

"HERE I AM!" 1914



COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

The paper that gives you what you want to read

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W. C. CONNER, Editor and Manager

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How to Remember the Calendar For 1914

If your friend Jones meets you in the street and asks you what day June 22d will drop on, because he has just heard there is something of interest to him to happen then, you say:

"Sorry, old chap; cannot tell you. Wish I could memorize the calendar at the beginning of the New Year. It would be extremely handy, but it is too big a job. Now, it has just occurred to me that it is Nellie's birthday on April 7, and I'd like to know the day."

"Well, I can't tell you," says Jones. "We shall both have to wait until we come across a calendar. But, as you say, it would be a useful thing to learn the calendar at the beginning of the year. You often want to know what day a certain date will fall on."

That is just it, and yet the calendar for the year can be memorized in ten minutes by a little plan that is quite simple. Here it is:

Copy from a calendar and write down in a column the date on which the first Sunday in each month will fall in 1914—thus:

Month	First Sunday
January	4th
February	1st
March	23rd
April	6th
May	3d
June	7th
July	5th
August	25th
September	14th
October	12th
November	1st
December	6th

Now the only thing to do is to memorize this list, and it may easily be done as follows:

- Link the name of the month in the first column to the figure in the second column by means of an association of ideas—thus:
- January's here once more. Good resolves are to the fore. (1)
- February soon is done. The reason's clear to every one. (2)
- March hares are on the run. Keep your wits and don't be one. (3)
- April's here as I'm alive. First Sunday's on the five. (4)
- May is here, and now you see leaflets growing on the tree. (5)
- June brides are in their heaven. First Sunday comes on seven. (6)
- July Fourth is Saturday. For peace and quiet let us pray. (7)
- August's heated through and through. We'll be broiled and roasted too. (8)
- September sun and shadow mix. First Sunday's dated six. (9)
- October sends the mercury lower. Sunday on day numbered four. (0)
- November puts year on the run. First Sunday's won by one. (1)
- December weather plays sad tricks. Sundays start on number six. (6)

By reading these rimes over aloud a few times you will find that the as-

sociations will be fixed in your mind, and the moment a month is mentioned the phrase will be recollected, and the last word in the phrase will give the date of the first Sunday. On that basis any day of the month can be remembered quickly—thus:

On which day will May 17 fall? "May is here, and now you see leaflets growing on the tree." First Sunday 3, second Sunday 10, third Sunday 17. Answer, Sunday.

On what day will Aug. 17 fall? "We'll be broiled and roasted too." First Sunday 2, second Sunday 9, third Sunday 16. Therefore 17th is Monday.

Now, when Jones asks you on what day June 22 will fall you answer instantly, "Monday."

After a few minutes' practice it is surprising how quickly this is done.

By the way, when at an evening party you can use this little "wrinkle" for doing your turn in the entertainment. Ask the company to call out one by one the dates of their birthdays and you will tell them instantly on which day of the week they will fall.

Your wonderful memory will "bring down the house!"

The Best Gift of All.

Of all the gifts that come to cheer The best one is a brand new year. Snow wrapped and holly decked it comes To richest and to poorest homes. —Bertha E. Jacques.

The Wilson Administration has advertised the fact that it is sensitive to criticism and ridicule, for that is what happened when President Wilson withdrew his letter accepting honorary membership in the Military Order of the Carabao and when Secretary Daniels started an investigation into the jokes and quips of the recent Carabao dinner at Washington, wherein the Administration was made the "goat," though in an entirely friendly way. Neither President Roosevelt nor President Taft ever found anything in the song to offend their sensibilities, and both attended several of the annual Carabao dinners during their respective administrations.

During this season the Drager Fruit Company has paid out to Douglas county growers of prunes the sum of \$146,000 and about \$12,000 in labor. The H. S. Gile Company has paid out about a similar amount. The packing plant at Myrtle Creek has paid out in the neighborhood of \$50,000. This totals close of \$350,000 for prunes in Douglas county this season. This year's crop was only about three quarters of the normal crop.

"Why were you kept so late at school, Tommy?" inquired father, as the lad came home. "It was because you told me the wrong answer," he added. "Last night I asked you how much was a million dollars, and you said it 'was a hell of a lot.' That isn't the right answer."

William Jennings Bryan, Jr., son of the secretary of state, has been admitted to the bar in Arizona and will enter politics.

New Year's Wish and Telegrams

A very acceptable message to send with your card to a friend on New Year's morning is the following sentiment:

Now what is here?
A word of cheer
To herald in another year.
May all its days be free of blame,
A little nobler than your aim.
May all its labors be content
A little better than your best
And all the joys within its scope
A little brighter than your hope
And may each year be found when past
A little dearer than the last.

As a pastime distribute telegram blanks with the words "New Year's Day" in large letters at the top and tell each one to write a telegram beginning with the letters of the above in the order that they come. Of course these will be the merest nonsense, but loads of fun, as the following example shows:

"Nora. Every woman yearns everlastingly after romantic situations. Delighted again yesterday."

ALL BLANKETY BLANK.

It is December. The new year is quickly drawing nigh,
And Mr. Blank sits by his desk
Just making his pen fly.

Why does he write so furiously?
Does he fear dissolution?
Why, no—ahem!—he's getting up
His New Year's resolution.

There, Mrs. Blank is writing too!
She just has written down,
"I promise not to scold you, dear,
Nor all the twelve months frown."

Yes, it is lovely, and we hope
Both to their vows keep true;
That they may be sweet, lovey doves
And ever bill and coo.

It's evening, January first.
The pledges are both busted.
She started in to bespeak him,
Now both are mad, disgusted.

Oh, no; don't say, "What silly fools!"
My, no, don't say, "It's rank!"
Remember from the first to last
The whole blame thing was Blank.
C. M. BARNITZ.

Don't Stand Like A Hitching Post



Get a move on. Let the world know you are awake. Push your business to success or your business will push you to the wall.

Advertise!! Advertise!!!

The Leader—a live wireless newspaper.

Give the Leader a trial.

HIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

BY A. C. SANBORN

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STANFORD had just finished his breakfast and his servant was clearing the table when his friend Williams came in.

"Happy New Year's!" he called. "Have you made any good resolutions?" Suddenly he stopped short. "Why, what makes you so glum this bright New Year's morning?"

"Haven't you seen the morning papers?" asked Stanford, pushing one across the table toward him.

"No; what's in them?"

The other simply pointed to one of the headlines, and his friend read, "Failure of Henry Stanford—Head of the Sewing Machine Trust in Liquidation." Williams merely stared at the paper and then at the man opposite him for fully a minute. He could not believe what he had read.

"Why, this is terrible!" he said finally. "How did it happen?"

"Speculation," replied Stanford laconically. "I'm awfully sorry to hear this," returned Williams. "Is there no way out of it?"

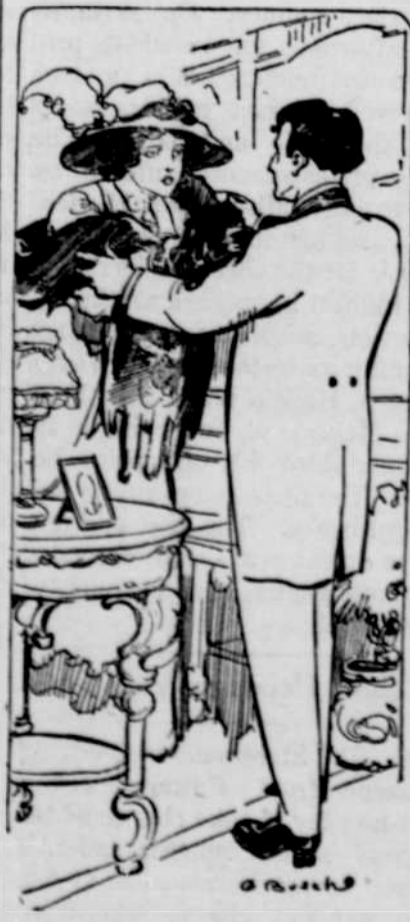
"I see none just now," said the other. "I suppose you think it would be a good plan for me to make a New Year's resolution not to speculate any more. But I'm not going to. Now that this has happened I have resolved to find out who my friends are—my real true friends, I mean. It may seem like a queer resolution, but it will be an interesting experiment. How many of the people I have befriended in the past do you think will stick to me now that my money is gone?"

"I don't know," replied Williams. "But take my advice and don't try it. You're likely to be greatly disillusioned about many of your so-called friends." "Perhaps," said Stanford. "But I'm going to try it anyway. I want to see what happens."

As soon as Williams had departed he took his hat and stick and set out on his voyage of discovery. He was not really a ruined man, but not a soul in all the world but he and his lawyer knew it. It had been the work of a year of skillful manipulation, this "getting out" with \$5,000,000. As a financier he was closely watched, but, for all that, he had at last successfully effected the withdrawal of that huge amount from the money whirlpool and its quiet investment in steady national securities. The morning papers proved that he had succeeded. Stanford could afford to indulge his whims, and he had planned all this for the simple purpose of finding out who were his real friends. Moreover, he had selected the holidays for the test, so that they might have the good cheer of the season on their side.

Stanford decided to call on the Stanleys first. There was no doubt about their being his friends. Mr. Stanley owed all his present prosperity to Stanford and could not do otherwise than stick by him in his adversity. Then there was Anna. It had been practically agreed that he was to marry Anna. The only reason they were not formally engaged was because she was a month or so too young.

Although it was snowing hard, he was obliged to walk rather than go there in his big limousine, as that, among other things, was now held up by the liquidators, acting for yester-



SHE RAN STRAIGHT TO STANFORD.

day's hurried meeting of creditors. He had just reached the sidewalk when a car drew up to the curb, and Roswell Granger thrust out his head.

"What are you doing on foot?" he called. "I was hurrying over to catch you before you went out. I wanted to know if you could loan me the use of your car this afternoon to take a

party of friends over to"—but Stanford interrupted him by pulling a newspaper from his pocket and thrusting it under his eyes. Granger read and gasped. He owed Stanford over a thousand dollars in small loans.

"Great Scott!" he said. "This is terrible. I'm awfully sorry. Is it irremediable?"

"Yes," said Stanford curtly. Granger drew back into his car. "I sympathize deeply," he added. "I'll see you at the club later."

When Stanford reached the Stanleys' he saw Edward Martin's car at the curb. Martin was one of Anna's admirers who had not given up hoping that he might win her, even in spite of the fact that it was practically decided in Stanford's favor.

It was Stanford's intention to tell the Stanleys at once about his plan for discovering his friends. He saw in the first glance at the servant who opened the door that the news had already spread through the house, and as the door closed Mrs. Stanley came into the hall.

She started at sight of him. Then she shook hands and began to talk swiftly.

"Happy New Year," she said. "You are our second early caller. Mr. Martin came a little while ago. Isn't it fine weather for a holiday? We are going motoring. I haven't even had time enough to look at the papers this morning."

Stanford was turning cold. The insincerity of the woman was obvious.

"Besides," she continued, "we have been thinking of something else—a surprise; Anna and Ned Martin. It seems they've had an understanding between themselves for months past. Anna hinted at something of the kind last night, and this morning they came to us together. It was not just what we had planned for Anna, but what were we to do? They adore each other. So it's arranged."

She stopped with almost a gasp of relief. She had got it out before Stanford explained.

"I see," he said calmly; "you have not looked at this morning's papers?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I suppose you are trying to be tactful, Mrs. Stanley?" he said.

The contempt in his eyes and voice stung her, and she gave herself up to anger.

"Well, I was," she replied. "Since you insist, I did see the papers and saw that you were ruined. Was I to throw my daughter into the ruin with you? You expect a great deal too much if you expect that. I have Anna's future to look out for, and I know I am doing the best thing. I am trying to arrange matters so that people will understand that they were engaged before we heard of your failure. You appear to think it contemptible, but I do not, and you will find few people who will."

"And Anna? Is she contented?" inquired Stanford.

"Perfectly. Anna is very sensible."

"Then since I am ruined I am dismissed?" demanded the young man.

"If you choose to be unreasonable and put it that way, yes," she said and left him. Stanford stared around, a little dazed, for a second.

"Why, I thought she liked me—she and Mr. Stanley—and that Anna loved me," he said to himself. He turned to go, and the butler let him out. He walked slowly back to his flat.

When he reached his apartment he found Watson, his lawyer, waiting for him. He looked pale and worried.

"What is it?" asked Stanford.

"They've started already," replied Watson bitterly. "They've been at me like vultures for the money—quite small sums, lots of them—that you owe them. Some of them are like wolves, fighting over priority claims. I've never seen such absolute greediness in my life as some of your 'friends' have shown this morning. It's completely spoiled my New Year. I hope they have hit you hard, hard enough for you to be willing to stop this folly. You're only going to get a broken heart and a soured outlook out of this thing. You must stop it before it goes any further."

"They have hit me hard," replied Stanford sadly. "They've broken me already."

A light of understanding rose in the lawyer's eyes.

"You don't mean the Stanleys?"

Stanford nodded. "The parents certainly have. Anna is to marry Martin. But I can't believe that she loves him."

"That moment the door opened, and his servant announced, 'Miss Stanley!' She ran straight to Stanford with her arms outstretched. He had never seen her so beautiful nor loved her more."

"They told me a thousand terrible things," she said. "Mother sent for Ned Martin. I tried to do what they said, but I couldn't—I couldn't. How could I?"

Stanford took her in his arms. She was crying and clung to him like a child.

"You have done nothing wrong, dear," he said, "not even for your father and mother." And he told her of the fortune he had kept.

Then they went together to tell her parents, who at middle age had grown so old that they thought the millions were all that mattered.

The Point Of a Tack



is a very good one, but here's a better point. Are you ready to receive the new year properly? Is your commercial and social printing up to date? Let us print your Calendars, Business Cards, Programs, Letter Heads and Billheads.

We're here to print and price everything right.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane. Harda H. Robberson, Plaintiff,

Against

Eliza Jane Richardson; W. A. MacKenzie, Rena MacKenzie, his wife; Edward J. Enos, Elizabeth Enos, his wife; Roderick MacKenzie, Anabel MacKenzie, his wife; the unknown heirs at law of said Eliza Jane Richardson or W. A. MacKenzie, if either or both are deceased; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein. Defendants.

To Eliza Jane Richardson; W. A. MacKenzie, Rena MacKenzie, his wife; Edward J. Enos, Elizabeth Enos, his wife; Roderick MacKenzie, Anabel MacKenzie, his wife; the unknown heirs at law of said Eliza Jane Richardson or W. A. MacKenzie, if either or both are deceased; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein. Defendants.

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 suit within six weeks from the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you as prayed for in said complaint, namely: that his title to the lands therein described, to-wit: Commencing at the N. W. corner of the D. L. C. of Elijah Bristow and wife No. 69, in Tp. 18 S. R. 2 W. of W. M., and running thence North 50½ degrees West 19.43 chs., thence North 24 degrees West 6.80 chs., thence South 89½ degrees East 40.93 chs. to the West line of the John G. Mitchell and wife D. L. C. No. 70, thence North on said West line 29.31 chs. to the N.W. corner of said claim, thence East on North line thereof 31.23 chs., thence South 36.79 chains, thence South 85 degrees and 50 minutes West 47.80 chs., thence South 21 degrees and 43 minutes West 8.20 chains, and thence South 89 degrees and 43 minutes West 7.07 chs. to the place of beginning; be quieted and confirmed; that the erroneous deeds therein referred to be reformed and corrected, and that you and each of you be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any right, title or interest in or to said lands adverse to plaintiff's title.

This summons is served by publication thereof for six successive weeks in the Cottage Grove Leader by order of Hon. L. T. Harris, Judge of said Court, made and entered December 18, 1913, and the first publication hereof was made on the 23rd day of December, 1913.

A. E. WHEELER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

(4233)

Where They Resemble.
"A man, like a watch, is known by his works," observed the epigram maker.
"And by the hours he keeps," added the wife.
"And by the spring in him," said the athlete.
"And by his being sometimes fast," remarked the reformer.
"And by the way his hands go up," put in the pugilist.
"And by his not always going when we want him to," finished the girl who'd been robbed of her beauty sleep.
—Boston Transcript.