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Local Treasurer

INTEREST IN ISSUE

Woman Suffrage Main Thing in Pennsylvania Contest
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—The state constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage was the main issue in Pennsylvania today. There is a spirited contest for mayor of Philadelphia.

KILLS BIG COUGAR

The Roseburg Review says: While hunting in the vicinity of Brushy Butte Charles Brockway shot and killed a large cougar. The animal was brought here and attracted considerable attention. At the time the cougar was killed it was in pursuit of a deer. The cougar is said to be one of the largest brought here for several years.

DALLAS—Up to the present time approximately \$319,998 of the taxes for this year have been collected.

THINK OF MARSHFIELD WITH A 20 MILL TAX

(From Pendleton East Oregonian)
An 11-mill city tax will be somewhat high, but think of poor La Grande, with a 19-mill levy for next year.

Peter's Version.
On the last day of school prizes were distributed at Peter's school. When the little boy returned home the mother was entertaining callers.
"Well, Peter," asked one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"
"No," replied Peter, "but I got horrible mention."—New York Times.

Modest Pa.
"Pa, what is an idiot?"
"It's what your mother thought she married when she got me."—Detroit Free Press.

WEAVING—All kinds a specialty. Mrs. W. W. Nason, 680 12th Courth. So. Phone 220-R



**Everybody Get In
Line For Prosperity.
Home Patronage Will Do It**

If you spend your money with your neighbor he'll spend his with you.

The ads. in your home paper will tell you how to spend it judiciously.

BOOST FOR HOME TRADE AND PROSPERITY

Houses In Buenos Aires.
No building in Buenos Aires is permitted to be higher than the width of the street upon which it is erected; hence the skyscraper will never become popular there, despite the splendid growth and wide-awakeness of the city. Much as this metropolis is known, it is not generally thought of in the light of age. However, it is one of the oldest cities in the new world. The first white settlement was made just forty-two years after the discovery of America by Columbus, and the first buildings were mud huts thatched with straw. Then a brick kiln was made and later tiles and bricks were imported from Spain. The first city was of Spanish architecture, and that style prevailed for more than 300 years. Despite the many great changes which have come through the passage of time and the general building advance in the world, four-fifths of the houses of Buenos Aires are still of one story, although there are streets lined with six-story palaces.—Exchange.

A Unique Lightship.
Off the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, there is stationed at the Otter rock a unique lightship. It is unmanned, yet it can be relied on to display the warning light to guide the mariner on this dangerous coast. It is a most ingeniously constructed vessel and the only one of its kind. In its two steel tanks a sufficient quantity of gas can be stored to supply the lantern for several months. Experiments have shown that the light may be depended upon to burn continuously for months at a time. The approximate duration of the light can be predetermined, and there is no danger whatever of its being extinguished by wind or spray. The light is visible at a distance of from eight to twelve miles. The lightship also has a bell, which is made to ring automatically by means of an ingenious device that utilizes the gas as it passes from the tanks to the lantern to work the bell clapper.—Every Week.

Forelight.
Dix—You used to walk in your sleep. Do you still do so? Dix—No, I take care to bed with me now.—Boston Transcript.

THANKSGIVING TEXTS

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—
Psalm xcii, 1.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name.—Psalm c, 4.

Adorning the Thanksgiving Table

A PRETTILY decorated dining table makes an attractive setting for the Thanksgiving feast. Every year the shops are full of quaint suggestions for the festivity, from elaborate representations of the turkey to the homely but palatable pumpkin. And, best of all, many of these pretty favors and place cards can be made at home with very little trouble.

There is perhaps nothing more effective among these new ideas than the pumpkin centerpiece, or Jack Horner pie, as it is sometimes called. This is really a most deceptive affair, for it looks like a genuine pumpkin, but is really cunningly fashioned from deep yellow tissue paper held in shape by a wire frame or a frame of rather stiff cardboard. The stem and leaves are made of dark green paper. The interior of the pumpkin is hollow and can be filled with small favors for the guests, with ribbons leading from it to each plate.

This table receives an added touch of gaiety from having the edges wreathed with pumpkin vines adorned both with blossoms and miniature fruit. The vines themselves are made of wire wound with a thin twist of cotton batting and covered with green paper. The small pumpkins are simply balls of cotton on a wire stem covered with yellow crepe paper, while the blossoms are of yellow tissue.

Just below the lace-trimmed cloth this same table is draped with a roll of turkey paper, which is most effective. This is a white crepe paper on which are printed large turkeys in natural colors. It is gathered along the upper edge very slightly and fastened by pinning under the edge of the tablecloth.

The place cards are small turkeys with easel backs that can be made from the little turkeys cut from the paper napkins that are got out for Thanksgiving. These little gobblers should first be mounted on heavy cardboard and then touched up with a little gold paint on the feathers to give them a hand-painted effect.

A most amusing turkey centerpiece represents the piece de resistance of the Thanksgiving table as a very sporty bird indeed. He wears a high silk hat, he carries a cane under one arm, or, rather, under one claw, and in his beak is cocked a long black cigar. His feathers are white and brown and his tail is spread to its greatest extent. But, without, he is a hollow sham, and his interior can be used as a receptacle for favors or bonbons.

One of these gay birds would certainly create a great deal of merriment at the dinner table.

May we so order our lives that we may ever strive to be at one with God, not only to give but also to live thanks unto God. In this holy frame of mind may we all enter into the spirit of Thanksgiving day.

Stage Fright.
Statesmen are said frequently to suffer from stage fright. John Stuart Mill utterly collapsed on one occasion when asked to speak in public. The late Mr. Banzou was another who was seriously afflicted whenever he had to preach.

Ambiguous.
Artist (showing latest picture)—My object was to try to express all the horrors of war. Friend—I have never seen anything more horrible.—Boston Transcript.

Art of Shopping.
"What are you down for?"
"To buy myself a box of face powder. Will you help me select it?"
"Certainly," assented the other lady.
"Suppose we begin by looking at refrigerators and lace curtains."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Times want ads bring results.

**Scratched
40 Years
Used D. D. D.,
All Itching Gone!**

This is the actual experience of Anne Croman, 8324 Rosa, Cal., with the wonderful D. D. D. Prescription.
D. D. D. is the proven Eczema Cure the mild wash that gives instant relief in all forms of skin trouble.
Cleanses the skin of all impurities—washes away blotches and pimples, leaving the skin as smooth and healthy as that of a child.
Get a 50¢ bottle of this wonderful Eczema Cure today and keep it in the house.
We know that D. D. D. will do all that is claimed for it.
RED CROSS DRUG STORE

TIME'S MAGAZINE PAGE



Her Thanksgiving Pie

"I HOPE he'll like it," said Ruth Harkness to herself as she put the sensuous into the rich mince pies she was baking. There was one—she held an old-fashioned green edged scalloped plate in her hand and looked at it thoughtfully—yes, there was just meat enough for one more pie. She would sprinkle it full of whole raisins, carefully stoned, and a clove stuck in each one, and she would put a little butter in—just a little, lest it might not be rich enough—and about a spoonful of brown sugar, to make it extra sweet and dark, and then she would save it—she knew for what. It was only that perhaps John Prouty would come around on Thanksgiving evening.

John was always fond of mince pies, as she remembered perfectly well, and now his mother was dead, and he was living at Uncle James', and Aunt James Prouty had rheumatism, and altogether there was not much prospect for John to have any Thanksgiving unless he came there for it.

And so Thanksgiving day came, and there were uncles and cousins and friends of all parties by dozens and dozens gathered beneath Farmer Harkness' twilight roof, and in the cool gray twilight, as Ruth lifted back and forward, always intent on some busy mission, she was watching down the lane for John. She would know his broad shoulders and his well-worn brown suit, and even as she watched they came in sight—they and a bright plaid cloak which belonged to



SHE HEARD A SOFT RAP AT THE WINDOW, the schoolmistress from Perkinsville. Ruth set her teeth together hard and tight.

So that was where John was going for Thanksgiving—and she had been up there taking tea—just as though that girl didn't know that Aunt James Prouty's was no place to go for tea, and she down with rheumatism! Well, she hoped he'd have a pleasant evening. As for that pie—and she looked at it ruefully—she'd taken too much pains with that to waste it on a lot of overgrown boys and cider drinking men. She'd give it to the pigs—that's what she'd do with it. Nobody else should eat it if John couldn't.

Then as she looked at the pastry that had given her so much pleasure and so much disappointment she said she'd give it to old Ma'am Jefferson, down the valley. She was living there alone, lonesome-like, and it would make her Thanksgiving day happier to know that somebody thought of her up there on the hill.

So when the cider and apples were brought and everybody was fixed cozily enough around the kitchen fire and in the next big square sitting room Ruth stole out with the pie in her hands folded in a white towel, and, tripping lightly across the fields, she knocked at the door of the little cottage where Ma'am Jefferson lived alone, but received no answer. The latchstring was hanging out. She pulled it gently to rattle the latch; but, still hearing no sound from within, she pushed the door open and entered. No one was there, but a big Bible lay open on the stand, and the iron bowed spectacles were upon it. Ma'am Jefferson had evidently been called away in a hurry, probably to see some sick neighbor. Ruth said to herself, and she would be glad to find some trace of loving thoughtfulness when she returned.

Then Ruth wrote a little note, and from the feelings that oppressed her, yet kindly from the wealth of her own kind heart, and left it with the pie.

"There's company up at our house," the note said, "and I can't wait until you come back, aunt, but I have put the teakettle over the fire and set the tea drawing, and I hope you will find everything warm and comfortable."

Hours and hours Ruth sat alone by the kitchen fire waiting for the last sound of life to die out in the house that she might rake up the embers and lock the doors, for she was a notable housekeeper, this brave young girl, and took her invalid mother's place as far as possible in all things.

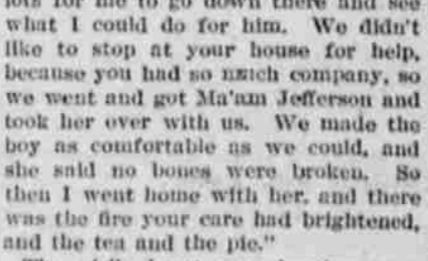
But while she was sitting alone by the kitchen fire she heard a soft rap at the window, and, looking up, she saw John's face in the moonlight, earnest and smiling as he beckoned to her. In the instant the thought flashed over her, proud and decorous Yankee girl that she was, that he had been spending the evening with Miss Gregory, and it was worse than impertinent for him to call there on his way home. She would not answer his summons. She thought he would go away, and so he did—from the window, but only to come quietly in at the door.

Sitting down on the settee beside her, he spread his hands over the dying embers to warm them and said, with a slight shiver:
"It is chilly out tonight, Ruth, and I have been thinking of you."
She turned up her nose a little at this; but, dreading to hear anything more that she would think was false, she told him very quietly:
"I saw you go down the lane with Miss Gregory early this evening. I should think it most likely that you had been thinking of her since then."

John turned and looked at her, lots of fun brimming up in his brown eyes. But when he saw how tired and sad she looked he answered her gently:
"My little girl, I have been thinking of you, as I said, and the last thing I did before coming here was to drink a cupful of tea and eat a piece of pie of your making. While I drank the tea I was thinking—no doubt it will sound foolish to you—but I was thinking how every one of those little grains had been cradled in the palm of your hand as you measured them out, and the pie was as sweet as though you had stirred the mince with your finger before putting it between the crusts."

Ruth was laughing and blushing at his foolish words, and he, enjoying her confusion, put up one hand and drew her head down on his shoulder.
"I don't know what you mean," she said presently. "I haven't turned cook for Miss Gregory."
"No," he interrupted her; "I forgot that you didn't know where I had been. Tom Gregory was thrown from a colt tonight, and they thought his leg was broken. His sister came across lots for me to go down there and see what I could do for him. We didn't like to stop at your house for help, because you had so much company, so we went and got Ma'am Jefferson and took her over with us. We made the boy as comfortable as we could, and she said no bones were broken. So then I went home with her, and there was the fire your care had brightened, and the tea and the pie."

The girl's heart was beating very fast as John said, "My Thanksgiving will be complete, Ruth, if you will promise to be my wife."
After they were married she told him that the pie had been made on purpose for him.



A Thanksgiving Song

By ANNETTE KOHN, in Independent

All our days
We give thee praise,
O God, who holdest in Thy hand
And didst exalt and bless our land
And gavest it from sea to sea
To all embracing liberty,
We give thee praise
All our days.

For the golden glow of the orange tree,
For the purple grapes, for the honeybee,
For the waving plumes of the yellow grain,
For the glorious sunshine and for the rain,
The coal in the mine, the ore in the hill,
The throb of the engine, the whistles shrill,
The fire of the forge and the anvil's ring,
For the tinkling phone and the cable string,
The whir of the loom, the clack of the mill,
For the auto's speed and the airship's thrill,
For the horse of flame on the road of steel
And the wireless voice that makes loud appeal,

For our busy marts and our busy streets,
Where the white, black, brown and yellow man meets;
For the strong true arm of the workman brave,
For our churches and schools with power to save,
For hearts of our women, brains of our men,
For the laureled harvest of brush and pen,
For the wealth of herds on the prairies wide,
For the new homes rising on every side,
For the law that shields where our flag is unfurled,
For peace in our land and with all the world,

For our mighty name, in all men's sight,
The pledge we must walk for aye in thy light,
All our days
We give thee praise.

Every One Chases the Turkey at This Time

"Give us turk," grins the red-shawled little Italian woman, picking her way through the wet alleys of the city market place. She reaches the stalls where live birds are being sold to these hardy souls who are equal to the task of carrying their purchases home, squawking and struggling, through the city streets. Madonna Bella does not hesitate, however. She picks out the fiercest bird in the whole pen and runs her capable fingers through his feathers to feel if he really is as fat as he looks. Then she waits, her broad smile growing broader every minute, as the dealer weighs her treasure. The men and boys, to whom the day before Thanksgiving is one of the most entertaining in the whole calendar, stand around, shouting their glee, and finally Madonna Bella reaches out a strong hand, seizes her bird by the legs and thrusts it into the folds of her apron, departing proudly down the street. Next after her is a delegation of mirthful, rosy cheeked boys from the settlements come to buy "a good one" for Miss Sallie. It requires many moments of heated discussion before they can all agree upon just which one is good enough, and then more consultation before they decide that the association funds are being used to the best advantage in the purchase of the bird that is chosen.

Thanksgiving teaches one thing—namely, that there is no need for a universal language. When there is a universal need the words take care of



INTRODUCING THE THANKSGIVING BIRD, themselves. Italian, Greek, Norwegian, Russian and German, they know "toik" or "turk."

All day long the procession fills the streets. Boys with live birds under their arms, followed by shrieking crowds of children until they disappear in some dingy doorway; women with big bundles done up in burlap or old newspaper, which Sherlock Holmes, at least, can tell easily are turkeys by the size of the claws sticking out; limousines rolling noiselessly to the doors of shaming emporiums where the democratic national bird costs at least 10 cents more than it does if you take it home alive from the public market, but it isn't half as much fun; beautifully dressed women selecting the finest for the family feast of Dives; that commuters rushing into the market and dashing out again, spilling nuts and celery and cranberries, but clutching without possibility of error the fattest turkey there is left in the market—this is the day before Thanksgiving in the big city.

Nobody cares what the price is. It may be 25 cents or it may be 50. It makes very interesting reading two weeks beforehand. Father especially—and mother, if she is a member of the Housewives' league and feels a moral responsibility in these matters—likes to know whether he'll have to pay 5 cents more this year or only 3 more than he paid last year. But do you think the cost matters on the day before Thanksgiving? Does it matter to you?—New York Tribune.

Thanksgiving day ought to mean much to churchgoers. It is the one day in the year on which sectarians sink all their differences and unite in a common worship before God.

Turkey Not From Turkey.
It is unfortunate that such a truly American product as the turkey should have received such a name. Just how it came to be christened "turkey" is a matter of conjecture, but one early writer says: "It appears to have been intended as a satire upon the solemn strut of the bird, which might appear to give it a resemblance to the pompous stride of a Turk. Most assuredly it did not arise from the native place of the bird, which has no connection with eastern Europe or Asia. To suppose the bird meleagris, mentioned by Greek writers, to have been the turkey is quite a mistake. When discovered in America it was seen both in a wild and domestic state."

Not Many "Vermont Turkeys."
A standard form of printed bill of fare used by restaurants, hotels and steamboats always announces that the turkey is from Vermont. Vermont farmers have done great things in recent years in improving breeds of turkeys and in marketing choice kinds, but the state does not account for 1 per cent of the trade in fine turkeys.

Do You Want a Position?

You can get it! You can get a good one
You can get as good a one as you can fill!

Don't get the blues because some grouch turned you down; don't be foolish just on account of the frown on some old fool's face. Buck up! Get busy.

Remember that when Wall Street refused to advance another dollar to finance the United States in the days of the war, it was advertising that saved the Union. Jay Cook went to the people! He went in pages! He told his story in the newspapers. He advertised—big and little—by and large—and the people came to the rescue. They got the money out of the old clock, and from under the loose brick in the old hearth and they bought the bonds Wall Street refused to touch. If you can't get the job you're trudging around town trying to find, carry a "Want Ad in The Times." Make it sensible; tell your qualifications; tell 'em how hard you're willing to try to please; tell 'em who you are and what you are; where you've been and what you've done. Tell your story in words written as you would in words spoken. Take more space and make it clear and strong and convincing. Learn how to use Want Ads so as to get what you want. If you're a good book-keeper—say so—and prove it—tell the facts—without names—but give the gist of it. A good Want Ad will pull you through. Try it and see. Don't get discouraged. A good, strong want ad never failed yet—repeated over three times.

Coos Bay Times

The Paper that Makes Little Ads Pay Big