

About Christmas

Everything's all out, and the basement swept,
 everything is where it should be.
 He's most perfect,
 things least expected:
 That's my Son,
 On the run
 For his dad,
 'Tis Christmas!

I find beside my chair,
 intentions for me there—
 I feel "Almost a King,"
 and o'er, and everything:
 That's my Wife,
 Bet your life,
 "Dear Old Dad!"
 'Tis Christmas!
 Woodward Pemberton.

A TUNE for a PENNY

by Martha B. Thomas

IT'S any wonder that the man with the tin whistle felt a trifle discouraged? Is it any wonder when the pavements were so cold, the wind so keen and his coat so thin? It seemed, on that shivery Christmas Eve, as if everything was trying to be as dreary as possible, instead of merry. It would not even a fine, sharp drizzle swept in the bridge where the man with the tin whistle stood, and managed to slide the tops of his boots and collar and up his coat sleeves; it was very disappointing indeed.

Today season was usually a jolly affair. Either people had a deal more at that time, or they went on getting rid of those they had. The man with the tin whistle had a little cup that possessed a most palatable appetite for coppers! It held as many pennies as one as a boy eating raisins out of a pudding; and that's saying a deal! But today the little cup almost empty. Nobody had time to stop and dig around in pockets for coins; it was too cold, and their hands were so numb they wanted to know where their children were going to clap their hands over the trees from the stores. The man with the tin whistle wanted to get a penny. He did not have any waiting for him, and they would had no bundles to squeal over if he had, but there was a funny, ragged fellow that always expected something, danced around in a dazy, delighted way that was very cheerful. But would the man with the tin whistle come home when his tunes brought nothing but numb fingers and a pain in his feet as if they had been stepped on?

He screwed up his mouth, he long breath, pretended that he was making his little cup ring with bells and played the gayest tune you ever heard! It laughed him up the windy stairs into the



He checked along the cold on the gray wall; it capered the pavement like an elf doing his tricks and was altogether the merriest of business in that particular that had happened for years. The man with the tin whistle was thinking of Ravelings, his dog at home, and convinced it put something into his head that was irresistible. For let him tell you! In two minutes who would come running down the steps of him but a young lady with the bluest cheeks and the laughing eyes he had ever seen. She was laughing at him as though she had never seen him all her life.

"I love that tune!" she said. "It always makes me want to skip my feet. I can't think how nice it is to hear you play. It cheers a man up on a long day's work. Merry Christmas!" And, if you'll believe me, she put her hand with the gray hair in his pocket. The little tin whistle man was smiling and gave every sign of being ready for anything that might come.

"I'll have the supper for me and Ravelings," thought the man with the tin whistle, as he tipped his hat. "I'll be home before he could decide whether to have hot dogs or soup, some one was smiling at him. This was a quiet man with gray hair.

"I'll always look for you when I come down the stairs," said the man, "and I'll hear those rollicking little tunes you play. It cheers a man up on a long day's work. Merry Christmas!" And, if you'll believe me, she put her hand with the gray hair in his pocket. The little tin whistle man was smiling and gave every sign of being ready for anything that might come.

an whistle almost forgot how cold his feet were and that the rain had succeeded in making his stockings very wet and wretched. It really must have been the tune, for everybody had a coin and a bit of greeting. So he played and played and played. He thought his luck would change if he changed the tune, and he very nearly blew the breath out of him, keeping the notes dancing about in that dismal place. Ravelings and he were going to have the finest supper in all Christendom, if whistling could do it.

Some people threw in pennies, and some threw in dimes, and an occasional one dropped a quarter; but the best surprise of all came at the last (which is the way it should be, especially on Christmas Eve).

The man with the tin whistle was just about to take it away from his mouth and start home when a little, old lady, with white hair, stopped in front of him. Her eyes twinkled like frosty stars and there was something about her that made one think of a chickadee. Perhaps it was her bright, quick eyes, or maybe the way she put her head on one side and looked so exceedingly wise and happy. The man with the tin whistle thought she was the nicest old lady he had ever seen. And this was before she had said a word.

"Somebody," chirped the old lady (her voice was like a chickadee's, too, only it did not say what a chickadee does), "Somebody who went through here last year about this time has sent you a present. That somebody was very discouraged over a lot of things. And the day was discouraging, too, just like this. But you were playing away here for all you were worth, just as if the sun were shining and your feet were warm as toast. The tune was the same one you are tootling now. And that somebody decided that if you could stand and whistle a jolly air in all the cold and wet and drizzle, that it was time to make himself brace up and do something. And he did." The old lady twinkled harder than ever. The man with the tin whistle wondered what in the world she was going to say next. But she did not say anything for a minute. She whipped out a pocketbook, snapped open the top, took out a small, folded piece of paper and handed it to the man with the tin whistle. Then she snapped her pocketbook together, put it in her bag, perked her head on one side and chirped, "Merry Christmas! The man was my son." And she was gone before you could say Jack Robinson!

Ravelings and his master had a supper worth talking about that night, I



can tell you! For what do you suppose that folded bit of paper was? A new, rattling ten-dollar bill! Yes, sir! And Ravelings will remember that particular Christmas Eve as long as he can wag his tail or gnaw a bone. And the man with the tin whistle declared he would never get discouraged again, no matter how dreadful the weather was. Ravelings approved of this determination and ate another chop at once.

And the man with the tin whistle still plays tunes all the way from a penny up to ten dollars!

Hermit Cookies.

One and one-half cupfuls sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cupful of butter or shortening, 3 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, 1 1/2 cupfuls raisins.

Add sugar and eggs to melted butter. Beat well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, spices and soda together. Add to butter mixture and mix well. Add plumped raisins. Drop by teaspoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven until brown, about 20 to 25 minutes. This makes about 30 cookies.

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS



CANNING TEAM HEARD FROM

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 6, 1922.
 Dear All of You:

We arrived in Chicago Sunday at eleven a. m. and had a fine time. We came over the Union Pacific and of course you may know we were surprised at many things.

Idaho was very different from what we expected an dneary every thing we saw was covered with snow. The towns were small and at one place we saw a large herd of cattle trying to eat the snow.

After we crossed the Rockies and got on the Prairies it was much warmer, even warmer than at home and that surprised us as we had been told it would be so dreadfully cold.

Our rooms were reserved at the New Southern hotel on Michigan Boulevard and you should see that boulevard. The walks are as wide as our pavements and the street is as wide as a block at home. The automobiles are so thick on the boulevard that it looks as if a person never could get across the street.

We are through canning and Miss Cowgill said we did fine. She said that in the canning demonstration the race was very close between Idaho, Iowa, Colorado and Oregon. The judges go to come yet and of course the amount of work done must be counted. It doesn't seem as if Tillamook girls could make a very good showing against girls that come from places where they raise large quantities of vegetables, as well as fruit, but then we are doing our best anyway. We were the second team to can. Minnesota canned first.

There are nine canning teams here. On Monday we canned apples at three o'clock in the afternoon. Yesterday at six o'clock we canned string beans and tonight at seven thirty we canned chicken. Idaho's and our apples are the best canned apples there. Our beans are fine, and our chicken is the prettiest canned chicken you ever seen.

One of the judges here is the judge for the Hazel Atlas contest and as the products for judging had not been placed by the judges, she is going to take our crabs, salmon and meat and get them in the judging contest.

There are seven hundred and twenty club members here from all over the United States but most of them are from Illinois and Indiana. This morning they were taken thru the Chicago Board of Trade but we stayed at the hotel and studied.

Sunday afternoon we went to the Art Museum. It was grand. Tuesday we went through the Swift & Armour and another packing plant. They explained all about the plants and afterwards gave us a fine dinner. Last evening we went to the Chicago theatre. It is said to be the prettiest in the United States.

The moon we went to the Y. M. C. A. where we were served with a fine lunch. We went through Marshall Field & company's store, the largest store in the world and then we were shown through Sears, Roebuck store. Some of the club members went to the Montgomery Ward store.

Sears Roebuck is the largest store you ever saw. We were taken all through it and they showed us how well paper and all kinds of paper, are made. We watched them make the pulp an dscraps into paper, then thousand miles of paper there. They took us through their printing plant which is the largest private printing plant in the world. After being shown through the store we were given a banquet, then we had to

come to the exposition grounds to can.

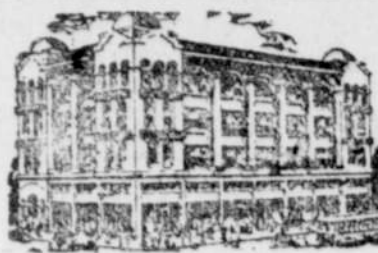
We saw lake Michigan today. Nearly every time we go any place we ride on the elevated railways which is a real treat to us.

I am going to Pauline's uncle's with her. Miss Cowgill is going to Springfield and we will meet her there and go to Minneapolis and stay there over night. We are coming back on the Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Paul, and plan to get home a day or two before Christmas.

Last evening we met Senator Norblad of Astoria in a restaurant. Well, good bye, I must close.

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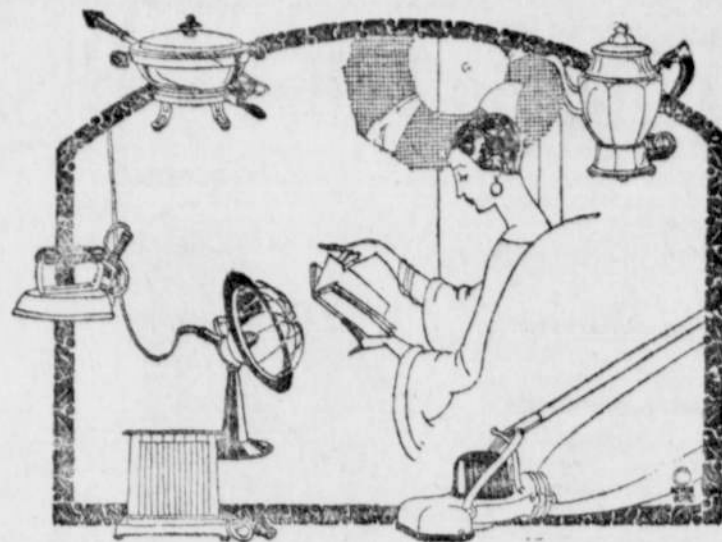


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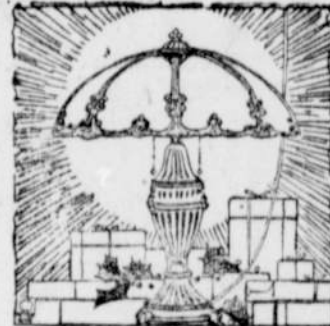
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MAKE IT AN ELECTRICAL CHRISTMAS

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Coast Power Comp'y
 The Electric Store



"Only the Best for me!"

declares the woman who takes pride in the kind of food she sets before her family.

She knows it doesn't pay to waste her good efforts and her good flour, eggs and other materials by using anything but ROYAL—the best baking powder made.

It Contains No Alum Leaves No Bitter Taste



'When the Seals Come, Buy Them

A LITTLE before Christmas, you will be offered some Christmas Seals. Keep them and use them on envelopes and packages. Send a check or money order to cover the small sum they cost.

When you do this, you help in the fight against tuberculosis. You help save human lives. Your help goes where help is most needed—to the house that is clouded with the threat of death. When the seals come, buy them.

Stamp Out Tuberculosis with Christmas Seals

