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Bible Thought For Today

THE FEAST OF HARMONY:—Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.—Proverbs 17:1.

Just Before the Battle

Portland, Dec. 17, 1921

Who is the guy that started this 1925 fair agitation?

Whoever he may have been he has rolled in a bunch of trouble and no doubt is gleefully watching the fight which he has started.

The solons, meaning members of the legislature, are gathering. The first stop is always in Portland, where the boys talk things over. Today senators from different parts of the state "happened in" and as greetings were exchanged the question was invariably woven into the first remarks asking who in mischief is responsible for this colossal piece of foolishness—the 1925 fair. All parts of the interior tell the same story of depressed financial conditions, although it must be stated that Willamette valley counties are better off in a business way than are Eastern and Southern Oregon counties.

Briefly stated, when the battle starts in Salem Monday the chances are about even to kill the fair and get it out of the way, with those of passing some kind of a fair proposition.

We cannot think that a property tax will be adopted to finance any fair, even though Portland loudly protests that if the property tax does not prevail the special election of 4 to 1 approval will be null and void.

The Oregonian and the Journal seem to believe that it is almost mandatory on the legislature to pass the matter of a property tax and the 1925 exposition on to the people for their adoption or rejection, but there are many of us who hold membership in that institution called the legislature clinging firmly to the belief that the state should have no such foolishness; that Portland should be saved from the effects of a few light-headed citizens who have fomented all this exposition stuff, and thereby announce to the outside world that Oregon is neither mentally deranged, nor willing to enter into any three-half game to create unnatural realty value.

Buying Light This Year

Portland, Dec. 17, 1921

What sort of a miracle, bomb shell, caution gas or safety blanket has hit Portland people?

They are not doing their usual Christmas buying. The writer visited the big department stores, talked with a few department heads and heard the same story—lots of inventory, crumpled fairly large but individual sales few and light and comparison with the past few years, and cash register receipts much less.

Although it is a well-known fact that the buying power of the public has been lessened; that the spirit of burrah and zip has been smothered to a certain degree, the fact remains that Portland stores this year do not seem to offer the great availability of holiday goods of former years.

It looks as though department store heads had heeded the admonition of "buy light," which is getting so well established in mercantile minds. As we watched the customers and clerks in one big store the statements of made that clerks lost the art of salesmanship during the war came frequently to us. In one big store we visited five different departments and each department had fewer sales-

IN THE OLD HOME TOWN



MISS NELLIE BLOTZ HAS MOVED INTO THE OLD TURNER STORE ROOM AND IS SHOWING SOME BEAUTIFUL HAND PAINTED SUSPENDERS, SLEEVE HOLDERS, FLAT IRON PADS, EMBROIDERED HEAD RESTS AND PIN CUSHIONS.

men and salesladies. They were not on their toes, not in the game—merely drifting, as it were, filling space putting in time and drawing their pay checks. Customers wandered listlessly around the store, while two male clerks were discussing golf in one corner, two lady clerks were arguing some question, but the cash system was idle a good portion of the time and the bundle wrappers waited for orders.

When the adding machine tells the story of holiday business in Portland this year we doubt if the same big fat figures of old will show up.

People and Snow

Portland, Dec. 17, 1921

No one can forget his raising. Habits of youth will cling and even weather-experienced in younger days has its fascination, just as the odor of the Commencement rose clings in the nostrils for years and years, so does the recollection of snow and storm, if one has been raised in a country that has snow.

Tonight we emerged from the Auditorium along with five thousand more people who had attended Sousa's concert, to find an Eastern Oregon snow storm of good size pounding away. The snow cut off vision fifty feet distant, and the large crowd was almost panic stricken.

People stood still, blocking traffic, and here is what was so noticeable: Men and women who were born and raised in the Willamette valley humped themselves up like steers in a blizzard, while Eastern Oregon folk and those raised in snow states cheered the snow in a most joyful manner.

That's the difference in people.

Only One Sousa

Portland, Dec. 17, 1921

Just as there was but one Carnuso, but one Lincoln, but one Roosevelt, so there but one Sousa.

It had been a quarter-century since we had heard his great band and when the curtain went up in the Portland Auditorium, revealing the matchless leader and his perfected organization we said to ourselves, "Well, John Philip, Old Man Age is grabbing you, too; your dapper manner of years ago has been displaced with mild, deliberative actions of a man in middle life; your hair is both thin and gray, and your step is not so elastic."

And we wondered, before the crash of his opening selection filled the auditorium, if his musical composition had been affected by the years. It has not. Sousa is greater today than ever. What a positive joy it was to hear his band. Oh, such music, such soul-stirring, nation-inspiring music! Do away with the military! Never for then John Philip Sousa could write no more marches.

His opening number, "In Spring Time" (Goldsmith), was one of those selections Sousa gives so no one in the audience can question his band's

ability to play the classical, for Sousa himself believes in every kind of music. The classical, the homely song, and jazz all have their niches in this grand old man's heart.

John Dolan, cornetist, pulled a soft, "Carnival of Venice" (Arban), that was just about as fine as a whole treeful of birds on a warm summer's day.

In "Camera Studies" (Sousa) the old leader showed his metal again. From the bass drummer, who is an older man than Sousa, to the piccolo section, that great aggregation of musicians seems to respond to every heartbeat of the leader.

"The Fancy of the Town" (Sousa) was a selection welding together all the popular songs for the last ten years and the crowd madly cheered its favorite song.

Miss Hardeman, as violinist; Miss Mary Blake, soprano; George Carey, xylophone soloist, all were topnotchers.

The encore pieces played by Sousa were "Keeping Step With the Union," "Bullets and Bayonets," "Who's Who in Navy Blue," "Sabre and Spurs," "U. S. Field Artillery," and the grand old march ever written, "Stars and Stripes Forever."

To show observer readers that most musicians go absolutely nutty on classical music, refusing to play popular airs, John Philip Sousa closed his concert in Portland Saturday night with that old cowboy breakdown, "Turkey in the Straw."

Did the people like it? Well, say so! From the way the large crowd went wild in its enthusiasm, they surely liked it.

Will Irwin, the magazine writer, lectured in Portland some time ago and he almost ruined a lot of people. What Irwin really said we do not know, but we have come across several who asked if we heard the lecture. When assured we had not enjoyed that privilege, invariably the party would begin to tell us how the next war would be fought without soldiers—that it would be a war of thoughts and chemicals; how myriads of thoughts would combat for supremacy and finally slip down the toboggan.

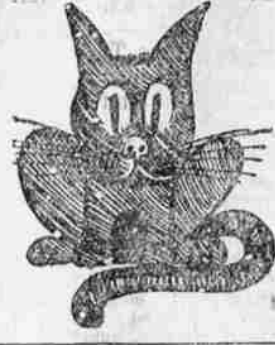
gan; how the new chemicals would eat up everything from human life to steel girders. Irwin said, according to our informants, that a thimbleful of the new war chemicals would wreck the Yeon building, kill all life within a radius of twelve blocks. This would take in both the Oregonian and Journal and Phil Metcham's hotel.

People repeating the Irwin statements would shudder and shake as they grasped the awfulness of what will happen some day, according to Irwin.

As a matter of fact, Will Irwin has gone nutty on a few things and this is one of them. He hands it out to his audience just as the Hindu magician makes a tree grow before their eyes, and it all goes to show how people love the HUNK and will fall for it.

THE OFFICE CAT

—By JUNIOR—



FIFTY-FIFTY IS ARGOT FOR AN EQUAL DIVISION.
"What's your opinion about the hyphenated business?"
"Oh, so long as nobody takes the hyphen out of fifty-fifty I should worry."

A person who can't sing but will ought to be muzzled, says the Professor.
After all, it isn't your needs that keep you broke. It is your wants.

The December 3rd issue of the Saturday Evening Post was designated as the "Merrie Christmas" number. Next week will be the Fourth of July number.

The man who used to have his hair cut by his mother now has a son who has his finger nails cut by a flapper while the barber is shampooing his hair and the porter is shaving his shoes.

"When a cannibal woman won't do a thing, she won't, and no man can force her to change her mind," reports Mrs. H. F. Gilbert, a returned missionary from Africa. In which we fail to distinguish any great difference in habit from a whole lot of women hereabouts, although we number no known cannibals on our calling list.

A blotter absorbs everything and gives out nothing. Don't be a blotter.

News Item: At Dannemora State Hospital, it was reported today, the prisoner has so far recovered he asked to be sent back to Sing Sing. Removal of the bullet has cured him of insanity. Some cure, we'll say.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS OF HISTORY.
Milton wrote "Paradise Regained" after his mother-in-law died.

GET A DOZEN!
The young housewife, looking very pretty and well-thrilled in big green overalls, was cleaning out the pantry cupboard.
"Dickey," she called to her young husband, "I want you to bring me a mouse-trap home tomorrow."
"But, angel," cried the young man,

SPEND Your Last Week Of Shopping Here!

Infants' and Children's

KNIT SUITS

\$5.50

—What pleasing Christmas gifts these sets will make for the little folks from 2 years to 5 years! They are in blue, buff, and red. Cap, sweater and pants, just as illustrated, priced at \$5.50 set.



JUST IN! NEW KNIT TIES \$1.00 up

—Just in time for the shoppers, are these several dozen new silk knitted ties. These are black and brown, striped and dotted patterns and lots of plain. Exceptional opportunity for the last few days of shopping to get the newest in men's neckwear. Come in and see them.

Ladies New WOOL AND LISLE Sport Hose \$1.25 Pair

—A brown and black leather mixture sport hose, of wool and mercerized lisle. Heavily ribbed and elastic to wear with oxfords. These are in all sizes now—just in, and priced at \$1.25 pair.

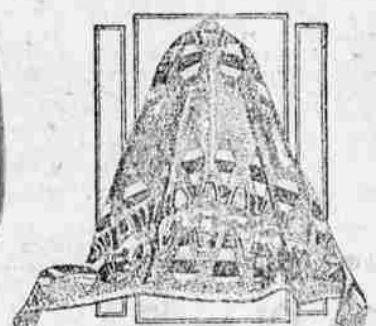
Gift APRONS

—The gift kind—made from fine quality Swiss and lawn, with lace, ruffles, etc. All in white, some with colored ribbon bows, and pockets. Always a dainty, attractive gift at Christmas time. They are priced at \$1.00, \$1.10 and \$1.25 each.

Does He Golf? If So His Christmas Gift Should Be An Easy Problem



—For the man who golfs it should be an easy matter to please him. He would naturally like anything in the way of golf attire. Suggestions are: numerous here. Golf socks, gloves, shirts, sweaters, shoes, ties, etc. All especially made for the golfer. The new French flannel shirts are the newest addition. They're priced at \$7.50.



A GIFT FOR ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

—An Indian robe or steamer robe—a beautiful and most pleasing gift for any one. Our blankets are the genuine "OREGON CITY" robes. "Made in Oregon"—the finest of pure wool robes in genuine Indian designs and colors. Our stocks are exceptionally large and priced in a very wide range. There are blankets at \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$11.50 and \$14.00. Every blanket pure wool. Men's and Shriners' emblem blankets included.

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for Men

Hats, caps, neckwear, silk shirts, pajamas, suspenders, bathrobes, fishing tackle, cigars, belts, razors, sox—all made in Oregon. All of the best quality. Tell your dealer you want an Oregon Brand.



for Women

Furs, camisoles, boudoir caps, lingerie, neckwear, blouse dresses, aprons, petticoats, Face Creams, perfumes, talcs, Candles, Jewelry, Baskets, Woolen dress materials, Bathing suits and sweaters, Wool hosiery.



for the Folks Back East!

Oregon preserved fruits and Oregon quality nuts.

Practical Gifts for the Home

A Reed or Oregon Willow Rocker, Range or Steam Cooker, Refrigerator, Art Mirror, Lamp and Shade, Fluff Rug, Indian Blanket, Phonograph.



Practical Gifts

To delight the housewife or bring real pleasure to the skilled mechanic, no other selection for a Christmas gift is likely to be so satisfactory as a really useful tool or piece of cutlery selected from the old reliable Keen Kutter line which we sell. More than 50 years of conscientious endeavor to make only the best is behind each article which bears the Keen Kutter trademark. Our stock at this time affords many attractive items suitable for Christmas giving.

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