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**The Cottage Grove Sentinel**  
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE  
BEDE & GRANT Publishers ELBERT BEDE Editor

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## The Old Spelling Class

By T. C. HARBAUGH, in New York Sun

I see them yet, the boys and girls who stood up in a row,  
And tried to spell each other down so many years ago;  
Their voices sweet came back to me from out the shadows cool,  
And love invests with cherished thoughts that ne'er forgotten school,  
I hear the titter, half suppressed, that flitted up and down  
The line when some one missed a word, despite the master's frown.  
Though stern was he, we wept the day we laid him 'neath the grass,  
And sorrow spread her pinions o'er the old spelling class.  
We knew the book from "baker" to the hardest word therein,  
But sometimes we missed a letter and the next to us would win.  
Spelling hard in sun and shadow, how the days went flitting by!  
How oft we turned each other down beneath the winter sky!  
One day would find me near the head as happy as could be,  
And next I'd lose my laurels by the absence of an "e."  
Thus long ago we stood in line and spelled, but now alas!  
How few are left of all who formed the old spelling class.  
I wonder where they are today, the boys and girls who stood  
And spelled each other down within the schoolhouse in the wood.  
I know that some are sleeping where the violets lift their heads  
In early spring and beautify their narrow little beds;  
While others left the cherished scene with eagerness to try  
Their fortunes in a stranger land beneath a stranger sky;  
But often in the twilight, when alone, there seems to pass  
Before me all the members of the old spelling class.  
Methinks I hear their voices now, as when we stood in line,  
Just six and twenty boys and girls; 'tis memory half divine.  
The past recovers the present with a wreath that withers not,  
And recollection wings her flight to one dear, cherished spot.  
Once more I climb the little hill, a boy with heart elate,  
Again I'm seated on the bench with spelling book and slate;  
And in a voice I'll ne'er forget, whatever comes to pass,  
I hear the master calling for the old spelling class.

### SOCIALISTS AND RELIGION

THE SENTINEL has at times stirred up the ire of the Socialists because of its way of disagreeing with the tenets of the faith and the manner of expounding them used by its apostles. It has not changed its position, but it is disgusted with those who proclaim Socialists as a whole to be a band of irreligious libertines, who would, if they dared, cast religion to the four winds and make of marriage a mockery.

It may be true that Socialism might substitute a world-wide brotherhood to take the place of present methods of dispensing religion, but we can not feel that the golden rule is in much danger from a body of men, many of the thinkers of which are deeply religious men, many of them exponents of the gospels, and many of them more familiar with the scriptures than some of those who criticize. We know some of these men too well to believe they would be associated with a movement having for its object the opposite of what they profess to believe and practice.

We presume it is as impossible for Socialists to protect the organization from renegades as it is for the Republican and Democratic parties. We do not believe in judging the whole by what the few may do.

Some of the so-called founders of the party, some of the great apostles of the party like Karl Marx, have written things that many like to construe to mean free love. Many zealous Socialists believe that human beings can be developed to a physical and moral perfection where it will not be necessary to hedge a man about with laws to make him do what he knows to be right and prevent him from doing what he knows to be wrong. Such a dream is pleasant, but so long as Adam can not replace the apple he parloined in the garden, the dream can never come true, and we prefer to judge Socialists by what they are doing under present conditions, by what they believe in doing under present conditions, than by what they think might be possible with a Superman who can never be.

We also prefer to judge Socialists by those we know rather than by those we read about. While we do not agree with them in their severe criticism of the church, we must recognize that there is a difference between church and religion. The two should go together, but it is possible for there to be church without religion and religion without church. We do not believe religion would make much progress without church; certainly church would make no progress without religion; but we fail to see in an honest criticism by some of the Socialists of the work of the churches a blasphemy of religion, especially when we are familiar with the lives of those making such a criticism.

Socialism, in our opinion, will never succeed, but if it ever does become a power in the land, it will become so through the efforts of those of its members who are students of the Good Book, of the philosophers and of the problems of the day, rather than through those ruffians who publish screeds about the public men of the nation and blaspheme the Lord in the name of Socialism.

No great and permanent movement ever yet succeeded through an appeal to the lower passions of man. Socialism will be no exception to the rule. It is making progress because of the men in it who believe it a means to right many wrongs. We doubt if the party would have cast 1000 votes in the late election if its candidates had declared for atheism and free love.

We find enough in Socialism to criticize without accusing it of

something its members do not believe in, and the party must stand for what a majority of its members believe. There is no other standard by which it can be gauged.

### PRE-LENTEN REVELRY

A dispatch from Philadelphia tells of a society orgie there in which the women attended "wearing tights and Robin Hood capes drooping to the region of the knees." Otherwise than that the dispatch is somewhat indefinite. It might not be too much of a presumption to suppose that the protruding extremities were adorned with stockings and tights encased in some manner of shoe leather.

This latter is left somewhat in doubt, however, by the further statement:

Many of the debutantes and matrons wore what they called Eve costumes; but it is reported some of the masquers just brought along the fringe and tights, leaving the rest of the costume at home.

This dispatch appeared in daily papers the country over, and is presumably authentic.

Towards morning, it is said, the revelry broke all previous records and it was hinted that some of the dances stepped by the society women made the "bunny hug" "turkey trot" and "Dallas dip" look like the conventional waltz.

Of course there was plenty of liquor and it flowed freely. It would only be natural that with so little outside the dancers would want something inside.

It might be well to reiterate that these women were not from the red light district. No, indeed! They came from the brownstone fronts. They were the elite of the town and the affair was characterized the most brilliant affair in the social history of the city.

When such sickening vulgarity, when such a riot of immodest revelry, when such a drunken orgie, is termed a "brilliant social success," pray tell us what's the use of young Rockefeller spending millions to fight the white slave traffic.

In giving the Journalism Department of the State University credit for getting out nearly as good a paper as the regular force of The Register, The Sentinel paid a high compliment, for there is not a better daily anywhere in a city the size of Eugene.

The Cottage Grove Commercial Club will have big tasks to perform during the next year or so and has need of all the big men of the city in helping to perform them. If you're not in, you're one of those needed.

Eugene Register: That Row River farmer who cleared seventy dollars in a year on one hog is a shining example of what ought to be. If there were more hogs there would be more prosperity.

There may be a land fairer than this—but residents of the Grove country don't think it worth while looking for.

He who enters the Cottage Grove country leaves behind all hope of ever being satisfied anywhere else.

Eastern ticket sellers are becoming familiar with the name "Cottage Grove."

Real estate in the Grove country is a good buy right now.

If money talks there are a lot of people making too much noise.

It's better to have folks say you are crazy than not to do anything at all.

The doctrine that a rich man can't get into heaven doesn't seem to scare as many people as the probability of want on earth.

The Bureau of Animal Industry suggests the formation of Girls Poultry Clubs and has issued a bulletin on the subject. This idea may be of use in the country life movement in Oregon. It is the plan of the department to have a poultry expert attend meetings of the clubs and a set of rules is outlined. It is proposed to have an exhibition once a year in connection with county fairs.

### Things We Think

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

A young man who has never dreamed of the time he will be a great orator or a great singer and make the girls who turned him down feel sorry, has something radically wrong with him and should see a doctor at once.

No panic will ever be caused by failure of the postal banks.

A woman was recently divorced in one of the divorce colonies at 12 o'clock and married again before 1 o'clock. Why the delay?

Well anyway after we're gone we won't feel sheepish when things are said about us that we don't deserve.

If ignorance is bliss, it's funny there aren't more happy people in this old world.

It's a hard job for a small man to make a bluff go, but often that's the only chance he has.

A person finds it's hard to win a reputation, but once won it is possible to live on it a long time.

If you want to start something in a crowd of women, just tell them of some woman who has run in a three-year-old hat as a new creation.

"Bad eggs" are quite frequently busted, and that may be the reason they're in such bad odor.

The person who gets into trouble gets more than his share of sympathy, but of course the person who isn't in trouble doesn't need it.

If kissing is dangerous, it is at least a pleasant way to die.

One cigar will kill 10,000 germs. If it were not for us smokers, what would this old world come to.

Hate spoils the best looking face—love will make a homely face beautiful.

Your bottom dollar may be the foundation of a fortune.

John D. says there is more happiness in comparative poverty than in riches. We can all at least think of how he must envy us.

The newspaper that always pleases all of its readers has never been published.

A step-mother never does make an extraordinary hit with the relatives of her stepchildren.

The man who says he has never lied is telling a whopper.

Home made sunshine is always the best.

The clouds never get so dark but that the sun will force its way through by and by.

The man who is compelled to explain his position is on weak ground.

Always look for the best—the bad will happen soon enough.

The men who want jobs vote a man into office—and those who don't get what they want vote him out again.

Have you ever noticed how folks will pass up a brand new towel for any other that isn't soiled too much?

The egg is about the only fruit that isn't improved by ripening.

By the way, we haven't heard of the women voting the ballot as a success as yet.

No woman is fit for the ballot who doesn't love her home; neither is a man, for that matter.

When it gets so they can take out a man's stomach, dry clean it and replace it within an hour, we are of the opinion that we are living too fast.

A barber may not be an artist, as a judge has ruled, but they make a lot of good looking men's faces.

A man should not be classed as prominent until he has declined to run for at least one office.

There's a fool born every second and a know-it-all twice that often.

With the school advocating soil culture, how is the poor, overworked mother ever to keep her children clean.

The man who has a reputation of keeping his promises oftentimes finds that fact of more value than collateral.

If you let an agent know you are in the market for an automobile, you are not going to remain in the market very long.

Oftentimes the man who dilates the most upon the beneficial effects of physical culture has the smallest woodpile in the neighborhood.

A Boston man won a fifty dollar prize a short time ago for a song on the high cost of living. The man who can sing after paying his bills certainly deserves something.

The woman who can shed tears without preparation gets her way easier than the one who fights for it.

It's less dangerous to let a drunken cannibal throw bowie knives at you than to be around a woman when she's sharpening a pencil.

## ARCADE THEATRE

# Wed. Feb. 19

## Byron's Troubadours

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### LOANS

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