

Entered as second class matter March 28, 1911, at the postoffice at Aurora, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Geo. E. Knapp, Editor and Publisher



EDITORIAL
Opinions of the
Observer.

The Oregon Statesman credits the Salem District with having the finest Jersey cow in the world, the best cow of any breed, and time, on this earth, more high record bovines than any other place, and argues that the high standard in dairying is reached not alone because of the skill and patient care of the dairyman, but in no small measure to the climate and soil conditions of the district.

The Aurora district and the Salem district are practically one, so far as climate and soil conditions are concerned. There is no reason that Aurora should not emulate her sister town in building up and encouraging this great industry. There is no other farming industry that will pay better; no other product bring so sure a return; no other application of soil values in this locality realizes a steadier income, good times and hard times, month in and month out; and no other use of the soil return so much to the soil or offer so many chances for by-products.

Salem is boosting for cattle, Hubbard for poultry. Why not Aurora for both?

Professor R. Justin Miller, of the University of Oregon Law Faculty appears to be "all worked up" over the calamity which threatens us by reason of the women claiming exemption from jury service under the laws of the state. Supposing they do, we got along very nicely without their services in this special capacity before they had the franchise, and we believe they are entitled to that much advantage over the men anyway. Now, if Prof. Miller should get somewhat nervous over the tendency of modern womanhood to forsake the kitchen for environments furnishing great social privileges and a higher degree of preparedness for the fashion show, we might sympathize with him. We have always agreed with Owen Meredith who wrote:

"We may live without poetry, music or art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks."

FILLING THE STOCKING

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

WHERE there are children the Christmas stocking should never be forgotten. Nothing can take the place of it, for nothing else arouses quite so much speculation and pleasurable anticipation as what Santa Claus will put into that homely article.

The general distribution of gifts may well take place after breakfast is out of the way; but no child can be expected to wait very long for the "feel" of something old Santa has left. If all his gifts are given immediately on waking, excitement will run high, and dressing and breakfast will be gone through with great difficulty. Also, a considerable quantity of candy and nuts will have vanished before the morning meal is served, and with them will have disappeared all signs of an appetite.

As a means of avoiding these conditions the Christmas stocking serves a good purpose. Carefully filled, it will satisfy the child's longing for "Christmas" the first thing in the morning, will give him a taste of Christmas goodies without destroying his appetite for breakfast, and will leave sufficient expectancy concerning the other things coming so that he will readily submit to being properly bathed and dressed.

An orange for the toe of the stocking, some especially desired toy which will prove of untold interest, some article of dress in which he can "parade around," a handful of pop-corn, a small box of animal crackers and a stick or cane of pure sugar candy should make a stocking sufficiently bulging to please any child. All the food it contains can be consumed without continual warnings of "Don't eat too much now," or "Better save the rest until breakfast." The toy and the one other gift will hold the child's interest until every one is assembled for the big distribution, which need not be hurried.—Margaret Bartlett in Farm Journal.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

IN QUEST OF SANTA ON SKIS

By Eleanor E. King

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

HERE were three things that Ralph thoroughly enjoyed—the West, skiing and adventure. He and three other fellows about his age, ranging from nine to twelve had been skiing all morning. The whole surrounding country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "So long!" and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows. He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with delight, as he thought of the adventures he might have here.

The farther into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face. There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out.

That was a slow process, but Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him. In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go almost straight up. It occurred to him that this might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he would come to daylight.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but that didn't bother him in the least. He was determined to get out of the forest. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow.

As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a hut, sure enough—a place where he could rest, get something to eat and get warm.

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bull's head and horns, and a man's body, cloven hoofs and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come to help me? I usually have some boys come about Christmas time." Ralph gave a shudder. So this was his beloved Santa Claus, who looked and talked like this. Why hadn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph, getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

Ralph didn't know what to do now—was he going to laugh himself to death? Well he rather hoped he would.

Then the creature finally composed himself to say, "No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the children that they get for Christmas. You stay here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast doubled up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down the mountain. Dangerous? Anything was better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and skinned along the saw for a mile or more. Looking up (he hadn't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with turrets and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer-looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who lives here?" queried Ralph. "Do you go around breaking up toys, too?"

The fairies began to laugh. "Now, you're laughing, too." "Why, this is Santa Claus' castle you're in," answered the fairies.

Ralph let out a yell of delight, throwing his cap into the air. "Well, what's all this noise?" demanded a large, rather rotund, jolly-faced man who entered the hall.

"You're the one I came all the way to see. I wonder if you would be too busy to take me through your workshops?"

"No, of course I'm not. Come right along."

"You see, I have my castle divided into two parts. One side, where they make toys for girls, and the other side entirely devoted to boys. I suppose that's where you want to go?"

"Sure!" came the reply.

"In this room"—he opened the door—"I am perfecting an airplane that a boy about your age can run and manage easily."

Ralph was all eyes. He couldn't say enough.

"Get in and try it."

"Now, in the next room," he continued, "I am perfecting a motor that will take you up the hill after your coast down."

After they had made a tour of all the rooms, Ralph said he ought to be going.

"Well, I want you to see something else out in the garage that helps me to get around better. You see, I have my car all fixed up," said Santa. "I put chains on my back wheels, and then, taking off the front tires, I rivet these runners onto the rims."

"Those wheels fit in the curves of the runners, don't they?"

"Yes, I made them to fit that way. Jump in, Ralph, and I'll show you how my runners work. Incidentally, I'll take you through my tunnel, so you won't have to pass that horrid creature's house that you were telling me about."

"That was fine!" exclaimed Ralph, when Santa stopped, his eyes shining. "I'm so glad I had this adventure. I'll get home fine, from here. So long, Santa!"

December Twenty-Fifth.

Observation of December 25 as the date of the birth of Christ was adopted under Pope Liberius in 353 or 354, but the early church observed the festival with little uniformity.



SOME SPENDER
Can I spend Christmas evening with you?
I'd rather you do your spending before Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

By ELEANOR E. KING
(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

TWO young girls were standing in front of one of the counters in a large department store. They were well dressed and gave the appearance of coming from wealthy, refined homes.

"There is no use talking, Christmas is just a bore to me. I know before I open a present that everything I have mentioned as wanting, is here before me."

"Yes, I know," returned her friend. "You never do have much anxiety over what you are going to get for Christmas—or any time," she added.

A rather trim looking woman who had been standing near them, waiting for change, now stepped up.

"Pardon me, but I couldn't help hearing part of your conversation." She handed the girls her card. "I think I am the possessor of the keys to your happiness—at Christmas time—and I just had to tell you."

"My name is Betty Wentworth, and this is my friend Janis Hamilton, Miss Harper. I have heard lots about your work here in the city. I would be only too glad to try the key you speak of and see if it would fit."

"Good. Come to my office at ten tomorrow, and I will tell you more about it."

Betty went. She spent a pleasant hour or so talking with Miss Harper. She thought her suggestions splendid and left fifty dollars to cover the expenses involved.

Instead of sleeping until noon Christmas morning as she usually did, Betty was up and dressed at eight o'clock. She called for the machine and drove to Miss Harper's office.

The room was piled high with baskets containing fruit, canned goods, candy and toys. Necessaries which Miss Harper knew only too well, her poor people needed.

They piled them in the machine. Then under Miss Harper's guidance, they were left at the homes of the most needy in her district.

Betty had the time of her life. She couldn't believe that a little basket full of food and toys could create such joy. The recipients couldn't thank her enough. When they returned to the office, Betty said: "My, Miss Harper, your key surely fit. I have never had such a wonderful Christmas. If people wouldn't think I was ungrateful, I would go right home, take all my presents and give them away, too."

To Clean Wall Paper.

Stale bread, moistened and then heated, can't be beat for cleaning soiled wall paper.

I'se Lookin' fer Ol' Santa



Provided the governor-elect and the legislature guarantee their action will be legalized, the state highway commission will take up on December 29 the building of the Columbia highway through the burned area of Astoria. This and the approach to the city will amount to about \$250,000.

There were 67 fires in the Crater national forest during the last season according to the report of Hugh B. Rankin, supervisor of that forest. The cost to the forest service of suppressing these fires was \$7046.18, and the damage to timber inside of the national forest was \$1057.31.

George William of Haines was found guilty at Baker of manslaughter by a jury in circuit court which heard evidence bearing on the first-degree murder charge of the prisoner growing out of his confessed slaying last summer of Tom Paine, a recluse living in a small cabin in the hills west of Haines.

Necessity of increased facilities for handling the rolling stock of the Southern Pacific company at its Brooklyn shops in Portland has resulted in active construction work being started on three new buildings, which will cost approximately \$50,000, according to officials of the company.

Resolutions requesting the state legislature to do nothing to disturb the workings of the present state compensation law were adopted at a convention of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen at Springfield. The meeting took up several problems of legislation and also the matter of an advance in wages.

A warning was issued to all dance hall managers in Douglas county that in the future the presence of an intoxicated person at any dance held within the county will mean the immediate forfeiting of the license issued to the dance manager unless a warrant is secured for the arrest of the person disturbing the dance.

A poison campaign against the jack rabbits of the high desert in Deschutes county will be started within the next few days under the direction of an expert sent out by the United States biological survey in order that the stores of hay saved for winter feeding of cattle may not be devoured by the voracious rodent hordes.

It was reported at Salem that the Eastern & Western Lumber company of Portland has purchased approximately 1,000,000,000 feet of timber in the Cascade range in Marion and Clackamas counties from the Foster Timber company of Milwaukee, Wis. The tract lies north of the Silver Falls Timber company holdings.

The state labor department sent a representative to Astoria to investigate the labor situation there. Reports reaching C. H. Gram, labor commissioner, indicated that a large number of men were headed for the lower Columbia river city, while others who were employed there before the fire are leaving for other cities.

Action in the lower house of congress for relief of Astoria fire sufferers will follow upon a telegraphic report of the conditions requested by Secretary of War Weeks, it was decided after a conference between Representative Hawley of Oregon, Majority Leader Mondell and Chairman Madden of the house appropriations committee.

The Association of District Attorneys of Oregon, in annual session at Eugene, went on record as favoring the repeal of the present woman jury law on account of its cumbersome procedure and impossibility of procuring a jury in many statutory cases wherein the law requires that half of the jury shall be women and also favoring a law compelling women to serve.

The historic mill race extending past the campus of the University of Oregon at Eugene will be straightened at a point opposite Villard hall to make more room for a sidewalk on Franklin boulevard. The city council has authorized the expenditure of \$2000 in the work.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

C. D. EBY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Oregon City, Oregon
Estates, Trusts, Confidential Advice

PAUL C. FISCHER
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Beaver Building
OREGON CITY, OREGON

RAILROAD TIME CARD

SOUTHERN PACIFIC
The local depot closes on week days at 4:20 p. m. Holidays and Sundays at 10:30 a. m.

NORTH BOUND
No. 16 (on flag).....7:49 a. m.
No. 28 (Stop).....10:15 a. m.
No. 18 (Stop).....2:49 p. m.
No. 24 (Stop).....5:18 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND
No. 23 (Stop).....9:09 a. m.
No. 17 (Stop).....2:41 p. m.
No. 27 (on flag).....6:10 p. m.

AUCTIONEER

LIVE STOCK SALES
FARM SALES
OUR SPECIALTY
Terms Reasonable
WM. HEINZ
Canby Phone 13-16 (Mail—Aurora, Route 1)

HENRY G. KREIS
Real Estate—Investments—Loans
Office Phone 4814 Res. Phone 1113
AURORA, OREGON

WILLAMETTE VALLEY Mortgage Loan Co.

We have funds to supply your needs for new buildings, land clearing, or new and additional equipment. Or perhaps you have a mortgage maturing in the near future.

We loan on first mortgage security exclusively and will be glad to consider your application.

We loan for three or five years at current rates.

Office at Aurora State Bank

PLAN AHEAD--

To attend the Poultry Show and Institute at Hubbard on Friday and Saturday, January 12th and 13th.

COPELAND'S
HUBBARD, OREGON