

Christmas

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clapping of hands;
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
 Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
 With glad jubilation
 Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!
Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war culture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
 Clasp hands of the nations
 In strong congratulations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!
 Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease.
Sing of glory to God, peace to men of good will!
 Hark, joining in chorus,
 The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
And speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

And the Postman Passed the House

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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IT WAS Christmas morning. Old Hiram Palmer sat by the window, waiting for the postman. Christmas eve had been rather bleak. He had seen, from the window, groups of people passing from time to time, hurrying, smiling, such gay, happy people.

Hiram was old, too old. He had outlived his friends, his immediate family, his day had long since gone by. He had given generously to hospitals and charitable institutions and a number of personal presents. He always, for example, sent some of the large baskets of fruit the town's leading shop arranged so attractively, to those he knew would never buy themselves such delicacies.

The last Christmas he had only received two presents. One from his nephew out West and another from a grandchild.

He was waiting for these now. The postman came along the street. Eagerly old Hiram waited. And then he got up and went to the door.

But the postman had passed by. "Are you sure you have nothing for me?" he called out. "Look more carefully. I was expecting some packages."

The postman looked again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Palmer, but there is nothing here."

Slowly Hiram went back into the lonely little house. He had lived too long.

For his nephew had said:

"I guess I won't bother about Uncle Hiram this year. It's a nuisance to shop, and anyway what does he care about a necktie? He can buy all he wants!"

And his grandchild had said: "I've got to cut down my Christmas list. It's so long."

And she had run her pencil through her grandfather's name.

For she had said: "Christmas is for young people. He's too old to care about presents and a handkerchief or two which I might send him!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"THE best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity."—F. M. Balfour.

Ironing Board Cover.

Cut and hem a piece of unbleached muslin, about four inches wider and longer than your ironing board, so that it laps over about two inches under the board. Then crochet an edge of six chain and fasten, and so on until you have edged the entire piece. Lay the cloth on the board, turn over and lace it with a stout card or tape, the same as you would lace a shoe—using, however, only about every fourth loop. The cover can be easily removed and washed.

The Empty, Raggedy Stockings

What of the empty, raggedy stockings
 That will hang by the chimney on Christmas eve,
 With their mute appeals from the poor little owners
 To the dear old Santa in whom they believe?

For their share of his presents they ask such a little,
 "Just a dolly to hold in my arms while I sleep,
 A little tin auto that runs when you wind it,
 A sounding red drum or a woolly white sheep."

The only light in their dim, dark existence
 Is that wonderful day when old Santa will come
 With his treasure filled pack that he brings on his back
 From his fairland, snowland, toyland home.

What beautiful dreams will come to them sleeping
 Under the coverlet shabby and worn;
 But what of the empty, raggedy stockings
 That will hang by the chimney on Christmas morn?

MRS. H. C. SEARCY, in the Chicago Tribune.

Our Christmas Day

THERE is an innate perception among men and women that Christmas day ought to be the happiest in the year. It is doubtful if they ever attempt to analyze their own half-formed ideas on the subject, but it is only necessary to turn to the writings of those who have been most solicitous for the well-being of their fellow men to see that this is the case. Look, for instance, at Washington Irving telling, in "Bracebridge Hall," the story of a good old-fashioned Christmas according to the flesh, a picture that was to express his ideal of "on earth peace, good will toward men." Or turn to the greatest of all the chroniclers of Christmas, Charles Dickens, the man who in his many pictures, from that of Dingley Dell to that of Scrooge's bedroom, sought to make Christmas a season of good deeds and of good cheer. "Blessings on your kind heart!" Jeffrey wrote to him, on the publication of the "Christmas Carol." You should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings and prompted more positive acts to beneficence than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom since Christmas, 1842." After that, read the accounts of how they actually kept Christmas at Bracebridge Hall and Dingley Dell; contrast it with the marvelous story, told by Luke, "the beloved physician," of that first Christmas day in Nazareth.—Christian Science Monitor.

FESTIVAL TIME IN HONOLULU

"Melting Pot of Pacific" Consoles Herself for Lack of Snow and Other Yuletide Fixings.

HONOLULU on Christmas eve consoles herself for the lack of snow and other traditional Yuletide fixings with what a paper calls "a conglomerate festivity impossible of counterpart anywhere else in the world." With an abandonment of hilarity equaled only by the pure incongruity of the thing, Americans, Japanese, Englishmen, Filipinos, Portuguese, Koreans, soldiers, sailors and civilian men, women and children, took part in the pageant of the streets, throwing confetti and lighting firecrackers.

"After all, it is the incongruity that makes the celebration of Christmas in Honolulu unique. Here in the melting pot of the Pacific, where those who melt are matched by those who resist the alchemy, all nations of the earth meet in common observance."

Followers of Buddha and Confucius take part in the Christian festival with zest. Just as Christians there help to celebrate the religious holidays of others. But this is a strange Christmas picture: "Horns were everywhere, firecrackers snapped and scattered and above the din at times could be heard the plaintive tone of Hawaii's ukelele and the steel-guitar."

Santa's Prize Dolly



NEW PLANS OF CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

We are glad to announce the new plans of the California Oregon Power company, which mean a great deal to Southern Oregon as a whole.

This company is really made up of the consolidation of some twenty-three small electric and water utilities and has grown and expanded until they now serve and cover seven counties in Northern California and Southern Oregon, with seven plants throughout their territory, all being interconnected at all times to protect the continuity of service. Their lines are also interconnected with those of the Pacific Gas and Electric company at Kennett, California, which through connections with others, makes a continuous electric transmission system from Glendale, Oregon; on the north to the Mexican line on the south, and with other interconnections, they are again connected up with the States of Nevada and Arizona.

These new plans call for the moving of the general offices of the company with their entire staffs, from San Francisco to the territory in which they operate and to the city of Medford has fallen the honor of housing them. The company's own building in that city is now being remodeled on all three floors to make ready for their coming on January 1, next. The installation of a Full Automatic Otis elevator and the changes in the offices in the building with a modern up to date illuminating installation will give commodious quarters.

They have also arranged for the purchase of large grounds for the erection of their general system stores and shops and the plans for the large warehouse and shop buildings and offices for the operating, meter and construction departments are nearing completion and construction thereon will be under way inside of another month with their probable occupancy by April 1.

Their coming brings with them some 20 or more permanent employees and a corresponding increase in their payroll, which will be welcomed by all, as well as the fact that this large corporation thinks enough of the territory to settle in its midst and become more closely identified with its progressive problems.

The symbol adopted by the company some little time ago carries a

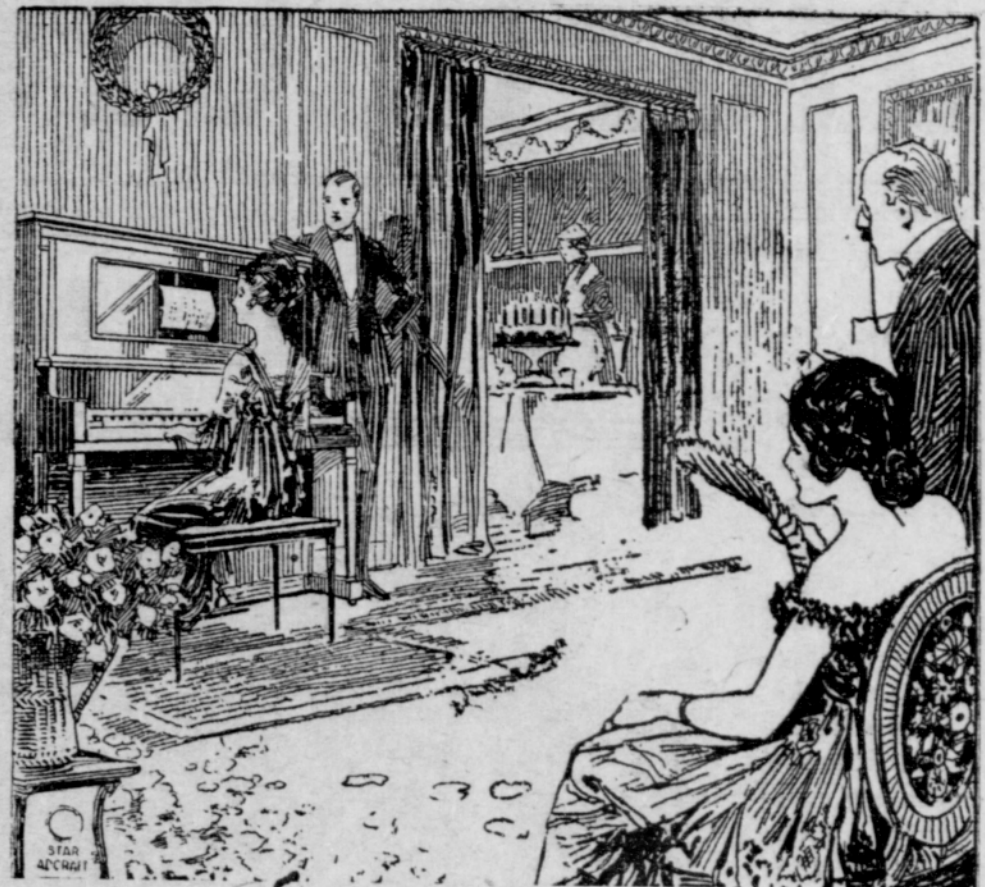
cut of a lineman working upon a transmission pole in construction work and underneath are the words, "Your Partners in Progress."

With this sentiment we agree, for, if a country is to go ahead, all fac-

tors and all industries must progress together, and in these days of utility regulation we can safely welcome the coming and the progress of the large concerns, knowing that they make very large investments and handle large sums of money; it so

safeguarded that they are permitted to earn only a fair return upon a fair investment.

More Advice.
 If you think you are bright, keep it Transcript.



MUSIC

Thrilling == Beautiful == Divine

Deep down in the heart of every man—king, laborer, millionaire, or peasant, alike is the yearning for music. And with that yearning goes the desire for self-expression in music—a desire to create music with one's own hands. Gratify that desire now. Buy a Player Piano and open the flood gates of music to every member of your family. Let everyone in your home know the delight, comfort and satisfaction there is in music.

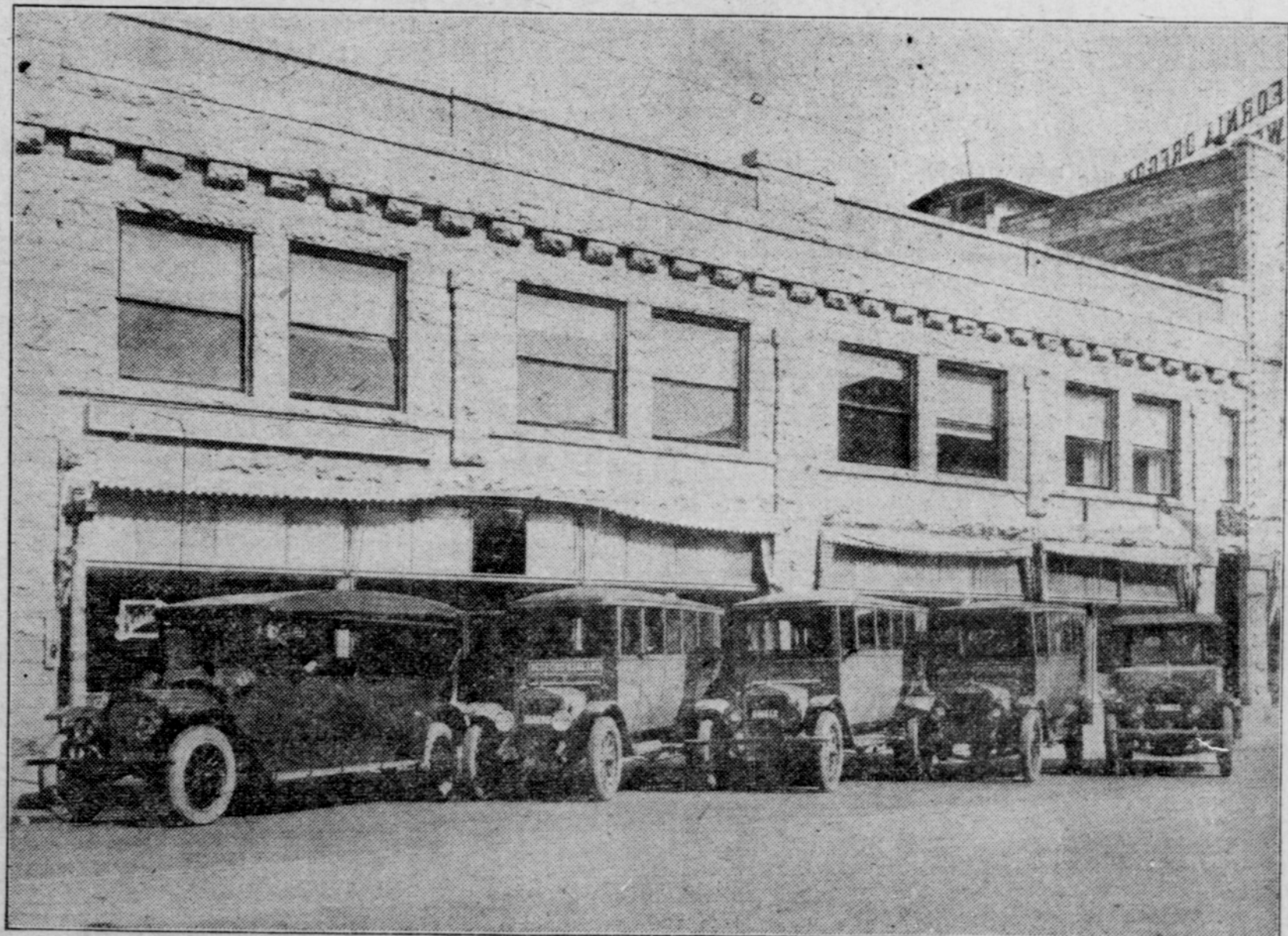
Agents for Edison, Victor and Columbia Phonographs.

Palmer Piano House

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