

Thanksgiving



"For the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow, ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"For the heat and the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender, sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!"

Winnie's Thanksgiving

By Donald Allen

"I was a girl, I wouldn't go walking too far," said old Uncle Robert, as a girl of twenty passed him on her way down to the gate of the farm house.

"And why not?" she asked, as she almost came to a pause.

"Well, according to my idea, it's going to rain and snow and blow and hail, and when the storm does break, she's going to be a buster."

"I wanted to go to the postoffice to mail a letter."

"It's three miles there and back, and if I was you I'd put it off. Mebbe somebody'll be passing that you can send by. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, you know, and we are going to have the awfulest, biggest, nicest dinner anybody ever sat down to. It's in your honor, you know. There'll be a turkey, a duck and a chicken; there'll be cranberry sass, pumpkin pies, currant jell, sweet cider and apple dumplings; there'll be—"

"I think I'll just walk a little ways, anyhow," said the girl, as she opened the gate and passed down the highway toward the village and the railroad depot.

"And if you come home as wet as a hen don't say I didn't warn ye. It's going to come, and it's going to be a buster."

Half an hour later a middle-aged woman with a motherly face and voice came out on the steps and asked:

"Pa, do you reckon it's goin' to storm?"

"Sure as ducks."

"Where's Minnie?"

"O, she's gone for a santer. I give her warning. What's she wantin' to mail a letter for? I hain't mailed a letter nor got one in twenty years, and I guess I'm about as well off as must folks. I was going to ask her but forgot it."

"Don't you ask her a word about it," cautioned the wife as she came down to him. "I guess Minnie's got something on her mind, but it hain't none o' your business."

"Something on her mind, eh? That's funny. Didn't know that girls ever had anything on their minds except new clothes. Is that why she come visitin' us all of a sudden?"

"None o' your business! I guess my own sister's daughter can come and see me any time she takes a notion, and that without writin' ahead. What's on her mind, as nigh as I can make out, is about a young man. They are engaged, and they've had a falling out, and she's sorter run away from him to find out if he really cares for her."

"And she's got scared about it and has writin' him a letter to tell where she is?" queried the husband.

"Go on! It's probably a letter to her ma, though I didn't see it nor ask. I hope she didn't start for town. It's going to storm for sure, and there hain't but one house on the road where she could find shelter. Look down the road and see if you can see her."

"Can't see hide nor hair of any girl," reported Uncle Robert after going out to the highway and taking a long look.

An hour later, with both uncle and aunt edgiting about their girl visitor, the gray afternoon had become twilight. In 15 minutes there was cold rain and lively hail, and Uncle Robert was blown into the kitchen.

Miss Minnie had reached town and mailed her letter and started back again when the storm broke. Before it came she thought she could make out a human figure on the road ahead of her, but wasn't sure.

The very first gust picked her up and turned her around and deposited her under a roadside tree. She remained there until the gale began to whip the branches off, and then let go her hold and ran for it.

She hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when, as she crouched and covered her face, she was struck by a falling limb and knew no more.

It was the dim sight of the girl and the scream she uttered when hit, that sent the man who was clinging to the roadside fence back into the highway. He bent over the unconscious form and picked it up and staggered back to the fence and followed it until he saw a light and found the gate of a farmhouse.

His lusty calls for help soon brought out a man, and the senseless burden was carried into the house and received by a woman.

"I don't know who she is, but I found her in the road," explained her rescuer. "There is blood on her hair, and I think she was struck down."

"We'll do all we can," replied the man and woman together, "but you mustn't look for much. We are mighty poor folks. We hain't got no camphor nor whisky, and as for getting a doctor out from town—it can't be done tonight."

The girl was carried into the only bedroom and laid on the only bed, and when her wet clothing had been removed and she was between the sheets, the woman got a cloth and a basin of water and washed away the blood and whispered to the stranger:

"I don't think she's bad hurt. She's just fainted away with the scare of it. When she opens her eyes I'll tell her to go to sleep, and she'll be all right in the morning."

"Do you think it's some young lady from the village?" asked the stranger of the farmer as they talked in whispers in the outer room.

"No, I don't reckon so. I reckon it's that new girl that arrived at Turner's



"I don't believe they'd eat a single mouthful."

a few days ago. I saw her going towards the village two hours ago."

"Arrived at Turner's? Say, man, are you sure? Is it a strange girl to the neighborhood?"

"I've heard say it was Uncle Bob's niece, and that she come from the city. What ails you, stranger? Does this storm upset you?"

It wasn't the storm. Percy Kincald had quarreled with the girl he loved and had asked to be his wife. It was about nothing, almost, as most lovers' quarrels are, but pride on either side held off a reconciliation until the lover finally learned that Miss Minnie had gone on a journey and left no word for him.

She was going to spend Thanksgiving week in the country. Within two days she had relented; within three he was making every effort to locate her, that he might patch up a peace.

He had succeeded. He was going to throw himself on her mercy and ask Uncle Robert for a place at his Thanksgiving table.

The storm grew fiercer as the night advanced. When another day came even the cattle could not face the storm nor man move from his door. It was Thanksgiving day. At Uncle Robert's there was a feast to be spread; at Bradley's there was hardly better than poorhouse fare.

But the victim of the accident was no longer in bed, and the rescuer no longer cared about the weather, and the farmer folks looked at each other and smiled and whispered:

"Even if we had turkey and cranberry sauce I don't believe they'd eat a single mouthful. They've just sorter found each other and are tickled to death."

SEVEN MEN DROWNED BY CAPSIZING OF SMALL BOAT

Woodland, Wash.—Seven men of a log-driving crew of 13 went to their deaths Friday afternoon in the rain-swollen waters of the North Fork of the Lewis river, near the mouth of Spellei creek, 22 miles above this city, when their skiff was borne by the turbulent current into an eddy and capsized.

Tumbled into the chill mountain stream, even the few expert swimmers among them had little chance.

Their heavy caulked boots and thick clothing pulled them down and most of them sank after a few struggles.

Of the six who escaped, two were swept by the whirlpool against the sides of their overturned boat. They managed to cling there until the bobbing craft was cast against the bank. Two others, keeping themselves above the current, were carried a quarter of a mile down stream before they could crawl on the saving gravel.

Two others, unable to swim, by the merest chance arose near the bank and managed to clutch the branches of overhanging trees, by which they pulled themselves to land.

Those who escaped were Gilbert Murk, Justus Murk, Frank Reid and Riley McCarty, foreman of the crew, all of Woodland, and two others who had been working only a few days and whose names were not contained in the meager long-distance telephone report of the disaster.

The three Murk boys were brothers. When Gilbert and Justus reached shore, after a fierce struggle in the freezing waters, it was to find that Arnold had gone down almost at the moment when he might have dragged himself to safety.

PUMPING UNITS PROPOSED.

Extension of Okanogan Irrigation Project is Contemplated.

Washington, D. C.—The reclamation service is making an investigation of the feasibility of extending the Okanogan project in Washington by the addition of two units. Both will be irrigated by pumping.

One unit includes 1,100 acres in the present project limits, known as the Robinson flat, and requires a lift of 180 feet. The other will take in lands in the Colville Indian reservation. To perfect this it will be necessary to construct a power plant on Salmon River and transmit power to the various points from which water will be pumped into canals from the Okanogan river.

The feasibility of the scheme depends upon the cost and in some measure upon the ability of the service to dispose of the surplus power which can be developed from its plant. Up and down the Okanogan River are numerous fine benches which might be irrigated from pumps operated by this power.

GRANGE SHOWS GROWTH.

Washington and Oregon Branches Organizing Busily.

Columbus, O.—Wide and prosperous growth of the National Grange was shown in the report of Secretary Freeman. There were organized, among others, 51 new granges in Washington and 46 in Oregon in the past year.

C. B. Kegley, master of Washington State Grange, demanded that the charges preferred against him by S. J. Hill, of Washington, be heard at once. He objected to the referring of the charges to a committee which quashed them. The matter of reopening the charges was referred to the committee on grievances.

The insurgents declared that the effort to quash the charges was inspired by fear that complications would arise because Kegley is master of the Washington Grange, although a resident of Idaho, and because National Master Batchelder placed Idaho under the Washington Grange's jurisdiction. The regulars say Kegley's desire to press the reading of the charges is inspired by the belief that irregular organization methods may be exposed.

Admiral Suicide at 82.

Washington, D. C.—Rear-Admiral John Yeatman Taylor, U. S. N., retired, shot himself in his residence here Saturday, dying within a half hour. He was 82 years old. Despondency over failing health is believed to have prompted the suicide. Admiral Taylor was one of the most distinguished naval surgeons of the country. Before the Civil war he saw service as an Indian fighter in what was then the Territory of Washington.

Dozen Lashes is Penalty.

Vancouver, B. C.—Five years' imprisonment and 12 lashes was the sentence imposed on Clarence Thompson, who robbed an elderly man during a walk home after they had made acquaintance on the street.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

CARE OF PATIENTS FREE.

State Tuberculosis Sanatorium Will Start Publicity Campaign.

Salem—That physicians and people throughout the state generally are not informed as to the scope of usefulness and purposes of the State sanatorium for tuberculosis, was one of the conclusions of the board having that institution in charge at a meeting held there, and as a result a campaign of publicity will be inaugurated, that information along these general lines may be disseminated.

The sanatorium is an institution for the tubercular poor, and the cost of caring for this class of patients there is nothing. Members of the board are convinced that lack of knowledge has resulted in many poor families keeping cases of tuberculosis on their hands because they believe that they can illly afford to place the invalid in a sanatorium.

The entrance requirements for a patient into the state home are few and simple. The attending physician visits the county judge, and a certificate is issued that the patient is suffering from tuberculosis. The patient is then admitted to the sanatorium without cost and is cared for there until a cure is effected.

"Oregon's sanatorium for tuberculosis, although comparatively new, stands high among the sanatoria of the various states in the number of its cures and in its efficiency as an institution of this class," said George F. Rodgers, a member of the board. "We are satisfied that a lack of knowledge of the uses of the institution has resulted in numerous cases being neglected, and possibly in deaths, because people without means have thought that the cost of caring for the patients at a sanatorium of this nature would be too great for slender purses to bear. The cost is absolutely nothing, the aim and object of this sanatorium being for the tubercular poor and to blot out as far as possible this disease among that class."

The board found a large force of convicts at work completing the laundry building, heating plant and roads and drives about the town.

OREGON HEN IS CHAMPION.

Agricultural College Chicken Lays 259 Eggs in Year.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Professor Dryden, of the poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural college, announced at the close of a year's test that the college has captured the world's championship for maximum number of eggs laid in one year by a hen, the total number of eggs laid being 259.

The test just completed shows an odd coincidence. A full-blooded Plymouth Rock and a Leghorn have tied for the world's record. The former shows a maximum of 27 eggs laid in October, while the latter does not run so high for any single month, but falls below 20 eggs a month only in March. The former record of 251 eggs was held by a hen raised at the Maine experiment station several years ago.

Prof. Dryden says in regard to this method: "This is a matter of breeding, feeding and care. For example, in the same pen with the record Plymouth Rock hen we had another Plymouth which laid but six eggs during the year. She received the same care and feed."

DRY LANDS TO GET WATER.

White Lake District Likely to Get Needed Irrigation.

Klamath Falls—Prospects for securing irrigation in the district known as White lake, and across the California line in the valley lying along the Eastern edge of Lower Klamath lake, seem very bright just now, as the Van Brimmer Ditch company has made an agreement to permit J. H. Wise and others to use water from the company's canal.

W. S. Wiley, formerly attorney for the Klamath project of the reclamation service, represents the new company formed to use the ditch water supply, which proposes to take about 50 cubic feet of water a second from White lake through the Adams cut to a point where it will be lifted by a pumping plant and then spread over the lands through two ditches. The lands to be improved lie in township 41 south, range 10 east, W. M., Klamath county, and townships 47 and 48, range 3 east, M. D. M., Siskiyou county, California.

Armory Nearly Ready.

Dallas—The new armory building is nearing completion and the contractors say that it will be ready to turn over by December 1. The official dedication will not take place until the latter part of January, for arrangements are making to bring the annual meeting of the National guard association of Oregon to this city then.

APPLE SHOW OPENS.

Hundreds of Fanciers Represented in Great Display.

Portland—Hundreds of people paid tribute Wednesday to the Oregon apple as it appears enthroned in attractive settings in the basement of the Yeon building, at the Twenty-sixth Annual Apple Show of the Oregon State Horticultural society.

From the time the doors opened at 10 o'clock in the morning until the closing hour, there was a continual stream of spectators coming and going, and the aisles between the exhibit tables and racks were thronged.

The West and South walls of the room would have been a glory to the eye of the impressionistic painter, for they were blocked off in huge masses of brilliant color; squares of deep red where the Spitzenbergs, Arkansas Blacks and other dark-hued apples were grouped, interspersed with the bright yellows and pink-tinted masses of the White Winter Bananas and Ortleys.

The full West wall and a long stretch of the South wall belonged to Hood River. Next to the Hood River display are grouped the apples from Mosier. The displays from other sections, exhibits of dried fruits and agricultural college displays, occupy the center of the exhibit hall, and the concessions to different land companies, farm implement companies etc., are placed along the North and East walls.

One of the prettiest exhibits displayed is a five-box pack of Yellow Newtowns, Ortleys, Red Cheek Pippins and Spitzenbergs, entered by Ann Shepard, the 9-year-old daughter of E. H. Shepard, of Hood River. Situated in the corner, where the long lines of apples, entered by the other Hood River exhibitors, converge toward it, this display has attracted more attention than any other individual exhibit in the show.

C. C. Carpenter and Lawrence & Smith, of Hood River, are the heaviest exhibitors in the show, their display covering a big section in the west wall. They have entered 98 boxes. The prettiest exhibit they have prepared is their display of 16 boxes of Yellow Newtowns, all perfectly colored and packed exactly 96 apples to a box. Their entry consists chiefly of Spitzenbergs, however.

Sears & Porter, of Hood River, and the Apple Land & Orchard company, of Hood River, have each entered about 60 boxes. The community exhibit from The Dalles is also one of the larger groups in the show. Other fine displays are entered from Mosier, White Salmon, Lyle and Wenatchee.

Salem has come to the front with a display of dried fruit, covering a table that runs the full length of the hall, and containing several hundred boxes. These are entered by H. S. Gile and the Salem Fruit Union. Coos county has a creditable plate exhibit of apples, and other communities are well represented in the classes of smaller plate and box exhibits.

Wasco county has devoted its concession to a general display that does not play largely on fruit features, but runs the whole gamut of the garden truck, from potatoes to pumpkins, with a sideshow of fine grains, hops and other staples.

APPLE IS KING IN LINN.

Splendid Exhibit at Albany is Viewed By Large Crowds.

Albany—With a magnificent display of splendid apples and many other interesting and attractive exhibits, Albany's fifth annual apple fair opened today. A large crowd viewed the exhibits in the Alco club gymnasium, in which the fair is being held.

The apple exhibit this year is no larger than at some past fairs, but measures up to former standards in quantity, while in quality the fruit displayed this year is far better than that shown at any former fair.

J. N. Duncan, county judge of Linn county, delivered the address of welcome and the other address of the afternoon was by Professor A. G. Bouquet, of the Oregon Agricultural college, who spoke on "Catering to the Vegetable Markets of the State."

J. O. Holt, of Eugene, manager of the Eugene Fruitgrowers' union, was the chief speaker at the evening's program.

Lane and Benton counties are competing for the grand prize of a \$100 silver cup and \$50 in cash for the best county exhibit of 20 or more boxes.

McMinnville Oil Active.

McMinnville—The recent purchase in the East of a complete well-drilling equipment is indicative of active prospecting for oil and gas in this section within the next 60 days. A. D. Lord, of Portland, and his Portland and Eastern associates, hold leases on upwards of 10,000 acres of land lying in numerous tracts within the territory bounded by the Coast mountains and the Willamette river, and Holmes' Gap on the south and Wapato lake on the north.