



TO SANTA CLAUS

By James Whitcomb Riley

Most tangible of all the gods that be,
O Santa Claus — our own since infancy! —
As first we scampered to thee — now, as then,
Take us as children to thy heart again.

Be wholly good to us, just as of old;
As a pleased father, let thine arms enfold
Us, homed within the haven of thy love,
And all the cheer and wholesomeness thereof.

Thou lone reality, when O, so long
Life's unrealities have wrought us wrong;
Ambition hath allured us, fame like-wise,
And all that promised honor in men's eyes.

Throughout the world's excursions, wiles and shifts,
Thou only biddest stable as thy gifts: —
A grateful king re-ruled from thy lap,
Crowned with a little soldier-cap:

A mighty general — a nation's pride —
Thou givest again a rocking-horse to ride,
And wildly glad he gloweth as the grim
Old jurist with the drum thou givest him:

The sculptor's chisel, at thy mirth's command,
Is as a whistle in his boyish hand;
The painter's model fadeth utterly,
And there thou standest, and he painteth thee: —

Most like a winter pippin, sound and fine
And tingling-red that ripe old face of thine,
Set in thy frosty beard of cheek and chin
As midst the snows the thaws of spring set in.

Ho! Santa Claus — our own since infancy —
Most tangible of all the gods that be! —
As first we scampered to thee — now, as then,
Take us as children to thy heart again.

Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley

From the Business



Men of Heppner

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Not for a day only, but for a whole
lifetime, is the wish of

E. G. NOBLE



Tho' greetings galore may be at your door,
Accept from us at least one more,
Simply to say that we hope the day
Will be jolly and merry and glad and gay.

LLOYD HUTCHINSON

CHRISTMAS SALUTATION

May the day bring you joy —
in messages from friends,
in warm hand clasps,
in pleasant experiences,
in love from those dear to you.

And I thank you for helping
this store with your patronage.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SWEETS
John E. Maxwell



In wishing you
A Merry Christmas

We are but voicing our sincerest
sentiments toward those whose
friendship we have always so high-
ly appreciated and whose patron-
age has made possible the greatest
holiday business in our history.

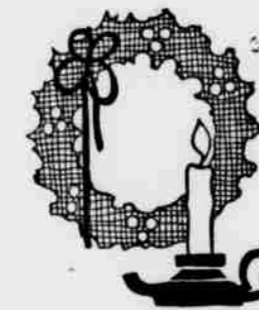
MRS. L. G. HERREN



Some say it is old-fashioned sending greetings Christmas Day;
But some of us cling fondly to the good old-fashioned way.
Accept old-fashioned wishes for the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
A happy, happy Yule time, good luck to thee and thine.

Lucile Hassoldt.

TUM-A-LUM LUMBER COMPANY



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

How we would like to say it to
you in person, but we cannot. These
printed words must take the place
of the merry spoken greeting.
With best wishes for your hap-
piness and prosperity—all the joys
of your life—again we say,

"Merry Christmas"

CLARENCE BOWERS



May you enter into the spirit of Christmas
and the spirit of Christmas enter into you.
We thank you for your valued patronage
and will endeavor to merit it hereafter.

C. V. HOPPER TIRE SHOP



May the day be all that it should be,
As gay as it possibly could be,
And as merry and glad as it will be
If our wish comes true.

ELKHORN RESTAURANT



"Back of the season of Christmas
And back of the greetings you get
Is the pleasure of thinking of friendships
That never have gone back on you yet."

We trust that you look upon the Wilson
store as your friend and wish you all the joys
of the season.

DAVID A. WILSON



OUR CHRISTMAS WISHING

Friendly meetings, happy greetings,
In the good old-fashioned way;
Pleasures many, griefs not any,
We are wishing you today.

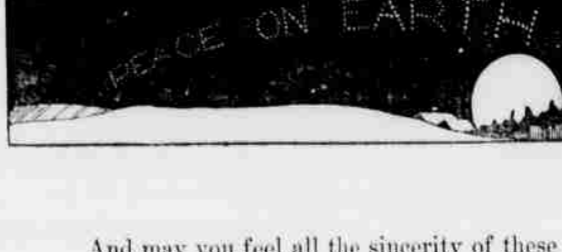
MORROW COUNTY CREAMERY CO.
W. CLAUDE COX, Mgr.



This is Christmas time—the season when
your friends are thinking of you and wishing
you all kinds of blessings—the best of life's
joys and happiness; hence our greeting—

A Merry Christmas

BERT P. STONE



And may you feel all the sincerity of these
wishes, the earnestness, as we say, "A Merry,
Joyous Christmas and thanks for extending the
best of Christmases for us!"

UNIVERSAL GARAGE

Wistful Window Shoppers



Origin of Quaint Traditions of the Yuletide

The holiday season recalls quaint ideas and Christmas fancies of old, even back to the ancient days of the Druids—a time when the mistletoe sprig, as a potent magic, was presented as a symbol of health, wealth and property, and in those days long ago the boys who sported a branch of mistletoe at Christmas would never be unlucky.

It is from the Druids that the custom of decorating our churches and homes with evergreens comes, for they believed that all the sylvan sprites floaked together on these branches, there to remain until the warm weather came. In midwinter the Druids sent around sprigs of ivy and mistletoe to remind the people to decorate their dwellings with evergreens. In order to propitiate the sylvan sprites and secure protection from frosts and wintry blasts, Holly berries long have been considered as giving wonderful power when worn in the shape of a wreath, which must be made and worn in imitation of a sacred crown of thorns and of berries, and the wands of this crown must be alone at midnight on Christmas and sit in the dark, and, in accordance with that ancient tradition, when worn on Christmas eve the Holly wreath will evoke visions of spirit forms coming in the air to sing their Noel songs, and all the beasts will be seen to kneel down in worship.

The Yule cake and Yule log, too, have their important part in this ancient Saxon tradition for the Christmas festival season. The cake had the same powers as the Holly wreath on Christmas night. The Yule log was used to light the Christmas fire the next year because it preserved the house from fire during the year and subdued the spirit of the flames. Its powers were bestowed in the days of the Druids, when the heathen fires were lighted and the brands secured from the fire to light the fire the next year. The ancient Saxons burned the Yule log as a symbol of the turning of the sun toward spring.

Even the moon contributed its share to Christmas superstitions, for, as the legend runs, if Christmas comes during the waning of the moon, you shall have a very good year, and the nearer to the full moon the better.

Holland, perhaps, has the prettiest custom of all nations for the Christmas festival. On the night before Christmas in commemoration of the star of the east, the young men of their towns assemble and carry through the dark streets a large, bright star; all the people go out to greet and give to the bearers of this "star of Bethlehem," as it is called, gifts for the poor.

Seven days before their New Year, the Chinese worship the Kitchen God by preparing dishes of candy and various sweets with which they smear his mouth. Later they burn him and the firing off of crackers, the deity being sent up in a chariot of smoke and fire to a conference with the king of the celestial regions. The idea of smearing his mouth with sweets is that he may not say anything but happy

Under the Holly Bough

Ye who have loved each other,
Forget their spite's beginning.
In this fast fading year!
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a cruel heart bleed,
Come gather here!

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year!
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden maid,
Come gather here!

And let your heart grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in their renewing
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year!
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden maid,
Come gather here!

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year!
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden maid,
Come gather here!

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year!
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden maid,
Come gather here!

Make Every Day a Christmas

Too prone are we all to allow our Christmas sentiments to evaporate with the day, forgetting that there are other days in the year for a sympathetic hand clasp and an encouraging word. If Christmas is better than other days in the year, it is because the feeling of brotherhood and fellowship belongs to it.

Why not have every other day in the year filled with brotherhood and fellowship? Why not adorn the apartments of life, speak the kindly word, and extend the helping hand for the other 364 days? In a word, why not make every day a Christmas? Carry the Christmas spirit with us throughout the year and say, with Tiny Tim, at all times and seasons, "God bless us, everyone."

Let us keep Christmas in this spirit, then, forgetting not to whom thanks for the many blessings and privileges of this great country of ours are due, looking forward to the age that is coming:

"When the common sense of most shall hold the earthly realm in awe
And the kindly earth shall smolder
apt in universal law."

Simple Home-Made Gifts
Handkerchiefs, neatly hemmed and an embroidered initial adorning one corner, may be made from a stray remnant of linen or lawn.

Child's Fur Set
A child's fur set can be made from an out-of-date fur piece, or if you have only a little of fur use it snugly for the rim of the muff and the scarf.

A Brave Soldier
A "thrifty saint" is a brave soldier, to be feared of me.