

Eggs 64 Cents a Dozen

At SCHRUNK'S GROCERIES

This year's crop fresh raising, 2 pounds for 25c
 New crop prunes, 2 pounds for 25c
 Home canned fruits (in glass jars) consisting of cherries, prunes, black berries, strawberries, gooseberries, etc., qt. sizes, 25c; 1/2 gal at 45c
 We have apricots, dates, figs, coconut, Mrs. Porters and Heinz fig puddings, mince meat and all the delicacies that go with a first class Xmas dinner, and all at the right prices. Fine grade of white beans, 3 lbs. for 25c

FRUITS

Nice large oranges, No. 126 each 5c
 No. 80s the largest orange, 10c each; 2 for 15c; or 4 for 25c
 The choicest cranberries, quart 15c
 Large size Florida grapefruit, each 15c
 Baldwin apples, bx \$1.25
 Fine pears, box \$1.10

Vegetables

Fancy spuds, per hundred pounds \$1.75
 Sweet Spuds 6 pounds for 25c
 Cabbage, per pound, 3c; in hundred pounds lots, per pound 2 1/2c
 Turnips, per pound 2c
 Table carrots, per pound 2c
 4 ton of fancy Hubbard squash going at pound, 2c

SEE ME FOR LIVE POULTRY

The Farmers' Store Of Quality

270 North Commercial Street SALEM, OREGON Phone 721

We deliver Orders of 50c and over free of charge

The Old Year and the New

The Old Year sat beside the hearth,
 In thoughtful mood; the hour was late;
 And ere he vanished from the earth,
 The past he fain would contemplate.
 "I brought a wealth of joy for those
 Who had o'burdened been with grief,"
 He said, "and for unnumbered woes
 Furnished the cordial of relief."

"To some I gave a garden's bloom,
 Sweet pastures and forests uncouth;
 To stoke the express and the tomb,
 The barrenness of desert spots,
 With love I tarried for a while
 Breathing the sweet Elysian air;
 And bidding Hope serenely smile
 Across the threshold of Despair."

"I entered on my natal hour
 Burdened alike with bliss and bane,
 Commended by my Lord to doer
 Some hearts with ease, and some with
 pain,
 Where happiness had rich increase;
 I shall be honored long, I know;
 But those I robbed of joy and peace—
 They will be glad to have me go!"

"I've followed many a bridal train;
 Have watched by many a lonely bier;
 With birth and death, with loss and gain,
 Made up the record of the year,
 And now beside December's gate
 Where hangs the year's alarm bell,
 I pause to scan the past and wait
 The sound of my own funeral knell."

"One!—How the hours have slipped away!
 Two!—Some will weep with sore re-
 gret,
 Three!—Could I still on earth delay—
 Four!—Some good I might accomplish
 yet."

Five!—An angelic song awake!
 Six!—Surely are the fetters riven.
 Seven!—Soon I shall hear the final stroke—
 Eight!—Chime sweetly with the clock of
 heaven!
 Nine!—I am nearer to my goal!
 Ten!—Time must elapse but
 Eleven!—Awake, immortal soul!
 Twelve!—Farewell! and let the New Year
 In!"

"I come the Old Year's debts to pay!
 I come his promises to keep;
 To walk upon the world's highway,
 And deck the grave where dear ones
 sleep.
 Where he gave smiles I may give tears,
 Life's path with good or ill bestrew;
 For unto him who views the years
 The new is old, the old is new!"
 —Josephine Pollard.

New Year's at the Front

By Saidee Estelle Balcom

Patriot's Plenty

Buy less - Serve less
 Eat only 3 meals a day
 Waste nothing
 Your guests will cheer-
 fully share simple fare
 Le P...
 a food

ROOKIE ATONED FOR FAULT

Call it "Fisherman's Luck," if you
 will, He Came Out of Scrape
 With Coveted Decoration.

At Aix a strange story was told of
 an American soldier who will probably
 abandon fishing for the rest of his
 life. It seems that the rookie had
 heard it said that one could readily
 catch fish with a hand grenade, the
 method being to proceed to the fair
 of the fish and hurl the hand grenade
 into the water. The grenade, explod-
 ing, would kill all the fish in the
 neighborhood, and one could gather in
 a plentiful harvest. So our hero set
 forth one evening and, reaching a not
 far distant canal, he threw in his hand
 grenade. No doubt it killed a fish or
 so, but, unfortunately, so intent was
 he on his job that he had not noticed
 a large barge by. The grenade nearly
 blew the barge and the barge and
 his family out of France, and did
 such mighty damage to boat and boat-
 men that, although for the moment
 flight enabled the culprit to escape
 arrest, it was quite clear that, when
 discovered, as he would inevitably be,
 he would suffer very severe punish-
 ment. It cannot be permitted to blow
 French barges up with impunity. A
 court-martial and death were the least
 that the wretch expected. That night
 there was an attack on the American
 sector. Our man went over the top
 a desperate rookie. He had deter-
 mined to die a glorious death rather
 than submit to a shameful end. The
 result was that, single-handed, he
 killed seven Germans, and, seizing
 a machine gun, turned it on the enemy,
 thereby saving a ticklish situation.
 Picking up the machine gun, after it
 had done sufficient damage, he car-
 ried it back toward his own line, but,
 en route, he fell into a German trench
 and on top of a German postman.
 This postman was laden with mail for
 the regiment or company ousted from
 the trench; cigars and other delicacies
 were among his burdens. As the offi-
 cer who told the story said, the rookie
 murdered the postman and, seizing
 several bags of mail, bore them, in ad-
 dition to his machine gun, back to his
 own people. His record for the day's
 work was not only deemed sufficient
 to condone for his fishing escapade,
 but to his astonishment he received a
 medal for distinguished conduct in
 the field. He was decorated! Fish-
 erman's luck with a vengeance!—Scrib-
 ner's Magazine.



Wishing You All Every
 Success for a Prosperous
 and Happy New Year

"Not a bit of it," declared Dale in a
 spirited way. "The bear—"
 "The bear!" repeated Roy in won-
 derment.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that my
 catch was a bear," spoke Dale. "I
 came across him curled up in a pit,
 a performing bear, strayed from some
 mountebank master in one of the bom-
 barded villages. Soon as he saw me
 he acted frightened and humble, and
 when I patted him uttered a jolly
 growl, turned a somersault and stood
 on his head."

"You don't mean it!"
 "Come, I'll show you."
 Dale led the way to the guardhouse.
 Outside of it was gathered a noisy

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Pull knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sigh-
 ing:

Tell ye the church bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly, and speak low,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.
 Old Year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old Year, you shall not die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
 Alack! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
 Sleep from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone.
 And waiteth at the door,
 There's a new foot on the floor, my
 friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.
 —Alfred Tennyson.

Only Today Is Ours.

The opening of the year is every-
 body's birthday. God has let us share
 his work. God has gifts for days to
 come. We may send our thoughts back
 through the ways of memory; we must
 send them forth through opening paths
 of faith and hope. The past will come

no more, but today is ours and tomor-
 row is in the hands of everybody's
 birthday, then, bring joy and courage!
 May God's spirit help us, each and ev-
 eryone, to walk with God and spend a
 joyful year in the service of his King-
 dom.

WELL, what have you
 done for your country
 today?"
 It was the eve of
 the new year and Dale
 Webster, hailed by a
 companion soldier,
 threw his knapsack
 within their tent just
 behind the heavy ar-
 tillery at the front "somewhere in
 France."

"Oh, brought in a captive," was his
 careless reply. "Ran into the skulker,
 marched him into camp and left him in
 the guard house. Any letters?"

"Nary a letter. They say the mail
 packs here are four days overdue, but
 they're rushing holiday stuff to the
 camps."

Dale Webster sighed and his face
 grew wistful. "I've been expecting one
 letter particularly. You're my friend,
 Roy?"

"After your carrying me on your
 back half dead across the worst part
 of No Man's Land, with the Boches
 plugging away for keeps, I guess so!"
 "And you remember Winnie Trask?"

"As a memory sweet and fragrant
 as a field of daisies!"
 "Well, one night in a dugout I just
 couldn't help but write her way back
 home there what I ought to have said
 to her before we left. Three months,
 and no word. I fancy I was too pre-
 sumptuous. If I knew that Winnie was
 caring for me, thinking of me, at home,
 I'd never get lonesome. I'd fight double
 to get this mix-up over and back to
 her—bless her!"

"Don't lose hope," encouraged Roy
 Bartley. "One of the fellows just got
 a letter written by his sweetheart last
 September. It has been chasing him
 all over the frontier. About your pris-
 oner—make you any trouble?"

1,716,000,000 Pounds of Flour Saved

if each of our 22,000,000 families use this recipe
 instead of white bread.

One loaf saves 11,000,000 pounds; three loaves a
 week for a year means 1,716,000,000 pounds saved!

Enough to Feed the Entire Allied Army

Corn Bread with Rye Flour

1 cup corn meal 1 teaspoon salt
 1 cup rye flour 1 cup milk
 2 tablespoons sugar 1 egg
 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder 2 tablespoons shortening

Barley flour or oat flour may be used instead of rye flour with equally good
 results. Sift dry ingredients into bowl; add milk, beaten egg and melted
 shortening. Stir well. Put into greased pan, allow to stand in warm place
 20 to 25 minutes and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Our new Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," containing many other
 recipes for making delicious and wholesome wheat saving foods, mailed free—address

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN suffer miserably from
 periodic attacks of headache, never dreaming
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 nearly always results from some disorder of the
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