

A Christmas Question



By Earle Hooker Eaton

IF a pretty girl were standing
'Neath a sprig of mistletoe,
With her roguish eyes
a-twinkl-
And her rounded cheeks
aglow—

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IF a pretty girl were waiting,
Shy, expectant, coy and glad,
Would you turn and run
like sixty,
And, if so, *which way,*
my lad?

THE LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE.

THE hanging of the mistletoe at this coming Christmastide invites the usual tour across the mystic, misty pages of the past. This branch of the holiday's decoration treasures within it sweets that to the young people are most tempting. It was the same ten centuries ago, and so it will be for centuries to come.

While their ladyships were waiting And their lordships were debating There were other gentlemen going on It is hardly worth while stating That acoustic oscillating Baptized that British Christmas before dawn.

The sacredness of the mistletoe has always been respected, particularly by the Britons and the Scandinavians. It was a part of the religion of the druids, and they regarded it with the utmost veneration, but restricted their worship of it to the plant when found growing on the oak. The oak was the favorite tree of their divinity, Tutane, which the books say appears to have been the same as the Phoenician god Baal, or the sun, was prayed to under different names by the early pagans. At the period of the winter solstice, which was about Christmas time, a great festival was celebrated in honor of Tutane. When this anniversary arrived the Britons, accompanied by their priests, the druids, went forth with glorious pomp and jollity to gather the mistletoe, which they believed to possess wonderful curative powers. With them they took two white bulls and sometimes human beings to be sacrificed.

Upon finding the oak with the mistletoe clinging to it the chief druid, clad in white, the emblem of purity, ascended the tree and with a golden knife cut the vine. As it fell it was caught in the folds of the robe of another priest. Then the bulls and sometimes the humans were offered to Tutane, and various festivities followed. The mistletoe thus gathered was cut into small portions and distributed among the people, who hung it over the entrances to their dwellings to notify the sylvan deities that they were welcome to shelter during the season of frost and cold.

These rites were retained throughout the Roman dominion in Britain and for a long while under the Jules, Saxons and Angles.

The most beautiful legend regarding the mistletoe and the one from which it derives its mystic powers is of Scandinavian origin. Balder, the god of poetry and eloquence and second son of Odin and Freja, had a dream in which it was intimated that he would be killed in battle. He communicated this dream to his mother, who was very fond of him, and she, to protect him, invoked the powers of nature—fire, earth, air and water—as well as animals and plants and obtained an oath from them that they would do Balder no hurt. With his invulnerability assured, as he thought, he entered the combats of the gods and was very successful in slaying all who came forward to engage him. They struck him with their arrows, but he plucked them out and derided his antagonists as they fell mortally wounded before him.

It was about time for Loke, his arch enemy, to challenge him or suffer the ignominy of cowardice, but Loke was a schemer.

He disguised himself as an old woman and, determining to discover the secret of Balder's immunity from death, called upon Freja. He addressed the mother with complimentary remarks upon the valor and good fortune of her son, and the goddess replied that her son was safe from harm, as all the productions of the world had sworn not to injure him. Loke was very much discouraged and was about to go away when Freja added that there was one plant she did not conjure because of its insignificance. With well feigned indifference Loke

inquired the name of it, and Freja said it was the mistletoe.

The designing Loke procured a shoot of the mistletoe, made an arrow of it and then sought the assembly of the gods. There he met the blind Heda and concluded that the humiliation of Balder's family would be more complete if Balder should be killed by a sightless god. So he asked Heda, "Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?" Heda replied that he was blind and unsupplied with arrows, whereupon Loke gave him the mistletoe arrow and said, "Balder is in front of thee." Heda shot, and Balder fell pierced and slain.—Cicinnati Enquirer.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our thanks to the neighbors and friends for their sympathy and helpfulness during the sickness and death of our little son. MR and MRS. T. H. GILL.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

Am I developing a cash reserve which will provide an income or enable me to grasp my opportunity the moment it arrives



Do you know of a better way to develop a reserve than to deposit your income in the First State Bank and pay it out by check?

Do you know of a better way to, avoid controversy in the payment of bills or the necessity of paying bills twice?

That plan will give you an incentive to keep your balance growing, and your account, large or small, will be welcome.

FIRST STATE BANK
GRESHAM, ORE.
THE FARMERS BANK

GRESHAM LOCALS

Continued from page 1
winter with Mrs. Towner's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis. Mrs. Towner was formerly Miss Nettie Davis.

J. F. Wilmarth of Boring called yesterday on his mother, Grandma Taylor, and his sister Mrs. Aton. Mrs. Taylor returned with him to attend the revival meetings. Mrs. Aton also went today.

G. H. Sunday went to Hood River Saturday to spend a few days with his son Melvin and wife.

Elmer Phelps of Sandy, who has been under medical care of Mrs. Ella Aton for the past ten days, has so fully recovered that he is able sick with pneumonia.

Work on the new fountain was renewed this morning, the concrete basin being moulded inside the forms on a solid boulder foundation. All the plumbing and electric fixtures are in place and the work will be rushed to an early completion.

Miss Mildred St. Clair was the guest at dinner Sunday of Miss Helen Hornicker on the Section Line road.

C. B. Hartley of Elgin, Oregon, has been visiting for the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hartley and his sister Mrs. S. S. Thompson and family.

Rev. Henry Hampton and family came from Montavilla Monday for a short visit with Ella Aton.

Mrs. W. G. Jones of Boring who has been here for medical attention died yesterday of tuberculosis.

On account of an all day meeting of Pomona grange on next Wednesday, Dec. 18, the regular meeting of the Parent-Teachers' association was postponed until Thursday evening the 19th. A good program has been arranged and an interesting meeting is anticipated.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Moss, a 9-pound girl, Saturday, Dec. 13.

The Gresham Council of Women Voters will give a fine entertainment this evening at Commercial club hall Colonel E. Hofer, president of the Oregon Editorial association will be one of the speakers. Mrs. Edith Tozier Weathered will speak on Country Homes. All are invited to be present.

Mrs. Ed. Spath's infant baby has been suffering with the croup for the past few days.

H. L. Duke's Confectionery store is made attractive for Christmas buyers by the addition of fine candies and nuts. He has a line of nice holiday candy boxes and nothing makes more acceptable presents.

Mrs. A. R. Goger of Cottrell spent several days last week with her mother, Mrs. Clara Kane.

Billie Muller of Boring spent the day Sunday in Gresham.

The Misses Alma Middleton, Miriam Brown, Cleo Matthews and Susie Stanley spent Sunday at the home of Miss Mabel Pullen.

Earl Thompson of Eugene is in attendance at the electrician's convention in Portland this week. He was also a visitor at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dickerson were callers on Grandpa Landon Sunday.

Rev. J. H. Wood and wife were in town yesterday on their way to Portland. Mrs. Wood is suffering from the effects of a severe cold.

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Gresham Drug Co., and Dealers everywhere.

Dance at Rockwood.

Rockwood grange will give its holiday dance on Saturday evening, December 21. Simonson's orchestra and the usual grange supper. Tickets \$1.00, supper extra. Positively no improper conduct allowed. Everybody welcome.

ALTMAN SEEKS FINEST JERSEYS

Continued from page 1.

er nor will he until he has increased his herd to its fullest capacity for the accommodations he has for them.

Mr. Altman has among his cows a young Jersey—and his cows are all Jerseys—that he developed up to a capacity of 43.2 pounds of milk per day at two years of age. At three years she went up to 47 pounds a day and is expected to exceed that figure with her next calf.

To prove his faith in his efforts to develop the best herd of Jerseys in Oregon he sent to Warsaw, N. Y., a few weeks ago for a bull calf for which he paid \$500. This calf is known in his registry as Jacoba's Irene Prince. He was born on May 3, of this year and at 7 months weighed 510 pounds. His sire is Jacoba's Premier, his mother being Jacoba of Jersey Lawn. Both of these animals are famous and in speaking of the calf, B. Keeney, of whom he was bought, says: "I regard this calf as the most promising individual that I have ever raised, both as to individuality and in breeding for a dairy and show bull."

As showing what heredity will do in breeding stock it should be mentioned that this calf's great grandmother made 600 pounds of butter in one year. His mother, Jacoba of Jersey Lawn was considered even better at 7 years of age than her progenitors, and in describing the calf Mr. Keeney uses this language: "This bull is long, straight and level on the back with level rump and excellent tail setting. His tail is long and thin and fine. His head and neck are fine and head well carried. His horns are of right size and starting right. He has a long deep body with good ribbing. He has a very mellow skin and rudimentaries that are exceptionally good."

It is Mr. Altman's intention to take his herd on the fair circuit next fall and to the stock show. We predict that he will return home with several good prizes and blue ribbons. As he has the highest priced calf that ever came to Oregon there is no reason why he should not be one of the best prize winners. The people of Gresham will have a chance to see the whole herd at our next fair.

Storling & Kidder's Hardware store is full of useful and appropriate Xmas gifts.

Fairview

Continued from page 2.
The new council was sworn in by the recorder on Monday evening. It consists of Wm. Butler, mayor; councilmen D. S. Dunbar, Edwin Buringame, D. W. McKay, Cal. Shepherd and Cedric Stone; treasurer, Roy Stone; recorder, J. H. Schram; marshal, R. Hunter.

E. C. Morrison, manager of the Fairview base ball team, being so pleased with the success of last season's playing is preparing for a greater success the coming season, by renting an ideal spot for a diamond of E. E. Heslin, located south of the P. R. L. & P. depot, and will expend not less than \$500 in the building of a grandstand and perfecting of the ground. Several star players are anxious to sign up for the season, hence something will be doing in the Fairview base ball field.

Junior Play.

"The Village Postmaster," a drama depicting the scenes of a country village, is to be given by the junior class of the Gresham high school, Friday evening, Dec. 20 at 8 p. m. Come and bring your friends. Enjoy an evening of fun with the young people in this humorous sketch. Admission 25 cts., reserved seats 35 cts. 85

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of \$150.00 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by Gresham Drug Co., and Dealers everywhere.

"The Portland Temple of Truth (New Thought church) contemplates holding a series of lectures and lessons in Gresham, as soon as arrangements can be completed. We therefore desire the names and addresses of all people interst in New Thought and Divine Science to be sent immediately to the Temple of Truth, 516 Ellers Bldg., Portland, Oregon. Perry Joseph Green, Minister.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by Gresham Drug Co., and Dealers everywhere.

"JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS"

BY EUGENE FIELD.

FATHER calls me *William*, sister calls me *Will*,
Mother calls me *Wilbe*, but the fellers call me *Bill*.
Mighty glad I ain't a *girl*—rather be a boy
Without them sashes, *curls* an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk *green apples* an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the *castor* de they give for belly ache!
'Most all the time, *the whole year* round, they an't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named *Sport*, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows *she doesn't* know where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' *when us kids* go out to slide
'Long comes the *grocery cart*, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the *groceryman* is worried an' cross
He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Granmar says she *hopes* that when I git to be a man
I'll be a *missionary* like her eldest brother Dan,
As was et up by *cannibals* that lives on Ceylon's isle.

Where every *prospect* please an' only man is vile,
But granmar she *has never been* to see a wild west show
Nor read the life of *Danet Boone* or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo *Bill* an' cowboys is good enough for me!
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old *Sport* he hangs around as solemn-like an' still;
His eyes they seem a-sayn', "What's the matter, little *Bill*?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that use to make things hum!
But I'm so polite an' 'ten' so earnestly to biz
That mother says to father, "How improved our *Willie* is!"
But father, 'avin' been a boy himself, suspicious me
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candy, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair an' mind your p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer *pantaloons*, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "yessum" to the ladies an' "yessur" to the men,
An' when there's company don't pass your plate for pie again,
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer 'in be!



EUGENE FIELD.