

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912

Because several warrants were sworn out in Cottage Grove for the arrest of W. C. Bingham, the editor of the Drain Nonpareil, who lays claim to a human desire to put Bingham on his feet, says Cottage Grove people are bilious. Well, they certainly got their stomachs overloaded.

Immorality is on the increase. Six thousand unmarried Chicago maidens of less than 18 years of age became mothers last year, and other cities showed like conditions. What is to be done? Man leaves it to woman. Woman, go to it!

TANTALIZING TEMPTERS

Since the world began—possibly even before that—woman has been in some direct or indirect way the cause of war, murder and rapine. Legendary history gives us the famous siege of Troy and the record of knight errantry is replete with mortal combats for the hand of some fair damsel. In modern, enlightened days, the pistol has succeeded the sword. But it remained for Nathan Swartz, the New York murderer of 12-year-old Julia Connors, to lay the blame for his terrible crime onto woman's display of form in modern day clothes.

His confession has started a storm of protest from bishops, ministers of the gospel, judges and even women themselves, against the prevailing clinging style in woman's clothing; one clubwoman going so far as to say that a dozen recent murders can be traced to the same cause.

Several preachers go so far as to refer to the "canvassed ham" clothing as an invitation to licentiousness, developing in youth at an early age the feeling of sex consciousness.

Club women of Chicago have started a crusade against tight skirts, referring to them as "clothes that reveal as they half conceal" and declare them to be constructed with the sole aim of displaying feminine charms.

One harsh feminine criticizer of woman's clothes says:

Women who would consider it scandalous to appear in public in only their white undergarments, have no qualms about appearing in gauze overgarments that hide absolutely nothing and then think they are abused when man says such costumes are tempting and tantalizing. They would be horrified if man should acknowledge that he had seen beneath the surface by commenting on the design of the embroidering and think it preposterous that the males should note the color of the baby ribbon used for a puckering string. These same creatures would shrink from speaking to a man so indecent as to appear on the street in his undershirt. They expect man to dress with a collar about his neck about the height of the corset about a woman's waist, but see no good reason why woman should not appear as if she had stepped out of a mural decoration.

Poor woman! About all she has is her charm of figure, and when she attempts to display that she incites man to crimes of blood and passion. Herself a delicate, sweet, docile, innocent, demure, gentle, fragile, easily-frightened creature, she can not comprehend the lust of man.

It is a sad commentary on brave, courageous man that he should attribute his crimes to woman's clothes, that the beautiful curves of her figure when presented for admiration should lead to thoughts of licentiousness.

Gentle woman should not be too severely criticized. Being so lacking herself in the qualities of man that she appeals to, she can hardly conceive that her clothes can lead him from the straight and narrow. She intends to appeal to the esthetic,

Is it her fault that the reverence that man should give her is displaced by passion; that admiration is overcome by the desire to defile; that the sensuous holds sway over the esthetic? Must she become a prude to preserve our citizenship?

Nevertheless, if woman could hear the remarks dropped by men on the streets or divine half that they think, she would realize that there are degenerates likely to be goaded to crime by full busts and shapely hips; that beauty of form that should entrance sometimes incites.

It is not a question of what man ought to be. It is a living, throbbing, pulsating question of what men are, or at least what some of them are, for it would be unjust even to man to say that all are so easily led from the paths of moral rectitude, having not backbone enough to restrain themselves, or that there are none who regard woman as she should be regarded; a creature naturally pure in heart and mind; made to be loved, petted and caressed, even in her inconsistencies.

Maybe man is usurping prerogatives in attempting to suggest to woman what she should wear, but the cold-blooded fact remains, and can not be gainsaid, that woman's clothes have led to crime. The gory stories told in the headlines can not be refuted. Woman is up against a condition, not a theory to be temporized with. When judges and jurists suggest laws to prevent women from wearing indecent costumes, action seems imperative. Will weak, frail woman remove temptation from the strong, brave, courageous lords of creation, or will she continue to pander to their sensuousness? That is the question.

Ever since Adam ate of the forbidden apple, man has looked upon woman's form with covetous eyes. Eve had to hide her charms under a fig leaf mother Hubbard before Adam would leave the house long enough to hunt up a job. Since that time woman has deemed it expedient, if not exactly compulsory, to conceal the peculiar charm of her figure from all-seeing man.

However, if we are to believe all that we hear, present day woman is to hark back to first principles and by another twelve month we may expect to find her tempting easily-tempted man with a gown that will make the famous fig leaf look like a voluminous garment in comparison.

It is probable that this would be the better way. If what is said is true, it is the half concealing, half revealing that tempts. The undulating flesh that can not be seen, the willowy muscles half hidden from view, the low, loose-necked waist with its suggestive possibilities, are the things which are said to have driven pretty, well-shaped Julia Connor's murderer to slap her and murder her in satisfying his hellish passions.

Woman in the altogether might satiate the lust of man, and when shapely limbs were no more concealed than the dimpled face, woman's charms might become so common as to excite little more than passing attention. There is not much likelihood that such a thing will come to pass, but that this method of reasoning is not so far-fetched is demonstrated in certain uncivilized countries where any attempt to conceal is made for the purpose of ornamentation of the body more than because of modesty. It is not necessary to go so far away from home to show the consistency of such reasoning. A woman in a bathing

suit causes no undue exhilaration of the blood, but let the same woman dress in a hobble skirt and be compelled to raise it to the knee in boarding a street car—and there will be few blind men on the rear platform.

A mother feeding her babe at Nature's fount is sacred. She is viewed only with eyes of reverence, but under other circumstances let her half hide herself with lace and lingerie and note the change of light in the eyes of naughty man.

It seems to be up to woman to put on more clothes, or not any. Which will she do? Why, she will do just as she pleases, of course, but in whatever she does she is quite likely to attempt to please man, contemptible as he may be, and if tight fitting clothes do not please him, she will wear something that does.

It's about time for your Uncle Samuel to step in, spank a few of those Mexican trouble makers and put a stop to the back alley scrap that is going on down there. Patience ceases to be a virtue after while.

With the third party split into about three parties, Taft and Wilson stocks are looking up.

Character of the Bull Moose.

When Colonel Roosevelt exclaimed in Chicago that he felt like a bull moose, he probably had little idea that he was adding a new animal to the political menagerie and giving the cartoonists and paragraphers the chance of their lives. But if he didn't, he has found it out since. And along with it, we have all discovered how little we know about this denizen of the wildwood, whose feelings are seemingly so similar to those of a great statesman about to go on the rampage. The editor of the New York Independent, unable to restrain his curiosity about the bull moose's traits, appealed to the Rev. William J. Long who was denounced by the Colonel some time back as a "nature-faker," and Mr. Long has responded feelingly. He writes what we fear is a rather satirical article, prefaced with a letter to the editor, in which he disclaims any expert knowledge of the subject, saying that he has met only three or four hundred moose in their native haunts. He congratulates himself, however, on having found in a second-hand shop an old volume written by "T. Roosevelt, who, you remember, once had considerable local reputation as a naturalist, especially among Federal office-holders whose positions were not secured by civil service regulations." And he goes on:

I find upon examination that the esteemed author actually killed two bull moose that were not looking and chased three more that would not wait to be shot. He was also intimate with Hank Griffin, who once saw a moose somewhere out West. He speaks, therefore, with authority.

That Mr. Long has a poor opinion of the bull moose is made very plain in the following paragraphs from his article.

The bull moose lives on the public domain and is a very wasteful feeder. As T. Roosevelt says, "no beast is more destructive to the young growth of a forest. When his great punch is full to bursting of the delicacies he has gathered from the common supply, he wanders toward his day-bed, stripping the bark from tender young trees, especially the rarer and more beautiful kind, like the mountain ash and striped maple. His method is to strike his strong front feet into the bark and tear off a great strip by lifting his head. He chews a bit of this, only to throw it aside and strip another tree farther on. In trailing a bull moose one can often follow his course far ahead by the unsightly gashes or "peelings" which he leaves behind him. Another destructive method of feeding is by riding down young trees whose tops are above his reach. He straddles the trunk, bending it down by his great weight, holding it under his belly while he eats all the buds and tender twigs. A tree thus moose ridden rarely recovers. It remains bent or broken, like a discarded boss; it can not be healed without its leaves; it dies and the winter snows cover it from sight.

Another noticeable characteristic of the bull moose is his inordinate and unchangeable selfishness. Whether roaming the woods in solitude, or tearing up the earth, or coming headlong to the call, he is thinking, first, last, and all the time, of the safety of his own skin and the fullness of his own stomach. I can take off my hat to a cow moose, having frequently seen her sacrifice herself to save her offspring or to protect the herd in the winter yard; but I never yet saw a bull moose do anything for anybody but himself. He is the incarnation of self-interest. A cow, or even a calf moose, if she sees danger approaching, will warn

Things We Think

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

The eastern girl who insisted on being married in short skirts evidently wanted to demonstrate to the guests that she was not marrying because of a lack of means of support.

Zylidzyski Zsiakawaddakt, of St. Paul, fell a distance of thirty feet a short time ago without dislocating a single syllable of his name.

Pretty soon it will be unlawful to get intoxicated with love.

Clothes are said to make the man, but divorce suits are not the kind referred to.

Frogs make good bass bait, but the human croaker attracts nothing but suckers.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has got religion. That's about the only thing the old man left him to get.

It is fortunate for some people that they do not have to pay real estate taxes on their castles in the air.

In this queer old world the man who does things is more severely criticised than the man who tries to do nothing.

A clergyman says Paris gowns are designed by Satan—and that probably is the reason they are so devilish popular.

A dealer in skins says skunk skins make the strongest and also the best-wearing furs. No one will hardly dispute the first statement.

A dispatch from London says that the lynxscope has been so perfected that the inventor has been able to see more than 900 miles. Pretty soon the lonely voter on the boundary line can have one of these machines installed in his house and see if his congressman is doing his duty at Washington.

It is hard to reform a successful sinner, but when misfortune overtakes him he is very susceptible to a teaching that promises so much and exacts so little.

Some scientists now claim that the earth is hollow and open at both ends. If this is true, here is a chance to "get on the inside" that eastern capitalists have overlooked.

Some sweet girl graduates who stood high in mathematics are not yet able to perform the proper equation on the batter to have good bread as the result.

The New York court says that hereafter employes of railroad companies will be obliged to regard the legend, "This side up." Heretofore they have religiously carried out the biblical instruction of smiting both sides.

The others before she takes the first step for her own safety; but a bull moose will sneak away silently at the first sniff of peril, leaving all others to look out for themselves. And that, by the way, is the real reason why a female animal is invariably found at the head of a band of moose or deer of any kind. If they are approaching danger, you will invariably find the cows ahead, the calves close behind, while far in the rear comes the bull taking care not to expose his precious hide, and running from a safe distance at the first warning of danger. This is characteristic of the noble totem, however, need not be emphasized—unless, perchance, the new party goes over bodily to the suffragettes.

Further indications of the bull's essential selfishness are found in his frequent abuse and browbeating of all other moose that are smaller than himself. He can not tolerate a rival, but flies into a jealousy at the first suggestion that there is any other bull moose in the universe. His voice at such times is a squeaking grunt, ridiculously small for so great an animal, which sounds like ungwuh! ungwuh! Herein we have a suggestion of those ferocious warriors described in Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," who always began a speech by shouting "Ongwehono!" which in the tongue of that tribe, means, "I am the only man; all others are squaws or liars."

At all times the bull moose is easily fascinated by too bright a light. Occasionally, when I am studying the animals at night, with a jack in the bow of my canoe, I run across his lordship filling himself with lush lily-roots. Most animals will stare at the jack for a time, and then turn away into the woods. Enough limelight is as good as a feast for a sensible creature. Now and then, however, I meet a bull moose that stares too long at the light, much as a politician might look too much upon glory, and he ends by floundering headlong toward the thing that dazzles him. At such times he is dangerous. In his blind infatuation he sees nothing but the bright object of his desire, and he clumsily knocks down everything in his path as he jumps toward it. Once I was upset in this way by a fool moose that tumbled over my canoe and that floundered madly when the jack was extinguished, hitting out aimlessly with hoofs and antlers. The only sure cure for such a bull is darkness, oblivion. When you meet him, close your jack, or turn it on another candidate. Any bull moose will sober off quickly if left in the friendly darkness.

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

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BINGER HERMANN IS AFTER REFUND

Ex-Land Commissioner Wants Government to Pay His Late Trial Costs.—Skirts Then All Cleared.

Binger Hermann, of Roseburg, ex-Representative and Commissioner of the General Land Office, is anxious that Congress pass a special bill to reimburse him for all moneys expended by him in defending himself in the two trials which he underwent, as a result of the prosecutions instituted at the direction of the late Secretary Hitchcock. He wants to recover all moneys spent, both in the Oregon case and in his trial in Washington for the destruction of public records.

This request of Mr. Hermann is based upon the fact that he was acquitted in Washington and his case dismissed at Portland after a jury disagreement, and on the further fact that the Portland jury was drawn from the same box as that which tried Willard N. Jones. In other words, so far as the Portland trial is concerned, Mr. Hermann takes the position that his dismissal is not enough.

Inasmuch as the President has seen fit to pardon Jones, who was convicted by a packed jury, Hermann thinks that he is entitled to a refund of all costs, as being the only means whereby the Government can clear its obligation in his case.

The Washington trial, Mr. Hermann maintains, was never based on any reasonable ground, and was purely the result of the Secretary's determination to persecute as well as prosecute him, and that trial having proven an utter failure, he thinks there is justice in his claim against the Government.

The introduction of such a bill might have the effect of bringing on a Congressional investigation into the Binger Hermann trials, and might bring before Congress the records showing the manner in which Detective Burns packed his juries at Portland; the same facts which led the President to grant an unconditional pardon to Willard N. Jones. And if Mr. Hermann cannot get a refund of the moneys which he expended to defend himself, he would be pleased to have a Congressional investigation of this character. In fact, that was one of the things that brought him to

Washington. If he can have the investigation he will stand a better chance of passing his relief bill.

Creswell Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Bearby will have quite a house party at their cozy bungalow before the week is over. Mrs. H. D. Lamborn, Mrs. Bearby's sister, and Miss Bertha Dibble, a niece of Hillsdale, Mich., and Miss Grace Putman from Honolulu are expected. Mrs. Lamborn and Miss Dibble have spent some time on their way to the coast, visiting many cities and places of interest, including the National Park. Miss Putman is returning to her home in Moline, Ill., after spending two years in the beautiful island, teaching in one of the Government schools.

G. A. Emerson and F. F. Norriah have sold their 176-acre farm which they purchased of T. A. Shafer to Mr. Richardson of Minneapolis, who takes possession September 1. Of the 176 acres 45 are set to cherries, peaches, prunes and apples. Mr. Emerson and

STOCK RANCH AT A BARGAIN

Only 1 1/2 miles from Cottage Grove, 35 acres under cultivation, 40 acres fine piling timber, 200 acres good foot-hill woodland pasture. Price \$20 per acre. A snap. Easy terms.

ADDRESS OWNER
Box 458, Cottage Grove, Ore.

family, who have resided on the place, will move to town and no doubt become permanent residents of Creswell.

L. P. Harrington has been selected by State Superintendent Alderman as one of the judges at the State Fair on work prepared and placed on exhibit by school children.

The Creswell Band will give a benefit entertainment Friday evening, August 9, at the Etna Opera House.

Workmen are laying the foundation for Schmitt Bros.' garage.

Schmitt Bros. are now working their caterpillar engine day and night in the Bohrnstedt orchard tracts.

Mrs. E. C. Phillips and children are visiting in Cottage Grove.

Carpenters have finished the repair work on the interior of F. W. Treanor's store.

Legal Blanks.—The Sentinel.

Try White House Coffee

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

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