

# ELECTRIC!

It answers the puzzling question, of "What will I get her"

We have a display of Electric conveniences that will gladden the heart of any woman

Only those who have some labor saving electric utensils can appreciate their work; below we give just a suggestive list: Electric Chafing Dish, Electric Discs, Electric Toasters, Electric Irons, Electric Percolator, Electric Table Lamps.

## ELECTRIC TABLE STOVES

The Portland Railway Light and Power Company Beaver Building Main Street

We give the same low prices as our Main Store in Portland, and the same courteous service.

### JACK HORNER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

'Twas the night before Christmas, And all through the house Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse.

THE little verse kept continually running through Jack Horner's mind as he sat in his library with no light but the flicker of the burning coals in the fireplace. It was the night before Christmas, and throughout the house not a sound was to be heard. For some time Jack's wife had been ill, and the care and constant attention he had given her showed plainly in his worn looking face. She was sleeping now, so Jack had seated himself before the glowing coals to allow his thoughts to contrast the morrow with other Christmases that had gone before.

He had been married five years. How happy those Christmases had been to both of them, each giving a token full



"I SHALL HAVE TO WRAP UP MY LOVE FOR YOU."

of heartfelt love and each receiving with a feeling that kings could receive no more. And even before this, years ago, when they were sweethearts—and they had been sweethearts for a long time—the night before Christmas had been so much to them that each lay awake the greater part of the night in order to be up all the earlier in the morning.

And, after all these memories, here was Christmas eve, and his wife was very ill. She wouldn't be up in the

morning. No; the house would be quiet, and she would feel worse because she could not be up, bright and happy, a sort of living synonym of the day.

His wife called him from his reverie. He went to her and did her bidding. She looked up at him with the peculiar smile of a woman who is grateful for the constant love of a good man. Then she said in a low voice:

"Jack, you look so dreadfully tired. I feel terrible to be sick and keep you worried and up all times of the night and day. Dear boy, you haven't had any sleep in a month, have you?"

"Never mind me," replied her husband and kissed her. "How do you feel now?"

"Fine. Tomorrow's Christmas, isn't it?" she said with a sigh. "Well, you know, Jack, I haven't been able to get out, so tomorrow I will have to wrap up my love for you and give it to you again for a Christmas present. You won't mind me giving you again that little trinket I gave you long ago, will you, Jack?"

And she laughed quietly.

Fatigue and care passed from his mind. He, too, laughed softly and patted her head.

"No, I won't mind," he replied. "That's a magnificent present."

"You are so tired," persisted his wife. "Go to bed and have a good sleep. The nurse will take care of me for one night."

After a time Jack started for his room. His wife had succeeded in turning his thoughts in happy channels.

As he was leaving the sick woman smiled and said to him:

"And, Jack, don't forget to hang up your stocking."

Playfully he promised and before retiring duly kept his promise.

How he did sleep! There were muffled noises all around him. The doctor had been summoned, and the nurse was going to and fro as softly as she could. Jack's mother had arrived, and she, too, was hurrying here and there. Though it was after midnight, many lights were shining in the house. Santa Claus or some one was very busy. But Jack slept on, dreaming dreams never to be recalled.

It was nearly 7 o'clock, when the first rays of dawn peeped into his room, that he awoke. The noise had ceased and the lights were out. He arose quietly and tiptoed out of his room to the dining room.

He was not thinking of it, but he noticed immediately that the stocking he had hung from the mantle was gone. Then he heard his wife's voice calling:

"Jack, are you looking for your stocking?" It said. "Yes? Well, I have it here. Come in. Santa Claus has been real good to you."

Going in, Jack saw his mother and the nurse, and there beside his wife he could see the end of his stocking.

He pulled it out. It was empty.

"Oh, Jack," exclaimed his wife with feigned disappointment, "it must have fallen out of the stocking!"

Then he heard a something—a noise, a cry, a squeak, an indescribable something—that came from beneath the covering. He wanted to yell to cry, to do a highland fling, but he didn't. He stood very still.

"Let's name it Santa Claus," he said at last.—New York Globe.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

### CHRISTMAS EVE IN POVERTY ROW

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the street Swept the cold wintry blast and the fast falling sleet. No voice of kind greeting the grim silence broke.

From rooftop and chimney there issued no smoke. No window was red with the fire's warm glare; No odor of garlands was borne on the air; No shop where the splendor and blaze of the light Shone out on the gloom of that chill winter's night.

There was darkness above, there was darkness below, On the night before Christmas in Poverty row.

For warmth, light and comfort, alas, there was not in the shiverless homes of that desolate spot.

Where the storm and the wind might enter and roar Through broken window or half fallen door! No children who lived in that poor, wretched place Could you find with a bright and a sunny face.

No stockings were hung there; no gladness or mirth Could be found on the eve of the good Saviour's birth.

No carols were sung in that region of woe On the night before Christmas in Poverty row.



"NO STOCKINGS WERE HUNG THERE."

In the fancy of childhood what image so bright As fur trimmed St. Nick, the good genius of night, With his broad, ruddy face and kind, loving eye.

As bright as the sunshine of midsummer's sky; With his jolly red cap and the big laden pack, Which he merrily bears on his broad, sturdy back!

Can it be that St. Nick has forgotten the poor Or the homes that are barren and drear as the moor? Has he gifts for young Croesus and none for poor Joe?

On the night before Christmas in Poverty row?

Ah, St. Nick, there's a spirit—the spirit of sleep— That comes to the child who but wakens to weep When in dreams he beholds a great tree all bedight.

And from his fir boughs seems to come a great light. Then the voice of the Master is heard to decree. "Thou shalt suffer the children to come unto me." Ah, if we but follow his precept, I ween, We would all be St. Nicks and send well laden teams With presents and gifts that would banish all woe. And make happy the Christmas in Poverty row. —John Hevat.

### ROYALTY AND CHRISTMAS.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany Bestow Rare Gifts.

In the German royal household each member has his or her own individual Christmas tree. The gift of the empress to her imperial spouse is usually some souvenir from a famous battle. Throughout the year she has her agents scouring the earth for rare trophies and spares no expense in procuring the one that strikes her fancy. This is placed at the foot of the emperor's tree. In this way and by other means he has gathered a fine museum of war relics. One Christmas the present he received was a pistol used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

The empress also makes presents to indigent clergymen. The package to each of these consists of an outfit of clothing, a Christmas card and a cake baked by her own hands. The kaiser's gift to his wife is usually a fine jewel or some article made by his own hands.

In England the celebration of Christmas lapsed after the time of Cromwell and the Puritans, who regarded it as too much of a pagan festival. Its revival came about through the writings of Charles Dickens and the royal observance of the day by the prince consort and Queen Victoria. After Prince Albert's death the queen modified her observance of the day for a few years.

Corn Mills. Corn mills are often mentioned in the Bible. The original corn mill much resembled the modern druggist's pestle. Moses forbade corn mills to be taken in pawn, for that he thought was like taking a man's life in pledge.

### SANTA CLAUS IN SALT LAKE

TO a thrifty Mormon household came the patron saint of Yule. He was puffing like an engine, he was laden like a mule. For he knew a row of stockings such as nowhere else is seen. Would he yawning there before him in the home of Elder Green. So he shoved his pack ahead of him and started down the flue. While he muttered, "This is something that I hate like smoke to do." Then he followed with reluctance through the smoky, smudgy air. Quickly landing where the hoselery was hung in many a pair.

There were papa's socks and twenty pairs of lengthy, wifely hose; There were socks for Eddie, Willie, for Elphalest and Mose; There were stockings of Matilda's, Esmeralda's and Susanna's; There were Charles's hose and Molly's, Cora Belle's and little Dan's. Amaryllis, George, Alphonso, Peter, Joseph, Maude, Eugene, Arthur, Lizzie, James, Amelia, Mary, Frances and Irene. Briggie, Reed, Lucile, Clorinda, Arethusa, John, Estelle, Mattie, Lucifer, Elfrida— from his lips their titles fell.

But about the shelf there dangled other hose, not quite a year old. He could not recall to save him as he watched the dying flames. Seven pairs, all baby sizes, each in age not quite a year. "Gee," cried Nick, "been something doing since the last time I was here! Glad I brought a stock of rattles and a lot of teething rings. Utah always gives a market for such kindergarten things. From 'race suicide' she ever has freed—ly held aloof. And there's not a home in Zion free from stock tracks on the roof." —Strickland W. Gillilan in Judge.

Careless of Feeling. "He doesn't seem to care whose feelings he hurts." "That, so?" "Yes. He even reminded me of the \$5 I borrowed of him a month ago." —Detroit Free Press.

### LAND DRAINAGE A NECESSITY

Well Drained Soil Will Give Best Returns—Care Should be Exercised in Laying Tile Drains.

Reply to J. C. Tally, Stevenson, Ala. Drainage comes first, if the land needs it, and tile drainage is the modern and sensible way of draining. If the soil is low in humus, stable manure or vegetable matter must be added; if it is lacking in one or more of the elements of plant food, these must be supplied in commercial fertilizer, stable manure and legumes; if it is sour, an application of lime is necessary; if the soil is compact and there is a hard pan, deep plowing must be done. But if it needs drainage, stable manure, commercial fertilizer, vegetable matter, lime, and deep plowing will be of little avail.

There are many thousands of acres of land that are dry enough to induce farmers to try to farm them and are wet enough to soak all the profit out of cultivating them. Drainage on such soils is very urgent.

Drainage may be very simple or a very complex problem. It may require exact engineering so that every available inch of fall may be utilized or the location of the tile may be so apparent that the average practical farmer can easily locate it with the eye. Between these two extremes there are cases requiring varying degrees of skill.

If it is a complicated proposition the services of a reputable engineer should be secured; if there are merely wet spots in your field, or if your field is wet with plenty of fall, you should be able to locate and lay your tile with no difficulty by following the methods outlined in the Uniontown, Alabama, Canebrake Experiment Station bulletins, Numbers 3, 5, 6, and 10. Be sure that no mistake is made in tilling your land. Tilling land is expensive and should be done right.

"H." Horace earnestly—Dearest, if I were you I couldn't live without me.—London Tatler.

### AWAY WITH CATARRH A FILTHY DISEASE

A SAFE OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY QUICKLY RELIEVES ALL DISTRESSING SYMPTOMS

If you are subject to frequent colds, or if you have any of the distressing symptoms of catarrh, such as stuffed up feeling in the head, profuse discharge from the nose, phlegm in the throat causing hawking and spitting, dull pain in the head or ringing in the ears, just anoint the nostrils or rub the throat or chest with a little Ely's Cream Balm, and see how quickly you will get relief.

In a few minutes you will feel your head clearing, and after using the Balm for a day or so the nasty discharge will be checked, the pain, soreness and fever gone, and you will no longer be offensive to yourself and your friend by constantly hawking, spitting and blowing.

Shake off the grip of catarrh before it impairs your sense of taste, smell and hearing and poisons your whole system. In a short time you can be completely cured of this distressing disease by using Ely's Cream Balm. This healing, antiseptic Balm does not fool you by short, deceptive relief, but completely overcomes the disease. It clears the nose, head and throat of all the rank poison, soothes, heals and strengthens the raw, sore membranes, making you proof against colds and catarrh.

One application will convince you, and a 50 cent bottle will generally cure the worst case of catarrh. It is guaranteed. Get it from your druggist today.

A tip on a tip. "I wish that old dodger would give me a tip on the stock market." "If he should do so you'd next be wishing you knew whether the tip was straight or not."—Louisville Courier Journal.

# I have three sworn enemies--- the drunkard, heavy drinker, and the man who craves rough, strong, high-proof whiskey

Cyrus Noble Bottled at drinking strength

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