

COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

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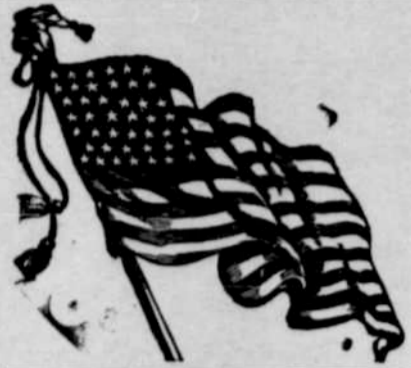
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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

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.



As Smart as His Boy.

When Sir William Gilbert was twenty-seven and was known to the world as a promising writer, his father, who was a retired naval surgeon, wrote a semimetaphysical, semimedical book entitled "Shirley Hall Asylum," his first book.

Edith A. Brown, when preparing a biography of the younger man, having heard that the son was the incentive from without which spurred into action the inherent but dormant literary talent of the father, asked if such was the fact.

"Yes," replied the author of the "Bab Ballads" and the wittiest librettos ever written. "I think the little success which had attended my humble efforts certainly influenced my father."

"You see," he added, with a suspicion of a smile, "my father never had an exalted idea of my ability. He thought if I could write anybody could and forthwith he began."

A Question of Brains.

At a club frequented by doctors the discussion came up recently whether a person could live without a brain. During the discourse one of the doctors said: "When I was practicing medicine in Indiana a remarkable case came under my supervision. A man while out hunting had leaned upon his shotgun and the weapon had gone off accidentally, making a large wound in his head just above the ear. The brain was laid bare and in bringing the patient to the hospital a handful of the gray matter leaked out. He was trampled and finally recovered, his mental faculties apparently as good as ever."

"Your story is interesting," interrupted an auditor, "but it sounds to me somewhat inconsistent."

"Why so?" questioned the narrator. "Because," answered the other doctor, "if he had ever had a handful of brains he wouldn't have leaned on the gun."—National Monthly.

Great Crest of the Sierra.

Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States, is not an isolated mountain peak, like Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier, but is the loftiest point in the great California crest or enormous saw tooth ridge of the Sierra Nevada, including many eminences almost as high. Mount Whitney is 14,501 feet above sea level. Among those of slightly lesser height are Mount Russell, less than a mile distant, 14,100 feet; Mount Williamson, 14,384 feet; Mount Muir, 14,205 feet; Mount Langley, 14,042 feet; Mount Barnard, 14,003 feet, and Mount Tyndall, 14,025 feet. The most distant of these is less than six miles away.

By a strange freak of nature the lowest point of dry land in the United States is less than eighty miles from the highest. The lowest point is in Death valley and is 276 feet below sea level. It is said that from this point Mount Whitney can be easily seen on a clear day.

The Real Scrap.

Two muscular individuals were hammering at each other in the ring. "Horrible!" ejaculated a tender hearted spectator. "Horrible nothing!" said a regular patron. "If you want to see a real scrap get next to them when they divide the purse."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Having Fun in New York. "Did you have a good time in New York?" "Great! We paid \$5 each for two dollar seats for a show that wasn't worth 50 cents."—Detroit Free Press.

High Finance.

Asker—Can you loan me \$10? Tellit—Why, you owe me \$50 now. Asker—Well, I just wanted to pay you \$5 on account.—Spokane Review.

But Who Tells the Neighbor?

It is only national history that repeats itself. Your private history is repeated by your neighbor.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Bar ends by making truth appear like falsehood.—Shenstone.

When the Trouble Started.

Slagg had lived all his life in the city. Never had he seen anything in the vegetable line except factory made grass until he decided to spend the summer working on Cousin Hiram's farm. Not knowing much in the way of driving a hoe or a harrow, the new farmhand was put to work whitewashing the outbuildings, while the rest of the staff took to the cornfields. When Cousin Hiram returned to the house at noon Slagg was sitting on the woodpile looking as if he had been crawling on his face through ten acres of sand burrs.

"Give me my money, boss," said he in a mournful voice. "I'm going back to town."

"What have ye been doin' ter yerself?" asked Cousin Hiram, wondering sizing up the new hand. "What's happened?"

"I don't know exactly what happened," said the dejected reply of Slagg. "But it started when I tried to whitewash that thing they call a beehive."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Drilling Holes in Steel.

When holes are drilled and then reamed in soft steel bars the metal materially increases in strength, the average limit of elasticity improving 12.3 per cent and the average tensile strength 9.2 per cent. This phenomenon is explained thus: In putting together the parts of a test piece broken under tension it is found that the two ends do not coincide and that, while the edges make a good contact, the central parts do not, thus indicating that the rupture begins at the center and that the edges have a higher tensile resistance than there is along the axis of the bar. Therefore, if several holes are drilled so as not to injure the material too much, as might be the case with punching, the average tensile strength of the section across the holes per unit of metal will be higher than before the holes were drilled, since each hole creates, so to speak, additional edges.—London Mail.

Her Contribution.

A man, a new acquaintance, once told Dr. Joseph Parker of London that he had put a five pound note in the plate instead of the half sovereign he had intended.

"I hope you don't repent of your charity," said the doctor.

"Indeed, no," said the guest. "Because," said Parker, "I remember that one of my congregation once did. It was a woman, and she came to the vestry after service one Sunday morning to tell me that a week before she must have put a sovereign in the plate instead of a shilling, because she could not account for the loss otherwise. But she didn't get the change from me," said the doctor, with a smile. "I told her it was too bad, of course, particularly as God would only give her credit for the shilling."

To Transfer Printing.

Anything printed on paper with ordinary printer's ink can be transferred to a clean sheet of paper in the following manner: Take three drams of common yellow soap and dissolve it in one quart of hot water. When cool add one and a half fluid ounces of spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, cork it and shake well together. Take a sponge or soft brush and apply some of the solution to the printed surface. Let it soak for a few minutes. Lay it face down upon the paper on which the transfer is required and press both together evenly between the leaves of a thick book placed under weights. In a time varying from half a minute to several hours, according to the newness of the printed original, it will be transferred in reverse.

A Matter of Small Moment.

A local British official in India wanted military protection against what he considered to be the danger of an Indian rising and traveled all the way to Simla to lay before Lord Kitchener, the commander in chief, the state of affairs in his district and to urge that troops should be sent to support the civil arm. Lord Kitchener declined to do anything of the sort.

"But, my dear sir, do you realize that I may be murdered in my bed one night?" expostulated the official. Kitchener eyed him over for a minute and then said coldly, "Well, what of it?"

Queer Fish.

Some curious fish found in South American waters breathe with lungs as well as gills. During the dry season the fish curls up at the bottom of a burrow, with its tail over its face, and remains there until the rise of water dissolves the plug with which it stops the entrance to the burrow.

His Mistake.

"I understand you entertained a number of people at dinner last night." "That's what I thought," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but my wife says I bored 'em."—Washington Star.

A Concession.

She—You don't allow me to do anything I want! If it goes on much longer I shall go home to mamma. He—That I will allow you to do.—Fliegende Blatter.

Corrected.

He—Darling, refuse me, and I shall never love another girl. She (briskly)—What I want is a man who will promise me that if I accept him—Judge.

Doesn't Suffer Much.

"Does your wife suffer in silence?" "Yes, and I am sorry. If she did not suffer in silence perhaps she would be silent oftener."—Houston Post.

Love of Gossip.

One of the chief characteristics of the human race is inquisitiveness—not so much about things and places and ideas as about each other. Every proper person is a born gossip, and the accomplished scandal monger is always welcome, provided, of course, his scandal is about others. You can test this at any time by considering who are the people you like best to meet and who are always surrounded by the greatest number of idle acquaintances. Invariably you must be forced to the conclusion they are those who have made a business of acquiring information about others and retailing their knowledge in various dressings. This love of gossip is further revealed in the kind of books which claim the widest appreciation. You will find that these books are not poetry, drama, science or philosophy. They are novels, memoirs, diaries, intimate histories, recollections, letters—all of them essential gossip (and sometimes scandal) appearing by their power to attract the gossiping sense which exists in all of us.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

The Koran.

In the London Everyman is a review of the Koran and its author, Mohammed. It is a one man's book and that man not an imaginative one, but essentially a man of action and lacking in invention. The Koran is a jumbled mass of precepts, doctrines, threats, injunctions, divine commands, narrative, lyric and epic poetry. It's heaven and hell are too material for modern thought. "Obviously," says Everyman, "the Koran is meant not to be read with the eye, but to be recited, when the repetitions are not nearly so pronounced. It reflects a social order, a system of ideas as remote from Rome, and more especially from Greece, as our own are from the North American Indian. But neither time nor evolution can utterly quench the fame of Mohammed's personality, which carried his followers to reckless excesses, to the sovereignty of empires, which created an art peculiar to Islam and founded age long traditions."

One of the Sights of Paris.

The Paris department stores are worse jumbles even than the English department stores. When there is a special sale under way the bargain counters are rigged up on the sidewalks. There, in the open air, buyer and seller will chaffer and bicker and wrangle and quarrel and kiss and make up again—for all the world to see. One of the free sights of Paris is a frugal Frenchman with his face extensively haired over pawing like a Skye terrier through a heap of marked down lingerie, picking out things for the female members of his household to wear, now testing some material with his tongue, now holding a personal article up in the sunlight to examine the fabric—while his wife stands humbly, dumbly by, waiting for him to complete his selections.—Irving S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

SPLENDORS OF THE UNIVERSE TO BE SHOWN AT SAN FRANCISCO IN 1915

SCENE of splendor and glory unrivaled in the history of world's exhibitions is assured the visitor to the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Thousands of workmen are now rushing to completion the vast exhibit palaces that face north on the shores of San Francisco harbor just inside the Golden Gate, and a conclave of nations unsurpassed by history is assured at this stupendous celebration at which the United States, joined by the nations of the world, will celebrate the opening of the Panama canal.

Thirty-four great countries have accepted the invitation to take part in the Exposition. This is four times as many nations as had agreed to participate at any other exposition at a similar time before its opening.

The fact that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be ready in every detail long before the opening day on Feb. 20, 1915, is only what the world expected of the men who have this International Exposition in charge.

More than 60,000 of the world's leading exhibitors will have their exhibits installed in the vast exhibit halls when the Exposition opens to the world. This is an unparalleled record in the history of universal exhibitions.



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Navy Aviators In Camp at Vera Cruz

In the brief time that American forces have occupied Vera Cruz the value of the aviation squad has been thoroughly demonstrated. Navy aviators have proved their worth in getting a line on the opposition forces. The photo shows the aviators and their quarters at Vera Cruz.



Photo copyright, 1914, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co. H. S. Crocker Co., official photographers.

SCULPTOR FINISHING ENLARGEMENT IN STUDIOS OF PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

A Bird in the Hand, Etc.

The minister had just pronounced the words which made them one. Of course the next thing of importance was the fee.

The bridegroom looked at his bride, then at the minister. Fumbling in his pocket, he produced a two dollar bill.

"Here is a two dollar bill I will give you now," he said, "or I will wait until the end of six months and pay you what I think it is worth, even if it is a hundred dollars. You can take your choice."

The minister studied a moment, glanced at the bride and hastily replied: "I'll take the \$2 now."—Indianapolis News.

Ghost Plant of Oregon.

The ghost plant was known and much praised by the Indians of Oregon in times past and is sometimes known as the Indian pipe plant. It is said the Indians believed that it had great remedial qualities and made from it a lotion which they considered curative for diseases of the eye. It is a tall, waxlike plant about eight inches high, and its bloom resembles a waxen cup.—Portland Oregonian.

The Possum Trail.

At one of the famous Georgia 'possum dinners one of the guests turned to the waiter with the remark: "Rastus, that 'possum must have gone to my head. It aches like fury."

"Is dat so, sub?" responded Rastus. "Funny how 'possum always meks for a hollah."—National Monthly.

His Infinite Variety.

The average man has within his system the material for 13 pounds of candles, a pound of nails, 800 pencils, bindings for 16 small books, 500 knife handles, 28 violin strings, 20 teaspoonfuls of salt and a pound of sugar.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sure Clue.

"Doctor, is your patient sure you can cure him by your new method?" "How did you know my patient was not a woman?" "I heard that you were going to try the silence cure."—Baltimore American.

Pretty Bad.

The barber was very busy and the shop was full of men waiting for him to practice his tonsorial art upon their heads and faces.

One man, Mr. Blank, became tired of waiting for his turn to come and started to leave. Although his beard had come out pretty heavy, he thought no one could notice it and that he could come back the next morning when Hughes, the barber, was not so busy. The barber, not wishing a customer to go away unattended to, accosted him by saying, "You're not leavin' us, is you, Mr. Blank?"

"Why, I don't need a shave, do I, Hughes?" Hughes thereupon looked his customer over critically and answered him assuredly: "No, youse don't need a shave; all youse need is a hair cut on de face."—National Monthly.

Something New

After a few days shutdown, we are better prepared than ever before to serve our customers.

A new oven built to perfection means to us what a new range means to the housewife—good bread, baked to perfection.

We have it.

Every time you ask your grocer for a loaf of bread wrapped in Pennant wrappers, you help build up a home institution, that we will guarantee you to be right all the time.

We like the country, like the people, want to stay. Show us your heart's right and we will stay.

THE CITY BAKERY

GROCERIES

We have a complete line of Groceries and Vegetables

FEED

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

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Standing of the Candidates

Miss Arlie Langdon, Cottage Grove,.....	154,333
Miss Ada Land, Dorena,.....	139,450
Mrs. Katherine Brainard, Cottage Grove,.....	138,750
Miss Mary Bartels, Cottage Grove,.....	116,500
Miss Lyndall Gibler, Saginaw,.....	61,500