

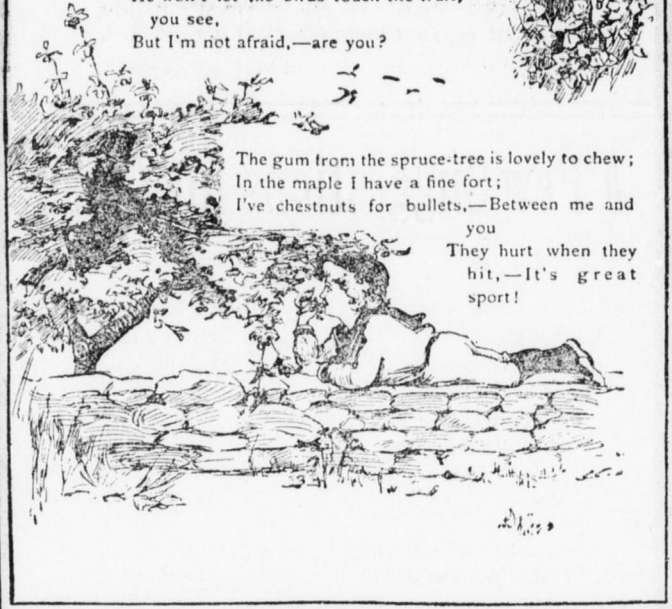
# THE FAVORITE TREE

By Estelle Kerr

It is lovely to ride in the tall poplar tree;  
When I climb to the tip-top and float  
Through the sunny blue sky, just as blue as  
the sea,  
In my bonny green poplar boat.

The scarecrow is king of the red cherry-tree,  
A cross-looking chap he is, too!  
He won't let the birds touch the fruit,  
you see,  
But I'm not afraid,—are you?

The gum from the spruce-tree is lovely to chew;  
In the maple I have a fine fort;  
I've chestnuts for bullets,—Between me and  
you  
They hurt when they  
hit,—It's great  
sport!



## THE REVOLT OF BOBBIE

By TOM MASON

"Now, Bobbie, Christmas is almost here, and if you are a real good little boy, Santa Claus may do something for you."

Bobbie—You mean that you will do something for me, pop. That old Santa Claus racket is played out.

Bingo—Do you mean to say you don't believe in Santa Claus?

Bobbie—No, sir, I don't. I hope, pop, you don't expect me to hang up my stocking the night before?

Bingo—Why, certainly I do.

Bobbie—And I suppose you think I am going to crawl out of a nice warm bed about four o'clock in the morning, and sit by the chimney-place in my bare feet? No, sir! Just give me a list of things you thought of getting, and I'll check it off and let you know what I want.

Bingo (petrified)—Well, this is a pretty pass. You don't think there's any Santa Claus, eh?

Bobbie—Yes, sir, I am. I've known it for three years; but I just hated to hurt my parents' feelings, so I have caught cold every Christmas morning, just to please you, until I am tired of it.

Bingo—But, Bobbie, consider. There are relatives of mine coming to spend Christmas with us. What would they say if they thought you didn't believe in Santa? Think of Aunt Jane. Why, she would never forgive me. Think of the talk it would make.

Bobbie—I can't help it, pop. This has got to stop. I can't go on deceiving people any more.

Bingo—Haven't I always been good to you, Bobbie?

Bobbie—Yes, sir.

Bingo (locking the door)—And would

you go back on your father for a little thing like that? It's only a little thing I ask of you. You wouldn't disgrace your poor father and mother, now, would you, Bobbie?

Bobbie (firmly)—Don't try to move, me, pop. I can't do it, sir.

Bingo (reaching for a strap)—You can't, eh? Well, we'll see about that. (Whack.) I'll teach you not to believe in a Santa Claus. (Whack, whack.)

Bobbie—Oho! aw! aw! Please stop!

Bingo—I'll show you (whack) the duty you owe (whack, whack, whack) to your loving parents. How do you feel now? Any more like believing?

Bobbie (boo-hoo)—Yes, sir.

Bingo—That's right. And are you going to hang up your stocking?

(Whack.)

Bobbie (promptly)—Yes, sir.

Bingo—And get up at three o'clock as you always have done?

Bobbie—Yes, sir.

Bingo—And are you going to talk to those relatives of mine about dear, good old Santa Claus, and wonder what he's going to give you, and clap your hands together, and get excited like a genuine innocent little boy?

Bobbie—Yes, sir, I am.

Bingo (releasing him)—Well, you see that you do, or I'll give you the worst licking you ever had in your life.

Bobbie (half an hour later, standing on the corner with Willie Simson)—

You see that man passing by over there?

Willie—Who? Your father?

Bobbie—Yes, Well, Willie, there goes the biggest liar that ever drew breath.

—Harlem Life.

What the Cynic Says.

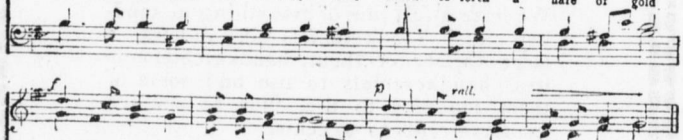
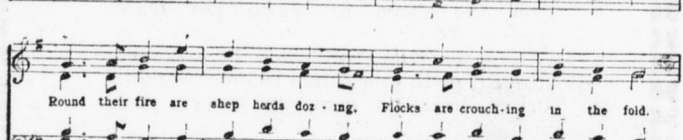
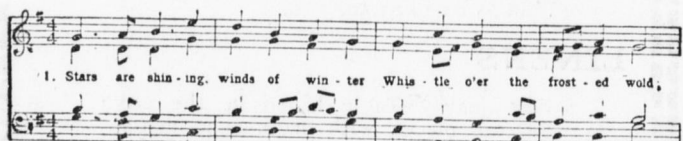
The women spend so much time previous to Christmas in gadding around that we wonder if any of the stockings hung up for Santa Claus are darned.

—Acheson Globe.

## STARS ARE SHINING

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

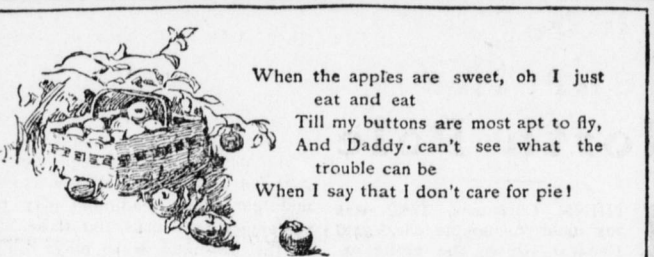
Words and music by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, MA., (Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc.)



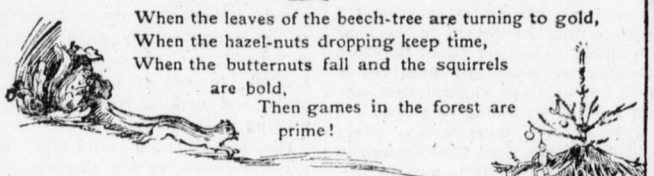
See! amidst that blaze of glory  
Stands a seraph, wings outspread,  
Radiance as of summer morning  
O'er the barren landscape shed.  
Rouse, ye shepherds! shake off slumber,  
Banished from each drowsy head!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

"Peace on earth, to men good favour,  
Token this—the Heavenly Child,  
Lying now in Bethlehem's manger,  
Born of Virgin undefiled.  
Christ, Messiah, long expected—  
Earth and Heaven reconciled;  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

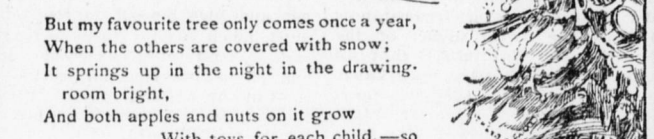
Then from 'thousand times ten thousand  
Angels, in supernal light,  
Burst a chorus: "O ye people,  
East and West, in one unite,  
Praising God, the Lord Jehovah!  
Sing with angels in the height;  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!"



When the apples are sweet, oh I just  
eat and eat  
Till my buttons are most apt to fly,  
And Daddy can't see what the  
trouble can be  
When I say that I don't care for pie!



When the leaves of the beech-tree are turning to gold,  
When the hazel-nuts dropping keep time,  
When the butternuts fall and the squirrels  
are bold,  
Then games in the forest are  
prime!



But my favourite tree only comes once a year,  
When the others are covered with snow;  
It springs up in the night in the drawing-  
room bright,  
And both apples and nuts on it grow  
With toys for each child,—so  
I know you'll agree  
That the best one of all is  
the gay Christmas-tree.



## Trying to Fool Santa.



Willie's scheme might have worked if he hadn't kicked off the bedclothes, showing that the apparent size of his feet was due to papa's hunting boots.—Chicago Daily News.

## THE CANDY CHILD

What Happened to a Little Boy Who Ate Too Much

By R. W. DUTTON

Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in the kitchen, putting the finishing touches to the innumerable delicacies designed to grace the Christmas table. The children of the household were interesting spectators of the old woman's work, being present by special permission of their mother.

"What you chil'ren wants to do to-morrow—dat is, what you chil'ren doesn't want to do," remarked the old woman, as she paused in her work, "is to see dat you doesn't eat too much to-morrow. 'Cause ef you does, you is liable to be like er chile dat I has in mind, an' de Lawd knows dat you doesn't want to be like dat chile."

The little ones well knew that these words of Aunt Matilda were preliminary to one of those stories with which she so often delighted them, and they impatiently awaited it.

"Dis chile dat I speaks of," continued the old woman, as she resumed her labors, "had one of de mos' rapacious appetites dat you ever heerd of. Eatin' all de time, an' eatin' all sorts of tings. His ma an' pa tell him, of course, dat all wrong, an' at dere is er time fo' eatin' as well as er time fo' not eatin', but Lawd bless you, chil'ren, dat boy he pay no mo' 'tention to what his ma an' pa say den ef dey didn't 'zist. Why, dey even see de Wizzle Wuzzle Man 'bout him, but Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle he say dat he ain't gwine to do anything jes' yit, an' fo' to let de caille keep jes' right on," remarked the old woman, as she completed frosting a giant cake, "notwithstanding to de contrary, an' matters go frum wuss to wuss. Bimeby, Christmas come 'round, an' dat boy he 'gin to eat frum de minit he wake up, candy an' cakes an' apples, an' de Lawd knows what. Course his ma an' pa 'monstrate wid' him, an' tell him dat dey has no 'jections to his eatin' jes' what he like, purvided he eat in mod'ration. But, Lawd bless you, chil'ren, he pay no mo' 'tention to what dey say den befo', an' den de strange! 'ting happen dat you ever heerd of."

Aunt Matilda paused to note the effect of her words upon the little ones, and then she continued:

"It was gittin' toward de dark," she said, "when dis chile's ma an' pa nias him. Dey hunt high an' dey hunt low, but don't find him, an' off sots his pa fo' de house of de Wizzle Wuzzle Man. He find Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle

settin' befo his fire smokin' his pipe, an' when de chile's pa 'splain matters Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle puff out er big cloud of smoke. De smoke it fill de room, an' when dat de 'way over in de corner was dat chile. Dat is, what was de chile, fo' he had done turned into er mixture of candy an' cake, an' all sorts of tings.

"Of course, chil'ren," solemnly remarked the old woman, as she noticed the surprise of the little ones, "it was dat chile, an' den agin it wasn't. De leetle boy's pa was mos' grieved to death to see what done happen, an' he ask de Wizzle Wuzzle Man what kin be done in de matter. Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle puff out nuther big cloud of smoke, an' when dat die 'way, de chile was gone. Den he take his pipe out his mouth an' 'splain dat nuthin' kin be done fo' er 'yar at de leastest.

"De chile's pa he beg, of course, dat de Wizzle Wuzzle Man do somethin' right 'way, but Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle he say no indeedy, an' de leetle boy's pa know well nuff dat when Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle say no indeedy, dat it is no indeedy, sho' nuff, and he go home. But befo' he go, Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle he say dat ef he was a mind to, he could do sumthin' right 'way, but he 'splain dat de chile mus' 'larn by 'sperience, ef he won't 'larn no way else, an' der he tell de chile's pa to come to see him nex' Chris'mus eve.

"It was a mighty long 'yar," said the old woman, "fo' de leetle boy's pa an' ma, an' you may 'bieve an' chil'ren, it was still longer fo' dat chile, who had in all dat time to be nuthin' but er chile of candy, an' cakes, an' all dat sort of tings. But at jas' Chris'mus eve come 'round, an' de chile's ma an' pa both wisit Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle. Dey find him settin' befo' de fire an' smokin' de same pipe, an' after dey say howdy an' he say howdy, he say dat he is sho' dat de chile done 'larn er lesson dat he ain't liable to furgit. Wid' dat he puff out er bigger cloud of smoke den ever, an' when dat die 'way, dere was de leetle boy, standin' right befo' his ma an' pa, an' in his right self.

"De chile jump right into his ma's arms, an' as she hug and kiss him," said Aunt Matilda, "he say dat he ain't never gwine to eat an' eat like he did befo', an' dat he was gwine to mind his ma an' pa all de time. But I remembers dis, chil'ren, an' I hopes you remembers it," remarked the old woman, in a rather severe tone, "dat Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle say, as de chile's pa an' ma start off home, an' say dey is much 'bliged, 'I done bring back dis chile, but I wants it 'stinctly understood dat I ain't 'bliged to bring back all chil'ren dat persists in doin' what he done. No, indeedy!"—Washington Star.

A Curious Custom.  
In the Scandinavian island of Dago the people have a curious custom of putting five candles on each branch of the Christmas tree.

# LIVING SHADOWS

The Ryeroff children—Hilda Irene, Grace, Harold, Roy and Douglas—were having a party during the holidays, and one afternoon they talked about what they could do to amuse themselves and their guests.

Their Cousin Donald, who was spending his holidays with them, said suddenly: "Have you ever played at Living Shadows?"

None of the children had ever heard of them, and they said so.

Then they all gathered round Donald, who told them what to do and how to do it, and when the evening came this is what they did:

They made the schoolroom into a theater by hanging a big white sheet across it on a string and putting some rows of chairs for the audience.

When the audience was seated they turned out all the lights, leaving only one candle behind the sheet, which threw their shadows clearly upon it.

On the sheet appeared the picture of a little girl (Grace) in a cloak, carrying a basket. She stooped down and appeared to be gathering flowers, when suddenly a big animal (Garry the colie) came bounding up and began to walk beside her. He did not look a bit like a dog, for he had a long shaggy coat which the children's mamma recognized at once as one of the skin rugs out of the drawing-room; but being very sweet and kind, and liking to see the children enjoying them-



HERE YOU SEE DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT WITH THEIR SHADOWS THROWN ON THE CURTAIN.

selves, she did not say a word, but only gave a gentle sigh.

Donald asked the audience to guess what the picture meant, and of course the answer was: "Little Red Riding Hood."

The children then acted "Dick Whittington Sitting on the Milestone" (assisted by Mowser, the tabby cat); "Robin Hood and His Merry Men" (with wonderful bows and arrows made of sticks and string); "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and many other scenes from nursery rhyme and fairy tales.

They were very careful to keep close to the curtain (or rather sheet), and also to keep the candle at the right distance from it. When change of scene was being made, another light was put near the curtain and taken away when all was ready.

For Christmas.  
"The ladies of the Sewing society are very busy now," announced the minister's wife, "but they will not let me know what they are doing."

"Yes," remarked the minister, with a bitter smile, "they're making book-marks and carpet slippers, I suppose."—Baltimore American.

A Red Letter Day for Dolly.  
Little Elsie—Papa.  
Mr. Williams—Well, Elsie?  
Little Elsie—I hope Santa Claus will bring something nice for dolly. You know he gave her to me last Christmas, so this Christmas will be birthday and Christmas both for her.—Boston Globe.

Out of the Frying-Pan.  
Crawford—It's a good thing for us, now that Christmas is here, that the \$500 sealskin has gone out of fashion.  
Crabshaw—Oh, I don't know. Hasn't the \$1,000 automobile come into style?—Judge.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.  
Jack-in-the-Box—There she sits, my beloved, under the mistletoe, while I, like a great gawk, seem glued to the spot, unable to make use of my opportunities.—Chicago Daily Chronicle.

Wonderfully Made.  
Sister—When you called to see George was he wearing those slippers I made him for Christmas?  
Brother—No. He was using one of them as a laundry bag.—N. Y. World.

## Don't Fool with Santa Claus.



(1) Hilarious Harry. I'll just put this live mouse into my stocking before I hang it up, and then—



(2) "When Santa Claus comes—"



(3) "I shall know who it is!"