

Cottage Grove Sentinel
Mondays and Thursdays
Bede & Smith, Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

A first-class publication entered at Cottage Grove as second-class matter Oregon Newspaper Conference
Business Office: 55 North Sixth

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By mail (Cash in advance)
One year—\$2.75 (Three months—\$.90)
Six months—1.50 (One month—.50)
BY CARRIER
One month—\$.30
Four months, in advance—1.10
Six months, in advance—1.60
One year, in advance—3.00

Member of National Editorial Association Oregon State Editorial Association Oregon Newspaper Conference

PRISON GOLF NECESSARY
(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

A Cottage Grove man wants to know how to break into the penitentiary and writes the Oregonian to the effect that he is willing to do anything but commit murder. The penitentiary with its card games, its radio sets, its chicken dinners, its stag dances, its free tobacco, its library and leisure time all at state expense is a place that appeals to almost anyone, but to a man living in Cottage Grove no doubt it seems like the Elysian fields the poets write about. There is some talk about a new penitentiary and we think there ought to be one and that it should be bought with an eye to humanitarian instincts so that it would have at least sufficient grounds for an 18 hole golf course. We contend that if the state would provide proper surroundings

for these unfortunate individuals, these "victims of society," they would have no desire to break out. That was one thing, so far as we can learn, that was lacking.

It's a peculiar quirk in human nature that makes Murray, Kelley and Willos, returned convict murderers, more respected than Carson, who betrayed Murray. Carson will not rest easy until he knows that the state has prosecuted Murray with a non-slipping four-in-hand.

Several Eugene cars were tagged Sunday evening, while their owners were attending church, for being parked without lights. Each owner was fined \$2. Including the collection, the cost of attending the church service was \$2.10.

Bears in Linn county are said to be looting bean kettles which they find in the camps of forest trail crews. They must be Boston brown bears.

It is not hard to fathom the end Irvin S. Cobb has in view when he terms his riding saddle a "chafing dish."—Eugene Register.

A California man 100 years of age has just been married for the sixth time. It must be the climate.

The next time Murray, Kelley and Willos leave the penitentiary there will be no need to hurry.

ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK FOR FALL BUSINESS.

(By N. E. Glass, President Bank of Cottage Grove.)

Just as during the latter part of 1924 the old adage that one can't get any business done in a presidential year went by the boards, so is the present industrial activity dissipating the superstition that one might as well sit back and rest during the hot months, as everyone of any importance is away or indisposed and doesn't want to be bothered with business.

Not that business is booming at present—we don't by any means wish to convey that—but it is far better for this time of year, with prospects for a better than average fall and winter.

Commodity prices are the highest they've been since March, Wall street prices are the highest they've been, and employment is good, with the income of the people the highest in history.

The volume of freight handled by the railroads last May was 9.5 per cent over May of 1924. Automobile production and sales have been making new records, and chain department stores, mail order houses and department stores have been making money in six and seven figures for their large stockholders. Consumption of copper is at a new high record, while oil consumption throughout the spring and summer has been increasing by leaps and bounds.

Depressed industries such as fertilizer, textile, leather, sugar, nickel, vanadium and rubber have been making commendable progress towards recovery.

The farmers' purchasing power is higher now than it has been since the war. The immediate outlook for agriculture of course is colored by conditions prevailing in different localities. Generally speaking, the outlook is for good prices for farm crops generally.

But you may ask, "If business is so good, why are people complaining?"

Well, even when times are best, we have complaints, as certain individuals, industries and localities, because of conditions bearing on them only, are apt to be below par financially.

But that isn't the main basis of most of the complaints at present. You will get down to the root of it only by questioning closely the people who tell you that business is poor. You will usually find their grievance is that they expect boom times and are enjoying only normal prosperity.

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Society

Mrs. Orpah Benson and daughter, Miss Mary Ellen, entertained yesterday afternoon at a towel shower in honor of Mrs. Dick Pyburn, a recent bride. The affair was held at the Benson camp grounds on Cedar creek and it was a complete surprise to the honored guest. Social conversation was the diversion and each guest hemmed and embroidered a ten towel for Mrs. Pyburn. Refreshments of pineapple sherbert and cake were served. About 15 were present.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen entertained recently at a family reunion dinner at Hotel Bartell, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Conkright, who are here from New York. Mrs. Conkright is their daughter. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dye, of Portland; the Artie Saced family, of Springfield, and the J. A. Allen and Tom Allen families, of this city.

Miss Mary M. VanBlaricom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Van Blaricom, and Albert Watkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Watkins, of Comstock, were married Tuesday afternoon in Eugene. They were attended by Miss Carrie VanBlaricom, sister of the bride. They left immediately after the ceremony on a motor trip north and returned here today. They are at home at 1074 Ash avenue.

A family reunion was held Sunday at the W. O. Wilson home. Three sisters of Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. George Parkin, Seattle; Mrs. J. E. Dawson, Eugene, and Mrs. Bruce Hunter, Albany, were present, also Mrs. Margaret Greenwood, Seattle, mother of the women, and Mr. Parkin and Mr. Dawson, husbands of two of the sisters.

Mrs. William Thum, Mrs. Tom Sears, Mrs. Marvin Smith, Mrs. John Spores and Mrs. David Sterling were hostesses last evening at an initiation and social meeting of the Royal Neighbor lodge. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

The Missionary society of the Methodist church will meet next Wednesday with Mrs. D. A. Forbes. A playlet, "The Ghost," will be given.

London Society.

Mrs. J. E. Banton was hostess to a number of young folk Saturday, the occasion being the twenty-third birthday anniversary of her daughter, Miss Nola. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sherman, Charles, Roy and Miss Elsie Heck, Ralph and Clarence Chestnut, Misses Josie and Ollie Bonis, Carl Small, William Batchelder, Robert Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hull, Miss Leila and Elvris Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Abene, Misses Hazel and Bernice Thorne, Miss Dorothy Abene, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Small, Elmer and Alex Berggren, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Batchelder and Miss Ada Gilham.

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 services at 11, evening service at 8. Prayer meeting at 7:30 Wednesday evenings.

Glad Tidings Mission—Tenth and Adams streets, G. F. Shaekelford, 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.

'Tis Sad.

A deaf man upon seeing a rooster crow at the top of his voice exclaimed, "That bird must be sleepy. See how he yawns."

FOOTPRINTS OF PIONEER DAYS

Interesting Events in the Lives of Those Who Laid Sturdy Foundation for the Present Generation

IT JUST HAPPENED SO.
By Jay Bee.
(Continued from Monday.)

At the time I did not know there was such a town on the Oregon map as Cottage Grove—it just happened that it was coming daylight when the train stopped at that place and I did not want anyone to see me riding a blind baggage in daylight. And that wasn't just mere modesty either. I did not want an argument with any "town bull" or "constable," and these fellows seem to have a habit of being at the depot at small towns to see the trains come in and go out.

But I have never in all the intervening years had one solitary regret that daylight came just when it did on that particular day and caused it to "happen" that I stopped off at Cottage Grove.

The town itself was not a very comforting or impressive thing to look at at that time. There was the usual little dingy frame depot, which needed a new coat of paint, then the wide "Main street" which extended for four or five blocks in the general direction of the coast range.

Frame buildings—no two alike—were scattered along each side of the street, creating the impression in a stranger's mind that a bundle of lumber had been tossed onto the lots, caught up by saw and hammer carpenters and nailed together in any old way.

Some of the 300-foot blocks had only two or three buildings on them, with the wide vacant places growing up in weeds and tangled grass. The one red brick, two-story hotel building, "The Blair House," stood out in bold relief down the street, and furnished the only place where the commercial man or a transient might secure accommodations.

The middle of the street was a sea of mud and water, and teams, with even light loads, had some job getting through them. Plank sidewalks, high up off the ground, made it possible for pedestrians to keep out of the mud and water.

Otherwise the town was all right—barring a few crudities here and there—but then, those were crude times and it no wonder that Cottage Grove, taken as a whole, was crude in its appearance, and crude in its ways oftentimes, as you yourself would be bound to admit had you been there at that date.

Elbert Bede, I know, would not subscribe to some of these statements, but I can prove by any number of people that I discovered Cottage Grove many years before he did, even if he does claim to be its daddy, granddaddy, or something or another.

But Cottage Grove had a background that made the locality desirable for building up the progressive, thriving city that it is today—the Bohemia mining district way off up in the hills; the mile after mile of virgin timber—great stretches of sky-scraping pines and firs almost untouched by the woodsman's ax. Then valley after valley carpeted with waving wild grass—soil as rich as that of the "Valley of the Moon," all waiting and ready for "The Man with the Hoe," who also found this "Garden of the Gods" and made it "blossom as the rose."

The country back of Cottage Grove had the potentialities of great things and these things were sure to and did develop in time with the host of commercial activities that brought industrial plants, cultivation of the soil, the planting of productive and profitable fruit trees and vines, modern dairies—and with these things also came paved streets, cement sidewalks, modern brick buildings, beautiful bungalows and residences occupied by happy, prosperous and contented families of moderate means.

As these things came in, others faded from the picture and became something of the past—crudeness disappeared—the wide-open gambling, the night and day saloons, the bawdy house and its denizens, and all other rough characters passed into the discard.

Even in those crude days of its history Cottage Grove was the home and abiding place of some of the finest people I have ever known. There were the Veatchs, the Connors, Ike Jones, the Knowltons, Lee Roy Woods, Roy Welch, Dave Griggs, Dr. Petrie, Jim Hemmaway, the McFarlands, the Woolleys, the Duttons, Billy Perman, John Barker, Johnny Culp and scores of others whose names do not occur to me just now. Some of these were "new-comers," as it were, but most of them were pioneers—all of them sturdy, honest, God-fearing people, and the kind who build solid foundations for citizenship wherever they are found.

Cottage Grove caught up the spirit of progress in time, being as it is the southern gateway to that wonderfully beautiful Willamette valley whose praises the native bard, Sam Simpson, so naturally and truthfully sang.

(To be continued.)

Sales books, The Sentinel. xx

ATTEMPTS TO BEAT CREDITORS; PAYS WITH LIFE

W. D. Goforth, of Reedsport, Fatally Injured in Attempt to Escape From Officers.

W. D. Goforth, of Reedsport, paid with his life on August 16 for attempting to escape from a Douglas county deputy sheriff. Goforth and a brother, J. H. Goforth, were charged with obtaining goods under false pretenses.

The two brothers and a third man had been working for several months gathering chitten bark near Reedsport. They sold the bark, it was charged, without making settlement with the owner of the ranch from which the bark was taken or with merchants from whom they had purchased supplies. The third person, named Brown, disappeared, but the Goforth brothers were apprehended. On the way from Reedsport to Drain the men escaped. Deputy Sheriff William Grubbe met them on the road to Drain and when they attempted flight, he shot at them and fatally wounded one. The second submitted to arrest but again escaped at Roseburg after learning that his brother had died. Later he reconsidered, gave himself up, assisted in the recovery of the money which had been paid to him and his partners for the chitten bark, and paid the bills the partnership owed, whereupon he was released in order that he might attend his brother's funeral.

Only Legends Tell About Sweeney Todd

A report to the effect that the house on Fleet street, London, formerly occupied by Sweeney Todd had been discovered gives rise to the question: "Who is Sweeney Todd?" He was rather a mythical person and his existence is accounted for largely by unproved legends. The story goes that Sweeney Todd was a barber of Fleet street who had an unpleasant way with his customers. For, according to tradition, if anyone came for a shave who looked worth robbing, he would seat the man in a chair which would presently capsize and throw the occupant into a well or vault below. There, it was said, he would rob the unfortunate fellow and afterward dispose of the body to a confederate who kept a pie shop in the adjoining house, whose bakehouse communicated with the vaults of St. Dunstan's church. While the legend says that Todd was hanged at Tyburn, the annals of Newgate have nothing about him. But Sweeney Todd was sufficiently famous to figure in many old ballads and melodramas.

Vast Army Employed in Building Pyramid

In spite of modern skyscrapers, fortresses and other structures, the great pyramid of Egypt still stands in a class by itself. It was erected more than 5,000 years ago, and nothing more mechanically perfect has ever been built. In massiveness of construction it far exceeds anything that any other nation, ancient or modern, has ever attempted. Its original height was just over 480 feet, and the length of each side at the base was 764 feet. Its cubical contents exceeded 506,000,000 cubic feet, and the weight of its mass 6,840,000 tons. Its original cubical contents would have built a city of 22,000 houses, with walls a foot thick, each possessing 20 feet of frontage. Or if the contents of this vast structure were laid down in a line a foot in breadth and depth, the line would be nearly 17,000 miles in length. Herodotus tells us that 100,000 men were engaged in its construction for a space of 20 years, and modern scholars do not think this estimate an exaggerated one.

The Hat Trick!

A funny incident occurred at the house of commons when I was there the other day says a writer in London Tit-Bits. A tin of liquid eggs, the property of Mr. Tom Johnston, M. P., who had brought it to the house to demonstrate his arguments on the subject of the import of certain foodstuffs, was accidentally upset in the cloakroom, the contents trickling into another member's bowler hat.

The occurrence, which caused much laughter, reminded me that once Tree, the great actor, found a certain author poaching an egg in a silk hat over a spirit stove. Tree said he thought it a great joke—until he discovered that it was his hat. Then he insisted that it was poor fun!

The Real Reward

Wealth that comes as the reward of usefulness can be accepted with honor; and, consecrated to further usefulness, it becomes royal. Fame that comes from noble service, the gratitude of men, be they few or many to one who has done them good, is true glory; and the inducement that brings us as near to godlike power as anything the man can attain. But, whether these temporal rewards are bestowed upon us or not, the real desire of the soul is satisfied just in being useful. The pleasant word that a man can hear at the close of the day, whispered in secret to his soul, is, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Henry Van Dyke.

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