

# The Leading Store

Wishes all its Patrons and Friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

# Peterson & Wellin

WILLMAR, MINN.

## Classified Wants

One cent a word each insertion. No ad for less than 15 cents, cash with order. 10 per cent discount for additional insertions—No accounts booked for less than 25c.

### Help Wanted.

WANTED—A dining room girl at Merchants' Hotel at once. 998

WANTED—Girl at Willmar Steam Laundry for general work. 83

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply at 186 Litchfield Ave. E. 965

WANTED—Good competent girl for housework. \$5.00 per week. Apply at this office. 984

GIRL WANTED—For general housework. Will pay extra wages during holidays. Telephone 233, 800 Lake St. 972

### Houses and Rooms.

FOR RENT—Four heated rooms at 401 Fifth St. P. M. Peterson. 81

FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms for light housekeeping at 206 Second street. 967

FOR RENT—Flat, 6 rooms and bath, hot water heat, on 5th street. J. H. Wiggins Co. 70

STEAM HEATED ROOMS—For rent. Inquire of R. W. Stanford, post office building. 72

FOR RENT—Heated room furnished. Inquire of J. P. Madison, 113 E. Litchfield Ave. 45

HOUSE FOR RENT—On Litchfield avenue, between First and Second streets. J. P. Madison. 82

### Real Estate.

FOR SALE—Five or ten acre tracts near city limits. Inquire of Anderson Land Co., Willmar, Minnesota. 57

FOR SALE—Farm of 120 acres, 1 1/2 miles from Spicer, Minn. Bargain for quick sale. Inquire at Tribune office. 41

FOR SALE—Eight-room house; lot 150x183; chicken house; small barn; wood shed; good well; 100 barrel cistern; some bearing fruit trees of different kinds. \$1,600, if taken at once. Anton Swenson, East Litchfield Ave., Willmar. 45

FOR SALE OR TRADE—2800 acres wild and improved land in tracts from 40 acres and up. Will consider city lots or property in trade or as first payments. Also ten residence properties in Willmar for sale from \$1,200 to \$5,000. G. A. Erickson. 45

A SNAP IN KANDIYOHI COUNTY LANDS—I have the control of the following lands, described as follows: se 1/4 of sw 1/4, sw 1/4 of se 1/4 of section 6, and also the section 7, all in Township 121 (Irving) range 33, in Kandiyohi county, Minnesota, containing 160 acres according to government survey of same. Part of this land lies in what is called "Schoemacher Lake and part of land under cultivation, some timber on land, suitable for fence posts, firewood, etc. I wish to sell this land on account of that I am too busy to look after it.

## THE FARM STUDENTS

## AGRICULTURAL COURSE

OF THE

## Willmar Associated Schools

TO START IN JANUARY 8th

Class work will begin at 10 a. m., and close at 3 p. m. each day.

This is a special course for all those who are interested in Agriculture, Domestic Science or Industrial Work.

Are you interested in improved methods of farming?

Do you want to grow bigger and better crops? Are you interested in a better home and community life?

Do you want to do your share in the development of the community?

Then study scientific principles of farming and homemaking.

Train yourself along productive lines. The course of study will include:

- Sells, Farm Crops, English, Farm Arithmetic, Breeds of Live Stock, Sewing
- Stock Judging, Dairying, Carpentry or Blacksmithing, Cooking and Sewing

Young men and women of the town who are not in school should take this course.

All young men and women of the farm who possibly can should enroll for the work. The only way to decide for sure whether you will like this work or whether it will be worth the while is to COME IN AND TRY IT.

For catalog or further information call on or write.

G. A. FOSTER, Superintendent, or C. L. McNELLY, Agricultural Director.

## HARRISON HUSKINGS

Harrison, Dec. 26th—Here's wishing the TRIBUNE force and all its readers a Happy New Year. The Misses Alma Johnson and Ella Pagel left last Thursday for North Dakota where they will visit their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Johnson.

Elmer Pagel spent Xmas with relatives in the cities.

B. M. Johnson was a Spicer caller last Wednesday.

Miss Ellen Hegstrom, who has been employed at Henry Horne's for a couple of weeks, returned home Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson has been on the sick list.

Mrs. A. Hegstrom and daughter Ellen, called at Henry Horne's last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. H. Parsons, who has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Henry Johnson at Diamond Lake, returned home last Wednesday.

J. B. Boyd, the nursery man, was in this vicinity Tuesday.

A Christmas Tree Festival was held at the Presbyterian church last Tuesday evening.

The snow storm last Wednesday night made the sleighing excellent.

N. McCrimmon was an Atwater caller last Friday.

Earl Martin is visiting at the home of his brother, Geo. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilson were Atwater visitors Friday.

Harry Martin was a Spicer caller Friday.

Miss Angie Defoe closed her school in district No. 4 last Friday, and is now enjoying her Christmas vacation at her parental home near Kandiyohi.

Emil Olson called at Geo. Martin's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harris returned from Pillager, Minn., last Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Parsons, who is teaching school at Eagle Bend, and Miss Edythe Parsons, who is teaching in Minneapolis, came down Saturday to spend Christmas at their parental home.

Miss Mattie Horne came up from St. Paul last Friday to spend Christmas at her home here.

Mrs. C. M. Halverson of California was visiting old friends and relatives in this vicinity last week.

Miss Elsie Monson of Kerkhoven, and her sister, Miss Hazel who is attending school at Willmar, came down Saturday to spend Christmas at their parental home.

Geo. Hegstrom was a Spicer caller Saturday.

Geo. Wilson and Will Monson called at Henry Horne's Saturday evening.

Tom McCrimmon Sunday at C. Pagel's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hanson and Mrs. A. E. Dahl were Spicer callers Saturday.

### Stock For Sale.

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey pigs. Will furnish pedigrees. T. O. Christian, Kandiyohi, Minn. 291

FOR SALE—One well matched black team and one bay horse and two sets working harnesses. H. Elkjer, 182 East Litchfield avenue. 974

POLAND CHINA PIGS—Sow and board pigs for sale. Head of herd "Lucky Boy," No. 166975, from Minnesota King, No. 119795, August Jordis, New London, Minn. 27

### Farm Loans

FARM LOANS—On the best terms offered by any company. Ten years time, with privilege of making payments on principal on any interest day. Lewis Johnson, Willmar. 976

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One 3-passenger Ford. Write care of 22, Tribune office. 970

GRAVEL—Am prepared to load cars at New London pit. Write or phone John Wright.

FOR SALE—300 bushels of corn and some fodder corn and millet hay. H. Elkjer, 182 Litchfield avenue. 978

FOR SALE—Fur lined coat, other collar; only the fur from the backs of animals used. Almost new. Call at Tribune office. 985

### Miscellaneous.

WANTED, KNITTING—Will knit at 25c a pair. Mrs. I. Lindquist, 613 Second street. Telephone 450L. 961

WANTED—A widow with a ten year old child wishes a position as housekeeper. Inquire at this office. 983

ESTRAY—Two calves came to my place Section 31, Lake Lillian, several weeks ago. Owner please pay charges and take the stock. H. G. Blumh. 986

LOGS SAWED—We have now set up our saw mill on the northwest shore of Lake Andrew, where we will saw logs. So haul in your logs, farmers. Thompson Bros. 98

Bids for Adding Machines.

Sealed bids will be received by the City Council of the City of Willmar, Minnesota, up to 8 o'clock in the afternoon, January 8th, 1912, for an Adding Machine of a standard make. Such bids must be accompanied by a certified check, payable to the Treasurer of the City of Willmar, in the amount of ten per cent of bid.

All bids must be sealed marked "Bid for Adding Machine," and addressed to the City Council of Willmar.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

HANS GUNDERSON, City Clerk. Willmar, Dec. 26, 1911. 2t

Dr. C. E. Gerrtson, dentist, office in Ames block, Willmar.

Persian Houses. Every Persian house is constructed on a plan of secrecy. No windows are visible from the streets.

## Compliments of the Season

A Christmas Story Concerning a Tramp and a Doll

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

There are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted, and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever young journalists who have married early and have an engaging pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for reasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—facts and philosophy. We will begin with—which ever you choose to call it.

Children are pestiferous little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them as we put to our wits' end. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks and shepherd dogs.

Now come the facts in the case of the rag doll, the tattered doll and the 25th of December.

On the tenth of that month the child of the millionaire lost her rag doll. There were many servants in the millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The child was a girl of five and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, inexpensive toy instead of upon diamond studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the millionaire, to whom the rag doll market was about as interesting as Bay State gas, and to the lady, the child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The child cried inconsolably and grew hollow eyed, knockknock, spindling and corymbivert in many other respects. The millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toy-makers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion, but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping for her rag child and was for a high protective tariff against all foreign folkiness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manners and stop watches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about petomanaganate of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites until their stop watches showed that Bill Rendered was under the wire for show or place. Then, as men, they advised that the rag doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent.

Black Riley came from behind the store and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm and was about to depart to the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, boy," said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out that doll?"

"This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to.

"Why, this doll was presented to me by the emperor of Beloochistan. I have 700 others in my country home in Newport. This doll?"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take 50 cents for de rag, and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hey—what?"

He produced the coin.

Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face.

Black Riley gauged Fuzzy quickly with his blueberry eye as a wrestler does. His hand was itching to play the Roman and wrestle the rag doll from the extemporaneous Merry Andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware.

But he refrained. Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers. Countless small, circular wrinkles running around his coat sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bone and muscle. His small blue eyes, bathed in the moisture of altruism and wisdom, looked upon you kindly, yet without abashment. He was whiskery, whiskery, fleshy, formidable. So Black Riley temporized.

"Well, you take for it, den?" he asked.

"Money," said Fuzzy with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup of attainment. To set a faded blue, earth stained rag doll on a bar, to hold mimic converse with it and to find his heart leaping with the sense of plaudits earned and his throat scorching with the libations poured in his honor—could base coin buy him from such achievements? You will perceive that Fuzzy had the temperament.

Fuzzy walked out with the gait of a trained sea lion in search of other cafes to conquer.

Though the dusk of twilight was hardly yet apparent, lights were beginning to spangle the city like popcorn bursting in a deep skillet. Christmas eve, impatiently expected, was peeping over the brink of the hour.

Millions had prepared for its celebration. Flap, a Scotch terrier, next to the rag doll in the child's heart, frisked through the halls. The bank of hair! Ah! X, the unfound quantity, represented the rag doll. But the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they—Dose! It were an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flap's fore feet. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—but Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But to topography and architecture must intervene.

The millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close mowed as a south Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on another street was a garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole and buried it after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved and no checks to write for the hypermodern wizard or G'p'p' notes to toss to the sergeant. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing, the some readers—the Christmas heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk—not riotously or helplessly or loquaciously, so as you might get, but decently, appropriately and inoffensively, as becomes a gentle-

man down on his luck. Fuzzy was a soldier of fortune. The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of eodemony beds with shower bath attachment, the petty pickings and ignobly garnered largesse of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that bounded one side of the millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag doll, protruding, like the claw to a lilliputian murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm and went on his way, crooning a road song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the sheltered life should hear. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black, for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers, and the heart of no rag doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such fearsome monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's Christmas cheer was already rampant.

Fuzzy entered with his doll. He fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the wassail cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, reasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entertaining his lady friend. The loafers and bibbers around caught the face of it and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag dolls.

"One for the lady?" suggested Fuzzy impudently, and tucked another contribution to art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first night had been a success. Visions of a vaudeville circuit about town dawned upon him.

In a group near the store at "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley and "One Ear" Mike, well and unfavorably known in the tough shoestring district that blackened the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each solid and blunt forefinger pointed out was an advertisement headed "One Hundred Dollars Reward."

To earn it one must return the rag doll lost, strayed or stolen from the millionaire's mansion.

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YOU ARE A PACK OF PUTTY FACED BEAGLE HOUNDS!" HE ROARED. "GO AWAY!"

The child sniffed at therapeutics, chewed a thumb and wailed for her Betsy. And all this time cablegrams were coming from Santa Claus saying he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christian spirit.

If Dr. Watson's investigating friend had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance he might have observed on the millionaire's wall a copy of "The Vampire." That would have quickly suggested, by induction, "a flap, a bone and a bank of hair."

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