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**CASTORIA**  
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**How Doggie Puck  
Played  
Santa Claus**



IT WAS the day before Christmas, and the sweetest smells were issuing from the kitchen, and packages were being left at the door every few minutes with loud ringings of the doorbell.

Puck had never in all his little doggie life been treated as he had been the last few days. Nobody had any time for him.

When Daisy, his little mistress, had gone out that morning, instead of taking her dog she had said: "I can't take you today, old fellow. I'll have too many packages to manage you."

Puck went to the kitchen, led there, no doubt, by the delightful odors.

"Get out of here!" said Bridget, and she flourished a broom at him. The insult!

It nearly broke Puck's heart.

Puck walked out of the kitchen up into the play room on the top floor.

He crawled under the curtain which adorned the bed of Frances, the last doll to arrive from Paris.

Puck grew drowsy, and the last thing his eyes rested upon before sinking into sleep was a large book out in the shape of Santa Claus and colored to look like him as well. The book contained the story beginning: "Twas the night before Christmas," and Puck had heard Daisy read that story only the night before. What was his surprise to see that book straighten itself until it looked like a soldier on parade, and of course it was not a soldier, only Santa Claus, the very being from whom he was trying to escape. Santa Claus began talking to him.

"Puck, I do not like to see you show such an ugly spirit this day before Christmas. Christmas is my day, you know, and I like every living thing to be happy when it comes around.

"If you want to get fun out of Christmas quit expecting a merry Christmas for yourself. Try to give it to some one else," went on Santa Claus.

"Mr. Santa Claus," said Puck, looking offended, "nobody will allow me to help in any way. All I can do is to keep out of the way until your day is over."

"Nonsense," replied Santa. "You are all wrong. The festival is in my honor, true enough, but that does not shut out other people from helping."

Puck was wide awake and polite enough to crawl out from beneath the bed and listen to his visitor.

"You know Daisy is to have a party tonight," said Santa. "There is to be a splendid tree with presents on it, and I have made that tree the handsomest I ever trimmed. I had planned to make my appearance myself to wish the boys and girls a merry Christmas, but I simply cannot take the time. If you would like you can take my place. I'll dress you for the party. If you will allow me I shall look around and see what I can find in Miss Daisy's play room. Good, the very thing. We'll make a hit!" And Puck looked toward the wastebasket, where he saw a false face of Santa Claus with its long white beard and the remains of a glue pot warranted to mend or stick anything.

Santa Claus bent to the ears of Puck and whispered his plan as a secret. The secret seemed to meet with Puck's approval, for he wagged his tail and wriggled his body just as he did when Daisy fed him a bit of his favorite candy.

It grew dark very early, for a snow-storm was on the way. Sounds of arriving visitors came to Puck's ears as the bell pealed again and again. His absence was not noticed as beautifully dressed girls came into the next room to remove their wraps, while shouts of laughter and merry Christmas mases floated to Puck in his retreat beneath the doll's bed.

The voice of Daisy's father at last sounded, and as this was the cue Santa had given him to appear Puck crawled out, approached the wastebasket, knocked it over, rubbed his face in the slowly trickling glue and then stuck it into the Santa Claus false face lying conveniently near.

In a minute the queer Puck-Santa Claus ran down the stairs and into the room, arousing shrieks of laughter as one boy screamed, "Why, it's Santa Claus!"

"No, it is not!" shouted another. "Did you ever see a Santa Claus with four legs? It's a dog, that is what it is."

"It's my Puck!" said Daisy, taking the queer specimen in her arms, "but how in the world did he ever get himself up in this clever fashion?"

Puck was not telling, but the fun this old looking Santa started made the party a success.

**How Little Jack  
Guessed  
A Christmas Secret**



IT WAS the afternoon before Christmas, and the air was full of big, feathery snowflakes. Jack and Mary stood at the window watching them, and Baby Jane sat on the floor.

"See how pretty they are!" cried Jack, clapping his hands. "They're just like fairies going to a Christmas party."

Mary clapped her hands, too, and Baby Jane thumped her rattle on the floor and crowded. But Mrs. Brown looked out of the window rather anxiously.

"The store was a mile away, and the snow seemed to come thicker and faster every minute.

"How do you suppose Santa Claus can get here in such a storm?" asked Jack, at which Mary's face clouded.

Perhaps this thought was troubling Mrs. Brown. She didn't answer for more than a minute, not until Jack spoke again.

"Pooh 'n' nonsense!" he said. "This isn't much of a snow. I could go in it myself well's not."

"Could you, dear?" asked his mother quickly. "I'm afraid it's a chance if papa gets home before tomorrow, the wood road will be so blocked, and I want some things from the store tonight. Do you suppose you can go with your sled, Jackie?"

"Why, yes!" cried Jack, delighted enough, and in a very few minutes he was ready to start.

"Give this note to Mr. Stimpkins," said his mother, "and then you won't have anything to remember. And be careful, dear, and hurry home as fast as you can."

Mr. Stimpkins' eyes twinkled when he read that note.

"I can't attend to you right away," he said to Jack, "and I wish you'd just

**They Want  
to Cut Out  
Holidays**

That as many holidays as possible be eliminated from the work of the public schools of the state will be included in a set of resolutions that will be given the Polk county legislative delegation by the school officials of the county.

The officials heartily endorse the supervisory law, and will urge upon their delegation in the legislature to fight the effort to repeal the law, which has been declared by the Marion county delegation.

The resolutions were drafted by D. L. Key, F. W. Wilson, C. C. Gardner, J. H. Brown and A. J. Shipley. The recommendations have been reported to the office of State Superintendent Alderman. They follow:

First—We heartily endorse the supervisory law, and desire its continuance, as we believe that the country districts should have the same advantages enjoyed by the city districts, and believe that the law should be made stronger by the addition of one or more supervisors.

Since we understand an effort is to be made in the next legislature to have the law repealed, we hereby instruct our representatives to use their best endeavor to preserve the law.

Second—We hereby instruct our representatives to use every honorable means to have the many holidays eliminated, as we believe the time would better be spent in actual school work.

Third—We hereby endorse the effort being made to introduce practical agriculture into the public schools, and recommend that at least one book on that subject be taught in the seventh and eighth grades, supplemental, when possible, by actual demonstrations.

Fourth—We hereby commend the county court, county and state superintendents, supervisors, teachers, commercial clubs and others, who made it possible to carry our county school fair to such a successful termination, and urge its continuance.

Fifth—We heartily commend the system of standardization introduced by Superintendent Seymour, as we know it is producing good results.

Sixth—We recommend the appointment, by the president of the convention of a legislative committee of three, including the county school superintendent, to look after educational interests in the legislature.

Seventh—We recommend the introduction of the home credit system in all the public schools of the county as rapidly as possible, as we believe such introduction will result in bringing the school and home into closer relations.

Eighth—We heartily endorse State Superintendent Alderman's recommendation that greater latitude be given in the eighth grade examination.

**Buttermilk**

Buttermilk will prolong the human life for many years. That assertion has been proved by several of the leading physicians of the world—Pasteur and Metchnikoff, of Paris.

In the blood are little cells known as leucocytes. These cells are the scavengers of the body, and in their concave surfaces are able to grasp a germ or a foreign body and force its elimination from the human system. The leucocytes, figuratively speaking, are the home defenders of the body.

Under the microscope the home defenders can be seen flowing along in the blood streams. Suddenly they will stop as though they sensed some near danger. Changing their shape to that of a v, they will penetrate the blood vessel wall and pick up a stray germ, probably a typhoid or one of the many other varieties.

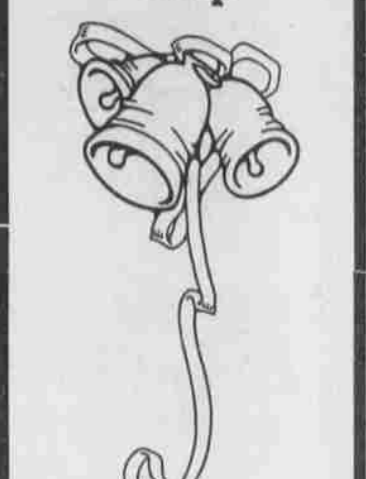
When a person wounds the skin and the blood runs, the home defenders rush to the afflicted part and project themselves to the surface of the abrasion, preventing the entrance of outside germ life. They give up their lives to obtain their object, and the hard little ridges felt on both sides of a slight wound are the leucocyte so tightly impacted that their lifeless bodies help form scar tissue.

As years pass that commendable action of sacrificing themselves so the human body may live ceases and the little friends of the body once known as home defenders turn into a lawless element, ravaging the body they once defended.

Metchnikoff and Pasteur found that buttermilk contained an element which prevented the leucocytes from ravaging the body. Experiments proved they would eat the buttermilk in preference to the human tissues.

Seems like a great singer should be about the happiest man; maybe he is.

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One and one-third fare for the round trip to all points.

Eugene	..... \$1.95	Portland	..... \$2.00
Woodburn	..... .75	Albany	..... \$1.05
Forest Grove	..... \$2.45	Hillsboro	..... \$2.25

On December 20 and 21 will be sold tickets good for return up to January 7, 1913.

December 22 to 25, inclusive, tickets will be sold, good for return up to January 24.

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run over to the house with a line to Mrs. Stimpkins for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Ted.

Mr. Stimpkins had the bundles tucked away in the sled box and covered with thick brown paper, that the snow couldn't get through, when Jack came back.

"Hard night for Santa Claus to get around," he said, pinching the boy's red cheek. "Do you suppose you'll see him at your house?"

"I hope he'll come," answered Jack politely, "but I don't guess I'll see him, sir."

"I saw him once," Mr. Stimpkins said soberly. "when he was a little boy, about your size. He looked a great deal like you too."

When he got home mother had a plate of hot oatmeal pudding with sugar and real cream waiting for him, and she whisked the bundles out of the sled box and into the pantry in a hurry.

All this time the snow kept falling, falling, and the wind blew until the little house fairly shook. If it had been set on a hill there is no saying what might have happened. Jack felt a good deal troubled. He told his mother what Mr. Stimpkins had said about Santa Claus when she was tucking him into bed for the night.

"I'm 'fraid he can't get here," said he, "and then Mary will be so disappointed."

But his mother laughed, stooping down for the good night kiss. "Don't worry, dear," she said. "Santa Claus won't mind this little storm."

And, sure enough, when morning came the three little stockings hanging beside the chimney were stuffed as full as they could hold.

"So Santa Claus did come," said Mrs. Brown, laughing at the children's antics.

Jack looked thoughtful a minute. His eyes danced. He put his lips close to his mother's ear.

"I do believe I know what Mr. Stimpkins meant," he said, "but I shan't tell Mary. And it's lots of fun, just the same."

Having secured a parcels post system, let us see how it will affect the cost of living, by giving it a fair and honest trial.

Money makes the mare go—but it isn't always the mare you bet on.

**Our Store is Light and Roomy**

**Come and See Our Beautiful Display of Christmas Eatables, Such as has Never Been Seen in Our City Heretofore. Everything is on display. You are asked to Call, Whether you Buy or not. Come Anyway and Look Over the Splendid Stock of Goods**

<b>Christmas Apples.</b> The Lady Apples, per basket.....25c These are very beautiful for tree decorations, as well as very fine eating apples.	<b>Cluster Raisins</b> We have outdone ourselves. Never before have we had such magnificent fruit to show Salem people. Cresca Spanish Clusters, 5-lb. boxes, per box.....\$2.75 Cresca Fancy Clusters, fancy tins, per tin.....75c Cresca Fancy Clusters.....50c Cresca Standard Clusters.....40c All the above are the finest imported Spanish Malagas. Very large and fancy.
<b>Spitzenberg Apples.</b> Fancy Packed, per box.....\$1.00 Choice, 50 and 75c per box.	<b>California Clusters</b> 6 Crown Deleasha Clusters.....25c Fancy California Clusters, package.....25c Standard California Clusters.....15c
<b>Baldwin Apples</b> Fancy Packed, per box.....\$1.00 Choice, 55 and 75c per box.	<b>Christmas Candles</b> Xmas Candles, mixed, 2 lbs. for.....25c Xmas, broken mixed, per lb.....15c Xmas Ribbon, mixed, per lb.....20c Xmas French, mixed, per lb.....25c
<b>Winter Pears</b> Fancy Winter Pears, per basket.....15c	<b>Johnson's Chocolates</b> We are selling a great many of these fine Chocolates. They have the very best reputation for first-class goods. Our assortment is composed of the very choicest of the line. Come and see them.
<b>Christmas Oranges</b> Extra large, highly colored Navel Oranges, doz. 35c	<b>Royal Velvet Corn.</b> 250 cases of this delicious Sweet Corn for this season's business. You will never know what you have missed until you have tried it. Dozen or case lots.....\$1.50 per Dozen Grown in the Rocky Hills of Maine.
<b>Dates, 1912 Stock</b> Fancy Hallawa, 2 lbs for.....25c Ford Dates.....20c	<b>Delicious Asparagus.</b> We have an abundance of this canned vegetable. P. S. Asparagus, large.....25c P. S. Asparagus, large, peeled.....35c P. S. Asparagus, mammoth, large, peeled.....40c Golden State Asparagus, large.....25c S. & W. Asparagus, Red Band.....35c P. S. Asparagus, Cal.....40c P. S. Asparagus, tips.....25c S. & W. Asparagus, tips.....35c Special Price in Dozen Lots.
<b>Nuts.</b> We are never outdone. Our Fancy Mixed Nuts, Per lb.....20c	<b>The Best in Canned Peas</b> S. & W., P. S., Lily of the Valley, and Princess Royal All sell at 25c. Extra Sifted.
<b>No. 2 Mixed Nuts</b> 15c per lb. Come and see these.	
<b>Oregon Walnuts.</b> Fancy Cartons, per lb.....25c California No. 1's, per lb.....25c California No. 2's, per lb.....20c Almonds, soft shell, per lb.....25c Brazil Nuts, fancy, per lb.....20c Filberts, per lb.....20c	
<b>Figs.</b> Turkish Pulled Figs, per lb.....25c Turkish Layer Figs, per lb.....25c Turkish Layer Figs, fancy, per lb.....30c California Sugar Figs, per lb.....25c Turkish Pulled Figs, basket.....30c California White Figs.....10c California Black Figs.....10c California Figs, bricks.....10c	

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