

HIS CHRISTMAS ROSE

ETTA SQUIER SEELEY IN CHRISTMAS LADIES HOME JOURNAL

was so small that it was to realize he was ten years old. had been tossed about all his little life—living down among the trees or in alleys. Of father he had no memory. His mother of home care was formed the attentions bestowed upon time to time by some moth- living in the shanties on flats or sheltered by the mis- houseboats built on sews and along the shores of the He earned a pittance as a and took care of himself; care!

first met him he was lean- the door of the church to the boys sing. They work on Christmas music, festival being not far dis- had opened the door hastily, touched in the shadow as if and a blow. He was wet and with cold, and I coaxed him get warm. Our choir boys sible lot, and so made the feel somewhat at home— he was greatly overawed at the strange surroundings. that night the choir oys ge of Sammy.

ame an attendant at the school, was quite independ- he had ben set up in a good u.s. business prospered, hard to use decent language out of fights. That was to keep out of fights and his standing with the other the street; but he managed

me Sunday he was not in and we all knew something ppened—something was We found him at the hos- had fallen under a car, and his poor little legs were broken, had not lost his cheerfulness. "hard luck, Sammy," I said to

he replied, "hard luck, but have it me legs than me It was always so; he ever the bright side of the dark very slowly for Sammy the days

dragged by, but the choir boys came often to see him, and sometimes to read to him; and he was to be out soon, the nurse said.

It was the day before Christmas when she told me he might go the next day, but must use crutches a long time. That very afternoon Sam- my's teacher sent him a beautiful, long-stemmed, red rose. The little card with it read:

With much love and best wishes for Sammy and in re- membrance of the Blessed Christ Child.

I was with him when it came, and for the first time since I had known the boy I saw him cry. He held the rose first against one cheek and then the other, and great sobs shook his whole body. At last he drew a sleeve across his eyes, and said brokenly: "I reckon—you think I'm a—a great cry-baby—an' I reckon I am—but I never had a—rose before in my life—'d' I guess I ain't very strong—or I wouldn't bawl about it."

"It's a beauty," I remarked.

"Ain't it a peach, though?" he said, smiling through his tears. "What d'ye s'pose ever made her send it to me, though?"

"Why, because she cared about your being sick and hopes you will soon be well again, as we all do. And besides, you know what else the card says, and tomorrow is Christmas."

He sat looking out of the window a long time then, holding the rose caressingly against his cheek.

When I left I said, "Well, boy, you and your rose leave together in the morning, I suppose?"

He laughed as he said, "Well, you kin jes' bet yer head the rose goes, if I do."

The service-Christmas morning was unusually well attended, and we felt from our pastor's voice that some- thing moved him profoundly. For one, I confess I was openly curious, for it was rare indeed for that voice to tremble or hesitate in any part of the service. After the benediction he turned to the altar and lifted something carefully. When he faced us again I saw he held a long-stem-

med red rose and a piece of brown wrapping paper.

"My people," he said, "you see what I hold here." Then he related in a few words the story of Sammy, and of the gift of the rose, of which I had told him the night before. "I found this at the foot of the altar cross here this morning," he contin- ued, "and with it this note—sadly misspelled, it is true, but overflowing with Christmas charity and the true spirit of Christmas-tide. I will read it:

"Dear rector, I leev this rose hear. I was goin to tak it hom but when I got to the church suthun kep a-sayin pig pig pig. so I rekun the lord dont want me to keep it when sum uther aid needs it morn I do, pleze send it bak to pimy ross at the hospitus. he cant never get out, and don't you tell him I had it; tell him its from the Christ emsa."

He paused. "Who may reckon the price of this gift?" he said.

"Turning again, he presented the rose before the altar, as he would the regular alms-offering. As one person the congregation rose, and then sank to its knees as the rector left the sanctuary. A great wonder held us all. Who that day had given best? We of our plenty, or Sammy who had given the sweetest thing which ever had come into his life, nor sought praise for himself in the giving?"

ONE OF SALEM'S MODEL DRUG STORES

Mr. J. C. Perry is a young man who came to Salem about five years ago and bought out Dr. Stone's drug store in the Murphy block. He has built up one of the largest high-class prescription trades ever established in Salem and prides himself on conducting a model, up-to-date drug store.

Since becoming proprietor he has quadrupled the business. He carries a full line of toilet and prescription articles.

Mr. Perry does not believe in mis- representations or in advertising to deceive the public. He puts con- science into his business and puts up all orders and prescriptions upon the honor of a professional pharmacist. His place of business is at 115 South Commercial street.

As a dealer in timber land in Polk county I have had land that cruised ten, fourteen and as high as twenty million feet per quarter section.— J. G. Van Orsdel.

GREAT COLLEGE CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN OREGON

One of the most important gath- ings to be held on the Pacific coast during 1909 will be the convention in Portland of the Association of Amer- ican Agricultural Colleges and Exper- iment Stations, brought here through the instrumentality of President W. J. Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College. The American Association of University Presidents, the Ameri- can Association of Farmers' Insti- tute Workers, the Agronomic Soci- ety, and the Association of Agricul- tural Chemists always hold their con- ventions at the same place and time as the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, and will therefore be in Portland also. Delegates to these meetings comprise college and university pres- idents, directors of experiment sta- tions, experts in the different bureaus of the department of agriculture, and other specialists, and an attendance of between 1200 and 1500 is expect-

ed. An extended visit to the A.-Y.-P. exposition is included in their sched- ule. The exact date of the conven- tion will be announced soon.

BUILDERS OF ONE OF CAPITAL CITY'S SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRIES

If any man can be said to have been connected with an industry from its very inception to its perma- nent establishment as a commercial enterprise, that man is David H. Weyant, promoter and builder of the Oregon Sienna Paint industry, which has a large factory on Trade street and a wholesale distributing house at 114 Union avenue, East Portland.

Mr. Weyant was present at the meeting of the Salem Commercial Club when a committee was appoint- ed to investigate the mineral paint mine in Lane county. He accom- panied the committee on its research, helped get up a stock company and was in reality one of the successful promoters of the enterprise from the beginning. He has seen the work bear fruitage and grow to magnifi- cent proportions.

The Oregon Sienna Mineral Paint has come into extensive use on state and county buildings, on the South-

ern Pacific railroad and steamboat lines and on both the exterior and interior of the Alaska-Yukon fair buildings at Seattle. The forestry exhibits at the Seattle fair are to be finished in the wood stains manu- factured at Salem, and Mr. Weyant, who is president of the company, has personal charge of the installing of a large and elaborate exhibit at that great fair next year, which will ad- vertise to the whole world the paint that makes Salem famous.

It is rarely in this world that the man who has faith in the beginning of an enterprise is able to endure to the end and see its full fruition.

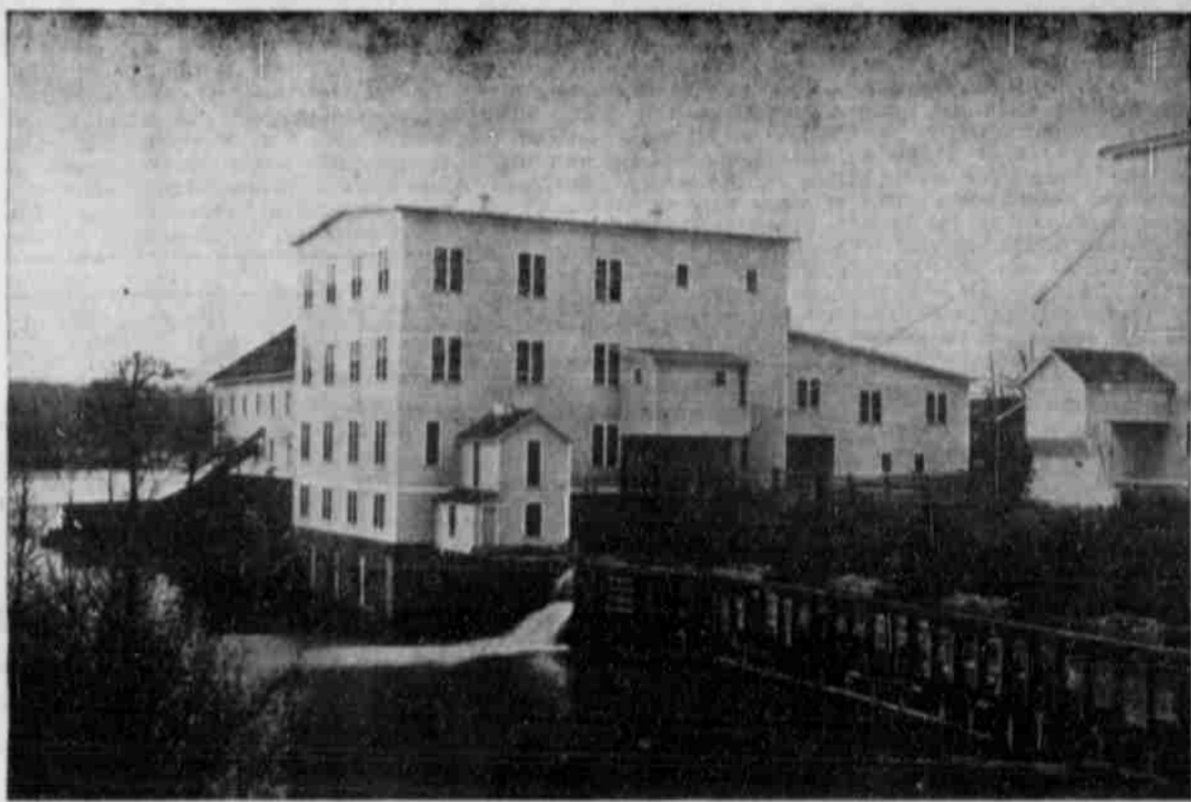
Mr. W. Y. Richardson of this city is manager of the factory and a man to whom is due a large share of the credit for its success.

There is no other section of the United States of the size of the Wil- lamette valley that will produce so large a variety of products.—H. M. Williamson, secretary State Board of Horticulture.

There are five million acres of land in the Willamette valley, every acre of which is capable of producing \$50 per year or a total of \$250,000,000 per year.—Dr. James Withycombe, director of Oregon Experiment Sta- tion.

Salem Flouring Mills

These mills were built and the first wheels turned November 5, 1901 : : : : : Their capacity is 325 barrels per day, and by-products of feed etc. : : : : : They manufacture the



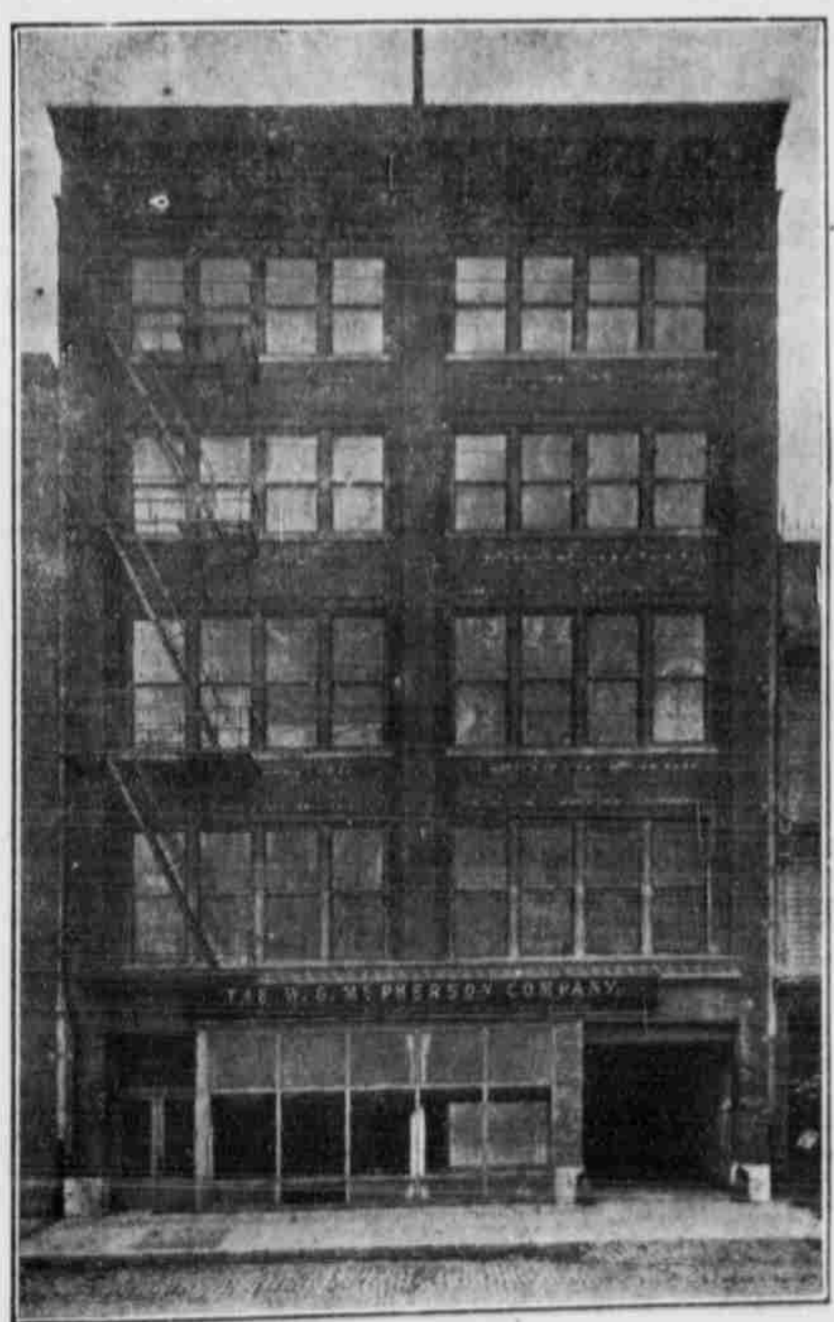
WILD ROSE FLOUR

which enjoys a large local popularity. They also carry a large stock of shorts and bran and have the most modern ma- chinery for rolling oats and barley : : :

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