

Cottage Grove Sentinel
A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Bede & Smith, Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1923

THE PATHFINDER ON THE FLAPPER.

The Sentinel has been requested by members of the W. C. T. U. to reprint an editorial which appeared in a recent copy of The Pathfinder. The Sentinel is pleased to comply with the request, not only because it wishes to encourage its readers to suggest the things they would like to see in print, but also because the editorial in question gives The Sentinel opportunity to repeat and reiterate things which it has before said. The Pathfinder takes up the case of The Flapper, an alleged humorous publication, which takes the mental and moral idiosyncrasies of the flapper as an excuse for printing vulgar and obscene things which it infers are typical of the flapper. The Pathfinder quite rightly scores magazines and papers that pounce upon any excuse to give publicity to news items that never should appear in print.

The Sentinel always has endeavored to keep its columns free of anything that could not be read by the entire family. It has several times refused advertising because it did not think the advertising was of such moral tone as to be read by the entire family. The Sentinel is pleased to have in accord with it a magazine like The Pathfinder.

Before quoting the editorial referred to The Sentinel would like to make some remarks upon its own account. We would in no way mitigate the offense of the magazine which is criticized, but we would observe that the flapper is best described by saying that she has never objected to the use of that term in describing her. In addition to that she has encouraged the things that have been said about her because she has permitted men to use language in conversation with her that has no place whatever in conversation between the sexes. The Sentinel would not dare print a conversation which it has heard carried on between young women of the type referred to by The Pathfinder as flappers, nor would it dare print conversation it has heard between young men and young women of the adolescent age. A freedom has grown up in the association of the sexes that has given an excuse for a magazine such as The Pathfinder describes The Flapper to be.

The Sentinel believes that there is to be a return to decency and that magazines, newspapers and the movies are going to aid in that movement. One of the things that we cannot stand still, that we must move in one direction or the other, there certainly must be a move for the better. It seems impossible that we are willing to go any further in the wrong direction.

The Pathfinder's editorial is better lengthy but it is worth reading to the end. It is as follows: Recently this country has fallen victim to an epidemic of current literature which deliberately aims to be dirty. You don't have to be strict-laced in order to see the wickedness of these publications, for they wear their nastiness openly, and they glory in it.

There are a whole flock of them, but we will take as an object lesson one emanating from Chicago, called "The Flapper." The January issue has the effrontery to call itself the "church number"—this being a

slap at religion. We can say now, with positiveness, that The Flapper may flap along for a few months but that it is destined to die a miserable death. Public opinion will not tolerate such publications in this country; they are altogether too "smart." The very name "Flapper" is a proof of the folly of the promoters, for the young girl known as the flapper is a type that is already passing, and it will not be long before the whole idea will be as out of date as a last year's bird's-nest.

The Flapper has been barred from Canada, we are glad to note. The Canadian authorities are awake to this menace of rotten literature while our authorities seem to wink at it. Our postal laws expressly forbid the mailing of obscene matter and there is plenty of law in every state to put a stop to such pollution of the public morals. But as in the case of the movies, those who should be responsible pass the buck to the public to decide whether they want rottenness or not.

The purveyors of this dirt do not seem to have any realization of the wrong they are committing. The Flapper publishers brazenly claim that it is "the cleanest, keenest and most fascinating publication in America" and that it has a wide circulation among "schoolchildren, who are reading it with the full consent and cooperation of parents and teachers." If this claim is true, then it shows that such parents and teachers should be taken out and killed, like cattle that have some foul disease which must not be allowed to spread.

The magazine is full of the worst slang, and foul with the free-love and free-speech sophistries that the Russians have given us. In one story a girl says to a young man who is himself a heartless libertine, "Girls are not as innocent as you imagine"—in other words they are worse than even such a pup as he supposed. The girls in the magazine make a practice of taking rides with strange men. One of these strangers asks at parting, "Aren't you girls going to kiss us goodbye?" and the author tells us that "each girl consented and it was a breath-taking kiss each one received." The author concludes the article with the comment, "Such is the life of a small-town flapper." This land of concentrated alcohol! This is no very funny, but it is intended to be smart. An article claiming to tell about the publishers' stenographer says, "She keeps the office full of beer. That will help us out until we get it full of beer." Again, this isn't funny, but the publishers must think such rot is "clean, keen and fascinating." It may fascinate fools, but certainly it could never interest any normal mind. A girl who is telling her experiences says that her greatest thrill came when a young man "asked her to become his mistress." We quote this deliberately in order that parents and teachers and the public in general may know the kind of stuff that is being couched with their acceptance. The Flapper publishers express their thanks to certain named men "who introduced our magazine to Chicago's high schools."

One of the stories in the magazine, sacrilegiously called "A Wise Virgin," is so foul and wicked that we cannot quote the most offensive parts of it even to prove our indictment. Take our word for it, however, that the thing is infamous; the author of this story makes a minister of the gospel do things for the girls of his congregation which are sternly forbidden by the laws of every civilized land. One of the girls, in talking to a fellow, tells how the minister had gone with professional detectives to a dancing resort and had "missed a narrow-minded row because he found several church girls there—drunk." Again the girl says, "We all want to be good sports; we want to love—and love freely." (Here you see that Russian bolshevik influence.) The young man agrees to that idea but says that even though they may love to the limit "that doesn't imply that they should tie themselves down the rest of their life," by getting mar-

ried. And he adds, "You don't think a chap is driving a girl around in his car, buying chicken suppers and hootch, just for the sake of her company, do you?" The magazine tells "a treasure story" about three "flappers" who are seeking excitement. One asks, "What will we do?" And another replies, "I don't know, and care less." So they steal a team and sleigh and go for a joy ride and let three boys pick them up. The girls are dumped in the snow, and they all cry "Damn!" This is the kind of wickedness which forms the chief attraction of this and similar publications. The publishers of The Flapper are indignant because their magazine is denounced, and they point to "large sales" as proof that it is all right. This is the same reasoning that is employed by the publishers of lewd novels, the authors of lewd plays and the purveyors of lewd movies. All they know is the dollar sign; if a nasty product makes a profit for them it will—then it is a "success" and a "best seller." Decency and morality have no appeal to them; they care nothing about the future welfare of the people, and they would barter away the most precious things that civilization possesses in order to make profits for themselves. They are believers in unlimited "free speech"; they declare that everybody should be allowed to say anything that comes into his diseased mind, at any time and in any place, regardless of morals, customs, the rights of others or the eternal fitness of things.

Many of the carries who are fattening on this carnal traffic in this country are foreigners—international schemers who have no respect for American institutions or ideals and who would like nothing better than to see our whole civilization struck down so they might gloat over the ruins. They are geniuses of destruction—Mephistophelian tempters who are seeking the degradation of mankind and who will use any and every means to work their will.

The Pathfinder believes in decency and it labors for it, in season and out. We are going to keep on the trail of all these professional corrupters and hold them up to public view and scorn. But we can't stop the epidemic of immorality and nastiness which has ravaged the old world and which is now beginning to ravage America. The plague will have to run its course. It will have to destroy those who are unable to resist the poison; humanity will survive, after having sloughed off this rottenness. Decent people everywhere can do their part by aiding on the right side. You can't, of course, break into a jazz dance and by a few words of advice convert the revelers to sanity; you can't stop a publisher from delving in the gutter of immorality, and it is like casting pearls before swine to show them the evil of their ways. They believe they are doing the right thing by giving free rein to their desires; they do not accept your old standards and they are convinced that you are wrong. The Flapper magazine says right on its cover, "Not for Old Folks"; the publishers know all your arguments on the side of morality, and they despise them and defy you.

Now The Flapper is a mere mite in the cheese; it is beneath contempt, and it will perish when the cheese decays; its life has a short finite limit; there is nothing permanent in it or the epidemic that it represents. We have picked it out merely as a sample; it is neither better nor worse than numerous others. It may be that in thus advertising it and telling how rotten it is we shall make some morbid people want to read it. If so, let them do it, and welcome. We don't believe in being too harsh or in trying to impose any one set of ideas on all mankind; people are different and they look at things differently. They should be allowed a wide range of choice—and they will take it whether they are allowed it or not. But all those who have any influence should use that influence in the direction of ultimate good. It is no use trying to knock people into the right way, but there is a gentle, constant pressure that can be used—and this in time will have its effect. A few are bound to go to the devil, and they will go there in spite of everything.

Cheerful Thought.
"The Yanks are coming," the dentist hummed as he prepared for an extraction.—Octopus.

Mother States Facts About Son

Declares Tanlac Treatment Ended Rheumatism When He Was Helpless From Suffering.

"The way Tanlac has helped my two sons is nothing less than wonderful," said Mrs. F. M. Berry, 3491 Siskiyou St., Los Angeles, Calif., recently.

"My boys were weak and run-down and suffering dreadfully from rheumatism. His neck was stiff and his throat swollen so there were days and days when he couldn't even swallow water without great pain. His arms and legs also pained him and he often said he'd rather not live than suffer so. Why, for weeks, we had to prop him up in bed, as he could not lie down.

"But soon after getting Tanlac, his appetite returned, he began to digest his food better and the swelling and pain gradually went away. Since then, he hasn't had a touch of rheumatism and he's as healthy a boy as you ever saw.

"Grant was all run-down, too, but Tanlac brought his appetite and strength right back and he is feeling fine. I will always praise Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.

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SIDEGLITS FROM SALEM

(Continued from preceding page.)

Representative Woodward made some remark about "our respective wives," to which another member responded, "What about any other kind?"

The house wants to expedite the business of the session. For that reason notice has been served that no senators will be allowed to come over to explain their bills. Knowing the length of a senatorial oration, the house made the decision because it wishes to get away before summer. House members are equally opposed to allowing members of the bar association to take up the time of the session. Several lawyers, and they ought to know, said that "we would have to waste two or three days if we call in a member of the bar to tell us what this bill means."

Representative Lovejoy had a bill before the house to provide under-water tubes in place of two bridges at Portland. After a memorial had passed the house asking the cooperation of other countries in controlling exports from these countries across our boundaries, Mr. Lovejoy arose to request that his bill be withdrawn. He said it would no longer be necessary if the underground way into Portland was needed. Of course he was only joking and anyway he knew his bill was going to be killed in committee.

It is surprising how many bills reach the desk imperfectly drawn. The reason for this often is that bills are introduced at the request of someone who has brought the bill to Salem supposedly in shape for presentation. The fact is, however, that a large number of lawyers do not know how to draw a bill. In fact it seems that few except those who have attended the sessions can get one up in proper shape. Sometimes the title will be omitted; often much will be omitted from the title; sometimes the enacting clause will be omitted and often the numbers will be inserted. All these are vital errors and have to be corrected. Often, however, bills get as far as third reading with these glaring errors not rectified and are caught there by the desk clerk. It is not infrequently the case that bills do get one or two houses with errors of this kind still there, but they almost always are corrected before enrollment. The fact remains that many of the most intelligent people know the least about preparing a legislative bill for presentation.

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Crampton H. Jones, deceased, has filed his final account with the Clerk of County Court of Lane County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 10th day of March, 1923, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the court room of said court in the court house of Lane County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing objections to said report and the settlement thereof said order of date February 23, 1923.
J. I. JONES, Administrator.
ALT. KING, Attorney for said estate. f9-m9

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 27, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Russell M. Proudfoot, of Star, Oregon, who, on October 28, 1922, made can't stop the epidemic of immorality and nastiness which has ravaged the old world and which is now beginning to ravage America. The plague will have to run its course. It will have to destroy those who are unable to resist the poison; humanity will survive, after having sloughed off this rottenness. Decent people everywhere can do their part by aiding on the right side. You can't, of course, break into a jazz dance and by a few words of advice convert the revelers to sanity; you can't stop a publisher from delving in the gutter of immorality, and it is like casting pearls before swine to show them the evil of their ways. They believe they are doing the right thing by giving free rein to their desires; they do not accept your old standards and they are convinced that you are wrong. The Flapper magazine says right on its cover, "Not for Old Folks"; the publishers know all your arguments on the side of morality, and they despise them and defy you.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon, Administratrix of the last will and testament of George Salton, deceased, which order bears the date of the 3rd day of February, 1923.
All persons having claims against the estate of said George Salton, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned, at the law office of Herbert W. Lombard, Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.
Date of first publication February 9th, 1923.
ESTELLA I. SALTON, Administratrix of the last will and testament of George Salton, Deceased
Herbert W. Lombard, Attorney for estate. f9-m9

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 20, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that William A. Crispin, of Oakridge, Oregon, who, on October 10, 1919, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 012040, for a tract of land containing 19.92 acres in Sec. 27, Tp. 20 S., R. 3 E., described by metes and bounds, as follows: Beginning at Corner, No. 1, which is identical with the corner of Sections 26, 27, 34 and 35 of Tp. 20 S., Range 3 E., Willamette Meridian; thence N. 0° 03' E., 10 chs.; thence S. 75° W.,

41.26 chs.; thence N. 89° 01' E., 39.85 chs.; to place of beginning, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Immel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 8th day of March, 1923.
Claimant names at witnesses: C. E. McLane, of Oakridge, Ore.; Charles Hebert, of Oakridge, Ore.; I. N. Blanton, of Oakridge, Ore.; Albert McLane, of Oakridge, Ore. f2-m2 W. H. CANON, Register.

RED ARROW SALE

Look for the Sign of the Red Arrow
THEY POINT THE WAY TO REAL MONEY SAVING VALUES. SPECIAL FOR FEBRUARY AT UMPHREY & MACKIN'S.

RED ARROW SPECIALS

RED ARROW SPECIAL ALL SILK CAMISOLES 95c
These camisoles are made of good quality messaline and well tailored; colors are brown, black, green, navy, pink, etc. Special for February.....95c

CONDENSED RED ARROW SPECIALS

RED ARROW SPECIAL ITALIAN SILK STOCKINGS, \$2.98
Here is a saving that most women appreciate at a glance. These stockings are made of pure Italian silk from toe to top. Black and cordovan brown.

RED ARROW SPECIAL SATENE PETTICOATS 95c
Black, white and green. These petticoats sell regularly at \$1.25 and are made of good quality satene. For February only, at 95c.

RED ARROW SPECIAL MEN'S COTTON AND SILK SHIRTS \$2.69
Any man would be glad to own one or more of these shirts. Cottons fast, silk stripes woven in the goods; these shirts are regular \$2.25 to \$4.50 values.

RED ARROW SPECIAL SANITARY SPOONS 10c
25c package of 25 paper spoons, special for 10c.

Umphrey & Mackin
THE QUALITY STORE—GOOD SERVICE

Beidler's Grocery and Feed Store
A CAR OF SUGAR HAS JUST ARRIVED—GET OUR PRICE BEFORE BUYING.
A CAR OF ALFALFA HAY JUST RECEIVED. GET OUR PRICE BEFORE ANOTHER ADVANCE.
GOOD CHEAT AND OAT HAY, ALSO.
AND DON'T FORGET THAT WE HAVE A GOOD, UP TO DATE GROCERY.

Beidler's Grocery and Feed Store
(Corner Sixth and Washington)

Quality Market
Fresh and salt meats of all kinds, we suggest you try a nice juicy rib roast, bound and rolled, for your Sunday dinner. Fresh fish Thursday and Friday. Every day in every way our meats are better and better. If you don't believe it just try us once. Free delivery at all times of day.

Culver & Anderson, Proprietors
PHONE 46 MAIN STREET

VALENTINES
from our stock are sure to please and win favor with the recipient
also a complete line of TABLE FAVORS AND PLACE CARDS for the Valentine luncheon or dinner
KEM'S for DRUGS
The Rexall Store