

# FOND MEMORY MAKES THEM SAD

(Washington Star.)

A few forenoons ago a perspiring, red-faced fat man, at the head of a perspiring, red-faced fat family, consisting of a wife and four little girls with amazingly starched skirts and with pigtails pulled so taut that they didn't appear to be able to wink their eyes, started through the gate at the Baltimore & Ohio station leading to an accommodation train that was about to leave for Maryland way stations.

"Tickets," said the gateman, unenthusiastically, as the fat father of the fat family started to hurl himself through the gate.

"Huh?" said the father of the family a half sheepish, half chopfallen expression crossing his dripping countenance.

"Tickets," repeated the gateman, yawning dismally.

"B'jing," exclaimed the fat man, dismally. "I forgot the tickets. Clean forgot to buy 'em. Say, can't you let us through, and I'll pay the conductor n' cash for our rides—hey?"

"Galtst the rules," said the gateman. "Don't block the line, please. Have your tickets ready!"

The fat man squirmed back out of the line, encountering as he did so the collective glares of the pushing people behind him, and the much more interesting glare of his wife.

"Forgot to get the tickets, Rosanna," said the fat man, looking foolish, to his spouse. "Got 'em in half a second, though—be right back. Wait right here with the children."

And he dashed through the swinging doors at a lumbering waddle, while his wife dropped all the hand-baggage with a thump and the four highly starched little girls picked out grips and suit cases upon which to squat until their parent returned with the tickets.

He returned to his family in about four minutes, holding the tickets in his left hand, and agonizedly mopped his face with the handkerchief in his right. His fat face contracted into an expression of acute misery.

"My dear girl," he said, edging apologetically alongside his wife, "it's a mighty good thing I stopped to take a glass of water at the cooler inside

just now—a mighty good thing in deed."

"Well, what is it now?" she asked him, in a tone filled with prophecy of trouble.

"Now, don't be annoyed, my dear Rosanna," said the fat man, more miserable than ever, "but I fear that we shall be slightly delayed—but only until the next train, you know. There's another one going in only two hours and forty-five minutes, and I'll be back long before that."

"Back from where?" she asked him, acridly.

"Now, please, I beg of you, do not make things worse than they are by an exhibition of temper, my dear Rosanna," moaned the fat man, hopelessly, "but my taking that drink of water at the cooler inside just now reminded me that I left the cold writer turned on in the kitchen sink when I left the house. Just you wait with the children in the waiting room—I'll buy you some papers and magazines—and—let's see—I can get out to Tenleytown and back in an hour and a half, say, and that'll give me plenty of time for the next train. I couldn't be comfortable, you know, away for two weeks with cold water running full blast."

### He Just Went Home.

The durned sink might overflow and it 'ud cost me all the money I could make for the next ten years to pay for the damage. Now, don't worry," and the fat man darted out of the station at a waddling lopp, while the wife of his bosom gathered up the traps once more and led the way to the waiting-room the four little starched girls trooping gloomily after her.

"Notice that?" said the gateman, dismally, slamming the gate leading to the accommodation train after the last belated passenger had cantered through. "That's the way they're drifting along all the time—the forgetters, I call 'em. Another one of 'em just like that fat old party came catapaulting toward this gate only an hour or so ago, with his wife all but hanging onto his coat tails. He was racing for the gate at such a clip that she could barely keep up with him without maintaining a strong clutch on his apparel. I picked him

out instantly as one of the forgetters, and when he handed me his tickets to punch I noticed that his tickets didn't have the 'B' baggage punch mark in them.

"You've checked your baggage, sir, I suppose?" said I—knowing, of course, that he hadn't.

"Why, no, I haven't!" he sung out, giving his thigh a whack. "Say, it's a good thing you reminded me of that."

"Did you wait at the house for the transfer man to call for the baggage, James?" his panting little wife inquired of him in a tone of suspense.

"Well, no, I didn't!" he exclaimed again. "Was that the arrangement? I thought you'd attend to that."

The Trunks Were Safe.

"Now, don't you remember," she plaintively said to him, "that when I came down town ahead of you to do that little shopping that I had to do, and left you to close up the house, the last thing I said to you was: Now, James, be sure to wait here until the transfer man comes for the trunks—I promised to be at the flat at 10 o'clock, prompt"—don't you remember that that was the very last thing I said to you, James?"

"No, I don't remember any such a thing," James brazened out. "I thought you'd at least have the consideration to attend to the trunks instead of hiking down town to get a dinkey little yell, when you've got eleven million yells already—and here we are with the train due to start in four minutes, and there are our trunks locked up in the bed room of a house 45 minutes ride away on the fiery, untamed underground and overhead trolley cars—oh, it's all off, that's what it is—there's no use in talking about it at all, it's all off!" and he galloped toward the exit, with his tired-looking little wife hanging onto one of his arms with both hands and being jolted over the boards and up the steps like a rag doll in the hands of a pickaninny. They haven't got back yet, and I guess by this time James is hurling the things out of the trunks and jawingly announcing that the trip is still all off and that it's going to remain all off."

### Cairo as a Health Resort.

Cairo is the city of malaria and lies. Physically it is one vast sewage bed, which poisons no small proportion of the people who visit it, and while English doctors send their patients to recover in Cairo, honest doctors there at once assure them that there is no recovery except by leaving it.



**T**HANKSGIVING is coming round again," said Robert Kempton to his wife, "Please don't make any difference this year, Mabel. We have nothing to be thankful for. Bob and Ella have spoiled our lives."

"We should be thankful that it is no worse," replied the wife, with a patience that never deserted her.

But this is not the beginning of the story.

Years before Mabel Lathrop, much to her father's and mother's chagrin, married Robert Kempton, a wild, reckless fellow, and he would have been a ne'er-do-well had not Mabel saved him and made him a successful man. Robert knew and admitted that she had turned him from a worthless life.

"Mabel," he said to her, "I owe all I am to you. God forbid that I should ever treat you with the slightest harshness. On the contrary, I pray that he may send me some unusual opportunity to serve you, to suffer for you, perhaps to die for you."

"You are doing all that is needed in making me happy," said the wife.

Then came Bobbie Kempton, a bright-eyed, sunny disposed little chap who was his mother's darling and his father's pride. Mabel fed him, bathed him, clothed him, gave him his airing during the day, and before he went to sleep in the evening his father rumped with him.

When Bob came to be about fifteen he began to show signs of the proclivities his father had shown in his youth and thus brought sorrow to his parents. Mabel was patient with him and so was his father for a time, but Bob grew more unruly, more reckless



and his father's patience finally gave out. When Bob was eighteen he got into a fight with a man and came very near killing him. Bob was arrested and held to wait the man's recovery. When he was released from custody his father received him in anger. Bob, who felt his disgrace keenly and withal was high spirited, declared that he would not remain at home to be taunted with his faults, to bring discredit on his family, but would go where they would not be troubled with him. Kissing his mother, he strode down the walk leading to the gate. With his hand on the latch he turned irresolute.

"Call him back, father," pleaded the mother.

"He will only bring new disgrace upon us."

"This trouble is a lesson to him. He will do better."

"No," said the father. "Let him go. We are well rid of him."

That was the last seen of Bob Kempton in his native village. His parents had no other child, nor did any other child come to them. Mrs. Kempton grieved constantly for her son, but never mentioned his name to her husband. Finally one of her friends died, leaving a little girl unprovided for. Mrs. Kempton took the child and adopted her.

Ella Bruce for a time was all that a daughter should be, but when she was nineteen she received the attentions of a man unacceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Kempton, and when they chided her she showed the only disposition to rebellion that she had ever displayed. Nevertheless she gave up the lover, and for a year it was supposed that she had forgotten him, when suddenly she disappeared.

"Well, wife," said Kempton, "we've had hard luck with our children. We must be content with each other."

The wife said nothing, but as soon as her husband left the house went to her room to weep, to weep for her son, for since Ella's departure by craving for him had come back to her with double strength. She read his boyish letters over and over again.

A year passed, and nothing was heard of Ella. The man for whom she was supposed to have left her home appeared in the village, but declared that he knew nothing of her whereabouts. His story was not believed and confirmed suspicion that she had run away to join him.

Mrs. Kempton grew more and more gloomily spirited till finally her health began to droop. Her husband knew the cause, though she did not tell him, and often wished that he could recall his

son, though he feared that he had continued in a downward course and the sight of him would kill his mother.

This was the condition of Robert and Mabel Kempton just before Thanksgiving. There was no need for Robert to request his wife not to make the usual preparations, for she was unable to do so. She had been losing strength rapidly and finally took to her bed. However, the day before the anniversary she got up and gave some directions to the servants in order that it should not be entirely lost sight of. The next morning she lay on a lounge in the living room before a cheerful fire. Her husband sat down beside her, smoothed her hair and took her shrunk-up hand in his.

"Wife," he said, "you remember that when we were married I asked for some opportunity to serve you. I believe it has come. I am going to try to find Bob."

"The opportunity has passed, Robert," replied the wife. "It came to you the day Bob went away. I saw a contribution in his face. If you had called him back he would have begun anew."

The husband and father bowed his head.

"Never mind, Robert. The past can't be undone. Let us be thankful that we are surrounded with every comfort. And some day Robbie may come back to us."

While they were talking two persons had stolen into the back yard and under cover of the outhouses entered the house. Suddenly the sitting room door opened, and a young man and a girl entered the room.

"Father?"

"Mother?"

"Bob?"

"Ella!"

In an instant the old people were in the arms of the recreant son and adopted daughter.

Then came explanations. Ella, knowing of the secret that was eating at Mrs. Kempton's heart and breaking down her health, resolved that she would repay the kindness she had received by going in search of Bob Kempton. After considering the best course for her to adopt on leaving she concluded not to make known her quest to Mrs. Kempton, fearing that the suspense would be detrimental. It would be better, she thought, to say nothing, but bring the son home if possible. If she failed there would be no disappointment. She traced him to a distant city and found him absorbed in business. He had long intended to communicate with his parents, but a remembrance of his father's last look and words had always caused him to defer action. He had made money easily, but had not kept it, his naturally reckless disposition interfering with economy.

"Ella," said the father, after all had been explained, "you have done for mother that signal service which I always wished to do for her myself. When the opportunity occurred I did not recognize it. When it came to you, you recognized it at once. Do now for Bob what mother has done for me—save him from his reckless disposition

and make a progressive man of him. Marry him."

Ella blushed, and young Robert said: "She can't do that, father, for she did it early this morning."

An hour later, as the reunited group sat at table, the father gave this toast: "Blessed be those who recognize their opportunities."

H. E. BEALE.



The first national Thanksgiving day was proclaimed by President Washington on the 31 day of October, 1789, setting Thursday, the 26th day of November, as the date, in honor of the adoption of the constitution of the United States. The second national Thanksgiving day was also proclaimed by Washington, but was in February of 1790. Subsequent presidents called upon the people of the country to observe such a day of thanksgiving, but it was not until the presidency of Abraham Lincoln that the observance became a fixed event and the last Thursday of November was recognized as an annual public holiday.



**D**E man who'd sot a b'ar trap in his chicken house on Thanksgiving ebe am no Christian an' nebbber will be.

Dere's no place in hebben fur de man dat steals. Joss de same I 'spects de eebon dat ain't got a cent an' yet brings home a turkey for Thanksgiving will go to de good place.

De American people doan git half 'nuff sleep, an' I 'spects dat's jess why most ob 'em am allus complainin' ob feelin' run down. De white man oughter git to bed early, 'specially on Thanksgiving ebe.

If any ob my fam'ly gits to aillin' I doan nebbber git no doctor, 'kase dey do a heap ob ha'm. When my Uncle Julius was taken sick one Thanksgiving an' de doctor said he couldn't dun had none ob dat fo'teen pound turkey dat was b'angin' in de kitchen what was de result? Why, when Uncle Julius smelted dat bird, all brown an' juicy, an' heard de fam'ly smackin' der lips, he jess git one groan an' die.

Yo' may 'sarch through de almanac an' de dictionary an' all de histories ob dis kentry, but yo' won't find no mention made ob a cull'd man bein' 'lected president ob de United States. I reckon it am just as well. If a cull'd man held dat office he'd kill hisself on Thanksgiving tryin' to eat all de turkeys dat am sent to de White House on dat occasion.

I allus stick up fur de Bible an' be lieb ebery word in dat good book, but I'ze kinder a little bit 'spicious 'bout Mistah Noah an' his ark. Dat man might hev let all de birds an' animules in his ark, but did dey all git out



again? Doan yo' 'spose dat de turkeys was dun missin' 'bout Thanksgiving time?

When Thanksgiving comes an' I take de head ob de table an' de ole woman an' chil'en gather round an' smack de lips an' roll der eyes, when de hour comes dat I stand up wid knife in hand to begin carbin', when de minut arrows dat I reach out wid one hand to catch dat turkey by de laig an' hold him solid while I slice away, if one ob my chil'en should look up an' inquire where I got dat bird den, I'm tellin' yo' dat sich a calamitous circumstance would perspire dat dat child would remember de event all de rest ob his bo'n days!

A. B. LEWIS.

### The President's Turkey.

For the past thirty years the turkey which has graced the White House table on Thanksgiving day has come from Westerly, R. I., the gift of Hiram Vose. In 1873 Mr. Vose sent a thirty-six pound bird to President Grant. It was received with such favor that he has continued to supply the yearly presidential turkey, and his sons after him will keep on sending turkeys to Washington as long as the race holds out. Rhode Island turkeys are not as numerous as they once were, but their quality has not deteriorated. Bronze and Narragansett grays are the standard breeds. No change has been made in the methods of breeding turkeys as the years have gone by, but in view of the bad luck farmers have had recently in raising large flocks Mr. Vose, whose turkey market is a clearing house for all the country round, is trying to discover some means to prevent the national bird from becoming extinct.

### Thanksgiving Day Abroad.

Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together on Thanksgiving day there is sure to be an elaborate observance of the epicurean holiday. In every foreign capital a Thanksgiving banquet at the American legation is one of the fixtures in the ambassador's or minister's ceremonial calendar, and to his official reception are welcomed all of his countrymen residing abroad or temporarily away from their own firesides. The American churches hold religious services, where there are American churches, and in their absence the natives usually offer their places of worship to the Americans for the day. Even in Peking Thanksgiving day is a notable event, its observance shared in by Christianized Chinese and the members of other embassies than our own.

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