

THE POLK COUNTY POST

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT INDEPENDENCE

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Make this a Joyful Xmas By Selecting Useful Gifts

FIRST—THAT WE HAVE THE COMMUNITY SILVER WARE

Patrician Pattern Hollow Handle Knives and Forks and also the Mottled Handle Knives and Forks make excellent gifts. Then, there is the table and tea spoons, Berry Spoon, Gravey Ladle, Cream Ladle, Sugar Spoon, Butter Knife, Tomato Server, Jelly Server and Olive Spoon. These are all new goods and we have them in stock.

SECOND—SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET IN ELECTRICAL GIFTS!

Electrical Iron and Toaster, Electrical Coffee Urn \$31.50. Do not miss seeing this if you want one.



Electrical Coffee Perculator \$78.50, Bed Room Heater \$12.00, Electrical Reading Lamps \$4.25 and up. Lamps will make a useful gift also.

Watch our windows.

Service is
our motto

THIRD—THE WONDERFUL PYREX BAKING GLASSWARE

Mounted and unmounted Casseroles, Baking Dishes Pie Plates. We were the first to introduce this ware in Independence and our stock is more complete now than ever.

FOURTH—ALUMINUM WARE



Tea Kettles

Boilers

Roasters

and

Cooking Utensils

All sizes of

Perculators

\$4.75 Lunch Kit

These make excellent gifts



THE MANDEL PHONOGRAPH



Come in and hear its most wonderful tone.

Plays all makes of records.

Placed in your home on trial.

FIFTH—KEEN KUTTER GOODS

All Guaranteed. Your money refunded if not satisfied.

Keen Kutter Shears, Pocket Knives and Safety Razors.

Keen Kutter Hammers, Saws, Bits and Chisels.

All of the above are useful presents.

THEN LAST IS THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DEPARTMENT

Flashlights, Spotlights, Spark Plugs, Tool Kits, Wrench Sets, Pumps, Tool Boxes and Jacks.

Racine 6000-miles Tires.

Do not overlook this for Christmas gifts.

WILLARD E. CRAVEN HDW.

SUCCESSOR TO CRAVEN & HUFF HDW. CO.

We will be pleased
to show
Christmas goods

Best Christmas for a Boy

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

AS ONE boy to another—for I have never gotten over being one, although I am getting as gray as a billy-goat around the ears—I want to give it as my opinion that a Christmas anywhere but in the country is no Christmas at all!

A city Christmas is a make-believe, a hollow imitation, a raise alarm, an imitation. I have tried both kinds, and so I know. A city Christmas has all the tin and tinsel, and that is all. By the time you get as old and feel as young as I am, you find most of the plate worn off.

Honestly, boys (and girls), I don't think Santa Claus himself ever feels very much at home except on a rural route! He has a mighty poor job in a big town, with flies instead of chimneys, and everything. And it is hard to see where he gets room to turn a sleigh and eight reindeer around, they reindeer though they may be. He'll be pretty certain to bump into a hydrant or tip over on a curb.

And with twenty families all using one flue (and, what is worse, a soft coal flue at that) how in the world is the most experienced Santa going to find which is Brown's and which is Smith's, and where the Greens live? Even if he dared rap and ask (which no Santa Claus is ever supposed to do) nobody could tell him. For perhaps the Browns and the Smiths have never "met," and the Greens might live across the hall for a month before anybody thought to inquire their name.

with a flat-iron, your mother may at most wish that they weren't quite so plentiful in the country—but she wouldn't. She would miss them, just the same as you would miss having the same boys to play with year after year.

For in the city you are always getting a fresh lot of playmates—and sometimes they are a mighty fresh lot, too. Of course there are some good kids, also; but it always seems that just when you get to liking some fellow up the street or across the alley, the landlord boosts the rent and his folks have to move, and you never see him again. He may move only from one side of the city to the other, but it might as well be to another state. It is five or ten or twenty miles—miles of houses, no, miles of flats, and streetcar tracks, and railroads, and factories—and you never see him again or any of his folks.

The boys you know this Christmas probably won't be around at all next Christmas, if you live in the city. That is a funny thing about city folks; they are always going somewhere and never getting anywhere. Why, even if the landlord didn't raise the rent October 1 or May 1 or whenever the lease expires, they might move anyway! People who live in flats instead of homes are always looking for something better and getting something worse. They have the most wonderful collection of rent receipts, but not a foot of ground, not a roof or rafters, they can call their own.

Now, I don't know what you think, but I think that every family ought to have a house of its own, a house it lives in year after year. That is, of course, unless the father has some sort of job that makes it necessary for him to move to some other town every other year or so. But it is a great thing to live in a home, not just a house, and that is about the best place, and the only place, to have a Christmas, a real, sure-enough, honest-to-goodness Christmas.

Most of you boys who live on the farm and in the small town have that kind of home, and I wonder if you know how lucky you are? Wouldn't you hate to wake up Christmas morning and look at the ceiling and realize that someone else owned it, and then get up and go out in the front yard and realize that someone else owned that, too—why, you'd get so after awhile that, everything you saw, you

would wonder who owned it! I tell you, boys, it's a great satisfaction to have a back yard and to know it's yours, and that you can invite people into it, or invite people to stay out of it, just as you please. Why, that is what brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America—they wanted a spot they could call their own. I don't say that was exactly a back yard they wanted, but what they wanted was some place they could play ball and no landlord of a king could come along and tell them to stop because they might break some of the royal windows. You know old King George did come along and try to make them stop—and you know what happened to the royal windows. Zam!

And then there is this matter of snow. You know some people don't think it is much of a Christmas without snow. Now, I know quite a lot about snow because I've been acquainted with a lot of it. I have tramped through it up in the Hudson Bay country, and I've wallowed around in it in the summertime on top of the Rocky mountains. And I want to tell you that there is a great difference in snow—that is, there is a great difference between country snow and city snow.

We may not have snow this Christmas, but we'll just suppose we do. Isn't a good, old lively snowstorm great? Perhaps it is one of these lazy snowstorms, with the big, white flakes just floating down like feathers and slowly turning the roads and roofs to white, like a coat of good white paint. Maybe there will be enough of it to make good coasting on the hills and good sleighing on the roads.

And, by the way, do you know there are boys in the big cities who have never seen a sleigh? Because a sleigh is getting to be a scarce article in the cities. You see, as soon as a little snow comes the street-cleaning department gets busy and sweeps it up, before it gets a chance to melt into slush.

In the country the winter wheat needs it, and the ground takes care of it. But in the city it just means stop and slush. So they sweep it up and carry it away and uncover the ugly pavement as soon as they can.

But they let you keep your snow in the country. When a warm wind comes along it will pack fine, and you can have your snow-men, and your

snow forts, and your snowball battles. (Only please don't use your artillery on older folks, or girls, or me.)

Or perhaps this snowstorm is one of the blizzard kind, with the wind zipping around the house and filling the snow up in the corners—why that kind of snow doesn't seem to come down at all, but just goes slanting by until it runs up against something it can't pass.

I remember being on a night train one time; and when we woke up in the morning, and the train was running over the smooth prairies, a little girl from a big city in western Pennsylvania (I won't tell you what city it was but maybe you can guess) exclaimed as she looked out of the window:

"Look, Mamma! The snow out here is white!"

I don't need to say much about the Christmas dinner. But if you have your Christmas dinner in the country, the turkey perhaps is one your folks raised, or that was raised in the neighborhood—anyhow, it is pretty likely to be a native, and not a resident of a cold storage plant somewhere. Or maybe you'll have a goose or a brace of chickens. Anyway, you'll know their pedigree, and that they're fresh and good.

And it will be the same way all down the line—vegetables, and pies, and everything. And cooked!—cooked to a turn—just long enough—just short enough—just right.

And you will more than likely have one thing that they won't have at the Christmas dinner in the city, because you know the cost of living just now is mighty high, in town especially, for both rich and poor. So you will have one thing that the city boy probably will not have—

Enough!

So I could go on and show you a dozen other ways in which a Christmas in the country puts it all over a Christmas in the city, but I am going to mention just one thing more: the Christmas tree.

Of course they have Christmas trees in the city. In New York trainloads of them come down every season from the Adirondacks, and in Chicago boatloads come from Michigan's upper peninsula. You can buy them for fifty cents or a dollar, and they make very good Christmas trees indeed.

I don't know what you think about this either—but I have always thought

that things I did myself and for myself were just twice the fun of things I bought myself or hired myself. And I think that especially about a Christmas tree. If you are lucky enough to be able to go out and pick your own tree, and chop it down, and bring it in—well, that's what I call a real Christmas tree!

Because that is really and truly your Christmas tree. You selected it with your own eye and chopped it down with your own axe and brought it home with your own muscle. The Christmas tree—that is your job:

Bringing in the Tree
Father gets the turkey,
Mother makes the pie—
Each one has a Christmas job
To do, and so have I,
Sister strings the popcorn
To decorate—but, gee!
I have got the biggest job—
Bringing in the tree!

Turkey is important,
Pie and such are great,
Popcorn strings you have to have
When you decorate.
But I guess a Christmas
Christmas wouldn't be
If you didn't have a boy
Bringing in the tree!

Do not fail to read Willard E. Craven's ad in this issue. Note the useful Christmas gifts that you can get there for your friends.

CITY AND COUNTRY

Mrs. Lucy Whiteaker has gone Heltopia, Wash., where she will remain this winter with a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hubbard will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hubbard in Portland.

E. E. Tripp returned home last Friday from Minnesota and Iowa where he spent several weeks with relatives and friends of his boyhood.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Taylor Jones and son, Russell, left Saturday for Lamar, Mo., where they will spend the holidays with Mr. Jones mother and sister.

FOR SALE: 3 registered Short-horn cows, 3 years old, also two calves and a young bull. A Bargain Ace Garage.

When you want the best call for Liberty bread. Baked by electricity!

Have Installed Electric Oven

And are putting out the best bread on the market. It is more like Mother's bread. Clean and baked by electricity.

Try it; You will like it.

Independence Bakery