

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE
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The Fool and Our Forest Dollars.

By E. T. Allen.
Goodbye to the fool with the empty gun; Forgotten his bid for fame; Though he kills his friend, it only counts one, And that, nowadays, is tame.

The fool who playfully rocks the boat Is on the front page no more; He may rank high with the fools afloat But his glory is gone ashore.

There's the fool with women, the fool with wine, And the fool who games with strangers; And the joy-ride fool (he does well in his line) By combining these ancient dangers.

But they're all still down in the primer class, Mere novices taking a flyer, Compared with the prize-taking criminal ass, The fool in the woods with fire.

A few hearts break for the deeds they've done In their pitiful amateur way, But fire slays dozens where they slay one And scourges a state in a day.

For the ruined home and the smokeless stack, And the worker unemployed, Know a hundred years shall never bring back The things that his match destroyed.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THE SCHOOLS of the country

soon will be in session again. This leads us to ask of school pupils: "What are you doing and what are you going to do?"

The answer to the first question probably will be: "Preparing and educating ourselves for our life work."

Very laudable endeavor, certainly, but are pupils really doing what their answer indicates that they are and when they leave school will they be able to earn a living?

Richard Crane, a Chicago manufacturer, a man experienced in receiving from the schools as workers in his shops, pupils who have presumably prepared themselves for their life work, a few years ago said that he found them entirely unprepared for the work. It was mostly his suggestion that resulted in the establishment of industrial trade schools in Chicago.

What the schools are doing in preparing young men and young women of the country for their future work should not be underestimated. It is a great work that they are doing, but boys and girls will find that the education which they get from text books alone, important as it is, is not sufficient, nor efficient—that it by no means completely prepares them for their work.

They will find, if they let their education stop there, that jobs will not come to them as readily as to their less educated brother who has prepared himself in a different way—the way of experience.

Too many have the mistaken idea that text book education is all the advance preparation that need be made for a life work.

YOUNG men and young women do

not prepare far enough ahead, do not plan enough on the time when their school work will be completed and they are thrown abruptly on the world. They will find this happen almost before they know it, and they will be looking for a job.

All cannot be bookkeepers, nor professional people, nor politicians, all can not follow occupations where a text book education is presumed to be sufficient. Most of these fields of endeavor are overcrowded already. Someone must work at other lines. Are pupils prepared for this time of their life? Are they preparing themselves for such a time?

The uneducated man with a trade is doing better than the educated man without a trade. Educators the world over are beginning to recognize this fact and are declaring text book education merely elementary to the great work of life.

Europe long ago recognized the need of educating the student in such a manner that he graduate from school a useful and aggressive man of the world. In Germany, particularly, the trade schools are of a high class. Throughout

the United States industrial schools, mechanics arts schools, domestic science schools have been established and are doing much in preparing young men and women for their future battle with the world.

At Stanford, Iowa, a bank has been established in connection with the schools. The object of this unique bank is to train the pupils in practical business methods and to encourage the habit of saving. What is the sense of filling live girls and boys full of dead languages and higher geometry and not give them a practical education to go with the other? The employer doesn't ask a fellow to demonstrate a little calculus or rip off a yard of Virgil. What he wants is practical business methods.

This is not an exhortation of school work. It is merely an appeal for more practical schooling to go with the theoretical. Young people, learn a trade. If you are not taught in your school, take it upon yourself to learn one, and learn one you like and learn it well.

IT IS ALMOST pathetic to see a

young man or woman finish college at 25 or so and find himself or herself unable to earn a living. It is galling to him or her to have to start learning a trade at from \$3 to \$7 a week or a little better at a time of life when others of like age are supporting families. The writer is not writing of what he has heard. He is writing of what he knows. He has seen college graduates working on section crews at a dollar a day, and any pupil is likely to go up against the same kind of a proposition if not prepared against it. Only a small proportion of college men are in the business world today and most of those who are are no further ahead than other men who have not had such educational advantages.

Young men and young women should begin preparing for their life work while they are young. Things are easier learned then. They, too, at that age, it is not a serious matter if a young man or woman finds that he or she has started to learn a trade to which he or she is not adapted and wants to make a change. After one reaches 25 or 30 it is a serious thing to waste a year or so trying to learn some trade at which he or she can not succeed.

It may take some ambition and perseverance to do these things and it may require the giving up of pleasures once in awhile, but it is not such an irksome thing to do. An hour or so a day and a few hours on Saturday is sufficient, and the young man and young woman with a desire to be someone and to amount to something will find his or her fight for a position in the world greatly advanced by preparation now, during the time they are allowing to go to waste.

Don't say that this is too much of a task. You will not have to do one-half nor one-third as much as many of the great men of the country have done before you.

Look at Lincoln, who studied his problems by the light of a burning ember or candle after the hard work of the day was done. It will never be as hard for pupils of today as it was for him, and yet he was better educated in many ways than the great majority of us are likely ever to be. Few of us will ever leave behind when we depart this life a literary gem equal to the Gettysburg speech.

The late Gov. Johnson of Minnesota was another such as Lincoln. He was left to support a mother when he was six years of age and yet at death he had a greater command of the English language than it is likely that the great majority of us will ever have. If he had lived he would have, undoubtedly, been nominated for president on the Democratic ticket three years ago.

Then there's ex-Congressman Tawney of Minnesota—a blacksmith's apprentice at 14 and chairman of the appropriations committee of congress at middle age.

Take inspiration from these. While Roosevelt was president, he said: "My ideal of a boy is one who will grow up and be able to support

himself and a wife and children. Bring them up to work," he said, "so that they shall recognize an obstacle as something to be overcome, not to be shirked."

WE CANNOT increase the strength of our muscles by sitting in a gymnasium and letting others exercise for us. Neither can we learn a trade by watching others work at it. We must get the practical experience. Young men and young women, you will soon be running this great country of ours. Prepare yourselves for the task.

The man who tries to do something and fails is better prepared than he who tries to do nothing and succeeds. Keep before you this inspiring motto: "Sad will be the day for me when I become contented with the thoughts I am thinking and the deeds I am doing—when there is not forever beating at the doors of my soul some great desire to do something larger, which I know that I was meant to do."

If it is proper for the Democratic press and members of the Democratic administration to shout themselves hoarse in laudation of the alleged achievements of the Democratic party, why is it improper for Republicans to show the failures of that party and the misleading nature of its political propaganda?

MABBIE'S CHANCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a very ambitious mother who had one child—a beautiful daughter, just blooming into womanhood. She was the apple of her mother's eye and an endless drain on dad's pocket book for clothes that were brief and costly. They were cut low at the neck and high at the bottom and of so flimsy a texture that x-rays were not necessary to see the divine form and limbs. She was a leader in society, as her mamma wanted her to make a great catch. But it happened in the little city that there were no catches. Most of the young bloods were also looking for great catches, for their only qualifications were to talk basket ball, lawn tennis and smoke "cigarettes" and ask their daddies for a quarter. One day a stranger dropped into the little city. He was garbed in a \$4.14 palm beach suit with white canvas shoes, a red tie and a package of imported cigarettes guaranteed to kill at forty-yard range. He was the advance guard of a big corporation that was looking for a location. Society took him up and carried him around like a Greek god. It was not a week before he had everybody believing that he was the president's son and mamma decided that "Mabbie's" chance had come. A swell ball was arranged and society turned out in all its glory and briefness of garb, which would not have been oppressive in August where Satan holdeth sway. It was the swellest affair ever held, was the report. Dad sat in the corner, accompanied by a bronze-faced young man who was recognized as the best grocery clerk in the city, whose salary was \$75 per month and who owned several small shacks and a bank account, which he had saved from his salary. The young man and dad didn't dance—they were not expected to—they were too awkward and clumsy. The stranger had heard, which was not true, that "Mabbie's" old man was "lousy" with coin, so he set up to her like a sick duck to a doughball. The next day their engagement was announced by mamma and dad was notified he must arrange to pull off the greatest wedding ever. He dug up all he could and borrowed the rest and before the big corporation was established they were married, and back from their bridal tour and "at home" to their friends with daddy. And then it was announced that the grocery clerk and Melvins Ann Tobacco, the milliner, had gone to another town and been quietly married and were back at work Monday morning. And then "mommer" got the shock of her life; "Mabbie" lost all interest in flossie clothes and dad cussed in high G in seven different kinds of languages—the big corporation the stranger represented was a branch milk station that paid the stranger a commission on what he bought.—F. M. Minor, in Times, Louisiana, Mo.

The president declares that if private capital does not supply adequate lines of shipping to South America, the government will have to do it. Private capital would be readily forthcoming for such an enterprise if there could be any surety of profits, or even if there could be any guarantee that it was not to be hampered and ridden with an excess of governmental and legislative interference and regulation. But, as things now are, whoever puts his money into transportation enterprises, virtually puts it into the hands of a Democratic bureaucracy to manage.

Sulphuric acid was left on the free list by the Democrats. They always do arrange things so as to be able to make a stink easily.

Sometimes one person appears unusually strong because his associates are unusually weak.

The Smiles of the Satisfied Are the Smiles that Count

Every day, in thousands and thousands of homes, there'll be happy smiles over the

New Post Toasties

They're different from the ordinary corn flakes, both in flavor and form. Post Toasties don't mush down in cream as ordinary flakes do—they have a body and form that keeps them crisp and firm.

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SEE MISS HARVEY'S MUSICAL CARRIER PIGEONS
TOM, DICK, HARRY, HORSE-RIDING SFA LIONS
BIG BILL, WRESTLING GRIZZLY
Mlle. FLORINE'S PERFORMING LEOPARDS
TOT AND TINY, WORLD'S SMALLEST PERFORMING HORSES
AERIAL DOGS AND MONKEYS
BOB CHOCOLATE AND BLACK KNIGHT, TANGO DANCING HORSES
TOM, JERRY AND LOUIE, HORSE RIDING LIONS
SPUNK, THE GOOD-NIGHT PONY
ROMEO, MATHEMATICAL PONY
DANGER, DYNAMITE, GUNPOWDER, JUST MULES
WORLD'S ONLY EDUCATED BENGAL TIGERS
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Glittering Mile-Long Street Parade at 10:30
PERFORMANCES RAIN OR SHINE 2 AND 8 P. M. DOORS OPEN 1 AND 7

WILL EXHIBIT AT

Cottage Grove Monday, August 30

REMEMBER THE DAY AND DATE MARK IT ON YOUR CALENDAR

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COTTAG

P. S. We parison w

TALES OF T.

MANY MAI

Any item in i thereof is pai pliance with

COURTESIE

The nicest coo your guests is mentioned in i nicest courtesy friends is to let visits through i Sentinel. The can show the e the office a c any news item

LUNCH PICNIC

Cakes, Hot Pies and Pas short notice. self about y Just turn the Best meals

PALACE

Chas. Cool

G. G. Warner was at the rest replaced shingles torn from the co This tearing off the health and sa ter system.

Fire Fire! Fire the bell blow or should think of i insurance. Then the next fire thi erty.

Mr. and Mrs. E and Mrs. Jesse C Eugene Wednesd Mrs. Russell visi

NEW 7 ROO

Two large lots, pavement, at s soon. Terms if ard, owner.

who is very ill, a fin visited Mr. brothers and sist came up again Fr

Every family i use at least one each month durin not buy them by for 57c, on sale Only this week i macy. You will i investment.

An automobile Pythias magnate Lake passed thro called at The So They were Dr. A of Silvertown; Mil of Albany; J. B. publisher of the S S. R., of Portland

Good Thing

Thirty-four acre good improved r mile of city limit Grove. Terms c this office.

Mrs. J. S. Mec hurt by falling do

If my wings i soles I would ha ting into heavn. Goff's Shoe Hosp Messrs. Van De gel, Parker, Wall day for Medford attend the K. of

J. E. McKibbe Boutin Lumber chief of police, I Melvin Fenwick, I ited I. O. E. lo Saturday night.

HOP PICK

Parties wanting write to K. O. B or see Ernest S as I am running year. The crop will be fine. T prevailing price