

**PROTECT YOUR FAMILY  
BY THE  
COVERS OF A CHECK BOOK**

**A** MAN of family has a big responsibility. He not only must conserve the morals and education of his wife and loved ones, but he must see to it that **THEY SHALL NOT WANT.** Is there a better way of helping his dear ones than by adding to his **BANK ACCOUNT?** It will provide against sickness and misfortune. Every man of family

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STAYTON, OREGON

**GO HOME--TURKEY DAY**

THANKSGIVING, NOV. 30TH

**Low Round Trip Fares**

between all stations in  
**OREGON**  
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ON SALE NOV. 29TH and 30TH  
Return Limit December 4th.

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**15-Day Round Trip Tickets**

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Ask Local Agent for Information

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent,  
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**SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES**

**Thanksgiving  
Surprise**

**T**HE most un-American Thanksgiving I ever spent was in a French hotel ten years ago," says a woman contributor to the New York Globe. "The proprietor was a friendly old soul and liberal to a fault. He not only invited all the guests in the house to dinner, but he sent invitations to ex-guests as well."

"One family who had spent the previous winter with him had gone home to America, leaving their daughter at school. Old M. Blanc sent an invitation to the school, and the demoiselle Americaine and a governess came to Paris and spent the day at the hotel."

"I had a country house near Paris then, but M. Blanc did not forget me either. So I went into Paris, taking my two girls with me. The hotel was a small one, but well known, and it was a rendezvous for many interesting Americans. The tables were decked with holly and mistletoe."

"M. Blanc in his ardor had mixed up our American fetes. He moved about, smiling mysteriously and whispering to questioners that he had a surprise in store for us—a dessert which would make us all feel as if we were not in Paris at all, but back in that faroff 'chez vous' (at home) whence we had come."

"There was much laughing and merriment, and we drank M. Blanc's health in his best wine as a mark of appreciation. His waiters soon appeared tottering beneath the weight of a huge plum pudding wreathed in holly and bearing an American and a French flag."

"Of course we heaped him with praise. He beamed and beamed, poured brandy over his chef d'oeuvre and lighted it, served it himself and said to each person as they thanked him: 'Did I not tell you you would feel chez vous? It is good and hot. Your national dish! Will you have some more fire?'"

**Thanksgiving and "Thanksgiving."**

To sing a song of thanks to God is inspiring; to live a life of service with your brother is improving the world. Were we less idealists we should view with fine satisfaction the sight of men and women differing in their religious beliefs, yet joining together in thanking God. What we plead for is not a yearly thanksgiving to God, but a daily thanksgiving with God. Our aim is not content to see men sit together once a year, banishing prejudice and hatred, but to behold them at work together, every day in the year absolutely forgetting religious differences, ignoring theological doctrines and judging a man by his conduct, not prejudging him by his creed or race. The celebration of this day is highly to be commended. It stands as the highest expression of present day religious observance, yet its true worth is only achieved when we carry into the entire year what the day symbolizes to us all. Thanksgiving is praiseworthy, but thanksgiving is divine.—Rev. Dr. Rudolph I. Coffee, Pittsburgh.

**Cause For Gratitude.**

If ever we are tempted to say that, though others have much to be thankful for, our lives are hard and our paths are thorny let us stop a minute and see by what standard we are measuring our blessings. If we look at a cripple plodding along with crutches we cannot help being thankful that we have feet which serve us well and that we can walk and run without so much as considering the effort. When the rain beats on the roof at night we may be thankful for the house that shelters us. When the doctor calls next door to see an invalid who is tossing with fever we may be thankful that we are well. If there are flowers on the doorbell across the street we may be thankful that there are no vacant chairs in our home.—Margaret E. Sangster.

**BRINGING IN  
THE BIRD**



**FINE FAT  
TURKI!**



**A Thanksgiving  
Prayer**

**L**ORD, I have complained and been  
A heedless toiler in the ranks  
And overzeal fame to win.  
But now I offer up my thanks  
For mercies that have been bestowed  
Upon me, even though I whined,  
And now I pause beside the road  
To recognize that thou art kind.

When darkness seemed to shut me in  
And on me rained the blows of fate  
And when it seemed I couldn't win  
I was a thing of rage and hate.  
The day was dark; the path was long;  
Life's purpose I misunderstood.  
Today I see that I was wrong  
And recognize that thou art good.

Because I journeyed day by day  
And knew not where and couldn't see  
I waited that I had lost my way  
And cried, "Thou hast deserted me"  
When grief was knocking at my heart  
And tears were streaming from my eyes  
I only knew I felt the smart,  
But now I know that thou art wise.

Lord, on the road today I pause  
In gratitude to thee to pray,  
For, blinded by the world's applause,  
I see I should have gone astray.  
I thank thee for thy watchful care  
Through conflict and the hours of rest.  
My consolation in despair  
Henceforth shall be—thou knowest  
best.  
—Detroit Free Press.

**The Gobbler's Sorrow.**  
Achilles lamented his vulnerable heel.  
"A tough drumstick doesn't help any," replied the turkey gloomily.—  
New York Sun.

**Before Thanksgiving.**  
First Turkey—How will you save yourself?  
Second Turkey—I shall try to get a job as cuckoo in a clock.—  
New York Sun.

**CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.**

OF course you who talk of "good old times" do not believe this. You point to the tables of prosperous farmers which "groaned" with good things. Well, the tables did groan on high feasts and holidays, but the rest of the year was often lean living.

This, then, gives us our first reason for thankfulness—that we are well fed on common days as well as on holidays and that we do not know actual want. As for clothes, when did woman ever go in such fine array? I mean the average woman. Your grandmother's best black silk needed many turnings before it could be discarded, and every day she wore unbecoming prints, while you in your white blouses or your one piece frock may be as charming in morning dress as when you are more formally attired.

And comfort? Do you ever know what it is to be cold? And did your grandmother ever know what it was to be really warm? The fireplace in the living room seemed to make even colder the bedrooms which were beyond the radius of heat. And there was ice to break in the pitcher o' mornings and the necessity for a warming pan between the shivery sheets at night.—Temple Bailey in Philadelphia Press.

**Thanksgiving In  
"Ye Olde  
Colonial Days"**

**H**ISTORY tells us that in the early days in some of the colonies there was a puritanical hatred of Christmas, and when a day of thanks was set apart such "superstitious meats" as baron of beef, boar's head, plum pudding and mince pie, all redolent of memories of the ancient feast, were eschewed in favor of turkey and pumpkin pie. The colonists were so pleased to celebrate Thanksgiving in this fashion of feasting, especially after they were compelled to listen to a long sermon, that they began to appoint frequent Thanksgivings over the Indians, then for the arrival of a supply ship or a bountiful harvest, says the Washington Star.

Usually the day set occurred in August, especially if it was in thanks for the harvest. Finally, in 1684, Massachusetts declared it to be an annual and legal holiday, and all the New England colonies followed her example. In those days Thanksgiving in its religious character was rather curious. On one side was the minister whose duty seemed to be to predict the most direful things, and his sermons consisted of warning to the people of the awful things to come, while, on the other hand, the people were told to rejoice and give thanks on that day, even though the pit yawned on the day before and the day to come. The whole thing was a paradox, for the wives were compelled to stay home and prepare the dinner, yet they were soundly berated by the ministers for being absent.

Many of the sermons aimed at the preference for the flesh pots over spiritual things, but after the discourse the preacher frequently went to dine with one of his parishioners and enjoyed the dinner prepared by the mistress of the house, whose absence he had commented on in the pulpit an hour before. The sermons seldom touched on fasting, but they included the political topics of the day, whether local, state or national. On one occasion at a Thanksgiving service a Federalist pastor in Connecticut prayed, "And, O Lord, endow President Jefferson with a goodly portion of thy grace, for thou, O Lord, knowest that he needs it!"

The festal trait of the day at that time seems to have been entirely in the hands of the women of the family, who for days before worked quietly to prepare a feast, and the deep religious gloom which pervaded the household during those years was in a measure lightened by the sunlight of the well cooked Thanksgiving dinner. A well fattened turkey at one end of the table and chicken pie at the other were the principal articles on the menu of the well to do man's Thanksgiving feast. The middle class had the chicken pie and a small turkey, while the poor feasted on the pie alone. But every table, rich or poor, had a fowl of some kind and usually a pitcher of cider to wash it down. A pie made of pigeons, too, was a favorite Thanksgiving dish. Strangers were made welcome, and not even a tramp was turned away. Unfortunately, this hospitality seems to have been based on a superstitious fear of bad luck rather than a genuine case of charity.

**Woman Who "Made" Thanksgiving.**

It was a woman Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book and well known as a writer, who championed the cause of a national Thanksgiving. Year after year she patiently fought for a national observance of Thanksgiving day, publishing endless articles on the subject. In various ways she caused an agitation of the subject that finally resulted in 1863 in the governors of most of the states of the Union annually issuing proclamations for Thanksgiving. At her suggestion President Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation for a national Thanksgiving for Aug. 6, 1863, about a month after the battle of Gettysburg.

**CUTTING UP  
the PUMPKIN**



**Sheriff's Notice Sale of Real Property  
ON EXECUTION**

By virtue of an Execution issued out of the Honorable Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Marion on the 6th day of November 1916 in favor of Paul Datin plaintiff and against E. J. Young defendant for the sum of \$130.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 6% per annum from October 23rd, 1914 and accruing costs, I have levied upon and will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Saturday the 9th day of December 1916, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Court House door in Marion County and State of Oregon, all the right, title and interest which the said E. J. Young defendant had on or after the 23rd day of October 1914, in or to the following described premises, to-wit:

Lot Number Three (3) in Block Number Eight (8) in Riverview Park Addition to the City of Salem, according to the duly recorded plat thereof on record in the office of the County Recorder of conveyances for Marion County, Oregon.

Terms of Sale, cash unless bid in by plaintiff.

Dated at Salem, Oregon this 8th day of November 1916.

Wm. Esch,  
11-9 Sheriff of Marion County, Oregon  
12-7 By W. I. Needham, Deputy.

**Administrator's Notice of Appointment**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County.

It the matter of the estate of Henrietta Denny, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that E. C. Denny was appointed administrator of the estate of the late Henrietta Denny on the 28th day of October, 1916, by an order of the County Court for Marion county, Oregon, duly entered of record on said date. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to send the same to E. C. Denny at his address at Stayton, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

E. C. DENNY,  
11-9 Administrator of said Estate.  
12-7

**Don't fuss  
around half  
drenched when  
the FISH BRAND  
REFLEX SLICKER'S 3  
will keep you dry and  
comfortable.**  
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OUR 80th YEAR  
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