Real Story of The Christmas Stocking

When Children Ask for Too Much St. Nicholas Says, You Are Killing Spirit of Christmas.

Years and years ago, stockings were not hung on Christmas eve as we hang them now. No one ever heard of such a thing as hanging up a stocking for Christmas gifts. And if children had thought of such a thing they would have said: "What a foolish idea! A stocking wouldn't hold half the things we want." So the children throughout the world placed crocks, big brass basins, and copper kettles on the hearth on Christmas eve and left notes in them telling Santa to fill them to the brim. Each year the children left larger vessels to be filled.

Up in the great white north Santa's reindeer no longer pranced and pawed, impatient to be off on Christmas eve, as they once had done. They hung their heads and a tired look came into their big brown eyes, for they remembered how heavy the loads had grown and how many more trips they were forced to make year by year.

St. Nicholas no longer rested now through the summer months, as he once had done, but labored every day throughout the year, and often he built toys late into the night, for a great many gifts had to be made to fill the baskets that the greedy children left. The twinkle left his merry eyes, and he no longer sang about his work, for he was sad and thought of the time that would come when he could no longer build enough presents to go around.

Late one December day St. Nicholas stepped from his workshop into the deep snow. Facing the south, he stretched out his tired arms and called: "Hear, oh hear, children of the earth, my loved ones, can you not see you are becoming selfish and that your greedy demands are too great a task even for St. Nicholas, king of the Christmas spirit? Can't you see, my children, that you are killing the spirit of Christmas?"

His chin sank upon his chest and tears glistened in his kindly eyes. A soft white snowflake fluttered down and nestled against his cheek, and a tiny voice whispered into his ear: "Santa I will help you."

"Who are you?" asked St. Nicholas.

"I am a snow fairy,' answered the tiny voice. "As my sisters and I have danced about the air we have often swirled about your sleigh on Christmas eve and have seen the great loads you have always carried and how tired you have looked."

"What, O what, shall I do?" asked Santa.

"Just go about your work as usual," answered the fairy. "I and all my sisters will help you."

"Oh, thank you—thank you," cried St. Nicholas. And the fairy floated out among the other snowflakes.

As the children went about the snowflakes whirled around them, and it seemed as if they heard the chanting of tiny voices, and as the snowflakes nestled against their ears they seemed to sing: "Just a stocking—hang a stocking up on Christmas eve."

"Just a stocking—just a stocking," rang through the hearts of the children on Christmas eve. And in place of leaving the great vessels as they once had done they just hung up their stockings.

Some children were too selfish to hear the song of the snowflakes and left the great baskets as they always had done. But when they saw the great joy the unselfish children had in their gifts and how contented and happy they were these selfish ones were ashamed, and they, too, began to hang up their stockings when Christmas eve came round.

When St. Nicholas found stockings in place of the great baskets and barrels the twinkle came again into his laughing eyes, his cheeks grew red, and he sang as he drove through the merry sea of snowflakes.

With just stockings to fill St. Nicholas had time to rest, and he grew strong and well, and the spirit of Christmas lived. So this is why nowadays we hang up our stockings on Christmas eve. All this we are told by a writer, who learned it from a Christmas fairy.

He Knew

She (after refusing him)—Now don't take it to heart; there are other nicer and younger girls around, like Susie, Ann or Margie. Any one of them would make you a better wife than I.

He (sadly)—Yes, I know. But I asked them all before I came to you.

The Outdoors' Xmas Stocking

Ethel Wrote a Nice Christmas Letter to Santa Claus and Received a Lovely Present.

Of course Mother always knew, but still—and anyway she hadn't said for sure—

She had just said: "I'm afraid Santa Claus won't know where to find us this year." You see they had just moved from the drouth-stricken West and old Santa might not find out soon enough just where they had stopped.

But every year before, that he had come. Once there was a dolly. And once there were little dishes. And every year there had been candy.

And every year Ethel had written her Christmas letter to dear old Santa and sent it by the bright little fire fairies. One, two, three times—that was as far back as she could count—she had written the same loving little note in the script that little children use:

"I love you, dear Santa Claus. Please put something nice in my stocking this Christmas. I'll hang it right at the foot of my bed.

"Love and kisses from your little friend, ETHEL."

And every time the warm-hearted little fire fairies had taken the message right to old Santa; and every time he had picked out something that she was just wishing for and put it in her plump little stocking.

"I think I'd better write to him anyway," she decided, "and maybe the fire fairies will find him in time."

So Mother sharpened her pencil and Ethel wrote very carefully. But when she came to "I'll hang it right at the foot of my bed," she stopped and thought, hard.

"I don't believe I'll hang it at the foot of my bed this time," she said slowly; "the chimney on this little house might not be big enough for old Santa to get through. Oh, I know. I'll put it outdoors. There's a big nail right out on the side of the house, and I'll hang it right on that."

So Ethel finished her letter, and that night, sitting on her mother's lap in her little white nightie, she gave it to the fire fairies. And on Christmas Eve, right after supper, out she went and carefully hung her stocking on the big nail somebody had driven in the side of the house.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart," called Mother, as Ethel's blue eyes popped open the next morning. "Come and see what a nice present old Santa brought."

She got into her clothes ever so fast and ran out, but—

The little fat stocking wasn't anywhere.

But yes, it was. The wind had blown it down in a snug corner between the house and a big, roly-poly barrel. And snuggled right down on it was the dearest little kitten you ever saw!

THE PANSY CLUB MISSION BAND.

Bocabec, N. B.

Dear Children.—Your bag of nice things for the little orphans arrived at my office this week, and I wish to thank you all very much for your kindness and thoughtfulness in making all these lovely gifts for other little children who are not as well off as yourselves. I am sure Santa Claus will not forget such good children when he makes his visits on Christmas Eve, for old Santa always knows when the kiddies do some kind, unselfish act and rewards them for it when he comes around.

With love and best wishes,

UNCLE DICK.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The greeting falls from every tongue,
The dear old welcome words so sweet,
By far-off angel chorus sung,
From baby lips in earthly street.
One message glad in heart and voice
Makes all the wide, wide earth rejoice:
Peace, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
The Christ-child's birthday comes again.

"Twas Christmas Morn; and little Joan, too tense for idle talking,
Sat cross-legged by the chimneypiece to loot her Christmas stocking;
Out came things bought through Elders' Thought—Joan's dream of dreams ungranted!
With trembling lip, she smiled and said, "EXAC'LY WHAT I WANTED!"

May YOU take from your chimneypiece, encased in finest clocking,
The dearest thing your Dream has seen in that same Christmas Stocking;
But if the Elder Thought hath left this Dream of Dreams ungranted,
May YOU, like Joan, make what you get, EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED.

POOR CHILDREN HAVE CHRISTMAS VISION

The above picture shows plainly what the poor children of St. John and other sections of the province see in their minds as Christmas approaches.

It is such as these children who don't expect any Santa Claus to call at their home on Christmas Eve who will be surprised and made happy when each one will on the joyous Christmas morning awake and find hanging on the mantel piece a new pair of good warm woollen stockings, a pair of woollen mittens, not factory made but knitted by the good women who reside in the country districts, and then, oh joy, each stocking will be filled with oranges, apples, candy and nuts. The children whose parents are not poor hang up one stocking on Christmas Eve and the next morning find it full of good things, Santa Claus is going one better for the poorer children this year and has asked the Standard's "Empty Stocking Fund" editor to assist him as he has so many calls to make, and between four and five hundred poor children in St. John have not been forgotten by Santa Claus and they will be all looked after.

Of course the "Empty Stocking Fund" editor, who is an agent for Santa, is not doing it all, as he is being helped by a number of good citizens who wish that every child will be made happy on the joyous morning which is the anniversary of the birth of Christ. How happy every person who made a donation to this fund will feel when he or she realizes that they have done something to gladden the heart of a kiddie who is not to blame for its unfortunate circumstance of being poor and that is not a crime, but the child is only a victim of circumstances.

More contributions will be received by the "Empty Stocking" editor right up to Christmas Eve. Santa Claus is now ready to provide for four hundred poor little boys and girls, and would like to have more money, so he could bring gladness to a couple of hundred more.

All names of those donating cash as well as the children receiving the stockings are kept confidential, so get in the list of those "who care" and don't let it be said that any one poor child in St. John was not paid a visit by Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESSES

Our Savior was born in a stable in order to teach us something. We must look for a reason and a meaning in everything which He did, for while He was here on earth each of His acts, as well as each of His words, has a deep significance. What did Christ mean to teach us, then by being laid in a manger in the home of meek and lowly animals? It was because He Himself was meek and lowly of heart, and loved to be with the meek, lowly, sinless creatures. The lesson is perfectly clear and plain. Christ loved animals, gave them a share of His great loving heart, and wanted us to love them for His sake, says a writer in Our Animal Brothers.

Animals are very easy to please. Kind words are much to them, and small gifts go a great way. Why should not every horse, donkey, dog and cat, yes, and all the farm creatures, too, have a Christmas treat, and share our joy? Horses and donkeys love sweets, apples, carrots, and bits of bread. How sad to think that many spend Christmas alone and forgotten, perhaps cold and hungry in wretched stables, or wandering about in the bitter weather!

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

I love to think at holy Christmas-time
The patient kine may share our joy's increase;
Oxen and cow, with eyes of a deep peace,
So reminiscent of that Night sublime.

When near them lay the Child in manger rude,
With Maid Divine who pondered in her heart
The voices and the glory, all a part
Of the eternal bliss each year renewed.

I love to think the sheep have memories
Of when the glory fell upon their sight,
With that of shepherds, on first Christmas night—
Visions—for such do throng their tender eyes.

Comfort to all God's creatures, least of them
As greatest, comfort we will now to bring,
Henceforth, anew, the while we Noel sing,
And claim heaven's peace, our spirit's diadem.

TO A CHICKADEE.

Cowl-black cap, black bib at throat,
A somersault, a cheery note.
Back again? We welcome thee!
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!

Though the winds may howl and blow,
You will happy be I know.
How can we but merry be,
When we hear your chick-a-dee?

Children Send Letters To Santa

Many Kiddies Are Asking for More Things Than Santa Will be Able to Give.

Some of the little children in the city are sending letters to Santa Claus in care of the Editor of the "Empty Stocking Fund," because the Editor a couple of weeks ago received a wireless message sent by Santa from Never Never Land.

These little children are asking Santa Claus for a great many things, which were not planned by Santa when he sent the message. What he asked The Standard's "Empty Stocking" Editor to do was to send a nice warm pair of woollen stockings filled with oranges, apples, candy and nuts to the poor children. Santa will be very busy in other homes so he has requested us to help him, so these children must be satisfied this Christmas with the good things arranged for, perhaps next year Santa might arrange for toys.

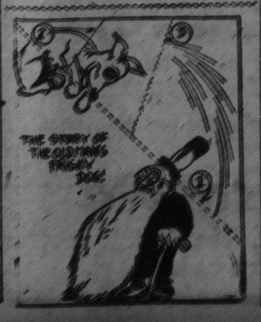
One little girl who resides in the North End, and who is not poor, has written a letter to Santa Claus, and which was received yesterday and Santa says that Mary will receive most of the gifts but not from the "Empty Stocking Fund." Mary asks for a doll's chair, schoolbox, story book, wool gloves, slippers, stockings, hair ribbon, toys, boots, size 12, one dollar bill, and anything you want to bring, so Mary must watch close Christmas morning for her presents. Santa says he has so many children to call on Christmas eve, that he might not give them all they ask for but he will do his best.

Santa was very pleased last night when the "Empty Stocking Editor" sent him a wireless message stating that over two hundred poor children would be looked after according to his instructions.

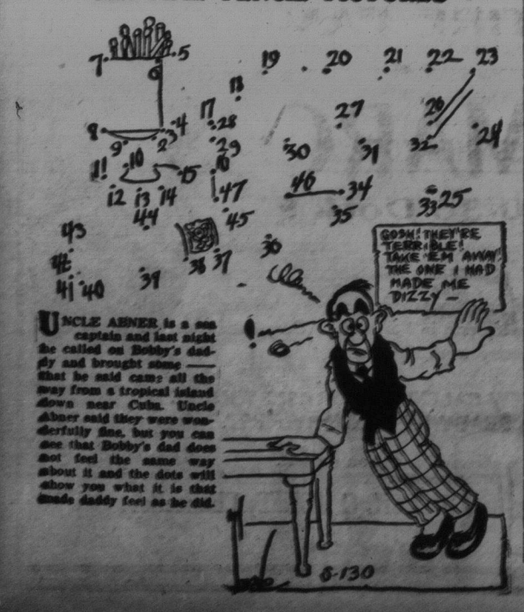
"Peggy" Is Just An Ordinary Bird-Dog

"Peggy" is just an ordinary bird-dog, but deep-rooted within her is the real mother instinct. For a few days she revelled in the joys of motherhood, and then came the sad accident which deprived her of her four little puppies. Peggy was overcome with grief, and felt that life had nothing more to offer her.

Then one day a friend made her master a present of a very small kitten, with eyes still closed. At first Peggy was jealous, and felt that her master was disappointed in her failure to keep her puppies. The overwhelming desire for something to love overcame her jealousy, and with a joyous bound she went to the kitten's box, picked the tiny thing up with care, and carried it to her own basket. The kitten has not lacked any of the care that her own mother would have given her, for Peggy has nursed her and loved her—albeit in her own dog fashion, and she is justly proud of her adopted baby.



BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



UNCLE ABNER is a sea captain and last night he called on Bobby's daddy and brought some ——— that he said came all the way from a tropical island down near Cuba. Uncle Abner said they were wonderfully fine, but you can see that Bobby's dad does not feel the same way about it and the dots will show you what it is that made daddy feel as he did.

Weekly Chat

I am glad to be able to wish all my nieces and nephews a very happy Christmas and a glad New Year. This means a great deal, for all readers of the Children's Corner should look up what Christmas means; ask your brothers and they will tell you.

Uncle Dick only wishes that he was again the same age as his little army of readers so that he could again enjoy the pleasure of thinking about Santa Claus on Christmas Eve racing along with his team of Reindeers and the big pack of toys, coming down the chimney and filling the stockings to put joy in the hearts of the many millions of little girls and boys all over the world. But the only thing that is in the mind of Uncle Dick at the present time is, will all of his little readers have a pleasant Christmas. Uncle is an agent for Santa Claus in Saint John this year. Santa has sent a wireless message to Uncle Dick from Never Never Land, asking for assistance, as Santa is so busy looking after the wants of so many millions of children this Christmas that he thought he could not possibly look after the poor little boys and girls in the large city of St. John and he was certainly happy when Uncle Dick replied to the message that the poor children would receive the gifts sent by Santa.

All the members of the Standard's Children's Corner who have Santa Claus visit their homes on Christmas Eve and fill their stockings must think of the poor little girls and boys in the larger cities that Santa must neglect owing to the great rush on that night, and then you will all be pleased to learn that Uncle Dick is helping Santa in St. John and a few places outside this city, and has taken the contract of giving stockings and nice things to the children who would be otherwise missed by Santa. All my little girls and boys who have a nice comfortable home, a kind and loving mother and father, must be happy when they think of the poor little girls and boys in the cities, some of them without a father, the dear father who was killed in the war, or the father who is very sick, and the poor mother who is working day and night to give some comfort to the children. In such a house there are no stockings to be filled for the reason that the little girls and boys have no stockings even to hang up on Christmas Eve, but Uncle Dick is helping Santa Claus and every poor little girl and boy will be well looked after this Christmas.

How nice it is to have Papa send in some money to Uncle Dick to help Santa Claus in giving some joy to the poor children and a great number of these thoughtful fathers have sent in money.

Uncle Dick hopes that all of his nieces and nephews will thoroughly enjoy this Christmas and while they are having a good time he wants them to understand that their Uncle is looking after the little girls and boys in St. John at the request of Santa Claus.

Uncle wants every member of the Children's Corner to enjoy themselves on this occasion, not to ask Santa Claus for too many presents and believe that some of their little brothers and sisters who are not so fortunate will be assisted in enjoying the holiday, and best of all, remember that Christmas Day means the anniversary of the birth of Christ, and think of the words in the Bible, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Now I want all my nieces and nephews to be good to their mothers and fathers; they love you, and you should love them. Be good girls and boys and you will always be happy.

With plenty of love, from

UNCLE DICK.

Good Night Story

Of course, everybody knows that while the cat's away the mice will play. So what happened during Miss Kitty Cat's absence from the farmhouse was really no more than anyone might have expected. There were gay banquets in Mrs. Green's pantry at midnight. And among those present there was no one that had a better time than fat Mr. Moses Mouse. He was always the life of the party. He made jokes about Miss Snooper—as he called Miss Kitty Cat. And nobody laughed at them harder than he.

With every night that passed Moses Mouse grew still merrier. Some of his companions even claimed that they could scarcely eat, he made them giggle so violently.

On the fourth night of Miss Kitty's absence, and at the fourth banquet, Mr. Moses Mouse balanced a bit of cheese on the end of his nose, exclaiming at the same time, "What a pity it is that Miss Snooper isn't here! How I'd like to offer her this delicious titbit!"

To his great surprise, none of his friends laughed.

"Look out, Moses!" Mrs. Mouse cried the next moment.

"Don't worry, my dear!" said he. "I shan't lose this nice piece of cheese. If I drop it I can find it again. But I'm not going to drop it. I've practiced this trick a good many times. . . . It's too bad Miss Snooper isn't here to see it!"

Still nobody even snickered. Though Moses himself would have had he not been afraid of jogging the cheese off the end of his nose. He thought the silence very strange. And removing his eyes from the cheese, which he had been watching closely (though it made him look cross-eyed), he took a quick glance about him. Everybody had vanished.

"Hu!" said Moses Mouse to himself. "They're playing a trick on me. They're hiding." And he promptly lost his temper. Much as he loved to cut capers and play tricks on others Moses never like to have anyone get a laugh on him. And now he gave a sort of snort, because he was angry.

Thereupon the bit of cheese fell off Moses' nose and rolled behind him on the pantry floor. He turned to get it only to find himself face to face with Miss Snooper herself, for Miss Kitty Cat was home again.

Before Moses Mouse could jump she clapped a paw down on him. And there he was—a prisoner!

"Well, well!" cried Miss Kitty Cat. "Aren't you glad to see me? You were just wishing I was here!"

Moses Mouse didn't act glad—not the least bit! He struggled his hardest to get away. But Miss Kitty hadn't the slightest trouble holding him, with only one paw, too.

"Now that I'm here," she said to him, "don't you want to balance that scrap of cheese on your nose once more and offer it to me?"

Since Miss Kitty caught him Moses Mouse hadn't said anything that she could understand. He had made only a few squeaks of fright. Now, however, he managed to gasp: "Yes! Just let me go a moment! I can't pick up the cheese while you're crushing me against this pantry floor."

Answers to Letters

"BABS"—I am indeed happy to hear from you but the next letter you write me kindly sign your full name, as I keep all the letters sent to me. We have not much snow in St. John at present and only had a few days' sleighing when the weather became mild and with a rain storm it left the streets pretty bare. I have read some of the books you mention and like them very much. I suppose you are working hard on your examinations, and the marks made are indeed very good. You want some of the C. C. members to correspond with you, well send me your full name and I will request them to do so. Thank you for your kind wishes and also the very pretty Christmas card.

RETA—You must certainly enjoy getting ready for the concert which I am sure will prove to be most enjoyable. I am sorry that you and your dear mother are suffering from a severe cold and you must be careful during the sudden change of weather. I hope you will both be well soon.

Yes, Christmas will soon be here and I hope you and all the other young people will enjoy it.

NO NAME—I have received a very interesting letter from one of my nieces in Chipman, but she was so absorbed in a poem entitled "Old Tim Crow" that she forgot to sign her name. I'm glad she is well and really sorry that her pet kitten was so foolish to walk on the edge of a rain barrel, fall in and lose its life. Perhaps the members of the C. C. would like to read the poem which is as follows:

"OLD TIM CROW"

A funny crow sat on a limb,
And something funny tickled him.
He clapped his bill, he winked his eye,
And this is just the reason why

I
He looked at you, he looked at me
And said how strange some folks can be.
They cannot caw, they do not fly,
They are not crows, I wonder why?
Tim Crow's claw is just a joke
Tim Crow would never, never never smoke.

MILDRED—I'm glad you are so prompt in writing a letter to me after joining the Corner. You must enjoy going to school and I know you will do well when you hold the Christmas concert. I would love to be present at it. You certainly must have plenty of fun with your Angora kitten "Bubbles" is the name of a kitten that a little St. John girl lost a few weeks ago and later found it in a cake shop. Tell your brother George to send in his name and join the corner.

EMMA M.—I must congratulate you on your penmanship, as it is excellent, and I am very glad to hear from you. Your long letter is very interesting. I am sorry you have been sick with a cold and missed going to school. I have had a bad cold for a week and know how to sympathize with you. Keep taking your music lessons; it is hard for a time, but soon you will be able to play well, and it is so nice to be able to entertain your friends.

St. John is just like your town—we had some snow but it has all gone.

We are all looking for Christmas and I might inform you that I received a message from Santa Claus to look after poor children in St. John on Christmas and I have arranged to give four or five hundred a nice new pair of stockings, pair of mittens and plenty of fruit, candy and nuts, so you see that Santa knows that Uncle Dick will always be kind to the kiddies. I'm sorry your cousin is so ill and trust she will soon get better.

You must have plenty of fun with your kitten. So you want me to give it a name. I would call it "Patricia," after Princess Patricia, as the first regiment who went to the war from Canada called themselves after her, viz., "Princess Pats." Tell your little chum, Loretta, to send in her name and join the corner.

Hanging Up The Stocking

Time-Honored Christmas Custom Dates Back to the Days of St. Nicholas of Padua.

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking.

Good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long knitted purses tied at both ends, into the open windows of the very poor people. These purses were made of yarn not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang them outside of their window on the night before Christmas, so that St. Nicholas could put a gift into them as he passed by. By and by, when coin became scarce, toys were put in for the children, and useful presents for grown people. In the North country where it was rather chilly at Christmas time the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good old saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses were out of use, stockings were substituted and have been used ever since.

CHRISTMAS GAM
WHOLE FAMIL

Filling the Christmas Stoc in Mexico—The "Gum "Indoor Nutting Party.

Of course, there'll be the Chr mas tree in all its splendor, and Christmas supper and all the us but oh! so necessary Christmas ings at the children's Christmas pa But the novelty of some new Chr mas games will be appreciated enjoyed by all the children, and Mother or Big Sister to take a h and direct the fun the party wil an assured success.

An amusement that makes a lot pleasurment is "Filling the Christ stockings." For this you will nee supply of small stockings—the stockings are best, but if you can get these, they may be made of calico or cambric. They should all of one size and each stocking sho have a large patch of white cl sewed to it, bearing a number in bl figures. There must be one stock for each guest. Hang them in a r at one end of the room. At the ot end of the room place a row of pla on the floor and tack labels, bear the numbers corresponding with th on the stockings, in front of plates. Now, fill the plates with nuts and candies. The nuts must carefully measured and the candi counted, so that all the plates contain the same amount. Each g then takes a spoon in hand and dra a number from a hat. He th stands in front of the plate wh bears that number, and at a given s nal, when all the players are sta ting in place, the game begins.

The object is to see who can fill stocking first. Only one nut candy may be carried on the spoon a time, and any one who touches nuts or bonbons with his hands forfeits them to the one who first sees his mistake. If in his haste fill his stocking he spills the conte of his spoon, he must pick it up replace it on his plate before he c go on with his strenuous labor. T makes lots of fun, and of course th is a prize for the one who gets plate emptied first. Then all children sit down and enjoy the c tents of their Christmas stocki while some good Christmas story read aloud or some one enterta with music.

"Way down in Mexico the chil have Christmas Piñata Parties. these can be good fun for our C adian boys and girls. The "piñata" a big jar, which is hung from ceiling by means of bright cord. T jar is covered with pretty paper a bright tissue and is filled with c and fruits, nuts and candies. children are blindfolded and t turns in trying to find the jar a hit it with a cane till it breaks. Ea child has three chances; but, as is far more likely to beat the air th the jar, a lot of fun is caused bef it breaks and the presents come to flying out for the children to scra for the jar.

Now, I don't think I would adv the use of a glass jar for this ga as there would be danger of hurti some one's eyes, and it would be b ter not to use fruit or toys becau the children might be injured in t

Christmas Poetry.

THE RETURN AT YULETIDE.

Christmas comes and the old wo turns
Fondly back to its fairy days—
Days that saw Him whose splend burns
Bright through eras of mirk a maze;
Back to the Star whose speaking ra
When men spied as it beckoned the
Over Judea's winding ways
Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas comes, and the old ha goes
Gaily back to the days gone
Days whose breath of the budding
Scents the years that have lo
fast;
Back to the Star whose spell was
Over young eyes and blanked them
Filling rapt youth with a wond
vast—
Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas comes, and the old fa
lives,
Summoned back from the days g
by—
Days hallowed with the joy
gives
Morials balm for their sob and
Back to the Star in the smiling sky
Pilgrims haste as it beckons them
On to the haven ever nigh—
Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas comes, when the world
go
Bounding back to the best of days
Days when He in a manger low
Sages charmed into prayer a
praise;
Back to the Star whose speaking ra
All may spy as it beckons them
Over Judea's winding ways—
Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

A child's vocabulary is divided t three distinct classes. There is t home vocabulary, the language t the street and police court phraseology. Children may be brave the streets and use "tough" word but at home they choose their word in police court where it would be a crime for them to say what they a asked to say, it takes horses, myria of them, to draw out statements. "Kid" witnesses on entering witness box are always asked if th understand what it means to take oath. The questioner, sometimes magistrate or the lawyer interest in the case first gets the child home" by asking what games he o the county plays.

"What happens to you if you s a lie?" is then asked. The ch hesitates and tries to answer, grow red in the face, and nine times o ten stammers out:

"We don't go to heaven."

Once in a while the exceptio youngster gets away with a brig remark. After hearing the question