

20 Dec 1919

Christmas Flowers.
(A Star Legend.)
Now from the planet Venus,
Called the star of cheer—
An immortal gazed on Christmas Eve,
Upon the earthland drear.

She sighed to see the barren trees,
King Winter robbed of clothes,
And the bushes so unsightly,
That lately held the rose.

And fitting to the Ruler
Of the star-inspiring mirth;
She begged to deck with Christmas
flowers
The desolated earth.

King said, "Christmas morn-
ing
My journey to and fro
And scatter cheer confetti,
Christmas flowers of snow."

And all the bush and trees forlorn
King winter killed with blight,
She loaded down with blossoms
From the brightest star of night.
—Anna Graves Henry.

A Little Song of Santa Claus.

This is told of Santa Claus:
When he was just a boy
His home was Happy Hollyland
The mountain top of Joy;
And frosty, snowy, sparkly
Was the furried little peak
Where Santa Claus when he was
young
First learned to walk and speak.

His mother, Lady Mistletoe,
The fairies loved her well;
His father was the chieftain
Of the Tribe of Jinglebell;
They were the kindest people,
And once a year, they say,
They gave a winter party
For the fairies out their way.

They chose a tiny spruce tree,
And trimmed it all themselves
With fluff and glint and star dust
Lent by the forest elves.
They hung bright presents on it,
Wee bits of gems and gold
And tiny scraps of rabbit fur
For fairies who were cold.

Then little fellow Santa Claus
Would climb upon a stump
And call, "The party's ready,"
And flop down with a jump;
And all the wood would flutter
With a little eager tune—
The fairies coming running
By the light of wintry moon.

But after it was over
And all the sprites had flown,
And as he went to bed at night
All cosy and alone,
Little Santa Claus would whisper,
Looking down to valleys blue,
"O children, wait till I grow up,
I'll do great things for you!"
—Miriam Clark Potter, in Youth's
Companion.

To the Young Folk

Christmas is not a real Christmas
unless we make some one happy on
that day of days.
Is there a lonely old man or woman
in your community? Fix up a basket
of goodies (mother will help you) and
take it to him or her, bright and early
on Christmas morning. There must
be some one in your neighborhood
whom you can make happy by a little
gift, given with a lot of love. Do not
forget the birds and Shep, Dobbin and
Bossy. Have a Christmas feed for
the birds; see that Shep has an extra
bone, Dobbin a big hot mash and some
rosy apples, and Bossy some appetiz-
ing roots.
See that everyone at home is remem-
bered by a gift. Decorate the house
with Christmas greens and remember
that it is always "more blessed to give
than to receive."

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

This may be an evergreen or any
kind of a tree that has evergreen
branches tied on it. Warm suet and
stick it full of seeds and nuts. Hang
this suet from the branches. String
peanuts and festoon them around the
tree. Have little boxes on the tree,
and in these boxes place nut meats,
seeds, meat, celery, cabbage, lettuce
and apples. Tie pieces of bread and
crackers to the trunk of the tree.
Wherever you have this tree see that
the cats can not get to it. Many a
bird's Christmas tree has been un-
occupied because of strolling cats.
Cats and birds never mix—in an
agreeable way. There is no better
way to get acquainted with the winter
birds than by feeding them.



How Molly Cottontail Saw Santa Claus

BY THE NYCES.

It was the funniest thing! Though
little Molly Cottontail didn't think so;
indeed, she was pretty nigh scared out
of a year's growth. But there, we'd
better commence at the very begin-
ning.
It was the night before Christmas
and of course you know what that
means; mysterious whispers and
hiding of knobby bundles—and every-
thing. And Molly Cottontail and all
her folks, and Aupy and Uncle Hop-
over and all the little Hopovers—

grown-ups; then Daddy Tarfoot was
called on to dance a hoe-down; next
came games. Let's see—they played
"Blind Man's Buff" and "Puss in the
Corner," almost running down the
ladies who were placing the deli-
cious supper on the table. But no
one minded; the grown folks said they
couldn't scold the children on Chris-
mas Eve.
Flattail Beaver said he really en-
joyed the supper more than anything
else. And after everything had been
cleared away Eben Cornstassel disap-
peared—and Santa Claus appeared on
the platform, and distributed presents,
and stockings made of white tarleton,
filled with candy. Flattail Beaver re-

The Christ Child.

The snow was falling fast,
And the lights were dim and low,
When a small child wandered up and
down
And had nowhere to go.
He saw a house illumined
And children merry and gay,
But when He knocked and waited
He was told to go away.
To-night was Christmas Eve,
And most every one was gay.
People were hurrying to and fro
With gifts for Christmas Day.
So He wandered on,
A small and lonely child.
Then He looked in a window and saw
A mother and children, sweet and
mild.
He knocked at the door and waited
Until He heard the mother say:
"Children, some one is knocking;
Go see who it is, I pray."
The children came to the door
To let the poor child in.
He was very cold and chilly,
For his clothing was torn and thin.
This mother was reading her Bible
To her children bright and fair,
When she went to look for the boy,
Behold, He was not there.
The mother said: "My dears,
That boy so sweet and mild
Is not a little wanderer,
But the little Christ Child."
So if you are good and kind,
Live a good and noble life,
You will receive a grand reward
From our Saviour, Jesus Christ.
So when you pass from this world
ours,
If you have been good and true,
You will find in the Golden City
The gate standing open for you.
—Annie Wilson Podger.



The Man of the Hour

dressed in their best—were going to
the Christmas entertainment, to be
held in the tiny red schoolhouse at
the extreme end of Bunny Hollow.
It was the snappiest kind of a cold
night and the snow was just right for
sleighb. So Uncle Hopover bundled
them into his sleigh—and a good big
one it was. The old-fashioned kind—
with bells that tinkled beautifully. It
held all the Hopover folks and all the
Cottontail folks; also dear old Granny
Wobblenose.
Uncle Hopover hired Flattail Beaver
to pull the sleigh, but he had an
awful time doing it, for Flattail was
very lazy. And he would make no
promise until Aupy Hopover and Ma
Cottontail told him he should have a

After they had all greeted one an-
other with "Merry Christmas," and
"Same to you," and said how beauti-
ful everything looked and what a
smart man teacher was to plan it all,
they sat on the tiny benches until the
schoolmaster (his name was Eben
Cornstassel) stepped to the platform
and announced that Molly Cottontail
and Johnny Hopover would give a
dialogue.
Johnny was very shy and scarce
talked above a whisper, while Molly
thought more of her new dress than
she did of her dialogue. The dress
was bright red and Granny Wobblen-
nose had made it her very own self.
One after another the bunnies re-
cited their pieces to the pride of the
ceived two stockings—one for his wife
and one for himself. "I'm mighty glad
I came," he said.
"Well," exclaimed Ma Cottontail,
"I'll be glad to help. Not that I
didn't enjoy it; the entertainment was
lovely and a great credit to the teach-
er; but I've lots of things to do before
Santa comes to our house. Luckily
the bunnies hung their stockings be-
fore we left home," she laughed.
So she hunted up Uncle Hopover
and Pa Cottontail to tell them it was
time to make tracks for home. They
were sitting close to the fire talking
to Daddy Tarfoot and Daddy Long-
ears, about who raised the biggest
crops.
"Goodness me!" Uncle Hopover said,
help me!"

"That sounds like some one in trou-
ble!" exclaimed Santa Claus; and he
pulled up close to the fence.
"If it isn't Molly Cottontail and
fastened to a big bur—why your poor
little thing; little more'n you'd be
frozen to death."
Molly was so thankful—and she
wasn't one bit afraid of Santa. No,
indeed; she told him exactly how it
happened. And Santa said: "Never
mind—I'll have you home in a jiffy;
but first I must stop at Sammy Slow's
house—it's right on my way."
"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, "we know
Slow and we love him dearly."
"Do you?" exclaimed Santa with a
twinkle. "Then you know a dear lit-
tle boy"—and the words were scarce
out of his mouth when they were on
the roof of Sammy's house and in a
moment down, down the chimney they
slid—Molly in the pocket of Santa's
big warm coat.
Of course Sammy Slow was in bed
—but Tabitha Tabbycat was not and
she was well acquainted with Molly
Cottontail, and brought her a cup of
nice warm milk, to take off the chill.
When they reached the home of the
Cottontails, they found everything
in confusion. Granny Wobblenose was
sure Molly had fallen asleep in the
schoolhouse and been left behind. Ma
Cottontail was almost indignant at
dear Granny, and she said: "Indeed
Molly was not left at the school-house
—I counted all my bunnies before I
left the building."
Anyway Granny tucked all the bun-
nies into their little beds, and Pa and
Ma had donned their warm wraps at
rubber boots, and were just about to
start in search of Molly when Santa
Claus pulled up at the door. They
could hardly believe their eyes when
he took her out of his pocket and set
her down beside them.
"Dear me!" exclaimed Ma. "Here's
Santa, and Molly not in bed." And
she rushed her inside and Pa ran to
the woodpile for a few sticks to warm
things up a bit. And when they re-
turned to thank Santa, they found him
gone—quite out of sight; but he had
tucked candies and all the bunnies
ning little presents.
Then they heard
in the distance:
all, and to all

IN RABBITBORO



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