

A Thanksgiving Worth While

By JENNIE FOWLER-WILLING
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THE merry sleighbells mocked the agony of the woman crouching over the dying fire. The wily November wind snarled down the chimney, throwing gas and ashes into her face. She muttered brokenly to herself: "Baby's gone—she's safe! I must save my boy!" glancing toward the shabby cot where her chubby little three-year-old lay asleep. "Now's my only time!"

When they were coming home from the "drying ground" and Melville turned down Bald street she knew that would be the last of him till he'd slept off his spree.

Something pulled so hard at her heartstrings they seemed ready to snap. He was such a splendid fellow when they were married! She shook as if in an ague fit, muttering to keep up her courage. "I must save my boy!" She raised her haggard face and bit back a stifling sob. "O God, I've done my very best for Melville, but I've failed—failed—failed! I can only turn him over to thee!"

She peered around the room in the dim light. Her wedding presents made a cosy nest of it at first, but they had all gone to the pawnshop.

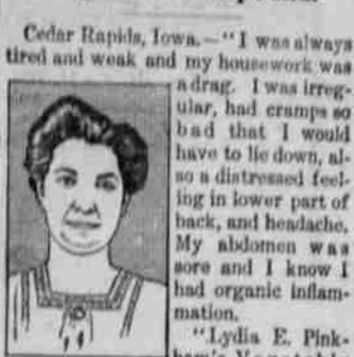
"Mae Maude always had the knack of fixing things up," her old farmer father had said. "Took after her mother. Make a nice bouquet out of a bunch of mayweed or a mullein stalk than anybody else could with pines and lilies."

She smiled bitterly over the dear little factory while she packed her old suit-case, even thanking God that her father and mother were safe in his heaven. "They'll keep poor baby from being afraid of the newness—and I must save my boy!"

She took from his hiding place the \$200 that had been paid for the old farm things. That would take her and little Melvie to Aggie Duncan, down in Texas, and she'd trust God for the

CRAMPS, HEADACHE, BACKACHE,

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—"I was always tired and weak and my housework was a drag. I was irregular, had cramps so bad that I would have to lie down, also a distressed feeling in lower part of back, and headache. My abdomen was sore and I know I had organic inflammation."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have helped me wonderfully. I don't have those pains any more and I am all right now. There are a great many women here who take your remedies and I have told others what they have done for me."—Mrs. CHAS. MCKINNON, 1913 N. 5th St. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

around that, for she's uppermost in his thoughts, but I said to myself, 'Aggie and I'll treat all hands to one big surprise.' He'd never given her up. He said: 'I know her conscience. She'd never go to God without a good, straight summons—drowning the boy too!' From something she said once, she's somewhere in the southwest. I'll find her yet. My business is to make myself worthy of her love. My heart ached to tell him the whole story, but I thought he could wait a day or two longer and we'd have one good, old surprise down here where things don't often happen. He promised to come to our Thanksgiving dinner. He's well fixed on his ranch."

Little Mrs. Aggie was laughing and crying and hiding her face in his shirt front. Then her housekeeperliness came to her help. "There'll be a lot of things in the Thanksgiving box, and Mae Maude has been fattening one of the turkeys!" Then came a relapse and another outburst: "Oh, Jackie, Jackie! But won't we have a Thanksgiving worth while?"

Be Thankful Anyway.

The real, original and genuine Thanksgiving dinner must boast a turkey and cranberry sauce if it is to be strictly orthodox in regard to the menu. Next to that in importance is the mince or pumpkin pie.

Yet if none of these things is forthcoming it is well to be thankful anyway. In the words of that rare old Pennsylvania philosopher, Benjamin Franklin:

"We will thank God that we have bread and butter to eat, and if we have no butter we will thank God for the bread."

Heart to Heart Talks

ARE WE WORSE THAN ADVERS?

There is a legend to the effect that the adder, a snake, swallows its young when they are in danger and disgorges them when the peril is past.

We in America, human beings, swallow our young. But we do it for personal profit, not to protect them.

We swallow them in our mills and factories. Like the giant in the ancient nursery rhymes, we "grind their bones to make us bread."

Read the reports of the state commissions which have been investigating this matter of child labor. Learn how little children have been forced to work long hours.

They are swallowed alive, not by adders, but by those who should protect them.

There is an economic reason as well as a sentimental one for the protests that are going up all over the land against the practices of the exploiters of children. It pays to let the children grow up, that they may become more efficient and stronger workers in their later years. The other course not only robs them of their birthright of childhood, but it also depletes the supply of adult workers.

It swallows the young, but it does not disgorge them again. They remain swallowed.

The exploiting of child labor is a blot on civilization. Not long ago a visitor to America from a "heathen" country was asked what his people did to protect the children.

"Protect the children," he echoed, in amazement. "In my country children need no protection. Every one is good to them."

How about here?

It is only in highly civilized, advanced nations that child labor laws are needed. In the others the children are the universal care.

True, in many of the savage countries the men do not work, but cast the burden of providing food and clothing on the women of the families. But that is another question.

In the ancient days, the good book tells us, all sorts of dire penalties were threatened against nations which sacrificed their children to Moloch and made them "pass through the fire."

In compelling children of eight or ten or even younger to work for their livelihoods, taking away from them the childhood which is in many respects the most precious portion of our lives, are we Americans not making children "pass through the fire"?

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Mary O'Hara, aged seventy, of Chicago the other day won a prize for jig dancing.

Miss Ruth Bancroft Law, the nery aviatrice, has declared her intention of attempting a flight across the Atlantic ocean for a prize of \$50,000 offered by Lord Northcliffe of England.

Mrs. Mary Klump of Allentown, Pa., ninety-two years old, has been a druggist for seventy-five years and has not stopped work. She is the daughter of a druggist, married a druggist and at his death continued the business.

Miss Helene Mirapolske, the prettiest member of the French bar, is engaged to be married to M. Gaston Strauss, a barrister of the French court of appeals. It is probable that Miss Mirapolske will keep her maiden name for professional use.

Mrs. Kin Seno, the only woman who has attained the position of bank president in Japan, aided in founding the institution in 1912. The bank is situated in Tokyo. Mrs. Seno was born in 1842, converses well in English and has acquired many European customs, but still clings to her native costume.

Reading Between the Lines.

To get the good of the library in the school of life you must bring into it something better than a mere bookish taste. You must bring the power to read between the lines, behind the words, beyond the horizon of the printed page. Philip's question to the chamberlain of Ethiopia was crucial, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" I want books not to pass the time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts and images, to enlarge my world, to give me new friends in the spirit, to purify my ideals and make them clear, to show me the local color of unknown regions and the bright stars of universal truth.—Henry van Dyke.



PHILIP SORGEHAN
Candidate for Councilman in Ward No. 2.

LEVY OF MUD TAX NOW ON

FARMERS ISOLATED FROM NATURAL MARKETS BY ROAD CONDITIONS

SOME TOWNS ARE ALMOST CUT OFF

Highways Becoming Impassable and Wagons Can be Pulled Through Slush Only When Lightly Loaded for Travel

SANDY, Ore., Nov. 26.—(Special)—With the coming of the winter rains, the roads in this section are becoming almost impassable. The Boring road, which is planked for most of the way, is hardly more than a trail of half rotten planks, floating in the mud.

Although the snow has not yet come far down in the foot hills, it would be almost impossible for an automobile to go more than a few miles past this city. Last summer more cars made the famous trip to Mt. Hood, but now an automobile is never seen, although in the winter the peak is considered the most beautiful.

Cherryville is Bad.

Past Cherryville the highway is almost impassable on account of the mud and chuck-holes. Several wagons were stuck in the soft road way the latter part of last week and it was found almost impossible to get them out.

To get loads over the roads is considered practically impossible. Farmers are forced to make several trips to town with light loads each trip, rather than with full wagons.

Isolates Sandy.

In the past the condition of the roads around this city has isolated Sandy from the rest of the world during the winter months. To get in or out of Sandy has long been considered a difficult task but now the commercial club has a plan which its thinks will solve the question. This organization has raised \$1,000 from the merchants of this city and with a like sum donated by the Portland Automobile Club and the aid of a special tax levy, the "Bluff road" is to be covered with crushed rock and rolled. This will connect Sandy with the Multnomah county line and put it in touch with Portland.

ESTACADA, Ore., Nov. 26.—(Special)—All the roads leading out of this city are almost impassable. Filled with mud, hub-deep, and with chuck-holes and big puddles, they present a difficult problem to the farmer who wishes to reach this city. Only those who are forced to do so ever travel through the surrounding country and as a result the farmers are practically shut off from town.

BORING, Ore., Nov. 26.—(Special)—Boring roads are rapidly assuming their annual condition. Mud, ruts, and puddles fill the road way making it almost impossible for a wagon or automobile to pass through this city and out into the country. The Sandy stage, which leaves this city twice daily, requires much more time to make the trip although only a fraction of the travelers go into that country now as in the summer months.

EAGLE CREEK, Ore., Nov. 26.—(Special)—Roads from here into the mountains are considered almost as bad as they have ever been in recent years.

Fashion Frills.

Men's clothes are to be worn tighter. This means that a lot more men will continue to remain out of style.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Women are now wearing vests, men fashion. However, let us be thankful that they didn't make 'em button up the back.—Detroit Free Press.

Skin tight suits for men have been decreed. Fashion, not content with having made femininity like a walking stick, now seems determined to evolve man into an animated frankfurter.—Baltimore American.

Pert Personals.

Most remarkable in Mrs. Pankhurst's career is that once she married a mere man.—Columbia State.

Every man has his distinction. King Alfonso, who is twenty-seven years old, is the father of five children.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Millionaires, according to Mr. Carnegie, should be "the trustees for the poor." Mr. Carnegie was one of the first to put the "trust" in trustee.—Kansas City Star.

Income Tax Tips.

A lot of us, however, will not find dodging the income tax very difficult to do.—Detroit Free Press.

"Returns for the income tax must be made under oath." They will be very much so.—Cleveland Leader.

Experts have figured that the income tax will apply to one person in every 200. They have published no estimate of the number of narrow escapes.—Toledo Blade.

Automobile Runs.

Many an automobile is a mortgage on wheels.—Pittsburgh Journal.

What has become of the old fashioned 1913 model automobile?—Chicago News.

Why not "safety first" for the auto engineer as well as the locomotive engineer?—Cleveland Leader.

Annual Holiday Opening At The Rexall Store THURSDAY, DECEMBER FOURTH

Our Twenty-Second Anniversary Celebration and Holiday "Opening Day" comes this year on December 4th. We want you to help us celebrate. Come and enjoy the music, the decorations, the display of fine Holiday goods and have a good time.

Our Free Souvenirs for this year are still a secret—even to us. We ordered them eight months ago from England and delivery was promised November 15th. They are not here yet, but rest assured that if they do not arrive by December 4th, that we shall provide others equally as valuable and desirable.

Fifty \$1.00 Dolls Free. In addition to our regular souvenirs we have about fifty large dressed dolls—the size and style usually sell for \$1.00. With every fifteenth purchase, we shall give one of the dressed dolls absolutely free as long as they last. Cash register tickets No. 15, 30, 45, 60, etc., that is every 15th sale, are entitled to these free dolls. Look at the number on your Cash Register tickets.

For Every Child accompanied by an adult, we will have a little gift. Bring the Children.

A Cordial Invitation is extended to All to visit our store on December 4th. Don't buy a thing if you don't want to, but come anyway and enjoy the music and meet your friends and get some ideas for Holiday Gifts.

Huntley Brothers Co. The Rexall Store



DRAWING THE RIVER FOR THE MISSING BODIES.

rest, Judge Tremaine's folks would take care of Melville as long as he lasted. Another great sob!

In those awful hours alone with her dying baby she had wrought out her plan. A swing of Melville's old hat before the locomotive when the express slowed for the bridge, tossing it into the water with her old shawl, a clamper up the steps of the last car and a settling into a seat by the door.

It never entered the heads of the train crew that the dozing woman with the sleeping little boy in her lap had stopped the train.

After dragging the river for the missing bodies the "friends" gave them up. Poor Mae Maude! The loss of her baby had driven her crazy, and she had drowned herself and her boy.

She brought up at the home of Agnes Duncan, the dear, dumpy little helpmeet of a large sized home missionary whose heart, everybody said, was "as big as all outdoors."

Their bondbox of a manse was packed to the eaves with babies and happiness. The small lady had a few snug little investments, the interest on which she knew would come in handy when she "threw herself away" on big John Duncan.

"See here, Mae Maude," chattered Mrs. Agnes after the tornado of wool combs had blown over. "I guess you'll have to take hold of Jack's job. These poor cowboys almost worship a woman's shawl. And then the settlers' horses—they have to be awfully neglected. I can't go with Jackie very often on account of the babies. He'll get you a good pony and turn you loose on them, and, my oh, the good you'll do them! A special providence. I call it!"

Mae Maude smiled at the immediate past rushed before her "mind's eye." A queer kind of providence, she thought. But she fell into line and was soon galloping over plain and prairie, a full sized benediction in the settlers' home and the backbone of the nearest school-house Sunday school, to which the cowboys flocked for miles around for a good look at the new super, just out from the east.

One Sabbath Mrs. Agnes crimsoned the roots of her hair with the terrible "publities" of telling the Sunday school folks about the "bee" they were going to have, to put up a lean-to, with a porch for vines, to give the new superintendant a living room, and would they all come? And those who hadn't any women folks of their own to bring to help get the big dinner and supper might bring somebody else's, and Mr. Duncan was over on Forty Mile run or he'd give it out, but they'd all come just the same and have a mighty good time putting up the new Sunday school lady's lean-to.

ARE PUZZLED BY DECISION

COUNTY OFFICIALS DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT IN REGISTRATION MATTER

VOTERS MAY HAVE TO REGISTER AGAIN

Question is Raised and Attorney Will Examine Thoroughly Points Made by Justices Before He Answers

County officers are puzzled to know just the extent to which the invalidation of the new registration law by the supreme court will affect them. The court has decided that the law placed stringent restrictions upon the exercise of the right of franchise and that it was unconstitutional on the ground that it made more requirements of the voter than the provisions of the constitution allow.

It is possible that the county clerk will now have to re-register all of the voters of the county for any future elections that are held through this feature will be finally determined by Gilbert L. Hodges, county attorney, after a study of the decision of the court. The new law, passed at the last session of the legislature, so decided emphasized registration that the supreme court held it restricted the right of franchise which would make the statute unconstitutional on its face.

Much of the material that the county has purchased in accordance with the provisions of the law cannot be used under the old registration statute to which the state now reverts. The county attorney will explain within the next few days the steps that he will now have to take to correct his registration lists. The decision means that the last election is valid but it may entail the registering again of all of the voters of the county.

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SOCIETIES BOOST FOR BOOK DAY

ALL ORGANIZATIONS GET INTO LINE AND RUSH FOR MORE LIBRARY VOLUMES

BROTHERHOOD LEADS ALL EFFORTS

Throws Itself Into Movement and Plans to Aid by Special Social at Church—Other Clubs Support Plan

The committee in charge of the Congregational Brotherhood social for the benefit of "Book Day," December 2, has arranged for a program in addition to the Flechtner orchestra, Captain M. D. Phillips, Arthur C. Howland and Doctor Anderson, who form the committee, announce that "Each member of the brotherhood has been notified that he has to tell a joke, either ancient or modern—time limit one minute, and the public is requested to laugh; if they cannot laugh at the joke of the age, laugh at the age of the joke."

The general public is urged to attend and bring a book whether from the home shelves or otherwise, is optional. No other admission will be charged for the entertainment and refreshments being complimentary on the part of the brotherhood.

St. John's Young People's club will hold a book party in connection with its regular meeting Tuesday evening, December 2. The committee met at the home of Miss Irene Hanny Wednesday evening to make arrangements for the affair.

Owing to the large number of social affairs already planned by the Methodist Episcopal church, no entertainment will be given, but bookplates have been distributed among the members and it is expected that a good showing will be made by that organization.

A number of other affairs are planned and much interest is being taken in the "Book Day" idea. Practically every social organization will be represented by at least one book.

Magnetic Locks.

Magnetic locks, which have no key-holes and no keys, but can be opened when taken to a special electric magnet, are the modern solution of the problem of safety lamps for coal miners. With these lamps a miner cannot tamper when he is below ground, and so there is no possibility of gas coming in contact with the fire of an open lamp in the mine. The magnet to open the lock is kept above ground, of course. Not only are the locks controlled by electricity, but the wicks are lighted by an electric spark ignited above ground by a current of electricity before the miner goes to work.—Saturday Evening Post.

FUNERAL HELD

The funeral of Mrs. Ernestine Snyder was held Tuesday afternoon from the Zion Lutheran church, Rev. W. R. Krazberger officiating.

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE NAMED

PETITIONS ARE FILED AND THE BOOKS OF THE RECORDER CLOSE AT NOON

AMENDMENTS ARE TO BE SUBMITTED

Several Important Matters go to Vote of People at Forthcoming Municipal Election—List Complete

Wednesday noon the books of the city recorder, Livy Stipp, closed petitions for officers who are to be elected on December 1.

All of the names of candidates who were expecting to get into the race for office at that time were placed on the books. At the same time, several amendments to the charter and proposed ordinances will be submitted to the voters.

The following are the candidates whose names will appear upon the official ballots: For mayor, Linn E. Jones; for treasurer, M. D. Latourette; councilman, ward one, J. O. Stans, H. M. Templeton; ward two, E. C. Hackett, Philip Sorgehan; ward three, E. B. Andrews, John Gillett.

The people will also vote on the following amendments: Bill amending section 52 of the charter giving the council authority to fix the salary of the chief of police; a bill making it necessary for the city council to concur in all removals of members of the police force by the mayor; a bill enabling the city council to place a value of \$50 on municipal bonds; and an ordinance appropriating \$2500 for the purchase of a tract of land for public purposes.

Boys Eat Pie In Speed Contest At West Linn School

To decide what boy in the West Linn school could eat the most pie, a pie-eating contest was held in that institution Wednesday afternoon. Big, round, home made apple pies were used in the contest and every one of the several dozen, which were brought, were consumed.

Arthur Day achieved the honors of being able to eat more apple pie than any other boy in the school and James McLarty ran him a close second. Over a pie and half were consumed by the two contestants.

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