

PRISCILLA THE BEST OF SEASON'S PLAYS

Characters Depict Themselves Like Professionals. Theatre Crowded to Capacity Two Nights.

"Priscilla," or the "Pilgrim's Proxy," a comic opera in two acts, as presented by home talent at the Arcade Theater last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was extended a large patronage and was generally declared to have been one of the very best local theatrical attractions ever presented here.

This comic opera was presented under the musical direction of Miss Esther Silsby and dramatic direction of Rev. Horace N. Aldrich, both of whom are entitled to hearty congratulations upon the splendid success of the attraction, every member of the cast reflecting much credit upon themselves and their directors.

The plot is told briefly in the following synopsis.

Priscilla, who is not to blame for sooth that every pilgrim youth is hopelessly in love with her, has a lover in Miles Standish, a soldier rough and bluff, who, tho brave and daring in battle, acknowledges to be timorous in love in "To court a pretty maid would floor me quite." Priscilla discovers his dilemma and advises him, if he has a friend "tried and true, him should you send to win your bride." This friend, Standish finds in John Alden, who, altho in love with Priscilla himself, for "friendship's sake," earnestly pleads the cause for Standish.

Priscilla tho admiring Standish as the "warlike captain," is to her heart true and answers John in "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Standish, upon making this discovery is very wroth and would have Alden arrested for "breach of contract," but through the pleadings of Priscilla and the Plymouth daughters restores Allen to Priscilla with a "bless you my children" and finds favor in the eyes of Barbara, who becomes his bride.

George Matthews, as Miles Standish, pleased the large audience with his fine baritone singing and Lloyd Stratton, who is a splendid tenor, interpreted the role of John Alden most satisfactorily. Bert Richmond, as the Governor of Plymouth, and Herald White, his lieutenant, were both good. The comedy was supplied by Ren Sanford as Hatebad Higgins, and Miss Ella Anderson as "Resignation," a spinster. They kept the audience in the best of humor at each appearance.

Priscilla, the pretty Pilgrim lassie, was most charmingly interpreted by Miss Ursula Lockwood, whose singing and character work was not far from that of a professional.

Miss Jessie Smith as Barbara, Miss Myrtle Purvance as Prudence, and Mrs. David Griggs as Faith, rendered some excellent solos and their character delineations were fine. Bert Trask made an excellent Red Man and the Soldiers and Plymouth Daughters chorus was excellent and tuneful.

Mrs. George Kerr and Miss Ada Matthews presided charmingly as piano accompanists.

For Sale—Small bunch of Angora goats. Claud Arne, 4-15-22 Cottage Grove.

FIRST CHURCH

Continued from First Page

stroyed, and others are found to be incomplete in matters of history that were at one time considered of little importance, but would now be greatly appreciated.

As far as can be determined by the records, the pastors who have had charge of the Presbyterian church in Cottage Grove, and the time they served this people are as follows.

J. Gillespie and S. Dillard in 1855; C. H. Wallace in 1871; J. J. Ditten in 1879; Benj. McGee in 1888; Rev. McClurpan in 1890; J. C. Templeton in 1892; F. Z. Nesbitt in 1894; C. A. Wooley came between 1894 and 1899, when Rev. McGee again had charge of the church.

The record between 1899 and 1909 is very incomplete, but shows that in these years L. D. Beck, R. C. Grace and H. L. Nave each served for a period as pastor of the church, Rev. S. C. Adams coming to the work in the latter year.

Rev. Munson came in 1910 and was followed by Rev. Ballas, who was succeeded in 1912 by the present pastor, Rev. R. M. Broadbooks.

No organization has wielded a wider influence for good in the upbuilding of this town and community than the Presbyterian church of Cottage Grove, and it stands today among the foremost factors in the moral and spiritual life of the community.

MANY PEOPLE ARE VIEWING EXHIBIT

Over three hundred people viewed the exhibit of the Oregon Social Hygiene Society the first day it was open in Cottage Grove and nearly that many on the day following.

The aim of the exhibit has been, not merely to call attention to the great social emergency that confronts the people today, but to give mothers and fathers some definite and constructive ideas on the proper education and training of their children.

The Oregon Social Hygiene Society occupies a position of National importance in work of this character, other societies continually looking to it for leadership. Its work is purely educational. It's purpose is to teach the parent who in turn, it hopes, will teach the child and fortify it with proper and essential information. Home training and influence, it feels, will go a great way toward gaining the desired end.

The Society is now engaged in driving out of business specialists whose domain is solely that of preying upon the credulity and ignorance of men.

Sunday will be the last day the exhibit will be open in Cottage Grove—10:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. Lady attendant from 2:00 to 5:00. No admission charged.

Union Memorial Services Sunday

A union memorial service will be held at the M. E. church Sunday, April 19, at 3:00 o'clock p. m., in memory of Mrs. Edith Hill Booker, late state president of the W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Lillian Stephens, late National president of the organization.

J. D. Phelps, contractor and architect, is dangerously ill at his home on North Seventh street.

WHAT IS BEING DONE AT SEAT OF LEARNING

"Burley's Ranch," the play to be given by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of the Cottage Grove High School, is a 3-act drama of life in Colorado in 1886. This play will be presented at the Arcade Theatre Friday evening, April 24.

The part of Jim Burley, owner of a cattle ranch, is taken by Frank Wallace, who, after giving his daughter's hand in marriage to the Lieutenant, finds out that the Lieutenant already has a wife, and the engagement is broken.

The Lieutenant refuses to obey the General's command to go to the far for soldiers. Steve Tuttle, portrayed by Robert Jones, volunteers to go and is gone several days, returns with help and wins the girl.

The play is full of comedy and heart interest; don't miss it.

The students have been working hard on this play and promise their patrons the worth of their money.

Prof. Collins, of Eugene, made the High School a visit Tuesday, spending most of the day.

Through the courtesy of the proprietors, Mr. Bond's physics class was allowed to make a second visit to the light plant last Tuesday.

The Seniors have chosen their class play, "Hicks at College." This is under the instruction of Prof. Bond and will be put on some time near the close of the term, probably during the last week.

The attendance is the best ever had in the school at this time of year—no doubt the result of the better opportunities offered by the new school house. With the help of the parents Prof. Dunton hopes to keep up this record until the close of school.

Miss DeLong has been appointed librarian by the school board and is doing good work.

A large number of students and teachers attended the play "Priscilla."

"Burley's Ranch" offers something different to play goers.

OWLS ESTABLISH NEST

Continued from First Page.

This what is happen in this city last Tuesday evening when the Order of Owls became the youngest fraternal organization in Cottage Grove, and which promises to soon become one of the leading lodges in Lane county.

The Order of Owls is not what a great many are lead to believe by hearsay—a sporting organization, but is one that is founded upon sound and sacred principles of friendship and brotherly love. The members and officers of Cottage Grove lodge include some of the leading business and professional men of this city and the visiting officers who assisted in perfecting the organization, are among the best citizens of Lane county.

C. C. Parker, the local organizer made good here in every way, and it is with regret that the Owls have to lose him, as he expects to leave within a short time.

Among the visiting Owls were President McKenzie, Secretary Mullen, and Messrs. Kepner and Walker, of Springfield lodge, and Vice-President McKenzie, of Eugene nest.

The following officers were installed:

Dr. A. W. Kime, president.
A. J. Armstrong, vice-president.
J. W. Eddy, past president.
John Baker, invocator.
H. K. Metcalf, financial se'cy.
V. S. Goff, treasurer.
P. E. Smoot, recording, sec'y.
Geo. F. Brumfield, warden.
Ray Brown, sentinel.
O. W. Blackmore, picket.
J. C. Smoot, steward.

Subscribe for the Leader.

The Station Agent

He Climbed Two Ladders at Once

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Billy McElligott's father was a railroad man engaged in extending one of the systems through the far west up to Oregon. When Billy left school he said he would like to go out there and fit himself to manage a railroad. His father liked the idea and sent him out, intending his beginning as station agent, or something like that, and promised to boost him as fast as he could fill the different positions.

When Billy appeared as agent at Gunning Junction to step on to the first round of the ladder that was to carry him to the presidency of the road he was a trifle over eighteen, but as he weighed only a hundred pounds, stood but five feet four inches in his stockings and looked about sixteen years old it seemed very ridiculous to think of him as anything but an office boy.

Billy was to spend a month at Gunning, when he was to be promoted to trainman, then to spend another month



HE LOOKED UP AND SAW HER AND BILLY.

as conductor, another as train dispatcher and to fill other positions in turn. He said nothing about being the son of the principal owner of the system or that he was to be boosted rapidly. Those with whom he came in contact wondered what the company meant by sending "a child" to do the work of a man.

But Billy, who had roughed it at times, didn't mind living for awhile in a wilderness and performed his duties, which were not onerous, tolerably well. But his father had ordered that Billy be supplied with a strong man for handling freight and trucks, and Billy spent most of his time between trains—some trains were hours apart—at a ranch house not a mile from the station. At such times his assistant, Jim Horgan, was in charge, and even if the agent wasn't there when a train passed Horgan could sell tickets.

What drew Billy to the ranch house was the seventeen-year-old daughter of the rancher, Mr. Archibald. The ranchman had been a merchant in the east and had gone west ten years before to raise sheep instead of merchandising, because he needed a dry air and an out of door life. His daughter, Daisy, was seven years old when he removed his home and had grown up a rancher's instead of a merchant's child. She could ride, shoot, swing a lasso and if necessary lend a hand at herding.

Daisy, being of the mating age, was ready for attention from the opposite sex and before Billy McElligott's appearance had permitted such attention from a cowboy named Tom Swartout. Her companions had been such as are usually to be met in new countries, and she had grown up with Swartout, not sufficiently recognizing the difference of refinement between him and her. She was in a transition state from girlhood to womanhood, and her parents were slow to realize the fact and that greater care should be taken in keeping her from one who would not make a suitable husband for a young woman of her class. When McElligott appeared Daisy herself saw the difference between him and her former playmate and was not slow in showing a decided preference for the former.

Sympathy might have run toward Swartout had he accepted his fate in a proper spirit, but he did not. The good or the bad in a man—usually the bad—comes out at seeing himself supplanted by a rival. It is natural among animals for the mate to fight for the female, and man is no exception. But refinement among men brings deference to a woman which permits her to choose for herself. The black spot in Swartout was that he lacked this deference to the lady of his love. The spirit of revenge overpowered all other

considerations. Besides, he was goaded to meanness and enmity by his associates. Daisy saw at once that trouble was brewing and warned Billy.

"You mustn't come here any more," she said.

"What have I done?"

"Nothing. Tom Swartout is jealous, and I'm afraid of him."

"He won't hurt you, will he?"

"No, but he may hurt you."

"Is that the only reason I must keep away?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll come as usual."

One day Tom Swartout was playing a friendly game with some of his associates in an adobe one story house when Billy and Daisy rode by on horseback.

"There goes your girl, Tom," said one of the party. "Are you going to give her up to that purty little feller without a struggle?"

Tom didn't need the taunt to egg him on. He arose from his seat, went to the door and looked after Billy and Daisy.

"Why don't you let her see you pull his nose?" asked a cowboy. "That'll show her the difference between a man and a boy."

Tom said nothing, but ground his teeth.

"Go for him," said a third.

Swartout strode to his horse that was picketed near by, untied and mounted him, then rode after the couple. He didn't know what he was going to do. He was mad with jealousy and intended, or, rather, was impelled by the devil within him, to make a display of it. Unfortunately he had a revolver at his belt and a Winchester attached to a hook on his saddle. He had no idea of using either of the weapons. Indeed, he forgot that he had them.

Now, it seems that Daisy knew Tom's haunts and had suggested to Billy that they had better not ride by the adobe house. But Billy said if he couldn't ride where he liked he had better go back east. Daisy's anxiety led her, when she passed the house, to look in, and she saw Tom. At the same moment he looked up and saw her and Billy. As for Billy, he was looking straight ahead.

When the two had gone something over a quarter of a mile from the house where the game was going on Daisy turned to look back and saw Tom coming. She inferred that what she had dreaded was about to happen. She put the spurs to her horse. Billy looked back to see what had started her on and saw Tom coming. He also saw several cowboys one by one leaving the house, mounting and riding after Tom. They wanted to see Tom pull the little tenderfoot's nose.

Everybody in that country carried weapons except Billy, whose work at the station rendered it inconvenient for him to do so. He was not armed now, even with a knife. But Daisy, who was something of a sportswoman, usually had a rifle slung to her saddle. Billy, seeing an enemy coming, naturally longed for a weapon and, finding Daisy's rifle handy, bent over and unhooked it.

Swartout saw him do this. He didn't see Daisy prevent him. She only strongly advised putting the rifle back. Tom was maddened more than ever at seeing Billy about to use Daisy's rifle with which to shoot him. He unhooked his own rifle. Billy told Daisy she'd better ride on; she might get hurt. Instead of doing so she tried to put herself between the rivals.

Here is where Billy showed many instincts, while Tom showed brutal ones. Billy refrained from firing at Tom from the protection of a woman's skirts, but Tom fired at Billy as soon as there was a chance of doing so without hitting Daisy. The bullet sang between the two, who were not three feet apart.

Billy was disgusted, but averse to taking his rival's life. He could have killed his enemy at a single shot, but rather than do so he permitted Daisy to get in front of him and refrained from firing.

"Come out from behind a woman, you coward!" yelled Swartout, and those behind him jeered.

Billy gave his horse the spur, the animal jumped, and when he lit on his feet a bullet went from the muzzle of Billy's rifle straight for his enemy. Tom fell from his horse. His friends clapped up and dismounted beside him. Daisy in a frenzy rode on, and Billy followed her.

It was supposed that Tom Swartout was mortally wounded. Billy knew better. He had put the ball where it would do the most damage without killing his man. Tom recovered, but the sympathy of the best people of the community was with McElligott, and his enemy was universally condemned. Long before he was well enough to be out Billy had gone up another round in the ladder of a railroad man, and the two did not meet again.

When it became known that the little station agent had fought and nearly killed Tom Swartout the people of that region were filled with astonishment.

"Why, he's nothing but a child," said one.

"Looks like a gal dressed in boy's clothes," remarked another.

"Hasn't got a sign of a beard," suggested a third.

During the period between the fight and Billy's promotion he spent most of his time with Daisy, and when he married up to her father like a little man and asked for her the rancher was delighted.

"If it hadn't been for you, my boy," he said, "some galoot would have got her. I should have taken her away from here long ago."

Billy took her away after awhile, but when he did so he was division superintendent of the road.

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