

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

and Cottage Grove Leader
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE
ELBERT BEDE, Publisher and Proprietor

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

Wednesday, November 10, 1915.

BUSINESS OFFICE: 26 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

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MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
MEMBER WILLAMETTE VALLEY EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

WILL PORTLAND BE FAIR?

ARE a couple Portland sawmills and their trained monkey, the Portland Telegram, to be permitted to speak for the whole of Portland?

Are Portland wholesale houses going to permit a couple sawmills and their newspaper phonograph to say that Portland wishes to kill industry in the Willamette Valley.

Is the Portland Chamber of Commerce going to let its protestations of eager interest in rural Oregon die on its lips while selfish, hogged, cold-blooded saw mill men and their newspaper vampire attempt to suck the blood from the business of the Willamette Valley?

We do not believe that one or two saw mills and a monkey are going to be allowed to pass themselves off any longer as the sole spokesmen for the metropolis of the state.

We do not believe Portland wholesale houses are going to stand idly by and see their Willamette Valley customers put out of business to make room to raise feed for the Portland hog.

We do not believe that the Portland Chamber of Commerce is going to allow itself to be bulldozed by a couple of saw mills and a newspaper traitor. John Corroll has got some real job running The Telegram to suit the various whims of its predatory owners. We'd much rather be the editor of a country newspaper and be able to say what we honestly think.

JUST "GETTING BY"

MERCHANT said the other day that his biggest problem in business had been the training of employees.

"I never have any trouble filling places. That isn't the idea. There are always plenty of applicants, if that were all. But I have never been able to train a clerk to take charge of affairs during my absence."

This employer's luck may be worse than the average, and we have no doubt it is. Still, so many have voiced his complaint or something like it that it seems clear that generally he expresses the sentiment of most employers.

The trouble is in the frame of mind that makes an employee contented if he simply "gets by." So many are satisfied with that. To hold their jobs, to keep the pay envelope coming in, to hang on by the skin of their teeth, as it were, is the slender ambition of altogether too many who work for others. Yet some of these very employees wonder why they don't get on faster, and are bitter because salary raises don't come oftener.

The habit of mind is why these workers don't get on more rapidly, and it is why so many employers complain.

Of course those who are actuated solely by the plan of just "getting by" will never rise. They must do a good deal more than just "get by" to win promotion. Promotion comes, as a rule, to those who earn it, and those who just "get by" don't earn it—don't, even, earn the right to hold their jobs except by sufferance.

Everybody is either going ahead or going back. There is no such thing as standing still. The worker who has settled down in a rut, content to do the least possible amount of work that will keep the pay envelope coming in, may not realize it, but he is going back.

Every worker has the choice of going ahead or going back. Most of them choose to go back, and that makes it all the easier for those who wish to go ahead. When they show that they are trying to climb, they stand out all the more plainly because of the large proportion that never thinks of climbing.

It is true that success must be won, that no success worth while comes without being worked for, and victory crests the mountain peak of endeavor and never is found in the valley of sloth.

Employers should do a little thinking too. They mustn't expect too much for too little. One of the worst mistakes they can make is to let their employees

believe that effort is not recognized and rewarded; but very successful employers make such mistakes as that. The worker is much more likely to have his employer's interest at heart if he has before him something like his employer's expectancy of profit in his own business. To reward endeavor by recognition and increase of pay and position may not invariably bring out employees capable of taking hold of the business and running it; but certainly few such employees will develop where no hope of reward stands before them. Profit sharing experiments usually have shown marked results in quickening interest of employees, which is another thing for employers to consider.—News, Hemet, Calif.

CAN PORTLAND AFFORD IT?

PORTLAND Journal: There is a lot of the world outside of Northern California and it requires lumber. There is a lot of Oregon outside of Portland and it is to be considered. If the closing of the Willamette Valley mills is to be the price paid for the change of the new rates, can Portland afford to demand the change? As the supply city for the Willamette Valley, is it not good business for Portland to have all Willamette Valley industries in full and prosperous operation?

E. M. Reagan, publisher of the Albany Herald, was married last week. Worse things happen to newspaper men. Evidently Reagan has been following the straight and narrow for the woman's name was Lane. Possibly realizing what a show young married folks make of themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Reagan were married at San Francisco, where competition was so strong that they escaped notice.

In its fight to kill industry in the Willamette Valley the Portland Telegram is making its fight for a subscription list in the Valley considerably harder. In fact it is probably decreasing at the present time.

Why is it a crime to ask for a square deal?—Portland Telegram. That's the question the Willamette Valley mill men would like to have The Telegram answer.

GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Eugene, Ore., Nov. 1, 1915.—Ed. Sentinel: Under the supervision of the Hon. R. A. Harris, late state printer of Oregon, the senate and house journals of the 1915 session of the Oregon legislature have just been published at a net saving of \$2753.03 to the state of Oregon. That is to say the cost for publishing these journals for the 1915 session amounted to \$4320.50 while the cost of those just issued amounts to only \$1567.47 which means a net saving of \$2753.03 to the taxpayers of Oregon—a saving, which, as the years pass, will amount to untold thousands of dollars.

Simultaneous with the publication of these journals Mr. Harris has, in his own generous way, made it known—publicly—that the writer heretofore is "entitled to the credit for bringing the idea for condensation of these two journals to the attention of the legislative assembly" which, in the course of time, has finally resulted in the very substantial saving above referred to.

While I appreciate—far more than I can possibly express in words—the generous and state-wide recognition which Mr. Harris has thus so kindly given me, yet I cannot refrain from sharing this credit with such of my fellow-citizens as lent substantial assistance—spartan service, if you please—in burying in the depths of oblivion a pernicious graft that has—for more than a generation—smelled to high heaven.

Primarily, unstinted credit is due to State Senators Bean and Calkins for securing this economy. I had carefully prepared a typewritten outline of a scheme or plan of condensation of these two journals—plan or scheme has since been practically followed—which outline I first submitted to the senators above named. With scarcely a mom-

ent's hesitation they gave their hearty approval and it was they who drafted and secured the passage of the resolution which has made it possible to effect the above mentioned notable saving.

But to Mr. R. A. Harris belongs the greatest credit for having so felt the reflex perception and impression of the idea outlined by me in typewritten form as to cause him to exercise the ripened understanding of the trained journalist and printer; to examine closely; to consider attentively; to execute with rare exactness; to finish with tireless diligence a really conspicuous work of state-wide interest and importance—a model of convenient, compact, and ready reference.

Such is the tribute I gladly pay to these gentlemen. Had it not been for their constant and loyal support and encouragement the undertaking would undoubtedly have proved a dismal failure. COL. MERCER.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

(Official Publication.)

Oct. 4, 1915.—Ordinance No. 424, levying an assessment for the improvement of Pacific Highway read third time and passed.

On motion fire chief authorized to make arrangements to have fire apparatus hauled to and from night fires.

Marshal was notified to have a circle painted in center of crossing of Fifth and Sixth Streets and Pacific Highway with Main Street for the direction of traffic and to see that the motor vehicle ordinance is enforced.

On motion street committee was instructed to have steel bridge painted.

On motion recorder instructed to prepare a budget for the city expenses for the next year and submit same to city council at next meeting.

On motion marshal was instructed to have all defective sidewalks repaired at once.

On motion marshal instructed to see that all bicycles are equipped with lights and bells and that all tricycle riding on Main Street be stopped.

Reports of treasurer and recorder read and placed on file.

Following bills were read and ordered paid:

O. L. Nichols, engineer.....	\$ 32.50
H. J. Jorgensen, asst. engineer..	3.00
The Fair, flashlight.....	1.35
Electric Co., light October.....	228.16
Blackmore & McFarland, hauling lumber.....	2.75
C. A. Beidler, running steam roller.....	6.00
Cottage Grove Transfer Co., street cleaning.....	29.50
Fire Co., salaries.....	26.00
R. Teeters, work on street.....	7.00
W. Southward, work on street..	7.00
C. A. Beidler, work with team on street.....	20.00
Knowles & Graber, hardware....	7.25
W. W. Oglesby, salary.....	10.00
Cottage Grove Mfg. Co., cement	2.50
G. B. Pitcher, salary and expenses.....	75.90
J. E. Young, salary.....	55.00
Sentinel, publishing proceedings and printing warrants.....	22.80
N. H. Martin, work at laying creek dam.....	27.50
J. H. Brown, salary.....	75.00
G. G. Warner, salary and expense.....	41.00

Nov. 1, 1915.—Roll called. Minutes read and approved.

Ordinance No. 425, authorizing the issuance and sale of \$3,500 street improvement bonds read first, second and third times and passed. Reports of treasurer and recorder read and ordinance placed on file.

On motion hitching rack at Burkholder corner ordered removed and street repaired. On motion it was ordered that when street is repaired a catch basin be placed at the corner and connected with sewer in alley. On motion ordered that Spriggs Bros. be required to maintain a light at their corner to light up hitching rack.

The engineer reported that Jensen & Higgins had completed their contract on Second Street and on motion the balance due them was ordered paid.

On motion balance due Ambrose Burdall Co. for balance on street contracts be checked up by recorder and engineer and if found correct it was ordered paid.

Following bills were read and after being duly audited were ordered paid:

Cottage Grove Electric Co.....	\$228.16
J. H. Brown, salary.....	75.00
G. B. Pitcher, salary.....	75.00
J. E. Young, salary and postage	56.00
W. W. Oglesby, salary and expense.....	13.75
Cottage Grove Transfer Co., cleaning streets.....	27.00
Brown Lumber Co., lumber for street crossings.....	17.90
G. G. Warner, salary.....	20.00
W. B. Osmon, work on streets....	14.00
Knowles & Graber, hardware....	.75
O. L. Nichols, engineer.....	5.00
Blackmore & McFarland, hauling lumber.....	1.50
Fire Co., salaries.....	28.00
Sentinel, printing.....	7.60

Adjourned until Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8 p. m.

Blank notes and receipts for sale at the Sentinel office. apr7tf

THE BOY FARMER

OR

A Member of the Corn Club

CHAPTER VII.

SAM met Mr. Burns in town one day in September. The agent's district embraced several counties, and he had been absent for some time. The two had not seen each other for several weeks.

"Hello, Sam!" accosted the agent. "How's the corn?"

"That corn is all right, Mr. Burns," replied Sam, "and I'd like you to come out one day this week to see it gathered and measured."

"All right, I'll be out Friday and bring along the committee that's going to report on the contest acres in this county. Will it take long to gather the corn?"

"Yes, it's going to take quite a bit of time, for unless I'm mighty badly mistaken there's sure some corn on that patch."

"Well, you've tried farming for a year. What do you think of it as a business?"

"I think it's the finest business there is. I like it better than anything else I can think of, and I'm going to stick to it and learn it."

Mr. Burns smiled. "I see," he said, "that you don't think you know all about the business. Did you read those books that I told you about?"

"No, sir," said Sam, replying to the agent's first remark. "I really don't know much about farming. I need more experience. Most of what I know I've learned from reading. As for those books, I've not only read them, but I've studied them too. I've bought several more since then, and I'm going to keep on buying till I get all the best ones in my line. I don't believe it pays to economize on books. do you?"

"No, it doesn't," said Mr. Burns. "If you know the science of farming it is easy enough to learn the rest. But you never can farm intelligently without learning the science of it. What other books did you buy?"

"Well, I bought Bailey's 'Manual of Gardening for Mother,' but I'm studying it myself. There's a whole lot to learn about gardening, and every farm ought to have a garden. Besides that, I bought Fletcher's 'Soils How to Handle and Improve Them' and Dugan's 'Diseases of Cultivated Plants and Weeds, Insects and Insecticides.' 'They're just the books you need,' said Mr. Burns. 'My, if you keep on reading and studying this way it won't take you any time to finish the course in the agricultural college when you go down there.'"

Friday morning early Bill Googe came over with his wagon and team, and he and Sam started in to gather the contest acre. The day before Sam had gone over the patch and gathered the ears selected for seed and piled them at the edge of the patch. Before 8 o'clock they had one big load gathered and were just driving out to unload it in a bin that Sam had prepared when Mr. Burns and the judging committee arrived.

The men stood around, examined the ears and watched them unload, then went back to the patch and helped to gather the next load, which required but a very little time for all of them. After that Sam brought out some melons and cantaloupes, and the men feasted in the shade of a tree while he and Bill Googe gathered the remainder of the corn.

By 11 o'clock the last of the corn had been gathered and unloaded. Mr. Burns and the committee then measured the pile of seed corn and calculated the contents of the bin.

"One hundred and thirty-nine bushels," announced Mr. Burns. "Now for the cost."

Every item of expense and labor connected with the acre was put down. All this was added up and the result divided by 139.

"One hundred and thirty-nine bushels; cost per bushel, 11 cents," announced the agent again. "Well, Sam, you're sure going to win some of those prizes. Several of the boys are going to beat you on production, but the cost is where you come in. Your acre shows a big profit. Well, gentlemen, let's go down to the next place. You'll hear from me later, Sam."

One hundred and thirty-nine bushels, and Fagan had made twenty-five bushels to the acre just opposite. One day's work relieved when a long hard task is finished. This was Sam's feeling as he watched the men drive off. He had done his best and his work had been fairly measured. He felt more free now to finish up the work on the farm and turn his attention to school and study.

The young farmer removed the husks from his seed corn, then went through it and made a second selection of the finest ears. From these ears he removed the defective grains at the ends and then shelled the rest into stout sacks.

In selecting seed cotton he pursued pretty much the same plan. After picking the cotton from the finest stalks and bolls he had it ginned and saved the seed. These seeds he put in

a screen that let the small and lintless ones pass through.

This method gave Sam the finest seed from the largest and most perfect plants, both of cotton and corn. He could have sold at high prices much more than he had to spare of either kind. One day, just after the seed had been selected and was stored away, Miles Fagan came over to buy.

"I want to buy some of that cotton and corn seed of yours," he said. "How much can you spare me and what'll they be worth?"

"I'm selling them at \$2 per bushel for either kind," Sam told him, "and I have only six bushels of corn and twenty of cotton seed to sell."

"My, but that's a high price!" exclaimed Fagan. "Still, I reckon they're worth it and I'll take the lot."

"Can't let you have them all," said the boy farmer. "I've promised Bill Googe half of them, so you can have three bushels of corn and ten of cotton seed."

"That ain't as many as I need, but I'll take 'em," said Mr. Fagan.

Sam's school chums gathered most of his cotton crop, for which he paid them at the rate of 60 cents per hundred pounds. Ten and sometimes twelve of them would come out early Saturday morning and pick until night, in which time no less than a bale would be gathered. When the last straggling locks of the patch had been gathered Sam found that his crop had yielded one bale to the acre. The five bales he sold for \$250 and stored away 150 bushels of seed for feed.

The four acre tract of corn yielded seventy bushels to the acre, or a total of 280 bushels, all of which Sam put in the barn with that from the one acre. He didn't intend to sell any of this crop, as he could make more by feeding it to hogs.

The crops were now about all gathered. There remained the peas and the pumpkins that had been sown among the corn and the turnips which were not yet ready to be gathered.

Sam hauled out many loads of big golden pumpkins with the one horse wagon. There was not much market for pumpkins, but he managed to sell about 100 at 5 cents each, or a total of \$5 worth. And still he had more pumpkins than he knew what to do with. He knew, however, that what the family did not use would be fine feed for the hogs and cows when the cold weather of winter came on. So he carefully stored them away.

With the black eyed pea crop it was the same. Sam thought that he had never seen so many peas in all his life. He sold \$20 worth, gathered what would be needed at home, and then the vines still full, he turned in the hogs and cows for a week's feast.

According to agreement, Bill Googe came over when the stock had cleared out most of the pea crop and set to work with a large plow turning under vines, stalks and all. The cotton stalks were large, and a great many of them, as well as some cornstalks, were left above ground. But when Sam sowed the ground with winter oats and rye and had Googe follow him with a disk it cut the stalks to pieces and left the soil smooth and unbroken.

Soon after they finished sowing a gentle rain began falling, lasting for a day. It sank into the soft soil and seemed to touch the planted grain with magic. In a very short time the field from end to end was one long carpet of green.

The year was growing old, and the great bulk of the work was done. Sam now had more leisure than he had had at any time during the year. Of mornings there was sometimes a hint of frost in the air, but the days were yet hot and sultry. Sam's friends, Fred Martin, Joe Watson and Andrew White, had visited him several times that summer in addition to the days that they had worked. But he had something that he thought would make a pleasant surprise for the boys, so he invited his neighbor, Bob Fagan, and those three from town to visit him on Saturday. Sam's surprise was some large watermelons, the last of the season, that he had covered up with grass and kept fresh and sound. The melon crop had been gone for a long time, and this would be a treat worth giving on what would probably be their last visit this year. Even Bob Fagan would be as much surprised as any, for they never grew melons on the Fagan farm and knew nothing about keeping them until cold weather.

The boys came, and the day proved to be suitable for the occasion. It was a hot, sultry day and seemed to belong more to midsummer than to autumn. First the melons were carried to the creek near the swimming hole and dumped in a clear pool to float round and round and cool. Then the boys were off on a hunt for wild grapes and peaches. They found both. Winter grapes and fox grapes they found hanging in rack, purple clusters from vines that ran along branches and from tree to tree. To get them the boys generally had to do a lot of climbing, but they liked this, though they had to be careful about getting too far out on weak limbs.

The peaches' hulls were popping open and dropping their fruit to the ground, so they had little to do except to pick them up or chunk the trees to bring more down. The only competitors they had were the squirrels and crows. The crows merely feasted, but the squirrels were busy in every tree, gathering their winter supply and storing them away in their homes in the tree hollows.

Autumn is a time of beautiful colors, and the nature lover, like Sam Powell, prizes it almost as much as spring. Sam gave his comrades their first lesson in woodcraft—how to see things. He pointed out to them the flashing colors of red and brown and green and gold. For the first

(Continued on next page)

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If you are not familiar with The Companion as it is today, let us send you sample copies and the Forecast for 1916.

New subscribers who send \$2.00 for 1916 will receive free a copy of The Companion Home Calendar for 1916, in addition to all the remaining 1915 issues from the time the subscription is received.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

New subscription received at this office.

OLD FOMES RE-WRIT

I shot an arrow into the air,

I knew it lit, but I knew not where.

But an officer told me the following day

I had broken a window a block away.

There's a Reason He's a blockhead in "math" and a blockhead in history. His "Economy" grades are a crime. To him Sociology's depths are a mystery, and merely good "fillers of time." But out on the campus he shines like twin beacons, the co-eds all smile as they pass; and even the grim-visaged faculty weakens in football he's head of his class.

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