

## Importance of Registering Names of Children With Government

By Miss JULIA C. LATHROP, Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor



WE cannot begin to know anything about how many children are lost or why they are lost until we know HOW MANY ARE BORN. The enumeration of the children who are born in this country seems the most fundamental and immediate necessity for the children's bureau's future work.

There are already at work upon this several very important bodies. First of all, there is the bureau of the census.

I believe that the work of the bureau should, for a time at least, be concentrated upon the question of the mortality of infants and the birth rate, with a view to helping those influences and those public bodies that are already working for birth registration in the United States.

We realize that in the matter of birth registration there are as MANY LAWS AS THERE ARE STATES.

IT IS A SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGE FOR THE CHILD TO HAVE HIS NAME DOWN IN A PERMANENT RECORD. IN THE FIRST PLACE, FOR PROPERTY RIGHTS.

Go to any foreign consulate, and the consul will tell of people who have lost fortunes in European personal and real property because they could not prove their American nativity. There are found ALL SORTS OF LEGAL DIFFICULTIES, one of the most embarrassing of which is the liability for military service.

Important as the registration of births is to the children of the well to do or the rich, it is a thousandfold more important to the poor. I don't mean by that a lax regulation of the registration. It should be FORTHWITH. The laws of some states provide that the registry of births must be accomplished within thirty-six hours of the event. In others the time is within a month of the date of birth. SPEED IS ESSENTIAL.

## BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

Miss Northey has segregated the following books which will be of particular interest to Sunday School workers and which can be obtained at the local library.

- Adeney—"How to Read the Bible."
- Bible—"Modern Reader's Bible;" ed by Moulton.
- Bible—"Old Testament Narrative;" ed by Sheffield.
- Braisted—"History of the Ancient Egyptians."
- Brooks—"Influence of Jesus."
- Buck—"Boys' Self-governing Clubs."
- Burton & Martin—"Principles and Ideals for the Sunday School."
- California, Supt. of Public Instruction—"The Cigarette Boy."
- Chamberlin & Kern—"Child Religion in Song and Story."
- Chamberlin—"The Hebrew Prophets."
- Chesley—"Social Activities for Men and Boys."
- Cope—"Evolution of the Sunday School."
- Dawson—"The Child and His Religion."
- Ferris—"The Sunday Kindergarten."
- Forbush—"The Boy Problem."
- Forbush—"Church Work with Boys."
- Gardiner—"The Bible as Literature."
- Gillie—"Story of Stories."
- Goodspeed—"History of the Babylonians and Assyrians."
- Hervey—"Picture Work."
- Hosmer—"The Jews."
- Houghton—"Telling Bible Stories."
- Kent—"Biblical Geography and History."
- "Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity;" "History of the Hebrew People;" "Makers and Teachers of Judaism."
- Littlefield—"Hand Work in the Sunday School."
- Merrill—"Winning the Boy."
- Meyer—"The Graded Sunday School in Practice."
- Musselman—"Child Study for Sunday School Teachers;" (National teacher training institute text books); "Sunday School Teachers' Pupils;" "Sunday School Teachers' School."
- Palmer—"Lesson Stories for the Kindergarten Grades of the Bible School."
- Peloubet—"Front Line of the Sunday School."
- Petrie—"Egypt and Israel."
- Puffer—"The Boy and His Gang."
- Rogers—"Boys' Eye Views of the Sunday School."
- Sharman—"Studies in the Life of Christ."
- Smyth—"Children's Bible Stories."
- Speer—"A Young Man's Questions."
- Stelzle—"Boys of the Streets."
- Stevens & Burton—"Harmon of the Gospels."
- Wayne—"Building Your Boy."

### Lots of 'Em.

She—it says here that a man in Kansas has a chicken that can dance and tries to sing. He—Why, the stage is crowded with them already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the pulse full.—Simmons.

## WHAT IS DIRT?

How the Question Was Answered by a Professor of Chemistry.

An old college professor used to say to his students: "What is dirt? Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentleman. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt."

"That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it, analyze it! It will all separate into very clear elements."

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fuller's earth."

"There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Nice, pearly face powder is made of blameth—nothing but dirt."—Exchange.

## MIXED WIVES.

The Dilemma That Mr. Church Faced and How He Mastered It.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his early life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot.

In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed.

His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription:

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another: "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,  
For Emily Church lies buried here,  
Mixed in some perplexing manner  
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Exchange.

### A Bit of English Humor.

An English humorist many years ago hit upon a neat way of scoring against certain politicians of the times. A comic journal, not being a newspaper within the meaning of the act, was prohibited from giving news, and so in place of a parliamentary report the humorist in question reported a few "first lines" from speeches by prominent members: "Sir Charles Wetherell said he was not sensible"—"Mr. Hunt was entirely ignorant"—"Lord Ashley said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving"—"Mr. Perceval presented a petition praying"—"Colonel Sibthorpe never could understand"—"Lord Lyndhurst said he must entreat of every one to give him credit"—"Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought"—"Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance"—

### Wonderful Fiddles.

One of the greatest fiddles that ever were known was to be seen at the French court at the time of Charles IX. This was a viol so large that several boys could be placed inside of it. These boys used to sit inside this queer instrument and sing the airs that the man who handled the bow was playing on the viol outside. The effect is said to have been very beautiful, though it would seem as if the presence of the lads in its interior would seriously interfere with the tone of the "great fiddle," as it was called. Many years after another huge instrument of this kind was used at concerts in Boston. It was so large that to play it the fiddler had to stand on a table to use his bow at the proper point on the strings. This instrument was called "the grandfather of fiddles."

Columbia River Thrice Named.  
The Columbia river has had three names. It was first called the Oregon. Afterward it was called the St. Roque, but when it was discovered by Robert Gray in 1792 it was given the name of his vessel, the Columbia, in place of the two floating appellations, Oregon and St. Roque. According to Whitney, the original name of the river was the Oregon, "big ear" or "one that has big ears," the allusion being to the custom of the Indians who were found in its region of stretching their ears by boring them and crowding them with ornaments.

### Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

### Sometimes They Are.

Little Sister—What are goose eggs in a baseball game? Big Brother—Innings in which no runs are made. Why do you ask? Little Sister—Oh, I thought they were laid by the fowls of the game.—Chicago News.

How well you live matters, and not how long.

## OBITUARY

THOMAS BISHOP

The funeral of Thomas Bishop, who died Wednesday at his home on Tucker's Road, was held at the Bartmess undertaking parlors at two o'clock Sunday in the presence of many friends, Mr. Bishop having been one of the oldest and best-known orchardists in the valley.

He has been in failing health for the past two or three years, but was not taken critically ill until Sunday. He then became rapidly worse up to the time of his death.

Mr. Bishop was born in the province of Ontario, Canada, in 1847. He grew to manhood and was married there. In 1871 he moved to Umatilla county, Oregon, where he purchased a half section and engaged in farming for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop moved to Hood River 19 years ago last spring. They bought 80 acres on the West Side. Mr. Bishop on account of his industry and intelligence made a success of farming and materially increased his holdings in subsequent years. He was highly thought of by numerous friends and his death brought a sense of sorrow and regret to many.

Surviving Mr. Bishop besides his wife are three daughters and two sons as follows: Miss Laura Bishop of Portland, Mrs. Edgar Miller of Sherman county, Mrs. Sarah Simpson of La Grande, Thomas of this place and Lloyd Earl Bishop of Alberta, Canada. The last-named arrived the last of the week to attend his father's funeral.

Rev. E. H. Hicks

It is announced that Rev. E. H. Hicks, one of the ablest evangelists in the state, will deliver a series of sermons at Immanuel Baptist church (formerly the Heights Baptist church) in this city on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, December 2, 3, and 4, at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Hicks is personally known to the writer as a strong, convincing speaker and one who will merit large congregations.

Time to think of Christmas.

## Thanksgiving Dinner HOTEL OREGON

75 CENTS

Olympia Oyster Cocktail

### SOUPS

Consomme Cream of Asparagus

### RELISHES

Celery Queen Olives Sweet Pickles

### FISH

Tenderloin of Sole Tartar Sauce Crab Flake Salad

### ROASTS

Turkey Sage Dressing Cranberry Sauce

Goose Oyster Dressing Apple Sauce

Prime Ribs of Beef Au Jus

### VEGETABLES

Mashed or Browned Sweet Potatoes

Brussels Sprouts or Cauliflower in Cream

### DESSERTS

Apple Lemon or Pumpkin Pie

Hot Mince Pie

Suet Pudding with Hard Sauce

Vanilla Ice Cream

Tea, Coffee or Milk

12 M. to 2 P. M. . . . 5:30 to 7:30 P. M.

### He Must Be Shy.

"Pretty bashful sort of chap, isn't he?"

"Bashful? I should say so. He's the kind of fellow who'd stammer and stutter and break and run if opportunity came up smiling and tried to shake hands with him."—St. Louis Republican.

### Dressmaking

Elizabeth Ware plans on being in the city from December 22 to January 5. She will help or do sewing for you in your home. Write her at 765 Oak street, Eugene, Ore. 47-50c

Couldn't beat this weather.

### BOY WANTED

Bound to be a Broker, Bright Cambridge 12-year-old Sees a Sign and Captures Job

Boston, November 23rd.

The drop in the market last week has brought to light a number of odd stories of sudden shifts of fortune. One of the queerest is that of a sixteen-year-old employee of a prominent firm of brokers.

Six months ago he organized a pool of brokers' clerks and ran up their pocket money to \$60,000. Convinced that he could turn this \$60,000 into \$160,000, the young manipulator margined all the pool money on the bull side of the market. When the crash came he took account of stock. His pool of \$60,000 had shrunk \$59,841, leaving a balance of \$159 to be divided among the dozen members.

This wasn't enough to gamble with and they decided to eat it up. They bought the best dinner that Young's could serve to a dozen disappointed speculators for \$159. Horace has been telling the patrons of the hotel the details of this dinner in installments.

The sixteen-year-old leader of this fierce assault on the market is a seasoned banker of four years' experience. At the age of twelve he played hooky from his Cambridge school, trudged into Boston, and found his way to a broker's office at the head of State street, where two things caught his eye. A sign "boy wanted"; and the entrancing vision of a clerk behind a wire-screened window shoveling five-dollar gold pieces into the scales. He presented himself before the broker and with rare presence of mind announced that he was the boy wanted, and would like a job shoveling gold, and—

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## He has been shoveling gold ever since

This was forty-three years ago. The boy was THOMAS W. LAWSON, who grew up in the banking and brokerage business; saw all its ins and outs until Stock Exchange methods became as familiar to him as the air he breathed; but always in the back part of his head he was turning matters over—weighing, considering, deducing, and slowly making up his mind, and hardening his resolution for the day when he would attack the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, and put the whole truth of its subtle and insidious dangers before the American people.

He is doing it now. Its an amazing story, an interesting story, and a necessary story. To neglect it or to sneer at it is to be blind to your own interests.

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Therefore not bleached for color, but made  
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