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TO THE DAIRYMAN

One of the most valuable products of the farm is cream, and the question arises, to whom shall we sell. Answer, send your cream to the T. S. Townsend Creamery Co., of Salem, who guarantee fair and honest treatment, as well as pay the highest market price.

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SALEM — OREGON

Stories of Old Santa

A Midsummer Visit From Santa Claus

ONE time somebody (they could never find out who it was) played a joke on Santa Claus and tore off all the leaves of the calendar up to Dec. 22, which, as you know, is only three days before Christmas. It was really midsummer, and the weather was very hot, but Santa Claus, who had always gone according to his calendar and had never found it wrong, believed time must have slipped by him without his realizing it.

He had been rather taking his time in the workshop and had scarcely half enough toys to go around, so he was much worried how to give presents to all his children.

A fairy heard him talking to himself about his troubles and had a splendid idea. She hurried into the woods and told the other fairies and all the beasts and birds and bugs about Santa Claus' trouble, asking their help in the matter.

"I don't see how we can help much," said a little bear cub. "We can't make toys."

"No," said the fairy, "but you can be toys. My plan is for us to offer to take the places of the toys that Santa Claus needs. We fairies can be dolls, for there are lots of dolls' dresses in Santa's workshop, I know."

"Splendid!" Santa said. "Just hop aboard my sleigh, which is hitched in the front yard, and we'll be off."

So the animals and fairies and everything else hopped into Santa's great sleigh, and he, climbing to the seat, clucked to his reindeer and bade them

SPREAD THEIR WINGS AND FLEW OFF.

fly over the ground. But they could not move the sleigh, for there was no snow on the ground. Santa Claus did not know what to do, but the fairy declared that she could fix that difficulty.

She blew a little whistle, and hundreds of white wild geese came flying from the sky. She told them what was the matter, and the geese, catching the end of a long rope in their beaks, spread their wings and were off with the sleigh and its precious load, bearing it as lightly as a feather so that it hardly touched the ground.

By morning Santa visited all the towns and left presents everywhere. He hadn't a single thing left in his sleigh and thought that he had done a very good night's work. The children when they awoke in the morning and found the presents wondered where they could have come from. Some of the little bears had cards around their necks, which read "A Merry Christmas." The children were surprised, but joyously began to play with their strange toys. The little baby bears, who kept their claws curved in so that they wouldn't scratch, were the most delightful things. The children were very fond of the gifts.

The gnomes made splendid clown dolls, and some of the fairies were particularly pretty dollies. The birds in the cages sang sweetly, the beetles drilled like armies of real soldiers, and the field mice spun on their heads and skipped over each other's tail to the amusement of their small owners.

In a few days, however, the children began to tire even of these wonderful new toys, and the forest people said it was time to return to their own homes.

When they reached home they started in to help Santa Claus make toys as fast as they could so that no time would be lost for the real Christmas. The dear old man had by this time found he had made a mistake in the date and that the children would be expecting their regular call from him at the usual time.

Jolly St. Nicholastown, Where Old Santa Claus Lives

"UNCLE BOB," said Nan as she and Ned took their places, one on each arm of the big rocking chair, in which, as usual, during the children's hour, he was seated before the blazing log fire, "you promised you would take us to St. Nicholastown some time."

"That's so!" exclaimed Ned. "And we're all aboard now. Let's start. Toot, toot! Clang-a-lang-a-lang! Next station"—

"Hold on," said their uncle. "I'm the conductor of this excursion myself. The first station is Maybetown. Then we come to Perhaps. Here we follow the banks of Goose creek, which, as you know, wanders everywhere to get to Nopince, and the first thing you know — why, here we are at the gates of the city which is named after good old St. Nick himself.

"WE'RE ALL ABOARD NOW"

"Ah! This is the office of the Wishmaster. He takes the place of a postmaster with us, and a busy man he is too. This is about how he talks to himself as he records the wishes as they come over the wishophone:

"A sled for Billy, skates for Joe;
A wish that Christmas will bring us snow;
A poor woman wishes it won't be cold;
Dick wants a suit for a soldier bold;
Dolls for a million or more of girls
With go-to-sleep eyes and flaxen curls;
Billions of boxes of candies and such;
Books in French, English, Spanish and Dutch
And every known language under the sun;
Wagons and pistols, watches that run.

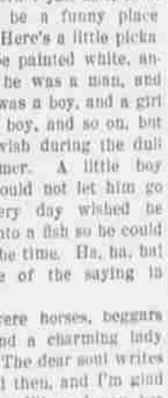
"But here's old St. Nick himself. Listen to him. But I forgot that while he understands all languages he speaks only Fantasmia, so I'll have to translate. He says:

"'Hello, chicks! So you've come to see your dear old friend, have you? Glad of it! Make yourself at home. Yes, we're busy, very busy, indeed, but never too busy to be polite. We have every kind of factory in the world here, and all rushed with wishes. I tell you it keeps us busy sorting them. Why, if we filled every order just as it came the world would be a funny place. Just think of it! Here's a little pickaninny wishes to be painted white, another boy wishes he was a man, and a man wishes he was a boy, and a girl wishes she was a boy, and so on, but we got a funny wish during the dull season last summer. A little boy whose mamma would not let him go in swimming every day wished he would be turned into a fish so he could go swimming all the time. Ha, ha, but That reminds me of the saying in Mother Goose:

"'"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." And a charming lady Mother Goose is. The dear soul writes me every now and then, and I'm glad to hear from her. I'll read you her last letter. It says:

"'Dear old Santa Claus, I hope you're well
As for me, I'm feeling wellish,
With only food and drink enough
To give to life a relish
I'm somewhat bothered, though, at times
And more than I care to tell,
For Little Boy Blue and Little Bopeep
Don't do their duty well,
And little Johnny Green and big John Stout
Will quarrel about the cat,
While the Three Blind Mice eat up the food,
Helped by Jack's big rat.
The Little Roast Pig is pretty well,
And Jack and Jill are better.
I cannot write about all the folks,
'Twould make too long a letter.
And now I must stop and put on the pot
Of porridge for the Man in the Moon.
Give my love to all good children
Wherever they may be found,
And tell them I always think of them
When Christmas comes around.
With best wishes,
"'MOTHER GOOSE.

"'Good, dear old Mother Goose! She certainly has her hands full, but I was talking about present factories and such things. Look around you. Take that candy factory, for instance. It's built of the finest blocks of candy in the world, surrounded by a grove of chocolate eclair trees. In that hill over yonder is a fine plum pudding mine. That stream is a lemonade river. Its banks and bed are sugar. That crackling sound you hear is from the cracker factory. Ha, ha, ha! We crack crackers and jokes here too!"



"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?"

"But," interrupted Nan, "now tell us truly, Uncle Bob, is there a Santa Claus or St. Nicholas, and does he really come down the chimney?"

"Now, when it comes to that," answered the uncle, "there are some things it doesn't do to ask too many questions about. There's one thing I do know, though, and that is that every Christmas either Santa or somebody else sends me a lot of things I'm mighty glad to get and am very thankful to receive."

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EXCLUSIVE LADIES' STORE — **Mrs. P. E. Fullerton** — THE SHOP DIFFERENT

SALVATION ARMY AIDS SANTA CLAUS.

By the Army.

To cast happiness and good cheer into every home in the city of Salem is the one great aim of the Salvation Army, not only prior to the coming eventful day of Christmas, but every day. If ever there was intended a day upon which every true man, woman and child should love one another it is on Christmas. Even the hardened criminal, the man upon whom the whole world looks askance and who was never known to reflect or remember in what position others may be, becomes a God-loving and kindly man on Christmas. He looks about him with wistful eyes; he is happy to observe the little children eagerly awaiting the time for the one great man who visits them on that day and if this character's inner soul could but be bared, there would be found on Christmas his true worth and an everlasting gratitude to some person. Many are the men who are not looking forward to pleasant firesides and merriment. Those poor beings are to be pitied especially on Christmas day. Remember them and pray that some Christmas they may enjoy that feeling which comes only upon that day.

And the little children and mothers. Remember they also may be wistful. Hundreds and probably thousands of mothers and children are today sad in the thought that Christmas day will bring forth nothing more than pleasant memories. The Salvation Army is exerting every effort to cheer these people. It wants them to feel that Christmas is truly a day of enjoyment. Every citizen of Salem should do likewise. If they learn of a family which will be lacking the ordinary comfort and joys of Christmas, notify the Salvation Army or, better still, allow their Christmas spirit to go outside of their own homes and lend a little cheer to the poor people.

CHRISTMAS AT THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

By Supt. H. E. Wadsworth.

Christmas! What a magic sound the word has to all the millions of this old world of ours, from the smallest tot to the oldest of us; rich, poor, high and low, and what visions of happy times the very mention of it recalls! This is pre-eminently the "children's festival," and we, at Chemawa, will see that nothing is overlooked to make it fully as happy and enjoyable to the little Indian boys and girls of the school as usual, if not even more so. At Chemawa nearly seventy-five different tribes are represented, from the little Esquimaux children from far away Alaska, beyond the Artic Circle, to those born under the sunny skies of California and Arizona. It is a big family of children that will take Christmas dinner together at Chemawa this year, the largest that has gathered here for several years. With those already here and those on the way and expected to arrive before the happy day, we will have nearly, if not quite, five hundred and fifty little ones. The regular Christmas entertainment will be given in the school auditorium on Monday evening, December 23, and on Tuesday evening —Christmas Eve—will come the big Christmas tree in the gymnasium, at which time each and every child on the grounds will receive some remembrance, aside from the sacks of candy, fruit, nuts, etc., which will be distributed before the evening closes. The big dinner will be given at noon on Christmas day in the large dining hall, which has lately been renovated and newly decorated, and will present a beautiful sight. In the evening a reception will be given the student body in the gymnasium, with plenty of good music. The school band, of over thirty pieces, will render selections throughout the day in the band-stand and about the campus. During the week it is expected that the new moving-picture machine, which has lately been purchased for the school, will be placed in permanent commission, and will add to the pleasures of the season. Anyone in the school or its work among these children will be welcomed at any time.

The best encouragement for a boy or girl is appreciation at home.

1912 — 1913

GREETINGS

To our patrons, wishing them a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

Opera House Pharmacy

H. C. MARVIN, Proprietor.

Genuine Buckskin

in Gray, Black or Brown

HOLIDAYS

The Holidays are close at hand, with their social functions and pleasures.
You stylish young men, who like to have your feet as well dressed as your body; whose clothes and hats are right, be particular about the shoes you buy.
To the young ladies who are preparing for the seasons' festivities, remember that your footwear is as important as your gown.
Reinhart is synonymous with style in footwear.
If you are a man—come and see what we have to offer in Hanan, Slater & Morrill and Howard & Foster shoes for every occasion.
If you are a woman—here's the place where Fox's Dress Pumps hold full sway—in colors to match your gowns.
For street wear, we offer Hanan's and Zigler Bros.' shoes for women.
We wish you a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

BEGINS THE NEW YEAR

That the year past has been MOST successful.
That Salem men and women have appreciated our efforts to give them shoes a bit unordinary, is fully evidenced by the fact that our host of friends has doubled during each month of 1912.
We know that to YOU our merchandise is what really counts—not our SUCCESS, though we hope that you will congratulate us on that.
As the old year steps aside for the New Year we most sincerely wish you all a very, very

HAPPY NEW YEAR

REINHART'S

HOME OF THE HANAN

444 State Street — The Quality Store

NEW BUTTON MODELS

In Patent, Gun Metal, Black, and Tan Calf.