

ONLY PIGS

"SQUEAL, squeal, squeal," said Pinky Pig.

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," said Porky Pig.

"It's the best thing I ever heard of," said Brother Bacon.

"It most certainly is," said Sammy Sausage.

"I've never heard of anything so nice," said Master Pinky Pig. And his mother added,

"It's fine, squeal, squeal, it's fine."

"I agree," said Miss Ham. And she grunted five times, one grunt after the other to show that she agreed.

"What are you all talking about?" asked Red Top, the rooster.

"You don't know?" asked all the pigs.

"Oh yes, I know," said Red Top, crowing proudly.

"Then why did you ask?" inquired Brother Bacon.

"You haven't much sense," said Red Top. "Of course I don't know, or I wouldn't have asked."

"Well did I ever," grunted Miss Ham.

"You said one moment ago that you did know and now you say you don't know. Which do you mean? Do you know what we were talking about or don't you?"

"Yes," said Sammy Sausage, "that is what we would like to know."

"Well," said Red Top, "I don't know, and if I had I wouldn't have asked you. When I said I knew I thought you all had sense enough to know that I was joking. It seems that none of you can take a joke."

"Take a joke," repeated Brother Bacon. "You say that none of us can take a joke. Well, why should we? A joke isn't anything to eat. What would we be doing with a joke I'd like to know."

"Yes," said Porky Pig, "we'd all like to know what we would do with a joke."

"And all the pigs squealed.

"We'd like to know what we could do if we took a joke. It's nothing to eat so why should we take it?"

Red Top the rooster clucked and crowed and grinned.

"This is the best joke."

"What do we care about it being the best joke?" asked Brother Bacon. "We've already told you we didn't care about a joke because it was nothing to eat. We don't care whether it is a best one or not. Now if you were talking about a best dish of food—that would be different."

"Yes, that would be quite different," squealed the other pigs.

"I was wrong," said Red Top grinning. "Of course you have no wish to take a joke because it is nothing to eat. I meant, of course, that it was a joke when I pretended I knew what you were talking about just after I had asked you that question. I wouldn't have asked you if I had known, as I have said before. And I wouldn't have bothered to have had a little joke with you if I had thought that you didn't care about joking. In fact you care about nothing but eating."

All the pigs grinned and twisted their little tails.

"We show we're regular pigs," said Brother Bacon.

"We'll forget about jokes and jok-

ing them," said Red Top. "Tell me what you were talking about. I would like to hear. I don't know really. That's the truth. And that's not a joke."

"We were talking about it being such a good thing," explained Miss Ham.

"What is such a good thing?" asked Red Top.

"This idea of New Years resolutions," said Miss Ham. "You see we heard that every year around this time folks and creatures began making good resolutions. And we've made ours. We think they're fine and we hope to live up to them."

"That's good," said Red Top. "But what are your resolutions?" he asked after a moment.

"To get all we can to eat, each of us," said Miss Ham. "and never to think or worry about anyone but ourselves."

"Well, I never," said Red Top. "You don't know much about the real meaning of good resolutions, but what should I expect? After all your are only pigs."

"Pigs with good resolutions," repeated Miss Ham.

Old Oticloth.

Do not throw away old oticloth. Use it for pads for the baby.

NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

IN SCOTLAND New Year's day has even more importance than Christmas. Highland laddies form processions and go from house to house singing and receiving food and gifts. From Scotland also comes the curious superstition that it is unlucky to take anything out of the house on New Year's day before one has brought something in; hence members of the family may be seen carrying a piece of coal or any small object into the house, to prevent misfortune during the new year.

A quaint New Year custom in Harfordshire, England, is to weave black-thorn into a crown, sing it slightly over a fire and stand around it repeating the words, "Old Cider." The crown is then hung up for luck during the year.

The wassail bowl or loving cup, filled with spiced ale, was in use in New Year celebrations in Old World countries, and children would go about the streets carolling.

In England December 25 was the New Year's day until the time of William the Conqueror. His coronation occurred January 1, hence the year was ordered to begin on that day. England, however, gradually fell into unison with the rest of Christendom, and began the year the 25th of March. The Gregorian calendar restored January 1 as the gateway of the year but it was not until 1752 that England adopted this date.

The custom of exchanging New Year presents still holds in France and the Latin countries.

Crabtree has new community hall.

George OUR BOY REPORTER

Happy new year to evrybuddy an it wont be Christmuss agen for a hull year an its my berthday tomorrer but I dont gess I will get nothin cause my fother he sod his pocketbook is got a blow out from Christmuss an its a flat tire now.

Jim dash

Mister Ploveson what lives up to Wheeler give Judge Stanley \$ a hundred dollers for Christmuss I gess an Judge Stanley he give it to the county to pay bills with. He was rested for havin sum raisin mashes an so when him an Judge Stanley talked about it Mister Ploveson he sed he wood make it all rite so Judge Stanley sed well you jess hand over \$ a hundred dollers an that will fill up the bill. Raisin mashes is to make you happy for Christmuss I gess.

Jim dash

Sheriff Aschim an Mister Lucas an Mister Holden was up to Bay City to a party to Mister Larson's house wich is cashier up to the bank thare, Nobody wus hurt.

Mister Fred Messersmith's brother is here to stay all the time now from Springfield wich is the capitle of Illinois. He aint a pollertishun he is jess a gentlemad. The chief sed you cant be both. He sed neer evrybuddy in Springfield is a pollertishun the chief did, He's got his famly with him also.

Jim dash

Mister Hacjet wich is from Long Prairie sed the storm put his lites on the bum but he got them fixed up for Christmuss jess the same so he cood see what wus in his stock in I gess in the mornin.

Jim dash

Mister Page had sm cumpney up to his house wich wus jess his daughter from Orenco I gess cause she looks like him.

Jim dash

I seen Miss Patterson jess now na she sed she never dun so much bizness in her hull life like she did Christmuss. She sed peeple got hats what aint never got hats from her before an corsets also.

FORGET PAST, START ANEW WITH NO APOLOGY FOR YESTERDAY

Box Up All Mistakes and Troubles That Never Happened and Bury Them Deep.

I visited a penitentiary one time. The turnkey went before, unlocked all the doors and carefully locked them after we had gone through. We went from cell-house to cell-house and from corridor to corridor. We could not go back, but we could go forward. Forget about last year. December 31 locks its doors forever. You can't unlock those doors. What has been done cannot be undone. Perhaps you began your life's journey quite a while ago, 1500 is gone! 1910 is gone! 1920 is gone! Those years all sped by and they are locked forever. They are gone with lost opportunities, wasted privileges, broken pledges. You cannot call them back.

Regrettable it is we cannot go back, and, with the added experience of years live a portion of our lives over again. Every high-minded person would do differently if he was given the last ten or twenty years to live over. But why think over the past? Why nurse the unfortunate in your bosom? You cannot go back if you would; if you are sensible you would not if you could. To brood over life's forgotten past only doubles the present load, makes one more morose and crabbed, and deepens the furrows in one's brow. Wipe off the slate. Box up all omissions, all "shallow miseries," all mistakes, all the troubles that never happened—and bury them.

Then about face! Head erect, chest out, shoulders back, and—forward march! Look every person squarely in the eye, make no apology for yesterday, for tomorrow is before you. The new year is yours. The world lies at your very feet.

This is not a message simply for

youth, because no person is exempt from moral obligations. There is no age limit in life's battle. When we are through with the world the world is through with us. Too many persons consider it fashionable to "retire" at a certain age, and that age is getting constantly lower.

If one has not found life's place before forty, the more the reason for his doubling his efforts after forty. A man should not consider withdrawing from life's toil at fifty, and one should not think himself old at sixty. Gladstone was doing the best work of his life at eighty-five, and at eighty-seven toured England on a speech-making trip on behalf of Armenia.

Little streams often dry up in the desert, but great rivers run full strength to the sea, and turn the wheels of commerce before they finally plunge into the ocean. Small lives are easily discouraged, but every great life is rooted in the past, blossoms today and bears fruit tomorrow.

The great life is ahead, because we have the blessed results of yesterday's experience. The future is full of promise. America's greatest history is yet to come. 1921 was far better than 1920; 1922 will be better than 1921, if we will make it so. We shall find this a very good old world, if we are willing to do our part.

"Success consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."—Nathan Howard Gist in Grit.

PERFECT POLITENESS. On the arrival of a train in Nairobi Station the other day three lions entered a carriage. It speaks well of the courtesy of the passengers that to a man they gave up their seats.—Punch (London).

A LINE TO GET 'EM: Who'll be the first dealer to advertise: "Get an automobile or an automobile will get you?"—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

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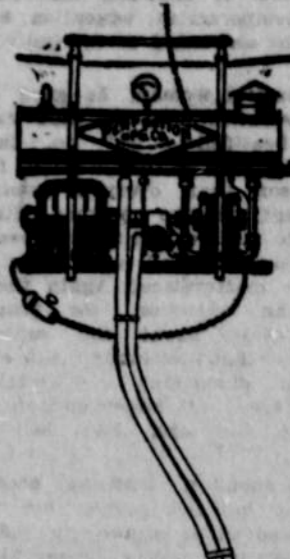
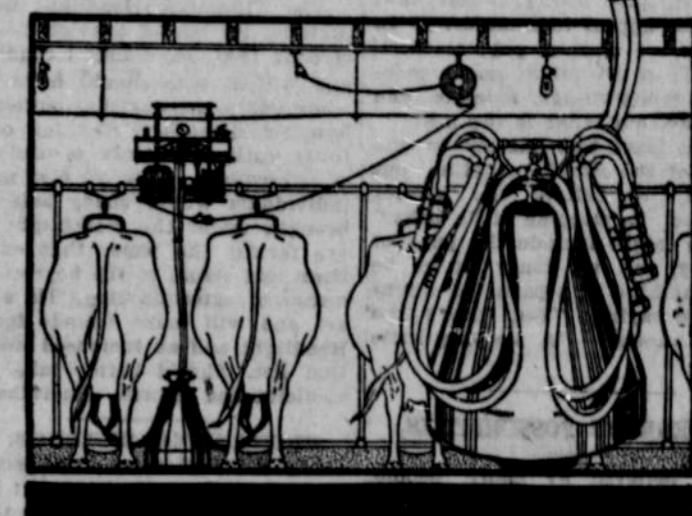
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CONOVER & CONOVER

TILLAMOOK, OREGON