

Thanksgiving! What a world of varied sensations the word carries with it. To what lengths do its oftentimes painful recollections carry us back to the sumptuous courses—the brown baked steaming gobbler, prostrate on the platter, his tempting “drummers” fanning the air; the immaculate dressing, the cranberry sauce that never inebriates but frequently puckers, the saffron faced pumpkin pie, mother's semi-digestible biscuits, the impeccable blackberry jam, the plum pudding that has every kind of a sausage mixture in it except plums, the dizzy wine—oh, the host of good things. Ram them in, cram them in. Only this one day in the year is a license granted to illegally pack the stomach. How we bolt the nuts! how we stick the candy! how we shock the corn in our feverish effort to have them enter this heterogeneous race down the esophagus. How we pant in our eager endeavor to stimulate a superabundant flow of pancreatic juice.

Thanksgiving! What a myriad of aches and pains it sometimes discloses. To what lengths is the medical fraternity oftentimes called to ally its gouty tendencies. The dull throbbing in the side, the feeling of excessive inflation, the shortage of breath, the sleepy, comatose condition the day after—all these are but a sequence of the glorious, riotous living on this festival day set aside for us by our corn-eating ancestors.

Thanksgiving! Away with care and sorrow! On with the dinners, the musicals, operas, airs, the fancies and furbelows. Tomorrow's afflictions will speak for themselves when tomorrow has dawned. The present is full in itself, let the day after take care of itself—and its patients. Glad we are that Thanksgiving and our appetites are here, grief stricken are we when the day and our appetites are gone. Then does the future look foreboding. Then do the jamaica ginger quotations find eager eyes to scan them. But now—

Pass the victuals, hurry, quicker, Don't o'erlook a single crust, 'Leven months have I been hungry, Pile my plate up fit to bust.

WHY IS THIS?

Except Mr. Harman, the Oregon delegation at Washington has nothing to say about the acquittal of Mr. Moody. It becomes them to be silent.—The Oregonian.

WHEN TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE.

The indictment and trial of Malcolm A. Moody may be construed only in one light, a sinister political imbroglio which has met a crushing defeat in the defendant's acquittal. It is almost superfluous to add that the whole trend of this covert attempt to brand a man so prominently poised in public life has left an obnoxious odor even in the nostrils of the skeptical and doubting ones.

The farcical side of the indictment was brought out in strong relief when Judge Bellinger threw out three of the counts and commented to the effect that “the actions of the grand jury have been prejudiced,” and were “remarkable.” Needless to say, the diabolical machinations of Mr. Moody's opposing faction were laid bare in these few words which must have stung with shame the active ones in the prosecution.

But on the whole, Mr. Moody is in a position to be doubly congratulated. His trial has exposed the sickening side of political trickery. He has stepped out of the court room with a reputation bulwarked by an unsuccessful onslaught from conniving hands. His honesty and uprightness remain today unquestioned, and he rises to a position among his fellow men tenfold stronger in estimation than he was before his trial. Stronger in a business light, stronger personally, and stronger politically with the satisfaction of knowing that one of the most heinous tricks of political jobbery ever concocted in the state has had a still birth.

Mr. Moody has been forced before a critical and exacting public by a strong and unscrupulous clique. His heretofore unquestioned character, business and political reputation and personal standing were at stake in this issue, and he has completely established his unshakable right to their future use and possession. The reaction of his trial has rebounded in incalculable credit to himself. He had everything to lose, but lost nothing, gained an enviable prestige and routed his opponents. Surely this has been a political problem in which two and two have made five.

SHALL WE GO AHEAD?

The eyes of the outside world are centered upon Central Oregon and its future to far greater extent than is realized by the average inland citizen. In every new section the bone and sinew of the country are always slothful in realizing their own opportunities. No section can speak more truthfully regarding this condition than Crook county.

In Portland and even on Puget Sound, Central Oregon development talk is constantly being indulged in. To the outside observer for more than among ourselves, irrigation and railroad possibilities seem thoroughly practicable. Is Central Oregon going to wait for the fulfillment of the old adage, “Wait for new blood?” or will the citizens take a few steps forward? A Prineville Board of Trade is badly needed; also other enter-

prises. If we can't move forward in a walk we can at least creep. Certainly Crook county resources make force enough to insure a forward movement for a good many years.

That organ over at Deschutes seems to have given vent to a number of jarred notes and discords. Attorney Barnes, it is said, helped to pull out the legal stop.

Uncle George's date for the special session will force the legislators to leave the rage alone if they expect to chew the turkey.

A LATE ADDITION TO UNCLE SAM'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Ten million dollars and territory valued at several times that sum is Colombia's loss caused by the recent secession of Panama. Doubtless the Columbia senators who failed to ratify the Hay-Herran treaty would give much to again be able to make goo-goo eyes at the lump sum contained in those articles.

Through it all, however, shines the torch of civilization, held in the hands of destiny. With a marked absence of aggression, Uncle Sam's advent in new territory has always marked a new epoch of higher civilization. In this instance, the new republic of Panama, born because of her mother country's actions toward this country, becomes at once a natural ward of the United States. With the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska, and Panama, Uncle Sam will have a very respectable family. Let us hope that his latest addition will be a dutiful child, for a child she always will be.

A Slam At George.

Editor Journal:—

In last week's Deschutes Echo appears an article supposed to have been written by one George Schlecht who serves in the dual capacity of editor and timber buyer. He seems very much concerned for fear the members of the Albany Timber pool may pay too much commission.

Now that is very kind of George to look after the interests of the “dear people.” We hasten to assure him that he need have no further anxiety in the matter, as the “dear people” have already been offered enough so they could pay five times that commission and still get a few hundred dollars more for their claims than George and his associates are paying.

This is not idle talk. It is a fact, and if George will come to Albany we will make him know it or we will pay all his expenses and give him a dollar a day to recompense him for loss of time from his valuable(?) paper.

Practically all of the Albany people have joined the pool, and all the people in that locality would join the pool at once if they knew the true situation. It is absolutely the only way to get an honest price for the timber. We are already in touch with all the leading firms in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. We are surprised and gratified at the eager-

ness for timber displayed by these eastern buyers. Those states have been practically denuded of their timber in the past few years, and the operators are necessarily coming to the coast for their future supply.

This pool was not formed for those who think \$1000 or \$1500 is a fair price for their claims. We advise all those who agree with brother Schlecht and his avaricious associates, that \$1000 is a fair price, to go sell them. There will be no commission to pay. Those who are willing to pay an honest commission for an honest sale should join the pool and in a short time we will make their \$1000 look like thirty cents.

Yours for three thousand,  
DR. N. E. WINNARD,  
Albany Nov. 22.

“CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL!”

This week's Review attempts to detract from the significance of Mr. Moody's exoneration. A careful perusal of that paper's past history since Wm. Holder made his advent in Prineville will show that it has been characterized by gush and slush, and the latter has been devoted to the man who owned the editor body and soul. The latter's coming to Prineville was only the fulfillment of a rotten prearranged agreement, whereby The Journal was defrauded out of business belonging leg-

ally to it. If a Review reader will kindly refer to an issue of that sheet published a year ago the slush and gush we mention can be found. Also six point advertising in abundance. Undoubtedly their method of obtaining that advertising prompts the remarks in its last issue. However, the Review editor will doubtless continue to howl at the moon and the whole solar system so long as their planet fails to shine.

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CHRISTMAS NIGHT | NEW YEARS NIGHT  
December 25th, 1903 | January 1st, 1903  
Finest Ball Room in Eastern Oregon

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Thanksgiving Evening, November 26, 1903  
At Glaze's Hall  
Reception committee— Emily M. Cline, Nellie Simpson, Royia Brink, Jane Harrington, Lillie Jordan, Effie Templeton,  
Floor Committee— Maude Vanderpool, Sarah Thomson, Julia Lytle, Ethel Liggett, Isa Poindecker, Anna Sharp.  
Com. on arrangements— Julia Lytle, Sarah Thomson, Kate Liggett  
Music by SHARP'S ORCHESTRA

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