

Anticipating Christmas Joys



since the fifth or sixth century. The Survey of London mentions a splendid "mummerie" which was performed by the citizens in honor of Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince, in the year 1377.

We do not hear very much nowadays about the lord of misrule or the waltz, but both are remembered. The former had license to do everything he could think of to keep up the jollity during the "twelve days," and the latter referred to wandering minstrels, who serenaded houses and waited until food and wine or, more acceptable, money was bestowed upon them.

Our games on Christmas night of cards, billiards, shuffleboard, musk-dance, dancing and the tales that are told of knights, ladies, lovers, queens, knaves, giants, dwarfs, witches, fairies, goblins and the rest were played and indulged in so long ago that the remotest historian has been unable to ascertain the correct date of their beginning.

The City's Christmas Tree.
A woman, they say, thought of the first community Christmas tree. It was erected in Madison square, in New York city. There was something stimulating, something highly infectious, in the idea, for now cities and villages all over America are erecting Christmas trees in their public squares, says the Delmonter.

They are wonderful things, these community Christmas trees, not for their beauty alone, but for the spirit they arouse in the towns where they are found. They are the village center for Christmas joy. Christmas services, without sectarian barriers, are held about them. Christmas carols are sung at their bases. None so poor or so world worn or so hurried but he must see, must thrill with friend and stranger alike to this tree for all the world. It brings the child in the manger to every soul in the community.

The Christmas tree is essentially a symbol of the north and of the home. Yet it is inextricably blended in our minds with our faith, which is desert bread.

Most of the great religions of the world were born of some solitary spirit who sought the lonely sand waste and there wrought out that which made the desert of his soul "blossom like the rose." He who gave us the great faith went again and again out into the burning yellow barrens, where the tender, brooding, violet sky awaited him; where all the desert world, so fearful in its unadorned, so overwhelming in its solitude, found focused in him all its pulsing radiance, as though in him were centered the heartbeat of the universe. In the verdure, sand driven, star hung desert the Babe, with his listening ear, heard, with his dreaming eyes saw, with his throbbing heart felt, the faith that turned men's faces forever from the clod to the cross.

Why, then, should the fir tree stand in our public square, sign and symbol of that desert birth? Whatever its physical history, why should breathless thousands, hungry of body or of spirit, looking on the great pine tree hung with electric bulbs, backed by skyscrapers, topped by smoke, find in its motion by the desert breeze the urge set in motion by the desert breeze? Babe, with his dreaming eyes saw, with his throbbing heart felt, the faith that turned men's faces forever from the clod to the cross.

Perhaps this is the reason: The community Christmas tree symbolizes that which the home Christmas tree does not. It symbolizes Christmas for the world. It means that the dawn of real brotherhood is tinting our horizon. It means, particularly this Christmas, that in spite of poverty and bloodshed, in spite of greed and despair, there are in increasing numbers in the world those who would share with the world all that sacred beauty and hope that are the individual's holy of holies, the most difficult of all one's spiritual riches to share.

It is the symbol of green forest beauty, of the druid's wild faith, of the Teuton's largess and always of giving-giving. Not strange that forever in our minds it should be inseparable from the birthday of him who gave supremacy; not strange, but utterly soul satisfying, that finally we have joined our hands and placed the Christmas tree in the market place—symbol that, at last, man may give himself to man.

"God bless us," said Tiny Tim on Christmas day. "God bless us every one!" Dickens dreamed of a Christmas festival that should belong to all. His Tiny Tim, lame and wistful, might have foreshadowed the joy starved world that now crowds around the market place tree, saying as he said, "God bless us every one!"

What the Chimes Say
"Do Good! Do Good!"
They Ring Out at Christmas.

How plainly the Christmas chimes seem to ring out to all, both rich and poor.

"Ye who would be truly happy, do good, do good! Live not for yourselves, for there is no joy in selfishness. Dispel the grief and want you see everywhere around you. Give freely of what you have and thereby lay up treasures in heaven."

Thus chime the bells, and he who heeds their solemn warning while merrily they ring may have his Christmas blessing if he will. Happiness! It is a divine gift, and man is godlike, if ever, when he fills some human heart with joy.

What was it but a laudable desire to render all mankind joyful at Christmas which impelled people in the olden time to open their homes and their hearts as well to all alike at Christmas that all might enter and share the Christmas feast? Friend or stranger, it mattered not, the master welcomed all, and all men who would partook of his bounty. No man sat down alone beside his Christmas fire, wrapped in his own selfishness and careless of others' comfort. No; the great Yule log was brought with pomp and mad rejoicing from the wildwood, a mighty fire was kindled upon the hearth, and the whole neighborhood gathered around to share the genial warmth while bright eyes danced with glee as the Christmas bonfire crackled merrily in the ruddy blaze. The flush of joy was on every cheek, and every honest heart throbbed with gratitude and homely pleasures. The wassail bowl went round, blithe carols were sung, and merry lads and maidens danced under the mistletoe boughs.

Christmas, which was also called Yuletide, lasted a fortnight, and every body had leisure to spare until the Christmas revels ended with the masques, the plays and the mad frolics of Twelfth Night. But nowadays how things are changed! Even the week between Christmas and New Year's is full of industry, and few are those who devote all their time to enjoyment. The great heartstones of ancestral halls have disappeared. There are no wide chimney nooks wherein the brownies may lurk in cozy comfort, and heaven only knows where our penates hide—perhaps in the piano box or up in the chandeliers.

Plays on Christmas Eve.
A Christmas custom of ours and the one possessing the greatest antiquity is that of presenting plays the evening of the 24th of December. This was first noticed in the west of England. For several hundred years "St. George and the Dragon" was the most popular. The actors, always children, were fantastically dressed and decorated with ribbons, brightly colored paper and wooden swords. The theme was war and love. There were debate, battle, death and mimicry and a physician ever ready to restore the dead to life. This custom sprang from the ancient crusaders, consequently the feats of chivalry and the romantic extravagance of knight errantry that are preserved to this day in a modified degree.

Masking, which is practiced to some extent among Scotchmen, is derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when people disguised themselves and practiced tricks upon their neighbors. This is now but scantily indulged in, but such of it as exists has been preserved

The Christmas Forest
[The region between Jerusalem and Bethlehem was formerly covered with a forest of pines, which has since entirely disappeared.]

THE forest in a whisper spoke,
Vine to flower and pine to oak,
From holy hills Jerusalem
To where, upon its leafy hem,
The humble village clung—
Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem,
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,
By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told
While yet the birds, their songs unsung,
Dreamed of the coming of their young.
But, though of splendor bright,
The forest breathed, its boughs were hung
With sable shade; no taper's beam
Cast through that dusk its happy gleam.

The angels sang; the shepherds came;
In the lone manger shone a flame
That cluster round with radiant cheer
The evergreen's enduring worth,
And to that whispering prophet brings
A glory of the King of kings.

For all our merry Christmas trees
Glow fair with flame and revelries
That cluster round them year by year,
And bring to man, illuminate,
Live upright, gladly die,
Knowing that they to God are dear,
And bring to man, illuminate,
A torch that leads to heaven's gate.

Even so the measure slow of time,
Like a rhythm closed with rime,
Raises the patient soul on high,
Brings joy to life, even from a sigh,
And in conclusion sweet
Dark grief with gladness can ally.
So shines the forest when we meet
With light and song, Christ's birth to greet.
—George Parsons Lathrop.

The Singing of Carols.
The custom of singing carols is still maintained in Italy—indeed, on the continent caroling at Christmas is almost universal—and particularly in Rome, where, during the season of Advent, Pifferari may be seen and heard performing their novenas.

These pilgrims, who, by the way, are shepherds from the Calabrian mountains, annually flock to Rome at this season. Their picturesque costume is thus described: "On their heads they wear conical felt hats, adorned with a frayed peacock's feather or a faded band of red cords and tassels. Their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets and small clothes of skin or yellowish homespun cloth. Skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee, and over all is worn a long brown or blue cloak, with a short cape buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape."

Read the "Want" Column.



Washington's City Christmas.
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

This sentence, blazing from a brilliantly lighted electric placard raised almost to the dome of the capitol, reflected the predominant sentiment of thousands who assembled at the capitol plaza to celebrate Washington's "community Christmas." A giant Norway spruce, illuminated with glimmering red, white and blue electric bulbs; the Marine band, a huge electric star of the east and a chorus of 1,000 singers, with the capitol itself outlined as the background against the dark curtain of the sky, made a scene of impressive beauty. Tableaux representing the story of the Nativity were presented in the improvised amphitheater. In the audience were many men and women well known throughout the country, including high government officials.

Strenuous Kindness.
She—Here's a story in the paper that tells about such a kind policeman. He—What did he do? She—He found a man asleep in the street, it says, and fanned him till he woke up.—Baltimore American.



Read the "Want" Column.

The Christmas Season
Not a Day but Weeks Needed to Manifest Its Spirit.

CHRISTMAS proper is never a day. It is really a week or about a month. When the almanac says December has come, then all hearts begin to feel the presence of that midwinter festival. Each day adds to this feeling.

The Romans perceived that one day did not contain all the import of the midwinter gayety. Their Saturnalia continued seven days. It began as a one day celebration and was observed Dec. 19; but, as it was soon found that brief period was a cup too small to contain the wine of pleasure, it was extended to three days. At last it was enlarged by the Emperor Claudius so as to take in the 26th. In form the festival has now been changed back into the one day shape, but in reality Christmas is much larger under our presidents than it was under Claudius and Caligula.

It is a great midwinter period and may well be looked upon as a type of the public happiness or the public misfortunes of a given date. In the early Christian church it became a single day, because being asked to stand for the birth of Jesus it had to be a formal day rather than a week, but no such limitation could keep it from having adjacent times which partook of its spirit as dawn partakes of day.—Professor David Swing.

Sing a Song of Christmas.
Sing a song of Christmas,
Gladdest day of all;
O'er the hills and valleys
See the splendor fall.
Sing of gleaming holly;
Sing of mistletoe—
Sing a song of Christmas
Everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Holy happy day,
Sing of Bethlehem's manger,
Where the Christ Child lay.
Sing of love unbounded,
"Peace, good will to men."
Sing a song of Christmas
O'er and o'er again.

Sing a song of Christmas:
'E'en on this glad day
There are griefs and heartaches
All along the way.
Hearts that wait the uplift
Of your note of cheer—
Sing a song of Christmas,
Strong and sweet and clear.
—Edith Virginia Bradt in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Limit.
"Well, if that Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self—" "Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What's started you off this time?" "He just sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother." "Well?" "Today's his birthday."—Every body's.



Good Fellows' Christmas Trees.

The Good Fellows, an organization of men who help to make poor children happy every Christmas, are to hold the municipal Christmas tree 1915 in Columbus, Ind. They will erect a big tree in Commercial park, which is just across Franklin street from the city hall. Christmas carols will be sung around the tree on Christmas eve by the combined church choirs of the city. The other exercises will be held in the city hall, where the poor children of the city will receive presents. Baskets of provisions for the needy adults of Columbus will be distributed also.

Bosworth Field.
In the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485, a king was killed (Richard III.) and a king was crowned (Henry VII.)

"CHRISTMAS FIRE DANGER DOUBLED THIS YEAR"
So Says State Fire Marshall Robert W. Hargadine—Due to the Double Holiday.
"The danger of Christmas fires this year is increased two-fold because of the double holiday—Saturday, December 25th, and Sunday, the 26th," says Robert W. Hargadine, State Fire Marshall.

Therefore, this Department urges that extra precautions be taken by all the merchants in Minnesota to prevent an outbreak of fire, which is always inherent with the Christmas season, because of the nature of decorations used and the augmented crowds in the stores.

Many mercantile establishments lend themselves to this Christmas hazard by using inflammable decorations. The merchant is urged to look well to this, because holiday fires in stores are usually fire holocausts—a match, a gas flame or an electrical defect may cost many lives and result in a mercantile sacrifice altogether irreparable.

Reports on file in this Department show that Christmas disasters are decreasing in numbers. This is due to the friendly spirit of co-operation of merchants with the Fire Marshall's departments throughout the country. But because of the fact that the holiday season is a busy one with storekeeper and customer alike, the following suggestions are made by way of reminders:

Watch gas jets—watch smokers—watch electric wires.

When your store closes Friday night, December 24th, see that there is not a spark lying about. Have all accumulations of rubbish cleaned up and placed in a fireproof receptacle or removed from the premises, and see that no waste material of an inflammable nature is left in corners or out-of-the-way places in the establishment which would result in fire from combustion.

If these precautions are taken, the Fire Marshall's Department feels more will have been done on the part of progressive Minnesota merchants to reduce the fire hazard of the Christmas season this year than ever before.

AUCTION SALE

Having decided to quit farming, I will sell at public auction on my place 10 miles west of Willmar and 6 miles north of Raymond on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1916
the following described property:
HORSES.

One roan horse, 7 years old; one roan horse, 11 years; one bay horse, 8 years; one bay mare, 11 years; one bay horse, 12 years; one bay horse, 13 years; one black mare, 7 years; one black mare, 7 years; two roan colts, 6 months old.

Two pigs, 65 chickens.

MACHINERY.
One new binder, 7 ft. cut; one new mower, 5 ft. cut; one new gang plow, disc; one new sulky plow; three lumber wagons; one hay rack; one drag; one drill; one disc; three set work harness; one walking plow; 200 bushels corn; some fodder corn; household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale begins at one o'clock p. m. Terms: Cash sums of \$150 and under; cash; sums over that amount time will be given until Nov. 1, 1916, on bankable notes at 8 per cent interest.

GUST ANDERSON, Owner.
P. B. Hong, Clerk.
W. N. Davis, Auctioneer. Adv 12-22-21

ROSELAND.

Roseland, Dec. 20—Mr. and Mrs. W. Stob and family called at the John Wieberdink home last Monday evening.

Miss Senie Flaar spent a few days with Mrs. John Koorne last week while Mr. Koorne was attending to business in Canada.

Miss Anna Hoffman left for Canada last Tuesday where she expects to spend the winter with relatives.

The DeVries children are on the sick list.

Miss Emma Ramstad is spending her Christmas vacation at her home near Kerkhoven.

Miss Tracy Balkema of Raymond spent Monday and Tuesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wieberdink.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dragt and daughter, Susie spent Sunday evening at the home of their son, John.

Mrs. Brummel and Mrs. Kroons called on Mrs. Arnold Plowman last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Talen and daughter, Jennie of Pease came here last Wednesday to spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. D. Dekker.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Dekker expect to move to their new residence next Tuesday and their son, Jacob will occupy the old residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Damhof made a business trip to Willmar last Thursday.

Notice to the Public.
Please take notice that hereafter I will pay no debts incurred by my son, Sam Holmgren, at any store in Willmar or elsewhere. If credit is given him, it will be at your own risk. Adv.
Mrs. Amelia C. Holmgren.

Don't forget to attend the Removal sale at the Hoglund Hardware Store.
—Adv.

Assist Your Stomach
To Get Rid of the Poisonous Gases and Fermenting Food.

A good long fast will do this sometimes. A trip to the mountains. Tramping. Roughing it. Yes, very good remedies. But are you going to avail yourself of either one of these remedies? No? Then the next best thing is to try a bottle of Feruna. Take it according to directions. You will have a natural appetite. All gas and fermentation in the stomach will disappear.

Read what Mrs. Emma Bell, Box 204, Fort Pierce, Florida, says: "I was taken suddenly with swelling of the stomach and bowels, and great distress. Very painful. Three doctors gave me no relief. Could not eat anything. Everything soared. I was starving to death. I began taking Feruna and was soon strong enough to do work. After taking five bottles I can truthfully say I am well. I gained twenty pounds."

COL. J. W. HANKEY AUCTIONEER
TRY ME AND I WILL SURE PLEASE YOU
Willmar, - - - Minn.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF
Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glitters with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scourge robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fall out, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knovitch's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

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D. BERGMAN & CO.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Deal direct with the largest and oldest house in the West. Highest prices and immediate cash returns. Write for price list, tags and full information.

WILLMARTANNERY
RELINING AND REPAIRING
All those having old robes for relining or repairing are asked to bring them in now before cold weather sets in while we have time to do the work.
New Robes and Mitts
We have a large stock of new robes for sale. A good chance to pick out just what you want. Fur mittens also for sale. Be sure to come before buying for I will do the best anyone can do, if you buy now.
TANNING
We tan robes or prepare skins for rugs, etc.
Andrew O. Sather, Prop.
South First St. WILLMAR

Tribune Wan-Tade Bring Results.



Who Appears in "The Plunderer" at Dreamland Thursday of This Week.



Just Out of College, a George Ade Comedy at the Majestic Xmas Day.