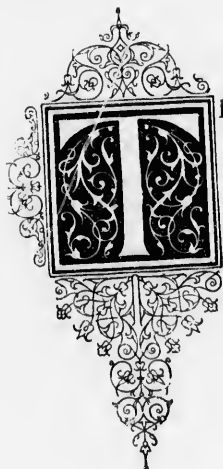


A MOONLIGHT FROLIC IN DECEMBER.



IS winter, and where are the elves of June?

They came one night in the pale moonlight,
When the pine trees groaned like a great bassoon,
And every wight
Squeaked with delight

When they found the Toboggan slide eftsoon.

For everyone was resolved to know

How it felt to glide down the mountain side,
Over that wonderful thing called snow;

And the fays beside

Were bound to slide,

But the foremost of all was a Shetland Trow!