

"THERE HE COMES"



THE SWEET BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS.

One of the first tragedies in life, and one of the greatest, is when the child begins to doubt the existence of Santa Claus.

A child's day dreams are the stars of its destiny. The child who has its dreams may in after years dream some of the great things that make the world better and happier. The dreams of one generation become the realities of the next.

It is becoming popular for preachers and writers to argue that it is wrong to deceive the children about Santa Claus, even for the sake of cultivating their imagination. It would be a loss of time to contend with these, for their cold logic brooks no resistance and they can quote all the human and divine authority against you.

Yet, if we take from childhood the fancies that belong to it, we rob it of its real happiness. A strictly matter of fact child is one of the most pitiful things on earth, and a life lived out along those lines is as mournful as a funeral procession and as unfruitful as a cemetery.

Those who would discount Santa Claus utterly underestimate the meaning of Christmas and the character of its patron saint.

Santa Claus is illogical, of course. He exists only as John Bull and Uncle Sam exist, but in far greater reality to millions who look to him for remembrances and favors. He enriches us by impoverishing us. He takes our money, but he gives us back a lot of things that money cannot buy—good fellowship, love of family, the smiles of children, tolerance, good cheer, good humor, good living.

He defies all the laws of science by taking sunshine into homes which the sunshine cannot enter.

He puts upon death itself the smile of life, and he starts the year with freshened hearts and finer ambitions. To deny the existence or usefulness of such a saint is to commit a crime against the most precious joys of life, to draw clouds over childhood and to rob the unfortunate of the only pleasures that come to them in the dreary years.

INFORMATION FOR SANTA CLAUS



"I wanta—I wanta dolly—I wanta doll buggy—I wanta rockin' chair—I wanta set o' dishes—I wanta bottle o' perfume—I wanta washub—I wanta bed for dolly—I wanta—Oh, yes, I want mamma to get me a baby brother!"



Who's toy, pa's or Tommy's?



The real north pole; where the Christmas presents come from.

6. SANTA in HEAVEN

BY FRANCES GILBREATH INGER-SOLL

Could I but turn backward
old time in his flight,
And be as a child again,
just for one night;
With faith—as a child's in its
christmasy lore—
That the largesse I craved
would be mine as of yore.

I would wish I might empty
the stocking of life,
Of all of its bitterness, envy,
and strife;
Heart-hunger and longing,
and sorrow and ruth;
And dreams unfulfilled of
that faraway youth.

I would ask for the peace
and the joy that were
lost,
the friendships
denied, the dear
lips unloved;
The freedom
to grasp a
God-given birth-
right,
The weapons to conquer
the world in its might.

The music and pleasure, the sunshine
and glee;
The beauty of living, the clear sight
to see

The chances of life, to few only, giv-
en;
To walk "bravely shodden" the
pathway to heaven.
When embers burn low on the

And the whitening hair speaks the
fact "tis late."
I'll pray—"Of thy 'children' tho' poor-
est I be,
Dear Santa in heaven, forget not thou
me."

WHEN HELEN MAY WAS SANTA CLAUS

Being a Christmas Story Which Proves That Even a Little Child Thinks it is Better to Give Than to Receive.



"DOESN'T EVERYBODY GET DOLLS AND DISHES AND TOYS AND CANDIES AND LOTS OF THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS, WHEN THEY ARE LITTLE LIKE HATTIE AND ME?"

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, I know who Santa Claus is," knowingly replied Helen May, when Mrs. Duggan seasonably brought the conversation around to the Christmas festivities. Mrs. Duggan, it may as well be defined in Helen May's words, "is that awfully thin lady who comes for the washing every Monday morning."

Helen May also knew all about Mrs. Duggan's children. She knew that Katie Duggan had to stay at home to mind her baby brother, when the head and mother of the house—both being synonymous in the Duggan home—ventured forth into the solid lines of wealthier and healthier neighbors.

"I guess Katie knows, too?" inquiringly suggested Helen May. "Why, I have known all about who Santa Claus is ever so long. I found out the next day after last Christmas when I found a Santa Claus face in that trunk in mamma's sewing room."

"Well, for all they'll get this Christmas, Katie and Johnnie too, might as well know," replied Mrs. Duggan. "They break me heart with their car-ryin' on about dolls and dishes and all them things what's only fit sich as you, what has a father making more money than he can count."

"Why, Mrs. Duggan, doesn't everybody get dolls and dishes and toys and candies and lots of other things for Christmas, when they are little like Katie and me?"

As Mrs. Duggan lifted the heavy basket of clothes she hid a tear-filled eye and wearily said: "Them as don't have any fathers living any more don't have them kind of Christmases; they are well off if there's enough to eat in the house."

CHAPTER II.

Helen May was not herself the rest of that day, nor the next, nor even the following several days. "I am just a-thinking, mamma," she said when discovered buried deeply in thought.

Usually Helen May didn't waste much of the time which rightly belonged to her carefully selected though numerous family of dolls; upon any elaborate thinking programme.

Helen May's papa had said—not only once, either—that Helen May was going to grow up to be like a certain frivolous girl he used to know. But after that he always had to square himself with "the frivolous girl he used to know" with sundry and many kisses.

Helen May finally unfolded her troubles to her mother. "We'll take some of your old toys to Katie and Johnnie Christmas morning," was the way Helen May's mamma solved the perplexing problem.

And all would have moved along according to mamma's schedule if Helen May hadn't found herself wandering carelessly around in the room which had been left unlocked for the first time in a long time. Helen May's mamma was not at home, else this story would end right here.

Now if you had asked Helen May what she was doing, she would have told you "I'm just a looking round." It was not until Helen May had uncovered some boxes that she really be-

came interested. "Oh! Isn't this dolly just too cute for anything?" she inquired of no one in particular when a big, curly-haired doll came into view.

"I just know mamma and papa are going to give all these pretty presents to me—I just know they are," added the wise little discoverer. "And this Santa Claus face and these fur clothes presents to mamma and me and auntie and all the rest of us."

But in the tiniest twinkling of an eye Helen May began a thinking again. "Now I know what I'll do. I'll bring up my old toys and Arabelle—she's better'n this big dolly, anyway—and I'll give these new presents to Katie and Johnnie."

Which Helen May thought was to decide, and to decide was to act. Arabelle and the old toys changed places with the new presents which her mamma had stored away for Christmas.

Just the least bit of persuasion and the winning smile which always enslaved James, the chauffeur, brought the big automobile to the front door. "It will be lots of fun being Santa Claus all by myself," observed Helen May, carefully gathering her presents and the Santa Claus mask into her chubby little arms, as they sped over the aristocratic boulevard.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! I haven't any candy, and all Santa Claus has candy. I am very sure," exclaimed Helen May. "But I say, I have a quarter at home which Auntie gave me yesterday for learning that verse, you know—and would you just as soon loan me one of your quarters until we get home?"

This financial having been carried into execution, Helen May insisted upon breaking the speed limit back to the candy store.

"There, right over on that corner is Mrs. Duggan's house. I know because mamma and I brought some things over for Mrs. Duggan when she was sick. And, say, would you stop right here so's they'll think I came in a sleigh drawn by regular reindeer?"

—Carefully adjusting the Santa Claus mask to her brightly glowing face Helen trudged down to the Duggan's home.

CHAPTER IV.

Helen May didn't allow any grass to grow under her feet while playing the role of Santa Claus to the youthful Duggans. "I couldn't stay long, because if I had talked any, Katie would have known that I wasn't a real Santa Claus, and that would have spoiled it all, don't you think so?" she asked James as he lifted her into the car.

"Katie laughed so much I rather reckon she knew I was only a make-believe Santa Claus, but little Johnnie thought I was a real live Santa, sure enough. I just know he did, and I gave him all the candy, because a boy wouldn't know how to take care of a doll and a set of dishes, would he?"

Soon after Helen May's tired eyes had closed to the world that evening her papa hurriedly dashed down the stairs from the room that had been guarded so closely and held an excited consultation with mamma.

"Well, there is nothing else to do but you must go right downtown and duplicate every last one of them." Helen May's mother decided with an emphasis which didn't at all resemble "the frivolous girl" Helen May's papa used to know.



"The three wise men."



Why all gas come out short on Christmas presents.



When Santa Claus runs up against women's rights.

A PICTURE AND A STORY



THE CHRISTMAS BABY TODAY AND THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God and saying: Is the Kingdom of Heaven.—Matthew v. 3-10.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.—Matthew v. 3-10.

SANTA'S EQUILIBRATOR



BY FRANK R. LEET.

Santa Claus sat before the fire and raved and tore his hair; an exclamation of the kind he uttered when he thought of the million waiting kids and groaned in wild despair. He called up Walter Wellman (you've heard of Walt, of course), and to this aviator all his troubles did unfold.

"Well," said Walt, "mine did the same till I found out what to do. I had to add a heavy tail before the blame thing flew."

You need an equilibrator to perfect your machine; a bunch of junk tied on behind to steady her, I mean."

"A thousand thanks to you, my friend," said dear old Santa Claus, "I'll add that equilibrator and make it out of toys."

So, soon his flight he started, his tail of toys behind, a better equilibrator I believe one could not find.

A piece of equilibrator down the chimney dropped, and when at last his skittish ship was minus all its tail, it turned a somersault or two and quite refused to sail.

Then dumped him in a deep white drift and left in drunken flight, while Santa floundered in the snow and watched it out of sight.

How Santa ever will get home I really cannot say, but I surmise he'll foot it there in the good old-fashioned way.



The three wise men.

Why all gas come out short on Christmas presents.

When Santa Claus runs up against women's rights.

The real north pole; where the Christmas presents come from.

Who's toy, pa's or Tommy's?

The sweet belief in Santa Claus.

The Christmas baby today and the babe of Bethlehem.

The three wise men.

Why all gas come out short on Christmas presents.

When Santa Claus runs up against women's rights.

The real north pole; where the Christmas presents come from.

Who's toy, pa's or Tommy's?

HOW THE

The Wonderful S

Tree in the "L

New Life an

Ignorant Mou