The Tillamook Herald

E. E. Tromobley, Editor

Issued Twice a Week . . . Tuesday and Friday

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ALL Display Ads must be in this office on Monday and Thursday Mornings to insure publication in following Tuesday and Friday issues.
Reasons are imperative.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 21, 1915

What's Christmas Under

How It Started a Revolution in Giving Christmas Presents

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Edward," said Mrs. Dumont, "Christmas is coming, and this year I would like to introduce some novelty into our festivities. How would you like to play Santa Claus?"

"I have no objection to doing any reasonable thing to add to the children's happiness, but it seems to me that Christmas is losing its appeal. The result is the spoiled child thinks we are overdoing the matter and is developing selfishness against the interchange of presents. For weeks before the Christmas season preparations are going on, money is being spent, and after it is all over there is enough useless material accumulated to serve for all sorts of holidays."

"I see you have become a prig."

"It is not the giving that I am opposed to, but the exchange. Our children send gifts to all the other children with whom they are intimate because it is expected that these children will give presents to them."

"You wouldn't have our children in a position to receive presents without returning them, would you?"

"Certainly not. I would do away with gifts on both sides."

"How could you possibly do that?"

"Let it be known that this year our children will give presents only to those who send them. There are plenty of poor children whose hearts would be gladdened at being remembered and who cannot make a return. Let us provide an equivalent for all the gifts our children expect to receive and instead of making the return to those who don't need presents give them to those who do."

"Oh, Edward, how impractical you are! Do you suppose those who give us Christmas presents will be satisfied with such a return?"

"Granted. But we will have got rid of the exchange method and will have gained the pleasure of real giving."

"If you are willing that our children should be placed in such a position with their associates I am not. I admit that we should give to the poor, but gifts for them should be provided extra."

"Well, my dear, I will give you an allowance to spend for Christmas as you like. If a check do you think would be all the future gifts the children would need?"

"I like it."

"And how much for real gifts?"

"The poor are not accustomed to as much as those who are well provided for. I think $10 will do."

"Very well," and he drew out a check for $75.

"Now you must help me. I want to introduce a new feature into Santa Claus."

"Considering that I don't approve of your method of conducting Christmas I don't see how it interests me to be in the least to take part therein. But—I'll take the part."

Jim was their son, thirteen years old, but quite large enough for a Santa Claus. He was delighted at the opportunity, and it was arranged that on Christmas eve he should appear with a bag of gifts. These were to be solely for the children of the Dumont family. Mrs. Dumont, in deference to the wishes of her practical husband, consented that they should all be useful articles. Billy needed a new overcoat, Jenny a dress suitable for attending school, and children's parties, while Bob, who was athletically disposed, wanted a pair of skates.

The Dumonts lived in a row of twelve brick houses of equal height and finish. An end house was vacant. Jim got permission to dress in this house for the part he was to play, after which he would walk over the roofs of the houses intervening between it and his home, open the scuttle and go down into a second story bedroom, where the assembled family would be waiting for him. Of course only the father and mother were to know he was coming.

When Christmas eve came Jim gathered up the different articles that had been provided for his outfit, and while his mother attracted the attention of the other children he stole out of the house unseen, went to the vacant building at the end of the block, opened the door with a key that had been furnished him and, lighting a candle—the gas had been turned off—went upstairs and put on his suit.

He made an excellent Santa Claus. He was five feet four inches in height and fat, though he added to his flesh by means of a pillow. He had on the fur cap, fur trimmed coat and high boots that are supposed to belong to Kris Kringle. His mask wore a benevolent smile.

And with [illegible] he entered in search of his board.

When Jim had got on all his clothes he took up his bag, went up a flight of steps from the top floor to the scuttle, pushed it open, set his candle on the step, blew it out, emerged on to the roof and started for his own home. Passing over several intervening houses, he opened a scuttle and descended the stairs. There were no lights above the second floor, so that he could neither see nor be seen. He was about to descend farther when he heard some one coming up the stairs.

Stepping into a room, he closed the door, leaving a crack through which he could peep.

[illegible] the scratch of a match and a gas jet in the hall was ignited, revealing the face of a strange woman. What did it mean? Could he have got into the wrong house? His home was the sixth from the end. Where he had put on his costume. Had he missed a house or counted too many? It didn't matter, he had certainly made a mistake.

The woman, considering that it was Christmas time, made a rather odd expression. She went into a bedroom opposite the one in which Jim was concealed and looked down on a few toys—meager Christmas provision—laid out on a bed. Then, closing the door, she went out into the hall.

Jim supposed that she would go downstairs again, but instead of doing so she came right into the room where he was. He retreated into a corner, but was unable to conceal himself. On perceiving him the woman started and gave a suppressed cry; but, recognizing a Santa Claus, her appearance and actions changed at once.

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed joyfully, "how loyal of you! I knew that you wouldn't stay away for Christmas, but I didn't think you would do this for the children. Isn't it too delightful for anything? And what a splendid Santa Claus you make!"

Rushing to the landing, she called out: "Children, come up here! Santa Claus has come!"

Four little tots, the oldest nine, the youngest three, came crowding up the stairs, the older running over the younger ones and all in a hurry to see Santa Claus.

In one respect Jim was relieved. His father had told him that he must be careful not to get into the wrong house, for he had read of a thief who had once played Santa Claus for the purpose of plunder and had been shot. When Jim found that he had blundered he was much frightened. Indeed he dared not reveal himself. As soon as the children appeared he advanced into the light and began to toss toys to the little ones. They were eagerly seized. Jim had a vain hope that something would occur before he need give away the more substantial presents to enable him to save them for their intended purpose, but as he proceeded so great was the happiness he was conferring on this family that he kept on emptying his sack quite willingly.

Finally Jim came to a package that he knew contained his sister Jennie's party dress. A little girl about Jennie's age stood looking up at him wistfully. Jim could not withstand the temptation. He tossed the package to the child. She broke the string that bound it, eagerly tore off the cover and, unfolding the dress, held it up admiringly. Then she threw her arms around Jim's neck, and he forgot his blunder in his and her happiness.

Jim flung skates, clothes, dolls, shoes, anything, everything that his hand touched as he plunged it into the bag till there was nothing left. Then it occurred to him that he had better be getting out. Bowing and throwing kisses to the family he had made so happy, he ran down the stairs, the children crying out for him not to go yet, but ignoring their pleadings till he came to Tom's old coat. Through which he passed and vowed it, shutting out the joyful cries behind him.

Meanwhile his brothers and sisters were kept with difficulty in the room in the house where she had gathered them. The father was downstairs in the library. The door opened and in walked Mr. Jim in Santa Claus rig but with an empty bag.

"Why, Jim," exclaimed his father, "what's become of your presents?"

"Gone?"

"Gone? But where?"

"I went down the wrong scuttle. A lot of children thought I was their Santa Claus. I didn't intend to give 'em all the presents, but I got started and it made 'em so happy that I just couldn't help cleaning out the bag."

"Good for you, sonny!" and the father gave his boy a hearty hug. "I'll stand for everything you gave away."

Mrs. Dumont and the children were called downstairs and Jim gave them an account of his adventure. When he had finished his father repeated his promise to duplicate everything that had been given away and suggested that they all go into the house that Jim had wrongly entered, explain the mistake and enjoy the happiness of their neighbors. So they went out in a body, Jim at the head, and when admitted to their neighbor's house Mr. Dumont explained how Jim had made a mistake, but on no account would a single gift be taken back.

Nor would any of the family, including Mrs. Dumont, have deprived their neighbors of the happiness of which they had been unintentionally the cause. Indeed, Jim's blunder produced a lasting change in the Dumont family. Mrs. Dumont had found that in order to make the Christmas exchanges, she had spent all the money her husband had given her, and she had nothing left for the poor. Had Jim come down the right scuttle no one except the Dumont family and their friends would have received any gifts. This converted her to her husband's way of thinking, and when the next Christmas came timely notice was given out that all the expenditures of the Dumont household, except the usual gifts among themselves, would be for the benefit of the poor.

When acquainted Mrs. Dumont's acquaintances with this information was that several copies of those who received it objected. "A good idea. I'll have to adopt it myself," was the general comment, and it was the beginning of a general Christmas reformation in the Dumonts' circle of acquaintances.

What Indeed Would Be More Acceptable

to your wife and family this Christmas than a fine new piano or player piano?

Many a home is cheerless, to a certain extent, because the musical atmosphere is lacking.

Music is not a luxury, but a necessity, to relax from the nervous strain of the average American of today.

You owe it to your children to develop their talents along this line, it being almost as important as their present school training.

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Leland B. Erwin

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THE TILLAMOOK DRUG STORE

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook

J. F. Robertson, Plaintiff,

vs.

Eve A. Fouts, now Eve A. Walton, and John Doe Walton, her husband, Defendants.

To Eve A. Fouts, now Eve A. Walton, and John Doe Walton, her husband:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from November 26th, 1915, the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed in this suit, to-wit: For judgment against you for the sum of six hundred and eighty dollars ($680.00) together with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 2nd day of January, 1908, until paid, and for the further sum of $150.00 attorney's fees and for the costs and disbursements of this suit; and for the foreclosure of the mortgage described in the complaint, which said mortgage is recorded in Book "R", Page 572 Mortgage Records, in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, Oregon, which said mortgage was given to secure the payment of said principal sum of $680.00, interest and attorneys fees and costs and is against the following described real estate to wit:

The East One Half (E½) of the Southwest One Fourth (SW¼) and Lots Three (3) and Four (4) of Section Thirty one (31) Township Five (5), South of Range Ten (10), West of Willamette Meridian, Tillamook County, Oregon, containing 159.76 acres more or less. That said property be sold to satisfy such judgment, and that the application of the proceeds of the sale of said property upon foreclosure be applied to the satisfaction of said judgment, and that each of you be forever [illegible] all right, title or equity in and to said property and premises.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in the Tillamook Herald, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in said Tillamook County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable George [illegible] ley judge of said Court, said order bearing date the 23rd day of November, 1915, directing that the same be published for six successive weeks therein.

G. A. Johnson,
Richard Deich,
C. E. Hemaker,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Date of first publication, November 26th, 1915.

Date of last publication, December 31st, 1915.

Notice For Publication

(PUBLISHED)

Department of the Interior

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Portland, Oregon, November 11th, 1915.

NOTICE is hereby given that W. Thompson, whose postoffice address is 209 East 27th St. North, Portland, Oregon, did, on the 3rd day of July, 1912, file in this office his Statement and Application, No. [illegible], to purchase the W½ SE¼ and SE¼ SW¼ Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 10 West, Willamette Meridian, and timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated at 900 board feet at $2 per M, or 1,650,000 board feet at $3,300.00, and the land $120.00, that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and will ask for a patent at the 28th day of January, 1916, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Portland, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

N. Campbell, Register.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, has appointed the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Jennie [illegible], deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to me at the office of T. H. Guthrie, an attorney at law, in Tillamook City, Oregon, together with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated November 26th, 1915.

Wm. A. Dalrymple, Administrator of the Estate of Jennie [illegible], Deceased.

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3 cans Royal Club Fancy Hominy for -	40c
3 cans Royal Club Solid Pack Tomatoes for	40c
3 cans Royal Club Maine Corn for - -	40c
1 can Royal Club Pumpkin, 1 can Royal Club Squash and 1 can Royal Club Spinach all 3 for	40c
2 1 lb. pkgs. Royal Club Currants for -	25c
Fancy Royal Club Seeded Raisins	10c per lb
Fancy Sea Port Corn 3 cans for -	25c
Fancy Silverdale Tomatoes 3 cans for -	25c
Golden CROWN Flour	$5.50 per bbl. $1.45 sk.

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