

# CATARRH A SERIOUS FAR-REACHING BLOOD DISORDER

Even in its early stages Catarrh is almost intolerable, caused by the daily feeling in the nose, the buzzing noises in the ears, the continual sneezing and spitting, difficult breathing, etc. But when the blood comes thoroughly polluted from the catarrhal matter, the inflammation extends to the bronchial tubes, causing hoarseness, and often an aggravating cough, and gradually all the mucous membranes of the body become disordered, and the system upset and deranged. Frequently the kidneys and bladder are attacked, and the constant passage of impure blood through the system causes these important members, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption. Catarrh is a deep-seated blood disease, and must be treated completely, for it is beyond the reach of local treatment. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all the impure catarrhal matter and at the same time building up the entire system. It goes down and attacks the disease at its head, in the circulation, and removes every trace of the impurity that is causing the trouble. Then as rich, pure blood circulates through the body, the inflamed membranes commence to heal, the mucous discharges grow less and finally cease, and all the disagreeable and disgusting symptoms of Catarrh disappear. S. S. S. has been used for years as a cure for this disease. It refines and purifies the entire circulation and repairs the damage done by Catarrh. Special book on Catarrh and any other disease, sent free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## HARTOG SPEAKS OF EUGENE TO AD MEN

his train. To his surprise he found that the stranger seated himself next to him in the Pullman, and a stammering conversation commenced. Finally the inquirer remarked that he was going to "Phi-Phi-Philadelphia to see D-D-ector Jones, the stammer cure specialist."

"D-Do you know him," he asked. "O-l, y-y-yes," replied the stranger, "w-w-wonderful man; s-s-son of a gun cured me!"

And so each of us may think that his fellow advertiser is like Dr. Jones, but after all, the exchange of ideas between any class of men helps them all.

Now if you want to hear my concerted ideas, you are welcome to them. You invited me. You urged me to come. Your President, Rinaldo M. Hall, (sounds like the name of a Philippine leader) insisted on heaping honors on me. Don't blame me for talking. Save your eggs, and throw them at Rinaldo, or better yet, have them for breakfast, for until we get more poultry-raisers on the Pacific coast, we had better go easy with eggs.

Now my ideas are contrary to those of a good many of my valued friends. And a good thing that they are. It is difference of opinion that makes the jab-fog; jangle. Woe to posterity if our think-tanks all think alike. We'd all be in love with the same woman, and wouldn't there be a scrap? Wouldn't there be a whole lot of people walking slow behind the carriage of some of us?

Well, my ideas as to promotion advertising are that advertising does not make the baby dress. Advertising in promotion-work is a means to an end. Advertising that you have the best climate, the grandest country, the most wonderful soil, such advertising in among hundreds of similar ads, to my notion, is of small value. It confuses the reader. If you are one of a hundred communities which have the only "best soil on earth," why should "anxious reader" select you and neglect the other 99. If Van Tooter's Cocoa is advertised more than all other cocoas combined, you are apt to drink it. But if each and every house in town bears a sign of some other cocoa as the best, why should you select Van Tooter's?

While such advertising of a community is not all wasted, and is bound to bring you your pro rata share of the total results, I believe that the better way is to utilize the space not to advertise your special advantages, or tell the whole story, but to attract the eye and secure the names of possible settlers.

After you thusly secure the names, it is up to the commercial body to go after the inquirer to draw him out, then draw him on, and finally draw him in. To answer his inquiry and putting all other letters aside for the moment, answering him with your whole soul, answering his every question. But truthfully, don't lie. Don't overstate things. To illustrate: one of our Eugene men is said to have made \$750 an acre last year in cherries. I advertise in my literature as "over \$500"—isn't that big enough from land that cost him 30¢ (Not 30 cents, but thirty dollars.) When my correspondent finally lands in Eugene, I make it a point to have him meet Mr. Cherryraiser. He gets him to one side where Mr. Booster can't give him the wink and he whispers in his ear: "How much did you make in cherries?" Mr. Cherryman, not knowing my modesty, answers: "\$750." That's where Mr. Newcomer drops dead. And he tells the President of your Club that the Manager is a chump from Chumpville, Kansas. And the president says, "Ches" and forthwith doubles the manager's salary. See the point?

Secondly, I confess to being a heretic in my disbelief in follow-up letters. I know some of you disagree with me. Some of you will say: "My, but his mother had foolish children!" But nevertheless, I have been pestered with the famous follow-up letters and in many a dear little fire with them. Read them! Not on your spectacles. After some fellow had inveigled me into buying a dozen Havana Stinkadoras for a hard-earned dollar, making me believe I was cutting out the poor retailer, and after I had smoked one and given 11 to my worst friends, his follow-up letter made me just love the man. It kept reminding me of that dollar. And every two weeks I would get another letter and it made my janitor tired emptying the wastepaper basket. No wonder, poor janitor died of a broken back.

No, I think that one good, whole-souled letter will be an opening-wedge and it has been my custom to follow that up, not with urgent appeals to please-come-West, but with catchy, novel publications, which gradually convince him that if he stays any longer in the country of riches, he ought to be placed in the foolish-house.

We keep putting it up to him. We have written him; maybe he has answered and asked more questions, which we have again answered in a heart-to-heart way, but whether he answers or not, we keep putting the facts before him which eventually break his heart for staying East so long, while God's country is still yearning for him.

I believe in pictures. I believe in short, spiky paragraphs. I do not believe in long-winded descriptions. I do not believe in booklets that are as dry as a California summer. Let your pictures tell the tale. One of the sweetest songs is the "Leader ohne Worte," the song without words. One of the sweetest stories is the picture of Bride and Groom entitled "Alone at last." We are just issuing a picture of three panels: posed by a young man who recently arrived from Illinois. In the first he is seen in furs and boots, shovelling snow. This reads: "My last Christmas in Illinois, December 1907, B-r-r-r—" The second one shows him all dressed up, stepping into a sleeper. It is marked: "Me off for Oregon." (I apologize for grammar) and the third one taken in January, 1908, showing him in Eugene in front of a fan-leaf palm-tree, roses in his lapel and several bunches of ripe strawberries in his hand, nothing on his mind but a smile; this one entitled "My first New Year's in Oregon, January 1908, roses and raspberries."

Now when my friend, I. M. Snowbound in Canada, or Mr. Chil Blaine in Minnesota, gets that, he goes in his hayloft and kicks himself. Now, which is better, to make him kick himself, as others ought to kick him, or to write him a follow-up letter which he takes for a gold brick if he reads it, or for a nuisance if he doesn't?

Finally, there is the way of regaling your patient correspondents. What's the matter? Does a booster have to be as solemn as a preacher? Is it right to assume that a man coming to God's country, where he can become independent, where he can make more on 20 acres than at home on 640, where he can have spring weather in winter time and can be outdoors the greater, instead of the smaller, part of the year, is it right to assume that such a man must be led to believe that he is going to his financial funeral? Why wear a mourning tie and black crepe on your hats; why tell your story in sad tones and bone-dry statistics? What's the matter with being cheerful and get his attention by putting your facts to him in a jolly way? Maybe you say that some men won't be jolly. Well, then they are misfit boosters. A booster should be an enthusiast, not a bragger; should be full of sunshine even in sloppy weather; should see the bright side of the medal even if he has to look at the edge; should make himself, as well as the staff he sends out, liked. If he does, he makes friends. Just like a traveling salesman does. Imagine a book-agent going into a store, dressed up like an undertaker and folding his hands, saying in a heart-

broken sob: "Won't you give me an order for Six Hopkins' Joke Book?"

But the fellow who picks his man, shows a good eye into his victim's mouth, so he can't talk back, and then starts telling him a few yarns till the victim splits from laughing, and then offers him the joke book, telling him how he can make his mother-in-law laugh herself to death,—he is the fellow that carries the turkey.

Ditto with promotion work. You have space to sell. Space on God's green earth, and on the very best part of it and you ought to get on good terms with your man if you expect to sell him his allotted 36 cubic feet of Pacific Coast ozone.

Now, I spoke of conceit. Of every man thinking that his method is,—(like the Chicago and Alton advertisers) "the only way." But for the sake of argument I am willing to admit that my own method is awful. That all the other methods of long-winded booklets, of dry statistics, of overstating, of tiresome follow-up letters, of the won't-you-come-into-my-parlor order, that all those methods are better. But how about results?

Why, I may blushingly admit that since I came to Oregon I have discovered that my preachments about California have so impressed my correspondents that they invariably tell me now, that they are coming to the Pacific coast, but that as I convinced them that California was paradise, they are going to California. And thus is virtue its own reward! Or punishment?

Well, like the burglar in Milton Noble's famous play of the Phoenix, where "the villain still pursues her," the burglar enters the parlor and looking for the stuff, he picks up a handsome volume, reads the title, "Paradise Lost" out loud and putting it under his arm, adds with a wink, "I have found it."

And so I have to tell my converts, that though I lost Paradise when I left California, I found it on coming into beautiful Oregon. The country one cannot help but love. The land of hospitality and progress. A part of the glorious Pacific coast, differing in some ways from California, but fully as lovable and fascinating. And speaking of Paradise, if you have ever seen and peeped and munched our Oregon apples, apples that retail in the East for three to five times what your best oranges retail for (and that's a fact) you will then forgive our forefather Adam for bringing sin unto you and me, for if the apple that Eve tendered him that eve (or any other eve) was anything like our Oregon apples (and history will not deny it) why, of course Adam had to fall. So would you, and even, perhaps, I.

And another famous character in history, although he really never existed, was charmed by the apple.

You will probably recall the story. In Switzerland, where they sell a combination of cheese and holes for the real thing, there lived a balliff named Gessler. Gessler got the big head. He placed his cap on a pole. It seems that the pole stood for a time before Paderewski made his Polish famous. Gessler demanded that all passersby should bow down to his lid. One man, passing with his son, refused, but sarcastically sang that famous Swiss ditty, "Where did you get that hat?" Gessler had the offender seized. The prisoner refusing to answer, Gessler demanded an explanation from the boy. The boy refused to tell. Whereupon Gessler made his now famous remark, "If the kid won't tell, let William tell." But William exclaimed "What tell? No, never." And so he was ordered to shoot an apple from his son's head. Can you doubt that it must have been an Oregon apple? History fails to do it. William Tell pierced the apple. It must have been an Oregon Bellflower, or else his son would have been a dead one. But even a woman could have aimed at an Oregon apple and missed it.

That makes two instances where Oregon apples got a lot of free advertising.

I would love to tell you of our greatest pride of all, our Royal Anne cherries. I don't remember who Royal Anne was. I remember Mary Ann in the Colusa House and Sister Ann who "walked like that," but Royal Anne is a stunner for me. But say, boys, if Anne was anything like the Lane county cherries named after her she must have been a "peach." It makes your mouth water to think of it—I mean the cherries, not of the queen. Ad men are so busy working their think tanks overting that they don't run after queens.

They are always lying—I mean lying awake, to think up something new. Yet some ancient philosopher discovered that there was "nothing new under the sun," and that is where the Oregon booster has the advantage, for on rainy days when there is no sun, he may at least expect to find something new.

To show you how work, pursued with zeal, will roll up like a snowball, I may mention that we started in Eugene, Lane county, on December 1st, 1907, with one stenographer. Inside of a week we kept two boys from morning until night, and now we have four machines going, grinding out Lane county's praise to an anxious, frost-bitten world.

Before closing I would like to call attention to the fact that honest work suffers a great deal from any indiscreet, not to say dishonest, advertising. I have seen circulars advertising irrigation where there was none. Fruit land that wouldn't raise anything but Texas, garden of Eden climate which was far from ideal. Why shouldn't this association get after such advertisers? Why not turn the searchlight on the few careless writers among the great, overwhelming preponderance of conscientious ones?

And then there is that left-handed, would-be-innocent slip at other sections. I recall one advertisement in a magazine which wound up with the line: "No irrigation, no malaria." To the Eastern man this meant as much as that malaria and irrigation were Siamese twins.

I think we can sing our own praises without such insinuations. If a man writes me, "How can you advise me to come to Oregon after telling me that California was the best ever,"

I answer that he doesn't realize that California and Oregon, to all intents of the Creator, are one; equally blessed, equally lovely. That California excels in some, and Oregon in other things.

I believe that to be the truth. Let's stick to the truth, and together upbraid the grandest country on the face of the earth—the Pacific coast, whether it is north or south of the Siskiyou mountains.



AN APPETIZING BREAKFAST is what is most important and most difficult to provide. Our buckwheat flour, cereals and other groceries will help you make the meal all that it should be. Come and let us supply you with the things that tempt other women's husbands to eat in the morning. Give yours the same treatment and find how much easier he will pay for that new hat or dress. Try our genuine sorgham.

**W. M. GREEN, THE SQUARE DEAL GROCER**  
619 Willamette St. Phone Main 25.

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**SEES WITH HIS MIND**  
Most Miraculous Are the Powers of Prof. Grant Chesterfield

Grant Chesterfield, the noted thought reader and palmist, who is going to pilot the "Flyer" from Tacoma to Seattle blindfolded shortly, possesses powers most marvelous, if the statements of the most prominent citizens of Eugene are to be believed. Their claims, immediately told them the story of their past, diagnosed their physical condition, described their present state of affairs, and then proceeded to divine for them



GRANT CHESTERFIELD

their future. They further aver that many predictions made by the enigma have already come to pass. Seen yesterday in his parlors at 642 Willamette street Professor Chesterfield said:

"Possibly some of the reports are exaggerated, but then you must remember that I have been endorsed by such authorities as the Press Club of Chicago, practically by the University of Ann Arbor, Amsterdam, Uppsala and St. Petersburg, and a long string of others. Again, among the noted personages whose palms I have read are the most distinguished of either hemisphere, so I hardly think this report you have heard is at all exaggerated."

"But do you pretend to read one's future?" he was asked.

"I read the palm, and the future, as well as the past, is written therein."

"Do you give legal advice, too?"

"In certain instances, certainly. The same as in certain cases I diagnose one's condition and advise accordingly how to recover lost nerve energy and power, and what to do to take care of their health in the future. Some have certain business changes they should make; others have marriage, divorce, lawsuits in store for them; still others have mining interests or geographical changes to undergo, and so it runs on."

"How many palms do you read daily?"

"Oh, that's hard to say. In Sacramento I read 2000 in several weeks. Now come up another time and I'll give you a reading."

Then the wonder-worker, who kept New York, Boston, Copenhagen and other cosmopolitan cities in a flurry, called "next!" and vanished into his consultation room. 121

**JERSEY BULL FOR SERVICE**

The grand, imported, royal bred, registered St. Lambert bull, No. 52-162. A rare chance to breed to such an animal as this. Ancestors with better records 14 to 36 pounds per week. N. Humphrey, South Willamette street, Eugene. Phone Red 4871. 127

The Theatre Cafe is now serving a dish of delicious fresh shrimp with every order of oysters. Come and eat oysters. 11

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children,  
The Kind You are Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

## Jenkins & Starbuck

Dealers in **REAL ESTATE**

We are new comers here and are in the Real Estate Business To Do Business

We have been in this business before and understand it thoroughly. At present we are in correspondence with a number of Eastern People who are going to locate in this country and if you are desirous of disposing of properties such as City, Pasture and Farm Lands, call on us. We are personally acquainted with a number of these correspondents and know they are coming west. If you want to SELL, list your property with us for there is going to be "things doing" in real estate that is Listed with us.

**Jenkins & Starbuck**  
Rooms 17 and 18 THEATRE BLOCK

## Oil Paintings

We have a limited number of PAINTINGS which we are selling at cost for a few days, prices from 50c to \$10.00

Latest designs in FRAME MOULDINGS. See our window

**OVERTON**  
Wall Paper and Paint Co.

## Scott's Santal-Pepsin Capsules

A POSITIVE CURE.

For Inflammation or Catarrh of the Bladder and Disordered Kidneys. No cure no pay. Cures quickly and permanently all Unnatural Discharge of the Urinary Organs. Absolutely harmless. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or by mail, postpaid \$1.25, or three for \$3.50. Address: THE SANTAL-PEPSIN CO., WELLS FOUNTAIN, N. J.

Sold by W. L. DE LANG, Druggist.

## MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Relief Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent postpaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relief obtained. Sample Free, insist on getting the genuine, except no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.  
Sold in Eugene by W. L. DeLang

# EUGENE Racket Store

LOCAL AGENTS FOR PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

Pictorial Review Patterns are the only patterns provided with a cutting guide and an instruction guide furnished with all new patterns. Every purchaser of the new Pictorial Review Patterns receives a cutting guide, and no other patterns are provided with these guides.

Subscriptions taken for Pictorial Review Magazine, \$1.00 per year. A free pattern with each subscription.

Eugene Racket Store  
W. J. Baldwin, Prop.  
35 E. 9th St., Eugene, Oregon

# Candidates watch this space for FREE VOTES "Nuf Ced"