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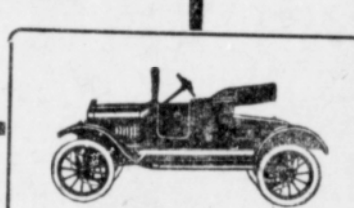
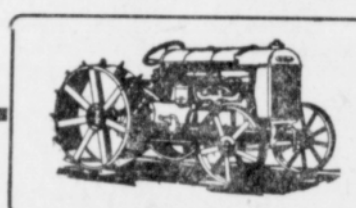
Twenty-four hours each day, every working day in the year it will give the maximum of service.

THE FORD BATTERY

Made by the Ford Motor Company is of the same high quality as all of the other Ford products and costs but little. Installed for \$20, carries Ford Service. If your battery has lost its pep come in and get a real Ford battery.

This cold weather your battery needs careful attention. Drive into our service station for free advice.

A Ford Sedan or Coupe will delight Mother or Sister every day. You'll get one eventually. So why not NOW?



**100%
power**

*The quickest starting
motor fuel on the
market*

Are you having trouble starting these cold mornings?

Drain your tank and refill with "Red Crown." Step once on the starter and notice the difference.

"Red Crown" vaporizes readily in the coldest winter weather. It yields 100% power at the first jump of the spark.

Play safe. Use "Red Crown" and stick to it.

Fill at the Red Crown sign, at service stations, garages and dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)

Quick starting



Zerolene good cold-weather oil flow freely and lubricate perfectly in zero weather—protect the bearings—increase the power and flexibility of your engine.

COUNTY HEALTH NURSE REPORTS ON HER WORK IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS

At a recent demonstration of the work of the public health nurses of Oregon before the Rotary club of Portland, Miss Mary P. Billmeyer, Multnomah county public health nurse, presented the needs of the large number of families in the rural districts of the state who need skilled nursing care, and of the little rural schools sadly lacking in health supervision, so essential if the pupils are to grow into strong, useful citizens.

This demonstration was held in the Benson hotel and was in the form of a mock trial, in which Miss Billmeyer was one of the witnesses. Her testimony was especially striking, since she rode into the room on horseback and gave her part while sitting in the saddle.

A part of Miss Billmeyer's testimony follows:

I see here many witnesses who have no doubt been giving forceful testimony as to what the city public health nurses have done for them. You have heard of their work in infant welfare, tuberculosis and school nursing, dental care and general nursing care. Each of these phases of public health nursing is taken care of by a special group of nurses.

Do you realize, gentlemen, that frequently the county nurse is the only health worker in her county? In Oregon, in many instances, the county is larger than a whole eastern state, or, as you know, Harney county is larger than three New England states put together. The county nurse is the only worker in her county to look after all of these various health problems.

As a sample of the daily work of a county nurse: Just yesterday I started out in my faithful Ford to find a tuberculosis case up in the mountains. There was also a rural school in that neighborhood which I had long been wanting to visit. Here was my opportunity to do it.

As I traveled toward that end of the county, I found the roads getting rougher and muddier, until my little Ford was completely mired. Fortunately, this happened near a ranch, where I was informed that the only way to reach my patient and the little school would be by horseback. Good old "Dan" was brought to the rescue and carried me safely three miles up the mountain road.

First of all, I located my patient, whom I found in bed, quite evidently in the advanced stage of tuberculosis. Three little children were playing around the bed and one glance was sufficient to show me that there was great need for instructing the mother and the sick father how to protect them and the two older children who were in school from being infected with the same disease.

Some bedside nursing care was needed as a demonstration to the wife of the proper care to be given the sick husband. This, I gave, and also

left health educational pamphlets which would give further emphasis to my instructions.

"Dan" and I were not sorry to learn that the little school was only one mile farther up the muddy road. Here we found less than a dozen children, representing all eight grades. The usual school building and ground inspection was made. The crudest conditions were found—drinking water from the creek, poor lighting, hot, poorly ventilated schoolroom, unsanitary toilets, no hand washing facilities.

I made note of all this in order that I might send recommendations to the school board later. The children were examined for physical defects, and a surprising number of enlarged tonsils, bad teeth and poor vision was found. I also found a crippled child. The teacher seemed much interested in this child and told me the parents had become discouraged about getting any help for him because of their straightened financial circumstances. I sent a note to the parents offering my services in finding them a way to help the child. If correction is possible and the family's finances are adequate, I will arrange for the child's care under the Crippled Children's Law, with which the Rotary club is familiar.

After giving my usual talk to the children on health and health habits and was leaving the school, one of the older boys asked me if I could go two miles farther to see his little two-year-old sister who had not been well for some time. We are always glad of an opportunity of giving health supervision to children of pre-school age, because we all realize now the importance of the care between the ages of two and six. So "Dan" and I set out at once to make this extra call. We found not only the mal-nourished toddler of two years, but in the same household a prenatal case very much in need of instruction and advice. The father and mother were eager to know what was the right thing to do, and it was truly pathetic to see how much they appreciated having a public health nurse's advice in their mountain home.

As "Dan" and I made our way down the lonely road through the lengthening shadows I reviewed the day's work, as I usually do. If, in a few hours, I could find a tuberculosis case endangering the lives of five little children, could visit and inspect a little rural school, discovering a number of children with physical defects, among them a crippled child needing care, could call in a home where there was a pre-school child seriously mal-nourished and an expectant mother needing all the helpful advice possible in order that the new baby might be born healthy and strong and the mother's health and life safeguarded at the same time, what might be accomplished in this one county if there were an adequate number of county public health nurses, not only to find these cases, but to care for them properly.

Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the

Jury, are not these people in the isolated mountain community worthy of the very best care that can be provided?

Do not we, as citizens living in more fortunate circumstances, owe some obligation to the rural communities which provide us with food and fuel and other raw materials necessary in our scheme of life?

Are not the rural homes of our counties, where future citizens are being reared, entitled to adequate health supervision?

**BACK TO OLD NAME
FOR 1927 EXPOSITION**

John Brown attended the meeting of the 1927 fair promoters at the Benson hotel last night, representing this locality and the Gresham site. There has been much scheming and planning by the present and former promoters and an effort has been made to harmonize the various ideas as to name, character and method of financing.

At last night's meeting the plan pro-

posed by W. P. Merry to gather the fair around the "Old Oregon Trails" idea was sidetracked by a proposition of the Hydo-Electric league to go back to the original idea, as proposed by that organization, to gather the features of the exposition around the idea of hydro-electric development. An incorporation has been formed with five million dollars capital, to be sold at \$10 a share to finance the fair.

A Druggist's Blunder.
"Guess I made a bad mistake just now," said the druggist.

"Fatal?"
"Not necessarily. Girl wanted a grand opera record and I gave her a speech by Wm. J. Bryan."

Fooled Him.
"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocket book, in short, everything!"
"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?"
"I do—but he didn't find that!"

Phone subscriptions to 1561.

The Spirit of Christmas

(A Soliloquy)

The Spirit of Christmas! Can't you feel it? "Merry Christmas tonight". It's in the air. Not here nor there, but, like its eternal author, omnipresent. It broods like a sweet benediction over every village and hamlet as well as over the hustling, bustling city.

The feverish activities, the gaily and extra-decorated store windows, the light in the children's eyes, and even the face of the baby, wistfully wondering at the unusual, are but so many expressions, and the undisputed evidence of the presence of the Spirit of Christmas tonight.

Now exhilarating, how stimulating, yet how tranquil! Let me but dream and muse and forget myself tonight, and so revive sweet memories of long ago, when I first felt the Spirit's presence, and amid the flickering light of many candles, I can see now the sweet "faces of those loved long since and lost awhile."

It was "in the year of our Lord," I remember that, but number of years and days had no meaning then, it was always one big long day, and somehow the shadows were slow in falling when the Christmas fever was upon us. The parlor closed all day, even the key hole stopped up; father and mother squeezing through a crack in the door, moving about strange and ghostlike, speaking in whispers, carrying "things" different in size and shape but alike in being concealed from curious gazes.

And so tonight, time and distance seem to vanish and I "catch the lost chord" again of the lullaby and hear the sweet refrain of the voices of childhood as we joined the "heavenly host in the advent of the son of Mary and the Savior of the World."

Not tonight the tragedy of Golgotha, but the gleeful babe of the manger. Not tonight the gospel of the "Man of Sorrows", but the gospel of the cradle we understood so well. The "little town of Bethlehem", and not Jerusalem, was the mecca of our childhood dreams.

And so tonight, beyond the bitterness and evil of religious controversy and creed, beyond the noise and strife of conflict of industrial and social rivalry, breathes and broods "The Spirit of Christmas."

Let me forgive and forget and so make room for the spirit in my heart. "Good Will and Peace" are still the gifts of God. For this I pray and with it, "O Spirit of Christmas, consume and burn Thou the dross and callousness of time, and make me a child again just for tonight."

REV. E. R. D. HOLLENSTED,

Pastor Smith Memorial Presbyterian Church, Fairview

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