

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

AND COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE

ELBERT BEDE, Publisher and Proprietor

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Wednesday, January 26, 1916.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

The following poem was written by Robert Southey, the English poet, over a century ago. The lesson it imparts is as timely now as it was then. The subject of it was the famous battle of Blenheim, which was fought Aug. 13, 1704, but it might as well have been any other great battle.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.
It was a summer evening—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"This some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many herbabouts;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
You little stream had by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had not where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country
'round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a chiding mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know must be
After a famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough
won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine,
"Nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"That was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory."

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Two large lots, close to school and pavement, at a bargain if taken soon. Terms if desired. A. L. Woodard, owner. jly27fc

a year. One hundred thousand dollars is being expended in New York city alone this year exploiting attractions of southern California. These are facts that have awakened the state of Oregon to the great possibilities in tourist travel and the great impulse that set in motion the movement now being consummated for "letter writing week."—Ashland Tidings.

It might be added that it costs us nothing to raise the crop, and sometimes it is sold before it reaches Oregon.

Beaverton Times: President Wilson is watchfully waiting to see what Mexico will do and congress is waiting to see what Wilson will do.

How many who swear by, or at, the Oregon system know that it was proposed as a direct means of securing single tax? That is one of the confessions of the author of the system contained in "The Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall," a new book by Prof. Barnett, of the University of Oregon, published by the McMillan company.

The author of the system is not likely to accomplish his sinister purpose, but that much good may come of something designed for what seems to the great majority a very evil purpose, is shown by this book, which deals in facts and the opinions of others rather than the opinions of the author.

What has been accomplished by the Oregon system, complete data and other information that should be in the hands of both friend and foe of the system are found in this ably compiled and interestingly edited volume.

Albany Herald: It is no exaggeration to say that neutrality has reached its highest point in Switzerland.

Walter B. Jones is the only one from this county so far with the temerity to announce his candidacy for the legislature. While not as widely known personally as desirable outside of Eugene, he has made a successful probation officer, has made a good secretary of the fair association, is a man of high ideals, is independent in thought and action and has considerable ability. He should prove a creditable lawmaker.

McMinnville News-Reporter: It's a good man who gets behind and pushes in an effort to improve the town. It's a better man who goes ahead and pulls.

The Sentinel has several times ridiculed the fact that the Lane county fair, given for the purpose of agricultural exhibitions and for giving impetus to agricultural development, has given the larger part of the money for horse races, the money going to professionals from outside the county and state. This year there will be no money given to horse races. The Sentinel trusts that it will be as successful in other things it advocates.

Woodburn Independent: Hughes may not want the presidential nomination, but he is playing the game just right to get the nomination if he will accept.

Revolutions in Mexico by bandits and rebels have had considerable effect upon the presidency of that unfortunate, bleeding, bloody republic—and now it seems as if the presidency of this country is going to be indirectly affected by the same circumstances.

DEMOCRATIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

(Written for The Sentinel by Col. Mercer.)

"If a man do not erect, in his age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps."—Shakespeare, (Denedick, Act 5, Sec. 2.)

In this article I propose to exhaust a somewhat extended vocabulary in writing—in words that burn and thoughts that breathe—the political obituary of one of the most notoriously successful political mountebanks ever yet produced by our American world.

I refer to Wm. G. McAdoo, who is President Wilson's Secretary of the United States Treasury. I refer to that octogenarian whose body is attenuated (horizontally), and elongated (longitudinally), and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, inasmuch as he is very averse to the idle labor of walking while acting as Uncle Sam's temporary bookkeeper. I refer to that decrepit Napoleon of finance who recently startled civilization by the discovery of a new wrinkle in the art of bookkeeping to which no reference can be found in the writings of the recording angel. I refer to that amosin' old mathematical Magian whose face—infalible index of human mind—presents a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression at such times as he laboriously tries to convince a gasping civilization that according to his newly discovered system of bookkeeping, debts unquestionably become credits, liabilities actually become assets, and obligations really become resources.

Why? Because he's the donkey I'm after!

The Democratic National convention at Baltimore in 1912 adopted a platform (I have it open before me as I write) which contained the following language:

"We denounce the profligate waste of money wrong from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of the recent Republican Congresses which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government and a reduction in the number of useless offices, salaries of which drain the substance of the people."

The platform also contains the following significant words: "Our pledges are made to be kept when in office." Secretary McAdoo—and the men of

A Food Fact to Remember

Seventeen years ago food was originated that combined the entire nourishment of the field grains—wheat and barley—with ease of digestion, delicious taste and other qualities of worth designed to fill a widespread human need.

Today that food—

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has no near competitors among cereal foods in form or nutritive value, nor has it had from the start.

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"There's a Reason"

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Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

his ilk—came into office with loud promises of reductions in offices and salaries, but he had scarcely warmed his seat when he dismissed a large number of small paid Republican clerks and at once filled their places with Democratic spoilsmen. In addition to these changes the number and variety of new offices and places created by McAdoo for hungry Democratic office seekers is bewildering. Especially in the creation of big, fat jobs, with large salaries, Mr. McAdoo has been an adept. That he has been particularly and strikingly successful in getting new places created for his department no one will deny. When he took charge of the treasury there were 3,183 persons employed in the Treasury Department at Washington. Instead of reducing this number, he increased it to 3,541. Mr. McAdoo also found a field for—under the Secretary of Treasury—of 1407 persons, mostly civil-service employes. A subsequent Democratic Congress removed these positions from the classified service, destroyed the merit system in the field force to make place for Democratic spoilsmen, and unblinkingly increased that field force to 2,985 persons. Instead of a reduction, as promised, we find that in the very first year of Mr. McAdoo's administration that there was an increase of 1,936 officers and agents in a single department of the Government. Democratic economy in this instance alone cost the taxpayers of this country \$1,750,000 annually. I wonder if—in the light of the above official figures—my reader feels at all satisfied with our infamous war tax—which at the urgent request of President Wilson and by special act of a Democratic Congress—has just recently been extended to cover the year 1916?

RECAPITULATION.

Not only are the large number of officers and agents in the new banking department subordinates of Mr. McAdoo, but by some means he has secured the war-risk bureau also, although it properly belongs to the Department of Commerce. For the salaries in this newly created branch—filled by Democratic spoilsmen—\$100,000 was appropriated, with \$5,000 salary for the chief. Besides this Mr. McAdoo demanded a new assistant at \$4,500, although he had three already at \$5,000 each. Some months later (Oct. 1, 1914), he again demanded (of the Committee on Appropriations) two additional clerks in the division of loans and currency, 26 clerks, and 16 counters in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, 4 laborers in the same office, and 3 clerks, 2 counters, and 2 laborers in the office of the Treasurer. This last little addition will cost the taxpayers \$41,260 a year. This in addition to the \$1,750,000 above mentioned. In fact the increases in salaries in the United States Treasury—under Mr. McAdoo—are almost "too numerous to mention." The salary of Mr. McAdoo's private secretary has been increased from \$2,500 to \$3,000.

Nor is this the one-hundredth part of this pitiful story. The new banking law—above referred to—creates five new offices with salaries of \$12,000 each with a multitude of other positions which Mr. McAdoo has filled with Democratic spoilsmen of approved Democratic proclivities. I have said that the operations of the new banking laws are largely under the jurisdiction of Mr. McAdoo. At the time that President Wilson was urging Congress for legislation to carry out his Magian financial theories the editor of a Wall Street journal was called in to write the present Democratic banking law and he received \$4,400 for that service through the United States Treasury. A short time ago Mr. McAdoo had a disagreement with certain engineers regularly in the employ of the government. These engineers had made an estimate of the cost of certain proposed power plants for certain government buildings. McAdoo disapproved the estimate and employed a private concern, the head of which, Mr. Stillwell, had been associated with McAdoo in business. Stillwell & Co. made an investigation (estimate), and report which practically duplicated that of the government engineers and McAdoo promptly paid them \$33,000 for their estimate and report.

Question: Is it the alleged falling off in importations that made it necessary

to impose an infamous war tax of \$105,000,000 annually upon the American people? Or is it Democratic incompetency and extravagance?

Was it because of alleged falling off in importations that we have the record of 18,280 business failures during the calendar year of 1914, the largest number in any one year in the history of our American world, with the record breaking volume of \$357,909,000 liabilities? Or is it due to Democratic incompetency and extravagance?

In another article—in the immediate future—I shall point out with deadly precision how, on the last day of September of the first day of October, or in the wretched hour between the months when "graveyards yawn," the aforesaid McAdoo—the magician of the U. S. Treasury—by the exercise of a fiat—by the waving of a wand—actually breathed \$80,000,000 into the U. S. Treasury and made it stick. In discussing that transaction—and a large number of other questionable transactions involving the reckless expenditure of millions of dollars of the people's money—I shall unhesitatingly "call a spade a spade."

In the meantime, "If a man do not erect, in his age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps."

It's a disappointment to some people to have their propositions accepted without argument.

If you want to find out what a man thinks of himself, read his political advertisements. If you want to know what others think of him, read the election returns.

If you would have a happy wife see to it that she has enough work to keep her so busy she won't have time to dig out your faults.

When you put off anything to tomorrow unnecessarily you are making the next day's work so hard that some regular duties may have to be postponed.

The person who always tells the truth will have many bandaged heads.

There is only one road to heaven and no church has a private toll path.

The married man is the happier—not because he has no troubles, but because he has no time to worry about them.

Things We Think

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

A woman who pays \$500 for a dress has had something hung on to her—and not very much either, perhaps.

Between those who have an inflated idea of their own importance and those who greatly underestimate their own worth, there are a few who strike a happy medium.

William Lillie of Oregon City, Ore. He claimed the horse was misrepresen-

Another Year of the Panama-California Exposition

San Diego

This beautiful exposition will continue all the year 1916—bigger and better than ever. Many of the best exhibits from San Francisco have been transferred to San Diego. If you neglected to see San Diego in 1915 do not fail to see this beautiful city this year. The winter is the logical time too. Six months round trip tickets are on sale daily from all Pacific Northwest points to Southern California.

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Acetylene Lig for

Second Hand Goes at

WYNNE

D. C. Wallace wa on business. Walter Cochran is in and has been in ness.

I want some had very worst removed 15 minutes. See sm Dr. Goff, at the Sh

E. J. Wilcox was Clarence Moss w gene Friday and 8 the postal telegraph Mr. and Mrs. E. yesterday for Mont future home.

Spec NATURA JAPAN 40c p

KERR &

Eat Gregory's Br Eugene Guard' been received in E Fenwick, who is n California, for his h Mr. Fenwick says t tunately since he ar

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Disston-Champ Alex Lumber FREIG Saddle Horses an Parts of t Phone

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In the estate of J ceased, the apprais Lee Nixon and Fran their inventory of its value at \$4655. Richard B. Woodl the probate court t

Jack Middy l The Best for \$1.35 an Powell The Golden I

ector of the estate deceased, who left \$7300. A petition probate the will. We pay good pr hides. Culver Bros Market.

Mrs. J. J. Dillon recently moved to l been ill. Alfred Owens arr last week to accr at the Rex theater.

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