

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

I've be'n countin' up my blessin's, I've be'n
summin' up my woes.
But I ain't got th' conclusion sum would
nat'rally suppose.
Why I quit a countin' troubles 'fore I had
half a score,
While in 'more I count my blessin's I keep
findin' more an' more.

There's been things that wa'n't exactly as
I thought they'd ought t' be,
And I've often growed at Providence fer
not a pettin' me;
But I hadn't stopped t' reckon what th'
other side had be'n,
So I guess it wa'n't correct, the way I cal-
keriated then.

Fer there's be'n a gift o' sunshine after
every shower o' tears,
And I've found a load o' laughter scattered
all about th' years,
If th' thorns have pricked me sometimes,
I've good reasons to suppose
Love has hid 'em off from me 'neath the
rapture o' th' rose.

So I'm goin' t' still be thankful fer th' sun-
shine and th' rain,
Fer th' joy that's made me happy; fer th'
purgin' done by pain;
Fer th' love o' little children; fer the friends
that have be'n true;
Fer th' guidin' Hand that's led me ev'ry
threat'nin' danger through.

I'm rejoicein' in th' mercy that can take my
sins away,
In th' Love that gives me courage in th'
thickest o' the fray,
I am thankful fer th' goodness that from
heaven follers me,
O! how happy and how thankful I forever
ought t' be.

So jest let us count our blessin's as we're
journeyin' along,
Then we'll find less time fer growlin', and
more fer mirth and song,
When you lift your eyes t' heaven earthly
shadows flee away—
Let us learn this lovin' lesson as we keep
Thanksgivin' Day.
—Ram's Horn.

SENIOR WESTLAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY IRON E. DANIELS.

ABOUT Wentworth Institute all was quiet. The dull November morning had worn well on toward the noon hour, yet no one was stirring, and a vacation like stillness pervaded the air.

"It's strangely quiet here this morning," said Harold Westlake to himself, as he strolled down the path toward the city. "I wonder if I'm the only man up." He looked at his watch; it was a quarter of ten. "Well, I suppose most of the fellows have gone home for Thanksgiving; that accounts for it."

There was a look of unwonted meditation on Westlake's face as he walked down the path. His step, habitually buoyant, was like that of a man who is pondering some knotty problem. He was a tall, large framed, athletic looking fellow. His college training had not made him pale or round shouldered—a characteristic of most collegians in those early days—and he flattered himself that with all his proficiency in what his practical father called "your Greek and Latin rubbish," he could still prove to the rugged farmer his ability to hold a plow or pitch hay with the best of his old Elmfield companions whose education had not been over emphasized.

As he turned a corner of the path his eye was attracted to the college poplar which stood near the walk, and now enveloped in a momentary outburst of sunshine. It had long been a custom at the Institute for every freshman to cut his initials on the tree trunk, and high up from its base the smooth bark was closely covered with monograms, the lower ones now almost obliterated by the growth of the tree. Near the top of the list Westlake saw his own, "H. R. W. 37." A Senior—yes, unreal as it seemed, three years had passed since he had carved those letters, and as he looked back over them, the happy occasions which other Thanksgiving Days had been to him came to mind—the glad welcome to the Merivales' pleasant home, the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, the after dinner chat in the cosy parlor, and, as twilight came on, the singing of some familiar air, or a rollicking college song in which voice and piano seemed to blend far more sweetly than anywhere else. But this was no more to be. He might as well give up all hope of passing the day in the old way, he said to himself, as he pushed his hands down deeper into his pockets.

What had he done to vex Helen—saucy Helen, with the softest and merriest of brown eyes, and cheeks which the sun and air had painted?

Every year of his college life thus far he had never failed to receive an invitation to spend Thanksgiving at her parents' house, and he had never failed to accept it. He recalled how eagerly he had awaited the postman's rap the evening before, fully expecting to receive a letter in the well-known handwriting, but none had come.

Assuredly something had happened to change Helen's feelings toward him, but try as he might, no satisfactory explanation presented itself.

Westlake, however, was not one to give way to despondency. He had had many disappointments in his college course and had learned to bear them philosophically. He walked briskly down the frozen path, struck the sidewalk and turned into the long, elm guarded street. The air was cold and exhilarating, and he forgot his perplexities for the moment in a new feeling of strength and life.

The streets were well nigh deserted. The market windows whose Thanksgiving wares had been so temptingly displayed the afternoon before were now nearly empty. Only a few underfed specimens of poultry remained exposed to the gaze of possible purchasers, objects of keen envy, nevertheless, to a group of

street urchins whose patched trousers and ragged caps spoke too plainly of a dinnerless Thanksgiving. The sight gave Westlake a suggestion; why not treat one of these unfortunates to a good meal?

As he turned a street corner one of the youngsters overtook him. It was the oldest son of his washwoman. Harold had often seen him and had once visited his home on the outskirts of the city.

"Here's my opportunity," he thought, as he greeted the boy.

The lad was drawing a small express wagon loaded with a large bundle of washing. The student's quick eye took in the situation at a glance. The big load at which the boy tugged and strained at every curbing, his own pale face and thin, clothed form told clearly of his home life, of his widowed, hard-working mother, and of the little, hungry mouths to whom Thanksgiving would be a day, like all other days, of deprivation.

In his hasty survey of the boy's load, Westlake had caught sight of a piece of crumpled paper in one corner of the wagon, evidently a waste bit escaped from the linen. Picking it up half unconsciously, he began to unfold it. It was in a feminine hand—a hand that struck him at once as being familiar, and each line was crossed by a heavy pen stroke straight across the paper. Glancing at the heading, he saw his own name. Then the truth flashed upon him; it was Helen's writing. Making out with some difficulty the scored lines, he read as follows:

"My Dear Harold—Dinner will be served at half-past five to-morrow afternoon, and we wish you to be with us as usual. If this conflicts with some previous engagement, please don't let it interfere. Perhaps your new found friend will expect—"

Here the note ended. "So the invitation's cancelled," thought Westlake. "What does she mean by my new found friend, I wonder?" He folded the note carefully, and placed it in his pocket. "Fred," said he, turning to the lad at his side, whose attention during the reading of the note had been divided between his wagon and the shop windows, "take home your washing and bring your wagon back as soon as you can."

The lad, his big blue eyes expressing his wonder more plainly than words, quickened his pace and disappeared, little guessing to what purpose the wagon was to be put. Westlake, in the meantime, strolled up and down the sidewalk, judging with the practiced eye of a farmer's son the poultry and vegetables in the provisioners' windows. He had hardly finished his tour of inspection, and selected as good a variety as the lateness of the season afforded, when Fred reappeared.

By means of a few questions tactfully put, Westlake soon had a fairly correct idea of the condition of the Hawkins' larder, together with the individual Eskings of the little Hawkinses. Ere the steeple clock had by had struck eleven, the strangely assorted couple were making their way toward Asylum lane. The axles of the little express wagon fairly creaked with the weight of the boxes and bundles entrusted to it.

Their very appearance was a paradise of anticipation to Fred. One of the packages, from which a pair of claws protruded, could contain nothing less than a turkey; there were potatoes and turnips, beets and celery, onions and sage, assorted cakes and crackers, and in the end of the wagon sundry brown paper bags which the boy's imagination fondly pictured as containing candies (some chocolates, he hoped), nuts, bananas, oranges, popcorn, figs, and perhaps some ch'z'ng gum. What a glorious dinner! The heart of the college man, itself youthful, beat with pleasure at the boy's delight, and the long expected dinner at the Merivales, even Helen herself, was for the moment forgotten.

Several other persons, bent on like errands of charity, were met with in the crowded city quarters, and Westlake began to feel himself quite a philanthropist. The feeling increased as they stopped before an immense wooden tenement house, and were ushered into the dark, ill smelling hall. Laden with the bundles, they were greeted at the top of four flights of stairs by the washwoman herself, a pale, tired looking woman of forty or thereabouts, who thanked Westlake with full eyes.

The student hesitated before accepting her invitation to dinner, but thinking that he might be of service in amusing the children, he consented to stay. He found plenty to do. The junior Hawkins', frail, half starved little fellows as they were, seemed to be endowed with a full sense of their duties as hosts, and proceeded to entertain the strange visitor in a manner which left him little time to think of anything save the art of self-defense. Andy, the wide-awake 4-year-old, reported the progress of the dinner to the others at frequent intervals, taking hasty trips to the kitchen for that purpose.

The eagerly awaited moment came at last. Dinner was ready, and such a dinner as the children made of it! It was well worth the cost. Westlake thought, to see them eat and watch the pleased look on the mother's face. How the turkey disappeared! It was turkey for relish, turkey for entree, turkey for dessert. Surely no one bird ever before did such signal service to humanity!

Amid the clatter of the meal a low rap at the outer door was unnoticed. A louder knock brought Mrs. Hawkins to her feet. Her face showed plainly that the visitor was not unexpected. Westlake was helping the boy nearest him to a fourth slice of turkey, and looked up just as the new comer entered the room. His knife nearly dropped from his hands. There before him stood Helen Merivale, surveying the group with a wonder equal to his own. A basket which she carried on her arm indicated that she, too, had come on a mission of charity.

"This is indeed a surprise, Mr. Westlake," she said, after she had regained her composure. "I'm afraid my journey has been in vain," she added, with a smile, glancing at the swiftly disappearing viands.

"Not as far as I am concerned," said Westlake, meaningly, and Helen blushed.

At Mrs. Hawkins' earnest invitation, Miss Merivale consented to drink a cup of coffee after her long walk. Westlake made several unsuccessful attempts to catch her eye. Was she really offended or hurt, or was it all a mistake? The question was soon to have a reply. Fred felt it his duty to converse with the guests.

"That was a pretty girl I saw you with the other day, Mrs. Westlake," he said, with an air borrowed from the students he admired at a distance.

"Yes; my sister is considered very pretty," responded Westlake. He looked full at Helen. "Dora paid me only a flying visit, or I should have asked permission to present her to your parents and you, Miss Merivale."

Helen merely bowed in assent; her color had deepened, as if with shame, and Westlake thought he understood matters.

They left the house together soon afterward, and on their way to the city Westlake drew the crumpled-note from his pocket and handed it to his companion.

"I believe this is yours, Helen," he said.

She recognized it at a glance.

"Oh, Harold, can you ever forgive me?" she exclaimed. "If I had only known it was your sister! I saw you on the street together, and you were so far away that I did not recognize her. Then I thought you might wish to spend the day with your new friend, and I would have cancelled the invitation."

"Is it still cancelled?" asked Westlake, playfully holding the scored lines up before her.

"Only the last sentence," was the reply.

Needs Another Guess.



Young Turk—Gee! I wonder if that's Carrie Nation?

The Thanksgiving Table.

The table for the Thanksgiving dinner should be set with the prettiest glass, china and silver that the house affords. Little individual paper cups with frills of orange-colored tissue paper, at each place would brighten the table. These are filled with nuts and candies. Name cards are decorated with a bow of orange ribbon or some appropriate decoration as a pumpkin, turkey, autumn scene, flower or leaf or some appropriate quotation sketched in pen and ink or painted in water color. These of course for a family reunion are not necessary, but they serve to make the table decorations more pleasing. Gourds hollowed out make pretty receptacles for nuts. Pressed ferns and autumn leaves also add much to the table decorations.

What the Wishbone Said.
I cannot, cannot thankful be;
Don't ask me to, I beg.
Thanksgiving never comes but, see,
Some fellow pulls my leg.

Gathered Them In.
"We gave a waifs' dinner Thanksgiving day."
"A waifs' dinner?"
"Yes; to five old maids and five old bachelors."—Chicago Record.

Generous Living.
The truly generous is the truly wise,
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
—Horne.

AFTER THANKSGIVING---ALONE.



SHEAR NONSENSE

"Are all the people here invalids?"
"Oh, no, sir! Some of 'em only just come, sir."—Life.

"Can she remember what happened on her twenty-sixth birthday?" "Yes, she was just eighteen."—Yonkers Statesman.

Judge—I see that Willie Swelton has given up automobiling. Fudge—When will the funeral take place?—Baltimore Morning Herald.

"He can't afford to let her spend so much money." She—Well, perhaps he'd rather have trouble with his creditors than with his wife.

Gladys—That poor young Snobleigh actually dared to kiss me! What could he have been thinking of? Ethel—His debts, probably.—Puck.

"Do you believe that the rain falls alike on the just and unjust?" "Not a bit of it. The unjust have the umbrellas."—Detroit Free Press.

A harassing doubt: "Oh, maggie, if I could only make myself believe that he loves me for myself, an' not because me mudder keeps er fruit stand!"—Bazar.

"I wonder how Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "Broke 'em off, probably, trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—Philadelphia Press.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."—Life.

"What has made her so haughty and proud?" "She thinks she's a Daughter of the Revolution." "How is that?" "She went round in the Ferris wheel."—Chicago Evening Post.

Jasper—What are you looking so annoyed about? Mrs. Jasper—I expected a day's rest, and didn't get it. This is the cook's day out, but she insisted in staying at home.—Judge.

First Belgian Hare—We aren't in it these days. We're forgotten. What can we do about it? Second Belgian Hare—We'd better try some good hare restorer.—Chicago Daily News.

Bizzer—It makes my wife angry when I refuse to let her have the last word in an argument. Buzzer—Why don't you let her have the last word? Bizzer—Well, then she says I am afraid to argue with her.

Kind Lady—Would you like a stick of candy little boy? Chimmie—Nit! I'm in trainin' ter lick Mickey Welsh nex' week; but if yer want ter blow yerself to a t'ree-pound porterhouse, w'y, I'm on.—Judge.

"See here," protested the charitable man, "you touched me for a quarter last week, and here you are again." "Well, gee whizz!" exclaimed the beggar, "ain't you earned anything since?"—Philadelphia Press.

"How do you like my racing automobile?" asked the young chauffeur; "don't you think it is nobby? I think it is perfectly killing." responded the friend, who knew a thing or two about the machine's record.

Borem—I'm something of a mind reader. Miss Hittem—Indeed! Borem—Yes; I can usually tell at a glance what a person thinks of me. Miss Hittem—Wonderful! But don't you find it awfully embarrassing?

He—Yes, he was a great aeronaut. They say he made nearly a hundred ascensions, and the only accident he ever had was the one that proved fatal. She—Really? And on which of the ascensions did that occur?

Bridget—O! can't stay, ma'am, unless ye give me more wages. Mrs. Hiram Often—What! Why, you don't know how to cook or do housework at all. Bridget—That's just it, ma'am, an' not knowin' how, sure the wurk is all the harder for me, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," said the lady who was endeavoring to give the widow consolation on the way home from the cemetery, "the worst is over now." "I'm afraid not," answered the afflicted one; "the lawyer says there's a bad flaw in one of the Insurance policies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tess—He used to take me to the theater every other evening or so, but one evening when we were sitting in the parlor, I foolishly allowed him to kiss me. Jess—What has that got to do with the theater? Tess—Well, now he wants to sit in the parlor all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Morris Fairmour (of Chicago, angrily)—What do you take me for—a savage? I'm paying enough for this steak to have it cooked, I guess. Take it back and have it well done. The Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, but that will be fifty cents extra. Mr. Morris Fairmour—What? You robber! What's that for? The Waiter—We burn coal, you know.—Town Topics.

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