

Her Christmas Stocking



I'm specting such a lot of stuff,
My stocking won't be big enough,
And so before I go to bed
I'll just hang mamma's up instead.

THE BEAUTIFUL SANTA MYTH.

Don't Undeceive the Little Ones About St. Nick.

If your daughter is just six or seven years old and you are beginning to feel your conscience pinch you at deceiving her any longer with the beautiful myth of Santa Claus, just silence that conscience and wait until she finds out the truth for herself.

If your daughter has any illusions left in this day of disillusion, let her keep them. She will feel more resentment toward you for shattering them than she will for deceiving her. You do not think it necessary to tell your grownup girl all the things you have discovered about love and matrimony and thereby terminate her dreams that those myths are all they seem to be, do you?

After all, the sweetest part of a girl's life from babyhood up is the dream part. Some day she will find out that there is no Santa Claus, and then she will find out that there are no fairies, and then she will find out that romance doesn't last, and then that matrimony has its thorns, and then that women grow old, but why open her eyes to these things?

Let a child believe in Santa Claus just as long as he or she will and pluck the delicious fruit from the mythical Christmas tree to her heart's content. It is bad enough to discover the sawdust in the doll of life when it begins to fall out without being told about it when you thought it was really flesh and blood.

If any mother's conscience is troubling her about the Christmas fib telling just now, let her sit down and try to remember that awful day when she first discovered that there was no Santa Claus, and that conscience will shut up tight and never open its mouth again.

The Glastonbury Thorn.
A famous old English tree was the Glastonbury thorn. According to the old monkish legend, St. Joseph, while resting, fixed his staff in the earth, where it immediately took root and ever after blossomed forth on Christmas day. Curiously enough, when the change of style took place no blossom was seen on the tree until old Christmas day came round. The probable truth is the tree was one brought from Palestine by some of the pilgrims, there being a species of thorn, a native of that country, which blooms at Christmas.

Devonshire's Yule Log.
In Devonshire the Yule log was represented by the "Ashton fagot," which was brought in and burned with great glee. The fagot was composed entirely of ash timber, hooped round with nine bands, and while it burnt merrily on the spacious hearth sports and fun were the order of the night. For every crack which the bursting of the hoops made the master of the house was expected to furnish a fresh bowl of liquor.

The Seven Sets of Presents.

All the world's a Christmas tree. And all the men and women merely children.

They have their presents and remembrances.

And one man in his time gets many gifts, his lot being seven series. At first the infant.

With his feeding spoons and rattles; Then the trumpet and tin soldiers, skates and sleigh.

And fireman's helmet, and then the lover, sighing like a furnace with a gaudy necktie.

Knit by his lady's fingers. Then a hubby, howered by his friends with socks and gloves.

And pipes that will not draw, ink wells of brass.

And fountain pens that leak, or else some painted China that his wife can use as well. And then.

The middle aged of fair round belly—a little cap.

To hide his shining pate. The sixth set sinks into the carpet slipper game or bad cigars.

A silver cutter, since his teeth are bad. Last gift of all that ends this strange Eventful history is failing sight.

Then they bring a magnifying glass For grandpa.

—Detroit Free Press.

Santy and the Stork.

"But, daddy, is there really, truly Santy?"

"Well, I just guess yes—a regular corker he is too."

"Is he nice?"

"Is he? Well, I should say so! Isn't he, Mary?"

"Humph! Very nice, as Santas go, but not very modest."

"Is he handsome, daddy?"

"Oh, as handsome as a picture—sparkling eyes, fine forehead, beautiful complexion—very handsome, isn't he, Mary?"

"Henry, it's perfectly dreadful the way you deceive that child. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're setting him a terrible example."

"But, daddy, where does he live—away off somewhere?"

"Oh, yes; very, very far."

"Away off where the stork lives?"

"The stork! Who's been telling you about the stork?"

"Mammy!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mistletoe.

It is high time that something was done about our mistletoe literature that crops up so regularly during the holiday season.

It systematizes about as follows:

The joke about the girl who wears a sprig of mistletoe on her head.

The joke about the mistletoe that didn't come in time, and the girl asks (always coyly) whether they cannot get along without it.

The church trimming mistletoe joke.

The sprig of mistletoe that the long lost lover on his dramatic return on Christmas eve always draws out of his pocket at the end of the story.

The fact is that the mistletoe has now degenerated into a chestnut. It no longer serves any useful literary purpose. It should be worn only by mothers-in-law.—Harper's Weekly.

—Harper's Weekly.

PRECAUTIONARY HINTS.

A BOUT this time papa remarks irreverently (eyes cast down), "I haven't seen a tie I like in any shop in this whole town."

About this time the minister Drops in to call on mother dear And hints that he is well supplied With slippers, gifts of yesteryear.

About this time big Brother Jack Declares: "Cigars no more I smoke!" "A pipe whiff now and then perhaps! No, mother, this is not a joke!"

About this time poor mother dear Perplexed is and inclined to sigh, "How strange that each should show distaste For just the gifts I meant to buy!"

—Ella A. Fanning.

CHRISTMAS IN MANILA.

CHRISTMAS for the majority of the 225,000 inhabitants of Manila—that is, the Filipinos—begins on Christmas eve. There are no stockings hung, however, for stockings are not popular, even with the most aristocratic senoritas, who usually go bare ankled. Midnight mass is the occasion which brings thousands to the churches. These fine edifices are thrown open and blaze with myriads of candles and electric lights.

Manila at midnight on Christmas eve is probably gayer than at any other time of the year. The streets are thronged with carriages and people in their best attire. Many Americans turn out on Christmas eve also to see the displays and the people and make church to church inspection tours in parties. Fine trained choirs and stringed orchestras render excellent music.

The weather during the holiday season is just cool enough to dispel the chronic laziness which pervades Manila during most of the year and put a little spice into the blood. At noon the thermometer will probably not go over 84 or 85 degrees. At night, however, a blanket on the bed is not too much.

The Best Known Christmas Poem.
"Twas the Night Before Christmas"—those delightful verses that will charm both the old and young as long as there are stockings to be hung—was written ninety-one years ago, just before the holiday season, by Clement Clark Moore, then professor of oriental languages in the New York Theological seminary. It has become an American classic, and no Christmas day is complete without a reading of this charming little lyric that has lived and gladdened the Christmaside for nearly 100 years.

A Mistletoe Doubt

By W. B. HOLLAND

SWEET Bessie was there 'neath the mistletoe,
An alluring picture in pink and white.
Her eyes were inviting, her cheeks aglow,
Her lips were puckered and arranged just right.



She knew, of course, when I found her there
That she was caught in the kissing trap,
I got the kiss—she played the game fair—
But I think she expected the other chap.

The Lord of Misrule.

The "Lord of Misrule," who sometimes rejoiced in the whimsical title of the "Abbot of Unreason," was a very important functionary of the Christmas ceremonies in the olden time. His office was that of master of the revels, and in castle and hall, from Christmas eve down to Twelfth day, he was absolute master of all. On taking up the duties of his office he generally made some quaint speech, explaining to the company that he absolved them of all their reason and that they were to be just wise enough to make fools of themselves. Under his rule all were to be equal. No one was to sit apart in pride of self-sufficiency to laugh at others. Moreover, being possessed of the magic power to turn his auditory into children, it was his intention while his sovereignty lasted that they should conduct themselves as such.



How Much Are Your Eyes Worth?

Everything—as much as life itself. But are you taking care of them? Are you reading carelessly by "any old light"? Do you know that the best reading light in the world—recommended by scientists; used by men who can afford the best—is the soft mellow light of an oil lamp—such a light as that from the

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