Woman's Movement
In Celestial Empire



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## Letter of a Bad Boy

## By GOODLOE THOMAS

<a
ELL, Santa Claus, I guess it's up to me to write an' tell Fergit to come or put a snowball in my stockin', like Fergit to come or put a snowball in my stockin', like
left last Chris'mas when you come, to fool my brother Ike First thing, I'll tell about that day I didn't go to school, But went away to hunt for rabbits long with Andy Kool. Well, that was Andy's fault. He said if I'd go 'long he'd seo That no one knowed, then went an' told an' blamed it all on me I s'pose you've got it in for me because the other day had that fight with Stringy Keys an' licked him so. Well, say, guess if one $o^{\circ}$ them air Eskymaux up round the pole Would pull your reindeers' tails like Stringy did my dog's an toll The other boys he yelped that way because he had the fleas You'd want to hit him on the nose, like I did Stringy Keys. So please excuse, an' if you know of any other fight That I was in I'll fix it up with you next time I write. I guess I'd better mention 'bout that pie that disappeared So strange a night or two ago, an mother said she feared A burgar'd been around. You know, dear Santa, that was me Or else I wouldn't bring it up right now. But then, you see, Im telling everything, so if my pa or ma should write
$\mathrm{An}^{\prime}$ mention things you'll understand I've told them, honor bright! I guess that's all. I hope you'll bring the watch an' skates an' gun, A boy that's spected to be good has got to have some fun.

