

The Rollicking, Frolicking Jollikens

CHRISTMAS CHEER OF THE JOLLIKENS

Drawings by DUDLEY WARD

Verses by ADA M. JOHNSON

The kitchen cupboard was quite bare, The children had no supper. Mother and Dad were in despair, They had not even a copper.

He whistled thrice, this manikin.
Says Dad, "I must be dreaming."
The Jollikens came laughing in, Their crystal bubbles gleaming.

Poor Dad had tried with might and main To get work in the

city For weeks he'd tramped the streets in vain It was an awful pity!

So Dad sat down and bowed his head Upon his hands, in To get his little ones

some bread, He'd have to beg or borrow.

But hark! they heard a funny noise Like some woodpecker tapping. Said Mother, "That's the neighbour's

boys At tricks of window -rapping.

struck a light.
The Jollikens, uproarious,
Had vanished far into the night, But, oh! the sight was glorious!

Then suddenly, the

light went out,

And little Tom was heard to shout "What's all this on the table?"

Dad found the matches,

There was a sound like Babel,

Roast turkey, beef and pumpkin pies, And every kind of pastry, Fruit cake and short-bread met their

eyes
And puddings rich
and tasty.

Dad threw the window open wide, To see what was the trouble, And all at once, there blew inside, Astride upon a bubble,

The kitchen bin was full of flour, Fresh tea was in the caddy, And, slipped beneath the kitchen door, There lay a note for Daddy.



A funny little oddity, Who looked so queer and happy.
The children clapped their hands in glee,
To see this cheerful chappie. "A Merry Christmas all!" it ran, We spoke to Wilson's waiter; 'He says the boss requires a man To run the elevator.







CANADA





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