

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE CAMPAIGNING OREGON

The Anti-Saloon League of America, whose headquarters and general publishing house is in Westerville, Ohio, has determined to throw the whole power of its organization to the assistance of the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon and the other organizations co-operating with it for a dry Oregon this year.

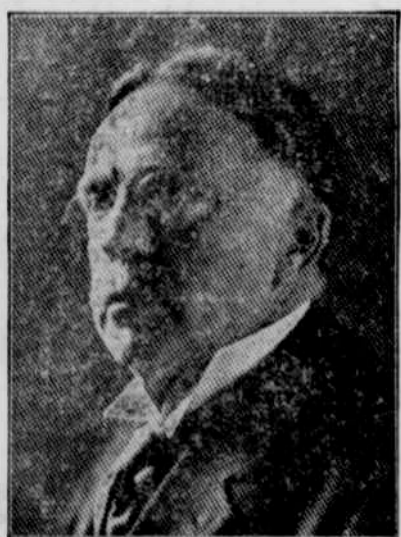
At the recent national convention of the League held at Columbus, Ohio, that body was completely reorganized. Prior to that, the national body was a loose federation of state Leagues without much control over local organizations. The reorganized body is a compact machine, in which all of the state organizations become departments of the national organization. This reorganization becomes effective



HON. MALCOM R. PATTERSON

on June 1. The country is divided into sixteen districts, at the head of each of which is a representative and member of the national board of trustees. The member of the national board from the far Northwest is Hon. Fletcher Holman, of Salem, Oregon.

The heads of the Oregon State department of the League are Rev. J. H. Bennett, president, and Hon. H. L. Sheldon, superintendent. The offices of the state are located in the Stock Exchange Building, Portland, Oregon.



HON. JOHN G. WOOLEY

The second week in April, the advance guard of the national spellbinders will enter the state and conduct the preliminary series of rallies. The preliminary campaign will be opened by the strongest speakers at the command of the national organization. There are several ex-governors and orators of international fame. Among them are such men as Hon. Malcom R. Patterson, ex-governor of Tennessee, excongressman and one of the foremost orators of the entire

south. Twice was Mr. Patterson elected governor of his own state and until some months ago, he was the strongest advocate of the licensed saloon in America. He vetoed prohibition bills that had passed the Tennessee legislature, pardoned convicted liquor dealers by the wholesale and spoke on the platform in defense of the trade. Some months ago, he was converted and joined the Presbyterian church in his home city of Memphis. Shortly afterwards, he reversed his position on the liquor question and has since fought for prohibition of the liquor traffic with greater fury than he formerly supported it.

(Concluded Next Week)

DON'T TALK HARD TIMES

Not so very long ago a man walked into a store in a neighboring town, with the intention of making a considerable purchase, for which he was prepared to pay the cash.

The merchant, with whom he was well acquainted, being pessimistic and having a fit of blues, began to paint for the prospective customer a sombre picture of the outlook and freely prophesied hard times ahead.

After listening patiently until the merchant had finished, the customer asked, "Do you honestly believe what you have been saying, Bill?"

The merchant assured him that he did.

"Then," said the man who had come to buy and pay cash, "I shall not buy anything today. If times are going to be as bad as you say, I will need all the ready money I have, and the things I was going to buy today were things we can just as well get along without."

And he walked out.

Boosting

Did you ever stop to think how much you might help your town, and sometimes your business, by reporting news items to the newspaper?

Many country communities have doubled their population through the writings of a live correspondent to the county paper. If it will work out that way in the case of a farming community, why will it not help the town?

You have opportunities every week to help the local columns of your local paper. Why don't you do it?

Don't want to help the town, or the editor, which is it?

COURSE IN PENMANSHIP

Prof. H. D. Poore, of the Behnke Walker Business College, Portland, Oregon, one of the three of the world's greatest penmen, will give a night course of 6 weeks in penmanship at the Cottage Grove High school, commencing Monday eve at 7.15. The cost of the course will be \$2.50. Those who wish to enroll will be at the school Monday 13, 7.15.

Unfamiliar Catacombs.

Italy contains numerous unknown catacombs. Aside from the miles of unexplored passages in Rome there are other great subterranean regions in southern Italy, through which the foot of man has not trod for centuries. These do not include the Etrurian burial vaults. The catacombs of St. John at Syracuse are among the most elaborate in existence. They were of pagan origin and passed to the Christians. There are to be seen large streets and passages, the last containing sepulchral chambers originally closed by locked doors, the hinges of which are still to be seen. At Taormina there is a Sarcophagus catacomb, while near Palermo are seen the catacombs of the Capuchins.

NOTES OF NEWS FROM HIGH SCHOOL REPORTER

Domestic Science, Wireless Telegraphy and Base Ball Divide Time With Things Learned Out of Books.

The second ball game of the series ended in favor of the Lower classes.

At the end of eight hard fought innings, the score in the ball game Friday between the seniors and the rest of the school, stood 4 to 3 in favor of the seniors. But in the ninth inning two tallies were made by the lower classes, making the score 4 to 5 in their favor.

Line up:	
Lower Classes	Seniors
Smith C.	Earl
Fullmer P.	Atkinson
White 1 B.	McCarger
Medley 2 B.	Martin
Damewood 3 B.	Bond
Harms S. S.	Counts
Garoutte C. F.	Hall
Edwards R. F.	Berg
Woods L. F.	Kime

The seniors held a meeting Monday and a committee was appointed to select a play to be given by them near the end of school year.

The manual training class is working on the Domestic Science table, which they will finish in about two weeks.

Geo. Matthew returned to school Tuesday after a short visit to Portland. He attended grand opera while there and made the trip home on his new motor cycle.

Prof. Poore, of Behnke-Walker Business college, gave a talk on penmanship Tuesday morning.

The first wireless message to be sent in Cottage Grove was sent last Friday by Miss Mae Armstrong in the High school Physics laboratory.



How is chewing gum made?

Chewing gum is a resinous gum used as a masticatory. The habit of chewing gum is perhaps peculiar to the United States. At first the resinous exudations of the spruce, cherry, etc., were employed in their native state, but with the increase of the habit the spruce supply almost failed and recourse was had to other ingredients. Of late years a gum known as chicle has come to the front as the foundation of most of the chewing gum. The chicle gum is chopped into fine particles, dried and then cooked in steam jacketed kettles. At this stage sweetening and flavoring ingredients are added to the mass, which is mixed mechanically. The resulting "dough" is then kneaded on a table and rolled between rollers having knives set into their faces. These knives cut the sheets into suitable sizes for the market, and after drying the sticks are wrapped, packed and shipped.

What year was the World's fair held in Chicago?

The World's Columbian exposition was opened May 1, 1893, and closed Oct. 30, 1893.

If John Smith has a son of the same name, is the son John Smith, Jr., or John Smith 2d, or may he call himself either? If the first John Smith has a nephew of the same name, the nephew necessarily is John Smith 3d, is he not? But if the nephew has a son John is he John Smith, Jr., or John Smith 3d? If the first John Smith dies while there is a John Smith 3d does the designation change to 2d or to junior or continue as formerly as an intrinsic part of the name?

It is a question of family choice whether junior or 2d is attached to the name of the son. A grandson would be entitled to the distinctive 3d, but not a nephew as such. The nephew could be numbered only in his own family, and only his father's name or grandfather's would decide whether he should be junior or 2d or 3d.

In what states have women served on juries?
In Colorado, California and Washington.

What is the coldest inhabited portion of the world?
Travelers and geographers locate it in a district of Siberia called Verchojansk, in latitude 68 degrees north, where a lowest temperature of 90 degrees below zero has been observed, and the average of January is 48 degrees below.

Evading the issue.
"Did you break this dish, Mary?"
"No'm. I only dropped it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Volunteer

C. P. McDonald
(A sequel to "Casey at the Bat.")

The Bugville team was surely up against a rocky game; The chances were they'd win defeat, and not undying fame. Three men were hurt and two were benched, the score stood 6 to 4.

They had to make two hard earned runs in just two innings more,

"It can't be done," the captain said, a palor on his face;
"I've got two pitchers in the field, a mutt on second base;
"And should another man get spiked, or crippled in some way,
"The team would sure be down and out with eight men left to play;

"We're up against it anyway as far as I can see;
"My boys ain't hitting like they should, and that's what worries me,
"The luck is with the other side, no pennant will we win;
"It's mighty tough, but we must take our medicine and grin."

The eighth round opened; one, two, three, the enemy went down;
The Bugville boys went out the same, the captain wore a frown;
The first half of the ninth came round; two men had been put out.

When Bugville's catcher broke a thumb and could not go the route.
A deathly silence settled o'er the crowd assemble there,
Defeat would be allotted them; they felt it in the air.
With only eight men in the field 'twould be a gruesome fray.
Small wonder that the captain cursed the day he learned to play.

"Lend me a man to finish with," he begged the other team;
"Lend you a man?" the foe replied; "My boy, you're in a dream."
"We want to win the pennant too—that's what we're doing here;
"There's only one thing you can do—call for a volunteer."

The captain stood and pondered in a listless sort of way;
He never was a quitter and he would not be today.
"Is there within the grandstand here,—his voice rang loud and clear.
"A man who has the sporting blood to be a volunteer."

Again that awful silence settled e'er the multitude;
Was there a man among them with such recklessness imbued?
The captain stood with cap in hand, while hopeles was his glance;
And then a short and stocky man cried out, "I'll take a chance."

Into the field he bounded with a step both firm and light,
"Give me the mawk and mitt," he said, "let's finish up the fight.
"The game is now beyond recall; I'll last at least a round;
Although I'm ancient you will find me muscular and sound."

His hair was sprinkled here and there with little streaks of grey;
Around his eyes and on his brow a bunch of wrinkles lay.
The captain smiled despairingly, and slowly turned away.
"Why, he's all right," one rooter yelled, another, "Let 'im play!"

"All right go on," the captain sighed; the stranger turned around,
Took off his coat and collar, too, and threw them on the ground.
The humor of the situation seemed to impress them all,
And as he donned the mask and mitt, the umpire said "play ball!"

Three balls the pitcher at him hurled, three balls of lightning speed;
The stranger caught them all with ease and did not seem to heed.
Each ball had been pronounced a strike, the side had been put out,
And as he walked in toward the bench he heard the rooters shout.

One Bugville boy went out on strikes and one was killed at first;
The captain saw the trend of things and gnashed his teeth and cursed.
The third man smashed a double and the fourth man swatted clear;
Then in a thunder of applause, up came the volunteer.

His feet were planted in the earth, he swung a warlike club;
The captain saw his awkward pose, and softly whispered "Dub!"
The pitcher looked at him and grinned, then heaved a mighty ball!
The echo of that mighty swat still lingers with us all!

High, fast and far the spheroid flew; it sailed and sailed away,
He never was found, so it's supposed it still floats on today.
Three runs came in, the pennant would be Bugville's for a year;
The fans and players gathered round to cheer the volunteer.

"What is your name?" the captain asked; "Tell us your name" said all.
As down his cheeks great tears of joy were seen to run and fall.
For one brief moment he was still, then murmured soft and low:
"I'm Mighty Casey who struck out just twenty years ago!"

They Were Particular.

"We do our best to serve the public," the proprietor of the corner drug store told us, "but we can't please everybody, try as we may."

"A few minutes ago two young women swept into this place and demanded to look at our directory. I showed them where to find it. In a few minutes I heard one of them say:

"Why, her name isn't in this directory! Did you ever hear of the like?"

"Then the ladies approached me haughtily.

"Can you tell us if there is a first class drug store in this vicinity?" asked the spokeswoman. "We wish to consult their directory."—Chicago News.

A Bull From Ulster.

The Ulsterman is not incapable of a bull, says the British Weekly. It was an Ulster marquis who endeared himself to his tenants by the memorable bull uttered in his speech at an agricultural dinner: "I wish my farmers would use iron plows, because they last forever and will afterward sell as old iron." It was an Ulsterman who at a funeral observed the awkward work of an unaccustomed hand and exclaimed as he seized a shovel: "I was seven years courting a sexton's daughter without learning to sod a grave."

PAST AND FUTURE.

The past is in many things the foe of mankind; the future is in all things our friend. For the past has no hope; the future is both hope and fruition. The past is the textbook of tyrants; the future, the bible of the free.

He Was Satisfied.

"You are very beautiful," said a young man to his sweetheart.
"Ah, well," she answered, "beauty, you know, is only skin deep."
"Well," he replied, "that's plenty deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal!"
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chivalrous.

Blotbs—Would you marry a girl for her money? Slobbs—Well, I should consider it very unchivalrous to allow her to remain an old maid.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't be a dabbler. Genuine success means simply doing the common things of life uncommonly well.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

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