

COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

The paper that gives you what you want to read

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1914

Notice to the Public

All notices of entertainments where admission is charged or where there is a money consideration; all cards of thanks and resolutions of condolence will be charged for at the regular advertising rate—5 cents per line.

PORTLAND'S GREAT NEED

"The City of Portland is in dire need of efficient advertising."

What do you know about that? It must be true, for R. H. Brown, chairman of the publicity committee of the Portland Realty Board, says so.

He also says that Portland's strongest competitor on the Pacific Coast, in the matter of securing new manufacturing industries, is Oakland, California.

And then, Mr. Brown goes on, and practically admits that, after all these years, Portland doesn't know how to advertise.

Pity Portland hasn't a few real live boosters like they have in California and Washington cities.

Some of the exchanges coming to the Leader office are worrying a whole lot about what the primary is costing the dear people of the state of Oregon. It is a sad thing; and since the people of the state do not know what is good for them, it is very kind of these papers to take the matter in hand. The only trouble is, the people are not ready yet to give up the primary law and allow these editors to lead them back to "the good old days of the convention system. In the matter of government, the people are going to have about what they want for awhile, and the professional politicians will have to wait. The people may try many foolish experiments, but since it is the people who foot the bills, they are entitled to "have their fling."

The Democrats must feel a little afraid of Teddy, judging from the way the Democratic papers are beginning to knock him since his return from South Africa. You remember what "Big Tim" Sullivan said to his cousin and lieutenant, "Little Tim," when the latter was complaining about the way the opposition papers were abusing him? "Big Tim's" sage remark was: "Never mind, Timmy, me b'y, they never knock the dead ones."

A few years ago we had a slang phrase, "In your mind," which was as often aptly used as any slang phrase, perhaps, but our president worded the phrase a little differently in his reply to the committee of manufacturers who visited him lately. In speaking of the industrial depression, President Wilson said that, there is no cause for it, it is "merely psychological."

Do you believe that Teddy will be the next presidential nominee of the Republican party? If Teddy wants to, he will; and if the party wants him to, he will. It's plain, now, that the Democrats are hoping this thing will not come to pass.

The seasonable rains have produced an immense hay crop this season. Now if the weather clerk will only be on his good behavior while the crop is harvested, there will be a lot of well pleased farmers in the country.

The American people may not realize what a dismal failure mediation is until the guns we are allowing the Villa crowd to ship into Mexico are turned on our own troops.

The Leader leads, but never follows.

TRAPPING A CROOK

A Detective Story

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

It is generally supposed that we detectives have to deal exclusively with low grade criminals. Most of our small robbers are of that sort, but occasionally we run across either a gentleman or one who is very capable of personating a gentleman.

One of the dangers thieves and robbers encounter is being given away by a pal. It is singular how many cases there are of quarrels over the division of plunder taken by rascals who work together, and once a break is made among them it widens indefinitely. Revenge is always within reach by informing, though this course is liable to react on the informer.

One morning the mail brought my chief a letter, badly written and misspelled, informing him that Jim McFarland, alias Slippery Jim and several other aliases, would that evening attend as a guest a function to be given by one of the swells of the place, his object being to get away with certain articles of value. No description of Mr. McFarland was given—indeed, no other information than here mentioned. I was directed to examine the police records and the rogues' gallery with a view to discovering a biography or a photograph of the crook. But I found no mention of any such person, so I inferred that if the information received were genuine he must be a newcomer. I believed that it was genuine, for I could not see that anything was to be gained by sending in a false statement. Indeed, it was apparent to me that thieves had fallen out and honest men were likely to get their dues.

I must attend the function, but I must do so either without an invitation or the host must know that I am a detective. To secure admission as a detective would require taking the host into my confidence and as many others as he chose to confide in. These people would all be looking for the crook, and he would be scared away. I preferred to go to the ball myself incognito. Sometimes a guest will be known to the host, but not to the hostess, and vice versa. Therefore a person without an invitation stands a good chance to attend a function without being questioned. On this chance I relied.

I got myself up as immaculately as possible, parting my hair in the middle in order to give me the appearance of a superfine gentleman. In the dressing room I made remarks upon the weather to several different men in order to give the impression that I was acquainted with them and went downstairs chatting with a man who seemed not averse to my advances. I refrained from going at once to salute the host and hostess, keeping away from them purposely while they were together so they could not compare notes concerning me.

I had not been long on the main floor when I began to scan the faces for my quarry, though I expected to find him, if at all, upstairs. I made frequent visits to the dressing room and after the guests had ceased to arrive and the upper stories were deserted took the risk of looking into rooms, sometimes opening the doors in order to get an inside view. In one of these explorations I opened the door of a room where a nurse was sitting beside a child in its crib. I apologized for making a mistake and withdrew at once.

Among the guests I noticed one who seemed to be receiving the lion's share of attention. I asked who he was and was informed that he was the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe, a younger son of a British earl. He seemed to be a quiet sort of person, listening to what was said to him rather than talking himself and not flattered by the attention paid him. While observing him I saw a man presented to him—one in fine clothes, but with a very ordinary face. His hair and beard were of a disagreeable shade of red. Edging near enough to hear him speak, I found that his accent was English. What especially struck me was that, while I could not be sure he dropped his h's, the word "have" sounded very like "ave."

While I am never disposed to jump at conclusions, this red headed individual seemed to me to look more out of place than any other of the guests. At any rate, I resolved to keep an eye on him. Considering that all were moving constantly, this was not easy. Some time after I had first noticed him I looked about for him, but did not see him. Thinking that I might catch him upstairs purloining, I went up there. Returning to my expeditious opening doors "by mistake," I turned several knobs. On one of these entrances I was surprised to see the red headed man standing at a dresser. He had divested himself of his dress coat and had put on a sack. At the moment I opened the door, which I did softly, he was looking for something on the dresser.

I recognized him by his reflection in the mirror. His eyes being lowered, he was not aware of my presence. Desirous of preserving this advantage over him, I closed the door without making the slightest noise, hurried to a telephone booth, which I had taken pains to locate early in the evening, and called for a couple of men in plain

clothes to come to the house at once. They arrived in exactly four minutes. I met them at the door and directed them to wait there till I called for them. Then I sought the host. I found him chatting with the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe and, calling him aside, told him that there was a crook in his house and that I had called for the police to arrest him. I had caught him in a room upstairs and thought it quite probable he was there still. Would he go with me and either confirm or nullify my suspicions by having a look at the man?

He went with me, I calling in the two men at the door, and we all climbed the stairs together. As we reached the landing above the red headed man came out of the room attired in ordinary dress.

"Do you know him?" I asked the host.

"No. I've been wondering who he is all the evening."

"Have I your permission to arrest him?"

"Yes. Can you do it without making a scene?"

"Certainly. We'll take him down the back stairway."

The man we were talking about on seeing us recoiled. At first he seemed disposed to go back into the room from which he had emerged, but reconsidered this move and came on toward us. I looked an order to my men to take him, and in a jiffy he was hustled to a rear staircase, down it and out through a door. I told the men that I would join them presently at the police station and they must not let him throw anything away, especially the bundle he carried under his arm. Then I went down the front stairs with the host.

We met the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe at the foot of the stairs. At that moment the man arrested shouted from the rear of the house. "You fools, you've spoiled!" A door was shut, preventing any more from being heard.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Radcliffe.

"Only a thief in the house being taken to a police station," replied the host. "I'm thankful that his cry was not heard in the rooms."

"Indeed!" said the Englishman. "I've often thought what a fine chance thieves have to come into houses when functions are going on and steal."

"We've got this fellow, anyway. Going so early, Mr. Radcliffe?"

"Yes; I must be going. You Americans have been so kind to me since I came over that I've been kept up late every night since I arrived here. I bid you good night. I've already taken leave of your good wife."

"Good night, Mr. Radcliffe."

The Englishman went on upstairs. I remained with the host for a time to instruct him in what he should do on the morrow in appearing against the thief, telling him that we should probably find the man's bundle filled with stolen goods. I did not hurry because there was no occasion to hurry, and the gentleman with whom I was talking was constantly called upon with "Good night; have enjoyed your hospitality immensely." Finally, having said all I wished to say and apologized for coming without an invitation, I bade him good night myself and went up to the dressing room for my hat and overcoat. Then I left the house for the police station.

I sallied into the station puffing a cigar I had lighted, feeling that I had done a nice bit of work. The prisoner and his captors were waiting for me, as was the sergeant at the desk.

"Are you sure," said the latter, "that you hit the right man?"

"Why do you ask?"

"This man says he's a Scotland Yard detective come over here to take back a British crook wanted for murder."

"That's what I am," said the prisoner. "I'm 'ere to git Hedward 'Ammer-ton, charged with the killin' of 'Oward 'Enderson in Lunnon. I 'ad 'im all right, unsuspectin'. I 'd put on plain clothes and was goin' down to wait houtside for 'im when you batted in and spoiled my game. Hl've lost 'im now."

It was like being doused with cold water.

"Did you find nothing on him?" I asked.

"Not a thing except an evening suit in the bundle."

"Who was your quarry?" I asked the prisoner.

"The fellow as called 'imself Clifford Radcliffe."

I dashed to the phone, called up my host of the evening and asked if the Hon. Clifford Radcliffe was still there. The reply came back that he had gone, and I was asked if we had found certain missing articles on the man I had arrested.

Then I knew that I had made the blunder of my life. After the arrest of the man who was laying for him the Hon. Mr. Radcliffe had had plenty of time to help himself to anything handy and walk leisurely away. Moreover, the arrest had given him a warning which he would surely heed. Indeed, I had spoiled the game of the man who had come over the water for him. The culprit made his escape and so far as I know has not to this day been taken.

When I reported the result of my exploit to my chief he paid me my salary to date and discharged me. I asked him if he didn't think it quite natural under the circumstances that I should have made the mistake I did. He replied that I was not hired to make mistakes, but to take advantage of the mistakes of other persons.

I was constrained to leave detective work for some time after this episode, but I afterward drifted back to it and when I did adopted for my motto "Go slow." So in the end my mistake was a blessing in disguise, for I now have the reputation of never clapping the bracelets on a person without being sure I'm right.

A FEW LITTLE THINGS YOU MAY HAVE OVERLOOKED

Over 100 carloads of machinery went into the new fireproof saw-mill at Springfield that will be operated entirely by electric power.

Shanico shipped 122 double-deck cars of sheep the last week of May.

At the Commonwealth Conference during the past week, held at Eugene at the State University, propositions were made for a state employment bureau and insurance against unemployment.

The State Federation of Labor is interesting itself on broad lines to have Oregon material used on the new State University buildings, whether the work is done by union labor or on open shop principles.

Manufacturers met at Eugene Thursday night and discussed the vicious features of the working-men's compensation act which they seek to have amended before manufacturing can boom in Oregon.

The Union Oil Co. of California is establishing distributing plants at many cities in Oregon.

Farmers and Fruit Growers generally are failing to get canner contracts on account of the minimum wage and eight hour law applying to the fruit industry, which is not the case in California.

St. Johns public docks that have cost the city \$5000 a year to maintain and have been rented to a paper company for \$2400 a year, will be sold.

On June 4 more than 1,000,000 pounds of wool was sold at Shaniko at prices ranging from 16 1-4 to 20 cents per pound. The wool was practically all taken by five buyers, one of whom bought 480,000 pounds. The largest individual sale was of 77,000 pounds at 18 3-4 cents.

An increase of 200 per cent in the mineral productions of the state for 1913 was reported at the annual meeting of the Oregon Bureau of Mines last week.

Pendleton reports the coldest June weather since 1870.

The canneries of the state will give employment to thousands of people for the next two months.

It will take 75 million days' work to harvest the wheat crop of the United States this season. And it would take every able bodied man in Oregon, working two days each, to put the Oregon wheat crop in the shock. It will take more than twice that much more work to thresh the wheat and put it in the bin. So that, at \$2.50 per day—about the average harvest wages in this state, it means an amount of work and wages equal to six days' work, and \$15.00 in wages for each man in the state, to harvest and thresh our wheat crop. Some money, eh?

Plenty of Orders.

"My friend Wombat says he can't catch up with his orders."

"Is he a manufacturer?"

"Oh, no. Merely a man with a wife and five grownup daughters."—Philadelphia Ledger.

We Can Give You

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on Farm Machinery, Buggies, Hacks, Waggon

or Anything Else in the Merchandise Line

REES-WALLACE CO. J. F. SPRAY.

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We have a complete line of Groceries and Vegetables

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Process Rolled Barley, per sack	\$1.15
Shorts per sack	1.35
Bran per sack	.80
Wheat per bushel	1.10
Mix Feed	\$1.20
Rollled Oats	.50

WOOD—Be sure and see me before buying your winter's supply.

EGGS—I can pay cash for eggs within 1 cent per dozen of trade price.

ROY E. SHORT, Cor. Seventh & Washington

The Great Carabao Whip

25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00

"THE WHIP OF QUALITY"

FOR SALE BY C. W. BEALS

SHE HAS ARRIVED

Miss Grace Battie of Eugene

Recognized as one of the Best Photo Artists in the Coast Country is with Armstrong's Studio

ARMSTRONG WINS OUT

It's the Quality.

Carnival Company Lost Money

The Pollow Amusement Company, which gave a five-days' exhibition here last week under the auspices of the Fire Department, did not make expenses, as it rained almost incessantly during the entire five days and nights.

But the company left behind a reputation for fair dealing and clean work that will make them welcome visitors whenever they want to make a return date.

Mr. Pollow, the head man of the concern, is one of the fairest and cleanest men to be met with in any calling, and has put his line of attractions on a very high plane.

Ques. Henn Does your wife handle the purse strings? Peck - Yes. And they're always tied in a knot.—Judge.

Dutch Sense.

A good head and industrious hand are worth gold in any land.—Dutch Proverb.

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Does Your Horse Kick Or His FEED?

A Poorly Fed Horse

reflects discredit on its owner, but the owner gets the worst of the deal because economy in feeding the horse affects its working capacity as well as its appearance. If your horses kicks on his feed you can correct it by buying your feed here, as you get the best quality for the least outlay. Farmers, contractors and horse owners generally know that our Feed is always up to the standard.

Sterling Feed Co.

WRITER SAYS MAIL ORDER HABIT PRACTICED BY ALL

(Continued from Page One)

There are over 125 business and professional firms doing business in Cottage Grove—about the average for towns of 2500 people, but the newspapers going out to the world from this town do not show in their advertising columns an average of 40 business houses, and the outside world, and especially the people of progressive communities where business men patronize the newspapers, judge our town by these papers and say—"Only forty business houses in Cottage Grove."

This paper has fought the "mail order habit" from principle and not from any hope of "standing in" with the merchants. But as the merchants do not care whether this paper fights their battles, or does not, and as the stand formerly taken by the editor seems to hurt the feelings of every subscriber to the Leader (since our friend says every one is a mail order patron) the Leader will, for a time at least, let the merchants make their own fight, and when they get ready to pay for space in this paper to show that the mail order house is an enemy instead of a friend to this people, the Leader has space for sale for that very purpose.

Watch for Saturday's paper to see how a large number of the business men of Cottage Grove appreciate a Twice-a-Week publication—a paper that gives the news while it is news.