

## MRS. SANTA CLAUS.

By ELLA E. BARNES.  
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FOR several years the proverbial Santa Claus with white beard had visited our Christmas tree to distribute the gifts and dispense his mirthful cheer. Last year he could not come, and as the age is one of womanly achievement he asked permission to send his wife.

Of Mrs. Santa Claus we had all heard, but none had seen her, and the announcement of her coming provoked great interest. Many were the queries regarding her appearance, but none could be answered. A knock at the door announced her arrival, and in came the kind old lady, covered with (cotton) snowflakes, rosy and animated after her long journey, but radiant with loving good cheer and affection for all. She wore a long cloak of bright red homespun (a real antique, borrowed for the occasion) and a wonderful poke bonnet, an ancient calash, trimmed with gleaming holly and adorned with flowing strings of red and green ribbon. Upon her hands were huge fur mittens, and beneath her cloak, which she threw back from her shoulders, we saw her spotless crossed kerchief and a wonderful lawn apron with green sprigged border. These she was pleased to exhibit to the ladies, for she took a womanly pride in her dress, although she confessed that the styles did not change



IN CAME THE KIND OLD LADY, very often at the north pole, and, anyway, she was too busy to think of such things.

After a short rest, through which she rather gasped her Christmas salutations, she stood to make a short speech before beginning her gracious labor of distributing the gifts from the laden tree.

She said in part: "Ever since I married Mr. Santa Claus, over 150 years ago, I've tried to be a real helpmeet to him. But I've never gone around to entertainments, before, I've done the work in the background, so to speak, as a good wife should. However, this year Santa's been dreadfully overworked. Why, just think of all

those Philippine children added to the American list not so long ago, not to speak of the Alaskans and others. Then there's that bothersome crowd at Panama. So Santa said to me, real coaxing: 'Hannah,' he said, 'this year I'll have to ask you to help me out by going once before the public. There's



MRS. SANTA CLAUS GAVE THE PRESENTS.

a tree I've always attended, but I can't possibly get there this year. I'll send the presents as usual, but you go down for me, won't you, and distribute them for me? A great many ladies speak in public these days, and you needn't be afraid.' So, though I'm bashful, I'm here, and please excuse any mistakes I may make. Santa sent his love and best wishes, and I've brought you each a polar snowball as a kind of curiosity. I picked them up just before I started out. They're in my bag here. This bag was one of my wedding presents, and I carried it on our first journey. Of course it's old, but I think so much of it I'd never give it up. See the letters on it—H. S. C. They stand for Hannah Santa Claus. 'Twas the first monogram I ever had."

The old lady proudly exhibited her old fashioned sole leather satchel and from its capacious depths distributed the polar snowballs. These were formed of white cotton, and each when unwrapped was found to contain a tiny numbered star. The gifts upon the tree had been previously numbered, and the snowball indicated to each person the gift to be received. Mrs. Santa Claus herself gave the presents and kept the company amused by her comments upon the beauty and usefulness of the various articles.

The evening was one of great pleasure and merriment. At its close Mrs. Santa Claus was invited to come again; but, while she thanked the ladies for their kind thoughts, she said, "I'll have to see what Mr. Santa Claus says, for I always do exactly as he wishes."

If Christmas day Saturday be  
A great winter that year you'll see  
And full of winds both loud and shrill  
But in summer, truth to tell,  
High winds shall there be and strong,  
Full of tempests lasting long,  
While battles they shall multiply,  
And great plenty of beasts shall die.  
They shall be strong, each one, and keen,  
He shall be found that seeketh sight,  
Though thou be sick, thou diest not.

## THE MOTHER OF THE TEDDY BEARS.

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ONCE upon a time—not so many years ago either—there sat in the doorway of a small cottage in Germany a young woman with smiling eyes, a child loving heart and an invalid body. The children of the little village all knew her and sat in groups around her doorway listening to stories, telling her of their childish adventures, and then, greatest joy of all, receiving in turn some delightful toy that her deft fingers had been fashioning while they talked together.

Day by day the children gathered about this doorway. They told of the latest flower that had blossomed on the mountain side, of the wonderful span of horses that Hans, the best carver of the village, had cut from a single block of wood, of the dear little blossoms that baby Gretchen had painted upon the set of wooden dishes that were to go to the Christmas market. And to them all the young woman listened, smiling, while she pined her needle or cut—snip, snip—with her scissors.

And while they talked or while they listened the eyes of the children rested eagerly upon the busy fingers, for they firmly believed that in those fingers lay a magic which none others possessed. And why should they not believe it, for when the sun began setting down toward the mountain crests and it was time for them to run away home to their suppers of bread and milk the fingers were always stretched out toward some new member of the group, and upon them rested a wonderful animal—a kitten, or a rabbit, or a duck, or a tiny bear—and the likeness was so wonderful that the children always breathed forth deep "Oh's" and "Ah's" and knew for a certainty that there was magic in the maker's fingers. No one else in all the country could make such animals as these—not even Hans, the marvelous carver.

Always the busy worker sat in her doorway, where she could see the rugged mountains, the green grass, the nodding flowers. Perhaps it was the strength, the grace and the beauty of these that wrought themselves into her simple work.

Then it came about—and no one was more surprised than this child loving young woman herself—that she found herself making hundreds and hundreds of toy animals, for toy buyers from England and America had heard of her wonderful ducks and rabbits and bears and they wanted them for the children of their countries too.

And who, do you ask, was this young woman in faraway Germany? I can only tell you this: She is known now far and wide as the "mother of the Teddy bears."

JULIA DARROW COWLES.

## A CHRISTMAS CONSERVE.

By ELLA STEPHENS.  
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Take oranges and lemons, too;  
Remove the juice and pulp  
And add the rinds, grated most fine  
Or by machine ground up.



Next put through the grinding machine  
Or chop in wooden bowl  
The walnuts and the raisins good  
And almonds, blanched when whole.

Dissolve the sugar in a pint  
Of excellent grape juice;  
Then add to it the other things  
And gradually reduce



By simmering all quite slowly down  
Till like a marmalade.  
Put into glasses, seal and place  
Within the pantry's shade.



With Christmas roast or toothsome game  
This conserve is delicious,  
Or thinly spread on buttered bread  
At tea time proves propitious.

Christmas Firecrackers.  
In many parts of the south for years after the civil war it was Christmas instead of the Fourth of July that was the season for firecrackers. Every Christmas the storekeepers laid in large supplies of firecrackers, and the small boy of that period felt sadly slighted by Santa Claus unless he found at least one of his stockings stuffed with bunches of the little red explosives. In these districts such a thing as a firecracker on the Fourth of July was unknown. Of late years, however, the firecracker has been restored to its proper date in nearly every community, and Christmas noise is confined chiefly to the blowing of horns and the beating of toy drums.

What's in a Name?  
Papa—Boys, what do you want for Christmas?  
Billy—I want a bobbed.  
Bobby—I want a billygoat.  
Papa—Suppose you swap.

If You Don't Want  
Better Food  
More Hot Water  
More Light  
ALL FOR LESS MONEY  
Don't Read This

What would be a more useful and ideal Xmas present for the home than a cabinet for the kitchen that would cover the hot water tank and supply a cooker, besides being a beautiful piece of furniture? This combination will give more hot water with your present tank and stove than you can use and save 60 per cent on fuel and the cooker will actually cook at 180 degrees for ten hours without a fire. Call and see demonstration, then ORDER NOW, and I will install the cabinet so that you can take a hot bath Xmas morn without having to build a fire, and also prepare most of your Xmas dinner in the cooker, instead of cooking over a hot stove for hours.

I also install gasoline lighting systems for homes, stores and any place that light may be needed. Having made a study of gas systems and carefully investigated different lights, etc., I know I have the best to be had. These lights are accepted by underwriters and are absolutely safe. Cheaper than electricity or manufactured gas; gives a pure white light and plenty of it. Compare the light and cost in the stores and places that are lighted with gasoline and those with electricity. More light for less money. Nuff sed.

IF YOU are thinking of investing in the Rogue River valley—if you want an orchard or orchard lands—Go to the man who has lived 35 years in the valley, who has grown fruit for 20 years, who has bought fruit from practically every bearing orchard in the valley and who has shipped hundreds of cars of fruit to the markets of the world during the past few years. REFERENCE—All the large orchardists in the valley since nearly all of them have located through me. JOHN D. OLWELL, Exhibit Bldg, Medford.

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WATCHES IVORY  
JEWELRY NOVELTY GOODS

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