

BRACE UP!

Do you feel old before your time? Is your back bent and stiff? Do you suffer urinary disorders? Don't despair—profit by Cottage Grove experiences. Cottage Grove people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's a Cottage Grove resident's statement.

Mrs. M. Keibelbeck, Birch and J Sts., says: "I have nothing but words of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills. I was subject to kidney weakness for a long time and never found anything that helped me until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. I use Doan's occasionally and they keep me free from all kidney ailments. I am glad to advise other kidney sufferers to use Doan's Kidney Pills." (Statement given February 22, 1913.)

On March 27, 1920, Mrs. Keibelbeck said: "I always recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for they put my kidneys in good condition. I use Doan's occasionally for a tonic."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Keibelbeck had. Foster Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. j114-21



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RUNNING TO SEED

Sylvester Urban Discourses on So-Called Human Race.

Can See Nothing But Atrophy as Result of the Labor-Saving Devices of Present Day.

"I'm only twenty-eight years old," said Sylvester Urban, according to a New York Sun writer, "and I'm afraid, I'm afraid of the future. I'm afraid of civilization."

"What's come over you now?" asked his friend. "I've heard you utter some strange sentiment over a glass of 'third rail,' but this latest is beyond me. How can one be afraid of civilization?"

"One might well shrink in his shoes at the thought of a return to savagery or barbarism. But life becomes safer with every ensuing year of civilization. Just look about you at all these safeguards—"

"That's just it," broke in Sylvester sadly. "You've hit the crux of the matter right off. Just look about you, as you say, and what do you see? Here we are in an average New York apartment—four rooms and bath. Above us is an electric chandelier. When you want light just press a button. There is a radiator. If you want heat on a frigid day just lean over from your easy chair and turn a knob. Or do you prefer the cheer of an open grate fire? Just turn on the gas."

"Wouldst dine? Just telephone a delicatessen and presently the dumbwaiter bell will buzz and your food arrives in the kitchen. A fire in the range is yours for the striking of a match and the turning of a jet. Hot water? Twist a faucet. Drinking water? Twist another faucet."

"One usually has garbage after a meal. A most trifling matter. Dump it in the garbage can and send it down the dumbwaiter. Music after the dessert? Put on a record. It has one of these repeaters—latest thing, you know. No need to bother with the machine until it runs down. In the next room is an electric reproducing piano. The world's greatest artists perform for you and you don't have to turn a finger, so to speak. The door bell rings. There is the mail and the newspaper."

"Suppose I want to go downtown to work or shop. I just step into a subway and sit down. When I leave the train I don't even have to walk out of the station. I merely stand on an escalator. Arrived at the street, I decide, perhaps, to take a taxi. I just get in and sit down. When I reach my ultimate destination the chauffeur opens the door of the cab for me and the doorman opens a portal for me to enter the store."

"Leaving the store I take a Fifth avenue bus to my office. I go on top to get the fresh air and find they've even inclosed the upper deck in glass to protect children of civilization from healthful ozone."

"Don't you see that everything is arranged so that I can live without moving a finger, so to speak? Feel my muscles. There's nothing to them. I couldn't lick a healthy ten-year-old boy and I couldn't run five blocks without staggering from exhaustion. My body, the thing I live in, the thing that keeps me alive, is becoming obsolete and is fallen into disuse through the safeguards of civilization."

"And don't forget that the soft food purveyed in these latter days is enervating to our teeth. An eminent physical culturist urges us to tug at a handkerchief with our molars each day as a substitute for the exercise formerly got by chewing strong, coarse foods. Think of that! Men chewing at rags like babies!"

"Is there really to be such a thing as the superman—the much-heralded product of higher civilization? Judging from my own life average men are going to form a race of pygmies—physical dwarfs, anemics."

And Mr. Sylvester Urban with a feeble hand lifted a glass to his lips.

Utilize War-Time Ambulances.
Many ambulances owned by volunteer organizations during the war have been converted into commercial vehicles—many of them without undergoing any great physical changes with the exception of the removal of equipment required only in an ambulance.

About the streets may be seen delivery vans easily recognized as war-time automobile ambulances, the New York Sun states. The name of the original donating organization and its insignia are discernible in some cases under the new coats of paint on the vehicle, and from the rear one can see still the long benches on each side that once marked the ambulance, but now are used for piling merchandise on.

Newfoundland Water Power.

A total of 235,000 horsepower is estimated as the probable output of a project which comes from a rather surprising locality. The development is to be undertaken of the Humber valley, Newfoundland, with the expenditure of \$7,000,000 within the next two years. The power project is tied up with logging and other operations in a way which will involve the permanent employment of 1,500 men in the works and 2,000 men in the woods. The paper resources of the island will be very largely expanded by the new development, which is actually under contract at the present writing.—Exchange.

Time Was Up.
Curious—What went wrong at the wedding? Did the bride faint?
Sarcastic—No—the license expired.
—Wayside Tales.

BAD HUBBY GOOD FOR WRITER

Wife Who Gives Advice on Managing Spouse Gets Some Ideas From Her Mate.

"Yes, indeed," said the Greenwich Villager with a husband as she reached for the matches, according to the New York Sun. "I've placed a lot of things since I married. Especially with the women's magazines." "I don't see how you ever get so much. You just seem to turn them out with a crank."

"There is a crank involved," admitted the villager, "but unfortunately he's getting better tempered every day."

"Cyril?" asked the friend with interest. "How nice that you're improving him. He did have a fairly bad disposition."

"That's why I married him," sighed the villager.

"Really?" exclaimed the friend.

"That seems a rather odd reason."

"Oh, no; it was quite sensible," protested the villager. "You see, I've always done a lot of articles on how to get on with your husband, and I thought I could get a lot of ideas from Cyril. And I have. I've studied his rages and found out just what caused them and how to make him stop them, and then I've written him up. But now I know so well how to manage Cyril that he doesn't get into rages any more—and really, I don't see how I can afford to go to Scotland this summer."

"Still," comforted the friend, "it must be rather nice to think that you get on so well together. Isn't there copy in that?"

"A little," admitted the villager, "but it's the unhappy marriages the women are interested in. But, of course, there's always some copy you can get out of a man—even a good-tempered one."

"Such as—?" prodded the friend.

"Oh—all the foolish things they do," explained the villager. "The ridiculous way they waste their money, and their general helplessness, and their self-centeredness and all that. I'm doing a series along those lines for the Woman Rampant. Of course, Cyril doesn't know it. But whenever the magazine comes he reads those articles and sputters. He says there never was such a brute and a fool as that woman describes. Declares it can't be true, because no self-respecting woman would live with him. And then I get scared and take the magazine away from him."

"Afraid he'll recognize himself, I suppose?" said the friend.

"Oh, no, indeed!" returned the villager. "Cyril would never do that! But I'm frightened to death he'll—he'll—"

"What?" pressed the friend, breathlessly.

"Reform," said the villager.

Stage Illusions.

Lady Bell complained, in a letter to the Times, of the way actors destroy stage illusion. There was nothing new in this. The talking of "calls" has been denounced since most of us can remember. But the number of letters which followed Lady Bell's suggestion that the theater, in this period of decadence, is taken by many with a seriousness that promises better things some day. Not the most serious grudges the actors their applause at the end of the performance, but it is certainly unwelcome to see a row of smiling faces on the stage a moment after the curtain has fallen on a scene of terror, grief or melancholy in which those very faces have worn far different expressions. Whether the illusion is destroyed is another question. Perhaps it depends on temperament. There are some lovers of the theater who are impervious to all its absurd conventions. To these even the back of the stage after a performance on a cold winter's night is still fairyland.—London Times Weekly.

Connecticut Nature Studies.

Mrs. Edith A. Smith has a cat that knows a thing or two. One day last week the cat brought in a garter snake. It left it in a closet off the back pantry. Mrs. Smith in looking over some articles in the closet that afternoon came across the snake, which was in an almost dormant condition. It had life enough, however, to wiggle, and with the first wiggle Mrs. Smith almost fainted away. This same cat last summer brought in a black snake. The tail of the snake was coiled around the cat's neck. The cat had hold of the snake in the middle and had all it could do to drag it into the house.—Farmington Correspondence Ridgefield Press.

"Moss Growers' League."

A beard on the chin keeps the shaving money in. That's the new slogan of the latest London freak society, the Hirsute Half Hundred, says the New York Sun. That is to say, they call themselves the Hirsute Half Hundred. The rest of London calls them simply Moss Growers.

Barbers are contemptuous in regard to these gentlemen who have disregarded conventions and adopted the latest in streamline beards.

But the hairy ones laugh and say: "Aha, but think, a shave each day costs a dime. We save 365 dimes a year—now go ahead and laugh at us."

A Disadvantage.

City Man—I suppose you find your automobile a great improvement over your old horse, farmer.

Old Farmer—Wal, in some ways, yes, and in other ways, no. I can't go to sleep on my way home from town and wake up in the barnyard, like I could with old Dobbin.

ORIGIN OF GOLF

Scotch Shepherd Said to Have Originated the Game.

With His Crook as a Brassie and Stone for a Ball He Made the Circuit of the Links.

Six hundred years and more ago an old shepherd in Scotland grew tired of doing nothing all day but look after his sheep so he amused himself by knocking a stone about with his crook. It interested him to see how far he could knock that little stone and how he could best get it out when it fell into grassy hollows or among other stones. He chose as round a stone as possible and put a distinguishing mark upon it.

One day he mentioned this pastime to the shepherd in the next field, who tried it, too. Then they made some of the places more difficult and measured off definite points and goals. At night, on their homeward way they would swap yarns. They measured off their holes in a circle, because in that way they could keep watch over their sheep, and they marked their holes with a tag of wool attached to a stake. Soon all the shepherds of the neighborhood were following their example.

This, says the Christian Science Monitor, is one version of the origin of golf. It was the game of shepherds in the beginning; but we find the game of kings as well. We have an account of the train of James VI of Scotland and I of England playing on English soil. The first match on record was when the duke of York, afterward James II of England, and an Edinburgh shoemaker defended Scotland's claim against two English noblemen. Shortly after this matches became more common, with prizes of clubs with silver bands, 12 balls or a simple medal.

By Scottish laws we can trace the history of the game from very early times. In 1458 the Scottish parliament enacted that "because golf diverts attention from archery, it must be cried down," and it seems to have been necessary to renew many times a law that golf must not be played on Sunday.

With a praiseworthy eye to economy, James I in 1618, disturbed because "no small quantities of gold and silver are transported yearly out of his highness' kingdom of Scotland for buying of golf balls," conferred a monopoly of golf ball manufacture upon James Melville for 21 years, but added that he must not charge more than four shillings. This same King James appointed William Mayne, Bower Burgess of Edinburgh, club maker to his highness "during all the days of his lifetime."

The implements early became as good as those of today, with the exception of the balls. The first real balls were of leather, stuffed with feathers; then they were made of gutta percha with a smooth surface. It was soon discovered, however, that indentations were an aid to rotations, and the balls were hammered with the chisel end of a hammer. Later, of course, the indentations were made in the mold.

As far as records show, golf was first known in America in New York, but tradition states it was played on the Pacific coast by a band of old sea captains in the Sixteenth century.

When women began to play is not known, but times have changed since the following quotation was true: "Men play the game, the boys the clubs convey, and lovely woman gives the prize away."

The Night Garden.

In order to have a garden really fascinating and glowing at night—in the darkness or in the moonlight—quantities of white flowers should be used.

As night comes on the haunting, gay-colored flowers fade into the darkness and become part of it, while the pure white flowers stand forth gloriously against the background of night.

White varieties of tulips, irises, peonies, sweet alyssum, roses, lilies, foxgloves, hollyhocks, dahlias, zinnias, ageratum, and Japanese anemones will give a wonderful night effect in the garden from April until November. The most satisfactory white shrubs are white lilacs, spirea, deutzias, Japanese snowballs, hydrangeas, and altheas.

Big Forest Travel.

In 1920 more than 4,000,000 people visited their 152 national forests for recreation. But one feature not generally known, says the American Forestry association, is the fact that each year there are serious losses from two causes. The first loss is through forest fires started by careless campers. It aggregates millions of dollars annually. The more serious is actual life loss due to the lack of sanitary necessities in forest camp grounds. The federal government has never appropriated a dollar for such work. Forester Greeley is asking for \$10,000 for this purpose.

Little Known Fish.

Recent ocean discoveries indicate that there are many kinds of deep sea fish still uncaught. It is said that there are 600 kinds of fish to be found off the coast of Florida, and a great aquarium is to be opened soon at Miami for their study.

No Repeater.

She—You don't love me as much as you used to.

He—Yes, I do, my dear, but I have exhausted my vocabulary.

How a schemer must enjoy himself spending the money he has filched from widows and orphans.

When truth is sufficiently colored it becomes a black lie.

The next best thing to seeing a woman devoted to her husband is to see a man who is worthy of that devotion.

Man deserves no credit for the good nature that is the result of indolence.

A seven-foot student is enrolled at a western university. Nature has provided him well for higher education.

Psychologists and physiologists might spend some time profitably in studying the peculiar effects produced upon the human body by certain occurrences. For instance, bringing the head unexpectedly in contact with some hard object causes a bump to appear which seems to have some peculiar influence upon the mental attitude of the person.

Try to so live and do that when folk talk about you they will have a good subject to talk about.

A woman is not cut out for a good wife who quits a job that supports her to marry a man who has never been able to support himself.



Presto!

A lighted match to the wick and your oil cookstove is instantly ready. It concentrates clean, steady heat directly on the cooking utensil.

No coal or wood to lug, or ashes to shovel out—a clean, cool kitchen free from dirt and smoke.

To obtain best results, use Pearl Oil—the clean-burning, uniform kerosene—scientifically refined and re-refined by a special process.

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keep friction where it belongs

Friction consumes power and develops heat and wear.

sometimes friction is utilized. In the automobile the friction of the clutch transmits the power of the engine to the rear or driving wheels, the friction of the tires and the road surface propels the machine, and the friction of the brakes stops the car. Friction should be confined to the parts named (the clutch, the tires and the brakes), if possible.

Lubricating oil used in the automobile to prevent friction between all moving parts in direct contact has friction within itself. This friction has to be overcome by and as a up engine power. The heavier the oil the more its internal friction, the less power it leaves for useful work.

Increasing Power, Speed and Gasoline Mileage

It may be proved that as much as 20% of the power at the driving wheels may be lost through the use of an incorrect oil.

The ideal oil is the thinnest oil which will keep the bearing surfaces separated and at the same time offer in itself the least frictional resistance to the engine power going to the driving wheels.

In addition, this oil must have stability to resist engine heat, and it must be pure.

Zerolene meets the conditions perfectly. Made from selected crudes by our own patented high-vacuum process, it has great "oiliness," which causes it to cling to bearing surfaces while offering in itself a minimum of frictional resistance to the engine power; it has great stability to resist engine heat, and it is pure.

Zerolene reduces friction, and permits the development of the maximum power, speed and gasoline mileage of the car.

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more power & speed ~
less friction and wear ~
thru Correct Lubrication