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CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

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HOW TO GET ON:—ASK, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Matthew 7:7.

Christmas

Christmas is one of the words of the language that convey a suggestion, create a vision, project an atmosphere of glamor, romance and sentiment far greater than themselves. To say Christmas is to open the eyes of the mind and the doors of the heart to the dearest recollections of our childhood; and these fond and shadowy remembrances mean little unless they create in us the desire to have Christmas mean as much to children today as it meant to us when were were tiny.

For Christmas, the birthday of an immortal child, was, is and must remain especially the festival of the bright innocence of infancy. That is why we resent it when some over-literal and painfully conscientious person rises up in duty bound to declare there is no Santa Claus. Such joy-killers, robbing the nursery of an illusion cherished, would take away the fairy-tales and quell the spirit of adventure and flood every mystery of shadowland with the light of common day.

Let no improving modernist tamper with the old-time, traditional observance of Christmas. We need for the life of our own souls the Christmas tree and the Yule log at the domestic hearth, and the stockings hung arow, and the joyful clatter of the great morning, and the dinner with the family gathered round in glad reunion.

We need the sweet custom of the interchange of tokens, when into that custom there creeps no accent of compulsion, no hint of a mercenary calculation. For we know that it is of the very essence of Christmas to give, not to receive. The blessing rests on those whose love, "great enough to hold the world," seeks outlet on this day to other lives—cramped and pinched, alone and poor, meager in comfort, facing the day without a smile and the night without the pillow of hope.

It is a wretched celebration of the time to shut oneself in with a surfeit of a feast and a piled hoard of gifts and exult that we have so much. Those whose Christmas is the merriest, whose coming year is certain to be happiest, are those who give the most joy and in the giving, give themselves.

Old At 40? No

What sort of a duck is that fellow, Dr. M. Carey Thomas who said "the world's affairs should be managed by men not more than 40 years old?" He must be one of those correspondence school chaps who reads, but never thinks, who lives the life of a recluse and never mixes with men of today.

This bird of advanced over-education is twenty years behind the times. Look around in Oregon and you will find living contradiction of his statement in almost every business house, in every office, in every professional office, in every court house and in the state house at Salem.

What the eminent "Doctor" should have said was that "affairs of the world should and are managed by men more than 40 years old" and then he would have been hitting on all cylinders.

Forty years. That's no age in this day and time. Men old at forty? We should say not—nor at fifty. Neither are women, for that matter. The man-made calendar is of no more consequence than the speedometer on your car. It means little or nothing. Because this fellow Carey may have shaky hands and indigestion; because he refuses to play with the kids; because he nurses a grouch rather than straighten up to his full height and breathe freely of mountain air, is no proof that all men have gone that wrong path.

Then remember this: Twenty years ago the average span of life was calculated at less than 40 years. Today the average span of a man's life is 60, even if the insurance companies are still making millions by computing probable death losses on the old table of mortality. Humanity is showing more concern for health and life is being prolonged. Men are learning that the old saying, "man is as old as he feels" is true, and they are thinking differently and acting differently. Lots of men are in the harness of active work today at 60 years, and even 75. The time is coming soon when people will live to be a hundred years old and enjoy their lives in full.

Tie a can to that fellow, Dr. M. Carey Thomas, who parts his name in the middle. Those who have been living in Eastern Oregon and whose speedometers say considerable "past forty" think nothing of that machine, for we are still going good and intend to keep at it, regardless of the chaps like Thomas.

There seems to be some reason for believing that leading a country to water and making it drink are two different things.

The world does move. A southern paper tells of a reporter on its staff who was held up and robbed of $14.

So far as known the only intimate thing the play producers haven't tried yet is a complete bathroom scene.

THE OLD HOME TOWN · · By Stanley

OFFICE CAT

BY JUNIUS

THE OFFICE CAT WISHES ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

When a girl is in love she is hungry only between meals.

A small town is one where everybody looks when someone whistles.

A couple can become married in a minute but it takes years to become wedded.

A woman will never be taken at her face value so long as she is wearing a short skirt.

It may be that small town folk are more pious than those who live in the cities for the reason that a watched pot never boils.

THOSE WHO GO TO CHURCH SUNDAYS MAY LEARN ABOUT HEAVEN—BUT THOSE WHO GO AUTOMOBILE RIDING WILL PROBABLY HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE ST. PETER FIRST.

The woman who will refuse to wear stockings according to fashion and paint their legs, should remember that the silk-worms have got to make a living.

"A dinner invitation that has no kick in it," remarked a La Grande high school teacher, "is one that you get after you've just paid your boarding house landlady for a week's meals in advance."

If some of the women hung up the same stockings they wear the gifts would probably think they were in a chicken pen.

Due to the fact that we're fasting for that Xmas dinner tomorrow the office cat column is rather short today—but tomorrow is another day and we must prepare for it.—Junius and the office kitten.

Wild Deer Become Pets.

SAN FRANCISCO. (AP)—Wild deer from the foothills above the Santa Clara valley have descended to safe pastures adjacent to Palo Alto and Los Altos, about 45 miles from San Francisco, and have become so tame that they trot nonchalantly along highways.

Even terrifying motor cars fail to make the arrivals scamper into the brush. In several instances children have fed them from their hands. Shooting is prohibited in the immediate vicinity.

Editorials From Over the Nation

NEWSPAPERS AS EDUCATORS

Portland Oregon Journal: Because the expense of obtaining books and building schools and the scarcity of competent teachers, soviet Russia has recognized the value of the newspaper as a means of practical education. Through this means the government is inculcating on young students information concerning the acute questions of the day.

The idea was borrowed from the Australian province of Queensland, where it was put into practice in 1905 for reasons similar to those in Russia. The soviet policy, however, will show an improvement because it will be a daily feature, whereas the Australian venture was monthly.

The soviet decision, though made in a land where Communism is the objective, is recognition of a fact which has been apparent to Americans ever since the origin of the daily paper. Inadequate nideed would be the education of any child in the United States who should be deprived of the news and features of the family papers.

SHE WHO GETS SPANKED

Indianapolis News: Among the lost arts, so familiar to those of a previous generation, were soap-making in the back yard, weaving horse hair watch chains, rail splitting, fashioning quill toothpicks, and spanking. The old-timers believed in spanking and in the truth of the assertion that the parent who spared the rod spoiled the child. Corporal punishment was the rule rather than the exception at home and in school. But spanking seems to have gone out of style in these days when the children give a merry laugh of derision at parental advice or commands. The Associated Press deemed the spanking of a 17-year-old New York girl of sufficient importance to send a story about it throughout the country. Richard Bennett, an actor, spanked his daughter, Barbara, who also is of the stage. He had an old-fashioned rule, tempered to meet conditions, for Barbara to be at home at midnight, unless she told him where she was going so he need not worry about her. On this particular night she was not in at midnight. Richard walked the floor and watched the clock. When the girl returned at dawn—and the sun does not rise now until late—the father harked back to the primitive and gave the child a spanking. The result of the experience was a police call, objection from the mother to such form of punishment and a general free-for-all in which the policeman was punched in the nose. Throughout the country there will be a sigh of sympathy for Bennett. He may be an actor but he surely is an old-fashioned father.

Cold-Shoulderin A Hero.

New York Tribune: The maladjustments of our system of rewards for military merit are illustrated in the case of Sergeant Samuel Woodfill of the Eleventh regular infantry. He is about to be retired as a master sergeant, with pay of $122.50 a month. In order to permit him to realize this slight advancement one of three non-commissioned officers of that grade who have generously offered to stand aside in his favor will have to be demoted.

Yet Sergeant Woodfill was selected by Gen. Pershing as the outstanding American hero of the great war, and in that role was invited to be a body-bearer at the funeral of the American unknown soldier. He rose in France to be a lieutenant and then a captain.

After the demobilization he reverted to the grade of sergeant in our regular establishment. Had he been a Frenchman he would probably have been a colonel by this time, or even a general. Soldiers of his type are prized in an army with strong democratic traditions, where merit carries any one to the front.

Thousands of Allied officers have been showered with honors and promotions who had lesser claims on such recognitions than Sergeant Woodfill. He, however, was demoted, and his acceptance of demotion under the circumstances only enhances his heroism. It is immensely regrettable that army red tape and lack of interest on the part of congress have deprived the most conspicuous American hero of the great war of adequate promotion and competed his retirement as a modest master sergeant.

TYPEWRITING CHAMPION.

Worcester Post: The world's speed typewriting championship goes to Albert Pangora. He wrote 9,120 words in an hour, making only twenty-one errors.

The average word has at least six letters, so Pangora hit the keys accurately nearly 60,000 times in an hour—or 1,000 times a minute, about 17 a second. Each letter had to be carried to the eye, on to the brain, then telegraphed to the fingertips and allied muscles.

Thought is the fastest thing in the universe.

Somebody stole a horse in New York. Maybe they did took it home to see what the thing was.

N. K. West & Co.
THE QUALITY STORE

WE wish to take advantage of this opportunity to most heartily thank our patrons for their kind patronage throughout the past year; and may we always remain in your highest esteem as the one place where satisfaction to our customers comes first. We also wish to thank our employees for their kind cooperation, faithfulness and courtesy; and wish everyone a

MERRY XMAS

Yours for a more prosperous year

N. K. West & Co.

Start the New Year With A Pair of
FLORSHEIMS

Men who have worn the Florsheim Shoe, know of the great wearing qualitities and exclusive style that dominates in each and every pair. Let us prove to you that what we say is true. Most models, $10.00

"CHRISTMAS"
Happy "Holly" Days

We desire to extend to our patrons and other friends the sincere wish that this may be the Happiest Holiday Season that has ever been yours.

Let us hold in our hearts that brotherly love which is inspired by the Master of All whose birth we celebrate and who gives us to experience that beautiful sentiment

"'Tis better to give that receive"

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS
And
HAPPY NEW YEAR

La Grande NATIONAL BANK
SOUND-RELIABLE-PROGRESSIVE

The Playle Oil
WILL CLOSE TOMORROW AT NOON
AND WILL BE CLOSED AFTERNOON
AND EVENING
PLAYLE OIL STATION

Oregon Hardware & Implement Company
WISHES ITS MANY FRIENDS AND PATRONS
A
Merry Christmas