

The Cottage Grove Leader

A live country weekly that gives you what you want to read.

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COTTAGE GROVE, Industries.—Mining
An Ideal Lumbering
HOME TOWN Farming, Fruit Growing



CHRISTMAS, A SUNBEAM ON A WINTRY DAY.

Christmas is the one dayspring of cheerfulness and freedom from cankering care and selfishness and envy in a year of toil and strife and consuming unrest. Christmas, marvelous boon to humanity, springing legitimately from the brief, eventful life of the carpenter's Son, is a fixed institution. The twentieth century could not spare it if it would; wouldn't it if it could. The Christmas spirit is everywhere throughout this country. Leveling ranks, silencing selfishness, dwarfing care, ignoring toil, forgetting creed and cult and birth and environment, it makes peace and good will not only possible, but inevitable. The gifts it bears are the spontaneous fruit of the omnipotent, all prevailing spirit of Christmas—a wellspring in the desert, a sunbeam on a wintry day, a single exception to a steadfast rule. The spirit of Christmas never cloys. We cannot have too much of it. Morning, noon and night, for breakfast, dinner and supper, every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year we want the spirit of Christmas, for it is the spirit of ministration, of giving, of service, of doing for others.

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—this motto lived out on every day of the year would dispel the sorrows of the world, smooth out its wrinkles, abolish its poverty, soothe its pain, comfort its heartaches, heal its diseases, make it a heaven. This is what is typified by every Christmas tree and every gift it bears, by every bulging little stocking that hangs in the chimney corner, by every wreath of holly, by every greeting and merry wish.

BUT THEY DON'T COME BACK.

When the city newspaper men run short of something to write about, they bring the old swivel chair within easy reach of the typewriter and proceed to bombard the keys. When the manipulation of the keyboard is over, they yank an article from the machine entitled, "Back to the Farm," or "Living Next to Nature." In these articles, the city scribe tells at great length of the beauties and joys of rural life, the ideal independence of the farmer, and so on, for a column or more. They expound upon the glories of sneaking up to the south side of a cow and coaxing a pailful of milk from the temperamental animal. They relate how beautiful it is to beard a hive of bees in their den and carry away great hunks of honey. They rave over the artistic pastime of going out into the new-mown hay, when the sun is working overtime, and pitching hay all day long. They paint the lily and talk of the billowy golden grain. They tell the farmer that all he has to do these days is to "press the button" and the machinery does the rest. They yearn longingly to forsake the fleshpots of the city for the humble agrarian pastimes. They write touchingly of the joy of arising at 4 o'clock with the Plymouth Rocks on a crisp frosty morning and bounding forth to massage the horses while Friend Wife prepares the beans. All this, we say, they write beautifully about—but we offer a good substantial reward for a real, live city newspaper man who has actually done the come-back to the soil. They like to write about it—but they simply don't come back.

"Zeppelin and Krupp"—Here are two names that will go down in history, and will be found in every book of reference. Their fame—no, their notriety—will never, never, no never die. But in view of the terrible horrors committed by the fiendish instruments of destruction which have been their life work, one would expect to see their names emblazoned in fiery letters of red in that part of the books set apart for the names of Nero, Pontius Pilate, Richard the Third and—well, we can't think of very many who are wicked, heartless and cruel enough to be grouped in this company, unless—unless we include the Devil and the Arch Fiends. There! We are glad we've got that out of our system.

There is more joy in heaven over a ton of coal given to the poor than a ton of diamonds given to the rich.

You are living in God's own country. What more do you want for Christmas?

A day off, a few remembrances from relatives and friends and a good dinner—is that all that Christmas means to you? Surely you are going to make it an occasion for more than usual rejoicing this year, a real old fashioned Christmas.

If your competitor knocks you put him on your payroll right away. He is earning the money,

Cottage Grove has two of the best newspapers of any town of its size in Oregon. Do you appreciate this fact?

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but they don't seem to think so over in Europe.

If you really are a good fellow, then be one. Join the Christmas Charity forces.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH AT CURTIN

A most distressing accident occurred at Curtin, a small place in Pass Creek canyon south of Cottage Grove Monday morning resulting in the death of the little two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ward of that place. It seems the father and mother went out to the barn near their home to milk the cow on Monday morning, leaving their little son seated at a table in front of a fire place with a pencil and paper with which to amuse himself. It is thought the little fellow after scribbling on the paper attempted to throw it into the fire place and in so doing caught his clothing on fire, which was entirely burnt from his body, except a band about his neck, before the parents, upon hearing his cries, could reach the house and render any assistance. Dr. A. W. Kime was summoned from this city, and after relieving the child's sufferings as much as possible recommended that it be taken to Roseburg hospital for treatment, owing to the severity of the burns on its back and arms. However, the child died at Roseburg Monday evening about ten hours after the accident and the bereaved parents are almost prostrate with grief.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

You didn't know that Santa had At home a little pet? He has, and that is how he knows What girlies' things to get!

And he was once a boy himself, And very fond of toys, So he remembers what he liked, And what will please the boys.

Do your New Year resolving early.

There'll come a threshing time for those who sow the wild oats.

It is a wise Santa who keeps his whiskers away from the candles.

The days are the shortest just before Christmas—the rest of us, just after.

The mother-in-law should remember she was once a daughter-in-law.

Do not be satisfied with wishing people a "Merry Christmas" help make it one.

It is all right to dream of the great things you are going to do, but don't forget to wake up in time to begin work.

An exchange remarks that our late and also lamented Congress accomplished two things. It killed business and then taxed the corpse.

When men wear hats with enough ribbon on them to suggest that they were rigged by a milliner, it is time to stop joking about wnmens' clothes.

Here is a sticker for the Leader. A woman in Montana wants us to give her the name of one good, honest real estate firm in this city. Any local real estate firm answering this discription will please leave their card at this office.

Bishop Williams attended a collegiate commencement where the evening gowns worn by the ladies were decidedly smart and stylish. After looking over the house through an opera glass one lady exclaimed. "Honestly Bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?" "Never," gravely replied the Bishop, "never, madam, since I was weaned."

Teachers Attend Institute

All the teachers of Cottage Grove and community are in attendance at the state and county institute which is being held at Eugene this week where, it is said 750 teachers are assembled. Several prominent coast educators are in attendance and very interesting and instructive daily programs and addresses are the feature of the assembly. School will open in Cottage Grove as usual next Monday after this week's Christmas vacation.

Next comes the merchants annual clearance sales.

MR. AND MRS. H. C. VEATCH CELEBRATE SIXTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE DEC. 24

The observance of the sixtieth wedding anniversary, an incident which comes to the lives of very few people and only to those of sturdy stock who have obeyed the laws of right living, was the somewhat unusual privilege enjoyed by a well known and highly esteemed pioneer couple of Cottage Grove this week, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Veatch, more familiarly known as "Uncle Burn and Aunt Jane." In honor of this eventful anniversary occasion, a public reception was tendered this venerable and worthy pioneer couple at the Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon Dec. 22, 1914, scores of old and new friends of Mr. and Mrs. Veatch taking advantage of this opportunity to heartily congratulate them upon their 60th wedding anniversary and wish them many happy returns of the day. During the reception hour the guests were favored with a vocal duet by Uncle Burn and his brother Sylvester, aged 86 and 84 years respectively. Refreshments were served at a booth in one corner of the church which was presided over by Mrs. Roy Short and Miss Veta Holderman, grand-daughters of the venerable hosts.

H. C. VEATCH

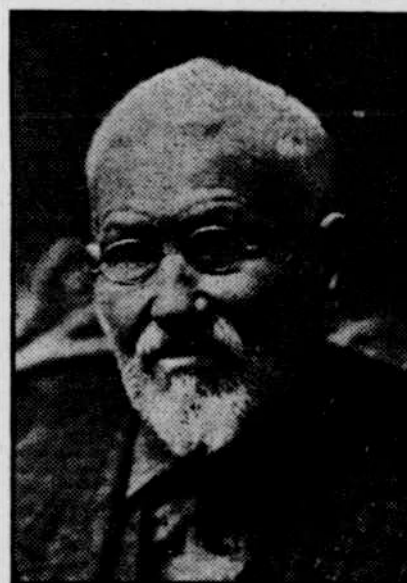


Photo by Armstrong.

MRS. H. C. VEATCH



Photo by Armstrong.

Harvey Clayburn Veatch was born in White county, Illinois, Nov. 10, 1828, being a son of Isaac and Mary Miller-Veatch, the former a native of Kentucky the latter of South Carolina. The father died here in 1873, the mother in Iowa in 1846. They were the parents of 16 children of whom six are living, H. C., Sylvester and R. M., Mrs. N. J. Whorton, Mrs. Ann Wallace, Mrs. Harriet Wallace, all of whom reside in Cottage Grove except Mrs. Whorton who resides at Lakeview. When 25 years of age H. C. Veatch crossed the plains to Oregon, driving an ox-team for S. B. Knox, who later became his father-in-law. Part of his duties on the long trip was to assist in caring for the stock, 100 head of cows, 10 mares, 12 yoke of oxen and one mule, and several hair breadth escapes from being killed by Indians were some of his experiences. In the party were S. B. Knox and family, Wm. Oglesby and family. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ryles, Ira Kelly, Tom Knox and Perrin

Two Good Local Theatricals.

The home talent drama company under the direction of Steve Burton, made a decided hit in the presentation of the "Peace Maker," at the Arcade theater last Thursday evening and deserved a much better house.

On Saturday evening the high school dramatic company under the direction of Mr. Burton presented the popular western drama, "The Mountain Daisy," to a good sized and appreciative audience at the Arcade. By request this drama will be repeated at the Arcade this evening.

Evangelistic Services

A series of meeting are being planned, to begin Sunday evening January 3rd, 1915 in the Methodist church. The pastor, Rev. H. N. Aldrich, will be assisted by the deaconess Miss Bell Menzies and neighboring pastors. Services are to be held each evening of the week excepting Monday. Members of this church are making plans for a thorough religious campaign during the month of January and undoubtedly much good will result from these special services. The public is invited.