

"The Kids Wuz Crazy"

BY KATHRINE POPE

DEAR LADIES, I thank you for the Christmas basket, it was a surprise to me. The kids was crazy.

Yours thankful
LENA HALL

That was the letter she dictated to me, the woman from way over there where rents are relatively cheap, where coal is bought by the single basket and where a can of tinned milk can be made to last a family of four a whole week. I put the words down just as she said them, for I thought the "ladies" would find it heart-warming to learn that their gift had such an effect on the dull gray household that "the kids wuz crazy."

She told me it was a \$5 basket. There was a chicken, vegetables enough for a week, even potatoes—the first in their house this winter—fruit, everything to make a real feast. Who sent it? Well, she didn't know their names, but she knew it was through the Bureau of Charities her family had got all that. So she had called up the bureau and thanked them and they said a club of ladies were the ones that sent the things. The club had telephoned in and asked for the address of some family that would not be likely to have a big dinner, and then they had filled the basket and sent it to the address given. Now she would like to thank the club. She could read English but she couldn't spell the words. Would I write the letter for her? And that was the way the ladies found out that the "kids wuz crazy."

I went over to Mrs. Hall's home, and the setting and situation seemed to my inexperience exaggerated beyond actuality. The place looked like a stage representation of poverty. The husband had deserted; there were three children, a toddler, a sickly girl of nine, a sickly boy of ten; and the mother had "pains in the chest," could work only intermittently. There was plenty of work to be had this year, she said, but first one child fell sick, then another, and she herself, after being so hot in the steamy basements where she did washings and then going out into the cold, would get those pains in the chest and would have to give up for awhile. At present about all she was doing was working at home, putting strings on express tags.

Going home in the street car I fell into such an abstraction I went nearly to the limits before I woke up enough to consider the matter of alighting. I got to thinking of contrasts—of a world of folk fusing about the over amount of protein they had in their systems, and that other world with the family milk ration one tin a week; of people suffering from superheated apartments, and of those that watched anxiously the dwindling nuggets in the basket; of people blinking under the glare of too-many-and-too-high-power bulbs, of the Hall family that went to bed right after supper to save light; of dancing-dresses trimmed with fur, of the thin cottony coat Jimmie Hall was wearing; of limousine with orchids showing at the glass and foot-warmers for footrests, then of Mrs. Hall walking miles to her work to save five cents.

Attending a Kinsolving concert a recent morning in the crystal ballroom of the Blackstone hotel, after the concert loitering awhile in the lobby, later sauntering along Michigan avenue and stopping to look at this window of exotic blooms, at that one where platinum, diamonds and pearls showed up with full effect against their velvet backgrounds, the while seeing the stream of luxurious vehicles flowing on in such volume, the companion that was with me had said, "Well, undoubtedly America is prosperous this year; I have never been so impressed with our luxury, with the general well-being."

Coming from the Halls that later day I thought of this remark, of the whole pleasurable scene calling it forth; and I wondered at the why and the wherefores of the inequalities. Why the too-much on the one table the bare subsistence on the other? The slothful warmth, and the dreary cold? The over-brilliant rooms, and the long darkness? Of chiffon bordered with fur, and of shivering Jimmie? Of "the colonel's lady, and of Julia O'Grady"?

Who are going to solve it, when is it going to be solved? Nobody, it seems. Never, it seems. But at least once in awhile, at this special season and that, a momentary lifting of the cloud may occur—at least for the children. Say at Thanksgiving and Christmas, if each able one would look after



The Place Looked Like a Stage Representation of Poverty.

one unable family, what a lot of "kids could be made crazy!"

Come on, pile up the basket! Telephone to the center that knows the needs, or take a case whose needs you yourself know, and do your best to spoil one group of small ones for one day. Put in the chicken! Put in vegetables enough for a week. Don't forget the potatoes. Remember the fruit. Add candy. Get some Jimmie a washcoat, and long thick stockings, and exchange his misshapen, run-down-the-heels shoes for brand-new ones, fish-soled and equal to keeping out the cold. Give the sure-to-be-there baby a warm outfit, second-hand or first-hand, matters not. Cover that little girl's thin red fingers with thick red mittens. Be sure to give plenty of candy—it won't hurt 'em. And do all the stuff up fancy like and foolish like. Your friends are bored to extinction, of course, by the repeated complexities of today's Christmas packing; but folk like the Halls won't be. They'll like it; luxuries will help toward that wildness of joy you are working for. Come on, ye unhappy overfed, ye over-warmed, ye blinded by too much light and color, ye of the frivolous fur trimming, and ye lady of the limousine; come all and have a hand in this riot, this midwinter madness, this effort to make a certain class of kids "crazy."

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A Housewife's Plait

Local "Walt Mason" Twangs Her Lyre

Dear Uncle Sam,

For many months I've planned to write to you, but these are strenuous times, you know, and I've found so much to do. First, there were our war gardens; later the Y. M. C. A., the canning and the drying all helped to fill our day. We've knitted for our soldier boys warm sweaters, socks and things that they may be protected from Jack Frost's cruel stings.

We have our meatless-wheatless days; use no butter with our meat; we've dropped the sugar from our tea; we make our pies less sweet. We've adjusted all our recipes to meet with Hoover's plans; all summer long we've dugged and delved and put things up in cans; we've invested, too, in Liberty bonds and hope to get some more—you'll ever find your nieces are loyal to the core.

But Uncle, dear, I have a plait: it doesn't seem quite just that the grain and sugar we've conserved should help the Brewers' Trust. I think that if we save this food that Sammy may be "fit", the brewers, too, should sacrifice, and be made to do their "bit." Another thought that comes to mind, we think it is unfair that corn we substitute for wheat should enrich the millionaire; but we read when Haig smashed Fritz' lines, corn went up like a rocket and put a few more thousands in some speculator's pocket. We willingly forego our wheat for corn-meal, mush and honey, but corn-meal 'now, dear Uncle Sam, tastes very strong of money.

'Tis just the same with other things—oatmeal and rye and rice; when you fixed the cost of wheat they too increased in price. Now why can't you and Hoover devise some simple ruse to prevent our being robbed for the substitutes we use?

Now Uncle, we've one more complaint; you've made our sweetmeats dear, but have you asked your nephews to reduce their smokes or beer? You know that many thousands go up in smoke each year—a wasteful habit you'll concede, one costing you most dear.

Please do not think us jealous, because that isn't true, for all these things and many more we'll gladly do for you; and we shall still continue upon the saving plan and economize and hooverize in whatever way we can. But, Uncle, you will understand we'd give with better grace, were these, our brothers' luxuries included for a space. The land now in tobacco which a medium profit pays, could be more profitably used for sugar, wheat or maize.

Well, Uncle, I have written long and left complaints run rife, but I sign myself,

Your loyal niece,
American Housewife.
INEZ C. RICHARDSON,
5817 88th St., S. E.

Mazipan Potatoes.

One cup peanut butter, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, a few drops almond flavoring, about a teaspoon or more of egg white, 1 teaspoon lemon juice if liked. Knead into a flexible paste, roll small portions around walnuts, almonds or raisins, shape into small potatoes about an inch long and roll in cocoa. For superior candy use finely ground almonds or half almonds and half peanut butter. This mixture may be rolled in the shape of small apples or pears with centers of fruit paste and tinted on the outside with fruit juice.

While a freight train was shown passing on the screen little Timmy asked his nurse what was the humpback car at the end. He accepted the information that it was a caboose and always came last, with great solemnity.

At dinner that night, having cleared his plate, he indicated the dessert and calmly commanded, "Slip Timmy his caboose."

Church Directory

Lents M. E. Church.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. F. M. Jasper, Pastor. Residence 5708 3rd street.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church.
10 a. m. Sabbath School, 11 a. m. Morning worship, 7:00 p. m. Y. P. & C. S. 7:45 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, mid-week service, 7:30 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church.
Sundays: 8:00 a. m. Low Mass, 10:30 a. m. High Mass, 8:30 a. m. Sunday School, 12 M. choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 9:00 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church.
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School, 11 a. m. Saturday preaching, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting, 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church.
One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8:00 a. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual. Evening prayer and sermon at 4:00 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3:00 p. m. B. Boatwright Supt., L. Maffet, Sec. Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church.
Sermon by the pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m., C. H. Bradford, Superintendent. Y. P. A., 6:45 p. m., Paul Bradford, President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8:00 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Fifth Church Of Christ.
Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore., 4304 62nd street.
Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8:00.

Laurelwood M. E. Church.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School, 11:00 a. m. preaching, 12:30 p. m. class meeting, 8:00 p. m. Junior League, 6:30 p. m. Epworth League, 7:30 p. m. preaching, 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service. Dr. C. R. Carlos, Pastor.

German Reformed Church.
Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m., Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday at 9:00 a. m.

Free Methodist Church.
Sunday School, 2:00 p. m. Preaching 3:15 p. m. each week. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services. Rev. A. Beers, Pastor.

Kern Park Christian Church.
Corner 16th St., and 46th Ave., S. E. 10 a. m. Bible School, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service. 6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. J. R. Moon, Pastor. 1300 E. Salmon.

Lents Baptist Church.
Lord's Day, Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services. J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Lents Friends Church.
9:45 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker, Superintendent. 11:00 a. m. Preaching service. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m. Preaching service, 8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all the services. Miss Lurana Terrell, Pastor.

Arieta Baptist Church.
9:45 a. m. Bible School, 11 a. m. Preaching service, 8:00 p. m. Evening services, 7:00 p. m. B. Y. F. U. meeting, 8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of these services. W. T. S. Spriggs, Pastor.

Anabel Presbyterian Church.
Corner of 56th street and 87th Ave. S. E. Sabbath Services, Preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m. Christian Endeavor: Senior, 6:30 p. m.; Junior, 4 p. m. Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 7:45. Tuesday, Orchestra Practice, 7:30 p. m. The Pastor is always ready to call on the sick and confer with those who desire spiritual help. John E. Nelson, Pastor. Residence, 5525 87th Ave. S. E. Phone Tabor 1858.

Laurelwood Congregational Church.
Corner 6th St. and 6th Ave. S. E. Pastor, Mrs. John J. Handsaker. Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. Preaching service, 11:30 a. m. No evening service at present. Mr. Arthur W. Pratto, Superintendent of Sunday School. Intermediate Christian Endeavor, 5:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8:00 p. m. in the church cottage.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County.
In the Matter of the Estate of Martha A. Cooledge, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the Undersigned, Hattie Yott, has been appointed executrix of the estate of Martha A. Cooledge, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, and has duly qualified as such.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified as required by law, to said executrix at the office of her attorney, J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Oregon, on or before 5 months from the date of first publication of this notice.
Date of first publication, December 13, 1917.
Date of last publication, January 10, 1918.
HATTIE YOTT, Executrix of the Estate of Martha A. Cooledge, Deceased.
J. J. Johnson, Attorney for said Estate, 314 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Ore.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Multnomah County.
In the Matter of the Estate of C. W. Budd, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrices of the Estate of C. W. Budd, deceased, have filed their final account in said Estate, with the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that all objections to said final account, and the settlement thereof, will be heard by the above Court, on the 26th day of December, 1917, at the hour of 9:30 a. m., at the Court House, in the City of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon.
MARY A. BUDD,
HELEN U. BUDD,
Executrices.
W. K. ROYAL, 810-13 Lewis Bldg., Attorney for Executrices.
First publication, November 29th, 1917.
Last Publication, December 27th, 1917.

Conflicting Precedents.
A man can't always regulate himself according to history. There was Samson, who lost his life because he had his hair cut, and Absalom because he didn't.

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has any right to do so

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