Why Christmas Should Be Spent at Home

I 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 looked upon as a nuisance because Christmastide brings with it a necessary increase of expenditure in the form of tips and presents.

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. Geese and turkeys were fattened, plum puddings were made, prospective guests were borne in mind, and the girls of the home fell to thinking of new schemes for decorations. Now, could anything be more delightful than making Christmas plans at least two months beforehand so as to keep the festive season right royally? All this sort of thing kept the family together, for when the winter evenings brought them nearer and nearer to Christmas day it made them see how necessary each one was to the other in the way of helping and suggesting as regards presents for So-and-so, holly for this room and mistletoe for that. Gradually it dawned on every one how dear the home was to all and how still more precious were the parents and children to one another.

When Christmas day did come it was a time of perfect happiness, harmony and satisfaction to every guest and every member of the family. If Christmas is not spent at home what becomes of the family gathering, the delight of decorating, the care and thought the happy mother has expended on the cooking of the dinner and. to crown all, the praise of the Christmas pudding, which by the consent of one and all invariably is "the finest pudding I have ever eaten?" No praise of a Christmas pudding ever comes amiss to a housewife's heart. and if Christmas is not spent at home the dinner will fall flat. There is no family gathering, no noisy, good humored chaff, and there is not that subtle, indefinable something at work which binds the family closer together. heals up old sores, opens up new friendships and wipes away all bitterness, that is so marked a feature in a good, homely Christmas gathering.

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. Charles Dickens, the novelist of Christmas, who did more for Christmas than any one can ever guess, had had a slight difference with Thackeray. He met him on the steps of his club on Christmas morning, hesitated. then held out his hand, which Thackeray grasped with all the warmth of his great heart. Both men returned to their family gathering at home, feeling better and happier men.

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. Old slights and burts are forgotten; hard men of business relax and soften at the sight of the children who many a time have drawn out all that is best in them after it has lain dormant for years until they have forgotten they had a tender side to their nature at all. Yes, without a doubt home is the place for Christmas. "Oh, it will be so dull and uninteresting at home!" is often the cry. It will only be dull to those who make it so.

And if there is a vacant chair or two which, alas, can never be refilled dash away the slient tear and be thankful that you are spared to taste the joys of still another homely Christmas. Your example of spending the festive season will most assuredly instill the love of the yearly family gathering into the younger generation, who will emulate your ideas in future years. Posterity will be indebted to you for showing how to keep up a good old Christmas which was suffering from

a slump in the twentleth century. 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. However poor you are you can be rich in mind, thoughts and cheery words. When you sit down to the table-I don't care whether it groans with turkey and plum pudding laid for twenty or thirty or whether it merely trembles under the weight of much scantler fare and places laid for only three or four-if your heart is in the right place you will say:

"Here's to a happy Christmas! Thank God we are at home!"-Pictorial

Read the advertisements in the Press this week.

A Song of Christmas

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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

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 tane, 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 cereconies held there during the festive season. Every one almost puts up at lerusalem and on Christmas morning makes his way to Bethlehem, which les almost due south, about six miles as the crow files, over a range of hills. No highway the world over presents such a motley crowd as may be seen streaming along this thoroughfare eary on Christmas morning.

In Boston, Teacher-Waldo, name one of the best known characters of fiction. Waldo (aged five, supercilious!y)anta 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.

)h, 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: Proke, broke, broke!

Will never come back to me.

Not a single cent, oh, gee! And the dough that I spent for the Christ-

***************** TOOTHSOME FARE.

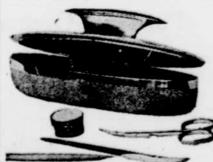
Clam Bouillon. Toast. Roast Turkey With Dressing. Cranberry Sauce. Pickles Olives. Macaroni With Tomato Sauce. Sweet Potatoes. Creamed Onions. Mashed Potatoes. Plum Pudding. Apple Pie. Mince Pie Candy.

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, silkoline, linen or any soft material that 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 cor-

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. The manicure set pictured is in this novel form carried out in cell sloid-politely known as ivory.

visitor Monday.



"Are You Really and Truly Santa Claus?"

The Rule of Love and Kindness

Rev. Hiram Gould

his behalf their loyal allegiance. and truth." cognito, among the people. He wail was the only protest. as their friend and had showed earth good will to men." has such love and kindness to all, swelled in volume as the years that he had won their hearts. have rolled on. Now, when they saw him in the Let us make Christmas a glad, the palace gate and they knew us the joy of seeing his face.

You understand the illustra- Seek the great desire of nations; tion. On that glorious morning when Christ was born, our King Worship Christ, the newborn King."

This is an eastern story-true came to the palace gate to let us or false we know not.—It tells look on his face. "The Word us of a dying ruler who sent a became flesh and dwelt among message to his people announc- us (and we beheld his glory, the ing that his son would succeed glory as of the Only Begoten him to the throne and asking on from the Father) full of grace

This they gladly promised and God was in the world before, afterwards gave, for they found but the world did not know him. that the rule of the new king He ruled in love and wisdom. was beneficent and gracious. The light shined in the darkness, All the influence that streamed but the darkness comprehended forth from the royal palace work- it not. What a marvelous ed for the weal of the people. change has come over the world All marvelled at the king's since, and because of the revealknowledge of their condition and ing of God's face. The London needs, and wondered how it was Mail tells of the assault and he understood them so well. A leaving for dead, the ten year old deep love for their new king daughter of a bricklayer in moved all the people and a great Liverpool. Traffic in front of longing to see him took posses- the house where she lay was will take little room in a suitcase and sion of them. They went one stopped on the day of the funday to the palace gate and said: eral. Fifty constables kept the 'Let the king suffer us to see way clear, and twenty thousand his face." The king came forth people attended the burial. in his royal robes, and when the Bethlehem had no such standard people saw him they rejoiced of child valuation. Herod could and cried: "We know thy face." assault and leave for dead Beth-While a prince he had moved in- lehem's first-born, and a sad

had walked so often among them The glad song of "Peace on

palace, his kingly robes did not happy day, in which we rememdisguise him. The king came to ber that the King has granted "Sages, leave your contemplations.

Brighter visions beam afar: Ye have seen his natal star: Come and worship,

BIG PURCHASE OF COUNTY TIMBER

PORTLAND, ORE, -An aggregate of \$5,000,000 has been paid by a group of Portland and counties.

All the land embraced in this sale, which ranks above any other single one perfected here for a long time, lies along the eastern capitalists for 22,000 North fork of the Wilson river, acres of Douglas fire forest land which is the route chosen by the tension to Tillamook.

Happy New Year. Same old whistles, Same old bells, 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 greetings. Same old dread, Same temptation-Same old head.

Same old pledges,

Same old brags, Same old promise Same old jags. Same old noses.

Same bright lights, Same old crowds and Same old fights. Same old brightness, Same old cheer.

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:

"The Egyptians worshiped the scarab from the most remote antiquity, for it seems that in the beginning it was condered as being one of the shapes of the soul itself. So the image of it was multiplied in order to assure to living and dead alike a continuance of being, and, like all religious emblems held in general esteem, it was used as a motif of ornamentation in jewelry. Scarabs were set as rings, seals or pendants, those who wore them thus having not only an amulet, but an ornament, and were made of every size and material.

"A whole class of scarabs bore good wishes for the New Year: 'May Amon, or Isis, or Bastit, or Ra give thee a happy beginning of the year.' Others wished him to be provided with the aura of life, or with life itself."

Modern Philanthropist. "Why are you sobbing, my little

"My pa's a millionaire philanthro-"Well, well, that's nothing to cry

about.' "It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend at Christmas provided I raise a similar amount"

\$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. Boxes of candy take the lead. In Paris alone it is estimated \$200,000 was expended on candles for New

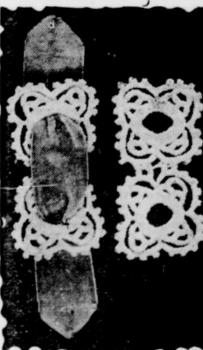
******* THE YULETIDE FEAST.

Year's presents in 1912.

Oysters Celery. Hothouse Radishes. Olives. Roast Turkey With Chestnut Dress-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 E. W. Haines was a Portland in Washington and Tillamook Hill railway interests for the exthat organization on the 18.

A Wartime New Year's Day Experience

N 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 men looked careless, fatigued, sleepy and cold. Some of them were bareheaded, which showed that they had traveled day and night and had fallen asleep on their horses. Many had lost their hats and caps by their heads coming in contact with the limbs of the trees in the woods. Some had the front and back parts burned out of their overcoats and trousers, which had probably happened while they were dozing before the fire. A few of them wore some Confederate clothing, indicating apparently that they had captured some Confederate quartermaster's stores and had replaced their own damaged garments with their enemy's clothing. Others had their feet tied up with pieces of blankets and sheepskins,

Many of the men were dismounted; others were mounted on wagon horses and mules, with the harness still on the animals. This showed that their wagon train had been destroyed and that some of the men, who had lost their cavalry horses, had mounted

these animals. 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. The raiding party left New Creek (now Keyser City, W. Va.), Dec. 8, 1863; marched to Salem, Va., thence back to Martinsburg, W. Va., arriving there Jan. 1, 1864, traveling twenty-four days. During this time the party traveled several hundred miles, tore up the Virginia and Tennessee railroad tracks to prevent General Lee from re-enforcing General Longstreet, who was fighting General Burnside at Knoxville. Tenn. At Salem the Confederate quar-

termaster and commissary stores were destroyed. 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. One of the Confederate generals sent in a flag of truce. demanding a surrender, but we fought our way through. After we burned our wagon train we swam the Jackson

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

Our brigade lost on this raid killed, drowned, frozen and captured, 146 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. 10 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. We soon commenced to get conceited, for we believed that we were the only brigade in the whole Union army that had ever received such a magnificent gift from the United States government.-James F. Hays in Baltimore American.

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 rimes, 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 vallant man and free The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land; Ring in the Christ that is to be

The Press from now until Janmonth \$1.50 per year.