

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLenty of BACKBONE
BEDE & GRANT, Publishers ELBERT BEDE, Editor

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1912

THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight.
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of the brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light,
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Extra! The bull moosers have nominated Theodore Roosevelt, a well-known politician, for president.

The Sentinel's editorial last week on "Tantalizing Tempters" has elicited considerable criticism, mostly favorable, one woman going so far as to write a letter supporting it. If there are any who wish to take issue on the other side, The Sentinel would be pleased to give their opinions publicity.

A REAL PROGRESSIVE

While William Howard Taft is being denounced as a reactionary, some of the most progressive legislation ever enacted by any legislative body is being tried out and is proving the wisdom of the mind that either created or forced it through congress; and that mind is the mind of William Howard Taft.

The postal savings banks alone would be a monument to any administration. They have already stemmed the flow of money to Europe and brought millions from hiding places.

If Taft had done nothing but give us the tariff board, his claim to fame would be well founded.

If Taft had done nothing but reduce the expenses of the government a hundred millions or so he ought to be entitled to some credit.

If Taft had given us nothing but the corporation tax, which does the work set out for it, despite the fact that great lawyers have declared it unconstitutional and the creation of an atrophied brain, he would have performed a great service to his country.

Taft does not exceed the speed limit in his progressiveness, but when he progresses he gets somewhere. That is the kind of progressiveness that counts. The progressiveness that must tear down in order to have something to build up gets little in net results.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

P. T. Barnum was right. The people do like to be humbugged once in a while. But when P. T. made that famous statement he did not dream of the extremes of perfection to which humbuggery would be carried. He could not have realized on what a stupendous scale colossal humbuggery would be practised in this year 1912 by the greatest showman of

ancient, modern or future times. If he could have imagined what that prince of personal exploiters, Theodore Roosevelt, would attempt in this great 20th century, he would have little dreamed that he could get away with it.

Old Barnum, experienced as he was in fooling the people, would not have dared to spring the deca-logue as an original discovery. But the people like to be humbugged better than they used to.

Roosevelt presents himself as the only flesh and blood apostle of clean politics, and yet he refuses to say where he got the barrel that enabled him to spend a half million in carrying the primaries of one state. The people do like to be humbugged.

Teddy presents himself as the originator of the square deal and yet when the chief executive of this great nation he discharged old men and young from the service of the government without a hearing and used the tremendous pressure of his position to ruthlessly crush those who achieved his displeasure. The people do like to be humbugged.

He says the convention system is a crime in 1912 but was all right in 1904 and 1908. And the people believe him. The people do like to be humbugged.

He says it's a crime for others to steal, but all right for him to do what he condemns in others. And the people believe him. The people do like to be humbugged.

If the Socialists in 1904 and 1908 had proposed one-quarter the things he now proposes as a panacea for our national ills, he would have called them anarchists, cut-throats and nincompoops. But the people believe it is all right now. The people like to be humbugged.

With brazen effrontery he tells us he swiped the Panama canal because he made a guess that the people would want it pretty soon and he just merely anticipated them. If he had guessed that the people would want him to commit murder, the presumption is that he would have done it, and the people would have thought it all right. The people like to be humbugged.

And so we might go on down the list, but the people wouldn't believe us. The people like to be humbugged.

A SERIOUS FLAW

A serious flaw in the Oregon primary system is the one that makes it necessary for a congressman to neglect his work at Washington in order to devote himself to attempting to secure a renomination in case he is opposed at the polls. A campaign can hardly be conducted in less than two months, and during such a period much public business of vital importance may be neglected.

It is not fair to the people to have to pay a man when he isn't on the job and it isn't fair to our representatives in congress not to give them a chance to defend themselves.

The primary election should be held at a more convenient time for all concerned.

A wise man (whose claim to a niche in the hall of immortals would be secure if the authorship could be proved) one said that the mother Hubbard was a garment that covered everything and touched nothing. The present day edict of the modiste, if we are to believe all that its critics say of it, is a garment that touches everything and covers nothing.

SENTINEL EDITORIAL ENDORSED.

Ed. Sentinel: I wish to add a word of commendation for your editorial of last week. I heartily endorse what you said. I am not prepared to say how the women like what you said but in my own household I have heard several men endorse it.

In some cases of indiscreet dressing it is thoughtlessness in others, because everybody is doing it. It does not tend toward modesty and virtue to dress as a great many are doing now-a-days.

Again it is the wish of every true parent above all things that their daughters be modest, virtuous girls, yet from the time they learn to walk until they are almost grown, we dress them so as to kill every spark of mod-

esty in them; first with a scant ruffle around their little waists, until they are in the neighborhood of sixteen, lengthening accordingly, their dresses in many cases barely over the knees. In playing, or in the wind, or bicycle riding, the extremities are always exposed. The child or older girl cannot help it. Did you ever see a great big half grown girl sit down and "pull" at her dress to get it over her knees? I have very often, but it is "too short."

One of these so dressed girls was visiting in a home where the only son, a "fairly modest" lad, said, "Mother, give Lena some thing to throw over her shanks when she sits down." He was positively disgusted, yet her mother was an excellent woman, but it never entered her head that the "ruffle" around her daughter's waist needed lengthening.

But perhaps I am

AN OLD FOGY.

Things We Think

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

When a man is down on his knees in a fruitless search for a misguided collar button he seldom associates the position with prayer.

Time wasted in telling people they are going to hell sure could be profitably spent in making this old world a pleasanter place to stay in.

The way the newspapers are jumping onto auto speeders leads us to believe that most of the members of the fraternity are still pedestrians.

It is proper to do the small things well, but if you allow them to take all your energy you will be incapacitated for attending to the larger things.

A Chicago man dropped dead in a department store while shopping with his wife. Women who love their husbands will take due warning therefrom.

It is disconcerting to learn that many of our great citizens, whom we have been taught to pattern after, jaw their wives just like common mortals when things don't run smoothly around the house.

Dr. Max Bafl has looked over the millinery styles and draws the inference therefrom that woman is still a savage.—Chicago News. We must admit that the present millinery styles are far from tame—and we've often seen a woman go wild over a new hat.

There's no doubt of it. Advertising brings home the sweetness. Recently a gentleman at New Richmond advertised in the Republican for a girl. The paper hadn't been out an hour before a girl was born to him and his wife and new arrival are felling fine. We know a number of people who should advertise.—Exchange. We would suggest that steady, continuous advertising by the same party would hardly bring results every week.

The troubles that trouble the most are the ones that never arrive.

The young lady who will acknowledge that her own sweetheart has any faults isn't far enough in love yet to make an ideal wife.

Just because you can't see your own children's faults is no sign that you need the service of an oculist.

Folks who expect to take their money with them when they leave this earth must have money to burn.

A report comes from North Carolina of a hen that laid five eggs a day. That hen must be a poor mathematician.

An eastern girl has lost her power of speech because of being jilted by her sweetheart. He'll probably want to marry her now.

Labor is not always paid better here than in Europe. The czar gets \$25,000 a day for doing what President Taft does for \$274.

Being out of a job is not always a matter of hard luck. There is usually some other reason for a man being always looking for work.

A bill of \$145 for his wife's bathing suit has been refused payment by a New York man on the ground that the garment was too short at both ends. He probably thought the dressmaker wasn't making his money go far enough.

The fact that a California livery horse slept for two weeks caused quite a lot of newspaper talk out west a short time ago. The fact that he awoke at the end of that time would seem to be the peculiar part of the incident to people out this way.

The president may prove himself a larger body than congress.

A "sucker" sometimes finds it hard to keep his head above water.

A man gets to the front sometimes by being shoved by those in the rear. If the proposed short trousers for men come into style we may be able to see how some men support themselves.

While things are quiet with the secret service a few of its members might be put on the scent of some congressional campaign pledges that seem to have become lost, strayed or stolen.

Acting so as to keep out of trouble is no sure sign of cowardice.

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."

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A French View of Our Campaign.

The "Welter of mean political ambitions" is the description given by the London Morning Post, to the "rough-and-tumble fight," as it is further styled, between President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt.

The French press in general appear unable to elucidate the fine points of the fray, but the Revue des Deux Mondes feels compelled, through its chief editor, Francis Chalmes, to give its readers a plain account of the matter, and a somewhat incisive comment upon it. This journalist seems to take his pen almost reluctantly as he writes:

"We have not, so far, spoken of the resounding combat which has been going on in the United States between Mr. Taft, the President of the Republic, and Mr. Roosevelt, who is seeking re-election to that office. Now that the first act of this astounding drama has been closed, and its sequel and denouement are preparing, it is high time that our readers become acquainted with the tragic circumstances. The spectacle presented in the United States is curious, and tinged with lurid hues. The political manners of that Republic are not only astonishing to us, they are positively shocking.

While our politics are sometimes stormy, a stand-up prize-fight, such as Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt are having, would be impossible here. At the worst, some parallel to it might be found in a local village election. But when with us the struggle stretches to the circumference of a national competition it rises in tone; we do not, in France, see candidates for the Presidency of the Republic bandy terms of vituperation which remind one of the gods of Homer or the cab-drivers of the city."

The blame, says Mr. Chalmes, largely lies with the method of electing the Chief Magistrate. France has the advantage in her method, he thinks:

"Happily, our institutions do not expose us to the disgrace of these incidents. Our method of electing a president of the French Republic is indeed criticised. It is, perhaps, a little too narrow. But on comparing it with the American system we are quite ready to overlook its imperfection. Since 1871, we may say, without counting in Mr. Thiers, who was elected by the National Assembly, we have had seven presidential elections. They have all gone off amid perfect order, without long intrigues or passionate quarrels, and not a word uttered in bad taste has been spoken publicly or privately

with regard to the candidates on one side or the other. The courtesy and decency befitting such a transaction have been strictly maintained. The constitution of 1875 was well inspired in the method it prescribed for the election of a President of the Republic."

This writer then compares Taft and Roosevelt. The former is not "naturally a fighter," we read, "he still preserves his character as an ex-judge, and does not possess the intensity, the nerve, the dashing fury of Mr. Roosevelt," who shows "a violence that is unscrupulous." While Mr. Taft has "recriminated to the best of his power," his adversary has so acted as to sink in the estimation of the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, who declares:

"It is difficult to recognize the Roosevelt of a while ago. While we admire his indomitable energy, we are compelled to ask whether he is not more harmful than useful to his country. His distorted countenance reflects that of other historic orators, who have passed along the stage with frantic power, ending in tragedy. The rumbling thunder of coming revolution is in his voice.

"His electoral campaign will prove an important episode in the evolution of the United States, which will no longer be the land it formerly was, any more than Roosevelt now can be the Roosevelt of yore. Many columns of the temple, hitherto held to be solid, will turn out to be broken; many things hitherto held to be consecrated to liberty will be made abominable; some hallowed principles will be discarded forever. But, of course, it is not only in America that we have witnessed similar transformations."

Translation made for The Literary Digest.

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