For the YOUNG PEOPLE

NETTIE BELLE'S SNOW PARTY

ALL the children in Nettie Belle's dancing class were looking forward to Saturday afternoon, for that was the day set for what promised to be a very novel party. Ever since the cunning invitations had arrived, excitement had run high, and many were the guesses made as to what the party would be like. The invitation had come in a box and surprising in itself—for usually travel in envelopes—but inside the box lay the surprise of all. Snug within [illegible] a large cotton ball, flecked on the outside with silvery tinsel, and attached to the ball was a card bearing these words:

I am giving a Snow Party next Saturday afternoon and want you to join in the winter frolics. Follow the Snow Ball to the ice palace of Nettie Belle Browne. 211 Reed street.

Now everybody knew that Nettie Belle did not live in an ice palace, and what was more not a flake of snow had fallen for days. How could Nettie Belle give a snow party without snow? That is what the twelve children, to whom the snow balls had been sent, asked themselves and each other.

Saturday afternoon came at last—clear and cold and sunny—and the eager guests assembled early in the home of Nettie Belle. Snow abounded everywhere. Cotton tufts covered the walls and dotted the furniture. Large sheets had been spread over the floor, and in one corner of the playroom had been erected a snow fort made of screens and chairs covered with cotton besprecked sheeting. Nettie Belle appeared like a veritable snow elf in her white party frock which looked as though a shower of cotton and tinsel had descended upon it. After the children's exclamations of admiration and surprise had subsided, Nettie Belle asked them to take chairs beside the long nursery table which stood at one end of the room. Then she gave each one a piece of stiff black paper (five inches square) several small strips of black paper, a little roll of soft cotton, and a small dish of paste.

"We've been looking for snow all winter," she said, "and none has come, so we'll just have to use substitute snow instead. Now, I want to see what good snow sculptors you are, and I want you each to make a snow man out of the materials I have given you. In fifteen minutes Mother will ring a bell and then you must stop work. Now, let's see who can make the best man!"

And then the children set to work—or rather to play—for such fun they never had. It looked easy to paste the white cotton onto the black paper, but the task was not as easy as it looked. However, when the bell called a halt in the work some very clever snow men had been created. Some had black paper eyes and some had no eyes at all. One wore a tall black hat. One man had a pipe, and one bore a fluffy black broom. They were all so well done that Mother, who was acting as judge, had trouble in deciding which was the best of all. Finally she asked the children to vote and the prize went to the maker of a very rolly polly looking little man with funny black eyes shaded by a 'Charlie Chaplin' hat, whose feet were encased in large black shoes and who brandished a terrifying stick. The prize was a very pretty edition of "The Snow Queen."

For the next game the children sat in a circle on the floor, and to each was given a white pencil on which had been pasted silver tinsel—Nettie Belle called them icicles—and a sheet of paper. On the right hand end of each line were written these words, in the following manner:

..... snow
..... ice
..... skate
..... sled

Then Mother explained what was to be done. "Write the first line of a verse," she said, "and it must end with the word on the line. Then write a second line to rhyme to it. After that fold your paper over so the two lines you have written will be hidden and then pass your paper on to your neighbor. Do this until all the lines have been filled in."

The children were amateur verse makers and many were the sighs and giggles and groans and shouts that went up while the rhymes were being composed. When the last line had been filled in Mother collected all the papers and then redistributed them and told the children to read the verses aloud. There were some very funny ones you may be sure for no child knew what kind of verse had preceded his own two lines, and the combination of thoughts relating to winter sports war often ridiculous to hear. When the laughter and fun, occasioned by the reading of the verses had died down, Mother called the guests into the dining room where another surprise awaited them.

In the center of the table stood a big "snow man," holding under his arm a large white bag and from the bag to each child's plate, on which stood a little ice cream snow man, ran a white ribbon. When the signal was given each child pulled the ribbon and out of the bag came card board balls filled with white peppermint balls. The table seemed to be covered with frosty things—frosted cakes, white candies, tinsel icicles hanging from the chandelier, and the favors were all representative of some winter sport. By the time the children were ready to go home they found it hard to believe that they had not really been playing in the snow, so suggestive of the out-doors had the party been, and they were not a little surprised to step from the "snowy" house out into the clear dry streets. But what cared they then about the weather? Nettie Belle had given them a taste of winter even though nature had not.

In The Center Of The Table Stood A Big "Snowman"

THE ACROBAT

"Cousin Mabel," said little Ted
"I can do a trick or two
My best one I will show to you,
'Tis standing on my head."

A Painter Who Loved Dogs

AS a little boy Edwin Landseer was very fortunate in having a father who was interested in his son's art career. This kind and wise father was an engraver, and he encouraged the boy to express his fancies with his brush and pencil. Like many artists, the boy Landseer was not much of a student. Indeed, the complaint against him was that "he was always running away from his teachers and always drawing." But his drawings were not merely boyish scribbles, they were worth while attempts and many of them are today preserved in the South Kensington Museum at London. Many of these early sketches were made when the boy was but six or seven years old, and when he was eleven he was awarded a prize of a silver palette by the Society of Arts for the best drawings of animals.

His great love of animals found expression in his paintings of these dumb friends, and most of his popularity was won through his appealing pictures of dogs. It has been said that Landseer painted all animals with an artist's eye, but the dog he painted as a friend. When he was thirteen years old he exhibited two pictures at the Royal Academy, and the next year he entered the art school. As early as the rules of the Academy would allow he was made an associate of the Royal Academy and his pictures were bought as quickly as he could paint them. It is told of the painter that he worked with remarkable swiftness. Some of his most important works are said to have been done in a few hours. One day when the subject of his rapid work was under discussion a young lady remarked that at least he could do but one picture at a time. Whereupon the painter took a pencil in each hand and with one drew a stag, and with the other at the same time he drew a horse. But though he did the actual work in short time he spent many hours studying the effects which he hoped to achieve. Landseer would put the blank canvas on the easel before him and then before he touched a brush he would plan exactly what he wanted to paint and just how he wanted the finished painting to look.

The story is told that one of his friends always entered Landseer's studio with the remark: "Keep your dogs off me," referring to the many paintings which were scattered about. The painter had a very loveable disposition and he made many friends. Queen Victoria and her husband were two of his greatest admirers and it is told that they would each order him, in secret, to paint pictures that they might present them as gifts to each other.

When he was forty-eight years old this gifted man was knighted and later he was elected president of the Royal Academy. His fame was won through his paintings of animals and his beautiful studies of the dogs which he loved so well.

JOHN AND SLED CO.

JOHN DAVIS wanted very much to earn money for thrift stamps so he could buy them at school just as the other boys and girls in his room did. You see, his was the banner room in the school and everybody knows that to be the banner room each boy and each girl has to work and work hard. Of course, John had bought some stamps, for once in a while his mother gave him a bit of money and he saved and saved and then, when he had twenty-five cents he bought a stamp—and that was a proud moment for him you may be sure.

But he couldn't buy enough with money that was given him only on rare occasions. He wanted an allowance like the other boys had so he too could report what he had done without and he too could be a good patriot and buy with money that he saved instead of wasted. But his mother didn't believe in allowances for boys and there seemed no other way to get cash.

When he was given a beautiful new sled on his birthday, the early part of February, he was so happy he almost forgot about thrift stamps—that is, he forgot about the stamps till he got to school and heard about the new "drive."

"Oh, John," shouted his chum Ned, as John dashed into the school yard, breathless from his long coast down the village hill, "guess what Miss Ellis told me? We're going to have a "drive" in our room and everybody is to buy two stamps this month—sure—and as many more as they can!"

John didn't look happy and he didn't feel happy for he knew there was very little chance for him to buy two stamps that month and then he would spoil the record of their room. He didn't say much about it that day, but when school was over he took his sled and started off home, all alone. When he got outnear the edge of the village, he passed Mrs. Barnes, a neighbor, who was loaded down with a heavy bundle of groceries.

"It's a pity your sled hasn't sides, John," she said pleasantly as he passed her. "If it had, I'd get you to haul my groceries for me. You know they won't deliver in winter, but heavy packages are really too much for me!"

"Can't you put them on the sled anyway?" asked John politely. "I'll hold my hand on 'em so they won't slide off."

John Took His Sled And "tarted" Home, All Alone

Mrs. Barnes laid down the heavy bundles, watched while John balanced them well and then the two walked on together, John all the while keeping his hand on the topmost parcel.

"Well, that surely was a help," said the good lady when her doorstep was reached, "and here's a nickel—maybe you can use it!"

"Use it?" exclaimed John. "I'll save it for a thrift stamp!"

"That so?" asked Mrs. Barnes and she was interested at once. "If that's what you want money for, John, why don't you fix a box on your sled so you can haul bundles. Most of the housekeepers in this neighborhood would be glad to pay you if you could take our order as you go to school and bring the groceries when you come back. You might work up quite a business."

John thanked her for the money and the idea and then he dashed home to hunt up a box and rope to fasten the box to his sled. The very next morning he stopped at Mrs. Barnes and got an order and she sent him to her next door neighbor where he got another order. And when he brought the groceries back at noon he had two nickels to add to his collection—my how rich he did feel!

Business flourished all winter and John found that he could buy more thrift stamps than any other boy in his room. And he earned his too—that was the best part of it! He got a bigger box, fastened it securely to the sled and painted the sides "John and Sled Co." The boys laughed at him and asked him what he meant to do when the snow was gone.

John replied: "I'm going to get me a wagon with good strong sides and I'm going to mark it just the same 'John and Sled Co.' [illegible] I began with a sled and I'm not going back on my first friend!"

THE JUNIOR COOK

JELLY COOKIES

Take 30 square salt crackers, a box of marshmallows and a glass of jelly.

Lay 15 of the crackers on a shallow cookie pan.

Drop one spoonful of jelly on each cracker.

Lay the second 15 crackers on top of the jelly covered crackers, being sure that the corners match neatly.

Set a marshmallow on the top of each cracker top.

Put the pan in a moderate oven and bake till marshmallows are a dainty brown color.

Remove from the pan and eat at once.

These are fine to make in a hurry when company comes and you have no cake or when you are very hungry and the cookie jar is empty.

HENRY TAYLOR BURIED AT ECHO WEDNESDAY

(East Oregonian Special.)

ECHO, Oct. 2.—On Sept. 30, the remains of the late Henry Taylor were laid to rest in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Mr. Taylor passed away at the home of his daughter in Long Beach, Cal. He was for many years a resident of Echo and conducted the dray business here.

Jerry Boeland who has been working on the highway near Biggs returned to his home here Thursday.

A meeting of the Ladies Aid was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. M. Johnson. Their annual election resulted in the following officers being chosen:

President, Mrs. L. Hendley.
Vice-President, Mrs. D. P. Bowman.
Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Mitchell.
Secretary, Mrs. Alex Malcolm.

A large and interested crowd was in attendance.

Clifford Esselstyn of Lexington was here for a short visit Sunday.

Mrs. E. J. Pinkerton who has been visiting relatives on Butter Creek and in Echo for the past ten days, returned to Pendleton on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wiglesworth were visitors in Echo Thursday, from their home on Little Butter Creek.

Mrs. Lee Savely and Mrs. Hiestand Moore, of Butter Creek, were business visitors here Thursday.

It is learned that Echo is to have a new store in the near future. It is with pleasure that we greet any progress in our little city.

Mrs. W. W. Esselstyn was a business visitor to Pendleton on Thursday.

Miss Katherine Wolf, daughter of Rev. Wolf, of the M. E. Church, left on Friday for Vancouver, Wash., where she will begin her duties soon as teacher in the high school.

Ed Neill left a few days ago for Idaho where he has a band of sheep that he will bring home soon.

Neil Bleakney, a young farmer on the meadows, was in Echo Tuesday on business.

Jess Mathes is at Elk Creek, Idaho, on a business trip.

Geo. Mitchell and family have moved in the Henry Dorn residence near the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Whitworth are moving into the house just vacated by Geo. Mitchell. The Whitworths recently purchased the property.

Work, which has been suspended for many weeks on the new bank building, has been resumed. When completed, the building will be a credit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Phillips of Newberg, Ore., are here visiting at the home of J. Frank Spinning.

Alfred Rethlefsin of Portland, also visited at the Spinning home.

J. P. Rethlefsin of Echo, is visiting at the home of Gaylord Madison on Butter Creek.

Miss Clytie Hale a member of the telephone force, was in Pendleton Thursday.

The Farmers and Merchants Bank
You will like our banking force.
WALLA WALLA, WASH.

FARMERS ARE KILLING WEEDS BEFORE SOWING

(East Oregonian Special.)

ADAMS, Oct. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of La Grande are visiting at the home of their daughter, Prof. and Mrs. Graloff at Adams.

Mrs. Ella Mills returned to her home in Richfield, Idaho, after visiting for the past month with her sister, Mrs. G. O. Ricardson.

The farmers are all busy working their ground with their harrows and weed cutters to kill the weeds so as to be ready for fall sowing.

Ed Wallen is having his lumber hauled which was shipped in from the Pendleton Lumber Co., ready to start building his new house.

Jim Chesnut, who has been sick for some time, is greatly improved and is able to walk some now.

L. L. Rogers of Pendleton motored to Adams today.

Mrs. Charley Bunch and children left for Portland to visit relatives and friends.

John Hales and Sullivan Reimer and Allen Simpson motored to Adams Wednesday.

Roll Morrison, Pendleton high school yell leader, and Frankie Dames motored to Adams Wednesday.

Alex McKenzie is confined to his home with a bad cold.

Miss Bertha McFarland returned to her home in Adams after a visit with friends in Athena.

Mr. and Mrs. Kembler of Pendleton are the guests of Mrs. Kembler of Adams for the week-end.

J. T. Lieuallen is having his fence repaired by F. M. Whitely.

Jim Chesnut of the Adams chop mill, has been working two crews of men, running day and night.

Some plans for the new church are now being drawn by an architect and will be presented to the people in the near future.

The time for the evening church services has been changed to 7:30 and next Sunday evening there will be a baptismal service.

Don't forget the Sunday school at 10 o'clock. We are climbing near the 100 mark. A Rally Day program is now being prepared and will be given Sunday, October 10.

BIGGEST WIRELESS IN WORLD IS DEDICATED

NAUEN, Germany, Oct. 2.—(A. P.)—The completed wireless sending station here, the largest in the world, was officially dedicated yesterday in the presence of an invited company, including Ellis Loring Dresel, U. S. commissioner to Berlin. Other members of the American mission also were present.

President Ebert, who spoke at the function after congratulating the German makers of the plant on their skill and ingenuity, sent broadcast a message opening the new service.

The towers and antennae which serves America, just completed, have a sending radium of 12,000 miles and a capacity of 75 words a minute.

The foregoing message was sent from Nauen direct by the new wireless system.

ROME, Oct. 2.—(U. P.)—Italy will declare the war at an end October 31, the cabinet announced today. All war measures possible will be revoked then, it was announced, and the war ministry will be reduced. The latter move will restore a number of commandeered hotels to their owners.

FRESNO, Cal., Oct. 2.—(A. P.)—Automobile racing enthusiasts from all parts of California are gathered here to witness the 200-mile race today that will christen Fresno's new mile motor speedway. Nine of America's foremost race drivers will start for a purse of $15,000.

Used for 70 Years
Thru its use Grandmother's youthful appearance has remained until youth has become but a memory. The soft, refined, pearly white appearance it renders leaves the joy of Beauty with you for many years.
Gouraud's Oriental Cream
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

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Alta St. Phone 755 Opposite P. O.

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Announcement

We have had the good fortune to secure the services of

Mr. E. T. Walker

Formerly shop-foreman for the Oregon Motor Garage.

Mr. Walker has had years of experience, and as most of you know, is thoroughly familiar with all Standard makes of cars.

He will have full charge of our repair department, and every job will have his personal supervision, and will be thoroughly tested by him before leaving our shop.

If you want your car to run at its best, let us do your repair work.

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