

### Place Yourself in Their Position

#### Eminent Divine Explains the Modern Application of "Golden Rule."

Golden Rule Sunday is December 6. On that day people of more than fifty countries will partake of a simple meal, will read about the orphan children of the Near East and then make such a gift as they would have some one make if their children were among the desolate in the Bible lands.

"The essential thing about Golden Rule Sunday is not the day on which it is observed, nor the eating of an orphanage meal," states Rev. W. B. Hinson, Pastor of the East Side Baptist church of Portland and Vice Chairman of the Northwest Regional Committee of Near East Relief. "The essential thing is that we should each for ourselves answer the question, 'What would I have some one else do if my children were hungry and some one had my income here.'"

"Golden Rule Sunday sets a terrifically high standard of giving. Parents worthy of the name will go hungry any time that their children might be fed. No sacrifice is too great if it is for their children. Jesus demands the same standard of sacrifice for others as we have for our own. It is drastic, revolutionary but imperative. 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I command you,' he cries. 'The one who would observe Golden Rule Sunday should, in his imagination, see his children deprived of their natural protectors, scattered like sheep having no shepherd, hiding by day from their enemies, gathering what food they can by night, exposed to the bitter cold of winter or the burning sun of summer, claiming refuge at an American orphanage only to be told there is no room.

"He should see old Hargue struggling through snows, an orphan grandchild by each hand, with the baby on her back, who finds at night that that baby has frozen to death.

"He should see twelve year old Charlamus struggling along with other deportees bearing his six year old brother to safety, carrying his body, even after he thought the boy was dead. He must see in these two boys not only the symbols of almost countless thousands of children, but he must see in them his own boys.

"There is little use to attempt to visualize the vast number, 35,000 orphans, now in American care and the equal or greater number whose helplessness is a claim on American charity, but for whom no provision can be made. When we see our own children comfortable and happy we can think of the same number homeless exiles in the Near East.

"There are few spiritual exercises more fruitful than this, and men and women who honestly attempt to apply the Golden Rule to these other children will not measure their gifts by pennies, but by dollars, by fives and tens and hundreds and thousands. 'All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you (or to your children if left destitute) do ye to them likewise'."

### Coolidge Pleased at the Results

#### President Hopes "Golden Rule Sunday" Will Promote Peace.

Near East Relief has caught the attention of President Coolidge and the plans for the third observance of Golden Rule Sunday on December 6 has received his endorsement. In a letter just made public, the president says:

"The reports of the observance of International Golden Rule Sunday last year in fifty countries, and its far-reaching results in the training of orphans in the Near East have been of great interest to me. This expression of brotherhood inevitably has a beneficial influence upon those who give as well as those who receive.

"As practical help is the best expression of friendship, I feel that the aid which we may give out of our prosperity to those impoverished by war may be of the utmost value in the promotion of international good will. The consistent observance of Golden Rule Sunday cannot but help to bring about the application of the Golden Rule itself to the misunderstandings of nations and individuals.

"I earnestly hope that the voluntary observance of this day may become increasingly prevalent in the homes of America and throughout the world."

In the annual report of the Near East Organization recently laid before the senate by Vice President Dawes, who is one of the national trustees of the relief organization, a full account of the work done during the calendar year is given.

Recently the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Foundation, after an investigation covering two months, donated \$175,000.00 to the Near East Relief to help refund the deficit created at the burning of Smyrna. At that time the Near East Relief by the free use of its orphanage supplies saved the lives of 250,000 people but incurred a deficit which it carried for three years, or until the Rockefeller Foundation came to its aid.

### KHOREN KULUJIAN



One of America's 35,000 Near East Orphans, exiled from his ancestral home, but happy because he is confident that America, which rescued him from death, will stay with him until he is sixteen, when he will be ready to go out and make his own way.

### Three Great Days Says L. J. Colman

#### Northwest Chairman N. E. R. Urges Observance of "Golden Rule Sunday."

Laurence J. Colman, of Seattle, has accepted the Chairmanship for the Near East Relief and Golden Rule Sunday for the Northwest Region, including Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, of which J. J. Handsaker, of Portland, is the Regional Director.

Colman is well known through the Northwest on account of his interest in religious and philanthropic institutions, among them being the Seabeck, Wash., conference grounds, which he has donated for the use of various summer groups.

Speaking of Golden Rule Sunday, he says, "There are three great days in November and December. The first, Thanksgiving Day, the third, Christmas, and midway between comes Golden Rule Sunday.

"On Thanksgiving Day we count our blessings. We count our enormous wealth of more than three billion dollars. We think of our vast farms, great universities and colleges, factories and other evidences of material prosperity. We are, or should be, thankful for a government under which both property and life are safe.

"Christmas is again a day of feasting and mirth, to which we invite our friends and with whom, too often, our 'gifts' become merely exchanges.

"On Golden Rule Sunday, December 6th, we can remember the word, 'When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the halt, the maimed and the blind.' We can practice that pure religion which visits the fatherless and widow in their affliction. Surely there was never a greater contrast in all history than the one between our wealth, prosperity and security and the condition of the people of the Near East, exiled from their home lands without employment, homes or food, except as the Golden Rule operates in our hearts to make us do to others what we would have others do for us.

"In more than fifty nations on Golden Rule Sunday, December 6th, many persons will provide for their Sunday dinner approximately the menu that is provided when funds permit by the Near East Relief for the tens of thousands of orphan children in its care, most of whom are under twelve years of age.

"When this simple meal has been eaten and the plight of the unfortunate children of the Near East has been thoughtfully considered, then give, give as you would have some one give if your children were in the Near East orphanage, were among the 4000 about to be turned out for lack of funds, or among those asking and being refused one meal a day.

"Full particulars of the day may be secured from the Near East Relief, 613 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland; 339 Burke Bldg., Seattle; and for the Golden Rule Campaign temporary offices have been opened at 301 Walker Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City; 627 Peyton Bldg., Spokane; Bristol Hotel, Boise, and Y. M. C. A., Tacoma.

### Not an Ancestor

1925's turkeys are descendants of Aztec fowls, and not the wild species that the Puritans ate, explains a Field museum wizard. So long as our Thanksgiving bird is a descendant and not an ancestor, we shall accept this discovery with equanimity. One year we remember trying to carve an original Aztec eagle, and judging by the nicks it put in the knife, his name was Istukatzotzotpec.



### To the Turk

Some pray, some play, This thanksgiving day, Some even have to work! But come what may, We're here to say, Hats off to the Turk. —Atlanta Constitution

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## A Stolen Thanksgiving

Stella G.S. Perry

NANCY ran in, her arms full of brown November leaves, the last that had clung to the little oak tree on the lawn.

"They'll look perfectly ducky with tawny artemisias and a bit of evergreen," she said. "A small yellow pumpkin and some rosy pears and apples cuddled in these branches, and the Laidlaw candlesticks with two big yellow candles. It will make our Thanksgiving table shine."

Nancy went to her sister, who had not turned at her entrance, but stood looking out of the window at the fallen leaves scurrying across the lawn.

"What's the matter, Janey?" Jane turned then briskly, her face flushed with the effort to hold back tears. "I don't see how you can fool yourself so, Nan," she exclaimed. "Thanksgiving! Oh, I guess we have things to be thankful for on the general theory that you ought to be glad to be alive. But I confess I can't see any reason for making a hurrah about it this year."

Nancy laughed. "Read your history book, Miss Schoolteacher. Thanksgiving is not proclaimed for celebrating the fortunes of the Laidlaw family, but just the general welfare of the U. S. A."

Jane smiled in spite of herself. "Well, we're part of the nation, aren't we? You're a little fraud," she said tenderly as she saw signs of tears on her sister's cheek. "But I suppose you're right. We can go through the motions of having a regular home, any way."

"This home is regular enough, whatever else it is," said Nancy with her ready laugh. "I believe Aunt Janet would get seasick if there were more chairs on one side of a room than the other."

There was, indeed, little in common between Miss Janet Laidlaw Fiske, head mistress of the Flske Acres School for Girls, and her two nieces and assistants. Nan and Jane had been "half-educated all over the world," as their aunt said accusingly, by their artist father. When he died—"insolvent, of course," Miss Fiske commented—she had felt it her duty to provide for them. Besides, their knowledge of languages and art, she thought, might be valuable to her school, even though they knew little else. The rigid, old-fashioned school for girls had dwindled so far that cheap teachers were a consideration.

Her nieces, staggered by the death of their merry, wonderful father, with debts their only inheritance and just enough knowledge of life to realize that it would be hard for two young ladies who knew everything in general and nothing in particular to find employment, had welcomed this offer—at first. They had come from their gyping life to this grim, grim school in the hills.

"The worst of it is that Aunt Janet's as sorry as we are that she asked us. We've not been a success, Nan," Jane sighed. "Helgho! Anyway, they'll all be away over Thanksgiving, even Aunt Janet, and we'll have each other alone. You're not listening, Nan!"

Nan's eyes were shining. "A regular home!" she was repeating. "Jane, let's have one just for a day, even if we have to steal it. Are you spunky enough?" She pointed dramatically out of the window toward a sunken road and a wee roof in the beech trees.

"The Golden Glade cottage. Why—what—?"

"Listen! Nobody's lived in that darling place in ages. There's some furniture, though, and books and pictures in an open packing case. I went in with old Mary the day she dusted it; she does once every season. And, Janey dear, there are canvases in a corner and a pastel-rack and paints. Just like—father's! And peasant dishes like we used to have. Janey, will you?"

"Will I what, Nan?"

"Will you send away the servants for over Thanksgiving and let us go over there and fix it all up, just like a real home? For Thanksgiving. Just us two in a studio home again, darling; for that's what it is. Belongs to an artist. I know where Mary keeps the key. Nobody passes down that glade. Jane dear! Please!"

"I'm afraid it isn't very schoolteacherly conduct, Nan. But—"

"Oh! You will!"

Nancy rushed her sister into action. The servants dismissed, the conspirators stole into the pretty cottage, nestled in the wild back road where no one passed. Soon they were busy arranging their home-for-a-day. Nancy hung the pictures on their old books

in the wall—"pleasant, painty pictures with personality"—she said, while Jane set the companionable well-worn books on the shelves.

Next day, Thanksgiving Day, they took possession. The Laidlaw candlesticks with their yellow candles, the pumpkins, fruit and autumn decorations graced the green-stained table. Dinner was keeping warm on the little stove and the pretty peasant dishes were waiting to receive it.

"It's trespass or housebreaking or some crime," Jane laughed. "But it's what I was dying for."

"Anything's allowable for self-preservation," Nan replied. "Besides, we're going to put everything back." She sighed. "It's just the sort of thing father would have done. He always said the fairies send gifts to the darling. I feel as if he sent us this perfect day. Jane! Somebody's coming! An auto stopping! Now we're in for it!"

A sharp rap at the door. They opened it to face an elderly man who was just saying to himself, aloud: "There is someone here."

"Are you the owner of this cottage?" Nan began immediately.

The visitor seemed amazed at the question. "No," he answered, laugh-

ing. "One would naturally suppose that you were the owners."

Confused, embarrassed, Nancy blurted out, "Oh, no! It isn't ours. We stole it—for Thanksgiving. Won't you come in?"

"You did what?"

"We—borrowed it. We don't know whose it is. Won't you come in?"

And he entered, his eyes twinkling at the adventure.

"My name is John McAndrew," he introduced himself.

After a moment's startled scrutiny, the girls threw themselves upon him, crying out together: "James McAndrew! Our James Mac! Oh, we're Nancy and Jane Laidlaw grown up! Don't you remember? In Rome when we were little."

"John Laidlaw's barn! Do I remember!" He put his arms about them.

They drew him into the easy chair beside the old fireplace and told him their story.

"But how did you come here today?" they asked him.

"I was passing by and felt I had to turn in here to see the old place where John Laidlaw and I used to live and paint when we were lads."

"Father once lived here?"

"When we were lads," he repeated. "I felt it," Nancy whispered.

After dinner as the firelight and the yellow candles were dying, James McAndrew said: "Do you ken why we met here today? I think John Laidlaw brought us."

"He always said fairies bring gifts to the darling," said Jane.

"'Twould never do, then, to disregard the fairy gifts," he said. "So from now on, shall we not stay together, the three of us? I'm getting on and I'm alone. And Johnny Laidlaw sent me to his barns. Sent me to them, because—bless the wild heart of him!—they're like he was and stole a Thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving of 1714 Made Matter of Record"

The following account of a Thanksgiving dinner held in Danvers, Ill., in 1714, from the pen of Rev. Lawrence Conant, has been handed down to posterity:

"When ye services at ye meeting house were ended ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes on ye hill near by, we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner of bear's meate and venison, the last of which was from a fine buck shot in the woods nearby. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich word was brought that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouthe like Ananias of old. Ye council therefore refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterward decided that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye coste of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen and since ye blessing had been craved on ye meate, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard whose conscience was tender."

Passenger Train Hits Freight Head-on

Renville, Minn. — Four trainmen were killed and several other persons injured when the Columbian, crack coast train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, collided head-on with a freight train near here early

Employes Would Revive War Pay

Chicago. — Representatives of the Western Association of Trainmen and Conductors in joint conference here have decided to demand that their wages be restored to the "war time" basis.