

Tommy Chickadee's Tree

Carolyn Bailey

Tommy Chickadee stood on one spot on the snowy front lawn. He was so cold that he kept hopping from one foot to the other and his feathers were puffed out until he looked like a little black and white puff ball.

It had been a hard winter for Tommy Chickadee with the snow so deep that the berries and seeds were all covered up, and very few bread crumbs to be found on the kitchen doorstep. It was Christmas day, too; that Tommy Chickadee knew without anyone having told him, for hadn't he seen the green fir trees being cut down in the woods, and the sleighs full of white parcels dashing by beneath him as he sat on the telegraph pole, shivering, and hadn't he listened to the Christmas bells and the children singing their Christmas carols?

"Chick a dee-dee, chick a dee-dee," sang Tommy Chickadee, for he was a cheerful little bird in spite of being cold and hungry.

"Chick a dee-dee, it's Christmas day in the morning."

"Tommy Chickadee, oh, Tommy Chickadee, look here at what Santa Claus has left for you."

Tommy Chickadee looked up, for he knew the voices. It was the children in the big white house who sometimes gave him food and he was not one bit afraid of them. Yes, there they were, the dear children, Doris, and Joan, and Jack, their pink noses pressing against the window pane and all their hands backoning to Tommy Chickadee.

And there on the snowy window sill

stood a little green Christmas tree, all for one little bird—Tommy Chickadee.

"I cut it down for you, Tommy Chickadee," shouted Jack.

"I fastened it to the window sill," laughed Joan.

"I hung all your presents," said Doris.

Such a fine little Christmas tree as it was. It was hung with strings of raisins and draped with festoons of seeds strung on white thread and covering every branch. There were bits of bacon and fat suet tied with bits of red ribbon and hanging from the ends of the twigs and on the very tiptop was a cocky cut in the shape of a star.

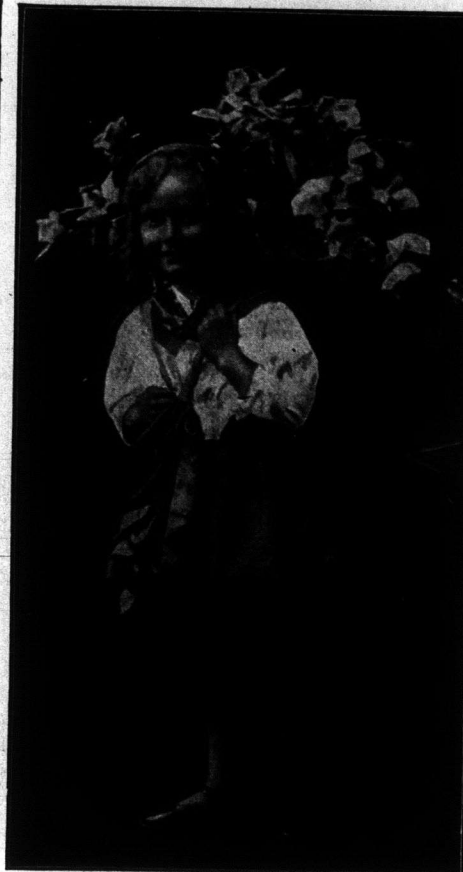
Tommy Chickadee flew up to the window sill and he ate and ate and ate. When he was no longer hungry he looked in at the children who had been kind enough to remember him on Christmas day and he puffed out his little gray breast and sang very loudly:

"Chick a dee-dee," but it was "Merry Christmas" that Tommy Chickadee meant by his cheery song.

Christmas Games

Try these games at your Christmas party. You will find that they are great fun.

Royal Mail—A large room is needed for this game, and all pieces of bric-a-brac should be removed beforehand if your hostess is to continue in a peaceful state of mind. The players stand in a circle, and each one is given the name of some town. The postmaster is placed in the center and calls the name of the mail that is to be exchanged, and while the players are changing places he tries to



A Burden of Roses.

slip into the place of one of them. If one is so dispossessed, he becomes postmaster and the former postmaster takes the name of the city the other has lost. Suppose the postmaster calls: "Winnipeg to Vancouver," the players hav-

ing these names exchange places. Sometimes the postmaster calls three or four pairs in rapid succession so that half a dozen players are moving at the same time. He may not, however, call upon any one city to deliver mail to more than one place at a time. Every few minutes he calls: "General Delivery," and this means a universal scramble, everyone trying to change places at once.

Imitation—This requires five or more players. A leader is chosen and the rest of the players stand facing him. The leader goes through various motions, such as splitting wood, sawing wood, washing clothes, wringing clothes, hopping, jumping, etc., saying with each kind of action, "Do this!" or "Do that!" When he says, "Do this!" the rest of the players are to imitate him; when he says "Do that!" they are not to do so. Any player who imitates the action at the wrong time or fails to do so at the right time is out of the game. The game continues till only one player and the leader remain. The player remaining becomes the next leader.

Christmas Conundrums

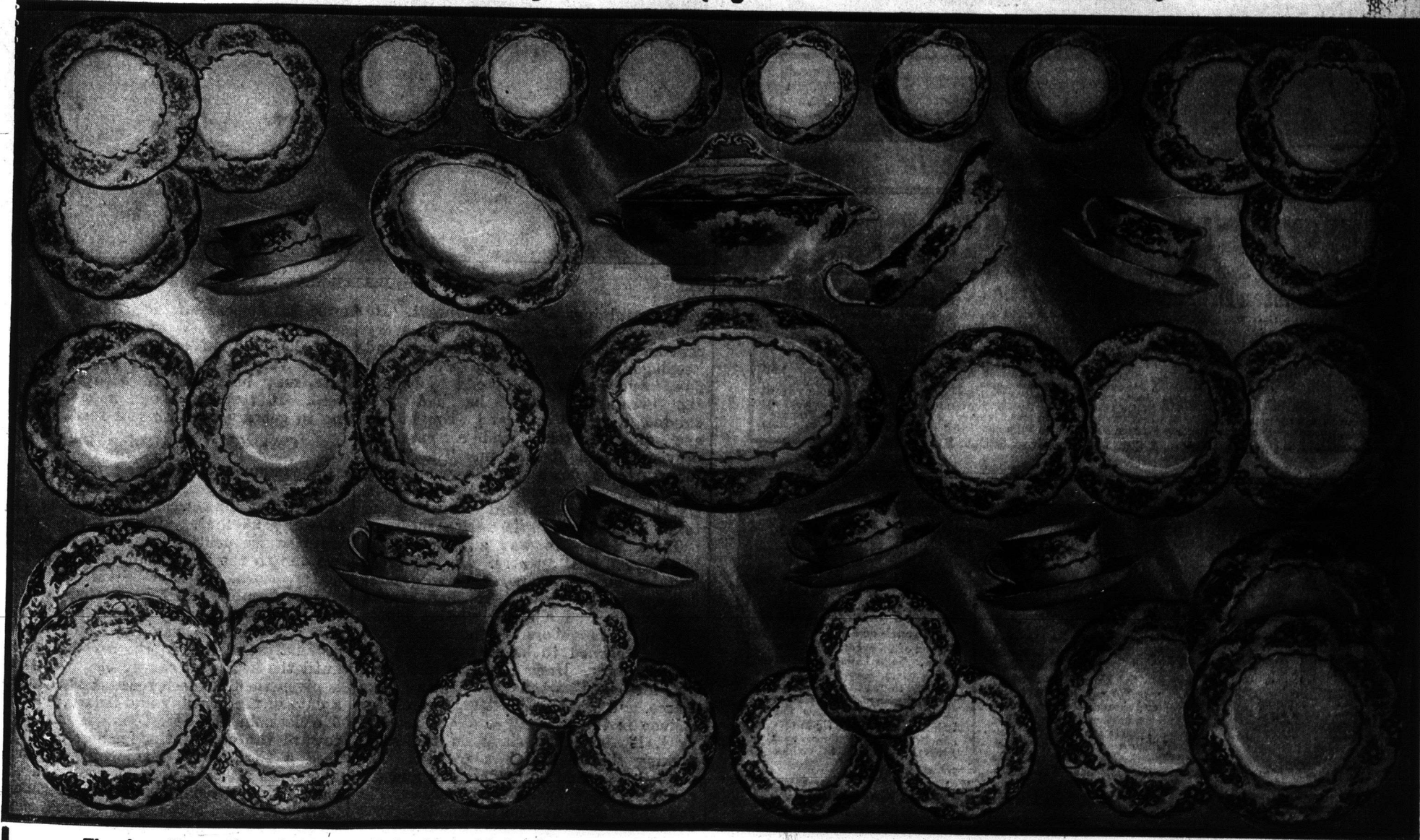
What is the key to the situation at Christmas time? Turkey.

Why is the letter G like a plum cake? Because it makes a lad "glad."

If twelve men sat down to eat one pie, what time would it be? A quarter to three.

Which is one of the longest words in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

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