

"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.

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

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.

SANTA IN HEAVEN

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.



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

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.

"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."

CHAPTER II. Helen May was not herself the rest of that day, nor the next, nor even the following several days.

CHAPTER III. "Oh! I haven't any candy, and all Santa Clauses have candy, I am very sure," exclaimed Helen May.

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.

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When Santa Claus runs up against women's rights.

A PICTURE AND A STORY

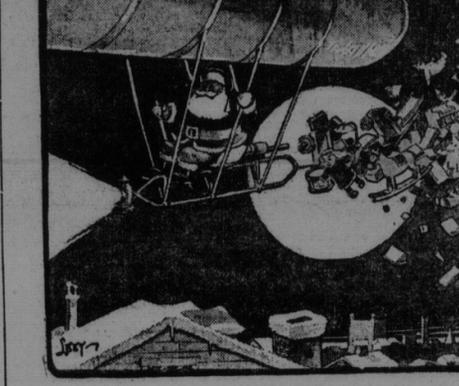


THE CHRISTMAS BABY TODAY AND THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

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

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God in the highest, and glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke ii, 8-14.

SANTA'S EQUILIBRATOR



BY FRANK R. LEET.

Santa Claus sat before the fire and raved and tore his hair; He thought of a million waiting kids and groaned in wild despair.



BUYING THE CHRISTMAS TREE



HOW THE

The Wonderful Story of the Tree in the Land of the New Life and Ignorant Mankind

Rome, Ga., Dec. 18.—Christmas came to the mountain region from Alabama. Here were the pools of humanity when of westward migration nothing 75 years ago.

Miss Martha Berry... people are as harsh to understand as any of the creatures of the mountain is why it is so wonderful.

That was ten years ago... day afternoon three of them, with the curiosity from Lavender mountain woods, that same Sunday the Sunday Lady, when the Berry of Rome, Ga., her cabin ten or a grandfather had given her just of the Flat woods.

Miss Martha felt str... an her and looked up... an exclamation at the tously heads at the w lug her. There was a feet. When Miss Martha door the children's cabin at her from behind tree.

Miss Martha stuffed... cakes and apples. They coked them, found the Possum Trot, the brood down Mount Lavender, to which the possums their faces. They had to school, knew not how never seen a book till never heard of Sunday of the bible only in.

Said Minny: "I'm believe Jesus was ez down ez I be. Mamma 'lows hit 'p hain't nobody ez plun us," echoed another r. They came again the bringing their ragged sisters to hear the st ing Sundays packed the ful men and women knowledge, came along spring. A few weeks Sunday school establish Trot, and Miss Berry Roney, the "Sunday through the mountains since half way. I had transformed an into a woman, herself tune dedicated to the Land That For again. And to the me became simply the Su Faces were hastily that was part of the Then little hands care and tears sprang smart used to them as faded men and faded, helpi their yearnings for b The weeks passed. Trot Sunday schooled school too. The first teacher ever in Geo