QUEER OLD MAXIMS

Instructions to Housewives That Were Considered Apt by Our Forefathers.

ERE are some queer old maxims to housewives which are suitable to copy on dinner cards or to be read at the Thanksgiving dinner: "Good housewife in dairy that needs not to be told

Deserveth her fee to be paid her in gold."

"Keep kettles from knocks, set tubs out of sun For mending is costly and crackt is

soon done." *Though scouring be needful, yet scouring too much is pride without profit and robbeth thy

"Three dishes well dressed and welcome withal Both pleaseth thy friend and becom-

hutch."

to lie."

eth thy hall."

"Save wing for a thresher when gander doth die, Save feathers of all things the softer

"See cattle well served without and within



And all things at quiet ere supper begin."

"Wife make thine own candle Spare penny to handle."

"Provide for thy tallow ere frost cometh in, And make thine own candle ere winter begin."

"Maids mustard seed gather, fore being too ripe And mather it well eye ye give it a stripe,

Then dress it and lay it in soller up sweet. Lest foistness make it for table un-

"Wife make us a dinner, spare flesh, neither corn wafers and cake for our sheep

must be shorn."

Who many do feed Save much they had need."

"Buy new as is meet, Mark blanket and sheet."

Save feathers for guest, These other rob chest."

-National Food Magazine.

Quickly Popular in West.

As the first new states of the West were quite generally settled from New England, the festival was perpetuated and soon became a custom not only in these, but in other western states as they were formed. In the South there was no recognition of the custom until after 1858. In that year eight governors of southern states isued proclamations after the model of New England, calling upon their people to observe the last Thursday in November as a day for thanksgiving. But the Civil war was at hand and the bitterness engendered in the long contro-

We Thank Thee.

versy over slavery caused many vio-

lent opponents of the North to oppose

the proclamations because of their in-

troduction of a "Yankee custom."

For flowers that bloom about our feet; For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet; For song of bird and hum of bee; For all things fair we hear or see Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky; For pleasant shades of branches high; fragrant air and cooling breeze; beauty of the blooming trees, Father in heaven, we thank thee!
-Ralph Waldo Emerson.

King of Festivals.

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold and the corn was husked and the labors of the season were done and the warm late days of Indian summer came in dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit, a sense of something accomplished and of a new golden mark made in advance, and the seacon began to say to the minister of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."-Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Oldtown



AVE you counted your blessings and are you truly thankful?

Or are you one of the army of women who each year declare they "have nothing to be thankful for?" There isn't a woman living, or a man who has nothing to be thankful for.

Those who protest against fate, who say theirs is a hard life, void of all beauty, comfort, cheer or anything whatsoever to give thanks for, are ber 1 price, 34.9c; year ago, 42.9. wrong with the world. Something is the matter; they need readjustment and a different point of view.

The peevish dissatisfied woman who allows herself to be unhappy because she does not possess as much of this world's goods as her neighbor, and then says she has nothing to be thankful for, has only to go into a city hospital and there she will see many rea sons for her own thanksgiving.

You mothers who have healthy children, strong of body and straight of limb, may be thankful that your little ones are not compelled to inhabit a home for incurable cripples.

You fathers who have kind, gentle wives and well-bred children may be thankful that you are not married to a shrew, a woman who neglects her home, her children, and makes her husband's life unbearable.

Every one of you can be thankful for the sunshine, the rain, the beauty of the hills and fields, the fruits of the earth that will appease your hunger, the clothing that keeps you warm, and, above all, for the roof that covers you. Many there are, you know, that have not these blessings. The blind cannot see the sunshine or the beauties of nature; the poverty-stricken cannot enjoy the fruits of the earth and warm clothing: the homeless have no rooftree to shelter them, and the cripples cannot feel the softly falling rain.

Are you, then, making the world about you more livable and lovable for some poor, disheartened mortal? Are you lightening his burden? Or are you in your selfishness making the world bleak and cold and inhospitable for

those about you? unfortunate ones to be thankful. Perhaps you cannot give a bountifully supplied basket of provisions to your her a bright bunch of posies or a the Ochoco forest reserve. basket of fruit. Flowers and fruit are always welcomed at the hospitals; but borhood of if you take them there yourself, addthey will be doubly welcome.

ity, lightening some burden or making the business men of Prineville no joyful melody.

Be truly thankful for your own blessings and dispense a blessing wherever

THE OLD TURKEY GOBBLER

Where I go Thanksgiving, Uncle's folks Was a big old gobbler, cross as he could An' I never went there but he'd come

Struttin' so important, like he owned the

an' he'd spread his feathers almost twice would look so wicked with his beady



An' he'd gobble-gobble, in the flercest way, That it used to scare me so I couldn't play.

But this Thanksgivin' saw the end of him. When the hired man pulled him from his roostin' limb, An' chopped his old head off, 'cause 'twas

To put him for dinner in the roastin' pan. I helped cook to pick him, though it was

no fun, An' stayed 'round a-watchin' till it all was done, An' safe in the oven, as she shut the door, cried, "That old gobbler won't scare me no more!"

Most Blest of Nations. It is no boast to declare ours the most blest of nations, favored with every good gift that can be bestowed upon the sons of men. A country upon which nature has lavished her treasures, where the fruits of the earth never fail, where dwell a spirited, redblooded people, proud of its past, conscious of a wonderful future, and eager for its working out.

OREGON STATE NEWS

Summary Government Crop

Report for Oregon and U. S.

Washington, D. C. - A summary of preliminary estimates of crop production and prices, for the state of Oregon and for the United States, compiled by the bureau of crop estimates, and transmitted through the Weather Bureau, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is as follows:

WHEAT-State: Estimate this year, 17,364,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 16,604,000; price November 1 to producers, 84c; year ago, 95c.

United States: Estimate this year, 1,002,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 891,000,000; November 1 price 93.1c; year ago, 97.2c.

OATS-State: Estimate this year 15,456,000 bushels; final estimate last year 12,740,000; price November 1 to producers 36c; year ago 40c.

United States: Estimate this year is 1,517,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 1,141,000,000; Novem-

BARLEY - State: Estimate this

year, 4,788,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 3,660,000; price November 1 to producers, 52c; year ago, 56c. United States: Estimate this year, 236,682,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 194,953,000; November 1

price, 50.1c; year ago, 51.7c. POTATOES-State: Estimate this year, 6,120,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 4,753,000; price November 1 to producers, 52c bushel; year ago, 64c. United States: Estimate this year, 359,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 405,921,000; November 1 price, 56.8c; year ago, 52.8c.

APPLES - State: Estimate this year, 1,040,000 barrels, final estimate last year, 1,134,000; price October 15 to producers, 88c bushel; year ago,

United States: Estimate this year, 76,700,000 barrels; final estimate last year, 84,400,000 barrels; price Octo-ber 15 to producers, \$2.14 barrel; year ago, \$1.79.

More detailed data concerning crop production, quality, and prices will be published in the "Monthly Crop Report" of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Big Timber Deal Is Reported

From Eastern Oregon Section Prineville-The development of the lumber industry in Central Oregon is expected to cause an immense increase in the business and population in Prineville. Reliable information confirms the rumor that the Roger You-You can do something to help the mans Lumber company has practically completed its trade with the United States government, by which the lumpoor neighbor, but you can send her ber company will exchange a large a plate of biscuits, or call upon her amount of scattered lands and get a and cheer her up a bit. You can write solid block of about 40,000 acres of Little Flodie was forgotten; she a cheerful letter to a shut-in or take valuable timber in what is known as

300 000 000 feet which will have to be milled within 20 years ing the brightness of your presence, and will necessitate immediate con-Do not let the day pass without per- Two mill sites are under consideration, forming some act of kindness or char one of which is in Prineville, which the heart of some sad friend sing a doubt will donate to the company, and the other is about 20 miles above Prineville on the Ochoco river.

Pension Allowed Widow.

Salem - The claim of Mrs. Hazel McCune, whose husband, Claude Mc-Cune, was killed in Portland August 20, while he was in the employ of the Shaver Transfer company, has been settled by the State Industrial Accident Insurance commission. The widow is 21 years old and to provide for her at the rate of \$30 a month throughout the period of her expectancy of 41 years, the commission set aside \$7231 at 4 per cent interest. If Mrs. McCune lives 41 years and does not remarry she will receive \$14,935 from the state. One daughter, aged 4. will receive \$6 a month until she is 16 years old, \$661.11 being set aside for this purpose.

Ask Swine Breeders' Aid.

Oregon swine breeders can help the problem of good breeding stock for girls and boys of the pig clubs by sending to the club leader at O. A. C., Corvallis, a list of brood sows and gilts that they have for sale. This should also help the breeders find a market for their surplus breeding stuff. When these lists are received by the agent he will send them to club members making inquiries. Lists should be detailed enough to give intending purchasers an idea of the quality and other necessary points. Either pure breds or high grades may be listed for sale. Address lists to L. J. Allen, Pig Club Leader, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.

May Send Display to Portland. . Hood River-According to plans announced to members of the Commercial club by C. N. Ravlin, the huge apple displayed by the Hood River Commercial club in the Palace of Horticulture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, may be placed on permanent display in Portland. Through a large window in one side of the apple, which stands about 15 feet high, is shown a panorama view of the Hood River valley with Mount Hood in the background. The Columbia river in the foreground is shown.



SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him 14,00,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royalton calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defors her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall falls to marry on time, plots with Flodie to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. Carolyn, Rosamund and Mrs. Royalton come in and much feminine fencing ensues. In which Flodie used her own foil adroitly. Hall comes in and the ladies retire for confarence. Alfred, the Janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy. -12-

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"'On or before,' " said Carolyn, frowning. She looked over Rosamund's shoulder.

Flodie looked up with a quick fling of her head. Her eyes snapped. "Four millions!" Rosamund put

down the paper. For a moment the three women looked at one another in silence. A wave of bitterest enmity seemed to sweep around the circle. Each face was set and hard, as each guarded her secret thought. Then each stirred. restless and nervous, in fear of betray-

ing herself.

Carolyn spoke, almost in a whisper, 'So that's why Hall proposed to us all today!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Royalton. "He evidently wanted to be sure of getting at least one of us." Her lips curled in a sneer.

"No wonder he was in a hurry," said Rosamund. "Four millions!"

There was another tense pause, while Flodie watched, fascinated, taking gasping breaths. Then the three spoke almost simultaneously, one to another.

"You promised!" It was a threat, question, entreaty, all in one.

Carolyn and Mrs. Royalton stared at Rosamund. Rosamund faced the two defiantly. In that crisis the three women were swept millions of miles apart, then clashed flercely together. turned from one to the other in alarm. Then came the forced confession, with The company will have in the neigh- a sigh from each of the three. "Yes,

Carolyn again took command. "This lighted . is a serious thing, girls. We must struction of a sawmill and railroad, keep our word, every one of us. Rosamund, you can't go back on us, now!"

Royalton, I'd like to know? Are you going to stand by me?" "Yes, you proposed it in the first

place, you know, Carolyn!" Mrs. Roy- be a millionaire by tonight. What d'you alton broke in. "I think you had better speak for yourself, before you accuse mediately; we'll have it over this eve-

"Well." said Carolyn, hesitatingly, "I don't intend to back out of it." She suddenly turned suspiciously to Flo-lit! die and forced a laugh. "Oh, Miss Flodie, unable to control herself, had Fisher," she said, suavely, "don't think risen and was making for the stockwe're insane or anything, but this is a little joke we had planned for the party Flo, wait a minute." He went up to tonight. A sort of surprise, you her kindly. "Perhaps after I'm mar-

"Oh, yes, I didn't quite understand what you were saying, I was so busy." said Flodie. "About the costumes. isn't it?"

"Yes, about the costumes," Mrs Royalton interupted sweetly, "you see we're all going to wear-" "Oh, don't give it all away!" Rosa-

mund exclaimed. Mrs. Royalton took a step toward the door. "Well, Carolyn, I've got to go," she said. "I've been here an aw-

ful while." "Well, I've got to leave myself; mercy, it's awfully late! I think I'll go with you!" said Carolyn, moving off nervously. "You've got your car here. haven't you?" Mrs. Royalton nodded.

"All right, then; come on!" "Say, I think I'll go along, too." Rosamund was now conscious of her equality with these society ladies, and proposed to display it-in her own way. "I'd just as lief go uptown. I have an errand on Ninetieth street,

anyway." Mrs. Royalton resigned herself to the inevitable. Truth to tell, she was no little afraid of this picturesque blonde. "Oh, then, very well-I'll be delighted to give you a lift in my car, I'm sure!"

Carolyn gave her a glance, and smiled acridly. "Oh, yes, do come, Miss Gale, we'll be so glad to see more of you! That will be charming."

'No," said Rosamund, bluntly, "I think I'll walk, after all." The three went out with over-polite "good afternoons" to Miss Fisher.

CHAPTER X.

Flodie's account book slammed shut. burning terrent of tears. It was all up, He hung up the receiver and whirled collision.

then! Not one of those three women but would fight for Hall now, to the death. Oh, Flodie could read their faces! Hadn't each one of them, even while demanding the others' loyalty, been sleekly planning to betray her own pledged word to gain the coveted money? What chance had poor neglected Flodie, who hadn't even been asked? She dried her eyes and looked up at the clock. It was three-fifteen. As she watched the dial, her face changed subtly. Dropping her eyes she began to think in real carnest. Her time was short. If she were to play Cinderella at the party tonight, it behooved her to find a fairy godmother as soon as possible. Wouldn't that have to be Hall-who else?

She dabbed her eyes in water, then went to the door of the studio. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" she called

He came in looking anxious. "Lord, I've been worrying myself sick!" he confessed. "What in the world were they up to, anyway?"

"Oh, they seemed to be talking about some club, or society, or something that they were interested in. They wanted Rosamund Gale to join, I think."

"Well, I'm glad it was no worse than that." He looked at his watch. "Lord. I must be off. I've got to hock this timepiece and pay an installment on the ring. I don't care much for rings on a woman's hand, especially if it's pretty. Now yours, Flodie, is perfect." She tried to hide her hands, but he took them, and held them up and looked critically. Flodie closed her eyes, that the tears might not come

"Say, Flo-I s'pose I'll miss you like the devil, after I'm married," he went on, dropping her hands. "I've got kind of used to you, you know. It'll seem funny not to have you round to talk to and laugh at. What's the matter? You don't really mind my laughing at you occasionally, do you, Plo?"

"Oh, no. I love it, Mr. Bonistelle!" "Say, Flo, remember that first time you ever came in here? D'you know I liked you the moment I set eyes on

Flodie cast down her head. "So did I you," she said. "It always makes me smile, just to

look at you, somehow. You're such a queer little tyke. Always happy, aren't you. Flo?"

She looked up bravely. "Oh, yes! The telephone bell rang. Hall snatched up the receiver savagely. "Hello! . . . Who is this? . . . Oh, yes! Of course . . . Oh! You will? By jove, we did promise! Yes, we did! Yes!" that's great! . . . Why, yes, I'm de -why, I'm the happiest man in the world! You've no idea what a relief it is . . . Sure! That's just what I was "Go back on you? Why do you pick going to suggest. Yes, we'll do it tome out. How about you and Mrs. night. Fine! All right, we'll talk it over when you come. Good-by, dear!

> He hung up the instrument slowly. "Rosamund's accepted me. Flodie, I'll think, she's promised to marry me imning."

He arose thoughtfully. "Well, I guess that's settled, then. Rosamund'z

room, when he called her back. "Say, ried we can arrange it somehow-"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bonistelle," Flodie shook her head decidedly. "I shall go over to Deerfield. You know he's wanted me to come for months." He turned to her suddenly. "D-n

it, Flo, I don't want you to go to Deerfield! He's a beast! I can't bear to think of his ordering you round."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, now. The only thing I'm afraid of, Mr. Bonistelle well, never mind."

"What?" "Oh, well, nothing; only-I'm so afraid that when you get your money you won't ever do anything more. You're so lazy you need to be poked all the time. Do you think Mrs. Royalton, or Carolyn Dallys, or Rosamund will care a snap for your art, or for

your talent, or anything but your

money?" He went over to her and patted her on the back affectionately. "Say, Flo, I believe you do like me, after all. Don't you worry, little girl, I'll pull through all right. You see, when Rosamund is my wife-" Again the telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" he shouted, and then again, more gently, "Oh, hello! . . . Oh, yes, the phone was busy; someone just rang me up . . . too bad. Oh, nothing important . . . What is it? . . . Yes!

What, not really? . . . Why, I'm tickled to death, Carolyn, of coursebut-well, why-why, don't you see, it's so sudden, you know, and-well, I hadn't expected to hear from you so soon. You see I had no idea-what is it? . . . Oh, don't say that, please! . . . I'm perfect's delighted-it takes my breath away, that's all . . . Why, yes. No, only I was just going out. Really

to Flodie. "Did you get that, Flo? Carolyn Dallys! She's accepted me, too,

What the devil am I going to do." Recerererererg! Another call. Hall picked up the telephone grimly. "Rena, I'll bet a thousand dollars!" he whispered. "Hello! Yes, yes, yes, who is it, for heaven's sake? Oh! Oh, hello, What's that? Confound this

phone! Speak louder, can't you?" He covered the mouthplece and scowled at Flodie as he listened. 'Rena's saying 'yes!'" he announced. Then, into the telephone he cried angrily, "I can't get a word you say! Poor little who? No, it's no use. Oh, yes, I get that-yes! Fine! No, I'm horribly busy, anyway. Call up later. All right, then, I understand. Tonight!

Bang went the receiver on the hook. 'Well, I've settled her for a while, anyway! Then he rose. "Say, for heaven's sake, what's happened to all those three women all of a sudden? Why couldn't they say yes this morning, when I asked them? Lord, it takes a woman to make trouble, every time. I guess I'm in for it, now, anyway, and there's millions in it, Flodie!" He looked at his watch again. "Gee!half-past three already. Only-let's see nine no, eight hours and a half. Lord, I've got to chase!" He put on

his hat. "Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie rose and put her hand down the neck of her blouse. "I think I ought to give this back to you-now!" She drew forth a little gold locket, unclasped the chain

and handed it to him. He looked at her in surprise. "Lord, I should think you were going to commit suicide or something rash, Flo. Don't be so silly! Imagine your being sentimental!" He refused to accept the token.

"But your wife might object, Mr.

Bonistelle!" "For heaven's sake, let her object, then!" he exclaimed. "Don't be a fool! Why, I gave you that as a friend, that's all, didn't 1? No one could possibly misinterpret that. You know there's never been any nonsense between us,

Flo; we're just pals, aren't we?" Flodie turned away and sat down hopelessly. "Yes; just good pals. No nonsense whatever." She smiled wanly. "Funny thing, too, when you come to think of it, isn't it?"

"Why?" She looked up, startled. "Oh, I don't know-here all day alone, working together, and all that sort of thing-it's a wonder we never fell in love or anything, isn't it? Propinquity, you know-supposed to be dangerous.

Flodie looked up, frightened, and clutched her heart. Hall was gazing



You've No Idea What a Relief It Is-Sure!"

out the window listlessly. She saw his face in profile; and, as she watched it, it changed. From a light carelessness the look on his countenance grew more and more intense till he fairly frowned. Suddenly he turned to her with an exclamation that made her jump.

"Flodie!" he beamed on her, now, strangely illuminated from his inner thought.

"What, Mr. Bonistelle?" Flodie knew well enough what was coming. "By Jove, I've got it!" He pounded his fist. "It's the solution of the whole problem. Hooray!" He walked over to her, and shook his finger. "Flodie, d'you know whom I'm going to marry? You!"

She jumped up as if he had struck her, and retreated a few steps, almost in fear. Manlike, he had unconsciously done the wrong thing at just the right time. He had struck her secret sorrow, and the pain was, for the moment, unbearable. Flodie cowered, shrinking away from him, staring, unable to speak a word.

He followed her up with all his egoism. "Why, see here, Flo!" he exclaimed. "It's all as simple as daylight. Why in the world didn't I think of it before? Here we are bully good pals-get along fine, don't we?-never had a single quarrel. You're right; you're the only one that does care enough for me to make me work and keep me up to my best. I believe you could actually make something of me. Flodie, I'm going to make you a lady of leisure! Say, Flodie, I'm going to kiss you! For the first time, too!

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Lamp-Trimmer's Signal.

Arc-lamp trimmers frequently find it difficult to lower the arc lamp on a busy street without danger of having the lamp crashed into by passing vehicles. A man in Minneapolis has devised a signal consisting of a tripod with two white signal wings on which red circles are painted. This the lamp trimmer places on the street Flodie's account book slammed shut.

Her head fell on her arms, face down I have got to hurry . . . Well, all right, under his lamp, and then he may the table. She gave way to a then. Yes, good-by . . . No, good-by! lower the lamp without fear of a