the state of Oregon is untaxed. It would be unfair, however, to say that this great untaxed area brings no revenue to the state. It does bring a certain amount of revenue as the timber is cut.

We believe in the conservation of our natural resources and there must always be large forest reserves in the state. Perhaps as the price of lumber advances these reserves will prove sources of tremendous revenue.

At present there is plenty of undeveloped land for sale to fill all requirements for new settlers for years to come. There is no immediate danger of crowding even with 67 per cent of the area of the state locked up.

Yet, be these things as they may, there is danger of carrying the conservation idea too far—there is danger of carrying it so far that the state will be greatly injured. Our point can be easily illustrated by referring to incidents familiar to all.

The Oregon & California Railway land grant lands in Oregon were taxed $466,000 for 1914, but the amount was not paid for the reason that these lands are quite likely to be declared forfeited to the United States government. The case is now before the Supreme Court.

Lane County's proportion of the $466,000 is $80,000, a nice little bunch of money to be used for the building of roads, etc., and an amount large enough so that its loss is severely felt.

If these lands revert to the government they are not likely to be opened to entry and $30,000,000 will be removed from the tax rolls of Oregon and another large area of the state will be bottled up.

Doesn't three-fourths of a state bottled up in forest reserves seem a little out of proportion? Wouldn't the progress of the state be facilitated by keeping some of this on the tax rolls?

What do you suppose would happen if the government should take a large chunk of New York from the tax rolls and bottle it up in a forest reserve.

Other states have slashed their timber and put the land to commercial use. Should three-quarters of Oregon be bottled up because of the profligate waste of other states?

There may be some question as to whether the Oregon & California Railway has tried to keep the conditions imposed upon it when the land grant was made but there is little doubt as to the effect upon Oregon to be brought about by bottling up a large part of the one-third that is not now in forest reserves.

HOW CAN IT LAST?

THE PRESENT temporarily depressed condition is a most peculiar one and it hardly seems possible for it to last much longer.

It is almost impossible to find a legitimate excuse for its existence and there seems every reason why there should be an early change for the better.

In November, savings deposits in Portland reached the highest point they have ever reached and there was over a million dollars in the postal savings bank in that city.

Similar conditions are reported from other large cities.

Deposits in banks in cities like Cottage Grove are very satisfactory.

The condition of the banks throughout the country is good.

Farmers are receiving a high average price for their products.

Eastern manufacturers are receiving orders for many millions of dollars' worth of goods for the warring nations.

The prospects for the building up of a merchant marine never were better.

The war in Europe is forcing us to manufacture the things we formerly purchased in Europe and to supply the markets formerly supplied by the warring nations.

The administration has announced that it has in mind no further measures to regulate and retard business.

Railroads, the greatest makers of prosperity that we have, are to be allowed to make the profit necessary to be used in construction and improvements.

Everything seems propitious for the best times the country has ever known, despite a democratic tariff.

For some psychological reason the good times won't break.

But it doesn't seem as if they can hold off much longer.

All that Cottage Grove asks in addition to what it already has is that its mills be allowed to run at a profit.

The president of the First National Bank of Portland has predicted that every mill in the valley will be in operation within six months.

Let us hope that the prediction may come true. We can think of nothing better to do at present.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

LEGISLATORS in Oregon only receive pay for the actual 40 days of the session, and then only at the rate of $3.00 per day. Yet every one of the legislators-elect is putting in considerable time right now a month before the session convenes. Hardly a member but will have put in a good thirty days in advance considering proposed legislation, considering proposed plans for economy, listening to applications for jobs and answering a large mail in which all kinds of requests are made.

Only a very patriotic citizen who gives his time and energy freely or else a worthless parasite, to whom $120 is a lot of money, will accept that kind of a job. Fortunately for Oregon its legislators are almost entirely of the former class, but a state that is so niggardly in pay doesn't deserve that kind of legislators.

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Douglas Jerrold.

Sixteen hundred men are to resume work in the workshops of the Southern Pacific in California. Such straws show which way the wind is blowing.

Congressman Lafferty will get out on the streets of Portland and sell the first issue of the paper of which he will be editor and publisher. Our Oscillating Oswald will never smile again now that he has been so completely outdone by Audacious Abraham.

A SINGER OF DIRGES.

The following poem, entitled, "What's the Use," was written by Will Hubbard Kernan and first published in the Oklahoma (Miss.) States.

Kernan was a worthy specimen of the faithless "wandering star," drifting aimlessly from place to place, always in trouble, in debt, hounded by creditors, shunned by people of refinement, and wholly lacking in moral fibre.

Okolona, Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Memphis, and other points were the scenes of his ramblings, and while he was constantly writing and saying most brilliant things, all were tinged with mockery, skepticism, venom and satire, and he sang few songs that carried a note of hope.

Little wonder, then, that his name is "unhonored and unsung" today. While there is little doubt that he is dead, yet no one seems to know much of his passing.

Since one must live to produce worthwhile things, and no one can sing a hopeful song except he have a semblance of the thing called Soul, it is little wonder that Kernan wrote such stuff as this weirdly beautiful, but destructive verse.

What's the Use.

"What's the use of it all?" I said,
As we sat in the argent afterglow;
All are dying who are not dead,
And unto the end it will be so.
Love, and the one you love will pass,
In blooming beauty some dark, sad day,
To fatten the grave worms under the grass,
Yet this is a jolly old world you say.
Build, and the temple you build will fall,
Frieze, and pillar, and altar stone;
Over its ruins will reptiles crawl,
And the ivy wave in the winds that moan;
Work, and the gold that you work to win,
That you worry, and struggle, and fret to save,
Is spent in folly, shame and sin
When you are dust in a dreamless grave.

You may capture the laurel leaves of fame
Where they burgeon out of the blood of men;
You may conquer a nimbus for your name
By the miracle power of the pen;
But the garlands of glory will pass away,
Thy name be lost in the dim, dumb years—
Where are the heroes since Adam's day,
Their flashing thoughts, their flaming spears?

They prate of a phantom world afar,
Beyond the mold and the marble urn,
Beyond the fire of the farthest star,
Where life is immortal, love eternal;
But I am no dupe of their priestly dreams,
They know of nothing that is to be;
The light that out of their heaven streams
Is the self-same light that shines on me.

I hear the voices they hear, and I
See every sight that they behold;
Yet, dumb as death is the stainless sky,
And invisible the gates of gold.
Humbly through many a countless year,
Humbly at many a countless shrine,
Men and women have shed their tear,
And quaffed to the lees communion wine.

But never a gleam of glory fell
From heaven athwart the altar-stone,
And nothing was heard but the passing bell
Smitting the air with its soulful tone.
They have stormed the stars with their passion cry,
For hope, for justice, for mercy here,
Prayed that their darlings might not die,
Prayed with many a sob and tear.

Folly! For never an answer came
And never an arrow was turned away,
It sped to its beautiful mark the same
Whether you prayed or scorned to pray.
From craddle to coffin we struggle and seek
Till fugitive years of our lives be past
And whether our lot be blessed or bleak
We are tossed like dogs to the worms at last.

What is the use of it all, I say?
We are brought from a black unknown,
That drifts us under a burial stone,
Too weep or dance through a little day.

Things We Think

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

It seems almost inhuman to joke about the awful tragedies in Europe, but it might not be out of place to suggest that Germany and England are disobeying all recognized rules of war covering contraband goods in making submarines for one another.

The big insurance companies advise American families to carry larger insurance policies. We presume this advice is given from purely altruistic motives.

When we see how quickly really great people are forgotten we can't help but think how foolish we are to put forth the effort we do for the little stir that we make.

If this war continues we will all be converts to the simplified spelling propaganda as far as it affects the names of European cities.

Four hundred thousand French youths between the ages of 19 and 20 are training for war in the military instruction camps of France. Other nations engaged in the conflict probably have other hundreds of thousands of youths in training. Civilization and progress will be set back a decade or more for every hundred thousand of these that are killed or wounded.

The movie picture trust, the General Film Co., a government investigation discloses, paid profits of 1600 per cent in 1911. We wish it would put on an animated film showing how to do that.

Sometimes your advance in the world is not gauged so much by what you make of yourself so much as by how little your competitors make of themselves. As an example, the United States navy is now third or fourth among the navies of the world. When the war is over it may be first and that not because of any improvements it has made.

As soon as Eve ate of the apple she wanted some garments less diaphonous than the salubrious ozone of Eden. The women of today should eat more apples.

The goat is listed among the contraband articles during the war. This animal always did have a reputation as a fighting machine.

The ledger in which France's national debt is recorded required ten cars for its transportation from Paris to Bordeaux and from Bordeaux to Paris. That's about the kind of book a newspaper would need to keep track of delinquent subscribers.

A man may be certain that he's in love, but that's about the only thing he will be certain of at the time.

MAIL ORDER FAD PASSING IN MIDDLE WEST

Old Style 'Store Keeper' Class of Merchants Responsible for Mushroom Growth of Catalog Houses.

By David Powell, Copyright, 1914.

There is perhaps no section of the country in which the large mail order houses of the eastern cities have enjoyed greater patronage than in the territory commonly called the middle west. It was in that fertile field some twenty years ago that their founders first sought to establish the habit of mail order buying, and that they were remarkably successful in so doing is attested by the phenomenal growth they made, and the rapid development and almost universal adoption of the practice throughout that region. For a number of years mail order buying was the popular "fad," followed by everyone, rich and poor, regardless of the desolate trail of community disaster it was bound to leave in its wake.

Having learned from various sources that the fad seems somewhat to have abated in that district during the past few years, and that there were many communities which seemed to evidence some signs of returning life, I resolved on a trip through the affected country to learn as to actual conditions, both past and present, and to find out by first hand evidence what particular kind of medicine and what sized doses had been used in effecting a "cure."

The first thing that seemed most essential for me to determine was the primary cause leading up to the rapid development of the practice.

I found it to have been due to conditions that modern business methods no longer permit to exist there or elsewhere in the United States.

Up until twenty or twenty-five years ago, about the time quicker and cheaper means of communication and transportation set the people all over the country clamoring for more and more of the luxuries and conveniences of civilization, the mercantile business in the smaller cities and towns of the country was conducted along lines and by methods entirely different from those of today. The transportation from the old order to the new was remarkably rapid, but even so, it was many years before the course of modern progress cleaned the ship of commerce of the barnacles of deceit and crooked dealing that had accumulated under the old easygoing system in vogue before the change.

Owing to many conditions peculiarly favorable to their growth, the old system had developed a large class of merchants—more fittingly described as "storekeepers"—who followed the same old rut year in and year out and religiously adhered to the good old system of taking "all the tariff will bear." During the process of commercial evolution their narrow vision unabled them to read the signs of the times and they drifted along into the new order on the easy tide of a suffering people's tolerance, refusing to admit there was any cause or reason why they should change the methods they and their commercial ancestors had followed so long.

To these men and their methods was due the remarkable growth of the mail order business, and it is to their kind, a few of whom are yet to be found in every town the country over impeding the wheels of commercial progress, that is due the difficulty the reputable class of merchants find in removing from the mind of the consumer the barrier of distrust so carelessly built by their forebears in the past, and so zealously fostered by the mail order house of the present.

When the large catalogue houses first perfected their wonderful selling system and put it to work, conditions were ripe for just such an innovation and the people were in just the mood to be gathered by thousands to the banner of this new defender of their purse-strings, whose every promise glittered with the lure of golden relief.

As is usual in all movements of a popular nature, the people went to the utmost extreme of folly in the use of their new-found power. The fad spread over half a dozen states like a prairie fire, and wrought irreparable damage to all lines of commerce, injuring the reputable merchant class as well as those who were to blame for it all.

Although modern business methods had by this time been universally adopted by the progressive merchant class throughout the affected district, for many years they struggled along in the dark vainly grouping about for some way to check the never-ending stream of money flowing past their doors. Many were the schemes and plans they tried and discarded before the fact became apparent that only by educating the people to see for themselves the truth about mail order competition, could they succeed in regaining their lost business.

Wherever this fact has been realized and the merchants have diligently worked along these lines, the mail order fad is on the wane and commercial prosperity again established.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the mail order business of the country is declining, for that would be untrue. What I do mean, is that there is no town nor city with ordinary shipping facilities, which still retains a spark of community pride and a few live wire citizens, but that can hold its own against any commercial adversary. Quality considered, any up-to-date country merchant can meet mail order competition. It is simply a question of getting the consumer to convince himself of that fact by means of comparative investigation.

There are hundreds of town, though, that I have visited that lack even those two essential features; they are stricken beyond all hope of recovery, and are steadily dwindling in population and commercial prestige. Their only excuse for further existence is to serve as crumblig relics of a by-gone commercial age; their storekeepers prototypes of those who, by their narrowness and penny-grasping business methods, paved the way and made welcome the first catalogue sent to their town. They present to the eye a silent, grim, array of empty store building and deserted streets that give mute witness to the apathetic incompetence of the merchants in their reluctance to look the truth straight in the face and the unwillingness of their slothlike brains to put forth the effort necessary to adapt their business methods to the changed conditions of modern commerce.

In happy contrast to such scenes of community desolation, and in convincing proof of the potency of education, are the many towns, scattered here and there over the same territory, whose commercial prosperity clearly proves the fact that the mail order fad is passing in the land of its birth. Their store buildings are all occupied; their people are hustling and happy; and they have the general appearance of being the community expression of pride, stability and contentment.

Upon arriving in such a city and noting these prosperous conditions that were in such marked contrast to those prevalent elsewhere, my first thought would always be that the enjoyment of some exceptionally favorable natural condition would account for its being spared the fate of its neighbors. It seemed in violation of all known laws of reasoning and logic that one town could so abundantly prosper while its neighbor, a score of miles away, would be slowly decaying under the same general conditions. Investigation, however, would always prove my suppositions wrong. Upon inquiring as to what was due the apparent miraculous salvation of their community happiness and prosperity, citizens of such towns would invariably answer, in substance: "Cooperative, intelligent, and persistent effort on the part of our merchants in teaching the people the truth about mail order competition and educating them to the dollars and cents wisdom of comparative investigation."

I found that many different methods had be employed to accomplish this result, and although they were all based on the same fundamental theory, I think the one that proved most successful and at the same time most expensive in dollars and effort, was the plan adopted by the business and professional men of a city of some 9,000 population located in southwestern Nebraska. Crops had been good and prices high for two or three years and the farmers who had humbly begged accommodations in the way of credit, and in many cases, cash, during the preceding hard times, now found themselves out of debt with an abundant supply of ready money they were dying to spend. The big mail order concerns who keep watchful eyes on every little nook and cranny of the country, and are always the first to take advantage of favorable trade conditions, lost no time in getting their always ready machinery in motion. Soon after the first good crop had been harvested and sold, they began their campaign of unrest and innuendo. Every mail brought hundreds of appeals to the citizens of the town and country to: "Cut out the middleman," "Save money," "Buy direct from the factory," "Cease being hoodwinked by your country merchant," and countless other insinuating phrases of a similar nature. It "took," and took good. The seductive influence of the beautiful illustrations, and the well-chosen words of the silent salesman soon had the merchants of the town at their wits end as how to combat this insidious influence that seemed each day to be gaining a firmer hold on the purse-strings of their former patrons.

In an early issue I will relate the details of the plan the merchants of this town used in convincing the people the financial wisdom of comparative investigation.

Notice of Final Settlement and Distribution.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, the executor of the estate of Maria Hartung, deceased, has filed with the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, his final account and petition for final settlement of said estate and that Thursday, the 31st day of December, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day has been fixed by said Court as the time for hearing any objections to said report and the settlement in full of the said estate.

W. A. HARTUNG, Executor.
H. J. SHINN, Attorney d2-30

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has filed his final account in the matter of the estate of Henry D. Pearson, deceased, and the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, has set Monday, the 28th day of December, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as the time for hearing said accounting. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear in said court at said time and show cause, if any, why said account should not be allowed, said administrator discharged, and his bondsman exonerated.

Dated this 24th day of November, 1914.

HARRY SHORT,
n25-d23 Administrator.

IMPORTANT EVENTS

1914-15 AT

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WINTER SHORT COURSE—JAN. 4-30

Agriculture, including Agronomy, Animal Husbandry, Dairying, Horticulture, Poultry Husbandry, Insects, Plant and Animal Diseases, Creamery Management, Marketing, etc. **Home Economics,** including Cooking, Home Nursing, Sanitation, Sewing, Dressmaking and Millinery. **Commerce,** including Business Management, Rural Economics, Business Law, Office Training, Farm Accounting, etc. **Engineering,** including Shopwork and Roadbuilding.

FARMERS WEEK—FEBRUARY 1-6

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The Oregon Agricultural College,
(tw-12-1-to-1-1) CORVALLIS, OREGON

Notice of Teachers' Examination.

Notice is hereby given, that the County Superintendent of Lane County, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for State Certificates at the County Court House, in Eugene, Oregon, as follows: Commencing Wednesday, December 16, 1914, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, December 19, 1914, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday Forenoon—Writing, U. S. History, Physiology.
Wednesday Afternoon—Physical Geography, Reading, Composition, Methods in Reading, Methods in Arithmetic.
Thursday Forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography.
Thursday Afternoon—Grammar, Geography, American Literature, Physics, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.
Friday Forenoon—Theory and Practice, Orthography, English Literature, Chemistry.
Friday Afternoon—School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government.
Saturday Forenoon—Geometry, Botany.
Saturday Afternoon—General History, Bookkeeping. d9-16c

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