

All Baking Powders Look Alike—BUT

Is your baking powder absolutely pure? Royal is.

Is your baking powder absolutely wholesome? Royal is.

Is your baking powder unvarying in strength under all conditions? Royal is.

Is your baking powder economical in keeping baked foods fresh longer and making home baking so satisfactory that it takes the place of more expensive food? Royal is.

Royal Contains No Alum Leaves No Bitter Taste



Christmas Charity

By Mary Graham Bonner

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HORACE had always loved Hilda. In the old days they had written letters to Santa Claus together. For they had been children together and Hilda was only eleven when Horace first proposed to her.

Horace promised to marry Horace when she grew up if he'd give her plenty of hot buttered popcorn and Christmas candy elephants in the meantime. It was a strain on Horace's slender allowance and it was not always easy to get candy elephants, but he succeeded on the whole.

There was something so nice about Hilda. She never made remarks as some girls did, and men too, for that matter, which were so annoying.

When she rang up on the telephone she did not say "Guess who's talking, now, just guess" and disguise her voice. She always considered whether a person might not very easily be busy, and so did not have what some considered a little joke.

There were some kinds of people Horace couldn't endure. There were those who said, for example: "If the lightning is going to strike you, it's going to strike you. It's absurd to say you're afraid of it."

"The water? Why, the water's wet." And then—expected him to laugh.

There were those who would say "How come," and expected to be put in a bright class, as though they'd said something startlingly original.

Then there were those who sent picture postcards of foreign places when



Had Written Santa Letters Together.

they really posted them from New York and Chicago and Seattle and Hobokus, New Jersey, and hoped that they could fool the receiver of the

postcards that these cards had not been at one time gifts to them.

And he did dislike those who would say to him after he had had his last year's suit nicely sponged and pressed.

"How that has worn! It has certainly done you good service, and it doesn't look bad at that!"

But especially he disliked and felt as though he could almost choke those who were given to telling others to count their blessings, while they moaned and groaned and whined and whimpered themselves at all times and about all things.

These were his special aversions, but Hilda was different. Hilda never jarred. Hilda was always sweet. Though Hilda did not, or had not as yet agreed to, marry him, and he had asked her many a time.

The second time Horace had proposed had been when Hilda was sixteen and they were sitting out the supper dance at one of the Christmas holiday parties. Horace was two years older than Hilda.

"I couldn't marry you," Hilda had said, "as you are really nothing but a child. I need a man more my own mental equal."

"But you're two years younger than I am," Horace had protested.

"True," Hilda had admitted, "but a woman is always so much older than a man." Hilda called herself a woman from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one.

Again and again Horace proposed. Hilda always put him off, but she always seemed to come back to him after each worrisome flirtation. Persistence and devotion were Horace's strong points, and every Christmas when he took her the yellow rosebuds, which was his choice of a Christmas bouquet, he proposed anew. It was Horace's annual declaration!

Hilda loved the flowers—the rosebuds were always so pretty and Horace had so much taste. Always in the center was a spray of holly, and they were tied with gay red ribbon. And

the water? Why, the water's wet." And then—expected him to laugh.

There were those who would say "How come," and expected to be put in a bright class, as though they'd said something startlingly original.

Then there were those who sent picture postcards of foreign places when



Hilda Always Put Him Off.

Hilda cared for Horace, too. But not enough, not quite enough.

When Hilda was twenty-five she almost yielded. Someone had that day asked Hilda her age. She had candidly admitted she was twenty-five.

Later in the afternoon she heard that "if Hilda admitted to twenty-five she must at least be thirty-two." Hilda felt old then, discouraged. But she didn't quite accept Horace.

From then on Hilda's age was very

A Nice Box of Candy

Makes An Ideal Christmas Gift

We also offer special prices on bulk candy in quantities.

CIGARS, in regular size and small boxes; also tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, cigarette holders, etc.

CANDY

C. N. COOLEY, Prop.

PALM CONFECTIONERY

Graphic

uncertain. Horace was fearful, lest at first Hilda drop a year every year. She could never claim eighteen, or even twenty, even though she was very young in appearance, bafflingly so.

Hilda had been thirty for the past three years now, and still Horace was around, admiring her, loving her, more and more all the time.

But the strain had almost been too much. Horace had loved Hilda a very long time. Hilda had taken a long time alone to become thirty. He would ask her once more to marry him, then he would go away, never to return he told himself dramatically.

"Hilda," he said to her as he gave her the Christmas bouquet for the well, he wouldn't keep track of the number of times even in his mind. "I've told you how it is. I must know finally, tonight. I can't bear this any longer."

"Won't you marry me, my darling? Right away, without any more waiting? Can't we start out the new year together?"

"Can't we—my darling?" And at last Horace knew bliss.

Shyly, sweetly, clinging, and with such slow yielding awakening Hilda was in his arms, and as she lifted her lips to his, she murmured:

"And you'll take care of me, won't you, Horace? And always be good to me? For I'm only a child, Horace dear, and I mustn't, I mustn't ever be disillusioned."

And Horace was filled with Christmas charity. He did not tell her of the time—a good many years back now—when she had told him he was too young for her!

For one thing, he was too happy. And for another—he didn't think ages amounted to anything anyway. Everyone was as old or as young as they wanted to be!

Besides, at last Hilda had consented to marry him. He could afford Christmas charity and a great and wonderful happiness.

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREE

History of the Yuletide Emblem Extends Far Into the Mists of Antiquity.

THE history of Christmas tree usage extends far into the mists of antiquity. Some say its origin is connected with the legendary Tree of Time, Yggdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, within whose roots and branches heaven and earth are bound. Some say the custom may be traced to the Egyptians who, at the time of the winter solstice, decorated their portals with branches of the date palm.

To a Scandinavian legend may perhaps be traced our custom of illuminating the tree when darkness comes. Among the Greeks, Christmas is known as the feast of lights.

To people of different localities today the term Christmas tree may mean fir, spruce, pine, cedar or even magnolia, for each particular region makes use of the most suitable species that is to be found near its markets. In the vicinity of the mid-west, a short-necked pine found in Michigan and Wisconsin may be used. On the Pacific coast the white fir finds favor, while throughout Ohio, the Norway spruce is largely used. In Maryland and Virginia, the scrub pine and farther south cedar and holly. Best of all is the symmetrical hemlock fir, each tiny leaf of which sends out a breath of aromatic fragrance.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

Village Boys in North England Reproduce Play That is as Old as the Race.

IN THE North of England some of the oldest of our Christmas customs are still faithfully observed. One of the quaintest is that of the village boys who call themselves "The Mummers." At Christmas time they perform a little play that is as old as the English race.

There are three chief characters—St. George, resplendent in silver-painted armor, and brandishing a wooden sword; Beelzebub, who is, of course, the famous dragon; and the Doctor, who wears a battered top-hat.

At the beginning of the play it is announced that the countryside is being laid waste by Beelzebub. Various minor characters make an appeal for deliverance from the monster's sway. Then St. George bursts upon the scene. A fierce battle takes place, in which he slays Beelzebub, but is himself badly wounded. At this point the Doctor rushes in with a bottle, which he places to the saint's lips.

Dated November 23, 1922.
ROSIE STEWART.

Administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of John Bennett Stewart, deceased.

Clarence Butt, attorney for estate.

Date of 1st pub. Nov. 23, 1922.

Date of last pub. Dec. 21, 1922.

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OLD STORY.

What did your Mother say when I didn't come home until late last night?

She said "Just wait till after Christmas, I'll fix him!"

—

Nut Bread.

One egg, 1 cupful sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 large cupful nuts, a little salt.

Use enough water to mix; let stand 20 minutes; bake slowly one hour.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

A. D. Bronson and wife to Otto W. Heider and wife, lots 6 and 7, blk. 5, Foster's addition Sheridan \$10.00.

Wilhelm Buuck to Mary E. Webb, 1 acre in John H. Hess dle, tp 3 s, r 2 and 3 w. \$10.00.

Fred E. Carter and wife to Chris Aebischer, 4.09 acres in D. D. Deskins dle, tp 4 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

T. W. Chambers and wife to Grace Thorne, lots 16, 17 and 18, blk. 39, Edwards addition Newberg \$400.

J. M. Crawford to Elzie G. and Ina G. Kilgore, 220.566 acres in M. Crawford dle, tp 4 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

Glenn Glass and wife to George W. Snow and wife, 10 acres in William Jones dle, tp 3 s, r 2 and 3 w. \$10.00.

F. C. Graham and wife to A. J. Fleming, lot 129, F. C. Graham's Cove Orchard. \$621.

Charles Hadley and wife to Kenley D. Hadley et al, 17.75 acres in Joel Chrismas dle, tp 4 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

Anderson N. Hinshaw and wife to L. D. Brown, lots 12 and 13, blk 5, Bibee's addition, Sheridan. \$800.

B. A. Kilks and wife to W. N. Brown and wife, lots 1, 2 and 3, blk 3, Oak Park addition McMinnville. \$2950.00.

Lester C. Rees Post No. 57, American Legion, to Inez B. Butt and husband, small tract in Newberg. \$10.

Perle Mark and wife to Harvey S. Harrington and wife, lots 6, 7, 8 and 9, blk 22, Chamorlow addition to Sheridan. \$10.00.

William Masterson and wife to Rendersee, 6.555 acres in Peter Smith dle and lot 8, Bakerman's addition Carlton. \$4000.

Bethel Mae Stoutenburg Moll and husband to Nellie Stoutenburg, 10.94 acres in Henry Hewitt dle, tp 5 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

Anne M. Nelson to J. J. Preo and wife, small tract in J. H. Hess dle, tp 3 s, r 2 and 3 w. \$10.00.

Catherine A. Palmer to Sheridan Light and Power company, 9.100 acres of an acre in Wm. Branson dle, tp 6 s, r 7 w. \$125.00.

H. D. Scudder and wife to A. J. Donchick and wife, 160 acres in secs. 21 and 22, tp 5 s, r 6 w. \$10.

Olive E. Seely and husband to Henry Chase, lots 1 and 2, blk 39, Edwards addition, Newberg. \$10.00.

Luella J. Shetterly to John Shetterly, part of lots 5 and 6, blk 5, town of Willamina. \$1.00.

George W. Snow and wife to Wm. Yohe, north 3 acres of lot 27, northeast Newberg subdivision. \$10.00.

Alice J. Swank and husband to Walter L. Pratt and wife, \$1.19 acres in Daniel Hess dle, tp 3 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

L. R. VanWinkle and wife to B. A. Shelton and wife, 1 acre in S. Cozine dle, tp 4 s, r 4 w. \$10.

M. C. Versteeg and wife to Chas. Hadley, lots 288, 289 and north 10 ft. of 290, town of Dayton. \$650.

George Ward and wife to Kenneth and Josephine M. Chase, south 60 ft. of lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, blk 40, Edwards addition Newberg. \$1800.

Casper Wegmann to Albert H. Wegmann, lot 15, Hyland Orchards, \$700.00.

J. H. Wilson and wife to George Ward and wife south 60 ft. of lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, blk 40, Edwards addition Newberg. \$10.00.

Mary A. Willis et al, to Charles Blank and wife, 20 acres in William Jones dle, tp 3 s, r 3 w. \$10.00.

L. D. Yoder and wife to Clifford R. Smith and wife, lots 25 and 33, Riverside Orchards. \$2850.00.

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You will miss many opportunities to save by not reading the advertisements.

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ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Rosie Stewart, administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of John Bennett Stewart, deceased, has filed her final account as administratrix of said estate in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Tuesday, December 26, 1922, at eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court Room at the Court House at McMinnville, said County and State, at said time, to then and there show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, allowed, and approved, and said estate forever and finally settled.

Dated November 23, 1922.

ROSIE STE