REAL JOY BROUGHT INTO BARREN LIVES

Twenty Vaudeville Artists Win Back Light of Life Into County Farm Residents.

FIRST SMILES COME HARD

Audience Is Critical, but After Unbending, Applause Is Hearty and Spanish Dancer Makes Oldest Crane Their Necks.

"Nothing pleasant this trip—just to see a lot of old folk at the County Farm waiting to die."

Ferdinand E. Reed loaded a party of Portland's entertainers into cars for the Multnomah County Farm.

Nothing pleasant—Mr. Reed was mistaken.

Twenty of Portland's vaudeville and cabaret artists had the time of their lives at the farm. They donated their services, and how they did work for the "hand" of 250 helpless inmates—their audience for three hours.

Two hundred and fifty aged inmates, who had not cracked a smile for a month—not since a similar occurrence on Thanksgiving—not only smiled but actually laughed.

Drawn corners of rigid mouths raised. Lower jaws, clinched it seemed into an impregnable expression of hopelessness, relaxed their grim holds; heads went forward and mouths opened wide in wrinkled efforts to laugh heartily.

Bill Is Lengthy.

It was a lark. J. C. Hurley, cabaret singer, and Miss Leah Cohen, a Portland singer with quantities of enthusiasm, promoted the impromptu vaudeville bill of 11 full numbers—there was no trouble to find those who would act. The job was to get them all in a three-hour programme.

Hotel proprietors gave up their singers and then loaned their automobiles and chauffers. The taxi companies helped, too. Between downtown acts singers and dancers were shot back and forth over the 13-mile stretch on Sandy road.

"These actors are the biggest-hearted people in the world," explained Mr. Reed as Mr. Hurley was rounding up his party. "They will do anything to help the fellow who is down and out."

In May the Fruit and Flower Mission provided an entertainment at the farm. On Thanksgiving Mr. Hurley brought several of his singers there, and promised to come again Christmas.

The old folk had remembered this Thanksgiving promise, and an hour beforehand they had packed the little farm auditorium to its doors. Inmates too feeble to walk were carried in.

They waited in silence—waited as they do day in and day out, only now there was something to look forward to. But eagerness did not show through these gaunt expressions yet. The frigid hopefulness would have paralyzed some actors. Miss Cohen's orchestra was applauded by a jerking of canes on the floor and a few hands.

Audience Thaws Out.

Miss Ira Lyons sang "Amarella," and a real pronounced encore brought "My Wild Irish Rose."

Then the ice was broken with a big smash. Miss Edith Eleney, Spanish dancer, in red stockings laced in yellow, with short skirt and coquettish cap, danced and whirled before them.

Heads were thrust forward, and with each thrilling kick mouths were opened wider. They were happy. Even a Chinaman showed excitement.

A colored orchestra from the Friars' Club, featuring Harry White, came as near making their shoulders sway as any colored ragtime artist could do with "Balling the Jack."

Miss Louise Duncan, a 14-year-old Scotch dancer; Howard Emmett and his sister, Velvet, aged 9 and 10, were three clever youngsters, and got as big a "hand" as the older ones.

Other numbers were a cornet solo by Andrew Loney; a trombone solo by F. W. Held, and songs by Miss Cohen and Mr. Hurley.

After it was over presents of tobacco were forthcoming for the men.

ALL SUPPLIED BY MUTS

EVERY REQUEST FOR CHRISTMAS BASKET IS MET.

Total of 547 Carried Out by Autoists Who Respond to Call for Volunteers to Work for Charity.

The Muts had a merry Christmas down at their headquarters all yesterday morning, sending out Christmas baskets to the "left-overs" among the poor for whom no baskets had been prepared on the preceding day.

They had started out with the intention of providing Christmas dinners for 350 poor families this year. When they checked up the total yesterday afternoon there were 547 families accounted for on their list, either already provided with baskets or for whom baskets were on their way.

The Dollar-day committee dropped in all through the morning and reported additions to the fund, which will come close to $1000 when added up tomorrow morning.

The appeal for volunteer automobiles to carry out baskets to the "left-overs" brought out so many machines that they had more than they could use. At least 40 automobile owners donated their machines for one trip to deliver baskets to families in various parts of the city.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Chief Mut Strandborg and most of his committee, who had been on the job almost continuously for the past three days, went wobbling wearily home to catch some sleep.

W. D. Devarney and J. W. Crossley stayed at headquarters until evening to be sure that provision could be made for any family that happened to be reported in at the eleventh hour. Crossley took an automobile truck and a contingent of the Boy Scouts early in the afternoon and went about the city among the homes of the poor, handing out exhaustless supplies of candy, oranges and other holiday sweetmeats.

"If there is a family in Portland that hasn't had Christmas dinner this year," said Mr. Strandborg last night, "the Muts haven't heard of it. I don't believe there was a single one that was missed this year."

The Muts have still on hand a good supply of food, clothing and other goods and will continue their relief work until the first of January, after which they will close their headquarters.

Experts in the employ of the government of Brazil believe that country can utilize its own coal by using gas producers in connection with stationary engines and briquetting it for locomotives.

AUTHOR OF "POLLY AND HER PALS," WHOSE DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR DAILY IN THE OREGONIAN.

POLLY IS DUE DAILY

New Series of Comic Pictures to Appear in The Oregonian.

CLEAN COMEDY POPULAR

Cliff Sterrett, Originator of Amusing Character, Is Product of Northwest and His Work Has Achieved High Ranking.

"Polly and Her Pals" are to be a daily feature.

This will be welcome news to readers of The Oregonian, with whom Cliff Sterrett's characters are already popular. Polly, Pa, Ma and Mr. Sterrett's other creations have been appearing regularly in The Sunday Oregonian's comic supplement and will need no introduction. Mr. Sterrett is now drawing a daily series of sketches, in which the same characters will entertain readers of The Oregonian. Publication will begin this week.

Mr. Sterrett, who is one of the most successful young artists of the day, is a product of the great Northwest, going to New York from Minnesota 10 years ago. He was a boy barely out of his teens at the time, country-bred and filled with the ambition to become a great artist. Just what kind of an artist Sterrett didn't know himself, but he felt that it was in him to draw pictures, and that was what he proposed to do.

He spent two years in the Chase Art School, working about 15 hours a day, and then went on the art staff of the New York Herald, devoting another two years to drawing pictures of fires, accidents, murders, weddings and noted people in all walks of life—all the things that go to make up the daily grind of a newspaper assignment illustrator—great training in the matter of speed and versatility, of course, but destructive to technique, "high-brow" artists declare.

Human Nature Studied.

But technique was not what Sterrett was studying. It was human nature that most interested him, and he "got it" at the same time he was developing a technique all his own. This rarest of gifts, "personality of lines," he began to show in several series of "comics," which were published in the Evening Telegraph and heralded his first appearance into the comic field. The daily drawings of "When a Man Is Married," "Before and After" and "For This We Have Daughters" began to attract attention almost from the first because of their originality and for the "clean fun" which he interjected into the most commonplace situations.

Sterrett's idea is that the funniest thing in the world is mankind—except womankind—and that the portrayal of the little idiosyncrasies of domestic life, as shown in the daily comings and goings of the family, is a fruitful field for the comic artist, without resorting to grotesque exaggeration of face or figure or to far-fetched situations.

When "Polly and Her Pals" appeared, dainty, funny, Polly immediately jumped into first place in popularity with the reading public, a popularity which has increased steadily until today, when, it is safe to say, Polly and her Pa have the center of the American comic stage and the spotlight of universal favor.

UNEMPLOYED PUT TO WORK TO DRAIN LOWLANDS OF LAURELHURST PARK.

MEN DIGGING TRENCH TO DRAIN WATER OUT OF PARK.

It was Christmas day, but that fact failed to hamper the efforts of 20 unemployed men with families who were put to work yesterday at Laurelhurst Park constructing a sewer trench to drain the lowlands of the park, where deserving unemployed married men are to be given work building a lake.

Another crew will be put to work this morning to finish the trench, and tomorrow morning the unemployed will start the digging of the lake. The dirt will be shoveled into cars and moved to lowlands outside the park. Only deserving married men will be furnished employment. The men are required to register at the Public Employment Bureau, and each case is investigated before employment is given. Each man is permitted to earn $2 in a day, and will be given work only every other day.

In spite of Christmas, it was a willing 20 men that set to the task of digging the sewer trench yesterday. For eight hours they made the dirt fly. The work will be resumed this morning and the trench will be finished in time to carry the water away from the low ground so that the unemployed crews tomorrow can work.

FILM REAL SERMON FOR PREPAREDNESS

"Battle Cry of Peace" at Heilig Is Wonderful Picture of Horrors of War.

CHARTS DEPICT NEEDS

Audience Shows Patriotism by Liberal Applause—Causes of Possible Conflict Are Put Forward Dramatically.

Advocates of peace at any price must find some fault in their propaganda by attending a performance of the wonderful object lesson, "The Battle Cry of Peace," that opened yesterday at the Heilig Theater.

The forceful presentation of this film drama lies in its lucid silent explanation of a fatality that might, with ease, befall the American commonwealth. Not alone does the force lie in the picturing horrors of war. The charts that accompany the picture tell in the most forceful fashion the comparative amount of protection the United States possesses as compared with other nations of the world.

Real patriotism, exhibited in the strenuous applause of the audience, greeted the exhibitions yesterday afternoon and night. Two large Christmas audiences attended the theater, and the remark of one man who had witnessed the exhibition epitomized the feeling of all those who have seen the picture, when he said: "It certainly makes a man think."

In the production of the film that shows the weakness of our National defense and offers the best method, sponsored by some, in fact, by many, of the biggest men in National affairs, of regaining, before a crisis appears, our position among the nations of the world, appear all the artistic features that make a picture of its sort attractive to the moving-picture public. It excels in its suggestibility of causes and results of different crises, always substantiating its contentions by statements of nationally famous men.

The dramatic side of the picture is faithfully carried out by a well-chosen cast, in which Charles Richman appears as the leading character. He is well supported, and Miss Norma Talmadge as the heroine has some dramatic scenes that are unusually strong without being overdone.

DEPUTY SHERIFF IN PERIL

Posse Starts on Hard Journey to Prevent Threatened Lynching.

MOUNTAIN HOME, Ark., Dec. 25.—A Sheriff's posse left here on horseback late today on receipt of a telephone message from the Lesphers Woods mountain district saying that Deputy Sheriff Alonzo Trimble was barricaded in a cabin besieged by mountaineers who threatened to lynch him for the alleged shooting of Howard Avery, a farmer of that section. The posse was not expected to reach the scene of the trouble before midnight.

Avery was probably fatally wounded, according to the telephone message, when he resisted arrest on a charge growing out of a fight at a Christmas celebration. The shooting was said to have created immediate resentment against Trimble.

Pasco Schools Hold Programmes.

PASCO, Wash., Dec. 25.—(Special.)—The Christmas programme for the High School and and the West Side grades was held at the High School auditorium, and the East Side programme was held at that building last night. The play, "Christmas at Golden Gulch," was given by the High School, and the grade classes put on the plays, "Hansel Gretel" and "Strike in Santa Claus Land." The entertainments netted the schools about $65 to buy school textbooks.

Baby Hurt By Auto.

Curtis Gilbreath, foreman for Closset & Devers Co., who lives at 786 Tibbets street, was knocked down and injured, as was also his little son 7-years old and his baby daughter 9-months old, when they were struck by an automobile at the intersection of Greenwood and Division streets last night about nine o'clock. The baby, Virginia Margaret, may have sustained internal injuries.

Children Sing Carols.

GOLDENDALE, Wash., Dec. 25.—Yuletide festivities were observed at Goldendale by a public entertainment Christmas eve and a large tree on Main street decorated with colored electric lights. The programme included a Christmas cantata by 40 school children drilled for the occasion for the last three weeks and the singing of carols by a large chorus.

REALITY OF SANTA PUTS JOY IN KIDDIES' HEARTS

Sweet Little Miss of Seven Clings to Belief and Finally Convinces Poor Playmates That She Is Right—Gratitude Fills Hearts.

BY ADDISON BENNETT.

"YES, there is a Santa Claus; there is, there is, there is." Thus spoke a sweet litle miss of 7 yesterday morning just after the gray dawn had broken over Portland to her father and mother, her three little sisters and her "big brother," aged 9, who was showing his great wisdom by trying to explode the Santa Claus myth.

But little Isabel, with her three wide-eyed sisters to back her up, laid down those four "there is's" with all of the vehemence and power of her little lungs. Of course I was there by invitation to see the wonderful tree, with its wealth of gifts, which Santa had left during the night, a famous tree, towering clear up to the high ceiling, lighted by scores of candles and laden down with gifts.

* * *

Pretty soon other visitors came tramping in—boys and girls of about the same age as Isabel and her sisters and brothers. More than a dozen of them came, and all children of the poor. After Isabel had looked over her list and made a sort of rollcall to see that all were present, I again appeared on the scene dressed as a real Santa, arrayed in the regulation red coat and long white beard.

I did not look like the "long and slippered pantaloon" that describes people of my avoirdupois, for I had two pillows forward and two abaft, stuffed under my coat, giving me a girth of some 60 inches.

* * *

I was met by shouts from all, but over every strident sound came the glad cry of Isabel. "Yes, there is a Santa Claus; there is, there is, there is." Then came the clapping of hands, the merry ringing of childish voices—and even the veteran Billy, age 9 going on 10, had to admit the evidence was against him, for a little tot of a girl had said to him that if he didn't believe in Santa he would get nothing from Santa. Finally quiet was restored and the gifts were taken, one by one, from the tree, the first going to Billy, so that his doubts might be dispelled.

* * *

The first gift proved to be a baseball and a catcher's glove—"the very things I wanted most; I wonder how Santa knew." "How did he know?" quoth Isabel, "Why, Santa knows everything." the everything coming with a shout of joy and triumph. Then came packages for the visitors, mostly of useful articles of apparel, with now and then a toy to the younger, and at least a dozen dolls for the little girls. As the latter were given out the brand-new mothers snuggled them to their bosoms and began crooning lullabies in joyous notes to their new kiddies—some of them had never mothered a really doll of her own before.

* * *

And still there were more packages for all, cake and candies and nuts, trinkets for use and for ornament, until each one had received a half dozen gifts. Just then Santa disappeared and a moment later the door of the big dining-room was opened and all went out to breakfast, the old bogus Santa with them. Such a breakfast! Great plates of steaming hot cakes, eggs boiled just right, fragrant coffee, honey and syrup and sugar for the cakes, rich cream for the coffee—and the father and mother and the bogus Santa as waiters.

* * *

But stop; I forgot something. As the 18 were seated at the table and the three "waiters" stood behind, little Isabel, with hands clasped and eyes closed, asked God to bless us, every one, and to make everybody happy and make everybody good, and thanked the good Lord for the many blessings of this blessed Christmas day—"for Jesus' sake, amen."

* * *

Oh, how I wish that I might be in the Isabel class, with the firm belief of my childhood days in Santa Claus. How sorry I am that I outgrew those days and gained "wisdom" enough to know that the story of Santa Claus is but a story, but a fable. However, as I grow older I realize that, while there is no real Santa, there should be in every heart the Santa spirit. Boys and girls of tender age discover where the presents come from on Christmas morning. But, being wiser than their elders, they, Isabel-like, hug the delusion to their hearts and acclaim with all their energy, that there is a Santa.

* * *

And there is. He lives in our hearts. He does not come driving his team of reindeer; he does not climb down chimneys; he does not ride over houses and cities; he does not pick out the bad little boys and girls to pass them by and the good little tots to give them presents. But he lives, he does, he does, in the very heart of all those who love little children—little children, like you and I were once, but never can be again! Youth! Precious youth! How many of us say on Christmas eve, say it in tears, say it in prayers, say it from the depths of the heart—"Make me a child against just for tonight."

CHEHALIS GREEK STABBED

Barber Is Victim of Countryman Who Is Apprehended.

CHEHALIS, Wash., Dec. 25.—(Special.)—Jim Gotsis, a Greek barber, who came to this city a few months ago from Canada, was fatally stabbed at 7 o'clock this evening by one Theodoropoulos, a fellow countryman. The latter fled after the cutting, but was caught.

The trouble occurred on Front street near Union depot. Gotsis, after receiving three large gashes, two across the abdomen and one in the groin, from a large pocketknife wielded by Theodoropoulos, pursued the latter for nearly two blocks, when he sank down on the pavement. He was shortly afterwards hurried to the St. Helens Hospital, where the attending physicians held out no hope for his recovery.

Gotsis is 32 and unmarried. A brother resides in Portland. Theodoropoulos is also unmarried and about 35. He has been about Chehalis for three months, coming here from Galvin, where he worked in a mill.

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5 cases Cresta Blanca Sauterne, per case of 12 quarts **$6.25**
3 cases Cresta Blanca Chateau, per case of 12 quarts **$11.25**
19 cases Cresta Blanca Sparkling Wine, per case of 12 quarts **$14.40**—per case of 24 pints **$16.40**
(Including War Tax $2.40)

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	Qt.	Gal.	Case of 12 Qts.	5-Gal. Keg.
California Grape Brandy...	85c	$3.00	$ 9.00	$12.50
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Annual Number, Jan. 1, 1916

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