

LETTERS SHOW FAITH IN OLD SANTA CLAUS

Hundreds of Children Sent Appeals to 'North Pole' and 'the Clouds.'

HE'LL GET THEM ALL

Generous People of New York Will Justify Their Belief in Jolly Almoner.

HOTEL PARTY FOR 250

One Business Man Will Gather Them Up in Automobiles.

Childhood's simple faith in the old, old Christmas legend, handed down from that day of 2,000 years ago when the Wise Men heaped gifts around the manger, grows stronger with the passing years. Santa Claus is more real to children in 1922 than he has ever been.

Hundreds of letters revealing the implicit faith of New York's little inhabitants, barely able to scrawl legibly, in the power of the merry bewhiskered gentleman to visit every good little boy and girl in the world on Christmas Eve and to reward them with playthings and goodies for obeying mamma and going to school, are being received at the post office.

The letters are addressed in almost as many varieties of ways as there are children scribbling them. There are some written by young folks who believe the omnipresence of Santa Claus requires only his name on the envelope to reach the proper destination. Others

conform to postal regulations to have the address written out in full.

Just Where Santa Claus Lives.

There seems to be some little confusion among the children as to the address of old Kris Kringle, and their active imaginations stimulated by variegated memories of other years place the great toy factory and reindeer shed in "The Clouds," "Heaven," "North Pole," or, as in the instance of a letter received yesterday, "Iceland Road, North Pole." Many of the letters come addressed to "Santa Claus, New York City." One boy located it as a suburb, which he named "Toy Town, N. Y."

"I have read the paper and heard that you have given your address to every post office. I was very eagerly waiting to find out your address, but now I need not wait any longer. Dear Santa Claus remember me this Christmas. For you had forgotten me last Christmas, but I don't blame you as you have so many children to get to. Before I close I will tell you again please don't forget me this Christmas."

Most of the girls are prompted by the instinct of their little mother hearts to ask for dolls, as big as possible, and a nice carriage for it to ride in on pretty days. The lure of the frozen lake or the icy hillside and the normal ambition of every youth to be a railroad engineer is reflected in the letters of the boys. They want ice skates, sleds or trains.

But most of the letters—and it is this fact that pleases Santa Claus most—contain a thought for others, for the mother who needs a new dress or new shoes, or for daddy who wants a job, or for brothers and sisters who must have toys.

They'll Watch for Reindeer.

"I hope you will not forget me this Christmas," reads a letter from a boy. "There are six children in our family and we are to poor to buy any toys. Would like to have a pair skis so much. I would be very happy if you could bring my brother a pair to. Here's hoping to see you coming over our roof with your sleigh. I'm 7 and my brother is 9, so here is good luck to Dear Old Santa Claus."

One little girl so accustomed to receiving second hand toys and to sharing them with her sister, added the postscript to her letter asking for a doll carriage for herself and her sister, "who is sick with a leaking heart."

"Santa if you can't get a new one old one will do. Love and kisses."

In the cramped handwriting of a girl in the primary grade came the letter: "Christmas is coming and I have been a good girl and I wish to have a few nice presents such as a nice big doll and carriage and a little stove rocking chair, table and dishes. send chare, sloping."

Most of the letters reveal by the paper on which they are written and by their contents that they come from children who will get for Christmas only what Santa Claus will bring them.

In recent years Santa Claus has found the task growing too big even for his

NIGGER MIKE BURIED IN DIMMED GLORY

Continued from First Page.

into a house that had no rugs nor carpets and very little furniture. On the porch, in chairs and on a couch, sprawled a dozen young men who wore olive drab shirts and caps, but who had come to the house of mourning in fine motor cars. They spoke mysteriously of long motor trips at night and without lights. They talked freely enough until they learned that the stranger was a reporter and after that they had nothing to say.

Mike's body lay in a bare, unheated room. He looked more than his fifty-four years. At the foot of the pine box sat his mother, Rachel, 87 years old and almost hidden under a red knitted shawl and a calico apron. In a minor tone she was chanting and keeping the rhythm by swaying to and fro. At the head of the box sat Mike's widow. Every so often she would scream. In the bare hallway and on the stairs leading to the second floor, twenty men slouched. The collars of their overcoats were turned up and their caps or soft hats were pulled down. It was cold in Nigger Mike's house. There were no flowers nor wreaths.

"Nigger Mike's" Young Hopeful. Sonny, Mike's youngest of five, was rolling a ball up and down the hallway having the time of his three-year-old life. Now and then one of the boys in the hall or on the stairs would toss Sonny a nickel. Sonny would howl with delight and by way of repaying the boys he would hold up a colored comic sheet and explain the jokes.

The funeral was to have taken place at a quarter to one. First Mike's sister

YEGGS CARRY OFF SAFE FROM THE POST OFFICE

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

YORK, Pa., Dec. 17.—Yeggmen are becoming so bold within the radius of fifty miles of this vicinity that the residents are alarmed and afraid to go to sleep at night.

Last night yeggmen visited the post office at Thomasville, broke open a window, opened the door and then carried off the safe. They hauled it a distance of about 500 feet, then blew it open.

After robbing the strong box of cash, Treasury certificates and postage stamps to the amount of more than \$500, they dumped the safe beside the tracks of the Western Maryland Railroad and hurried to other pastures.

A few nights ago they robbed Bowman's store of Harrisburg of \$25,000 or more. They also robbed the post office at Carlisle and a number of other places.

Left Family in Poverty.

By this time eleven large motor cars had arrived. No sooner had Mike's body been shoved into the hearse than one of the cars bolted across the road and plowed the motor car and by sheer strength of arms buried it back beyond the curb. The chauffeur began to quaver an excuse. Several of the boys started toward him. There is no way of telling what they would have done had not a wild scream come from the porch. Mrs. Lieberwitz, Mike's sister, had surrendered to hysteria.

Barney was able to stagger a few feet and then faint. He was carried indoors and the ambulance was called from the Coney Island Hospital where Mike died on Thursday night from heart and kidney trouble. Presently order was restored and the funeral proceeded to Washington cemetery, but Barney stayed behind.

Nigger Mike left a widow and five children. He died in utter poverty. Despite the name by which he was

'FORTY-EIGHT' SEE DOOM OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

Chairman Hopkins Sets Forth Views of Committee.

The Committee of Forty-eight, which maintains a national bureau of information and education, interprets the political developments of recent months as meaning only that the public has given a clear mandate that special privilege must be abolished. In a statement on the subject issued yesterday and signed by J. A. H. Hopkins, executive chairman, the committee sets forth its views as follows:

"Special privilege, as established and fostered by our political dignitaries, has sown the seeds of discontent and unhappiness, the fruition of which has brought America to the verge economic disaster. In the abolition of special privilege is contained the solution of our railroad and labor problems, the democratization of financial control, the adjustment of our tax burdens, the salvation of the farmer, the easing of life for the professional and business man, the restoration of equal opportunity for all, and the reduction of the high cost of living.

"The progressive sentiment to-day has manifested itself in many movements, each having its own worthy and particular purpose. These movements cannot in themselves be amalgamated or coalesced, but the spirit and purpose behind them must be coordinated and crystallized into a new political party which will voice the just demands of each. The committee of forty-eight has consecrated itself to this purpose as the highest privilege."

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IMPORTED Wool Gloves For Boys and Girls **95c**

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