

Cottage Grove Sentinel
Mondays and Thursdays

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WHY NOT HELP OURSELVES?

The gods help those who help themselves. That is an old saying, and as true today as it ever has been.

We have heard some complaint about the condition of the lumber market. The consumption is not great enough, so we hear.

But few of us have given much thought to increasing the consumption.

The West Coast Lumberman's association took action at its recent convention to conduct an advertising campaign to increase consumption. That was a wise move, and one that should bring notable results.

But the 4-L organization has taken action that should get immediate results. Its plan is to demand the use of wooden boxes on the part of those who receive merchandise in containers. Within recent years paper cartons have almost superseded wooden containers.

One large lumber operator in this section, we are informed, refuses to accept goods that come in anything except wooden containers. By that action it is boosting its own business. Why should it spend its money to promote some other fellow's business when it can just as well use its own money to promote its own business.

If all the lumber companies should refuse to accept goods in paper containers, the 4-L movement would be given impetus that might extend far enough to enlist the cooperation of all buyers of merchandise living in a lumber producing country. In Cottage

Grove alone a change from paper cartons to wooden boxes would make business enough for a fairly decent lumber operation.

The gods help those who help themselves.

THEY HAD ALL THEY WANTED.

Human nature is a peculiar thing and an interesting study in these jazzy automobile days.

On a motor trip recently the writer's attention was attracted by a family with several children living in an abandoned barn by the side of the highway. Cloth tobacco advertising signs fluttered and flapped from the weather beaten walls of the shack. Tin signs and circus posters sealed the cracks in the boards on the highway side of the building.

The building leaned away from the wind as if to avoid getting its full force. At the foundation the boards had rotted away. An improvised wooden awning over the door that swung on rheumatic hinges was supported by spindling posts.

The mother of several children was industriously and vigorously sweeping rubbish from the front lawn where grass long ago had ceased to grow. Everyone of the family seemed happy in their squalid quarters.

In strange contrast with its surroundings an automobile of a well known make, and not one of the cheaper ones, occupied an open garage. The sun glinted from its highly polished hood. Evidently the care that the home did not need was given to the automobile. The price of the car would have bought a comfortable home, but evidently it was not possible to have both, and the car probably seemed the greater necessity.

And why should any of us criticize. The little family seemed much happier than many that live in some of our best homes. All they wanted was a car, and that they had.

A headline in the Eugene Register informs us: "Writing of Tax Pile Soon to Begin." Is the tax role a part of the Klatawa pageant?

The police at Eugene have been notified of the theft of a saxophone. The case should have been given to the probate court.

Tobacco using must be a sinful habit, for a certain habitation of the after world is said to be filled with smokers.

The small boy has a hard time deciding whether he will be the villain who entraps the maiden or a great politician.

Take a piece of tin foil worth a quarter of a cent, put it around a package and the package is worth ten cents more.

IS THERE A HAUNTED HOUSE?

To the Editor: Has Cottage Grove a haunted house? If not, it stands alone, as every other city in the world boasts at least one of these curiosities. If anyone knows of such a house here, I wish they would give the information through The Sentinel, giving location and general character of manifestations.

MRS. D. W. McKINNEY,
1243 Jefferson avenue.

NEWSPAPER advertising makes big stores out of little ones and keeps them from going back to little ones.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Puretest



Aspirin Tablets

Relieve pain, colds, headaches and neuralgia pains promptly. They are made from TRUE Aspirin, disintegrate quickly and, therefore, give almost immediate benefit.

Buy them in this big economical bottle of 100—and save money.

24 Tablets 35c
KEM'S FOR DRUGS

The Rexall Store
C. J. KEM, Prop.
COTTAGE GROVE, ORE.

Society

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Graves entertained Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nelson. The evening was spent playing games on the lawn and dancing. Radio music was a feature of the entertainment. Guests were members of the Buster Keaton company, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nelson, Miss Helen Ostrander, Miss Nina Mitchell, Miss Margaret Land, Miss Alberta Williams, Royal Wilkinson, Walter Anderson, Herbert Cochran and Lynn Walker. Pink gladioli and ferns were room decorations and colored lights were strung in the trees around the house. A delicious supper was served.

A social evening was enjoyed following the initiation ceremony of the Degree of Honor held Tuesday evening in Phillips hall. Light refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. Candidates initiated were Mrs. Ruth Garoutte, Mrs. Ina Garoutte, Mrs. Verna Sanders, Mrs. Verna Dameswood, Miss Vesta Hopper, Mrs. Kathrine Harrington, Margaret Fox, Leah Burnette, Mrs. Hazel Miller and Miss Mildred Burcham.

The LaComus club was entertained Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. B. Griggs in honor of Mrs. George Scott, who will leave soon to make her home in Eugene. An attractive electric percolator was presented Mrs. Scott by the club. Zinnias and gladioli were attractive room decorations. The afternoon was spent socially and light refreshments were served.

Fifty members of the Patton and McKibben clan joined in a family reunion Sunday at Blue Mountain in honor of Mrs. Bessie Thompson of Lyle, Wash., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Patton, who is here with her two younger children.

Mr. and Mrs. George Scott were honor guests at a picnic held Wednesday afternoon in the city park by the Tillicum club. Mr. and Mrs. Scott will leave this week for the first of next for Eugene to live. Husbands of the members joined them at the supper hour. Additional guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller, Mrs. Lillie Sherbert, Kathryn McQueen, George Robert McQueen, Jerry Wilkinson and Albert Griffin.

Members of the ladies' aid society and the missionary society of the Presbyterian church entertained at a tea given Tuesday afternoon by the Presbyterian missionary society of Creswell.

Members of the Lane County Motorcycle club honored Chauncey Overton Monday evening at his home with a surprise party in celebration of a birthday anniversary. Eight members of the club were present. Clayton Erskine, whose birthday anniversary was the next day, was also honored. Delicious refreshments were served.

Skaggs Has New Manager.
W. W. Long of Bend has been appointed manager of the local Skaggs store. Mr. Woods, former manager, has made no announcement of future plans.

Church News

Methodist Church.—John A. Linn, Pastor.—Sunday school at 9:45; preaching service at 11; Epworth league at 7:00; preaching service at 8:00. Midweek prayer hour, 7:30 Thursday. A welcome at every service.

Christian Church, the "home-like" church.—Kenneth J. Busby, minister. Sunday school at 9:45; sermon at 11. Christian Endeavor at 7:30, evening service at 8:00.

Presbyterian Church.—Duncan P. Cameron, minister.—Sunday school at 10 a. m.; public worship at 11 a. m.; Junior Endeavor 2:30 p. m.; Senior Endeavor 7:00 p. m.; evening service at 8:00.

First church of Nazarene.—Eleventh and Adams, Nellie Robbins, pastor. Sunday School at 9:45; preaching services Sunday at 11 and 8; prayer meeting Wednesday at 8. All are cordially invited to attend.

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

Christian Science Society.—corner of Jefferson avenue and Second street. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Wednesday services at 8:00 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 services at 8:00. Prayer meeting at 8:00 Thursday evenings.

Tabernacle Assembly of God.—East Main street near Teath, across from S. P. depot, M. C. and Rachel Henriksen, pastors. Sunday school at 2 p. m., preaching at 3 p. m., young people's meeting at 7 p. m., evangelistic services at 8 p. m. Meetings at 8 p. m. Tuesday and Friday evenings. Street meeting at 7:30 Saturday evenings. All are welcome.

Youth Rides West by Will Irwin

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CHAPTER VI.

Somehow, I had taken it for granted that Mrs. Deane was older than I, having yet to learn that any woman is infinitely older in wisdom of the spirit than any man. I turned and looked at her with new eyes. Not the shadow of the tiniest wrinkle or wrinkle broke the smooth contour of her skin, now tanned to a delicate golden cream color. This woman, speaking so soberly of deep things—she was only a young girl after all.

As I watched her looking with absent eyes toward the panorama of the peaks, I felt that the air about her quivered with an intangible tension, as though ghostly entities were arrayed for battle. From the cluster of tents and cabins rose the sound of voices singing to the accompaniment of a melodeon: "Alas and Did My Savior Bleed." Services were beginning in the gospel tent. It seemed that her reminiscent mood had broken. She changed the subject to personalities of the camp. None of them did I recognize until she asked:

"Do you know the sheriff or marshal or whatever they call him—the one with the wide hat and the impressive imperial—Mr. McGrath?"

"I've met him; he registered my claim," I replied. "Seems like a good fellow," I added, my sense of justice struggling with a less generous emotion.

"He comes in sometimes for meals," volunteered Mrs. Deane. "Everyone compliments his shooting. It's odd, isn't it, living in a world where skill at killing men is the quality everyone most admires? I suppose war is that way, too. I suppose men are that way when they are left alone. I've heard my father say—"

Was she trying to tantalize me, that she drew up always just short of a revelation? For she stopped and, as though to change the subject, glanced down at the Cottonwood Courier, lying wind-blown at her feet.

"I see by your paper we had another robbery yesterday," she said.

"Yes, I wrote the account. Mr. Handy says it's all the work of one gang. He thinks they may have accomplices in camp." The moment I came out with this, I wished it unsaid. It seemed like betraying the confidence of my paper. Mrs. Deane responded with a casual, balanced "indeed?" and somehow her own inscrutability spurred me on to still deeper confidences.

"There was one odd thing about that stage robbery," I said. "You know I saw more of it than I admitted that day. I didn't shoot, I went on, hastily justifying myself for my old failure of courage, "because my partner wouldn't let me. He felt that we'd only endanger the lives of the passengers. But their horses were tethered in the bushes beside the road. My partner and I were hidden on the ridge above. We could see them—you couldn't. There was one peculiar horse—a buckskin with a big white mark on his flank. Like that—"

I picked up a twig, sketched the pattern on the ground. "A buckskin?" inquired Mrs. Deane.

"That's what they call it here—yellow—almost the shade of a light tan kid glove. Another curious thing—probably just my imagination, but it struck me at the time. One of the bandits who lay on the rocks covering the passengers rose up and seemed to be signaling—to someone in the stage. I've wondered if it might be the express messenger."

"As likely as anyone," replied Mrs. Deane. "How do you know, up here, that anyone is what we'd call good in the east?" But she caught her breath as she said it, and paused a moment before she remarked in her own voice that clipped the words like honey:

"You men must find—what shall I call it?—spiritual release—in all this! An atmosphere where you don't have to behave unless you want to."

"Don't you feel any release yourself?" I asked.

"I think I did at first—in my weak, feminine way," she replied. "It's after all quite glorious to be starting into a new world, your Rubicon crossed. But afterward—"

Her eyes brightened to mirth as she played on with her fantasy. "You're now just gathering the sticks and straws—and squabbling over them!"

Mrs. Barnaby was picking her way up the muddy path between her kitchen tent and the cabin. Mrs. Deane looked up, perceived her.

"Gracious; and I promised Mrs. Barnaby to tidy this place up for Sunday!" said Mrs. Deane. Reading in this my dismissal, I rose. She kept her seat. But as she looked up to my farewell bow, I felt again a curtain drawn between her soul and mine. Only behind the curtain, burned the light of emotion—again, was it fear?

Somewhat in spite of my will, the next fortnight gave me my bearings in Cottonwood camp. Like any young journalist, I was far more interested in what I would have called "life" than in the business of life. My knowledge of camp politics and camp finance I took in unconsciously through my pores, while consciously absorbed in the thrilling details of four or five murders, three suicides, innumerable holdups; the miner who had fallen down a prospect hole, the miner who had fought off a grizzly bear with a crowbar.

Marcus himself attended to mining and political news, gathering his items and writing them—or in an emergency setting them up without intervention of paper and pencil—during the spare moments when he was not laying out his editorial policy, soliciting advertisements, making up forms, collecting from advertisers, or planning what he called his "expansion." For in the period Marcus had laid his hands on Mannie Leavenritt, a young and ambitious but impecunious newcomer, had set him to soliciting subscriptions on commission. A week later, Mannie was with us permanently as circulation manager, his staff, our two brightest newsboys, transformed to carriers. As we expanded and grew, we added an aged clerk to write business letters and keep books. Then Marcus, as he expressed it himself, "snagged a pressman" one morning from the stage, put him to work on the foot-power job press which had all this time stood idle in a corner of the lean-to. Thereafter Mannie

added to his activities that of soliciting job printing on commission.

By now I was lodging with Marcus in his cabin behind Siegel's sharing an eight-by-ten room, where I slept on a rough wooden cot with waste paper for a pillow. Whenever the cold west wind blew, the unchinked walls peppered us with jets of shrill air. Marcus boarded, however, not with Mrs. Barnaby but with Jim Huffaker. I was glad of that; I shrank a little from contemplation of the moment when that shrewd intelligence would perceive my reason for boarding with Mrs. Barnaby.

As I began to think on the subject, the law and government of our camp seemed to me at times only a part of its picturesqueness and at others just ridiculous. These young commonwealths of the west, I have since found, varied greatly in the speed and efficiency with which they organized for law. All depended, I suppose, on what element first arrived. With us the gamblers, the saloon keepers, the purveyors of illicit pleasures, the actual criminals had outnumbered first the forces of sobriety.

And by virtue of this majority, we still ordered our society by gun law.

Municipal government, really, there was none. When, the year before, placer gold was discovered along the creek, the early arrivals had formed a miners' court which administered its own justice in its own rude way. In the autumn Judge Cowan had arrived to establish formal assize. Taking account of public opinion, he appointed as his sole executive official Chris McGrath, the outstanding pistol artist of Cottonwood. Of McGrath's antecedents no one knew anything at all; in that state of mining camp society, personal inquiry was a serious breach of etiquette. He had come into camp with a bunch of cowboys and gained admiration by pinking in the center of the forehead a footpad who actually had the drop on him at the time. His rough personal chara did the rest. The title of town marshal went by courtesy only. Doc Evans, whom I now suspect of having left the east for the east's health and morality, was deputy county coroner. He served without pay, getting his profits from the practice which his office attracted. (To be continued.)

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