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saw the suns flaming on the hill or the red birds and jay birds making red and blue streaks as they flew swiftly through the woods. He showed them how to sit very still and see the wild things that would come out and begin their work and play all around.

The hours passed swiftly, and before the boys realized it noon was long past. Being hungry and tired, they turned back toward the creek and the pool where the melons were floating in the sparkling water. In a short time they were there, and, carrying melons to a grassy place in the shade of some trees, they cut them in halves and exposed the juicy red hearts. In a jiffy each boy had a big dripping slice and was eating it between grunts of satisfaction.

They lay in the shade and talked a long time after they had disposed of the watermelons. One or two slept, and Sam and the others amused themselves by throwing rocks at the trunk of a tree. Suddenly some one said: "Let's go swimming. I'm going to be first in." Then the race began. Every boy was up in a second, peeling off his clothes faster than he had ever done before in his life.

Three were so close together that it was hard to tell which was first. They gave a whoop and, running to the bank, sprang into the air. They came down head first for the water was deep, and there was no danger of striking anything. Chug, chug, chug, they went, one after the other. The water was as warm as on an August day, and the boys had fine sport. They dived after pebbles, had contests of swimming under water, floating, treading or swimming on their backs.

Somehow that afternoon seemed too short to the boys. They had been swimming a long time when Joe Watson spoke up suddenly:

"My, but look how low the sun's getting! We've got to be hiking boys!" "Well," said Fred Martin as they were dressing on the grassy bank, "we've had our last melon for this year."

"And our last swim, too," added Andrew White.

"Yes, that's so," said Bob Fagan. "But they were both daisies for last ones."

"No need to grieve, boys," Sam explained. "You forget that we'll soon have snow and Christmas."

"That's the truth," they exclaimed in chorus. "They'll be here before we know it."

This new subject afforded conversation for the boys till they came to the place of parting.

Sam himself as he walked slowly homeward kept thinking of Christmas. The Christmas feeling was getting in his blood, and that's a delightful feeling to have.

The young farmer on arriving home immediately set about doing the evening chores. He felt vigorous and fresh and happy. Nothing seemed lacking. Nevertheless when he had finished the chores and gone indoors he found a letter that added to his feelings of pleasure. The letter was from Mr. Burns, the agricultural agent, requesting him to be present the following Saturday at a meeting of the Boys' Corn Club, when the prizes for the state and county would be awarded.

The following Saturday morning Sam Powell was up early and away to town to be present at the meeting of the corn club. He didn't feel sure that he would win a prize. He thought that he might win one of the smaller county prizes, but, as for the first ones offered for the county and the state, of course he didn't have any chance to win.

If he could just win the gold watch offered by the governor or the trip to Washington or the \$25 in gold or the Jersey cow he'd be satisfied. But, anyway, he said to himself, if he didn't win a single prize this year he would next.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY member of the Boys' Corn Club in the county was present at the meeting. There were many others also, including farmers, merchants and bankers. It was a jolly crowd that gathered together that morning. Every one had his joke and his laugh. The noise never ceased for a moment until the club was called to order and Mr. Burns stepped up on the rostrum to make a few remarks before the awarding of the prizes began.

"I want to say," he began, smiling, "that I am very proud that this county is in my district. When I tell you why, boys, you'll be proud also."

A stillness settled over the crowd, and the boys listened eagerly for the next words.

"What I refer to," continued Mr. Burns, "is the fact that some boy of this county, some boy sitting here in this room, has won the state prize—a trip to Washington. Think of that, boys. One of your club has not only won the first prize for the county, but he has beat every other boy in the state. I wonder if any of you know who the winner is?"

As he asked the question the agent allowed his eyes to wander about over the crowd of boys, as if he himself was trying to locate the lucky youth. The boys looked at each other and tried to guess the winner. But the agent left it to the committee to reveal the name.

They didn't have long to wait, however. Presently Mr. Burns sat down, and the chairman of the committee stood up to award the prizes.

"Sam Powell will please come forward," he said.

Sam could hardly realize that it was his name that had been called, but he rose and went forward. The chairman had him step up on the rostrum beside him, facing the assembly. The next words of the man caused the young farmer almost to faint.

"Sam Powell," he said. "I wish to inform you that as a competitor in the Boys' Corn Club you have won the first prize offered to the boy in this state who produced on one acre the largest amount of corn at the least cost. This prize consists of \$100 in cash, to be used in paying the expenses of a trip to Washington."

"Furthermore, I wish to inform you that you have won the first prize offered to the boy in this county who produced on one acre the best all round crop of corn, quality, quantity and cost considered. This prize consists of one registered Jersey cow."

"For your achievement in farming the state also presents you with this certificate of honor. It is signed by the governor and stamped with the great seal of the commonwealth. To win this certificate is alone a distinction to be proud of."

Holding the certificate in his hand, Sam went back to his seat. It seemed almost too good to be true that he had won those first prizes. He was anxious to get out and go home to tell the news. How proud his mother and sister would be!

The awarding of the other prizes went on, but Sam, to tell the truth, was so busy thinking about the Jersey cow and the trip to Washington that he didn't pay much attention to anything else. There was hardly a member of the club, however, who did not win some prize besides the certificate of honor which was given to every boy who raised over fifty bushels of corn to the acre.

After all the prizes had been awarded and the agent and two or three visitors had made short speeches, encouraging the boys and urging them to begin that very day to prepare for the contest next year, Mr. Burns rose and, smiling, asked if any member of the club would like to say anything.

No one responded, but suddenly some one called out "Sam Powell!" Then from different parts of the house came the call:

"Sam Powell!"

"Sam Powell!"

"Sam Powell!"

Sam flushed with the excitement and embarrassment of it. He couldn't make a speech, he knew, but he had won first prize, and they wanted him to say something. He had thought of one or two things that he really did want to say to the boys, so when some one called his name again he rose from his seat.

"Members of the club and visitors," he said, "you flatter me by calling on me for a speech. Speechmaking isn't much in the line of the Boys' Corn Club, but I do really wish that I could make a speech today. I'd like to talk a long time on farming and what we can do for ourselves by following it as a business. That's what I think we ought to consider—ourselves. We want to improve our farms, but we want to improve ourselves more than the farms. By going to school we learn some things, and the most important thing we learn is how to study. When we learn how to study we can keep on going to school without a teacher. And there's so much to learn in books and outdoors that we ought to keep on learning and studying as long as we live."

"We've all done pretty well this year, but we can do better next and still better the next. We are just beginning to see how much land will produce. Better seed and better stock must be our watchword. Double the crop to the acre and halve the cost must be our class yell. I'm going to grow more and better corn to the acre next year and try to do it at less cost. We have raised some fine corn already, though, and we must send some of it to the county and state fairs. You men farmers had better look out; we boys are after you. Next year I'm going to try for the automobile in the national corn show. That's all I have to say, and I'd like to hear from some of the other boys."

Sam sat down while every one in the house cheered loudly. Mr. Burns remarked that the speech was a good one. It wasn't long, he said, but it was to the point and said a great deal in a very few words. He then called for others to say something, and two or three responded. After they had finished the meeting adjourned, and Sam rushed from the room to find out about his prizes.

It happened that the banker who had offered the trip to Washington prize lived in the town, and Sam was informed that the money was waiting for him whenever he was ready to start on the trip.

The Jersey cow had been shipped from a distance and was also waiting in a nearby stable for him to take possession of her. Sam was delighted when he saw the cow. She was a perfect beauty—soft-eyed and fawn colored. She wore a halter, and the young farmer bought a short rope with which to lead her home.

They were a much surprised and pleased mother and sister who came out when he drew up at the front gate with the cow following contentedly behind. Sam sat on the front seat, holding the lines, and answered a rapid fire of questions.

"Yes, I won this Jersey cow and the trip to Washington."

"My, but you can't go clear to Washington by yourself," said Mrs. Powell doubtfully.

"Pshaw! Of course I can! Lots of boys travel farther than that. Anyway, I don't expect I'll have to take the trip myself. I'll find out in a day or two."

"What are those papers you have?" asked Florence.

"Oh, that's my Jersey's pedigree and some other papers. This cow's registered, and she's worth over \$100."

"What are the other papers?" insisted Florence.

"Well, one is a certificate of honor from the state. It's signed by the governor and stamped with the state seal."

"A certificate of honor!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell. "My goodness! Did you get that for the acre of corn too?"

"Yes'm," replied Sam. "The whole lot. You see, mother, I was ahead of every boy in the state."

When at last his sister and mother had exhausted the supply of questions the boy climbed from his seat and led the cow away to the pasture.

Mrs. Powell didn't like the idea of her son going on a journey to Washington, and Sam wanted to buy a pony for Florence more than to take the trip, so he decided to see the banker and find out if he might not use the money to buy a horse instead of going on a journey.

"Why, don't you want to take the trip?" asked the banker when he heard Sam's proposal.

"Yes, sir, I'd like to go mighty well, but I'd like to buy a horse with the money, and then mother doesn't like me to go unless some one else is going along."

"Have you ever traveled any?"

"No, sir, not much."

Sam told the truth. He had never been fifty miles from home, and after the banker had asked him some more questions he decided that the boy needed the trip more than he did a horse.

"No, I can't let you use the money to buy a horse," he told Sam, "but I'll



"Yes, I won this Jersey cow and the trip to Washington."

tell you what you may do. It won't take all the money for the trip, and after you return, if you have saved enough out of the \$100, you may use it for whatever you like. As for your going alone, we can arrange that. Mr. Burns tells me that another boy is going from another state out this way, and you can join him."

So it was arranged, and a week later Sam and the other boy who had won a state prize set out on their visit to the capital of the United States.

They were both wanting to save as much money as possible, so they didn't ride in the Pullman or take their meals on the train. When they got sleepy they slept leaning back in their seats, and when they got hungry they bought sandwiches for 15 cents each. When they arrived in Washington they had not spent more than \$1 each above railroad fare.

It would take a long time to tell all about Sam's visit to the capital. But it was by far the most delightful and instructive visit he had ever made. He and his comrade were met by a professor from the agricultural department, and soon afterward they were introduced to nine other boys who had just arrived. These boys were winners of state prizes also, each one being the best corn raiser in his state.

First they were taken to see the secretary of agriculture; then in a body they visited the president and afterward were shown all the wonderful sights of the capital. They visited congress and Mount Vernon, the home of Washington and all the vast buildings of the departments and the Congressional library and the zoo, where they saw all kinds of animals, and the botanical gardens, where Sam was bewildered and fascinated with the thousands of beautiful and strange plants.

When Sam returned home he had \$40 left out of the \$100. With this he could buy a pony for Florence's Christmas and not have to use the money that he had made from the crops. As for his mother, he had already decided to give her his Jersey cow.

One day some time after he had returned from his trip Sam sat on the doorstep with his account book and pencil. The year's business was about over and he was figuring up how much had been made on the little farm.

"Mother," he said at last, "I paid the remainder of our debts today and I've just run up the accounts to see how we stand. Our expenses were pretty heavy this year, having to buy all the feed for stock, besides groceries and fertilizer and other expenses. They amounted to over \$300. But everything's paid, and I figure that we've made \$1,200 clear."

"Surely you have made a mistake, Sam," exclaimed Mrs. Powell. "We haven't made that much."

"Well, you can figure it out for your-

self. We've got \$200 of it in cash in the bank. The other \$800 is in stock and feed and supplies. Of course I am counting in the prizes I won, for they are really a part of it. I think we've really got over \$800 worth of stuff that we didn't have when we moved. I just counted the most important things—the chickens, the hogs, the cow, the corn, the hay and the potatoes.

You see, we've got over 400 bushels of corn, and then the Jersey and the Plymouth Rocks and the Berkshires count up, for they are more valuable than common stock."

"That's doing just fine," said his mother. "I'm so glad we came back here. We could just barely live in town."

"Yes, it's a tolerably good beginning, mother. We can do much better. I think I'll raise two bales of cotton to the acre next year. It has been done, and I know I can do anything that anybody else does."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and gave a big whoop. His mother, startled by the yell, came running to the door.

"Look! Look!" shouted Sam as he danced about. Mrs. Powell did look, and what she saw was big flakes of snow falling thick and fast.

THE END.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Three Governors Consider Dry Laws.

Portland.—Three governors will meet on the same platform to consider cooperative joint action in enforcing dry laws, when Governor James Withycombe welcomes Governors Ernest Lister of Washington and Moses Alexander of Idaho at the opening session of the state convention of the Anti-Saloon league of Oregon in the White temple November 16.

This is the first time in America that such a thing has happened. The convention runs through all of the next day and closes with a mass meeting on the national prohibition amendment in the armory Wednesday night, November 17, addressed by Richmond Pearson Hobson, congressman from Alabama, and father of the pending national dry amendment.

Timber Deal is Reported.

Prineville.—The development of the lumber industry in central Oregon is expected to cause an immense increase in the business and population in Prineville. Reliable information confirms the rumor that the Roger Youmans Lumber company has practically completed its trade with the United States government, by which the lumber company will exchange a large amount of scattered lands and get a solid block of about 40,000 acres of valuable timber in what is known as the Ochoco forest reserve. The company will have in the neighborhood of 300,000,000 feet, which will have to be milled within 20 years and will necessitate immediate construction of a sawmill and railroad.

Useless.

"Mildred," murmured a fashionable young man, sinking on one knee, "for your birthday gift I offer—myself." "Thank you," was the cold reply. "but I only accept useful presents!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Administrator's Notice

Estate of Edna L. Hedrick, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that George M. Hall has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for Lane County, appointed administrator of the said estate of Edna L. Hedrick, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to the above named administrator at Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which said notice will first be published in the Cottage Grove Sentinel on the 3d day of November A. D. 1915.

GEORGE M. HALL,
Administrator.

H. J. Shinn,
Attorney for Administrator.

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