

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE
BEDE & GRANT, Publishers ELBERT BEDE, Editor

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THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912

There's a whole lot of first person about the third party.

"Thou shalt not steal" is a command to those addressed and has no reference to the speaker.

MAUDLIN SENTIMENT

Every time anyone makes a suggestion about doing away with capital punishment, The Oregonian, that great pabulum of liberty and righteousness, with an overwhelming fear for the safety of society, froths at the mouth, fulminates and prates about maudlin sentiment, as if sentiment were little short of high treason and anyone indulging therein a nincompoop, neurotic, mollicoddle and nature faker.

The Oregonian is evidently entering upon its second infancy, as far as reasoning power is concerned, retaining at the same time the crabbed disposition and peppery temper sometimes attendant upon old age.

We will draw a few comparisons just to show where its method of reasoning is faulty.

The man who takes a gun in a moment of frenzied fury and snuffs out a human life, shows none of that quality of maudlin sentiment so distasteful to the Portland daily and his method of procedure must be highly pleasing to the hard-hearted, blood-thirsty Oregonian.

Not long ago the authorities of Vermont hanged a man who had been sent to the insane asylum 30 times in his 45 years of life. Surely a pleasing lack of display of maudlin sentiment.

In Delaware recently two men were whipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails until their naked backs were seamed and interseamed with livid welts and the gore dripped from the wounds into the falling snow. The crime was that of larceny. Truly an edifying monument to our lack of maudlin sentiment. One man received 40 lashes, the other 20. At the time The Oregonian printed the following comment from a local paper:

The men suffered frightfully from the cold and from the blood-letting lashes, and staggered, semiconscious back to their cells. The whipping, as are all Delaware whippings, was public, and a morbid crowd stood against the prison walls and saw the heavy leather strap with its nine thongs cut deep into the quivering flesh of the wretched men.

The men were to have been lashed early but the two degrees below zero chilled Warden Crawford himself to such an extent that he postponed the whipping until the day warmed.

In the afternoon, when a four-degree rise in the temperature was noted, the warden put on a fur-lined coat and ordered the men out * * *

Their arms were freed and they staggered back from the cross. Guards seized them. Without washing away the blood, they drew heavy, coarse, woolen undershirts over their bodies and then pushed them half frozen back to their cells.

How The Oregonian's chops must have watered over this choice piece of gory news. Its appetite for blood must have been at least partially satiated. Truly it would be a heinous crime for maudlin sentiment to interfere with this enlightened manner of punishment.

When Butcher Weyler governed Cuba his soldiers used to hang naked men and women on the pillory and mutilate and dissect them before the gaze of morbid, gaping crowds. What a shame that maudlin sentiment has done away with this refined method of chastisement!

A century or so ago men and women were hung in England for committing larceny, but that didn't stop stealing, so maudlin sentiment

came along and larceny is no longer a capital offense. Pernicious maudlin sentiment!

Olden time tyrants, who had an admirable lack of maudlin sentiment, used to amuse themselves and banish dull ennui by planting human beings in concrete and then edified themselves listening to the squeals and curses of the victims while the mortar hardened and they died in excruciating agony. Those were the days when The Oregonian's editorial policy would have been properly appreciated.

The milk of human kindness has congealed and caked in The Oregonian's breast. It is cold blooded and its touch clammy. But while it chortles in ghoulish glee over the mangled bodies of legally murdered criminals, some of them innocent of the crimes for which they give their lives, we will be satisfied with a little sentiment, feeling that this world is not all that there is of life and that it is better, if need be, for a guilty one to escape deserved punishment than that the blood of one innocent one be upon our hands.

AMERICAN MOLLYCODDLES

We have it continuously and persistently hammered and pounded into us that the American race is retrograding, degenerating, atrophying; that idleness and luxury are developing a race of weaklings and mollicoddles; that the terrible strain of our frenzied business life is developing a nation of physical dwarfs with withered muscles and spindling legs.

In view of these dire predictions, the records made in the Olympic games at Stockholm are refreshing. Americans showed their superiority against the world, especially in endurance contests; and outdistanced nations which we are told it would be well to emulate in the development of physical prowess.

The Olympic games brought out the fact that the American people overdo everything. They make a mania of whatever they go into, and while we have abnormally developed business and financial maniacs, we also have athletic maniacs, overdeveloped in their special line. When it comes to a test the Americans take the lead.

"Pop prayed for Clark," says Kermit Roosevelt. Anyway the Colonel doesn't seem to have fooled the Lord.

SERVICE OF ANIMALS TO MAN

The elephant, the emblem of the Republican party, is a tractable animal that is easily made subservient to the will of man and induced to divert its enormous strength to the service of humanity. The service to man of the donkey, emblem of Democracy, will never be forgotten. The camel, emblematic of prohibition, has been indispensable since the days of sanskrit. Even the Populistic billy goat will clear your land for you while earning 10 per cent on your investment producing wool, but the only time a bull moose is of any service to man is after he is dead. We have no objection to one particular bull moose being reduced to a serviceable condition.

Receipts \$240 Per Acre.

Receiving a gross revenue of more than \$240 per acre from his nine-acre cherry orchard, or a total income of more than \$2200, B. I. Ferguson has just harvested the largest crop of cherries from his famous "Cherry Hill" fruit farm here, that it has ever produced, the total yield being between 21 and 22 tons of fruit. Mr. Ferguson received from four to 15 cents per pound for his crop and using 5 cents as the average price, he disposed of \$2200 worth of cherries.—Eola special to Polk County Observer.

Things We Think

Things others think, and what we think of the things others think.

Women's hats may yet be sold at so much a front foot.

There is no froth or foam on the temperance wave.

A rounder is not a good citizen. This is on the square.

A magnetic personality may sometimes get shortcircuited.

Automobiles are traveling the pace that kills—pedestrians.

Things naturally look dark to the man whose eye has been blacked.

We don't care what's at the top of Mount McKinley but we would like to know what's at the bottom of the high cost of living.

You often lose more by the friends you allow yourself to associate with than by the enemies who put you on your mettle.

Some men "set" around all day and all they hatch is a story to tell their wives about laying the foundation for the future.

Miss Margery Chester, a petite North Dakota maiden, has married a man by the name of Umpgazingawzowski. Love will do most anything.

If the people who pack the berries we buy should make a mistake sometime and turn the box upside down when filling, we would come pretty near getting full measure.

The man who was sent to the insane asylum because he insisted there were twenty in his family, while the court found there was only he and his wife, may have figured that his wife was 2 and he was the 0.

A Pittsburg hen has laid a five-yolk egg. Someone has to do something to keep up the reputation of the old town—but say, if that egg should ever become overripe the graft exposure smell would never be noticed.

Some well-to-do philanthropists, with much commendable concern for the common people, have elucidated, after much investigation, a theory that if we substitute rump roasts for high priced steaks on our bill-of-fare, the price of beef will decline. This is at least getting behind the meat question.

Common sense is uncommon.

Many infant prodigies grow up into adult prodigals.

Be moderate in all things. Do not break off your bad habits viciously.

The government has discovered an oleo-garchy of butterine manufacturers.

There is no particular merit in being good when all around you are good.

Government by commission is way ahead of government for commission.

When it gets cold enough to crystallize the milky way we have a snow storm.

The cost of living is high, but it will cost you nothing to bury your troubles.

Saying a woman has a wealth of hair may not always mean that it is golden.

The person with a sharp tongue never cuts much of a swath as a popular idol.

We must disagree with the scientists who say kissing causes disease. Kissing, however, is itself a disease with some people.

A county exchange says, "Mr. Silas Jenkins is enjoying a visit from his mother-in-law." For Mr. Jenkins' sake we hope it is true.

A New York woman is being sued for payment of a bill of face paints, powders and cosmetics, which she evidently got on her face.

Those lawmakers who are now posing as victims of the laws forbidding graft, are given a splendid opportunity of learning how the people feel when made victims of legislative laws.

A blind girl says she can't see why she should love the man she is using for breach of promise, but she can feel that she does. That is getting the sense of touch developed to a fine point.

The kicker should ponder well upon the fate of the mule, who is so handy with his posterior extremities, but who, not only leaves nothing to posterity, but has no posterity to leave anything to.

All must admit that it is more of an effort to be morally perfect in these frenzied days than it was in the days of our grandfathers, when winding the clock and kissing your wife good night made up the night's carousal.

Bookkeeping should figure in every business, but some of the government prosecutions of illegal combinations show that the latter have developed this part of the business put of du proportions.

A good memory is sometimes a disagreeable thing.

One of the New York papers recently ran a sermon on "Man's Duty to God and Man" alongside of a statement by a sugar trust official that the tariff has no appreciable effect on the cost of living. It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The railroad bill has found traffic congested.

When you meet a friend carrying a cup of sorrow, fill it with milk of human kindness.

There are many who believe some of the reports of Jack Johnson's prowess are colored.

President Taft has a double, the news dispatches say. Well, there's enough of him for two, anyway.

FOR GOOD ROADS AND THE FARMER

Highway Expert of Agricultural College Explains Economical Repair Work.

"To the farmer better roads frequently mean the difference between affluence and bankruptcy," said Prof. Ernest Flagg Ayres, highway engineer of the Oregon Agricultural College in a lecture this week to the summer students.

"A Wisconsin farmer held 1000 bushels of potatoes in his cellar, waiting for a good price. He was offered 92 cents in March, but they must be delivered in town, and the roads were so bad he could not haul over them. When he finally got them to market his potatoes brought him 30 cents a bushel. The bad roads cost him \$620, and now he is an ardent booster for any movement promising relief.

"While the farmer receives as great financial gain from good roads as anyone, he has the added social benefits. Under present conditions it is often impossible for his children to go to school regularly, his family to go to church except when the roads are dried out, his doctor to reach him in time to be of most help, or his mail to be delivered regularly. With better roads this can all be changed, and graded school and larger churches always follow these improvements.

"It is not necessary that a great deal of money be spent on our highways, but what is invested should be used carefully and intelligently. A few dollars spent at the right time will save repairs costing hundreds, and most of the roads where there is no heavy through travel may be improved in this way."

Mr. Ayres then described the process of building sand-clay roads; the initial grading with a proper crown and drainage ditches, the distribution and packing of the clay, spreading of the sand, and ploughing and harrowing it in lightly on top. This type of road has given excellent satisfaction in the southern and middle-western states, but little work of the sort has been done as yet in the Pacific northwest. It has proved successful in soils and climatic conditions similar to those found in Oregon, and there is no question as to its value for our rural highways.

"The saving in expense over other forms of road is no mean item," continued Prof. Ayres. "The average cost for sand-clay roads is but \$723 a mile for 24,601 miles in the United States, compared with a cost of \$4,989 a mile for macadam. In other words, about seven miles of good sand-clay road can be built for the same money as one mile of plain or water-bound macadam. The cost of maintenance is less than for any other form of improvement except the earth road, and horses and automobiles alike prefer it to any of the hard surface roads.

"The road must first be graded and drained carefully, and should be crowned about one inch to the foot and smooth as a rag. It can be greatly improved by adding sand even if no grading has been done but the expense will be much greater. The sand must be sharp and coarse, but need not be as clean as is required for concrete. It should be brought and piled along the shoulders of the road in dry weather when teaming is cheaper, though construction can not begin until the rains soften the clay. The cheapest way is to spread the sand 4 to 6 inches deep over the wet clay and let the traffic mix the materials. Economy is the only argument for this, and as more sand is usually required to fill the ruts and holes formed by the heavier teams, even this advantage is sometimes lost. The road is almost impassable to heavy loads until the sand and clay are thoroughly mixed.

"A better way is to spread the sand evenly to a width of 12 or 16 feet, mixing well with plough and harrow. A depth of 6 inches is enough for light travel, and a foot for heavy loads. The road drag should be used often to maintain the crown and fill ruts which will form in the first few months. If the road does not compare favorably with gravel or macadam as soon as the sand is added to the clay, it should not be considered a failure. Its construction is a gradual process, and the surface will not be at its best in less than six months. If it gets muddy, add more sand; if it is too dry and dusty, more clay is needed. All that is required for maintenance is the addition of a little more sand to the clay each year, and the occasional use of a drag."

Returned—Tom Awbrey has returned from an extended vacation on his fruit farm and will now give special attention to fire insurance. Call at the express office. j18a8pd.

The Question of Home Comforts

To pave the way to better homes, a more comfortable existence for the people of this city, and community, is our ambition.

To acquire knowledge of how to make home life more enjoyable for you and to do so at the least possible expense is our duty.

The more you, as parents, minister to the pride of home and render it inviting and reposeful the more enjoyment you and your children will get out of life.

The Home Should Be "The One Pleasant Spot."

Let Us Help You Make It So

KINTER BROS.

Phone 6 House Furnishers Nuf-Ced

Health, Hustle and Prosperity To Be Found in Oregon.

BY THOMAS W. LAWSON

After careful study of the problem set forth in your telegram, were I graduating today from college, East, West or South, I would head straight for the great, undeveloped Northwest. I would buy my ticket for Portland, Oregon. I would spend my first week in that splendid prototype of our old, conservative and intellectual but withal courageous and hustling New England capital of a half century ago. While in Portland I would haunt the reportorial departments of the daily newspapers the ever welcoming rooms of the numerous business clubs and the booming departments of the great railroads and navigation lines centering in that superb Pacific metropolis.

Then I would light out and into the modern paradise of happiness and dollars, the virgin interior of that wonderful state, a world in itself, containing to spare and then lots more of everything that makes for health,

bustle, prosperity and contentment for man, woman and child. If I were possessed of \$20,000 to \$50,000 capital, in a twelvemonth I would telegraph back to Bradstreet and Dun to mark my rating \$125,000, and then three twelvemonths later I would wire them to make it from half to three-quarters of a million.

If I had only my carfare, Bible, dictionary and fountain pen, I would send word to the old folks to watch out for the Christmas coming of the old home mortgage lifter, and I would bet my pal dog, for of course I'd have him along, against a pouch of tobacco that when Christmas came I wouldn't be making excuses for not coming East. Details? Bosh!

When you wake up in Gokonda you should not waste your time looking for a business guide. All you need is a rake and bag.

promises to be very fine and the fruit large in size. The apple crop never looked better, and growers are expecting a good season.

Snake Is Eggbound.

A snake in search of food, near Milbourne, came upon a chicken's egg lying outside a henroost. The snake sucked in the egg, which passed toward the region of his tail in the form of an oval swelling. He then raised his head and perceiving a knothole in the wooden henroost wall, inserted his head and the forepart of his body, and swallowed a second egg. On the approach of the owner of the henroost, the snake tired to retire, but the second egg would not pass through the knothole, and when he tried to advance, the egg in his tail equally impeded his progress. Thus, "egg-bound" at both ends, the reptile fell a victim to his own greed.—Coquille Herald.

What do you want, anyway? A Sentinel want ad. will get it for you.

"The Shop" Where Good Printing is Done
The SENTINEL

Try White House Coffee

None Better at Any Price—Never Varies.
1 and 2 Pound Cans.

KERR & SILSBY

Real R. C. Bart...
1 acre in...
3 W., \$6000...
Frances...
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