

## Many Make-Believe Santas in Omaha

### The Little Ones Have Only to Go Down Town to Meet Their Patron Saint



At Burgess-Nash



At Hayden Bros'

At Orchard and Wilhelm's



At Brandeis Store



At Kilpatrick

## Toyland of Today is the Child Wonderland

**S**ANTA CLAUS is, without a doubt, the person most universally loved by the children of this wide, wide world. Dear old "Sandy Claws," at sight of whose snowy beard and jolly face, and red, fur-edged suit the face of every youngster lights up with joyous anticipation and trustful love!

Who doesn't know that Santa lives up at the North Pole, and there he works away all the year, making drums and wagons and velocipedes and guns and trains o' cars, and games, and dollies and sets o' dishes and oh, everything, for little boys and girls.

And then Krismus eve he goes out to the barn an' hitches up the reindeers to his sleigh, and his wife helps him load up all the toys, and away he goes like the wind, stopping at the chimneys of all the houses where the good little boys and girls are asleep, going down and putting their presents in their stockings.

The child mind, characteristically full of faith, questions not the possibility of old Santa performing his herculean task in one night. No more does it question the genuineness of the Santas found in the various stores of the city at present. Each Santa looks genuine. There he stands, the dear, funny, fat fellow, his white beard not concealing his laughing eyes. A jolly old fellow, indeed!

And fond parents aid and abet the various imitation Santas in the benevolent role. Little Johnnie needs no urging when, in the midst of all the excitement of Toyland, his eyes alight on the good old saint himself in his red suit, bordered with fur—little Johnnie needs no urging to leave the protecting paternal hand and go up and whisper in Santa's ear just what is his heart's desire.

"And have you been a good boy?" Santa often inquires.

Little Johnnie hesitates, perhaps, just a moment, as he remembers that he pulled the cat's tail and slapped his little sister that very morning. Then he takes a chance. Santa probably won't hear about it and he'll be very, very good from now on. So Johnnie nods his head.

"All right, sonny," says Santa, "I'll come to your house."

And back runs Johnnie to his mamma, filled with untold joy.

The different Santas who carry the secrets of Omaha's juvenile population declare that the demand upon them is tremendous this year. And the well stocked toy departments show that the supply is bigger than ever. And with bumper corn and wheat crops, Old Man Good Feeling is backing Santa's efforts to the limit.

### Just for a Moment

Oh, just for a moment, when Christmas has come,  
Sit down, little girl, little boy,  
And silence the trumpet and muffle the drum,  
Forget every doll, every toy—  
Then think, in the stillness that fills all the room,  
Of somewhere far over the sea,  
Of hearts that are dumb in the sense of their gloom,  
Of Christmas that never will be.

And just for a moment, you grown-ups, suppose  
You return from the gladness at home,  
Where candle shades give things the color of rose,  
And then let your quick fancy roam  
To homes that were once, and to hearths that are bare,  
To children who know naught of glee—  
Then, just for a moment, in thought you will share  
The Christmas that never will be.

So, just for a moment, suppose you and I  
Agree on this deed we will do  
We'll think of the children who wonder and sigh  
Of Christmas that they once knew;  
We'll send them a prayer, we'll send them a thought,  
And hope that we never may see  
The days dipped from hell that of warfare have wrought  
The Christmas that never will be.—W. D. Nesbit, in Life.