

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

ALL AROUND the CHRISTMAS TREE

Just wait until she sees me tomorrow morning!" chuckled the Sailor Boy Doll, from his not entirely comfortable seat to the right of the carpet of imitation moss around the foot of the Christmas tree. "She'll like me best!"

"Esa—a—a—" interrupted the saucy Woolly Lamb in a tone decidedly insulting. "So you think, and she may, too—until she sees me! Esa—a!"

"And the boy—Robert is his name, I believe—will think I am the dearest toy he ever saw," coughed the Steam-engine-and-train-of-cars in a gruff, hissing voice. "Why, when old Santa Claus brought us all down the chimney in his bag and checked us off according to the letters he had received from Robert and Ruth, he took me out first and I heard him laugh under his breath. 'The little rascal!' he chuckled. 'He certainly means that I shan't forget about this engine and train he wants.'"

"Humb! Is that so?" spoke up a humming, whirring voice from just beneath the fat, stuffed toe of Robert's stocking hanging by the fire. "Is that so? Well, my puffing friend, I'd have you know that a steam engine is way out of date, way behind the times. Humb! It's the aeroplane, these days. Why, you aren't in my class!"

"Oh, I don't know!" retorted the Steam Engine, "you're only a toy Aeroplane, and you can't fly any farther than from here to the other side of the room without gliding to the floor. I don't see where—"

"Maybe so!" snapped the Aeroplane. "But I go while I am going, don't I? And you—why all you do is to run round in a little circle on the floor. Humb! you haven't even any smoke!"

"And that's where I am superior to other toys," chimed in the Toy Auto, gleefully. "I'm not an imitation—I'm the real thing—er—er—even if I don't run on gasoline and a high tension magneto. I—"

"And when your spring is run down, so are you!" blipped the fat jolly captain of the Company of tin soldiers, trying his best but in vain to wave his sword.

"Mercy! what a nuisance! And with a lady present, too! The little rascal, yet well modulated. It came from the beautiful, silk-clad French Bisque Doll.

"Kiss hair and eye-lashes were of real hair, and soft and silky and golden. Her teeth were of porcelain and you could see them between her parted, smiling lips. She was quite the fine lady and really, she could shrug her shoulders in true Parisian fashion.

"The other toys around the Christmas tree were properly awed, for while at least, perhaps it was the Bisque Doll's French accent or, maybe, her commanding tone; but, at all events, they held their peace and listened.

"Me—I am from gay France!" continued the little lady proudly. "And with this terrible war now waging in la belle France, I cost a pretty penny, as you Americans say. No, it is not conceit, no, but I, Marie Celeste, say it that no little girl can behold me without her heart going pitter-pat for joy! Yolla, is it not so?"

"Ky-yah! Ky-yah! Ky-yah!" laughed the jolly old colored Mammy Rag Doll. "Ain't you sumpin, though! Land's sakes, anybody'd think you was de onliest dawg evah made! How 'bout me? 'Tis only jes hys latey people been knowin' bout you French sakes, anyhow. But I've been hys all de time. Ain't no Christmas evah complete without a mammy rag doll!"

"Ain't I reckon when rat chile see de confabulation t'morrow mornin' dat French gal in dem sho' nuf clo'es wif dangling year-rings bot, shuh!—dere's mah mammy doll!"

"Ain't den she ain't grin see nuthin' else on dis whole tree but me an' mah cotton frock an' mah red bandannah; all made in Canada, an' proud of it, too! En long arter de done gill put out yash, fancy syalashes and knocked out dem setore teeth she'll still be totin' Mammy doll—meanin' jes me—to bald wld hys an' lovins' me same's if Ah was a real live Mammy!"

"Fout!" replied the French Bisque Doll, and she tried so hard to shrug her dainty shoulders.

"Good for you Mammy! You said

something then!" cried a loud, ringing voice from just behind the Christmas tree. "We old-timers never lose our batting average!" It was the Baseball Outfit consisting of ball, bat and gloves, talking.

"All these new-fangled doodledums make a bit at first, but when it comes to the ninth inning the kids want us!" he continued. "Why, you poor minor-league copy of a steam engine—and you, you run down sixth cousin of a real automobile—you'll be has-beens with glass arms when little Robert and everybody in the neighborhood are playing with me on the vacant lot back of the school-house! You're out—get out of the field or I'll fine you!"

Just then came a strange gentle rustling from the top of the tree. There was something mysteriously sweeping in its sound, something forbidding, yet soothing. A great silence fell upon the toys around the Christmas tree; and presently a voice spoke which seemed to come from the large gilt star of Bethlehem at the top of the tree.

"Peace," it said. "Peace on earth, good will towards men! That is the true spirit of Christmas. And that is the spirit in the hearts of little Robert and Ruth. They will love every one of you. I know—for I have adorned the topmost branch of their Christmas trees since first they had one."

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS
An old reepon, to please his young,
Was playing Santa Claus.
He filled a bag with ears of corn
And held it in his paw.

His chimney was a hollow trunk,
And with his heavy pack,
He clambered down as Santa does,
With toys on his back.

The little coons were wide awake,
And dreamed about the times.
For such a thing as Santa Claus,
They ne'er before did see.

A SURPRISE
(A Little Northern Girl spends her Christmas in Mississippi against her will.)
Oh, I was as angry as angry could be,
And said, "Oh, the mischief and fiddle-de-dee!"
I won't spend my Christmas in Mississippi,
With roses in bloom and green leaves on the tree."

I stalked and I fretted and hated to stay
For everything round was as green as in May.
And I wondered how Santa could
And with his heavy pack,
With never a flutter of snow on the way.

But I hung up my stocking behind a hair,
And put on my nightie and plaited my hair,
And tumbled to sleep—oh, I didn't
Much care.

For I knew that old Santa would never come there,
And with his heavy pack,
But goodness and gracious I opened my eyes
Next morning and got the most lovely surprise.

(Also discovered I wasn't so wise,
For my stocking was stuffed to a terrible size!
And I jumped and I skipped and I gave a loud squeal,
For Santa was kind from his head to his heels,
And slick as slippery, slippery eel,
For I'm sure that he came in an automobile!

His Own Press Agent
The small boy was dressed in football costume, and with a jaunty air, he walked into the local newspaper office and handed to the editor a dirty scrap of paper. On it was a brief account of a juvenile football match which had taken place that afternoon. Glancing at the reporter, the editor's eye caught the words:

"Jones kicked a magnificent goal, the finest ever seen on the ground."
"Who is Jones?" asked the editor.
The youngster turned the thumb of his right hand proudly to his breast.
"T'm Jones," he said, calmly.—Exchange.



TIME WOULD TELL.
Of course, you believe in Santa Claus? Say, do you expect me to answer that before Christmas? Ask me on the 26th of December and I'll tell you.

Where Santa Claus Got His Reindeer

Little Donald was snuggled down among soft pillows on the divan in his nursery. He was deeply absorbed in spelling out—with the help of a pudgy forefinger—the words of that wonderful old poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

He had read it in this fashion many times before; but somehow it always seemed new and interesting. Besides, no matter how often or how thoroughly one looked at it, one could never see quite all there was to see in the beautifully colored picture, on page seven, of Santa Claus sailing over the snow-covered rooftops in his sleigh drawn by his trusty reindeer.

"Ah!" squeaked a high, thin little voice from among the pillows. "Ah, I haven't been to see you for a long time, my dear little boy. Too cool these days to expect to find you out at the Zoo, isn't it? So I thought I'd just pop in on you here and see how you're getting along."

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Old-Man-of-the-Woods!" exclaimed Donald delightedly. "And will you, please sir, tell me a story?"

"Of course, of course," laughed the Old Man, making himself comfortable on a downy pillow. "Now, let me see, what story I shall tell you?"

Could you have been present you would have been so interested in looking at him that the chances are you wouldn't have demanded a story. But he and Donald, you will recall, were old friends.

Now this little Old-Man-of-the-Woods was truly a strange person. No bigger than a minute, he had a fat, roly-poly Brownie body, spindle legs shined led head you ever saw. Slipping straight up from just above each ear was a small horn.

"Now—let—me—see," the Old Man was saying, with his finger against his nose, the better to think, "what shall I—oh, I have it!" His glance had fallen upon the picture in Donald's book. "I'll tell you about reindeer and

whiff of chimney smoke and an ostrich would kick me, bag and all, to Jericho. Besides, you know, I must have animals that aren't frightened at the sound of sleigh-bells."

"Whew!" he gasped. "You're making it harder every minute, Santa! Ah! I have it—we'll try out certain of the animals with bells and see if they can climb to the roof of howdahs and run in mid-air and stand without hitching by the side of a chimney."

"Fine!" said Santa Claus, slapping his leg a resounding whack.
"Now, Donald, to tell you all about those trials in detail would take me until tomorrow morning. Most of the animals turned tail and fled the moment the sleigh bells were hung on them. Others got just one whiff of chimney smoke and then rushed home to wash their faces. Still others bust the bells and smothered but lost their nerve when they tried to run in mid-air."

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comes Nurse—I must skeddadle!" "Donald! You lazy boy! Wake up! Donald! Wake up!" It was Nurse talking, and she shook Donald gently to arouse him.

"Um-um-um—Whiffumho!" muttered Donald, rubbing his eyes. "Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Nurse. "Here you've gone and caught cold again! You told you never to go to sleep on the divan without covering up!"

"Whiffumho!" sneezed Donald.

GOOD STORIES TOLD ABOUT CHILDREN
Recriminations between children are often clever and usually merciless.

"My mother says you don't know how to play nicely," one little girl reproached another.

"Well," was the stinging retort, "my mother says your mother doesn't know what the word 'nice' means."

"Children," said a second-grade teacher, "you should be able to do everything equally well with your left and right hands. With a little practice you will find it as easy to use one hand as the other."

"How about putting your left hand in the right hand pocket of your trousers?"

A little slum child according to a recent sociological study had been taken to the country for a first visit. The immensity of the sky amazed her, used as she was to seeing but tiny sections between the roofs of tall tenement buildings.

"Oo-oo!" she cried, stretching her thin little arms wide as if to embrace all nature, "Oo-oo, teacher, where's everybody gone to?"

"Richard," said a mother to her young hopeful, "Nurse tells me that

THE ONE THING NEEDED

EVERY year since their marriage the rich banker, had always opened his purse to its fullest extent on Christmas and fairly showered presents upon them.

"Oh, dear, I would give anything to know what papa is going to give us this time," she said as they sat talking it over.

"Well, if I had your father's money, I know what I'd get us for Christmas."

"Well, it would please papa too well for a hint as to what we want, you know, and—"

"No hints from me, please."

"But are you thinking of a new house?" she asked.

"Oh, my, no! This fat does us two nicely."

"Was it diamonds or rubies?" she asked, her curiosity aroused to the highest pitch.

"No," he exclaimed, getting up and walking around the room nervously. "It was selfish and absurd of me to think of such a gift."

"But, Jack," she begged, "I want to know what you are thinking of in the way of a present, and I promise never to say a word about it—never. Of course, if it's a word to cost so much I couldn't expect—"

"Now, please tell me what it was that would make such a nice Christmas gift."

"Wee-l-l, little woman," he finally replied, standing away from her and looking shame-faced, "I know you will be satisfied at my selfishness, when your father has been so generous to us each year, but I was thinking that if he would only send us a son or a daughter, the luckiest couple in all the world."



FLAT LIFE.
Moving, old man? No, but storing the furniture over the holidays. We must make room for the Christmas tree, you know.

or two in mid-air, they found themselves standing almost straight up. Why, way back in the good old days, when I was lord of the jungle and all the animals dwelt there as one happy family—Santa Claus used to drop in now and then to pass the time of day with me.

"He wasn't as well established then in the business of giving Christmas gifts as he is now. I mean he was not visiting as many homes on Christmas Eve and leaving as many presents as he does now. So one winter evening after the Jungle was asleep and he and I were sitting in my house, Santa Claus says to me, says he:

"Beginning next year, I'm going to get a sleigh and something to pull it—and give a present to every child in the world on the night before Christmas."

"I was that surprised, Donald, all I could do was gasp for breath."

"Yes, yes—er—er!" continued Santa. "I've enlarged my toy shop to five thousand times its former size. I've millions of acres in Christmas trees which will be just right for cutting next Christmas. And my candy factory, working all year, will soon be able to turn out enough candy to give every child in the world a tummy ache the day after Christmas."

"I've seen what toy my Christmas Eve visits bring to the children I have remembered in the past, and now I want to include every boy and girl in the whole world."

"Now what I want you to do for me," continued Santa Claus, "is to find something to pull my sleigh."

"Whew!" he gasped.

"But Old Santa was not satisfied. He cocked his head critically on one side and squinted through his left eye. 'No,' he said, 'that won't do—those horns are too straight and tall and ungainly. I must have something artistic; and while you're out it you might also make them useful.'"

"Well, Donald, it took us a long time but finally, between us, and with the aid of my magic wand, we shaped them so that at intervals along each horn, a little horn Christmas tree stuck up."

"Fine, fine," said Santa, "now you have them just right."

"You see those Christmas trees were magic ones. When, for instance, Old Santa would come to the house of a poor child all he had to do was to pick one off of a horn, pass his hand over it, murmur a few magic words and—"

"I gave it to him and—"

"That piece of horn changed into a regular, full-sized Christmas tree already trimmed and with the candles burning."

"Still more marvelous, another little magic Christmas tree straightway grew out on the horn in place of the one he had removed! So, by the time he arrived at the next house, the tree was ready to be broken off again."

"A he is an abomination to the Lord," came the unhesitating answer, "and a very present help in time of trouble."



THERE'S A REASON.
"What nice manners those polite little Thompson children have!" "Yes. They are always like that just before Christmas."

THE DOLL HOUSE

Once upon a time a doll-house lived on a shelf in a five and ten cent store. It wasn't a handsome wooden house with really truly windows and curtains that could be taken down and washed. No, it was made of paste-board and the windows were painted on the walls, but still the doors would open and shut and there was a chimney on top and the inside was roomy and big.

So it was a very nice doll house even though it wasn't wood. Every day crowds of children went through that store looking at the things for sale, and every night dozens of children wrote letters to Santa Claus and told him of all they wanted for Christmas.

One day a little girl named Betty went down town with her mother to do some shopping—so it wasn't Christmas shopping, for Betty's mother was poor. But she had worked hard and now was going to buy Betty a pair of nice new warm shoes. So Betty was very happy. You like new shoes yourself, so you know just how she felt.

"Now," said Betty's mother, when the shoes were safely wrapped up, "we will go into the five and ten cent store and you may stand and look at the toy counter while I buy some things."

And that how it all happened. Betty stood at the counter some time. First she looked at the girl's toys, and the dolls; then she looked at the boy's things—and really getting just a bit tired when she spied the doll houses! Rows and rows of them were high on the upper shelves.

After careful inspection she decided she liked the one straight above her, the very best of all. It was green

with a red roof and was just the right size for the one doll Betty owned.

When her mother came to take her home Betty said: "Mother, look! Mother, can't we buy just that one doll house?"

Her mother looked up at the doll-house and then shook her head sadly. "No dear, we can't." Then she added gallily, "but remember your fine shoes."

"Yes, I know mother, only please let me stay and look at this some more—then when I am home I'll pretend I've got it."

So the mother did another errand, and Betty looked at the house as hard as she could—till—what do you suppose happened?

That house seemed to turn into a face, with the windows for sunny eyes that winked at Betty and seemed to say, "Wait a minute; I'll be down. No dear, we can't." Then she added gallily, "but remember your fine shoes."

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"Yes, I know mother, only please let me stay and look at this some more—then when I am home I'll pretend I've got it."

rate hallucinations, closely connected with the length of the absent-minded states. Immediately afterwards, in a second phase, these states of distraction pass into a very delicate motor disturbance, due to the absence of parallelism in the axes of the eyes or by the deviation of their conjugate movements, says the Family Doctor. Finally, in a third and final phase, which indicates the very near approach of actual sleep, the vasomotor system seems to conform to laws very different from those that regulate its mechanism during waking hours.

A DREAM
Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was head,
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed that poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees:
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed.
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so good that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.
—Exchange.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING
China has no forests.
There are 20,000 licensed chauffeurs in London.
The paving of streets with wooden blocks originated in Russia.
Light blue eyes generally have the keenest sight, with gray ones next.
More rain falls at 4 o'clock in the afternoon than at any other time of the day.
The finest Persian rugs are woven at a rate of one square foot in about twenty-three days.
The clouds from which lightning is emitted are seldom more than 700 feet above the earth.
The daily average of telephone conversations in the U.S. last year is estimated at 26,310,000.
The frigate bird holds the record among the aviators. It reaches a speed of 200 miles an hour.
Six days' printing of postage stamps placed end to end would reach New York to San Francisco.
To keep up with the match consumption of the earth, the services of 60,000 workpeople are constantly required.
The popularity of the automatic cigar lighter has cut down the match consumption of France by 433,000,000 matches.

HOW WE GO TO SLEEP
Sleep begins in its first phase by a state of distraction, which brings on absence of absent-mindedness, accompanied always by numerous and sep-

Modest Wants
DEAR Mr. Santa Claus—
I am a girl thirteen years old and I have a beau, and can stay out every evening 'till ten o'clock.
We have had a row in this family and I write to tell you about it. The other night father stayed home to read Shakespeare, and he was reading when I said that I hoped you would bring me this year:
1 hat costing \$20.
1 pr. shoes costing \$7.
1 pony coat costing \$150.
1 diamond ring costing \$300.
1 auto costing \$2,000.
Was there anything wrong about that, Mr. Claus? Wasn't it just what any innocent girl might wish for? Yet father threw Shakespeare under the table and tore down the chimney.
There is no chimney for you to come down this year. Come to the kitchen door and give three knocks and hand in your presents. I'll be there.
His! Not a word! Come walking on your tip-toes!
Well, I'll wager they can't find the cost of the average Christmas present.
ANNA SMART.
Kyote Avenue.



THE SPHINX SECRET.
To estimate the cost of living, they average the price of 100 articles. Well, I'll wager they can't find the cost of the average Christmas present.

Stories

By NEVIL G. MEN

LAST winter, following variable custom holidays in hunting upon of the Bay V usual, my guide was the back, Jean Le Bossu, a even found us cooking the bag in a deserted fishing Poine Noire.

We sat out late that of many things, and, as our conversation finally the feast of the morrow.

It is a wonderful thing mas—a beautiful thing M'sieu asked Le Bossu story of the Little One in a stable. You should tell of it some time when the for the midnight mass.

He paused for a moment upon the Poine Noire, of the stars seemed to vibrate into the depths of the bl

The little ones—are ree Christmas, after all continue with a low in his voice that I had before. Perhaps if I had own, in a little house ba

the mainland, I should an now, I should have and, somehow, all of to marry. But I am le

is right that I should hunt—and so spend upon the Poine Noire. It was the first time I seen him in this mood,

to cheer him, telling him that we should have upon explaining that board d had Poine Noire of all plac

pleasures that I might had. Then, seeing that was aroused, I told him ured themselves, drawi

of my ability the picture mas of which he had ne Christmas of a great

I told of the lighted crowded streets of the loe, of the bolles and the many frozen things frozen north.

True to his forest tra picked the details of most interest to him. This holy, M'sieu!"

is your tree of Christ I have seen it, for the hill at Petit Aenee— tree with coldly shining large, red berries—a t to the harsh cruel of you have spoken."

He thought for a mo added. "And there is another mas, M'sieu—the tree Humble though they are. One I did not think of years, but now I know. He was silent for a so

seek my usual rule of him. "And the story, Jean "Oh, there is no stor replied. "It is one of the happenings that some a man's life like a stre

For a moment all is br and you see many thing "No, no, no no attention the thoughts of your of back again, and it is I'm not spoken of the tr

should never have fr friend Daurive was a fish those brown, half-wid far out here upon the c always against the w

Thus they lay except twice a month, they co land to sell their catch the coffee houses. Dus they think that they at all the world.

"Marie dwelt at Ans was very tall and ver she had reached the e and none had asked. With us, one who read married is no more to co land to sell their catch the coffee houses. Dus they think that they at all the world.

"God, Mademoiselle, but you can be vivify but who can be vivify "Daurive saw he when he was going d still warm with w

stood at the edge of beside a little casin eight of her, Dauri made a low bow to s as you say, you are you at least a beau would it be it, when to try and tame you y

"Now, knowing thought that the st furious, and would l temper. Instead, b broke off a twig fro