

Cottage Grove Sentinel
A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Bede & Smith.....Publishers
Robert Bede.....Editor

A first-class publication entered at Cottage Grove as second-class matter

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THOUGHTLESS READERS.

"I think one of the greatest curses of the time is that inadequate education that merely enables us to read without giving us the ability to think."

The Sentinel takes the privilege of quoting the above sentence from a personal letter to the editor of The Sentinel from Hugh Hume, editor of The Spectator, sprightly, scintillating Portland magazine.

The fact that The Sentinel has often criticized the utterances of The Spectator upon subjects of the day—and that The Spectator has often returned the compliment—does not deter us from saying that a biting truth has been uttered. The Spectator usually makes its utterances biting, whether they are the truth or not.

The reason that we find it so easy to say that the editor of The Spectator has uttered a biting truth

may be because The Sentinel has several times expressed much the same sentiment.

This is not a criticism of our educational system, it is a criticism of the use we make of our education which is inadequate, as it is augmented by excessive and our own energies.

We do not absorb what we read and see.

That we do not absorb what we read is due in part to the fact that we have too much to read and to the fact that our interest in what we read is too impersonal.

We remember what is told us in a personal letter much better than we remember what we read in a newspaper or magazine. We usually know intimately those who write us letters. We are interested in what they are going to say. Their opinions have weight because of personal acquaintance, but an opinion upon the same subject expressed by a much better informed writer in the daily press or magazine may be given but a hasty, cursory reading.

We always take time to read and absorb a personal letter, but we read a paragraph or two out of what may be a cleverly written informative editorial by a highly-paid writer. We haven't the time to read the entire editorial page of a great daily—after having absorbed the scandals, murders and baseball scores. What applies to the editorial pages also applies to the opinions expressed in signed features by highly-paid syndicate writers, although newspapers might well get a pointer from the fact that it is not uncommon to hear a reader say, "Mark Sullivan (or some other by-line writer) says so and so."

In days that have gone Harvey Scott's opinions were infallible to a large circle of readers. Those now living who were readers of The Oregonian in Scott's day yet speak of his influence upon the affairs of the state. Oregonian readers wanted to know what Scott had to say. Edgar Piper may be as capable an editor as Scott ever was—possibly a more capable one, for there are more and greater problems to deal with now and the Oregonian is a greater institution, but who has ever heard anyone say: "Edgar Piper says so and so." The Oregonian's editorials haven't the personal touch that they had in Scott's time. A reader has to inquire diligently to learn who writes them.

What is true of The Oregonian is true of practically all newspapers of the country. We do not have the personal journalism that we had in the days of the great editors whose names readily come to mind. Many can tell who was editor of the New York Tribune over half a century ago. How many can give the name of the editor of any of the many New York newspapers of today? Who knows who has succeeded Watterson as editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal? Who has heard quoted an utterance of the new editor, whoever he may be?

Our country has grown since the days that personal journalism flourished; we have hundreds of great newspapers where we once had but a few, making it difficult for a few editors to be outstanding characters; we have a thousand new problems and each person finds it so difficult to take a definite interest in each that he is likely to take little interest in any.

Today there are a dozen times the things to do that there were half a century ago—at least, we believe we have a dozen times as many things to do. We crave twice the lighter entertainment that was craved by those of half a century or a quarter of a century ago.

With our energies so divided, with our craving for amusement so highly developed, with so many things to do that we can't give undivided attention to any one, with so much reading that we can't thoroughly peruse any except that

which entertains, we are not absorbing what we read or what we see. We are reading and seeing without thinking—without making observations upon how to avoid the things which threaten us or thinking of ways in which to improve our conditions—we make it a point to read and see the things that keep our minds off the things about which we might be inclined to think seriously.

How many can give the opinion of the editor of the Portland paper which they happen to read upon any half a dozen important subjects of the day? How many can tell how many turns there are in a road which they travel every day? How many can tell whether a cow's ears are ahead of her horns or behind? How many can say off-hand whether a cow or a horse gets up forelegs first or rear legs first and whether both cows and horses have teeth on both jaws?

In other words, how many have been reading and seeing without thinking?

How many who have been reading the daily press recently are able to sit down and write 500 words upon what ought to be done to right a condition of civilization which produces a Loh and Leopold? Those who can't are demonstrating the inadequacy of an education that merely enables us to read without thinking.

The Sentinel can't help but feel that there is a tendency toward a return to personal journalism—to smaller and fewer newspapers and magazines—to a more intimate contact with local and national affairs—but the return must be a slow one and, meanwhile, a herculean responsibility rests upon the comparative few who both read and think and who endeavor to keep the rest of the world acting along the right lines.

FLUR-DE-LIS IS WILTING.

Those were interesting observations that Pastor Spearow, University of Oregon pole vaulting athlete, made concerning conditions in France.

As an athlete, where a clean and abstemious life is required, and as a pastor of a church, it was but natural that he should be struck by conditions that were out of harmony with the kind of life which he had learned to be necessary to a strong and healthy body and soul.

Where are the great nations of centuries ago? Where are the nations once ruled by a Caesar, a Pharaoh or a Solomon?

All have succumbed to the lusts of the flesh.

Is the France of Napoleon to go as the others have gone?

In the opinion of the athletic pastor it is. Immorality is rampant. The lusts of the flesh are not restrained. The flower of the youth of the land was cut down in the great war and the birth rate is less than the mortality. No nation has continued long to maintain a place in the sun under such conditions. Those who violate the laws of Nature must pay the price. The wages of sin is death.

Is the government and civilization of France to topple? Is the fleur-de-lis to trail in the dust?

It must be that or a reformation of moral standards. Nations have recovered from a wave of immorality. Perhaps France will, but today it is doing more to put German armies in possession of Paris than the Germans did during the recent war, in the opinion of the Cottage Grove pastor, who has been there and who saw what conditions there are.

For that matter, Pastor Spearow is of the opinion that several of the nations who are following the example of France are putting themselves in the way of becoming German possessions.

It might be a good thing for us if France and her sister sinners would turn back on the crimson trail and set an example that might save us from following further the same course that she is following.

TOO MUCH LONGVIEW.

Sometimes, after scouting through a Portland daily for a few meager bits of Oregon state news buried underneath pyramids of Longview and Kelso effusions and outcroppings, relating among other things that two or three Longview residents have taken out permits to build woodsheds, one is tempted to reflect again on the question, "What is news?" Or to wonder just how the magic formula is mixed in Longview-Kelso that it means so much to the gaping readers of Oregon.

For be it industrial, social, trivial or what not, the combination on the lower Cowitz have occupied more space in the Portland dailies the past 12 months than any other area in Oregon whose cities contain 10 times the population this much talked of section boasts.

As a class we have an unsatiable appetite for motion picture scandal. The latest murders are of course quite passé as news. We still have patience to grope down beneath the multitude heads of golf stories to glean a few baseball statistics, but after a solid year of Longview-Kelso-Kelso-Longview until one's brain balks at the date line, it seems that we might be spared for just one day a week the daily grip of trite happenings and have a chance to see an Oregon story break print again.

GERMAN PAPER IS FOR LAFOLLETTE.

A German Portland newspaper is lauding LaFollette as a presidential candidate. It is the privilege of the newspaper to do so, but the Portland paper lauds LaFollette because of his record during the war. In other words, the Portland newspaper is for Germany and against the United States and for LaFollette because he was for Germany. To take such a position as this should be the privilege of no newspaper in the United States. It would be interesting now to hear from those who went abroad

to fight to maintain, among other things, the freedom of the press, which this paper converts into license. The support of this paper, for the reason it gives, should turn from LaFollette every patriotic citizen in those United States, especially in Oregon, which holds first honor for doing its patriotic duty during the war.

Church News

Presbyterian Church—A. R. Spearow, pastor. Sunday school at 10, Men's Forum at 10, morning hour at 11, junior Endeavor at 3, evening service at 8. Topics for the services Sunday: Morning, "Not Enough Room"; evening, "All Ye That Labor."

Baptist Church—Tenth and Adams, E. E. Cleveland, minister. This church stands for the full gospel message. A welcome is given to all who come. Bible school at 10, preaching at 11 and 7:30. Young people's meeting at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7:30. After the prayer meeting the pastor conducts a class in bible study.

Christian Church, the "home-like" church—A. J. Adams, minister. Sunday school at 9:45, sermon and communion at 11, Christian endeavor at 6:30, evening service at 7:30.

Methodist Church—Rev. J. H. Ebert, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:45, morning worship at 11, Epworth league at 7, evening service at 7:30. Everybody is welcome to attend all of these services.

Christian Science Church—Corner of Jefferson avenue and Second street. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Wednesday services at 8 p. m.

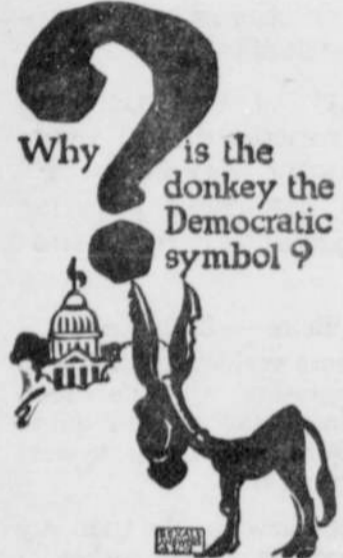
Free Methodist church—Corner of Monroe avenue and south Fifth street—D. S. Forrester, pastor. Sunday school at 10, forenoon services at 11, evening service at 7:30. Prayer meeting at 7:30 Thursday evenings.

Seventh Day Adventist Church—West Main street. Services every Saturday. Sabbath school at 10, church service at 11; prayer meeting Wednesday evenings at 7:30.

Services will be held in the Latham school house in the forenoon on Sundays for an extended length of time. Galan Jordan, of Eugene, will have charge.

When working in the garden or digging about the dirty corners of the house in house-cleaning time, rub a little soap underneath the finger-nails to prevent dirt from getting under them. When you are through the soap will wash right out and leave them clean. Dirt in that place would be hard to dislodge.

Sure Sign.
"Ma, has pa been to the races?"
"Yes. How do you know?"
"Well, my money-box won't rattle!"—The Humorist (London).



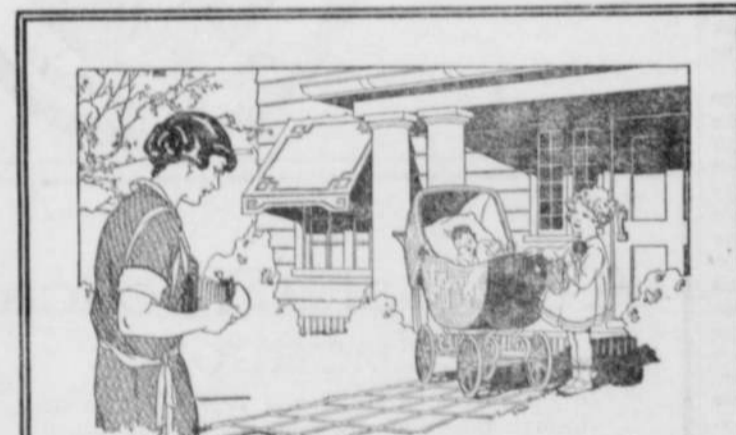
—because Thomas Nast, the noted cartoonist, portrayed the Democrats as a donkey in 1870. He showed them kicking Edwin M. Stanton, a statesman of that period. In the rough and tumble of politics, work or sports

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32 x 3 1/2 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$17.65
31 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$19.85
32 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$21.80
33 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$22.50
34 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$22.95

The Goodyear Wingfoot Cord and Fabric

30 x 3 1/2 Cl.	Cord	\$10.60
30 x 3 1/2 S. S.	Cord	\$12.60
32 x 3 1/2 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$15.25
31 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$16.85
32 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$18.30
33 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$18.90
34 x 4 S. S.	Full Oversize	\$19.50

The Goodyear Pathfinder Fabric and Cord

30 x 3 Fabric	\$ 6.60
30 x 3 1/2 Fabric	\$ 7.50
30 x 3 1/2 Cord	\$ 8.50
32 x 3 1/2 S. S. Full Oversize	\$12.95
31 x 4 S. S. Full Oversize	\$13.50
32 x 4 S. S. Full Oversize	\$15.25
33 x 4 S. S. Full Oversize	\$15.95
34 x 4 S. S. Full Oversize	\$16.45

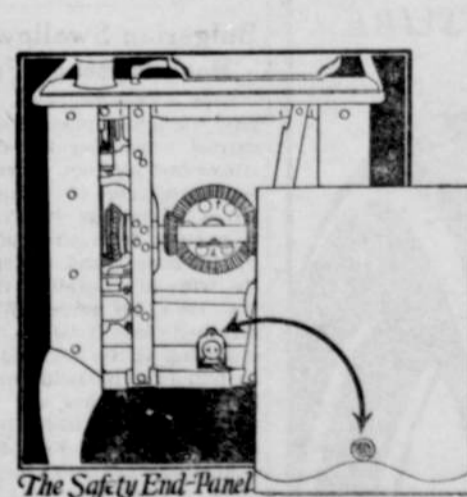
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