

Bronze Image of Buddha

, see the pigeons!" cried Jacky.

Message to Samta Claus EAR SANTIE you'll fine us hear this Krismas! We've moved !! Your frends Howard & Sally Marsden

There is ally how does that hock? Santie will be sure to find us now, won't he?" said warde Marsden, as he held up a large out of red cardboard on which was be to santa Claus. "Oh! Howdie, it's just splendid." I won't believe Santa Claus can miss that, wen if Nancy does say he'll never find in a big city like Philadelphia." "White the same say he'll never find in a big city like Philadelphia." "White the same say he'll never find in a big city like Philadelphia." "But, Howdie, here, and Santa Claus is be so children here, and Santa Claus is the so of children here, and Santa Claus is the so of children here, and Santa Claus is the so of children here and Santa Claus is the so of children here and santa the sawful to so for the source of the sawful to so the same street was us. How'll when a cross the street was us. How'll when the brought our last Christmas was the brought our last Christmas the source of the sawful to so of the sawful the sawful to sawful the sawful

where he brought our last Christmas presents." "That's so," said Howard. "I never thought of that. What shall we do?" "Put a P. S." suggested Sally." More black lettering was laboriously bone, and a little while Howard had hproved his notice by a big ". S. LAST YERE WE LIVED IN IOGUESTOWN IN THE BROUN OUS WITH RED SHUTERS." "Now, Santie can't make a mistake," and he'll surely come," said Howard. "Maybe his spectacles will be frozen with icicles so he can't see to read," suggested big sister Nancy, who dearly loved to tease. "Why, Nancy Marsden! Santa Claus don't wear spectacles!" cried Sally, in-dignantly. "Wey he for a convert

"Well, he's old enough to, anyway,

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a Delightful Day in

Japan

Dear Boys and Girls:

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stand. "Oh, auntie, don't you want some roasted chestnuts?" called Jacky. "This old woman has some dandies!" "Oh, yes, of course!" assented Polly Evans, good-naturedly. "Jacky will spend all his money and mine too, Mr.

H ERE is a little story that every German child has heard at Christmas for hundreds of years,

and I'm sure you boys and girls would like it too.

wandering through the streets of a great city. Every one he passed was happy in the thought of the morrow. Only the little wanderer seemed to have no home.

Only the little wanderer seemed to have no home. The north wind blew his ragged gar-ments and Jack Frost pinched his lit-tle bare feet. Shivering with cold the child looked longingly in at the win-dows where children gathered around gay Christmas trees loaded with gifts. Time after time the child tiptoed up to the windows of handsome homes, but always he was frewned upon and turned away. Not one of the merry, happy children could spare a thought for the cold, friendless little stranger. Colder and colder grew the night and farther and farther the little one wan-dered. \_At last, he saw a dim light far down

the ceiling?" "So they are," said Mr. Smith. "Some of them are at least seven feet long. And notice the carved dragons here and there on the rafters and eaves." "Ah! but see the idols," said Polly Evans. "Did you ever dream of seeing so many all in one temple, Jacky? Can you read what the inscriptions say, Mr. Smith?"





### Temple of Kwannon

So we stood and watched. In a minute So we stood and watched. In a minute along came a young woman with a child in her arms. She clapped her hands, bowed, muttered a few words, then reached forward and rubbed the idol's brow, after which she rubbed her own brow. After that she rubbed the idol's eyes and then her baby's eyes. "See," said Mr. Smith, "she probably has a headache and the baby's eyes are sore."

"Does she honestly believe that rub-bing will cure the trouble?" asked Polly

bing will cute the total it?" "Well, it looks so, doesn't it?" "Yes, it does, I must say." "And she isn't ashamed to worship the god she believes in, either." "No, that is admirable. We can learn a lesson from these people, sure enough."

enough." From here we wandered through the

"Oh, see the pigeons!" cried Jacky. "Hundreds and hundreds of them!" ex-claimed Polly Evans. "And the chickens, look at them strutting about regardless of the crowd. Do they belong here?" "Seem to," asserted our friend. "At any rate, the chickens and pigeons have been here ever since anybody can re-member. The pigeons live in the eaves of the temple, and even inside among the rafters. See the charm sellers. That old woman's beckoning to you, Jacky. She says she'll give you good luck and old age for a sen." But Jacky did not quite like the looks of the old woman, so she failed to get her sen. From here we wandered through the Asakusa Ko-enchi, or public grounds, which are filled with showy street jug-glers, wrestlers, performing monkeys and cheap photographers. And, oh! what fun we had spending our money on the shows-a few sen here, a few sen there, till at last, just as Polly Evans had prophesied, we found ourselves pen-niless! But by this time it was nearing supper time, so we were quite satisfied to finish up by standing on the bridge overlooking the Asakusa pond and throwing rice powder biscuit in to feed the thousands of huge carp that inhabit it. or the out moment her sen. Directly in front of the temple were two huge cages, each containing a great, ugly god. WHAT THE IDOLS MEAN "Hoo! how they grin and leer!" was Jacky's delightful comment. Come, on, let's see the temple. Oh! what enor-mous lanterns those are hanging from the celling!"

it. "'Gee! how they fight for the food." cried Jacky, excitedly. "See, auntle, see! They are leaping clear out of the water and climbing all over each other. Did you ever see anything like it!" "No, I never!" said Polly Evans. She wished with all her heart that she could attain a successful snapshot of the

Margery's Unselfish Christmas

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can feel we are carrying out mother's The approach of the holiday season was a sorrowful time for Mr. Mathews and Margery. Last year the dear mother had been well and bright, the life of the household, with no thought that an-other Christmas would find the happy little circle broken. Then came the sudden illness, just a day or two of suf-fering, and Margery was motherless. The young girl tried to be brave and cheerful, and hide her grief, but some-times it was hard work, especially in the twilight hours after school was out and father was not yet home from the office.

"It was just before dinner, father, and mother and I were sitting here on this sofa. I was just before dinner, father, and mother and I were sitting here on this sofa. I was counting up all my pres-ents-I received thirty-eight, you re-member-and was oh, so delighted! I said, 'I think this is just the finest Christmas I ever knew. I never had so many nice things before. I don't be-lieve I could have had a happler day, do you, mother?" "Then mother said, with such a lovely smile, 'What about that more blessed to give than receive? Margery, how many people are happier this Christmas day because of my little girl? I don't mean your friends, dear, but those to whom this beautiful holiday brings very little cheer."

## MARGERY WEPT BITTERLY

"I guess I looked pretty blue at that, for mother said, 'Do not worry, dear, you did not think of it and neither, alas! did I; but next year we must do differently. You and I must not make our Christmas a selfah one. We will begin weeks beforehand to plan a hap-py, happy day for some poor little chil-dren."

py, happy day for some poor little children.'
"Then we talked for a long time of all the things we would do, and were so happy; and now, oh, father, father! mother can't help me make any one glad on Christmas," and Margery burst into bitter weeping.
Mr. Mathews let her cry in his arms for a time, then he said, soothingly: "Peggy, dear, you and I must spend this Christmas just as your dear mother planned. Suppose we talk it all over, and see where we can find any little girls and boys who will have no good times on that day, and what can be done for their pleasure. Who do you think can help us?" "Oh, father, there's Miss Emma, who has the free kindergarten. She's lovely,

A Match Box.

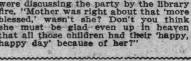
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child an order for a nice warm dress or suit. Such happy children you never saw! Just before leaving Tim O'Leary, a tiny cripple, put out his hand timidly and touched Margery. "Bay, youse isn't an anchel, after all!" "Why, Tim, of course not. I'm only an American girl. What made you think me an angel?" "Why, I thots as mebbe I'd got to hivin by mistakes, and youse was the anchel that minded the kids." "Father, dear," said Margery as they were discussing the party by the library fre, "Mother was right about that more blessed," wasn't she? Don't you think she must be glad even up in heaven that all those children had their happy, happy day' because of her?"

and girl an iced Christmas cake to take home. Eighteen cakes! Just think of that! But the delight of the children aid for all the trouble. Christmas Day Margery could scarce-ly look at her own gifts, so excited was she at the prospects of the evening; even father forgot his sadness and lone-liness in helping get ready. At 6 o'clock Miss Emma arrived with eighteen children, all scrubbed sweet and clean, though their clothes were thin and patched and motley colorings. A long, ecstatic "Ohl Ohl" was heard when the nursery doors were thrown open, disclosing a tree ablaze with eleo-tric lights and gay with tinsel, and a big dinner table crowded with good things. big dinner table crowded with good things. How those children did eat! When they could not hold another bite the table was removed, and Mr. Mathews, dressed as Santa Claus, appeared with an overflowing pack on his back. Each little one received several pres-ents-drums, balls and skates for the boys; dolls, books and furs for the girls. Besides, there were packages of nuts and candy for each and Jane's cakes! Mr. Mathews gave to every child an order for a nice warm dress or suit.

Oh, the planning and arranging of the next week! The days Margery had feared would be so sad were full to overflowing with shopping and decorat-ing. There were present buy, a tree to be selected and trimmed, the nursery to be hung with evergreens and dinner to be ordered.

Cook Jane became so interested that she promised to make each little boy and girl an jeed Christmas cake to take



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and I've heard on good authority he's put them on since last Christmas." The thought of Santa Claus' poor eye-sight so warried both children that they decided to print another notice and put it inside the top of the chimney. "You see, if we put it there," said Howard, "the heat from the furnace will melt the icicles and Santle will be sure to see it." "That's so!" replied Saily. "But, Howdie, how will you ever get it in the chimney?" "Out the attic window," answered her brother.

"Out the attic window," answered her brother, Great was Mr. Marsden's horror on his return from the office late that af-ternoon to see a crowd of people on the opposite pavement, watching a small boy with an enormous red placard in one hand crawl along the icy, sloping roof.

 The other Mrs. Marsden laughed and promised to attend to the hanging at orosised to the hanging at the second s in one hand crawl along the icy, sloping roof. How frightened father was when he recognized Howard! Madly he tore up-stairs, in fear lest his little son should slip and be dashed to the ground. Fortunately, just as Mr. Marsden reached the attic Howard climbed back into the room safe and sound. "Howard Marsden, what are you do-ing on that roof," said father sternly. "Wow dare you be so maughty?" "Why, father, Howdle was just nail-ing a notice to Santa Claus to tell him w all moved. Nency said he'd not know it and wouldn't bring our presents," ex-traned Sally, somewhat reproachfully.

friends." As for Nancy-she found by her bed a big switch labeled - "For Nancy, the tease, who was so silly as to think Santa Claus ever grew old enough to forget any of his girls and boys."

TI.

laus.

"And, so it is but fair that he should spend mine, three," suggested our friend. A DEAL IN CHESTNUTS

"Very well; and we can walk home." "Oh, no, we will not do that, even if we spend our last cent. We can take

Smith?" "Yes; I guess so. This goddess who is bristling with spit balls, which are pray-ers rolled up and chewed into spit balls, so as to stick to her sacred form, gives good luck to her devotees. Then here is the goddess of seamstresses." "Why, there is a huge pile of needles at her feet, millions of them!" exclaim-ed Jacky. "Yes, every seamstress who wishes to have good success has to come and offer a needle to this goddess," explained Mr. Smith. As we passed from one idol to another.

we spend our last cent. We can take kurumas-when we get home we can borrow the money to pay for them. See?" Jacky now joined us with three tiny paper cornucopias in his hand, each containing four chestnuts. "Only four, and in cornucopias!" ex-claimed Polly Evans. "What a para-dox!" a needle to this goddess, "explained int. Smith. As we passed from one idol to another, Mr. Smith explaining each one to us Jacky and his auntie took note of the people who came and went by tens and scores, stopping for a few moments to drop their offerings into the money-box, clap their hands, bow their heads, mut-ter a form, bow again and depart. At last we reached a god who inter-ested us more than all the rest because his features were more smooth and shappless. claimed Polly Evans. "What a para-dox!" "H'm! paradox or whatever you call it, I call it a sell," grunted Jacky. "A whole sen for four chestnuts. Think of it!" "Oh, well, if you aren't a sucker, don't come to this pond," laughed Mr. Smith, "for if there were no suckers there wouldn't be any Asakusa or any Mid-way Plaisance." We approached the temple-a famous old temple called Kwannon, many cen-turies old.

"What on earth has happened to this god?" exclaimed Jacky. "Oh, that is the god that cures dis-eases," explained Mr. Smith. "Stand here and watch and you will see what people do."

A Christmas Legend

the child, "to see if any one will let

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scene. "Now, we three penniless prodigal sons and daughter must look as if we were rolling in wealth, so that we may beguile three kuruma men into taking us home," said Mr. Smith. "I have a couple of metal discs in my pocket which I can klink occasionally. They will make an impression. Stop giggling, Jacky. Now, all ready!"

QUEER STREET SPRINKLERS

Three kuruma men were found and argained with, and forthwith we fared on the way Jacky saw a bamboo lum-

On the way Jacky saw a bamboo lum-ber yard. "Isn't it queer? All the lumber stand-ing up in great high piles in little bits of yards. Take a picture, please, auntie." And just before we crossed the last canal near home we spled one of the street sprinkling carts. "Oh, take a pic-ture of that, too," buzzed Jacky. "I know the boys and girls at home will think it queer and interesting that a big city like Tokio, with 2,000,000 in-habitants, should only have hand carts drawn by men to sprinkle the streets," POLLY EVANS.

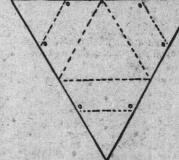
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A New Tooth Wash.

A New Yooth Wash. "Sam." said his mother, "you evident-ly forgot to use your tooth brush this morning. Now, I want you to go up-stairs immediately and scrub your teeth with vigor." Away ran Sam, but in a few minutes was back to the drawing room in great excitement. "Mamma, I've looked everywhere, and I can't find any vigor!"

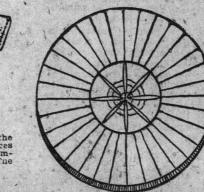
Christmas Sifts to Make

A <sup>S</sup> there are but six more days in which boys and girls can make Christmas presents, Polly Evans will tell you to-day about several that can be prepared very quickly.

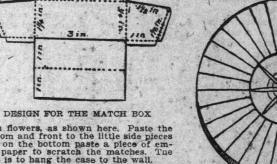


This little match box is made out of rather stiff cardboard in bright colors. Cut it like the pattern in any size you want. A good proportion is that given in the cut. You can make the box en-tirely plain or paint the front and ends

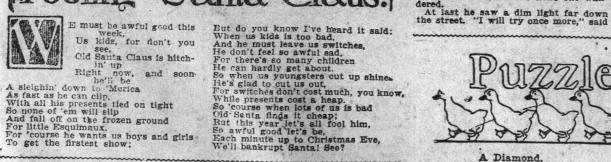
A Needle Book. A nice needle book can be made by taking two circles of stiff cardboard, Put on an inner ring and cut out the centre, leaving a margin about an inch or an inch and a quarter all aroud. Wrap this with bright colored rafia and in the opening fasten four strips of



raffia across one another and weave in and out like a cobweb to fill up about a quarter of the opening. Do both circles alike, and sew them together at the top, first putting between them several lay-ers of nicely pinked white fiannel to hold the needles.







## THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS A TRUE STORY ABOUT . TREE CHRISTMAS

and the stand

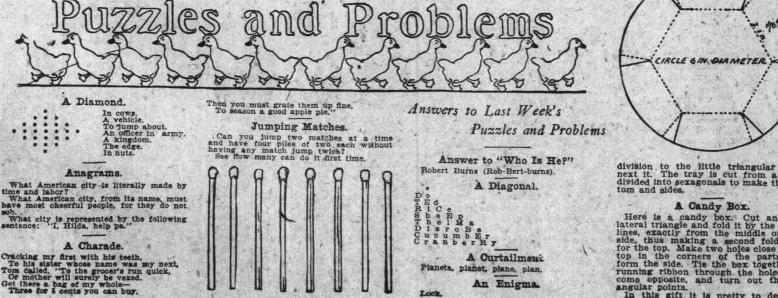
ooling Santa

AST Christmas, perhaps some of vou children saw tiny Christmas pieces of bread, set out in the yards or the birds. But do you know how Philabolishes and girls first got this pretty idea? Why, from the children of Norway and Sweden. Norway and Sweden. No thild of that country would think of sitting down to his own Christmas finder of that set out, in the middle of the yard, a tail pole with a large, full sheaf of grain bound to the top, so the little wild birds that live in the cold and snow might have a Christmas mad finder.

So none of 'em will slip And fall off on the frozen ground For little Esquimaux.

M <sup>18S</sup> EMMA had told the children in the Free Kindergarten the beautiful Christmas story. Wish hearers, she began to ask them some questions in review. "Now, children," said Miss Emma, "I wonder who can tell me the name of the Baby about whom I have been telling you such curious and wonderful things?"

There was no answer. Each little face looked blank. "Oh, children, you surely know. Now, just think a minute. Je---" said Miss Emma, to assist them. "Gee whiz!" called small Tommy.



division to the little triangular piece next it. The tray is cut from a circle divided into sexagonals to make the bot-tom and sides. A Candy Box.

A Gandy BOX. Here is a candy box. Cut an equi-lateral triangle and fold it by the dotted lines, exactly from the middle of each side, thus making a second fold back for the top. Make two holes close to the top in the corners of the parts that form the side. The the box together by running ribbon through the holes that come opposite, and turn out the tri-angular points.

them together with red silk. Put in a red ribbon for a drawstring and you have a very pretty and useful present for mother or grandmother.

