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AREN'T THIS TOO MUCH?

Samuel Moore, who bears the title of a professor in English in the University of Michigan has joined the ranks of the professor in Chicago who has given sanction to that favorite of the lackadaisical, "He don't."

The Michigan professor declares for "aren't I" in preference to "am I not." We may expect the next cultured gentleman from one of our colleges to sanction as genteel English such expressions of the high school flapper as "I ate a mob of pancakes for breakfast," and "That sure was a keen time we had last night."

The Michigan professor defends his use of the monstrosity "aren't I" by saying that it is better English than "ain't I." At least "ain't I" doesn't violate all rules of the language by changing the number of the verb, but it doesn't seem to this writer (we presume the professor would say "it don't seem") that professors of English in our colleges are so overburdened that they haven't the energy to enable them to go to some pains to use correctly the language they are teaching to the growing generation. It isn't necessary to approve "ain't I" to criticize "aren't I." It is easily possible to do away with both.

This writer ventures the prediction that not 50 per cent of college graduates who have studied English are certain whether they use it correctly in their ordinary conversation. If we are to have professors who encourage their students to use the expressions that come to them the most readily and with the least effort, we may as well do away with our English departments. One advantage of such action would be that we should get

rid of such parasites as Professor Samuel Moore.

The next thing we hear may be that professors of medicine are encouraging their pupils, when they can't think of the right drug to use, to substitute the one that comes to the mind most readily and with the least effort.

We are all too much inclined to do things the easiest way. If college professors are to encourage our youngsters in slovenly ways, are to encourage them to get by the easiest way possible, we may well expect the next generation to be one of spineless nincompoops living on prepared mush.

Professor Moore isn't "so many"—to use a slang expression—that "aren't I" is correct usage for him.

MULTNOMAH FALLS IN CALIFORNIA

In the January issue of the American Magazine, in a story on bridges, a story that is entertaining, informative and in at least one instance amusing, appears a picture of the bridge at Multnomah falls on Columbia highway. The picture is one of the most beautiful ones of the famous falls, which drop for several hundred feet over a sheer precipice and dip under the bridge that is the excuse for the picture. So far the picture is entertaining and informative, although it would have been more informative had the falls been named. Here comes the humorous thing: the caption informs the reader: "One of the many beautiful scenes along the Columbia River highway—a picture taken in California." The photographer who took that picture can easily make a prince's ransom look sick by selling replicas of the camera with which he did the work. To take the picture from California it was necessary to have a camera that could see several hundred miles over mountain ranges and snow-capped peaks. A magazine of such nationwide reputation as the American must have known that the Columbia river does not flow within hundreds of miles of California and it should have recognized that it was of more importance to tell the world of the camera that took the picture than to show the picture of the bridge taken with such a camera.

California may take our prunes and ship them out under her label; she may take our pears and peaches and put California labels

on the boxes; she may take our sunshine to help her sell her climate; she may take some of our webfoots and make California boosters of them, but she can't have our Columbia river in which the salmon tide runs, famed in song and poetry as the Oregon; she can't take our bridges to span her arid acres, and she can't take our God-given waterfalls down there as a background for her over-advertised monotonous sunshine, even with the American aiding and abetting her in her bold highway robbery.

Ripe raspberries for Sunday dinner in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bradley, are described by the Cottage Grove Sentinel. And at Cottage Grove on this dead of winter day there are fields and meadows of green, and green-forested mountains not far away and most of nature in a garb that symbolizes growth and life and resurrection. And there, the hurricane never blows, the earthquake never quakes and the crops never fail. The only reason that we don't realize that our lot is pitched in one of the choice spots of earth is because we forget what we are familiar with. —Oregon Journal.

Some folks would be satisfied with their lives if they felt a monument would be erected to their memory. We don't wish to throw stones, but we would consider that some people had done something worthy of reward if they would place themselves in a position where it would be possible to erect a monument to their memory.

A new comet is said to be traveling at a million miles a minute. The fellow who figured out the speed of the astral visitor must have had one of these temperamental college he-flappers do the pacing.

The wholesale price of steel bars has dropped, so it is said, and the economical housewife will see that she gets the benefit when doing the family shopping.

Why don't they use rubber instead of silk thread in our paper money?

Box Letter Files, Sentinel.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale in fore-

closure issued out of the circuit court of Lane county, Oregon, on the 29th day of December, 1927, in a suit wherein on the 27th day of December, 1927, in said court Interstate Fidelity Building & Loan association, plaintiff, recovered judgment against the defendant Alvin M. Spencer for the sum of \$1500.00, together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from July 29, 1926, until paid; and the further sum of \$150.00 attorneys fees, and the costs and disbursements of this suit in the sum of

\$21.35, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said court in said county on the 27th day of December, 1927, and said execution to enforce said judgment, interest, attorneys fees, costs of suit and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 4th day of February, 1928, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said date at the southwest front door of the county court house in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at

the Willamette meridian, in Lane county, Oregon.

Now therefore in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, attorneys fees, costs of suit and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 4th day of February, 1928, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said date at the southwest front door of the county court house in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at

public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, Alvin M. Spencer, a single man; Frank B. Ford and Margaret E. Ford, his wife; E. C. Denney and Ellen Denney, his wife, and all persons claiming by, through or under them or any or either of them in and to said premises.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
By DECLAIR DRINKER, Deputy.

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Phone 33—City Delivery

4-lb. package raisins	39c
Diamond "W" catsup, 3 bottles	69c
Guaranteed Jolly Time pop corn, 4 lbs.	37c
Liptons vacuum pack coffee, a tin	49c
Mazola oil, pint cans, each	27c
Oregon brand evaporated milk	10c
Seedless raisins in bulk, 3 lbs.	25c
Festival brand minced clams, 2 for	45c
White laundry soap, 6 bars	25c
Playmate floating soap, 5 bars	19c

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THE QUALITY STORE, COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON

New Celenese Satin 98c Yd.



Celenese baronette satin has a beautiful sheen and most suitable for slips to be worn under sheer dress materials—eight shades to choose from—see them today.

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Shown in assorted patterns—checks, plaids and figured designs—just the thing for sports wear, winter or summer, a pair\$1.00

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8-9-10

150,000 People
in the Cast



RAMON NOVARRO in "BEN HUR"

Cost \$4,000,000
to Produce



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The Biggest Picture
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YOU'LL GO WILD OVER THIS MASTODONIC

SCREEN EPIC!

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FRED NIBLO

From Gen. Lew Wallace's immortal novel

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Arcade Theatre
JANUARY
8-9-10

Here is a Picture
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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN in "BEN HUR"

For All People—
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BETTY BRONSON in "BEN HUR"

The One Picture
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