

First Christmas Greetings

1915

My short stay in Gresham in business is up to my expectations but in another year I expect to be doing a great deal more.

My aim is as it always has been—Quality, Merchandise and Prices that will defy competition.

You are welcome at all times at our store, whether you buy or not.

I am satisfied that after examining our goods and prices I have a customer.

For your Xmas dinner you don't want a failure in your many goodies, so by buying from Frakes you can rest assured that everything will be all right.

Call and see our assortment of NUTS, CANDIES, DATES, FIGS, RAISINS.

And for a Xmas present that will be appreciated and be useful we have a line of ALUMINUMWARE which we are selling at greatly reduced prices, also GLASSWARE and QUEENWARE.

Hoping for you a Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and

FRAKES

A Bigger, Better, Busier Store in the year 1916

In the Regner Block, Gresham



The Real Santa Claus

By BERNARD MULRINE.

Never let your children get so wise that they doubt the existence of the good old Santa Claus, or too precocious to hail his advent with true happiness and joy. The writer has heard one little tot remark, "I don't believe in Santa Claus, because I saw mother put things in my stocking, her own self." "This may have been true in this particular case but the fact remains, there is such an important personage, a genuine Santa Claus who cares for most children, and who lavishes his gifts and sheds innumerable favors upon the little folks during the Christmas festival.

"Old Saint Nicholas" as he is called in the Scandinavian countries, "Father Christmas" in England, "Kris Kringle" elsewhere and by other quaint appellations in other parts of the world typifies our own Santa Claus. His appearance is always looked forward to, by old as well as young, for wise men and women call him "the Spirit of Christmas," as he portrays the noblest and best attributes of man in the kindly manner in which he scatters his gifts broadcast and with sincere wishes for the recipient's welfare.

As the good old saint wends his way around the earth, traveling on foot with only a staff to support him, loaded down with a heavy burden of gifts, or on sleigh, drawn by reindeer, with the tinkling of bells to admonish the youngsters of his approach; smiling cheerfully as eyes resting on hamlet, cottage and home where small friends are anxiously waiting his visit, he cheerfully unloads part of his treasures and again passes upon his rounds. Santa must be alert, for are not thousands of little ears strained to catch the merry jingle of his sleigh bells? He journeys onward, his face is again lightened with benevolence as he breathes the spirit of the Christmas message: "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

There are 2,000,000 clove trees in Zanzibar.

"My Christmas Decision"

From Battle Creek, Mich., a Christmas message was sent to the nation—a message that may mean Christmas cheer for the starving tenement dwellers, the street waif, the jobless man, the social outcast, for everybody who is lonely, neglected or friendless.

With Rev. George E. Barnes as sponsor a movement was started to "make this Christmas Christmas for everybody."

The following, called "My Christmas Decision," was sent broadcast:

"Every Christmas season makes your friendship and mine more precious and our love more tender.

"This year the thought of that love has been bringing to me a new consciousness of the needs of the whole world of Christmas cheer and love.

"Isolate homes, stricken countries and imperiled lives abroad; suffering industry and impending suffering at home—all are calling. I want you to know that my Christmas gift to you will be quite simple, but warmed with the fire of a new love, for I am going to give an extra gift to the needs of all those whom I deeply love.

"My joy in this new service will be greater if you join me in its spirit, that our Christmas celebration may be kept simple, filled with good will, winged with sacrifice and devoted to peace."

Christmas Clearing House

THE ferry houses and the railway stations of New York are transformed into human clearing houses the week before Christmas, for through them pass two steadily growing streams of human exchange, men, women and children going home for the holidays and men, women and children coming into town for the same purpose.

"Merry Christmas!" and "Oh, mother, dear!" rise to the lips of the home comers, and "Merry Christmas!" and "Goodby, old chap; off to see the old folks!" echo from the equally smiling lips of those bound up state and elsewhere beyond the noise and rattle of the throbbing town.

"Where are you going for Christmas?" asks the listless club lounge of his dinner neighbor.

"Down Van Alstyne's way. The missis is going to open their country place."

"Good! Guess I'll get a bid myself. Bright woman, Mrs. Van."

And so Mrs. Van Alstyne fills her country place till the old year is rung out. There are bridge day and night, carols in the servants' quarters, a Christmas dinner cooked by an expert French chef, outdoor sports, dancing, luxury, ease and merry Christmas, the merriest that gold can buy.

And over the ferries and up the state a more quiet stream flows, girls who work and men who are winning fame, all going home to make the old folks glad.—Anna Steese Richardson.

Christmas Snowballing in Old London. The Christmas of 1679 was apparent by the snowy Christmas beloved of the novelist, and the ponds in St. James' park were all frozen over. The Duchess of York, sister-in-law to Charles II., delighted in the wintry weather and spent most of the day in a horse sledge with the king. The sledging was thought horribly dangerous, however, by the court, and only the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Griffin and Mr. Godolphin were able to drive the duchess and the king safely over the ponds. The duchess was very fond of snow balling and used to seize every opportunity to pelt her grave husband, much to his disgust.

Before the nineteenth century shoes were not made in "rights" and "lefts."

The Christmas Pudding

HALLOO! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth.

A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress' next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.—From "Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.

ANCIENT YULETIDE CUSTOM.

Had Its Origin in Blowing Away of a Young Lady's Hood.

In Lincolnshire, England, a long time ago, the Mowbrays were the greatest folk in the county. It so happened that once, on Christmas day, a daughter of a Mowbray was riding over the meres, when her hood blew off. Twelve farming men from an adjoining field ran after the hood with such ludicrous earnestness that she forbade her own men from joining in the pursuit. They probably looked as funny as a man does chasing his hat down the middle of the street.

When the hood was finally captured and brought back to Mistress Mowbray she rewarded each of the men and promised a piece of land to be vested in certain persons in trust to provide a hood each year, which should be scrambled for on Christmas day upon the self same mere.

The custom is still continued, the winner of the hood being regaled at the village inn.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

No New Way of Keeping Christmas.

I have among my friends some who have tried new ways of keeping Christmas, says an English writer. They have not been a success. When folk have done a thing in one way for some hundreds of years it is not easy to invent a better way of doing it. Of course it has been done sometimes. We have the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and so on, but with regard to keeping Christmas day no one seems likely to invent anything new that will be as good as the old. Roses and lilies will not do instead of holly and mistletoe, and there is no satisfactory substitute for beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pies.

Some Old Christmas Superstitions

If you will go to the crossroads between 11 and 12 on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

If on Christmas eve you make a little heap of salt on the table, and it melts overnight you will die the next year. If in the morning it remains undiminished you will live.

If a shirt be spun, woven and sewed up a pure, chaste maiden on Christmas day it will be proof against lead or steel.

If you are born at sermon time on Christmas morning you can see spirits.

If you burn elder on Christmas eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and the sorcerers of the neighborhood.

It is unlucky to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until something has been brought into it.

Musical Christmas Tree Holder.

For the Christmas tree a holder which will certainly delight the children was placed on the market several years ago. The holder consists of a nickel plated base, containing a music box. The tree is held firmly by three strong prongs and screws. When wound up the music begins to play, and the Christmas tree slowly revolves. This makes a fine effect. The holder is simply constructed, and the tree can be fastened in it in little time. No matter how large or how small the case of the tree, the prongs can be quickly adjusted to hold it firmly in place. It is very desirable to have the Christmas tree stand firmly.

TOYS

5c, 10c, 15c less than cost

CANDIES

BEST FRENCH MIXED 20c per pound

PLAIN MIXED 15c per pound

BOX CANDIES 10c up to \$5.00 per Box

NUTS of all Kinds 20c per pound

Cigars

50c to \$5.50 per box

AT BELT'S CONFECTIONERY GRESHAM

Full Value Guaranteed

\$12 \$15 \$18

HEYWOOD

MATTRESS

A new product of a famous line

MADE BY HEYWOOD BROTHERS AND WAKEFIELD COMPANY PORTLAND-SEATTLE

FOR SALE BY R. R. CARLSON



SAVE 15% ON

Christmas Chocolates

— AT —

PURITY CANDY DEPOT

Room 24, 142½ Second, S. E. Cor. Alder
Portland, Oregon

R. E. BEEGLE, Mngr.

PROVED MACHINERY AT DAHL'S SHOE SHOP

Carl Dahl does a steady, quiet business at his little shoe shop on Bell street, makes no great pretensions and never feels the pressure of hard times. His prosperity is all due to his steady application to business, and reasonable prices for repair work which is always satisfactory. He and his steady assistant, Harry Hanson, keep pegging away at new work and old, and with improved machinery installed about a year ago they are enabled to take care of all customers. Mr. Dahl also sells a fine grade of men's shoes at lower prices.

NEW STOCK OF GOODS IN A NEW STORE

The advertisement in the issue that has the picture of a horse in it represents the saddle and harness business of S. E. Palmquist. After being one of the victims of the fire last winter he opened again in the only available store room in town and stocked up with new goods that he knew his customers wanted. But he was waiting to get a better location which was found when Gust Larson put up a new brick for him on the site of the burned-out store, and there he is today with a larger and better stock than ever. With a growing business, a new stock of goods in a new store, he will be better prepared than ever to supply his customers with anything in the line he represents.

Some machine guns have a firing rate of more than 1,000 shots a minute.