

The Yuletide Gift

A favorite poem made into a booklet makes a charming gift.

A flat leather penwiper for his desk makes an appropriate souvenir for the business man or woman.

A bookish case with three booklets is a useful Christmas gift for the needle-woman.

A homemade booklet of a dozen reliable chafing dish recipes will be prized by the housewife.

A blotter, the upper side made of a picture postcard of yourself, is a simple yet valued gift for an intimate friend.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas comes but once a year. Let's enjoy it while it's here. Eat your turkey without fear. Never pause to shed a tear. Should you feel a trifle queer After wings or running gear, Neck and bishop's nose y-fer, Take a pill a'leek thweatt, He who never dares to eat Waffles, cakes or sausage meat, Nothing sour, nothing sweet, Lives a week on shredded corn, Never smoked since he was born; Water's all he ever drinks; Living low, he highly thinks. Christmas turkey, Christmas pie, Christmas pudding, Christmas sigh! Merry Christmas! Merry week! Happy New Year! Very week!

PRETTY CHRISTMAS TABLE.

An Old Fashioned Party For the Children.

The arrangement of a table at a Yuletide party was quite unusual, inasmuch as it was an old fashioned square one, lengthened to accommodate twelve children. It was pushed back against the wall, and at the back was the largest sized Yule log candy box, resting on a bed of holly and mistletoe.

On top of the log was a doll dressed as a jester, called the "Lord of Misrule," and attached to the front end of the log by red ribbons were six dolls dressed to represent the first six months of the year. Following after the log were six more figures dressed like the last six months. At each plate were a holly paper covered horn and a wee tree lit with red wax tapers.

The children were to blow out the candles, making a wish for each one. If they go out with the very first puff the wish will come true. A white and red Christmas ribbon goes to each plate, fastened by a spray of holly. Then each child looks at the dolls and says which one he or she thinks represents the month in which they were born.

If there should be two in the same month the one who is the oldest gets the doll for that month. As there is one for each guest, a satisfactory adjustment is easily made. The Yule log also contains small favors for each guest.

English Plum Pudding. For those who want their plum puddings homemade the following recipe may prove useful:

Take one-half pound of finely shredded suet, one-half pound of washed and dried currants, three-fourths of a pound of stoned raisins, four tablespoonfuls of dried and sifted breadcrumbs, three tablespoonfuls of warm sifted flour, five ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, three ounces of shredded citron, one-half nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of brandy. Mix these well together, adding enough milk to make it of nice consistency, and boil for six or eight hours.

This pudding keeps admirably, and when it is not to be used for some time it should be boiled, say, for six hours and then hung from a hook in the storeroom until about to be used, when it should again be placed in the pan and boiled for an hour and a half or two hours longer.

It may be boiled in a mold, a basin or a cloth and must be kept in which-ever is chosen until ready to be served.

A Mean Holiday Spirit. Do not grieve your Christmas giving. There is nothing more despicable than to work off the back numbers or the shabby, useless gifts on the girl who "needs everything" and spend a small fortune on those who can spend on themselves.

Christmas Eve. The hour of time when the frost's gray rime In fantastic glamour lies; A sheen of light on the gleaming white That mirrors the spangled skies; A great cold star in the heavens afar And a mean trail on the hills; The earth nestled with an awe fulfilled And the night with music thrilled.

The serotons sing as the church bells ring, While up in the organ loft The sage ewes croon as the calm, sweet time Comes swelling, but ever soft. The message flies through the changing skies By changing time and tongue, But ever the same as the tale that came The shepherd men among.

Where the mistletoe and the laurel bough And the holly and bay are twined, Where the hearth fire gleams as in ancient dreams, One age is but in mind. As in modern dreams the hearth fire gleams, So, under the casement still, The serotons sing as the tower tongues swing Man's peace and God's good will. —Stephen Chalmers.

CHRISTMAS IN BENTON'S DAY

Jessie Benton Fremont's Description of a Celebration of Long Ago. The Christmas of eighty years ago was once described by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of General John C. Fremont and daughter of Thomas H. Benton. The time was that of President Jackson's administration, and the scene was Mrs. Benton's ancestral home, near Staunton, Va.

Grouped about the roaring log fire were Mrs. Benton's father and mother, herself and her two little girls, of whom Jessie was one. The mother is residing to the grandfather, and a black servant, "Uncle Ralph," is hovering about and replenishing the fire. The children were not to make a sound, for it would disturb grandfather. And now we will let the future Mrs. Fremont tell her own story:

"Imagine, then, the strong impression made on me by the onset of all this ordered calm. Noises came from the front door, noises of horses and of people, cheerful, vigorous noises of snow stamped off, laughing and the thump of baggage.

"And our mother was actually running into the hall, while my grandfather, not minding the noise, but looking all pleased, was standing up and holding out his hands to the big man in the snowed on clothes! For it was our father, our dear, loving father, who had come to us for Christmas and brought a big trunk full of Christmas gifts for everybody.

"I can see it all so well. The opening of that trunk took place in the warm rooms that my grandfather, too, might see. We, liberated imps, laughed and noised all we wanted without rebuke over our two big wax dolls—'London dolls'—and there was a London cloak for my mother, of black silk lined with fur.

"But the feature of the presents to us after our dolls was the oranges my father had brought, carefully wrapped and packed warmly in the trunk for our sick grandfather.

"A smile that is very close to tears rises as I remember our gathering in admiring silence about those oranges. I can see my mother's beautiful hands as she carefully peeled and divided one into slim little sections, when we all solemnly took each one bit, the peel carefully saved to flavor things.

"This is what I see yet. But new feelings stirred in me even then and grew and went on growing as I learned later all that sudden, brief visit through the stormy winter weather meant."

Christmas Treasures. I count my treasures o'er with care— A little toy that baby knew, A little sock of faded hue, A little lock of golden hair, Long years ago this Christmas time My little one—my all to me— Had robbed in white upon my knee And had the merry Christmas rhyme.

"Tell me, my little golden head, If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?" I said, And then he named the little toy, While in his round and truthful eyes There came a look of glad surprise That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And as he heaped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with baby grace, And, toddling to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there, That night as lengthening shadows crept I saw the white-winged angels come With music to our humble home And kiss my darling as he slept.

He must have heard that baby prayer, For in the moon, with glowing face, He toddled to the chimney place And found the little treasure there. They came again one Christmas tide, That angel host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They loved my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air, A-watching for my baby boy, But if again that angel train And golden hoar come back for me To bear me to eternity, My watching will not be in vain. —Eugene Field.

Economy. "Write me a check, Alfred, to buy Christmas presents with." "Make it as small as you can this time, dear! How much must you have to buy presents for the children, your mother, the maid and the rest?" "Here is the list. I can't get along with less than \$75."

"Nonsense! Well, at least leave out the present for me! Figure it again—I don't want anything!" (A long pause, during which the wife makes a new computation.) "Well, Alfred, it's now \$74.25!"—Philadelphia Blatter.

Christmas Compassion. Christmas is the one day of the year when we remember the failures, the men and women who have fallen short of the mark, the human derelicts. In the fierce commercial race we crowd these to the wall without thought and without compunction for 364 days of the year, but through the Salvation Army and other charitable agencies give them a share of the three hundred and sixty-fifth. Well, it is good that we catch even that much of the Christ spirit for one brief day.

Undertaking Too Much. Do not go into Christmas so hard there is no hope of getting through. Curb your notions. Better give your friend a small centerpiece this year than intend to give her a dozen plate and tumbler dainties which may reach her in 1915. Where there is a large list Christmas giving should be simple.

The Brute. Mrs. Crawford—Wake up, dear! I'm sure there's a burglar downstairs. Crawford—I hope there is. Perhaps he'll take those useless Christmas presents your friends sent you.

Christmas Menus

A PLAIN MEAL.
Celery Soup.
Roast Pork, Tenderloin.
Apple Sauce.
Turnips in Cream Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.
Celery and Nut Salad.
Frozen Eggnog.
Coffee.

A DELICIOUS DINNER.
Blue Points on Half Shell.
Celery, Olives.
Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing.
Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Jelly.
Candied Yams, Mashed Potatoes.
Pickled Peas and Peaches.
Malaga Salad.
Plum Pudding with Brandy Sauce.
Ice Cream.
Cakes.
Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee.

A ROAST GOOSE SPREAD.
Soup, Bread Sticks.
Olives, Celery, Salted Peanuts.
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing, Apple Sauce.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Lima Beans in Sauce.
Chicken Croquettes, French Green Peas.
Lettuce, Cheese Straws.
Plum Pudding.
Glace Meringue, Bonbons.
Nuts, Raisins, Fruits.
Crackers, Cheese, Cafe Noir.

TEMPTING VIANDS.
Blue Points.
Cream of Chicken.
Boiled Sheep's Head.
Julienne Potatoes.
Rice Croquettes with Curry.
Roast Duckling.
Mashed Browned Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Mince Pie, Biscuit Tortoni.
Roguefort Cheese and Crackers.
Coffee.

THE HOLIDAY PARTY.

A Few Suggestions For Enlivening Yuletide Evenings.

In cities balloons are almost always obtainable, so get bright red ones and try this novel scheme for a children's party. Surround the cake with tiny candlesticks or candleabra holding red tapers and sprinkle the cloth with holly sprays and diamond dust (Christmas snow).

From the back of each chair tie a red ribbon on the end, floating gayly in the air a red balloon. Here is the way to give the favors (red snapping motto caps): Tie one to the end of the string of a red balloon and let it go away up to the ceiling. If the snapper is not heavy enough weight it with a chocolate cigarette or one of the many hard, all chocolate shapes that children love. Then let each little guest catch a balloon and bring it down to earth. To make more fun each balloon may have a card attached bearing the name of a child, and each must find his own.

THE TREE.

You don't dig it up.
You don't tie it down.
You don't roam the forest.
You simply go forth and buy it.
And that's an easy matter nowadays.
There's only one thing needful, and that's cash.
The tree may be purchased prosaically of one's grocer.

More venturesome souls trolley or motor to some freight yard, choosing from original packages.
Yet others literally "shop" for them and when at last their choice is made bear them off in their motors or on their backs or engage an expressman.—Philadelphia Record.

Their Christmas Presents.

I.
Little Penelope Socrates,
A Boston maid of four,
Wide opened her eyes on Christmas morn
And looked the landscape o'er.

"What is't indicates my bas de bleu?"
She asked, with dignity,
"Tis been in the original,
Oh, joy beyond degree!"

II.
Miss May Cadwallader Rittenhouse
Of Philadelphia town
Awoke as much as they ever do there
And watched the snow come down.

"Well, I'm glad that Christmas has come again."
"I might have heard her say,
"For my family's one year older now
Than it was last Christmas day."

III.
It was Christmas in giddy Gotham,
And Miss Irene de Jones
Awoke at noon and yawned and yawned
And stretched her languid bones.

"Well, I'm sorry that it's Christmas.
Papa at home will stay,
For 'change is closed, and he won't make
A single cent all day."

IV.
Oh, windily dawned the Christmas
In the city by the lake!
And Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy
Was instantly awake.

"Ah, what's that in my stocking?
Well, in two gifts I'll know it!
And she drew forth a grand piano
From away down in the toe."
—Boston Courier.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Great Skill Shown by the Coburg Glassblowers.

From Coburg, Germany, a little railway only twenty-five miles long leads into the heart of the Thuringian forest ranges, terminating at Lauscha, where Christmas ornaments are made. Nearly every house and but is the home of a glassblower, and the smallest child that can use its hands understandingly has some part in the work.

The blowers make all their work from glass tubes of varied diameter and thickness, which are cut to convenient lengths by scratching them with a file and breaking them at the cleavage. A burner consisting of two, four or more flames issuing from tiny gas jets converges its fires upon a metal plate, which usually supports a piece of dry wood or charcoal whose slow but fierce combustion under the blue flame of the blowpipes rapidly melts the hardest glass. Driving the bellows which supplies air to his blowpipes with his feet, the operator turns out with deft swiftness balls, star-pendants and larger ornaments of most every conceivable shape and size.

His good wife is perhaps injecting a spray of gilding or silvering solution into a great basketful of the tiny balls, used to festoon windows and Christmas trees, or, perhaps, with greater skill is coloring with deft fingers the interior of a larger ornament.

The eldest boy may himself be a skilled operator and perhaps excels his father in creating miniature reindeer, with great spreading antlers, spirited horses, coursing hounds, fragile airships and balloons and, most wonderful of all, roses, carnations, tulips and other flowers, each of whose parts is made of colored glass of the proper color and fused in place with a delicacy of touch that far exceeds ordinary painting.

So light and fragile are these goods that they are packed in cotton and cartons divided into compartments and to a very great extent are shipped away from Lauscha by parcels express. So generally is this done between the middle of November and Christmas week that the postoffice force and a number of mail cars are furnished to meet the demand for parcels transportation.—National Magazine.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

Here's prettiness.
The holly wreath leads.
Southern laurel is beautiful.
California pepper berries serve to adorn.
Scotch beather is one of the pretty wreath materials.
Red immortelles will at least never blush unseen.
Lycopodium is often used with very good effect for wreaths.
But, after all, holly is first favorite, with its lovely bright red berries.

The gay bow of holly red satin ribbon is the usual finish, though it should not be used with berries of the California pepper tree.—Philadelphia Record.

CHRISTMAS POSTALS BURNED.

Dead Letter Office Destroyed 178,000 Last Year.
The dead letter office in Washington last year destroyed 178,000 picture postcards. The majority of them carried Christmas greetings and were held as unmailable because either the postage was not prepaid or the cards bore mica or tinsel ornaments and were mailed in unsealed envelopes.

The transmission of cards with mica or tinsel decoration is forbidden by the postal regulations because in the past the eyes of employees were injured by handling them.

The Christmas Present.
A plague on him who scrouge dubs
The custom overdone,
For every Christmas gift contains
All presents rolled in one.

It takes the faith in things unseen
Most wonderful to think,
In reindeer journeys over roofs
While stars look down to wink.

It takes the hope which ever springs
In high and lowly found,
The optimism and the trust
That make the world go round.

And, last, it calls for charity
The present to enhance,
But if from giver or givee
Depends on circumstance.
—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Christmas Flowers.
Flowers always make a lovely gift and will keep fresh several days if the following precautions are taken:
Dip the ends of the stems in melted paraffin wax and carefully wrap the flowers with sheets of cotton. Line the box with waxed paper, being careful to leave plenty to fold over the flowers.

Place them in the box, cover over with the paper, wrap with several thicknesses of brown paper and they are ready to express.

Thought In Giving.
Do not spend more than you can afford on Christmas tokens. Nothing justifies it. Friends who know your circumstances will worry if they do not criticize you for false pride or love of display. If you put thought into your giving it will save you pennies.

Packing the Present.
Tissue paper, excelsior or finely cut paper will prove the best material to fill in all space, making it impossible for the Christmas gift to be broken.

Do Not Read This

Without paying Particular Attention

It's a case of getting what you want at the most Suitable Price; for the Best Quality of the Most Complete Stock from a Reliable Firm.

We are receiving
Holiday Goods
every day, such as Toys, Chinaware, (plain and hand painted), Toilet Articles, Household Necessities, Fancy and Useful Articles in our

RACKET STORE

which we just opened a few days ago.

OUR LINE OF JEWELRY

is more complete than ever before. Don't buy inferior goods—get the goods with a guarantee behind it.



The highest grade in quadruple, triple and solid
Silverware
The latest in Cut Glass, Set and plain band Rings. We can furnish you
Diamonds

at New York prices. Any grade you want.

If you can't find it anywhere else come and see us. The prices in the Racket line are exceptionally low. Get your pick now at the
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Come to
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Fruit Trees!

Central Oregon Grown

The only kind you can afford to plant. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. Write for one. Prices low enough to surprise you.

For Sale

For sale at a bargain—8-room brick dwelling, 2 lots and barn; bath, electric lights, etc. A snap if taken right away. Will trade for stock. Apply by phone or letter to J. H. Delore, Prineville, Oregon. 12-5, 1m.

For Sale

White Wrاندotte Cockerels by D. P. Adamson, Prineville, Ore. 9-25

Are YOU taking the Journal?