

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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WHY WOMEN ARE GULLIBLE.

The Eugene Guard, sorely put to it to solve a problem in psychology—at least the Guard calls it psychology—asks the editors of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, the Corvallis Gazette-Times, the Salem Capital Journal and the Portland Spectator, to give the answer.

The problem is one that has to do with the fair feminine sex, which explains why the Guard passes the buck to those who from inclination and by education are so well qualified to solve it.

Editor Paul Kelly of the Guard has discovered that in some of the swell shops of the country dresses and gowns are being sold by ages, instead of bust measure as formerly, and that the innovation has made an immediate distinctive hit. Editor Paul would know why this is thus.

As we understand the problem, a woman of 60 years, with a bust measurement that would do credit to an ox, waddles into the dress department and a smiling saleslady brings forth a dress labelled 18 years.

Or a short, slender woman of 60, with bobbed hair and bobbed skirt and a complexion that makes a sunset by one of the old masters look like a printed chromo, trips in and is shown a selection of dresses labelled 13 years and 14 years.

The psychology is supposed to be, so we gather from the rather hesitant comment by the blushing Editor Paul, that the women are so pleased by the implied compli-

ment that they immediately buy all the dresses shown them that come within the years that flatter them. The answer is a simple one and we will tell Paul what it is when he explains why women who would call the police if a man appeared in public in his b. v. d.'s will sit in a dance hall or in an automobile on a crowded street naively unconscious of a startling display of bloomers in colors so gorgeous that they blind a man just when he doesn't want to be blinded.

A San Francisco woman is suing the owner of an amusement park for \$50,000 because of embarrassment, shock and humiliation that resulted from her skirts being lifted skyward by a blast of air-controlled by a hidden operator. Without stopping to inquire how enough skirt was found to furnish a surface for the air to work on, we have estimated that, at the rate this San Francisco woman purposes to charge, millions of dollars worth of exposure can be seen on Main street, Cottage Grove, inside of 15 minutes on any day of the week.

They have the real system in Connecticut. The name of every person convicted in that state of operating an automobile while intoxicated is published in every paper in the state. Few of those who think it is their right to take a drink want to have it advertised in the papers that they have taken one.

Candidates for public office are to be given one night at the Lane county fair. Isn't it hard enough now to get the crowds out?

There are a few people who can afford to own automobiles who feel they can't afford to run one.

Everyone believes it home rule—it's on the question of rulers that the disagreement occurs.

The girl with the marshmallow complexion thinks she is the candy kid.

SOCIETY

Kelley-Spahr.
Miss Emma Jennette Spahr became the bride of Henry William Kelley at a simple wedding held Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Pitecher. Pastor A. C. Archer of the Free Methodist church officiated. Members of the Miles Pitecher family, immediate relatives of the couple and Mrs. Archer were the only guests present. Mrs. Kelley is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Spahr and has been a resident of this vicinity for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley plan to make their home in this vicinity.

Officers were elected at a meeting of the W. C. T. U. held Friday in the parlors of the Methodist church. Mrs. Martha Eastham was elected president, Mrs. Elsie L. Wells vice president, Mrs. Elsa Spriggs, corresponding and recording secretary, Mrs. J. Sams treasurer. Delegates chosen to attend the county convention Wednesday in Eugene were Mrs. J. Sams, Mrs. N. E. Compton, Mrs. Martha Eastham, Mrs. Elsa Spriggs and Mrs. Harry Hart. Standing committees will be appointed later by the new president.

The Social Twelve club held its first meeting of the fall Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. D. T. Awbrey. A short business session was held and was followed by a social time. Varied-hued asters were room decorations and a bowl of small asters was the table centerpiece. A delicious luncheon was served.

Pastor and Mrs. Duncan P. Cameron held a picnic Friday at the Y. M. C. A. camp ground up Row river in celebration of their twelfth wedding anniversary. Several friends were guests.

The first fall meeting of the Constellation club will be held Thursday afternoon in Masonic hall. Mrs. C. C. Cruson, Mrs. Vinal Rancall and Mrs. George Matthews will be hostesses. Drawings of names for the Christmas tree will be made at the meeting.

The regular meeting of the Joker club, which was to have been held Friday at the home of Mrs. Clara Parkholder, has been postponed until Friday, October 1, as a number of members are out of town.

The LaComus club will be entertained with a 1 o'clock luncheon at Hotel Bartell Tuesday, with Mrs. C. A. Bartell as hostess.

The Elmarites club will be entertained Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Ivan Warner.

Mrs. Roy Short will be hostess Tuesday afternoon to the M. P. G. club.

A. & M. Build Dry Shed.
An additional dry shed is being constructed at Anderson & Middleton mill B. It will be used for lumber taken from the dry kiln and is 150 feet in length.

Youth Rides West

(Continued from first page.)
full on the face of the other. It was a comely countenance; my first photographic glimpse recorded a brow running almost without break into a straight regular nose; from beneath his black slouch hat, now pushed back on his head, emerged a tuft of curling blond hair. Then he turned from profile to full face, and smiled at some remark of Charlie Meek. And I saw that a loose mouth marred his comeliness. I had lifted my foot to step forth and boldly to pass the jail, when he stooped, picked up the reins, led his horse's head and fore-shoulders into the belt of light. The motion stirred in me a faint memory which held me, searching my brain to the spot. The face was new. Yet that motion reminded me of something significant, dramatic, buried perplexingly in the depths of memory. Charlie, talking in low tones over his shoulder, thrust his key into the lock of the jail. A forward motion of the horse blotted out his figure. The stranger mounted; the horse swung round backward and sideward as an independent steed will. On his backskin flank lay a white marking—shaped like the upper half of a pear, the head and shoulders of a veiled woman.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider * * * when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had seen lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

Charlie stepped into the jail; the rider sent his horse at a walk through the belt of shadow into the light of Main street. At a run I rounded the corner after him. I caught up, slowed down just behind him, and followed. Still at a walk, he was weaving through the late traffic. Before the Black Jack he stopped, threw the horse's reins over a pin of the hitching rail, walked a little unsteadily through the door. I waited until he was gone, and made a swift inspection of his mount. I had not been mistaken—a rangy American horse, buckskin in color, and with that distinguishing mark on his flank. I entered. There stood the rider at one end of the crowded bar, tilting into himself a glass of whisky. I pushed into the convivial knot next to him, watched him furtively. His hand, as he reached toward his waistcoat pocket to pay, missed twice; then came down hard as he rang his silver dollar on the bar. His gray eye, as he turned it casually a moment in my direction, seemed filmed. He had "been drinking," as we expressed it in that day—not yet drunk, but on the way. His face, seen now in full light, was less comely than at first glance. There lay a kind of blackness under the smooth, young-blond skin. He was dressed like a miner or a prospector; but he wore his rough frieze coat, his corduroy trousers, his top-boots and his blue flannel shirt with a touch of jauntiness; his trousers seemed draped above his boot-tops rather than tucked into them. He gathered up his change, stabbed it into his pocket, rolled upstairs to the gambling room.

When after a discreet interval I followed him, he had just staked a twenty-dollar gold piece at roulette. I joined the group of spectators, who stood watching with fascinated interest at the descending whirl of the wheel. He lost; the dealer's hand raked in his coin. He was reaching again to his pocket, when from the spectators a man stepped up beside him as though to play; but instead laid a hand stealthily on his arm. This was a tall man; I caught a glimpse of a full, black beard. The smaller man turned angrily, then froze for a second in position. Some signal, evidently, had passed from eye to eye; for a moment the larger man's beard showed that he was speaking; though I could not catch even the sound of the words through the bubble of night in the Black Jack. The smaller man's hand went away from his pocket. He pushed through the crowd to the stairs. I followed him closely as with only a second of hesitation when he passed the bar, he walked on out of doors. Through the front windows of the barroom I watched to mark the direction in which he rode but he did not advance toward his horse. A moment he stood as though undecided; then turned to the right and strode rapidly down Main street.

Thrilled with the adventure of shadowing a man, exulting with the thought of a scoop, I was going to score for the Courier, I shot as conscientiously as possible through the door of the Black Jack and followed. For a moment I lost him in the congested crowd before Myers' Variety theater. When I had crammed my way through that, I picked him up again at the head of Main street. There he turned to the right toward the addition, the route which I followed every day to my meals. That was odd—did he live in the addition? Had the enactor of this stage robbery

dwelt so near me—and Constance—all this time?

Past Mrs. Barnaby's he strode, and stopped dead. Here was a contingency I had not foreseen. If I went on, I should pass him and forfeit my usefulness as a shadow. If I too stopped and he saw me standing—he would suspect. Hastily, I dodged into the shade of the big tent. I waited for a few seconds, then ventured a cautious look round the corner. He was nowhere in sight. Just above Mrs. Barnaby's the street threw off a side-trail running up the hill. Doubtless, he had taken that. I sped on tiptoe to the other end of the tent. There he was again—but he was not taking the trail. He had stopped before the little tent where lodged Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Deane.

"Hoo-hoo!" he was calling, gently.

I dropped to the ground, less from caution than from weakness in all my limbs.

(To be continued.)

One of the Boston Transcript's nearly ubiquitous and always accurate reporters recorded this exhortation as it was uttered by the impassioned, logical Parson Brown: "De choir will now sing 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free,' while Deacon Ketchal passes de hat. De congregation will please 'member: while salvation am free, we hab to pay de choir foh singin' about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means and' yo' meanness."

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DIVIDEND NO. 35
The 35th regular quarterly dividend of \$1.75 per share on the 7% Preferred Stock of this Company will be paid October 20, 1926 to shareholders registered on the books at the close of business September 30, 1926. Subscriptions for shares on the cash plan received prior to September 25 will entitle purchases to the full dividend of \$1.75 per share for the quarter beginning July 1. Outstanding partial payment accounts upon which final payment is made before September 25 will receive dividend No. 35 on October 20. **PRESENT PRICE \$101.00 per share, to yield 6.93% per year** Orders for shares must be in our hands before the close of business September 25, in order to avail yourself of this dividend, but payment may be made up to October 15, for cash sales.

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BUSINESS judgment BROUGHT HOME

YOUNG Mrs. Wellford was talking about her husband's recent illness. "Bill was home for a whole week. It was his first real chance to see me in action as a housewife—we've been married only a year, you know. "The third day he said to me: 'Sally, you need an Extension Telephone. You're wearing yourself out, running up and down stairs and from room to room every time the telephone rings. I never realized before how much a woman will put up with without complaining. I wouldn't stand for it a minute in my office.'" (Wellford's Inc. was a model office.) "And so?" said her visitor. "There it is," said Sally proudly. An Extension Telephone costs only a few cents a week.

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