

COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

The paper that gives you what you want to read

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 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.



Will the Lights Be White?

BY CY WARMAN

The author, poet and railroad man, who died in Chicago recently, was the author of many stories and poems dealing with railroad life.

Of, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve,

For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again, the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome,
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

Flower and Weed Test.

How to tell the flowers from the weeds: Pull them up by the roots. If they are flowers that will be the last of 'em; if weeds, only the beginning.—Chicago News.

Speed Up! The World's Not Fast Enough.

By MOSS.



THE world SPINS. It takes YOU with it.

If you sit perfectly STILL all your life you may enjoy the delightful sensation of this world joy riding.

However, if you put on a LITTLE SPEED of your own you'll go just so much faster and have lots more fun besides.

One way you can speed up is in really giving a little of your valuable time to the ADS. in THIS PAPER.

Lots of WIDE AWAKE folks here are SAVING MONEY by going where they are INVITED and are TREATED RIGHT, with good service, square prices and proper quality.

Of course, dear friend, you can toss the paper away with a muttered "Bosh!" if you want to. Then you can keep on sitting still. The world will move right on, and maybe you'll enjoy it just as much. But, believe us, plenty of OTHERS are SPEEDING BY YOU.

SPEED UP!

WON ON HIS BLUFF

How an American Consul Brought a Dictator to Terms.

A THREAT AND A SURPRISE.

The Venezuelan Despot to Whom Uncle Sam's Official Had Issued a Comic Opera Ultimatum First Got on His High Horse and Then Stepped Down.

A great many years ago Phil Hanna was consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, when a little revolution broke out. A military martinet in command of the town announced himself dictator and, needing money to carry on his activities, seized a bunch of American, English and German residents in the place and locked them in the town jail. They were informed that they would be released when they had made certain cash contributions to the revolutionary war chest.

Hanna was notified of the situation, and, looking up the consulate and leaving an extra sized American flag flying, he marched up to the headquarters of the dictator.

"Mr. Dictator," said Hanna, "I note that you have locked up a number of Americans. Permit me to introduce myself as the American consul."

The dictator asked what interest that fact had for him.

"It signifies that I am here in the name of my government to demand that these Americans be released instantly," replied Hanna.

"Can't do a thing for you," replied the general. "They've been told that when they cough up they'll be turned loose."

"They'll be turned loose without coughing and without delay," retorted Hanna. "I desire, in the name of my government, to say that if the Americans and all the European citizens whom you have locked up are not released by 6 o'clock this afternoon I shall proceed to shell the town."

"To shell—what'll you shell it with?" snorted the dictator. "Why, you haven't an American ship within a thousand miles, and you know it."

"What I said," replied Hanna with frozen faced dignity, "was that if those people are not released by 6 o'clock I'll shell the town." And he marched out again.

Hanna knew perfectly well that there wasn't an American ship nearer than New Orleans, and he knew the dictator knew it. But he had something up his sleeve. He went back to his office and waited patiently, meanwhile sending a clerk down to the water front to watch things.

The day wore on to mid-afternoon. Hanna was getting nervous. He must make good somehow. At last his messenger returned.

"Two British cruisers are coming into the harbor, sir," he reported.

"I knew they were due today," replied Hanna. "Now, you get word to the commander about what we've done here and tell him it's very important for him to come and see me."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon three very impressive officers in the uniform of the British navy came ashore and marched straight to the American consulate.

Hanna slouched out of his chair, shook hands all round and explained his scrape. The naval man wanted to know how he could best serve the necessities of the moment.

"Just go back on shipboard and begin clearing those vessels for action in the most ostentatious way you can," replied Hanna. "I'll do the rest."

As soon as the necessary time had elapsed to assure that these facts would have duly impressed themselves on his dictatorship Hanna started for the palace again. He didn't have to wait for admittance.

"Have the American and European prisoners been released?" he asked.

"They have not yet," replied the dictator.

"Then permit me to say that at 6 o'clock sharp, as I mentioned this morning, I begin shelling this town!"

"Where's your American ships?" persisted the dictator.

"The two British cruisers that have entered the harbor today are under my orders," replied the American consul, "and we'll blow you and your town off this coast before morning if you don't perform. Do you get it?"

The dictator didn't know whether it was bluff or not, but at 5:59 o'clock the prisoners were turned loose.

Hanna got a promotion for the job.—New York Sun.

Overworked.

He had carried a cue nine miles around a billiard table and pushed a lawn mower once across his 30 by 20 lawn.

Then he collapsed.

"Overwork," said the sympathetic doctor and put him to bed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where the Soft Spot Was.

Gladys—Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me. Muriel—How do you know he has? Gladys—He says he is always thinking of me. Muriel—Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.—Judge.

Not Satisfactory.

Betty Van Rocks—Did you have a satisfactory interview with papa? Jack Brokeleigh—Not very; he said all he would give was his consent.—Boston Transcript.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—Seneca.

THE YAQUIS' REVENGE

By M. QUAD

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Every American of us at the silver mines had turned out with the Mexican soldiery to help drive the Yaquis back to their hiding place in the mountains. It was a case of self preservation with us. When the Yaqui was on a raid he made no difference between the property or scalp of an American and a Mexican. He owned the land before Cortez appeared. The process of weeding him out is still going on.

And so when the news came in that the Yaquis had taken the warpath and killed or driven off the men at the Soltito mine above us we turned out with the 300 soldiers sent up to meet the war party and drive it back.

For three days we fought the Yaquis before we got them on the retreat. It was not enough, however, that we had saved the big mines and 500 almost defenseless people. Orders came to the colonel to push on after the retreating Indians and hold them up if possible and exterminate them. We went with them to see the thing through and because they had need of our rifles and of our sharpshooting. Once among the mountains the soldiers could no longer move in a body. There was constant fighting, but the Indians were continually forced back. By and by they had reached the women and children and their stronghold, and the Mexican colonel rubbed his hands and laughed and said:

"We have got them penned up at last, and not one shall escape. It is the best show we have had for half a century to exterminate them."

The stronghold of the Indians was a series of rifts and caves in the face of the mountain. There was but one path leading to it. That wound over a number of ridges and then dipped down into a basin which had a circumference of about half a mile. The colonel's plan was to advance the whole force into this basin when night fell, and, taking cover behind the bowlders lying thickly beneath the caves, we should be ready at daylight to begin the work of extermination. While a portion of the troopers kept up a fire to prevent the Yaquis from leaving their caves another portion would collect fuel and smoke them to death. We were not averse to dealing the Indians a hard blow and one to be remembered, but we did not go in for the extermination of a thousand souls at once, more than half of whom were women and children.

"Gentlemen, you are not under my command," said the colonel as he rubbed his hands and smiled, "and you will therefore decide for yourselves. When darkness comes my command will march down into the basin. For fifteen years I have been hunting the Yaquis. For fifteen years I have been hoping for just this chance."

They could not charge us with cowardice, but when our decision not to support them in a massacre was made known there were smiles and expressions of contempt.

An hour after dark the soldiers left us and went marching in single file down into the basin. I do not believe the first man had yet descended into the basin when we suddenly caught sight of a signal fire to the right.

The Yaquis were not to be surprised. During the next hour the whole side of the mountain showed signals at intervals, and then there was an interval of three hours, during which not a light was to be seen. At midnight from the center of the mountain a signal fire suddenly blazed out. It did not last more than a minute and was followed by a noise none of us could make out. It was like the roaring of a gale in a narrow gorge of the mountains, and we had been listening to it for perhaps ten minutes when from the dark basin beneath us arose such a cry as few men ever heard.

"In the name of God, what can it be?" asked each man of his comrade, but no one could answer. Down there in the midnight blackness some terrible tragedy was being enacted, but we must wait for daylight to solve it. The roaring, rushing sound came to us after the scream died away, but more softly than at first. From that hour till dawn came there was no signaling, no noise, nothing to prove that there was life in the mountains beyond our little band. The peaks of the mountains stood out first. Then we followed the dawn down till our eyes rested on the caves. In front of them were hundreds of people, but they were standing quiet and peering down into the basin. In another minute daylight had crept down there, and we looked and cried aloud in horror. The bottom of the basin, as we saw it the evening before, had been covered with scrub and grass. It was a basin still, but the bottom was hidden under ten, twenty, thirty feet of water. There was no outlet, and we could see the waters rushing and swirling round and round as if to find one. And borne on the rush were the bodies of the dead—of the 231 men who had left us a few hours before. Not one had escaped. High up on their side of the mountain the Yaquis had dammed a spring or rivulet and stored up the waters for just such an emergency. At midnight they had let the flood loose, and it had come tearing down at lightning speed to overwhelm the enemy, caught like rats in a trap. As we turned away in our horror to make our way down the mountains the Yaquis raised their voices in one long shout of exultation and then were silent. They had reaped their vengeance and were satisfied to let us depart in peace.

PERMANENT ROAD WORK.

If you have any influence in the kind of road work done in your county use your effort to have the work done permanently. Kansas spends much money each year replacing temporary culverts and bridges and in working over grades. It should be the practice to make any extensive improvements or alterations only after securing the advice of a competent highway engineer. The temporary employment of such an official is quite practicable, and the returns will be many hundred per cent on the outlay.

The loss of bridges and culverts in a relocated and graded road is generally heavy. Most constructions, even if found in fairly good condition, are totally destroyed by removal. A conspicuous exception is the corrugated iron pipe. When made from high purity iron these culverts are but slightly affected by rust and can thus be rightfully classed as permanent improvements, but they are also ideal for a temporary location, as they suffer no damage in being dug out and relaid. Brick, stone or concrete should be employed only where the location is fixed for all time and where also an absolutely rigid foundation can be secured.—Kansas Farmer.

FOR BETTER ROADS IN DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Government is inaugurating a Systematic Campaign.

Canada is preparing for a systematic campaign for the improvement of all her roads, especially those joining the Dominion with the United States, according to an announcement made by L. S. Pennypacker, executive assistant of the American Highway association, who attended the first Canadian road congress.

American tourists who have been distressed by Canadian roads will welcome the announcement made by Mr. Pennypacker, because it is believed that within a comparatively short time it will be possible to motor over good roads in Canada. The chief obstacle in the way of accomplishment of the Canadian Good Road association, which he assisted in forming, is the fact that there are some political differences between the provincial and Dominion governments as to the expenditure of road funds. Commenting on the situation, Mr. Pennypacker said:

"In spite of these obstacles I am convinced that within a short time there will be a noticeable improvement of the roads in Canada. As the congress progressed a better understanding was apparent, and political differences were lost sight of. The Dominion government, through its representative, the secretary of state, seemed to take a deep interest in the subject of road improvement and pledged the government to aid the provinces in every way possible. While it is true that the roads in Canada for the main part are in rather bad shape, this congress will undoubtedly be the entering wedge to a movement which will spread throughout the various provinces. The permanent organization which was formed is designed to bring together all factions and to unite the provinces into one centralized movement for the betterment of roads."

MILLIONS FOR ROAD WORK.

Many States Have Large Appropriations For Present Year.

Michigan has appropriated \$4,183,972 for good roads during 1914 and stands fifth in the roll of the states setting aside money for road work. Compilation made by the American Highway association and transmitted to Secretary George F. Ballou of the Associated Roads Organization of Chicago shows that twenty-five of the states have appropriated a total of \$62,201,016, and Iowa leads the states with \$7,310,000 set aside, while New York state comes second with \$6,000,000, Minnesota third with \$5,672,254, North Carolina fourth with \$5,000,000 and Michigan fifth with \$4,183,972.

The state of Maryland has set aside \$3,700,000 and Ohio \$3,500,000, while Pennsylvania has set aside \$3,500,000 also. Other states that have made noteworthy appropriations include Oregon, \$3,280,000; Massachusetts, \$2,440,315; West Virginia, \$2,283,000; North Dakota, \$2,365,000; Virginia, \$2,000,000; Mississippi, \$1,720,000; Illinois, \$1,300,000, and others, including New Jersey, Alabama, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Wisconsin, Delaware and Kentucky, less than \$1,000,000. The last named state has set aside but \$25,000 for road work.

The postoffice department has become intimately identified with the good roads movement through the fact that it employs 43,000 rural free delivery carriers, and these carriers travel a total of about 300,000 miles.

Motoring Abroad.

A new system of customs regulations is now in force in Europe that will greatly facilitate and cheapen the movements of motorists from country to country. With the exception of Germany, Russia and Sweden, practically every country of Europe has adopted the new international customs pass, and customs officers have been instructed in its use. For general toning it takes the place of the triptyque system and requires only one customs deposit and only one set of papers.

THERE IS NO OTHER PLACE

in town just like Short's Grocery

There are stores that sell just as good goods. There are other places that sell cheaper goods, but there is no other

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In buying provisions of any kind, and especially fresh meats, the first thing the discriminating customer demands is Purity—this comes ahead of price. Our shop has been thoroughly overhauled and cleaned up, and we want our patrons to inspect our methods of handling what they are to eat.

We handle the Best in All Lines, Give Full Weight and do not hold you up on prices.

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LEADER TO BE GIVEN OVER TO CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES

The Leader of Saturday, August 1, will be edited and conducted by the ladies of the Christian church, and at least once a month thereafter the paper will be conducted by some church, lodge, society or club, the proceeds to go to the organization controlling that number.

First National Bank

Cottage Grove, Ore.

DEPOSITORY United States Postal Savings

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DEPOSITORY City of Cottage Grove

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H. EAKIN, President

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WORTH HARVEY, Ass't Cash'r

Only One Main Road In Land Of Publicity.

By MOSS.



DO you want to know the REAL COLD BLOODED TRUTH about ADVERTISING? It's this—the game is OVER-PLAYED.

The HONEST FACT is that there is TOO MUCH ADVERTISING—of CERTAIN SORTS and DEGREES and OBJECTS. Half of it is USELESS.

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Isn't this ABSOLUTELY the TRUTH?

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING MOST QUICKLY and CONSISTENTLY ACCOMPLISHES this one kind of PROFITABLE ADVERTISING. The BETTER the newspaper medium and the more FORCEFUL and TRUTHFUL the ADVERTISEMENT the GREATER the RESULTS.

Thus merchants who use THIS paper for their publicity REALLY CREATE BUSINESS for TODAY and for TOMORROW.