

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, December 1, 1915.

BUSINESS OFFICE: 26 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year \$1.50
Six Months80
Three Months40
Single Copies 5c
No subscription taken unless paid for in advance. This rule is imperative.

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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.

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

MEMBER WILLAMETTE VALLEY EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

THE TWO MYSTERIES

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding "we don't either."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought!
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught!
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children are sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe God is overhead:
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

THE LAND GRANT MUDDLE.

THE O. & C. land grant case has taken a lot of the time of the courts and caused a lot of discussion, yet is apparently as far from settlement as ever. What is wanted is some fair and feasible plan to be presented to Congress for action.

As the Sentinel understands it, the original terms of the grant provide that the land shall be sold to actual settlers at not more than \$2.50 per acre but that no time is stated within which the sales must be completed. The intention was, no doubt, that the land should be sold at that price as rapidly as sales could be made.

It now transpires that the railroad has not worried itself very much in attempting to dispose of the lands at that price, that some has been sold at much larger prices and that the railroad now bids fair to get much more than \$2.50 an acre out of the land yet unsold by disposing of the timber and leasing the land, much of which is worth several times the price at which it must be sold according to the terms of the grant.

There seems to be no question but that the railroad has failed to keep the terms of its agreement.

Shall Congress now force the railroad to carry out the terms of the grant? Some say yes. Some say no. But no one has submitted a plan that will be fair to all concerned.

To sell some of the land at \$2.50 an acre might not return to the railroad the taxes it has paid. To now force the railroad to carry out the terms of the grant might force it to sell land at less than it has really cost the railroad. The railroad would suffer severely.

Some say, "What's the difference, it's the railroad's own fault."

But do we stop to think that if the railroad suffers the country along the railroad suffers. Is the Willamette Valley in a position to sacrifice itself for the pleasure of righting a wrong? Who is the railroad? Is it a few millionaires,

or is it the thousands of small stockholders, depositors in saving banks which buy railroad bonds and policy holders in insurance companies which also buy railroad bonds?

Shall we suffer ourselves and cause thousands to suffer merely to right a wrong, merely to retaliate upon a wrong doer?

Shall we cause thousands to suffer and give other thousands land at less than it is worth?

These are questions that we have not seen satisfactorily explained away.

If Congress has power now to act, power to change the conditions of the grant, power to force the sale of the lands, it seems to us it could figure the excess profit the railroad has made on the land already sold (after deducting taxes paid and interest on taxes paid), compel the return of this profit in easy payments to the counties in which the land so sold is situated and could place the residue of the land into the hands of disinterested parties to be sold at market prices, the railroad to receive the profit it would have received if the lands had been sold in the manner it was intended that they should be sold and the balance to go to the treasurers of the counties in which the land is situated.

Having given the land away once the United States Government is entitled to nothing from its sale. The counties that have suffered should receive the money to which the railroad is not entitled.

We believe in a square deal to all and if the plan we suggest can be worked out by Congress or the courts it seems eminently fair to all concerned.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR ALL.

BROTHER Flagg of the Warrenton News talks of "the howl" being set up by the state press for a "square deal" for capital in Oregon. Brother Flagg gives credit to Governor Withycombe for originating the idea of showing disapproval of Oregon's manner of discouraging capital from investing in Oregon.

Before Mr. Withycombe was Governor of Oregon the editor of The Sentinel delivered an address before the Oregon State Press Association, in which the following language was used:

"Capital is afraid to come to a state that is advertised as the hotbed where experimental legislation is propagated and tried out; capital is afraid of a state that is every other year giving many thousands of votes to experimental tax laws; capital can secure better protection and safer investment elsewhere; our experiments with this, that and the other thing and our efforts to attain an ideal that will never be known in this world are making taxes so high that people accustomed to a much lower tax elsewhere are afraid of us; with commissions to regulate everything from diaphanous gowns to translucent religion, we are making it too hard to do business; we are hedging industry about with experimental laws that make the danger and expense of operating so great that our own industries cannot compete in our own state with outside industries; after we have made the cost of production higher in Oregon, after we have made the condition of labor theoretically ideal, we take employment away from that labor by buying from those outsiders who, because they produce under conditions theoretically less ideal—and certainly less expensive—are able to undersell our own industries in our own state; we appear to have only started upon our career of experimental legislation and capital does not care to invest where there is no way of anticipating what future conditions it may have to meet."

"There is no need of my explaining to the country editors of Oregon that where capital does not come laborers do not come, that where industries are out of business laborers are out of a job, that home-seekers do not come to a state to be taxed to death, that farmers do not come to a state where no one else will, and that newspapers can not thrive in a state where industry is not permitted to prosper."

So Mr. Withycombe was not the originator of the idea. Neither was the editor of The Sentinel the originator.

In the election that followed the month after that meeting of the Association all freak laws were overwhelmingly defeated, thanks to the efforts of the State press. The action of the Oregon State Editorial Association in adopting the resolution which it did adopt, with only Brother Flagg dissenting, shows that it is determined to make Oregon a safe place for capital to invest.

If Brother Flagg wants concrete evidence of an industry, which is the second largest of its kind in the state, and which is ready to quit because of the laws with which it is hedged about, we are ready to name the industry.

Let the good news go out that the editors of Oregon are fighting first, last and all the time for a square deal for capital invested in Oregon, with special advantages to none, and we need not worry about the welfare of our old commonwealth, the greatest in natural resources in the Union.

WOULD THEY DO IT?

On a flooded and soggy gridiron lashed by driving rain and surrounded by gloom, Doc Stewart last night assembled those men of his shattered and broken machine who could walk or hobble to the field, and under these unfavorable circumstances the business of rebuilding the Aggie unit for the Syracuse game went on.

Abraham, Yeager, Dutton, Bissett and Hofer were unable to appear on the field, and most of this quintet of Stewart's most dependable men have, according to their physicians, laid away the moleskins for the year.

Thus appears a news item telling of the results of the recent U. of O. O. A. C. foot ball game. This includes only the injured of the O. A. C. team.

We are curious to know if these young men would take like punishment to enable them to learn the lessons they are supposed to learn at college.

The Woodburn Independent says Harvey Wells is to run for Secretary of State, George Palmer Putman for Congress and Doc Withycombe for the U. S. Senate. Too much mince pie for Thanksgiving!

The liquor houses are going to make a strenuous effort to do a mail order business from California. The Sentinel has been compelled to refuse two advertising contracts during the past week.

Things We Think

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

Editor Brown, of the Oregon City Courier, says that all the papers had Thanksgiving editorials. The Sentinel was unusual, as usual.

Once in a great while what a person tells for a lie turns out to be the truth.

A dispatch from Winsted, Conn., says that a skunk which someone had placed in the piano broke up the dance. Details not being given we presume the animal, incensed over its confinement, must have injured the mechanism of the piano.

Editor Brown, of the Brownsville Times, expresses a good idea when he says: "The next time you hear a man's name proposed as a candidate for an important office, ask yourself this question, 'can he run a business of his own successfully?'"

The Misfit Man, of the Albany Democrat, wants to know what becomes of the dead turkey gobbler. He must be more accustomed to "springers" than we are down this way, where the gobbler passes as a dainty piece of food.

E. J. Rose at Waupaca, Wis., is experimenting with a process to grow potatoes all salted and peppered. We have heard of the potato season. We presume this is it.

Editor Reagan, of the Albany Herald, has but very recently taken to himself a wife, but listen to this: "The modern man thinks so much of the Thanksgiving sermon that his pastor prepares that he believes his wife would better go to church and hear it."

Editor Brown, of the Benton County Courier, is another who can't enthuse over this preparedness for war, yet he's a some fighter himself.

We have never heard of a ghost. It is unreasonable to expect woman to listen to both sides of a proposition. She can't stop talking that long.

Editor McDaniel, of the Coos Bay Harbor, joins The Sentinel in saying that the truth should be told. He says: "Laboring men, doctors, lawyers, dentists, store keepers, should be told the truth. There are no openings here for men in these professions. It is the land, not the cities and towns, which need more people. The man who is experienced in truck farming, dairying, stock raising, orcharding, etc., will find an opportunity here."

Editor Brodie, of the Oregon City Enterprise, comments on the fact that

The Shortest Distance
Between Two Points is

"Long Distance"

Long Distance Telephone Service

Eliminates time.

Binds city and country together.

Saves the expense and inconvenience of travel.

Broadens companionship.

Conserves time and energy.

Unites producer and market.

Enables any one to send the right word to the right place at the right moment.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station and your Telephone is the center of a system connecting five western States.



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



\$50 Given Away

Each person attending the

BIG DANCE

to be given in **Moose Hall**, by the Hughes Concert Co., on **Thursday, Dec. 2**, will receive a check entitling him to a place in the drawing to be given after the tenth dance. The party holding the lucky ticket will get a coupon valued at \$50 to apply as a full first payment on any Piano or the "sweet toned Manualo" Player Piano for sale by the Hughes Piano Co. at 65 East Ninth St., Eugene.

EVERYBODY COME

FINE MUSIC

Christmas Shopping

Time is here. Foresighted people are doing their Christmas shopping now before the rush begins and when the best selections are to be had.

New Mama Dolls

98c

The new talking doll, a doll that really talks; not merely a noise maker, calls mama clearly and distinctly, neatly dressed and several different styles.

Unbreakable Dolls

49c

Just the thing for baby. Drop them—they won't break. All nicely dressed. Boy dolls and girl dolls. Buy them now for baby's Christmas.

New Cretonnes

See our west window for the beautiful new cretonnes. Many pretty things can be made with this goods, very suitable for Christmas presents. Many other Christmas suggestions also may be seen.

New Ribbons for Gift Making

We have just received a good assortment of attractive new ribbons for gift making. New colors and patterns. Ribbons for most every use in gift making.

Millinery Stock to Be Closed Out at Once for the Season

All these new and up-to-date shapes and styles are marked at cost and less. Don't let this opportunity escape you. Everything must be sold at once regardless of former prices or cost.

One lot Trimmed Hats 98c
One lot Trimmed Hats \$1.98
One lot Trimmed Hats \$2.98
All Tams at 55c
These Hats are value from \$3.00 to \$8.00

Bath Robe Blankets for Christmas

HAMPTON'S

New Fancy Collars for Christmas

For the most

Zelle

MAK.

Just a few of

Beautiful Books,
Self Filling
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