

All's Well for 1909

The truth of this statement is borne out not only by the present condition, but by indications which positively cannot be ignored. We have no complaint to make with the year 1908, for certainly our business has prospered. The outlook for 1909 is very favorable; confidence is returning with lightning speed and we know of no reason why the coming year should not prove to be a banner year for business.

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Burkholder--Woods Co.

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Tuesdays and Fridays.
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CONNER & DE BRULLLE, Editors

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1909.

BOOST FOR THE BOOSTERS

The Oregon-Idaho Development Congress which has been in session at Vale, Oregon, closed Saturday after a successful meeting. On the last day of the session, Addison Bennett, editor of The Dallas Optimist, aired his views in relation to the support of the local paper, and we take pleasure in presenting part of the Old Man's talk to our readers.

"How are you supporting your home paper? Are you giving it anything at all save with the thought that it is an evil to be made the best of? Do you hustle around to the office to tell them of any little piece of news that they might use to make the next issue more interesting? Do you take great pains to divulge to the editor the scandal about your neighbor and abuse him because he does not mention it, and then cuss him again if he comes to inquire if it is true that your dog is making night hideous for the neighbors, and at once take out your ad and stop the paper?"

"Do you use your home paper to send to inquiring friends abroad? Do you use it as a tract with the idea of converting people to the Oregon idea? Do you know that if you are not using it that way you are missing opportunities of bringing people to the state?"

"Any community that does not spend its 'boom' money with the home paper is not wise. They are overlooking the best means known of building up a community."

"Many cities and towns in Oregon advertise for settlers, but none of the money as a rule finds its way into the coffers of the local paper. It goes to magazine and newspapers abroad, and the local paper is entirely overlooked. But woe to the editor if he does not, without costs, tell in large type, with a bold head, about how much is to be paid for an ad in some publication but little known, but with a smooth solicitor. And then the men who gave the money, and sometimes the men who spent it, wonder why the people do not flock in."

"Put your money first into your

local paper. Do it with pride and do it with confidence. Get the addresses of men and families who you think could be brought to Oregon, and subscribe for the paper for six months, and when the first issue goes out, write and tell the recipient that you have a good town, good schools, good climate, good churches, good people, and a tip-top newspaper, and that it has been ordered to his address six months without cost. Try a few doses of that medicine. Praise your paper. Praise your editor.

"How do you expect the editor to do the best work that is in him if he is not encouraged, supported and upheld? How do you expect him to praise the town, praise the community and praise you if you are not giving him decent support?"

"What would you do with your newspaper? How long would it be, if your present paper should close down, until you would be flirting with some other newspaper man, to come to your town, and what promises you would hold out, but, how you would fall down after he got out his first issue. I know all about you. I have seen this thing worked to a frazzle in Oregon, and know that the newspaperman is, as a rule, the poorest paid, the last paid, and the most grudgingly paid of all."

"The people of Oregon need to reform along publicity lines. They need to wake up and find that the newspaper is the best friend any community has or can have, and need to learn that through the columns of the local press lies the way to solid, substantial and permanent improvement in every city and town."

"Try my method. Try it at once. Try it here, in this very town, and you will find a different spirit will prevail, a different sentiment will take root, and that soon your town will take on a new and better growth than it ever has in the past."

The Salem Christmas Journal contained many items about profitable yields, a few Polk county samples being as follows: Four cherry trees, \$13 each; about \$140 from a 500 foot row of strawberries; \$750 clear from 5 1/2 acres of fruit and berries; \$220 from one acre of strawberries; \$262 from one acre of strawberries; four cherry tree yield \$40 a year; \$14,000 off a 40 acre tract, and so on.

Who wants to be a consul to Southern Italy? The places are vacant by reason of the late quake. This, now demands statements of good courage and clean hearts. "Where are they at?"

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the 'Levitas' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

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SICK WOMEN WELL.

The many and varied symptoms of women's peculiar ailments are fully set forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Adviser (1008 pages), a newly revised and up-to-date Edition of which, cloth-bound, will be mailed free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing sub. Address as above.



PAPERS WHAT PEOPLE MAKE THEM

(General Chas. H. Taylor, Editor Boston Globe, in Appleton's.)

Our papers are what the people make them. The public decides what it wishes to read; the editors and publishers, trained in their business, gather their raw material and work it into the finished product, news, to meet the demand.

Controllers of newspapers are often criticised for what they print. Journalists have a much heavier and more direct responsibility than any other business men. The idle, the self-seeking, the untruthful, the vicious, beguile them at every hand, to use the powerful engine of the press to carry themselves a little way along their chosen road.

The editor must watch ceaselessly for these unwelcome passengers, and eject them on sight. He appreciates the responsibility of his trust. He reaches his ideal as nearly as he can, and does far more for the morals of the community than he is usually given credit for. I believe firmly that the journalists of the country are just as true men, just as eager to build up their communities, to uplift and broaden and better the people, just as anxious to carry sunshine rather than sorrow and grief into the families which their journal visits, as are the same number of men in any other profession or any other line of business in the United States.

The Drain Nonpareil accuses Cottage Grove of being actuated by selfish, personal motives in advocating the formation of a new county from north Douglas and South Lane. How about Drain in its advocacy of forming a little one-horse county from the north end of Douglas alone to be selfishly styled "Drain county"? There is nothing selfish or personal about that, oh no! Cottage Grove people have vast mining and timber interests, which are cut in twain by the Lane and Douglas boundary line, causing much inconvenience, extra expense and delay in development work and general operations. These people have repeatedly endeavored to have the boundary line changed so as to include these valuable holdings all in Lane county, but Drain and Roseburg just as stubbornly and inconsistently opposed this relief measure as the former does the county division proposition, inaugurated principally for the purpose of advancing these mining and timber interests. From what we can learn Drain has about all she can take care of in the way of taxes in promoting its school interests without any additional taxation for the costly expense of a county division fight and still more expense in county seat buildings and the inauguration of a new county administration in case of success. Better forget it, Bro. Shutt.

"Nesmith county" sounds good to the Leader and no doubt will have the proper ring to every old pioneer and native son and daughter in the state. It is an admirable way to perpetuate the names of the noble pioneer who founded the grand commonwealth of Oregon.

The soldier who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for eating an apple got off with light punishment. Adam got a life sentence for the same offense.

The farmers turned out \$5,000,000,000 worth of products last year. Why don't they take some of the money and go out and uplift themselves?

Anyway, we shall give our Cottage Grove friends a most respectful hearing when they come down to talk county division with us.—Register.

Some of the Roseburg, Drain and Eugene boosters have developed into knockers—at least from a south Lane county view point.

Cottage Grove's movement toward securing a city park has inspired other Oregon towns to inaugurate a similar movement.

The outlook for building during the spring and summer of 1909, is even brighter than it was last year.

Even the usual "after holiday lull in business" has not been perceptible in Cottage Grove.

Albany may improve a fine opportunity it has to get a city park tract of 20 acres.

Many commercial clubs are preparing to get busier than ever.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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BROKE FAITH; KILLED HERSELF.

In a fit of remorse because she had worked on a Jewish holiday Fannie Chanson, a young girl of Chicago, committed suicide.

The spirit of Yom Kippur was in the air as bright faced children journeyed with their elders to the synagogues and temples and there prayed for forgiveness for their trespasses.

But the day of atonement held nothing for the girl who sat in the park and said to herself: "Their right is no longer mine. I have held aloof and will not be forgiven."

"Do you not go to shul, Fannie?" asked one of her friends of the girl in the park. The latter turned away without answer.

So, most of the day, while the people were in the synagogues, neither eating nor drinking, but praying until the dusk closed on the day of atonement, the girl brooded in the park.

And then she remembered how, when Rosh Hashone ushered in the Jewish new year, instead of going to synagogue she had worked all day at the factory, where she sewed buttons on cloth.

She had broken faith! In despair the poor girl left the park in the late afternoon. She sought her opportunity and threw herself from the platform in front of an elevated train and was picked up, crushed, bleeding, mangled, dead.

A single scrap of paper was found in one of her pockets. It said: "As it should be, it was."

And this story of her—cruelly pathetic—is here recorded because it gives one a glimpse into the depths of a human soul.

You say there was not sufficient cause for suicide, it was all a superstitious fancy, this anguish that tore the Jewish girl's heart. But—

Put yourself in her place. Perhaps you cannot. The faith of your fathers has lost its hold on you. Or, if not so, you cannot realize what the departure of a great faith may mean. Nevertheless this is true: Life without faith is impossible.

Existence without faith is possible, but life—normal, abundant, high purpose and joyous life—without faith is impossible.

"As it should be, so it was." That is a fatalistic sentiment, but—

Hopeless is that soul that sees no morning break with promise, that feels no pulsing thrill of joyous faith. The poignancy of such hopelessness may not end in suicide—but it is the logical end.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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HER RED HEADED LOVER.

"Yes, I know Albert isn't handsome—perhaps he is homely—but I love him just the same."

That was what Martha Day Greiner, of Denver said about Albert Charles Dickenson of the same place.

Albert's face is as homely as that of Abraham Lincoln.

Nevertheless Martha is in love with him. Dan Cupid, who shoots at hearts regardless of exteriors, fatally wounded both Martha and Albert.

So that when Papa Greiner objected that Albert was entirely too ugly to be his son-in-law Martha replied by eloping with Albert to Chicago.

Greiner followed, and there was a scene. The couple were arrested. Martha pleaded for Albert, and Greiner finally consented if they would all return home the wedding might proceed.

Interviewed by a reporter, Martha said: "I know he isn't handsome. Father's objection is that Albert has red hair, but that is not his fault. He may not be good looking, but he has winning ways."

Good for you, Martha! For such a woman one might well elope much farther than from Denver to Chicago.

Martha sees qualities in Albert the world does not see. She knows that, while beauty is only skin deep, goodness is soul deep. She knows that Albert's winning ways come from a warm heart. And when you are choosing one whom you are to live with all your life soul qualities count.

Abraham Lincoln's homely face was glorified by the great soul that shone through the honest, rugged features. And so Martha can see a halo about the red head of Albert which her father cannot see.

And as for the red hair—Why, forsooth, let the father look up the historic records of the red headed.

To say nothing of Rufus the Red, there's Shakespeare, and Napoleon, and Oliver Cromwell, and Thomas Jefferson. They had red hair.

And if you go into the feminine class most distinguished women of history have had flaming red tops: Titian red at least—Cleopatra, and Charlotte Corday, and Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, and Bernhardt.

Martha is right.

POULTRY NOTES
BY
C. M. BARNITZ
RIVERSIDE, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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HOW TO SELECT THE LAYERS.

A genius for research declares he discovered 600 embryo eggs in a hen. A hen's capacity is born with her and is her limit. Now, if her capacity is 600 and her laying life is two and a half years, to get them all we must hustle her for 240 eggs a year.

But it is said the Asiatics only average 150 to 200 each and the American 175 to 200 and the Mediterranean 180 to 200 eggs per year, and a government report declares the farm hen lays but sixty eggs per annum.

An informant states that breeding from trap nested females has produced a Brahma that laid 232 eggs, a White Wyandotte pullet that laid 242 and a S. C. White Leghorn hen that laid 261 eggs per year.

But trap nests are expensive for a big flock, and it is time and trouble to

watch them and untrap the birds. Now, we believe there is a laying type of hen just as there is a milk type of cow or a ham type of hog.

We have studied some of our best layers in Leghorns and Wyandottes and hereby give you the principles we use in selecting layers and breeders. They will improve your flock and save you killing your layers for dinner, but in this, as in everything else, you will find exceptions.

A prime layer must have a well developed, roomy body, so that the organs of respiration, digestion, reproduction, circulation, urination, etc., may properly perform their functions.

She must breathe well, eat well, digest well, assimilate well, scratch well, be well and have a big bunch of embryo eggs to lay well.

A hen with rattling, rustling breath is useless.

A typical layer is plump; she is muscular; all her cavities are covered with meat.

She has simply fat for fuel and weighs heavier for her size than the drone whose feed produces a gob of fat at the end of her breastbone.

That drone lays the eggs in spring that hatch the drone pullets.

Follow this table of points for selection:

Head, medium size; eye, bright, full, open; comb and wattles, medium size, clear color; neck, medium length, stocky, well arched; back medium length, broad at shoulders; nice cushion; tail, medium size, angular; fluff, good size; body, medium length and depth, with medium underline and good keel; breast, broad, round, full; legs, stout, short between feet and shanks; feet, set square and wide apart.

Hens of this style fed a proper variety of food will keep you busy hauling eggs to market.

Mated to a male of egg laying strain such hens will furnish fertile eggs to hatch pullets that will smash your egg records.

DON'TS.
Don't put clean fowls into lousy winter quarters, and vice versa. It's poor housekeeping.

Don't keep old hens and then knock at an empty egg creek. Ostrinize the centenarians.

Don't house cull pullets at heavy expense to lay for you when eggs are cheap. Invite the preacher for potpie.

Don't forget to cleanse, disinfect and paint the water vessels and solder the leaks in the roof.

Don't use stationary feed bins for grain, but light sugar barrels. They can be cleaned, disinfected, sanded, and the tops painted with kerosene.

Don't mix old and young chickens together.

Don't expect to get the prize prize when the winner is a father because you didn't. Beware of sour grapes.

Don't keep a big flock and stint them on feed. One horse well fed does better than two bone racks.

Don't fail to feed cut bone regularly, but do fail to keep your machine knives dirty.

Superfluities.
"I am sure of one thing," said the homely woman.

"What is that?" inquired the brutal man.

"That I can make myself plain."

"Oh, impossible," murmured the brutal man.

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W. A. HOGATE

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.
July 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that **CHARLES E. CLARK** of Comstock, Douglas county, Oregon, who, on May 12th, 1903, made homestead entry No. 12743, S. R. 6510 for the North West quarter of the North West quarter Section 28, Township 21 South, Range 4, West of the Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five years proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon on the 30th day of January, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: C. C. Watkins, O. T. Olsson, John Watkins, M. A. Clark, all of Comstock, Oregon.

81-38 BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register