

COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

The paper that gives you what you want to read

Published Wednesdays and Saturdays

One year, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Advertising rates on Application

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Entered as second-class matter January 25, 1913, at the post office at Cottage Grove, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 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.



PROVIDING A REMEDY

Some weeks ago the Leader published an article on unemployment in this state and the nation, in which the suggestion was made that the government or the state provide a fund, which should take the place of all other road funds, to be used for the employment of men who could not find work in a private industry, and that men so employed should be put to work on the public roads.

This week this office is in receipt of a circular letter from the headquarters of the Socialist party in this state, in which is announced the fact that petitions are being circulated to place a measure on the ballot for the November election for the establishment of a Department of Industry and Public Works under the supervision and control of the State Labor Commissioner, this department to furnish employment to the unemployed citizens of Oregon by establishing industries, systems of transportation, distributing stations, and public works.

In the Leader article above mentioned the position was taken that no nation, state or community can prosper, whose citizens, or any large part of them are idle; for every idle man, whose earning capacity has been destroyed, is a burden on the shoulders of the man who works, just to the extent that he eats, is housed and clothed, and the sooner we realize this fact and lift that burden by restoring this earning power, the sooner will prosperity return to the men and women who work, and contentment prevail.

The Socialist circular closes as follows:

This measure is intended to solve the problem of the "unemployed", which has, in the past year, been more or less of a perplexing question for our State administration. It will be remembered that the Governor called a meeting of the State Board of Control to consider this very question; but that nothing could be done for there was no law giving them power to act. If this proposed law is placed on our statutes the administration would be able to put these unemployed to work in some established State industry, or on the public roads.

It should also be remembered that the number of unemployed in Oregon reaches well up into the thousands, especially in the winter. Last winter there were no less than 6,000 in Portland. The thousands have been and will continue to be a burden on the citizenship of our State until we establish some sane method of giving them a chance at all times of the year to earn a living."

Now that there is another prominent factional quarrel in Mexico, the mediators will have to tackle the job of eliminating a few more presidents and dictators.

In an announcement given out Thursday by the American delegates to the mediation congress at Niagara Falls, the statement is made that, "The president sees in the past success of the constitutional army indisputable evidence of the approval of the Mexican people." And it further states that the insurgents are almost completely triumphant—the dominant element, hence the administration will have nothing but an insurgent for the head of Mexican affairs, and to this arrangement the Mexican delegates place this objection: "The southern part of Mexico, where the insurgents have not as yet gained a foothold, contains ten million of the seventeen million population," and they believe they have grounds for opposing President Wilson's plan to place a rebel in charge. And so mediation rests, until all parties finally admit that it is a miserable failure—which will come in a few days. In the mean time arms and ammunition continue to flow into Mexico. What will come after mediation?

Dad Gummit says he doesn't feel the least bit peeved because the polo championship cup has gone to England, and he thinks that this country can spare England all its polo players and not feel the loss to any appreciable extent.

MANY ARE PROVIDED WITH FREE POSITIONS

Eugene, Or., June 18.—In the first three months of the second year of the existence of the Eugene Coffee Club a total of 1092 laboring people have been provided with employment through the free employment bureau of the club. This was during the months of March, April and May, the latter showing the highest figure, with 403 jobs provided. June is making a better showing than any of the three months mentioned up to the present date. With the advent of summer the business of the employment bureau is increasing. This increase is expected by the manager to continue till fall, and September is expected to be the banner month for employment, as it was last year, when 800 positions were provided for laboring people.



Mr. D. O. Lively, chief of the department of live stock at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has organized the greatest animal show ever seen.

The Origin of Algebra.
If Diophantus of Alexandria, fourth century of the Christian era, was not the inventor of algebra, then it is not known to whom the honor belongs. To Diophantus the honor is generally given. The Arabians claim that the invention belongs to one of their countrymen, Mohammed Ben-Musa, who flourished about the middle of the ninth century. Certain it is that the Arabians introduced algebra to Europe by way of Italy through Leonardo, a merchant of Pisa, who had lived among the Arabs of Barbary. Leonardo's treatise was written in 1202.

Some Very Pretty Names.
Here are some names taken from a jury list in 1658, the year in which Richard Cromwell succeeded his father as protector of England: Faint-Not Hewitt, Redeemed Compton, Stand-Fast-on-the-High Stinger, Be-Courteous Cole, Search-the-Scriptures Moreton, Kill-Sin Pimple, Be-Faithful Joiner, Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, More-Fruit Flower, Weep-Not Billing, Repentance Avia, and so on.

No Encouragement.
Mrs. Short—Oh, dear, I do wish we were rich! Just think of the good we could do if we only had lots of money!
Mr. Short—True, my dear, but we can do a great deal of good in a quiet way now. Mrs. Short—Yes, of course, but no one will ever hear of it.

A Genius

But a Genius In His Own Way

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

Ned Meacham was born to a singular career. As a child he was called Dombey, from Paul Dombey, the little boy in one of Charles Dickens' novels. It was not that he was especially spiritual, like little Paul, but was queer. He never took the same view of things as other children, never did things in the same way as other children. At an early age he displayed a fancy for impressing his playmates with tricks of sleight of hand. At fifteen he burned his hand so severely with phosphorus, which he used for a ghostly performance, as to leave an ugly scar. He would go to the shows of prestidigitators and repeat their tricks. By the time he was eighteen he was quite proficient in the art.

His next fancy was the stage, not as an actor, but inventing devices in the matter of stage properties. However, he became a personator of minor parts, and so odd was he in his methods that he soon attracted attention. His inventive powers coming into play, he soon became a feature, mingling singular impersonations with ingenious mechanical surprises. By one of his contrivances he blew himself into fragments before the audience, shortly afterward appearing to have lighted in a united live body in the branch of a tree.

One would suppose that Ned Meacham would have turned his faculties to account. But a genius is liable to tire of what he has accomplished, always desirous of striking out into new paths. As soon as Ned had put himself in a position where he might have commanded the manager almost anything he desired he left the theater for good and all. Miss Helen Beach was playing a part wherein she was to stab the leading gentleman of the company. Her part was a trying one and brought on temporary insanity. One evening just before the opening of the performance Ned was in the property room tinkering with a dagger he had invented wherein the blade, on striking an object, went back into the handle. Ned had made an addition by which blood appeared to spurt out like water from a spout. Hearing a commotion, he went outside and saw Miss Beach, who had become demented, reciting some lines of her part to the manager, whom she was about to kill with a pistol. Ned ran up to her, handed her his patent dagger and took away the pistol, crying, "Don't shoot him—stab him!" She adopted the suggestion, stabbing the manager with the spring dagger. Blood spurted over her and her victim, the latter falling in a stage death.

This saving of the manager's life laid the latter under a great obligation to Ned Meacham, and he would have done anything in his power for the young man. But what could he do for one who had been born unlike other persons? Ned thanked him and said that he was engaged on contriving an artificial leg that would step out of its own accord.

But just as the young contriver was about to perfect his invention the Boxer movement in China broke out, and Ned, desirous to go where no one else would have wished to go, got aboard a ship and sailed for the Flowery Kingdom. When he reached it the allied forces were advancing upon Peking to liberate the pentup embassies.

One day Ned went to the commander in chief—a German general—and volunteered to bring him such information of the city as he might require, but when Ned told him that he was a fourth rate actor from an American theater the general spurned him, telling him that when he wanted information of an enemy he would send a soldier to get it.

Ned, by no means discouraged, went to the commander of the United States forces and repeated his offer. The officer told him there was no reason why he should not go out, get the information and bring it in. The main features to be observed were such weak points as might enable the allies to gain entrance into the city.

Ned spent some time fixing up a few contrivances in the property line with which he had long been familiar. Indeed, it was several days before he was ready to go on his mission. When he sallied forth he wore a tight fitting garb to represent the devil, with a pair of horns, a tail and such other appendages as are presumed to belong to Satan. He was passed by the American commander's order from the Yankee boys' lines and walked briskly, swinging a cane, down the road. Slung to his belt was a case containing such articles as he needed, among others a pair of glasses for examining distant objects.

Meacham was seen sallying from the allied lines just before dark by an outpost of Chinamen. He had not gone far before he could see that they had their eyes on him, and as he drew sufficiently near for them to distinguish his peculiar appearance they showed signs of trepidation.

The superstition of the Chinese is equal to if not greater than that of any other race. Their most important acts are often determined by inferences they draw from burning bits of paper. With such men to deal with Meacham had but to move forward, spit a little

fire and the whole outpost broke and ran.

The Yankee had by this means got within the Chinese outposts, but being at some distance from the city it was essential for him to proceed, which he did under cover of the darkness. Leaving the road, he walked in the fields for a time, directing his course to the dark walls of the city that loomed in the distance against the sky line. At times he would come upon a campfire with Chinamen lounging around it or eating their suppers. These he would go around, leaving the chattering Chinamen in his rear.

Suddenly he stumbled upon one of these groups where there was no fire and the men were asleep. He trod on a slumbering Chinaman. The fellow growled and sat up. Another who had been awakened lighted a bit of inflammable wood and held it in Meacham's face. The latter had a battery over his stomach and was well strung with wires. Closing an electric key, his eyes (or glasses he pulled down over them) shone with a brilliant green. The yell the man with the torch gave awakened the rest, and one and all took to flight.

Thus did Meacham work his way during the night toward the city. At midnight he was directly under the walls and as luck would have it near one of the principal gates. A drowsy sentry standing by the portals roused himself, and there before him stood Satan all aglow, leering at him. The apparition's eyes were red, but turned green, then a bright yellow. The sentry dropped on his knees and hid his face on the ground. Meacham, without waiting for him to finish his salam, pushed through the gate and entered the city.

Meacham, after various adventures, found himself among the besiegers of the embassies. Being a nondescript, when not plainly seen he was not noticed. When seen he had only to draw a fiery circle about him with his cane or put himself aglow or cause his hair to stand straight upon his head to send all who saw him as far away from him as they could get. In trying to get into the embassy lines he came very near being shot. Crawling near to a battery, he stood up. A ball sang by his ear and he dropped. He was among the besiegers, but they did not understand English, and he cried out to the embassy force, "A friend!" This changed matters, and, showing himself to the Chinamen about him as an illuminated devil, he scattered them, then ran into the embassy lines of their enemies.

Meacham asked to be conducted to the American minister and told his story. He was directed, if he could make a return, to inform the allies that the besieged Europeans had held out as long as they were able and if help did not come at once they would be overpowered and murdered. Meacham, desiring to leave the city before daylight, departed immediately. An American soldier, who had done some scouting duty, led him to a point the besiegers had left uncovered and showed him the way to the gate by which he had entered. The Yankee passed the sentries by the same means he had used in entering, and found himself when dawn was breaking on the plain surrounding the city.

He now had some miles to go by daylight which rendered some of his devices useless and he was obliged to rely on others. He could no longer frighten the Boxers by illuminating himself, and this rendered his return far more perilous than his going. True, he was still Satan, but without Satan's terrifying methods. His route lay along the road by which he had come and it would now be useless to leave it, for he could be seen. He went on till he came to an outpost. They caught sight of him coming behind them and observed him wonderingly. He kept on and as he drew near some of the Chinamen fled, while others stood their ground. One more valiant than the rest called out something, which Meacham took to mean an order to halt. But the Yankee kept right on. The Chinamen raised a gun, and Meacham, uttering a loud "Ha, ha!" whirled his cane about his head, enveloping himself with smoke, which came from one end of it. Since the Chinaman could not see him he did not hit him.

The cloud of smoke drove off all but their brave leader and three other Chinamen. The leader stood firm; the others fell on their faces. Meacham still advanced. The man who opposed him could not shoot at him again without reloading. Drawing a knife, he received Meacham when he came up by thrusting it against his breast. Instead of hurting his enemy he was knocked back on the ground. Meacham wore a breastplate which, when the knife struck it, was charged with electricity.

The Chinaman was rising for another attack when his comrades clung to him to prevent his trying to conquer the devil. Meacham passed them with a sardonic "Ha, ha," and was not followed.

Soon after this escape he came upon a Chinaman who had been killed in a fight with a European outpost and concluded to cease personating the devil and turn himself into a Chinaman. Appropriating the man's costume, he went on without further trouble till nearing the lines he halted a Yankee picket in the American lines and was admitted to camp.

Meacham made his report to the commander of the United States troops and delivered to him the ambassador's message, which was forwarded to the German commander in chief.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the general. "Vat vill not these Yankees do? Dey don't know how to pe soldiers, but dey do somethings in a different vay."

After the allies entered Peking Meacham returned to America. He was one of the pioneers among aviators and was killed by a drop of 10,000 feet.

Accusing Captains and Survivors Of Wreck Costing 1,000 Lives



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CAPTAIN KENDALL of the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Ireland and Captain Andersen of the Norwegian collier Storstad each blame the other for the collision in the St. Lawrence river which cost 1,000 lives. The government probe, however, will probably establish the true cause. The group cut herewith shows at the upper left hand corner Captain Kendall testifying before the Canadian investigators. At the right is Captain Andersen snapped the day he arrived at Quebec. Below is a group of passengers rescued from the steamer of the Empress of Ireland.

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