

## "Tooting"

SOME prophet, whose identity is lost to a grateful world, has given this bit of wisdom: "He who tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted." Even though believing strongly in the truth of the statement, the Leader is not unduly given to sounding its own praises, but the management believes it has a right at this time to ask the busy men and women of Cottage Grove to pause and listen to the following "toot:"

The present owner and publisher of the Leader has been in charge just two months. In that time he has added almost daily to the efficiency of the equipment of the plant, most of the addition being in new material and up-to-date type faces, until, at the present time, the office is equipped to turn out promptly as classy work as can be secured anywhere.

The management has added to the office force two of the best printers on the Pacific Coast, who are capable of handling any line of the work, and who, with hand and brain are entering into the spirit of making the Leader the best country newspaper in Lane county.

It is not necessary to speak of the improved service given by the Leader in its twice-a-week issues—you have already noted that. But this is simply mentioned as giving an opportunity to say that the change from a weekly to a twice-a-week publication is a permanent arrangement, and not, as has been stated (probably by some one who would like to see the plan fail) just for the time to be covered by the Business Getting Contest.

Summing up, the Leader wants your business and is equipped to give you first-class service, and extends a cordial invitation to business men to visit the office and give us an opportunity to prove that we are prepared to make good.

## No. 6

NO farmer has so little sense as to buy oats and hay from the dealer in town while his bins and lofts are overflowing. He patronizes his own farm so long as it supplies his wants. Only when it fails does he go abroad for feed. It would seem reasonable to expect all people to have that much intelligence. But the most reasonable expectations sometimes fall short of realization.

A community, a town, a city, is each in many ways like unto a farm, and the citizens thereof unto the farmer who tills his soil.

It is criminal folly to send or go away from home for things that might have been procured next door, and, in the end, a folly that biteth like a serpent.

Every dollar sent away is a drop from the town's life blood, and he who thus steals from the business arteries of his town is a traitor, for commerce is a warfare, and civic pride a holy patriotism.

Be loyal to your town, or acknowledge that you are a stumbling block, a hindrance, a stench in the nostrils of progress, and an abomination to all loyal citizens—and vamoose.

## A LADY TELLING ABOUT FALLING ON A SLIPPERY PAVEMENT.



—Fox in New York Evening Sun.

## ON THE SAHARA DESERT

A Story of Travel

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When I first became a globe trotter Africa claimed my especial attention, not that Africa occupied by negroes, but northern Africa, which fifteen or twenty centuries ago was a Roman possession and a part of the then civilized world. I resolved to travel through Morocco into the heart of the great Sahara desert.

When I first set up for a traveler and crossed the British channel I found on the other side of that narrow strip of water a different people, speaking a different language.

But the change there was nothing to that in crossing from Gibraltar to Tangier. On the northern coast I left a British fortress; on the southern I found an Arab city. In the one was the pompous military uniform of soldiers; in the other, the long, sweeping barracans of the native.

The centuries have passed lightly over these people, changing instead of destroying. This barracans reminds one of the toga of the Romans who in the golden age of the Eternal City subjugated and occupied the African coast, and it has doubtless been handed down from the conquerors; only the toga was made of fine texture, while the barracans is of coarse cotton cloth. As to religion, there is not much choice between the ancient mythology and the superstitions of these swarthy people.

At Tangier I obtained an outfit for my journey into the desert. To travel in such a country is a very different matter from journeying in a Pullman car or an ocean liner. I needed a number of camels, a considerable quantity of provisions, to say nothing of water, and a lot of servants and guards. The camels were to carry the provisions and water and camp equipment, consisting of tents, cots, bedding and table kit. The guards were for protection against bandits, who infest the desert.

When one considers that the Sahara desert alone is in area about equal to that of the United States, that it is a



I FOUND THE DEAD SENTRY.

vast stretch of sand billows, that its storms are the movement of immense sand clouds, it is not remarkable that few Europeans venture upon it. The spirit of loneliness rests on the face of the ocean of sand. The only inspiring part of the time is the night. I would look up at the starry heavens, and, surrounded as I was by a waste of sand billows, could the better realize the silent immensity of the universe.

The days being very hot, we usually traveled at night, resting under our tents by day. But during periods when the temperature admitted we would reverse the process. Night or day when resting I posted a sentry for the purpose of keeping out thieves. They would come to us on various pretenses—to ask for water, for information, indeed for anything that would afford an excuse for a visit. While with us they would purloin anything they could get their hands on. Their eyes were continually darting hither and thither for plunder, and if we were too vigilant for them they would observe our strength, our weakness, our vulnerable points; then they would go away, and if they considered themselves strong enough to attack us they would do so.

But in my case they found little encouragement. At least the game was not worth the candle, for the candle was the lives of a number of them. They have a wholesome dread of a European, and since my force was not only led by me—a white man—but well armed, they dared not attack us unless by stratagem. They could take us unaware or reduce our force. A plan to effect the latter object was put in operation while we were camping nights and traveling days.

One evening a band of Arabs came into our camp while we were getting ready for bed to ask for a little water.

It was evident that they had called for the purpose of observation. There were as many of them as we were, and I was not sure but that they would attack us during the night. Just before morning, when the camp was wrapped in slumber and the sentry would likely be drowsy, I heard the crack of a rifle. I arose at once, went out and found the sentry lying on the sand. I aroused the camp and sent men in different directions, while I examined the fallen man. He had been shot dead.

Those whom I had sent out returned, reporting that they had not seen a human being. One of them had seen a wolf, but that was all. Of course an enemy was near, but an Arab covered with his white barracans cannot readily be distinguished from the sand unless he stands against the sky line. This he is sure not to do if he desires concealment. He will lie down on the sand and pull his barracans over his dark body.

In the morning, having buried the dead sentry, we proceeded on our journey, re-establishing our camp in the evening. I was at a loss to know why the sentry had been shot, and during the night, being awake, I was thinking about what might have been his murderer's purpose when I was startled by another crack. I arose to find that another sentry had been killed. Again I deployed my men to hunt for the assassin, but not a living creature was to be found. He or they had excellent hiding ground among the sand billows, and the night was dark.

It was now plain to me that the Arabs who had visited us had done so to discover the number of our force. They had decided to reduce it by picking off a man every night until they had killed so many of us that they would feel warranted in attacking us. If they could appropriate an outfit it would be a fine property for them.

I confess I was staggered by their device. However, I set myself to meet stratagem by stratagem. The next night, after dark, I put a stake in the sand and on it fixed a dummy sentry by tying some of the fodder we carried for our camels about it and wrapping the whole with a barracans. Then I dug a hole, and after warning my men to sleep with their arms beside them and turn out on hearing shots I got into the hole with my rifle, intending to do the watching of a sentry myself.

Fortunately for my purpose there was a moon, though over it were thin clouds. It enabled me to see any moving object within a reasonable distance from my camp. I had been three hours or more in my hole and was getting cramped when I saw on the sky line of a sand billow some distance from me a black spot. It moved slowly down the side of the billow toward me, and getting into comparatively level ground, wandered about apparently without any definite purpose.

I was not long in discovering that it was some animal of the desert in search of food. It would scratch in one place, then in another, occasionally digging a hole. In its wandering it was constantly drawing nearer my camp. When it got within a couple of hundred yards it stopped and sat on its haunches facing the camp. At that moment the clouds on the moon thickened, and I could not see the brute. When the sky lightened again it had disappeared.

I was thinking that it had gone away when I heard a crack and my dummy sentry, the support of which had been fixed in the loose sand, toppled over at an angle of about forty degrees. I was about to jump out of my hole and run forward when it occurred to me that the animal I had seen was a man covered by the skin of a wolf; that when the moon was darkened he had got into a hole and shot my dummy. Had not I better wait a few moments to see if he would leave his hiding place? I did so, and fortunately my men slept so soundly that they did not interfere.

I had only to wait a few minutes when I saw the animal walking leisurely away. Springing from my hole, I ran after the beast, and when I had got pretty near to him I stopped, took careful aim and fired. I knew that I had hit him, for I saw him roll over. At the same moment one of my men came running toward me, and he was shortly followed by the rest. We found an Arab in a wolf's skin, dead.

With my whole force I scoured the desert in a circuit of half a mile, but found not a human or a brute being. Doubtless confederates of the man I had shot were not far away, but probably had scooped out the sand, got in the depression and covered themselves, leaving only their faces exposed.

The next night we dug holes surrounding our tents, and I put a man in each hole, getting into one myself. I knew, the Arabs' stratagem having been interfered with, they would not be likely to continue it, but I feared that, having reduced our force by two men, they might think it feasible to adopt some other ruse to get near us without our being aware of their approach and rush us. But we passed the night without seeing anything except the sand and the starlit heavens, the latter, in contrast with the former, of double splendor. Our enemies had either given up their intention or were attempting to lull us into a false security. Every night during the rest of our journey to the next oasis I posted guards in holes, but we were not disturbed.

After moving southward to the twenty-sixth degree north of the equator I turned my camels' heads to the eastward to Tidikelt and thence back to the Mediterranean sea through Tunis. It may be asked, What was the journey for? Simply to gratify my desire to experience one of the many different parts of the globe and study the peculiar peoples to be found there.

## Notice Of Administrator's Sale Of Real Estate.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, For Lane County.  
In the matter of the estate of  
of  
W. V. De Wald, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made on the 24th day of March, 1914, in the matter of the estate of W. V. De Wald, deceased, the undersigned, duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of said estate will sell at private sale on the premises for cash in hand according to law the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:  
Lots 3 and 4, of block 3 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of block 9, Georgetown addition to Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon.  
Said sale will commence on the 25th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. and continue till said property or sufficient thereof to satisfy the indebtedness against said estate is sold.  
OLIVER VEATCH,  
Administrator.

## ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the county court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record the 13th day of March, in the matter of the estate of Ephrasia H. Youmans deceased the undersigned Edna L. Hedrick was duly appointed executrix with the will annexed of said estate. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified as by law required to said administratrix at the law office of Alta King, Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.  
Dated the 16th day of March, A. D. 1914.  
EDNA L. HEDRICK.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK LEADER FOR \$1.50

## SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, For Lane County.  
George M. Keibelbeck and Ila Keibelbeck, Plaintiffs,  
vs  
William Sloan and J. C. Burdge, Defendants.

To William Sloan and J. C. Burdge, Defendants above named.  
In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1914 said date being six weeks from the date ordered for the first publication of this summons, to-wit: six weeks from the 11th day of March, A. D. 1914 and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in their complaint, namely, for the cancellation of the bond for a deed made, executed and delivered to the defendants, William Sloan and J. C. Burdge by Fingal Hinds and Effie Hinds on the 27th day of December, A. D. 1909 and recorded in Lane County, Oregon, in the clerk's office thereof, in Vol. 85 of Deeds, on Page 422 on the 24th day of May, 1910, involving certain real estate specifically described in Exhibit "A" of Plaintiff's complaint, for costs and disbursements of this suit and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are further notified that the date of the order for publication of said summons is on the 9th day of March, 1914 and the day upon which you are required to answer said complaint is upon the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1914; that the date of the first publication of this summons will be on the 11th day of March, 1914 and the date of the last publication thereof will be the 22nd day of April, 1914.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Cottage Grove Leader, a weekly newspaper published in Cottage Grove, Lane county, Oregon and is of general circulation in said county and state.  
H. J. SHINN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Chicken lice cost the poultryman more money than all other items of poultry expense combined. They kill thousands of chickens every year. Prevent this loss by dusting your fowls with

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