

S S

> N G

Hack! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning.

And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late.

Still, the kidlets will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking.

And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait it determined not to doze off), this joyous Christmastide: et up some real, Christmas feeling, s that are not quite cut and dried, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

all the glad anticipating
at last, at last is here;
mad career of shopping,
heap and not too dear;
owds, that like ourselves are seeking
at their loved ones most desired,
the pushing, struggling, surging
ing home at last, dog tired,
d as "most all-fired."



ems to whisper to a fellow we soon may breathe again, hat, maybe by tomorrow thing of this mental strain, the tissues of our brain.

occasion now to worry,
ye been quite overlooked.
I the walls with green are decked, and
ristmas dinner will be cooked.
Is some substantial reason
ginning of the end.
can certainly be jolly.
It, and in general unbend,
the last cent we can spend!

Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing. An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve;
We no longer will be running to conceat those things with cunning. And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when litter, from the kitchen to the hall; grow enthusiastic so in the donors' necks we fall, didn't want at all.



ay exasperating, without thought of stint, edest are neglected found its way to print, night take a hint).

no time for dejection...'s we said, has come at last!