

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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Lipstick poisoning, rouge poisoning and flappers' itch are new diseases resulting from the attempt of the female to be what she isn't, while the natural beauty given her by the creator has never been excelled.

THE OLD HARNESSMAKER.

Pathos and tragedy are in the story of H. M. Barrett, old harness-maker, who has been sent to the state hospital. The tragedy is another to be laid against the automobile.

In his younger days the old man was a good workman. Only horses could travel the highways of those days and they were hard on harness as well as on horses. The harnessmaker did a flourishing business despite much competition and laid away a nestegg for a rainy day, little dreaming how hard it was going to rain.

Then the automobile came, and automobiles do not need harness. The once prosperous harness business dwindled. Competition disappeared, but there was not enough to keep even one harnessmaker busy.

The price of rent on Main street was eating into the nestegg, so the harnessmaking business was moved into a shack on an almost deserted street, though in the days of long ago it was the "main drag" of "Slabtown."

The smaller quarters were more than sufficient for the business that decreased as the old harnessmaker's years increased. No one had trouble finding the secluded quarters, for few sought them out.

Near the tumbledown shack and ruined harness business is the armory, which is the gathering place for large numbers who attend dances and wrestling matches.

Automobiles by the dozen were parked there as though a taunt to the once prosperous maker of horse rigging. His soul became embittered. Primal instincts possessed

him. He would vent his spite upon the horseless carriages. With awl in hand he sneaked behind and between the benzine buggies. He knew how to wield the wicked instrument. He chuckled with glee as air sizzled and balloon cords flattened upon the paving.

Once he escaped detection, but not the second time. He was sent to jail and then to the state hospital at Salem. He is near 80 and the tragedy must soon end.

Four men recently attempted to rob the Jack Dempsey home in Hollywood and Jack, anxious(?) to go downstairs and give battle, struggled helplessly in the embrace of his wife, who feared some plot to injure him, while dogs were turned loose to rout the marauders.

A young Los Angeles woman has been adjudged insane because she refused to wear clothing. We can't go that far up this way, we haven't sufficient money to provide hospital facilities.

Areas of the human body exposed to the sunshine are kept in a healthy condition, according to physicians. Our girls are in no danger of suffering with rheumatism.

Willis Nowell Is Injured. Willis Nowell, employe of the cannery, sustained a deep cut Tuesday on the right arm while he was unloading a box of produce from an automobile. The box slipped and jammed his arm against the catch of the door.

Rebekahs Sew for Children.

About 25 or 30 members of the Rebekah lodge are meeting every day in the I. O. O. F. hall to sew for the five Orphan children, who will leave Saturday or Sunday for the I. O. O. F. children's home at Portland. The father, Virgil O'Connell, is in the Oregon state hospital and the mother is in a Los Angeles hospital. The children are now with Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Bolton. Mrs. Anna C. Bolton, of Halsey, mother of Mrs. O'Connell, arrived yesterday from Halsey and will remain here with the children until their departure for the home.

Oil Indications Are Best Ever.

Word has been brought here that indications for running into oil at the Eugene oil well are the best they have ever been. Drilling was resumed here last week, after a shutdown of several days because of low water pressure.

Digging In.

Wiz—"I see they have begun excavations for the new dormitory."
Dumb—"No, that's the campus golf course."—(Lafayette Lyre).

Engraving work. The Sentinel. x

But Peter's Thoughts

Old Peter, the postman, footsore and weary, had reached the end of his round and was congratulating himself upon having finished in such good time.
"Postman," came a voice from the last house in the street, which could only be reached by climbing a hill of about 800 steps.

"I wonder what she wants?" thought Peter, as he started to climb the steps. "She may have an important letter she wants posted."
At last he reached the top of the hill and stood puffing before the woman.

Effectively Guarded

Stephen McKenna, in "An Affair of Honor," tells a good Ben Trovato story about King Edward when he was prince of Wales. He disliked being surrounded by detectives, and one night signified that he wished to attend the opera informally. "The hint was taken. For one night the traditional boots and refer-suits of the secret police were not to be observed. His royal highness was enjoying himself thoroughly when he happened to inspect the house through his glasses and found that every one, on every side of him, was dressed and made up to represent him in every detail. Hundreds of princesses lolled in their boxes or stalls. A nihilist, had one been present, would have been carried away protesting."

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Society

Mrs. Mabel Dixon and Mrs. Hay Baker, former president and secretary of the Tuckahatchee club, which disbanded in 1917, were hostesses Tuesday afternoon at a reunion meeting of the club held at the Baker home. Children of the members were invited guests. The afternoon hours were pleasantly spent socially, interesting letters and telegrams were read from members unable to attend, and dainty refreshments were served.

Following is an excerpt from a letter from Miss Winnie Landess which caused much amusement: "Dear Girls: I'm really quite pestered that I cannot be with you on this auspicious day, but send me your thoughts, please, my dears, anyway. The Lord knows I need 'em. My husband's the bunk. He was thrown in the can last week for being drunk, and it took all the money I'd saved for my fare to bail my poor penitent dear out of there. My John has the mumps, and the twins have the itch, and Jim grows so fast his clothes don't hitch—his pants I yank up, and his coat I yank down, his suit is half green and the other half of it brown. However I fix it, he looks like a clown. Was ever one so harassed in all this town? And I'll tell the world I need a marcel, my hair is so straight it looks like—well, you know how it looks hanging over your ears without a marcel for seventeen years."

Mrs. Bert Burrows entertained a number of friends of her daughter Millicent yesterday afternoon, the occasion being Millicent's sixteenth birthday anniversary. The hours were happily spent at games and in story telling. A number of musical numbers were also enjoyed. Dainty refreshments were served. The guest list included Iva Gunter, Thelma Kern, Geneva Kline, Margaret Land, Helen Ostrander, Sibyl Veatch, Irene Griggs, Jerrine Burrows and Ava Stewart.

Complimenting Mrs. S. J. Leonard, the occasion being her birthday anniversary, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Roy Leonard entertained fifteen friends of the honored guest Saturday at an informal afternoon. A delicious luncheon was served. The table was centered with an artistic bouquet of pink roses and streamers of pink crepe paper hung from the chandelier to the sides of the table. Roses and other flowers were attractively placed in the rooms.

Miss Pauline Elliott celebrated her ninth birthday anniversary merrily Saturday afternoon, when a number of her little friends responded to invitations sent them by Pauline's mother, Mrs. Carl Elliott. Games made the hours pass speedily. Refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served. Those invited were Margaret and Dorothy Jackson, Eleanor Hays, Helen and Muriel Jones, Inez Wilson and Irma Bennett.

Mrs. Ivan Warner entertained a few friends Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mildred Lehman and Miss Margaret Galloway. An amateur impromptu program of instrumental and vocal music caused much amusement. A two-course luncheon was served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hagen, Miss Bethel Gowdy, Miss Ruth Stewart, Dale Wyatt, Van Beatty, Ren Sanford and Cecil Caldwell.

Members of the Tuesday Evening Study club and their families held their annual picnic yesterday in the city park. The afternoon hours were pleasantly spent by the members socially and by the children in play and after business hours the husbands of the members joined them. The club will hold their first regular meeting of the fall season on September 8.

The 25 club of the Rebekah lodge met Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall, with Mrs. M. P. Garoutte, Mrs. J. Q. Wilkitts and Mrs. Chet Churchill as hostesses. After the business session, dainty refreshments were served. A set of beautiful cut glass sherbert glasses were presented to Mrs. Churchill in appreciation of her faithful services.

Miss Mary Lloyd, of Cottage Grove, and Frank Erb, of Puyallup, Wash., were married August 12 in Tacoma. They will make their home in Puyallup, where Mr. Erb is manager of a meat market. On the evening preceding the wedding the couple were honor guests at a chicken dinner given by Puyallup friends.

A marriage license was issued yesterday in Vancouver, Wash., to Alice Garoutte and Mrs. Della Abbott, both of this city.

Teacher—"Why, Jimmie, is it true that your mother has diphtheria?"
Jimmie—"Yes, ma'am."
Teacher—"But don't you know you must not come to school? You might get it from your mother and then give it to the whole class."
"Ah, ma'am; it's only my step-mother, an' she never gives me nothin'!"—The Progressive Grocer.

Old City of Wales Buried Under Sand

We are accustomed to buried cities of the East, and even in the forests of Africa one is not surprised to hear that ancient ruins have been buried in the jungle. But to find a buried city in Wales seems something of an anomaly.

Yet on the borders of Swansea bay, in the heart of a great sand-hill, lies the buried city of Kenfig. There is today a village close by called Ton Kenfig. It is behind the sandhills in which the buried city lies, and from which the broken wall of a tower projects to this day.

In the days of the Conqueror Kenfig was a walled city, a great commercial center, and filled with armed men. But an insidious foe—the blown sand—was always liable to break down its best defenses.

Year by year, bit by bit, it gained the victory, till by the time Queen Elizabeth began her reign there was little to be seen of the city except a dune and a ruined tower. For ages tradition has it that the town was submerged by sand in a great storm, as Pompeii was overwhelmed by volcanic dust, but the chronicles of Margam abbey, which have recently been examined, make it plain that the sand encroachments lasted for many years, and that the process of burying this Welsh city was a slow one.—London Times.

Stupid Errors Made by Great Painters

Magnificent and incomparable as was the workmanship of the old masters, as found chiefly in the churches and picture galleries of the Continent, when it came down to details things both ludicrous and anomalous were apt to appear. A picture is to be seen dealing with the crucifixion, in which a confessor holds out a cross to the dying thief. A painting by a Dutch artist, representing the sacrifice of Isaac, is to be seen in which Abraham stands over his son holding a blunderbuss! In the National gallery, too, may be seen an old-master painting, in which a saint holds a very modern-looking pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Painters of extremely advanced views seem to delight in this sort of thing. Not long ago a picture of "The Deluge" was exhibited in London, by a student of the Slade school, in which Noah and his sons were derby hats.—London Mail.

The Man Who Counts

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who counts out how the strong man stumbled, or where the door of defeat could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Wrong or Right

There is an old judge of the Supreme court in New York who recently in private conversation was heard to vigorously defend one of his friends who had fallen by the wayside. He was challenged for defending a man who had been proved to be wrong.
"That was only one failure," said the old judge. "Consider the fine things about him—"

Birth of Rocking Chair

Rocking chairs are commonly referred to as an American institution purely. They had their greatest development, of course, during the Nineteenth century, when they passed through the stage of makeshift rockers cut flat on top with the bottom in the form of an arc, to those which constituted an integral part of the chair, and from these to those monstrosities of furniture called patent rockers. That was the beginning of their decadence, says the Boston Transcript. Rocking chairs are made now, but they are simple in construction, and the elaborate arrangements of springs and bases are known no more.

Had Learned Something

A woman called at a studio for a sitting. The photographer made two negatives, and promised proofs for the following day.
The next day her husband called for the proofs, but the photographer showed him only one. The husband said: "My understanding was that there were to be two proofs."
"Did I make two sittings of your wife?" replied the photographer. "But in one she held her lips apart and showed the end of her tongue."
"My goodness," gasped the husband. "Let me see that one. I didn't know there was an end to it."

On a Platter

Butcher—What sort of beef would you like?
Young Bride—Roast beef, please.
The Progressive Grocer.

Gold Beating Done as It Was Centuries Ago

For 300 centuries gold leaf, has been made in one way and the yellow metal that is used on store windows and office doors is identical with that which gilded the throne of Pharaoh.

Small crumbs of gold placed between layers of parchment, called gold-beaters' skins, were beaten interminably with mallets. As the gold spread under the blows it was cut, put between more skins and laboriously beaten again for days and weeks until one grain of the precious metal, weighing about one five-hundredth of an ounce, became an almost impalpable sheet of 40 square inches. The cost of the labor greatly outweighed the cost of the gold, says the New York Herald-Tribune.

Electro-chemistry has now entered the field and a new process recently invented promises to make gold leaf far less expensive. Upon a ribbon of thin silver a film of gold is electrically deposited from a solution of gold and potassium cyanide. The silver ribbon, with the gold on its upper side, is then laid upon a celluloid band and immersed in a bath of nitric acid. This eats away the silver, which is later recovered, and leaves the gold leaf on the celluloid band. There it is washed in alcohol and the warm air from electric fans blows the gold leaf from the celluloid and slides it between protecting leaves of paper.

Dilemma of Higher Education

A visitor to Farmer Hayseed's farm was greatly astonished to see the poor old fellow hobbling around on a pair of crutches. Having tendered his regrets at seeing him thus, the visitor inquired as to how the accident happened.

"Well," replied old Hayseed, "it's like this. I send my boys to college and had one trained as a lawyer and the other as a doctor." Here he shifted his crutch.

"You should be very proud of them," answered the stranger, wondering what this information might have to do with the farmer's disabled leg.

"I don't know about that," said the aged agriculturist; "it looks as though it was a go-in' to break up the family. I got run into by a motor, and one of 'em wants to cure me, and the other wants me to go lame so that he can sue the car owner for damages."

Paul Was Puzzled

Little Paul was turning the pages of a new picture book which had been given him. He came to two which were uncut. He tried to turn the page, found that he could not, lifted up the corner and peeped under, and stopped to ponder the situation.

"Mamma," he called. "Mamma, come here a minute."
"Whatever is it dear?" asked his mother.
"Look at my book," said Paul, showing his mother the leaves were stuck together. "How did they ever get the pictures in there?"

Great Early Teacher

Zoroaster was one of the great teachers of the East and founder of what might be called the national religion of the Perso-Iranian people, that is, speaking generally, the Persians. When he lived and taught is not exactly known, but it is held that it was between the years 1000 B. C. and 600 B. C. He taught a dualism of power, one good and the other evil. Light represented the former and darkness the latter. As corruption grew up the sun became worshipped as the great source of light and, therefore, of all good.

Vassar's Bootjacks

On one occasion a building foreman who had annoyed Mr. Vassar with too many needless questions asked what was to be done with a certain pile of hickory boards. "Oh, that lumber is to be cut into bootjacks," replied the irritated founder. Whereupon the carpenter did saw out bootjacks by the hundreds. They were distributed throughout the dormitory and, when finally the first class came to Vassar, each girl found a bootjack in her room.—Charles A. Selden, telling of the founding of Vassar, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Latin America

France, Spain, Italy and Portugal are known as Latin countries, because they were influenced by the Roman civilization and language more than the other countries of Europe. They speak what is known as the Romance languages. Since South and Central America were settled chiefly by the Spanish and Portuguese, they are called Latin America. Rumania, the French part of Belgium and the Italian and French parts of Switzerland were also affected by ancient Rome in the same manner as the other countries named.—Exchange.

Hard to Answer

Two commuters were discussing life in general. "I've been commuting three years," said one, "and I've never yet missed the train I intended to take." The other commuter admitted this was quite a record, but as an afterthought he inquired: "What in the world do you tell your wife when you miss the train she intended you to take?"

Perfect!

"Would you like anything else with your dinner, sir?"
"Ah, yes! That little blonde over in the corner."
On a Platter
Butcher—What sort of beef would you like?
Young Bride—Roast beef, please.
The Progressive Grocer.

Church News

Presbyterian Church—No regular church services until after September 1. Rev. Duncan, of Detroit, Mich., pastor after that time. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

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

Methodist Church—J. H. Ebert, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45, morning worship at 11, Epworth League at 7, evening service at 7:30.

Christian Science Society—corner of Jefferson avenue and Second street. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Wednesday services at 8 p. m. Everybody welcome.

Free Methodist church—Corner of Monroe avenue and south Fifth street—Chester Smith, 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.

First church of Nazarene—Eleventh and Adams, Harold E. Bottemiller, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45, forenoon service at 11, evening service at 8. Prayer meeting at 7:30 Wednesday evenings.

Glad Tidings Mission—Tenth and Adams streets, G. F. Shackelford, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45; forenoon worship at 11; young people's meeting at 7; evening service at 8; week-day services, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings at 8.

Baptist church—W. O. W. hall, J. C. Orr, pastor. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, services at 11 o'clock and 7:45. B. Y. P. U. services at 7. Prayer meeting at 7:30 Thursday evening at the Roy C. Howard home, 110 old north Pacific highway.

A Love-Ly Game.

Little brother was misled by his sister, who was supposed to be taking care of him. When he reappeared he said that he had been playing postman.

"Where did you get the letters to give to our neighbors?" asked his sister.
"Oh," replied little brother, "they were nice ones tied up with ribbon in your bureau."

Look Out for Self Poisoning

Neglect of the liver results in self-poisoning! Not so quickly, perhaps, but just as surely as if you drank poison out of a bottle. If you live is not doing its work of helping digestion, eliminating waste from the bowels and purifying the blood, you will always be troubled with sick headaches, nausea, biliousness, bad breath, gas, sour stomach, or constipation.

Cleanse and tone your liver! Put your system in condition so you feel your very best again! Try just a spoonful of Dr. H. S. Thacher's excellent Liver and Blood Syrup after the next few meals and notice the quick improvement in the way you eat, sleep, look and feel—the return of strength, vigor and energy. You will be completely satisfied; otherwise there will be no cost. Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup is sold and recommended by Kem's for Drugs and all other leading druggists.

Did you know that all diseases of the eyes are curable without the aid of glasses or operation? Dr. Hagen. cow(T)

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