

For the Children

Thanksgiving Turkey as Children Like Him Best.



Always on Thanksgiving day We children have such fun at play. And after dinner's over, you know, We usually a-visiting go.

Our dinner, too, is fine and good. And all the things I never could Begin to name 'em though I'd try, But one thing's sure—there's pumpkin pie!

And turkey baked, and dressing, too (I always love it so, don't you?); And cranberry sauce so red and thick, And ice cream frozen in a brick.

And sweet potatoes baked and brown, And sweet oysters in the town, And nuts and fruit and cider, too— We're really sorry when we're through!

Our mamma says that on that day Each person, young and old, should pray And thank God for his mercy dear That's been bestowed throughout the year.

She says that's what Thanksgiving's for— The summing up of all the year, Remembering all we owe the Lord And thanking him by deed and word.

Thanksgiving Feast—A Game. Cards are distributed, upon each of which is written a list of objects suggestive of a feast, opposite to which the players write their guesses of what dishes are described—for instance:

- 1. Soup—Imitation reptile. 2. Fish—Collect on delivery. 3. Roasts—The country of the crescent and Adam's wife, served with a sauce of what undid her. 4. Vegetables—Two kinds of toes ne'er found on man or beast; a mild term for stealing; what your heart does. 5. Puddings—What we say to a nuisance and exactly perpendicular. 6. Pies—An affected gait and related to a well. 7. Fruit—A kind of shot. The answers are: 1. Soup—Mock turtle. 2. Fish—C O D. 3. Roasts—Turkey and sparerib with apple sauce. 4. Vegetables—Potatoes and tomatoes, cabbage, beets. 5. Puddings—Sa-go and plum(b). 6. Pies—Mince and pumpkin. 7. Fruit—Grape.

Thanksgiving Sentiments. First.—Thanksgiving and joy cause singing, leaping, dancing. It is a lively joy that fills the bosoms of those who have it and makes them happy.

Second.—Thanksgiving dwells in the heart, not on the tongue or in the stomach.

Third.—Thankfulness is not thanksgiving.

Fourth.—I borrow my thanksgiving from my heart, not from my dinner.

Fifth.—Do not wait for a special day in which to be thankful. He who waits for Thanksgiving day to be thankful will not be thankful when it comes.

Sixth.—Plato said, "I thank God I was born a man, not a beast; a Grecian, not a barbarian," but I thank God that I was born an American instead of a Hindu.

Seventh.—Thanksgiving makes a crust sweet—the want of it a turkey bitter.

Eighth.—The way to get more favors is to be thankful for those we have.

Ninth.—Thankfulness will not come unless called.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Millions of Coins. During last August 25,101,000 new coins were made in the mints of this country. Their value was \$1,317,000, a good deal of money even for the government. Over half a million of this was in half eagles, or five dollar gold pieces. But, of course, when it came to numbers the cents lead, as more than 22,000,000 of them were turned out. More than 2,000,000 silver coins were minted also.

Tossing Chestnuts. A bowl shaped basket, about nine inches in diameter, is placed at one end of the room. Each child receives ten chestnuts and, standing eight feet from the basket, tries to throw them, one by one, into it. The score is kept, and the child who has succeeded in tossing the greatest number of chestnuts into the basket wins.

Thanksgiving Peanut Hunt. Get about twelve packages of peanuts of different sizes. They should be hidden in vases, corners and nooks. Each child is provided with a little canvas bag and is told of the hidden peanuts. These are hunted for, and when all the children have returned with their treasure it is eaten.

Charade. Between your eyes my first one lies; Merry with glee my second you'll be. Fragrant and sweet, behold me complete. Answer.—Nose, gay, nosegay.

A Lost Diamond. Olive Schreiner, the author of "An African Farm," who was brought up in Africa, said that she and her brothers and sisters had as one of their playthings a bright stone that they called the candle stone. It was about the size of a walnut and would flash in a bright and singular way when held up to the light. Not until the children had grown up and the candle stone had been lost for years did any of them remember that it must really have been a huge diamond.

Innocence. He—Has she been married long? She—No; she still thinks her husband eats cloves because he likes them.

A PICTURE FIND

By CORA HATHORNE SYKES

I manifested a taste for art when I was a little boy, taking more comfort in drawing pictures on my slate than doing stunts on it. As I grew older I became ambitious to do something better, and asked my father to allow me a few drawing lessons. He refused, saying he would not encourage me in a task that would wreck my future if I gave way to it.

When it became time for me to choose an occupation I wished to become an artist, but my parents made such an ado over the matter that I abandoned the plan and accepted a clerkship in a grocery house. But if I couldn't make pictures I could at least look at pictures. And it so happened that I lived in a metropolis where the best works of art are to be seen. I read the art journals and was on the lookout for any announcements of the changing hands of the great pictures of the world, especially those coming to America.

I made no progress at business. All I did in a business way bored me. It was simple drudgery, and drudgery is incompatible with an artistic temperament. Instead of doing my work I sketched the office boys, the cat, anything that was sketchable. After awhile I was informed by my employers that they had no further need for my services.

My father, after a scene, secured another place for me and on entering upon it I promised to try to do better. But my heart was not in my work, and I have no faith in people being able to do continuously what they take no interest in. If they succeed in doing it they will not do it well. I believe that persons only do well what they like and are fitted to do; that eminently successful persons are successful in doing that which other people cannot do, or do as well.

One day after getting away from the work I hated after business hours I was passing a building that was being torn down. A workman had taken a roll of canvas from an old bricked up chimney and was unrolling it. I stopped and saw him reveal a dirty painting. I stepped up to where he stood and looked over his shoulder. I was astonished to see a work which, though dingy in the extreme, reminded me of the work of one of the great masters who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century. I looked in the corner where the name should be, but the dirt was too thick; no name was visible.

"What will you take for your find?" I asked the workman. "Oh, I don't suppose it is worth anything," he said. "Any loose change you have in your pocket."

"I'm as poor as you are," I said, "but I know some picture dealers, and if you will let me have this one I will see what I can sell it for and divide with you." The man looked me in the face, handed me the painting and returned to work.

"Give me your address," I said. He did so, and I went away with his find. Instead of taking it directly to picture dealers I carried it to my room, and sitting down before it, looked at it a long while. The more I studied it the more I was impressed with its resemblance to the works of the artist I have referred to. The same evening I went to a library where engravings of many pictures of the old masters were kept in portfolios and familiarized myself anew with the style of this particular artist. The more I looked at his pictures the more I believed that the find was by him. Could it be possible that it had been stolen?

I set the librarian to hunting for a book on stolen pictures, but though he was successful in finding such a book, it contained no reference to the laborer's find. I wished to clean the picture, but did not know how to do so and was afraid to leave it with any picture dealer for the purpose lest the name be uncovered, and if it were as I suspected, the painting's value would be discovered and I be beaten out of it.

One day I told my father that I had left the place he had secured for me and had gone to work in a picture and frame shop. He was in despair about me, and this move capped the climax.

In the shop where I worked I learned to clean pictures. As soon as I became sufficiently expert to clean a picture I took the materials for doing so to my home and got the dirt off the corner where the name of the artist is usually placed. What was my delight to see the name of the artist who I believed had done the work.

Believing the picture to have been stolen I consulted an expert dealer, asking him if he could find a record of one of the artist's pictures having been stolen. He found a book in which the artist had been written up with other painters and a statement that in the early part of the nineteenth century one of his paintings belonging to a nobleman in England had been cut from its frame and taken away.

I succeeded in time in opening a correspondence with the descendants of the owner and sent them a photograph of the painting.

This was before enormous prices were paid for certain paintings, but my correspondents agreed that if the painting was the one they had lost they would pay me \$20,000 for it. It turned out to be the identical picture, and I pocketed \$10,000, giving the finder an equal amount.

I am now a prominent art dealer. My find has since sold for \$53,000.

Our Imagination. We worry a lot over troubles that never materialize. The greater part of our woes lives in our imagination. On that we waste our strength and nerve force, leaving a rather weak prop on which to lean in real adversity. Trouble we must meet—that is inevitable—but we do not have to live it through twice, the first time in imagination. A fear of what the future contains is a clog upon our heels and prevents the achievement of many an important deed.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they must make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by the saying that I have to make him happy —if I may.—Stevenson.

CORRESPONDENCE

DOVER.

A. Bews attended the Sunday school convention at Canby Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Upeckava is able to be up and around the house. Mrs. Seward has been taking care of her.

Mrs. Vanatta and son, Casey, were Sandy visitors Saturday.

H. H. Udell was repairing the telephone line last Thursday.

Eleanor Bews visited over Sunday with her sister in Portland.

Gaylord and Helen Keith were home from Estacada for the week-end. Joseph DeShazer and Mr. Kline-smith were transacting business in Sandy Saturday.

Several of the young people of Dover and Firwood spent Saturday evening at E. D. Hart's.

Again we have been enjoying some rainy weather.

There is to be an entertainment and basket social given at the Douglas schoolhouse Saturday evening, November 23rd by Miss Echo Githens, the teacher. Come one, come all and spend a pleasant evening. Ladies please bring baskets.

Mrs. Ed Douglass, who underwent an operation some time ago, and after leaving the hospital, spent a month with her parents, returned home about a week ago.

Mrs. Rice, of Estacada, is working for Mrs. Howlett.

George Douglass was seen in Eagle Creek Saturday.

David Hoffmeister sold a cow to Ed Douglass the other day.

Claude Woodie is drying apples.

Mrs. Roy Douglass and Mrs. R. B. Gibson called on Mrs. Howlett last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Naylor and Bill O'Larry were sorting potatoes for H. S. Gibson last week.

Walter Douglass butchered some hogs and took them to Portland the first of the week.

The Douglass boys and H. S. Gibson were hauling potatoes to the station last week.

Mrs. Roy Douglass went to Oregon City the other day to visit a few days with relatives.

The Ladies' Aid of Eagle Creek church decided at their last meeting to hold their bazaar Saturday evening, Nov. 23rd, and for the convenience of the people who may not be able to come out at night, the booths will be opened, and sales will begin about two o'clock P. M. This will afford an excellent opportunity to buy Christmas presents, and those who wish to do so will find plenty of articles, both useful and ornamental to choose from.

The affair will continue on toward midnight. A fine chicken supper will be served. The management will be pleased to see a large crowd in attendance, and will endeavor to make each one feel glad to have visited them.

Mrs. Evans entertained a few of her friends from Portland with a luncheon the first of this week.

The Demoss family gave an entertainment at the church Tuesday evening. The Ladies Aid served refreshments.

Mrs. Arthur Ellis entertained a few friends at a whist party Wednesday.

Mrs. Evans visited her parents at Troutdale Sunday.

The recital given by Miss Mary Rice and Mrs. Chambers was well attended. About fifty being present. Dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. E. Mitts is in Oregon City on the jury.

Mrs. Stucky left Wednesday to visit with Portland friends.

Miss Lillian Mitts, teacher of the Bear Creek school, spent Saturday Sunday with Molalla friends and while there attended the wedding of Miss Hazel Hungate and Austin Taylor of Needy.

Mrs. J. E. Mitts was transacting business in Canby Wednesday.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Major Hungate of Molalla, when their daughter, Miss Hazel, became the wife of Austin Taylor of Needy. The house was tastefully decorated with Oregon grape and white chrysanthemums. The bride was beautifully gowned in white. The bridesmaid, Miss Agnes Robbins wore a white dress of delicate embroidery. The bridegroom was Mr. Walter Beck. The wedding march was played by Miss Agnes Clifford. Many useful as well as beautiful presents were received. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left Sunday evening on their honeymoon.

The excessive amount of rain fall is very bad on the potatoes that are still in the ground. Very little plowing has been done yet.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Smith were transacting business in Canby Wednesday.

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WILLAMETTE

Mrs. M. Hyatt and little daughter, Ona visited with cousins at Jennings Lodge Friday and stopped off at Gladstone to visit Mrs. Ross.

Mrs. Leo Larson, who was operated upon for appendicitis at the Oregon City Hospital is getting on as nicely as could be expected.

Dr. Strickland was called to Willamette Tuesday to attend four-year-old Gordon Tour, who cut himself quite seriously with glass.

Dr. Ford conducted divine service at the Willamette church Sunday to an interested congregation. The brothers Aidrich accompanied him and helped greatly in the spirited singing, singing a duet and one rendered a solo. Announcement was made that at the recent S. S. convention held at Canby, it was decided to hold the county Sunday School picnic at Gladstone Park, July 4, 1913.

Mrs. Anna Downey was one of the delegates from the Woman's Club at Oregon City to the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which began its twelfth yearly session at Portland Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid Society are to give an experience social about the holidays. Watch for some fun, and a nice social Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th, at which a quilt made by the ladies is to be auctioned off. Everybody welcome. The ladies are excellent cooks. There will be plenty of good pie. An autograph quilt is also being started. Mrs. Martha Ross of Gladstone visited in Willamette Monday.

The aged father of Mr. A. Junkin, of Seattle, will spend the winter with his son. He also has an uncle visiting him.

The inclement weather finally gave us a lull Friday and the entire school marched out on green and witnessed a very pretty and impressive sight, the raising of the beautiful new flag, "Old Glory" to the top of the \$2 1-2 ft. pole that has been erected by the school house. Fred Junkin and Waldron Hyatt had the honor of sending the flag to the top, while American and Red, White and Blue were sung.

Friday evening the large and pleasant assembly room at the schoolhouse was well filled by a merry, good natured crowd who listened to a short and pleasing program given by the new Literary Society, which expects to organize definitely in two weeks. There were instrumental solos by Mrs. Boland, Miss Doria Waldron and H. E. White. A fine chorus sung by the girls of the 7th, 8th and 9th grades. Recitations by the Misses Ethel, Gordon and Hilda Beiser. A debate on "Resolved, that the Capital Punishment Law Should have Carried at the Late Election." Miss Francis Boland, for the affirmative and John Logsten, for the negative. The young people did very well and caused great amusement. The judges were: Frank Oliver, Andy Fromong and Mrs. Lyons. The affirmative won. The evening closed with a fine series of views with Mr. White's magic lantern, of grand mountains, lakes, etc., with a few funny ones and Santa Claus at the end to please the small youngsters.

Mrs. Frank Capon went to Portland for a several days' stay with a cousin. H. Leisman's store is brilliantly lighted by a powerful new electric lamp. The Oregon City Postoffice might well copy his example. Too dark to see at the desk provided for the public even in the day time.

Claud Messinger bought two lots of T. A. Gary near Leisman's barn and is erecting a small dwelling.

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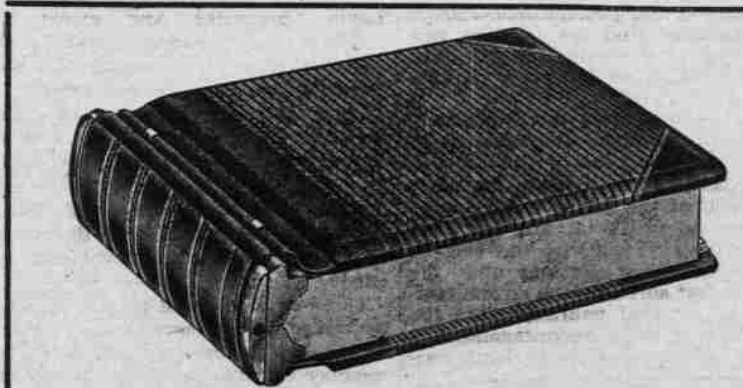
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