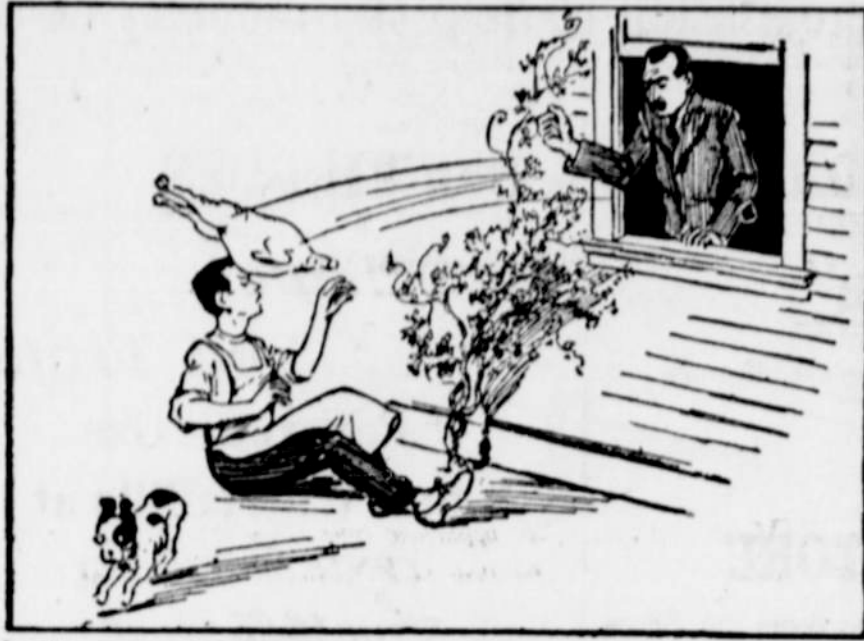


NASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST BY WALLACE IRWIN



Hon. Turkey Flew Afterwards Striking Me So Earnestly on Hair He Left Me Quite Brainless.

To Editor, Who Keep Cheerful in Spite of Holidays:

Dear Sir: While annual yearly date of Thanksgiving approach up, I enjoy pain in connection with my memory. I tell you what collapsed to me last Thanksgiving Thursday: I was employed for Gen. Cookery at domestic kitchen of Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Goober, East O'Hara, Ill. 'Togo,' say Hon. Mrs., approaching up to me, 'tomorrow shall be Thanksgiving Day. We expect to celebrate as usual,' she report for sweetly smiling. 'There will be 8 to dinner, to include my fatish Uncle Seth who equal 8 more. All my relatives is most sneerful particular about food. So now will you please elope immediately to market for buy one turkey-chicken of 26 lbs. complete tenderness, 4 qts. cranberries of delicious sourness, 6 bunches celery-wood, and sufficient punkens to construct 2 1/4 pies? I go. At Gouge Bros. Market where was I observe sign, 'FAT TURKEY 35c.' To see this, I feel very humorous about that High Cost of Life. 'Such delicious cheapness of bird!' I negotiate to Hon. Butcher who was there. 'At such rates, how much would 2 turkeys cost?' '\$22.80,' he report for immediate arithmetic. 'Do you not promise fat turkey for 35c?' I ruke off. '35c per lb.,' he snagger financially. 'I should like (1) lb., please!' This from me. 'We do not sell broken sections. You must purchase complete bird, price \$9.80.' This from him. 'At such rates, folks can get rich by starving,' I snagger. No response from him. He go to ice-box and fetch forth one enlarged fowl without any clothing on. 'This are nice fresh turkey,' he satisfy. 'How you know he fresh?' I suggest. 'Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs.? Nothing could be more fresher than that,' depose Hon. Butch. I buy. He sell me expensive celery-bouquet, price 75c per cluster. It seem disrespectful to eat such valuation. Also precious cranberries, price \$1 for seldom quantities, added to \$2.50 worth punkens for pie. I promenade home-wards, carrying this valuable butchery. While I was thusly struggling along with burdened back, one assorted dog, name of Hon. Fido, snux up behind of turkey and made stifling sniff-nose. 'Shoo!' I report. Hon. Fido stood waggishly saying nothing, but looking at Hon. Turkey with flirting eye. Date of Thankful Thursday arrive up. By early a. m. of dawn-time I arose up and commenced. All a. m. that assorted dog, Hon. Fido, set outside screen door. I permit him. About time of afternoon p. m., I could hear several thanksgivers scraping their footprints on rug. Hon. Turkey now send forth smiling smell of bakery, and I was glad to assist his importances. Pretty soonly all take set-down to table. 'We got much to be thanksgiving for,' report Hon. Goober with sharp knife. 'Dinner is late as usual.' 'It were not thusly when I was a boy,' report Uncle Seth with groan. 'Please pass the celery.' He made smack-taste of this food, then flop it back with snubbed expression. 'I have tasted no respectable celery since 1841,' he holla baffably. All enjoy depression by this report. I go to kitchen for bring in delicious mulligan-tawny soup which I bought. While I was pouring this hot beverage in plates, I notice slight smell of burn. It was Hon. Turkey in oven, becoming too feverish. So I took him out and put him by window where he be more comfortable. I fetch soup in plates to all those thanksgivers. 'Canned!' they yellup together with voice of sad chorus girls, while thrusting away plates. 'Nothing is real any more!' narrate Uncle Seth with dyspepsia. 'Even turkies is deceptive. When boyhood days elapsed, I can remember how we was accustomed, on Thanksgiving morning, to salute Hon. Turkey by chopping him in knuck with ax. We knew he was good to eat, because we seen how fresh he acted. But no more. Today, turkies lives like Eskimos—spending their old age on ice before meeting civilized persons. No respectable bird dog would eat them.' I enjoy considerable alarm for this thanksgiving speech. Then, courageous like a Samurai, I retreat to kitchen for fetch forth Hon. Turkey. Hope thrilled my wrists and elbows as I entered kitchen for escort that sublime turkey—but O!!! I stand gnat. I look to window where I left that sacred bird. Such things could not! And it was. Empty pan stood there, seeming entirely vacuum. Hon. Turkey had flew away!! I rosh by window and look earnestly to back yard. Yes!! With thankful expression of tail, there stood Hon. Fido abducting Hon. Turkey across alley by wing. 'Come backwards!' I yellup. Hon. Fido show no impression from my talk. I lep through window 7 1/4 feet to outside. Quickly reassuring my legs, I retreat after that slyly doggish animal, but he scramble up fence with hooked claws resembling cats. Too late for me! Turkey had escaped from my rear attack. Mr. Editor, heroes is most brave when reporting failures. So I drag together my soul and encroach toward dining room, where I could hear those 8 thanksgivers complaining about everything. I walk in there carrying empty pan. 'Banzai!' I holla, poking forth vacant dish. 'Your digestion shall avoid this agony.' 'What is?' all exclaim while leaping to their feetwara. 'You should all be very thanksgiving,' I suggest. 'You have been rescued from considerable preserved poison by one patriotic dog what sacrifice himself by eloping with Hon. Turkey before he could be ate.' 'You mean we shall have no turkey?' snagger all. 'How can we fill his vacant platter?' sobb Hon. Mrs. 'I should be thankful for Hon. Turkey, however tough!' Just while she say this—crashy!! Loud sound of approaching dog heard from kitchen window, and Hon. Fido with waggish tail trot into dining room, carrying that enormous bird in his careful teeth. He lay that absent fowl reverently at my feet. 'Hon. Fido do not care for this enlarged chicken, so he bring him back,' I report. 'Dinner are now spoilt!' decry Hon. Mrs. 'How could you speak it?' I research. 'When turkey go, you say, 'Dinner ruined!' When he come back, you, 'Dinner spoilt!' I am impossible to understand about American customs. 'You have Thanksgiving dinner so you can set around making bewails. So foolish to do! Why you no choose this date to kick out Misfortune?' 'I shall do so!' abrupt Hon. Goober, arising upwards. 'First Misfortune to kick will be in your direction.' Next he rejected me through window by force of Swedish Jiu-Jitsu. Hon. Fido arrive by next kick, and Hon. Turkey flew afterward, striking me on hair so earnestly he left me quite brainless. Hoping you the same, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO. (Copyright, 1914, by International Press Bureau.)

LOCAL BRIEFS Chris Wiese of Meier's Garage is on the sick list this week. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Wiese will entertain Mrs. Wiese's father Thanksgiving day. E. P. Tobin has returned from White Salmon and is settling in Lents for the winter. G. A. Steffe, the tinsmith of Gray's Crossing has been confined to his bed for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Major Repp spent Sunday at Rex, Oregon, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frost. T. Y. Cadwell has recently returned from Thermopolis, Wyoming where he has been for some time. Prof. "Ross" appearing in last week's Herald in the Franklin High notes should have read "Prof. Walsh." Mrs. W. S. Marshall was the guest of Mrs. J. B. Marshall of Gilbert road Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The local committee on entertaining soldiers for Thanksgiving report that the demand exceeds the supply, but there will be 21 soldier boys on deck today at 11:45. The Lents Thimble Club met Thursday afternoon with Mesdames Jeffries and Ainsworth in West Portland. About 20 ladies were present and the hostesses served refreshments. The Lents Library will have a special exhibit of books of interest to parents, teachers and Sunday School workers on Tuesday Dec. 4. The exhibit is on display at Arleta the previous day. Mrs. Spaulding of 90th St. recently received a photograph of her son William, who is stationed at Norfolk, Va. He reports the people there are very hospitable to the men in uniform. Mrs. T. C. Moore, of 89th St. has been confined to her home for four weeks with a nervous breakdown. She is greatly missed by the Ladies' Aid and other activities of the Baptist Church. The Odd Fellows Hall is making great preparations for the big doings to be held there next Tuesday. The whole upper floor has been retinted and painted and is just resplendent in its new toggery. In the list of Oregon boys recently promoted we find the name of Marion H. Huxley, of Company B, from Corporal to Sergeant. Sergeant Huxley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman L. Huxley of 6134, 84th Court S. E. Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Patterson, of Roseburg, Oregon visited Wednesday and Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everts. Mr. Patterson has been a resident of Roseburg for the last twenty-eight years and still thinks it is the finest place in which to live. Mrs. Nicholas Gabriel, of Gilbert Road died Nov. 19 and was buried in Mt. Scott Park cemetery last Thursday. She had been sick a long time. The services at Kenworthy's parlors were held in German. Mrs. Gabriel came to this country only three years ago to marry Mr. Gabriel. Neighbors of Mrs. J. E. Urdike of Gilbert road are much concerned over the apparent fire which she had Tuesday. This time the fire was all smoke. Mrs. Urdike left the house for a few minutes, leaving the oil stove burning. This "climbed" as oil lamps and stoves have a tendency to do and soon filled the house with a thick black smoke. No serious damage was done, but every thing was covered with soot and the kalsominers are on deck this morning freshening things up again.

Rural Items Bellrose-Gilbert. E. M. Calkins recently returned from Tillamook where he spent a few weeks following the sudden death of his mother. He was summoned Nov. 13th with the news that she had suddenly passed away from heart failure. His mother's name was Mrs. Fannie Fesinton, and she died Nov. 12th at Tillamook at the age of 89 years. Her end was very sudden as she seemed in perfect health, spent the day down town and came home and ate a hearty supper. Complaining of pain soon after retiring, she got up, but collapsed and passed away in a few moments. Mr. Calkins spent a few weeks straightening up the business. She leaves a husband, Fred Fesinton, and five children, E. M. Calkins of Gilbert, L. E. Calkins of Seattle, Mrs. Schmidt of the Archer Place Meat Market, Mrs. Fowler of Ockley Green, N. E. Portland and Mrs. Clark of Kansas City, Mo. The Gilrose School was closed for this week on account of both Thanksgiving and the Teacher's Institute in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Hunt were out at their garden last week. Mrs. Hunt has two sisters visiting her from Washington. Bennett Chapel gave Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Gibson a farewell social Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Shaw. The Gibsons are returning to Chicago. Miss Cara Valentine was a welcome caller at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson on Monday evening. Mrs. Maybee, an old resident visited friends in this community last Sunday. The spirit of Thanksgiving seems to be unusually strong this year notwithstanding the war. It is aptly expressed by last Sunday's Sunday School lesson "Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

NOW'S THE TIME TO FIX THINGS UP

I. N. Coffman Believes While Things Are Quiet Is Improvement Time.

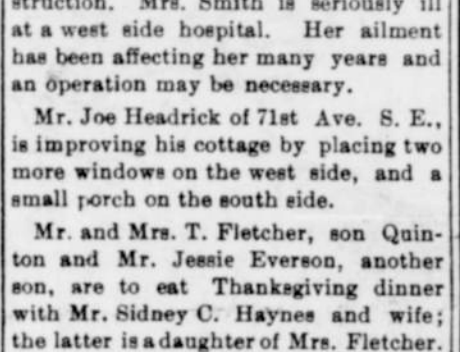
Sombody told us the other day that I. N. Coffman was the "Mayor" of Lents. Suits us fine! The Mayor is wide awake to the needs of the community as he has started in to fix up four houses which he owns for rental purposes, one of which is at Clark's Station. He believes this is the very best time to do such work, while conditions seem a little quiet. Mr. Coffman was quite successful with his potatoes this year and recently shipped half a ton to his brother Van in Los Angeles, at \$2.00 a cwt. The spuds were raised at Seacomore. Mr. Coffman has also recently installed a garage on his home place which he is renting to Mr. Mason. He is prepared to build an additional stall if any one wishes to rent it.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Dunbar at 9419, 55th Ave. Tuesday afternoon. There was a good attendance, several new members being present. The new calendars were distributed and there was a full discussion with reference to the Red Letter Day to be held Dec. 11th at Mrs. Sager's, and also the White Ribbon Family Dinner to be held New Year's Day. Mrs. Pearl Freeburg reported for the committee arranging to entertain soldiers at Thanksgiving Dinner and stated that more homes had been offered than there were soldiers available.

Watson Station Richard Smith of 73rd Ave., S. E., near 86th street, returned home from Camp Lewis, American Lake, last week, where he was Superintendent of Construction. Mrs. Smith is seriously ill at a west side hospital. Her ailment has been affecting her many years and an operation may be necessary. Mr. Joe Headrick of 71st Ave. S. E., is improving his cottage by placing two more windows on the west side, and a small porch on the south side. Mr. and Mrs. T. Fletcher, son Quinton and Mr. Jessie Everson, another son, are to eat Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Sidney C. Haynes and wife; the latter is a daughter of Mrs. Fletcher. Mr. Archie Cone, a brother-in-law to Mr. Sidney Hayes, was taken violently ill Sunday night, and Monday was much worse. Neighbors phoned for the Red Cross ambulance later in the afternoon; symptoms like ptomaine poison. Mrs. Adah MacFarlain will spend Thanksgiving with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fiek Gibbins, E. 29th street. Mrs. James G. McVey and children are still quarantined, although the little son seems quite well, and no others are affected as yet. The mail boxes which were ordered placed on the right-hand side of 71st Ave., S. E., have been moved, with one or two exceptions; the order will be obeyed.

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