

GATE CITY JOURNAL

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H. F. BROWN

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PASSENGER SCHEDULE

Main Line Eastbound.
No. 26—Due 9:22 a. m. daily.
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Homedale Branch
Leaves Nyssa at 10:15 a. m. Mon-
days and Fridays only.

Also the Reverse

Youngun—No doubt appearance has
a lot to do with one's success.
Oldun—But not so much as success
has to do with one's appearance.

PREPARED WITH CAPERS



Diner—Was this mutton prepared
with capers?

Walter—Yes, sir, indeed it was. The
chef burnt three fingers when he took
it up.

Commercial Rating

The crowd, admiring, follows
Promoters of banality
Who show a million dollars
And a thirty-cent mentality.

Mutual Compliments

Maud—Did you hear what your
friend Edith said about you?

Marie—No, I was in the other
group talking about her.

DELAYED BY A WRECK



"Jim says he was delayed in get-
ting back by a wreck."
"Wreck is right—I saw her"

Radio

I'll write no postcards as it flings
Its various sounds erratic;
No writing could express the things
I think about the static.

Fishin' Taught Here

The novice at trout fishing had
hooked a very small trout and had
wound it in till it was rammed against
the end of the rod.

Pupil—What do I do now?
Instructor—Climb the rod and stab
it.—Lumber Co-operator.

Mexican Superstition

The Mexicans have a superstition
that whoever partakes of food that
has been gnawed by rats will be false-
ly accused of wrongdoing.

Proverb Corrected

The old proverb about having too
many irons in the fire is an abominable
old lie. Have all in, shovel, tongs
and poker.—Adam Clarke.

Goodness Is Its Own Reward

Great minds, like heaven, are
pleased in doing good, though the un-
grateful subjects of their favors are
barren in return.—Rowe.

Chiropractors

Drs. R. P. and Pearl M. Bradford,
licensed in Oregon and Idaho. Carver
graduates. Consultation and examina-
tion free. Fifteen years successful
practice in the state. First door west
of bank, Nyssa, Oregon.

E. M. BLODGETT
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Practices in all courts
Nyssa, Oregon

A MATTER OF RENTS

"High rents are certainly a prob-
lem to the working man. Think of
what we have to pay for this little
apartment!"

"Have you spoken to the landlord
about it?"

"Oh, yes, but it was like putting a
new piece of cloth in an old garment."

"How do you mean?"

"It simply made the rent worse."

Love's Labor Lost

"Listen!" he said. "I've spent three
weeks teaching a girl to ride a bi-
cycle. Talk about patience. Job was
a novice at the game. And what is
my reward? I've just been to the
theater, and—"

"Seen the girl with another fellow?"
"No! A thousand times worse! I
saw her on the stage. She's a trick
cyclist."

THE STONY STARE



He—Maud has a perfect face—looks
as if cut from marble.
He—Then that must be why she
always gives me the stony stare.

That's the Trouble

It's hard work, honey.
In the gloom and gloam,
Can't live on the money
That you see in your dream

The Real Damage

The Policeman (after the examina-
tion of the victim of motor accident,
to motorist)—This is going to be seri-
ous for you. You've broken his arm,
cut his head, sprained his ankle,
bruised—

The Motorist—Yes, that's all very
well, but have you seen what he's done
to my car?—London Opinion.

The Generous Butcher

Mr. Newed (soliloquously)—And how
do you get along with the butcher,
darling?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, splendidly! He's
such a generous man, dear! When I
order a four-pound joint, he always
sends one weighing six or seven!

Nothing to It

Muriel—I don't like baseball, do
you?

Edith—It's terrible! Why, I sat in
the bleachers for two hours, and my
face wasn't a bit bleached when the
game was over—it was just the oppo-
site!

COMING OR GOING



He—Really, I don't know what the
young girls are coming to.
She—And some wonder where we're
going!

Exploitation

Publicity we borrow—
Its methods we employ
To make a jest of sorrow
And stifle honest joy.

Optimistic MacDougall

"They tell me the doctor has given
MacDougall only six months to live.
He seems cheery about it."

"Oh, he's a great optimist, is Mac.
The day after they broke the news to
him he started learning the harp!"

A Severe Test

Mrs. Ranter—My husband says he
has knocked off cursing for good.

Mrs. Canter—Do you think he will
hold out?

Mrs. Ranter—Well, we will see how
he gets by this month's gas bill.

Hopeless

He—So your father and mother both
object to me. Can't we win them
over?

She—I'm afraid not. It's the only
thing they have agreed on in years.

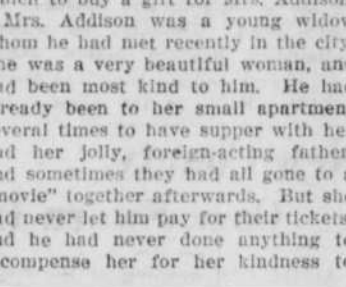
A Great Fight

Hobbs—So your wife recovered. I
hear the doctors made a great fight
for her life.

Dobbs—They did, and they almost
got it, too.



IT WAS his first Christmas in the
city. He could not afford to go
home, nor could he have gone if
he had had the money. He was clerk
in a store, and had to work Christmas
Eve till ten o'clock. The last train for
his home town left at three in the
afternoon. And there was no use go-
ing up on Christmas day for just an
hour; five hours each way on the
train, total fare over ten dollars, for
one hour at home; one-third of a
week's pay! No, that would be ex-
travagance. So he had sent his mother
two pink silk nightgowns as a solace
for his first absence from home on
Christmas day. He thought the night-
gowns would delight her; she had
never had a silk one, and from the
way that silk ones were displayed in
the city shops, he was sure they were
the thing to wear. The night gowns
he had sent her, the hankies he had
sent his sisters, and the ties for his
brothers, had completely emptied his
pockets. He always had been gener-
ous, but he enjoyed depriving himself
for the happiness of others. His gen-
erosity this time, however, had gone
too far, for he had nothing left with
which to buy a gift for Mrs. Addison.
Mrs. Addison was a young widow
whom he had met recently in the city.
She was a very beautiful woman, and
had been most kind to him. He had
already been to her small apartment
several times to have supper with her
and her jolly, foreign-acting father,
and sometimes they had all gone to a
"movie" together afterwards. But she
had never let him pay for their tickets,
and he had never done anything to
recompense her for her kindness to



him. "Your companionship is all we
want, dad and I," is what she always
said, and he believed her. But he
gaily wanted to take her something
for Christmas. If only he had
kept one of the nightgowns he had
sent his mother. But no, that would
have been too pretentious and too per-
sonal. He must give her something
very beautiful, to be sure, but nothing
extravagant, even if he could. She
wouldn't like that. What was he to
do?

For lunch the day before Christmas
he had a sandwich and a soda at a
drug store. That left him 20 minutes
to gaze longingly in the shop windows
on the avenue. Such pretty things, he
thought he had never seen before—
jewelry, clothing, novelties for the de-
light of women. They seemed just
made for Mrs. Addison. But a dollar
was all the money he could spare, and
what could you get for that? The
boudoir lamp he wanted cost five dol-
lars, the desk set eight; and even a
decent box of candy would be two dol-
lars and a half.

The jeweler's clock warned him he
must get back to work, so wearily he
turned the corner and hurried to his
own store to so grudgingly dole out
to others the things he could not buy
himself—for her.

That night he returned to his room
empty-handed and mournful. But his
fatigue was so great, sleep soon quieted
his sorrow.

It was late Christmas morning when
he awoke, but there was still time to
slip himself up and get to Mrs. Addi-



son's for breakfast at eleven. How
original of her to invite him for Chris-
mas breakfast, and at eleven, too! He
appreciated those extra hours of sleep.
She certainly was a dear.

Breakfast at eleven! Why, that
meant he would not have to eat again
till night, and then just a simple sup-
per. And THAT meant he saved the
price of a Christmas dinner—another
dollar! But two dollars—what could
he do with that, and all the stores
closed? His enthusiasm waned as
quickly as it came. And then, sud-
denly, his eyes saw the beautiful
flowers he was watering. They were
paper white narcissus he had bought
a few weeks before at the "Five and
ten." The four bulbs and the bowl
had cost only a quarter, and here they
were with two beautiful sprays of frag-
rant bloom and one fat bud just
ready to break its covering. Their
fragrance filled the room. Their
beauty would grace any home; yes,
even hers. His Christmas shopping
problem was solved! He would buy
some candy at the corner drug store,
and give it with the flowers he had
grown himself. Oh, what a jolly
breakfast party they would have!

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An Ill Omen

In the Balkans it is believed that to
die on Christmas Day is of ill omen as
regards one's place in the after-death
life.

A Christmas Dish

Eels baked and rolled in laurel leaf
are a favored Christmas dish in Italy.

Bless Her Heart!

"What's the trouble, Mrs. Barr?" the
grocer asked the young bride who had
stormed into his store.

"I've been cheated," was the reply.
"I ordered macaroni for dinner and
all the delivery boy brought me was a
lot of empty stems!"—The Progressive
Grocer.

The Charge

Divorce Lawyer—What accusation
do you make against your wife?

Client—She's a vegetarian and in-
sists on serving me that kind of a
diet.

Lawyer—Then we'll charge her with
neglect of duty as a helpmeet.

The True Spirit

Guest—Then your son Robert did
not graduate after all?

Hostess—No; the dear boy has so
much college spirit. There were so
many graduating every year that it
cripples college athletics.—New Haven
Register.

FIXING THE BLAME



Mrs. Knagg—Oh, dear! Why did
I ever marry you?
Her Husband—Don't blame me. I
did my best to run out on you.

Mysterious Magnificence

We hold parades with gorgeous glee,
Vast and magnificent;
Their pleasure would be more to me
If I knew what they meant.

Called Anyway

Weep and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool,
Yield and you're called a coward,
Kick and you're called a mule.

The Worm Turns

"A woman has no sense of humor,"
said Mr. Meekton.

"How do you know?" inquired Hen-
rietta.

"If she had any, her looking-glass
would make her laugh so much that
she'd spoil her make-up."

Overrated

"I gave you," said the discharged
employee, "the best five years of my
life."

"Were those your best?" answered
the merchant, in surprise.—Progressive
Grocer.

Describing Him

Head of the House—Gentleman
wants to see me? Who is he?

Maid (under notice)—Don't know.
"E just said 'e wanted to see the lyin'
scoundrel wot lives 'ere!"—London
Opinion.

HARD TO GET



"A diamond is the hardest stone,
Isn't it?"
"Yes—to get."

Flowers for Oscar

The gates were down, but Oscar Shay
Decided to his sorrow
To speed across the right of way,
His funeral is tomorrow.

Sized Up

Mrs. Fryer—Mrs. Stretch is always
blowing about the money she spends.
Mrs. Guyer—Yes, what a spend-
thrift that woman's tongue is, my
dear.—New Bedford Standard.

Wants a Home

Father—What kind of a man is this
fellow to whom you are engaged?

Marion—Well, he says he has al-
ways wanted a home.

"That sounds good."

"And he likes ours very much."

Poetic

"How strikingly this reminds me of
the words of the poet," remarked the
boarder, after complying with a third
request to pass the butter.

"What words?"

"Life's butter passing dream."

Protection Wanted

"Why have you never entered poli-
tics?"

"I have been waiting for some one
to invent a mud guard that could be
worn by those running for office."



IT WAS cold along the Seine that
Christmas Eve. There was a thin
rain, half snow, and a nasty,
penetrating wind coming up from the
river that sent chills treasuring down
one's back.

Little Juliette Caret blew her breath
against her hands to warm them and
pulled her ragged little coat more
tightly about her. She was the sole
support of a family of four—this lit-
tle, shivering tot, who stood always
before the door of Notre Dame sell-
ing holy cards and medals to people
as they passed in or out of the church.

Her mother was very ill and the
three other children of the family—
younger than Juliette—were too lit-
tle to do any kind of work. How she
would have loved to bring home some-
thing very special for them this
Christmas!

On her way to the church this eve-
ning she had stopped to look in at
the window of a patisserie shop and
her heart was taken with a great cake
in the center—all white with dots of
large red cherries around the sides.
The price was ten francs. She took
out her little worn purse and counted
—two francs, five sous. Slowly she
closed the purse and put it back in
her pocket. The cake was out of the
question. It would have to be a loaf
of bread only.

All evening she had stood in front
of the church, but had made almost
nothing. Great numbers of people
were coming to the midnight mass,
but they all passed by little Juliette
with only an annoyed "Non, non,
non!" A little later there was almost
nobody coming. She could hear the
organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but
her feet were numb with the cold.



Slipped Quietly Into a Seat of the
Large Church.

Besides, she thought, she really ought
to go in and say a little prayer for
her mother.

She opened the huge door of the
cathedral, slipped quietly into a seat
of the large church and prayed ferv-
ently for her mother and little sis-
ters; prayed, too, that she might,
somehow, be able to buy them a cake
for Christmas!

The heat of the church after the in-
tense cold outside made her drowsy.
She went fast to sleep and her head
fell heavily against the shoulder of a
man sitting next to her.

The man was an American. He
was at first annoyed when he saw the
little towseled head with its dirty
cap against his coat-sleeve, but on
second glance at the pathetic little
figure he was overcome with genuine
emotion. "Poor little devil," he
thought, "wonder what's been your
short history and what will it be in
the future." He saw in her dirty lit-
tle hands the strings of medals and
the box of holy cards she had been
trying to sell. He reached into his
pocket, pulled out two crisp 1,000-
franc notes, folded them carefully
and placed them on top of the cards.

Almost everyone had left the church
when Juliette awakened. Mass was
over; all the candles on the altar had
been extinguished, the lights of the
church were being put out. Juliette
rubbed her eyes drowsily and with a
start counted her medals to see that
no one had taken any while she slept.
They were all quite safe. She next
turned to her box of cards and her
eyes became two large moons. "Two
thousand francs, two thousand
francs!" She couldn't believe it. It
was a miracle! Hadn't she prayed for
money to buy her people a Christmas
gift? She knelt down again, said a
 fervent prayer in thanksgiving; then
gathered all her things together and
ran quickly from the church—past
the confessional shop. It was closed,
of course, but the white cake was
still in the window. Tomorrow morn-
ing she would go there early and buy
it—buy every good thing in the shop.
And still there would be enough left
to buy them all clothes in the after-
Christmas sales. She leaped joyously
in the air. She did not feel the
cold now.

"Merry Christmas," she called to an
old lady who passed her. "Merry
Christmas to the whole world!"
(© 1925 Western Newspaper Union.)

Poles Careful Christmas Eve

The Poles have many superstitions
in connection with Christmas. They
believe that what they do on Chris-
mas Eve they will do all the year
around, and therefore they conduct
themselves with that prospect in view.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON FOR MAL-
HEUR COUNTY.

Eleanor Clark, Plaintiff, vs Graham
Park, Defendant.

To Graham Park, the above named
defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon,
you will hereby take notice that you
are hereby required to appear and an-
swer the Complaint filed against you
in the above entitled suit on or before
the expiration of six weeks from the
date of the first publication of this
Summons, and if you fail to do so, for
want thereof plaintiff will apply to the
court for the relief prayed for in the
Complaint on file herein, to wit: for a
judgment and decree of this court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony
heretofore existing between plaintiff
and defendant and for a decree of ab-
solute divorce and for a decree de-
termining that plaintiff shall have the
sole and exclusive care, custody and
control of the two minor children,
Alexander Graham Park and Charles
Rankin Park, and that it be further
ordered, adjudged and decreed that
the plaintiff is the owner in fee
simple title of:

N $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 9, Twp.
18 South, Range 47, E. W. M.; SE $\frac{1}{4}$
NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 8, Twp. 18 South,
Range 47, E. W. M.; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$
SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3, Twp. 18 South, Range
47, E. W. M.; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec.
16, Twp. 18 South, Range 47, E.
W. M.

and that defendant has no right, title
or interest therein and that said prop-
erty be set aside to plaintiff as her
sole and exclusive property and neces-
sary for the support and care of the
minor children, and for such other and
further relief as to the Court may
seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you
under and by virtue of an or-
der of the Honorable Dal-
ton Biggs, Circuit Judge, duly
made and entered on January 4th,
1927, authorizing and directing service
of summons and complaint upon you
by publication of summons in the Gate
City Journal, a weekly newspaper
published at Nyssa, Malheur County,
Oregon, and of general circulation in
said county and state, for six consecu-
tive weeks and seven publications
thereof.

R. W. Swagler,
Attorney for Plaintiff, Residing at
Ontario, Oregon.

Date of first publication Jan. 7, 1927

Date of last publication Feb. 18, 1927

NOTICE

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON FOR THE
COUNTY OF MALHEUR

In the Matter of the Estate of Au-
gustus G. Kingman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that E. M.
Blodgett, the duly appointed, qualified
and acting administrator of the estate
of Augustus G. Kingman, deceased,
has rendered and present his final ac-
counting of his administration of said
estate and petition for distribution
and for discharge for such adminis-
trator; and that Monday, the 24th day
of January, 1927, at the hour of 11
o'clock a. m. of said day in the county
court room in the courthouse, at Vale,
Malheur county, Oregon, has been ap-
pointed and fixed by the judge of said
county court in an order made and
entered by said judge on the 25th day
of December, 1926, as the time and
place of hearing objections to said
account, for settlement thereof, and
for hearing on said petition, at which
time and place any and all persons in-
terested in said estate may appear and
object to said account and contest the
same; and all persons concerned there-
in are further notified to be present
and show cause, if any there be, why
said account and report should not be
approved and allowed, said estate set-
tled and the undersigned discharged
as administrator.

E. M. Blodgett,
Administrator of the Estate of Augus-
tus G. Kingman, Deceased.
First publication December 24, 1926.
Last publication January 21, 1927

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON FOR MAL-
HEUR COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Albert
Neuhys, deceased