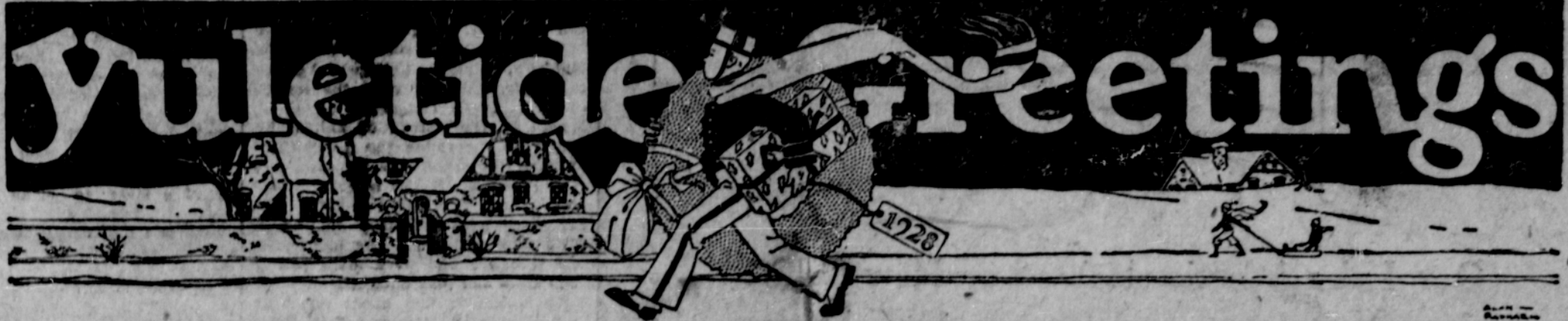


THE WILLAMINA TIMES

VOLUME 21, NO. 19

WILLAMINA, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1928

\$1.50 A YEAR



TURKEY
FOR THREE
by HAROLD
L. COOK

MR. AND MRS. PHILIP were nice people, but somehow or other they had missed out on the general prosperity of the times. They had no automobile to take them to the "movies"; in fact they rarely went. No radio kept them at home evenings, but while Mrs. Philip darned stockings and patched clothing, Mr. Philip would read aloud to her from the great poets, or from a classic novel. Day-times they both worked hard, she with her housekeeping, and he at his bookkeeper's job. By strict economy they always managed to pay their rent on the first, and they always had an extra dollar in the bank when some unforeseen trouble sent one of the little family to the doctor or the dentist. But Christmas was always a hardship. Plan as they would, they never seemed able to get anything ahead for this holiday. A broken water pipe in the small home, extra books for little Phil's school work, or perhaps new paper for one of their tiny rooms always seemed to take the small surplus on which they had planned to make a festive Christmas. They all hung up their stockings Christmas eve and they had a roast chicken for dinner the next day. Mr. Philip would read some Christmas stories to the family after breakfast. And that was the extent of their celebration.

Being nice people, they were a happy little family, and never complained. Of course they were sorry not to be able to do more for little Phil, but he was well, was receiving a good schooling, and was being



"That's Three Pounds and More for Each!" He Said.

brought up in the way he should go. In fact he was a model child. In his small way he seemed at twelve as mature as his parents. When he came in from play he would take a book and read till it was supper time. He had a magazine route that occupied him Saturdays delivering papers, and in that way he earned all of his own spending money, about thirty cents a week. At Christmas he would give out of his small savings some tiny ornament to his mother, and a lovely tie to his father.

Just the day before Christmas Mrs. Philip was thinking of what a nice little boy she had when she heard him talking to three of his playmates



in the yard. "Yes sir-ee," he was insisting, "we're having a ten-pounder, an' all for just three. That's three pounds and more for each!"

Mrs. Philip was thunderstruck. This was a new phase of little Phil—bragging and lying. She couldn't believe her ears, for of course they weren't having a turkey for Christmas and in fact it was even doubtful if they would have a chicken this year—chickens were so high.

But being a nice mother she didn't yell at her son, and waited till evening to talk it over with her husband. They then decided that since it was little Phil's first lie—almost his first offense, they would overlook it until some further evidence of corruption should appear in him. Besides, it was only natural for the poor child to exaggerate on the day before Christmas.

What was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Philip next morning to find under their stockings a nice ten-pound turkey, which was not from Santa Claus, either, but from their own dear little Phil, who had denied himself his small extravagances for months in order to make this a real Christmas for them all. So little Phil had not lied, and this together with his sacrifice, made Mrs. Philip much happier even than the ten-pound turkey did, or could.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

FACTS AND FANCIES

A FALL of snow on Christmas day is regarded as the sign of a lucky New Year. Turkey first became the Christmas dish in the reign of James I, who could not eat the bird's head usually provided.

One kiss for each berry was the original mistletoe ritual, a berry being removed as a kiss was taken.

The first Christmas card was published 80 years ago.

Christmas carols originated in the Eleventh century, being sung between the scenes of the miracle and mystery plays of the period.

Christmas trees originated in Germany, and crackers in France.—Montreal Herald.

Christmas Eve Bread

According to an old superstition, bread baked on Christmas eve will never become stale or moldy.

The Yule Log

In England, one of their oldest customs is bringing in the Yule log.

Odd Trinkets Sealed in Statue of Buddha

A bronze statue of a seated Buddha at the Newark museum was found to have a round place in the bottom, evidently for the purpose of reaching the interior. This cover was removed recently, revealing a great collection of small articles which had been sealed up in the statue, centuries ago. Each trinket, according to Albert E. Andre, orientalist on the museum staff, represented a real sacrifice on the part of some native of the interior of Tibet.

Articles found in the figure included a heavy, well-worn jade ring of a size to fit a feminine finger, a wooden comb, a wooden bowl, ivory chop sticks and knife with scabbard, a tower carved from wood about 14 inches high, several pieces of homespun cloth of various colors, silk and cotton scraps, several manuscripts written on parchments and wrapped in silk, a silver image of a seated Buddha, tiles, beads, a piece of rock salt, beads made of human bone colored red and strips of copper, tin foil, silver and gold.

Mr. Andre said the statue had come to the museum about ten years ago. According to the records, it was in the loot taken from the temple of Tsando in Tibet when Chinese soldiers sacked the temple in 1916. The exact age of the statue has not been determined.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Elizabeth Clarke Hardy
in Willamina Agricultural

OH! CHRISTMAS bells, sweet Christmas bells,
What joyful memories you bring
Of shepherd watching on the plain,
Of angels hosts, a glittering train,
Who bear to earth from heaven above
Sweet messages of peace and love,
While all the stars together ring
An anthem unto Christ our king,
To all the world thy chiming tells
Glad tidings of great joy, oh, bells.

Oh, Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells,
Far, far to eastward shines a star?
Fair and serene it lights the way,
O'er desert plains, a heavenly ray,
As unto Him the wise men bear
Their gifts of gold and treasures rare
And incense sweet from lands afar,
While from the gates of heaven afar
O'er all the world the music swells
Of sweet celestial Christmas bells.

Oh, Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells,
As on the air your chiming swells
On this, the joyful Christmas tide
The gates of heaven swing open wide,
And angel hosts with mortals sing
All glory unto Christ the King,
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,
Forth the joyful strains again,
While peace and joy and gladness swell
In all our hearts, oh, Christmas bells.

Home Remedies for Ills of Human Body

Thomas Beddoes, an alert physician of 125 years ago in England, noticed there was something peculiar about the breath of a cow and decided that it might be a good medicine for human beings. For some time he administered this remedy in large doses by tying up a cow and standing the sufferer in front of her to inhale the cow's exhalations through a large funnel. No great cures were recorded but the unique treatment recalls the Baltimore physician's patient, who, according to a tale of pre-Civil war days, became discouraged with the little progress being made in banishing his tuberculosis and asked the doctor for permission to try a treatment he had thought of.

The physician, believing the case hopeless, told his patient to go ahead if the method required no great exertion and was much surprised when, six months later, the man came back the very picture of health. Asked what he had done, the patient said that each morning he had risen and with nothing but a bathrobe around him had run a mile to an ice-cold spring, leaped in and stood there immersed to his neck for 15 minutes. The story, a writer in the Detroit News comments, has few believers in medical circles.

Christmas Rightly Observed

No Christmas is rightly celebrated which has in it a sting of neglect.

Fishermen on Skis

In Dungeness, England, it is so shingly, that the fishermen wear a kind of ski which enables them to walk with ease along the vast stretches of shingle.

It is made of a flat piece of wood that straps onto the foot, very much after the manner of the ski, and it makes walking quite a pleasure where without them it is almost impossible to get along.