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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Nov. 12 1909.

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The Way You Want It  
And When You Want It

**THE REAL NATIONAL BIRD.****The New  
White House  
Offices**

WHEN President Taft returned to Washington from his great "swing around the circle" he will find his offices in the west wing of the White House largely extended. In fact, so much space has been utilized in making this change that the famous tennis court which supplied local color to all anecdotes of the previous administration has been wiped out of existence. Where exultant cries of "Fifteen love!" "Thirty love!" and "Forty love!" were cracked by the teeth of the mighty hunter and minor notes of "Love fifteen," "Love thirty" and "Love forty" came pouring from his respectful antagonists of the tennis cabinet there will hereafter be heard only the quiet tones of President Taft dictating state papers and challenges to games of comfortable golf.

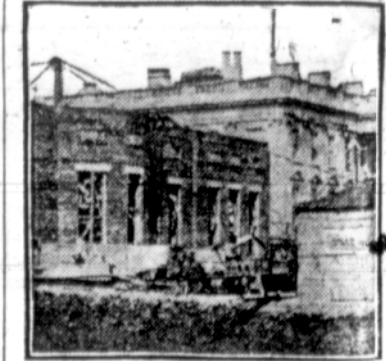
The new addition, which is to cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000, will give the president and his staff twice the space of the original wing. The old offices, which were designed by the New York architects McKim, Mead & White, cost about \$30,000. The three forward walls of that old building are utilized unchanged in the new design by the Washington architect Nathan C. Wyeth, and that enables the doubled floor space with the remodeled interior to be secured at the comparatively small cost already mentioned.

There will be eleven rooms in the new offices as against the bare half dozen that served Mr. Taft's predecessors, and the furnishings and fixtures, while far from luxurious in any oriental sense, will be correspondingly improved.

The greatest change effected by the new plans is in the president's room. Instead of the severe rectangular room, with its bare walls and distressing attempt at an oil painting of Lincoln, that formerly constituted the president's sanctum there will now be a room in the form of an oval—an oval that on the southern exposure fits without a broken line into a deep bay window, where the president's desk will stand.

With all its colonial simplicity, and such simplicity was made necessary by the predominating note in the rest of the White House, it is evident that this is the room on which Mr. Wyeth has spent most time. The color scheme will be green and white, with mahogany furniture. At the end opposite the bay window will be a handsome fireplace of white marble, with a wide hearth of the same material. The cabinet room will have windows on two sides. Its tables and chairs will be identical with those in use since March 4, as there is a room by which the cabinet officer can obtain in the details of the president's room. Thus Mr. Taft's long service in the Philippines is symbolized in the coverings of carabao skin.

In the old building there was no waiting room of any sort, and senators, diplomats, representatives and cabinet officers were herded together in a very ordinary lobby. In the new building this lobby will be retained with practically undiminished size, but in addition there will be a general waiting room, with the proper equipment of



A SECTION OF THE UNCOMPLETED WHITE HOUSE ADDITION.

seats and tables, while a congressional waiting room will be set apart for congressmen and dignitaries of all sorts.

The White House is a federal department, like the treasury or the department of state, and in a business way is conducted on that sort of basis. It employs a staff of about thirty clerks, without counting messengers, watchmen, etc., and requires a good deal of space for the accommodation of its working force. Mr. Roosevelt's notion of the size of the building required for the purpose was an underestimate, and the plans adopted were not such as to make for

comfort or convenience; hence the changes now being made, which will convert the structure into a very handsome affair, though of only one story, and provided with every imaginable equipment appropriate to a modern office building.

Did This Dog Reason? We brought from Scotland, says a writer in the London Spectator, a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was strictly enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Bab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow as if to say, "Now is our time." He seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.

Conundrums. When does a dog become larger and smaller? When let out in the morning and taken in at night. Why does a bay horse never pay toll? Because his master pays it for him. What is the strangest thing about flowers? They shoot before they have pistils.

A County of Islands. Probably the most unique county in the United States is Monroe county, Fla. This county, or the larger part of it, is made up of a group of islands called keys, and these are both on the east and west coasts. All the buildings in the county are in view of both coasts on the east and west.

Playing With the Dark. I used to be dreadfully scared of the dark a year ago, when I was small. I never dared stir from the bright lighted room.

Even into the shadowy hall. And another herself had to take me to bed. And promise to sit near all night. For once I woke up all alone in the dark. And it gave me a terrible fright. I thought I saw hobgoblins up over my bed. Oh, wasn't I cowardly then! My grandfather said I would never be brave.

Like heroes and all manly men. But now I go round in the dark all alone. And never am scared, not one mite. I blow out my candle upstairs by myself. When mother has kissed me good night. For I play that the dark is a loving old nurse.

A dainty nurse, kindly and quiet. Who holds me quite safe till I've fallen asleep. If you're afraid of the dark, just you try it.

**SELECTING THE  
BRONZE TURKEY.****A Thanksgiving Story.**By PORTE JEFFERSON.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Amanda Butler cautiously opened the door of the turkey shed and dashed the rays of her lantern until they fell broadcast on the clumsy form of a large turkey in the corner. He roused as she approached and stretched himself for action.

It was the work of an instant for Amanda's nimble fingers to flash up to his legs, and when she darted back there dangled from one foot a strip of bright red fannel. When Amanda locked the door and turned away the victim of her craftiness was protesting loudly against the absurdity of wearing red fannel in August.

Jeremiah sat on the doorstep in his shirt sleeves, smoking a peaceful pipe. "There," panted Amanda as she put out the lantern and sat down beside him and fanned herself with her sun-bonnet; "I've got one job done."

"What's that?" queried Jeremiah lazily.

"Marked the Thanksgiving turkey."

"Which one?"

"The big bronze one. I've had him in mind for some time. He always roosts in the shed, so I caught him asleep just now and tied a red rag on his leg. I'll shut him up come the 1st of November."

"The big bronze turkey always roosts in the walnut tree. That's why I selected him for Thanksgiving dinner," remarked Mr. Butler deliberately. "Him a roosting out of doors shows he has wild tastes, and what tastes better than wild turkey, I wonder now?"

Amanda received this unconscious witticism on her husband's part in stony silence.

"Of course I mean the biggest of them two bronze fellers," added Jeremiah after awhile.

"I marked the biggest," said Amanda acidly.

Jeremiah whistled one stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," knocked his pipe against the step and went into



"PETE JONES IS COMING AROUND TO KILL THE TURKEY."

the house. A moment later Amanda heard him winking the kitchen clock preparatory to retiring for the night.

"A woman that's married might as well give up trying to have her way about anything," murmured Amanda discontentedly. "Just as if I didn't know that there turkey in the shed was the biggest of the two! If I don't eat that turkey I'll eat any—so there! I'll show Jeremiah Butler I've got sense enough to be a poor, miserable married woman!"

Having delivered herself of these sentiments, Amanda felt more cheerfully disposed and in her turn retired to bed, where her husband was already breathing loudly and harmoniously.

The next morning when she went out to feed the poultry two big bronze gobblers were stalking about the yard, each with a rag about one leg. The red fannelled turkey ruffled indignantly every time his heady eye caught sight of the objectionable color on his foot. The other one gazed mournfully at a piece of black tape that adorned his extremity.

Jeremiah crossed the yard with foaming pails of milk.

"What's that black rag?" demanded Amanda angrily.

Her husband looked quizzically at her and then went on. "That there turkey is in mourning because he's going to be killed for Thanksgiving dinner," he said dryly.

Amanda said no more, but her plump face grew very pink, and her smooth forehead was creased in an anxious frown.

That morning the rival turkeys fought bitterly. Whether it was the red fannel which aroused the mourning turkey's gorge I cannot say. It is sufficient to note that they fought fairly and that the red fannel gentleman put the other to open flight. When it was all over Amanda went out and smilingly picked up several handfuls of bronze feathers.

Jeremiah, who had witnessed the battle through a crack in the barn door,

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**C. A. NISH, Manager.**

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in Ten Minutes**

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efficiency or greater heating  
power than the

**PERFECTION  
Oil Heater**

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

With it you can go from the  
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of the Tropics in 10 minutes.

The new

**Automatic Smokeless Device**

prevents smoking. There is no possible question about it.  
This means greater heat-power, a more rapid diffusion of heat  
and a sure conversion of all the heat-energy in the oil.

In a cold room, light the heater and in 10 minutes you'll have a  
glowing heat that carries full content.

Turn the wick up as high as it will go—no smoke—no odor.

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Perfection Oil Heater, with its new automatic smokeless device, de-  
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to the Nearest Agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**

(Incorporated)

grinned openly and went back to his  
neglected garden.

At night a remarkable thing hap-  
pened. The victorious wearer of red  
sought a roost in the walnut tree, while  
the mourning turkey indignantly  
found refuge in the shed, and, strange  
to relate, he chose the very spot oc-  
cupied by his rival.

All that summer and early fall Am-  
anda and Jeremiah avoided the subject  
of turkeys. After awhile others no-  
ticed that the topic was a disagreeable  
one, and so it was tacitly avoided by  
every one.

The first of November two bronze  
gobblers nervously paced two narrow  
pens. The red fannel turkey was gen-  
erously fed by Amanda, while the black  
tape bird was as conscientiously stuff-  
ed by her husband.

Amanda grew nervous and irritable  
as the weeks wore on toward Thank-  
sgiving. She did not really care which  
turkey she ate, for it had been a pros-  
perous year with them, and she was  
thankful in every sense for the fullness  
of their cellar and granary. What she  
really did mind was the giving in to  
Jeremiah. She had always been the  
one to give in, and this time—it did  
seem for once as if he might let her  
have her way. It was true she had her  
way about everything concerning the  
household, but—

She baked and boiled and stewed for  
a fragrant week before the great feast  
day. There would be cousins from  
neighboring towns to dine with them,  
and the turkey must be slain and pre-  
pared the day before. Such a huge  
bird would be plenty for the ten who  
would be present. Amanda wished  
she might invite more, so that there  
could be some excuse for killing both  
birds, and thus cut the gordian knot  
of contention without loss of dignity  
to either Jeremiah or herself.

On the evening of the second day be-  
fore Thanksgiving, Jeremiah Butler  
and Amanda sat in the warm circle of  
light cast by the reading lamp. Jer-  
emiah was reading the county paper,  
and his wife was sewing.

Suddenly Jeremiah looked up. "Pete  
Jones is coming around to kill the tur-  
key to-morrow morning," he said, with  
assumed carelessness. "He'll get it all  
dressed and ready for you."

"I've been thinking," said Amanda  
slowly, "that you might as well kill  
that black tape turkey of yours. He  
looks pretty well conditioned, and  
he's the biggest bird after all. I don't  
feel like as if I could have any con-  
tention this Thanksgiving. We've been  
so prosperous this year."

Jeremiah coughed dubiously. "Aman-  
da," he began, rather sheepishly, "I  
did kind of a fool thing last summer.  
When you tied a rag on your turkey I  
went out the next morning and  
changed them rags. That's why your  
sufficient to note that they fought fair-  
ly and that the red fannel gentleman  
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of bronze feathers.

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tle through a crack in the barn door,

"It was silly," said Amanda ener-  
getically. "I should have myself sick  
over them two turkeys. I don't know  
if I want to eat neither one. If I had  
known you was trying to joke—why, I  
don't know as I ever knew you to  
make a joke, Jeremiah!"

"Of course I did before," said Jeremia-  
h, with a sickly smile. "I guess I won't  
again. I'll tell Pete to kill the black  
rag turkey, and then I'll be the one  
you selected."

"I'd rather have the wild flavored  
one," admitted Amanda. "I'm partial  
to wild turkeys. Then it was your  
turkey that fit mine and made him run  
after all." She glanced at the bronze  
feathers above the clock.

"That there wild one was a gamy  
bird," chuckled Jeremiah, with another  
break into unconscious wit.

The next day when Pete Jones came  
to kill the turkey he found Jeremiah  
and Amanda busily engaged in clean-  
ing silver.

Which one of them two bronze gob-  
blers shall I kill? One's as fat as  
t'other, and each one's got a dirty rag  
tied around his foot."

Jeremiah looked critically at a fork  
he was polishing, and then he turned a  
quizzical smile upon his wife.

"Kill 'em both, Pete, and take one  
home for yourself."

"And whichever one it is, Pete, enjoy it  
to the nearest Agency of the

Dilettante Alpinists.

The real Alps are not civilized. Nev-  
er can they be civilized. True, they  
have been built so that horse  
and motor can go where once only  
the guide led the way. The modern hotel  
is beside the clear blue lake under the  
shadow of the snow clad mountain,  
sometimes high upon a spur it has  
thrown out. You can linger over your  
table d'hôte listening to the orchestra,  
dance all the evening, take baths,  
stroll on the promenade at the fash-  
ionable hour and say you have "done"  
the Alps. Yet you may only have seen  
the foothills on the lower slopes along  
the paths that have been trodden for  
centuries, worn smooth by peasant  
feet. Looking from some viewpoint  
upon the valley a thousand feet below  
the visitor imagines that this is in-  
deed mountaineering. But he does not  
know he is merely going over the  
pathways where the home people have  
gone, as their fathers and forefathers  
went from chalet to chalet, to sell  
their cheese or eggs, or in their Sun-  
day dress to hear the good man of the  
church—and forget it all in the neigh-  
borly gossip after service.—Putnam's  
Magazine.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA