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SIX EDMONTON JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1927

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SAYS

Foo-Foo Brings Letter to Children

THE message from Santa Claus has been deciphered. The Foo-Foo bird has arrived again safe and sound with the code locked away in the bottom part of his beak with the cork frozen in tight. He was not so exhausted as he was yesterday morning and was standing then on his little red wheels all perked up and whistling away some song or other that sounded like "Tin Pip and the Bumble Bee," that the Farmer sensations played over the radio during the Bedtime Story Hour from CKCA.

He was brought down to the Newsroom and seemed very interested in the typewriters that were busily clicking away around him, and his little head kept bobbing up and down to the accompaniment of the clicking keys, while his beady black eyes raved all around as if he was taking in everything and storing it away to tell his mates away up in the land where Santa makes his toys and keeps his big book of reference about the little boys and girls all over the world.

By this time his beak was beginning to thaw out and the cork was soon pulled out and there inside his bill lay the code written in very tiny writing on a piece of greased paper no bigger than the new Confederation stamps that we now see on our letters. The magnifying glass was produced and there sure enough was the code in the letter and one of the reporters sat down to try and figure it out.

While this was going on somebody thought the poor Foo-Foo bird would like a drink of water and he was just going to put the glass down beside him when the man who was reading the code shouted out, "Don't do that."

Of course everyone looked up astonished until he told us that there was a special message in Santa's letter that said to be sure and not give the bird any water. Now this seemed very funny but the letter went on to explain that if the bird is given any water it is liable to freeze up on the way to the North because it flies at such a rapid rate. We were very thankful that this information was given in time because this Foo-Foo bird seems to be the only means of communication we have at present with Santa.

And now for the message. This is how it read:

My Dear Readers of the Edmonton Journal:

I want to tell you that things are now getting in shape for my annual visit to all good little girls and boys and I want every boy and girl in Edmonton and district to know that I have not forgotten them. I have just been reading over my big home book and I find that Edmonton is just crowded with good little children and there are lots more in the surrounding country. But it is an awful big job you know to try and think what to bring you all, so I want you to try and think for yourself, but please don't ask for too much, because I shall be loaded down as it is, and although I would like to bring you everything that you want I am afraid that would be an impossibility.

Talk it over with your parents or your big brother or sister and they will no doubt help you and tell you just about what I can bring, and then if I am somewhat near have you write to me in time.

Remember you have to be as good as you can, and make up your minds to obey your parents. Don't make a fuss when they tell you it is time to go to bed and try to do all you can to help them.

And now I must say goodnight because there are so many things to pack and my little helpers are all standing around waiting for something to do. So goodnight dear children.

With lots and lots of love from

SANTA.

So that was the letter from Santa and we immediately sent the Foo-Foo bird back again with a request to Santa for another letter which you will be able to read in tomorrow night's Journal.

(Continued Tomorrow)

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS

November 23, 1927

Jessie McKinley Fyfe, 11005 85 street, Edmonton, is 2 years old.
Anna Ruth Nelson, Waterton, Alberta, is 2 years old.
Ida Fraser Steele, Lacombe, Alberta, is 8 years old.
Margaret Portella, Opal, Alberta, is 6 years old.
Ruth Turner, Wetaskiwin, Alberta, is 8 years old.
Brian Lawrence, Railway Office, Alberta, is 11 years old.
Violet Sim, Sexsmith, Alberta, is 11 years old.
Marlette and Evelina Riedl, twins, sch P.O. No. 7, Edmonton, are 14 years old.

PARROT'S DAUGHTER HAD LITTLE CHANCE TO READ

Lavida Jolen Quincy Adams sat on a pillow on the floor, his head against his mother's knee. In her low, pleasant voice, she read aloud to him from a book of history. It was an exciting book, really, and young John Quincy sat as still as a mouse until she finished the chapter.

She put the book on the table and stroked her son's hair. "I like this book," said the boy.

"I am glad," smiled his mother. "I would have liked books like that when I was a girl." Then she went on to tell him how she had lived as the daughter of a poor country preacher, in a household where there weren't many books. She had been taught to read and write and do a little arithmetic, but that, she was told, was all the learning anybody needed. And so she had worked at her household tasks, longing to study, she had vowed that when she grew up and had children of her own, they should have all the books she could get for them. That was why she spent so much time reading to her small son.

Abigail Adams, who was born on Nov. 28, 1744, was one of the great women of America's history. She was the wife of one president of the United States, and her son also became president.

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Birthday Editor,
Edmonton Journal,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Please enroll me in the Edmonton Journal Birthday club

I will be ..... years old on ..... 19 .....

My name is .....

Street address .....

City or town .....

Do you mean to the rules? .....

(Coupons must be in Journal office the day preceding the child's birthday).

Clear your skin
Make your face a business asset
That objectionable may be more than a source of suffering and embarrassment—it may be holding you back in the business world, keeping you out of a better job for which a good appearance is required. Why "take a chance" when Resinol Ointment heals eruptions so easily?
Pimples, blackheads, redness rashes quickly yield to its soothing touch. Ask your druggist.
Resinol

LIFEBOAT SNATCHES 15 FROM DEATH

Imperilled Sailors Cling to Wreckage All Day Before Rescued

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Fifteen men who had clung to the wreckage of the Dutch sailing vessel, Geertje, since Monday morning, when the vessel was run down by a British steamer in the English town of Tyne, were rescued by a lifeboat from the steamer Tynemouth, which was also damaged in the collision. Fifteen of the crew were rescued by a steamer, but the captain and mate were drowned in the ship, which sank in a few minutes. The Tynemouth herself was damaged in the collision and is now lying in dock behind the watch, trying to effect repairs. Captain Hayes, of the steamer unanimously issued a vote of thanks to the Tynemouth which will be conveyed to the owners.

He added that the wind and waves subsided somewhat, and he now thinks that the Geertje will remain afloat. Whether she will be towed to Amsterdam or Rotterdam is not yet decided.

Joy A LAUGH A DAY Fun

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Russ Westover

TOOTS AND CASPER — By Jimmy Murphy

BARNEY GOOGLE — By Debeck

PETER'S ADVENTURES

IDENTIFY VICTIMS HUNTING ACCIDENT

WINNIPEG, Nov. 23.—Provincial police have ascertained the identity of the two men killed in a hunting accident near the border near Estella, Man.

John Waddell of Birtle, Man., was killed instantly when shot by his companion, Jay Taylor, was wounded in the arm. The shot, aimed to have been fired in the air, struck Waddell in the left temple, death being caused by a gun shot wound.

Taylor is in the city.

THE UNWINKING EYE

"Never has it so" shouted Peter, taking off his hat and mopping his wet brow. Then Peter paused long enough to get that long open his arm, giving it a mighty swing.

"Here I have been picking berries for four hrs for goodness knows how long and I have only got a few quarts and nearly reach that enough to cover the bottom. At this rate I'll never get enough to make a good-sized pie."

CATTLE SHIPMENTS

CANTON, Alta., Nov. 23.—(C. P. Special to Edmonton Bureau)—Cattle shipments from Canton station, totalling 20 cars, were made yesterday. The Livestock association has one or two more cars to ship.

LEAVING FOR ENGLAND

LOUGHEED, — Mr. and Mrs. J. Broadfoot and baby daughter of Loughed, left on Monday last for England where they will spend the winter. They expect to spend the winter in the old country.

THRESHING COMPLETED

ALLIANCE — The weather for the past week has been very cool with frosty nights and cold days. Nearly every day, however, has been fine enough to allow the farmers to get out and get on with the work. Threshing is completed at last with an average of around 20 bushels per acre.

SPEED UP WIRELESS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Under the terms of a treaty with Great Britain signed at which delegates met to avoid them misunderstandings with be 20 words per minute instead of 16 words per minute as at present. Ships will also be required to carry a second class radiophone for distress sending if he could succeed in getting in touch with a ship with which his boss ordered is expected to relieve a good deal of congestion.

She Coughed Night and Day Could Not Sleep

Mrs. Leonard Haywood, Victoria Corner, N.B., writes:—"Last fall I took an awful cold which I caught while driving in an open car on a cold day.

"I coughed night and day, could not sleep at night, and my eyes became so sore that I could hardly see a thing.

"My husband got me a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

and before I had taken the whole of it my cold had disappeared."

"Dr. Wood's" has been on the market for the past 35 years; price 50c, a bottle, large family size $1.00. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Fun Shop By Maxson Fothall Judell

LET'S ALL BE PUNITORS!

THE PRICE OF GENIUS!

By Julius R. Perez

"I have a new song, Daddy Dear, and it's going to make you proud of me," said the eight-year-old son to his father, Jackson Young, as he sat down at the piano. "Now, Daddy, if you'll be quiet I'll play it for you." Daddy Young sat back and listened to the boy play it. It was a very good song, and Daddy Young was proud of his son's ability. He was about to tell him so when he noticed that the boy was playing the same song over and over again. He had played it about 100 times that night, and how he made Dad sick of it!

"Jimmy," said Daddy Young, "I'm glad you like to play that song, but don't you think you've played it enough for one night?"

"Oh, Daddy, I'm not tired of it at all," said Jimmy. "I'm going to play it for Mother Dear when she comes home from the theatre tonight. She'll be so proud of me!"

Daddy Young decided to say nothing more about it, but he began to get tired of hearing the song. Finally Jimmy went to bed, and Daddy Young was left alone. He was about to settle down to read his paper when Jimmy came down in his pajamas and said, "Daddy,