

APPRECIATION OF THE GOOD WORK OF LOU BRENDER.

Editor Echo,
Leavenworth, Wash.
Dear Sir:—
Some years ago the question was raised of keeping the main roads entering Leavenworth open to traffic during the winter months when heavy snowfalls blocked them to such an extent that in some instances it was weeks before wheeled vehicles could pass through to Peshastin. When the matter was presented to the commissioners, they turned it down as being impracticable, and if practicable, the cost of the necessary equipment would make such an undertaking prohibitive.
Today, with thirty inches of snow on the ground, we find the road from Leavenworth to Peshastin and the main streets in town made into veritable boulevards, where cars can pass each other with ease and safety. This hasn't been done by the commissioners, nor from any city funds, but by the brain and brawn, and goodness of heart of one of our best citizens, whose creed lies in deeds not words. Lou Brender is deserving of praise and encouragement in designing and putting into action on his own time and at his own expense, a tractor snow grader, that successfully and at small expense, clears the streets and roads of snow and makes continuous traffic possible.
We should all profit by the example set by Mr. Brender and help whenever we can in thus furthering the interests and welfare of the community.
—A Citizen.

HOW TO SAVE FUEL.

Those who wish to know how to save fuel in cooking, and heating their homes, will be interested in the bulletin by Prof. B. L. Steele of the physics department at the State College of Washington on "Fuel Economy in Domestic Heating and Cooking" (Bulletin No. 32) which may be had for the asking.
"To save coal," says Prof. Steele, "substitute wood, kerosene, electricity, whenever you can; select the right kind of heating and cooking equipment; weigh the coal you use daily for a month, and learn to fire your plant economically; heat only the necessary part of your house; and prevent all unnecessary heat losses."

WORK HARD; GET ANYTHING.

"Start early and work hard, and I believe you can get just about anything you want," is the advice given students of the State College of Washington in an address by President S. C. Barrett of the National Farmers' Union.
"The world's all right! Opportunities are greater than ever before in the world. There are hundreds of positions today unfilled; nobody to fill them. The best thing to do is to study yourselves to death. It won't hurt you and it will come in handy when you are old."

Christmas 1922

By Christopher G. Hazard

UPON deserted battlefields
Where shot and shell all buried lie,
Where war no more its weapons wields
And men no longer meet to die;

On lonely seas where battleships
Were wont to wander to and fro,
To darken day with sad eclipse
And turn an ocean's tears to woe;

The Christmas angels from the sky
Look down with joy at last to see
The answer to their ancient cry,
The echo of their minstrelsy.

For men and nations meet to pray,
They talk of peace, nor that alone,
They put the tools of war away
And set good will upon a throne!

His Real Name

YOUNG January being poor wears nothing but his skin.
Dible February in a robe of ermine rare comes in.
March shoots in a worn brown cloak, and April, frail and fair,
Is folded in a rainbow scarf with snowdrops in her hair.
May dons the apple blossom's pink and June the rose a red.
July in faded opera-like picks cherries for his bread.
And August treads the sunny fields a stately Indian queen
Apparalled like staid corn in silken gold and green.
September, purple caparved, bears a basket piled with grapes.
Dark amber-brown globes from which a juicy dew escapes.
October is a cavalier, so floats a crimson plume.
November, falling beads of rain, is couled in fog and gloom.
But when December comes, behold! he's whiskered, booted, furred,
His ringing laughter like the sound of merry bells is heard.
His arms are filled with many gifts and bolts wreaths because—
The little children know him first and named him Santa Claus.
—Minna Irving

The Message of the Bells

RING, ring, O bells of Christmas-tide,
Your joyful message far and wide;
Through all the land proclaim
This is the blessed Day of days
When here, to walk earth's troubled ways,
The Lord our Savior came!

O not with pomp and splendor fine,
But 'mongst the lowly sheep and kine,
And cradled in the straw,
He came, and low the path He trod
Always—the greatest gift from God
An erring world e'er saw.

As in the dawning eastern skies
The Wise Men watched the Star arise
That heralded His birth,
Thus we await God's Kingdom come,
When man and all God's creatures dumb
Shall dwell upon this earth

In brotherhood, when war shall cease
And Love and Universal Peace—
Their banners white unfurled—
With tenderness and gentle sway,
Their watchword "Mercy," shall for eye
Prevail throughout the world!

Fling out your message, O ye bells,
Your cadence silvery foretells
The gracious time to be
When sweet Compassion, angel fair,
O'er this our land and everywhere
Shall brood perpetually!
—Louisa C. Poole

Christmas Land

O! Christmas Land is not so far,
It's just across the hall
Within the little living room
Where holly decks the wall
Right in the middle stands a tree
With crimson tinsel gay,
And strange and wondrous is the fruit
It bears on Christmas day.
An apple and an orange grow
Upon the same green bough,
A wagon and a rocking horse,
A sled and spotted cow;
And nuts and sparkling sugar plums,
And drums and skates and horns,
And dolls with flaxen tresses drop
Like pearls on windy morns.
But only little boys and girls
That always mind at school
And know their daily lessons well,
And try to keep each rule,
And say their prayers every night,
Can hope to join the band
Of happy children 'round the tree
That grows in Christmas Land.
—Minna Irving, in Kansas City Star.

The Nativity

T WAS Christmas Eve, and bitter cold,
The wind had ceased to blow;
I saw a cottage by the road
Half buried in the snow.
An upper window showed a light,
And over field and fen,
A joyous peal of bells announced
The birth of Christ again.
Lo, from the lighted window came
A new-born baby's cry,
And o'er the cottage roof, behold,
A star shone in the sky—
Perhaps the very same that stood
O'er Bethlehem of yore,
For Christ in every little child
Is born on earth, once more.
—Minna Irving, in Mamey's Magazine

THE CHILDLESS ONES

IT IS at Christmas time we feel it most,
When in the close packed stores
The mothers, anxious-eyed, maybe of slender
purs:
Weigh this doll's hat against that box of
dolls,
Or choose a string of gorgeous, glittering balls
To grace the Christmas tree.
We press along the crowded aisles and eye
The endless toys, the fascinating tiny sets
Of tea things, the dolls' trunks, the furniture,
Sometimes we even buy, why should we not
pretend,
Just for a little while, that there's someone
at home
Belonging to us—of our very own—
Whose stockings must be filled!
'Tis like enough we have worked hard to aid
With many little gifts the lucky ones
Whose quivers are too full;
But in the glowing avenue's late afternoon,
When swarms fit past us of those busy folk
Whose arms are piled with sleds and drums
and such,
Whose pockets bulge with candy,
And we walk on toward home with empty
hands
Because we need buy nothing, nothing, nothing—
It is at Christmas we feel it most!
—Ethel Wolff, in New York Times.

INCORPORATE FOR \$350,000.
NEW NAME, MORE CAPITAL

Omak Chronicle: Incorporation papers for the J. C. Biles Lumber company with a capital stock of \$350,000 were filed this week. The place of business will be Omak and the documents show \$150,000 will be preferred and \$200,000 common stock. The incorporators are given as J. C. Biles, Nona I. Biles and N. Coleman, all of whom are trustees of the new organization.
The necessity for this new company was the recent purchase of 500,000 feet of Omak creek timber, work upon the cutting of which must be started in the very near future. According to J. C. Biles, it is the present intention that the new corporation will, in a short time, absorb and take over the holdings of the Biles-Coleman Lumber company, now operating, which is a \$75,000 stock company.
The promoters of this, the community's largest single enterprise, means that these gentlemen have definitely organized to conduct an extensive business at this point for over twenty years to come.

RARE OLD COOK BOOK.

A quaint old English cook book, nearly 200 hundred years old, has just been given the library of the State College of Washington, as an interesting addition to the home economics texts, by a member of the faculty who each year gives away some valued possession on Thanksgiving.

The book is a copy of Howard's Cookery, printed in London, "at The Rose, over against the North-Door of St. Paul's" in 1733, and is bound in mellow old brown leather, hand tool-ed, and in good preservation. On the first page, in faded ink, is inscribed "Amelia's Book," and "Mr. Howard, Oxford-ale Batsman," possibly showing where Amelia's interest was centered.

There are "Five Hundred New Receipts in Cookery" in the volume, including "Hare Pye, To Ragoo Wood-cocks, To Make Almond Puddings in Guts, Turnip Scoop, Syllabub, Pottage, Pickled Samphire, Sugar Amlet, and To Souse a Conger Eel." Many of the receipts required white wine, sack, ale, and like viands forbidden by Volstead. There are recipes for the making of Gooseberry Wine, July Flower Wine, and Cowslip Wine, and various of the recipes call for "a pint of the best Rhenish wine."

Rules are given for the pickling of all sorts of things—Broom-Buds, Mushrooms, Artichoke Bottoms, Ashen-Keys, Hips, Barberries, and Thistle Stalks.

Here is one that does not require the vast amount of labor that many of them do (poor other-day house-wives, beating for hours with a wooden spoon!): "To candy all sorts of Flowers in their own Natural Colours Take your Flowers with the Stalks on and wash them over with Rose-water wherein Gum-arabic is dissolved; sift fine Sugar over them, and set them to dry on a Sieve in an Oven, and they will be very nice."

At the back of the book is "A Bill of Fare for every Month in the Year" (first and second course), showing how largely folk lived on a meat diet a century or two ago.

FOOD VALUE OF EGGS.

"In using eggs we are availing ourselves of one of nature's richest storehouses," says Miss Mary E. Sutherland, nutrition specialist for the extension division of the State College of Washington.
"They contain so much fuel, energy and tissue building materials as

to be almost a perfect food in themselves.

"Eggs are rich in phosphorus, calcium and iron in organic combination. Protein in the form of albumin is found in the white. Fat in a finely emulsified form, similar to the fat in

milk, is found in the yolk. The protein contains sodium chloride (common salt), potassium salts, and sulphur, all necessary to perfect health. The iron compound forms the material from which hemoglobin of red blood corpuscles is made."

Leavenworth Mercantile Company

EXTENDS THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ITS CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS, AND WISHES THAT THE YEAR 1923 MAY BE THE HAPPIEST AND MOST PROSPEROUS THEY HAVE EVER KNOWN



Ducks—Geese—Turkeys—

FOR THE

Holiday Trade

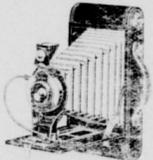
OUR STOCK OF

Fresh & Salt Meats
Fish, Oysters
Butter, Etc.

is complete, and we invite you in to make your selections for the Holiday Festivities.

LEAV. MEAT MARKET

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



Kodaks, \$6.50 to \$25.
Brownies, \$2 to \$5.

Kodak Albums
New Mottoes
Christmas Cards
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and Pictures

WHEELER'S
PHOTO AND ART
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Friday and Saturday
SPECIALS

Corn Flakes, pkg.	10c	9 lbs. Yellow Corn Meal	30c
9 lbs. Graham Flour	50c	9 lbs. Farina	55c
9 lbs. Rye Flour	50c	Puffed Wheat, 2 pkgs	25c
9 lbs. Rolled Oats	55c	Puffed Rice, 2 pkgs	35c
9 lbs. Hominy	35c	Mother's Aluminum	
9 lbs. White Corn Meal	30c	Oats, per pkg.	35c

REX Flour, per sack . \$2.20

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