

"As Ye Have Done"

Blanche Tanner Dillin

THE softly falling snow bed for Marion Ainsworth no beauty as she waited shivering with the cold for a bus which would undoubtedly be late. She sighed at thought of the ten mile ride before her.

Christmas was very near, but there was no Christmas spirit in Marion's heart. With no member of her family nearer than an aunt, her father's sister-in-law whom she had not heard of for over five years, the coming holidays held little prospect of joy for her.

The present days were busy ones with the usual mid-year work of teaching school, with examinations and Christmas entertainments. Never did she long for a real home and loved ones as at this season of the year.

Remembrances of Christmas came to her and at the thought that this year would probably be spent alone in her room, her eyes filled with tears.

No engrossed was she with these thoughts she failed to notice a small dog, travel stained, foot sore and weary, looking beseechingly at her.

At first sight of him with an exclamation of pity she stooped and tenderly petted him. At this kindness the dog crept close to her and remained so until the bus came.

As Marion stepped onto the bus the dog followed, so she hastily gathered him up in her arms. Assured that everything was all right, he settled down in her lap for a nap. This gave Marion a chance to study him. She decided he was a fox terrier, although it was difficult to tell in his present unkempt condition. As he wore a collar and license tag it was evident he was a pet, especially as the name "Horatius" was on the collar. Such an imposing name for such a small dog brought a smile to Marion's



Secretly Hoping It Was No One to Claim the Dog.

lips. Around his neck was a bit of frayed rope, so he probably had been stolen.

So interested was she planning how she would care for him and what steps to take to restore him to his owners, that she had reached home before she realized it.

The affectionate little fellow soon won a place of welcome, both in Marion's and Mrs. Lane's (her landlady) hearts, and soon proved in watchful care and faithfulness that he had well earned the name he bore.

Christmas eve Marion's heart was lighter than for years, as she thought with gratitude of the joy the little dog, now freshly bathed and with a new bow on his collar, lying asleep at her feet, had brought her.

During the evening a caller was announced, and Marion went down the stairs, secretly hoping it was no one to claim the dog.

As she went forward to greet the caller, the lady came toward her with a smile and outstretched hand, and then stopped short. "Marion!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Ethel!"

Then followed the exchange of happenings of the last five years, in which Marion had lost her mother, and how the information had not reached her aunt until her return from a long journey, many months after. She had searched unavailingly for her niece, and Marion then explained that she had sought new scenes and faces hoping in that way to ease the loneliness. Then followed the account of the finding of the dog, and her aunt's account of the loss of her pet, which had been stolen from her home in a distant city. She had heard some one at that address had found a dog and hoped it might be hers, and so it proved to be.

As both were alone in the world, Marion's aunt persuaded her to make her home with her as a daughter, and urged her to resign from her position as soon as possible.

A few days later as Marion sat in her new home, so comfortably and beautifully cared for, she held the little dog close to her. "You blessed giver of good things," she whispered. "How anything so wee could bring so much happiness!" And back came the inaudible message. "As ye have done to the least of these."

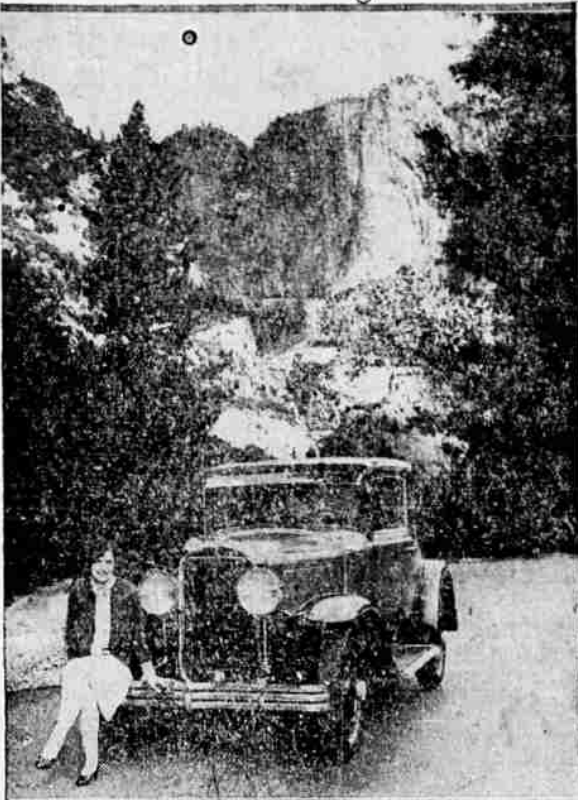
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Christmas Joy Complete

No Christmas joy is complete unless it is enriched by a glow of sympathy with the "Joy to the world" promised in Jesus' birth.

As a substitute for the canvas bags usually employed in delivering coal, a Chicago company is using boxes of a composition material. They make less dust, pack better in the truck than bags and are easily handled. Each container has a lid to keep the dust from spreading.

Yosemite in Autumn



Miss Viola McEwen, with her Silver Anniversary Buick coupe, pauses at Yosemite Falls to enjoy the varied coloring effects that are so prevalent in the California park this time of the year.



MR. BEES settled back comfortably in the new easy chair which his daughter-in-law had given him for Christmas. His feet were resting on a little footstool from his grandfather; in his mouth was a briar pipe from his grandson, and on his lap a first edition of Tom Sawyer from his son. He was clad in a velvet lounging robe from one of his daughters, and under his white beard could be seen a new Christmas tie and the edges of a new silk shirt. Comfortable looking slippers adorned his feet, and a new reading glass was in his hand. A box of Havana cigars, a dozen books, ties, socks, and a fountain pen were on a table at his side.

Mr. Bees was smoking and gazing into the fire. The strains of a New York orchestra playing "Holy Night" came to his ears from the seventy-five electric bulbs on a beautifully ornamented Christmas tree furnished the only light in the room except that from the fire. The music of laughter came from an adjoining room.

But Mr. Bees was not conscious of his surroundings. As he was gazing into the fire his thoughts were traveling through the mysterious flame into a distant past. He was living over again the first, and perhaps the happiest Christmas day that he could remember, a Christmas day some seventy-five years before.

In a tiny house in what was then called Canada West, now known as Ontario, a poor family was struggling against the elements for its very existence on the frontier of civilization. Mr. Bees must have been four or five years old at the time. His mother and father were in their early twenties. The one-room house was practically



Oh, Marvel of Marvels—a Big Red Apple!

buried in a drift of snow that Christmas eve.

Mr. Bees, then only Ted, was busy admiring the pictures painted by Jack Frost on the one window of the little house. Such hoar frost! Was there ever the like of it before or since? It was a veritable forest of ferns and trees and bushes, snowy white, more beautiful even than the green ones that grew so thickly in summer along the little stream in back of the house—and more impenetrable. Stars and planets and comets were in this frosty forest, too, and here and there the outline of a palace, at least for the imagination of little Ted. It was the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen, or probably ever would see in this world at least. He could see it now, in memory, as plainly as he saw it then.

His mother was at the stove preparing supper. Soon she called him from his reverie, and he sat down by the soap box with her and with his father. A pan of warm milk was on the box—and in the milk were hunks of bread—a feast for a king. Each of the little family took a spoon and ate from the brimming pan. How good it tasted! Would he could taste it now.

While his mother swept up the crumbs Ted hung his stocking near the stove. Then his mother pulled out the trundle bed, and in two minutes Ted was in the land of dream.

How cold the house was that Christmas morning when at five o'clock he jumped from his trundle bed and ran to the stove to get his stocking! He took it quickly back to bed, and dug his hand way down into the toe to see what Santa had left for him. Oh, marvel of marvels, a big red apple! And four little animal cookies! For

best of all, a stick of peppermint candy striped with red. What more could any child desire?

"Your after-dinner coffee, sir," said a white be-capped maid at his elbow. As he drank the coffee, and looked into the fire, and listened to the music, Mr. Bees heard only the pan of milk simmering on the stove, saw only the hoar frost forest, and tasted only the stick of peppermint candy, his happiest memories in life, perhaps.

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Out of Tune

To the person out of tune with life, Christmas may mean a wearisome duty, a bestowing of gifts on indifferent people, receiving in return things of incredible unsuitability for which he must write notes of imitation thanks.

Automobiles are damaged by sunburn and to prevent this, a layer of colored lacquer, not more than one-thousandth of an inch thick, is spread over the bodies to keep the rays of the sun from damaging the coatings below. The ultraviolet rays work chief havoc with the finish, but the thin film of color effectively stops them.

Days of the "nickel theater" are recalled by a coin-in-the-slot cabinet for the showing of talking motion pictures and colored stews in three dimensions. For five cents, the patron will see a five-minute show featuring the latest news and sport events. Should the film be too long for a run of only five minutes, the next part will be shown in another cabinet on the deposit of an additional coin.

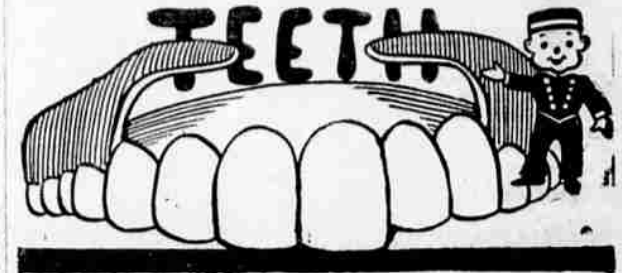
Four Out of Five Families Own One or More Cars

According to statistics compiled by a well-known tire manufacturer four out of five families in the United States own automobiles. Of this number, it is estimated that nearly 15 per cent possess two cars

each, while in eight percent of the cases there are approximately three automobiles to the family. The annual average running and maintenance cost of a car is placed at about \$225, of which about one-fifth is tire expense.

Fish, valueless as food, may be used for motor fuel, engineers report. By a special process, a substitute for gasoline has been extracted from waste fish and research in this direction is being continued.

The Best Painless Dentistry



The next best thing to natural teeth is a good set of artificial ones. Teeth we make are guaranteed to fit and please you.

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RICHFIELD TO BUILD 36 BEACON TOWERS

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 16.—With approximately one-third of the 36 projected Neon beacon towers of the Mexico-to-Canada "White Way" already finished or in course of construction, work of completing the big ten-million-dollar project is to be rushed—all the beacons will be finished within eight months.

This news was disclosed by Bert A. Heintz, president of Highway Communities, Inc., the organization associated with the Richfield Oil company and the Electrical Products, Inc., in what is declared the most elaborate and ambitious "beacon chain" ever conceived.

Mr. Heintz announced at the same time that George S. Miller, representative of the United States department of commerce—in control of aviation—is now on the road with William Cottrell of the Richfield company engaged in selecting further sites for the beacons.

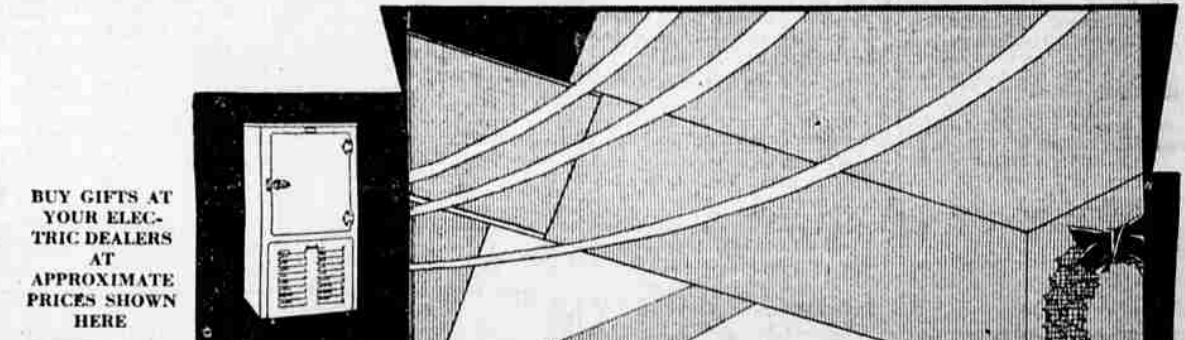
Here, briefly, is the status of the project to date:

Six big beacons, each 125 feet high, Neon illuminated with a Richfield sign from tip to base and with a glowing aviators' guide atop the shaft, have been finished and are ready for lighting. Ideal Richfield service stations, designed in Spanish architecture, have been completed in three cities—Capistrano, Palm and Beaumont.

Towers are now in course of construction at Paso Robles and Chular (near Gonzales, Calif.); in three cities each of the towers will form the nucleus for an ideal village consisting of Richfield service station, roadside hotel, etc. The villages—each located outside the incorporated cities or towns—will be located about 50 miles apart and on all the main highways intersecting Mexico and Canada. Thus it is explained, aviators will be constantly in sight of the beacons at night, while motorists will have handy stopping places available at frequent intervals along every major highway.

Poultry manure is more valuable as a fertilizer than that of any other common farm animal. By careful handling as much as half of it is often lost, says the expert station.

HUSBANDS let this list solve your CHRISTMAS SHOPPING



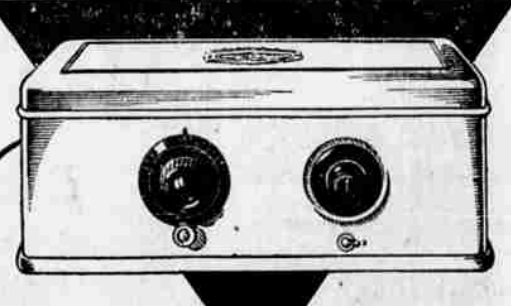
- ELECTRIC RANGES \$70 UP
- ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS \$200 UP
- TABLE AND FLOOR LAMPS \$3 UP
- PERCOLATORS AND URN SETS \$7.95 UP
- WAFFLE IRONS \$10 UP
- TOASTERS \$3.75 UP
- ELECTRIC GRILLS \$8.00 UP
- ELECTRIC IRONS \$3.95 UP
- TABLE STOVES \$8 UP
- PORTABLE HEATERS \$4.95 UP
- ELECTRIC IRONERS \$119 UP
- ELECTRIC WASHERS \$89.50 UP
- ELECTRIC CLEANERS \$39.50 UP
- ELECTRIC COOKERS \$10



A MAN can take real pride in giving these modern electrical servants because he understands them—he knows their practical, every day value and knows that women take great pride and pleasure in their ownership. Choose a really great gift for your wife—this latest Electric Range or a fine electric Refrigerator. Lamps, waffle irons or percolators make ideal selections for others on your list.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Here's a 1929 electric radio—more power, greater range and lower price!



MORE than a quarter million homes are already enjoying the performance of Atwater Kent electric sets. The dependability of Atwater Kent (battery sets included) is satisfying more than 1,650,000 families.

Power? Range? Tone? Snap the switch and let the house current course through the tubes. Touch the FULL-VISION Dial. How the stations come rolling in—each one natural and separate.

Performance? Yes! Dependable performance. The kind of performance that's assured by 222 rigid tests or inspections of each set before it leaves the factory. The kind of dependability that makes five-year-old Atwater Kent sets work perfectly today. Dependability that you can count on!

It took years of research to develop a radio like this Model 40—and it takes modern precision methods to make as fine a set as this for only \$81.

We're sure it will satisfy you. So sure that a phone call to your nearest dealer today will bring a free demonstration in your own home.

Model 40 A. C. set (illustrated above). For 110-120 volt 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six 2 1/2" tubes and one rectifying tube, \$81 (without tubes). Also Model 42 A. C. set with automatic line voltage regulator, \$90, and Model 44, an extra-powerful screen-tube A. C. set, \$110. Battery sets, \$15 and \$12 (one tube and batteries). "Radio's truest voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different size, each \$22.

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