

RECEIVING MORE THAN FAIR VALUATION IN ADVERTISING

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on a plan of rental payments within the reach of any tradesman permanently employed.

To trades or crafts men of the East, this may resemble but a fairytale, for he is still living in the dark wall-papered little flat in an old and unsightly apartment or flat-building with drab surroundings that are so void of anything of an æsthetic nature that life cannot evolve anything beyond the commonplace things.

Silver-tongued orators of the Northwest who are commissioned to go East with the story of this section of America have seemingly been too content with the association furnished them by the wealthy of the East who enjoy exclusive settings when they are being entertained. For that reason the true story of the Northwest is yet to be told to the great masses of the East, to the people who possess the physical qualities, the urge for better things, a small working capital, genius and skill to make them ideally suited for the great Northwest.

Until this story through means of direct contact, is told to these people, the West to them will always remain California.

THE BLESSING

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gently: "Well Thord, and what do you wish now for yourself?"

"To be a better man," he replied half audibly.

Thord sat with downcast eyes, while the parson looked at him very earnestly and affectionately. For a long time the two men sat thus, until presently the parson spoke softly and slowly.

"Now," he said, "I think that your son has indeed become a blessing to you."

"Yes, I think so myself," said Thord, and as he looked up two tears rolled down his grief-worn face.

YULETIDE LONGINGS

By Frances Whitman Roberts.

There's a little old brown house where my own folks live,

And I want to go home! I want to go home!

(There's a giant elm before it, with its great arms reaching o'er it),

I am longing for the love that I know they long to give,
I want to go home to my mother!

There's a little low kitchen, where the firelight glows—

I want to go home! Oh! I want to go home!

And my mother sitting there in her old red rocking chair,
It's little of my homesickness and longing that she knows—
But I want to go home to my mother!

'Tis not that I'm a child—I, with two of my own—

But I want to go home! How I want to go home!

For the longing is upon me—Oh, and hard it presses on me,
For my old home and my mother, she is sitting there alone,
I want to go home to my mother!

It is always the part of prudence to face every claimant
and pay every just demand on your time, your talent, or
your heart. —Emerson.

History is the witness of the times, the torch of truth,
the life of memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of
antiquity. —Cicero.

OLDER AND NEWER YULE CUSTOMS OF PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN TIMES

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Next to the boar came the peacock in for honor. To prepare the bird of Juno so that he should appear on the platter in all the glory of his hundred eyes, his skin was first stripped off with the brilliant plumage still adhering. Argus was then cleaned, stuffed with spices and sweet herbs and roasted, meantime being frequently basted with yolk of egg. When cooked and partly cooled the carcass was sewn up in its own feathered skin and the beak was gilded. On some occasions the whole bird was covered with gold leaf and a piece of cotton, saturated with spirits, was placed within the beak. When the carver began his work, he set fire to the cotton.

The privilege of serving the peacock was accorded to the lady among the guests most distinguished by reason of birth or beauty. She bore the Olympian bird into the dining hall to the sound of hautboys and trumpets. Following her marched the other ladies in the order of their rank. Judging, however, from the fact that great quantities of mutton fat were required for enough gravy to accompany a single peacock, the inference is that the flesh was far from being as succulent as that of our own gobbler.

Pie-eating particularly with reference to mince meat pie, dates back to 1596 when it appeared under the name of mutton pie. Later Ox-tongue was substituted in place of mutton, though the other ingredients remained unchanged—a mixture of apples, dried fruit, sugar, molasses, sometimes ardent spirits, chopped meat

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