

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

AND COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

VOLUME XXVI

COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916

NUMBER 43

Stalks of Mammoth Oats Six Feet High

RAIN gives promise of being a tremendous crop this year. Samples of oats sown this spring and already more than six feet in height, have been brought into the city by different farmers. In weight the stalks are proportionate to their height.

CANADA THISTLES SIX FEET HIGH

Finley Whipples Finds Samples of Tenacious Weed—Urges Drastic Action.

Two more samples of Canada thistle were brought into the city last week by Finley Whipples. Both samples were over six feet in height. They were found on places just east of the city and were discovered by Mr. Whipples as he came into the city. He has come on his place.

Mr. Whipples believes there is great danger of spread of this menace to crops if they are not kept out down. He believes that they will not spread from the roots unless the roots are cultivated, that keeping them cut down will prevent spread from the seed and that in a year or two the original plant will die if not allowed to gain headway. It is practically impossible to dig out the roots, as they go down to a depth of two to six feet.

High grade felt hats can be manufactured from the fur of Oregon jackrabbits. This is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated fact, and Representative N. J. Sinnott, of Oregon, is today proudly wearing the first and only fedora ever manufactured in the country from jackrabbit fur.

Last winter Mr. Sinnott discovered that felt hat manufacturers were embarrassed because their supply of German rabbit fur was cut off with the war. It occurred to him that jackrabbit fur might be substituted and he sent to Oregon for a consignment of jackrabbit skins. These he turned over to the largest and best known hat manufacturers in the east, with the request that they experiment with the fur and determine its suitability for hat manufacture.

The jackrabbit hat seems to be the equal of any \$5.00 felt hat on the market. It is of fine, soft texture, smooth to the touch and clear in color and in grain. Members who examined it pronounced it a first-class headpiece and one that ought to command a good price in the market.

Mr. Sinnott was told by the manufacturers, who entered upon the experiment with some doubts, that the Oregon jackrabbit fur made a much better hat than they anticipated. He also learned from them that jackrabbits, to be valuable for hat manufacture, must be killed in the winter months, when the fur is heaviest, and must come from the colder portions of the west.

FLAX GROWS HERE AS WELL AS IN BELGIUM

A bulletin on the culture and manufacture of flax for both fibre and seed & just off the press, issued by the department of commercial and industrial service, school of commerce, of the University of Oregon. This is the result of a year's investigation of the industry throughout the world by the department and is a most comprehensive study of the subject, which was made at the special request of the flax committee of the Portland chamber of commerce, and in co-operation with the departments of state and commerce of the national government.

The bulletin makes very evident the superior advantages of western Oregon for both the growing and manufacturing of flax of the very highest grade, quoting authorities to show that this section is equal to the famous Courtrai district of Belgium where the best flax known to the world has been grown. The three chief requisites—soil, water and atmospheric conditions—all are said to be possessed by Oregon in just the right combination and with just the right elements and conditions. After dealing with the naturally favorable conditions found here the bulletin recites the various experiments made by the state at Salem, the one under way at Eugene, and various private trials that have been made, and their results. It then gives a very brief resume of the requisite soil preparation, planting and harvesting methods, calling attention to the government bulletins that go into these questions exhaustively.

A very interesting and important chapter is that headed: "Costs, Production, Markets, Prices, Profits, etc." in which the economic features of the industry are discussed with especial reference to Oregon. In fact, throughout the viewpoint is that of the Oregon farmer and what flax growing and manufacture means or may mean to him.

ENJOY AN INTERESTING TRIP

Giltner's Narrowly Escape Death in Big Storm in Louisiana.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Giltner, of Portland, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Giltner's sister, Mrs. D. H. Hemenway. They are resting here after a two months' trip through the east and south. Mr. Giltner attended the exercises at Yale university on the thirty-fifth anniversary of his graduation. Chauncey Depew and ex-President Taft were among the speakers.

Mr. and Mrs. Giltner were in New York two weeks and it rained all the time they were there except a couple days.

The Giltners had a narrow escape from death in the big storm in Louisiana. They say folks in Oregon have no idea what real rain is like. Their train was out in the big storm, water ran over the tracks and but for Mr. Giltner's insistence that the train go back to the starting point all on board would probably have been drowned. A large amount of the track which they had crossed and a large amount that they would have crossed was carried away and has not yet been completely repaired. They consider themselves fortunate to have escaped without injury.

O. AND C. GRANT OPEN TO ENTRY

Settlers to Pay \$2.50 an Acre for Tracts Designated as Agricultural Lands.

All of the Land Not Classified as Timber Reserves or Mineral Lands in Forests Open to Settlement.

A portion of the farm lands of the Oregon and California land grant will be thrown open to entry and settlement by fall. The lands in the grant classed as agricultural are estimated to aggregate 1,000,000 acres approximately.

Announcement of the government's purpose to open the lands without further delay was made last week by Louis L. Sharp, chief of the field division of the United States land office, upon his return to Portland from Washington, where the action was authorized by Clay Tallman, commissioner general of the land office.

Under Mr. Sharp's instructions he is to take the field immediately, accompanied by a staff of operatives who will assist him in surveying and classifying the lands. The portions classed as agricultural will be opened to homestead entry by settlers, who will be allowed to file on tracts of 160 acres each, paying the government \$2.50 an acre. All lands of the grant not classed as timber reserves or mineral lands in forests will be open to settlement as agricultural lands, although it is conceded that not all of the lands to be so classed will be practically cultivable.

Mr. Sharp said his first work would be done in Jackson and Josephine counties, in southern Oregon, and that the agricultural lands in these counties would probably be opened to settlement this coming fall. Other agricultural lands will be opened as fast as classified.

The land office is proceeding in the grant matter under the terms of an act passed by the present congress in execution of a decision of the United States supreme court declaring the grant terms should be enforced. By these terms the lands, which were granted by congress to the Oregon and California railway company on condition that it construct a railway between Oregon and California, were to be sold in tracts of 160 acres each to bona fide settlers at \$2.50 an acre. The Oregon and California company failed to carry out these terms and the Southern Pacific company, which succeeded to its interest, refused to do so. A large portion of the lands were held unsold and other portions were sold on terms and in parcels other than those prescribed. The government brought suit to enforce the grant terms and won the case in the supreme court.

Since enactment of the executive law by congress notice has been served on federal and state officials on behalf of the railroad, that the Southern Pacific company will refuse to abide thereby and will fight the case anew through the courts.

It has been repeatedly stated that most of the land fit for agricultural purposes has been disposed of by the railroad, so that there is some doubt as to whether the opening of the remaining lands to settlement is to greatly benefit anyone.

Delivering Rock for Pass Creek.

The Douglas county court is delivering a considerable quantity of rock at Comstock for use in the Pass creek canyon. The new road built last year, and which is impassable during the rainy season, will be completely rock.

Eugene will not have a chauntanqua next year, according to a letter received by I. P. Hewitt, local manager, from the general manager of the system. The reason given is that not enough support is given by the city.—Register.

Tragedy and Humor in Auto Trip

First Publication of Unofficial Diary of Trip Full of Incident Made Through Washington by Oregon Newspaper Men

A week or so ago—the exact date is not at all necessary to the story—a party of five made the trip by automobile from Portland to Hood River and from there across central Washington to Ellensburg.

The names of the members of the party are not necessary to the story—the same things could have happened to anyone else.

It might be stated that a trip of this kind is not all pleasure unless you are able to get fun out of the troubles of the other members of your party. This all members of this particular party seemed to be able to do.

It might also be stated that the ostensible purpose of the trip was to reach Ellensburg in time for one of the members of the party, the president of the Oregon State Editorial association, to deliver a speech on a Thursday afternoon, and this fact proved the motif for a number of cruel jokes during the trip.

The trip as far as Hood River was made without mishap. Having heard of the fame of the Hood River apple, members of the party had set their hearts and palates on some Hood River baked apples in cream. They were on the menu all right, but the waiter said there wasn't a Hood River apple in the city and there wouldn't be any until some arrived from California.

Three roads were suggested from Hood River to Ellensburg: one to cross the Columbia at Hood River, one to go to the Dalles and cross, and another to go still further and take Sam Hill's hard surface road into Goldendale. Each member of the party had his or her own ideas but it was finally decided to cross at Hood River to White Salmon, where again there would be a choice of several roads.

It was learned that the ferry would make its first trip at 6 o'clock the next morning, so plans were made to be ready to leave at that time. The next morning the two unaccompanied men of the party were ready on time.

At 7 o'clock the other members of the party were not ready. At 8 o'clock they were nearly ready and at 8:30 all were at the ferry, only to be informed that the first boat would not leave for 15 or 20 minutes.

The two who had been up at 6 o'clock took turns administering a booting to each other.

Finally reaching the Washington side of the river the party, upon expert advice, decided to take the road by Glenwood to Goldendale as the first leg of the journey. Expert advice was to avoid, by all means, going by Lyle or by Tappanish.

Here is the unofficial diary of the trip from this point:

Three miles out three roads intersected and not a sign board to say whether any one of them led. Ten miles further inquiry at a farm elicited the information that this was the road to Tappanish. Turned back; took another guess.

Five miles out on second road met a left-handed man. "Is this the road to Goldendale?" was asked. "Yes," was the reply, "take the first road to the right up the hill."

(Delicate inquiries were made by other male members of the party as to whether the jolting was having any serious effect upon the speech which had been only imbibed for delivery that afternoon.)

Road to the right up the hill was taken. For 30 miles no one was found from whom to inquire the direction. Different roads were taken by guess and by gosh. Not a sign of a signboard. Finally a boy was found herding horses.

"Is this the road to Goldendale?"

"Don't know; never heard of the place."

"Where does this road go to?"

"It's about 15 miles to Lyle."

And Lyle was the place we were told by all means to avoid.

We had gone about 30 miles out of the way—and it all came because we didn't know that to a left-handed man left is right and right is left and none of the directions he gives you is right, although he may tell you to turn that way.

After a total of five hours of wandering around hills and hollows we arrived at Glenwood and were informed that we were 40 miles from our starting point.

(Inquiries a little less delicate were made regarding the speech to be delivered that afternoon.)

Goldendale was reached with little trouble and in good time. At a soda fountain we told our troubles. "Why you should have come by Lyle; that's the only practical route and the roads are much better," we were told by a native.

We felt pretty good anyway, as we thought we were nearing our destination.

"How far is it to Ellensburg?" was asked.

"Why, it's about 105 miles to Sunny-side, about 50 miles from there to North Yakima, and about 75 miles from there to Ellensburg."

"How about delivering that speech about 5 o'clock in the morning?" cruelly asked one of the more sarcastic of the party.

From the information on many of the

signboards, one could reach Ellensburg as well by going in one direction as by going in the opposite direction. At cross roads where the main road was very plain there were elaborate sign boards; at intersections where anyone of a half dozen roads might have been the main road there was not the sign of directions of any kind. The dry sand roads stand travel well and North Yakima was reached at midnight with the speedometer trailing on the ground and the gasoline tanks empty.

"You were to have delivered that speech today. We'll have to finish that other 75 miles tonight, if you're going to deliver it tomorrow," continued the sarcastic member of the party. But it was decided to go to bed, get an early start and make Ellensburg about 8 o'clock the next morning.

For the first time upon the whole trip the party got started within two hours of the time set, and it looked as if the speedometer would arrive in time.

A short way out of North Yakima it was found that the oil supply had become disconnected and was oiling the inside of the car instead of the engine. A little town with a garage was soon reached. The machinist said he could fix the trouble in a few minutes.

"You may still get there in time for your speech," said the sarcastic one.

An hour later the machinist had repaired the pipe and had it about in place when it again broke.

"I don't know about the speech," said the sarcastic one.

Another hour and the pipe was again almost in place, when it again broke.

The speedometer was pacing up and down the garage.

"Practicing your speech?" asked the sarcastic one.

"I can't fix this pipe," said the machinist. "I'll have to put in a rubber tube. That will be much better than a brass pipe, anyway."

"How long will it take?"

"Not over five minutes." This time he told the truth.

The party arrived in Ellensburg just in time for the closing session.

The return trip was made with little trouble until Goldendale was reached, where the party stopped over night. During the night it rained; and when it rained, that part of Washington the roads are about as slippery as a greased pig on the Fourth of July. The natives said they dried up and were fine a few hours after the rain stopped, but no one knew within a few days of when the rain would stop. All details are not necessary but it took several hours to reach Centerville, a few miles from Goldendale, and inquiries as to the road from there to the Dalles produced the greatest variety of replies that had been met on the trip. They ran something like this:

"Why, a big car like that hasn't a chance on the hill between here and Lyle."

"O, I've come through there in weather worse than this."

"It's absolute suicide to try that hill after a rain."

"Why don't you go by Marysville? There's a good road that way."

"Why, it's easier to go over the hill than to get to Marysville."

"If I were you I'd let the women folks walk and then you could let the car go over the bank when she starts to slip and kill no one but yourself."

"There are only one or two places where it isn't safe and if you put on ropes you might make it."

"If you are figuring on a new car anyway and don't mind walking the distance back here in the mud, you might try it."

"Why, I wouldn't be a bit afraid to take any car over that hill in this weather or any kind of weather. There isn't the least bit of danger. The roads are wide and there is a ridge along the side that will keep the car from going over."

"Why man, you don't know what you're talking about. I have traveled that road for 50 years and a car hasn't one chance in 5,000 of getting around those sharp, slippery, narrow corners. The very weight of the car would put it into the canyon."

After all this advice, and much more of a similar vein, the party decided to go out and take a look at the dreaded hill. The driver cautiously felt his way along, looking far ahead for the dreadful, slippery, narrow curves. The roads were wide and fairly dry. The powerful engines pulled the car up without trouble. The descent was begun and so busy were the members of the party in looking for the dangerous places, which didn't materialize, that the car was down the hill onto level sand roads before anyone knew it.

The night was spent at The Dalles. A Seattle paper was found there. The first thing observed was a story by a representative of the paper who had been picking out routes and his advice was that we should have by all means gone by Tappanish, the road which we had been advised not to hazard under any circumstances. "It is 80 miles shorter and the scenery is by far the best," the paper said. We decided to take that route next time—but there

NEW COUNTY TALK IS REVIVED

Proposed Division of Douglas Laid to Alleged Neglect.

Roseburg, Ore., July 22.—Sentiment for the division of Douglas county into two separate counties has again been revived, according to word received from Gerdiner, which is situated at the mouth of the Umpqua river in the extreme northern part of the county.

The fundamental reason is that there is such a radical difference in the industries of the two sections. But the immediate reasons alleged are certain items of neglect on the part of the Douglas county officials. Taxes have been paid loyally by the people of northern Douglas county for many years, and they feel they are entitled to some of the good things enjoyed by the people of the more fortunately located districts.

Heat Makes 'Em Sarcastic.

In writing from Dinuba, Calif., W. L. Kimble says: "People going from here to the next world at the present time are advised to take an overcoat along, as they are likely to strike cooler weather than they have been accustomed to, no matter which way they go."

SIUSLAW PEOPLE HURT IN WRECK

Friendly Wave of Hand Is Cause of Near Serious Auto Accident.

Martin Foster, of Lorane, Suffers Injury to Ribs, Mrs. Foster Suffers Injury to Arm, and Others Are Injured Slightly.

The result of waving to friends on the part of the driver, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Foster, of Lorane, were badly injured Sunday afternoon in what came near being a serious automobile accident.

In the car were Mr. and Mrs. Martin Foster and three children, Edith, Helen and Harold. Roy Foster, a brother, was driving. They were on their way home from Eugene to Lorane by way of Cottage Grove. They were passing the Sam McKernan home west of the city when a party of friends gathered there waved to them. Control of the car was lost for an instant and it almost turned over as it started off the embankment. It was brought under control quickly but in being brought into the road one of the wheels gave way, the car turned over on its side and the occupants were thrown out. The top, which was up, prevented the car from turning turtle. Mrs. Foster's right forearm was painfully injured and Mr. Foster suffered injuries to two or three ribs. The others were but slightly injured.

Mrs. Foster is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McKernan, whose house they were passing.

Every spoke was taken out of one wheel of the car, the windshield was broken, one of the ribs of the top was broken, the fender was somewhat bent and one of the axles twisted.

Official Visits Rebekah Lodge.

The Rebekah lodge held a business and social session Friday in honor of Mrs. Nellie Wattenberg, state president of the Rebekah assembly, who was here to pay the lodge an official visit. The degree work was exemplified and a banquet followed the business session. Mrs. Wattenberg gave a very interesting address and there were short talks by members. Mrs. L. M. Thompson, who has been a member of the order 45 years, joining when it was a degree of the Odd Fellows lodge, was present. The new officers filled their positions for the first time Friday night. They are Linna Sterling, noble grand; Grace Miner, vice grand; Kattie Kime, chaplain; Alma Fullmer, junior grand; Eunice Vandenberg, secretary; Anna Shinn, treasurer.

First Hughes Club Organized.

The first Hughes club in Lane county was organized last Thursday night by republicans of Santa Clara, Irving, Davis and Lone Pine precincts. The new organization has 90 members.

Has First Peaches for Market.

Dorena, Ore., July 24.—(Special to The Sentinel).—Mrs. Lee Thomason holds the honor for taking the first ripe peaches to the Cottage Grove market. They are of an early variety.

ain't going to be no next time.

The remainder of the return trip was made without mishap.

Just as a division of the expenses was being made, the sarcastic one looked up with a frightened look and exclaimed, "Why, we forgot all about that speech after we got to Ellensburg."

And it was a fact. The speech was never delivered.

The members of the party that made this trip, so full of incident and other things, were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brodie, of Oregon City; Mrs. Barlow Lawrence, of Oregon City; Philip S. Bates, of Portland, and Elbert Bede, of Cottage Grove. Brodie was the one who was to have delivered the speech that was never made.

E. Lilly Bags 3 Little Bears and 3 Big Bears

BEARS are numerous this year in the Bohemia mining district. Inside of 24 hours, E. E. Lilly, a well known miner and hunter killed three old bears and three cubs. A few bears are killed there every year, but never before have so many been bagged by one hunter.

HORSES SCARED BY AN ELEPHANT

Street Sweeper Wrecks Telephone Pole and the L. S. Hill Automobile.

Frightened at an elephant aimlessly wandering down the street, the team belonging to L. L. Harrell and being used on the street sweeper, ran away, tore down a telephone pole and wrecked L. S. Hill's car, the team and sweeper escaping injury. The elephant belonged to the circus that was in the city and had wandered away from its trainer. The pachyderm was not in the least disturbed by the commotion it created.

The runaway started on Main avenue, the horses being headed east. A telephone pole was struck near the S. P. water tank. The team then turned up Tenth street and in front of the Brown Lumber company's office the wheel caught the rear fender of the Hill car and forced the car along until it struck a wood wagon standing there. The fender was badly bent up, the lights smashed and the radiator damaged. The circus people paid \$30 damages.

Mexicans Cover American Camp.

Mrs. H. L. Leonard, of Coeur de Alene, Ida., who is here visiting her son, Arthur Leonard, has received an interesting letter from another son, Herbert, who is at the front on the Mexican border. He is at Nogales, Ariz. There are 12,000 American troops within a mile of the border and 10 miles back are 8,000 Mexicans who are on higher ground and have the American position covered with artillery and machine guns. There has been much rain and hot weather, and centipedes, tarantulas and scorpions are numerous. Mr. Leonard enlisted in October with company K, Second regiment, Idaho National Guard.

Fruit Inspector to Have Office Day.

Fruit Inspector Stewart will have an office day in Eugene hereafter. Saturday is the day chosen by Mr. Stewart and he will be found at the office of the county agriculturalist. Mr. Stewart finds it necessary to have an office day owing to the increased number of inquiries for him.

Make Shipment of Quicksilver.

A shipment of 2,000 pounds of quicksilver was brought out from Black Butte last week and sent to San Francisco. This was the first clean-up.

Cottage Grove early peaches are ripening. J. I. Jones has been doing some picking during the past week.

THE TRAGEDY OF WAR PRESENTED BY GRIFFITH

"Birth of a Nation" Is Thrilling and Awe-Inspiring Revisitation of Civil War.

In his never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," which is scheduled for presentation at the Eugene theater, commencing July 31, D. W. Griffith, the world's master-producer, has painted the grim tragedy of war in the vivid colors it deserves.

It is a thrilling and awe-inspiring re-visitation of war—war in all its cruelties; we behold not only the tragedy of the battlefield, where fall the dead and dying, but in the home where wait the aged parents and little brother or sister, or daughter or son, for the message that too often comes telling that the dear one has died for the flag—the stars and stripes, or the banner of blue with the single star.

On goes the story. It pictures the departing of the boy from home—gay, light-hearted and happy. It shows him dying under the fire of the enemy in the miles of flame-streaked trenches, over which bursting shells carry death to the little force so gallantly defending the line of earth-works, and over which shriek the deadly shrapnel.

It is all there—the desperate defense, the determined attack, the fierce charge, the disastrous retreat—the field covered with the dead, as men in gray and blue fall by scores and hundreds.

Daylight fades, and still the fight goes on. The scene is illuminated by bursting shells, the blaze from the mouths of big guns and the red glare from burning homes. The blue of the flag of the south flutters here, while there the red, white and blue of the nation's emblem shows through the smoke in the red tinge of battle flame.