

PUBLIC MEN OF WASHINGTON STATE

FIFTH ARTICLE—WESLEY L. JONES, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS. MADE MONEY TO STUDY LAW BY HARD WORK AS FARM LABORER. EARLY VICISSITUDES AND FINAL SUCCESS.

NORTH YAKIMA, Nov. 21.—(Staff correspondence.)—The career of the Hon. W. L. Jones, of North Yakima, is one of the kind that you read about in the story books. So meteoric and well-merited has been the success of Washington's East Side Congressman that it can point any number of morals and adorn an equally large assortment of tales. Mr. Jones is a self-made man in all that the name implies, and he has risen from the position of a farm laborer to a seat in the halls of Congress, solely by his own efforts. There are other Congressmen who have made the ascent from equally lowly and obscure starting points, but none, indeed, have they reached the goal until near the close of a long life of endeavor.

But Jones, still on the right side of 40, has come up from the ranks with a rapidity surprising even in this state of political surprises. He landed in this city in April, 1889, with \$11 in his pocket and immensely pleased to secure a \$30 a month position in a real estate office. Less than 10 years later he was a member of Congress, and so well pleased with his work were his constituents that they are still keeping him there. Homestead Greedy had passed from earth before the subject of this sketch was old enough to follow that immortal advice: "Go West young man, go West and grow up with the country," but as soon as he could do so he came into this land of wonderful possibilities and fortune smiled on him from the start. And up here at the home of this East Side Congressman, those who know him the best state that he is entitled to all of the good fortune that he has brought to his feet.

The story of his life is a good one, for it not only shows the possibilities which await the energetic young men with sufficient courage and industry to break away from the overcrowded East and Middle West, but it utterly repudiates the anarchistic sentiment so frequently heard to the effect that this country no longer offers opportunities for advancement to any but the rich. If the upward career of Mr. Jones should be checked right now, and no one believes it will, he has already achieved a success such as falls to the lot of but comparatively few men of great wealth. Naturally a career of this kind must bear the stamp of a strong individuality, and it is this individuality that has lifted Mr. Jones above his fellows and made him one of the most prominent as well as most interesting men in the state.

There was nothing auspicious in the circumstances which the Hon. W. L. Jones was ushered into the world to. Bethany, Ill., October 8, 1863. His father, Wesley Jones, was a farmer in straitened circumstances when the war broke out, and deciding that his first duty was to his country, he shouldered a musket and fought through to Fort Donelson. There he suffered so from exposure and lack of proper food that he was invalided home, reaching Bethany a physical wreck. He never regained his health, and three days before the birth of the future Congressman he died. There were two other children besides the baby, and the outlook was anything but bright for the widowed mother; but with a brave heart she took up the burden and in time all went well.

The financial situation at home made it an imperative necessity that young Jones should become a breadwinner at the earliest possible period, so at the age of 10 he secured work on a farm. Between seasons he attended the public schools at Bethany. At the age of 16, he had exhausted the meager facilities for learning at Bethany, and with a desire further to improve his mind he went to Enfield, where the Southern Illinois College was located. This was suggested to him by Professor M. A. Montgomery, who was in charge of the institution, and who had taken such an interest in the young man that he materially aided him in working his way through.

He attended college for nine months, at intervals going into the harvest field or taking up any kind of employment that was obtainable. At the age of 18 he secured a certificate from the college, and in the winter taught school in a country district in Southern Illinois. He saved enough from his wages for a six months' term to enable him to continue his studies, and followed this practice until June, 1886, when he graduated. The study of law had appealed to the young man all the time he was working his way through college and he now determined to take it up. Returning to Bethany he opened correspondence with a prominent law college in Chicago. Then, as now, there were plenty of opportunities for the young man with money to secure a legal education and training, but Jones had no money. Prospecting for an opening by mail was unsatisfactory, so the young man struck out on his own to make a personal investigation of the field. He landed in the Windy City with \$2.50 in his pocket and a sinking sensation in his heart.

Chicago was a pretty big city, even in those days, and young Jones was unable to get his bearings, so that he could find the dean of the law school, with whom he had been corresponding. Carriages and couples looked expensive, so he engaged an express wagon to take him to the address which he had. The expressman drove around two or three blocks and landed him at the address given, charging him 50 cents for the service. The dean had left the city for a two months' vacation. This worried the future Congressman, with one-fifth of his available capital gone and the object of his journey farther away than ever, he concluded to back track out of the city at once. "Long John" Wentworth, the Illinois statesman, was then in the zenith of his fame, and young Jones was trapped out to his farm near Summit, Ill. The old man had a warm spot in his heart for young lawyers, but he couldn't put all of them to work in his law office in Chicago, so he gave some of them work on his farm.

Jones went into the hay field, and he remained there through haying and harvest, at what then seemed a princely salary of \$22 per month. On September 1, with two months' wages in his pocket, he made another onslaught on Chicago, this time with money enough to give him a start. As soon as possible after he commenced the study of law, he took an examination for a position as teacher in one of the night schools. He secured the position and taught for 21 weeks, meanwhile continuing his law studies. After three months at the law school he entered the office of McCallister & Munroe, and while there read a course which enabled him



W. L. JONES, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FOR WASHINGTON.

successfully to pass examination the following Spring. He was admitted to the bar in March, 1886.

It had been the intention of the young student to come West as soon as he was admitted to the bar, but his friends prevailed on him to give the East a trial before starting West. This he reluctantly decided to do, and hung out his shingle at Decatur, Ill. There were more lawyers than business in Decatur, and the business which came to young Jones was insufficient to meet expenses. By skillful floundering he succeeded in making both ends meet until Fall. Then something had to be done, and school teaching looked very alluring from a financial standpoint when compared with law. He journeyed back to Enfield, and there he not only found a school awaiting him, but also the girl he left behind him when he went to Chicago to conquer the law. He was married at Enfield, October 13, 1886, to Miss Minda Nelson, and her kindly encouragement and appreciation of his talents have contributed in no small degree to his success.

While teaching a country school was more profitable than being a clientless lawyer, it afforded insufficient scope for the ambition of Mr. Jones, and in the Spring of 1889 he started West. With the exception of one day in Spokane, he made no stops en route, but came direct to North Yakima. One does not need to be a very old-timer in the state to remember when North Yakima was only a little better than a water tank station. It was a class or two better than that when Mr. Jones arrived, 13 years ago, but it bore but small resemblance to the prosperous city of the present day, and offered but small inducements to young lawyers. However, the accumulated surplus of Mr. Jones had been reduced by the long trip across the continent until but \$11 remained, and railroad fares to the Coast were still high.

This capital was also insufficient for opening a first-class law office; so the new arrival eagerly accepted the first work that turned up, a clerkship in the real estate office of Goodwin & Pugsley. He remained with the firm until July, 1890, meanwhile being joined by his wife and son, who had been left behind in Illinois. He had never abandoned the idea of continuing in his chosen profession, and in the Summer of 1890, in company with two other young lawyers, established the firm of Rochford, Jones & Newman. For an anchor to the windward, in case the law business should prove slow, they purchased a set of abstract books. Soon after the organization of the firm, Rochford was elected Prosecuting Attorney, holding the office two terms. At the beginning of his second term, the partnership was dissolved, and Jones and Newman continued the business until 1896, when Newman withdrew on account of his health. The law business of the firm had been steadily growing, and to assist him Mr. Jones took for a partner his half-brother, W. P. Guthrie, who has conducted the business since the election of Mr. Jones to Congress. The offices of the firm are over the First National Bank, and they have occupied the same rooms continuously since 1890.

The earliest recollection Mr. Jones has of taking any interest in politics was when, like other Republicans of a tender age, he hurried for Grant and Colfax. His support of Republican men and measures at this time quite naturally was strictly "moral," but as soon as age permitted him to vote, he became an active worker. His first work of a political nature was in 1894, when he campaigned for Elaine. He was also on the stump in Southern Illinois for Harrison in 1888. He was a delegate to the Republican State Convention in Illinois in 1898, but has never been a delegate to either state or county conventions in this state, although he has been present at most of them, and has campaigned the state every time there has been an election, since his arrival here. He had no stepping-stones in the way of minor office to his present position, and his election to Congress in 1898, was the first reward he had received from the party. That election was the first to follow the Populistic upheaval of 1896, and their previous victory had emboldened the Populists and Democrats to such an extent that they had entered the campaign with more vigor and confidence than they have ever displayed since. James Hamilton Lewis and "Wheat Chart" Jones were pitted against Cushman and Jones, but the latter were elected by overwhelming majorities.

Mr. Jones does not shine quite so brightly as an orator as some of his colleagues or antagonists whom he met on the stump. He could not "tear a passion to tatters" quite so effectively as it was done by the pink-whiskered J. Ham. Lewis, nor could he set off such dazzling displays of oratorical fireworks as make

"Our Cush" famous, but as a calm, convincing speaker, conveying a sense of deep earnestness in his language and manner, his work on the stump is probably as valuable as that of either of the other men.

Mr. Jones is a little too close to the Columbia River side of the Cascade Mountains to suit some of the Seattle and Tacoma politicians, but he is very popular in the territory that has kept him in Congress. He is very friendly to the Columbia River improvements, and, accordingly, had some antagonism in the last state convention, Seattle and Tacoma, by a particular line of reasoning, deciding that any man that is favorable to the opening of the Columbia River must be an enemy of theirs.

Mr. Jones declines to discuss the political situation as it bears on the coming Senatorial fight, but some of his admirers are said to be grooming him for a dark horse entry in the Senatorial race. He expressed great surprise when the matter was mentioned to him, and intimated that there were too many other candidates ahead of him. This may be true, but, in the event of certain contingencies arising, there are elements in the situation which tend to make Mr. Jones a very promising candidate.

As matters are now lined up, everyting points to the election of Mr. Ankeny to the United States Senate. In the event of his failure, however, there is very little assurance that his strength would be passed up to Harold Preston, who is next in order of prominence, nor to John I. Wilson, who is a bad third in the race. By far the larger portion of the Ankeny following is primarily for the Walla Walla man, because he belongs east of the mountains, and they believe that the geographical location should be considered in the distribution of these political prizes. It might be inferred that this condition would improve the eligibility and chances of John I. Wilson, but he has transferred about everything he has from Spokane to Seattle, and is, to

all intents and purposes, about as much a Seattle candidate as is Harold Preston. Besides, it is doubtful whether he could muster enough strength from other directions, even should a large portion of the Ankeny strength be thrown to him—a contingency which, by the way, is decidedly remote.

This, according to Mr. Jones' friends, would leave him the logical candidate. They point to his good record in Congress and also to his standing in the state, as reflected in the big majorities plied up when he ran for Congress. Jones as a Senatorial possibility is rather new in the complex situation which will reach a crisis at Olympia next Winter; but his availability in the event of the failure of the favorites to win out was first mentioned to me by one of Preston's strongest supporters, and afterwards an equally strong Ankeny man admitted that there was some basis for the claims of Jones' friends if Ankeny should have a hard fight. This, of course, is as yet only idle political gossip, but it may lead to something more before the Winter is over. At any rate, it opens a way for the aspiring east side Congressional candidates to get Jones out of their way—something they have been unable to accomplish by other means.

His early experience as harvest hand, school teacher and struggling lawyer, together with his inherent good sense, have served to make the Yakima statesman strictly democratic, and the importance of his position never weighed lighter on a man than it does on Representative Jones. This democratic feeling is shared by Mrs. Jones, and the rapid change in the fortunes of the family since they came to North Yakima, but little over a dozen years ago, have not changed in the slightest their feeling towards their old friends and neighbors.

The immediate family of Mr. Jones consists of his wife and two children—Harry, aged 14, and Hazel, aged 4 years. An elder brother, C. A. Jones, resides near Sunnyside, Wash., and a half-brother, W. P. Guthrie, resides in this city, where he succeeded Mr. Jones in the law business when the latter was elected to Congress. When at home the family occupies a modest but tasteful little house just off the main street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are fond of the society of their old friends, and delight in entertaining them. Mrs. Jones, accompanied by the children, will go to Washington with her husband, and the house has been closed. They leave tomorrow, and, pending their departure, have been living at the Yakima Hotel.

An Old-Fashioned Woman.
No clever, brilliant thinker, she, with college record and degree. She has not known the paths of fame. The world has never heard her name. She walks on old, long-trodden ways. The valleys of the yesterday.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower—She seeks no other wand of power. To make home sweet, bring heaven near. To win a smile and wipe a tear. And do her duty day by day. In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined, As round with some revered saint enshrined. And following her childish feet Are led to ideals true and sweet. And find all purity and good. In her divinity motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshaken still—God rules the world in good and ill; Men in her creed are brave and true. And women pure as pearls of dew. And life for her is glad and grand. By work and for her end and grand.

This old and dearer's brighter place, All for the sunshine of her face; Her very smile a blessing throw, And hearts are happier where she goes. A gentle, clear-eyed messenger. To whisper love—thank God for her!—L. M. Montgomery, in the Congressionalist.

Light on the Way.
In all the storm-swept night, In all the dreary day, Give us Thy certain Light—Thy Light along the way.

Where'er our feet may tread, O'er reddening blooms of May, O'er graves that hide our dead—Thy Light along the way.

Where Right is wrecked of Wrong, Where stern foes fight and slay, And deepest dangers throng—Thy Light along the way!

Strength for each task; and still Faith—blindly to obey; Thy will our sweetest will—Thy Light along the way!—Frank L. Stanton, Atlanta Constitution.



REPRESENTATIVE JONES AND HIS FAMILY.

FOR THE BIG DINNER NEXT THURSDAY

SEVERAL PORTLAND LADIES PREPARE IDEAL MENUS FOR THANKSGIVING-DAY MEAL. A NEW IDEA BY AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN WHO PROPOSES A REFORM.

At the request of The Oregonian, several Portland ladies have courteously set down what each considers her ideal menu for Thanksgiving dinner. These are submitted, and with them, the ideal dinner of a masculine expert—the steward of the Arlington Club, who caters to the taste of a coterie of "bon vivants." From the bills of fare herewith published, the thousands of housewives who read The Sunday Oregonian will be able to choose a dinner suited to their respective purses.

By Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur.

Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, the daughter of Colonel J. W. Nesmith, the famous Oregon pioneer, when asked about how Thanksgiving day was spent in the earlier days of the state, said:

"When I was a child in Oregon we never had much of a celebration on Thanksgiving day. You know most of the Oregon pioneer families were from the South, and in the South Christmas is a greater holiday than the Puritan Thanksgiving."

"Of course, in later years we have always had a Thanksgiving dinner—I have one every year now for a crowd of football boys. We always have a big Walla Walla turkey and Walla Walla celery, the best in the world, and everything just simple and good."

Following is Mrs. McArthur's menu:

Raw Oysters.
Turkey—Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes—Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Ham.
Celery—Salad.
Ice Cream.
Preserved Royal Anne Cherries or Preserved Pineapples.
Cakes.
Coffee.

By Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd.

Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd, who is a most delightful entertainer, gave as her ideal for Thanksgiving dinner the following menu:

Shrimps on Lettuce Leaves.
Oysters on Half Shell.
Graham Bread Sandwiches.
Kraut Gumbo, with Rice.
Red Snappers.
Boiled Potatoes—Cucumbers.
Cranberry Sauce in Patties.
Roman Punch.
Turkey, Stuffed with Oysters.
Chicken Pie.
Scalloped Oysters, Hot Asparagus.
Macaroni and Cheese.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Hot Mincemeat.
Sweetbread Salad.
Cheese Straws.
Mince and Pumpkin Pie.
Dessert: Glace, Nuts and Raisins.
Cakes and Candies.
Coffee.

By the Steward of the Arlington Club.

Nicholas F. Sargent, steward of the Arlington Club, has prepared the following ideal menu for a Thanksgiving dinner. When Mr. Sargent made up the list he stated that there were several things that should be included, but owing to their scarcity in this country and the limited market facilities, they could not generally be obtained. The menu which follows is substantially the same as that which will be served at the club on Thanksgiving day:

Turkey Point Oyster on Deep Shell.
Little Neck Clams, Half Shell.
Concombre a la Royal. Cream of Terrapin.
Toulouse Bouches. Carapace Herbe.
Deviled Eggplant. Celery.
Sauté Peas. Sauté Almonds.
Chicken Ballotine, a la Maitre.
Cucumbers. Pommes Duchesse.
Roast Young Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Asparagus Tips, on Toast.
Fresh Mushrooms, a la Cream.
Sweet Potato Parfait.
Punch, a la Arlington.
Grilled Breast of Native Pheasant.
Bar le Duc Currants.
Frozen Banana Pudding.
Mince and Pumpkin Pie.
Charlotte Russe. Glace au Mader.
Gateau Assortie.
Coasted Crackers.
Old Siltan and Roquefort Cheese.
Cafe Russe.

Mr. Sargent was also asked to give an ideal way of roasting a turkey, but he said he had got into a difficulty when he tried to tell how once before, all because his directions were suited to certain ovens and certain temperatures, and

when they were applied to others, the turkey suffered as a result. All ovens are not the same, and some people use a better fire than others, and the only safe method to follow is that taught by experience. He, however, wrote the following method for the proper preparation of a turkey before cooking, and the recipe for bread stuffing:

Draw, singe and truss a turkey weighing from 8 to 10 pounds, selecting a very fresh one. Clean thoroughly, having it well washed and dried. Then fill with a bread stuffing; wrap it well in strong buttered paper and lay it on the spit, running the iron rod of the spit between the wings and the string that is used for trussing the turkey. Paen the legs firmly to this rod and roast before a good fire for about an hour to an hour and a half. Fifteen minutes before serving unwrap the turkey, that is to remove the paper and let it assume a fine color while continuing to roast.

It should be golden brown and cooked to perfection. Dress and pour around a little gravy, and then garnish with green water cress, and serve with cranberry sauce.

Bread stuffing for the turkey should be made thus: Sift half a pound of bread crumbs in a bowl, put it over a slow fire in a saucepan and stir up with a spoon, to have it dry. Add two cups of onions cut in dice and fried in butter, and when the stuffing is gold add four ounces either of butter or beef marrow chopped fine; salt, pepper, sage, thyme, parsley, minced green celery leaves and four raw egg yolks.

By Mrs. A. E. Rockey.

The secret of success in a Thanksgiving dinner is to adapt it to the purse and palate of the participants. From Colonial times to the present turkey has justly held the first place. The wisdom of our ancestors is in the foundation of the custom which grows upon us year by year. Let no unhalloved hand disturb it. Turkey is good; so good that it is always a feast whether on the table of some pampered prince of fortune or before Mrs. Wiggs and her family on the "cabin patch." It is so good, too, that it bears almost any sort of treatment and yet retains its toothsome. Stuffed with chestnuts, sage, onions, oysters; baked or boiled, plain or with champagne sauce; preceded by elaborate entrees, flanked by fanciful side dishes with cider or wines of choicest vintage, and followed by desserts that again bring zest to the satiated appetite, turkey has been the principal feature of the typical American Thanksgiving dinner.

The tendency of modern times is to crowd the menu with too many accessories to the principal dish. My own choice is for simplicity and for those garnishments which have come to be considered a proper part of this National feast, with such variations as our own market admits.

Bouillon.

Olives, with Dressing of Chile Peppers, Oil and Lemon Juice.
Sauté Peas. Scalloped Oysters.
Pineapple Ice.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts, Garnished with Cauliflower.
Baked in Pastry with Turkey.
Cranberry Jelly.
Ham, Baked in Cream.
Mashed Potatoes. Branded Potatoes.
Lettuce Salad, with French Dressing.
Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Plum Pudding.
Drip Coffee. Nuts. Raisins.
In the evening serve apple, popcorn, hickory nuts, butternuts, black walnuts, molasses candy and cider.

By Mrs. Rose Hoyt.

Blue Points on the Half Shell.
Clear Soup.
Olive Farcle, stuffed with Almonds.
Canapes with Anchovy Sauce.
Sauté Salmon Trout, Shrimp Sauce.
With Souffle Potato Cakes.
Dress of Duck, with Grape Jelly.
Mushroom Sauce, garnished with Toast in Diamonds.
Pineapple Sherbet.
Boiled Turkey, stuffed with Truffles.
Green Peppers filled with Apples and Celery in Dice.
Lettuce Salad, with Cheese Straws.
Coffee.
Thanksgiving Chocolate Cream.
Cornucopia of Fruits.
Coffee.
Roulette Cheese.

By Mrs. Charles E. Sifton.

"It is a pleasure one day, at least, in the year to return to the customs of the olden time. The strict observance of Thanksgiving—being of early New England origin—should carry with it the old-fashioned dinner of our grandmothers."

Roast Turkey. Boiled Shoulder of Pork.
Chicken Pie.
Boiled Potatoes. Onions. Turnips. Squash.
Boiled Cider. Apple Sauce. Cranberry Sauce.
Pickles. Brown Bread. White Bread.
New England Plum Pudding.
Apple, Mince and Pumpkin Pie. Cheese.
Nuts. Apples. Cider.

By Mrs. E. F. Riley.

Blue Points on Half Shell.
Concombre in Cups.
Mushroom Patties.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Creamed Cauliflower.
Sweet Potato Croquettes. Green Peas.
Pickles. Sauté Nuts. Olives.
Fruit Salad.
Mince Pie. Plum Pudding. Pumpkin Pie.
Ices and Cakes.
Coffee.

By Miss Mary E. Voorhees.

(Principal of the School of Domestic Science.)
Bouillon.
Oysters (served on block of ice).
Olives.
Almonds (in chestnut bore at each corner).
Turkey, Baked and Celery Stuffing.
Cranberry Jelly.
Brown Sweet Potatoes. Peas.
Cress and Apple Salad.
(served in cucumber boats).
Mayonnaise.
Fruit Pudding, Fancy Sauce.

A pumpkin bowl filled with fruit, sprays of Autumn leaves or ferns, will make an attractive center-piece.

The above menu has been arranged so that most of the preparations may be made during the days preceding Thanksgiving. The housewife who finds it wise to prepare her own dinner may then have time to enjoy the society of her guests, and need not spend the entire day in preparing the meal.

Bouillon may be made two or three days in advance, and will only need reheating. The ice on which the oysters are served is made from a piece of ice 12 by 8 inches, 4 inches high. By means of a hot iron the center may be melted into the shape of an oval or square dish two inches deep; at the last moment this is placed on a folded napkin in a platter, and the oysters arranged in the cavity and served.

The turkey may be stuffed and trussed all ready for roasting, and the cranberry jelly made the day preceding Thanksgiving. The pudding will be all the better if made the week previous and simply put in the steamer one hour before serving time.

By Mrs. D. H. Stearns.

"What shall the Thanksgiving dinner be, how served and who our guests?" are

questions which now seem puzzling the busy housewife as well as the lady of leisure. A menu is asked—"Well, turkey seems always the first, last and main feature, but how to cook and serve it?"

With our recent cooking school, its trained instructors and modern appliances, one recalls the time—we'll not say how long ago—when a young bride came among a company of women who were all good cooks and took pride in the same. This bride of a single Summer inquired from one and another, how to bake this, stew that or roast something else, as well as do preserving and pickling. She listened attentively to each reply while one recipe after another was given; finally with keenest interest she innocently remarked: "But Marion Harland tells us to prepare the dish in such a way (giving the recipe in a little different formula)." In lieu of such obstacles I will attempt only an old-fashioned dinner, such as might delight our New England mothers, avoiding the addition of more recent creations.

To begin with the table must be laid in the purest of linen, scrupulously clean; no exquisite cut glass, but beautiful china, which would delight the lover of the antique of today. At the dinner-table were gathered members of the family from far and near; when all were seated thanks were given reverentially; with the serving of oyster soup began the merry good cheer, turkey roasted to a golden brown, cranberry sauce always with many vegetables which the home garden afforded; chicken pie of generous size, with various pickles and jellies; delicious home-made bread and butter not excelled by our modern kitchen or creameries. Next to the delight of the youngsters came the plum pudding—oftentimes enveloped in blue flame even in abstemious New England. Coffee and cream, Squash, apple and mince pies next, with cheese, nuts and raisins.

The dinner over, a pleasant hour is spent in song, reminiscences of the time passed since last like gathering; the cutters are driven to the door, kind good-byes are said, and amid the merry jingle of sleighbells, the party go forth to their various homes and the day is ended.

By an Old-Fashioned Man.

He said he had a new idea for Thanksgiving dinner when he heard an Oregonian reporter asking some one else for a menu, and he would be glad to give it for publication, if his name were not used. He was not ashamed of it, he said, but he didn't want every lady acquaintance "jumping on him" for his proposed reform. Then he unbecomingly himself something like this:

"Begin your dinner with the roast turkey, as when any family and the guests are seated, bring on the bird and commence carving. What's the use of dishing the razor-edge of an appetite with oysters and soup and cold water and salted almonds and olives? Why waste about one-third of your digestive capacity on trifles? Thanksgiving dinner is essentially a feast, and the children's vote would be practically unanimous. They are not hampered by conventionalities.

"Now, I do not want to be misunderstood as suggesting that you should make your meal of turkey. Have all the relishes you want, and ham, and chicken pie, and sausage, and jelly and your vegetables and salad, and punch and ice and your conventional Thanksgiving dinner, and a turkey. Why not feast on the finest meat in the land to start with? Of course, this is not conventional, but I believe if 100 million Americans, and every one of them, gave honest answers, a majority of them would vote, as a personal preference, valuing custom, to begin with the bird. Among the children's vote would be practically unanimous. They are not hampered by conventionalities.

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Merit wins, and this is the reason for the unequalled popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry.

Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful looking ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and indolent, sickly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry.

Ordinary sores are liable to become chronic. Purify the Blood. Heal the Sore.

It is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer.

S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germ-laden, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places.

S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time.

If you have a slow healing, stubborn sore, write us about it, and our Physicians will advise you without charge. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.