

Why Christmas Should Be Spent at Home

IT is the fashion nowadays, alas, to cry down Christmas, and it is fast becoming a "can't be bothered with it" sort of day.

It is becoming more and more the fashion—fashion to be bothered—to take less notice of Christmas and spend it away from home where there will be "plenty of fun."

In the good old days spending Christmas anywhere but at home was never for one moment dreamed of. Preparations were made months beforehand.

When Christmas day did come it was a time of perfect happiness, harmony and satisfaction to every guest and every member of the family.

There have been more reconciliations, more "divided houses" brought together again, more eyes made dim through a mist of happy tears at some difference or misunderstanding made clear by a Christmas gathering at home than at any other season or place.

Without a doubt a family gathering at this festive and joyful season knits the bond of love and good fellowship closer than at any other time.

And if there is a vacant chair or two which, alas, can never be refilled dash away the silent tear and be thankful that you are spared to taste the joys of still another homely Christmas.

By all means, then, spend Christmas at home, decorate your house, remember the postman, the butcher, the servants and even your wife's or husband's relatives.

Read the advertisements in the Press this week.

A Song of Christmas

CHANT me a rhyme of Christmas, Sing me a jovial song, And, though it is filled with laughter, Let it be pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts brimmed over With the story of the day, Of the echo of childish voices That will not die away.

Of the blare of the tasseled bugle And the timeless clatter and beat Of the drum that throbs to muster Squadrons of scampering feet.

But, oh, let your voice fall fainter Till, blent with a minor tone, You temper your song with the beauty Of the pity Christ hath shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless And yet, ere the song be done, A verse for the ears that hear not And a verse for the sightless one.

For, though it be time for singing A merry Christmas glee, Let a low, sweet voice of pathos Run through the melody.

Christmas in Bethlehem, Christmas in the Holy Land is an interesting experience. Indeed, it is one never to be forgotten, and every Christmas thousands of persons from all over the world make a journey to Palestine in order to witness the various ceremonies held there during the festive season.

In Boston, Teacher—Waldo, name, one of the best known characters of fiction. Waldo (aged five, superciliously)—Santa Claus.—Puck.

An After Dirge, broke, broke, broke, Of my hard earned "bones," oh, gee! But it brings some relief to utter The thoughts that occur to me.

Oh, well for the beautiful gifts As they rest in a fair array! Oh, well for the haunting thought That intrudes, Does the whole thing pay?

And the giving still goes on As it has in the years gone by, But the last of the merry holidays Brings again the same old cry:

Poke, broke, broke! A-t a single cent, oh, gee! And the dough that I spent for the Christmas gifts Will never come back to me.—Judge.

- TOOTHsome FARE. Clam Bouillon, Toast, Roast Turkey With Dressing, Cranberry Sauce, Pickles, Olives, Macaroni With Tomato Sauce, Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Onions, Mashed Potatoes, Plum Pudding, Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Cake, Candy, Coffee.

A Utility Square. If you have a friend who lives in a boarding house she will appreciate the gift of a utility square.

This is simply a fifty-four inch square of china silk, cretonne, silk-line, linen or any soft material that will take little room in a suitcase and which is used to throw over a chair on which underclothing has been put to air when it is necessary to open the door to admit a bellboy, maid or any stranger who may knock.

The edges of the square are either finished with a plain hem, hemstitched or fringed. Fringed edges are most graceful. If plain material is chosen a flower or some attractive conventional design is embroidered in each corner.

Manicure Set. Women who manicure their own nails will enjoy having one of the new manicure sets with the utensils enclosed in a generous sized buffer.



E. W. Haines was a Portland visitor Monday.



"Are You Really and Truly Santa Claus?"

The Rule of Love and Kindness

This is an eastern story—true or false we know not.—It tells us of a dying ruler who sent a message to his people announcing that his son would succeed him to the throne and asking on his behalf their loyal allegiance.

God was in the world before, but the world did not know him. He ruled in love and wisdom. The light shined in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not.

The glad song of "Peace on earth good will to men," has swelled in volume as the years have rolled on.

You understand the illustration. On that glorious morning when Christ was born, our King

BIG PURCHASE OF COUNTY TIMBER PORTLAND, ORE.—An aggregate of \$5,000,000 has been paid by a group of Portland and eastern capitalists for 22,000 acres of Douglas fire forest land in Washington and Tillamook counties.

Happy New Year.

- Same old whistles, Same old bells, Same old parties, Same old yells, Same old dinners, Same old calls, Same old music, Same old balls, Same old flowers, Same old frills, Same old hopes and Same old bills, Same old greetings, Same old dreads, Same temptation—Same old head, Same old pledges, Same old braces, Same old promises—Same old jags, Same old noses, Same bright lights, Same old crowds and Same old fights, Same old brightness, Same old cheer, Same old happy, Glad New Year!

An Egyptian New Year's Greeting.

The following from Maspero's Guide to the Cairo Museum of Antiquities is of timely interest, showing how the scarab was identified with New Year's celebration in ancient Egypt.

Modern Philanthropist.

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?" "My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

\$200,000 For New Year's Candy.

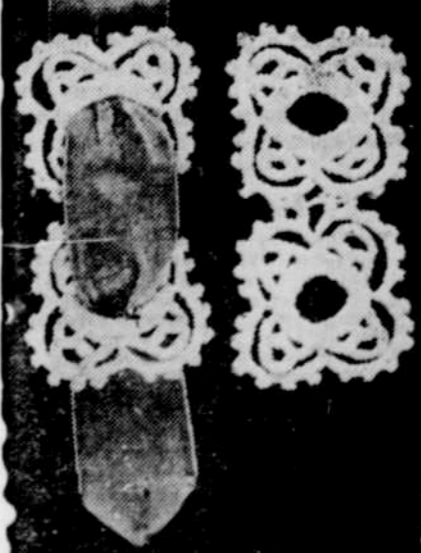
New Year's day in France generally is observed with the giving of presents, a custom Americans observe very slightly.

THE YULETIDE FEAST.

- Oysters, Celery, Hothouse Radishes, Olives, Roast Turkey With Chestnut Dressing, Pea Patties, Cranberry Jelly, Mashed Potatoes, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Stuffed Apple Salad, Pumpkin Pie, Ice Cream, Cake, Fruit, Nuts, Coffee.

Make a Crochet Buckle.

The girl who crochets can turn out in a few hours several of the crocheted buckles like the dainty one pictured.



CROCHET BUCKLE. Mercerized white cotton of a rather coarse number is used. Velvet ribbon is looped through the buckle with charming effect.

The North East Gaston Farmer's Association is making arrangements to have State Game Warden Finley deliver his talk upon Oregon birds before that organization on the 18.

A Wartime New Year's Day Experience

ON New Year's morning, 1864, when the thermometer was below zero, probably the most undisciplined body of troops in the whole Union army marched into camp at Martinsburg, W. Va.

The Infantry and the citizens of Martinsburg gathered around and stared at these troops in wonder. This was General Averill's command, four regiments of cavalry and a battery that had just returned from the Salem raid.

On our retreat a dozen or more Confederate brigades were after us and tried to head us off at every crossroad. At Covington, Va., after the bridge over Jackson river was burned, our regiment, the Fourteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, which was the rear guard, and a few dismounted men of other regiments that were with the wagon train were surrounded on the south side of the river.

On our retreat we traveled through a severe snowstorm and slid down icy mountains. Our artillery was saved by pulling it over the mountains with ropes.

Our brigade lost on this raid killed, drowned, frozen and captured, 142 men and five officers. A few men were so badly frozen that they died shortly afterward.

Thus on that New Year's morning we were cold, hungry, tired, sleepy, dirty and shabby. Uncle Sam soon heard of our condition and came to us with outstretched arms, for on Jan. 19 he presented every one of us with a brand new outfit, which included overcoat, dress coat, blouse, hat, cap, shirt, drawers, stockings, boots and blankets.

The New Year. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light, The year is dying in the night, Ring out, wild bells, and let him die, Ring out the old; ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow, The year is going, let him go, Ring out the false; ring in the true, Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more, Ring out the feud of rich and poor; Ring in redress to all mankind, Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhimes, But ring the fuller minstrel in, Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right; Ring in the common love of good, Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old; Ring in the thousand years of peace, Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kinder hand; Ring out the darkness of the land; Ring in the Christ that is to be.—Alfred Tennyson.

The Press from now until January 1, 1914 for \$1. After this month \$1.50 per year.