

**Cottage Grove Sentinel**  
Mondays and Thursdays

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Elbert Bede, Editor

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**WHERE WERE LOVED ONES?**

Usually a funeral is sad because of the number left behind to grieve.

A funeral was held here this week that was sad because there was none—not a relative of any kind—to drop a silent tear.

She was a woman of 80 years or more—not even her exact age was known.

Fortunately she had credentials to show membership in an Eastern Star lodge, and those who had been strangers to her in life were sisters to her in death. She was buried with ceremonies as full and as impressive as though she had been the city's wealthiest and most prominent woman. All are equal in death so far as the lodge funeral ritual is concerned.

Eleven were present beside the lodge members. There were a few

floral tributes from neighbors who had become acquainted with the woman while she lived alone on Mosby creek.

Why an old woman should come to a strange country to pick such a lonely home she did not tell the few who became acquainted with her. Why she seemed to put the past from her was not learned.

Yet in her early years she must have been a woman of some prominence in the community in which she lived. Her husband, father or brother was a Mason, otherwise she could not have been an Eastern Star.

It is said at Coquille, from which place the woman came here, that there was a son, but he could not be located. The husband had died years ago.

In her lonely cabin the aged woman must have recalled to memory younger and happier days.

In her girlhood perchance many a swain was anxious to dance to her beck and call, but when she died no one knew what her maiden name had been.

It is easy to believe that as a lass she was the life of many a happy party and that she caused many a boyish heart to flutter. To hold her hand possibly was a rare privilege for the youth who made love to her, admired the soft beauty of her cheeks and were intrigued by the sparkle of her eyes.

But at the end of the journey those who loved her in her lively days knew not even her whereabouts; those who once sought the privilege of ennobling her were not there to perform one act of kindness in return for the happiness she once brought them; her soft beauty had faded with advancing years and the sweethearts of long ago were no more or, if living, had forgotten her quite.

The children that once snuggled at Nature's foot, the children for whom she had approached the dark valley of the shadow of death; the children whose thoughtlessness and selfishness she had overlooked and forgiven as mothers always do; the children for whom she had given up pleasures and finery and many things dear to a woman's heart; where were they? At least one known to be living was giving so little in return for the much that had been given him that he not only was not writing words of comfort that would have been so dear to an old and lonely mother's heart; he not only was not present at the passing of one who should have been most dear to him, but he could not even be found to be notified of the funeral. Others had to perform the tasks that should have been a son's privilege.

And there are other mothers, in Cottage Grove and elsewhere, who are wondering whether when their time comes any of those for whom they have suffered most, for whom they have made sacrifices that only mothers make, upon whom they have lavished a mother's love, from whom a caress would mean much happiness, will be there to place a floral tribute and drop a filial tear.

Although a caress now and then would mean many hours of pleasure, the caress and the thoughtful act are forgotten even while the

mother lives. No wonder mothers ask themselves whether they are being fairly treated in return for the much they have given and wonder whether any will sorrow when they are gone.

The Sentinel wishes that its farmer readers would inform it how great an interest they take in the Babson letters upon farm conditions which are being published weekly. The expense of securing them is such that The Sentinel does not care to continue their publication unless they are of interest to a considerable number of farmers.

**IT JUST HAPPENED SO.**  
(Continued from first page.)

or confluent, link up the chain of incidents that go to complete the story.

Some people go pretty strong on what is termed destiny—that is, that everything is predestined. Speaking strictly for myself I am frank to say that I do not know so much about that, as it seems to me that some things just happened so.

At least I am sure that if Jim Fay had been a reasonably decent and sensible fellow he would not have provoked me as he did that night in the barroom at Medford when I felt compelled to loosen a number of his teeth and bruise and lacerate my right hand in the process.

Now, the thing was all uncalculated, and I am no fighting man, and it should never have happened, but it did happen, and for that reason, and for no other, I left Medford hurriedly when, as a matter of fact, I wanted to remain in that burg.

You see, I had only been there a few days, was short of money and, besides that, I had an aversion to paying fines for such indiscretions. But if I stayed in town I was sure to bump into the local justice of the peace next day and it was just possible that that individual might give me a jail sentence as well as a fine.

What influenced me more than anything else in getting such a notion in my head was the fact that Jim Fay was the local reporter on the principle paper of the town, while his boss had a considerable pull with the local representatives of the law, and the said boss came through the swinging door between the old Nash hotel lobby and the bar room just as Jim Fay bumped into my fist and the loose teeth fell out and rattled on the floor.

Jim Fay, of course, knew that I was justified in swatting him, but I was not fool enough to think for a minute that he would admit it, and to his boss it surely would look like a brutal thing to do—to hit a man and knock his teeth out.

My side of the difficulty could never have been understood under the circumstances, and when Jake and I walked out of the barroom we crossed the railroad track and sat down on a pile of crossties and talked it over.

It is just as well to tell you that Jake was foreman of the print shop where I had worked for a few

days, and he and Jim Fay and Jim Fay's boss all fade out of the story right here; for, from that day to this I have never again seen one of them, and that's a stretch of time that covers more than twenty-five years.

That being the case, if I should listen right close I might hear someone say, "Well, why in the Sam Hill are you dragging them into the story?"

To which I would naturally reply: "You see, this story is based on facts, and these fellows and the incidents related are all facts, and it was these things, coming along in chronological order, that brought about the reason or reasons why I hopped onto the front end of a Southern Pacific passenger train that came snorting in when Jake and I were talking it over while sitting on that pile of crossties." And it was thus that I shook the dust of Medford from off my feet and it was thus that it "just happened" that when I hopped off the blind baggage of that train I landed in the little town of Cottage Grove.

Maybe it was predestined that I should do this very thing, but I do not think so, whatever you might think. It just happened that way.

(To be continued.)

**Fishing Trip Is Costly One.**  
S. C. Mitchell, giving his residence as Cottage Grove, was fined \$50 in Eugene justice court Thursday upon charges of fishing without a license and of catching fish under the legal limit. He paid \$25 for each offense. He was apprehended in the Oakridge country.

**William Rissue Painfully Injured.**  
William Rissue, logger at the Stroud sawmill at Curtin, sustained painful injuries to his left foot Thursday afternoon, when a log rolled onto the foot. The foot was severely bruised and the ankle sprained.

**Establish Light Inspection Stations.**  
Official light inspection stations under the state traffic department have been established at the Woodson and Billie Hall garages. The West Side garage and Long & Cruson will have such stations within a few days.

**SAGINAW.**

(Special to The Sentinel.)  
Aug. 22.—Ruth Bede and Dorothy Baldwin, of Cottage Grove, visited with Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McKinney Wednesday. The C. A. Stevens family were also guests of the McKinnys on that day.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Benston and daughter arrived home Thursday after spending a week at the J. A. Joll home in Delight valley.  
The Errol Koch family left Friday for their home in Montana, after a visit at the E. H. Koch home.  
The E. H. Koch family enjoyed a family reunion Wednesday, when all of their children gathered here. There were also relatives from Toledo and Turner, Ore., and in all 34 enjoyed supper together. Con and Onal Koch and families left Saturday for their California homes. Mrs. E. H. Koch and Miss Verniel accompanied them for a short visit.

**Why They Are Upright.**

Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime.  
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**WANTADS**

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**FOR SALE—A MODERN PLASTERED bungalow.** Five rooms and bath downstairs. Entire upper story finished into one room. Electric lights, hot and cold water, septic tank, macadam street, some fruit trees, strawberries, raspberries and large garage. Some furniture if desired. Good security accepted with mortgage back for part, if desired, or monthly payment plan can be arranged. E. B., Sentinel. ag20-31p(2)

**FOR RENT—HOUSEKEEPING** rooms, furnished or unfurnished. Also garage. G. C. Gowing, 1031 east Washington avenue. a20-24p

**GOOD RANGE FOR SALE CHEAP.** Mrs. W. F. Johnson, 1040 Adams avenue. a20-24p

**LOST—SMALL GOLD PIN WITH** letters "C. H. S." engraved upon it. Finder please return to Sentinel office. a24p

**FOR SALE—JUNE PULLETS,** 50c to 75c each; roosters, 20c each. Delivered in city by dozen or half dozen lots. Mrs. Foss, Lornae route. a24-27p

**HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.** MRS. O. M. Miller. Call at Helliwell & Marksbury's or phone 32. a24c

**Accommodation or Thrift—Which?**

If you borrow money you pay interest. It is an accommodation. Merchandise costs money and when you say "charge it" you pay the interest on the cost of the goods you buy. A business of this kind means paying for the use of money all along the line from maker to customer.

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**Society**

A wedding pretty in its simplicity was that of Miss Juda Trunnel to D. L. Ljams, which was performed at 6 o'clock Saturday evening at the home of the officiating minister, A. J. Adams. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Langston. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Trunnel and has been manager of the local telephone exchange for several years. Mr. Ljams is employed in the construction department of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company and is stationed at Eugene. The couple left immediately after the ceremony for a two weeks' honeymoon trip to Bandon and other coast cities. They will make their home here and Mrs. Ljams will remain in her position with the telephone company.

Complimenting Miss Lillian O. Leonard, a bride elect, a miscellaneous shower was held Friday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Leonard, for which Mrs. S. L. Mackin, Mrs. Andrew Brund, Mrs. Loren Harvey, Mrs. Clyde Leonard and Miss Roy Leonard were hostesses. The affair was a complete surprise to the honored guest. The hours were pleasantly spent socially and during the evening each guest wrote a recipe for a receipt file which Miss Leonard had received. The rooms were attractively decorated with dahlias and asters of brilliant hues. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The marriage of Miss Leonard to Gene Clarke Selness, of Hood River, is to take place the fore part of September.

A family reunion was held yesterday at the S. L. Godard home in honor of Mrs. H. R. Godard, the occasion being her seventy-eighth birthday anniversary. Those present were Mrs. C. J. Lose and daughter Katharine, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Spencer, Mrs. Grace VanBoskirk and daughter Ruth, Eugene; Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. VanBoskirk, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Godard and the S. L. Godard family, of this city.

Miss Helen Waples, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Waples, of this city, and Richard H. Bushnell, of Creswell, were married the latter part of last week in Vancouver, Wash. Mr. Bushnell is an employee of the Oregon Motor company, Creswell. The couple and a party of friends left soon after the ceremony on a motor trip into Canada. They are expected home this evening.

Twenty-four were present at the Christian Endeavor's watermelon feed held Friday evening in Hawley's grove at Veatch spur. A short business session was held and the remainder of the hours were pleasantly spent in games and social conversation.

The Lions Club entertained their girl friends at a bon fire party Thursday evening at the Veatch picnic grounds. Games were played and refreshments were served. Ralph Spearow and Mrs. Herman F. Edwards chaperoned the party.

Members of Bert B. Chandler camp, United Spanish War Veterans, with their families, will hold a business and social session in Phillips hall Friday evening, August 28. Light refreshments will be served.

Mrs. Omer Moors will be hostess Thursday afternoon to the Utopia club.

The Presbyterian Missionary society will hold its annual picnic Wednesday afternoon in the city park. The members and children will go out in the afternoon and the men after business hours. The regular summer Christmas tree will be held, the gifts to be baby garments for a children's home in

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Pint Vacuum Bottle 83c  
Lunch Kits 69c

Bogata, Columbia, S. A. If the weather should be inclement the affair will be held in the basement of the church.

**New Store for Saginaw.**  
Aug. 21.—(Special).—The new store building being erected for F. T. Benston will be finished within a few days. It is located

Get the Red Crown Mileage Card at any "Red Crown" pump. Use it and see your mileage increase!

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