

The Letter to Santa Claus



Tell Me Again

Tell me again the story
That you told when we both were young!
You were my prince in glory,
A prince with a golden tongue,
And the touch of your hand was thrilling,
The fact that you lived the joy—
But I was only a girl then, dear,
And you were only a boy.

Tell me, the way you told me
When our love was the song of spring!
Hold me, as you would hold me
When our love was a sacred thing!
Let the silver that's in your hair, love,
Be just as it used to be,
When I was so new to romance
And you were so great to me!

Here by the fire'side sitting,
As the pictures in flames run by,
Sweet be the moments fitting,
And children, just you and I!

For the love of our age is richer,
And yet—I would feel the joy—
Of the love that was only a girl, dear,
For her prince, who was only a boy.

—Henry Edward Warner, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Your Christmas Room

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

THERE is always a place to which one may flee in time of need. That place is the inside of our own heads! Provided, of course, that the inside of our own heads is properly furnished with imagination and that the key is not rusted in the lock from long disuse. If you are a little lonely on Christmas eve, or a little unhappy, or a little anything that tends to tarnish the glow of the season, why not climb up to that place inside your head, rattle the lock, be quite firm with the key no matter how stubborn it is, then enter into what joy you may summon by your thoughts?

Glad wishes for friends are the green wreaths we may hang in the windows of our Christmas room. Hopes for another year are the candles we light on the table. New plans are the fruit to deck the board, and very likely there will be a guest or so to share them.

Think of the Fire of Purpose you may light on your heart!

Think of the glow and warmth it will cast over you!

Think of the castles and dreams you crowded out of your heart because you were too busy; the fine, adventurous ones; the funny ones you have laughed over all to yourself; the shy ones you would not reveal to a soul at any price. Call them all back and see what a splendid set of inspirations they are. You'll feel like a new person. And don't forget to put a penny on the Tree of Faith for yourself; something you've wanted all your life. If you can't have it this year, waiting will make it more precious; and if you can (oh, think of that!) you'll be all the better prepared.

Do spend a little time in your Christmas room!

What Do You Want?

By Christopher C. Hazard

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WHEN the boy passed the baker's shop on his way to school, he used to look with longing upon the display of pies and cakes and resolve in his heart that if fortune should ever bless him with means he would have enough of a feast for once. But when, in after years, he passed the same old shop and looked upon the new treasures of the old window, now with a pocketful of money, he had ceased to care for the goodies, and went on, jingling his useless coins.

What do we want now? Not what we used to want. Not more pie, not more candy, not more toys, not even more money. The old ambitions have been realized, the old goals have been reached, we have the power of which we dreamed, there doesn't seem to be anything in sight worth running after, we look out upon a splendid world with a falling desire for it, we go on with zest. Still, we are unsatisfied. Yet we want something. What is it? What do we want? What could the Christmas time bring us of satisfaction?

How would you like to recover that lost art of imagination? How would a large investment in hope pay you? What would that strange power of beholding the reality and the loveliness of a spiritual world, that mysterious power that some have, mean to you? If you could be a child again, just for Christmas Eve, perhaps, you would see the meaning of the stars that ride so gloriously upon the billows of space. You might feel called up and out by the supreme and satisfying joy that Christmas signifies.

After all, we may have gained the world and lost faith, an immeasurable loss. Only he who keeps his childlikeness—not his childishness—knows the eternal worth of time, the satisfaction of that everlasting love that faith grasps.

What a Christmas gift that would be! Was not the old colored preacher right when he sang, "All I want, all I want, all I want is a little more faith in Jesus"?

Raisin Pie.

One-half cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls seeded raisins, 1 1/2 cupfuls boiling water, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful grated orange rind, 3 tablespoonfuls orange juice, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1/2 cupful walnuts.

Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes; pour into sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, about five minutes. Remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

Lotion for the Skin.

The finest lotion for preventing rough, red hands and chapped lips in winter is equal parts of glycerin, bay rum and arnica.

MORRILL.

Dec. 18.—Born to Mrs. and Mrs. Arnold Preusser, Friday, December 15th, a son, Frank Preusser from Albany is staying a few days with her son Arnold.

Bertha Helgeson and Marvel Bolden returned from Little Falls Friday, where they have been attending the teachers' institute.

Nacomi Foss came home to spend Christmas vacation Friday from Minneapolis.

James and Ernest Foss went to Genola Wednesday to get Mr. Preusser. There will be a Christmas program at school District 66 and 146 Friday night, Dec. 22.

Mr. Stelly came up from Foley Tuesday and took a load of cattle for

Mr. Bauer with a truck.

Emil Rickett has sold his place in Ramey and will have an auction Tuesday.

James and Harry Foss made a business trip to Roney and Foley Tuesday.

The doctor was called out to John Hartman's place Saturday night.

Ed. Peeter went to St. Paul Friday to visit over Christmas.

Friends of Mrs. Barney Miller of Muscatine, Ia., will be sorry to hear that she is seriously ill. They live in Morrill several years, but moved about one year ago to Iowa.

GILBERT.

Dec. 19.—Mrs. Chas. Hedlund and her daughters, Mrs. Carlson and Miss Olga Hedlund, gave a cotton and linen

shower at the Hedlund home Sunday afternoon for Mrs. Margaret Kistner, a recent bride. Many useful and pretty presents were received by the guest of honor and the social time ended with the usual Christmas dinner.

Gustave Broberg came home last week for a visit with relatives and friends. For the past few months he has been working in railroad shops in a town in Illinois.

Miss Anna Paterzen came up Saturday from Minneapolis for a two-weeks' visit at home.

Homer Aylor and Barrows visited a few days at the C. H. Johnson home.

B. Johnson entertained a few guests at cards Saturday night. Coffee was served.

Quite a large party of young people, among them a number from West Ripley spent Sunday night at Hedlund's.

Earl and Willie Tew sawed wood at Helmer Carlson's Monday.

BOWLUS.

Bowlus Advance (15)—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Enoch have a son, Edwin, born, born last Saturday, December 9th.

John Kokkett lit a match to see whether or not his gas tank was empty Saturday. It was not. He has a big gas tank and the result of his inquisitiveness. The gas tank was ripped open and laid flat. The front seat of the car disappeared.

Walter Hidde, local 800 Line agent, received his radiophone last Monday from his brother in Wisconsin, who constructed it. He had the aerials ready and a lot of fellows had the pleasure of "listening in" for the first time that evening. Parts of lectures, songs, stories and musical selections have been picked up from Denver, Colorado, Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo., Davenport, Ia., Minneapolis, Detroit, Mich., and Troy, N. Y. A loud speaker will be secured, so all present can hear what is on.

FAWNDALE.

Dec. 18.—L. P. Andersen delivered a load of rye at Bowlus Monday.

Willard Boshell was on Swan River caller the first of the week.

Simon Sobieck, Sr., was a business caller at P. J. Casey's in Swan River Saturday.

Mrs. J. J. Jacobson of Elmdale visited her mother, Mrs. R. P. Andersen, the last of the week.

Schools re-opened Monday, after a week's vacation, owing to the teachers' institute.

Joseph Casey was a visitor at the A. J. Rossa home in Swan River Sunday.

John Sobieck and Andersson returned home last week from a trip to Opole.

John, Alex and Peter Stillier were Bowlus visitors during the week.

Mrs. R. P. Andersen, who has been very ill, is able to get up.

Frank Witucki of Flensburg purchased hay from Petersen Bros. last week.

Stephen and Frank Clehon, Anton Rossa, Joseph Novokoska, Herman Fietzko, Frank Rossa and Martin Casey were county seat visitors Saturday.

Holgar Petersen was a Flensburg business visitor Thursday.

Peter Sura returned home during the week from a visit with relatives at Holdingford.

Samuel Meiby of Upsala was a caller here the last of the week.

A number of relatives and friends helped Martin Casey of Swan River celebrate his birthday Sunday evening. A large birthday cake was presented. Refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed by all present.

MOTLEY.

Motley Mercury (15)—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Butler are the proud parents of a baby boy, born to them on Tuesday evening of this week.

Pat Men, who returned to Motley this week, has traveled extensively the past summer through western Canada and the United States. He visited Winnipeg, Calgary, Seattle and many other places on his trip.

Kenneth Downs and Mrs. Bert Bacon arrived Friday from Los Angeles, Calif., to see their father, L. E. Downs, who is seriously ill. Mr. Downs is now paralyzed on his right side and there is little hope of his recovery.

The many friends of Miss Blanche Ross and Miss Winifred Broom, who are attending the Hamline university, will be pleased to learn that they are both making a fine showing at Hamline. Miss Ross ranked fourth with eight other students on the honor roll. Miss Winifred Broom first with three other freshman on the honor roll.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schmit are the proud parents of a baby boy, born to them on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schmit are the proud parents of a baby boy, born to them on Thursday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Loom and two little daughters, who have been visiting relatives here, left Friday for their home at Paradise, Mont.

Chas. S. Hanley, who has been doing road work at Cass Lake this summer, writes that they have completed their work there and started for home the first of the week.

M. A. Norton who is working as a brakeman out of Staples spent Friday afternoon at his home here.

Edwin Seoley left Friday for Backus near where he will work this winter.

Mrs. Matilda Hull was found dead in her little home here on Tuesday morning by neighbors. The cause of death was heart failure. She was apparently in her usual health on the day before, having called at one of her neighbors'. She lived in Motley for many years.

Wesley Thompson, Paul Webster and Delphine Rod had an entertainment, committee meeting Saturday evening.

Wesley Thompson called at A. R. Longfellow's Sunday.

C. L. Lightner was in Little Falls Friday.

The teachers of this community were attending the teachers' institute at Little Falls last week.

Rolland Rod was hunting a job in Little Falls last week.

Phil Webster, John and Tegner Ausland, Chris York, Mr. Wick, Henry Nelson, Gerald Rod, Charley Cummings and Hewitt Thompson were in Ft. Ripley Friday.

Walter Rod was working at H. A. Dingman's several days last week.

The town board of Rail Prairie had a meeting last week.

Clough had a meeting Saturday. Both Rail Prairie and Clough had some pretty nifty hats made.

Charley Cummings went to Anoka last Saturday to work in the woods.

Hewitt Thompson, Paul Webster and Delphine Rod had an entertainment, committee meeting Saturday evening.

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The high school kids from this neighborhood, who are attending high school in Little Falls, spent the weekend at home.

Rev. Mr. Coats of Randall preached at the church school house Sunday morning.

Mrs. Adams, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Ross, returned home Sunday night. It is reported that Lola is greatly improved.

Hewitt Thompson, H. A. Dingman, A. R. Longfellow and C. L. Lightner were in Ft. Ripley Sunday.

Mrs. H. A. Dingman and daughter Fenne, and Emery White went to Brainerd Monday.

The BAD CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS



THIS is a story of last Christmas day; and I will tell you right away that it ended happily. But it begins sadly. It was Christmas day up at the North pole, and as usual on the day before Christmas, St. Nicholas had been hurried and rather grumpy. Only this time, Mother Nicholas thought to herself that he was just a bit grumpier than she had ever known him. And at supertime she found that she was right.

He came into the kitchen, closing his workshop door with a bang, and sat down with all the little Nicholases to his porridge.

"Well, I've said it before," he growled, "but this time I mean it. The children down there in the world will get nothing from my pack this night. It's time they were taught a lesson."

All the little Nicholases gasped, but Mother Nicholas only asked calmly: "Why, what is the matter now, father? After you've been working for them the whole year, you wouldn't go and disappoint the poor dears would you?"

"Yes, I would," declared St. Nicholas, swallowing his porridge in great gulps, and pretending that he was not a saint at all. "What of them go around saying that there isn't any St. Nicholas, poking fun at me, and laughing in their sleeves. And the other half think it makes no difference whether they are good children or not, I'll fill their stockings just the same. It's a thankless job, I tell you. And I'm too old a man for it. So!"

"Come," said Mother Nicholas, soothingly, "here is a plate of griddle cakes. When you have eaten you will see things differently."

"No, when I have eaten I shall go to bed. That's where an old fellow like me belongs, an old fellow who children don't believe in."

Mother saw that he was determined, and that there was nothing to do for it, since griddle cakes wouldn't help. So she put her finger to her lips to motion the children silent, and went on quietly about her work. And when St. Nicholas had finished his supper, he did roll away to bed, only telling the little Nicholases to be sure to hang their stockings, for they had been good children all the year and still believed in him.

The minute the door closed behind him the little Nicholases burst into excited chatter. "Oh, what a pity! Those poor children! Surely there must be some good ones! Oh dear, what fun will Christmas be to us if all the children in the world down there are unhappy!"

"What indeed!" Mother Nicholas shook her head and looked often at

the closed door, behind which St. Nicholas could already be heard snoring. "And the reindeer!" cried the oldest boy, "what will they do without their yearly exercise? It seems as though father might have gone, if only for their sakes."

Mother Nicholas thought so, too. And at that minute they heard the reindeer's little hoofs beating on the hard snow crust at the door. Wise little beasts! St. Nicholas had never delayed the Christmas-Eve journey so long before, and so here they were to save him the trouble of going for them. The Nicholas children felt that they never could face the poor little reindeer's disappointment.

But what was Mother Nicholas doing so busily over by the cupboard? The children looked in amazement. It was seldom that mother left the snowhouse at any time of day. And here she was, after dark, and Christmas Eve, too, putting on her hood and cape, and pulling on her gauntlets!

"Are you going to drive the reindeer back to the stables?" asked the oldest boy. "Oh, please, let me. Father always lets me, you know."

Mother shook her head. "I'll not be driving them back to the stables until this night's work is done," she said. "If you're awake when we get back, you may do it as always."

How the children stared! "Was little old mother going all alone on that long, wild drive over tundra and forests and oceans and up and down chimneys, and goodness knows where, without asking St. Nicholas if she might?"

Yes, that was just what she was going to do! "For, when a good thing needs doing," she said brightly, "no permission is needed."

"Keep the fire going, be sure that

the baby has the fur rug well up around his chin, and give your father a good breakfast when he wakes," she called over her shoulder and was away out of the door almost before they had realized that she was going. They heard the scampering of the reindeer hoofs, faster the dimmer they got, and then just the stillness of the North pole.

That was last Christmas Eve. And if you ask any child who lay awake to see St. Nicholas, and peeped out with one eye, all the time pretending to be fast asleep, he will tell you that it wasn't St. Nicholas he saw at all. It was just a tiny, sprightly old lady with frosty white curls and a red hood, who filled naughty Willie's stockings just as full as good Marguerite's, and



St. Nicholas Welcomed Her Back Affectionately.

left many more bon-bons in both than was usual. That peeping child will also tell you that before she went back up the chimney, she gave baby a kiss on his pink cheek, a thing St. Nicholas (who is as afraid of babies as a burglar is, and for the same reason) has never been known to do.

And mother, will you believe me, in spite of having stopped to kiss all the babies, was back at the North pole a whole hour earlier than St. Nicholas had ever been able to make it, even in his younger days. Her work was well done, too! But in spite of the early hour, she found the children and her husband waiting for her. St. Nicholas welcomed her back more affectionately than the children.

"I woke in the middle of the night," he said, "out of such a horrid dream— all about crying children and sad mothers. Bless you, good wife, for not letting that dream come true!"

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mother Nicholas. "It was no trouble at all. Indeed, it did me good. I think, father, since you are getting so old, I will take over this job myself from now on."

St. Nicholas looked thoughtful at that. He peaced up and down the floor. Then he came and stood in front of Mother Nicholas, straightening up and looking almost as young as in his early days.

"No, mother, who, after all, only wanted everybody to be happy, made him some griddle cakes for his breakfast."

But that was last year, the year you got a stocking full, even though you hadn't been so very good. This year you had better watch out, for it is old St. Nicholas himself you have to deal with.

CUSHING.

Dec. 19.—Mrs. A. Kempenick and Mrs. Geo. Simons were in Little Falls Saturday, where the former had some dental work done.

Nick Anderson arrived home Wednesday from Duluth, where he has been employed.

Nick Anderson left Thursday for Washington, called there by the illness of his daughter Tillie.

M. A. Norton is clearing land for Geo. Miller.

Albin and Henry Anderson were in Little Falls Friday to do some shopping.

A Christmas tree and program will be given here Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24, by the children of the Sunday school. It will be composed of songs, recitations and drills. Everybody welcome.

M. J. Braack of Little Falls was a visitor here Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. B. F. Kearfoot is reported to be seriously ill.

The services announced last week for Sunday Dec. 24th, has been postponed until Sunday, Dec. 31st, at the Athora church.

A program will be given in the Baptist church Tuesday evening, Dec. 26th, at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

In answering advertisements appearing hereon, say that you saw them in the Herald.

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