

# PORTLAND CHILDREN

## WHO ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO COMING OF SANTA CLAUS.

- 1.—Hunt and Robert, children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Lewis.
- 2.—Margaret and Virginia, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Mears.
- 3.—Genevieve and Elizabeth, children of Justice and Mrs. T. G. Halley.
- 4.—Allen and Douglas, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burrell.
- 5.—Jean Mackay, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Stone.
- 6.—Elizabeth, daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. H. Allen, and her cousin from Manila.
- 7.—Francis, child of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Spencer.
- 8.—Isabella and Richard, children of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lea Barnes.
- 9.—Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bruce.
- 10.—Harold and Allen, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Abe Meier.
- 11.—Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd.

—PHOTOS BY AUNE.



**F** Oh, what would Christmas be without the children!

It would be Christmas with Santa Claus and jingle bells and Christmas trees left out!

Indeed, it would be only a humdrum time quite like the rest of the year. For grown-ups never have large faith in dear old Santa Claus, bless him, and they never enthuse over the prancing reindeer with their merry sleighbells nor lie awake half the night to dream of Santa's long ride from his home at the north pole and of the nice things he will bring them in his big Christmas pack.

It is left for "The Blessed Little People" to give to this old world all the merriment that comes with each Christmastide. They begin early in the morning of Christmas day, before the sun is awake, before the fires are lit and the house gets warm. In little white nighties, before papa and mamma and the rest of the household are stirring, they creep out of their warm beds and run to get the stockings which they hung last night at bedtime to receive Santa Claus' gifts. Their beloved voices are the first to give the "Merry Christmas" greeting to the home circle. Upon their happiness depends the happiness of all the household on Christmas day. If two-headed Bob laughs in glee over his woolly dog, then mother's heart grows warm with happiness. If tiny Baby, who is but beginning to lip her few first words, hugs her new rubber doll in speechless ecstasy and gurgles delight, then everybody in the house is made happy, from Grandpa to the house dog. If Annie, who is a young lady of 9, is satisfied that she wanted nothing so much as what Santa Claus really did bring her, their entire content reigns in Annie's little world.

It is the same, whether the home is a humble or a luxurious one, whether Santa Claus brings many and beautiful gifts, or such simple things as oranges and a few pennies' worth of candy. Christmas would lose its deepest joy if "The Blessed Little People" were left out.

Little boys and girls in Portland today are waiting for Santa Claus to come this very night. They want to see Comet and Cupid, Frances and Ellisen, and all the rest of those wonderful reindeer that fly right over the housetops and stop everywhere only long enough for dear, jolly, fat Mr. Santa Claus to get out, rush down the chimney and leave his bundles. More than that, they want to see Santa himself with his red coat, his long silver-white whiskers, and his jolly walk. Big children and little children are waiting for him, and The Oregonian hopes that Santa Claus will bring to each and every one of them just what he or she most wants.

### With the Fretful Porcupine.

Portland Mail Gazette.  
Two porcupines are among the animals recently born in the Zoological Society's garden, where, for the present, they are kept in seclusion by their parents, which occupy one of the dens adjoining the swine's house. The crested porcupine, to which species (*Hystrix cristata*) the newcomers belong, is a hardy animal which takes very kindly to our climate. And although such an interesting event has not lately occurred, the breeding of porcupines in captivity is not uncommon. As rodents go, the porcupine is a large animal, and, like the rest of its tribe, it is of nocturnal habits. The quills of the young are soft and flexible, but soon get hard and stiff. Adult porcupines are quarrelsome animals; with quills bristling, they rush at one another sideways and backward; but the story of them ejecting their quills at their foes is quite untrue. Nor is this the only fable connected with the fretful porcupine; it was even said that the quills possessed the power of penetrating of their own accord deeper into the flesh when once their points had entered. The quills, especially those on the hind parts of the body, make a rattling noise when the animal walks. And the porcupine can raise or lower its quills with the same ease with which a peacock moves the feathers of its tail. The quills of the porcupine are similar in structure to those of a bird, without the vane, being, in fact only modified hairs.

### Her Choice.

Exchange.  
"What shall I bring thee, darling?"  
The old-time lover said  
To the old-time blushing maiden,  
With hoops and a powdered head,  
A cluster of dewy roses.  
With hearts of fire and snow  
From a tangled and mossy garden,  
She murmured soft and low.  
"What shall I give you, sweetheart?"  
The modern wooer cried  
To the girl in silks and laces  
He hoped to make his bride,  
She smiled in a way bewitching,  
And tapping a tiny heel,  
In silvery accents answered,  
"A big, red automobile."