

The Independence Enterprise AN OLD TIME

H. F. McINTURFF, Publisher.

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The Coming City Election

At the election to be held next Monday, Dec. 4th, it is, at present, very difficult to foretell just who will be elected.

At present there are but two possible candidates for mayor—A. C. Moore and K. C. Eldridge—and both of them are good men. Good in principles, for which they will stand without fear, and they have shown by their ability in the council, that they are for progressive principles.

In the choice between the two men it is hard to mention a virtue in either without lauding the other. In the council, of which they are both present members, their work together was harmonious and it brought results.

In selecting a mayor for the coming administration it is imperative that the good work so well started in the present administration, should not be retarded. In order that the work should go on we must have a man that we know stands for progressive measures. Go to the records and see how Moore and Eldridge voted—the records will show an affirmative vote for every civic improvement acted on by the last council.

The issue in the coming election will not be so much civic improvement as the civic regulation of the sale of liquor in the city. The question in this issue will be whether or not Independence will be overrun with saloons or whether the two we now have shall suffice.

On this question both of the men are for but two saloons and if necessary, increase the license of these two in order to bring in the amount of revenue desired.

The two saloons at present have, as far as possible, lived up to spirit and the letter of the ordinances and have not, as has been done in the past, come out in flagrant, open violation of the law. Their licenses have meant something to them and they have appreciated the fact. The platforms of Moore and Eldridge are: Regulate the number of saloons. Let their licenses mean something, and allow them to carry on a business in which they can be honest and at the same time afford to do business.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day, a period of the year when the human heart is filled with charity and mankind is moved to do good, has come and gone. Annually much is spent in the world endeavoring to be charitable, and this year, in Independence particularly, we have exception to the rule unless it be that the desire was stronger than manifested in previous years. Many dollars' worth of wearing apparel and provisions have been sent to poor children in Portland, and this act of kindness is one to be commended, but we believe that people need not look even as far as the Boys' and Girls' home in Portland for subjects. Is it not possible for people to look so far away for objects of charity that they are not able to take in the situation at home? We do not attempt to say this has been the case, but we feel certain that there are many needy ones right here in our city, and we trust that this act of kindness will not stop at once, but that it will be continued within our own territory until the needy little ones are provided for. Commence right at home to manifest your charitable feelings, and you will not look long nor far without finding persons upon whom charity will not be misplaced.

In every town of any size there are sure to be deserving and poor people. Many suffer in silence and endeavor to keep their privations and hardships from the world. We feel safe in saying that there are some families in Independence who have scarcely the necessities of life. To these home people give your gifts and extend your aid. Make the Thanksgiving period felt in homes where it is not reckoned on account of poverty.

Foley Kidney Pills

Tonic in action, quick in results. Will cure any case of Kidney or bladder disorder not beyond the reach of medicine. No need to say more.—For sale by Williams Drug Co.

An aged lady recently contributed to the Brooklyn Citizen this description of a New England Thanksgiving three-quarters of a century ago, when life was simpler and sadder than today:

The house was cleaned from the roof to the cellar the week before, as Thanksgiving in New England was a greater holiday than Christmas or New Year's and it must be observed by everybody. The house was full of nice odors. One day it was mince pie and fried cakes, then it would be sweet pickles and election cake, then pumpkin pies—my sister Persis counted ten in a row—then plum pudding and Wednesday night a chicken pie that would almost crowd the top of the oven and would come on to the table—a piece of it, I mean, warmed up—every Sunday till the next year. It held the plumpest chickens and sweet apple quarters that had been half dried, and the meat and gravy were sweet as the apples, and spices and other goodies, and all in a large mince pan, with a flaky crust at top and bottom a quarter of an inch thick.

To make that crust Persis and I had to burn clean corn cobs in an iron kettle and gather up the ashes, and mother poured hot water on them, then strained the liquid and stirred it into some buttermilk, and that made it bubble and sizzle just as soda nowadays.

Thursday morning we were up bright and early, and mother read a chapter in the Bible. Then we all stood up while father prayed for us, and I felt almost like crying. It was so solemn, but I forgot all over the nice breakfast and the walk of a mile to the church and the music and the return at noon to a dinner smoking hot on the table.

Mother had arranged a party for us that evening, but we could not wait for that, so our sleds were brought out, and we climbed the long hills with a group of girls and boys and seated ourselves, letting one boy ride with us on each side to steer it.

The parlor was all in order. The floor was covered with white sand swept into curves. The woodwork was a bright blue, white sash curtains at the windows and a plain stand with a green baize cloth on it and a large blue cushion on that. Six wooden chairs and a still backed rocking chair composed the furniture of the room. Stiff and formal as it looked, that was not the place for party or party games. The next room was for our pleasure ground. It was large and roomy.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night.
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime
And blessings ear-marring the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the howl of the sea—
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased,
For never a blessing encompassed thy child
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,
The generous heart and the beautiful hand
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee,
That all our eternity may form through thy love
One Thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

When the Hen Is Safe.
"This," remarked Mrs. Hen, "as she flew up on to Mr. Turkey's back, 'tis my happy day. It's Thanksgiving, you know. What have I to give thanks for? Oh, several things, thank you. On almost any other day in the year I am liable to get the ax, and when I do get it I won't worry whether my



head's on straight. But my worry comes from not knowing just when the ax may fall. There are 365 days in the year. Thanksgiving is the only day when I am immune. My large and lovely rival, Mr. Turkey, who scorns me in the barnyard, is underneath my feet today, as you can see with the naked eyes. Tada, Mr. Turkey; I see the farmer coming with his ax."

Dr. Walton, Osteopathic physician
Im. 14, Breyman block, Salem, Ore.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR the fields that gave their harvests, rich with wheat and rye and maize.

We have sung our songs of praise.
We have chanted our thanksgiving
For the joy of merely living
Through the tawny autumn days.
Now, when singing birds have vanished
Down the shining southward ways,
When the frost has cleared the haze,
When the voice of winter blusters
Where the grapes once hung in clusters,
Shall we droop to cheerless lays?

LET new songs for this new season,
Caught from yonder sturdy pine,
Green despite the year's decline,
Praise the power that now lies hidden.

Till at last by springtide bidden
It awakes the life divine,
And the captured dew and sunlight
That once bloomed upon the vine,
Now transmuted into wine,
With its magic shall inspire
A few friends around the fire
Where the warm flames dance and shine!

AS the psalm of our Thanksgiving
For the harvest gathered in,
For the crowded crib and bin,
Flows across the country places,
Over sleepy, snowy spaces,
The little white daisies spin
A soft covering of wonder, where,
Safely folded under,
The new life waits within
For the plowing and the sowing
And another harvest growing
When the soft spring rains begin.

—Robert Gilbert Welsh in St. Louis Republic.

"Best on Earth"

This is the verdict of R. J. Howell, Tracy, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife. "Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly and her voice was hoarse and weak. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure." For sale by Williams Drug Co.

TEACHERS MEET

Continued from page 1.

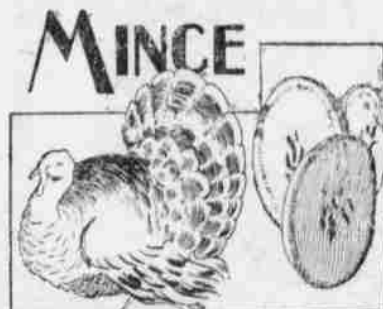
that flows in her rivers wide,
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates.
The Queen of the earth is the land of
my birth—My own United States.

From golden youth to silver's age,
Thou feeble feet may lag,
With joy each heart bids age depart,
When gazing on our flag,
The flag that ever leads the van,
Whose courage naught abates.
The flag of youth, the flag of truth—
My own United States.

By way of explanation Miss Harlan stated that "My Own United States" would, under all probability, be adopted as the National Anthem. "My

Country 'Tis of Thee" has been borrowed, she said, from some other country and it is the purpose of the organization having the national music in hand, to procure an anthem which will be strictly American.

The next local Teachers' Institute will be held at Falls City on Dec. 20.



MINCE PIES

AFTER THE TURKEY

should come the pie. The rich, delicious mince pie that will round out the dinner. A turkey dinner without mince pie for dessert is no dinner at all. Have you arranged for the pie part? Then give us an order for one OF OUR FAMOUS MINCE PIES. Don't bother with making it yourself. You can get one here that will remain in your memory long afterward. Ask anyone who has tasted them. That's all.

CITY BAKERY
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

BEAN GUESSING CONTEST

STARTS SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2

3 Valuable Prizes Given Away on Christmas Day

ONE GUESS WITH EACH ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE

1st Prize is a Beautiful La Vallier Necklace Set with twelve Pink Tourmalines, Value \$5.50. 2nd Prize is One Pair Fine Cut Glass Salt and Pepper Shakers with Sterling Tops, value \$3.75. 3rd Prize is Gent's New Style Coat Chain with any Initial Engraved, value \$1.25.

With each One Dollar purchase you will receive a coupon good for one guess as to how many beans there are in the jar. The person guessing the nearest to the exact number of beans will receive the first prize, the second nearest the second, and the third the 3d.

This contest closes at 12 o'clock on Christmas Eve, and the beans will be counted, and prizes awarded at 9 o'clock on Dec. 25, counting to be done by three reliable persons.

The jar is now sealed and on display in my west window where it may be examined at any time.

I am giving away these valuable prizes to demonstrate to my customers the high quality goods with the reasonable prices I have to offer.

Watch next week's Enterprise for my Christmas ads. New Goods are arriving and will be placed on display soon.

Goods will be laid away and delivered free of charge.

... ROWE'S JEWELRY STORE ...

"C" STREET. "PROMPT SERVICE," HOME PHONE 7811

O. A. C. Short Courses

BEGIN JAN. 3, CONTINUE FOUR WEEKS.

YOU
ARE
Invited.

Every citizen of Oregon is cordially invited to attend the short courses of the Oregon Agricultural College, beginning January 3. Eleven distinctive courses will be offered in Agriculture, Mechanical Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Commerce, Forestry and Music. Every course is designed to HELP the student in his daily work. No tuition. Reasonable accommodations for beautiful illustrated bulletin address
H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon.
Farmer's Business Course by Correspondence.

New Line to Tillamook

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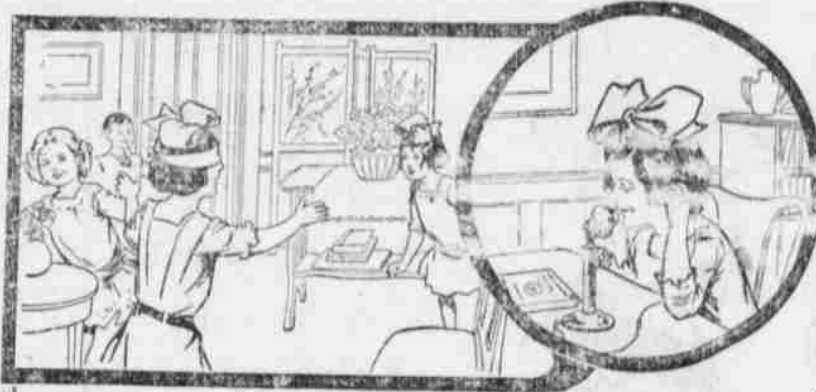


AND

Pacific Railway & Navigation Co.

Through tickets on sale at city ticket office, Third and Washington streets, or Fourth and Yamhill, to all points on the P. R. & N. Further particulars from the city ticket agent or agent Fourth and Yamhill streets.

John M. Scott, G.P.A. Portland, Ore.



:- Gathering Friends :-

A LITTLE GIRL CAN ALWAYS GET SOMEBODY TO PLAY WITH BY USING THE BELL TELEPHONE. IT IS JUST AS USEFUL TO HER AS IT IS TO HER ELDERS.

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Portland and Salem.