



The Gift Month. Old Yuletide Tales. Santa Claus Up to Date. Old fashioned Christmas.



December—the gift month! "Give; it is like God," says an old proverb. Christmas is a happy time because then the best feelings of the heart are elicited and allowed full play. What would otherwise be smothered down as suggestive of sentimentality, as unseemly, as indicative of a too dear dream, may venture forth in the good congeniality of the Christmas season and, quickly attaining unto beautiful gift-fulness, blossom out in good will, gladness, Christ-like kindness, blessing and blessed.

It is well that there should be such a season. We are all kinder than we seem. Life as it comes to us with its imperative pressure of duty demands, its brain racking cares for the immediate future, its pitiful misunderstandings leading unto estrangements, coldness, forgetfulness—life, even as it is and ever must be unto us mortals, creates, as it were, an icy film over what is the kindest and best in all our hearts.

Then comes the Christmas season, with its memories of other years, of better, happier hours, and the hand of a little child brushes away that icy film, and there rise up silently into our busy day those gentler, kinder feelings which, though dormant, were not dead.

At home we are loved best; there, too, we love best. In the genial Christian home, as in no other place on earth, there are full meaning, full appreciation, full enjoyment of the God given gift, Christmas.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves of the tree immediately shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. The nature of the tree changed, and it became an evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall through that first act of disobedience. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ Child, and thus we have our Christmas tree.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a festival in honor of Hertha, a Norse goddess. At this festival the house was decorated with evergreens, and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the hall where the family assembled. From Hertha's stone we get our word "hearthstone." On the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set afire, and through the smoke and flame Hertha was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames, from which were predicted the fortunes of those present.

A Skittish Christmas Tree.
The Swedes have a custom at Christmas time of decorating a pet lamb with red ribbons and bells, then loading it with gifts for the family. The lamb is turned loose in the house, and each person attempts to catch it and find his or her gift.

Every year I am tempted to come out on a housetop and tell the young and self raising generation the truth about Santa Claus.

I believe it only right that the children should know Santa Claus no longer goes about in a dinky little sleigh, delivering toys down the chimneys. He simply couldn't do it if he tried. That kind of thing was all right when his business was small and he was younger than he is now. In those days he made the toys himself—glued even the little tails of the little toy sheep in place, stuck the little eyes on the tops of their little heads, painted the little bodies as different from the real thing as he could and do it quick, and then, hitching up his six reindeers, delivered the whole batch before sunrise Christmas morning. It is different now.

Santa Claus is old, and all he does is to live on the profits of the business. The business now is run under the name of S. Claus & Co., and the firm has many workers—clerks, drivers and the rest. Some of the employees of this big firm have grown so careless that they miss little boys and girls who live in out of the way places. Old Santa Claus never did such a thing in his life.

If any of our young people are overlooked this year they must not blame Santa Claus. He is just as jolly and good as ever. They'll have to blame it on the new driver that looks after their section of the earth.

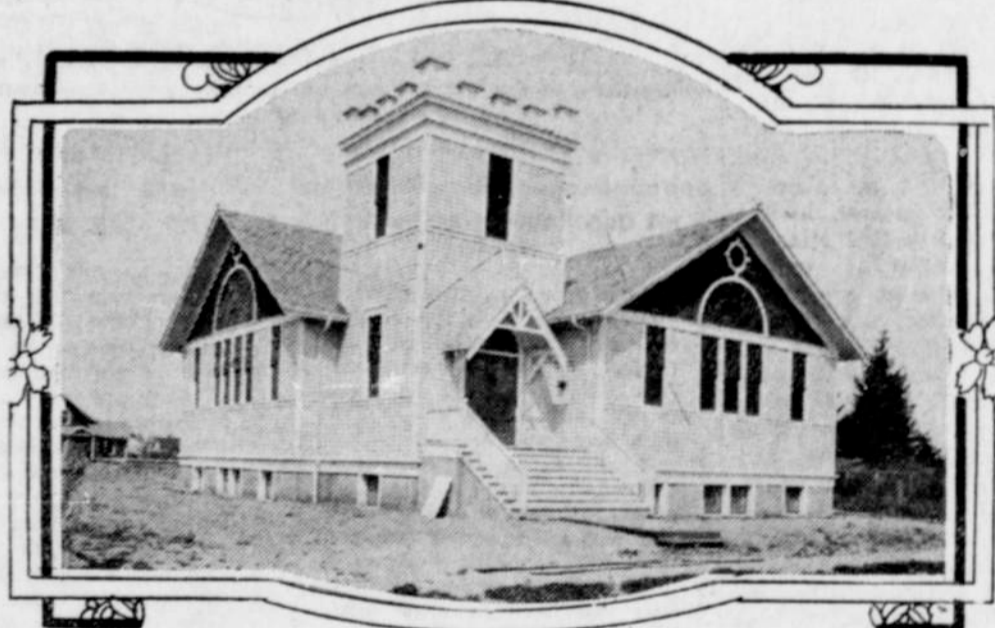
The backlog's flame has died away;
The embers into ashes drift.
Outside the snows are eddying, gray,
And piling fast in many a rift.
White robed is now the cedar tree
Where once the catbird nightly sang,
And from the eaves by two and three
The icicles like arrows hang.

The shadows on the somber wall
Frit, cross and dance amid the gloom,
And streaks of ghostly color fall
In changing hues about the room.
The spiders in the corners dim
Within their webs the closer cling,
And from the mantel's oaken rim
A pair of children's stockings swing.

O'er field and forest, lane and road
Fast and still faster swirl the snows,
And in the barn loft snugly stowed
A drowsy rooster wakes and crows.
The clock strikes twelve, and midnight wanes,
While winter skies stretch cold and drear.

Frost flowers blossom on the panes,
The snows float by and disappear,
And then across the rooftop swells,
Borne by the winds that fall and rise,
A sound of many hurrying bells,
A sound that ebbs and peals and dies.
And next down the chimney creeps
The children's saint in all the lands,
And, true to all the trysts he keeps,
White bearded on the hearthstone stands.
—Ernest McGaffey in Ladies' Home Companion.

The Supreme Gift.
Fear not, my friend, giving more than your due;
Remember the gift presented to you
In the long ago and try to be true
When Christmas comes.
—William East—



LENTS BAPTIST CHURCH

Lents Baptist Church

There are but three Baptist churches in Portland younger than the Lents organization, these being the Tabernacle, St. Johns German and the Italian churches. On May 19, 1907, in a meeting at the home of W. P. Kneeland on Ninth avenue, a service was held for the purpose of organizing a church. A. Black, then pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, preached a sermon on the text, "O, Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." Nineteen enrolled themselves as charter members of the new church. Only three of this number are at present resident in Lents.

The following month a building site was secured on First avenue between the carline and Foster Road and a building was immediately started. This was enlarged in 1910 by the addition of a primary room and a basement under the new part. In some unaccountable way this building was entirely destroyed by fire on the night of March 18, 1912. The new location, fronting on Fourth avenue and Fifth avenue, a new structure of bungalow type, was dedicated on June 26. Eleven rooms, besides halls and lavatories give the church an excellent plant for its varied church activities. The auditorium is seated with comfortable oak pews. The seating capacity of this room may be increased something more than one hundred by throwing the prayer meeting room open to this room.

The first pastor of the church was the late J. F. Heacock. The present pastor, J. M. Nelson, has been with the church since March 31, 1910. The work so grew during the first two years of the

present ministry that in active, resident membership, the church more than doubled in strength. The growth latterly, while not so great, finds the church hopeful and aggressive.

The church is well organized in every department of its work. The main Sunday School, capably manned by an earnest body of officers and teachers, is doing a good work. An afternoon Sunday School in the Elmo Heights Addition has been trying for almost four years to shed a little light for God in that part of Lents. There is a live Ladies' Aid Society and Mission Circle, meeting weekly on Wednesday for an all-day meeting. The Baptist Young People's Union, Senior and Junior, are each thoroughly wide-awake. A good choir furnishes special music every Lord's Day.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

The Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church grew out of a Mission Sunday School which was started in February 1904 by Rev. Levi Johnson, a Sabbath School Missionary. This Sunday School was conducted in the hall over the Woodmere store until the following July when a chapel was erected on the site of the present church on Millard Avenue.

The funds for this chapel were obtained from the following sources, viz: Halley Smith donated the lot; the Calvary Presbyterian Church gave \$100; the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection gave \$200; the people of the community gave \$200, making the total cost of the building \$500. The chapel was conducted as a mis-

sion until April 29, 1906, when a permanent church organization was effected with charter members.

This church was first known as the East View Presbyterian Church until Jan. 1907, when the name was changed to Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church by which name it is known at the present time.

The church building has been enlarged twice since it was first built, but is still inadequate to meet the needs of its growing work.

A tent house was erected on the church lot one year ago, in which is housed two Sabbath School classes. This relieved the congestion some but plans are now being considered for still further improvement.

The church at the present time embraces the following organizations and societies viz: The Church Bible School of 200 members; the Y. P. S. C. E. of 36 members; the Ladies Aid Society of 40 members; the Ladies Missionary Society of 12 members. The present membership of the church is 100.

This church is carrying on an active and aggressive work in all of its departments. Its Sabbath School through its efficient organization and administration has become one of the best known in the city. Its Young People's Society has also come into prominence through its ability to carry off silver cups and other trophies at different rallies held in the city.

The following ministers have served this church since its organization: Rev. D. A. Thompson, Rev. E. M. Sharp, Rev. Geo. Arms, Rev. A. D. Soper, Rev. J. A. Townsend, D. D., Rev. Chas. T. Roosa, Rev. Levi Johnson. The present pastor is Rev. Wm. H. Amos.

Daily Mails

Mails at the Lents postoffice arrive and depart daily, except Sunday, as follows:

Arrive	Depart
6:00 A. M.	7:15 A. M.
12:50 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.



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To the Public!

At this time, the closing of the old year, I wish to thank my many friends and patrons for their loyal support for the past year, and extend to all my best wishes for a merry Xmas and a happy New Year.

Let your New Year's resolution be to trade at Sager's, the store where quality is supreme, where service is our watchword, and where you get a guarantee with every article purchased, if it is not good we make it good. Let us serve you one year, and at this time 1916, balance your accounts and see if you have not had better satisfaction, and saved yourself money by the resolution. Thanking you one and all I remain.

Very truly yours,

Clyde E. Sager