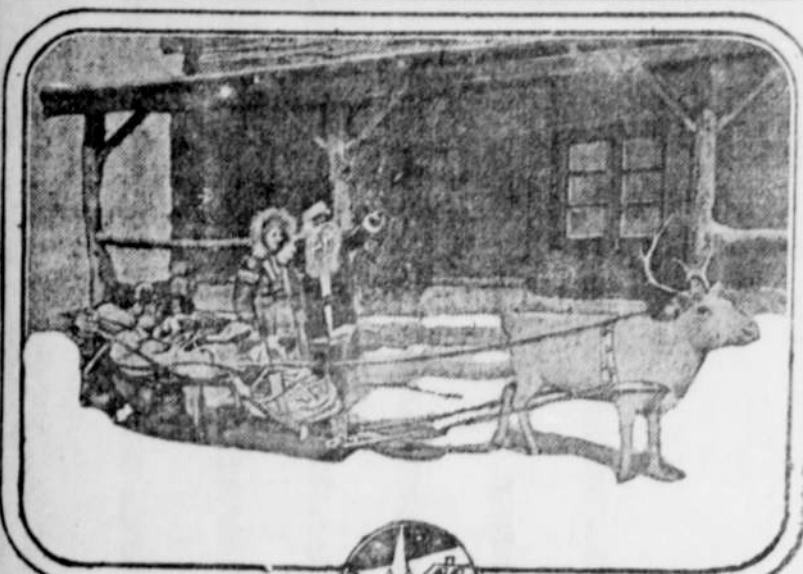


Santa's Special Delivery



Underwood & Underwood

Christmas Charity

By Mary Graham Bonner

HORACE had always loved Hilda. In the old days they had written letters to Santa Claus together. For they had been children together and Hilda was only eleven when Horace first proposed to her.

Hilda promised to marry Horace when she grew up if he'd give her plenty of hot buttered popcorn and Christmas candy elephants in the meantime. It was a strain on Horace's slender allowance and it was not always easy to get candy elephants, but he succeeded on the whole.

There was something so nice about Hilda. She never made remarks as some girls did, and men too, for that matter, which were so annoying.

When she rang up on the telephone she did not say "Guess who's talking, now, just guess," and disguise her voice. She always considered whether a person might not very easily be busy, and so did not have what some considered a little joke.

There were some kinds of people Horace couldn't endure. There were those who said, for example: "If the lightning is going to strike you, it's going to strike you. It's absurd to say you're afraid of it."

Then there were those who would say in answer to a query about the temperature of the ocean and its condition for swimming:

"The water? Why, the water's wet." And then—expected him to laugh.

There were those who would say "How come," and expected to be put in a bright class, as though they'd said something startlingly original.

Then there were those who sent picture postcards of foreign places when



Had Written Santa Letters Together.

they really posted them from New York and Chicago and Seattle and Honolulu, New Jersey, and hoped that they could fool the receiver of the postcards that these cards had not been at one time gifts to them.

And he did dislike those who would say to him after he had had his last year's suit nicely spangled and pressed, "How that has worn! It has certainly done you good service, and it doesn't look bad at all!"

But especially he disliked and felt as though he could almost choke those who were given to telling others to count their blessings, while they moaned and groaned and whined and whimpered themselves at all times and about all things.

These were his special aversions, but Hilda was different. Hilda never jested. Hilda was always sweet. Though Hilda did not, or had not as yet agreed to, marry him, and he had asked her many a time.

The second time Horace had proposed had been when Hilda was sixteen and they were sitting out the supper dance at one of the Christmas holiday parties. Horace was two years older than Hilda.

"I couldn't marry you," Hilda had said, "as you are really nothing but a child. I need a man more my own mental equal."

"But you're two years younger than I am," Horace had protested.

"True," Hilda had admitted, "but a woman is always so much older than a man." Hilda called herself a woman from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one.

Again and again Horace proposed. Hilda always put him off, but she always seemed to come back to him after each worrisome flirtation. Persistence and devotion were Horace's strong points, and every Christmas as he took her the yellow rosebuds, which was his choice of a Christmas bouquet, he proposed anew. It was Horace's annual declaration!

Hilda loved the flowers—the rosebuds were always so pretty and Horace had so much taste. Always in the center was a spray of holly, and they were tied with gay red ribbon. And



Hilda Always Put Him Off.

Hilda cared for Horace, too. But not enough, not quite enough.

When Hilda was twenty-five she almost yielded. Someone had that day asked Hilda her age. She had candidly admitted she was twenty-five.

Later in the afternoon she had heard that "if Hilda admitted to twenty-five she must at least be thirty-two." Hilda felt old then, discouraged. But she didn't quite accept Horace.

From then on Hilda's age was very uncertain. Horace was fearful, lest at first Hilda drop a year every year.

She could never claim eighteen, or even twenty, even though she was very young in appearance, bafflingly so.

Hilda had been thirty for the past three years now, and still Horace was around, admiring her, loving her, more and more all the time.

But the strain had almost been too much. Horace had loved Hilda a very long time. Hilda had taken a long time alone to become thirty. He would ask her once more to marry him, then he would go away, never to return he told himself dramatically.

"Hilda," he said to her as he gave her the Christmas bouquet for the—well, he wouldn't keep track of the number of times even in his mind—"I've told you how it is. I must know finally, tonight. I can't bear this any longer."

"Won't you marry me, my darling? Right away, without any more waiting? Can't we start out the new year together?"

"Can't we—my darling?"

And at last Horace knew bliss. Shyly, sweetly, clingingly, and with such slow yielding awakening Hilda was in his arms, and as she lifted her lips to his she murmured:

"And you'll take care of me, won't you, Horace? And always be good to me? For I'm only a child, Horace dear, and I mustn't. I mustn't ever be disillusioned."

And Horace was filled with Christmas charity. He did not tell her of the time—a good many years back now—when she had told him he was too young for her.

For one thing, he was too happy. And for another—he didn't think ages amounted to anything anyway. Everyone was as old or as young as they wanted to be!

Besides, at last Hilda had consented to marry him. He could afford Christmas charity.

For he was filled with Christmas cheer and a great and wonderful happiness.

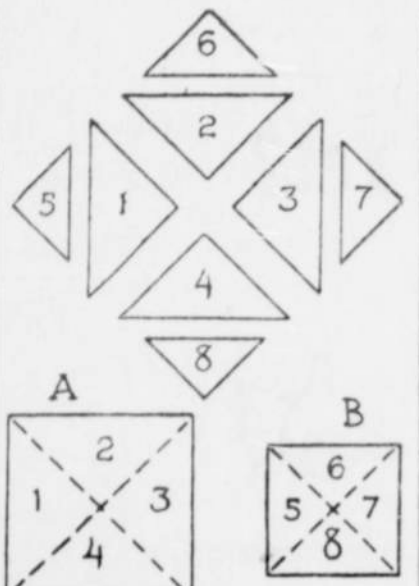
A JOLLY SCRAP-BOOK

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

JOLLY scrap-books for children who are unfortunate in being ill in hospitals at Christmas time—or in any other place, for that matter—may be made of bright-colored advertisements pasted on cloth. Dark-green cambric makes an excellent background. If it is cut in rectangles of 18 inches by 13 and folded once through the center of the longest side, you have then four large pages for your book. Three of these rectangles make a respectable showing and give enough space for many pictures.

The brighter advertisements the better, and if you can think of a funny name to paste underneath each one, the children will squeal with delight. Sometimes variation may be gained by cutting the pictures in outline, if the figures are large enough. Covers of magazines often afford good material.

A pretty cover for your book may be arranged by cutting small squares into triangles, using the gummed paper



To Decorate Christmas Scrap-Book.

Christmas ribbon of different colors, furnished at all stores in the holiday season. Get as broad a ribbon as possible, cut it to make a square, then cut the square diagonally, i. e., from corner to corner. You will then have four triangles of equal size. Cut another square of smaller size in the same way, giving you four additional triangles. These eight pieces can then be arranged as fancy dictates to make a decoration in the center of your cover. One such simple arrangement is shown.

Of course these triangles need to be moistened and stuck on the cover according to the plan of your design.

Raisin Fluff.
Two cupfuls sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful water, 1 stiffly beaten egg white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chopped walnut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla. Boil sugar and water until it threads when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Pour on beaten egg white and beat until it holds its shape. Add raisins, nuts, salt and vanilla. Mix well. Drop from teaspoon on paraffine paper and set aside until cold.

Buttermilk for the Face.
Buttermilk is a good substitute for a more costly face preparation. Let it dry on, then massage in to correct the drawing tendency and make the skin soft.

The Christmas Fur Coat

(By 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

NO ONE could understand the will. The old lady was even eccentric in the way she left her money. Among the many personal possessions she had mentioned had been that of her beautiful Russian sable fur coat, worth well into the thousands of dollars. This she had left to the old woman who had brought eggs to them from the country. It was to be given to the egg woman on the first Christmas after the old lady's death, and every Christmas after that she was to be given the interest on a sum of money, the principal of which was to be given to her when she reached a certain age, or before if she became ill.

"It's all very sensible except why in the world did granma leave that wonderful fur coat to that egg woman?" her grandchildren remarked. "Why, she won't know what to do with it. She's perfectly happy with an old ulster and a good warm sweater."

But they did not fail to carry out what their grandmother had wished, even though they could not understand.

Never was such a Christmas present received, and never was there such joy, for fairy tales had come true in a great and mighty swoop, and she, who had fancied never throughout her entire life to wear anything on her back that was luxurious, now glided in her coat. And every week she went about selling eggs, so happy in wearing the superb coat. For old granma had understood more than any of them knew!

Marshmallow Fudge.
If your marshmallows get a little stale before using up, try making marshmallow fudge. Put two cups granulated sugar and one cup milk in a saucepan and let the mixture come to a boil. Add one square and a half chocolate, grated, and two tablespoonfuls butter. Cook about ten minutes, then remove from the fire and beat until the fudge gets rather stiff, but not so stiff that it will not pour easily. Break marshmallows into several pieces, place in the bottom of a dish and pour the fudge over them.

In Her Christmas Toqs



CASH PAID
FOR
HIDES, FURS
SACKS
METAL
CHITTUM
BARK
PHONE
Inquire
BLOOM FURN. CO



Along The Highway

The Bell sign is a symbol of assurance to the motorist.

It means that he is in touch with home and business.

It means that anxieties can be eliminated—changed plans made known—emergencies more quickly relieved.

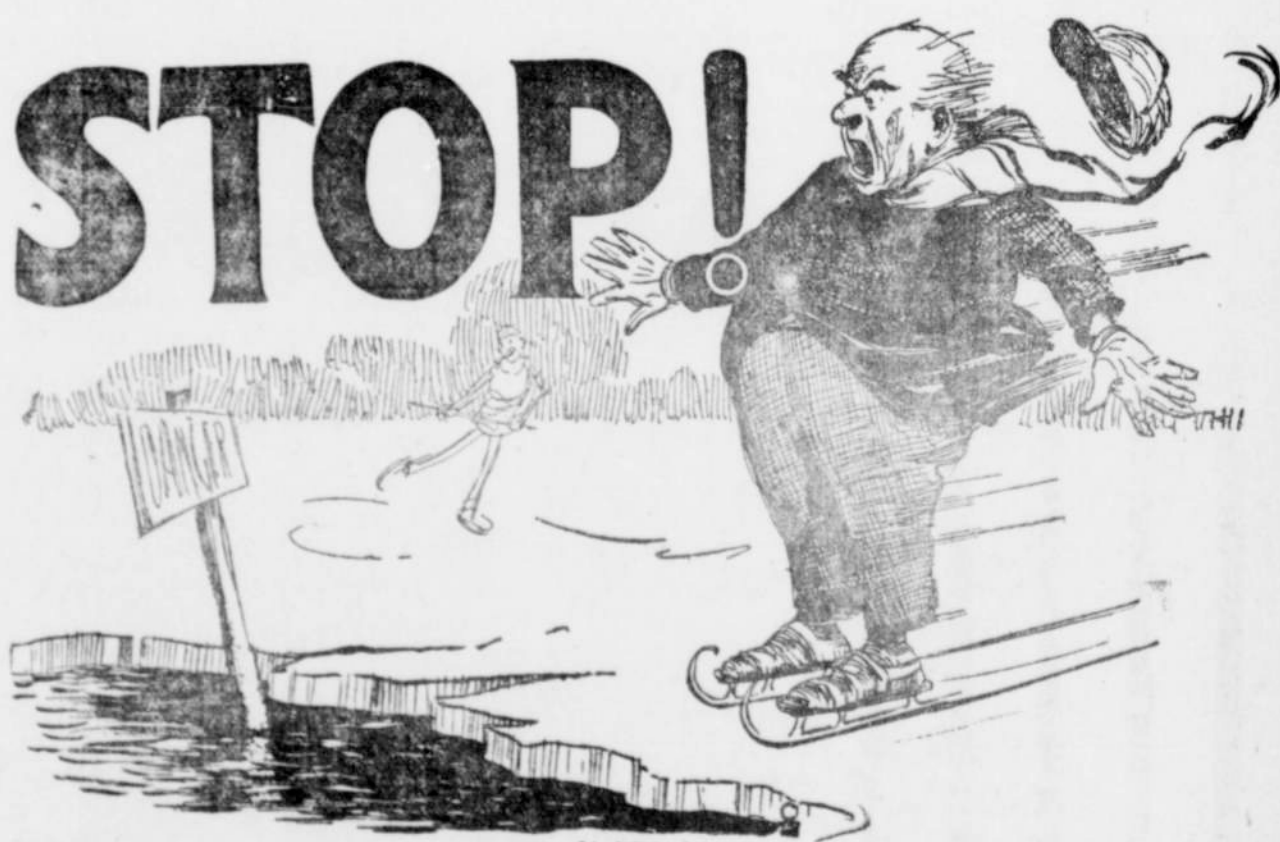
Every Bell sign marks the location of a long distance telephone station.



The Pacific Telephone And Telegraph Company



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