The Cottage Grove Leader

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THE COKE RECALL.

Defending the Coke recall, says the Journal, a Roseburg man, besides criticising Judge Coke, says

First-A mistake was made in allowing others than the coroner to handle the body before the inquest over McClallen's victim.

Second-That a mistake was made when the coroner's jury fixed the degree of the crime.

Third-That a mistake was made by the grand jury in recognizing the acts of the coroner.

Fourth-That a mistake was made by the prosecuting attorney in not having the chief witness for the prosecution in court.

Also-That the sheriff and his neglect of duty.

Then, in going for Judge Coke, are we not getting the wrong man? Why not cinch the coroner? Why not send the coroner's jury into exile? Why not deport the grand jury? Why not hang the district attorney to a sour apple tree? Why not courtmartial the sheriff and his deputies and string them up to the yard arm? Why not call out the militia, proclaim martial law, and turn the hose on all the dodgasted officials?-Register.

An event of International significance will occur July 19, when President Taft will assist in breaking ground for an exposition to be held in celebration of the completion and opening of the Panama canal. President Taft will press a button which will close an electric circuit in San Diego, Cal., and "break out" a great flag-the President's own flag-especially constructed of unusually large size for the particular event-right over the spot where the ceremonies are to take place.

being laid to spending money for automobiles. It is declared to have affected nearly every kind of business under the sun. Whether true or not the numerous statements are certainly interesting. It is also alleged to have affected the is beyond all price. owners of the automobile in a striking manner. One poet puts it this way: "Over the hills to the the peeresses at the coronation. poor house, I'm settin' a sizzling pace, I've mortgaged the house for straight for the place.

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"KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE."

In his new book, "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Irving Bacheller has put his finger on the national weakness, which in a word is-

Extravagance.

He tells the story of the young girl who comes home from a fashionable boarding school and by her extravagant ways ruins not only her own family, but a lot of the neighbors.

Lizzie must have this and that-furnishings, service, servants, dress-all on a scale of lavishness hitherto unknown. In order to "keep up with Lizzle" the neighbor girls must have as much, and the community is al-

Keeping up with Lizzie! That is the bane of the well to do people of our day. Each one vies with his neighbor in prodigality of expenditure, and the merry race while it lasts

is to the swift.

Keeping up with Lizzie. Lizzie's folks buy an automobile, and the children and often the wife say to the struggling head of the family, "Why, if Lizzle's folks can have an auto I don't see why we can't have

And mortgages are filed on homes and money is borrowed and capital is absorbed in the purchase and costly maintenance of the machines. Mr. Bacheller says the automobile craze is— "The joyful death march of a race."

Of course no part of this profuse spending of money is indulged in by deputies were at fault in allowing the toiling millions, who can never hope to afford expensive follies. They cannot, if they would, attempt the feat

Keeping up with Lizzie.

But with us all what the neighbors do and what the neighbors spend have altogether too much effect upon what we do and spend.

It is interesting to note what Mr. Bacheller believes to be the way out of our maze of extravagance. He finds that the professions are literally crowded to the death. Business is overdone. What then? "Back to the land."

Society must quit its feverish race for display supremacy, and more people must go to the land, do scientific farming and live the simple life. Will they go?

"It is bound to be by the great law

of must," says Mr. Bacheller. If so, if our era of wasteful expenditure must give way to the producing instead of the consuming of wealth, then the "keeping up with Lizzie" epoch may not have been in vain.

A CROWN OF THORNS.

Pity the sorrows of Consuelo Vanderbilt, "the American duchess?"

Surely. But-Beyond pity for the woman must come the feeling that, discarding the experience of the race that marriage without love is perlious, she brought her trouble upon herself.

She sold herself for a title. Following the brilliant marriage with the Duke of Marlborough fifteen years ago, the duchess was made much of Nearly everything these days is by King Edward and Queen Alexan-At the coronation of King Ed

ward she was one of the canopy carriers for the queen.

A silly ambition? It may seem to you that to hold a canopy over a good woman is but a small business. On the contrary, to the socially demented set such an office

The Duchess of Marlborough helped to carry no canopy over Queen Mary. She was not even conspicuous among

She was ostracized from the royal an auto, and I'm playing her circles some time ago because her husband, the duke, neglected and abused her and consorted with other women. And the duke himself? He was not

Consuelo Vanderbiit made a bad trade when she sold her flesh and blood for a coronet. It is the Vander-bilt family tradition to drive a good bargain. Not to mention the "husband" she leaves behind in England.

Consuelo gave up-Much of her money

The hope of her girlhood

Her faith in mankind.

Her happiness. What shall it profit a woman if she gain the title of duchess, be canopy carrier to a queen and lose all these? There is the warning, old as the race:

Pity her who sells herself for a coronet to find it changed into a crown of thorns. Happier than she the poor imbecile who weaves the straw of his mattress into fancied crowns and is pleased thereby.

So shall it be in the end with all those who, forgetting that love is everything, hawk their souls and bodies LOW ROUND-TRIP SEASON TICKETS for money or for place or for power.

A MARY BROWN MONOLOGUE.

"Who is that yonder?" "Why, don't you remember her? That's Mary Brown. You remember John Brown, her father, a sort of ne'er-

"Looks a little old, doesn't she even when she's fixed up? But she has a good face, and she is as good as she

"If you remember, the Brown famor Sunday and for return Sunday ily lived over a store on Main street. John Brown worked at painting when Call on any S. P. or C. & E. he felt well. Said he had painters agent for full particulars as to colic. He was never very strong, fares, train schedules, etc., also that's true. And one day over at the for copy of our illustrated booklet stove factory a big knife machine 'Outings in Oregon' or chopped off one of his hands, and he

couldn't do much but odd jobs. "Mrs. Brown? A smart little wo-man and ambitious-like. She kept the kids looking nent-two boys and two bridge.

girls. She just washed herself to death over her tub. Mary, the oidest, help-

"Well, when her mother died Mary was sixteen. That was fourteen years Yes, Mary is just thirty.

"And in all that fourteen years Mary Brown scarcely has had the time to look up from her sewing at the cloak factory. She got a dollar a day for several years. She has been forewoman-and for some time-at \$9 a

"It's simply wonderful what Mary has done. She kept the other children about as well dressed as the average. Her sister was in school, graduating in the grades. One brother, John junior, finished last year in the high chool. He helped Mary a good deal. Worked hard and sold newspapers of evenings. The other boy is just finishing a course in the business col

"Yes, for the first time in years Mary

is able to take a long breath.
"The old man? Oh, he earned dollar here and there. And he was handy about the house. Died two years ago. And he had a very decent

"And somehow when you just know what Mary has done and what she has been to that family she looks sort of good to you, if her features are

what she is, and he thinks a lot of

TO THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE.

Permit me to suggest that, as a rule, these women whom you envy are rest-

ess, dissatisfied and unhappy. They unhappy? How else can they be, depending upon the shells rather than upon the

kernels of life? Great houses, sumptuous furnishings, costly gowns, jewels, limousines, retinues of dependents these often are mere imitations of a happy state.

And you, madam-

You live in a cozy cottage, do your own housework, aided, it may be, by a single domestic or none. You are busy about the thousand and one chores of a mansion in Minneapolis and another a wife and mother. You are not idle nor merely a drudge.

Do you fancy that when a rich woman buys a new gown the possession brings her any special thrill? Expensive garments are no novelty. She feels little more joy than if she were well dressed wooden doll.

But youyou achieve your new cloak or gown

know And so of the overcoat for the hus band, and the new suit for the boy, and the girl's hat-all of which must be

spochs in the family life, occasions of satisfaction. There is a profusion that becomes commonplace, and there is a scarcity that makes for variety and

society, free to enjoy all things, but less luxury, longing for the bread of he restored to them a score of valua life and given a stone—these women are rather to be pitied than envied.

But you, madam-yours is the pleasure of doing things worth while, the satisfaction of duty done, the rewards a site for a residence in Mississippi of self sacrifice, the joys of realization they hired an amiable, honest eyed and, above all, the love of those whom

Would you trade places?

Routed by Puppets. Toward the close of the reign of

What Started It.

can raise 400 barrels of them to the acre on one of our irrigated orchard farms in the Bezingo valley. Your husband can purchase a forty acre

from Eden to seek the new home.-Chicago Post

Monroe the photographer, at the his old notebooks and preserved news-

burial, too-Mary's money.

"And I'm telling you no secret. One of the best men in the town is going to marry Mary in the fall. He knows

"I really sometimes wonder what the world would do if there were not a whole lot of old maids like Mary Brown. But, then, they are not all so lucky in the outcome as Mary, and more's the pity."

Do you sometimes envy the wives of

Now consider;

When out of your savings or from the slender purse of a good husband what a triumph of good management! To you the garment stands for something earned, a joy no rich woman can

planned in advance.
Triffes? To the rich, yes; to you contentment.

Envy not the rich wife.

Home is little more to her than a hotel, a place of transient lodging, a point of departure. Her husband is merely the man who signs checks for the bills. Her children, if there be any, are turned over to the tender mercies of nurse and tutor.

Idle, but tired of the dissipations of

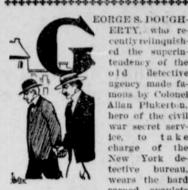
Elizabeth, when the Spaniards were frequently hovering about the southwest coast of England, a party from their ships landed in the neighborhood of where Falmouth stands today, with the intention of burning the borthat that same evening some strollers had set up in Penryn market place a representation by puppets of certain lucidents in the life of Samson, including his victory over the Philistines. At the point of Samson's onset upon these with the jawbone of the ass the stroilers beat drums and sounded trumpets indicative of an glarm, and the Spanlards, who were at that moment about to rush the town, believing it to be full of soldiers, bolted for their boats. This probably occurred in 1595, when there was a Spanish squadron on the coast, which landed troops and burned Pen-

Politely the serpent offered Eve an

apple.
"Try that, madam," he said. "You

tract on easy payments."
Shortly afterward the family moved

Dougherty, "Thriller" Detective



ERTY, who re cently relinquish ed the superintendency of the old detective agency made famous by Colonel Allan Plukerton, hero of the civil war secret serv ice, to take charge of the New York detective bureau. wears the hard earned epaulets Dougherty is a detec

tive of the real dime novel "thriller" type. For twenty-three years he has pursued murderers, burglars, yeggmen, forgers, swindlers and all manner of bad people; he has hunted criminals all over America and Europe; his work of detection directly drove two men to suicide, marched murderers to scaffolds and electric chairs and placed scores of dangerous crooks looking out through bars from the inside of prisons. In the course of his adventures he has been shot at; he has fought desperate hand to hand battles with murderous crooks and has quite wonderfully come through it all without losing his life or an eye or an ear or a single tooth.

Dougherty started life in the printing office of the Minersville (Pa.) Republican, a weekly newspaper, but twenty-three years ago he went into the sleuth business. He is big, husky, lively eyed, with the roundness of his countenance balanced by the sharp shrewdness of his features. He wears a neat mustache, carefully drilled to present smartly filted ends. His black hair is cut short, but crinkles in wavy fashion over his forehead. It's a good, big, broad forehead, and his black eyes are well balanced in distance from the bridge of his nose.

Dr. Depinna and his wife, an Italian countess of ancient family, who have



Photo by American Press Association.

GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY at Biloxi, Miss,, would probably be willing to aver that Dougherty is the star detective of the world. It was surely a neat piece of work by which ble paintings and about \$100,000 worth of jewels and antiques of which they had been robbed. In leaving Minne apolis to spend some months choosing man who presented impeccable references (which happened to have been forged) to act as caretaker of the Minneapolis mansion. Mr. Wainwright, which was his name, began almost im mediately and neatly to clip valuable paintings from the walls. Having letsure one evening, he also blew open the safe. In that he found a key which pleased him mightily when he It was the key to Dr. Depin na's safety deposit box in a Minneapolis trust company's vaults. By a little shrewd maneuvering he got an opportunity of opening the Depinna box and loaded a suit case with the jewelry and precious antiques, after

which Wainwright left Minneapolis. When Dougherty learned that there were articles of jewelry of antique de sign, that one of the pieces was the anthenticated gold watch that had Ecen originally owned by Cardinal Richellen and another a grape cluster sign in pearls, diamonds and platinum accredited to the handiwork of the great Benvenuto Cellini, he was

sure he saw the way to get his man He came to New York and searched the Fifth avenue jewelry establishments. He found in one the grape cluster. It had been purchased from "Mr. Choate," who represented himself as having come from abroad with the many rare old articles of jewelry he exhibited. After much patient trailing Dougherty got Choate, who is now in the state prison of Wisconsin serv-

ing an eight year sentence.
This is only one of about 300 like chapters that Dougherty can dig out of paper clippings.



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