

"Lay on, MacDuff!"



We're not asserting that MacDuff is the name of your favorite hen, as it is more properly a gamecock's moniker. But she'll lay on just the same—lay early and often—if you'll only feed her properly.

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then enemies, who would be handicapped only by the necessity of keeping impounded the German warships and of destroying our own. We could only retaliate by an embargo on food stuffs and by the invasion of Canada—the latter a measure of doubtful expediency or value.

If the assertions of her enemies be correct that Germany now invites a world-wide coalition against herself as a face-saving pretext for seeking peace on the ground of overwhelming odds, and will torpedo neutral ships to that end, then less of doubt will attend the councils of the United States and her fellow-neutrals. They can then "sail in" against the Teutonic alliance with a clear conscience, as a means to an early ending of the war.

COUNTY ENGINEER IS NEEDED.

It may be regarded as axiomatic that to progress one must move forward. He that stands still is not progressing, even though he still stands. Should he step forward, and then step backward an equal distance, he is yet but a few degrees removed from the sphere of inactivity of the cold and silent clam.

We commend these sagacious observations to the attention of Commissioner Waterman, who is credited with a desire to return to the old system of road and bridge work in Umatilla county. He is presumably an estimable gentleman and a good farmer, who knows how to handle an Heronston alfalfa field, but one would hesitate somewhat before employing him to pull a tooth or to excise an appendix. By the same token Umatilla county should hesitate before employing Commissioner Waterman or Judge Marsh or Commissioner Cockburn to build roads and make bridges. Their function is the business management of the county, not the personal direction of departments requiring a special class of knowledge. A captain of industry leaves the actual manufacture of steel rails to skilled subordinates, and the commanding general does not personally train and fire his howitzers.

We presume that Umatilla county spends somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000 annually on its roads and bridges. We would not consider two percent of this amount an extravagant sum to spend for the services of a competent engineer to plan and direct the work. If Engineer Martin is not in all respects satisfactory, he is certainly not the only member of his profession in the United States. We would prefer a graduate engineer's supervision of road and bridge work to that of any member of the county board—Commissioner Waterman not excepted.

The LEADER for one is inclined to avoid any possibility of resurrecting a dubious system, whereby one favored contractor plans, builds and supervises all of the county's bridges. Having entire confidence in the integrity of the present county board, we would nevertheless refrain from subjecting it to temptation.

WE DISCOVER A POET.

The LEADER is now enabled to appreciate the profound joy of Christopher Columbus upon first glimpsing the New World. We also have made a discovery—of a different nature but of almost equal importance. We have found a prose poet, and we regard him—we say this in all seriousness—as worthy to class with the famous Walt Mason.

His name is Ben H. Lampman, and he is now "wasting his sweetness on the desert air" of Gold Hill, Oregon, where he runs a country newspaper. Proud of our discovery, and eager to startle an indifferent world, we have occasionally reprinted the prose poems of Mr. Lampman with pleasure at least to ourselves.

This week we are presenting two of them which caught our fancy. The first one appended is entitled "Troubles Enough," and we think that even Walt Mason would be proud to have achieved its lilting sentiment:

There's trouble enough in the world, good lack! there's trouble enough for all; yet we borrow the gray from a rainy day, and muse where the shadows fall. It isn't the sorrow that comes to us, nor trouble the sad fates weave, can pull us down to a sigh and frown, or bid us sit and grieve. It's the trouble we make for sorrow's sake, all on a rainy morn—we cannot see that clouds must be, or ever the Spring is born.

There's trouble enough in the world, good lack! there's trouble enough to spare; he keeps his grace who lifts his face to see the sunshine there. It's over the hills at break o' day the good glad sun is thrown, with joyful pride he takes his stride to make the world his own. It must be fun to be the sun and herd the drifting mist—yet some times rain is good for pain, and keeps the Springtime tryst!

There's trouble enough in the world, good lack! there's trouble enough I trow; let us borrow the gleam from the early beam, and keep it always so. If ever a sorrow should come to you, make sure that you do not woo; then lift your eyes to the misty skies and bid the sun break through. To each and to all there comes a call, in every rainy hour—"O, be of cheer, the sun is here! Who minds a little shower?"

"The Night Drive" is the next, and inclines one to a keener appreciation of the faithful service of a country doctor:

Somebody cried in the dark, it flashed on a wire through the rain; the room was warm from the shifting storm—he took to the road again. The sorrels lunged through the dark—a slither of mud and foam—they caught the urge with a rush and surge on the long road from hom. Twenty miles to the fore is a shack where lights burn dim; the black night reels to the clucking heels—somebody sent for him. Somebody sent for whom—reckless of storm or cluck? The louncing jake at the corner spoke—"Somebody's sick . . . that's Doc!"

Somebody cried in the dark, it sped on a wire through the murk; it's open the door and out once more—that is a doctor's work. Billy, good horse! and



(J. E. Murphy in the Oregon Journal.)

Bob! old pals of the midnight trip, livery nags that make no brags but swing to the steady clip; good friends of the hurry call, stracing the road with Fate, rattle the wheels to your spark-fled heels—somebody can't be late! Somebody sent for him—one of his thousand flock; the wild wind spoke to the corner oak—"Somebody's sick . . . that's Doc!"

Always out of the dark does it speed on a wire through the rain; it cries of one who lies clutched in the clasp of pain. Never in vain is it sped—a slither of mud and foam, the sorrels swing to the summoning on the long road from home. Weary he looks in the dawn, grey as the deadened ash—yet his is the debt we would forget, or pay in paltry cash! Always they send for him—reckless of storm or cluck—the black night's goal is a straining soul—"Somebody's sick . . . that's Doc!"

WHAT LOVE IS!

"Love," writes the editor of an eastern paper, "is at first an illusion and then a delusion."

We can't remember just who this editor is nor in what paper the quotation appeared, but we'll bet our Sunday-go-to-meetin' boiled shirt that he walks backwards and that instead of good red blood there flows through his veins the sourest of vinegar.

Probably somewhere back in his purple, palpitating past there was a girl who passed him by and married the other fellow and ever since the carking canker of crabbedness has been eating away and eating away at that which once beat as his heart.

Love a delusion! By all the golden, sunny ringlets on the brow of Cupid, by all the sweet lips that ever puckered into a rosbud to receive the kiss of a lover, we swear that love is no delusion.

Does a delusion make the world go round? Is the blue sky an illusion? Is an illusion when our cardiac pumping-station goes all a-flutter at the soft-whispered words of the sweetest girl God ever made?

Is it an illusion when we thrill in every nerve if a tiny, soft, velvet hand chances to linger, just for an instant, in ours, as we look into a pair of eyes whose limpid depths make the profundity of the ocean seem shallow as a mud-puddle?

Is it an illusion when the very marrow in our spinal column freezes if we hear that "THE" girl has a date with another fellow?

Is it an illusion when she buries her face behind the lapel of your coat, shyly nods her little head and answers "yes" when we ask her the greatest question in the world? Is it IS IT?

We should say not!

Love is the concentrated essence of goodness, sprinkled upon the tender petals of a crystallized violet. It comes sky-hooping down from the high heavens on a mellow moonbeam, entwines its silken tendrils about your fluttering heart until your breath comes in short, quick, ecstatic gasps and your soul just seems to float away on a billow of seafoam to the Island of Rosebuds and Orange blossoms.

Love an illusion? It is NOT. And believe us, we know. We've tried it often enough.—Exchange.

L. L. Rogers has enlarged his land holdings by the purchase of the Alex. McKenzie quarter near Adams at \$100 an acre.

Grayville, Ill.—A moral wave has struck here and as a result the girls in the high school basketball team no longer wear bloomers, but "make the baskets" in full skirts. The school board notified the girls they could not use the name of their school in their games so long as they wore bloomers.

San Antonio, Texas—The first girl to arrive in a family in four generations or about 329 years, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cunningham. In each generation for the past century sons have been born into family and have carried the name of Cunningham into many states, and the birth of the first girl is an event of no small importance.

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Local Lodge Directory

STEVENS LODGE NO. 49, K. OF P. Meets every Wednesday evening. J. R. English, C. C. Clark Wood, K. of R. & S.

WESTON LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M. Meets every second and fourth Saturday in each month. Richard Morrison, W. M. L. B. Davis, Sec.

WESTON LODGE NO. 88, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening. W. H. Gould, N. G. A. A. Keas, Rec. Sec.; E. O. DeMoss, Fin. Sec.

WESTON CAMP NO. 112, W. O. W. Meets the first and third Saturdays of each month. Monroe Turner, C. C. J. J. Beeler, Clerk.

KURUKA ASSEMBLY NO. 24, UNITED ARIZONS. Meets the first and third Mondays in each month. Nellie Maybee, M. A. Frances C. Wood, Secretary.

STEPHANIE TEMPLE NO. 34, PYTHIAN SISTERS. Meets the second and fourth Mondays in each month. Anna O'Harra, M. E. C. Luella Pinkerton, M. of R. & C.

HIAWATHA REBEKAH LODGE No. 88. Meets the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Anna O'Harra, N. G. Odessa Kirkpatrick, Rec. Sec. Lottie Brandt, Fin. Sec.

CRESCENT CHAPTER NO. 47, O. E. S. Meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Mary E. Barnes, W. M. Alice P. Price, Sec.

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