

Cottage Grove Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Bede & Smith, Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

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BABIES.

It is with many misgivings that the writer undertakes to handle this subject. It is delicate, tender—yet we feel there is a crying need for just such a discourse. As a preliminary we wish to set ourselves right by saying that we have no particular baby or babies in mind; that we intend no offense, whatsoever, and that the subject is as dear to us as any we have attempted to handle.

In the first place, babies are necessities. Without them the world would cease to move; homes would be incomplete; immorality would rule and mated milk would be a drug on the market.

The baby is indeed the tie that binds. When the stork delivers his little pink and white bundle of loveliness at the doorstep then, and then alone, is the home complete. The cup of worldly happiness is surely drained to the dregs by the young father and mother in that clasp their breasts of their first-born babe—the child of their youthful strength. The world's artists will never choose a more beautiful subject for their masterpieces than the young mother with her babe, and poets will never lose their popularity so long as they tune their rhythm to the prattle of the babe in arms. All the tenderness in woman's heart, all the song of babbling brooks, all the splendor of a sunrise, all the perfume of wild flowers and all the life in laughing waters can never touch the human heart so gently yet so forcibly as the mother's cry "my baby."

We all love the dear little things—at home. To see a mother croning over her babe is sweet indeed—at home. But as much as we love them and as greatly as we realize their absolute necessity on earth, a baby in an opera house, in church or at any public gathering or entertainment hits the discord every time and throws the whole works out of cog and out of tune. A babe that doesn't cry—aye, howl at the top of his lungs—is no baby at all. Crying in part of the baby's existence and between spells there is something wrong if it does not do the "goo goo" and the "da da." All of this is tolerable, extremely tolerable—at home.

Only those who have strained every nerve and sense to catch the murmur of the heroine as she drops her painted cheek onto the heaving bosom of the hero while a lusty-lunged two-year-old in the next row tears off ringing appeals to its discomfited mother, know how tuneless is the cry of a babe at the opera; and the prima donna who is exhibiting her splendid range in a light ballad is to be pitted when the youngster follows her up to the high "G" and holds it with perfect ease and tremolo—the latter resulting from the frantic juggling of the worried mother in her earnest endeavor to shake the youngster into quiet.

Don't do it, mothers, unless it is absolutely necessary. Now don't misunderstand us—we know full well that there are times when it is necessary to take baby. Many a mother has denied herself all pleasures rather than take baby. But human nature loses all sympathy and patience when baby cries in public, and it is the mother who makes a practice of attending public gatherings with a baby in her arms that should remember this. Of

late it seems that babies are in attendance at every public entertainment, and the unfavorable comment on the practice is all that prompts us to refer to the subject and say, don't make a practice of it, but rather deny yourself much sooner than irritate and torment your friends who have paid their money to be entertained rather than annoyed.—Minot (N. D.) Reporter.

CAUSE OF SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE IS DISCLOSED

A correspondent of the Grogan (Minn.) Blizzard discloses the cause of the San Francisco earthquake as follows:

When Victor Malmrose graduated from business college and was promising a two-year-old as ever came down the track, he resolved to cultivate regular habits. His teachers had impressed upon his youthful mind the necessity of early rising and the great benefits to be derived therefrom. Shortly after Vic returned from school he happened to be in Grogan one day and entering Mayor Grogan's general merchandise emporium he noticed some alarm clocks in the window. An idea struck him. He bought one of the clocks, laying down a bright, new silver dollar in payment. The mayor carefully put the coin in the till and permitted himself just the trace of a smile. Vic took the clock home and that evening adjusted the works so that, according to theory, the machine would make its little noise about five o'clock in the morning. It was a common sort of clock—one of those contraptions, you know, that doesn't show off much but when it gets down to business sounds like the sewing society going into executive session to discuss the new minister.

The next morning Vic arose bright and early—but the clock overslept. At a quarter to five Vic sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the clock to let off steam. It never peeped. He examined it and finally decided he had made a mistake in setting it. He thought over the rules laid down in the almanac for longitude and time. You know what they are—when it is 12 o'clock in New York, at what time will an Irishman refuse a drink in San Francisco—and that sort of thing. Vic pondered on these rules and twisted the time lock on the clock so it would whoop at 6. He went down to breakfast but the clock made no sign.

The morning passed and afternoon came on. The clock ticked placidly on, keeping two whoops and a right smart jump ahead of the real time. Along about 4 in the afternoon there was a ruction upstairs. Someone passing on the street yelled "Fire!" and there was a general commotion. The fire company turned out and were ready to go into action when Vic reached the scene. He heard the ruckus upstairs in his room and knew what it was. He called off the firemen, strove to calm the excited populace and, proceeding to his room, grabbed the clock and slid down the back stairs. He found a spade, dug a deep hole in the back yard, carefully adjusted the clock face down on the bottom of the excavation and buried it with military honors. And the next morning the newspapers chronicled the news that an earthquake had occurred in San Francisco.

WHEN ADAM WAS LEFT TO DO HIS OWN COOKING

By Frances L. Garside.

Some time during their sojourn in the Garden of Eden, Eve went away on a visit and Adam was left to do his own cooking. The bible does not relate such an incident, but it says explicitly that they were happy there, and Eve couldn't have been given an opportunity to leave it for a visit. That is a woman's prerogative.

And, since the occasion of Eve's first absence, when Adam made bread in a frying pan over a camp fire, man has always had the notion that he is a natural born cook. He may never have handled a stewpan or kettle in all his life; he may not know if in making bread one be-

gins with the yeast or the dough, or that pumpkin isn't the only ingredient in pumpkin pie; he may not know the first principle of the science, but he makes the boast just the same.

It always takes experience, by the way, to jolt a man loose from a good opinion of himself, and no difference how hard the jolt, some of the good opinion remains.

This boast that he could cook as well as his wife, or better, if he had to, is made so often in the presence of the children, they get the notion that, if it were not for a hindering position in an office somewhere down town, father would make a finer woman than mother. And mother! When father makes his boasts she smiles and says nothing. She has learned from experience that when a man boasts it is the part of wisdom for his wife to take a seat in the audience and look as if she were getting her money's worth.

If a man is left alone with his pride and a darning basket the hole he darns in his sock becomes a cobblestone in his shoe. When he has a button to sew on he uses a safety pin. When he has a room to sweep his wife finds everything kicked under the bed; and when he enters the kitchen his baked beans intentions materialize as bean soup.

But he continues to say he can, and looks superior to mother. In the beginning there was a good deal of rabbit in woman and a good deal of lion in man, but centuries of association with the lion and the discovery that he is nine-tenths roar have made the rabbit in woman a mad March hare. She wants the lion to prove that there is something to him, in domestic ability, besides noise; he must either put on the cook apron and prove he can cook or praise what his wife hands out to him and say nothing.

She is tired of having the children hear, when her pies are served, that their father could make better pie crust with one hand tied behind him. Her soul is weary with the reiteration that he could make better biscuits, that he had to make 'em in a condensed milk can over a campfire in the rain. And she, she says, had the latest improved range in a model kitchen.

Wives and daughters go out and earn a living, but they do not boast of their superior qualities to their men folk. If a woman is kept at home with babies and meals, she doesn't tell the children, when father hands her the weekly household allowance, that if she were free to go out and work it would be twice as large.

She doesn't tell them that she could earn more with one hand tied.

She doesn't make them discontented, when they walk with the claim that if she were father they would ride in an automobile.

The men must make their boasts good. Let them put on cook aprons and prove that they know the difference between a potato masher and a can opener.

They like sport of all kinds; and there is nothing in life so full of uncertainties as the occupation of a cook.

There is every risk one can long for in a kitchen; let the men mix up the things and gamble on the results. Infuse the element of sport into the making of a meal; make betting precede the breaking of every egg.

In this way man will not only gratify the ruling passion of his life but, when the children eat father's cooking they will be more grateful that they have a mother.

A closer acquaintance with the cookstove and book will make the lion's roar a timid squeal.

In addition, father getting a meal will work wonders in reviving and making virile the family's sense of humor.

Another Sure Cure.

The bee sting for rheumatism, often supported by observations of laymen, at last is vouched for by a prominent physician, who tried it on himself. He says he at first tried the baths at a celebrated watering place without success in getting free of his sciatica. Going back home he determined to try the bee sting cure as a last resort. He admits he had little confidence in it when he started.

On October 17 he applied seven or eight bees to the sciatic nerve. The next morning, without limp or pain for three successive months, he was able to walk across the floor. He returned to bed and was stung half a dozen more times that night. Continuing the treatment four days he found himself absolutely free from rheumatic pains. He still continued the treatment and cured himself. Writing in the medical journals, he reminds the members of his profession that he is a man 67 years of age and that he has been a sufferer from rheumatism for years. He says the pain of the bee stings is not as severe as that of the disease and that he took no opiates because he wanted to make a clinical observation of his case. He concludes that there will still be skeptics who, like Naaman, will swear by their ancient remedies and despise the humbler Jordan, but as for him he is content with anything that effects the cure.

It was a town girl—and the same sad story that alas, has often been told, and checked many a young life which had its beginning in sunshine surrounded by luxury and wealth of the world. Her eyes were now wild and staring, her face flushed, her hands nervously working. She was a deeply troubled woman, and we hear her saying: "O, cruel one, I have injured the very foundations of my being! Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your eyes and smile attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have injured my standing in society. If we had never met I

might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

We cut the initials of our sweetheart upon a tree. Beneath them we cut our own, and around both we fashion a heart. Then we go away and marry another woman and the woodchoppers come and obliterate our record of love. In some flaming fire our amorous record is burned to ashes and, bye and bye, even we cannot remember what her initials were. Thus it is with many of the things we loved.

THINGS WE THINK

Things Others Think and What We Think of the Things Others Think

AMONG THE PLUTOCRATS.
A plumber's wife is suing for divorce—which again proves that great wealth doesn't bring happiness.

Most people are ready to do something for somebody that "never did nothing" for them—and forget about those who did them favors in the past.

WATCH THE CALENDAR.
When his wife agrees with him a husband immediately becomes suspicious that a birthday or wedding anniversary is approaching.

A man would tell his wife more if he were certain it would stop there, but it makes a man hopping mad to have a neighbor refer to some business difficulty that one wife has learned from the other.

When the pork barrel is opened every legislator wants to hog it all.

NO FIRST AID NEEDED.
A man says he will die if the girl to whom he is proposing won't have him—but watch him swim for shore when she throws him overboard.

STICK TO YOUR OWN LAST.
A woman has secured a divorce on the ground that her husband talked too much. Woman has certain prerogatives that must be respected.

THE COY DAMESEL.
The confessions a girl makes after she's married make a man feel like a sheep when he thinks of the sleepless nights he spent worrying over his sweetheart's apparent indifference to his protestations of devotion.

One thing about making love in an auto, you can cover more ground in a given time than you could in the old-fashioned horse and buggy way.

A New York dealer in food stuffs says prices will be lowered soon. There are a lot of people who are willing to try to tolerate such a condition.

With world-wide peace, where on earth are the colonels to come from?

Anyway the man who chloroforms you and cuts out your appendix doesn't stab you in the back.

Don't try to pattern after your neighbor. Give him reason to pattern after you.

THE PERFECT DAY.
Be not satisfied with the day unless when you close your eyes at night you can say that the past day has taught you something worth while, has brought a thought worth cherishing or caused you to forget something that was clogging up your mind.

READY TO SAIL IN.
When a woman gets rigged out with a new lid and tailor-made togs, the calls she has been neglecting begin to bother her conscience.

The man who hides his light under a bushel is in a large measure responsible for his own failure.

When a father can't come home to tell fairy tales to the children, he often tells one to his wife.

Even unsuperstitious people believe in dollar signs.

It pays to keep your bills paid.

LOST AND FOUND.
A man who thought that he had given his heart to a girl who did not return his affection, plunged a knife into his body and found that he was mistaken.

One way to keep your friends is to avoid giving them an opportunity to ask you to do something.

Kissing is not to be too strongly encouraged—but the young women do not believe in unreasonable restraint.

Keep your thoughts pure and sweet and you need not worry about the utterances of your mouth.

The man who claims that worry, and not his wife, is responsible for his bald head, has not proved his case.

The man in the moon gets half full on two quarters.

Rearing a family of boys is a problem which you may solve but which can not be proved.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AT COTTAGE GROVE IN THE STATE OF OREGON, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON DECEMBER 29, 1922

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$305,377.81
Overdrafts, unsecured.....	1,708.33
U. S. Government Securities Owned: Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value).....	12,500.00
All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any).....	134,099.95
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.....	113,997.86
Banking house, \$17,000.00; furniture and fixtures, \$5,109.90.....	22,109.90
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank.....	41,390.00
Cash in vault and amount due from national banks (Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank.....	117,210.53
624.34	
Total of two preceding items.....	117,834.87
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer.....	625.00
Other assets.....	3,877.99
Total.....	\$753,581.77

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund.....	25,000.00
Undivided profits.....	12,443.96
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid.....	2,587.37
9,856.59	
Circulating notes outstanding.....	12,500.00
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	3,182.25
Demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve (deposits payable within 30 days): Individual deposits subject to check.....	432,031.02
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed).....	33,883.90
State, county, or other municipal deposits secured by pledge of assets of this bank or surety bond.....	37,766.77
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to reserve, three preceding items 503,631.69	
Time deposits subject to reserve (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice, and postal savings): Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed).....	5,000.00
Other time deposits.....	168,937.34
Postal savings deposits.....	1,473.90
Total of time deposits subject to reserve, three preceding items.....	175,411.24
Total.....	\$753,581.77

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss:
I, T. C. Wheeler, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
T. C. WHEELER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me Correct—Attest:
this 8th day of January, 1923. HERBERT EAKIN,
Homer Galloway, Notary Public. N. W. WHITE,
My commission expires March 24, 1924. O. O. VEATCH, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF COTTAGE GROVE AT COTTAGE GROVE, IN THE STATE OF OREGON AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 29, 1922

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts.....	\$102,508.39
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,386.28
U. S. government securities owned.....	19,240.78
Other bonds, warrants and securities, including foreign government, state, municipal, corporation, etc.....	30,389.52
Stocks, securities, claims, liens, judgments, etc.....	2,135.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	3,825.00
Real estate owned other than banking house.....	1,900.00
Cash on hand in vault and due from banks, bankers and trust companies designated and approved reserve agents of this bank.....	32,158.11
Exchanges for clearing house and items on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank.....	5,158.60
Interest, taxes and expenses paid.....	161.87

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund.....	5,000.00
Demand deposits, other than banks, subject to reserve: Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the State of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds.....	107,310.90
Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand.....	306.29
Total of demand deposits, other than bank deposits, subject to reserve, two preceding items.....	\$107,617.19
Time and savings deposits, subject to reserve and payable on demand or subject to notice: Time certificates of deposit outstanding.....	43,934.61
Savings deposits, payable subject to notice.....	8,111.75
Total of time and savings deposits payable on demand or subject to notice, two preceding items.....	\$52,046.36
Bills payable with federal reserve bank or with other banks or trust companies.....	10,000.00

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss.
I, S. S. Larwell, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
S. S. LASSWELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me Correct—Attest:
this 9th day of January, 1923. D. J. SCHOLL,
O. O. Veatch, Notary Public. ROY E. SHORT,
My commission expires Sept. 22, 1923. N. E. GLASS, Directors



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