

**WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?**

A Query Prompting One of the Pretty Legends of St. Nicholas.

History says St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Christmas, was bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and that he died about 325.

Tradition fills in the meager details with a number of legends. Among his flock—so runs one—was a nobleman with three daughters. From being rich he became so poor there remained no way of obtaining food for the maidens, who, having no bread to eat, wept continually, while their father grew more and more desperate. St. Nicholas heard of the family's plight, and, taking a handful of gold, he repaired to the nobleman's house one night while the maidens slept and the father sat alone weeping.

A cloud showed St. Nicholas an open window in the nobleman's home. So he threw in the gold, and it fell at the feet of the nobleman, who, when he found it, returned thanks and presented it to his eldest daughter as her wedding portion.

**PAPA'S PART.**

Mother is in desperation,  
And so is sister Sue,  
For Christmas celebration  
Buying the presents due!  
Ann is a frazzled maiden  
Exhausted by shopping frays;  
Tom, with his arms o'erladen,  
Hangs to the strap and sways.  
Lurching—his bundles (both!)  
Around the car he spills.  
Everybody works but father—  
He simply pays the bills!  
—Lester Lestaire.

**GET RICH MAKING TOYS.**

Demand For Novelties Affords Good Workmen Profitable Employment.

New designs in toys are as eagerly looked for by toy-makers as the new designs of a Paris dressmaker. Some of the best artists make small fortunes by designing new toys. A notable case of this kind is that of Caran d'Ache, the eminent French black and white artist. His physicians had ordered him to take a rest. Partly to amuse himself and partly to entertain some children he began to whittle some little toys out of wood. Out of these grew his famous toys showing King Edward bagging pheasants, Emperor William on a bear hunt, Carlos killing mountain sheep and President Roosevelt drawing a head on a grizzly. Paris is the only city that regularly holds toy expositions, and at these one

may see every sort of toy made in the world. The United States keeps a permanent exhibition of the toys of all nations and times in the ethnological space in the national museum. From India, China, Africa, Alaska, Australia, from the remotest part down to the living present, these toys have been gathered.

**THE SEASON FOR TACT.**

Thoughtlessness in Yuletide Gifts Often Shatters Friendships.

Many a pleasant friendship has been broken by ignorance of good form in gift making. Many a social career has been nipped in the bud by a present ill chosen or wrongly sent.

If you are rich and have some friend who has lost her money be careful that your gift does not reflect your knowledge of her financial straits. Remember that somehow she will manage to buy the obviously necessary thing, while her heart still hungers for the dainty, the luxurious touches of life.

Again, there is the wealthy friend of your family to whom you brought letters of introduction when you came to town. She has not taken you into the bosom of her family, but occasionally at her large and general functions she has entertained you. Choose no gorgeous gift in such a case. Rather send her a beautiful flower on Christmas morning with a well worded greeting or the newest book about which her world is surely talking.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS, BABY.**

Merry Christmas, baby, with life just begun!  
Years of rosy footsteps, hitherto may they run.  
Childhood yet beyond thee proffers fun and play  
Farther on the shadows lie—oh, so far away!  
Sunlight shimmers o'er thee from the morning skies  
Heaven smiles before thee in thy mother's eyes  
Laughing in her arms, baby, in that light divine  
Love, the sweetest life can give, is this moment thine  
—Heinz Holt in Leslie's Weekly.

**THEY ALL WORK FOR SANTA.**

Fathers, Mothers, Grandparents and Children Who Make Toys.

Though Santa Claus begins getting ready for the next Christmas the minute he unharnesses his reindeer, yet he never could make enough toys to go around if he did not have a lot of people to help him.

In Germany there are several vil-

lages where everybody works at toy-making, not only the mothers, fathers and children, but even grandmothers and grandfathers. For generations these families have made toys—dolls, tin soldiers, doll furniture, little wooden wagons and wooden animals of all kinds. In many homes the children begin helping in this work when they are so small they can hardly sit at the common working table. Often a whole family will earn only 90 cents a day.

**SOME SENTIMENTS OF CHRISTMAS TIME.**

A MERRY Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us. God bless us every one, said Tiny Tim the last of all.—Charles Dickens.

MEN cannot live isolated. We are all bound together. No higher man can separate himself from the lowest.—Carlyle.

REALIZE that doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney.

CHRISTMAS time I have always thought of as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens.

HEAR on more wood. The wind is chill; but, let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still!—Sir Walter Scott.

THEN arose a joyous clamor from the wild fowl on the mere, and a voice within cried: "Listen! Christmas carols even here!"—Charles Kingsley.

A GAIN at Christmas did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth. The silent snow possessed the earth and calmly fell on Christmas eve.—Tennyson.

**OLD CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITION**

Recalling Time When a Peculiar Popular Prejudice Existed.

A well known fifteenth century carol begins:

Holly and Ivy, box and bay  
Put in the church on Christmas day.

But the customs of those times were rigid regarding the removal of all decorations from churches and dwellings before Candlemas day, Feb. 2, for people had superstitions about their remaining longer. Herrick alludes to this popular prejudice in the lines:

Down with the rosemary, and so  
Down with the bales and the mistletoe,  
Down with the holly, ivy, all  
Wherewith ye dress the Christmas hall,  
That so the superstitious folk  
No one least branch there left behind,  
For look how many leaves there be  
Neglected there. Maids, trust to me,  
So many goblins you will see.  
Perhaps the superstition was a pre-

text of the particular old housewives who knew that by Candlemas day the crisped green things, dried by Yule logs and many torchlights for illumination, would be nuisances of falling leaves and berries to tread underfoot. However this may be, the belief obtained.

**FOR EMERGENCY GIFTS.**

Advice to Avoid Last Minute Despair Over "Another Name."

For the last moment gifts one should always have at hand some boxes of candy and perhaps a few very fine flowers. One, for instance, might rather have a single orchid than all the carnations in the shops, while a gardenia is the most admired of all blossoms by the average young girl. Either of these exotic gifts may be tied up in a little box and decorated with a spray of fern or holly, so that it will look attractive.

For the big hearted woman who always at the last moment adds another name or two to her Christmas list what could be better than silk stockings? These she may buy and have on hand in assorted sizes, and when a name pops into her memory all she needs to do is to tie up the silken affairs in a pretty box and they are ready to send on their way. Having a few such auxiliary gifts in the house saves the busy woman much disappointment.

**CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.**

It has been said that a seal-skin coat usually makes a devout Christmas churchgoer. It's a foolish girl who gives her beau the mitten before Christmas. Few do. Better a paid pork chop than a fat turkey on tick. Don't forget to kiss your wife just once under the mistletoe.

**The Immensity of Nature.**

They were on a trip in Switzerland and had that day braved all dangers and ascended one of the highest points in the Alps. He was very fat, and as he stood panting and mopping his brow at the top of the mountain he turned to his wife and said, with pathos in his voice:

"See, dear, how small one is in the face of the immensity of nature."  
"Small, indeed!" answered his better half. "Why, you're standing in front of me, hiding the whole of Mont Blanc and the best part of the valley of Chamoni!"—Exchange.

Have you seen those oil paintings of Mrs. Morrison's at Patterson's Drug Store?

WHY DON'T You get that long hair cut? Innes & Davidson do the best barber work in town.

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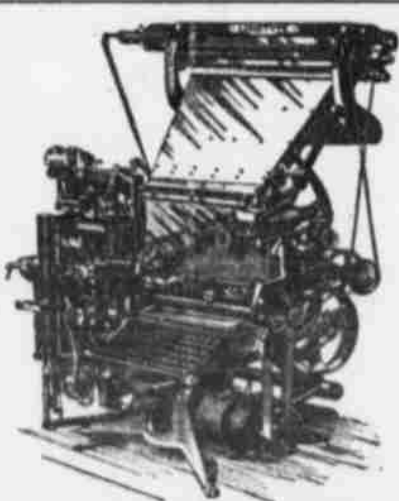
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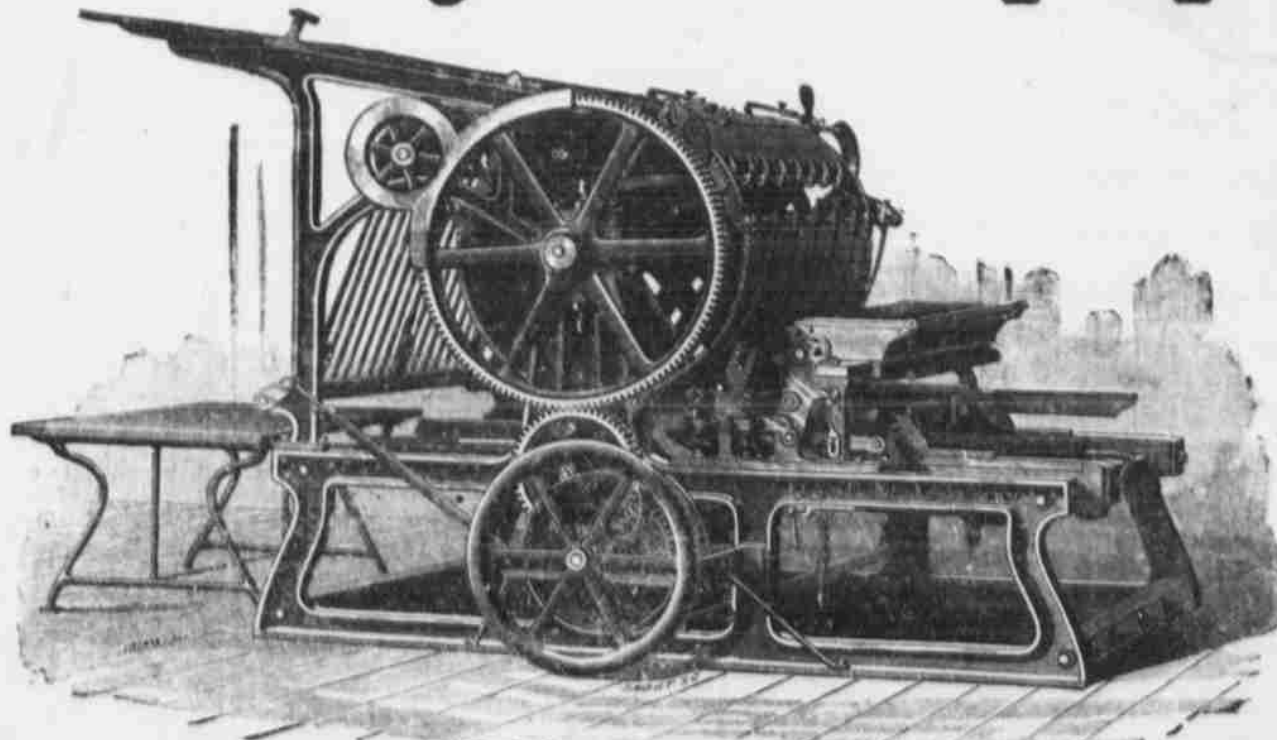
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