

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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COTTAGE GROVE DISAPPEARS.

The Sentinel has received from the Southern Pacific railway a copy of its folder on its new Cascade route by way of the Natron cutoff. Additional copies will be furnished on request, an accompanying letter says.

The Sentinel was greatly interested by a map of the new route, which also shows the present route through Cottage Grove, rather through the section of country where Cottage Grove used to be, for between Eugene and Roseburg several cities with thousands of population seem to have been swept away by a cyclone and may be even now up in the air looking for a place to land. The only dots on the map between Eugene and Roseburg are Divide, Rice Hill and Drain.

The Sentinel can see little good accomplished by constructing a great railway to build up one section of the state when the result is wiping out another section, a section replete with pioneer history, a section where the early argonauts settled and built homes and made possible the first railway construction through the state.

Those living elsewhere who have visited this section of the state, if they receive copies of this folder, surely will wonder why points like Divide and Rice Hill were able to maintain their places in the sun while the pretty little city of Cot-

tage Grove which they visited and where they learned that a hundred sawmills were to operate, a city advertised as the Hollywood of Oregon, a city that produced more freight than Eugene or Roseburg, has disappeared in thin air. Many are bound to wonder by what freak of nature a once prosperous and fertile country has been reduced to desert and only great open spaces remain through which the great Pacific highway may run.

If the Southern Pacific will furnish us with folders showing the hole in the ground where Cottage Grove used to be, we will send them to those friends of ours who have always predicted that Cottage Grove would soon or late come to some bad end.

The Sentinel has received from Editor Jenkins of the Eugene Register an explanation of the map of the Natron cutoff used in the Register's recent special edition, which showed only Divide, Drain and Rice Hill on the old route south from Eugene. The map was supplied by the Southern Pacific railway. The omission should have been corrected, Editor Jenkins admits, but in the rush of getting out a special edition the correction was overlooked. Having had some experience with the rush attendant upon special editions, the Sentinel finds the explanation by Editor Jenkins entirely satisfactory. The Register has been consistent in giving Cottage Grove a boost as opportunity offered.

There is a lot of difference between the ideal and the real. Did you ever compare the picture on the empty seed envelope at the end of the row with the real flower you have grown?

Latin and other dead languages would have a better chance if people weren't so busy living.

If others could only see us as we see ourselves, how we would shine!

CHICKENS THAT NEVER HATCH.

(By Jack Howard Sr.)
A case of "counting your chickens before they are hatched," occurred at Culp Creek yesterday. When the Buster Kanton Production company pulled up stakes and departed for Los Angeles, more or less equipment of a miscellaneous nature was left.

A man came along yesterday and, looking down on the clearing where the cavalry horses had been picketed, discovered a well-filled sack. A picture of oats, selected with a view to maintenance of the well-muscled cavalry horses, was the vision that stirred him to activity. "Be-gosh," said he, "there's a hull darn sack o' oats them fellers left, eh—mine they are, be-gosh!"

Down he went. He grabbed the sack as though it would weigh a ton, and it flew up, nearly hitting him in the face, all but upsetting him. It was well filled with straw. All this reminds me of something that happened back in the early 80's in Eugene. If memory serves me correctly, the plot was laid on a lot on Willamette street later occupied by the Bob Hayes saloon, now occupied by the First National bank. The pioneer building on this particular lot had also been occupied by a saloon and when it was being wrecked curiosity seekers, prowling over the debris, had found several pieces of money, one fellow finding a five dollar gold piece. Of course this whetted the acquisitiveness of the hangabouts to razor edge.

Noting the eagerness of a certain man, who although a good fellow, had gained the reputation of having fallen out with work many years before, several prominent citizens, among whom was Clay Humphrey, at that time a capitalist associated with A. G. Hovey in the management of the Lane County bank, decided to have a little fun with "Old Dick," as he was called. During the noon hour a "plant" was made under one of the silos. "Old Dick" hurried back after dinner and went on his still hunt for riches. The last chapter of this story was told to the writer years ago by "Dick," who considered it a "partly good joke," he follows:

"Partly soon I spied the biggest and worst lookin' ol' wallet you ever clapped an eye on. Darned it, it didn't look to be just about my age. It was stuffed plum full 'n' looked to be about as big as a hale o' hops. Well, I couldn't believe my eyes. I looked all 'round careless like to see if any one was a watchin' ol' me. Then I poked the old wallet 'round 'th my stick to where I could set down and look careless like, as though I was a restin', and partly soon I slipped it in my coat pocket. It was so darn heavy that I was a-fear'd it would make me lopsided as I mazed off. I worked my way back into the alley; sort o' careless like, an' when I got behind a shed I took it out and opened it up, an' the dad-burn thing was chuck full o' bright new iron washers. When I looked 'round quick like there stood a bunch of the boys, 'bout ready to bust. 'th Clay Humphrey right in the front line wearin' a grin as big as a wash tub."

Engraving. The Sentinel.

Fox Fires No Longer Cause Childish Fear

Boys and girls nowadays seldom expand the cause of fox fire, a mysterious light glowing dimly in the depths of the forest or gleaming from some half-buried rotten log in a lonely swamp. The cutting away of the forests and the draining of swampy land have cleared from much of the landscape the causes which produce fox fire. In early days, however, the feet of pioneer children were sent scampering home in the twilight when their owners came unexpectedly upon a light which seemed to have no source, says the Indianapolis News.

Ghosts and goblins and all sorts of evil omens ever have been associated with the appearance of fox fire and will-o'-the-wisps. There long has been a difference of opinion regarding the cause of fox fire, but now it is generally conceded to be due to a living fungus growth which permeates decaying vegetable matter and which possesses the power of emitting waves of light. No sensible heat waves are thrown out, and in this respect fox fire resembles the light emitted by fireflies and glowworms. Many a ghost might have been traced to its lair had the origin of phosphorescence been understood better, especially in the countries where the will-o'-the-wisps are reputed to be of frequent occurrence.

Poisonous Root Made Available for Food

Farinha, a bread made from a poisonous root, the mandioca, is the staff of life of the wild Indians of Interior Brazil and also of the Brazilians. The mandioca root, which resembles the common parsnip, is poisonous but the natives know how to pull its "fangs." Each Indian family in the Amazon basin has a section of tree trunk made slightly concave on one side. This shallow trough is studded with pieces of flint or with large fish teeth set in the pitch-surfaced board. The women shred the mandioca root on this primitive grater, and pack the white fluff resulting in long woven mat tubes. After soaking the tubes in the water the contents are suspended from a tree limb to drain and pressure is applied to them on the principle of the tourniquet. This operation, which washes out the poison, must be repeated several times before the farinha can be used as a coarse flour for bread. For convenience in transportation the farinha is made into cakes a half-inch thick and a foot in diameter. It requires strong teeth to bite a piece out of one of them and eat it, according to white men who have tried it. The food is wholesome and nutritious, but rather tasteless.

Riding a Camel

The geographers do right to call the camel the "ship of the desert." He is, indeed, like a ship that pitches, tosses and rolls, all at the same time, in a storm. A little skeleton "howdah" is put on his back, while his master leads him by a long rope. The unfortunate passenger sits cross-legged on top of the camel's very bony backbone and endeavors to adapt himself to the rolling, pitching movement. It makes many persons seasick. The camel has a mean disposition, and is always trying to quarrel with the other camels in the party, biting and kicking them, grunting and making a general nuisance of himself.

World Is "Thin Shell"

"It is wholesome for proud man to look upward on a bright day at some pretty cirrus cloud, to consider that it is composed of ice spicules, that it floats in arctic cold, that it signalsizes to us what hothouse creatures we are. If the roof of air were removed we should all be frozen to death in a moment. Just above the roof is deadly cold, and just below the crust of earth is deadly heat. Only within the thin shell that separates these two regions can the human race strut about and congratulate itself on its great powers."—Henshaw Ward, in "The Whirlpools of the Weather," in Harper's Magazine.

The Mad Book

Why doesn't somebody write a mad book, dedicated "to all the poor people who have lost their tempers and don't know where to find them?"

A few suggested chapters:
To have your feet stepped on.
To have a conductor abuse you before a carful of people.
To have a cross voice on the telephone tell you to "Butt off the line."
To see what you want on the counter and have a clerk tell you: "We don't keep it."
To ask for the Mad Book and have a clerk say, "It's never been published."

Belief in Toad Stone

W. J. Rolfe in his notes on "As You Like It" says: "Better naturalists than Shakespeare believed in the toad stone, the 'precious jewel' of the text. Fenton in his 'Secrets Wonders of Nature' (1590) says that 'there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call borax or stelon; it is most commonly founde in the head of a bee toade, of power to repulse poysons and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for that stone.' Allusions to it are frequent in the literature of that day.

Short Summer in North

In no part of the Canadian Northwest territories is there a tropical climate but explorers have stated that in some subarctic parts there is a short but warm summer during which certain flowers bloom in profusion.

Youth Rides West by Will Irwin
Copyright by Will Irwin WNU Service
(Continued from first page.)

returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood facing each other. Again that bleak mood lay on her face. She swung, grasped at her saddlehorn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said: "Robert—why did you—why did you—do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem. "You love me!"

"And you too!" I said. "You too!"

She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery light, became a stone wall. "I shouldn't have done this!" she went on, every moment becoming more the mistress of herself. "Shouldn't have let you do it."

"You couldn't have stopped me!" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had rent for an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Hada't you better hitch them then?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, staided me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked. "From me. See me no more. You will be safest so." "Safest from what?" "From yourself—and me!" "What is the danger in you?" "Robert, a man is always in danger when he loves a married woman!—unless—' here her voice grew sharp for an instant, "unless this is only a flirtation with you. Unless you are that kind of a man."

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "how much this isn't a flirtation. Don't you think I've fought it? Don't you know that I did what I did just now because my guard was down, and you touched me and I was carried beyond myself?" "I know all that," she said. "I'm trying to be very honest now. And it isn't honest in me, Robert, to say I doubt your honor. I'm certain of that. You're not like—well, our friend Barton, for example."

SOCIETY
Mrs. Herbert Eakin entertained with a 1 o'clock luncheon Saturday honoring Mrs. H. O. Thompson and daughter Alice of Colfax, Wash. who are the house guests of Mrs. H. A. Miller. Guests were Mrs. H. H. Ventch, Mrs. H. A. Miller, Mrs. N. E. Compton, Mrs. Clara Burkholder, Mrs. B. R. Job, Mrs. Charles Adams, Mrs. Orpah Benson, Miss Esther Sisby, Mrs. J. H. Chambers and Mrs. O. L. Nichols, all of this city, and Mrs. J. S. Medley of Eugene. The afternoon was spent socially. The living room was decorated with dahlias and roses were the table decorations. A three-course luncheon was served.

A family reunion was held at the S. L. Godard home honoring Mrs. H. R. Godard on her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Godard of this city, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Godard and Mrs. Grace Van Boskirk and daughter Ruth, all of Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Spencer of Portland. A dinner was served on the lawn.

A charivari was held Saturday at the Lee Nixon home for Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wolford (Miss Eleanor F. Nixon), who were married Wednesday in Eugene. The couple had returned Saturday from Portland, where they had spent a brief honeymoon. About 40 from this city and Delight Valley were present. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Dora Sexton, president of the Rebekah assembly of Oregon, was honor guest at a meeting of the local Rebekah lodge held Friday evening. Twenty visitors from Marcola, Creswell and Eugene were present. Miss Sexton gave a lecture on the work of the assembly and the initiatory ceremony was put on by the lodge. Supper was served at W. O. W. hall.

Employees of the cannery surprised Superintendent Beles Thursday afternoon, the occasion being his birthday anniversary. The employees furnished ice cream and cookies, and assisted Mr. Beles in disposing of the refreshments.

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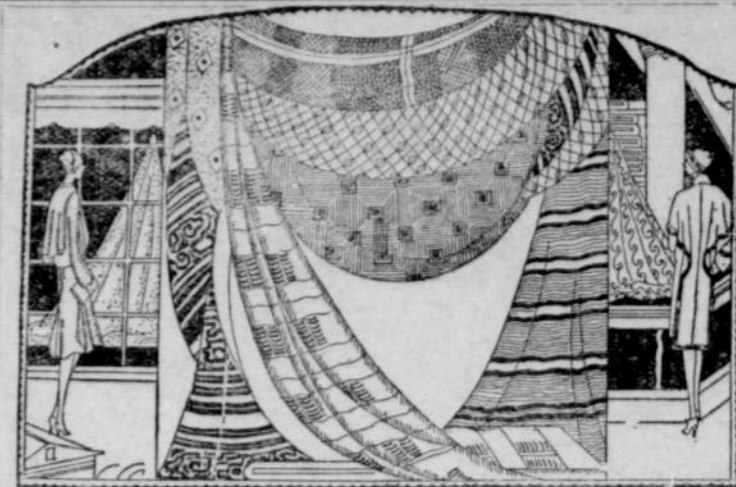
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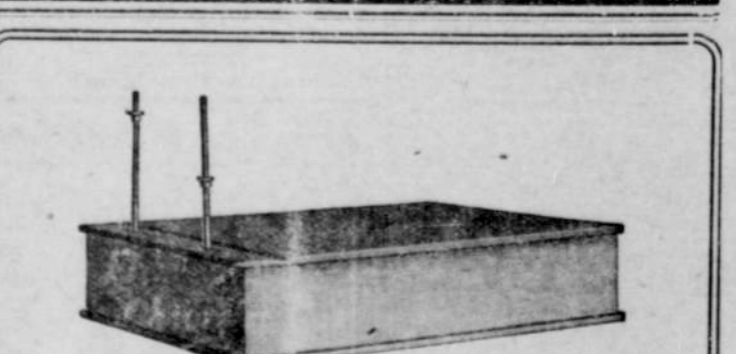
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