

COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

The paper that gives you what you want to read

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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.



THE PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR IS A BARNACLE.

On another page will be found a list of questions coming from the local Socialists, called forth, they say, by a short editorial item in a recent issue of this paper. The asking of questions is one of the easiest things in the world. It is another matter to show that the agitation that they defend would in the least relieve the grievous situation which gave them rise.

The editor of this paper has always been a laborer, and in sympathy with working people everywhere, but has always opposed strikes as the poorest remedy in the world—in fact, no remedy at all.

I have no data at hand to prove the assertion, but I do not believe there has ever been a strike of four weeks' duration where the results attained by the working people have offset the loss and the suffering which the strike brought about; both the strikers and general public being the sufferers.

The Leader does not care to enter into any editorial controversy with its readers, but the editor looks on strikes as he looks on wars, as something to be resorted to only when all other measures have been tried and failed, and many times not even then.

War is but a pitting of brute force and brutal instinct, cunning and training against like qualities in the enemy, and a strike resembles war in many essential particulars, with the advantage always on the side of the capitalist.

Strikes are usually directed against corporations and not against the individual who employs a few men and works with them; and the corporation with millions of capital behind it has the favor of the gods on its side, according to the greatest of military geniuses, who declared that "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions."

Then, again, all strikes injure "the innocent bystander" to a greater or less degree, and consequently, of recent years, the striker does not have the sympathy of the public as he once had, and the strike is becoming more and more unpopular with the people who suffer, and consequently more and more unlikely to succeed in the future than in the past.

About the only person who profits from a strike is the agitator who draws a salary for getting working people into trouble, and it is this professional disturber that the editor had in mind when he wrote the little item referred to by the Socialists.

Let us admit that wages have not kept pace, in a skyward direction, with the cost of living. But who is to blame for this fact? With legislatures and referendums pulling the props from un-

der all the industries, increasing their burdens by senseless exactions and making a profit in their business more unlikely and less possible, how can it be expected that they will increase other expenses when it is possible to avoid it?

It is very doubtful if one half of the men engaged in manufacturing, mining and transportation enterprise in this country are as well off today as they were ten years ago, and probably a large per cent of them would be better off, if they had closed down their business permanently during the panic of 1907.

Organized labor claims the honor for raising the wages of the working people, but I can dispute this with just as many facts on my side as they have on theirs. Employers that have been harassed and bullied by the professional labor agitator, have come to look on organized labor as organized enmity to their interests, and foes to profitable business, and treat workmen as their worst enemies, just as the agitator says the capitalist is the worst enemy of the workingman.

The facts are that capital and labor are the closest friends and partners, and absolutely necessary, under modern conditions, to the existence of each other, and it is only when they are set against each other through the manipulation of an interested third party, like the professional agitator, that they become enemies.

It is easy of demonstration that the fights made by professional agitators against employers are not always made in the interest of better wages, for several of the most persistent and bitter labor fights this country has ever seen have been waged against men who always paid the union scale of wages or better, but refused to allow the disturbers to dictate how they should run their business or whom they should employ.

By all means let us do justice to all working people, and put a stop to child labor, but we do this better by peaceable means. And let us remember that no employer whose selling prices are regulated by law and whose buying price of labor is fixed above what he can pay, by a labor union, can long exist, so that the object of both labor agitators and legislators is defeated by killing the goose that pays the taxes and fills the weekly pay envelope.

THREE TOASTS.

Giant Strides In Fixing the Boundaries of Our Country.

At a dinner party given by Americans residing in Paris some years ago there were proposed sundry toasts concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal fact which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented bigness of our country.

"Here's to the United States," said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific ocean."

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject. In assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future, which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun and on the west by the setting sun."

Here the third speaker arose, a very serious gentleman from the far west. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to leave the history past and present and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow countrymen who has just sat down? I give you the United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgment."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Coaxing Way.

She—Oh, sweet hubby, be so good as to make me a present of 100 marks. He—Well, if you need them you may have them. She—Oh, how nice! Now you need to give me only 300 marks more for my tailor's bill!—Fliegende Blätter.

A FEW LITTLE THINGS YOU MAY HAVE OVERLOOKED

Eugene gets a big box factory.

Warrenton gets a clam cannery.

Parma gets dairy products factory.

The European war is boosting prices of Oregon products and will stimulate many industries. One new industry, the manufacture of peppermint oil, will be established on a large scale.

The new Booth-Kelly sawmill at Springfield, operated entirely by electric power, will be started from Portland by President Griffith of the Portland Commercial club touching an electric button, Aug. 29.

Roseburg Commercial Club has endorsed the bill to pension and retire civil service employees.

The state highway campaign through central Oregon will turn travel through the great interior to the loss of the Willamette valley counties.

A large summer hotel is to be built at South Coos river.

Salem issued \$41,000 building permits last week.

S. A. Buck starts work on a large box factory at Eugene this week.

The constitutional amendment to take over by the state submerged lands on navigable waters would unsettle the title to a great deal of sawmill property and prevent investments on such lands.

A finished deed to transfer the locks and canal to the United States has now been sent to the law department and it is believed the property at Oregon City may finally be turned over to Uncle Sam.

A force of men have resumed construction work on the Western Union telegraph line between Eugene and Mapleton on the Siuslaw.

\$25,000 is to be expended sinking oil and gas wells at Astoria.

The Star Packing Co. of Chicago is putting a large clam cannery at Warrenton.

The boycott for the destruction of the Salem public market is still on, but the market is being established on a large scale.

Plans for the new \$100,000 University building will be opened Sept. 10. The Portland Labor Council has made a fight to employ only union labor and many contractors refused to bid on that basis, not knowing what labor would cost.

The establishment of independent meat packing plants in various parts of the state are being encouraged by the farmers as the only solution of the growing abuses of the meat and foods products trust.

The Hoke cannery at Medford is putting up a large pack of tomatoes.

Prof. J. E. Dunton Returns

Prof. Dunton came in Tuesday night, looking real glad to get back home.

During his absence of seven weeks, Prof. Dunton has been farmer, hay baler, land clearer, mountain climber, and has enjoyed every phase of the season's outing.

After harvesting the crop on his ranch near Molalla and baling the hay for market, Prof. Dunton wound up the trip with a climb up Mount Hood, a feat he accomplished early this week.

He is looking fit for almost any undertaking, and says he is feeling the best ever.

Officer Brown Captures Bad Coon

Officer Brown ran across a bad "nigger" in the S. P. yards Friday night, and had to resort to his gun before the big black would consent to accompany him to the city lodging house. A shot fired close enough to frighten him, and a few cracks on the head with the gun, changed the mind of the coon, and he was neatly landed in the lockup.

The Leader leads, others follow

An Aristocratic Thief

By F. A. MITCHEL

My husband had been appointed United States military attaché at Berlin and had gone there some time before me in order to secure a place to live against my coming. I was on my way there from Paris, traveling on a first class railway coach. Beside me sat a man, and before him sat another man, the two being evidently traveling companions, for they were talking very earnestly in German, a language I did not understand. Directly before me was a vacant seat, on which I tossed my hand bag. This was very careless of me, for it contained all the money I had with me.

I had been up late nights in Paris and was very tired and sleepy. I fell into a doze and from a doze into a sound sleep. More than an hour passed before I awoke, and when I did I found that the man who had been seated beside me was the only other person except myself in the compartment. He had changed his seat to one opposite me next the window and was reading a periodical. Near him lay my bag, just where I had placed it. I opened it and looked for my pocket-book.

Now, I leave it to any woman if she on awakening from a slumber to find she had been robbed of money from a bag lying beside a man would not look up at him accusingly. The man's eyes were upon me, and my looks told him that I suspected him of stealing the money I had lost just as plainly as it could have been expressed in words. He looked frightened and said something to me in German, but he might as well have spoken in Sanskrit. Then he tried me in French. I can speak a little French, but can understand it scarcely at all. At any rate, I didn't catch what he had to say.

The man looked so cut up that I grew suspicious of him. But why he had not left the train with it while I was asleep I could only conjecture. Perhaps the train had not made a stop. He was not a cool thief by any means, for without my taking any action whatever he took out a roll of crisp bills and said to me in French:

"Combien?" ("How much?") which I understood was asking me the amount I had been robbed of. I held up one finger and said, "Mille francs," meaning that I had had 1,000 francs in my pocketbook. My money had been brand new, like the notes he held in his hand, and I did not doubt they were mine. I gathered that he preferred to return my money rather than have me call a guard at the next station and have him arrested. He counted the roll in his hand, and it amounted to exactly 1,000 francs. Then he handed it to me, saying something in French which I did not understand.

I was very glad to get my money back at all and especially so easily. When we reached the next station the thief looked at me anxiously and on seeing that I made no move to call any one to arrest him drew a long sigh of relief. This was the only stop we made till we reached Berlin, and when we rolled into the station and the coach door was opened by the guard the rascal jumped out and disappeared in a great hurry.

My husband had secured a house in the capital, had engaged servants and had everything ready not only for our comfort, but to enable us to entertain guests. Of course every one of the diplomatic corps must do more or less entertaining, and since I brought my husband a fortune and we were abundantly able to bear the expense we proposed to do our full share; but, of course, I must go through the preliminaries of being introduced at court.

All this had been attended to, and I was a full fledged member of Berlin society. The first important function I attended was a state ball at the palace. I was standing talking to a lady whose husband was a member of the diplomatic corps when I saw the emperor coming with a gentleman who was bedizened with decorations, the emperor laughing at something the latter was telling him. When they came near enough for me to distinguish their features the marrow froze in my bones. The man to whom the emperor was listening was the thief who had stolen, then returned, my money. I shrank away, but not in time. He saw me, and the expression on his face denoted as much surprise as mine did consternation. Then he said something to the emperor, who looked at me with an expression of amused surprise.

Calling to a lady standing near me, the emperor and the thief talked to her, and it was evident that they were talking about me. Then the three approached me, and the lady, after making the required presentation, told me that the thief was Count Heinrich Schmieden, one of the emperor's most intimate friends. He had been telling his majesty of how a lady on a train had been robbed and how he rather than submit to arrest had paid over the amount stolen. Just as he had finished the story he espied me.

The matter was considered an admirable joke by the emperor and, indeed, by the count, who claimed that he had paid me the money not so much through fear of my having him arrested as the inconvenience I would be put to at not having any money for expenses. I doubted his gallantry, but gave him credit for it. The next morning my husband sent him a check for 1,000 francs.

The affair resulted in our receiving considerable attention from one of the most influential men in Berlin.

To the Trade

Beginning September 1, 1914, the WEST SIDE GROCERY will adopt the **Cash Selling Plan**, and expects to pay spot cash for goods and produce, as we have done in the past.

We expect to inaugurate a new profit sharing plan in the near future.

Thanking all those have extended us such a liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of their valued patronage, we are yours for a "live and let live" policy, prompt service and highest quality goods and the lowest possible cash prices.

The West Side Grocery



The "Greater Oregon"

With new buildings, better equipment, enlarged grounds, and many additions to its faculty, the University of Oregon will begin its thirty-ninth year Tuesday, September 15.

Special training for Business, Journalism, Law, Medicine, Teaching, Library Work, Music, Architecture, Physical Training and Fine Arts. Largest and strongest departments of liberal education.

Library of more than 50,000 volumes, two splendid gymnasiums, eleven buildings fully equipped. New \$100,000 Administration Building in course of construction. Tuition Free. Dormitories for men and for women. Expenses lowest. Write for catalog and illustrated booklet. Addressing Registrar, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON.

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

That Sells as Good Goods as Cheap as Short's Grocery

And there is no other store where everything is so new, so fresh and up-to-date, and none giving better service.

Cash paid for eggs. Wood for sale.

Short's Grocery, Corner 7th and Washington Streets.

"Purity First"

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.

CULVER BROTHERS PEOPLES MEAT MARKET

Pure Homemade Lard Our Specialty

Beals' Harness Shop

Light and Heavy Harness, Whips, Gloves, Robes, Harness and Shoe Repairing. Prices that please.

414 Main Street Cottage Grove, Or.

HANDSOME BOOK ON PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AND PANAMA CANAL REGION MAILED TO ALL INQUIRERS FREE OF CHARGE.

A HANDSOME book of sixty pages, illustrated profusely in colors and giving detailed descriptions of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to be held in San Francisco from Feb. 20 until Dec. 4, 1915, and of the Panama canal and the canal region, will be mailed by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition free of charge to all inquirers. The booklet is intended as a general guide to prospective visitors and will also contain information concerning the great engineering feat which the Exposition is to celebrate. Write to the Manager, the Bureau of Publications, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Exposition building, San Francisco, for the booklet.