

EDITORIAL
Opinions of the Observer

Recently the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was advised by the United States District Attorney that an employe had received \$3,000 for showing favoritism in the special wire service department.

The matter was investigated, the charge found to be correct, and although the money was returned by the employe, he was immediately discharged by the company.

This is modern public utility service—one price to all and special privilege to none. Any other system would disrupt and ruin a great public service organization just as it would eventually ruin the best system of government in the world.

Young Husband Comes Forward With Advice

One year after marriage is the moment when a man can talk the soundest sense on the vital subject of marriage. Before that he does not know enough. Afterwards he may know too much and be unable to see the wood for the trees. "A Happy Husband" writes in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

When I went to the altar last September it was with the old adage for the proper handling of matrimonial quarrels—"When you are in the wrong apologize. When you are in the right apologize twice!"—ringing in my ears. It was good advice and I have never regretted following it.

Women are great hands at giving new lamps for old. Make little sacrifices for them, and they will make big ones for you. "Remember a wife's birthday. It has been wittily said, "and the remaining 364 days of the year will look after themselves."

Considering how careful women are to study our little ways and peculiarities, it seems a pity we do not take more trouble to study theirs. They are really so ridiculously easy to manage, if we only knew it. They do not alter with the ages except on the surface.

The woman of today prizes most the same qualities as the woman of 1924 B. C. did before her—chivalrous instincts, first overtures to reconciliations, the ready shouldering of responsibility and blame. They may not comment on these things at the time, but they will remember them, and the reward will be a hundredfold.

When you shut your mouth tight and smother the clever retort which springs to mind, they know they have got a man. Sometimes they will deliberately do things to test a husband. Lucky the man who successfully survives that test. It is on him, and on him alone, that the uttermost treasures of a woman's soul will one day be lavished.

Too Unlucky

A visitor in Kentucky came across that rare specimen, an unmarried colored man.

The negro was a quiet, elderly person, not shiftless but quite industrious, so the Northern man felt curious and determined to find out why he had remained single.

"Uncle Jim, how does it happen that you are so opposed to matrimony?"

The old fellow looked up with a grave face, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he replied: "Me, suh? I ain't opposed to matrimony."

"Well, why is it you have never married?" his inquisitor continued.

"Haven't you seen anyone you liked?" "Lawdy! yessah—but you see it's thisaway; I couldn't resk my judgment."

"Aside From That"

The rehearsal was over. Calling one of the actors to the front the producer said:

"I have been sitting in the fourth row of the orchestra and I haven't heard a single word you've been saying. Your elocution is as monotonous as the song of a bumble bee. You don't walk the stage—you waddle across it like a duck. Your wig looks like a second-hand hearthrug. Your clothes hang on you as they would on a hat peg. You've so many pairs of hands you don't know what to do with them, and if you take my advice you'll go and stuff your feet in your pockets."

"Otherwise—O. K.?" queried the actor.

Doodad or Thingumbob?

Do other races show the same love for indefinite names and the same resourcefulness in coining them that is shown by Americans?

Following is a list of indefinite names recently collected in the Central West: Thingumbob, thingumajig, thingumadoodle, dingus, dingbat, doofunny, doodad, doodadiddle, doogood, doofickus, doojoan, dooheckey, doobobbus, doobiddy, doowhacker, gadget, fumadiddle, dinkum, jigger, fakus, kadgin, thumadoodle, opriculum, ringumajig, hoopendaddy, dibble.—American Mercury.



(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A SHARP, chill wind was blowing as John Trenton stepped out of the big office building that housed the firm of Underwood & Underwood, architects and engineers. It was a little past four o'clock in the afternoon and it was the day before Christmas. He stood a moment or two on the steps and looked up at the lowering gray sky. Like a heavy curtain it hung over the endless sea of city roofs, holding within it the promise of a big snowfall by morning. Ever since John remembered he had always loved a white Christmas and he smiled now in anticipation of the thrill it always brought.

Everywhere within view a surging mass of humanity moved this way and that, all with eager, intent faces—the hurrying, nervous, yet glad some crowd of last-minute Christmas shoppers. John's progress was slow as he tried to elbow his way along, and because of the fact that a number of packages nestled in the folds of his arms, all of them bearing the hall-mark of Christmas time. One in particular, however, seemed to be singled out in a special manner from the rest, in that it rested on that part of John's overcoat where his heart was supposed to be located and that every minute or two he felt it with the little of his finger tips that were available. A smile played about the corners of his mouth as he thought of the moment that the package would be opened and the little cry of delight that Jean would surely give when she gazed on its contents. For was there not reposing there the very gift that he knew she wanted most—had he not heard her express the wish for it just a week before as they stood window shopping outside Bolton's store: "What a beautiful cape," she had exclaimed; "some woman will surely be happy Christmas morning when she receives it. But I—"



"Why, Moore," He Said, "You in a Hurry, Too?"

The rest of the sentence, however, had never been finished because of some interruption from the street, but John had heard enough to know that the thing Jean desired most was the beautiful cape that had been displayed so prominently among the best desirable Christmas gifts in Bolton's window—the cape that she said would make any woman happy. And John, to whom the thought of her happiness meant more than all else in the world, had forthwith set out to secure the gift.

His smile grew deeper as he thought of the piece of good news he had to tell Jean, too, that beginning the New Year a substantial increase per month was to be added to his salary. He knew that Jean would rejoice—there were so many things that they needed yet for the pretty little home which was theirs and of which they were both so proud. John thought as they went along that the first Christmas of their married life would be a truly happy one and his heart sang within him as he pushed his way through the surging crowd.

He smiled in ready sympathy as he looked at the holiday shoppers— young, middle-aged and old—all intent upon the same purpose; to give happiness to some one else. "What a grand old world this would be," he thought, "if we could only keep this spirit in our hearts all through the year."

So deeply did this thought take hold of him that he almost collided with a man who was coming out of a building on his way to the car. Instantly

he was all apology, then he gave a little laugh as he recognized the one he had nearly bowled over: "Why, Moore," he said, "you in a hurry, too?"

Walter Moore laughed good naturedly: "Tying up Christmas gifts with clumsy fingers takes time," he said. "Looks to me as if you had been doing something of the kind yourself, too? On your way home, are you?"

"Just making it for the car when I was so unfortunate—or rather fortunate enough to bump into you."

They pushed their way to the suburban station two blocks distant. Since John and Jean had moved out to Meadowville six months before they had been next-door neighbors to the Moores and had found in them a genuine friendship and comradeship that was very pleasant. Now, they talked of many things on the homeward journey and John confided in Walter about the present he was bringing Jean, and Walter in turn told John that he, too, had just the gift his wife desired most, no matter now the why or wherefore of how he had come to know. And all the while the pile of Christmas packages lay on the seat between them. So interesting was their conversation, as it so often is between men who have a great deal in common, that they almost forgot their stop until they heard the conductor's voice calling out Meadowville. Then hastily gathering up their packages they made a hurried exit from the car, anxious to get home.

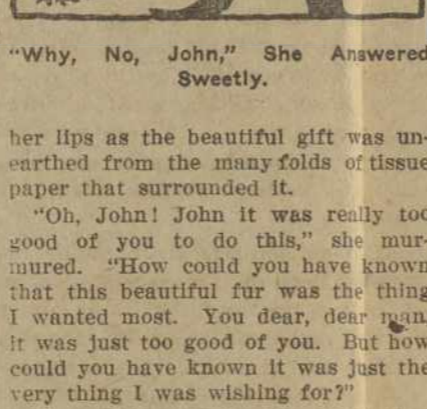
The snow, which had been threatening all day, was now coming down in big, feathery flakes. Lights gleamed from the windows of the little homes they passed and showed up in relief the wreaths of holly and Christmas bells that hung in the windows. From somewhere afar came the shouts of a group of merry youngsters, and the sound was good to hear. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was in evidence—in the quiet suburb as well as on the busy street—and John thought to himself that life was indeed good and worth while as he walked up the little path that led to his home, where welcoming lights gleamed from every window.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear—a perfect Christmas day, John thought, as he lifted up the shades and looked without. The landscape which only yesterday morning looked bare and ugly in all the nakedness of winter, glistened with wondrous beauty now as if some magic hand had passed over it through the night. A carpet of snowy whiteness covered the earth—a delicate tracery of snow and ice glistened on every tree and shrub—the whole scene was like the work of some master artist.

Dressing hastily, John ran downstairs making his way to the little den at the rear of the dining room—his own sacred sanctuary. For there, the evening before, after he had got away from within reach of Jean's eyes, he had hidden the precious package which was to give so much joy to her. He handled it lovingly as he went up the stairs again, all the while a delicious feeling of happiness surging over him as he thought how glad Jean would be when she saw it.

Tiptoeing softly across the room, he stooped down slowly and kissed her cheek. "Merry Christmas, sweetest of women!" he whispered softly as he placed the decorated package in her hands.

Jean held it a while, her fingers playing with the string that bound it. It seemed as if she was almost loth to open it, preferring rather to linger in the delightful land of anticipation a while. Then she undid the box very slowly. A cry of delight came from



"Why, No, John," She Answered Sweetly.

her lips as the beautiful gift was unearthed from the many folds of tissue paper that surrounded it.

"Oh, John! John it was really too good of you to do this," she murmured. "How could you have known that this beautiful fur was the thing I wanted most. You dear, dear man, it was just too good of you. But how could you have known it was just the very thing I was wishing for?"

Then John told her the secret that he kept from her for a whole week—that beginning with the New Year their income would be increased by a good margin, but there was no enthusiasm or happiness in his voice now. His throat felt dry and husky, and his voice sounded strangely unfamiliar even to himself. He was gazing with wide-open eyes at the contents of the package that he had given Jean, and in his face was bewilderment and consternation. For, instead of the cape that he had purchased there lay a soft, beautiful fur, which Jean was caressing with loving touch. And between breaths she was telling him of the wonderful things they could do with the addition to his salary. And in her eyes there was a pride and a

love for him that ordinarily would have sent him into the seventh heaven of delight, but which now only brought him a sense of misery.

"But Jean," he whispered tensely, "didn't you really want a cape instead of this fur. Wouldn't you have liked it far better?"

"Why, no, John," she answered sweetly, all the while her fingers running back and forth across the softness of the fur. "I was half afraid that you might buy me a cape, from a remark or two that I heard you make, but I might have known that you'd understand. That's the very nicest thing about you, John, you always seem to understand without being told over and over so many other men have to be."

"But, Jean," he answered, catching at a last straw, "didn't you say that night outside Bolton's store that the cape in the window was so beautiful—that it would make any woman happy—and that you—"

"Yes, I know, dear, but I was going to add that it would be the last thing that I would desire for myself. You know the one Aunt Jane sent me some time ago is just about the same shade, and then, too, my heart was so set on a fur like this that I could not think of wanting anything else just now. So please quit worrying. Mr. John Trenton, for you have brought me just the thing that I wished most for. In fact, to tell you the truth, if you had brought me that cape I would have been fearfully disappointed, although, of course, I would not have told you so. But I am just happier than I can say over the gift you brought me, and also over your wonderful news."

John did not answer. He felt sick with misery and disappointment. Every word that Jean uttered made the telling of the thing all the harder.



But Walter Moore Got No Further With His Explanation.

For he knew now how the awful blunder had happened. In the hurry of getting off the car the packages that he and Walter Moore had carried had been exchanged. He remembered now how similar the packages had looked—that they had both come from Bolton's. At any moment now Walter would be coming over after the fur and then he would have to tell Jean the truth—have to present her with a Christmas gift that he now knew she cared nothing for. Her Christmas would be spoiled and he had meant it to be such a happy day for both of them. What a blundering fool he had been not to have found out what she had really wanted!

He fidgeted from one foot to another, but Jean was taking no notice of him now. Instead she was still fingering the fur, a rapt look of happiness upon her face. How could he ever tell her that it really belonged to Mrs. Moore—that her gift was the cape that she did not want?

"Jean, Jean, I—I—" he stammered—

At that moment there was a gentle tapping at the side door. John's heart stopped beating a moment, for well he knew who it was. Walter Moore was outside, coming to get the fur that Jean was now gazing enraptured upon. The thing would have to be explained now—Jean would have to know—

He went down the stairs for the second time that morning, but now there was no lightness in his step, and a dull feeling of misery was gnawing at his heart. Going to the side door he opened it slowly and Walter Moore stepped in. In the weight of the disappointment and depression that held John he never noticed that Moore was looking strangely white and that his voice was tense and breathless as he spoke:

"Trenton, I'm in a deuce of a fix," he was saying. "Won't you tell me what in thunder to do. I just gave Midge her Christmas gift, and what do you think the package contained—nothing more or less than your gift to Jean. And the worst thing about it is that before I could get a chance to explain the mistake Midge was raving about the cape and telling me that it was the very thing she wanted most. I hadn't the heart to tell her the truth as yet, and came over here to you—"

But Walter Moore got no further with his explanation, for John Trenton had taken hold of him and was acting in a way that no sane man of thirty had ever acted before. And his joy was so great that it was a moment or two before he could explain his strange actions to his neighbor. When he could do so it was an even guess which was the happier of the two.

A little later John was bending over Jean and whispering softly in her ear: "Isn't Christmas just the loveliest time, and aren't we two the happiest of all the happy crowd today?"

Jean's muffled "yes" came from the depths of the fur which she was now trying on—HER WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Warm Current Exists, No Matter How Called

It was with some consternation that one read in the newspapers that the gulf stream had been proved a myth. If one of the sacred scientific trinity had died, what was to become of the others—the nebular hypothesis and the law of gravitation?

A closer reading, however, was reassuring, remarks the New York Evening Mail. It appears that M. Le Danois, a French savant, asserts that there is no such thing as a gulf stream. What is called by that name is a combination of ocean tides.

There are, he says, two kinds of water in the North Atlantic, warm and cold. The warm moves in a northward current to some undetermined point and turns backward again. The fluctuations, however, are tidal.

One has a vague memory of reading something very like that in the physical geography book about twenty years ago. Apparently the phenomena exist, whether one explains them by the term gulf stream or as ocean tides. That which we call a gulf stream by another name will smell as sweet to migratory herring and sardine and, happily, one can still paraphrase "Romeo and Juliet" regardless of whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote it. And the warm Atlantic current still saves Europe from a return to the glacial period regardless of whether one accept the nomenclature of Franklin or that of M. Le Danois.

Summons

No. 17260. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County. Department No. 2. Ernest R. Brundridge, plaintiff, vs. Lina Brundridge, defendant.

To Lina Brundridge, the defendant above named: In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause and Court within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons against you, to-wit: within six weeks from Thursday, December 4, 1924, and if you fail to so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: a decree forever dissolving the marriage contract now existing between you and plaintiff.

This summons is published, for six consecutive weeks, in the Aurora Observer, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at Aurora, in Marion County, Oregon, the date of the first publication thereof being Thursday, December 4, 1924, and the date of the last publication thereof being Thursday, January 15, 1925.

All done in accordance with the order of the Honorable L. H. McMahan, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order is dated and entered of record in the above entitled cause on November 28, 1924.

IVAN G. MARTIN, CAREY F. MARTIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Post Office address: 413 Masonic Temple Building, Salem, Oregon. Dec. 4-11-18-25-Jan. 1-8-15.

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A Test Every Man Past 40 Should Make

Medical authorities agree that 65 per cent of all men past middle age (many much younger) are afflicted with a disorder of the prostate gland. Aches in feet, legs and back, frequent nightly risings, sciatic pains, are some of the signs—and now a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has written a remarkably interesting Free Book that tells of other symptoms and just what they mean. No longer should a man approaching or past the prime of life be content to regard these pains and conditions as inevitable signs of approaching age. Already more than 10,000 men have used the amazing method described in this book to restore their youthful health and vigor, and to restore the prostate gland to its proper functioning. Send immediately for this book. If you will mail your request to the Electro Thermal Company, 657 Knapp Bldg., Steubenville, Ohio, the concern that is distributing this book for the author, it will be sent to you absolutely free without obligation. Simply send name and address. But don't delay, for the edition of this book is limited.



RAILROAD TIME CARD SOUTHERN PACIFIC NORTH BOUND

No. 32 (on Flag)	5:44 a. m.
No. 16 (on Flag)	7:38 a. m.
No. 62 (Stop)	10:19 a. m.
No. 18 (Stop)	1:23 p. m.
No. 34 (on Flag)	6:47 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND	
No. 17 (Stop)	9:43 a. m.
No. 61 (on Flag)	1:31 p. m.
No. 33 (Stop)	4:52 p. m.
No. 31 (on Flag)	9:14 p. m.

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