

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

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THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1912

Hurrah for the Next that Dies

During the prevalence of the plague in India, and when death was reaping his blackened harvest in swaths, a number of officers in the British army formed a Club of Despair. They felt themselves doomed—cut off from friends and hope. Whatever may be the fault of the British soldier, he has one terrible quality, that of obeying orders, even when such orders are for the grave. An Irish officer in the club, with that terrible recklessness so peculiar to the Irish soldier, composed the following song. Each night the club met, and with flowing glasses, sang the song in chorus. Each night there was an empty chair, but the remaining members turned its back to the table and sang on. This was repeated until there remained but one of the club. It is recorded that, on the last night of his existence, he entered the clubroom, turned the empty chairs of his companions to the table, filled his glass, and sang "Hurrah for the Next that Dies" until he dropped dead at the table. To those who have read of the ravages of the plague, and of the stubborn heroism of the British army, this will not appear improbable.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there!
But stand to your glasses steady;
We drink to your comrade's eyes.
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here is the goblet glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet!
But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall midst the wine cup sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses steady;
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned on others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand by your glasses steady!
The reckless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a heart that's sunk,
But soon, tho' our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's mist on the glass congealing—
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath,
And thus does the warmth of feeling,
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho, stand to your glasses steady!
In a moment the vapor dies;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning!
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
No, stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find—
Whence the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
So, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

THE TITANIC

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—Immortality.

Many morals are to be drawn from the awe-inspiring wreck of the Titanic, the terrible details of which are now known in every hamlet of the civilized world.

This queen of the seas, as her name indicated, the most gigantic maritime undertaking of past or modern times, rests on the bottom

of the sea, 2,000 fathoms below the surface, still manned by a silent crew that went bravely, heroically and stolidly to its death. The captain of the boat and all officers are there, as are also about a thousand passengers, 1601 in all, a terrible monument to the fact that someone blundered.

The feature that stands out pre-eminent is the heroism, the Spartan stoicism of the crew and passengers in the face of certain death. A person may often in a moment of excitement risk his life for another, but here there was no excitement, there was sufficient time to think, everyone realized that death was certain. There was no risking of life. It was giving of life. No doubt every man who stood bravely back to let the women and chil-

dren be saved, secretly wished he might be asked to man a boat. They could hardly be blamed for that, but stay back they did, as did several women who would not be parted from those with whom they had gone thus far down the valley of life. Probably nothing equal to it in heroism has occurred since the march of the famous Six Hundred. Men and women waited for the water to come up and engulf them, while those who were saved in the boats could hear the band playing, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River" and "Nearer My God to Thee." The sight will never, can never, be erased from the minds of those who saw, heard—and lived.

The greatest moral to be drawn is the futility of human power in battling with the forces of nature. Here was the goliath of the seas, some 48,000 tons of chilled steel in her magnificent, massive hull; 900 feet long, 175 feet in height, 100 feet in width, were her magnificent proportions; every precaution to make her unsinkable had been taken; and yet she did not complete her first trip. But it is more than probable that the boat would have stood a fair blow. If she had met the berg head on at full speed, she would have probably escaped serious injury, but she hit a glancing blow and probably the submerged part of the iceberg ripped a terrible hole under water in this supposed impregnable monarch of the high seas.

Can we believe that He who guides a million worlds safely in their flights through space, who "gives to the rose bud whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze the sweet assurance of another springtime," had some great lesson to teach in sending this great bulk of ice afloat in the ocean, without chart, compass or course?

Many a frail craft has safely crossed the main since the day of Columbus and his wooden skiffs. Why should this leviathan come to so untimely an end? Did He wish to teach the uncertainty of life, the failure of finite when coping with infinite? The answer can only be given over there, where we hope those brave heroes, who died that others might live, have received their just reward.

The Titanic was the acme of everything in luxury—nothing that could be conceived, or human mind desire, was omitted. The personal wealth of the passengers on the ill-fated trip was some 500 millions. Many there are who believe the fearful tragedy was a warning to those who spend their lives on earth in luxurious ease and indolence and fail to lay up treasures in heaven. As much was indicated from many pulpits on the Sabbath following the accident.

The position of Ismay, managing director of the line which owned the Titanic, and who was among the saved, must have been a somewhat embarrassing one, as he rode to safety on the Carpathia, while many of the saved had left behind those who might have just as well been saved in Ismay's place.

Think, too, of the peculiar feeling of Col. Gracie and others on the life raft who had to warn other poor drowning fellows away or lose their own lives.

Think also, of the saved ones in the boats. The skiffs would have each held several more. Those who had left loved ones behind must have wondered why just those few couldn't have been taken in.

It has been definitely settled that there were boats for 900 persons. Why were only 600 saved?

Why were there not more saved by hanging onto loose wreckage? There was wreckage enough to have saved hundreds that drowned.

THE PRIMARIES

The late Oregon primaries were full of surprises. The most astonishing thing was not that Roosevelt came out way in the lead, but that both Roosevelt and LaFollette led Taft. The natural conclusion is that in a single-handed fight with

either candidate the President would have been beaten two to one. In other words, the insurgent vote is more than twice as strong as the conservative progressive vote. Apparently nearly all delegates elected are Taft men.

Of course there are charges that thousands of democrats voted in the republican primaries, and, undoubtedly such charges are true, but it is doubtful if a straight republican primary would have changed the result.

One thing is quite apparent, that is, if the whole country is in the same condition as is Oregon, democratic prospects are bright, no matter whether Taft or Roosevelt is nominated. LaFollette would probably come nearer to getting a full republican vote in this state than either of the other two.

Bourne was turned down good and plenty, which is considerable satisfaction to friends of the president, whom he perniciously opposed.

The selections for county and legislative offices seem to be satisfactory.

The Remonstrance is the name of a magazine issued from Boston for the avowed purpose of fighting woman's suffrage. We can't imagine who would benefit enough by the defeat of woman's suffrage to pay good money for fighting it.

The Yoncalla Times says it is going to have a Mergenthaler. We wish the newspaper business in Cottage Grove would warrant such innovations.

Things We Think

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

It's the things that you do not tell that show how much you know.

It is pretty nearly as hard to keep money as it is to collect that which you have coming.

It is easier to get a promise of \$25 six months from now than it is to collect \$1.00 cash.

It is lots easier to denounce a person than to praise him, and an audience is easier to hold.

In the marriage lottery every man draws a prize and every woman a blank.

The more we aggravate someone else when we are mad the more it soothes us.

A person talks more presumptuously to the man who owes him money than to the person he owes money.

When we get enough money so that we will feel that we can give some of it away, there'll probably be no one around needing it.

The trouble with this old world is that there are too many bald heads and not enough people raising heirs.

Some people start criminal lives by writing spring poetry.

A Chicago burglar stole a young woman's clothes while she slept. He will probably be charged with petticoat larceny.

We shout our denunciations to the seething masses; our praises we whisper to the sighing forests.

Music and long hair seem to go together. Well, some music would raise your hair all right.

The people who holler the loudest for the spending of public monies are also the ones who holler the loudest about paying their taxes.

The necessities of life cost all we can afford and the luxuries of life keep us poor.

Do not try to pick your political plums before they are ripe.

So far Colonel Bryan hasn't even said he would accept the nomination if tendered him.

A warm heart will keep out most of the coldness of this old world.

Your sins will find you out—if you ever run for office.

It is also the unloaded human pop guns that always go off.

The best title a girl can get by marrying is just plain "Mrs."

A man should be close to his family, but not too close with them.

Rockefeller is as bald as oil can, but the true story of his life would probably be a hair raiser.

No man ought to make the same mistake twice—considering how many people there are to tell him about it.

Most every girl before she gets married plans on the many little charities she will do when she gets her husband's money to spend.

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where there was formerly but one, doesn't do it by letting the grass grow under his feet.

Some people cuss the other fellow's good luck as much as they do their own bad luck.

Disagreeableness is the most contagious disease there is.

The three greatest things are faith, hope and charity and are usually used in the order named. When we hear of a fellow down on his luck, we first have faith in his ability to pull out, then hope that he will come out all right, and may finally give the charity needed in the first place.

We'd like to know why some people are so curious.

A man who can't stand it to have things go against him will never make a success of life.

Opportunity finds the man who is on the job.

A woman locked her children in the house to go to a revival meeting, and returned to find the house burned down. We trust their little souls fluttered to heaven with the smoke that rose over their funeral pyre.

Determination and application always come out ahead of faith and hope.

The woodpile languishes while the men talk politics.

A man is always disgusted with the man he can't convince.

If older people were scolded as much as children, for doing the very same things, they would get disgusted with life. Youth's buoyant spirit soon rises above the rebuffs.

It is a sad setback to your pride to have some roughneck outdo you in deference and politeness to the gentler sex.

No person ever gets so rough or so bad but there is a spot somewhere that can be touched by kindness and charity.

A person who radiates sunshine on the outside will usually be found pure and clean inside.

A rumor is about the only thing that will stand up without a foundation.

In this country two blades of grass grow this year where there was but one the year before.

It's all right to hope for something that you couldn't get even by hustling for it.

Salt Lake City having especial weight. As the result of a three week's trip through the east by Mr. Duder, recommendations will be made to the city commission of the Utah Capital that bitulithic paving be used in all medium traffic and residence streets, says the Pocatello Tribune.

Mr. Duder was sent by the city commission for the special purpose of investigating paving matters, as he is to have charge of the paving and general public improvement work of the engineering office. D. H. Blossom, city engineer, will have charge of the water works, engineering and general supervision.

The engineer visited Pueblo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago. In these cities bitulithic pavement has been used to considerable extent. Mr. Duder reports that his investigations demonstrated that the bitulithic material is very efficient. He says he finds it especially adapted to streets with steep grades where a rough surface is employed, and he thinks it will be found satisfactory in Salt Lake.

He found cheaper paving, but in the matter of wearing qualities, he declared, they were not satisfactory and he does not believe it would pay to adopt them.

"The Shop" Where Good Printing is Done
The SENTINEL

Complains About Black Butte Road.

Black Butte, Ore., April 16, 1912.—Ed. Sentinel: I wish to inform your readers in regard to the public highway from Black Butte to Cottage Grove. It is most miserable and rough, and if there was only \$100 paid out for labor at the present time hauling and filling those bad mud holes with gravel, then daggling the road with a road drag, it would be worth more to the public travel than if there should be \$1,000 spent after the best part of the season is gone.

I think the road supervisor should be notified to keep his road in better

What Representative Eaton Thinks of The Sentinel:

EUGENE, OREGON, April 11, 1912.

Messrs. Bede & Grant,
Cottage Grove, Oregon

Gentlemen—I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to express to you my appreciation of the very attractive paper that you print. I do not know of another paper of its class in Oregon which makes on an average as neat an appearance as does *The Sentinel*.

Yours very truly,
ALLEN H. EATON.

POCATELLO SELECTS BITULITHIC

Twenty-five Blocks in the Business Heart of the City to be Paved.

Twenty-five streets in the business heart of the city are to be paved with the popular bitulithic paving, the city council having recently awarded the contract after a thorough investigation of the merits of different kinds of paving. During this investigation, the reports of various committees sent out by other cities to inspect pavings were taken into consideration, the report of J. Duder, assistant city engineer of

shape for the public travel, as we taxpayers pay a very high tax to do this work and we believe it should be done. We all know there was a road tax levied. The amount of money to be spent for labor this year on these roads from Black Butte to Cottage Grove is \$3,000 and we think it high time we were having some good of this money.
Yours truly,
TAXPAYER.

Fix Up Your Cemetery Lots.

Everyone wishes to keep his cemetery lots fixed up, and usually the reason they are not kept parked up is because of inability to get someone to do the work. I am looking for contracts doing this work at 20c an hour.
a25-m2c CHAS. C. LAVERNE.

Wedding invitations—*The Sentinel*.

WE'RE PROPER OPTIMISTS

And believe our venture into the clothing business in Cottage Grove will prove that our judgment is correct in believing that there is a profitable business here for an exclusive and high class clothing store and toggerly.

We will have to increase our business a whole lot to satisfy us, but we confidently expect to do so, if honest merchandising and good values can do it.

New goods are arriving almost every day. Our lines of clothing, shoes for men, women and children, men's and boys' hats are complete in every detail.

Powell & Cooper

SUCCESSORS TO WHEELER-THOMPSON CO.