

**Cottage Grove Sentinel**  
Mondays and Thursdays

Bede & Smith, Publishers  
Elbert Bede, Editor

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**COMPETING COUNTY OFFICIALS.**

The other day we were startled by a piece of palpitating news from Eugene which gave to the world the information that for the first time in the history of Lane county there was a notary public in the court house. It was a fine bit of news writing in which Sheriff Taylor was given credit for making the statement that never before had there been resident within the somber walls of our county building one authorized by due warrant to take acknowledgements and do the other things which a notary is authorized to do.

Having taken note of this neglect on the part of county officials, the county sheriff proceeded to make arrangements for the accommodation of the public. In order that the notary might prove a popular one, he secured a commission for the best looking girl in his office. We are not informed whether or not he has more than one girl employe, but any way she was the best looking one at hand, and Taylor has to have good looking people in the office so as to bring up the average for pulchritude which he gives a heavy jolt.

Having of his own initiative taken notice of this hiatus, having promptly moved to close the gap in the service that painstaking

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public officials should render to a frankless public and having given the break on the news to Eugene's leading morning paper—kindly note that we say leading MORNING paper, for we wish to engender no feeling of jealousy between our Eugene newspaper friends just when the great trail to rail celebration is to be pulled—having done all these things, and having done them without hope of fee or reward, the sheriff was happy and content.

But giving the pulsating, palpitating news to the newspapers was a bad break, for forthwith District Attorney John S. Medley vociferously attacked the truth of the statement and informed the sheriff and all others who cared to hear—er couldn't help hearing—that he is a notary public, always has been a notary public, and always will be a notary public and that it has been possible at all times while he has been in the court house for taxpayers of the county visiting the seat of government to get their notary work done without leaving the building.

Then Sheriff Taylor discovered that he did not make the statement attributed to him by Eugene's leading morning newspaper, that he was out of the city at the time the alleged statement was alleged to have been made, that he wouldn't have made the statement had he been at home and that he would have the statement in Eugene's leading morning newspaper corrected forthwith and immediately, which he did.

And again the court house family is happy and the whole county knows that there are two notaries public in the courthouse building ready and anxious to serve the dear people without price.

The incident is a small one in the affairs of a big world, but several morals are to be drawn from it.

One of these is that anyone who really wants to know what is going on in the county should read Cottage Grove's leading newspaper.

Another is that a democrat never overlooks any kind of a public office and can be trusted to get any that can be purchased at the price of a notary's commission. Medley is a democrat and a good one, and it's too bad he is.

**SERMON TITLES AND MOVIE TITLES.**

(Eugene Guard.)

The Guard, in commenting recently on the cases of the Texas slayer-punator and the Hollywood vanishing pastores, and on some of the things they had said in their respective pulpits following their exploits, inquired mildly whether we were coming upon the need for a national pulpit dietator, corresponding to the position of Will H. Hays in the motion picture world. The Oregon City Enterprise has recently listed and published a few sermon topics for Portland churches, as announced by the pastors themselves, including the following:

"Dancing With the Devil."  
"Fair Play for Norris."  
"The Lure of the Movies."  
"Give Almee a Chance."  
"What Is Mayor Baker Doing?"  
"Ruined by Rum!"  
"Portland, the Paradise of Prostitutes."  
"Sitting on the Lid."  
"Satan in Chinatown."  
"Who Gets the Graft!"

Is there or is there not exactly the same appeal in such announcements as these, for attention and attendance as that which characterizes titles of motion picture plays to which very violent exception has been taken by some of our church organizations the country over? Of course not all pastors resort to such appeals, but neither do all motion picture play producers.

A half grown owl flew into the governor's office at Salem a few nights ago and in the morning it was found perched on the governor's chair. The news dispatches omit the one important feature of the incident, was it a white-faced owl?

A movement has been started to move to the United States some of the old churches of England. The best thing to do would be to move people to attend the churches we now have.

An eastern university is going to institute a course in poetry writing. There are a lot of people who need to be shown.

The report that the bottom was going to drop out of the price of automobiles seems to have been somewhat exaggerated.

If our forests were all plum trees there would be no trouble getting conservation legislation through congress.

The bridegroom doesn't count for much in the marriage ceremony—he is just sort of takes a hand.

Nothing serious happened in Cottage Grove on Friday the thirteenth.

Client: "Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?"  
Lawyer: "Why?"  
"By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy."

**SEAGULL IS VISITOR.**

Culp Creek, Aug. 10.—(To the Editor.)—One who has tanned his back on the sparkling reaches of ocean beaches, partaking of one's quota of sand with salad and dessert, is sure to get a heartthrob when visited at an inland home by a seagull whose native resting place is atop the crest of a foam-capped wave.

The writer, busy at an open window this morning, heard what seemed to be a familiar call outside, although time in its rapid flight has dulled the edge of familiarity. Another call came, and then the visions of shore, of boats and tide and ocean's roar came to the surface of the pool of the sunken past. There he was! Perfect of flesh and of feather—a beautiful seagull!

Surely he was mine—the very one I used to feed some years ago, when poverty and misadventure did but scantily supply the necessities of life.

There he stood on teetery legs and called to me; when he flapped his wondrously graceful wings and, all but rising! the air, challenged me to come once more and listen to the laugh of the gods of the sea, where ships loom big against the blue of the star-lit night.

Just then a summer breeze threw me a cloud of dust from off the "unfinished business" of the Row river highway, and when my eyes were cleared thereof my comrade of the to-mast and the tide-swept shore had winged away, and I was left to dream the dreams that I love to dream, of the bite of the wind and the snarl of the sea.

C. J. HOWARD.

**CITY STREET WORK ON SUNDAY IS PROTESTED.**

Editor Sentinel: May I be permitted through the medium of your paper to voice most emphatic protest against the carrying on of civic improvement work on Sunday. All day yesterday our city was a regular bedlam of shouting men, roaring trucks and whirling concrete mixers as the work of improving our streets went on at the expense of the welfare of the laborers. It does seem possible that we should have at least one day in seven for quiet and reflection.

Such action as went on yesterday would be a disgrace in the wilds of Africa, let alone in a modern American city. Unless our city officials take prompt and aggressive action to prevent a recurrence of this activity, we shall most certainly get some unenviable publicity. We are all looking for more population and advertising in order that settlers may know the value of our district, but let us understand that mothers and fathers will think long and seriously before they purchase property in a city that permits this type of desecration.

DUNCAN P. CAMERON.

**SOCIETY**

**Powell-McDermott.**

Miss Averil McDermott, daughter of Mrs. Fannie E. McDermott, became the bride of Norval Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Powell of this city, at a large church wedding held at 8 o'clock Thursday evening in the First Methodist church of Eugene. Pastor D. P. Cameron of this city performed the ceremony. One hundred and fifty relatives and friends were invited. Palms, pink and white gladioli and a calendelabrum at each side were decorations for the altar. The bride was gowned in white taffeta made in a basque style and her veil was of silk net arranged in a cap shape and held in place by a spray of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of pink and white sweetpeas and gladioli. Miss Grace McDermott was bridesmaid for her sister and wore a peach colored georgette and carried pink and white sweetpeas. Little Betty Harr was flower girl. Roy Heck of this city was best man. Following the ceremony an informal reception was held at the church, the immediate families going later to the McDermott home for a reception. The bride is a graduate of Eugene high school and Oregon normal school. Mr. Powell is a graduate of O. A. C. and both are teachers in the Prineville schools. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Vinal Randall, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wooley, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kramer, all of this city; Professor and Mrs. Thompson, Professor and Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Professor and Mrs. A. W. Battles, all of Prineville; S. C. Sweetland, Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Stewart, all of Portland; Prentice Callison, Pleasant Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Landis, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Hickithier, Misses Margaret, Doris and Opal Zahn, all of Wendling.

**Chestnut-Johnson.**

Miss Oradell Johnson of Eugene and Ralph E. Chestnut of this city were married at 8 o'clock Saturday evening at the First Christian church of Eugene. Pastor Kenneth J. Hushy of the local Christian church officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sherman attended the bride and groom. The young couple left immediately after the ceremony.

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ceremony on a two-week honeymoon in southern Oregon, where they will visit Crater lake, the Oregon caves and Diamond lake. Mrs. K. J. Hushy and daughter were the only guests at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Chestnut will make their home, where Mr. Chestnut is in the transfer business.

**Shipp-Banton.**

Miss Nola Gladys Banton became the bride of Charles Harvey Shipp at a pretty wedding held at 8 o'clock Sunday morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Banton. Gerald Banton, brother of the bride, officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Banton were the attendants and little Lovelle Abene was ringbearer. About 140 relatives and friends were present and a wedding breakfast was held following the ceremony. The young couple will make their home here.

**Grant-Mays.**

Miss Clara Mays and Edward Grant, both of this city, were married at 10:30 this forenoon in Eugene by County Judge Barnard. Mr. Grants is employed as a marker at the Anderson & Middleton mill here. The couple have taken one of the Riverside apartments.

**Sheridan Sun, Aug 5.**—The marriage of Miss Ellen B. Matusch to Franc Oren Land was an event of last Saturday, the ceremony being performed in the Methodist parsonage at McMinville with Pastor C. L. Dark officiating. They were attended by Miss Della Matusch, sister of the bride. Mrs. Land is one of Sheridan's popular young women and is a graduate of the Sheridan high school. She later attended the Willamette university, completing the course there in three years, and for the past two years has been a teacher in the Lorena school. The groom is a business man of Cottage Grove and is interested in a garage there. They left Sunday morning for their new home with the best wishes of many friends.

The annual picnic of the Ad Libitum club was held Thursday at Curran bridge. Special guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Grannis and children of this city, Miss Lucia (the Band of Roseburg) and Miss Minnie Zigler and Miss Mildred Myers, both of Hillsboro. Miss Zigler is a sister and Miss Myers a niece of Mrs. E. E. Cone. Club members left at 3 o'clock and husbands joined them at the supper hour. Swimming was the entertainment during the afternoon and the evening was spent toasting marshmallows and telling stories.

Mrs. K. K. Mills entertained with a 1 o'clock luncheon Thursday honoring Mrs. Laura Baumgardner of Pennsylvania, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Grube. Five of those present were former residents of Pennsylvania. Beside the guest of honor were Mrs. Raymond Grube, Mrs. Thomas Holleran, Mrs. C. J. Kem, Mrs. Roy Short, Mrs. N. J. Nelson Jr. and Mrs. C. L. Nichols. A variety of garden flowers were the decorations and the afternoon was spent socially.

**Your Home Print Shop First.**

**GIRL CONTEST OR LEG CONTEST?**

(Portland Spectator.)

With commendable enterprise, the entertaining Telegram is offering its many readers the opportunity of telling a deeply interested world who is the loveliest young lady in Oregon. The disclosure will be made through the ballot, which is undoubtedly the very best method ever invented for determining a question of such importance. Other ways have been tried of discovering the identity of the loveliest lady; but they have all been attended with more or less discomforting criticism—not to say censure—of the judges. He was, indeed, a genius who discovered the plan of settling by public ballot the ever burning question of female pulchritude. From the decision of a free people expressed by their votes there can be no appeal—except, of course, by our city commissioners, who, I hope, are to have nothing to do with the Telegram's election of an Oregon Venus. Only a little while ago, when the city commission lost out at the polls, it called for another election, and so mislead, bullied, and terrorized the voters that it finally gave it what it demanded. This was a unique proceeding on the part of the elective body.

When the Telegram has discovered and exposed for our contemplation and applause the most beautiful young lady in Oregon, we shall ask it to take measures to determine the important and disturbing question as to the ownership of the most symmetrical male legs in the state. The Spectator has given itself the pleasure of believing that Mr. Elbert Bede, the glorious Apollo of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, is the happy but modest possessor of the most immaculate legs in the northwest. Whether through jealousy or envy or the no less petty motive of mere opposition to The Spectator's judgment on matters of art, Mr. Claude Ingalls, the bright Phoebus of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, Mr. George Putnam, the undisputed Paris of the Salem Capital Journal, Mr. Paul Kelly, the Narcissus of the Eugene Guard, and other Belvederes of Oregon journalism, have disputed our opinion as to the utter irreproachability of Mr. Bede's legs and have gone so far as to hint that in a controversy of this sort they themselves have some rather interesting evidence to offer. Of course, it need not be said that The Spectator has no overweening affection for its own judgment in the matter of male legs—of Mr. Kelly, or Mr. Putnam or Mr. Ingalls, or

any of our journalistic Adonis can show legs superiorly beautiful to the undeniably lovely limbs of Mr. Bede, The Spectator will be the first to proclaim the fact. It is for the settlement of this interesting question that The Spectator solicits the aid of the Telegram, which we hope, may sponsor a contest to discover and properly honor the most gracefully turned male legs in the state. If Mr. Bede has been practicing deception on us, and has been winning our admiration and adulation by false pretenses, naturally he should be exposed. In the meantime, however, and until rival claimants produce the evidence to prove the greater pulchritude of their legs, The Spectator must adhere to its opinion that Mr. Bede is the proud possessor of the best turned legs west of Grand Rapids.

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**ATTORNEYS**

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H. J. SHINN.—Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Practices in all courts. Bader building, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

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