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WESTON AUTO CO. -- BUD NELSON

fully attend the meetings and do nearly all the work, that the many may profit; but who will say that they do not profit themselves in greater measure, if there be any benefit in the mental broadening that follows unselfish public effort?

TRADE OF WESTON GROWS

The gross receipts of the Weston postoffice in 1918 were \$2863.87, as against \$2471.62 in 1917—the best preceding year in the history of the local office. While some of the increase is accounted for by three cent letter postage and the more general use of the parcel post privilege, the showing as a whole is due to progress of Weston along commercial lines. While there is no means of comparison available, it is probable that neither 1917 nor 1918 were ever surpassed in the volume of business locally transacted by the best of the great years in the good old days of the stage coach and the freight wagon sighed for by the early settler. In fact, there is a strong probability that Weston never did a larger business than it is doing right now. That it never had better stores nor more progressive trade methods, the Leader editor is quite well advised—being versed in Weston history. It is well to think of these things when some long-faced pessimist drones that "the town is going downhill."

THE SILENT ARMY

Better than anything else we have read, this from the New York Tribune enables one to visualize the dreadful cost of the war in human lives:

If the British dead alone, for instance, were to march down any street 20 abreast and with the rows only three feet apart, they would pass a given point from sunrise to sunset without a break for ten long days. It would take another eleven days for the French dead to file down the same thoroughfare. Russia's losses in killed would require the time of more than five weeks to pass the given point in the specified formation; and the dead of all allied nations, marching 20 abreast, could not be reviewed in less than two months and a half. German and Austrian dead would require another six weeks for review and the whole total of men killed in the war on both sides of the conflict would march steadily abreast for more than four months before they could all pass by.

As an example of good taste it will be noted that the Roosevelt family will never publish a "card of thanks." The Leader congratulates itself that for five years now it has succeeded in keeping such meaningless banalities as "cards of thanks" out of its own columns. Lodge resolutions in memory of departed brothers have also passed here into the junkpile of obsolete customs.

Trotzky has arrested Lenine; but unless Lenine can also arrest Trotzky and each send the other up for 99 years, the situation will not be appreciably relieved.

We learn with interest from the Crook County Journal that plans for the irrigation of lands to the south and west of Prineville are working out, and another four years will see great activity and development in that quarter.

Passing over for the nonce the mooted question of the live coward and the dead hero, it certainly isn't better to be a sleek slacker than a hungry patriot.

Paradoxically enough, Theodore Roosevelt's leading characteristic in his political career was at once his greatest fault and his chiefest virtue. We refer to his uncompromising advocacy of any cause which he espoused. He was a fighter and an advocate, never a trimmer nor a judge. This was the characteristic which made him such a formidable foe to wrong, when he was right. When he was wrong, which we think sometimes happened, it was unfortunate, since he could seldom see the slightest degree of merit in the opposition.

When he led the republican party, for instance, he was heart and soul for the republican party. When

he fought it in the great Roosevelt bolt that led to Taft's defeat, he could see no virtue in it. He attained far greater eminence, we think, in constructive performance than in criticism. As president of the United States his record was one of undoubted service to the people.

Carter Glass began active life as a printer's devil, at the age of thirteen—and so did we; but now he is only secretary of the treasury when he might, like us, have been a country editor.

There isn't much indication yet that Germany is sorry about anything except her own defeat.

The Oregon Voter prints a picture and biography of each member of the legislature—and now we will know who the rascals are.

My, how those Berliners lov—kill one another!

Well, mebbe it's worth fifteen thou. as a skating pond.

The esteemed Athena Press remarks, in what we can only regard as a spirit of boorish and heartless levity:

"No man can make a fool of himself all the time—he has to sleep occasionally," says a wag; which leads us to surmise that a certain Weston editor seldom hits the hay, and when he does, snoozes with one lid open.

So? If Colonel Wood is meant, he sleeps soundly at least one night a week, after reading Kernel Boyd's paper. It's an excellent sedative.

However, the mutual slaughter indulged in by Berlin Huns almost amounts to justifiable homicide.

It's nice skating on ice, but the convivial old timer mourns that there's no longer a chance to get a proper skate on properly.

The Weston community may be regarded as a bit slow in certain quarters, but it has never had a slacker to advertise.

The householder who watches his fuel bills grow considers Observer Baker's occasional reference to mean temperature as well advised.

Kernel Boyd reminds us of today's brand of weather, in that he's a bit balmy.

Pendleton's new flu ordinance has resulted in a good deal of a masked brawl.

"Lest We Forget"

The Central Loyalty Committee reports as follows:

Herman Behnke, Umapine farmer, refused to contribute to the United War Work Fund.

Nick Groggebauer of Umapine, whose prune crop last year was worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000, contributed only \$5.00 to this fund and that reluctantly.

Fred Melhoff of Umapine refused to give money to the agencies helping our boys in arms on the ground that he had to send money to relatives in Germany.

William Swash of Umapine, said to be worth \$20,000, refused to contribute to the U. W. W. fund.

J. E. Hoon of Milton refused to contribute to this same fund.

The government might at least send the ball players home in time to open the season.

The baseball fan wants to know if this League of Nations will agree to a world series.

The thrift learned by compulsion in war times should not give way to extravagance in peace.

More of the mighty have fallen. The flu is no longer even a minor topic of conversation.

Belgium occupies a comparatively small space on the map, but will take a big place in history.

The United States navy emerges from the war just as it went in, with colors flying, only more so.

HOMER I. WATTS

Attorney-at-Law

Practices in all State and Federal Courts

ATHENA, OREGON

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Church of the Brethren—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. C. W. S. at 6:30 p. m. Bible Study, Life of Christ, at 7:30 p. m. John Bonewitz, elder.

Methodist Church—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. S. E. Powell, pastor.

United Brethren Church—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Junior C. E. at 2:30 p. m. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. E. F. Wriggle, pastor.

Baptist Church—The Church with a cordial welcome for all. Sunday school at ten o'clock, preaching at eleven. Also preaching at eight o'clock in the evening. W. R. Storms, pastor.

Christian Science Society—Services Sunday at 11 a. m., Water street, near Main.

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Soap is going up, its manufacturers say, just at the time when a general clean-up is begun throughout the world.

The whirligig of time brings in its revenges. The invincibility of the German army and navy is now a scrap of paper.

Germany's efforts to make a market for toys would indicate some mispent time that might have been devoted to war gardening.

In action you couldn't see the Yanks for dust. And coming home, in the case of some of them, you can't see 'em for medals.

Some of those hall players who rushed to the steel league will find they did not make such a wise move as they supposed.

It must be a great relief to the comic papers of Germany to be able at last to work off their large accumulation of jokes on the ex-kaiser.

Glory remains with us and so do the war taxes.

Boycott the food profiteers and they will soon come down.

Now it seems that German efficiency was only skin deep.

Look at the total cost in mere money, if you think war pays.

And now for the making of war histories, world without end.

Powdered sugar is on the market again, probably in lump form as usual.

This war cost the world two hundred billion and its education has just begun.

With the disappearance of highballs how are golfers to play the nineteenth hole?

Some of the peace news is almost as exciting as the war reports used to be.

WESTON LEADER

CLARK WOOD, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Strictly in Advance

The Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months 0.50

FRIDAY, JAN. 10 1919

Entered at the postoffice at Weston, Oregon as second-class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES

Regular, per inch per insertion 16c
Transient, per inch per insertion 20c
Locals, per line per insertion 10c

COMMERCIAL CLUB NEEDED

The passing of the flu in the Weston neighborhood—an happy consummation now almost in sight—should be celebrated we think by the resurrection of the Weston Commercial Club.

We do not mean by this that the club is what is slangily known as a "dead one." Instead, it has maintained a nominal existence. But because of the flu and the good old summer time and other reasons it hasn't been meeting now for many moons.

Perhaps we would better say revival. Yes, that is it. Let the commercial club be revived.

The club meant much to Weston and could mean more. Its debates, while frank, were free from acrimony, and its meetings were full of interest. It provided the sole means of maintaining the town's spirit of civic pride. It was a place where public sentiment could be crystallized for or against any given proposition by threshing out its merits. In this manner no project intended for community betterment would be taken up unless it passed the gauntlet of criticism. Half-baked propositions with little but the enthusiasm of their promoters to recommend them, were thus killed off before community effort could be frittered away. Propositions of real merit were endorsed and put through with the entire strength of the club behind them, thus promoting harmonious and centralized endeavor.

A town of Weston's population and pretensions should by all means have a commercial club. Without one it is almost like a congregation without a preacher, an army without a general staff. Whatever is done for public weal is done at cross purposes, with part of the people pushing and others blocking the wheels.

To be sure, it often happens that a few public-spirited citizens faith-

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