

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912

SIRIUS

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner

["Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way, sixty thousand years have gone."—Garrett P. Serviss.]

Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way
Full sixty thousand years have gone,
Yet hour by hour, and day by day,
This tireless star speeds on and on.

Methinks he must be moved to mirth
By that droll tale of Genesis,
Which says creation had its birth
For such a puny world as this.

To hear how One who fashioned all
Those solar systems, tiers on tiers,
Expressed in little Adam's fall
The purpose of a million spheres.

And, witness of the endless plan,
To splendid wrath he must be brought
By pigmy creed presumptuous man
Sends forth as God's primeval thought.

Perchance from half a hundred stars
He hears as many curious things:
From Venus, Jupiter and Mars,
And Saturn with the beauteous rings.

There may be students of the Cause
Who sent their revelations out,
And formulate their codes of laws,
With heavens for faith and hells for doubt.

On planets old ere form or place
Was lent to earth, may dwell—who knows?—
A God-like and perfected race
That hails great Sirius as he goes.

In zones that circle moon and sun,
'Twixt world and world, he may see souls
Whose span of earthly life is done,
Still journeying up to higher goals.

And on dead planets gray and cold
Grim spectral soul, that harbored hate
Life after life, he may behold
Descending to a darker fate.

And on his grand, majestic course
He may have caught one glorious sight
Of that vast shining, central Source
From which proceeds all life, all light.

Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way
Full sixty thousand years have gone;
No mortal man may bid him stay,
No mortal man may speed him on.

No mortal mind may comprehend
What is beyond, what was before;
To God be glory without end,
Let man be humble and adore.

THINGS TAFT HAS DONE, NO. 1

Put the postoffice department on a paying basis for the first time within the memory of the present generation.

HARSH LANGUAGE

Many people claim that the newspapers use too harsh language in speaking of a New York politician of some prominence, affectionately known by his worshippers as "Teddy," whose surname is Roosevelt.

The Sentinel submits that the newspapers have never yet used harsher language in speaking of Roosevelt than has Roosevelt himself in speaking of the newspapers and others who do not follow the beaten path which he makes for them. The newspapers have not yet stooped to the use of the profane billingsgate which characterizes Teddy's ululations when castigating an enemy.

Apropos of this claim, The Sentinel will quote the remarks made by the ex-president at a banquet given in his honor by the Columbia Club of Indianapolis in the fall of 1910, while he was campaigning for his boon companion and fellow Bull Moose, Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

Shortly previous to the time of the banquet, Judge A. B. Anderson of Indianapolis had rendered a decision in the Panama canal scandal that was highly displeasing to the boss Bull Moose, and when the subject was broached at the banquet, he made the following dignified reference to Judge Anderson,

who is a highly respected gentleman and regarded as the soul of honor by those who know him:

"Judge Anderson is a damned jackass, he's a crook and a jack-ass and I don't care if the whole world knows it."

Nothing puerile or neurotic about that. Certainly language emphatic enough to make a man a desirable perpetual candidate for the presidency.

That Roosevelt made the statement quoted above will not be disputed by those who claim to follow the news of the day. It was printed in all papers at the time and can be found by anyone who will take the trouble to look over the files of any daily paper.

Can anyone find a statement made by any reputable newspaper more severe than the words above quoted?

At the time it was claimed that Teddy was somewhat excusable because he was under the influence of liquor.

Liquor always flows freely at the Columbia Club and Senator Beveridge, Roosevelt's companion on this occasion, is a notorious lush, so that there may be some truth in the statement.

However, The Oregonian, usually a well informed paper, and one with no friendship for Roosevelt, recently stated editorially that he does not drink.

Certainly Roosevelt will not ask leniency for any such reason, so we must assume that he was in his right mind.

And this is not the only occasion upon which Teddy has used language just as harsh. The Sentinel uses this single incident merely because it will be familiar to all who follow the news of the day.

When Roosevelt begins the use of language befitting an ex-president and a presidential candidate, the newspapers will probably modify their language somewhat in speaking of him. Until that time he is entitled to no sympathy.

CLANDESTINE LETTERS STOPPED.

One of the best things ever done by the postoffice department was to put a stop to the transmission of clandestine letters.

In a city the size of Cottage Grove the offense was probably not a serious one, but in large cities the number of young women getting letters at the general delivery window under assumed names was amazing.

The postoffice department has even gone so far as to authorize the delivery of such letters to the homes of the parents when the same are known. Parents are likely to learn some things that will surprise them.

There is usually something wrong with a love affair that must be carried on clandestinely and the recent order of the postoffice will do much towards improving public morals.

It's too bad that the government can't always make its decisions so wisely and well.

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

Here is one of those smart sayings that pass for wisdom because they are aptly turned: "A man would never marry if he understood women; nor a woman, if she understood men."

A good deal of nonsense creeps into print about "understanding women."

The ordinary individual has his hands full if he understands one woman; and by the time he has realized what a task that is, he has no ambition to undertake the work of understanding women.

The extraordinary individual sees the hopelessness of the task right at the start, and takes up something easier and more promising.

To say that a man would never marry if he understood women is to slander womanhood; and it is only just to add that this false epigram was made by a woman. To add to it the statement that a woman would never marry if she understood men is to include the whole human race in the slander. It is one of those smug, glittering epigrams that make a lot of people say "How true!" before they think, and then add "But how ridiculously false!" when they think—if, by chance, they do think.

If there is a man who "understands women," he is the very man to marry one; and we have no such depressing opinion of womanhood as to say that he wouldn't marry.

A woman who understood men would be the very woman to marry one; for lack of understanding is a cause of most matrimonial infelicities.

Understanding women in the abstract is one thing, and understanding one woman is another thing entirely. What counts in the marriage relationship is not the breadth of a husband's understanding of women as the extent of his understanding of the one woman he has married. A philosopher might imagine that he had studied woman-kind until he had made the subject his own, and yet fail miserably as a husband because he didn't understand his wife.

The study of woman in the abstract and of men in the abstract is very entertaining, no doubt; indeed, there is no greater study on earth. But these abstract studies have little to do with matrimony. What counts there is knowledge of the person you are marrying. If a wife understands her husband, she ought to know how to get along with him comfortably; and if a husband understands his wife, ought to be able to steer away from her faults, avoid her weaknesses, cultivate her merits and develop her strengths.

Nor should it be overlooked that it is a pretty good idea, before marrying to understand yourself. Maybe that ought to come first; certainly it should not be remoter than second. Understanding is a very helpful adjunct to marriage. It is not as our woman epigram-maker would have us believe, a bar to marriage.

Teddy lost out in the first round. He got but about a fourth of the vote in Vermont, but he succeeded in throwing the election into the Legislature, which is probably all he now has any hope of doing in the National election.

In California the large Roosevelt majority expected even by Taft men failed to materialize.

In the event that Taft should fail of reelection, the impress of his constructive statesmanship will not be erased in a century. If elected for another term of four years he will leave behind a record of progressive legislation secured that even his most ambitious successor can not hope to equal in a like period.

For a person apparently so familiar with things biblical, it is peculiar that Roosevelt failed to profit by that trite and sage advice, "Let him who is without sin throw the first stone."

The Oregonian lets a howl out of it ever once in awhile about Oregon being a safe retreat for cutthroats and murderers. The Oregonian is doing most of the advertising.

Oregon is experimenting with enough theories now without taking on the single tax. Besides it does not look like any too good a proposition, anyway.

We would like Mr. Roosevelt's sworn statement that if turned down in November he will not ask for a recall of the people's decision.

Things We Think

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

When looking for help the employer usually passes up the man or boy who seems to have nothing to do.

The man who tries and fails is of more value to society than he who says he can't and succeeds at it.

The high price of steaks is meat for the beef trust.

Let not your tongue know what your brain thinketh.

We never recognize ability at its true worth when we live too close to it. That is why a man does not rise as fast in the community in which he was raised as he does among strangers.

"Urethra duodenalis" is the medical name of the hook worm. When you get that in your system and imbedded in your vitals you are all in.

Roosevelt states that the kangaroo has everything beat for jumping. Guess the colonel hasn't had his eye on the price of living.

In a short race the little dollar wins the prize.

A man made of common clay is not always a brick.

Some men like to blow about having been on a toot.

Anyway Adam didn't trail around on Eve's apron strings.

You can not rise in the world without a solid footing.

A limited train of thought is not always the quickest.

If the prohibitionists should win in a national election, the ship of state would ride on a cold water wave.

With the progress of aviation and the propagation of balloon trusts we will have more inflated stocks.

The Lord does not always provide, but he will get behind and push the fellow who goes after what he wants.

Some sinners who refuse to give up their street car seats to ladies may be glad to get standing room in heaven.

A paragrapher asks: How many people are there who ask questions they know you can't answer? There would be one less if this paragrapher had kept quiet.

A man in Philadelphia claims to have gotten drunk eating onions. This is a happy combination—making it possible to get drunk and kill your breath at the same time.

All fiery orators are not shining lights.

The man who makes enemies is at least doing something.

The way to live happily with your wife is—to live with her.

The man who is on the square doesn't have to sneak 'round.

A Country Merchant Talks on Advertising

Mr. Oransky, a well known merchant and a heavy advertiser of Atlantic, Iowa, before a meeting of business men at Council Bluffs recently said:

In this great period of advancement and progress mere storekeepers can no longer succeed. It takes live, wide awake aggressive merchants to succeed today. The successful merchant of today, whether in the large city or the small town, must deal with modern conditions.

One of the most important of these is the fact that this is a great age of publicity. Printer's ink is today selling more goods than ever before in the world's history, and from present indication its usefulness in this respect is only beginning.

People depend upon their newspapers and magazines for information on what to buy and where to buy. If we would be successful we must tell the public what we have to offer. We must, through judicious use of printer's ink, convince the people that our wares are desirable and that our values are consistent with the prices asked.

The ultimate end of the nonadvertising retailer is very prophetically depicted in a little incident credited to Mark Twain. During his early newspaper days one of his readers found a spider in his paper and wrote Twain asking what it meant. The reply was that the spider was looking up the nonadvertiser so that he could weave his web over their doors.

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