

The Sentinel.

BY LEW. A. CATES.

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IT PAYS TO BE GOOD.

That tragedy in an adjoining state in which a respected citizen of the community was shot by a man whose home he had basely dishonored, is a conspicuous instance of the frightful penalty people sometimes have to pay for the gratification of unholy lust. It is a warning to all men and women who, feeling secure of the good will and good opinion of their families and friends, give way to their passions, trample upon the obligations of marriage, and single themselves in the miserable and perilous meshes of a kind of intimacy that breeds bullets and sudden death, if found out. Nothing is so interesting to men and women as the deeds of men and women, and when either sex shows an inclination to stray from the straight and narrow path an entire community sits up and takes notice. Of course the persons who are slipping into sin do not appreciate this. It is the case in the entire range of social offenses, minor and capital. The participants always imagine themselves clever enough to deceive their families and the public, but there is always somebody who is not to be duped. From the silly and seemingly harmless indiscretions and thoughtless improprieties, on to the final plunge into dishonor it is practically certain that almost every act and deed is talked about.

Many a man who has vast pride in his reputation, and who thinks himself skilled and smooth in his attempts to hide unbecoming conduct, would turn sick at heart if he dreamed how thoroughly known his transgressions are, and many a woman who imagines she has the respect of her community would shrivel with chagrin and hide herself from her neighbors if aware how completely her delinquencies are understood. In the great majority of these cases no sign comes to the guilty of this outside knowledge. They were tolerated and treated with apparent respect, because of a great kindness which the public always has for innocent persons who would otherwise suffer, and because on the conviction that punishment awaits them anyhow. For as Kipling says: "The sins that ye do by two and by two, ye must answer for one by one."

One sobering and deterrent truth every man and woman should know. It is this: Indiscretions, improprieties, clandestine adventures, secret sins cannot be hidden. They will crop out, the world is not big enough to cover them. No matter where you go, how far from home, or how close to home, even in the sanctuary of home itself there is always somebody to detect and whisper the news of a lapse in the conduct of a lady or gentlemen. And the whisper is always heard by the multitude and never forgotten.

Only under the panoply of integrity, honor, virtue and prudence is there safety. Any deviation from either is sure to be noted. No precaution can entirely hide it; no cunning can cloak it, whether it be a mere indiscretion, an impropriety, a risky adventure, a deliberately planned and safeguarded excursion into imprudence, or a most carefully arranged descent into down right wickedness. None are so secure in reputation that they can escape.

Is it not better to be good and to be safe, to be worthy of respect and clean of conscience, than to experience any or all of the scorching pleasures which begin with imprudence and indiscretion, and end in torments? Study the faces of these men and women who seek the

pleasures of clandestine adventures, and you will find the answer there. It pays to be good. Propriety, prudence and purity yields such dividends of happiness, honor and sweetness of character, that those misguided mortals, who in their weakness have suffered themselves to be robbed of them, long for them to their dying day. We are aware that matters of this kind are seldom discussed in newspapers, and that the subject is abhorrent to many. But it is our judgment that it is well enough occasionally to emphasize the fact that the wages of sin are always terrible finally, and that of all forms of misconduct at any stage of human life, those which involve the social relations of themselves are the most dangerous to peace of mind.

PELLAGRA AND CORN.

A fortnight since The Sentinel called attention to the new disease, pellagra, supposed to have been caused from making vegetables a steady diet. It now appears that pellagra is due to eating mouldy corn, or the products of mouldy corn, and we therefore offer an apology to our vegetarian friends. But can pellagra prejudice people against this cereal as an article of food? Will it increase the disinclination on the part of Europeans to adopt the corn-pone and Johnny-cake as a regular portion of their dietary?

Some years ago a movement was started by enterprising exporters to educate foreign nations to the more generous use of corn bread in some form. We have not heard so much of it of late years, because the multifarious new uses developed for corn have absorbed constantly expanding harvests at constantly rising prices. When the annual corn crop of the United States was in the neighborhood of 1,800,000 bushels, 40 cents a bushel in the chief speculative market was regarded as a very high price. Now the annual yield can approach 3,000,000,000 bushels without depressing the price more than temporarily below 60 cents.

It would be difficult to imagine what this country of ours would do without its corn crop. Meats, already scarce and high, would be unattainable except by the very wealthy. A hundred different kinds of industries dependent upon corn would suffer. There is no evidence to show that pellagra is due to mouldy corn more than to other mouldy vegetable substances. It is, the doctors tell us, largely a disease of poverty, ill nourishment, bad hygienic surroundings and excessive alcohol.

The effective battling with the disease must be a part of the pure food propaganda. If corn is more likely to mould than other grains, then the study of the national and state health departments should be to advise the people how to keep their corn and corn meal in a sound condition, and to give them rules for testing its healthfulness. It is evident that anything that would tend to impair confidence in the corn crop or to reduce materially its yield would be a national calamity—hence the necessity of prompt and energetic action by the health authorities.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

One of The Sentinel's most valued contemporaries complains that the intellectual life of its community is in a decidedly bad state, and all because a lecture delivered by an able educator was attended by only forty persons, including men, women and children. From the news columns of this same publication it is learned that the topic upon which the distinguished lecturer discoursed was "The Artist and His Ideals," and The Sentinel rises to remark that if more than forty people of that community are interested in this subject it is certainly a most extraordinary town.

Why the plain citizen should be interested in the artist and his ideals more than in the miner and his methods, or the tinsmith and his tricks, is a social puzzle that has never been solved. The artist serves a useful purpose in the commonwealth, but why he should be more

highly esteemed than the tailor, the carpenter, the blacksmith or the printer does not appear from the records. Many persons deem it intellectual and quite superior to profess an understanding of matters outside of the daily struggle for bread.

The history of Italy, the home of the artist and his ideals, shows that when art was at its highest estate, those who cultivated it most enthusiastically were like the Borgias, men sunken in the most frightful depths of vice and crime. There is nothing in art, per se, to make man better than his neighbor, notwithstanding the evident contrary opinion of our esteemed contemporary.

Art is the minister of luxury, and while all mankind loves luxury it is not the highest praise of an honest citizen that he is extravagant in his food, that he is fond of purple and fine linen and that he covets fine paintings and statuary and costly jewels. It is the cant of the times that these are the things that culture strains after, but they are only to be obtained by the depression of the masses; it was only in Egypt that a nation labored for an age to build a tomb, and the annals of mediaeval Italy show too truly the result of a national possession of art.

WE HAVE MANY CRAZES.

There was a saying among the ancient Greeks, that the immortal gods looking down on the hapless and short lived race of men, divided them all into fools and madmen. Every era has had its special madness or enthusiasm. The border land between sanity and insanity is very narrow. The sage and the maniac each thinks the other mad. The inmate of Bedlam believes himself sane, and the whole outside world insane. "The divine madness of Genius" is a familiar phrase. Plato said that in every poet there was a spice of madness. It is the men possessed of one idea, the men insane to the masses, who have led all the great movements.

The iconoclastic craze of the middle ages destroyed, in the name of religion, many of the finest monuments of ancient art. A fanaticism whose votaries believed the Koran the only book needed by the world, destroyed in the name of the Prophet, the great library of Alexandria, in which was stored the most of the literature of the past. The old Athenian craze was for art and culture. The ancient Roman craze was for war and conquest, the Crusades began and ended in religious madness. The craze for chivalry, after a long lease of preposterous life, was drowned in peals of laughter called forth by Cervantes' in his "Don Quixote."

Eighteen centuries was an era of crazes. In this age a sentimental craze took possession of the romantic world, finding its highest expression in Goethe's "Sorrowful Werther," while France went daft over the teachings of Rousseau. In this same century, "The South Sea Bubble," and the fraudulent, "Mississippi Scheme," of John Law, turned the financial world upside down. The present craze for lurid fiction and grotesque art, has come down to us as a legitimate inheritance from those rococo ages, when society went daft over debased art, literature and tawdry ornamentation.

Now as of old there are enthusiasts who, like Joan of Arc, hear voices, see visions and dream dreams—who inspired by a sacred madness, led on embattled hosts to victories for truth and right. Now as in the days when the strains of the "Marseillaise," and the "Ca Ira," fired the soldiers of the French revolution; now, as in the days when the hymns of Charles Wesley sent Methodism singing its way around the world, the power of song is exemplified in martial lyrics, in gospel hymns and the militant strains of the Salvation Army. The present age is carried away by many crazes and enthusiasms, whose sanity or madness time alone can test. "Today is always mad," says a modern philosopher. "It becomes a thing of reason when it becomes yesterday." But in human progress it often happens, "That the

demons of our sires become the saints whom we adore."

An agriculturist who plods many acres not far distant from the county seat of future Nesmith, probably after having thoughtfully perused some of our literary productions on tilling the soil, orally interrogates us regarding our knowledge of farming; whether it is practical or theoretical. At the time we were unprepared to answer, but after delving deeply into memory's sacred archives and brushing away the cobwebs of time we have arrived at the conclusion that we are belonging to the practical bunch. Speaking reminiscently, we remember when as a lad of tender years, on the bleak and desolate Iowa prairies, it was our task to prepare the family supply of apple butter. That applebutter was prepared with great care; it was a practical demonstration that the good old dope of our grandmothers could be produced along scientific lines. We unhesitatingly, yet modestly, assert that that applebutter laid the foundation and paved the way for the present excellent pure food laws.

There was a time when windfall apples, charged to the eyelids with bow-legged or knock-kneed cut worms were considered the proper ingredients for applebutter, but that strong and cheery kind, which had a tendency to rise up in the still night and defy the whole Damm family, had had its day. 'Twas, to be sure, of a quality that would put marrow in the bones, but the progressiveness of the age and a more delicate and refined taste has eliminated it, and we conscientiously feel that the responsibility is directly attributable to US. If this is not practical farming what is it?

Forty years ago we began thinking Alaska good for nothing. Then we learned it was a nursery of precious furs. Afterward came the discovery that it produced food fish in unlimited quantities. Low grade mining found profit on its coast and islands before the marvelous discoveries of the interior. Timber exploitation revealed its wealth of forests and proof accumulates that the interior is full of minerals of more value in industry than gold. Only recently do we come to realize the possibilities of Alaska as an agricultural country. Men driven to regions considered inhospitable by desire of gain do their best to live for the country and so develop possibilities never suspected. But it will astonish many to hear that Alaska now grows 20 per cent of its own vegetable food for man and beast.

Grain, garden vegetables and fruits can be ripened in Alaska south of the Yukon. Nutritious hay and other forage plants can be grown on its prairies, in some of whose sheltered nooks horses and cattle can even pass the winter without forage by pawing a light snowfall away from a carpet of self-cured grass. It is not an unreasonable expectation that Alaska will some day produce its own food in spite of increasing population drawn by the opportunities of mineral, timber and fishing exploitation.

Mr. S. K. Lewis, in a communication published elsewhere, accuses The Sentinel of having "roasted" the farmers for sending their money in payment for purchases abroad. The Sentinel will "roast" no one, and neither will it. It has repeatedly urged the farmers of this vicinity to patronize home institutions, all things being equal, and on this point it is still insistent. If the merchant, as Mr. Lewis contends, is at fault in any particular that fault should be speedily remedied. The interests of the merchant and farmer are almost identical, the one must support the other in a measure, and there should be no clash between them.

The water system of Cottage Grove has developed by natural stages of growth from comparatively small beginnings toward the symmetrical completeness that is now in sight. It has progressed according to the needs and demands of the people. When the pipe line shall have been constructed from Layng creek, in the Forest reserve

some twenty miles distant, the system will have reached a point of a sufficient supply for indefinite increase in population, satisfactory in quality and at moderate expense to consumers. The endeavor of the council to induce congress to set aside certain lands in the reserve as a water right for this city is most commendable, and The Sentinel believes the request will meet with the approval of the national legislative bodies, when properly represented by Congressman Hawley, who is favorable to the plan.

The electors of this country should heed the good advice given by Senator La Follette to his Cottage Grove audience last week, and not elect men to the lower house who are subservient to Joe Cannon and his crowd.

Every possible encouragement should be given the proposed new lumbering industry. We need additional enterprises of this sterling character for the upbuilding of the community, and every effort should be made to remove any obstacles which may tend to prevent them from coming in.

Between September 15 and October 15 over 7100 homeseekers arrived in the Northwest, but Cottage Grove benefited comparatively little from the low one-way colonist rates in effect at that time, its literature not having been given circulation prior to the excursions but a few days. The tide of immigration, however, is steadily growing and we may reasonably expect a liberal share of the homeseekers.

While the report that ex-President Roosevelt had met death in the jungles of Africa was current, the colonel was beating the brush in El Dant ravine, where he was hunting a bongo, a rare specimen of antelope.

The Sentinel expects an announcement seeking gubernatorial honors from State Superintendent of Education Ackerman in the not very distant future. He is a live wire in his present capacity, being an acknowledged doer of things.

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