



WAKE UP, IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING!

PASSING OF YEARS

By MRS. J. A. STEPHENS.

Pleasant Home is at the foot of Mt. Hood, clad in her beautiful mantle of snow, rearing skyward. Years come and go, men pass by and are forgotten, but Mt. Hood, greatest of mountains is unchanged. It is as we first beheld her nearly half a century ago. Twice during those years we saw her a living volcano belching forth fire and smoke, then settle down to its usual serenity. She has stood sentinel through the lapse of years to watch us grow. Forests have been destroyed in the early development of the country; gigantic timbers were bored and burned in order to open and cultivate the soil.

Cedar shingles became the first product of Powell Valley, taken by ox team to Portland in exchange for groceries. Little by little the land was cleared. No blowing stumps in those days. Cross-cut saws and augers were used to pile the timber in great heaps to burn. Deer, bear and cougar often crossed our pathway and with the November rains, salmon ran up the creeks and the farmer salted them by the barrel. The porkers that roamed the woods were driven in to make up our winter meat, which included deer and bear to give a variety.

Pleasant Home is growing with the spirit of the times. Behold our achievements: They come so gradually the present generation scarcely realize the change. The electric cars dash by like comets; the telephone, the auto, our educational system; last but not least is the printing press which has revolutionized the world. Wonderful achievements that bespeak for us. The ox

bow is broken, the old sconeer laid aside, we have developed. Our citizens are broad-minded and enterprising; our schools and churches reveal the pulse of our people—together with the different organizations that speak well of her citizens as philanthropists.

The old cattle trail is obliterated and we now take a car to shop in the city; and on the old cow trail is a railroad depot with a master who is ready to give information to all inquirers. Two wide-awake merchants, a postoffice, restaurant and bakery, a jewelry store, a circulating library, a livery barn, blacksmith and butcher shop; feed mill, a large hall for social gatherings and for band practice, a barber shop, pool hall, and hotel. We leave the village and go south to end of the plank walk to find but one old land mark—the log house of the Stephens estate by the cross roads at the church. The G. A. R. at one time had their hall by the cross roads, during which time that was a place of activity. The Post flourished and held their annual encampments in Stephens' grove, lasting a week. L. H. Wells, honorary member of M. A. Ross Post, can recite the story, he being always present at their gatherings with his oratorical and journalistic ability. Long live L. H. Wells. One by one the ranks were broken, the old comrades are sleeping, they are discharged from life's activities, they saved the union in the day of peril, they rest in peace.

The farms today are up to date with all modern methods of machinery with an inspiration to labor on for the betterment of the rural district.

Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

"When my boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup," writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all Dealers.

FINDING YOURSELF

By MILTON O. NELSON.

It is a decided loss for any young man or big boy to go into a new year without a good resolution, a good, keepable resolution, a brand new resolution, one practical enough to make quite a difference between the next year and the one just gone. Some of us older ones who have our life plans pretty well settled may feel as though it were not so important for us to begin the new year with a new plan or with an old one made over. But for all that it is not safe for anyone to slide along in the smooth rut without heed as to where the slide will land us. There is need of enough variation even in well laid plans to keep any man wide awake and planning. But this new year finds, as any new year does, thousands of young men and big boys standing on the divide between success and failure; and to failure they will surely go unless they have that within them that makes the difference between a man and a lump from the mass of humanity—the conscious power to originate a plan and the grit to turn face about if necessary to follow that plan.

The man who lets other people push him into place loses about two-thirds of the hilariousness of living. To know yourself for an independent entity, endowed with a main spring of your own, and a great big can of heaven made ginger with your initials stamped into the tin—that is worth unlimited ages of tread mill work, where the other man owns the mill and you only the tread. If a man wakes up all of a sudden to this great inheritance, he has hit one of the high places of earth.

I hit that spot one June forenoon in my eleventh summer. It was raining that morning, a dandy old Wisconsin thunder storm that promised a forenoon of fun in the barn; or at least something better than the drudgery of the hoe in the cornfield. But grief to tell, the rain ceased at eight o'clock, and at nine father sounded the call to the cornfield. I never went afield with heavier feet. Did you ever hoe corn after a shower? Each corn plant holds an open cup to the sky, all slopping full now, ready to spill upon the hoe or the hands that disturb it. The blades of pigeon grass balance delicately poised pearls of rain water, and the pig weeds are soggy with the wet. This crystal clear moisture mixed with earth creeps up your hoe handle and clings to it, sops your shirt bands and your overalls, muddies your hands and packs and dries beneath your finger nails, becoming an accessory of hate and crime. If the devil ever worked on a farm he cut his wide swath in a wet cornfield. On that particular summer morning satan and I went hand in hand to the west forty. Father pulled ahead and satan pulled back. As usual, I, the youngest of the flock, had a row between father and a husky brother, that I might be kept in line with the other six, for we always hoe company front. I not only

hated my job, I hated a father who would lead his flock into such a nasty hole, and I had no desire to chum with a lot of brothers who could be led into such a mess without protest and even with apparent good will. If I could have fallen behind and thus have kept out of their company, I would have gladly done so, doing weary scamp work along with satan all day long. But father's helping hoe kept me elbow to elbow to the prime cause of my irritation. This was unendurable. So I set my teeth, bowed my back and dug weeds with a spiteful hoe blade. I could not slight my work nor slash the corn, much as I desired to do so, for father's watchful eye was on my row. Gradually I pulled ahead of the crew. It felt good. The gap widened. It felt better. I was doing perfect work and doing it exactly according to orders. I liked the looks of my work. Pride in my finished product added to my joy. From a life record as the tail ender I had in one morning become the leader of the crew. Noon and sunshine, inside and out! Twenty rods of well hoed corn row to the good and independence! Satan had sneaked off the farm sometime between ten and eleven a. m., and a man marched to dinner where a slave had been dragged to the field!

Some men are born independent, some acquire independence and others have independence thrust upon them. But which ever way it comes it is a large inheritance, bigger than a life in salary, better than a slice of your uncle's estate, inalienable, unencumbered! If you haven't yet entered into that inheritance, young man, get there this new year.

COTTRELL

Farming and dairying is carried on extensively throughout Cottrell and vicinity.

Farmers report much better hay and grain crops this year. Owing to the unusually dry summer the potato output was not as large as usual, although A. R. Ruegg and Frank Beers report a yield of 165 bushels per acre.

Five thousand cords of wood were shipped from the Cottrell station during the past summer. Raymond Miller and Lawrence Craswell are preparing to ship 4,000 cords this winter from a switch half a mile east of the Cottrell station.

U. S. Griffith and H. L. Griffin have just completed large new barns on their places.

W. A. Proctor and Chas. Hunter have installed new air pressure water systems on their farms. Mr. Hunter has also built a large silo.

The Cottrell schoolhouse was repainted and a number of necessary repairs made before the fall term commenced. A new sanitary drinking fountain has also been installed in the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Radford have just completed a five-room residence on their farm.

Frank Beers loaded a car of potatoes last week to be sent to Europe.

Phil Bates will move his family to J. B. Fowler's house soon.

R. A. Hutchins has rented W. A. Proctor's farm for the coming year.

Surely the Want Ads. bring quick and sure returns.

What Will You Give?

Here are some of the Articles You will find at the

GRESHAM DRUG STORE

- TOILET SETS
- MANICURE SETS
- SMOKERS' SETS
- SEWING SETS
- THERMOS BOTTLES
- THERMOS LUNCH PAILS
- FOUNTAIN PENS
- MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
- CLOCKS
- STATIONERY
- MIRRORS
- XMAS BOXES of CIGARS
- CIGAR CASES
- CIGAR HUMIDORES
- PERFUMES
- PICTURES
- FANCY CALENDERS
- FISH POLES
- SAFETY RAZORS
- KNIVES
- INK STANDS
- XMAS TREE DECORATIONS
- GAMES of all Kinds
- TOYS of all Kinds
- CANDY

Please Make Your Selections Early

GRESHAM, OREGON

CHIMING BELLS

By MRS. WM. E. BATES.

I sit here thinking into many years gone by. Memory brings back to life, the Christmas bells. Hear, oh, hear, them ringing, peal upon peal, chime upon chime. So clear they ring out upon the quiet frosty air, that it fairly quivers with joy. Tell me once more, what is in their music, as it floats both far and wide? Awake! Awake! they ring: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." I think on, and what is it I hear? Some thing tells me to listen, between the swelling peals of chime and sing. "Joy to the world, the Lord is come, let earth receive her king" Hear, oh, hear! those Christmas bells, they ring out, let all be glad for Christmas, the day of all those who labor and keep the world alive, and unto him, who was a boy in the carpenter shop. Christmas opens the doors of our hearts, that we might say that in their lives, the whole world lives.

Hear, oh, hear! the bells. For ages they have called a sleeping world, to a new life, a new joy. For us the bells are ringing, and shall not cease with the brief hours of one day. Every day, every year we shall hear the heavenly message of these sweet tongued bells.

Hear, oh, hear those Christmas bells as they greet the sun, the frost,

the sailing cloud, the roving wind. Are not these bells of our childhoods dearest joy, bells of our brightest memories, bells of our highest hope? It voices our wish, that all things be made new, that there shall be no more darkened lives, no more misery to grind the sweetness out of humanity. Indeed is this not Christmas, Christmas for all mankind, Christmas all the year?

Hear, oh, hear! the Christmas bells! How they answer one another from end to end of the country, peal upon peal, and chime upon chime. From every spire and tower they ring the good tidings of great joy. "Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Listen to your hearts, hear, oh, hear! them ring. The wind blows, the rivers run, the earth breaks into flowers, and the trees burst into leaf. Then ring all the bells on earth! " 'Tis Christmas day in the morning of brotherhood. Ring man's great joy from pole to pole, from sea to sea! Tug with mighty arms at the bell rope, that the sound may ring out full, and far and long! Light the world's Christmas tree with stars. Heap offerings upon its mighty branches. Bring our thoughts to the world's fireplace, deck the world house with holly and mistletoe and declare explicitly everywhere, the Christmas of all mankind.

Sick Two Years With Indigestion.

"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elda, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all Dealers.

This Year's Christmas

Never has there been a time when the Christmas event stood under so impressive illumination as it does in this year's Christmas. The birth of Jesus is this year a larger fact for the thought and life of the world than in any year till now. The phenomenon of the life of Jesus and his power in the world forms the summit question in the thinking of our times. Though there are some mournful defections from the divine truth of the manger event, the aggregate state of Christendom exhibits the ever enduring power of the grace that then and there came to seek and save the lost. No period has ever seen such wide circulation and study of the Holy Scriptures as the present, although recent events have demonstrated the still existing need of closer adherence to the divine principle of "peace on earth, good will to men." The evangel of a Saviour come thrills more hearts this Christmas than in any other year of this dispensation.

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Pure Home Rendered Lard FOR CHRISTMAS COOKING

5-lb. Pail 70c
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All Meats Fresh and Sanitary Inspected.

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