

We return thanks today for the peace and prosperity of the nation, of which old Oregon has her share.

The energy of our people is fast overcoming the one handicap which accompanied the blessing of a climate that knows no drouth, no famine, no general failure of crops. A year-round system of good through roads has been achieved and the shorter roads are rapidly being put in condition for travel in winter as in summer. We have enjoyed our share of the resulting business, for which our customers have our thanks.

ARROW GARAGE

me," she replied, with stilted politeness. "To me?" he asked; then gave a short laugh. "Oh, not at all. I am merely the pilot!" She flushed crimson, remembering her own words at the streets-stall. With a sense of relief, she saw Hugh halting her from the terrace steps. "Are you fixing up the trip?" he asked, joining them. Placing his hands on the girl's shoulders, he smiled across at Croft. "Look here! Will you please satiate Bab with travel, with sight-seeing, so that she returns fed up to the teeth? That will insure a peaceful honeymoon, and I shall be eternally obliged!" Barbara explained: "Hugh wants to spend his honeymoon in his father's farm yard; and I want to go."

III

Glittering like dragon-flies, several machines hummed and buzzed near the air-drome, some rising on trial trips, others soaring far overhead, a few "looping" or diving down in spirals, as though intoxicated with the exhilaration of the summer morning. A small crowd of people, including reporters and photographers, stood near the monster which loomed up stationary after a final trial flight. The sunlight flashed upon the four propellers and the engines, now so placid and silent.

Barbara, clad in the beaver-lined flying cap and leather coat which Hugh had given her, stood close beside him,



Barbara . . . Stood Close Beside Him, Watching . . . Nervously.

watching the giant plane and its attendants somewhat nervously. It was, after all, a big adventure to embark upon. . . Hugh was very dear. . . Mrs. Field had bidden Barbara farewell some days ago, and had gone to the famine area of Central Europe on an organization campaign. Noticing the wistfulness of the girl's face, something had compelled her to tuck back and kiss her again, when they parted. "You don't regret going, Bab, dear?" she had asked. Barbara shook her head vigorously. "No! I feel a little depressed over leaving Hugh; that's all. It seems as though something—I don't know what—were ending. I suppose that's natural upon going away for the first time? Is it?" she added anxiously.

Mrs. Field knew when to keep her thoughts to herself.

"Quite natural," she replied cheerfully. "And—Bab," she went on, hesitating a little, "if you need Alan's friendship for any reason, I think you would find it worth having."

"Oh," the girl said hastily. "I don't think he—we—I shall never quite understand him."

Feeling that to be likely, Mrs. Field said no more. She had sown the seed. If ever it were needed. . .

Then the last night at home— She had looked around her familiar little room with mixed feelings. When next she slept here, what would she have learned of the things beyond that life-long barrier of hills visible from her window?

With a warm rush of tenderness, she remembered that, upon her return, her new life as Hugh's wife would begin. Taking the large photograph of him from the wall, she placed it carefully within her packed trunk.

And now the moment of departure had come. Croft appeared, looking big and alert in his flying kit, with an air of confidence about him which communicated itself, in some subtle way, to Barbara. Having been detained over a matter of form in the office, he hurried their start.

Hugh followed Barbara into the cabin, where she turned and clung to him. He drew her into his arms and kissed her with more passion than usual.

"We shall be married directly you return, Bab, darling," he said huskily, feeling a suspicious lump in his throat. "I'll meet you, when you come back. It won't be long."

Hugh knew that his Barbara's warm-hearted impulses occasionally resulted in moments of embarrassment. Gently loosening the clinging arms, he bade Aunt Dolly farewell. Then he turned to the cabin door, hesitated, came back, kissed Barbara's wet cheeks passionately again, and ran down the steps.

Croft leaned down and waved farewell; then he gave the signal. Slowly, the machine glided away.

But with quick transition, the movement merged into the swift run of a bird seeking cover. Faster and yet faster, it became a wild roaring ruck across the grass, which soon the little wheels failed to touch, as, at an incredibly short distance, the airplane rose lightly from the ground.

Thrice she circled, high above the heads of those who watched. Their sure of her capabilities, she turned, with a final upward curve, and settled down to her work.

The days wore on to weeks, full of the important trifles that constitute daily country life. For a time Darbury felt a little flat, lacking in sensation. There seemed to be a dearth of subjects for conversation; and when a community has nothing to talk about, it is in a bad way.

Letters from Barbara were frequent and full of enthusiasm. Croft was evidently fulfilling the part allotted to him to the letter, during the calls at each sight-seeing place; and Hugh felt grateful.

When letters became more infrequent, owing to distance, wireless messages stated that all was well.

HILL & CO HARDWARE

GREET A NEW THANKSGIVING DAY with joy and hope. Our country is at peace with the world and our people enjoy blessings beyond those known in other lands. For all these things we are thankful; also for the favors of friends and patrons, of which we shall strive to merit a continuance in the days that are to come.

For a moment she gazed at him blankly, half in astonishment, half in fear; then, without a word, she burst into hysterical sobs and turned back into the house.

The color ebbed a little from Hugh's face. He looked at his friend in vague apprehension, and they silently followed the woman into the drawing room. Instead of being bright and fragrant with the flowers Barbara loved about her, it seemed strangely cold, gloomy and deserted.

A chill fell on Hugh. "Where is Mrs. Stockley?" he asked uneasily.

"Upstairs," sobbed Martha. She walked to the little bureau and picked up a telegram. Turning slowly, she half held it toward him, and the flimsy paper trembled violently in her hands.

Hugh took the telegram slowly from the woman. For a moment he looked uncertainly at her frightened face, then round the familiar room, as if dreading to read it. . . . At last, with an obvious effort, he raised the sheet, and turned away.

The telegram fluttered, unheeded, to the floor; and Hugh raised shaking hands to his head, in a vague unconscious manner. He turned slowly, his face ashen, haggard and old all at once. His lips moved a little, but no sound came; he looked at his friend with the bewildered eye of a dumb animal, awakening to some terrible pain of which, as yet, it is not wholly conscious.

Tom Westwoods picked up the telegram. It was from the London agents of Croft's firm. He read the few bald sentences so fraught with tragic meaning. The airplane, it stated, in characteristically crude words, was missing. The lifeless body of the mechanic had been found in the water, where, it was feared, the rest had perished. Search was in progress, but with small hope of success. A typhoon had swept across the seas verging upon the Philippine Islands. One wireless message of distress had come from the machine.

Then silence fell.

Golden Rule Day

Five Million Dollars Needed for Refugee Orphans Under American Care.

23 NATIONS JOIN OBSERVANCE

By W. B. HINSON, D. D., Oregon Chairman Near East Relief and L. S. BOOTH, Western Washington Chairman

With the co-operation of civic and religious leaders throughout the United States, the Near East Relief has inaugurated its campaign for the second observance of International Golden Rule Sunday on December 7. The aim is to raise funds to provide during the coming year for 100,000 orphan children under American care in Bible Lands. More than five million dollars is the minimum needed.

Setting aside of one day each year in honor of the Golden Rule as a guide to individual, national and international life, is an American idea which has been approved and adopted by twenty-three nations. The day, December 7th, will be observed throughout Europe and in many non-European countries, such as Japan, Korea and Palestine.

Four annual holidays—Christmas, New Year, Eastern and Armistice Day—have heretofore been celebrated internationally. A fifth has now been



W. B. HINSON, D. D.

added to the list. The movement was started in America by the Near East Relief as a new, striking and intensive method of raising funds for the feeding of the children in American orphanages in Bible Lands.

On this day—December 7—Americans are asked to eat a dinner of soup, bread and stew, or of corn grits and condensed milk, or of rice, macaroni and cocoa. As they eat this novel meal, they are asked to remember that, coarse as it is, it is all that holds body and soul together for the orphaned boys and girls overseas, to whom the elemental factor of hunger is each day's vital problem.

People here are reminded that, however poor the fare may seem, they can at least have two bowls of soup if they like, and two slices of bread. As they finish their second serving, they are asked to remember that the orphan wards of the Near East Relief can have only one serving, for there is not enough to allow more. They are asked to remember that these children exist on such a diet 365 days out of each year, and they will not live to become men and women unless more bread and more soup are provided.

Those who eat the Golden Rule dinner will not lack distinguished company. Such a meal will be served on Sunday in the homes of kings, prime ministers and presidents.

The Golden Rule is a universal creed. It is a common denominator of all religious and social welfare organizations. It is a test of our religion and our sincerity. Golden Rule Sunday is a day for personal stock-taking, for measuring our lives by a universally accepted standard of life to ascertain how nearly we have attained to an ideal. It is a day of plain living and high thinking.

The dinner, however, is not an end in itself. It is an occasion, in the words of President Coolidge, "for bringing to the minds of those who are prosperous the charitable requirements of those who are in adversity."

On Golden Rule Sunday the citizens of all nations will be seated figuratively at the same table, partaking literally of the same food, thinking the same thoughts and entering into a new realization of the brotherhood of mankind.

Full information, with sample menus and suggestions for the observance of the day, will be furnished by the Near East Relief, Portland or Seattle.

ANCIENT CHANT REVIVED

Beirut, Syria.—For many centuries, children in Palestine have used, for grace before meals, a chant which has been handed down from early church fathers. The chant survives today as a thrice-daily exercise in all orphanages of the Near East Relief. Several thousand copies of words and music have been sent to America for use in the observance of Golden Rule Sunday on December 7.

Sudan Grass

Easily Grown and Is Relished by All Farm Stock.

Any farmer who wants an easy-to-grow, good-yielding hay crop that is relished by practically all forms of live stock will do well to plant at least a small acreage of Sudan grass and to become acquainted with its habits and its valuable quality, thinks C. P. Blackwell, agronomist at Clemson college.

Sudan grass, Professor Blackwell explains, is closely related to the cultivated sorghums and is a comparatively new forage crop in this country. It was introduced into the United States in 1900. In appearance it is taller, has broader leaves and is entirely without the underground stems which make Johnson grass such a bad weed on farm lands. It grows to a height of 3 to 5 feet if seeded broadcast, and taller than this if planted in cultivated rows. It is generally seeded broadcast when grown for hay production. It makes a large yield of hay, the yield varying with the fertility of the land and the fertilizer used, and ranging from one to eight tons of cured hay per acre. The quality of this hay is about the same as that of Johnson grass or Timothy. Practically all forms of live stock relish it and do well on it. It is easily cut and is not difficult to keep and handle.

When sown broadcast for hay, about 30 pounds of seed per acre should be used. When planted in rows, the rows may be anywhere from 20 to 40 inches apart and 6 to 10 pounds of seed per acre will be sufficient for planting. If planted early in the season, several cuttings may be secured in one year.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

PRIVILEGED to live in the center of one of the world's most fruitful valleys, where the skies are sunny in summer and life-giving moisture never fails to come at its due time, we include in our thanksgiving the good people of this vicinity, whose patronage is the foundation of the prosperity we enjoy.

RINGO DRUGSTORE

Grandest Cave in America

But you can't guess where it is. It is not the Oregon Caves nor the Kentucky Mammoth cave. Jim Lee, a New Mexico cowboy, has known it for 22 years, but nobody paid any attention to his story and he stuck to his knitting.

The Dearborn Independent of Nov. 22 publishes a short description of it, with reproductions of photographs taken within its depths, the whole occupying two pages of the Ford paper. Here are a few extracts from the article:

Dr. Willis T. Lee was a reclamation engineer working along the Pecos river when Jim White went to him to report that the inside of the Guadalupes was hollow. Nine months of exploration by Lee, White, and a party of surveyors has revealed not one cavern, but a series of caverns whose dimensions even now cannot be estimated, since various winding passageways have been explored only for fifteen miles, in a general southerly direction. The discovery was of such startling magnitude that in October of 1922 President Coolidge set aside the region as the Carlsbad national monument, and the government withdrew from public sale 80,000 acres on the mountain top lying above the explored portions.

The cluster of buildings weatherbeaten now from long disuse, was used by crews of laborers lifting guano, rarest of fertilizers, for shipment to the orange groves of California.

Jim is not a scientist, worse luck, but only an old-time cowboy who went down into a bat cave and—

We came out in midafternoon without misadventure. We

had seen one of the earth's wonders. Prior to the geographic expedition not a hundred persons had ever stood in the king's palace, so Jim said—and a transcontinental railroad only thirty miles away. Why? Because Jim White is not a talkative man. He is a cowboy—and an explorer.

One of the Colorado oil men had visited the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. I asked him for a comparison. He said, very soberly, "You can multiply the Mammoth cave by one hundred and still not do justice to this place."

NEW INTERNATIONAL APPEAL FOR REFUGEES

Geneva, Switzerland.—A joint appeal from twenty nations has been placed before the League of Nations, asking for the appointment of a commission to assist the American Near East Relief in its work for refugees in Greece and Bible Lands. The appeal says: "In view of the international character of the question involved and the necessity for an impartial accurate and authoritative statement of the situation, we request the League of Nations to appoint a commission which shall make a prompt, thorough inquiry into the distressing conditions in the Near East and indicate what steps should be taken to ameliorate these conditions in accord with humanitarian views of our twentieth century life."

TO BLESS AMERICANS

Moscow.—The annual ceremony of the Armenian church, known as the "Blessing of the Americans," will take place at Erivan, Caucasian Russia, next month. The ceremony is an expression of gratitude for help which the United States has extended to Armenia through the Near East Relief during the past few years.

TURKEY DINNER IN PALESTINE

Jerusalem.—A gift of 300 live turkeys has just been received by the Near East Relief from an Armenian farmer in Egypt. The birds are to provide Christmas dinners for 1,300 Armenian children in orphanages here.

Dr. C. FICQ, Dentist "PLATES THAT FIT" Gowns, bridge work and fillings. It will pay you to get my prices on your dental work. Cusick bank building, Albany

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American Eagle Fire Insurance Co. Hay is worth just as much in storage as you might get for it in case of fire. The American Eagle Fire Insurance company will pay you 85% of the cash value in case of loss by fire. C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Any Girl in Trouble may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army at the White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair Avenue, Portland, Oregon.