

The Children's Christmas Annual  
The Ladies' Home Journal

J B STINSON 1-11  
MYSTIC CONN



DECEMBER 15, 1910

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TEN CENTS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

"Oh Jimmy! The artist meant you to stay up here with me!"

"I don't care! I want some gum with the mint leaf flavor you can't chew out!"

"I won't stay up *there* when it's down *here!*"



It  
whitens teeth  
It freshens breath  
It's the most delicious  
tid-bit ever sold!  
Look for the spear  
The flavor lasts.

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**The Next Journal Will be Out December 24 on Christmas Eve**

It is the issue dated January 1—and it will be

**The New Year's Number**

as bright and as promising, we hope, as the opening year. It will have a "cover surprise" by Harrison Fisher, presenting this popular artist in a field of art into which this will be his first excursion.

**The Children Will Have a Treat in 1911**

Not only do we give the children an entire number, as is this "Children's Christmas Annual," but during 1911 they will also have some special features all their own. "Flossie Fisher's Funnies," which begins in this number, will run through the year, and so will the popular Lettie Lane Doll pages—and, what will please the children most of all and will cause a sensation with them, is that

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Contest open now, closes December 31, 1910.

**Good Housekeeping Magazine,** 179 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

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# Christmas Poems and Christmas Jingles

To Read Around the Christmas Fire



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES AND MARY ALLEN



PHOTOGRAPH BY HELEN W. COOKE

## Jest 'Fore Christmas

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!  
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,  
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—  
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!  
'Most all the time, the whole year round,  
there ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;  
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!  
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,  
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!  
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,  
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his boss,  
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,  
I'll be a missionarier like her oldest brother, Dan,  
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,  
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!  
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,  
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know  
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!  
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnlike an' still,  
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"  
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become  
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!  
But I am so perlit an' tend so earnestly to biz,  
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"  
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me  
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,  
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;  
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;  
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,  
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate for pie again;  
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,  
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

—EUGENE FIELD.

From "Love-Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## When Christmastime Draws Near

THE children polish skates and sleds;  
They never find it drear;  
The house is full of spicy smells  
When Christmastime draws near.



## All He Wants for Christmas

DON'T want much for Christmas;  
Only choo-choo cars;  
And a half a dozen  
Chocolate cigars;

And a bag of marbles;  
And a lot of books;  
And a pole for fishin',  
Lines, and several hooks;

Half a dozen sets of  
Stone and wooden blocks;  
Dozen pounds o' candy  
Done up in a box;

Three or four small steamboats;  
Ten or twenty cents;  
And a small toy farmyard  
S'rounded by a fence;

One small bowlin' alley;  
Suit o' soldier clo'es;  
Music-box; an organ;  
Punch and Judy shows;

Bow and arrer; also,  
Possibly, a gun;  
And a putty-blower  
Would be lots o' fun;

Elephants and lions  
That would walk and roar,  
After bein' winded,  
Up and down the floor.

These, and sev'ral others,  
Hangin' on the tree,  
I've a sort of notion'd  
Be enough for me.

## "Why Do Bells for Christmas Ring?"

WHY do bells for Christmas ring?  
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,  
Seen by shepherds from afar,  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger-cradle bright.  
There a darling baby lay  
Pillowed soft upon the hay.  
And His mother sang and smiled,  
"This is Christ, the holy child."

So the bells for Christmas ring,  
So the little children sing.

—LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

## "On Christmas Day in the Morning"

I SAW three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
I saw three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,  
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

## Little Lord Jesus

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His  
sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down  
where He lay—  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the  
sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is high.

—MARTIN LUTHER.

## Merry Christmas

M FOR the Music, merry and clear;  
E for the Eve, the crown of the year;  
R for the Romping of bright girls and boys;  
R for the Reindeer that bring them the toys;  
Y for the Yule-log softly aglow.

C for the Cold of the sky and the snow;  
H for the Hearth where they hang up the hose;  
R for the Reel which the old folks propose;  
I for the Icicles seen through the pane;  
S for the Sleigh-bells, with tinkling refrain;  
T for the Tree with gifts all abloom;  
M for the Mistletoe hung in the room;  
A for the Anthems we all love to hear;  
S for Saint Nicholas—joy of the year!

## The Christmas Pudding

FAR, far away in a distant clime,  
A Fairy small told me,  
Over the frosty snow and rime  
Is a rich plum-pudding tree;  
A pudding tree so large and fine,  
That never a day doth pass  
That dozens of puddings and pies divine  
Don't fall on the soft green grass.

And I told the Fairy that told me that,  
To see that when Christmas came—  
To take good care that a juicy, fat  
Plum pudding bore my name;  
For I have three boys, with appetites  
As big as the Fairy was wee,  
Who long for a series of great deep bites  
In the fruit of that splendid tree.

And I think that the noise of the merry bells  
That jingle so loud in my ear  
Is the longed-for sound that comes and tells  
That the pudding is almost here.  
And I'm sure I hear, as I listen again,  
On the roads so white and hard,  
The pattering hoofs of the reindeer twain,  
And the paws of the rabbit guard.

So gather, my boys, come gather about  
Our home mahogany tree;  
Cease not your din or your noisy rout,  
But join in a "three-times-three"  
For the distant folk of that lovely land  
Who under the spice tree play,  
Who are bringing to us that pudding grand  
To gladden our Christmas Day.

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## His Christmas Wish

I WISH I'd a million of dollars today,  
They'd go in a very short time;  
But don't think I've debts I am anxious to pay;  
I don't owe a mortal a dime.  
But this I would do if I had all that wealth:  
I'd take every poor boy I'd meet  
And give him the clothes that are needed for  
health;

I'd get him strong shoes for his feet;  
I'd buy him warm gloves, pea-jackets and  
hats—  
I'd fill him right up to the brim  
With turkey and stuffing and everything that's  
Most likely to satisfy him.

Not one should go hungry, not one should go  
bare;  
Each one should be happy as I.  
I'd lift every one from his sorrow and care;  
I'd make 'em all laugh—or I'd try.  
In fact, if I had it, that million, today,  
The boys would be brimming with glee  
Because I would treat 'em the very same way  
That papa and mamma treat me.

## Mistletoe

MISTLETOE clung to an old oak tree.  
"Woo!" said the owl; "Te-woo! Te-wee!  
Christmas has come; it is naught to me.  
Your life, fair Mistletoe, 's not secure;  
Man will discover you; then be sure  
Those that give pleasure must pain endure."

Each berry shook on the mistletoe,  
Waxy and round and as white as snow;  
Then to the owl it spoke: "Oh, no!  
It would be cruel to take away  
Freedom and life on a Christmas Day;  
Man would be willing to let me stay."

"Woo!" said the owl; "beware of fate!  
Faith in man is, I fear, too great."  
Off he fluttered to find his mate.  
Into the darkness that very night  
Radiant shone the Christmas light,  
Showing the owl a lovely sight.

Under the mistletoe children gay  
Frolicked and laughed and romped in play,  
Kissed each other, and ran away.  
Then said the mistletoe: "Only I  
Pleasure like this can give—and die.  
Envy my happiness. Friend, good-by."  
—F. R. ARNOLD.

## The Bloom of the Christmas Tree

AT NIGHT we planted the Christmas tree  
In the pretty home, all secretly;  
All secretly, though merry of heart,  
With many a whisper, many a start;  
For children who'd scorn to make believe  
May not sleep soundly on Christmas Eve.

And then the tree began to bloom,  
Filling with beauty the conscious room;  
The branches curved in a perfect poise,  
Laden with wonders that men call "toys,"  
Blooming and ripening (and still no noise),  
Until we merry folk stole away  
To rest and dream till dawn of day.

In the morning the world was a girl and a boy,  
The universe only their shouts of joy,  
Till every branch and bough had bent  
To yield the treasure the Christ-Child sent.  
And then—and then—the children flew  
Into our arms, as children do,  
And whispered, over and over again,  
That oldest, newest, sweetest refrain,  
"I love you! I love you! Yes, I love you!"  
And hugged and scrambled, as children do.  
And we said in our hearts, all secretly:  
"This is the bloom of the Christmas tree!"  
—M. M. D.

## The Christmas Letter

I'M ALWAYS glad when Christmas comes,  
and yet I'd like it better  
If Mother wouldn't sit me down to write a  
Christmas letter  
To Uncle John and Cousin Kate and dear old  
Grandaunt Gray,  
And all whose presents come to me from  
places far away.

Of course I love my presents, and if people  
should forget her,  
No little girl, my mother says, need send a  
Christmas letter.  
But oh! the ink makes awful blots, though I  
try to do real well,  
And when you write them out of school all  
words are hard to spell.  
I mean to mind my mother, she's so kind I  
would not fret her,  
But when she says, "Stop playing, dear, and  
write this Christmas letter,"  
It's just the thing I hate to hear, and if I  
dared, I wouldn't  
Remember how to hold a pen; I'd make  
believe I couldn't.

—HELEN LEAH REED.

## The Toys He Doesn't Like

I HAVE no use for iron toys,  
Or linen books—can't bear 'em;  
They're aggravating things for boys,  
For I can't break or tear 'em.

## The Christmas Pie

IT WAS a merry Christmas Day  
Not many years gone by;  
A day of gifts and songs, my dear—  
Description they defy;  
But some especial features were  
Roast turkey, nuts, and pie—  
Particularly Pie!

On that bright day, not long ago,  
A little friend of mine  
Had had a merry time, my dear  
(His age, I think, was nine);  
He had a merry time, I say,  
With all that cash could buy—  
Especially with Pie!

He went to bed that Christmas night  
And closed his weary eye,  
And what occurred thereafter, dear,  
Was traceable to pie,  
Though turkey had a share indeed,  
Which no one can deny—  
But not compared with Pie!

At midnight's still, uncanny hour,  
Lo! perched on each bedpost,  
Appeared a long-necked turkey hen—  
A pale, plucked, pimply ghost—  
And sat and ogled him the while  
With wicked, leering eye,  
Ejaculating "Pie!"

And there they sat through all the night,  
Except that once each chime  
They played at leap-frog on the bed,  
And chanted all the time  
A very melancholy song  
In tones pitched harsh and high:  
"O give, O give me Pie!"

At early dawn my youthful friend  
Sprang from his bed in fright,  
To find the phantoms of his dreams  
Had vanished with the night.  
Said he: "Good Christmas cheer is fine,  
But Wisdom's voice doth cry,  
'Pray draw the line at Pie!'"

So, dear young friends, a word to you  
Right at this Christmas Eve:  
Use caution with your appetite  
Or cause may come to grieve.  
Remember indigestion, dear,  
Few stomachs can defy,  
And draw the line at Pie.  
—MRS. DAVID MACLURE.





# Those Funny Children

## And the Funny Things They Say

ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



### Two Boys' Compositions

SCHOOL compositions occasionally turn out better, from a literary point of view, than teachers anticipate. An Illinois teacher asked her pupils to bring in "three items of information" about the river which flowed by their town; and from one boy she received this model of concise composition:

"THE SANGAMON RIVER.

"I have lived near it.  
"I have scated over it.  
"I have fallen into it."

Another teacher set her pupils at work on the subject: "What should little boys not do in school?" and from one of them received the following effort:

"Little boys at school should not make faces at the teacher and should not study too hard cause it makes them near-sighted, and should not do long examples in arithmetic cause it uses up their pencils too fast."

### Why Autos Frighten Horses

TWO little girls were not old enough to go to school.

"What makes a horse act naughty when he sees an auto?" asked one.

"Why, it is this way," said the wiser one. "Horses is used to secin' other horses pull wagons, and they don't know what to think of 'em goin' along without a horse. Guess if you saw a pair of pants walkin' down the street without a man in 'em you'd be scared too."

### Is it Any Wonder?

"HIM wuzza tootest itsie-bitsie pecious lovie lamb,  
And him des a sweetest pittie-ittie singie, yes, him am,  
Wis 'im tunnin' itsie footsie, an' him sayin' 'Goo-goo-goo!'  
Him was him muzzer's ownest lambie boy-sie—cootsie-coo!!!"

To this the baby listens by the hour and day and week—  
And yet his mother wonders why he doesn't learn to speak!

### To be More Exact

LITTLE Ethel had gone for the first time into the country and visited the farm. "Did you see them milk the cow, Ethel?" asked her mamma, on her return. "No, Mamma," was the reply; "but I saw them unmilk her."

### And Father Got a Neat Reply

"ARE you Papa's little girl?" asked a fond father. "Yes, sir," and she accompanied her answer with a kiss. "Are you Mamma's little girl?" he continued. "Yes, sir," was the equally frank response. "But how can you be Papa's girl and Mamma's girl at the same time?" "Well," replied the tot after a moment's reflection, "can't a nice carriage have two horses?"

### What She Learned

"WELL, Carolyn, how do you like school?" asked Papa. "Oh, so much, Papa!" said Carolyn, aged six. "That's right, Daughter. And now what have you learned today?" "Why, Papa," answered the little feminine, "I've learned the names of all the little boys."



### Bobby's Good Time

BOBBY has just returned from his first Christmas party, and Mamma, who has a visitor, is very proud. "Well, Bobby boy, did you have a good time?" asks Mamma. "Uh, huh," mutters Bobby. "And now tell Mamma and her friend: what did you do at the party?" "Frowed up."

### Mixed It

A PROGRESSIVE father determined to teach his little son Freddie the alphabet by a new method. The lesson began thus: "F for Freddie," said the father. "F for Freddie," repeated the little one. "M for me," said the father. "M for you," said Freddie. "No, Y for you," said the father. "No, F for me," said Freddie. The lesson was then given up, and the father intends to have the usual "A was an archer," etc., next time.

### An Incomplete Family

A SIX-YEAR-OLD girl, while calling at a near neighbor's alone, was sent out into the back yard to interview the family of puppies lately arrived at the kennel. Her hostess followed at a respectful distance. The little girl's eyes centered solemnly on the happy mother and the unconscious offspring, and, after looking all around, she was heard to remark: "Six children, and not a sign of a father."

### Left for Him

"WHY, Willie, what are you drawing?" asked a teacher of one of his scholars. "I'm drawing a picture of God." "But, Willie," said the teacher, "you mustn't do that; nobody knows how God looks." "Well, they will when I get this done," said Willie.



### A Polite Hint

A BUSINESS man said one day after borrowing his office-boy's knife: "How is it, Tommy, that you alone, of my whole large office-staff, always have your knife with you?" "I guess," the boy replied, "it's because my wages are so low I can't afford more than one pair of pants."

### Could Not Understand

THE bedtime hour was at hand, but after the usual preparations for the night Violet hesitated over her prayers. After a moment's silence she said: "Mummy dear, are our prayers answered?" "Why, yes, dear!" replied Mamma. "But what a question, dear!"

"I asked because, if they are, why do you smack me? Why don't you pray for me to be a good girl? It would be so much more comfy."

## What Really is the Trouble

### From the Infant's Point of View

By John Kendrick Bangs

I WISH to thunder I could talk,  
I'd tell my folks a thing or two.  
If I could speak instead of squawk  
I sort of think 'twould help us through.  
They're all as blue as yonder sky,  
And scratch their heads, and fret, and frown,  
Because no matter how I try  
I cannot keep my breakfast down.



They call the doctor in to see  
What is the matter with the child,  
And he just sits and stares at me  
Until he fairly drives me wild.  
He hems and haws and hums a tune,  
He taps me on my chest and back,  
And then he takes a tablespoon  
And fills me up with ipecac.



I would to gracious I could get  
A chance the trouble to explain.  
It really makes me fume and fret  
To find my efforts all in vain.  
The trouble is that when I'm fed  
My nurse, who's greener than a goose,  
Doth rock me in my cradle-bed  
Till I'm as seasick as the deuce!

He says my stomach's rather weak,  
And calls for antiseptic food,  
With name set forth in classic Greek  
To show it comes already chewed.  
There've been some seventeen or more  
New baby-foods procured for me,  
And not a one of all the store  
Has solved the awful mystery.



### Why it Was

"WHAT makes you so black, Tilda?" asked Mary Jane of the little negress. "Huh," said Tilda, "you'd be black, too, if you was born at midnight, in a dark room, and had a black fadder and a black mummy."

### His Father Didn't Know

A LITTLE lad was found on the street crying very bitterly because his cart was broken. The kindly disposed stranger endeavored to cheer up the little fellow by saying: "Never mind, my boy; your father can easily mend that." "No, he can't," sobbed the boy. "My father is a preacher, and don't know about anything."

### Just Wanted to Prove It

THE father of several boys was recently busily engaged in writing, sitting near the window, when he heard a shrill cry of "Dad, Dad!" from his youngest-born, who was playing with neighbors' children outside. "What a trial my children are!" murmured the distinguished man, as he thrust his head out of the window. "Well, boy," he asked, "what is it?" Whereupon the lad, who was standing in the center of a group of youngsters, replied: "Willie Johnson wouldn't believe that you hadn't a hair on your head. That's all, Dad."



### Beat the Others by One

SOME little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted:

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D D'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.,'" retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it: 'C. O. D.'"

### What Could She Have Heard?

A FAMILY, among whose charms good taste was lacking, had as a visitor a certain professor who was very sensitive to the inartistic.

One morning the professor's little daughter made an unexpected call at the house of this family. "Will you show me the rug in your dining-room?" she asked with childish frankness.

The lady of the house suppressed her wonder and led her little visitor by the hand to the dining-room. Inside the door the child stood and stared at the rug for a couple of minutes. "Hm!" she said, and seated herself firmly in a chair, her eyes glued to the rug. Finally she confided to her wondering hostess: "Well, it doesn't make me sick!"

### There was the Proof

THE visitor rang the bell and the door was opened by five wild-eyed youngsters who were towing the house cat around by a gas hose.

"I heard that your mamma was up at the mothers' congress delivering a lecture on 'How to Raise Children,'" announced the visitor. "Am I right?"

The oldest boy pointed to the overturned chairs, the scratched wall-paper and the broken table, and said simply: "Gee, don't it look like it?"

### A Bit Perplexing

MAMMA had talked earnestly to her young son, how at death his soul alone would go to Heaven. Evidently impressed, the youngster asked:

"But, Mother, if just my soul goes to Heaven what am I going to button my pants to?"

### Gave it a Trial

"YOU have been fighting again, Tommy!" "I couldn't help it, Mamma. That Stapleford boy sassed me."

"That was no reason for fighting. You should have remembered that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath' and given him a soft answer."

"I did. I hit him with a chunk o' mud."

### The Feminine Marks

RETURNING from school the other afternoon a little girl proudly informed her mother that she had learned to "punchtate."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "and how is it done?"

"You see, Mother," explained the child, "when you write 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question you put a buttonhook!"

### Not That Kind

A HEBREW boy was a fever patient in a hospital, and had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge bath and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?" Still whining, the youngster said: "No; Yiddish."

### Not Enough, Let Alone Too Much

TWO colored boys were talking on the street corner when a funeral procession went by.

"Who's daid?" asked one of them. "W'y ain' yoh heerd? Mose Smif, he's daid."

"Mose Smif! 's'e daid? W'en 'd'e die?" "Yistiddy, 'bout two 'clock."

"'Bout two 'clock? Wha's matteh wif 'im?"

"Et toh much wahtehmillon, dey say."

"Toh much wahtehmillon! G'way! D' ain' no sich ting's toh much wahtehmillon! Deh wa'n't nuf."

### What Happened in the Elevator

A CHILD who lives in the suburbs went shopping to the city with her mother for the first time. She had never been in an elevator before.

"How did you like it?" said the father. "Why, it was so funny, Papa," answered the child. "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."



### As Dolly Saw It

DOLLY was not quite six when her mother bought a flock of nine Plymouth Rock hens and a rooster, and diligently explained to Dolly that the rooster was the "papa hen" and the rest were all "mamma hens." After two or three days of confinement to accustom them to their coop they were let out to wander about the yard, and Dolly was set to watch them. The hens stayed together nicely, but the rooster showed a tendency to wander into the next-door neighbor's chicken-yard. Dolly chased him back time and again, until she was tired and out of patience. She turned her back for a minute, and when she looked around there were the hens up by the coop, while the rooster was sedately pacing across the garden toward the next yard.

Dolly stamped her foot on the sidewalk and screamed: "Come back here! Come back to your own family." The rooster proceeded in his promenade with perfect equanimity. Dolly watched him for a moment with a look of utter disgust. Then her mother heard her say very emphatically in an undertone: "That's just like you men, anyway."

# Instead of "gimcracks" why not something of standard value?

Each Christmas it is the problem of the *little* gifts that makes your shopping hardest.

How many times have you, in pure desperation, scattered "gimcracks" among your friends and faced it out shamefacedly with that time-worn phrase about taking "the will for the deed"?

If Christmas is the season of charity, why not give as you would be given to, and use the same discrimination for quality in the lesser as in the more important gifts?

Like the "Sterling" mark on silver is the name—

# "COLGATE"

on toilet articles

You would be glad to receive and you need not hesitate to give such articles as are illustrated here. Each one is the *standard* of its kind. You are giving the *best* no matter how little you pay. And after all one can give no better than the best.

## Two Combination Packages

have been prepared with the idea of gathering together in units, a few of the most popular of the Colgate Comforts. To give or to receive either one of these packages is as appropriate to Christmas sentiment as it is to common sense.

**No. 1—For a Man**—Shaving Stick, Violet Talc Powder, Coleo Soap, Guest Room Size Ribbon Dental Cream.

**No. 2—For a Lady**—Cashmere Bouquet Talc, Ribbon Dental Cream, Coleo Soap, Small bottle of Monad Violet Perfume.

Your druggist can get these packages for you at short notice if the demand for them has exhausted his supply. Or you can select from his stock these, or other Colgate articles that will equally serve your Christmas purpose.

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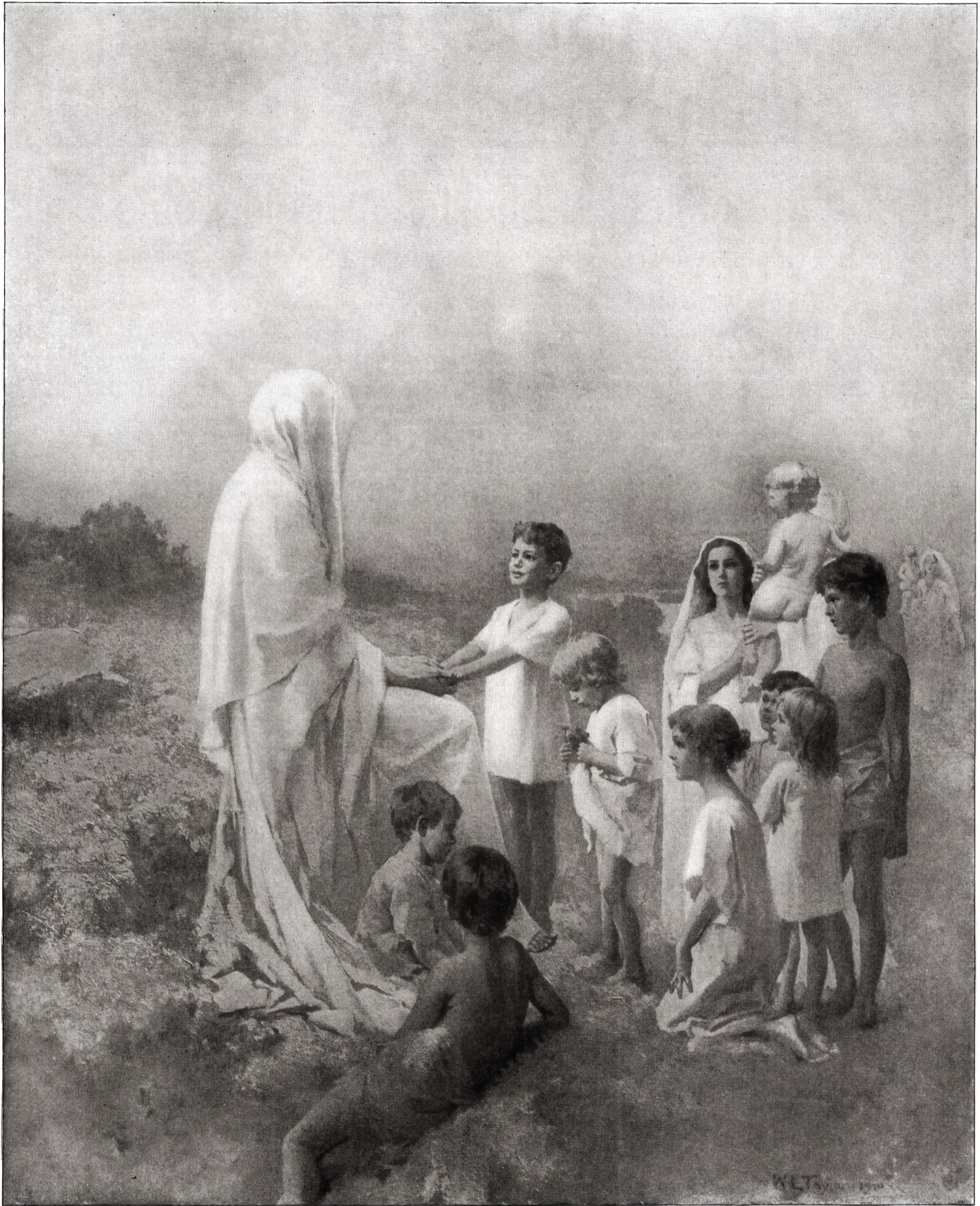
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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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“Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me:  
For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven”

Saint Matthew, XIX: 14

Painted by W. L. Taylor



DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

# Suppose a Bethlehem Shepherd Could Come Back

How He Would Tell What He Saw on That Wonderful First Christmas Night

By George Hodges, D.D.

**W**HAT would he say? If a Bethlehem shepherd could come back—one who had watched his flocks that holy night—if he could come back and tell the story of what he saw and heard what would he say?

Here we are, keeping another Christmas after the many centuries. The house is filled with the odor of green boughs, the tree shines with candles, the church bells are ringing down the snowy streets. And see! The door opens, and a shepherd enters, dressed in woolly skins and having a long staff in his hand. Behind him, in the clear and frosty night, the stars look down as they did then, and the shepherd smiles to think what pleasant things he has to say. So, listen!

**I** WAS standing by the gate when they came in.

Our town had a wall about it, as most towns had in those days of wars and wild beasts. There was a gate in the side toward Jerusalem, and by the gate a well. Yes, that was the well from which the famous heroes brought a cup of water to David in the midst of the battle. There were always people passing in and out coming to draw water from the well. The gate was one of the busiest places in Bethlehem. Everybody who had nothing else to do went there to see what might be going on.

That day there was a bigger crowd than usual, for it was the census time. Cæsar Augustus, away in Rome, had given orders that every man in the province of Palestine must go home to his own town where he was born, and there be counted and then taxed. And Cæsar Augustus was the ruler of the world. What he said must be obeyed. So all along the roads were dusty caravans of travelers, and in every town men and women were returning to the places where they had played when they were children. Bethlehem was the city of David. All who belonged to the family of David were coming back to Bethlehem.

I was working on the night turn then, sleeping by day and keeping watch over the flock by night. But late that afternoon, wakened by the noise of many people walking and talking in the street, I got up and went out to the gate. A caravan was coming in from Galilee. The thirsty travelers stopped to drink at the cool well. One was a gray-haired man with a carpenter's kit slung over his shoulder. It was plain that he expected to spend some time at the end of his journey and to earn his living with his saw and hammer. Beside him, riding on a mule's back, was his young wife. She was dressed in a dark blue skirt and a dark red coat, and over her head was a white veil. Many women dressed that way in my country, and do still. I noticed them particularly because she was so tired. They had come from Nazareth—a hundred miles away. His name was Joseph, and the young wife's name was Mary.

Joseph must have been away from Bethlehem many years, for there was nobody at the gate to meet him, and he seemed to have no friends with whom to stay. Mary had never been in Bethlehem before. It was now late in the day, and people who could take guests had their rooms full already. The only place remaining was the inn. We had a great inn in our town, built by Chimham, who had been a friend of David. It was a convenient lodging-place for courtiers of King Herod. For Herod had a country house in Bethlehem, and when he came to live in it a crowd came with him and stayed at Chimham's inn. But even the inn was full. The only shelter was the inn stable, among the mules and camels. There they went, and Joseph made a bed of straw for Mary.

**T**HE meadows where the sheep lay that night were on the other side of the town, beside the field where Boaz and Ruth, in the old time, reaped the barley harvest. There David in his boyhood had been a shepherd, tending the sheep like us, leading them beside still waters to green pastures, and sometimes fighting bears and wolves who came to steal the sheep. We used to remember how the Lord, when He sought a King for Israel, had found him among the sheepfolds. And we remembered, too, how the prophets had promised that some time the Lord would visit Bethlehem again on the same errand, and make our little town great among the cities of Judah, by choosing from among our shepherds another King whose reign should be even more splendid than the reign of David.

The promise seemed a long way off that night, while the lamps glimmered in the windows of Herod's palace and the town was filled with people who had come in obedience to Cæsar. There seemed no room for any other King:

even as there was no room for Joseph and Mary at the inn. But oh, what need there was of such a King! What a hard lot we had—we were all terribly poor, we were ruled by foreigners, and we felt all the pain and sin of human life! What need there was of a new King, who might conquer not only Cæsar but Satan as well, and lead us out of temptation and out of evil into peace and goodness! Even in the still pastures, under the starry sky, amidst the gentle sheep, we felt in our hearts the grief and wrong of the wide world.

I must have fallen asleep while the others watched, for suddenly, whether waking or sleeping I could hardly tell, I opened my eyes to see a strange splendor in the sky. Was the moon rising? Was the town on fire? Was the day dawning? No, the sky itself was blazing, and becoming brighter and brighter every moment. And in the sky were shining figures as of angels, crowds and choruses of angels, singing: at first faintly, like the blowing of the night wind in the tops of the trees, then louder till I began to hear the sound of words. I confess I was afraid, and wondered where I might hide from these alarming sights. Then all of a sudden there came a clear voice, like the music of a distant silver trumpet. And an angel spoke.

**"FEAR not,"** he said, "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And the chorus moved as if in procession from the gates of Heaven, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Then the flaming light slowly faded till it shone as dim as a white aurora in the north: and the night was dark again, and the stars appeared, and all we shepherds stood amazed among our sheep.

And I said: "Wherever there is a manger there is a stable. I know a stable where a mother lies tonight whose time has come that she should have her child."

For I remembered Mary and the stable of the inn.

So the shepherds said: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us."

And we came with haste, our footsteps echoing through the empty streets, and in the stable we found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. There was no light in the stable except such as came from a dim lantern hanging from a beam. There was no suggestion of the splendor of Heaven except in the tender joy of the mother's face and in the peace of the sleeping Child. The place was what one might expect, with cobwebs on the dusty walls, and cattle feeding: and the Child's cradle was the manger. But this was what the voice from the sky had promised: we should find the King of Glory the child of poor parents, born in a stable.

We told the saying which had been told us concerning the Child, and all who heard it wondered greatly. Then we returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that we had heard and seen.

After some days we were told that there had been strangers in our little town looking for the King of the Jews, and seeming to be Kings themselves from some far distant lands. It was said that they sought out the Child who had been cradled in the manger, being guided by a star, and that they gave Him gifts. But they came by night and went away by night and I was in the pastures and did not see them. I only know that some rumor of these things came to the ears of Herod, and that he had some little children in Bethlehem put to death, hoping thus to kill the Child at whose birth the angels sang. But before that Joseph had taken the Child and Mary and had gone down to Egypt. None of them was ever seen again in Bethlehem.

**O**H, SHEPHERD, that is only the beginning of the story! That is only the beginning of the most beautiful and most wonderful and most blessed story in the world. The Child grew to be the Perfect Man. God Himself dwelt in His soul, spoke by His lips, and lived in His life. At last He died to show us how God cares for us and loves us, and rose from the dead to make us sure that death is only a black door into a life of everlasting happiness. He became, as the angels said, the Savior of the World. They who put their trust in Him are saved even today from sin and grief, and keep this Christmas, the anniversary of His birth, with joy and gratitude and peace.



DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"I Opened My Eyes to See a Strange Splendor in the Sky"



# Is There Really a Santa Claus?

By Edward S. Martin

Author of "The Luxury of Children and Other Luxuries," etc.

DEAR Child, there is, and there isn't. There isn't really a Santa Claus in flesh and blood, with boots and a muffler and a round belly, and the reindeer and the sleigh and the pack of toys. Just as soon as you are big enough to measure things, and to go on the roof and look down the chimney, you will see that the cheery, portly, old dear could never climb down such chimneys as are built now.

No, there isn't a really, truly, flesh-and-blood, only genuine Santa Claus that can be seen with the eyes and felt with the hands, and those you see at Christmas trees and in the shop windows are just made up to make fun for you and make glad your young hearts.

But, bless you, that's not all the story; dear, no! There *is* a Santa Claus; just such a one as you have known, but kinder, and abler, and better up to his big job of bringing Christmas joys and Christmas presents to all the children.

How can I explain it?

You see, if there had been such a Santa Claus as you are used to think of—flesh and blood, boots and pack—he would have been dead long ago and there wouldn't be any now. The reason why he isn't dead is because he is made of altogether different stuff from what you and I are. As he had to live always he had to be made of the same stuff as the other things that last always: the stuff that lasts forever.

Do you know what is the most lasting of all things there are in the world?

A house, you say?

Oh, no; a house can burn up, or wear out, or fall down.

A tree, then, you say?

Oh, no; even the longest-living tree dies.

Not a house, nor a tree, nor any living creature, nor a stone, nor even a goldpiece.

The thing that lasts longer than all other things is a thought. A thought that is good enough goes down from mind to mind through the years and years, and lasts forever. And some good thoughts take upon themselves a sort of human form, and then that lasts forever.

So it is with Santa Claus. He is a good thought that has taken human form. There is nothing about him that can pass away. He is far more lasting than if he were made like you and me. He was here in the world long before we came to it, and he will be here long, long after we leave it.

Let me explain it this way: You know how a magic lantern works. You run the slide in between the lamp and the lens, and the light shines through it, and there's the picture on the wall, lifelike and lively, and true in all its colors. Something like that a good thought takes human shape. The mind is the painted slide that has the thought on it, and the light that shines through it—ah, children, that is Love!

As long as the love of children lasts, and the thought lasts that is Santa Claus, so long will that dear and cheery old fellow turn up at Christmastime, and the image of him come, loaded with toys, to the Christmas trees, and stand in the show windows of the big shops with his pack and his deer and sleigh. And children will write him letters and he will answer them, and the new babies will be told about him, just as now.

I wish there were more things in the world so real, so good, so fit to last as Santa Claus. Whatever mind has his picture on it will show him at Christmastime when the light of love shines through it. And every such mind should bear in it, too, the picture of the Christ-Child, Whose birthday Christmas is. Santa Claus is a living thought, but the Christ-Child is that and far more—a real flesh-and-blood Child, Who lived and grew to be a Man Who taught and passed away. But for that we should hardly have a Santa Claus, for we should not have had Christmas; and though children were loved and gifts were given long before the Christ-Child came to earth His coming made so great a difference that Christmas was named after Him. And though He passed from our eyes yet He did not perish, but lives now, real and lifelike, in every mind that bears His image, and in every heart that does His will.

And that is the errand of Santa Claus: to do the Christ-Child's will at Christmastime: to cheer all hearts, the little and the big: to make all glad that the Christ-Child came and taught us all the lesson that is Love.

So stick to Santa Claus, dear children, but to Santa Claus as a spirit. And the older you grow and the better you understand about him the better you will think of him and of his errand, and the more clearly you will see how largely he is real and how wholly he is good.



DECORATION BY CORINNE BOYD DILLON

# The Little Boy They Turned Away

A Music Story for Children  
on Christmas Eve

Adapted From the German  
by Elizabeth Harrison

ONCE upon a time, a long, long time ago, on the night before Christmas a little child was wandering all alone through the streets of a great city. There were many people on the street, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, and even gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers, all of whom were hurrying home with bundles of presents for each other and for their little ones. Fine carriages rolled by, express wagons rattled past, even old carts were pressed into service, and all things seemed in a hurry and glad with expectation of the coming Christmas morning. From some of the windows bright lights were already beginning to stream until it was almost as bright as day.

But the little child seemed to have no home, and wandered about listlessly from street to street. No one took any notice of him except perhaps Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and made the ends of his fingers tingle. The north wind, too, seemed to notice the child, for it blew against him and pierced his ragged garments through and through, causing him to shiver with cold. Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows in upon the glad, happy children, most of whom were helping to trim the Christmas trees for the coming morrow.

"Surely," said the child to himself, "where there is so much gladness and happiness some of it may be for me." So with timid steps he approached a large and handsome house. Through the windows he could see a tall and stately Christmas tree already lighted. Many presents hung upon it. Its green boughs were trimmed with gold and silver ornaments. Slowly he climbed up the broad steps and gently rapped at the door. It was opened by a large manservant. He had a kindly face, although his voice was deep and gruff. He looked at the little child for a moment, then sadly shook his head and said: "Go down off the steps. There is no room here for such as you." He looked sorry as he spoke; possibly he remembered his own little ones at home and was glad that they were not out on this cold and bitter night. Through the open door a bright light shone, and the warm air, filled with the fragrance of the Christmas pine, rushed out from the inner room and greeted the little wanderer with a kiss. As the child turned back into the cold and darkness he wondered why the footman had spoken thus, for surely, thought he, those little children would love to have another companion join them in their joyous Christmas festival. But the little children inside did not even know that he had knocked at the door.

The street grew colder and darker as the child passed on. He went sadly forward, saying to himself: "Is there no one in all this great city who will share the Christmas with me?" Farther and farther down the street he wandered, to where the homes were not so large and beautiful. There seemed to be little children inside of nearly all the houses. They were dancing and frolicking about. Christmas trees could be seen in nearly every window, with beautiful dolls and trumpets and picture-books and balls and tops and other dainty toys hung upon them. In one window the child noticed a little lamb made of soft, white wool. Around its neck was tied a red ribbon. It had evidently been hung on the tree for one of the children. The little stranger stopped before this window and looked long and earnestly at the beautiful things inside, but most of all was he drawn toward the white lamb. At last creeping up to the windowpane he gently tapped upon it. A little girl came to the window and looked out into the dark street where the snow had now begun to fall. She saw the child, but she only frowned and



FROM A PAINTING BY  
SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

shook her head and said: "Go away and come some other time. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark, cold street he turned again. The wind was whirling past him and seemed to say: "Hurry on, hurry on, we have no time to stop. 'Tis Christmas Eve and everybody is in a hurry tonight."

Again and again the little child rapped softly at door or windowpane. At each place he was refused admission. One mother feared he might have some ugly disease which her darlings would catch; another father said he had only enough for his own children and none to spare for beggar brats. Still another told him to go home where he belonged and not to trouble other folks.

The hours passed; later grew the night and colder blew the wind and darker seemed the street. Farther and farther the little one wandered. There was scarcely any one left upon the street by this time, and the few who remained did not seem to see the child. Suddenly ahead of him there appeared a bright, single ray of light. It shone through the darkness into the child's eyes. He looked up smilingly and said: "I will go where the small light beckons; perhaps they will share their Christmas with me."

Hurrying past all the other houses he soon reached the end of the street and went straight up to the window from which the light was streaming. It was a poor little low house, but the child cared not for that. The light seemed still to call him in. From what do you suppose the light came? Nothing but a tallow candle, which had been placed in an old cup with a broken handle in the window, as a glad token of Christmas Eve. There was neither curtain nor shade to the small, square window, and as the little child looked in he saw standing upon a neat, wooden table a branch of a Christmas tree. The room was plainly furnished, but it was very clean. Near the fireplace sat a lovely-faced mother with a little two-year-old on her knee and an older child beside her. The two children were looking into their mother's face and listening to a story. She must have been telling them a Christmas story, I think. A few bright coals were burning in the fireplace and all seemed light and warm within.

The little wanderer crept closer and closer to the windowpane. So sweet was the mother's face, so loving seemed

the little children, that at last he took courage and tapped gently, very gently, on the door.

The mother stopped talking, the little children looked up.

"What was that, Mother?" asked the little girl at her side.

"I think it was some one tapping on the door," replied the mother. "Run as quickly as you can and open it, dear, for it is a bitter cold night to keep any one waiting in this storm."

"Oh, Mother, I think it was the bough of the tree tapping against the windowpane," said the little girl. "Do please go on with our story."

Again the little wanderer tapped upon the door.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the mother, rising, "that certainly was a rap on the door. Run quickly and open it. No one must be left out in the cold on our beautiful Christmas Eve."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the ragged stranger standing without, cold and shivering, with bare head and almost bare feet. She held out both hands and drew him into the warm, bright room. "You poor, dear child!" was all she said, and putting her arms around him she drew him close to her breast.

"He is very cold, my children," she exclaimed. "We must warm him."

"And," added the little girl, "we must love him and give him some of our Christmas too."

"Yes," said the mother; "but first let us warm him."

The mother sat down beside the fire with the child on her lap, and her own two little ones warmed his half-frozen hands in theirs. The mother smoothed his tangled curls, and bending low over his head kissed the child's face. She gathered the three little ones in her arms, and the candle and the firelight shone over them. For a moment the room was very still.

By-and-by the little girl said softly to her mother: "May we not light the Christmas tree and let him see how beautiful it looks?"

"Yes," said the mother.

With that she seated the child on a low stool beside the fire and went herself to fetch the few simple ornaments which from year to year she had saved for her children's Christmas tree.

They were soon so busy that they did not notice the room had filled with a strange and brilliant light. They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer sat. His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful; his tangled curls seemed like a halo of golden light about his head; but most glorious of all was his face, which shone with a light so dazzling that they could scarcely look upon it.

In silent wonder they gazed at the child. Their little room seemed to grow larger and larger until it was as wide as the whole world; the roof of their low house seemed to expand and rise until it reached to the sky.

With a sweet and gentle smile the wonderful child looked upon them for a moment and then slowly rose and floated through the air, above the treetops, beyond the church spire, higher even than the clouds themselves, until he appeared to them to be a shining star in the sky above. At last he disappeared from sight.

The astonished children turned in hushed awe to their mother, and said in a whisper: "Oh, Mother, it was the Christ-Child, was it not?"

And the mother answered in a low tone: "Yes."

NOTE—This story is intended for reading aloud, and its effect is greatly increased when it is accompanied by the music which has been selected and arranged for it by Francis M. Arnold, author of "Arnold's Collection of Rhythms for the Home, Kindergarten and Primary."

Before the story-teller begins, "The Pastoral Symphony" from Händel's "Messiah" is played, growing softer and softer and at last changing into the music of the German choral "Holy Night," which is played in the key of C major:



This choral (through repetition or improvisation) serves as accompaniment to the first part of the story, remaining in the major key as long as the child is exposed to the coldness of Nature. When the first human rebuff comes, at the words "Go down off the steps," the choral changes to the key of C minor and becomes discordant:



This plaintive key continues until the words "There appeared a bright, single ray of light." With these words of cheer comes the first faint suggestion of the Choral of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony":



But the "Holy Night" (in minor) is still the predominating theme. As the child approaches the little home the two themes alternate, the "Holy Night" gradually giving way to the complete theme of the Beethoven Choral:



which swells into joy as the welcome is given to him by the mother and her children.

With the words "His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful," a quick modulation changes the key to A flat major and the motif of the sacrament is heard:



continuing as developed in the Prelude to "Parsifal" (Kleinmichel Edition, page 4, to the last measure, second line, page 50), ending with the chord of D major. The tremolo effect indicated should be played with much crescendo and diminuendo to suggest the pulsation of light. At the words "He appeared to them to be a shining star," the motif of the sacrament may be carried up octave by octave to the highest part of the piano with a constant diminuendo until it gradually dies into silence:



# How a Cat Played Robinson Crusoe

By Charles G. D. Roberts, Author of "The House in the Water," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

**T**HE island was a mere sandbank off the low, flat coast. Not a tree broke its bleak levels—not even a shrub. But the long, gritty stalks of the marsh grass clothed it everywhere above tide-mark; and a tiny rivulet of sweet water, flowing from a spring at its center, drew a ribbon of inland herbage and tenderer green across the harsh and somber yellow gray of the grass. Few would have chosen the island as a place to live, yet at its seaward end, where the changing tides were never still, stood a spacious, one-storied, wide-verandaed cottage, with a low shed behind it. The virtue of this lone plot of sand was coolness. When the neighbor mainland would be sweltering day and night alike under a breathless heat, out here on the island there was always a cool wind blowing. Therefore a wise city dweller had appropriated the sea waif and built his summer home thereon, where the tonic airs might bring back the rose to the pale cheeks of his children.

The family came to the island toward the end of June. In the first week of September they went away, leaving every door and window of house and shed securely shuttered, bolted or barred against the winter's storms. A roomy boat, rowed by two fishermen, carried them across the half mile of racing tides that separated them from the mainland. The elders of the household were not sorry to get back to the world of men, after two months of mere wind, and sun, and waves, and waving grass tops. But the children went with tear-stained faces. They were leaving behind them their favorite pet, the accustomed comrade of their migrations, a handsome, moon-faced cat, striped like a tiger. The animal had mysteriously disappeared two days before, vanishing from the face of the island without leaving a trace behind. The only reasonable explanation seemed to be that she had been snapped up by a passing eagle. The cat, meanwhile, was fast prisoner

at the other end of the island, hidden beneath a broken barrel and some hundredweight of drifted sand.

The old barrel, with the staves battered out of one side, had stood, half buried, on the crest of a sand ridge raised by a long prevailing wind. Under its lee the cat had found a sheltered hollow, full of sun, where she had been wont to lie curled up for hours at a time, basking and sleeping. Meanwhile the sand had been steadily piling itself higher and higher behind the unstable barrier. At last it had piled too high; and suddenly,

before a stronger gust, the barrel had come toppling over beneath a mass of sand, burying the sleeping cat out of sight and light. But at the same time the sound half of the barrel had formed a safe roof to her prison, and she was neither crushed nor smothered. When the children in their anxious search all over the island chanced upon the mound of fine, white sand they gave it but one careless look. They could not hear the faint cries that came, at intervals, from the close darkness within. So they went away sorrowfully, little dreaming that their friend was imprisoned almost beneath their feet.

For three days the prisoner kept up her appeals for help. On the third day the wind changed and presently blew up a gale. In a few hours it had uncovered the barrel. At one corner a tiny spot of light appeared.

Eagerly the cat stuck her paw through the hole. When she withdrew it again the hole was much enlarged. She took the hint and

fell to scratching. At first her efforts were rather aimless; but presently, whether by good luck or quick sagacity, she learned to make her scratching more effective. The opening rapidly enlarged, and at last she was able to squeeze her way out.

The wind was tearing madly across the island, filled with flying sand. The seas hurled themselves trampling up the beach, with the uproar of a bombardment. The grasses lay bowed flat in long, quivering ranks. Over the turmoil the sun stared down from a deep, unclouded blue.

The cat, when first she met the full force of the gale, was fairly blown off her feet. As soon as she could recover herself she crouched low and darted into

the grass for shelter. But there was little shelter there, the long stalks being held down almost level. Through their lashed lines, however, she sped straight before the gale, making for the cottage at the other end of the island, where she would find, as she fondly imagined, not only food and shelter but also loving comfort to make her forget her terrors.

Still and desolate in the bright sunshine and the tearing wind the house frightened her. She could not understand the tight-closed shutters, the blind, unresponsive doors that would no longer open to her anxious appeal.

The wind swept her savagely across the naked veranda. Climbing with difficulty to the dining-room windowsill, where so often she had been let in, she clung there a few moments and yowled heartbrokenly. Then, in a sudden panic, she jumped down and ran to the shed. That, too, was closed. Never before had she seen the shed doors closed, and she could not understand it. Cautiously she crept around the foundations—but those had been built honestly: there was no such thing as getting in that way. On every side it was nothing but a blank, forbidding face that the old familiar house confronted her with.

The cat had always been so coddled and pampered by the children that she had had no need to forage for herself; but, fortunately for

her, she had learned to hunt the marsh mice and grass sparrows for amusement. So now, being ravenous from her long fast under the sand, she slunk mournfully away from the deserted house and crept along under the lee of a sand ridge to a little grassy hollow which she knew. Here the gale caught only the tops of the grasses; and here, in the warmth and comparative calm, the furry little marsh folk, mice and shrews, were going about their business undisturbed. The cat, quick and stealthy, soon caught one and eased her hunger. She caught several. And then, making her way back to the house, she spent hours in heartsick prowling around it and around, sniffing and peering, yowling piteously on threshold and windowsill; and every now and then being blown ignominiously across the smooth, naked expanse of the veranda floor. At last, hopelessly discouraged, she curled herself up beneath the children's window and went to sleep.

In spite of her loneliness and grief the life of the island prisoner during the next two or three weeks was by no means one of hardship. Besides her abundant food of birds and mice she quickly learned to catch tiny fish in the mouth of the rivulet, where salt water and fresh water met. It was an exciting game, and she became expert at dashing the gray tom-cod and blue-and-silver sand-lance far up the slope with a sweep of her armed paw. But when the equinoctial storms roared down upon the island, with furious rain, and low, black clouds torn to shreds, then life became

more difficult for her. Game all took to cover, where it was hard to find. It was difficult to get around in the drenched and lashing grass; and, moreover, she loathed wet. Most of the time she went hungry, sitting sullen and desolate under the lee of the house, glaring out defiantly at the rush and battling tumult of the waves.

The storm lasted nearly ten days before it blew itself clean out. On the eighth day the abandoned wreck of a small Nova Scotia schooner drove ashore, battered out of all likeness to a ship. But hulk as it was it had passengers of a sort. A horde of rats got through the surf and scurried into the hiding of the grass roots. They promptly made themselves at home, burrowing under the grass and beneath old, half-buried timbers, and carrying panic into the ranks of the mice and shrews.

When the storm was over the cat had a decided surprise in her first long hunting expedition. Something had rustled the grass heavily and she trailed it, expecting a particularly large, fat marsh mouse. When she pounced and alighted upon an immense old ship's rat, many-voyaged and many-battled, she got badly bitten. Such an experience had never before fallen to her lot. At first she felt so injured that she was on the point of backing out and running away.

Then her latent pugnacity awoke, and the fire of far-off ancestors. She flung herself into the fight with a rage that took no accounting of the wounds she got; and the struggle was soon over. Her wounds, faithfully licked, quickly healed themselves in that clean and tonic air; and after that, having learned how to handle such big game, she no more got bitten.

During the first full moon after her abandonment—the first week in October—the island was visited by still weather with sharp night frosts. The cat discovered then that it was most exciting to hunt by night and do her sleeping in the daytime. She found that now, under the strange whiteness of the moon, all her game was astir—except the birds, which

had fled to the mainland during the storm, gathering for the southward flight. The blanched grasses, she

found, were now everywhere a-rustle; and everywhere dim little shapes went darting with thin squeaks across ghostly-white sands. Also she made the acquaintance of a new bird, which she regarded at first uneasily and then with vengeful wrath. This was the brown marsh owl, which came over from the mainland to do some autumn mouse hunting. There were two pairs of these big, downy-winged, round-eyed hunters, and they did not know there was a cat on the island.

The cat, spying one of them as it swooped soundlessly hither and thither over the silvered grass tops, crouched with flattened ears. With its wide spread of wing it looked bigger than herself; and the great round face, with hooked beak and wild, staring eyes, appeared extremely formidable. However, she was no coward; and presently, though not without reasonable caution, she went about her hunting. Suddenly the owl caught a partial glimpse of her in the grass—probably of her ears or head. He swooped; and at the same instant she sprang upward to meet the assault, spitting and growling harshly and striking with unsheathed claws. With a frantic flapping of his great wings the owl checked himself and drew back into the air, just escaping the clutch of those indignant claws. After that the marsh owls were careful to give her a wide berth. They realized that the black-striped animal with the quick

spring and the clutching claws was not to be interfered with. They perceived that she was some relation to that ferocious prowler, the lynx.

In spite of all this hunting, however, the furry life of the marsh grass was so teeming, so inexhaustible, that the depredations of cat, rats and owls were powerless to make more than a passing impression upon it. So the hunting and the

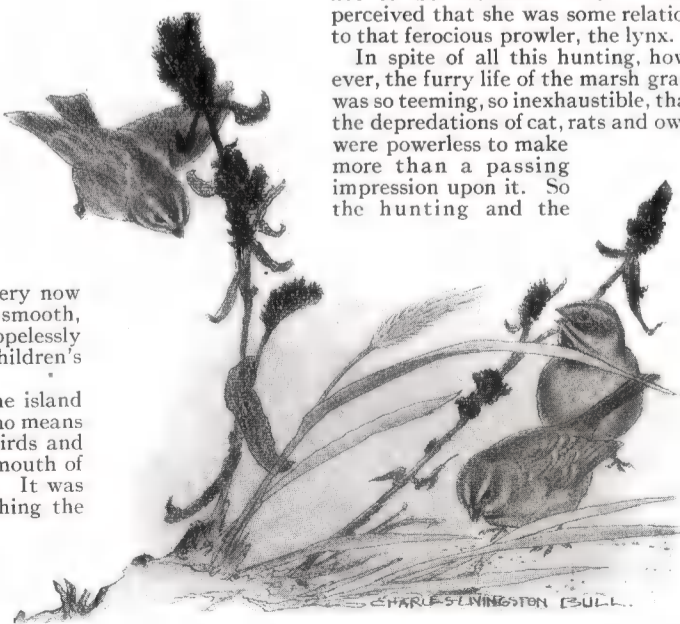
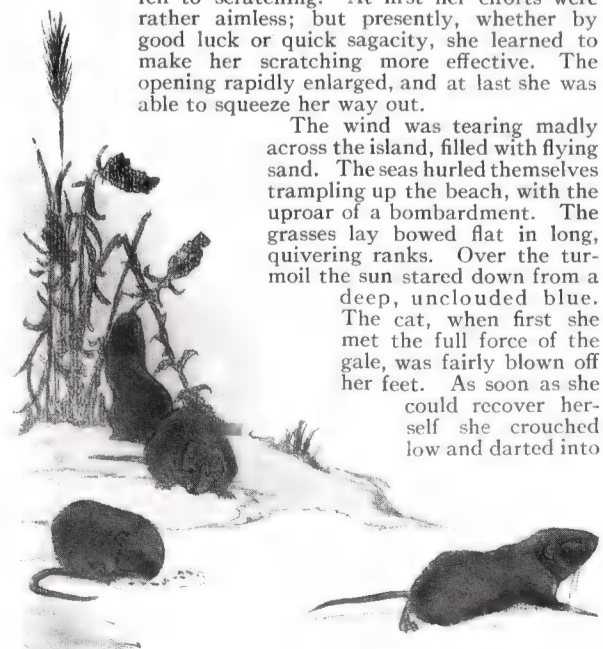
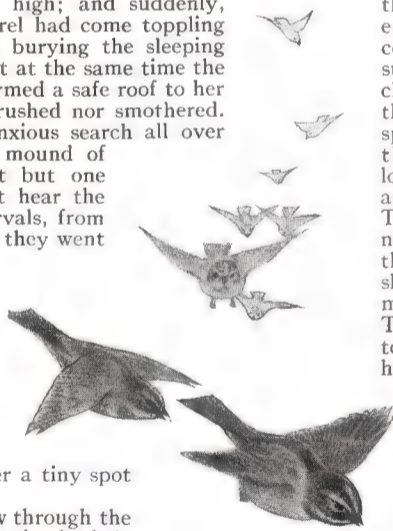
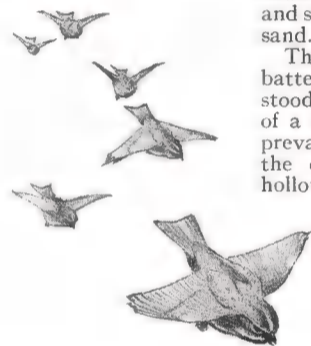


"With a Frantic Flapping of His Great Wings the Owl Checked Himself, Just Escaping the Clutch of Those Indignant Claws"

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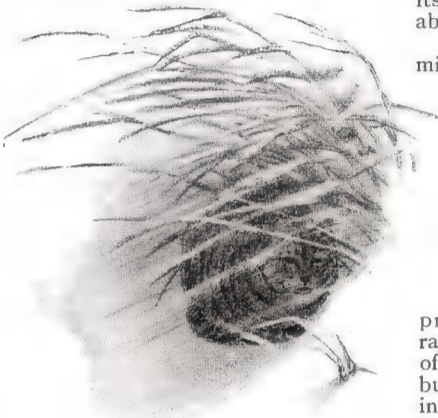
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merrymaking went on side by side under the indifferent moon.

As the winter deepened—with bursts of sharp cold and changing winds that forced the cat to be continually changing her refuge—she grew more and more unhappy. She felt her homelessness keenly. Nowhere on the whole island could she find a nook where she might feel secure from both wind and rain. As for the old barrel, the first cause of her misfortunes, there was no help in that. The winds had long ago turned it completely over, open to the sky, then drifted it full of sand and reburied it. And in any case the cat would have been afraid to go near it again. So it came about that she alone of all the island dwellers had no shelter to turn to when the real winter arrived, with snows that smothered the grass tops out of sight, and frosts that lined the shore with grinding ice cakes. The rats had their holes under the buried fragments of wreckage; the mice and shrews had their deep, warm tunnels; the owls had nests in hollow trees far away in the forests of the mainland. But the cat, shivering and frightened, could do nothing but crouch against the blind walls of the unrelenting house and



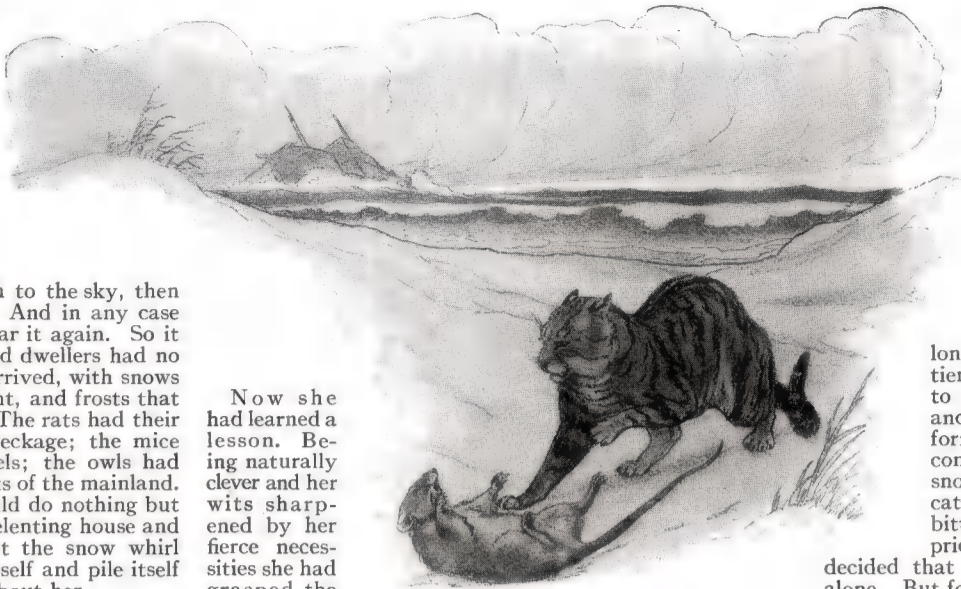
"From This Retreat She Gazed Forth"

and now and then snapping up an unwary passerby. The ice fringe, crumbling and heaving under the ruthless tide, put an end to her fishing. She would have tried to capture one of the formidable owls in her hunger, but the owls no longer came to the island. They would return, no doubt, later in the season when the snow had hardened and the mice had begun to come out and play on the surface. But for the present they were following an easier chase in the depths of the upland forest.

When the snow stopped falling and the sun came out again there fell such keen cold as the cat had never felt before. The day, as it chanced, was Christmas; and if the cat had had any idea as to the calendar she would certainly have marked the day in her memory as it was an eventful one for her. Starving as she was she could not sleep, but kept ceaselessly on the prowl. This was fortunate, for had she gone to sleep without any more shelter than the wall of the house she would never have wakened again. In her restlessness she wandered to the farther side of the island where, in a somewhat sheltered and sunny recess of the shore facing the mainland, she found a patch of bare sand, free of ice cakes and just uncovered by the tide. Opening upon this recess were the tiny entrances to several of the mouse tunnels.

Close beside one of these holes in the snow the cat crouched, quivering intent. For ten minutes or more she waited, never so much as twitching a whisker. At last a mouse thrust out its little pointed head. Not daring to give it time to change its mind or take alarm she pounced. The mouse, glimpsing the doom ere it fell, doubled back upon itself in the narrow runway. Hardly realizing what she did in her desperation the cat plunged head and shoulders into the snow, reaching blindly after the vanished prize. By great good luck she caught it.

It was her first meal in four bitter days. The children had always tried to share with her their Christmas cheer and enthusiasm, and had usually succeeded in interesting her by an agreeable lavishness in the matter of cream; but never before had she found a Christmas feast so good.



"She Pounced Upon an Old Ship's Rat"

let the snow whirl itself and pile itself about her.

And now, in her misery, she found her food cut off. The mice ran secure in their hidden runways, where the grass roots on each side of them gave them easy and abundant provender. The rats, too, were out of sight—digging burrows themselves in the soft snow in the hope of intercepting some of the tunnels of the mice,

Now she had learned a lesson. Being naturally clever and her wits sharpened by her fierce necessities she had grasped the idea that it was possible

to follow her prey a little way into the snow. She had not realized that the snow was so penetrable. She had quite wiped out the door of this particular runway; so she went and crouched beside a similar one, but here she had to wait a long time before an adventurous mouse came to peer out. But this time she showed that she had grasped her lesson. It was straight at the side of the entrance that she pounced, where instinct told her that the body of the mouse would be. One outstretched paw thus cut off the quarry's retreat. Her tactics were completely successful; and as her head went plunging into the fluffy whiteness she felt the prize between her paws.

Her hunger now fairly appeased, she found herself immensely excited over this new fashion of hunting. Often before had she waited at mouse holes, but never had she found it possible to break down the walls and invade the holes themselves. It was a thrilling idea. As she crept toward another hole a mouse scurried swiftly up the sand and darted into it. The cat, too late to catch him before he disappeared, tried to follow him. Scratching clumsily but hopefully she succeeded in forcing the full length of her body into the snow. She found no sign of the fugitive, which was by this time racing in safety down some dim transverse tunnel. Her eyes, mouth, whiskers and fur full of the powdery white particles, she backed out, much disappointed. But in that moment she had realized that it was much warmer in there beneath the snow than out in the stinging air. It was a second and vitally important lesson; and though she was probably unconscious of having learned it she instinctively put the new lore into practice a little while later.

Having succeeded in catching yet another mouse for which her appetite made no immediate demand, she carried it back to the house and laid it down in tribute on the veranda steps while she meowed and stared hopefully at the desolate, snow-draped door. Getting no response she carried the mouse down with her to the hollow behind the drift which had been caused by the bulging front of the bay-window on the end of the house. Here she curled herself up forlornly, thinking to have a wink of sleep.

But the still cold was too searching. She looked at the sloping wall of snow beside her and cautiously thrust her paw into it. It was very soft and light. It seemed to offer practically no

resistance. She pawed away in an awkward fashion till she had scooped out a sort of tiny cave. Gently she pushed herself into it, pressing back the snow on every side till she had room to turn around.

huge white owl from the Arctic Barrens came one night to the island. The cat, taking observations from the corner of the veranda, caught sight of him. One look was enough to assure her that this was a very different kind of visitor from the brown marsh owls. She slipped inconspicuously down into her burrow; and until the great white owl went away, some twenty-four hours later, she kept herself discreetly out of sight.

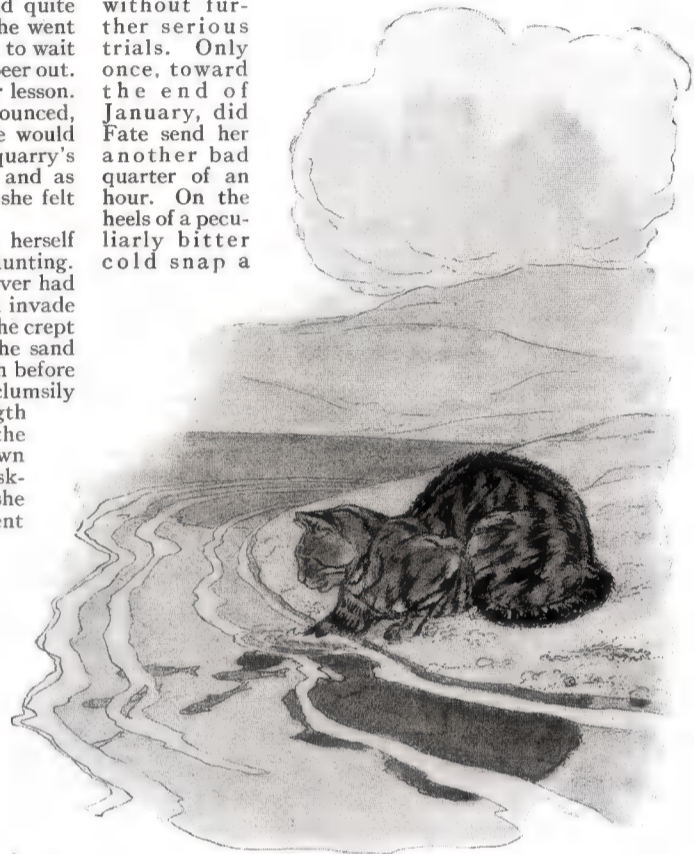
When spring came back to the island, with the nightly shrill chorus of fluting frogs in the shallow, sedgy pools and the young grass alive with nesting birds, the prisoner's life became almost luxurious in its easy abundance. But now she was once more homeless, since her snug den had vanished with the snow. This did not much matter to her, however, for the weather grew warmer and more tranquil day by day; and moreover she herself, in being forced back upon her instincts, had learned to be as contented as a tramp. Nevertheless, with all her capacity for learning and adapting herself she had not forgotten anything. So when, one day in June, a crowded boat came over from the mainland, and children's voices, clamoring across the grass tops, broke the desolate silence of the island, the cat heard and sprang up out of her sleep on the veranda steps.

For one second she stood, listening intently. Then, almost as a dog would have done, and as few of her supercilious tribe ever condescend to do, she went racing across to the landing place—to be snatched up into the arms of four happy children at once, and to have her fine fur ruffled to a state which it would cost her an hour's assiduous toilet to put in order.

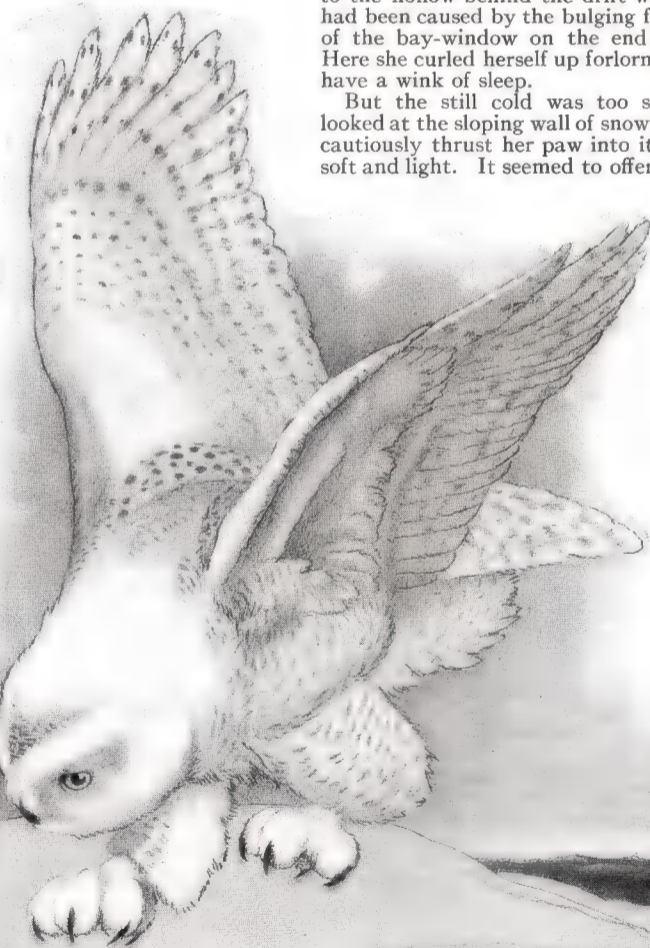
Then turn around she did several times, as dogs do in getting their beds arranged to their liking. In this process she not only packed down the snow beneath her, but she also rounded out for herself a snug chamber with a comparatively narrow doorway. From this snowy retreat she gazed forth with a solemn air of possession; then she went to sleep with a sense of comfort, of "homeyness," such as she had never before felt since the disappearance of her friends.

Having thus conquered misfortune and won herself the freedom of the winter wild, her life though strenuous was no longer one of any terrible hardship. With patience at the mouse holes she could catch enough to eat; and in her snowy den she slept warm and secure. In a little while, when a crust had formed over the surface, the mice took to coming out at night and holding revels on the snow. Then the owls, too, came back; and the cat, having tried to catch one, got sharply bitten and clawed before she realized the propriety of letting it go. After this experience she decided that owls, on the whole, were meant to be let alone. But for all that she found it fine hunting, out there on the bleak, unfenced, white reaches of the snow.

Thus, mistress of the situation, she found the winter slipping by without further serious trials. Only once, toward the end of January, did Fate send her another bad quarter of an hour. On the heels of a peculiarly bitter cold snap a



"She Quickly Learned to Catch Tiny Fish"






"Until the Great White Owl Went Away She Kept Herself Discreetly Out of Sight"




# A Visit From Saint Nicholas

The Old Poem by Clement Clarke Moore

ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



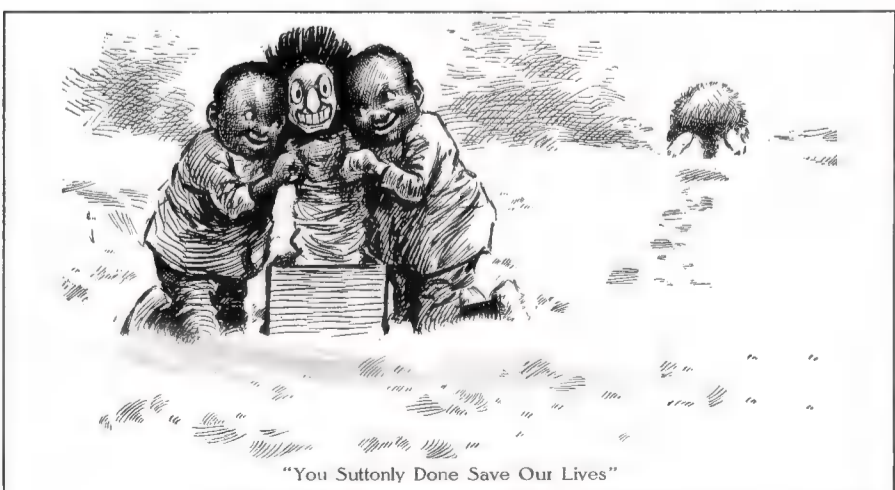
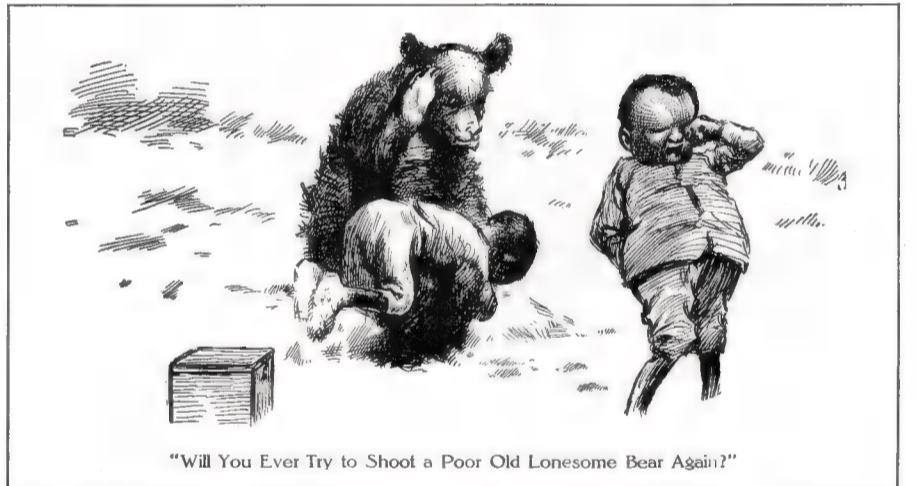
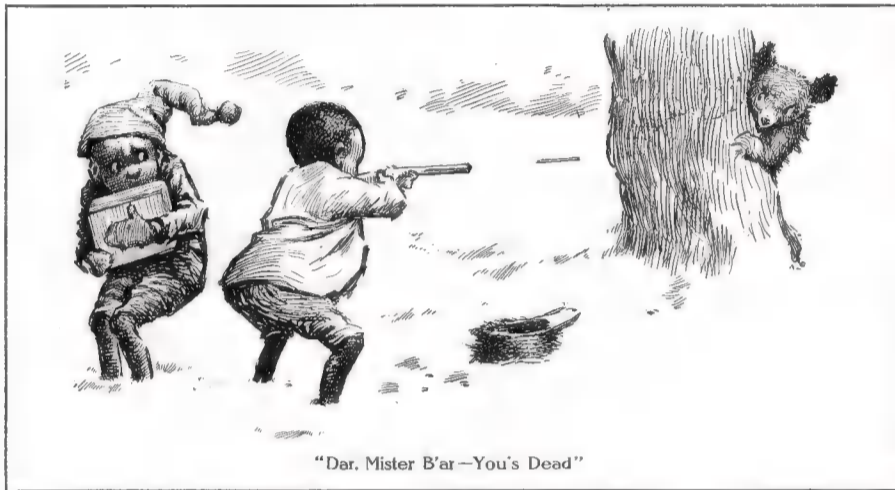
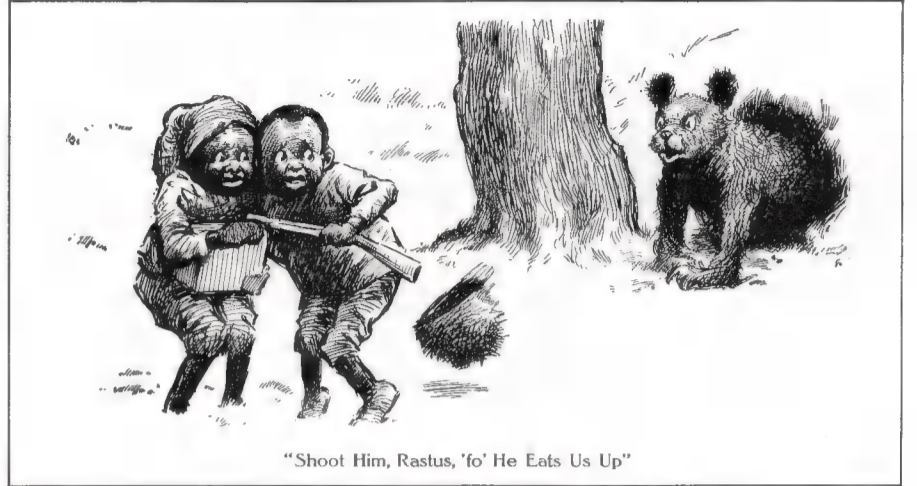
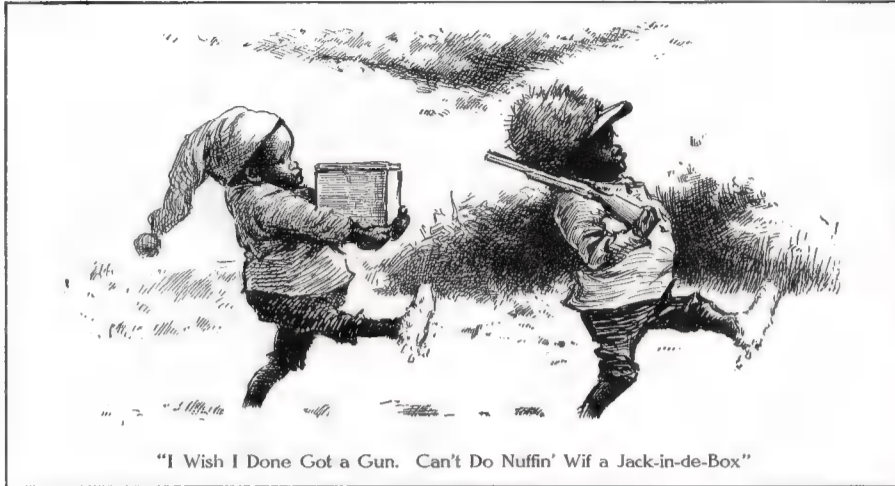
'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away from the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:  
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!”  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”



# Kemble's Koons

Have Some Trouble in Getting Home a Jack-in-the-Box for the Christmas Tree

By E. W. Kemble



# The Brownies' Christmas Bells

A Timely Task That Tried  
the Willing Workers

By Palmer Cox



church was built, or nearly so,  
In style of churches long ago.  
The walls were laid of brick and stone,  
Upon the hill it stood alone.  
The roof aslant with rafters long,  
The entrance ready for the throng,  
The windows and the pews in place,  
While painters had with all kept pace,

When Brownies on the structure cast  
Inquiring glances as they passed.  
Said one: "Though all seems done below  
There's something lacking, as we know.  
For in that belfry on the crest  
No bell as yet has found a rest."

Another said: "As Christmas Day  
Is nigh at hand we'll quit our play  
And do our part with Brownie zeal,  
So bells may ring their merry peal.  
A foundry near with some in store  
Will be the place we'll now explore,  
And when the midnight comes about  
Our chime will ring a welcome out."

The foundry sure enough was found  
Where brazen bells were  
sitting round;



Some just from moulds, both large and small,  
More fixed with clapper, crank and all,  
And ready for their final home  
In humble spire or shining dome.  
By halves the Brownies nothing do,  
They go the length and carry through  
The plans complete they have in sight,  
However short may be the night.

And now, although one sounding bell  
Could summon all the people well,  
A perfect chime of sweetest tone  
Would satisfy the band alone.  
Those knowing best the Brownie way  
Will not be doubting when we say



Some bells were from the foundry rolled  
Before the metal quite was cold,  
Or carried off on poles of length  
Where many sprites could prove their strength.  
In such a hurry one may know  
There were surprises, high and low;  
And Brownies, who to help assayed,  
Were more a hindrance than an aid.

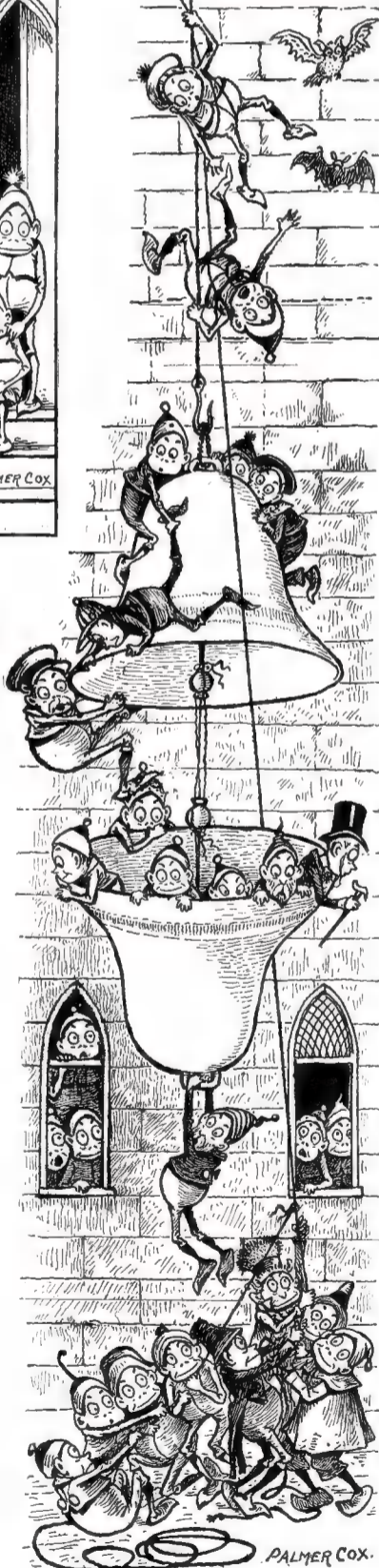
One must see  
Brownies in  
a plight  
To under-  
stand their  
nature  
right,  
And note how  
soon the  
work is  
laid  
Aside that all  
may render  
aid.  
To reach the  
building  
brought  
a strain  
That proved  
the nerves  
as well  
as brain;  
For hasty  
action tries  
the best  
No matter of  
what strength  
possessed.

It takes few orders, as we find,  
From those who must express their mind  
To keep things moving fairly fast  
And promising success at last.  
The task looked hard enough for all  
To bring them safely to the wall,

Across the bridge and past the mill  
To reach the church upon the  
hill  
They made their way with stoop and  
crawl,  
And painful stumble, too, and fall.



The bells were muffled with all care,  
So not a sound broke  
on the air,  
As through the town the  
cunning band  
Proceeded with the work  
in hand.  
But heavy lift and silent  
roll  
At times got far beyond  
control.



But that seemed play when work began  
With ropes and chains that upward ran  
To hoist the bells by pull and pry  
To stations in the belfry high.  
Said one: "We've gone too far, I fear,  
To risk our necks on timbers here,  
To put a bunch of bells in place  
To please the thankless human race,  
Who oft are slow to do their part  
Though bells were ringing in their heart."  
Another said: "Be slow to scold  
Or criticise, but keep your hold.  
Within an hour we'll have our way  
And welcome ring to Christmas Day.  
Let people, if they will, adhere  
To scout the call and stop the ear,  
Or quite neglect to bend the knee,  
The task is here for you and me,



To place these bells where they will ring  
And echoes from the Heavens bring."  
So one by one through mystic sleight  
The bells were hoisted to the height  
Where far above foundation stones  
They blended their melodious tones.  
In ways peculiar to the band  
They rang the bells with willing hand.  
In fact it caused no little smart  
That all could not at this take part,  
For every hand was itching there  
A portion of the task to bear.  
And as the clock proclaimed the time,  
From out the belfry came a chime  
That made the sleeper lift his head  
And leap in wonder from the bed.  
Not till that night, o'er valley wide,  
Or up the wooded mountainside,  
Was such a pleasing story told  
To charm the ear of young and old.



Within their stalls the cattle rose,  
The horses neighed, the story goes,  
The fowl upon their roost awoke  
And for an hour the silence broke,  
While children questions asked that none  
Could answer as around they run;  
And though in haste men gained the hill  
When they arrived the church was still.  
The sound had hardly died away  
From largest bells, the foremost say,  
But not a cunning Brownie sprite  
Around the building was in sight.  
And, briefly, 'twas the wonder great  
How came those bells of size and weight  
Within that belfry, high in air,  
And not a human being there.



# Christmas in Nonsense Land

By Carolyn Wells

## Nonsense Land at Christmastime



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

OH, CHRISTMASTIME in Nonsense Land is merry, glad and gay; They've such a funny way Of honoring the day!

They blow the Trumpet Flower and ring The Canterbury Bells; The Ragged Sailors loudly sing; The Sage a story tells.

Now all the folks in Nonsense Land delight in keeping Yule; The Lord of High Misrule Sits on a big toadstool; He ties a Foxglove on each hand With Ribbon-grass for bows; His mouth is like a cherry, and He has a turnip nose.

The Lord of High Misrule each year gives lovely gifts to all; His Christmas favors fall Upon both great and small.

To long-necked Squashes he'll present High collars and cravats; And to some Cabbageheads he sent Some lovely summer hats!

The Lord of High Misrule said: "Ho! the old town clock I see! It really seems to me Quite cold he looks to be;

A pair of gloves, both left and right, Would keep him nice and warm, Protect his hands from frosty bite In icy blast and storm."

An old Potato meekly said: "I think it would be wise If some kind friend supplies Good glasses for my eyes."

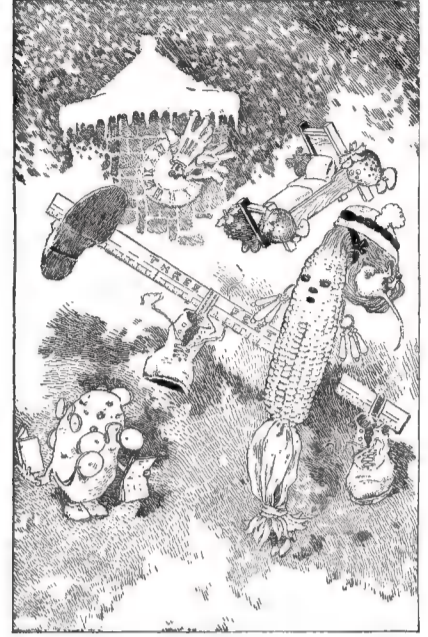
A Yardstick murmured: "I declare I'm sure that I could use A pair and half another pair Of strong and well-made shoes."

Some Strawberries requested that they have a folding bed; "We're up-to-date," they said! And then they grew quite red.

The Corn said: "Though I oft have fears New-fangled styles to try, I'd like some earrings for my ears; They're pleasing to the eye."

And so, you see, in Nonsense Land they have such lots of fun, That Christmas Day seems done Before it's scarce begun!

The hours fly by so very fast, The minutes are so small, So rapidly the day is passed— I doubt it's there at all!



## Toddles in Nonsense Land

WHEN Toddles went to Nonsense Land She visited the Queen, Who wore her bonnet on her hand Because her hair was green. Her throne was built of macaroons, Her footstool was a pie, Her crown was made of silver spoons, Her scepter touched the sky.

The Queen said: "Toddles, I declare I'm in the worstest fix! My favorite Maid of Honor there Is cross as forty sticks! She just stands on her head all day, And makes an awful face; I'd be so glad if you would stay And take her vacant place."

Then Toddles said: "Oh, Queenie queer, I'd love to wait on you, And be your Maid of Honor, dear; Pray tell me what to do."

"Well, you must tie the ribbon cake, And wash and iron my hat; And could you, while you're waiting, make A bonnet for the cat?"

So Toddles said she'd stay a while And see what she could do; She trimmed the bonnet in fine style With roses green and blue. Just then the Queen called out: "I say! Go tell my small pet Shad Tomorrow will be Christmas Day; Let's celebrate like mad!"



The Queen spoke lightly, but you know A monarch's lightest word Is Law as soon as spoken, so As quick as it was heard The Heralds spread the tidings, and The music struck up soon; The Rubber Band of Nonsense Land Tooted a Tuneful Tune.

A Christmas Tree each person brought, They set them up in tiers; The Queen said, "Trim them!" Quick as thought They trimmed them with the shears. The Queen looked pleased, and then she said: "Put tapers on each twig." Off to the woods the people fled And caught some Tapirs big.

"Fly," said the Queen; "don't stop to chat; Put up the Mistletoe!" They looked aghast! Which toe was that? They really didn't know! "Hang up your stockings, pair by pair!" And all the people flew To get the public Hangman there This fearful work to do!

"Now, Toddles dear," the Queen said, "quick! Jump into this big churn; It's filled with cream all rich and thick; Come, Toddles, take your turn!" Then Toddles gave a bouncing bound Into the sea of cream, When suddenly she woke and found That this was all a dream!

## A Nonsense Christmas

OH, 'T WAS on a Christmas Day, in the Town of Faraway, The birds and fish and animals met in their best array; They all gave merry greeting, and said, "What a happy meeting!" And kept pleasantly repeating "Merry Christmases" so gay.

The clever Cassowary gossiped with the small Canary, Till a docile Dromedary came and sat him down to chat; Then a gouty old Agouti said he thought it was his duty To offer tutti-frutti to a beauty of a Bat.

A nimble little Nilgau said: "Across the fields I will go With Opossums to pick blossoms to adorn the Christmas Tree. An artistic Alligator murmured: "I'm a decorator." The Pelican said: "Well, I can —" The Tapir said: "Light me!"

Then the Pheasant said: "Look pleasant and you'll each receive a present; Here's an easel for the Weasel, which he easily can use; For the artless Armadillo here's a satin sofa-pillow; And the Otter has a blotter done in terra-cotta hues.

"Here's a spinet for the Linnet; she'll begin it in a minute; Here's a rattle for the Rattlesnake, and for the Loon a lute; For the Cobra di Capello here's a scarf of blue and yellow." Said the Adder: "I'd be gladder for a flute that I could toot."

Just then a waddy Wombat with a Boa had a combat; Said the Zibet: "I prohibit such exhibit of affray!" A rheumatic old Rhinoceros said: "Pray, shall he be boss or us?" The Bittern said: "It better be a Boa we obey!"

A fussy old Flamingo said: "By jingo, what a lingo!" And the Falcon went a-walkin' till the talkin' should be done; Said the Clam: "I love a clamor!" Said the Lamb: "I love a Llama!" Said the Toucan: "Well, if you can, then the Gnu can have some fun."

Then a corpulent old Carp croaked out carols to a harp; And a Turtle, in a kirtle wreathed with myrtle, spoke a piece; The Whale and the Quail and the twirly-whirly Snail Sang a most pathetic ballad of "The Gay and Gaudy Geese."

Then a prudent Periwinkle said: "I fear it's going to sprinkle!" Said a vain Deer: "Should it, Reindeer, it would spoil my handsome clo'es!" Said the Staring: "Oh, my darling, don't be quarreling and snarling! We'll every one be safe at home before it rains or snows."

But the Monkey was so spunky, said the Beaver: "Let us leave her!" Said the Goat: "Or I will tote her in my motor, if you wish." And the Gopher called his chauffeur, but they had to go quite slow, for There were all the birds and animals and every kind of fish.



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD





# The Runaway Equator

And the Strange Adventures of a Little Boy in Pursuit of It

By Lilian Bell, Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

## CHAPTER VII—Jack Frost

IF YOU'VE never had an Equator sweep down on you of course you cannot understand in the least how frightened Billy was. Even the Equine Ox grew gray with fear when the Equator was angry, and the Equine Ox was seldom disturbed by anything but indigestion in his four stomachs.

As for Billy, he had never been really frightened before, excepting the time he fell into a tar barrel, and looking back upon it that experience now seemed a very tame affair.

He shrank back and waited for the worst. To his surprise it did not happen. For just as the Equator was rushing toward him, just as he was trying to say Jack Robinson, and say it so quickly that his life would be spared an instant or two before he was turned to ashes, he heard a voice say:

"Hello, 'Quate! Loose, I see!"

Instantly the Equator, who had been white-hot, turned a sort of sickly yellow, then faded to dull red, and finally to a bluish green. In the mean time he had stopped sweeping down on Billy and was motionless, save for a tremor that ran through his circular frame.

Between Billy and the Equator stood a wiry little fellow dressed all in fluffy white, with a white cap to match. In his



"And Seating Himself on the Edge of the Cliff He Sang"

hand he held what seemed to be a very straight icicle, which glittered with all the hues of the rainbow.

The Equator glowered upon the newcomer for some seconds before he growled huskily: "Jack Frost!"

"Perfectly correct," said the stranger cheerfully. "I always did admire a good memory for names."

"What are you doing here?" demanded the Equator sulkily, and Billy saw to his joy that he was now in no further danger of attack.

"Nothing that I am ashamed of," returned Jack Frost, "which is more, it seems to me, than you can say."

The Equator stared at Billy. "I—I—" he faltered.

"What was he doing?" asked Jack Frost, turning suddenly to Billy. Before the little boy could answer the Equator with a flop or two rose in the air, circled once or twice over the trees and sailed rapidly away.

"Bad lot!" commented Jack Frost. "Never take him seriously."

"But he was going to burn me up," said Billy.

"Umph!" said Jack Frost. "That's different. Let's go and see about it."

Billy thought he had seen all of the Equator he cared to, but Jack Frost insisted on watching that ill-tempered creature, and so Billy followed him to the very top of the volcano where they could get a clear view of the horizon.

They saw the Equator making off a mile or two away, and Jack Frost, taking Billy by the arm, started down the mountain at a brisk trot. As they hurried along Jack Frost said:

"I suppose you have heard of me."

"Oh, yes," said Billy. "I have, many times."

"I'm not so cold as I'm painted," said Jack Frost.

"I'm sure you are not," replied Billy respectfully.

"No," said Jack Frost, "I really am not a bad fellow. Your father probably holds it against me because I freeze the waterpipes sometimes, but think how the plumber's poor little children love me for it."

"That's true," said Billy.

"Sometimes," continued Jack Frost, "I pinch little boys' fingers, but that is only to remind them that they forget to ask their mothers if they can go skating."

"I only did that once," said Billy, reddening.



"Confronting the Equine Ox was the Conductor, Waving His Hands and Shouting"

"Again," said Jack Frost, "I nip flowers. I do that to warn them to go back into the ground because winter is coming."

"You ought to do it," said Billy. "I hope they don't object."

"They do though. People often object to things that are good for them, like going to bed early, and medicine and geography."

"Oh, I love geography now," protested Billy.

"Oh, I'm delighted to hear it. Do you like songs?"

"Yes, indeed. The Equine Ox knows a beautiful one about the Equator."

"I cannot imagine a beautiful song about the Equator," said Jack Frost. "See what you think of mine." And seating himself on the edge of the cliff they had been skirting, with his heels hanging over space, he sang:

### The Song of Jack Frost

In the brown October,  
When the bonfires burn,  
When reluctant robins  
Sadly homeward turn,  
When the trees are moulting  
Leaves of gold and red,  
Like stray flakes of sunset  
From the sky o'erhead,  
Then I steal at twilight  
Through the shadows gray,  
Heralding the winter  
That is on its way.  
Soon with films of silver  
I shall overspread  
Every quiet water  
In its pebbly bed.  
Soon I'll warn the flowers  
That it's time to keep  
Tryst with dreams of springtime,  
Wrapped in golden sleep.

Then when first the snowflakes  
Tremble in the air  
I must forth and hurry,  
Hurry everywhere:  
Silvering the treetops  
Till their branches bright  
Shimmer as the rainbow  
In the morning light.  
Etching lacy landscapes  
On the windowpane,  
Spreading fluffy carpets  
Over hill and plain,  
Roofing over rivers,  
Blanketing the bears,  
Warm and snug and cozy  
In their forest lairs.  
Here and there and yonder,  
Always on the wing,  
Till I'm called to slumber  
By the voice of Spring."

"I think that is a very pretty song," said Billy.

"Thank you," said Jack Frost; "but what has become of the Equator in the mean time?"

Billy looked in every direction, but no sign of the Equator was to be seen.

"I was listening to your song," he said. "I forgot to keep looking."

"You are a very nice little boy," said Jack Frost, patting Billy on the head, "but we have just got to find that Equator. There is no telling what he may be doing."

"I know what he will try to do," said Billy.

"That's something. What is it?"

"Catch Miss Evening Star and make a Comet out of her."

"Great goodness! Why didn't you say that before?"

"There wasn't time," explained Billy.

"There is always time," said Jack Frost coldly. "Time is everywhere. The supply is inexhaustible."

"I'm sorry," said Billy, the tears starting in his eyes.

"Never mind," said Jack Frost kindly. "I dare say it will turn out all right, like the farmer's wagon that met the automobile. Anyway, here comes the Geography Fairy. He ought to have some tidings."

Looking over the edge of the cliff Billy saw Nimbus approaching. He explained afterward that the crater which he and the Evening Star had followed led right through the volcano and out of the cliff at the bottom.

Jack Frost hailed him, and Nimbus climbed up, bidding his train of Meteors wait until he returned.

He and Jack Frost shook hands cordially, and Nimbus inquired:

"Have either of you seen anything of the Evening Star? I lost track of her when we got out of the crater."

"Gracious!" said Billy, "I thought she was with you."

"So she was," said Nimbus, "but she said she thought she'd like to fly once more, and sailed off to pay the Moon a visit."

Jack Frost looked up quickly.

"That's where the Equator's gone then," he said.

"Has the Equator left the top of the volcano?" asked Nimbus excitedly.

"He has," said Jack Frost. "He was just about to destroy this little boy when I stopped him. He's afraid of me."

"More than of any one else in the whole world," said Nimbus.

"But where do you suppose he is now?"

"I don't suppose," said Jack Frost; "I can only suspect."

"And what do you suspect?"

"That he's trailing the Evening Star, and if he finds her—"

"But he must not find her," cried Nimbus.

"No," said Jack Frost, "he must not."

Out of the darkness above them shone a bright speck that grew larger and larger. As it drew nearer Billy saw that it was a Meteor, a new Meteor which he had never seen before.

"Hey there!" shouted Nimbus, who had seen him the same moment Billy did; "any message for me."

"Yes," puffed the Meteor, who was not within easy talking



"The Equine Ox Crowded Into the Rear Door"

distance. "Miss Evening Star is being chased by the Equator, and has only got about a hundred miles' start."

"Which way are they going?" asked Nimbus and Jack Frost in a breath.

"Gee whiz!" said the Meteor, "I forgot to ask."

## CHAPTER VIII—The Compass

"STRANGE that you fellows never forget to ask for your meals," said Jack Frost tartly. "Your memory never fails you there."

"Let us not waste time scolding them," said Nimbus. "The important thing is to find where the Equator and the Evening Star have gone."

"Very true," said Jack Frost. "We'll establish headquarters immediately, and send out scouts."

Then he led the way to a little clump of palms which was at the foot of a hill just below them.

The Meteors, like a great flock of fireflies, followed along in their wake, and when they stopped they lined up for orders.

"Now," said Nimbus, addressing them, "how many points of the compass are there?"

"It depends entirely on the compass," said one of the Meteors.

"He's right," said Jack Frost. "A large compass would have more points than a small one. There's more room on it."

"I can box the compass," chirruped another Meteor proudly.

"I can box ears," snapped Nimbus peevishly.

Here Jack Frost broke in.

"Tell off a thousand Meteors," he said, "to count all the points on the largest compass, and then order a scout to go in the direction pointed by each point. That ought to get them."

"Good," declared Nimbus. "Go to work, you fellows, and carry out orders. The first one who discovers them notify Aurora Borealis, and she'll flash the signal down to us."

The Meteors, who were always active when there was work to be done, shot forth on their errands.

"How long do you suppose it will be before the Equator can catch the Evening Star?" asked Billy.

"It all depends on whether or not they are both going in the same direction," replied Jack Frost.

Billy smiled. "Of course," he said, "if they were going in opposite directions he never would catch her."

"Wrong," said Jack Frost. "Supposing I started for the South Pole and you started for the North Pole, and we both kept on going in the same direction after we got there, what would happen?"

Billy thought a minute. "Oh, I see!" he cried; "we'd meet on the opposite side of the earth."

"We would," said Jack Frost, "if we didn't stop on the way. The Equator has probably gone in the opposite direction, intending to meet the Evening Star on the other side of the world. That would surprise her."

"In that case," said Nimbus, "Jack Frost and I had better start off in opposite directions and see which gets to the other side of the world first. The one who does can put a stop to this chase."

"But we don't know just which part of the other side they're going to meet on," objected Jack Frost.

"We can take a chance," said Nimbus. "That's what the Meteors will have to do, and we can beat them because we have no tails to drag after us."

"What shall I do?" said Billy.

"You can stay here and get him if he happens to pass," said Nimbus.

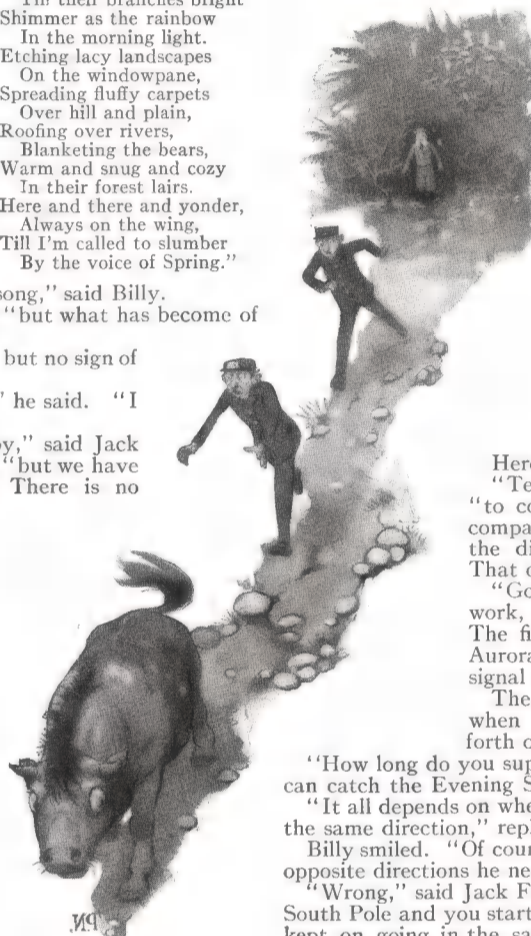
Billy was a little troubled about this, but he was not the boy to admit that he was frightened, and, though his mouth trembled a trifle and he winked a little more rapidly than usual, he kept a brave face as his two friends each called a cloud out of the sky and sailed away upon it.

He had stood there but a few minutes when he heard the tinkling of a bell a little distance away. At first it rang slowly and at long intervals, then faster and faster, till at length it sounded like the triangle the man played in one corner of the orchestra in the theater at home.

Thinking there could be no harm in finding out where the sound came from, as the Equator was as little likely



"They Saw the Equator Making Off a Mile or Two Away"



"The Conductor and the Motorman Ran After the Equine Ox"

to alight in one place as another, he listened very carefully, then proceeded slowly toward the tinkling sound.

Soon he came out into the very clearing where the trolley car had reached the earth, and there stood the trolley car with the face of the Equine Ox protruding from the front door and wearing a very unhappy expression.

Confronting the Equine Ox was the conductor, who was waving his hands and shouting, while the motorman was stooping over, a little way off, gathering up a smooth round stone about the size of an egg.

Meanwhile the tinkle of the bell sounded continuously, and the Equine Ox wriggled and writhed as if very much displeased with his imprisonment.

The motorman being nearest to him, Billy addressed him:

"What are you going to do with that stone?" he inquired.

"Throw it at the Ox," replied the motorman.

"Oh, don't do that," pleaded Billy. "You might hurt him. And he isn't doing anything bad, I'm sure."

"He isn't, isn't he?" shouted the motorman. "Ain't he lashing his tail?"

"What of that?" asked Billy. "All animals lash their tails except bears and saddle horses and fox-hunters, which haven't any tails to lash."

"But his tail is caught in the bell rope," said the motorman, hurling the stone at the Equine Ox. The stone broke a window, and although it did not reach its target it annoyed the creature so that he struggled more frantically than before, and the bell jingled furiously.

"Stop," cried the conductor excitedly. "It's getting too expensive for me."

"Expensive!" said Billy in amazement.

"Yes, expensive. Every time he wiggles his tail that way he rings up a fare, and he's rung up more than thirty-seven dollars' worth already. I've counted 'em all."

Billy understood why the motorman and the conductor were so worried. The tail of the Ox had become entangled in the rope that led to the fare register, and every tinkle of the bell meant a fare recorded.

At first he was shocked to think of this wasteful extravagance, but then he recollected that as the car was not on a regular run the fares couldn't really be counted against the motorman and the conductor.

They were not at all certain of this when he explained it to them.

"We're going back, ain't we?" asked the conductor.

"Oh, yes," said Billy, "I'm sure we are."

"Well, when we run the car into the barn they'll charge me with these fares," said the conductor. "The car will have been away so long that they'll be disgusted if it has not earned any money."

"I tell you," said Billy: "when Nimbus comes back I'll get him to enchant the register so it will only charge up the fares you have really collected. That will make it all right."

This appeased the motorman and the conductor, and in answer to Billy's questions they explained how the Equine Ox got into the car.

When they were left alone with him he had behaved very badly, rolling on the ground and laughing very heartily, which proved, as they had been told by Nimbus, that he was furiously angry.

Then he began to sing, and at last he actually started to run away.

But they prevented this by tying the trolley rope tightly to his horn and securing him to the car, and then, fearing that the rope might break, they hit upon a stratagem.

They talked eagerly about the comforts and coolness of the inside of the car, until the curiosity of the Equine Ox outran his discretion and he insisted upon going in.

Knowing that he was governed by contraries they tried to prevent his doing so. This, as they expected, made him all the more determined, and he forced his way past them into the car.

But once inside he found it impossible to get out, and then it was that he began the lashing of his tail which had resulted in the ringing up of so many fares.

Billy agreed with the motorman and the conductor that the best place for the Equine Ox was in the trolley car, for if he tried too hard to escape they had only to shut the door to keep him there.

So Billy sat down and told the trolley men everything that had happened since he left them, and they became as excited as he was about the chances of the Evening Star's escape from the Equator.

"I wish I had the Equator in reach of my crank handle," said the motorman.

"I wish," said Billy, "that the Evening Star would come past here right now. We'd get Nimbus to enchant the trolley car again, and away we'd go back home with her."

"Sure," said the conductor. "We could use her for a headlight on the way home."

They were all busily discussing what could be done to secure the Evening Star against the Equator when

they had her in Billy's home when a light shone above the trees and soon a Meteor dropped among them.

"I just met the Equator going west-no west," he said. "Where's Nimbus?"

"In that case," bellowed the Equine Ox, "I'll go sou'-sou'east," and he walked calmly away in that direction, tearing out the forward end of the trolley car as he went.

#### CHAPTER IX—The Trail of the Runaway

WITH wild cries the conductor and the motorman ran after the Equine Ox, but although he appeared to be walking he went at a tremendous speed, and soon they were compelled to give up the chase.

"Oh! Oh!" wailed Billy, who was terribly distressed at the escape of the Equine Ox, "I wish there was something I could do. But I am so small that I am absolutely useless around here."

There was a cracking of branches close at hand, and to Billy's astonishment and delight the Equine Ox reappeared.

"Do you think it is unlucky to be small, Billy?" he inquired.

The motorman and the conductor started forward, but the Equine Ox lowered his horns.

"Never mind that now," he said to them. "I will give you due notice of my next movements, and on the whole I don't think

I will go at all. I don't think the Equator will come this way at all events."

The conductor and the motorman still advanced, but Billy said:

"I think the Equine Ox is speaking the truth. His eyes look honest."

"My eyes are honest," said the Equine Ox. "They never deceived me in my life. But as I was saying, why are you so sorry that you're small?"

"Because," said Billy, "I can't be of any help when things happen."

"Listen," said the Equine Ox, and throwing back his head he sang:

#### The Melancholy Star

"A foolish little star I knew, quite petulant and peevish  
grew,  
And all because he thought he was  
Compelled to shine unheeded.

"I know," he sighed, "that I am small, and so I shouldn't  
shine at all;  
It isn't fair to keep me where  
I plainly am not needed."

"So every night, from dark till dawn, dejectedly he  
carried on,  
And pined and sighed and whined and cried  
In this dyspeptic fashion.

In bitterness and discontent his poor defenseless rays  
he rent,  
And tore his hair, till sore despair  
Became his ruling passion.

"Of course when one thus falls a prey to melancholy,  
night and day,  
And merely moans and mopes and groans,  
He'll grow weak-minded from it;

And as this star became more blue, and thinking of his  
sorrows grew  
Each day more sad, he soon went mad,  
And turned into a comet.

"Now little girls who fancy they are always in grown  
people's way,  
And little chaps who think perhaps  
They're not appreciated;

Of course will surely never share the fate this starlet  
had to bear,  
But still they need perhaps to heed  
This tale that I've related.

"For if they do not mind at all because they happen to be  
small,  
They soon will see their tasks will be  
Made wonderfully lighter;

And when a child is gay of heart, and always gladly does his  
part,  
And never sighs and never cries,  
He makes the whole world brighter."

"I'll try not to be sorry any more," said Billy, when the song was finished.

"That's right," said the Equine Ox; "and now, if the gentlemen don't mind, I'd like to go back into the trolley car. It fitted me perfectly, and it was such fun ringing that bell."

"The trolley car's broke," said the conductor. "And if it wasn't I wouldn't take a chance on having you ring up any more fares."

"Very well," said the Equine Ox, "then we might as well sit quietly and await the reports of the Meteors. They'll be coming in very soon now."

But it was not a Meteor who first arrived. It was Jack Frost and Nimbus, coming in from opposite directions almost at the same time. Both had been clear around the world, they said, and neither had seen a sign of the Equator or the Evening Star.

"I suppose," said Billy, when this dismal report was received, "that we ought to notify the Sun."

"I can't notify him," said Jack Frost. "He and I are utter strangers."

"I sent the Rays to notify him," said Nimbus. "But I don't think it will do any good. He can only

travel so fast anyway, not more than a million miles a minute, and that would not do any good."

"What is there to do then?" inquired Billy disconsolately.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a Meteor came dashing in among them.

"Any news?" said Jack Frost.

"Lots of it," said the Meteor. "News is happening every minute."

"He means any news of the Evening Star or the Equator," said Nimbus.

"No," said the Meteor. "In fact I had forgotten all about them in the excitement."

"What excitement?" demanded Nimbus.

"Why," said the Meteor, "the most astonishing things are happening. In Chicago grapefruits are growing on Wabash Avenue, monkeys are swarming up the Tribune Building on Madison Street, and they are raising tobacco and watermelons on Drexel Boulevard."

"Gracious," said Jack Frost, "and this is the middle of January! What can that mean?"

"Great news," sang out a voice overhead, and another Meteor settled in among them.

"Snow has all melted in Duluth," he said, "and there is an unprecedented sale of palmleaf fans all through that part of the country."

Before any one could express surprise at this astonishing information a third Meteor and a fourth alighted.

"It is ninety degrees in the shade in Winnipeg," said the third Meteor, "and they are picking coconuts in Quebec. The baseball season has opened in Iceland."

"Hotter still in Norway," said the fourth Meteor, who had just arrived; "oldest inhabitant never remembers such sultry weather. Eskimos are now wearing mosquito nets instead of furs, and they're catching crocodiles in the Arctic Ocean. The icebergs have begun to boil."

"This won't do!" cried Jack Frost excitedly. "All the work that I've been at for centuries is being undone. I'll soon have to organize a syndicate to attend to my business if this keeps up. Whatever can have happened?"

Another Meteor came in just then with still more tidings.

"Great schools of whales are passing Cape Nome," he said, "all going north. They're picking strawberries off the tundras there, and they are advertising hot springs for rheumatism in a glacier."

Nimbus, who had been sitting with knitted brows, suddenly leaped to his feet, and slapped the conductor on the back with such violence that that gentleman fell forward against the Equine Ox.

"I know what it is," shouted Nimbus. "The Equator is up there. That's what's making all this trouble!"

"Then far be it from me to stay here," said Jack Frost, preparing to start at once. "I'm not going to have all my good icebergs and glaciers melted like ice cream. It took me countless centuries to make some of them."

"Oh, never mind your old icebergs and glaciers," said Nimbus. "The point is that we've located the Equator and we can stop him before he catches the Evening Star. He can only thaw a radius of a few miles at one time, now that he's shrunk so, so you don't need to worry at all about his undoing your work."

"Well, anyway, we must go up there," said Jack Frost.

"We certainly must," said Nimbus, "and as soon as possible. I expect Aurora Borealis will be reporting him at any time now."

At that exact moment the sky lighted up with pink splendor that waved and flickered and danced over the heavens.

"There she is now," cried Nimbus. "Come, let us be off!"

"Please," said Billy, who was intensely excited, "may I go too? I should dearly love to help catch him."

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Nimbus. "I'll enchant the trolley car again and we'll all go in that."

The trolley car had been very badly damaged by the Equine Ox, but Nimbus merely tapped it with his wand and it became whole again. The motorman regarded him open-mouthed.

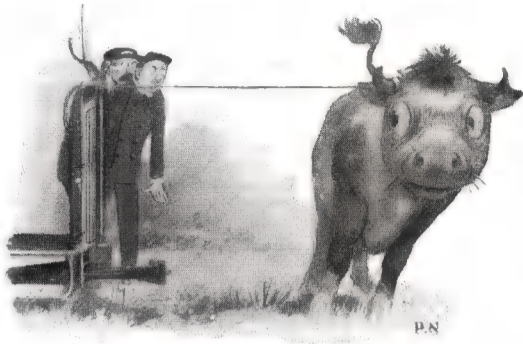
"Wouldn't he be a wonder in a repair shop!" he exclaimed.

"I guess she'll hold together now," said Nimbus. "Come on, Jack Frost; come on, Billy," and he led the way into the car.

The conductor and the motorman took their places, and the Equine Ox at the last moment crowded into the rear door. There was scarcely room for him, but Nimbus did not care to lose any time in putting him out.

The car was speedily got under way and soon was merrily sailing along in the direction of the North Pole.

CONCLUDED IN THE JOURNAL FOR JANUARY 1



"But They Prevented This by Tying the Trolley Rope to His Horn and Securing Him to the Car"



"Listen," Said the Equine Ox, and Throwing Back His Head He Sang"



"A Light Shone Above the Trees and Soon a Meteor Dropped Among Them"

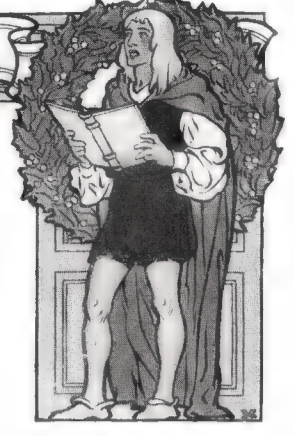


DRAWN BY C. D. MITCHELL

# Old-Time Christmas Carols

Selected by Laura E. Richards and Elizabeth Harrison

These carols, with the exception of the first one, are taken from "Christmas Carols New and Old," edited by the Reverend H. R. Bramley and Sir John Stainer, and published by Novello & Company, London, and the H. W. Gray Company, New York.



## Our Christ is Born Today: A Christmas Carol

Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Ring glad bells to - day; Sing the joy - ful sto - ry, Our Christ is born to - day.  
 Car - ol, Ring to - - day;

Sweet - ly car - ol, Ring glad bells to - day.

Words by  
The Reverend J. H. Hopkins

## We Three Kings of Orient Are

Music by  
The Author

*mf*

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far  
 MELCHIOR.—2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,  
 CASPAR.—3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty night.  
 BALTHAZAR.—4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom.  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and sac - ri - fice,

*Chorus. cres. f*

Field and fount - ain, moor and mount - ain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star. O Star of won - der, star of night,  
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign. O Star of won - der, star of night,  
 Pray'r and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God most High. O Star of won - der, star of night,  
 Sor - row - ing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb. O Star of won - der, star of night,  
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia; Earth to the heav'n's re - plies. O Star of won - der, star of night,

Star with roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light!

Words by  
William Morris

## From Far Away

Music by  
The Reverend J. B. Dykes

*mf* *pp* *mf*

1. From far a - way we come to you, The snow in the street, and the wind on the door, To tell of great tid - ings, strange and true.

*p* *f* *mf*

Min - strels and maids stand forth on the floor, Stand forth on the floor. From far a - way we come to you, To tell of great tid - ings

strange and true, From far a - way we come to you, To tell of great tid - ings strange . . . . . and true. . . . . *dim.*

2 For as we wandered far and wide,  
The snow in the street, etc.  
What hap do you deem there should us  
betide?  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

3 Under a bent when the night was deep,  
The snow in the street, etc.  
There lay three shepherds tending their  
sheep.  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

4 "O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,"  
The snow in the street, etc.  
"To stay your sorrow and heal your  
teen?"  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

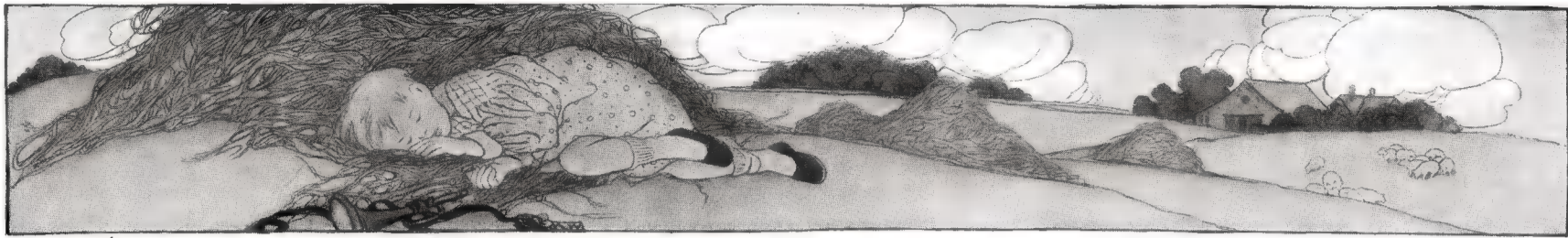
5 "In an ox stall this night we saw,"  
The snow in the street, etc.  
"A Babe and a Maid without a flaw."  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

6 "There was an old man there beside,"  
The snow in the street, etc.  
"His hair was white, and his hood was  
wide."  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

7 "And as we gazed this thing upon,"  
The snow in the street, etc.  
"Those twain knelt down to the little  
One."  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

8 "And a marvelous song we straight did  
hear."  
The snow in the street, etc.  
"That slew our sorrow and healed our  
care."  
Minstrels and maids, etc.

9 News of a fair and a marvelous thing,  
The snow in the street, etc.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell we sing.  
Minstrels and maids, etc.



DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

# Little Christmas Stories for Little People

Edited by Laura E. Richards

Author of "Captain January," "The Golden Window," etc.

## A New Kind of Christmas Tree

AWAY out on the desert in California, on a large ranch, lives a little boy named Morris, with his father and mother. It is a beautiful place where large palms grow wild and there are springs of cool water. In the quiet pools about them are many tiny fish, and here among the tules, or cattails as you would say, play the little Indian children.

When Morris was four years old his grandparents came out from Los Angeles to spend the Christmas holiday week with them, and to welcome the new year in this lonely place.

Little Morris has no playmates of his own color, so he has plenty of toys and books. The little Indians come sometimes to the ranch, and Morris is always kind and generous to them, but they do not "sabe play toys," they say. Their play is with their dogs, ponies and birds, and in swimming about in the water or tumbling on the sand.

Morris had been a good boy all the year, so Santa Claus sent many gifts for him.

The little fellow was asleep in his nest under the cottonwoods when his father brought the tree to hold his gifts. This tree was an evergreen, but not like the ones most little boys are used to seeing. It was the limb of a native tree of the desert called the *palo verde* tree. The words are Spanish and mean *green stick*. The *palo verde* trees are so nearly bare of leaves that one must search well to find the few tiny fernlike ones; but the tree's trunk, main branches, smaller branches and out to the ends of the tiniest twigs are a beautifully bright pea green. In the spring these trees are like immense fragrant bouquets of dainty sweet-pea blossoms, and the bees hum busily about them. A few weeks later the trees are covered with long green pods filled with seeds like beans.

When Morris awoke from his nap he was taken out in the field. The sun had disappeared behind a tall peak and the ranch lay in its shadow.

About the *palo verde* tree laden with toys, books and pretty things sat ten little Indian boys and girls. Grandfather played the part of Santa Claus, but did not wear the heavy furs, else he might have melted in this warm air even at Christmastime.

Morris gave a prettily dressed doll and a sack of goodies to each little Indian girl, and marbles, tops and balls with a sack of goodies to each little Indian boy.

They were well-trained and good little Catholics, so they knew about the Christ-Child and said, "Gracias!" (thank you) politely for each gift. Their round black eyes grew larger, and they grinned contentedly, and Morris was very happy indeed.

How would you like to spend just one Christmas on the desert?  
—MORRIS'S MOTHER.

## The Two Pennies

ONCE upon a time there were two pennies. One of them was dull and bent, the other was bright and new, and they lived together in a little boy's china bank that stood on the nursery mantelshelf. When the little boy climbed upon a chair and reached up to where the bank was he shook it just for the fun of hearing the two pennies jump about inside.

But there were ever so many things that those two pennies might buy! They might buy white frosted cakes—two of them; they might buy two sticks of candy, or two round, red snow apples with polished, glossy skins. They might buy a whistle or marbles. All of these things and more might the pennies buy, even if spent singly. If put together they might buy almost anything, the little boy thought.

Then, in fun, he turned his bank upside down to see if either of the pennies would come out—and what do you think happened? Why, the dull bent penny somehow slipped through the narrow slit in the bank and rolled right on to the carpet on the floor.

The little boy felt very rich as he carried it about in his pocket, and when he went to walk with his nurse he wanted to spend it at the first store they passed. That was a candy store, and in a twinkling the dull bent penny was exchanged for a peppermint stick.

Almost before the little boy had reached the door the candy was half eaten—all but a very sticky end that clung to his mitten. When that was gone there was nothing at all to show for the penny. The little boy was no happier for having spent his penny; in fact he was sorry because he remembered how many other things he might have used it for.

On his way home he looked in at the toy-shop window. There was a ragged little lame boy looking in at the toys there. It was a toy soldier that seemed to interest him most.

"Hello!" said our little boy. "When I had my two pennies I could have had 'most anything in this window. Now I've spent one, but I can buy any of the things that don't cost quite so much."

"If I had a penny I'd buy that soldier," said the lame boy. "He's such a splendid one and so brave. Every morning I try to walk up here to look at him."

"I'd like best to have the horse, and the cart, and the ball," our little boy suggested. He did not have time to

say more, for his nurse called him to come. But he waved his hand to the lame boy. "I'll be back tomorrow morning when I go to walk, and we'll play pretend that we can have everything we choose," he called.

When the little boy shook his bank that night the bright penny did not make as much noise as the two pennies had together.

Suddenly he thought of the little lame boy. "It would be a really truly Christmas surprise present if I gave it to him," he mused. "I 'spect he'd be ever an' ever so happy. I just believe I'll give it to him for his Christmas!"

In the morning, as soon as he was dressed, the little boy climbed on to a chair beside the mantelshelf and tried to shake the bright new penny out of his bank. Finally, after much coaxing, it slipped out and lay—a shiny disk—on the little boy's lap.

He could hardly wait to eat his breakfast, and he hopped and danced all the way to the store.

When he turned the corner, sure enough, the little lame boy was there at the toy-shop window playing that the soldier was his.

"It is truly yours," cried the little boy. "You can buy it with the bright penny. It's a s'prise present, it is!" and together they went into the store to buy the soldier.

When the little boy went to bed that night, before the light was put out he glanced up at the mantelshelf to where the china bank still stood. The dull bent penny and the bright new penny were gone, but as the little boy looked at the bank he smiled happily to himself.

—PATTEN BEARD.

## The Tragic Toys

CELESTINE, the French doll, was weeping as if her heart would break, and Dinah, the black rag doll, was trying to comfort her, although her funny face also looked very sad.

"Oh, boo-hoo!" wailed Celestine. "What shall I do when Christmas and the new doll come?"

"Sh, now, Honey!" said Dinah, patting her hand gently. "I 'spects it gwine be all right, somehow. Maybe there ain't gwine be a new doll for li' Missie; then you'll still be her pet an' pride jest laik you is now, Honey."

"Oh, no, Dinah!" cried Celestine, shaking her golden curls sadly; "I heard Margaret's mamma say to Margaret's papa that Santa Claus was going to send her the finest doll in the whole city. She will not love me any more,

"Ho!" snorted the Rocking Horse. "You can't help it. Didn't you come last Christmas and put my nose out of joint? That is the way it goes—something new always coming to those children, and the old toys entirely forgotten."

"Oh!" wailed Celestine afresh. "If only we had somebody to care about us! It is so dismal!"

"So it is, Honey," nodded Dinah; "and so many children with no toys at all!"

"The children ought to know how we feel," sobbed Celestine.

"The children ought to know how other children feel," added the Rocking Horse. "I'd rather be given away to somebody who would care than be of no use here."

"So would I," said Celestine.

"And I!" cried Teddy Bear.

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" went up a chorus from all the toys.

Just then there was a loud "Ping!" and up popped Jack-in-the-Box from his hiding-place. "Excuse me," he said. "I couldn't help listening. I'll tell you something: you're all going to get your wish. You're all going to be sent away!"

"Sent away!" the toys cried in surprise.

"Yep!" nodded Jack, who was a vulgar fellow.

"You're all going. Margaret and Johnnie have voted to send all their toys to the children of the Lighthouse Man, who live on a lonely island all the year. Celestine is going to have a new little mother named Mary Ann Jones, who will love her 'most to pieces. And Teddy will belong to Bob Jones, who never saw a Teddy Bear in his life. And Bill Jones will have the Rocking Horse. How he will make you gallop, old fellow!"

"Oh, now we shall be making some one happy!" said Celestine, clapping her hands. "This is really Christmas. Oh, I am so glad!"

"So am I!" "So am I!" chorused the others.

"Good for you!" cried Jack.

—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

## The Brightest Star

WHEN Christmas was once a time of wonder-working three children, who lived in the Happy Valley, were getting ready for the day. One morning they found a Christmas tree standing in the best room. It was not decorated, and the children said: "How shall we make it beautiful?"

A wise Grandmother lived with them, and she said: "Only by keeping the Christmas Spirit can you make it beautiful."

In those days the selfish and unkind needed not to put a tree in their houses; they could not make it bright. Only those who knew the Christmas Spirit could have sparkling trees.

So the children hastened to set the house in order. When every room was fair a star was shining on the lowest bough of the tree. Then they set to work patiently and lovingly and finished the gifts for Father and Mother and Grandmother. When they ran to the tree a row of stars had blossomed on the lower boughs.

Then they packed baskets to take to neighbors who might not have much Christmas cheer. When they came dancing home all the middle branches were alight.

"What now?" they cried; "for we want it all shining."

"The birds and beasts have not had their gifts," said Mother.

They got ready the crumbs and sheaves of wheat for the birds, and prepared extra tidbits for the horse and cow and dog and cat, and they gave the food to these friends with caresses and kind words. Then they found all but the topmost bough alight with stars. By this time it was Christmas Eve, and they had to go to bed.

They arose in the dawn, and under the shining tree they sang their carols and rejoiced, each over her own gifts and over those gifts of the others. No one said, "Is this all?" or "Sister's gifts are finer than mine." Each heart was full of Christmas joy and love.

Then they saw some one coming to their door. It was the boy from the great house on the hill.

"We do not want him," said the eldest child. "He is a bad boy."

"He is bringing us gifts," said the second. "We do not want them. He thinks he is better than we."

"In the summer he treads on our flowers, breaks our sand villages and frightens our birds," said the little one. But their mother let him in.

"Oh!" he said, "your tree is shining, but mine is dark. Nurse said it was because I had been unkind all the year. So I came to be kind to you. I've brought gifts, for you do not get as many things as I do."

Then, because they had the Christmas Spirit, they did not send him away.

"We thank you for your gifts," they said. "We hope you will find your tree alight, and you may stay and play under our tree."

"Oh, look!" cried all the children. "The Star!" For on the topmost bough a great star had blossomed out.

Little children, may every star on your tree, likewise, mean a deed done in the name of the Christmas Spirit!

—ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA F. F. PRICE

and I shall lie in a corner all day—like you, Dinah—and never go out for a ride in the carriage."

"There is to be a new carriage too," piped the Teddy Bear. "The old carriage will be too small. I heard Margaret's papa say so." And he began to dance.

The Rocking Horse came cantering up to them. "Neigh, neigh!" he whinnied. "Don't you feel too smart, Teddy! I happen to know that Johnnie has grown tired of you and wants a train of cars that goes by itself. And he is going to get it too."

"It sha'n't come," growled Teddy Bear. "I won't let it come."

# “Lest We Forget”

“Inasmuch as Ye Have Done it Unto One of the Least of These Ye Have Done it Unto Me”

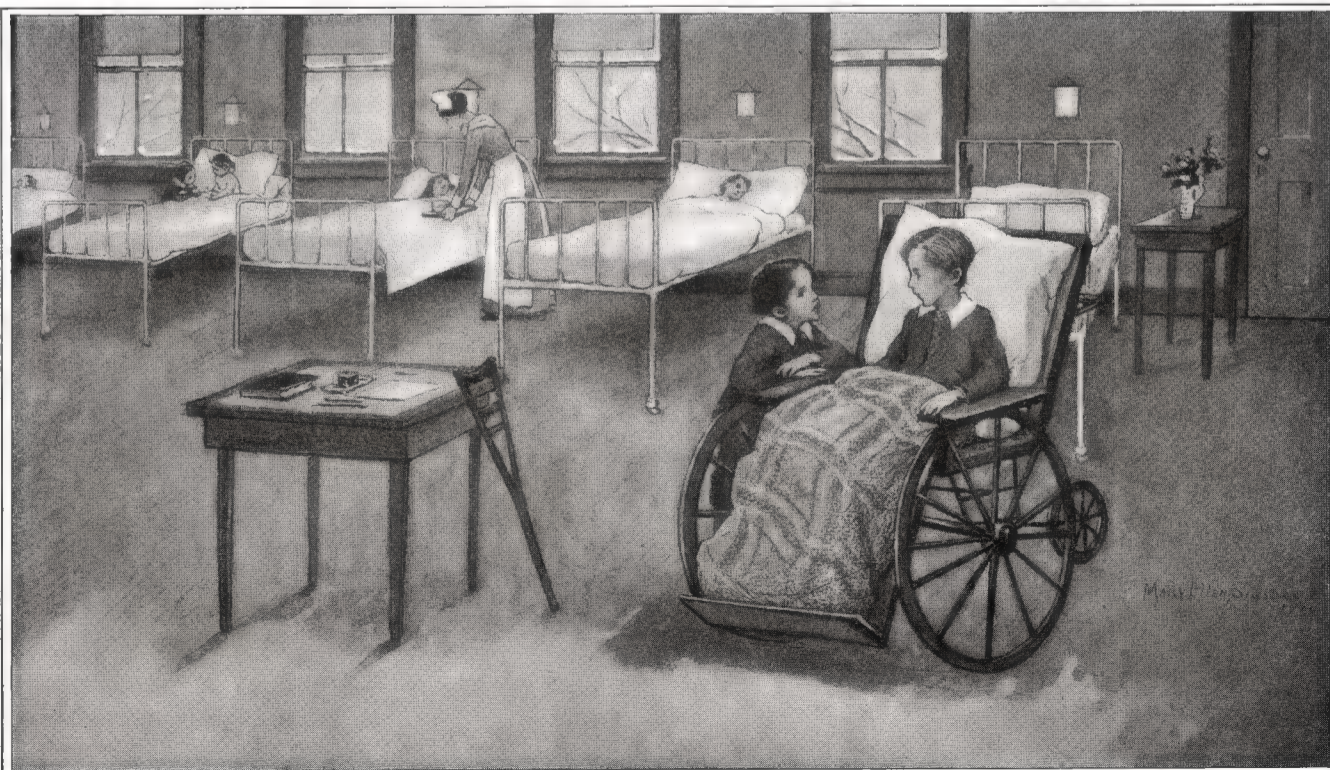
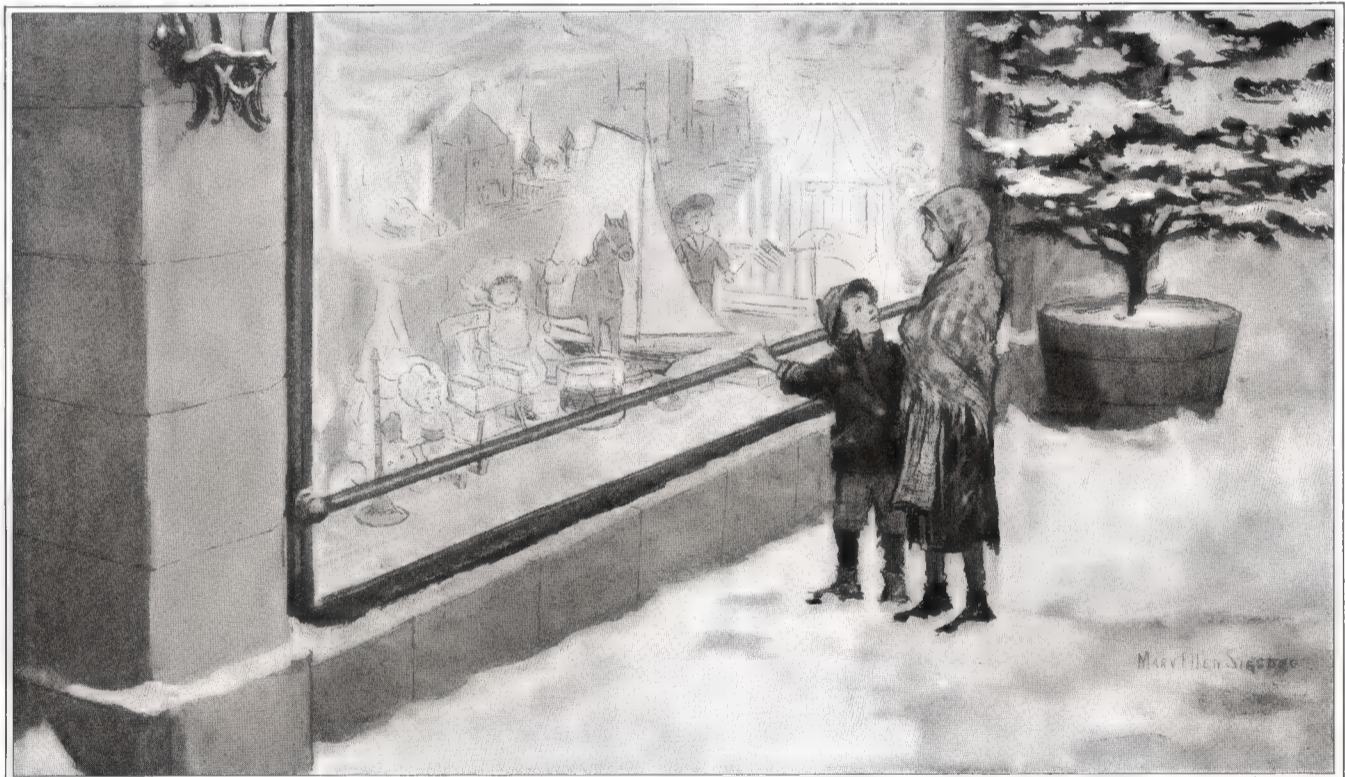
By Mary Ellen Sigsbee



“Maybe After Christmas is Over We’ll Have Clothes Enough for Washday, Too”

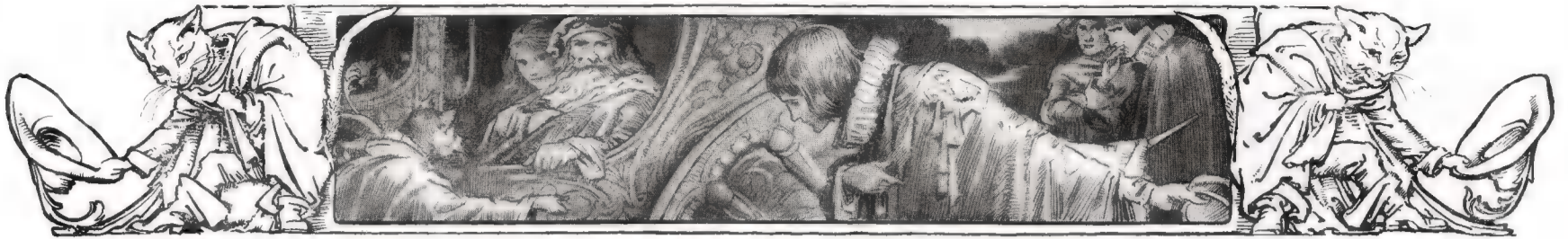


“Do You S’pose the Horse There in That Window Costs Very Much, Sister?”



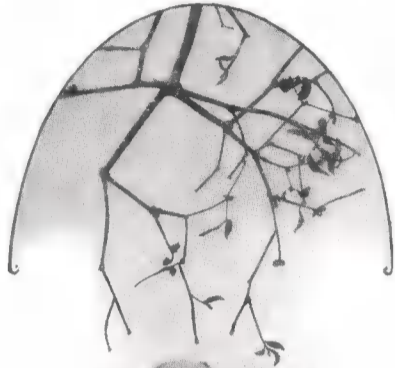
“Will it be Christmas Here in the Hospital, Just as it is in Other Places?”





DRAWN BY FLORENCE E. STORER

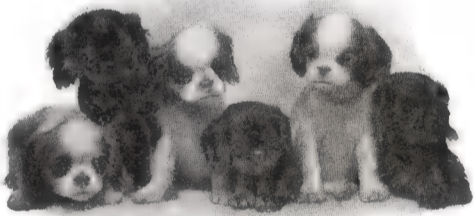
# Christmas Pets That Any Child Would Like



IT WOULD be almost impossible to find a child who would not love to have any one of these little kittens or puppies for his or her very own; and for the little boy or girl who has many toys a pet will be a real joy, and a lasting one.



WHEN you present the little pet it would be pretty, as well as pleasing to the child, if a bright ribbon were tied around the neck of the kitten or puppy, which might also be placed in a basket decorated with red ribbon and holly.





# Lettie Lane's Around-the-World Party

In Which Her Married Sister Sends Her Pictures of Two Little Swiss Girls

By Sheila Young

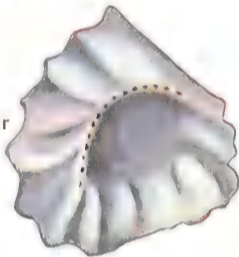
Miss Young's Next Page Will Show an Italian Boy and Girl



For Every-Day Wear



To Wear on Sunday



For Sunday Wear



Young Girl's Summer Dress



To Wear on Sunday



Wedding Cap



Wedding Dress



To Wear to Work



Work Dress



Summer Hat



Young Woman's Afternoon Dress



For Afternoon



For the Party

Cut along dotted lines in hats and slip dolls' heads into the slits thus made. By pasting an inch-wide strip of cardboard at waist-line, slightly bent to form easel, the dolls can be made to stand.



# The Christmas Doll From Paris

Selected by Ida Cleve Van Auken



**T**HE dolly dressed as a nursemaid, in the picturesque long cape and cap with streamers which all French nurses wear on the street, is carrying a tiny baby doll whose face is protected by a long veil. Her dress is made of lawn and lace.



**O**N THE left is a baby doll wrapped like the wee French babies in flannel daintily embroidered in color. The gay Chantecler doll—on the right—is dressed in velvet trousers with a coat of feathers and a hat of velvet and silk.

**B**ELOW are two dolls dressed as fine ladies wearing the newest French clothes and picture hats. One has on a dress of batiste embroidered and trimmed with bands and cords of blue. The other is wearing the kimono waist and narrow skirt in the Paisley coloring relieved by bands of silk.



**A** LITTLE girl dolly in a dress and bonnet of sheer linen and lace is shown above in the center of the page. The lady doll on the right, who wears a velvet street costume, is amused at the antics of the Pierrot doll just below, who is dressed in white satin embroidered in red flowers.



**D**OTTED net over a paler shade of satin is worn by the pretty French doll on the left, with a big hat of the same shade trimmed with feathers. She carries a wide chiffon scarf to match.



**E**MBROIDERED linen over a pompadour silk is worn by the gay little doll on the right, the trimming of her dress matching her hat. A Japanese grandee in the robes of his country is shown below. His kimono is of yellow with a band and neckpiece embroidered in bright colors.





DRAWN BY EUGENIE WIREMAN

## Christmas Toys and Books for Children

By Elizabeth Harrison, Author of "Misunderstood Children," etc.

**M**ANY mothers are sorely perplexed as Christmastime approaches by the problem of how to select such presents for their children as will help them rather than hinder them in their development. The toys should be simple, strong and durable so that the child may not acquire habits of careless extravagance and a tendency to destroy them. A few good toys, like a few good books, are far better than many poor toys. Toys by means of which a child's own creative power has full play are better than mechanical toys finished by the manufacturers.

In selecting a toy it is well to bear in mind what the child can do with it, rather than what the toy can be made to do in the hands of an adult. The following list has been compiled with this thought in mind. The list is intended merely as suggestive of the right kind of toys for children in general.

### Toys for Children From 1 Year to 2 Years of Age

Linen Picture Books, Picture Blocks  
Rubber Animals, Rubber Dolls  
Cotton-Flannel Animals  
Rag Doll, Rubber Rings  
Worsted Balls, Knitted Doll

Strings of Spools or Other Good-Sized Objects, Large Rubber Ball  
Wooden Animals (Unpainted)  
All Toys Should be Small and of Durable Make

Play with his own fingers, with little songs and games about them, or with his arms and legs, and romps in which his whole body is exercised, are better for a child at this age than many toys. Here is where the nursery songs of the kindergarten are of great value.

### From 2 to 3 Years of Age

Blocks, Dolls  
Balls Uncolored (also Worsted Balls)  
Woolly Lamb  
Doll Cradle, Doll Chair  
Picture Book of Families of Birds, Cats, Dogs, Cows, etc.  
Stone Blocks  
Furniture for Doll Houses

Express Cart (Iron or Steel)  
Spade, Rake, Hoe  
Biscuit Board and Rolling Pin  
A Wooden Case With a Six-Inch Rule and Pencil in It  
A Box of Non-Poisonous Paints (Water-Colors)  
A Pair of Blunt Scissors

Sand piles or low sand tables are an almost endless pleasure to children of this age, as sand is one of the most easily mastered of the materials of Nature. The child should be taught from the beginning not to throw the sand as that endangers the eyes.

### From 3 to 5 Years of Age

Rough Board and Crayon  
Building Blocks, Balls  
Train of Cars, Doll and Cradle  
Doll Wagons, Doll Carriages  
Wooden Beads to String  
Small Glass Beads to String  
Doll Beds, Doll Chairs  
Doll Dishes, Paper Dolls

Books With Pictures of Trade Life, Flowers, Vegetables, etc.  
Tracing Cards  
Transparent Slates for Tracing  
Scrap-Books for Pasting Pictures  
A Toy Poultry Yard with Fences, Trees, a Woman and Chickens  
Wagon, Go-Cart, etc.

A small blackboard and chalk are a source of much pleasure to children of this age. Various kindergarten "occupations" are pleasing gifts provided the mother understands how to use them. They are of little use to children of untrained mothers.

### From 5 to 6 Years of Age

Kitchen, Laundry and Baking Sets  
Balls, Building Blocks  
Picture Puzzles, Dissecting Pictures  
Outline Picture Books to Color With Paints or Crayon  
Music Box  
Toy Musical Instruments, Mouth Organs, etc.  
Desk, Blackboard, Child's Chair, Table, etc.  
Wagon, Whip, Sled, Kite  
Pipe for Soap Bubbles  
Train of Cars  
Small Carpenter Tools  
Hobbyhorses

Substantial Toy Cookstove  
Sand Table, Broom  
Rubber Boots, Skates  
Stone Blocks  
Shovel, Spade, Rake and Hoe  
Marbles, Top  
Swing and Seesaw  
Strong Self-Propelling Carts  
Milk Wagon Equipped With Cylinder Cans  
Substantial Churn  
A Few Small Bottles Filled With Water, Spices, Coffee, Sugar, etc., for a Play Grocery  
Toy Groceries and Other Shops

This is the age when stories should begin to take the place of too much play with toys. Therefore simple story books with many good illustrations should begin to be part of each Christmas list.

### From 6 to 10 Years of Age

Larger Dolls With More Mature Wardrobes, Including Country Dolls, City Dolls, Dolls of Different Nationalities  
Doll Houses With Simple, Durable Doll Furniture, Larger Go-Carts  
Doll Carriages, Doll Parasols

Doll Fans and Doll Jewelry  
Paper Dolls, Larger Paint Boxes  
Clay Board and Modeling Clay  
Simple Musical Instruments, Such as Mouth Organ, Drum, etc.  
Self-Propelling Wagons  
Small Tool Chests

### From 10 to 14 Years of Age

**F**ROM the age of ten or twelve (according to the maturity of the child) children, as a rule, begin to care less for toys which are but the miniature of the real world, and to take more interest in making collections of butterflies, of coins, of postage stamps, of postcards or some other things to which their attention has been attracted.

They are also interested in games by means of which bodily skill is gained and tested, and with real tools, camping outfits, fishing outfits, simple electrical and chemical appliances. And they should now manifest interest in books and in the world of Nature.

Roller Skates, Bat and Ball  
Ball and Tennis Racket  
Pitch-a-Ring, Diabolo  
Battledore and Shuttlecock  
Aeropallo, Table Croquet  
Checkers and Checkerboard  
Postcard Scrap Books  
All Sorts of Puzzles  
Card Dominoes, Block Dominoes

Card Games of Different Birds, of Flowers, of Fishes, of Historical Persons, of Famous Places, of Familiar Authors, of Various Nations  
"Fun With Shadows"  
"Fun With Electricity"  
"Fun With Chemistry"  
Magic Lantern, etc.

### Books for Children Under 5 Years of Age

Mother Play Songs, by Friedrich Froebel  
Nursery Finger Plays, by Emilie Poulsson  
Father and Baby Plays, by Emilie Poulsson  
Songs for Little Children (2 volumes), by Eleanor Smith  
Baby Days, or New Baby World, by Mary Mapes Dodge  
Four-Footed Friends and Their Fortunes (unwearable)  
The Children's Pets

The Book of Air-Ships (unwearable)  
Æsop's Fables (in one syllable), by Mary Godolphin  
Mother Goose (in one syllable)  
Animals at Work and Play, by Cornish  
Pinafore Palace, by Kate Douglas Wiggin  
The Beautiful Land of Nod, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox  
Rhymes and Jingles, by Mary Mapes Dodge  
Book of Nonsense, by Edward Lear

### From 5 to 8 Years of Age

Bible Stories of the Old Testament, by R. G. Moulton  
The Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson  
Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay  
More Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay  
In the Child's World, by Emilie Poulsson  
A Legend of the Christ-Child, by Elizabeth Harrison  
Parables from Nature, by Mrs. Gatty  
Fairy Tales of all Nations (9 volumes), by Andrew Lang  
Fairy Tales, by Hans Christian Andersen  
The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling  
The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories  
Story Hour, by Kate Douglas Wiggin

In Storyland, by Elizabeth Harrison  
For the Children's Hour, by Bailey and Lewis  
Why the Chimes Rang, by Isabella MacDonald Alden  
Five-Minute Stories, by Laura E. Richards  
Golden Windows, by Laura E. Richards  
Sing-Song, by Christina Rossetti  
Little-Folk Lyrics, by Frank Dempster Sherman  
In Toyland, by Elizabeth Hammers  
The Joyous Story of Toto, by Laura E. Richards  
Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll  
Wagner Opera Stories, by Grace E. Barber  
The Christ-Child in Art, by Henry van Dyke

### From 8 to 12 Years of Age

Bible Stories of the New Testament, selected by R. G. Moulton  
Old Stories of the East, by James Baldwin  
Norse Stories Retold from Eddas, by Hamilton W. Mabie  
Old Greek Stories, by Niebuhr  
Story of the Golden Age, by James Baldwin  
Story of the Other Wise Man, by Henry van Dyke  
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road From Long Ago to Now, by Jane Andrews  
Puck of Pook's Hill, by Rudyard Kipling  
Chivalric Days, by Brooks  
Troubadour Tales, by Stein  
Each and All, by Jane Andrews  
Child Life, by J. G. Whittier  
Poems Every Child Should Know, by Burt  
Una and the Red-Cross Knight, retold by N. G. Royde-Smith  
Household Tales, collected by Grimm  
Fairy Stories and Fables, by James Baldwin  
Fairy Tales and Poems, selected by Sarah L. Arnold  
Wonder Book, by Nathaniel Hawthorne  
Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne  
Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley

The Little Lame Prince, by Miss Mulock  
Parables from Nature, by Mrs. Gatty  
Æsop's Fables (without moral attached)  
Stories from Arabian Nights (illustrated), by A. H. Houghton  
The Birds' Christmas Carol, by Kate Douglas Wiggin  
Timothy's Quest, by Kate Douglas Wiggin  
Dandelion Cottage, by Carrol W. Rankin  
Dandelion Clocks, by Mrs. Juliana H. Ewing  
Mary's Meadow, by Mrs. Juliana H. Ewing  
Hans Brinker, by Mary Mapes Dodge  
Two Grey Girls, by Ellen Haile  
Three Brown Boys, by Ellen Haile  
The Little Colonel, by Annie Fellows Johnston  
Little Women, by Louisa M. Alcott  
Little Men, by Louisa M. Alcott  
Nights With Uncle Remus, by Joel Chandler Harris  
Uncle Remus and His Friends, by Joel Chandler Harris  
The Second Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling  
The Road to Oz, by Lyman Frank Baum

### From 12 to 14 Years of Age

The Odyssey, by Homer (illustrated by Claxton)  
The Tempest, by Shakespeare (illustrated by Walter Crane)  
Midsummer Night's Dream, by Shakespeare  
Legends of King Arthur, by Tennyson  
Plutarch's Lives  
Greek Myths, by C. E. Mann (illustrated by famous pictures)  
Stories From the Greek Tragedians, by Church  
Books of Golden Deeds, by Yonge  
Gulliver's Travels, by Swift  
The Story of Our English Grandfathers, by G. P. Brown  
The Man Without a Country, by E. E. Hale  
Boys' Life of Lincoln, by Helen Nicolay  
The Sky Pilot of the Foothills, by Ralph Connor  
Black Rock, by Ralph Connor  
Captains Courageous, by Rudyard Kipling  
Kim, by Kipling  
Two Years Before the Mast, by Dana  
Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson  
Biography of a Grizzly, by Ernest Thompson Seton  
Wild Animals I Have Known, by Ernest Thompson Seton  
Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe  
Famous Travels and Travelers, by Jules Verne  
Swiss Family Robinson, by Wyss

Beric, the Briton, by Henty  
By England's Aid, by Henty  
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, by Jules Verne  
The Boy With an Idea  
Boy Engineers  
The American Boy's Handy Book, by D. C. Beard  
Physiology for Boys, by Doctor Richardson  
The Christmas-Makers' Club, by E. Sawyer  
Miss Betty of New York, by Ellen Douglas Deland  
Dorothy Brown, by Withington  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Kate Douglas Wiggin  
Polly Oliver's Problem, by Kate Douglas Wiggin  
Mother Tucker's Seven, by Wray Anne of Green Gables, by Montgomery  
Two Royal Foes, by Eva Madden  
Christmas Every Day, by Howells  
Christmas Stories, by Dickens  
Story of a Short Life, by Ewing  
My Mother and I, by Miss Mulock  
Physiology for Girls, by Doctor Richardson  
The Bishop's Shadow, by Thurston  
An Old-Fashioned Girl, by Louisa M. Alcott  
Parents' Problems, by Dr. M. W. Allen  
History of a Mouthful of Bread, by Mace  
The Four Epochs of Life, by Dr. E. H. Muncie

## Your Boy's 1911 Spending Money

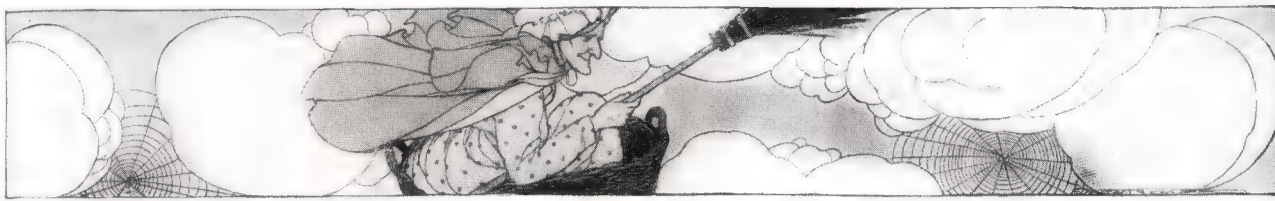
**T**HE pleasures which a boy values most are those which he buys with money earned by himself, and, in later life, the experience which he gets in earning the money is worth a thousand times the amount involved. Hundreds of boys responded to THE JOURNAL's recent offer to put them in the way of earning their own spending money. Some of them are now earning \$15.00 or more twice a month; all are earning something and, at the same time, are getting habits of industry, thrift and stick-to-it-iveness the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. One fine thing about the plan is that it does not interfere with school duties.

**By delivering THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to friends and neighbors, any boy can earn a lot of money without associating with undesirable companions and without going into undesirable places.**

To any boy we will send everything necessary. Then, as soon as he really starts work, he will receive one of the most unique volumes ever prepared for boys, a clever book printed with 250 illustrations, telling in a mighty interesting way of an army of bright boys all over the country who have actually "made good." It is really an unusual book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy.

If your boy wants to try it—if he wants to make his own spending money—we will take all the risk. A line addressed to us will bring everything necessary.

The Curtis Publishing Company  
401 Arch Street, Philadelphia



DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

## A Christmas Tent in the House

By Meredith Nugent

**T**HIS tent is made of old newspapers pinned together over a framework of strings. It is the jolliest sort of a plaything for the children, and the coziest place for them to snuggle into on Christmas morning with their candies and toys for an interchange of their merry childish greetings.

I will not guarantee you fathers and mothers, though, that the little ones will remain quiet in this tent very long, for it will probably suggest a game of "Indians" or "Wild West," and even should these very boisterous amusements be abandoned for the less noisy pleasures of "camping out" with their smaller doll-loving sisters you may expect to see the very liveliest camping-out party you ever saw. But then, who seriously objects to warwhoops, or to the "breaking in" of unruly rocking-horses, or even to the caperings of a whole band of savage, painted and befeathered redskins, with tom-tom music galore, on the carpeted floor when the day is Christmas?



Made of Newspapers Over a Framework of Strings

Now this newspaper tent is so easily made that I cannot imagine any one's having any difficulty with it. Indeed I might almost say there is no making to it, so simple is its construction. As shown in Figure 1 a broom is held in a perpendicular position by strings fastened tautly to the broom handle and to the various weights circling about it. Then, beginning close up to the broom handle (see

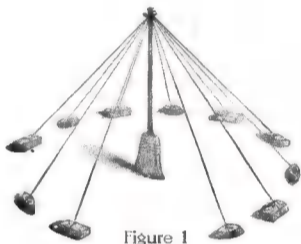


Figure 1

Figure 2), this extended string framework is pinned over with old newspapers until completely roofed in. Nothing difficult about this, surely. Be careful, though, that all strings are of exactly the same length, and that each is drawn as taut as it can possibly be, before the newspapers are fastened to them.

**F**OR floor weights use flatirons, books, bricks wrapped in newspaper, or other conveniently heavy objects. In pinning on the newspaper covering thrust the pins point down through the paper, then under the taut string and up through the newspaper again. This will hold the papers in place. Also pin the newspapers themselves together very thoroughly so that there shall be no openings of any kind in the tent save the entrance in front. The dia-

grams and drawing accompanying this article are carefully made and you cannot do better than to follow them in every detail.

When completed you may decorate your tent as fancy dictates. Bright-colored posters and Christmas pictures may be pinned to it, and if you have enough of these your newspaper teepee will be converted into a very blaze of Christmas color. Top it with a flag, suspend strings of tinsel to it and, although the least costly, there will be few if any gifts more acceptable than this one.

If you have plenty of old newspapers greater stability may be secured for the tent by pasting several sheets together.

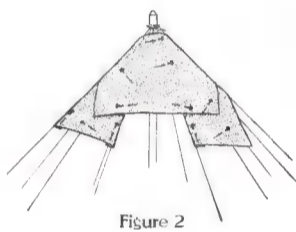


Figure 2

## A Christmas Afternoon Balloon Trip

By Chelsea Curtis Fraser

**A**FTER seeing the presents on Christmas Day the children generally demand some more excitement. Here are two easily made indoor toys, a balloon and an airship, and both will really "fly." If they are among the gifts they will furnish amusement often for the rest of the day. They are made to carry lifelike figures representing persons, and will make successful flights on any day, be it windy or rainy, because they are used in the house.

The cost of making a first-class indoor balloon will not be more than ten cents, and an airship may be made for the same amount. The entire outlay of money is for the little gas balloons so common on circus day. The rest of the material is of the simplest kind and will be found in nearly every home.

In constructing the balloon shown in Figure 4 first make the basket. This (shown in detail in Figure 1) has its side made from a strip of cardboard six inches long and an inch and a half wide. It should be curved as in the diagram. Bend it into a circular or ring shape, lapping the ends and pasting them together. Cut out a cardboard disk the diameter of which is such that, when the disk is dropped into the larger end of the cardboard ring, it may be pushed downward to form the bottom of the basket and be held firmly near the smaller end of the ring.

The balloon's passengers are cut in outline from thin cardboard or stiff paper and pasted to the inner side of the basket. The dotted lines in Figure 1 show the pasted parts of the figures. Features are drawn with ink before the figures are fastened to the basket.

**T**O HANG the basket on the balloon use thread or light cotton string, thread being better. Cut six or eight strands about eighteen inches long and knot them together, as in Figure 3, leaving the lower ends free. The balloon is put into the net thus formed, and the loose ends of the thread are tied to the rim of the basket by pricking little holes in it at uniform distances. Another length of thread or string is gathered around the suspension strands about midway between basket and balloon, drawing them in as shown by the illustration in Figure 4, knotting all connections. The balloon is now practically complete. All that remains to be done is to ballast it, which is done by placing a pebble, a marble, buckshot, or anything small and of the proper weight, in the bottom of the basket. This weight keeps the balloon from rising above the doors and should be adjusted until the toy will ascend only to the desired height. The proper weight is easily and quickly found. Then, by creating a slight draft through the room, by raising the windows or opening the doors a little, an exciting

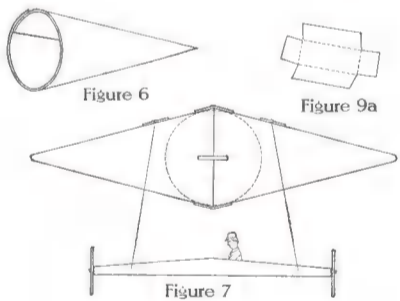


Figure 6

Figure 9a

Figure 7

balloon trip—or race, if other balloons are started with the one you have made—may be had. As the air current strikes them the balloons will slowly ascend and descend, from the floor almost to the ceiling, gradually going forward and working through the doorways to the farther extremity of the apartments.

A variation of the plain balloon trips is to equip the balloon with an anchor and have what might be very appropriately termed an "obstacle trip," or an "obstacle race," as the case may be.

The anchor is made from a large hairpin or a piece of light wire. It is bent in the shape shown in Figure 5, and hangs on a string or strong thread which runs through a puncture in the bottom of the basket and is held by a knot in its end. This string should be three or four feet long, and is left dangling at full length. Used in a race the anchor feature is particularly interesting for the reason that when an anchor catches on an article of furniture or any other obstruction this balloon is generally held a prisoner while another one wins. Sometimes, however, it releases itself, and by going faster than the others reaches the goal first.

**I**N CONSTRUCTING the airship make two cardboard cones, exactly alike, as shown in Figure 6. The larger ends of the cones must be of sufficient diameter to contain the gas balloon when they are brought together, as in Figure 7, the dotted circle representing the balloon. When the balloon is in place within the cones connect the latter by pasting strips of paper over the joint in different places.

The carriage for the airship, shown in Figure 10, is made entirely of cardboard. It consists chiefly of two side pieces eight inches long (Figure 8). The ends are bent at the dotted lines, and the sides joined by pasting, as shown in Figure 9. A ballast box (Figure 9a) is pasted in the middle of the carriage after the sides are joined, and the airship is then ballasted with a pebble or other weighty object, the same as was the balloon.

The two propellers (a pattern of which is given in Figure 11) should be about two inches and a half from blade tip to blade tip. They may be pasted to the ends of the carriage or they may be placed on axles made of pins.

The carriage is suspended by thread or string in two pieces. Each strand passes over the paper cone, being retained from slipping by a strip of paper pasted over it and secured to the cone.

The thrill experienced by its youthful constructor when the balloon makes its ascent amply repays the perseverance bestowed upon the pastime, which also cultivates skill.

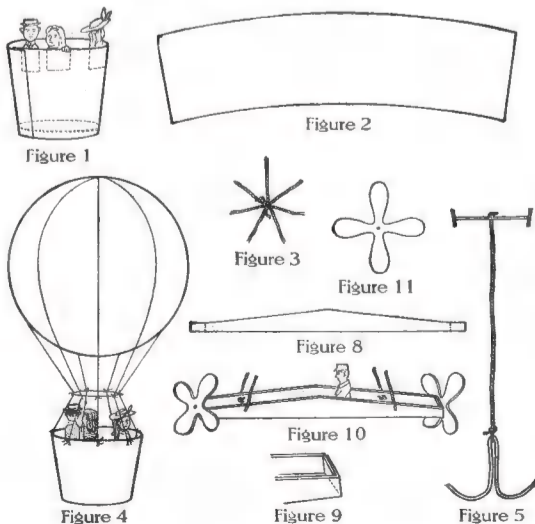


Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

Figure 11

Figure 8

Figure 10

Figure 9

Figure 5

Figure 4



Keep your

# Kitchen HYGIENICALLY Clean

Avoid chemical  
cleaners on your  
kitchen utensils.  
No caustic or  
acid in

# Old Dutch Cleanser

Many uses  
and full  
directions  
on Large  
Sifter-Can  
**10¢**



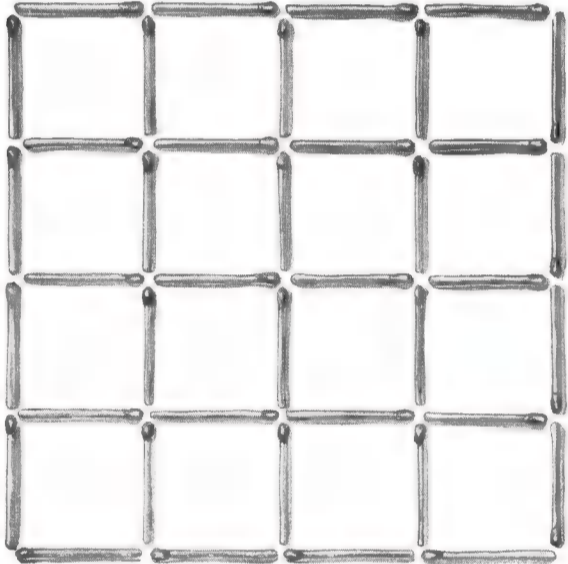
# Christmas Puzzles for Young Folks

By Sam Loyd, Jr.



How Many Animals Can You Find?

MARY has stacked up her Christmas blocks so as to spell the names of various animals (counting fishes and reptiles as animals) by going from one block to another one that touches it; as: C-O-W. How many names can you find? Give the number and set them down in alphabetical order.



Safe Fun With Matches

HERE is a new match puzzle: a pretty one for children to amuse themselves with during the holiday season. Lay forty matches on the table in the way shown in the drawing, and if you are clever you may find thirty squares of various sizes. Now what is the least number of matches that can be removed and leave no square at all?



A Dash for the South Pole

WHEN Harry found under the Christmas tree a toy automobile he asked so many questions about motor cars that his father tried to quiet him by giving this puzzle: Three explorers planned a final dash for the South Pole. Each carried sufficient gasoline to run seventy-two miles, and the fuel was to be transferred from one car to another at the right points in order that one member of the party might have enough left to go to the Pole. At what distance from the Pole should they begin their dash, remembering that they must reserve sufficient fuel to return to the starting point?



A Christmas Checkerboard Puzzle

JOHN and James were so busily engaged in making a checkerboard to give to a friend on Christmas Day that they turned out more than enough pieces. Can you tell which pieces are superfluous? Give the numbers of those sections which may be discarded.



A Pretty Little Military Problem

NO CHRISTMAS gift pleased Bobby more than his box of Red and Blue soldiers. The Reds exceeded the Blues by one, yet by arranging the soldiers in a solid square, Bobby quickly discovered that the Reds were wholly surrounded by the four lines of Blues. How many soldiers were there in the whole company?

## Read These Positive Directions

Mail your letter so that it will reach Philadelphia not earlier than December 19, and not later than the morning of December 29.

The correct solution of these puzzles will be published in THE JOURNAL for March 1. We cannot answer any questions whatever about the puzzles.

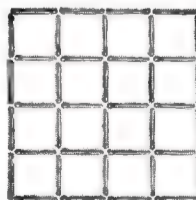
The privilege of competing is open to children only. The general form of answer shown on the right is required, although the blank itself need not be cut from the magazine; but the use of these printed blanks will simplify the examination of the answers. Send in a complete list of answers and let us have, in not more than twenty-five words, your idea as to the best feature in this issue. For your skill in solving the puzzles, and for the originality, neatness and general care shown in your answer, we will give:

Five prizes of \$5 each, ten of \$2 each, and forty of \$1 each: 55 rewards in all, amounting to \$85. Send your solutions to

The Puzzle Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal  
Post Office Box 1401, Philadelphia

## Christmas Puzzles

- 1: There are \_\_\_\_\_ names.
- 2: Discard sections \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.
- 3: Remove \_\_\_\_\_ matches, as shown in the diagram on this slip.
- 4: Number of soldiers was \_\_\_\_\_, arranged in a square \_\_\_\_\_ x \_\_\_\_\_.
- 5: Start must be made \_\_\_\_\_ miles from the Pole.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Your Idea of the Best Feature of This Number May be Written in the Margin Below

Any Man or Woman can "live in a trunk" and enjoy it, if it's a **HARTMANN**

**Berth high**  
(shown above) is the only steamer wardrobe trunk ever devised. It is convenient and compact, opens flat, and is perfect for en route service. Men or Women.

**Week End**  
(shown at right) is just trunk enough for the casual trip. Will carry sufficient dresses and hats for a short visit, and has ample lingerie and shoe space. Women only.

**Hartmann**  
(shown below) is a complete journey trunk, equipped with every possible convenience and affording accommodation for full wardrobe and accessories. This represents the highest development of modern trunk making. Special designs for Men's, Women's or combination use.

You should have our free illustrated booklet. We will also send name of nearby dealer who will supply you.

**The Hartmann Trunk Co.**  
111 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, U.S.A.  
31 styles.

Make this most enjoyable Holiday Gift

**RICHARDSON SEAMLESS SHOE**

A gentle solace to feet weary. Restful as a pillow, yet firm in support like a stay. No vamp-seams to bind and chafe—goes on and feels like an old glove.

The "Richardson" gives the supple, "foot-spring" of youth and lightens work or play in young and old. The thousands of Athletic Girls, Housekeepers, Saleswomen, Nurses and Elderly Women who wear the Richardson are earnest in its praise.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send your size (state width) direct from our factory, prepaid, upon receipt of \$3.00. Send for our catalog.

**RICHARDSON SHOE CO., Dept. T, Menominee, Mich.**  
"One Intelligent Shoe Dealer wanted in every town."

The W. H. Wilcox Co. Binghamton, N. Y. Importers of FURTRIM SUTTINGS

No. 546  
Barbary Fancy

No. 945  
Tropical Sutting

Price per yard \$1.90

**We Want a Reliable Woman**  
to act as our agent in every locality where we have none, and we will give her the exclusive rights for her territory. Write us to-day.

The W. H. Wilcox Co., 1 Moffatt Avenue, Binghamton, N. Y.

Hand Embroidered Xmas Gifts Easily Made

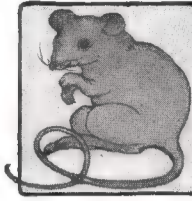
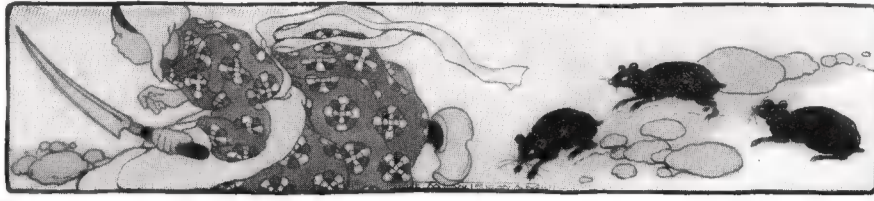
Many articles make appropriate presents when embroidered with "REIS" Foundation Letters.

The whisk broom holder shown hereshould be embroidered with a No. 219, 2 3/4 in., Old English; No. 486, 2 in., Script; or a No. 1252, 2 in. Block Letter in any color to match or contrast. Many other equally appropriate uses will suggest themselves, any of which the most inexperienced sewer can produce with little time, no trouble and at small expense.

Sold in All Art Departments. But buy by the name—be sure you see "REIS" on each card. They are the only kind that have stood the severest tests since 1889. Send for Booklet and Free Sample of your initial.

**REIS FOUNDATION**  
G. REIS & BRO. 636 Broadway, N. Y.





DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

# If You Have Snow on Christmas Day

Snow Tunnels and a Home-Made Coaster That Any Boy Can Make

By A. Neely Hall, Author of "The Boy Craftsman," etc.



Figure 1

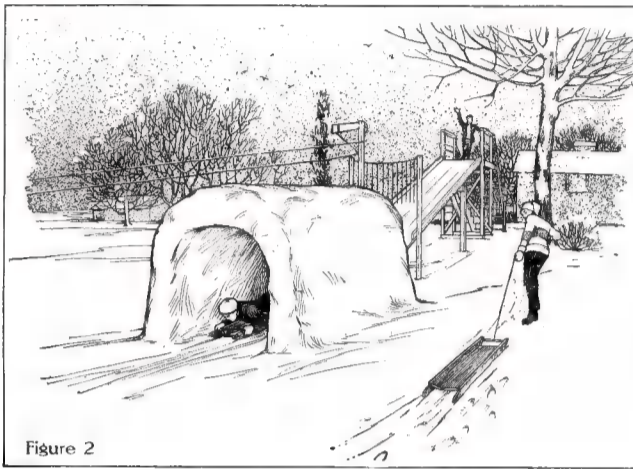


Figure 2

**I**F CHRISTMAS DAY be snowy here is a device which will bring delight to the heart of every boy, and it is one not too difficult for him to carry out unaided. If two or more boys work together a snow tunnel may be built in a short time, and all who carry out this new winter idea will find it great sport.

If you coast down a hill with a long slope build several tunnels as shown in Figure 1, or if you own a toboggan slide build one at the foot of it as shown in Figure 2. The tunnels may be built in the ordinary way of making snow houses, but it is a much better plan to reinforce the roofs to prevent them from collapsing when the snow begins to melt. This may be done by making two side frames similar to A and B (Figure 3) and laying some boards across the top. The frames may be put together indoors, then carried out to the spot upon which you are going to build the tunnel, set up in position and banked around the base with snow to hold them in place. If soft enough to pack roll the snow into large balls and roll the balls over to the site for the tunnel; there they may be chopped up and piled against the sides of the framework and upon the roof boards, as shown in the section drawing of the tunnel (Figure 4).

The roof or ceiling should be eighteen inches above your head when you are seated upon your sled, which will make the height above ground between four feet six inches and five feet; take this into consideration in making the frames. Build the walls about a foot thick and pile plenty of snow upon the roof boards—the thicker you make the walls and roof the more substantial and the more lasting your tunnel will be—and round off the roof as shown in the illustration (Figure 4) to form an arched top to the tunnel. Make deep tracks in the snow the entire length of the tunnel, of the proper gauge for your sled runners, and bank the snow at each side of the entrance to guide the sleds into the tracks.

**T**O AVOID collisions a semaphore block system may be installed. In Figure 1 the semaphores are shown, the one at the entrance to the tunnel through which the boys have just passed being set at "Stop" and the one on the tunnel which they are just entering being set at "Safety" or "Proceed." Figure 5 shows the semaphores. Cut the arm A twenty inches long and taper it from four inches wide at one end to three inches wide at the other end, and cut the spectacle piece B ten inches long and of the shape shown (Figure 5). Nail B to A, then bolt them to the upright C, running the bolt through B as shown, with washers placed between the head of the bolt and B, between B and C, and between C and the nut; tighten the nut so that the arm will stand horizontally without dropping. Upright C should be nailed to the wooden frame of the tunnel and should be so long that arm A will swing clear of the snow roof. Fasten a cord through a hole in A at E, and another through a hole in B at D, and run these cords through two screw-eyes in C to the end of the slide. Paint the arm of the semaphore black with a white band near the end, and the spectacle frame black with the two upper spectacle glasses indicated by red, the next by green and the bottom one by white.

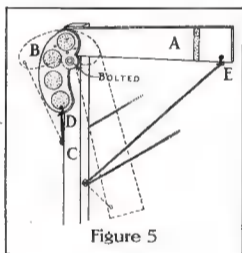


Figure 5

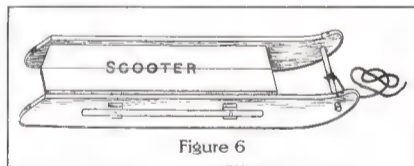


Figure 6

The semaphores are operated by each boy as he reaches the foot of the slide, being set first at "Safety" to signal the next boy to start from the top, and then at "Stop" when he passes them.

To make the sled railroad as complete as possible you must place a "telltale" a few feet in front of your tunnel entrance (Figure 2); one of these is hung in front of every low bridge or tunnel to warn the brakemen stationed upon the tops of freight cars to duck their heads. To make the telltale stretch a rope between two uprights and tie a number of pieces of rope about two feet long to it so their ends are just low enough to brush against the heads of the coasters as they pass under them.

The coaster shown in Figure 6 is simple to make, but in cutting out and putting together the various pieces you must do the work carefully to get the best results. Cut the runners as shown in Figure 7, four feet long and four inches wide. They must be cut out of a board at least six inches wide in order to have the bow turn up, but you may make the bow straight, as shown by the dotted line, if you want to cut them out of four-inch boards.

**P**URCHASE ten feet of "half-oval" iron, three-quarters of an inch wide, at a hardware store, then take this and your runners to a blacksmith and have him fit the iron to the runners as shown in Figure 6. The holes along the bottom should be countersunk so the screw-heads will set flush with the iron (Figure 9). Five screws for each runner will be plenty. Cut the three crosspieces A (Figures 8 and 10) fourteen inches long, two inches wide and an inch and a half thick, and prepare the ends of each as shown at A (Figure 11). Then cut the six braces B (Figures 8 and 10) as shown at B (Figure 11) to fit the mortises in the ends of A. Screw the braces to the crosspieces and to the runners (Figure 10), then screw the crosspieces between the runners seven-eighths of an inch below the tops of the runners—one eleven inches from the front end, another seven inches from the rear end and the third between the two.

Make the seat in two pieces (Figure 6) and screw the boards to the crosspieces. There are a number of forms of sled handles which you may use, one of the simplest of which is a slot cut in the runner as shown in Figure 10. The slot is made by first boring three holes through the runners as shown in Figure 7, then cutting out the wood between with a saw and trimming with a knife or chisel. To make the handles shown in Figure 6 cut two pieces of broom-handle twenty-eight inches long and four wooden blocks two inches square. Nail two of the blocks to each runner, then bore five-eighths of an inch holes through the broom-handles and through the blocks and runners and bolt the broom-handles in place with five-eighths of an inch carriage bolts four inches long (Figures 6, 8 and 12). Drawer-pulls, such as are to be found upon the fronts of kitchen pantry drawers, are another form of handles that may be used.

Bore an inch hole through the bow ends of the runners and cut a piece of broom-handle to fit in them. If you drive a nail through each end of the broom-handle close to the runners it will prevent the ends from spreading.

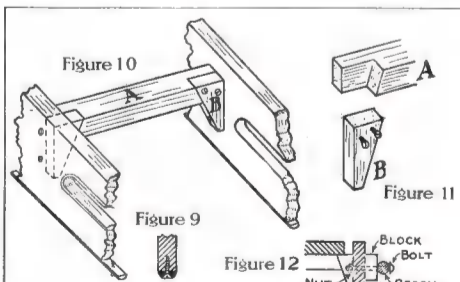


Figure 9

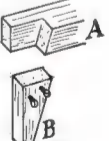


Figure 10

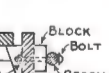


Figure 11

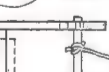


Figure 12

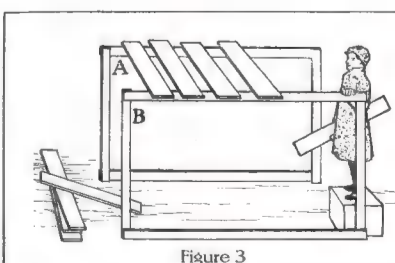


Figure 3

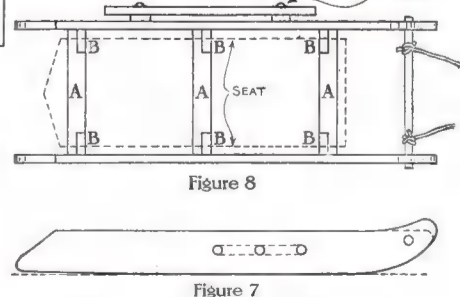


Figure 8



Figure 7

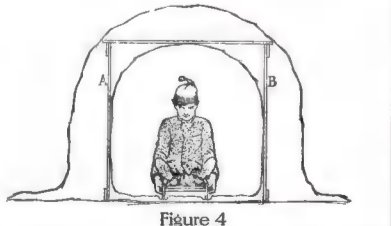


Figure 4

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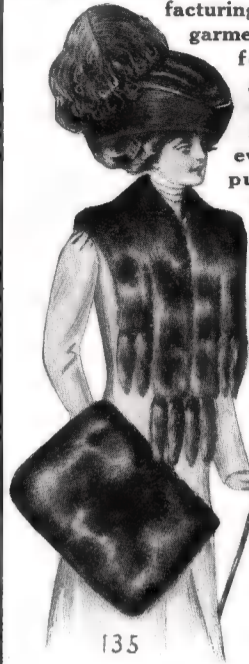
them.

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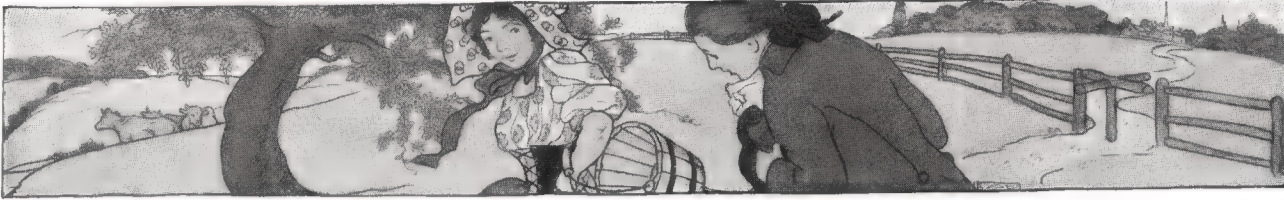
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DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

# Blossoming Papers for Christmas Decoration

By Meredith Nugent



Figure 4—Some "Peach Blossoms"

our friends in to a flower bee and together we'll make that Sunday-school room look just like a flower garden even if it does happen to be in the middle of winter.

## How to Start Making the Flowers

AND this is no mere boast, but a practical, workable plan, as, indeed, I will prove to you this very moment. First, scraps of paper are torn out like those shown in Figure 1. Nothing difficult about tearing out scraps of paper like these, is there? Then these scraps of paper are drawn gently, one by one, over the edge of a knife's blade, which curls them slightly. Nothing very difficult about this either, you'll admit. Then these curled petals are joined together with sealing-wax as shown in Figure 2, and then with more sealing-wax the completed flower is attached to a dead branch as shown in Figure 3. Of course you must use some judgment as to the selection of the branch and as to the size of the petals which are to be attached to it. Now, is there anything about all this that a five-year-old child can't do? And yet this is positively all there is to the making of these paper flowers.

Of course many of you will think to improve upon this method by cutting out the petals with scissors instead of tearing them out. To all who use scissors for this work I predict failure; for it is the very tearing out of the petals, and the rough, uneven and accidental edges thus obtained, which is productive of such splendid results. There will be plenty of opportunity for your "thinks" when it comes to arranging the flowers on the branches, for there's where thought and taste will count. A clever person can take the same material exactly and make it much more effective than can a person whose taste is not so cultivated. Meanwhile I will tell you exactly how to proceed, for with the introduction of a little system you will accomplish a great deal of work in a very short space of time.

## The Kinds of Papers to Use

ALL soft papers are desirable, but I prefer to use papers which when torn leave fuzzy, cottony edges. I find the cheapest of "scratch pads" used by the children in the public schools very good for this purpose, also tissue papers—red, pink and white. Pink tissue paper served for the branch of "peach blossoms" pictured in Figure 4. For very large blossoms blotting papers may occasionally be used with splendid effect, and there are undoubtedly many other papers which will



Figure 1—The Scraps of Paper

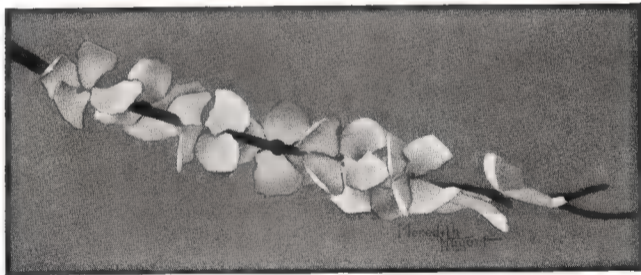


Figure 3—Attaching the "Flowers" to a Dead Branch With Sealing-Wax



Figure 5—A Cluster of Blossoming Paper Branches

answer for this work very much better than those I have mentioned. A little experience, however, will show you far better than I can tell you which papers produce the best results.

## Making the Petals

FOR convenience's sake I will describe how the petals were made for the blossoms pictured in Figure 5, as the same principle used in the making of these will answer for the making of petals of all kinds. The paper of the cheap "scratch pad" variety was used. Six sheets were torn at one time from the pad, and these were held firmly together so that they couldn't slip, and then petals about the size of those of dogwood blossoms were torn from all of the six sheets at one tearing. Thus the petals were produced in bunches of six, all of which were exactly alike. After the six firmly held sheets had been torn into petals each bunch of six petals was grasped tightly between the thumb and the forefinger of the left hand, an open penknife was held in the right hand, and then each petal was quickly drawn over this knife's blade, or, to be exact, between the knife's sharp edge and the thumb of the right hand. It is the drawing of these petals over the knife's blade which gives them the curl and which is largely the secret of success in this work. Care must be taken, however, not to curl the petals too much—an error very easily made. If curled too much the flowers have a withered look. A little practice at the curling process will show you how much to curl the leaves to get the proper effect.

## Making the Blossoms

THERE are two ways in which the blossoms may be made. The petals may be joined together with sealing-wax as shown in Figure 2 and the completed flower attached to the dead branch, or the blossoms may be built up on the branch itself by touching the lower tip of each petal with the melted sealing-wax and then quickly pressing it to the wood before the wax cools. The latter way is much the preferable one besides being very much quicker, because in employing it you are able to control the shape of your "flower" on the branch, whereas if the "flower" is completed and then fastened on as a whole it may not suit the particular part of the branch on which it must be used. Figure 2 is merely intended as an illustration of the blossoms as they should appear when complete, whether they are built up on the branch, petal by petal, or whether they are joined together in the finished flower before being attached to the branch. Always keep the little groups of six petals close to your work, and be careful never to use two petals of like shape in one blossom.

## Arranging the "Flowers" on the Branches

IN ARRANGING the "flowers" on the branches individual taste and thought may, of course, be used to great advantage. Do not place the "flowers" all on one side of the branch, or at just equal distances apart. Have groups of thickly clustered blossoms in some places, and almost a scarcity of "flowers" in others. This is as in Nature. To those gifted with a real sense of the artistic this work offers splendid opportunities for the display of their talents. Indeed the chances for strong, effective arrangements in color and mass are well-nigh illimitable.

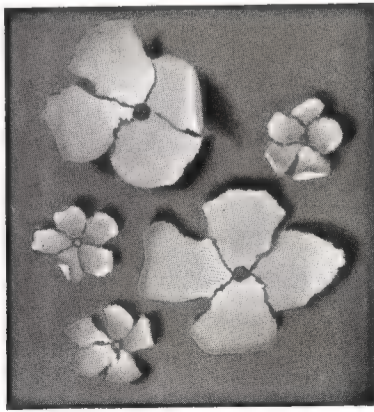


Figure 2—Joining the Curled Petals



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# A Two-Dollar Christmas Tree

By Beatrice D'Emo

THE entire cost of the tree shown in the accompanying illustration did not exceed three dollars, and when the candles were lit it certainly made a brave showing, aside from having given a great deal of pleasure to the maker of the decorations and to the children afterward.

The topmost branch of the pictured tree is ornamented with a pasteboard star covered with gilt paper on one side and silver on the other. A bit of fine wire is run through one of the star points and secured to the tree branch.

Popcorn, cranberry or raisin chains are used to festoon the tree; these chains are easily made and will afford a pleasant pastime for the women of the household when they pause to take a rest from more arduous duties. The popcorn and berries may be strung as easily as one would string beads, and almost with the eyes closed.

The corn may be popped in an ordinary corn-popper or a skillet with a lid covering it. The skillet should be shaken and moved about over the hot coals so that there will be no chance of the white flakes burning. Coarse white thread and a medium-sized needle are used for the stringing. A pint of cranberries and two quarts of popcorn will make five yards of chain.

The paper link chain is made of narrow strips of gilt and silver paper pasted to form the rings: one link is slipped through the other as indicated and pasted securely. Use glue in pasting the toys, chains, etc., not mucilage nor flour paste.

Popcorn wreaths are as dainty and attractive as if fashioned of windflowers, the corn flakes, being irregular in outline, producing an exquisitely fragile and charming effect. To make the wreaths procure a piece of fine, white, silk-covered hat wire and sew each popcorn flake on separately with coarse thread. This takes only a little time and the result is most satisfactory. The wreaths may be used for table decoration as well as for the Christmas tree. If round hat wire cannot be procured flat featherbone will do.

LITTLE drums are decorative and may be used as receptacles for small gifts, bonbons or nuts and raisins. First a piece of scarlet or any other colored paper four inches wide and six inches long is cut; over this is placed a narrower strip of white paper, both strips being secured at the back with small brass paper studs; or the strips may be sewed or glued in cylinder shape. The drumheads may be of white paper or cardboard, and sewed or pasted in. Scarlet or any bright-colored worsted is used for the straps and tassels.

Little transfer pictures, such as children purchase for a penny a sheet at small toy shops, may be used to decorate the drums, cornucopias, etc. If one has any knowledge of hand painting so much the better. Dainty pictures may be sketched then on each article and painted. If one has not a knowledge of drawing or painting, pictures taken from advertising cards or clipped from magazines may be used with excellent effect, only the work should be done with great neatness. The drumsticks are made of small sticks of striped red-and-white wintergreen candy with candied cherries on the ends. Sticks of home-made candy with raisin buttons would be delicious.

The materials used in making the toy trumpets are Bristolboard, gold, silver or colored paper, and silk or worsted cords and tassels. Each trumpet is formed of a very slender horn of Bristolboard sewed firmly, then covered with colored or gilt paper. A circular piece of Bristolboard with the center cut out is covered with gilt paper and glued to the lower part of the horn; the handle is made of cardboard decorated with a cord and tassel. A stick of home-made candy wrapped in tissue paper is concealed in the trumpet, or some little gift that would please a child—tiny dolls, whistles or Teddy bears fit nicely in the horn-shaped section. The pasteboard trumpets have much to recommend them. They have no whistles to be swallowed, nor can the small people fall on them and hurt themselves; also, they cannot produce with them the ear-splitting racket which proceeds from the tin ones.

CORNUCOPIAS may be made in a great variety of pretty styles, the horn portion being always of stiff paper or cardboard covered with fancy-colored, silver or gilt paper. The upper edges may be decorated with tissue-paper fringes, flower petals or frills of ribbon or silk. Bits of silk and ribbon, such as are to be found in every piecebag or ribbon box, will come in splendidly for the home-made Christmas-tree decorations. The transfer pictures are used with good effect on the cornucopias, and the latter need not necessarily be filled with confectionery. For it may be substituted



Clown, Teddy Bear and Snow Man

marbles for the boys, and for the girls small wooden animals, dolls or cooking utensils, tiny penny flatirons, potato-mashers, wooden bowls, thimbles, small rubber balls and jacks such as all little people delight in.

The ball shown in the illustration is made of sections of white kid from the tops of old white kid gloves, and scarlet and blue satin ribbon sewed together, then stuffed with raw cotton. A piece of round hat elastic is fastened to it, also a brass bell.

The baby's rattle is easy to make, and has the appearance of a very cleverly constructed toy when finished. It is made of stiff cardboard, the circular portion being of a pretty shade of pink, and the top and bottom being round pieces of white cardboard glued to the circular section. The rattle may be filled with dried peas. The handle is a piece of twisted hat wire wound neatly with pink or white baby ribbon.

As Teddy bears are still a source of much pleasure to the little ones this small animal is added to the list of Christmas-tree ornaments. It is made of a bit of white silk plush—any scraps of plush will do; the arms and legs are of wire covered with raw cotton, then with plush; the body and head are stuffed with raw cotton. The soles of the paws are made of pink silk or bits of old kid gloves, and the eyes are black beads sewed in place with stout black cotton. The nose may be either painted or embroidered.

AN ORDINARY little wooden doll is purchased for the clown, a fool's cap of white linen is glued to his head, and his one-piece garment is of light blue flannel; a bit of neck ruching forms the collar.

The snow man is made of raw cotton, with eyes, nose, mouth and buttons painted on the surface with ordinary black water-color. The foundation of the body is made of a rolled piece of cardboard and the arms are wired with hairpins. The hat is of yellow paper with a black band painted on it.

Bags of coarse tarletan buttonholed with colored worsted and filled with all sorts of delicious things—such as candy, nuts, raisins, popcorn, figs, etc.—are always effective on a Christmas tree and are easily made.

In the illustration several designs are presented, such as hearts, mittens, pitchers, stockings and bags. A yard of tarletan will make a dozen or more bags, and ten cents' worth of worsted will be enough and to spare when it comes to decorating them. Two yards of baby ribbon is sufficient for the hangers.

Clusters of English walnuts may be hung by ribbons from the branches of the tree. The nuts may be covered with silver foil or may be painted gold and silver or bronze with metallic paints. Each nut is carefully opened, the meat removed and a bit of jeweler's cotton substituted. One walnut holds a penny, bright and new. In another nut is placed a little ring such as one finds in a prize package, and in still a third is a tiny china doll. The walnuts are then glued together, covered with silver foil, and ribbons are glued to the ends.

Pretty, reasonable toys and gifts are the only appropriate ones for a child, and the only ones a child should be taught to expect. If this idea is instilled during the early years the spirit of appreciation of simple pleasures will continue in after life, and the sense of enjoyment will be much more keen than it could be if already satiated with a too lavish possession of exquisite things in early youth.

There is one very old-fashioned toy that has given amusement to many an old-time boy and girl. It is made as follows: Cover two pieces of cardboard five inches long and two inches wide with fancy paper; clip at even distances round holes about the size of a penny and paste over these colored isinglass, selecting colors such as pink, blue, scarlet, green, yellow and purple. Paste the two pieces of cardboard together, and the so-called fairy spectacles are complete, and when held to the eyes against the light the world may be rose color or whatever hue best suits the observer.

PERHAPS it may be worth while to explain that a Christmas tree may be firmly packed in a fancy or plain waste-paper basket which may be decorated with wide ribbon or, if preferred, left perfectly plain. A heavy weight should be placed evenly in the bottom of the basket, then the tree tied in with stout cord and the entire basket packed with earth, moss, ground pine or finely shredded green tissue paper.

There are other receptacles that may be used for holding the tree: a small butter-firkin, a child's toy washtub or a wooden peach-basket concealed beneath a frilled crepe-paper covering. A large fancy or plain flower-pot will also do nicely.



After it is All Trimmed



Some of the Decorations Used

### How a Tree May be Decorated for \$2

Hemlock, pine, spruce or evergreen tree five or six feet in height	
Two quarts of popcorn	\$.16
One pint of firm, fresh cranberries	.09
One sheet of Bristolboard	.10
Three sheets of gilt paper	.06
Two sheets of silver paper	.04
One sheet of scarlet paper	.02
One sheet of heavy satin paper (white)	.02
Worsted	.10
Hat wire	.10
Walnuts	.10
One yard of white or colored tarletan	.10
Two dozen candles	.20
Two dozen candle-holders	.10
One sheet of scarlet tissue paper	.01
Candy	.25
Toys	.35
Three yards of baby ribbon	.09
One box of absorbent cotton	.10
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1.99</b>



Tarletan Stockings and Heart



These are Always Effective

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION

## LARTER SHIRT STUDS & LARTER VEST BUTTONS

THESE are the most sensible, convenient, and easy-to-put-in studs and buttons made. For any style shirt, including the coat shirt. They are adjusted automatically and cannot lose out of eyelet or buttonhole.

Every Larter Stud or Vest Button bears this trade-mark to identify it, and is sold with the Larter guarantee. "If an accident of any kind happens to the back of a stud or button, a new one given in exchange." Larter Shirt Studs and Vest Buttons have been sold for years by jewelers every where. If your dealer cannot supply, write us for name of one who can.

Write for Booklet  
It illustrates many of the almost infinite variety of Larter designs and settings, shows the proper studs and buttons for all occasions. A Larter Vest Button

Larter & Sons, 26 Maiden Lane, New York

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sealed Packages of White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs for Men and Women.

When You Open The Sealed Package, you find a handkerchief of exquisite whiteness and daintiness—unsmudged by contact with others' fingers—unexposed to dust and germs—silky soft—beautifully laundered.

SEALPACKERCHIEF is the new way in handkerchiefs—the safe way to buy them—the inviting way to use them.

High standard of quality never varies. Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF, the new name for a handkerchief. Admirably suited for Holiday Gifts.

On sale where handkerchiefs are sold.

MEN'S PACKAGES		WOMEN'S PACKAGES	
	Containing	Cambric Sheer	Containing
Banner	1 for 10c	No. 7	No. 11 1 for 10c
Pioneer	3 for 25c	No. 1	No. 2 3 for 25c
True Blue	2 for 25c	No. 3	No. 4 2 for 25c
Challenge Pure Linen	3 for 50c	No. 5	No. 6 3 for 50c
Gilt Edge Pure Linen	1 for 25c	No. 9	No. 10 1 for 25c

(All Pure Linen)

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (pre-paid) on receipt of price. Address Dept. "A"

The International H'dk'f Mfg. Co.  
136th to 137th Sts. and Willow Ave., NEW YORK

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Salem, Mass., or Flatiron Building, New York  
Sole makers of Rook, Pit, Mock-Trial, etc.

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### French and Willow Plumes

Direct from the Manufacturer at One-Half Regular Price

Every plume is made in our own factories and sold direct to you at manufacturer's price, thereby saving you the wholesale and retail profit.

Special Offer for the Holidays

WILLOW PLUMES: Glossy, male stock, double knotted and hand tied, full length and extra wide, as illustrated. 15 in. long \$3.50; 18 in. \$5.00; 19 in. \$7.00; 22 in. \$9.00. Special, 20 in. long, 17 in. wide, triple knotted, \$10.00.

FRENCH PLUMES: Specially selected prime stock, broad flues and French curled. Full 16 in. long \$1.20; 17 1/2 in. \$1.85; 18 in. selected male stock, 14 in. wide, \$4.50; special, 21 in. long, 15 in. wide, finest male stock, \$10.00. Colors, black or white, or in any shade to match your suit. Money promptly refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Expressage prepaid. Additional price list on request.

National Ostrich Feather Co., 41 W. 21st St., New York City





DRAWN BY FLORENCE E. STORER

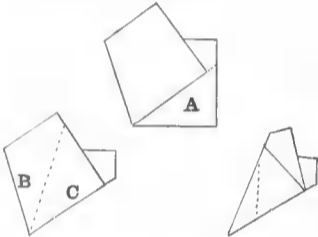
# Gifts Children Can Make in 10 Minutes

By Lina Beard

One of the Authors of "Little Folks' Handy Book"



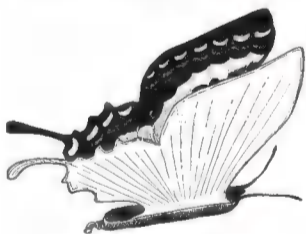
Christmas Star Calendar



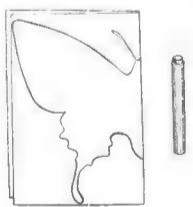
Folding the Gold Star



Rack for Paper and Envelopes



The Butterfly Cologne Bottle



How to Cut Out the Wings



The Completed Christmas Candle

**I**N ONLY five minutes you can make the practical writing paper and envelope rack shown on the left below. Use strong glue to fasten a buttonhole twist spool on each under side corner of a nice, smooth, clean piece of board; then glue four new wooden clothespins on the top of the board. When the glue is hard slide writing paper in the two back pins, and envelopes in the two front pins. The clean unpainted wood is very pleasing, but if you wish it colored stain, varnish or paint the rack.

Another attractive article for the desk is the cone card-rack and pen-box combined, as shown on the right, which may also be made in five minutes. Glue a partially opened pine cone on top of the lid of a small wooden box, varnish the cone and lid, also the box, and when it is all dry put some pens in the box, replace the cover and slide several blank cards in the cone.

The clipping case shown on the right is still another gift requiring only five minutes to make. This calls for six strong, long, large envelopes. Punch holes near the bottom corners through all the envelopes, and join the envelopes together at the bottom by running a medium-length metal paper fastener through the holes on the right-hand corner of the envelopes, and another fastener through the holes on the left-hand corner. On the upper back corners of the very last envelope paste the suspension rings shown in the illustration below the completed clipping case. Slip a bright ribbon through each ring, then around the case, and tie each in a bow in front.

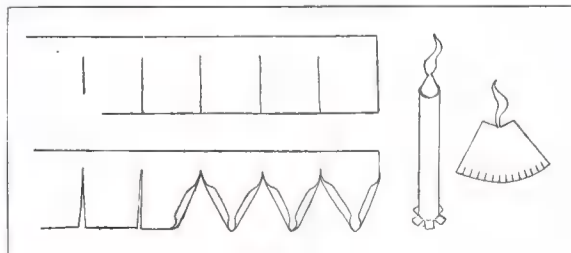
**R**IBBON about three-quarters of an inch wide is best to use for the pretty and useful necktie rack shown on the right below. Tack one end of the ribbon on one end of a slender stick; then wind the ribbon evenly around and around the stick until the other end of the stick is reached. Hold the wound ribbon firmly while you tack it to this end, cut off the remaining length of ribbon and make two loops and two bows of it. Tack a loop to each end of the stick and sew a bow over the ends of the loops.

When Betsy Ross was making the flag for General Washington she cut a five-pointed star with one clip of the scissors, and you can do the same if you need a pattern for the Christmas star calendar shown on the left above. Commence with the upper figure of the group on the left above and follow through the series in consecutive order. When you have a satisfactory star pattern trace it on stiff cardboard and cut out the stiff star. Cover this star with gilt paper and paste a small printed calendar in its center. Cover a narrow strip of pasteboard with gilt paper, bend down its top and fasten the short bent part to the middle of the central point of the star calendar.

The butterfly shown on the left below will carry to your friend on Christmas Day the perfume of flowers. Cut the butterfly from a folded piece of gay-colored paper according to the pattern next shown. Open out and paste the body portion over a slender bottle covered with brown tissue paper as indicated. Fill the bottle with perfume or cologne. Hold the butterfly's wings partially together with a long stitch of thread reaching from wing to wing.

Be sure to make gifts of animal bookmarks for they will please every one. Cut foundations from cardboard according to the last figure of the group shown on the right, and paste a colored embossed scrapbook picture of an animal's head on each one. The middle figure of the group shows the head to be fastened on the foundation, and the first of the three shows a finished bookmark, while the illustration above these shows one of the bookmarks in a rare old book.

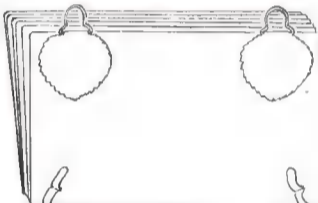
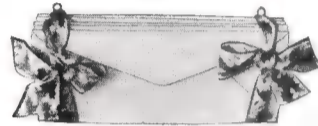
**T**HE friend for whom you make the box Christmas candle as shown on the left below will be both charmed and cheered by the gift. Roll lengthwise one half sheet of stiff, white, unruled writing paper into a roll the size of an ordinary candle, and paste the lapping edge of the paper fast against the roll. Slash the bottom of the candle and bend out the divisions, then make the top and flame of the candle in one piece, slashing the bottom edge and pasting its two straight edges together to make a cone, which is the lid of the candle and fits just inside of its top. Paint the flame red and orange color, and paste the bottom of the candle on a round piece of cardboard. Cut the rose petals of pink tissue paper in the form of a strip of wide partitioned fringe, and with the blade of the scissors curl each of the two sides of every petal, as shown immediately below. Cover the foundation with rose petals, making it into a rose candlestick as shown on the right below. Then pinch gathers in the bottom of the petals and paste them on the pasteboard foundation, arranging them so that the center petal edges curl inward toward the candle and the outer petals have their curled edges turned outward, as shown in the illustrations below.



Making a Christmas Rose Candle



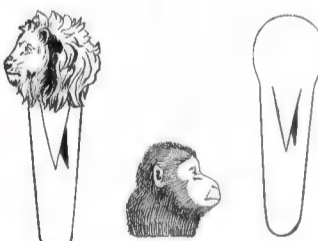
The Pen-Box and Card-Rack



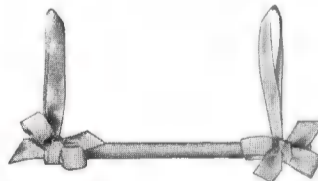
Clipping Case With Compartments



New Idea in Bookmarks



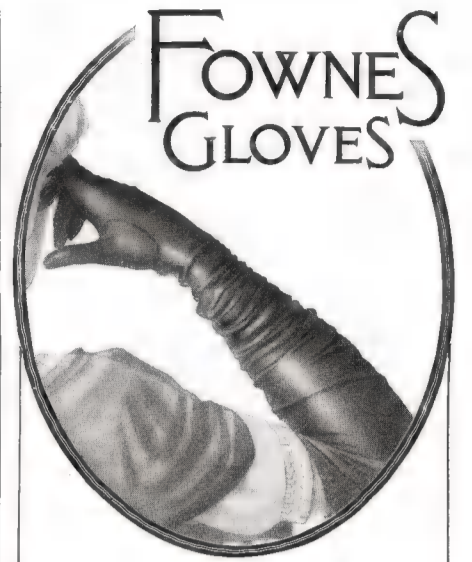
Animal Heads for Bookmarks



Dainty Ribbon Necktie Rack



Before the Top is Put On



## You pay no more

for the world-wide prestige, perfect fit and unusual durability of Fownes gloves than for the gloves you buy hurriedly because you think they will "do":—Sometimes they "do" and sometimes they do *not*, but

## FOWNES GLOVES

never disappoint. We put our name in every pair and cannot afford to let a single glove go out that is not exactly right.

With 133 years experience and a reputation in every capital in Europe and America, you are assured of good value when you buy Fownes gloves.

Decide to make your glove purchases carefully this year. . . It will pay you many times over. Remember Fownes cost no more.

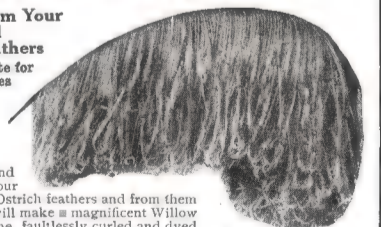
They are sold under their own name, which is stamped on the inside:—a name worth looking for.

"It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove."



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From Your Old Feathers Write for Prices



Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, faultlessly curled and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color, and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost. If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References Dun's, Bradstreet's or Mo. Savings Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equaled. Write for prices.

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The Colonial Shoe Company, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

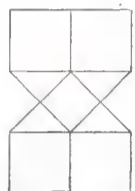
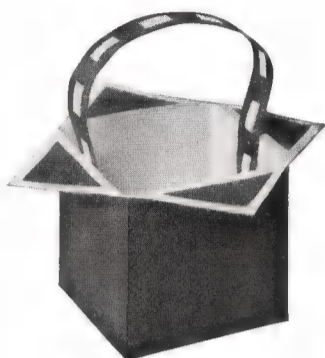
## 100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS \$7.00

Highest quality, including inside and outside envelopes. Express prepaid. Samples of die-stamped stationery and engraved visiting or reception cards, etc., on request. THE GRAS, H. ELLIOTT CO., 1634 Lehigh Avenue, Philada.

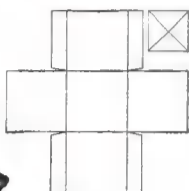
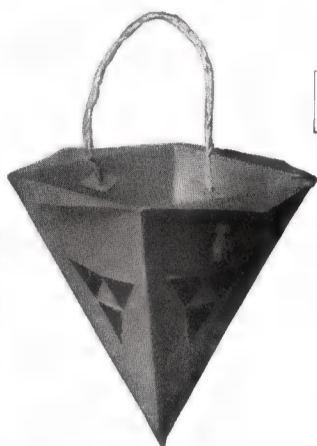


# Presents That Children Can Make

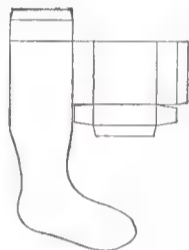
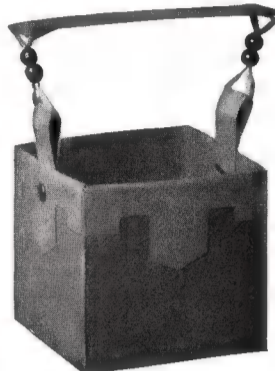
By Harry Edward Pratt



Basket Sides and Bottom are 3 Inches Square. Handle is Two Laced Strips, 9 by 3/4 and 1/4 Inches. Lined With Paper

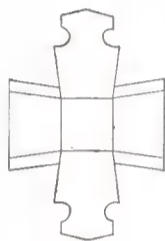


Basket Measures 9 Inches: Bottom and Sides 3 Inches Square. Paper Handle, 9 by 3/4 Inches. Side Strips, 5 by 3/4 Inches

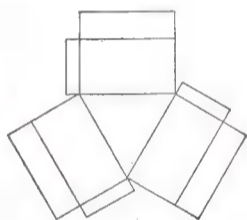
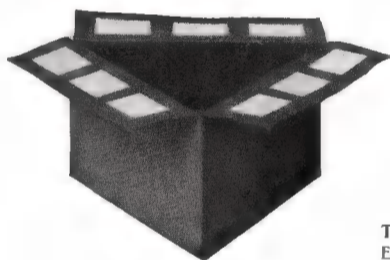


Stocking With Extension Box Cover, 10 Inches Long. Foot 5 3/4 Inches. Width Across the Top Forming the Box, 8 1/2 Inches. Length From Top of Stocking to Bottom of Box Diagram, 4 1/2 Inches

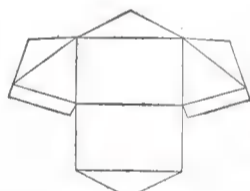
A Pretty Green Cornucopia Decorated With Red Triangles Like the One Above is Made From a Piece of Paper 9 by 12 Inches in Size. The Sides are 6 Inches High and 3 Inches Wide. The Handle is Made From Raffia Braided From Three Strips, Each Measuring 12 Inches in Length



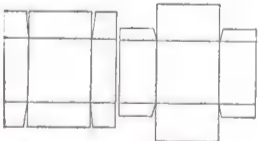
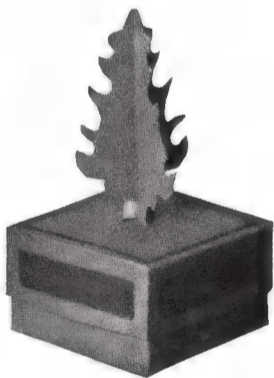
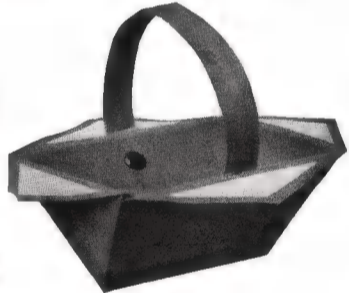
The Flat Diagram for Basket Measures 8 1/2 Inches at its Longest Points and 6 Inches Across. A Bit of Raffia Holds a Hanging Strip 2 1/2 Inches Long. Strip Connecting the Sides is 3 1/2 by 3/4 Inches



Triangle Box Bottom 3 1/2 Inches Each Side, Finished. Sides Including Turnover 3 Inches Deep



8 Inches Across From its Widest Points. Perpendicularly the Diagram Measures 7 Inches

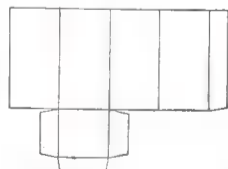
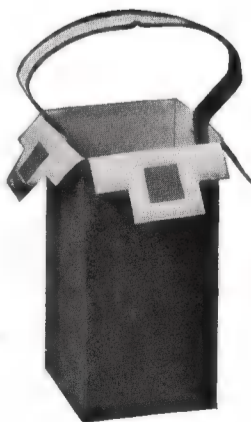


The Tree Box Diagram Which is Shown Above is 2 1/2 Inches Square After Folding. Three Paper Trees are Cut, Folded Lengthwise in the Middle and Pasted Together Up to the Folds, Forming a Triangular Tree

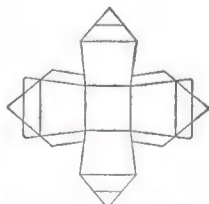
THE fascinating little baskets and boxes shown are especially designed to aid the children in preparing their small Christmas gifts for Mamma, Papa, Sister, Brother, or little friend. It is always an added pleasure to the little ones if they are able to fashion gifts "all by themselves," and of course the value of the gifts is enhanced to the recipients. Even very small fingers may accomplish wonders with a little aid from Mother. Other aids will be scissors, cardboard for the baskets, tinted paper for linings, a little natural-colored raffia, a small pot of paste, and a few beads and clips.

Small fingers delight in working in colored papers, and the flat creased diagrams show exactly how the pieces look before each is bent to the required shape and is pasted into the proper position. Most of the boxes combine the Christmas red and green, although the child may be allowed to carry out her ideas in the matter of color and ornamentation. The basket in the lower right-hand corner is especially artistic, being made of gray cardboard stenciled with brown and a dark shade of green. The handles of this basket are made of twisted reeds previously soaked, giving the whole quite a substantial air. All these little receptacles are intended to be filled with nuts of various sorts and bonbons, or, if preferred, with miniature toys which may be purchased at very small expense.

The Basket Illustrated Above on the Right is 7 1/2 Inches Square Before Folding. The Handle, Fastened With Clips, is Looped With a Raffia Ring

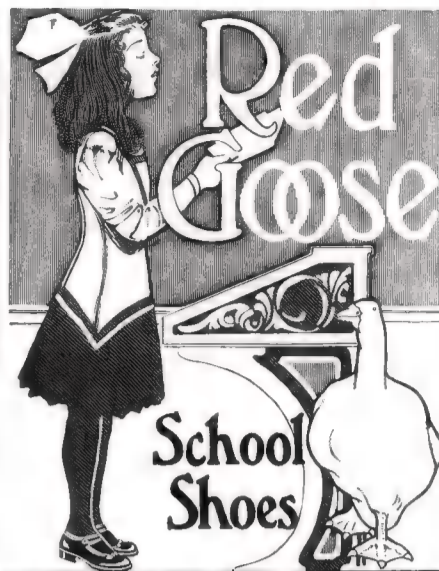
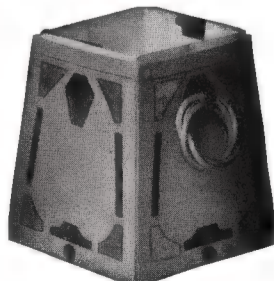


The Basket Shown on the Left is 8 by 6 1/2 Inches. Handle 8 Inches Long by 1/2 Inch Wide. Facings 2 Inches Square



The Basket on the Left is in One Piece, Cut From Paper 9 Inches Square. The Extensions are Bent in and the Points Turned Over. The Handle is Fastened With Beaded Raffia

This Diagram of the Basket on the Right is 15 1/2 Inches in the Widest Part and 4 1/4 Inches in Height. The Bottom is 4 Inches Square Before Folding. A Fitted Paper Box is Placed Inside



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RED GOOSE School Shoes are "all leather" shoes—not imitation leather shoes. They have good solid, honest leather in every part—in the hidden parts as well as the parts that you can see. There are no paper counters or paper insoles, or paper heels in "RED GOOSE" Shoes—every part is made of the best leather. Do you know what that means? It means that the life of a shoe is doubled. It means that the shoe will hold its shape. It means the soles will not pull apart nor the heels run down. It means that we can guarantee every pair of "RED GOOSE" Shoes we sell to give the fullest satisfaction.

\$400 In Cash Prizes for Boys and Girls We want every boy and girl in America to become acquainted with RED GOOSE School Shoes and are offering \$400.00 in cash prizes for the best drawings of the RED GOOSE, the trade-mark of this celebrated line. Contest closes December 15. Full particulars of this great offer sent free on request.



The RED GOOSE Book, by W.W. Denslow, with 16 pages, 9 pictures and 6 pages in color, will be sent for 5 cents in coin or stamps.

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DRINK PURE WATER if you want to be healthy. Don't venture drinking doubtful water. Always use the Berkefeld Filter removing bacteria, and have pure water to drink. Send for circulars. BERKEFELD FILTER CO. 8 Cedar Street New York

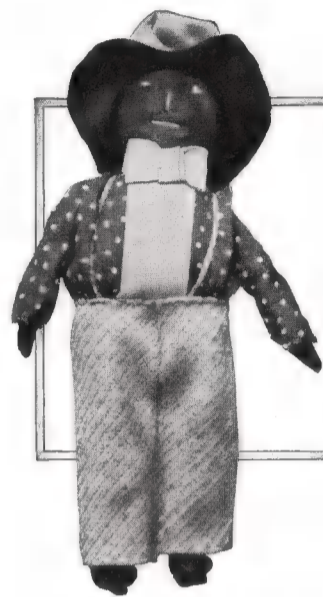




DRAWN BY FLORENCE E. STORER

# Dolls That Children Can Make

By Journal Contributors



Sambo in His Best Sunday Suit, Made From Father's Old Clothes



This is Alice May, Aged One, in a White Lawn Dress and Cap With Pink Ribbon



Dinah in Her Afternoon Dress and Tea Apron Made of Patches



Baby Bell in a New Long White Dimity Dress and a Lace Cap

WHEN children take to sewing their first efforts are usually in behalf of their dolls—and with all of the joy of little mothers and the truly feminine instinct they collect pieces and make clothes and fancy things. Where a rag doll is to be made sometimes a little help will be needed in cutting out the form, but after that the sewing and stuffing can be easily managed by handy little fingers.

Sambo, Dinah and Zip belong to the rag family, but are they not most attractive? And their clothes are made entirely of pieces which are sewed fast to their bodies. Their faces are outlined first with crayons and then worked over with silk thread. They are about the same size, measuring nine inches high.

Alice May is a wee tot just in short dresses, and may be purchased in any toy store. Her little dress is made of a straight piece of muslin gathered around the neck, with a straight opening cut at the sides into which the sleeves are gathered. Her cap is a straight piece of lawn folded in half, with two edges joined to make a seam up the back and the others faced with lace for the front, with pink ribbon strings.

Baby Bell's cap is made the same way. Her dress is made of a straight piece of white dimity plaited at the neck instead of gathered. The three dolls dressed in crocheted clothes are also of the unbreakable variety and may be purchased for various prices, according to size, and a few skeins of thread will be ample for their dresses.

Zip is a white rag doll, and his suit is made of a square piece of white muslin with center seams halfway up the body. The side seams are joined except where the hands show, and there they are gathered like the fullness around the neck and feet. Face outlined with black and red silk.

NOTE—The Editors will be glad to answer questions about these dolls and their dresses if a stamp is sent with inquiry.



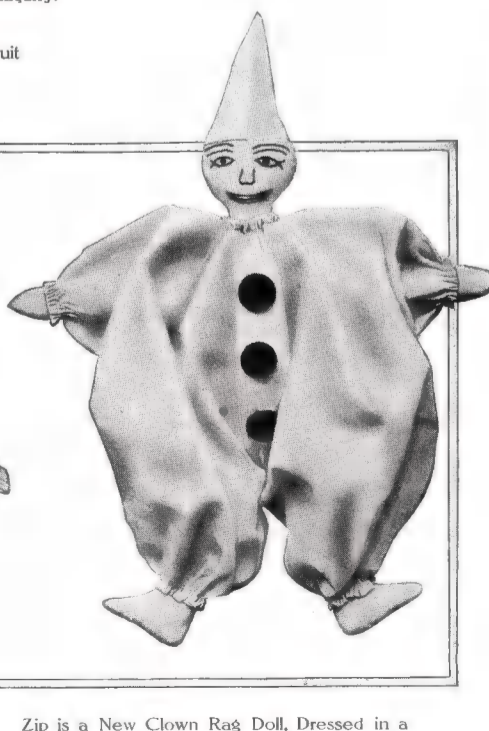
Dotty Dimple in a Lovely Crocheted Dress and Hood



Little Miss Violet in Her New Dress and Hat of Violet Silk, Crocheted, With a Parasol to Match



Wee Willie in a Crocheted Bathing Suit



Zip is a New Clown Rag Doll, Dressed in a White Muslin Suit With Bright Red Silk Buttons



## Teach Your Children to Save Money By Using Diamond Dyes

One of the greatest reasons why Diamond Dyes are so popular and are used so much more than any other dye ever made is that they are so easy and simple to use. Some dyes give a great deal of trouble and require great skill to use them. But it is so easy to dye with Diamond Dyes and they give such sure and safe results that even your little girl can use them.

And think what a splendid lesson in thrift and economy it is to teach your children the use of

## Diamond Dyes

For Diamond Dyes save you money every time you use them. There are hundreds and hundreds of things that can be used again, instead of being thrown away, if you simply give them a nice, new, bright color with Diamond Dyes.

A dress that has been soiled or that has faded or a waist that has been spotted can be given new life and added beauty by a dip in Diamond Dyes. A new color, in many cases, is as good as a new garment.

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MRS. CARY DESMOND, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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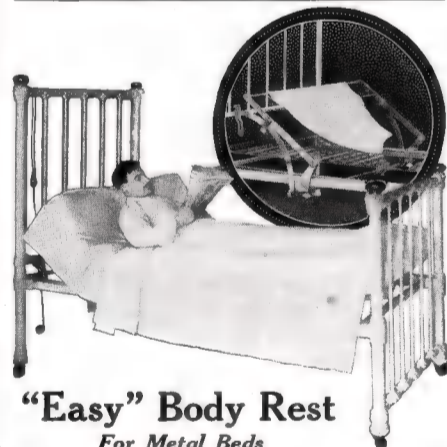
Our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods will color Cotton, Wool, or Silk in the same bath, at one operation, better than any so-called "All-Purpose" Dye on the market. But no dye that will color Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods successfully will give the same rich shade on purely All Wool or Silk that is obtained by the use of our Special Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk.

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DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

# Christmas Games for Christmas Day

By Carolyn S. Bailey and Elsie Duncan Yale

## Lively Games for Christmas Afternoon

### The Game of the Christmas Candle

CHRISTMAS games for Christmas Day should be just the jolliest and most rollicking sort one can possibly find, and one that will make everybody laugh in spite of himself is the Game of the Christmas Candle. This should be played under the supervision of an older person. To play it after the fashion of the little English children of the time of Queen Elizabeth quite a long, fat wax candle should be provided, with one child chosen to hold the lighted candle and another to try to blow it out. The "blower" is placed a few feet away from the candle, which is held at the height of his head, and facing it. He is then blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to take as many steps as he was required to before, and in the direction he thinks the candle to be. Then he blows, trying to put out the candle's flame. Perhaps the child walked straight away from the candle. Anyway his attempts will be very funny indeed as he puffs out his cheeks and blows—probably in the wrong direction—and they will cause much merriment among the other children. Another way of playing this candle game is to use one of the tiny unburnable Christmas trees which are to be found in the favor shops. Very small colored candles are fastened to the tree and lighted, and one child holds it while a second blindfolded child tries to see how many candle flames he can blow out at one attempt. A row of the ordinary Christmas-tree candles may be fastened with pins to a holly wreath so that they stand upright as the wreath lies upon a table. As in the case of the tiny Christmas tree the blindfolded child tries to blow out the flames of as many candles as possible. A prize for the most successful blower will add to the fun of these candle games.

### Christmas Bag is an Amusing Game

ANOTHER "blind" game that will delight children and grown-up folks, too, at a Christmas party is that of Christmas Bag. A paper bag is needed for this and rather a large one, but one that is made of light-weight paper so that it will break easily. If the game is to form one of the main features of the party, as it very easily may, it will be best to make the bag of bright red tissue paper, doubled, and fastened with glue at the sides. Or red crepe paper may be used, and the edges of the bag sewed with red thread. When this gay Christmas bag is finished it is filled with bonbons wrapped in fringed tissue paper, or French snappers which hold caps and mottoes, or even some carefully wrapped toys; and it is suspended from the chandelier by red or green ribbons which are run in the top. A wand, which may be an end of a broomstick wound with ribbons and having ribbon streamers, is provided and given to one of the children. As in the candle game he is allowed to stand three or four paces from the bag. He is then blindfolded, turned around a few times, and told to walk back to the bag and hit it with the wand. He may have one, two, three or four shots at the bag—as the children decide at the beginning of the game. If he misses another child is given the wand, is blindfolded and allowed to have a chance. When some child is successful and hits the bag—breaking it—the contents scatter delightfully on the floor and there is a wild, jolly scramble to see who will be able to pick up the most sweets or toys as the case may be.

### How to Play Christmas Snowballs

CHRISTMAS SNOWBALLS is played a little after the manner of the old and favorite potato races. The snowballs are little toys, or jokes, or favors, as one wishes, wound in strips of cotton batting quite carefully so that the balls may be perfectly round, and then wrapped last of all in white tissue paper, glued on. Over the outside of the snowball there is a thin coating of muclage with frost powder sifted on which makes the ball look as if it were really made of snow. There should be as many snowballs as there are guests at the party. Two baskets—just ordinary market baskets will do if the handles are wound with ribbon and tied with a big red bow at the top—are provided to hold the snowballs, and are placed in two chairs at one end of the room. The snowballs are then dropped on the carpet in a long line stretching from the baskets to the end of the room, an equal number in each line and equidistant from each other. A child stands by each chair, and at a given signal he runs for the farthest snowballs, bringing them back and dropping them in the basket. All the snowballs are collected in this way and the child who first fills his basket wins the game. No snowball must be broken. If one is torn it counts as a foul in the game. The children may be divided for this game into two teams, and the side which has the most successful players after all have had a chance to play counts as the winning team. At the end of the game the snowballs are distributed and the children open them, discovering the treasures wrapped up inside.

### Christmas Ship is Very Funny

THE Christmas Ship is the very funniest game of all. The children sit in a circle to play it. One child who starts the game says to his neighbor: "The Christmas ship has come in." "What did it bring you?" asks the next child. "A Jumping Jack," says the first child perhaps, beginning at once to imitate the hopping motions of a toy Jumping Jack. The child to whom he spoke must also play at being a Jumping Jack, saying at the same time to his neighbor: "My Christmas ship has come in." "What did it bring you?" repeats his neighbor. "A lion," says the Jumping Jack, trying to continue his hopping and to roar at the same time. The third child must roar, too, as he gives the child next him the ship information and shows him which toy he must imitate. By the time a few human Jumping Jacks are in motion, some of the lions roaring, two or three trains steaming around the room, and some little girl dolls trying to say Mamma and Papa, the game will end in just one grand, hilarious frolic.

## Quiet Games by the Christmas Firelight

### The Bargain Counter Game

THE Christmas Bargain Counter is a charming fireside game for Christmas night that will amuse and at the same time instruct the nursery children. The bargain counter may be the nursery table set in front of the fireplace or hearth. On the counter are laid as many as one likes of the toys which the children received from tree and Christmas stockings. One child is chosen to take charge of this play toy shop, and a second child leaves the room after looking carefully first at all the toys on the counter to determine their names. While this child is absent from the room a third child selects and hides one of the toys. When the second child returns he must try, at one guess, to say which of the toys was sold during his absence. If he guesses successfully he may be the next toyman. To make the game more difficult two or more toys may be hidden. Another and slightly more difficult way of playing the bargain counter game is to have the toyman change the positions of the toys while the child is out of the room. The child on returning must rearrange them, if he can, in exactly the same positions that they had when he left the room. The articles on the bargain counter may be scraps of color instead of toys. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet ribbons, balls or Christmas-tree candles may be laid out in the order of the rainbow colors. While one child is either blindfolded or outside the room the child in charge of the colors removes one from sight or alters the color order, and the other child must guess the hidden color or restore the rainbow order on his return.

### Pencil and Paper Games

PENCIL and pad games will form a pleasant pastime as the children sit in front of the Christmas fire. The children are all provided with freshly sharpened pencils and fresh paper pads. A basket of evergreen sprays or any variety of Christmas greens is used for the first writing game. The children select one spray of green from the basket, writes down the name as he guesses it, and passes it to his neighbor by the fire. This is continued until the supply of greens is exhausted and the basket is empty. The children, during the game, should not ask each other the names of the greens. At the end the slips are collected and Mother decides which child has won the prize by handing in the nearest correct list of tree and shrub names.

Another pencil and pad game is that of the Christmas Cakes. A number of sheets of paper are prepared before the game begins, with the following questions written on. The italics indicate the answers, which are left blank on the papers and are filled in by the children.

What kind of Christmas cake would be made by a

Farmer? *Hoe Cake* Little Jack Horner? *Plum Cake*  
A Diver? *Sponge Cake* A Miner? *Gold Cake*  
A little curly-haired Girl? *Ribbon Cake* A Drummer? *Pound Cake*  
The Man in the Moon? *Cheese Cake*  
A Huckster? *Fruit Cake* Old Mother Hubbard? *Poverty Cake*

There are many other Christmas cakes which may be added, and the paper with the longest list of correct answers wins a prize. The game may be varied by using the names of candy instead of cake, as follows:

What kind of Christmas candy would be bought by a

Schoolmaster? *Slick Candy* Flatterer? *Taffy*  
Shoemaker? *Shoestrings (licorice)* Milkman? *Cream Candy*  
Baby? *Kisses* Miller? *Barley Sugar*  
Dentist? *Gum Drops* Dairymaid? *Butter Scotch*

### Christmas Charades Always Please

CHARADES, though an old-time amusement, are a never-failing source of merriment, perhaps because "dressing up" appeals to old and young alike. A variation of eminently mirth-provoking potentialities may be introduced by enacting a Christmas dinner in charade form as follows:

Soup: Tomato (Tow-ma-tow) Cauliflower: (Ca-I-I Flower)  
Meat: Turkey (Turk Key) Jelly: Currant (Cur-rant)  
Giblet gravy: (Jib-let Gray V) Dessert: Plum Pudding (Plumb)  
Vegetables: Potato (Pot-eight-O) Beverage: Coffee (Cough-fee)

Of course merely the syllables will be acted, not the entire word. Or instead of acting the syllables separately the entire word may be acted in one scene. For example, "Tomato" may be easily rendered by pulling a toy along the floor by a rope, or a physician's visit to a patient will give a clew to "Coffee."

### A Christmas Stocking Contest

FOR this contest make as many small stockings of net as there are children to play. Then cut from magazines and advertisements pictures of articles suitable for a Christmas stocking, such as books, games, toys, etc. Mount these on thin cardboard and then cut into irregular pieces for picture puzzles. Place each puzzle separately in a small red envelope or tissue paper, and fill the stockings—avoiding duplication. When ready give each a stocking, the object being to find its contents by putting the puzzles together one after the other. A prize should be awarded to the one who first solves all the picture puzzles, and this prize may be one of the filled stockings which are displayed in the stores for twenty-five cents each. The same contest may be given for older children by using anagrams instead of the picture puzzles, and these will be found less troublesome to prepare. If desired Christmas boxes may be used instead of the stockings. Place the puzzles or anagrams in small boxes, packing in with cotton as if fragile, and tie up and mark the boxes as if they had come by express or mail.



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DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

# With Scissors and Paper

By Edna MacAllister

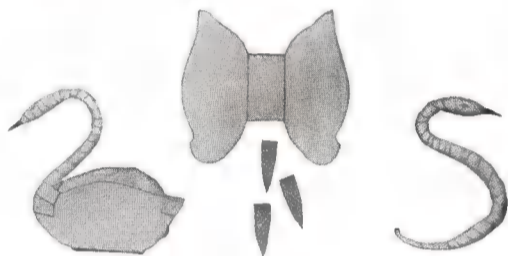
ALL children enjoy "making things," and when the Christmas toys and games have lost their novelty, and the little folk are too tired for active play, some scraps of varicolored tissue paper, paste, scissors, cardboard and pencils will supply a quiet and enjoyable form of entertainment. Such work affords also an opportunity for individual expression and for developing in some degree the perception of color relations and harmonies.

## How to Make the Swan Pond

ON THE swan pond illustrated, which is of "truly" water, floated the most perfect little swans imaginable. A milkpan was used for the foundation and it accommodated three swans.

The first step in modeling a swan is to shape the head and neck. An eight-inch piece of heavy wire forms the "skeleton." Wind this back and forth from end to end with a strip of white crêpe paper not exceeding a quarter of an inch in width. After the entire length of the wire has been twice covered begin shaping the head. Leave about a third of an inch at one end to form the beak, and wind back and forth over a space about one inch long until the head assumes the proper thickness. Then form the tapering neck in the same manner, and finish by covering the beak with a scrap of yellow tissue paper and marking the eyes with black water-color.

Cut a cardboard foundation for the body, bend up on the dotted lines and paste the neck in place after bending it into shape, as illustrated. Strengthen the foundation with strips of gummed cloth tape. Weight with a strip of sheet lead fastened to the bottom, testing it in water until a perfect balance is obtained. Stuff the body with crumpled crêpe, cover with paper feathers and dip several times in melted paraffin, and the swan will be ready.



Diagrams of Body, Feathers and Neck, and Skeleton Before Feathers are Applied

## The Plum-Pudding Picture

THE making of pictures and posters is a fascinating art. Any simple picture may easily be reproduced by first tracing it in outline upon either tracing or white tissue paper. The pattern thus obtained is then transferred to a piece of stiff cardboard with the aid of carbon paper. Each feature of the picture, such as a tree, fence, etc., is cut from the tracing and pasted face down upon a piece of crêpe paper of the proper color. When dry the crêpe is cut out, following the outline of the pattern, and pasted on the corresponding part of the cardboard duplicate. Such pictures may be effectively framed in passepartout. To make the plum-pudding picture begin by covering the wall of the room with soft moss-green crêpe paper of a medium tone. With a knife and brass-edged ruler cut a number of the narrowest possible strips of black passepartout binding, and with them construct the latticed window over a foundation of dull yellow tissue paper to represent leaded glass. Use the full width of the binding for the frame of the window. The wreath of holly is of dark green, and the ribbon bow of scarlet crêpe. Here and there around the wreath paste tiny flecks of red paper to represent holly berries. Handle them with the point of a pin.

The floor may be of light brown crêpe, and the mop-board of a darker shade. A rug of the same tone as the walls, bordered with a darker green, completes the background.

The little maiden bringing in the plum pudding is made in paper-doll fashion by sketching on thin white bristolboard, cutting out and dressing in crêpe paper. Crowning her wavy dark brown hair is a snowy mob cap trimmed at one side with a perky scarlet bow. Her bodice and pannier draperies are made of red-flowered

crêpe and the petticoat beneath is white. The tissue used for her ruffled apron gives the effect of sheer muslin. Her high-heeled scarlet shoes are finished with smart gold buckles that correspond with the gold locket suspended by a black ribbon around her throat. Walking sedately by her side is a large black cat with a scarlet ribbon around its neck.

The plum pudding, borne on a white cardboard platter, is of brown crêpe dotted with dabs of black water-color to represent raisins. It is decorated with sprigs of holly made in the same manner as the wreath. The edge of the picture is finished with a double binding of passepartout, the inner one of gold with the edge just showing beyond the outer strip of black.

## A Pretty Winter Landscape

IN THE landscape illustrated the ground is entirely covered with white crêpe paper to represent snow. The sky is a clear, bright blue, against which float simply designed clouds of white. The giant evergreen tree is of a dark, rich tone, the more distant trees being lighter in hue. Two little houses, whose tops just peep above the distant snowy ridge, have yellowish walls, brown roofs and bright red chimneys. The ruts supposedly worn in the winding road by the passing of sleighs are represented by narrow strips of gray crêpe, and the rustic railing of the bridge is a brownish wood color. Gray is also used to indicate the frozen stream beneath the bridge. The boulders are of light brown crêpe, and a little water-color, applied with an almost dry brush, is used to darken the stream and rocks where the shadow of the bridge falls.

When finished place beneath a weight until thoroughly dry, then back with another piece of stiff cardboard of precisely the same size, and bind the edges with strips of dark green passepartout.



Swans are of Paraffin Paper

## Automobile Hood for Dolly

OF COURSE the new doll must have one of the fashionable automobile hoods. Scarlet is particularly attractive in cold weather. Cut a piece of crêpe just wide enough to go over the top of her head and cover both dainty ears. The length should be an inch or two greater than the width. Form a series of crosswise plaits until the paper is sufficiently shortened just to cover dolly's head from the top of her forehead to the nape of her neck, and catch the plaits on each side with a few stitches of thread of the same color as the paper. Gather the fullness in the back until the hood fits quite snugly, and finish around the bottom with a narrow strip of crêpe folded over the edge and secured with paste.

Fasten a streamer of ribbon or paper to each of the front corners, and cover the joinings with rosettes made by gathering an inch-wide strip of crêpe with thread and needle.



On the Way to the Christmas Dinner

## A Little Tree in a Box

TO MAKE this little tree, cut green tissue paper into twenty-five four-inch disks, fold successively in halves, quarters, eighths and sixteenths, and crease sharply. Cut the edges into leaf-shaped points, partially unfold, and string through the "peaks" with strong thread. Draw together tightly, tie the thread and fasten to the "trunk," which consists of a piece of wooden dowel about the thickness of a lead-pencil, wound with brown crêpe paper. Decorate a small pasteboard box with holly seals and gold passepartout binding, and in this place the tree, packing brown paper around it tightly to simulate earth.



A Winter Landscape in Crêpe Paper



Dolly's Automobile Hood



Box Tree of Green Tissue Paper



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- W-2—Plain black and tan, gauze lisle, light weight, high spliced heel, double sole; fashioned. They resist the "wear and tear" at knee and tops. Per pair 39c
- W-3—Plain black and tan lisle thread hose, light weight, high spliced heel and double sole; fashioned. "Warner's New Form" doubles the life of lisle. Per pair 45c
- W-4—Plain black and tan extra fine lisle hose, medium weight, with high spliced heel and double sole; fashioned. These are beauties adapted to winter wear. Per pair . . . 50c
- W-5—Plain black, tan, oxblood, London smoke, pink, sky, Copenhagen, and navy silk lisle hose, medium weight, spliced heel, double sole; fashioned. "Fine as silk"—and will last longer. Per pair 50c
- W-6—Plain black and tan extra fine lisle hose, light weight, high spliced heel, double sole; fashioned. A dressy foot covering and very comfortable. Per pair . 50c
- W-7—Plain black only, real outside lisle thread hose, with high spliced heel and double sole, medium weight; fashioned. Looks like silk but outwears it—a beautiful stocking. Per pair . . . 50c

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## Your Belated Christmas Gifts

IF you are still wondering what will be the most acceptable Christmas gift to send to friends, here is the answer.

There can be no more thoroughly appreciated gift for a woman than a year's subscription to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and it does not end with the passing of the holidays—it just commences. Twice a month for a whole year the magazine continues to come. It is really twenty-four gifts.



THE JOURNAL's way of announcing the present adds immensely to its attractiveness. We have this year prepared a beautiful reproduction of Botticelli's Madonna, in all the lovely colors of the original. This reproduction is "tipped" on the third page of the artistic four-page announcement which measures 6 x 9 inches. The first page bears this statement in beautiful, illuminated design:

At the direction of  
we have entered your name on our list for a year's subscription to  
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
We hope that the 24 copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends this holiday remembrance.  
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Philadelphia

If you are looking for a gift for a man, order a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The 52 visits of that magazine during the coming year will be more acceptable than most gifts costing several times the price of a subscription. The announcement sent to POST subscribers is the same as that used for THE JOURNAL except that it bears the name of that magazine.

Give your own name and address, as well as the names and addresses of the recipients, when you remit.

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will then be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas by each person for whom a subscription is ordered.

Order at once sending \$1.50 for each subscription to either magazine. The cards will be sent so as to be received on Christmas morning, bearing your name as the donor.

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# A Two-Story Christmas Merry-Go-Round

By Meredith Nugent

HERE is a merry-go-round of such simple construction that any child can easily make one like it whether he be adept at work of this kind or not. It is an especially nice toy to make for the Christmas season, and I have known children to play contentedly for hours with this simple device. However, I would suggest that when the candles are lighted some older member of the family remain in the room in order to see that no accident occurs, as children are proverbially careless with fire.

There are three merry-go-rounds described here but they are all built upon the same general plan, so I will begin with the simplest of the three. To make it, roll three sheets of stiff writing paper into tubes and cut out four small squares of writing paper as shown in Figure I.

After joining the tubes and the paper squares together, and fastening the whole to a dinner-plate with sealing-wax, the merry-go-round is made. No matter how crudely it has been constructed it is bound to "go." To make it revolve place the whole contrivance in a basin or pan brimful of water, then put four pieces of candle in the positions shown in the drawing and light them.

For boys and girls who want something a little more elaborate than the first merry-go-round there is a second one which is just as simple in construction as the first, except that there is more to it. For the more ambitious young people there is the third merry-go-round, which differs from the others only in that it is still more elaborate. I would suggest that you all begin by making the first merry-go-round, for this is not only the easiest to build but it is also the basis upon which both the others are constructed.

## Merry-Go-Round No. 1

CAREFULLY roll a sheet of stiff writing paper into a tube measuring about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and fasten this with tiny dabs of sealing-wax to prevent it from unrolling. This is the perpendicular tube shown in Figure IV. Or, if you prefer, it may be fastened more neatly with glue or strong mucilage—anything to make it hold its shape rigidly. Then make two more tubes, also of the same strong writing paper but very much smaller in diameter, which are later to be placed on top of the first tube. The upright tube of the merry-go-round shown in the illustration measures nine and three-quarter inches in length, while each of the crossing tubes on top measures eight inches.

After the tubes are constructed take a pair of sharp scissors and make a slot on each side of the upper end of the upright tube so as to permit one of the cross tubes to rest in it. The other cross tube is placed at an exact right angle on top of the first one. Then both must be fastened firmly with sealing-wax. In cutting these slots care must be taken to get them exactly the right size and shape. Figure IV shows this arrangement of the three tubes. Then with a small, sharp knife cut out carefully four squares of the writing paper, make a short slit in each end of these and draw one square over each of the projecting upper tubes, as shown in the picture of the first merry-go-round.

Next get a good-sized dinner-plate, heat the middle of it slightly over the flame of a candle and fasten your paper

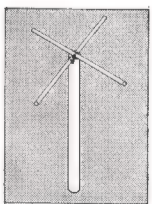


Figure IV—The Arrangement of Tube

Then fill a basin or a dish to the brim with water and carefully float the merry-go-round on the surface of this. In the center of the plate, as shown in the drawing, put four small pieces of candle, fastening them by slightly heating the ends. Then light the candles and the merry-go-round will revolve on

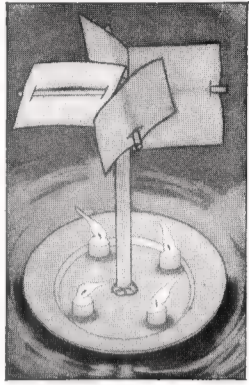


Figure I—The First Merry-Go-Round

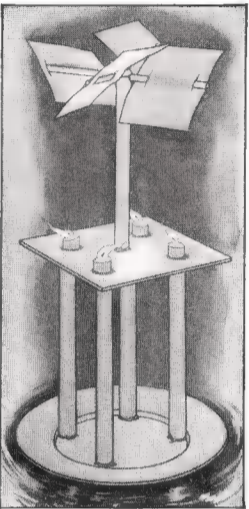


Figure II—Second Merry-Go-Round. "Two-Story" Effect

the surface of the water. Be sure that the squares of paper all slant the same way, as shown in the illustration.

## Merry-Go-Round No. 2

THIS is very much like the first one except, as I said before, it is a little more complex. To construct it you should first make four long tubes of writing paper, as nearly the same in length as possible, and fasten them firmly to a dinner-plate with plenty of sealing-wax (see Figure VI). They are made in the same way as those described in the first toy and, like it, the tubes pictured here measure nine and three-quarter inches in length and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. After they are made and fastened construct a paper contrivance like that used in the first merry-go-round and attach this also with sealing-wax to the center of a square of stiff cardboard.

This is really all there is to the making of this merry-go-round, and it only remains to be set up on the water. This, too, is a very simple matter and is done as follows: First float the plate with the upright tubes and then place the second half of the merry-go-round on top of this floating half. Be sure that the toy is in perfect balance on the water. Place the candles in the positions shown in the illustration and light them and the toy will revolve.

## Merry-Go-Round No. 3

ON ACCOUNT of the greater lightness and buoyancy of the third merry-go-round a tin plate about an inch in depth is substituted for the dinner-plate in making it.

Four tubes are fastened perpendicularly to this dish, just the same as in the lower half of the second merry-go-round (see Figure VI). The first part of this merry-go-round is now complete and you can construct the second part.

For this cut out a disk of stiff cardboard of the proportions shown in the illustration and then

construct a paper contrivance exactly like that used in the first merry-go-round, and fasten it carefully to the top of this disk. There are now three separate parts to your merry-go-round and they should be set on top of each other, but not fastened. This is done to see that they fit properly. If they do, take them down again and proceed to the completion of the toy as follows: Paste on cardboard paper pictures of elephants, clowns, lions or other objects. When these are dry cut them out and fasten them securely with glue, sealing-wax or mucilage to the disk of the second part of the merry-go-round, as shown in Figure III. Next make delicate tubes for flagpoles, attach paper streamers to the ends of them and fasten them horizontally to the disk as pictured. The second part of the merry-go-round is now complete. To finish the third part paste funny pictures on cardboard as you did the others, cut out when dry and attach them also to the disk as shown in the illustration. Also place in the position indicated the flagpoles you have made, and add another flagpole and a streamer at the top.

Your merry-go-round is now ready for floating. Place in the water the first part (the plate with the four upright tubes), then put the second part on top of this, taking care to preserve an exact balance. Place the third part on top of the second part and the work is done.

Short pieces of candle should then be set in the positions indicated in the drawing, and after these are lighted your merry-go-round will revolve. Be sure that it is perfectly balanced before lighting the candles. A very pretty effect is secured by extinguishing all the lights in the room except the revolving candles. These toys while so simple of construction are very interesting to make as well as to see, and are a source of great enjoyment both to young and old alike.

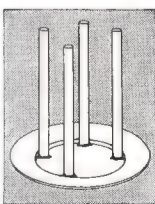
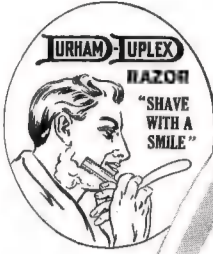


Figure VI—Tubes Fastened to a Plate



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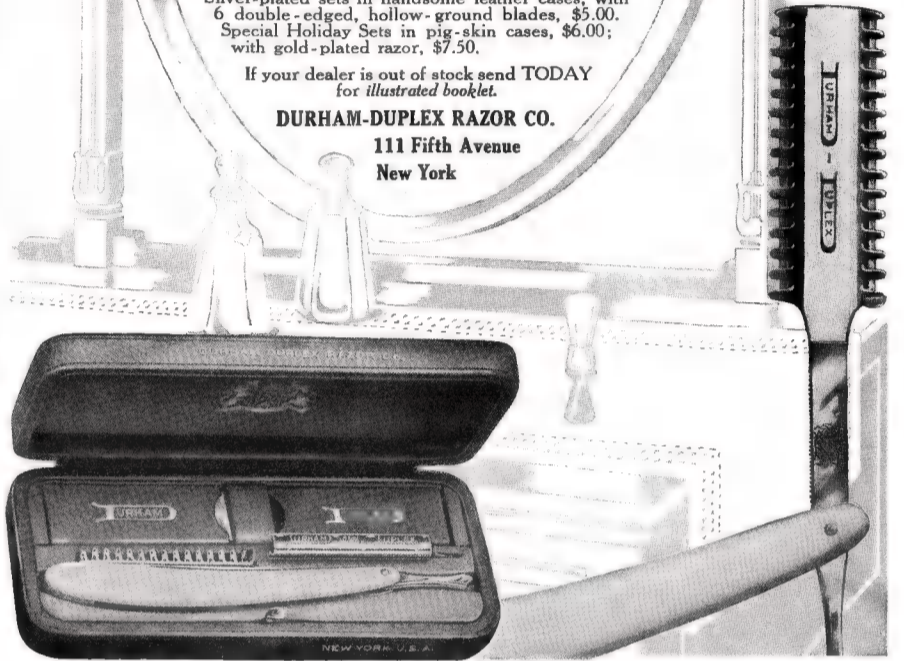
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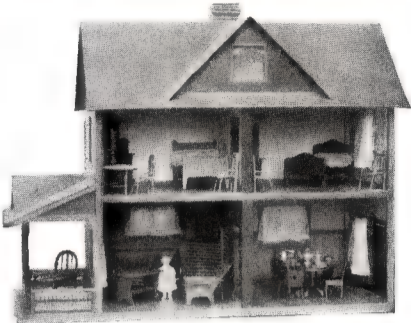


# The House That Daddy Built

By Isabel Upton Van Etten

ARE you in doubt as to a Christmas gift for your little daughter? Here is a suggestion for the lover of the mechanical that will not fail to bring delight to the maternal heart of little motherhood.

This dollhouse is built in exact proportions, on a scale of an inch to a foot. The ground floor is 31 by 14. The two lower rooms are 12 by 14 by 9, the two upper chambers, 12 by 14 by 7. The sills, studding and floor joists are made of strips of wood  $\frac{3}{8}$  by  $\frac{1}{8}$ . The sides, roof, doors, floors and partitions are made of pressboard. Make a little jog in the floor joists so they may be nailed into place. Sandpaper the upper floor joists and apply a dark stain and varnish to produce effective beam ceilings for the rooms below. The half-pitch gable roof is made of one sheet of pressboard, and it has a side gable window that adds a touch of realism to the make-believe whole. Then, too, the house has a "really" fireplace and a chimney—a banded chimney too. Just a little brick paper here, and the house radiates good cheer and warm hospitality.



than practical. So for the sensible reason of making the house more indestructible one side is left open. A tiny elevator gives enough pleasure to compensate abundantly for the trouble of making it. Some houses have small stairs, but the little pulley-elevator is far more fascinating.

For the additional expense of one dollar a small storage battery, with four tiny incandescent lights, may be purchased. The bedtime

hour, so trying to imaginative childhood, may be made a happy one by having Dolly's illuminated bedroom close beside the little mother's bed.

When the framework of the miniature home of the little dream people is finished there is no limit to the taste and ingenuity that may be shown in the finishing work. Of course the wood paper will make the hardwood floors and the paneled walls. Above the wainscoting the rooms may be artistically papered, and a coat of paint on the roof of both the house and the porch will add a substantial look that is desirable.

For ten cents each little chairs, tables, settees, beds and bureaus may be bought, but in this doll house these are practically all made by hand. There is a little round table with four claw feet, a Davenport, elegant with its padded leatherette paper cushions and fringed pillow, beds, and even a Morris chair.

The mother's department furnishes the snowy curtains for window and panel, and makes the mattress and coverings for Dolly's bed. It may be left for the little owner to weave, in her kindergarten method, the tiny rugs for the floors.

At a Cost of Only Two or Three Dollars

MATERIAL used in the making of this house may be bought at any large paper house at a cost of two dollars. An additional dollar for electric material completes a gift that, purchased at the stores, would cost the buyer thirty-five dollars.

Just one more touch, and success is assured. Make some little pasteboard standards for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL dollies, and the house that Daddy has built will make a realistic setting for the grouping of the stylish little people from the realm of fashion.

## It Has an Elevator and Electric Light

THE doors, wainscoting, inside window and door casings are of the natural hardwood finish, an effect produced by the use of wood paper. Gummed stay paper makes a contrasting touch under the eaves, on the outside window casings, and around all the raw edges. Gelatine plate makes splendid windowpanes, and tiny strips of stay paper give a genuine paneled effect. The windows are fastened on by the stay-paper casings. The front door of this little house is of up-to-date oak, with a little diamond window. Make all the doors of the pressboard and cover with wood paper. The hinges upon the doors are only strips of black cambric, and by fastening these strips one on each side the doors may be made to swing successfully. By hanging the doors before the casings are put on the pasting of the cloth upon the wall is artfully concealed.

The slanting roof of the porch has a raised gable effect, and two little whittled posts and the ornamental railing complete a cozy veranda.

The entire front of the store doll house opens on hinges. This arrangement is more effective

# A Christmas Tree for Dolly

By Winifred Fales

EVERY little mother of dolls will rejoice to know that her own nimble fingers may make a Christmas tree of precisely the right size for the doll family. Best of all, this tree will not wither and turn brown like those brought from the forest, but will always remain fresh and green; and when Little Mother is tired of holiday games the tree she made herself may be wrapped up and laid away until another Christmas, when it will come out of its brown paper chrysalis looking as new and beautiful as if just completed, instead of having slept on the cupboard shelf for a year.



The Finished Tree

These are the materials used for making the tree:

One flagstick. This will cost five cents at the hardware store.

One roll of dark green crepe paper.

Paste.

Five dozen heavy wires, eighteen inches long. First of all the flower-pot must be covered. Measure its height, and cut a strip of the green paper wide enough to project half an inch above the top when the other edge rests on the table, and long enough to reach around it at the biggest part. Paste the ends together, lapping one over the other; slip over the pot, and tie at the top and bottom with pieces of green ribbon.

Now we are ready for the tree itself. Begin by dividing the remainder of the paper into strips an inch and a quarter wide. Use Mother's largest shears and cut right across the roll without opening it. Then slash one edge of each strip into fringe an inch in depth.

Now cut three wires into halves, and six wires into thirds, winding each with a double thickness of fringe, as illustrated. Begin at one end and wind the fringe straight around two or three times, and then spirally along the wire, holding the paper with the left hand and turning the wire with the thumb and fingers of the right. Secure the paper at the lower end with paste.

Cut off the flagstick to a length of twenty-five inches. Wind from the top downward for a distance of six inches with a double strip of fringe and fasten the end of the latter with paste. Arrange the nine-inch wires around the stick, letting them project three inches above the top. Fasten them in place by twisting an eighteen-inch wire tightly around the



Making the Branches and "Trunk"

lower ends. Wind the "trunk" with fringe from the place where the branches are fastened to a point three inches below, and then wire on the eighteen shorter branches in the same manner.

Now come three successive sets of five branches each, which are to be fastened to the tree trunk at intervals of three inches. Each branch has several twigs which are fastened to the main stem by winding several times with the fringed paper. The branches of the first set are ten inches long and each has two pairs of six-inch twigs. The second set consists of fourteen-inch branches with three pairs of seven-inch twigs to each. The branches of the last set measure sixteen inches, and in addition to two pairs of seven-inch twigs each has a pair of smaller branches, nine inches in length, with four twigs on each branch.

After all are wired to the "trunk" and bent into position the tree is ready for the decorations.

## The Decorations May be Easily Made

SMALL gilt stars are formed into festoons by pasting them on fine black thread about two inches apart and draped from branch to branch.

The "candy canes" are so realistic that the dolls will certainly be tempted to eat them, and yet they are made of nothing but wire and paper. Cut white-covered wire into five-inch pieces, roll each piece with white crepe paper until it is the thickness of a lead pencil, and paste down the end of the paper. Cut a strip of scarlet tissue an eighth of an inch wide and roll it spirally around the "cane," fastening both ends of the strip with paste. Finish by bending one end of the wire to form a crooked handle.

Tiny stockings and cornucopias cut from the red matboard make pretty decorations, and ornaments somewhat like those of glass and tinsel which are used to decorate "grown-up" trees may be fashioned from scraps of crepe.

Roll a small piece of paper between the palms until it forms a ball about an inch in diameter. Fold this in a piece of crepe three inches wide and tie close to the ball on each side with thread or gilt cord, letting it form a loop by which to hang the ornament on the tree. Finish by cutting the projecting ends of the paper into fringe.

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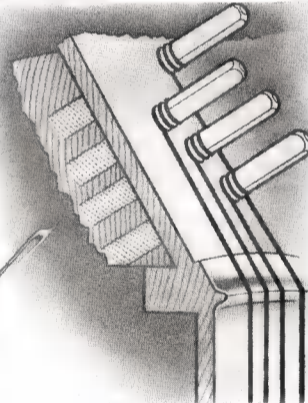
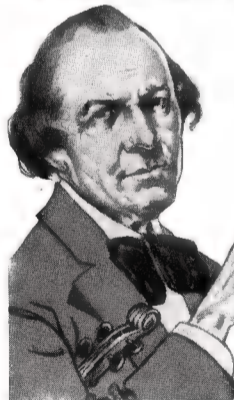
This trademark indicates our way of making dress goods twice as strong, twice as serviceable, and giving a beauty of color-lustre and finish of four-fold durability. The difference between ordinary dress goods and "Cravenette" N. H. & Co. Poplin is as plain as day—so you may see and decide for yourself we will send

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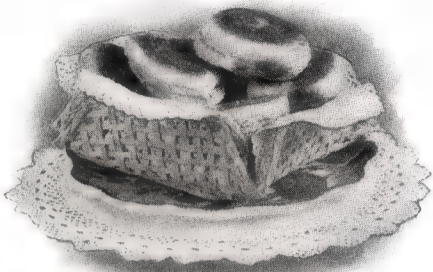
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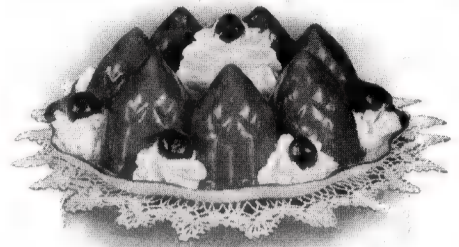
# SWEETS AND GOODIES FOR CHRISTMAS

## Dainties for Children's Tables

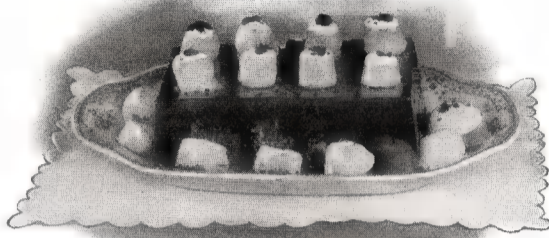
By Marion Harris Neil



Babette Sandwiches—from Scotch Scones—are Tasty. They Will Please the Children, Who Love Sweet Sandwiches. They Make a Pretty Dish When Served in a Muffin Basket



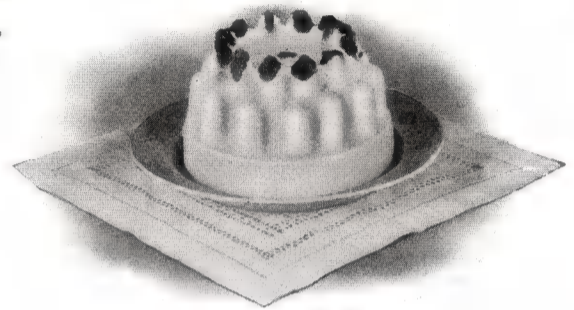
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Peaches and Macaroon are Here Combined in a Successful Dish for the Children's Christmas Table. After the Moulds are Turned Out They are Garnished With Peach-Halves and Macaroon



Raisin Snow is Pretty on the Christmas Table. The Wet Mould is Lined With Raisins Before the Mixture is Poured Into it to Harden. It May be Made the Day Before Using and Placed on Ice



Each Charlotte Russe—Which is Home-Made—is Topped With Sweetened Cream Whipped, and It May be Further Decorated With Nut Meats or Any Chosen Variety of Preserved Fruits

Babette Sandwiches are made from halved Scotch scones or muffins buttered and spread with apricot preserves. Add a layer of whipped and sweetened cream.

Peach and Macaroon Dainties are delicious and satisfying. The moulds are made of peach pulp and sweetened whipped cream stiffened with gelatine.

Charlotte Russe requires the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine dissolved in one cupful of hot milk, and two cupfuls and a half of whipped cream. Flavor and place in rounds of cake.

Raisin Bread is Easily Made. Sift two pounds of flour into a basin, add one dessertspoonful of salt, a quarter of a pound of lard, and half a pound of raisins. In a well in the center of the flour crumble one compressed yeast cake, stir in one cupful of milk and a cupful of lukewarm water until more than half is mixed to a batter; cover in a warm place for forty minutes; then work in the remaining flour. Add lukewarm water if needed to make a light dough; then leave again for an hour. Divide into small loaves, leave for fifteen minutes, then bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Meringue Cases. Stand each meringue on a dainty wafer. Fill the center with ice cream, apple purée or chopped pineapple.

For Marshmallows in Jelly one-quarter of a pound of the candies and a quart of liquid lemon jelly are required.

Nut Dessert is composed of chopped marshmallows, pecan meats, and whipped cream sweetened, and flavored with vanilla.

Chocolate Pudding is made of four tablespoonfuls of sweet grated chocolate and four cupfuls of milk. Sweeten, and stiffen with gelatine. Flavor, and when cool beat for five minutes. Add preserved cherries.

For Raisin Snow use two ounces of raisins, one lemon, the whites of four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful and a half of powdered gelatine and two cupfuls of water. Add the whites of the eggs last, beating the mixture until thick.

Stewed Figs and Raisins. Cover with water and cook until the fruits have absorbed most of it. Do not add sugar.

Marguerites are of chopped nut meats with an icing of egg whites and sugar. Spread on crackers and brown.

Prune and Nut Sandwich Filling. Rub steamed prunes through a sieve. Sweeten, flavor with lemon, and add chopped nuts.



Stewed Figs and Raisins are Delicious as Well as Having a High Food Value. The Fruits Should be Served Cold With Brown Bread or Biscuit. They May be Covered With Whipped Cream if Desired



Raisin Bread Will Take the Place of Cake. It is Very Nutritious and the Children Will Enjoy it for Their Christmas Luncheon. It is Well to Have it Baked in Small Loaves



These Look Like Cakes, but are Really Crackers Covered With Beaten Whites of Eggs, Sugar and Chopped Nuts. "Marguerites" are Always Tempting to the Children, Who Love Icing and Nuts



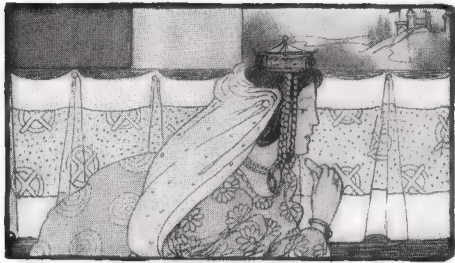
Meringue Cases With Ice Cream are Cunning Concoctions and are Nice to Serve for Supper. Top With Whipped Cream and Decorate With a Glacé Cherry and Angelica Strips



Chilled Nut Dessert is Attractive and Nutritious. It Should be Served in Dainty Glasses on Pretty Saucers. Place a Few Chopped Nuts on Top. Chopped Fruit May be Added if Desired.



Prune and Nut Sandwiches Cut in Rounds and Halved are Most Appetizing for the Children at Table or for a Morning Luncheon. They May Also be Served at Picnics or Parties



DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN



# Cakes and Candies Children Can Make

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

**C**HILDREN get double pleasure from the Christmas holidays when Mother lets them help to make the sweets.

In answer to my question to a group of little girls, "Would you like to make your own Christmas goodies this year?" the answer came in a chorus instantly: "Yes; we should like to make everything; it would be such fun." After a pause one little girl said: "But where can we make them? Mother wouldn't let us go into the kitchen, for it would bother the cook."

As we could find no other suitable place we decided to use the kitchen two afternoons each week for three weeks before Christmas, during the rest hours of the cook. We were careful not to make ourselves a nuisance. All the soiled dishes were washed and put away, and the kitchen was left as we found it.

Four or five children may easily work at one time, providing the mother will sit down and give directions. If you have only two children in your family make the Christmas season twice as pleasant by inviting two or three friends to join in the frolic. Plan each day's work before beginning. See that each little girl has an apron, sleevelets, a blank book and a pencil.

A week before the cooking really begins write all the recipes, three for each day, and read them over carefully. Let the children not only become familiar with the quantities but also with the best methods of putting them together. Give each child a special work, but call the attention of all the little girls to the general methods. For instance, they should all be taught to break eggs, sift flour and baking powder, and to measure accurately. They should understand before beginning the management of the fire. While Mother is fixing the fire the children should stand around and carefully observe. The baking of a cake is of equal importance to the making.

Make two things each day to put aside for Christmas, and one to be eaten for supper; this keeps up the interest. After the fire has been fixed collect the necessary utensils to be used during the afternoon and arrange them on a dresser or table. Draw some hot water in a dishpan, make a suds, put in a mop or dishcloth and have it ready to wash each utensil as soon as you have finished with it; then you may use it over and over again. This saves time and work.

On the first days make sand and molasses snaps, stuffed dates, fruit caramels, cream candy and honey cakes, because they are better when kept closed in a tin box for at least two weeks. Crisp candies, such as peanut brittle and butter scotch, must be used at once, unless the weather is very clear and dry. Cream puffs are easily made, and are rather attractive for the supper dish of the first afternoon. The custard filling should be made first, then the batter. Stand these aside for two or three hours. Then make and bake the sand and molasses cookies. Bake the cream puffs while you are putting the small cakes away. Fill the cream puffs, dust them with powdered sugar and serve them for supper.

## How to Make Cream Puffs

**P**UT half a pint of water and four level tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, sift and measure half a pint of flour. When the water is boiling and the butter thoroughly melted turn in hastily the flour and stir rapidly over the fire. In a moment you will have a perfectly smooth, soft dough, free from stickiness. Take from the fire and stand it aside until partly cool. Break an egg into a cup, then turn it into the batter, beat for a moment, then add another and another; beat thoroughly and add a fourth, breaking each into the cup first, for one bad egg would spoil the whole mixture. After the last egg beat the batter for five minutes and stand it aside in a cool place for an hour and a half, then drop by tablespoonfuls into greased shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five or forty minutes. When the puffs are done they will be hollow and perfectly light. The batter must be dropped far enough apart to leave room for swelling.

To make the filling put half a pint of milk in a double boiler. Mix a tablespoonful of flour, half a tablespoonful of cornstarch and six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add hastily the hot milk; stir, pour the mixture back into the double boiler and stir and cook until thick and smooth. Then add one egg beaten until very light, cook just a minute, take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn the mixture out to cool.

## Children Always Like Hermits

**H**ERMITS are always greatly enjoyed by children. They are tasty and still not too sweet. Cream half a cup of butter, add gradually a cupful of granulated sugar and two eggs, well beaten without separating. Add a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, and a saltspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Stir in a cupful of seeded raisins and half a cupful of pecan nuts chopped rather fine. When the ingredients are well mixed stir in carefully two cupfuls and a half of flour that has been sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Have ready greased gem-pans, drop a tablespoonful into each pan and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

## A Group of Children May Work on the Sand Snaps

**B**EAT half a pound of slightly softened butter to a cream. Then let one little girl sprinkle in a pound of granulated sugar while another beats; they may change occupations as they tire. When the mixture is light drop in the yolks of three eggs, one at a time and beating all the while. Then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Sift a quart of flour. Add the flour slowly to the batter until it is stiff enough to roll. It will take nearly a pint and a half. Roll out the batter into a thin sheet, cut with a round cutter and dust the tops with granulated sugar. Lift the cakes with a cake-turner, put them into a slightly greased pan and bake in a moderate oven until they are a light brown. The whole group of children may easily work on the sand tarts: one roll, another cut, a third lift and put in the pan, and the fourth watch the baking.

## The Best Way to Make Stuffed Dates

**R**EMOVE the stones carefully from one pound of good dates. To do this take a little knife and cut down one side of the date, put the knife under the stone and take it out. Put through the meat-grinder a quarter of a pound of pecan meats, a quarter of a pound of shelled, blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of dried figs and a quarter of a pound of Brazilian nuts. Mix thoroughly. Roll a teaspoonful of this mixture into the shape of the seed of a date and put it in the space from which the seed was taken. Press the date into shape, roll it in granulated sugar, put it in a tin box lined with waxed paper. Keep covered in a cold place until Christmas.

## Nut Caramels From Stuffed-Date Filling

**A**FTER making the stuffed dates knead the nut mixture that is left over just as you would knead bread. Roll it out carefully into a sheet half an inch thick. Then with a sharp knife cut into squares the size and shape of caramels. Stand these caramels in a tin box, or wrap each one in a square of waxed paper. These will keep three weeks if put in a cool place.

## A Wholesome Peanut Brittle

**S**HELL and remove the brown skins from a quart of roasted peanuts. Roll the nuts until they are thoroughly broken; sift, saving the finer parts to use for rolling as you use flour with the cookies. Put a pound of sugar into a clean saucepan. Stand it over a brisk fire, stir and shake until the sugar is thoroughly melted. You must not add water or any other material. When it has melted and looks like golden syrup take it from the fire and stir in quickly as many rolled peanuts as the sugar will hold. Cover the board with the fine peanuts, turn out the hot mixture, sprinkle over more peanuts and roll into a very thin sheet. This must be done quickly or the mixture will harden. With a long knife mark the brittle into squares, wait a moment until it cools, then loosen it from the board, break it into squares and put it away. The rough, unsightly pieces may be put aside to use at once.

## Honey Nut Cakes That Will Keep Six Months

**T**HESE cakes are quite easily made, and are better for a four weeks' keeping in a tin box—in fact they will keep for six months if necessary. The first preparation should be done the day before the cakes are made. Shred a quarter of a pound of orange and lemon peel mixed and a quarter of a pound of citron. Shell a pound of almonds, blanch, dry them in the oven without browning, then chop them, but not too fine. Chop a quarter of a pound of English walnut meats. Put one cupful of honey, two cupfuls of milk and two cupfuls of sugar into a saucepan over the fire. Stir and boil for fifteen minutes; skim, take from the fire and when cool add the nuts, candied shredded fruit, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger and half a teaspoonful of cloves. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of water. Add this to the mixture and stand aside over night. Next day stir in gradually enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll it out about a quarter of an inch in thickness; cut into small round cakes and bake in a very moderate oven until crisp and brown. If the directions are carefully followed these little cakes are exceedingly good.

## Chocolate Caramels That are Easily Made

**I**NTO a saucepan put a quarter of a pound of grated unsweetened chocolate, four tablespoonfuls of butter, a pound of brown sugar, half a cupful of molasses and half a cupful of cream. Stir these over a slow fire until the mixture reaches the boiling point, then boil it until it is brittle when dropped into ice water. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into a greased shallow pan to the depth of half an inch and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold grease a sharp knife and mark the caramels into squares, cutting nearly through. When cold and hard break the caramels apart and wrap each in waxed paper. These will keep in a dry place for a week. Vanilla and coffee caramels are made in precisely the same way except that you change the flavoring.

## These Molasses Snaps are Very Good

**P**UT half a cupful of molasses into a saucepan over the fire. Watch it carefully until it reaches the boiling point, then add a quarter of a cupful of sugar, three level tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Take from the fire and add a quarter of a cupful of milk. Sift three cupfuls of flour with a tablespoonful of ginger. When the mixture is cold stir in the flour, roll out into a thin sheet, cut with a round cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

## Honey Popcorn Balls for Little Children

**T**AKE a cupful of strained honey, put it into a saucepan and boil until it will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Have ready a good-sized bowl of freshly popped corn. Pour the honey over it, mixing all the while. When a little cool grease the hands, mould the corn into balls and stand them on greased paper. A cupful of sugar and half a cupful of water may be boiled to a syrup and used in the same fashion. These balls are the special delight of children.

## Cream Candy That Will Keep

**S**ELECT a perfectly clean saucepan and one free from grease. Slightly oil the bottom of a large meat platter. Put into the saucepan a pound of granulated sugar, a saltspoonful of cream of tartar, half a pint of water and a level tablespoonful of gum-arabic moistened in a little cold water. Stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Then with a clean, damp cloth wipe down the sides of the saucepan and boil continuously without stirring until the mixture hardens and becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Take from the fire. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour it carefully on to the greased platter. When nearly cold scrape it together, pull it out, fold and pull it over and over again until it is perfectly white. Moisten the hands now and then in cold water or brush them lightly with olive oil. If you handle it while too hot the heat and the pulling will blister the hands. If there is a large hook in the kitchen throw it up over the hook and then pull it down. When perfectly white cut it into pieces. Make it into rolls the thickness of your finger and six or seven inches long. Braid these rolls quickly, put them into a tin box that has been lined with waxed paper and stand them aside for Christmas.

## Some Pretty Lemon Sponge Cakes

**P**UT six eggs on the scales where you usually put the weights; then put sugar enough in the scoop to balance the eggs. Empty out the sugar; take off three eggs and put enough flour in the scoop to balance the three eggs. Add to the flour a level teaspoonful of baking powder and sift it. Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks until light, sprinkle in the sugar and beat until very light. Then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites. Add the grated rind and juice of a lemon and sprinkle in the flour, stirring carefully. Have ready greased gem-pans or custard-cups; put two tablespoonfuls of the mixture in each, dust the tops lightly with powdered sugar and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. When these are done let them stand five minutes in the pans. Then lift each one carefully and place it on a breadcloth to cool. If closed in a tin box these will keep for a week.

## Here is a Delicious Sea-Foam Recipe

**S**TIR two cupfuls of sugar, a saltspoonful of cream of tartar and a cupful of water in a perfectly clean saucepan until the sugar is dissolved; then boil continuously until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Have ready half a pound of pecan meats chopped fine and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the hot syrup into the eggs, beating all the while. Stand the bowl in a pan of ice water and beat the mixture until nearly cold, then sprinkle in the nuts and drop by spoonfuls on greased paper. Dry quickly.

## Betty's Imitation Cake

**B**ETTY would not allow her children to eat cakes that contained butter, so in the place of cake she had for Saturday night supper and for Christmas Eve what she called Angel's Strips and Marguerites. These, with the stuffed dates and fruit caramels, were always the accepted sweets.

Cut fine-grained home-made bread into rather thin slices; butter each slice and cut it into strips an inch wide and the length of the slice. Shave a pound of maple sugar. Put a layer of the sugar in the centers of half the strips, put over the other strips and press the two together. Beat the whites of two eggs until they are very light, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat until it is fine and dry. Spread the top of each strip with this icing, dust thickly with chopped nuts and arrange neatly on the serving plates. These must be used the same day on which they are made.

Marguerites are made very much after this fashion, except that you stir the nuts into the whites of the eggs, spread them on crackers and brown them in the oven.



DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN



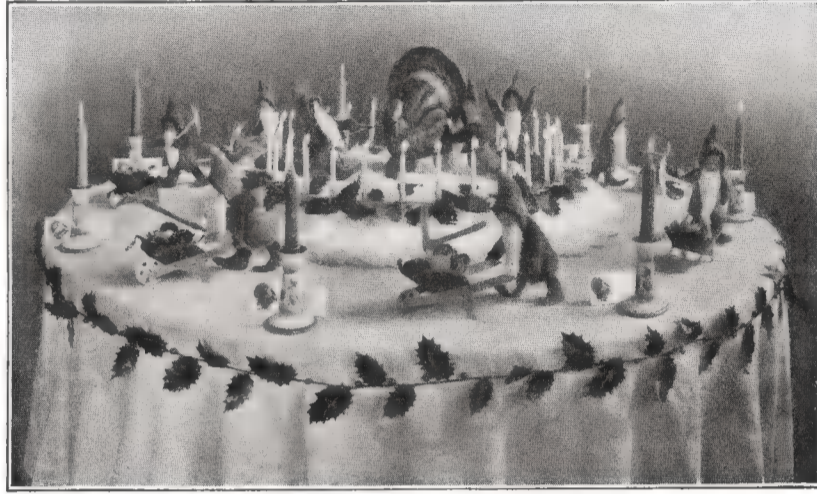
# Children's Christmas Tables

By Winifred Fales



A Coasting Hill of Boxes and Pillows

**S**mall artificial trees add realism to this landscape of cotton and mica. The coasters are dolls with cardboard sleds. The candlesticks are converted into old-fashioned street lamps by inclosing them in tubes of black matboard and crowning them with shades in the form of lanterns. The favors are contained in small sled-shaped boxes, to which runners of cardboard have been fastened, covered with red crêpe paper. The tops are decorated with holly.



In the Realm of the Christmas Gnomes

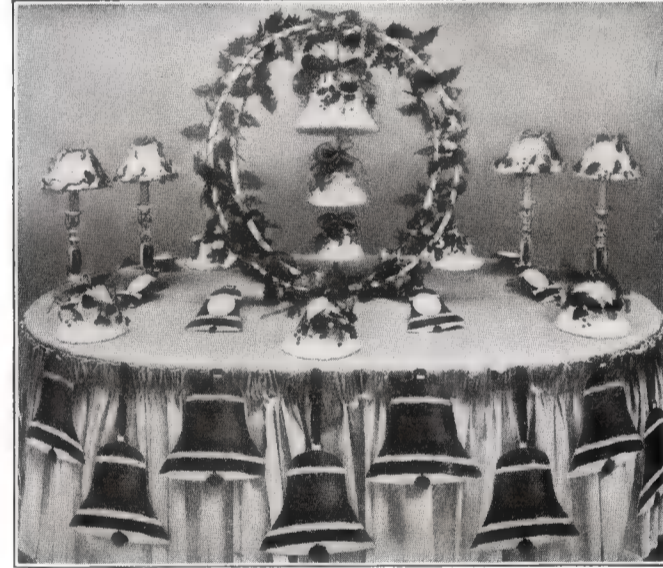
**A** CHILD'S hoop, wreathed with holly, is in the center of the table and supports a ring of scarlet tapers. Within the hoop a papier-mâché turkey is being driven by gnomes having long beards of white cotton. At each place is a gnome wheeling a barrow with all sorts of sweets and trinkets. Stuck into the loads, or carried by the little workers, are pasteboard pickaxes which serve as place-cards. A scarlet Christmas candle burns beside each place.



Where Gay Christmas Stockings Swing

**F**ROM a holly-wreathed hoop cardboard Christmas stockings are hung. Pasted to the back of each is a filled scarlet cornucopia. The place-cards are in stocking form, showing Saint Nicholas projecting from the top, the name being written on a card under his arm. Ices are served in paper cups set in matboard stockings, and festoons of red stockings are looped around the table. Miniature evergreen trees decorate the candy boxes.

**I**N THE center of the table on the right are two wooden hoops wound with white and decorated with holly. From the upper point is suspended a string of three decorated white bells. At each place is a similarly decorated bell, to which is tied the place-card. Underneath these cards are small gifts. Candleshades are made by cutting off the tops of four bells and fitting them over metal shade holders. Bells of crêpe paper are hung around the table.



Christmas Bells Ring Merrily on This Table



A Snowman Table Makes a Lot of Fun

**H**ERE the top of the table is covered with green, and around the edge is draped decorated crêpe paper showing a group of children carrying home the Yule log. The snowman centerpiece and the candleshades are made on wire frames, and the hats are of black matboard. Individual favors are contained in miniature snow-men boxes. The snowballs are small gifts wrapped in cotton; these are covered with white tissue, moistened with paste and rolled in powdered mica.



"Twas the Night Before Christmas"

**T**HIS table is bordered with crêpe paper showing Santa Claus and his reindeer flying through a star-spangled sky. Figures, mounted upon cardboard, are suspended by wires above the roof of a cardboard dwelling, illustrating the lines:

"He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle."

The favors are sleighs filled with bonbons drawn by reindeer of papier-mâché.



DRAWN BY EUGÉNIE WIREMAN

## The Right Kind of Christmas Parties

### House and Outdoor Fun for Children

SOME practical ideas that helped to make successes of parties for girls and boys alike were recently contributed by a very wise mother. She realized by experience that it is the simple parties that give the most pleasure, and that light refreshments only should be served; also, that not more than eight or possibly ten little ones should be invited at a time, and that the affair should be given in the afternoon, between three and five o'clock.

First of all, the invitations should be planned in a sympathetic manner. Since nowadays there are so many pretty styles in note-paper for children, a small size, tinted, should be selected, and the little hostess may write her own invitations in a simple note:

"Dear Violet:

"Will you come to my house on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock? That will be December the —, and I hope you can surely come.

"Yours with much love,

AMY.

"23 Wood Street,  
"December seventh."

This, you see, gives a week's time for acceptances and will enable Mother to judge of how much to prepare for refreshments.

Then, the matter of dress for children's parties may be so simplified if mothers will take the subject sensibly in hand! A boy of six years of age who may have a good style best suit, possibly of black and white check cloth, would probably wear with it for usual occasions a black or red Windsor tie and ordinary shoes and stockings. For parties or times when a little different effect is needed a soft white silk tie may be provided, with white stockings and patent-leather pumps. These variations will make quite a transformation and become a real joy to the child, and will be regarded with feelings of pride and pleasure. The same idea may be applied to a little girl's dress. There is sure to be one dress a bit more becoming than all the others, so why not let her wear it and change the ribbons and the slippers as many times as she wants, and by these dainty changes eliminate the fuss and bother of making a new dress for every party?

### Happy Afternoons in the House

THE idea, too, of being asked to see something special always attracts their active young minds. So on one occasion the invitations were issued for a certain afternoon, inviting ten little friends—boys and girls—to come to Betty Green's house, we'll say, to see her new Christmas Zoo. Well, not one child was missing. Each one came, not in fancy party clothes but in his or her afternoon suit and dress, on the alert to see the animals. After wraps were removed they were all taken into the dining-room, where the center of the table was arranged as a jungle in which all sorts of dangerous animals wandered harmlessly through a forest of fern. A piece of stiff cardboard, three-quarters of a yard long and half a yard wide, had holes cut in it a little smaller than the tops of the flower-pots. Through these holes were slipped twelve little ferns and small plants, which may be bought in market for a dollar a dozen. This raised the cardboard platform three or four inches, leaving only the plants visible as the cardboard rested upon the pots. The whole surface was covered with florist's moss and the edges were banked with it. Through this jungle were scattered some skin-covered animals and some of the cheaper china ones. On the outside of this centerpiece, just beyond the plates, marched two rows of animal crackers, flat against the cloth. Meantime, an obliging young uncle of the family told funny stories about animals, and repeated some familiar nursery rhymes. Each child was provided with a box of the folding variety, decorated with animals, in which to take home his cracker menagerie. The children were delighted. The shyest ones waxed lively as they picked out pets or remorselessly devoured legs and heads. Lemonade was served also in fancy glass cups. The plants and animals afterward served as souvenirs for the little guests.

Then there is always the "Magic Lantern" show, which has all the fascination of a real theater. A half hour show can easily be arranged for about half-past four o'clock on a winter day by drawing the curtains close and darkening the room. This plan permits one to invite, say, fifteen children, and may be comfortably given in one's living-room by arranging chairs for the "audience" at one end, while the lantern and the talker are placed at the other. If possible let the children gather in the hall and have the living-room curtained until the thrilling moment arrives, which may be announced by a bell. Open the curtains then and the children will soon scramble into the chairs. "Auntie May" then tells them that she is going to show them pretty pictures of other little boys and girls who live far away and have to go coasting. Then the first slide, showing some children sledding in Germany, is put through the lantern. The narrative form of story is most interesting to the children, and the bright colors in the slides make the illustration seem almost real. At the end of half an hour the lights may be turned on again and the children led to the dining-room, where ice cream and lady fingers may be served. Toasted raisin bread or Dutch cake with cambric tea will be enjoyed, and produce no distressing after-results. Little fancy boxes of crystal mints may be given for souvenirs.

### A Country Ride With Santa Claus

AND without doubt the outdoor party will appeal to parents and children alike. For these affairs their little school clothes and wraps may be used, and no extra preparation of dress is needed. In pleasant weather a ride of four or five miles, picnic fashion, to some point of interest, and especially to a Zoological Garden, will be hailed with delight. An omnibus or sleigh—in snowy weather—to hold six children may be hired for a couple of hours for a small sum, and the driver may be dressed like Santa Claus. This will carry them happily along through open country in the fresh air to some terminal where buns and cambric tea, sandwiches and lemonade, or plain ice cream and lady fingers may be obtained. The whole party will pretty surely return with rosy cheeks and keen appetites for supper and a sound night's sleep. For the out-of-town boy whose home can boast of a sloping lawn, there is always lots of fun in a coasting party with corn-popping afterward over a grate fire.

And what a glorious thing it would be to play in a great big barn filled with hay! What does it matter that the wind outside is blowing a gale of nobody knows how many knots an hour, and the barn creaks like some old sailing craft out on a perilous voyage? Of course you and the other children might play games in the house. It would be ever so much warmer there, this fine, free Saturday afternoon, but one can keep warm in the barn too. There are some romping, rollicking games that are too noisy for the house, and just right for the big, clean, open floor spaces of the barn. They are such lively games, too, that they will keep fingers and toes tingling until supertime comes.

### Simple Games Full of Fun

HIDE-AND-SEEK games are splendid to play in a barn because there are so many fine dark nooks and corners in which a child may hide. There is a new way of playing hide-and-see, just the opposite of the old familiar game. The player who is "It" goes away to hide, instead of blinding, while all the other players remain at the goal. While one counts one hundred they must all blind their eyes. At the end of the counting the players all hunt for the hider. As soon as one discovers his hiding-place he must squeeze in and hide there too. If there isn't enough room for him he must take a seat in plain sight near the hiding-place. The player who is unable to discover the hiding-place is "It" for the next game. This game will last a whole afternoon until the barn begins to grow dusky, and the children decide that even barn games come to an end some time, and they decide that the thing they most want to do is to go to the house for tea.

A bean bag is almost a jollier playmate than a ball. Why, does a child ask? Just because it never runs away and loses itself as a ball does so often when it goes rolling off alone to see the world. A bean bag can't roll, and so it is nearly always ready to play when a child is ready.

You can make your own bean bag, too, some rainy afternoon when you are not able to go out in the garden to play. Strong red and white striped ticking sewed carefully with small stitches in a double square which measures about six inches on each side is the best cover for a bean bag, and it should be filled two-thirds full of dried peas or beans. Another and a prettier cover for a bean bag is made of quite strong unbleached cotton and it is decorated with some bright flowers cut from scraps of chintz, or copies of your Noah's Ark animals cut from black cambric. These little picture figures should be sewed in over-and-over stitches to the white bean-bag cover. When you have made as many as eight or ten fine, new bean bags you are ready to invite all the children from the house next door for an afternoon of pleasant bean-bag games.

An empty wooden soap box may be transformed by a clever boy into a splendid bean-bag board, quite as strong and pretty as any which you can buy at a toy shop. One end and the two sides should be knocked off the box, and the remaining end must be braced to the bottom by some strips of wood taken from the other end. Three holes, varying in size, and one above the other, are then cut with a circular saw in the bottom, and the entire board is painted red. The game is played like that of the barrel hoops.

Bean-Bag Puss-in-the-Corner is the jolliest sort of a bean-bag game. Each child chooses a tree for his corner and half the players are provided with bean bags. One child tosses a bean bag to a child at an opposite tree, immediately running toward his opponent's tree. The other child tries to catch the bean bag and reach the thrower's tree first. As a great many bean bags may be flying through the air at once, the game will prove a whole lot of fun for a group of children.

Bean-Bag Call is a fine game to play on a lawn or in a field some frosty day when a child wants to warm his fingers and toes. One child who is "It" tosses a bean bag in the air and at the same time calls quickly the name of another child who is playing the game. The child called must run forward and catch the bean bag before it falls to the ground, or he must leave the ground. The child who catches it successfully the greatest number of times wins the game.

### Special Parties for Little Girls

THEN for little girls especially there is the new "Doll" show, and on this occasion any number may be invited to come and bring their dollies in their carriages. Mother will have to arrange a room or hall when this procession of little mothers is to take place. Then, when all have arrived, they may form in a line and wheel their coaches around and around from hall to living-room and back if possible. A small refreshment table should be arranged where the dollies can make believe to partake of goodies, while the little guests are being served with ice cream and cake. Each doll should be awarded a prize for some particular beauty—one for the prettiest eyes, another for her lovely curls, a third for her new hat, and so on—so that none are omitted; and the prizes may be small packages of remnants for doll clothes, a new sash ribbon, a few yards of lace for trimmings (since all little girls sew for their dolls and would be delighted with these special pieces).

Where children are interested in some particular kind of handwork it will give them a lot of pleasure to be invited for an afternoon to learn something new about it. If the present fancy is for raffia work let them try to make some pretty May baskets. This idea would be especially interesting to little girls, but some one at home would naturally have to be prepared to instruct them. The raffia should be supplied, and also enough artificial flowers to fill each basket when finished. They will make the most dainty of souvenirs of a happy afternoon.

The same plan may be carried out for an afternoon of doll dressmaking, when the souvenirs may be new thimbles or little sewing bags. In any event the matter of new dresses does not have to be considered. Little white summer dresses with pretty ribbons are always sufficiently dainty and becoming for the occasion. For refreshments ice cream in moulds (if it can be afforded) will be a treat, with little fancy cakes, lady fingers or a plain sponge loaf cake. Fancy crêpe paper dolls, each one named for a guest, would make most attractive place-cards.



### How Often Do You Eat Dates?

Of all fruits, comparative figures say dates contain the most real food value; and of all the foods, our palates say dates are the most delicious. They make a wholesome substitute for candy, and provide a meal in themselves.

As a novel dessert, and an always welcome one, serve dates. Eat them often, and the more often you eat them the better you'll like them. But ask for and take only

## Dromedary Golden Dates

They cost no more than the ordinary kind, but they are so very much larger and sweeter and more delicious that you'll always be sure to ask for Dromedary Brand. They are wrapped in oiled paper and sold in pasteboard cartons. Dromedary Dates retain their original moisture and softness surprisingly long.

Special sample box mailed for 10c (to cover expenses)

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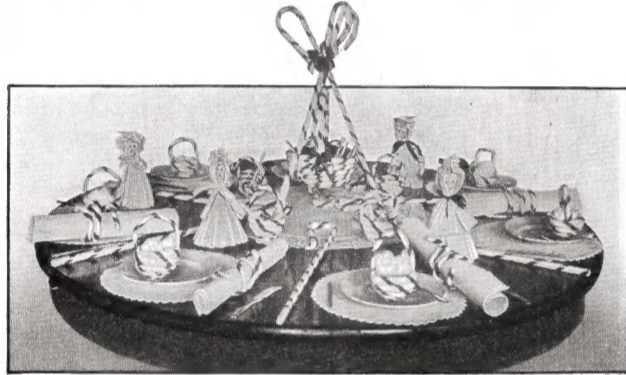
## When Birthdays Come Near Christmas

Table Decorations by Charlotte Brewster Jordan

### A Balloon Favor Table

THE table itself in scarlet and green is most attractive. Instead of having the candles stuck into the icing of the birthday cake in the usual way it is encircled with little three-pronged candelabra holding scarlet tapers. The same little branched candlesticks are scattered over the tablecloth. Holly sprays also encircle the cake. The little red flower-pots have been scrubbed, lined with waxed paper and filled with nuts, the little branches of spruce serving merely as a reminder of the greens of the Christmas season.

The novel feature of this birthday table is the scarlet balloon bobbing merrily from each guest's chair. Nor is that all. As the little hostess wishes her company to share her birthday happiness she has gifts for them, too, suspended over the table. And what do you think the gifts are fastened to? To more balloons which have been allowed (after the favors have been tied to them) to go free, resting against the ceiling until the delighted guests, at the close of the feast, pull them down by the gifts to which their names are attached.



### At the Sign of the Holly

THE following invitation was written on holly-decorated paper, and beneath it were added the name of the hostess, the date and the hour of the party. The envelope was sealed with a holly seal.

At the sign of the holly, my friends, I'll await.  
I think 'twill be jolly, so don't you be late.

Upon the arrival of each small guest—this was a little girls' party—she was presented with a spray of holly, to be worn on her dress. Some little time was spent in admiring the Christmas tree, and then the game of twenty questions was begun, the objects chosen for guessing to be selected from the Christmas-tree ornaments.

After all the guests had arrived they were invited into the "Christmas Garden," where were dwarf Christmas trees in pots, each tree bearing the name of a child. Beside each tree was a box attractively wrapped in holly paper and tied with scarlet ribbon. These boxes contained Christmas-tree ornaments, colored paper, paste and scissors, and each guest was bidden to trim the tree assigned her. When the time allowed had expired a prize was awarded to the child whose tree was most tastefully trimmed.

Next a filled Christmas stocking was passed from one to the other, the object being to guess by the feeling of it how many articles the stocking contained and what each one was.

Just before refreshments were served a trip to the Christmas post-office was proposed. A large wooden box had been fitted up as a country post-office by means of a glass front and subdivisions of cardboard, and with Mother acting as postmistress a Christmas postcard was handed out to each child.

A small Christmas tree occupied the center of the table in the dining-room. From this a streamer of red ribbon ran to each place and was attached to a little Christmas doll that had been dressed in scarlet with a sash of holly ribbon. Vanilla ice cream in Brownie forms, and angel cake with white icing lettered "Merry Christmas" in green and red, were served.



### Table for a Yuletide Party

A YULETIDE table is sure to delight the children. At the back of the table place a hollow Yule-log (a roll of birch or other bark serves the purpose well) and on it place as the Yule-King a doll dressed as a merry little jester with cap and bells. In front have six little doll cupids representing the first six months, who seem to be dragging the Yule-log. Behind the log come the remaining six months. At each place put a holly-covered snapping-cracker, and on each plate a holly-covered horn. Under the horn is a tall

croquette wrapped in waxed paper. At each place is a tiny metal candelabra holding three lighted tapers. Each child is told to make three wishes, one for each candle. Those which go out at the first puff bring their wishes true. Scarlet ribbons tipped with holly sprays lead to the mysterious Yule-log. At the close of the feast each child is asked to name her birthday month and select the cupid which she thinks represents it. Its ribbons, attached to some little gift within the log, bring a souvenir from the jolly Yule-King.

NOTE—The Children's Birthday Party pages will be a feature of THE JOURNAL next year. If you have worked out original ideas for such parties, why not tell me about them? Or if you want help in arranging such an affair I shall be glad to make suggestions by letter if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. When writing, address THE BIRTHDAY PARTY EDITOR.

### A Mint-Stick Table

LONG peppermint canes form the tripod from which hangs a candy basket filled with small sticks of candy. More canes and baskets arranged from the center divide the table geometrically. The paper napkins are pulled through candy rings, and the contents of the peppermint baskets on the service plates start the merry meal. The finishing touch is given by the little "Auntie Minty" place-cards. These are white, braided sticks of peppermint, upon which faces have been sketched, and are adorned with gay paper frocks and sunbonnets tied on with ribbons. The name of a little guest is written on a card tied to "Auntie Minty's" gown, and at the end of the feast the little candy lady becomes the property of the child whose name she carries.

These dollies may be made from genuine mint-sticks or from red and white paper. They are very easily made, and later may be used effectively to brighten up a Christmas tree.

The table decorations will show to best advantage on a polished table.

### A Poinsettia Party

INVITATIONS were very prettily ornamented with a poinsettia design, and read:

Come to my Poinsettia Party, don't forget the place and day,  
As my invitation's hearty kindly do not stay away.

The rooms were decorated with the scarlet poinsettias, and the little hostess wore a scarlet sash and ribbons with her white dress. As the small guests were arriving the game of Christmas stocking was started, which proved to be an old favorite in new guise.

"I hung up my stocking on Christmas Eve," said the first player.

"What did you find in it?" asked the second.

"Candy," was the reply.

The second player proceeded as the first had done, adding a second article to the candy. Thus the game went around the circle, each one adding an article to the contents of the stocking, and whoever forgot or changed the order dropped out of the game.

By following scarlet crepe paper runners paste, scissors and paper dolls were brought to light. The little guests were soon busy making a Christmas fairy, and a prize was awarded to the maker of the prettiest fairy.

Then the hostess led the way to the next room, across which red ribbon had been fastened like a clothesline. From this hung a tiny array of scarlet stockings tied to the line by baby ribbon. Scissors were in readiness, and each guest in turn clipped a stocking from the line. These were found to contain inexpensive toys and candy which the children took home with them.

The table was prettily decorated in red with a large basket of poinsettias for a centerpiece, upon which was airily perched the "Poinsettia Fairy" in scarlet.

At each place was a poinsettia box containing a little souvenir. Refreshments were served consisting of cherry ice, bonbons, salted nuts, and small cakes iced with white icing and decorated in red.

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# Christmas Sweets From Fruits and Nuts

By Beatrice D'Emo

THE simple and toothsome dainties suggested in this article are made of wholesome fruits and nuts, and perhaps this fact will make them acceptable to many individuals who are prohibited from enjoying confectionery products of sugar and molasses.

Before beginning to make the sweets it is as well to arrange a small table as a work-stand.

with slits cut for the mouth and nose, and small holes inserted to receive the icing drops which form the eyes. Bits of blanched almond are inserted in the mouth and nose slits, and a magnificent turban adorns the top of the apple; this is made of two marshmallows and one prune decorated with a blanched almond and a fat raisin. The arms are of toothpicks with puffed



"Good Enough to Eat"

Cover it with a clean napkin, or sheet of wrapping-paper, and have at hand several packages of ordinary wooden toothpicks, a penknife or pair of scissors, and a damp cloth. The latter should be used from time to time for wiping the fingertips, for as these sweets are edible the utmost cleanliness must be observed in their construction, and absolute neatness in regard to their preparation will insure much better results.

The quantity of dried fruit required for the manufacture of the comfits will have to be governed entirely by the number of sweets one desires to make. If it is the intention of the worker to make several of each of the sweetmeats here illustrated it is as well to purchase as follows: One pound of pulled or whole dried figs, half a pound of prunes in large and small sizes, half a pound of large raisins commonly known as Sultanas, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of almonds, a small box of marshmallows, two cents' worth of whole cloves, two or three round red apples, and several thin-skinned oranges—not the navel or seedless variety, for the navel oranges cannot be separated into neat sections—and a small bunch of white grapes or a quarter of a pound of candied cherries.



Mr. Pippin

ages of ordinary wooden toothpicks, a penknife or pair of scissors, and a damp cloth. The latter should be used from time to time for wiping the fingertips, for as these sweets are edible the utmost cleanliness must be observed in their construction, and absolute neatness in regard to their preparation will insure much better results.

sleeves made from marshmallows, and the hands of raisins. The toothpick and raisin legs are finished with blanched almond feet.



Dutch Sailor Laddie

The third comfit is a Dutch sailor laddie. This sweet, by-the-way, is very easy to make. A marshmallow fitted with clove eyes and mouth serves as the head, and it is, of course, secured to the fig body by a strong toothpick; a flat prune is used for the sailor cap and should be placed on the head a little to one side; the arms and legs are of raisins, but the hands should be made of bits of blanched almonds and the feet or sabots of whole unskinned almonds. This jolly tar will stand upright if propped with a toothpick.



"Storeroom Swallow"

TO MAKE the "storeroom swallow" select a prune for the head, spear it with the pointed end of the toothpick and run two raisins on the same pick for the neck of the bird; then stick the other end of the toothpick into the plump whole fig which forms the body. The bill is made of a blanched almond and the eyes are of icing touched with chocolate as described above. The legs are made of toothpicks thrust through raisins, and the upper ends of the toothpicks are stuck into the fig, and the tail and wings are made of blanched almonds halved. To make the calf, place together three whole figs and secure them with toothpicks; attach the head, which is made of a large prune. The legs are of raisins, currants being used for the feet or hoofs. The tail and ears are of currants run on toothpicks, and the eyes are made of drops of icing decorated with chocolate pupils.

THE fig rabbit is quickly made. A whole and rather plump fig is used for the body and a large prune for the head. The ears are of raisins—or they may be made of blanched almonds if preferred—the forepaws and hindfeet are of raisins, and the little tail is made of three currants stuck closely together on a toothpick. Large drops of icing form the eyes, and the iris should be painted in with chocolate; a bit of white icing is in the center.

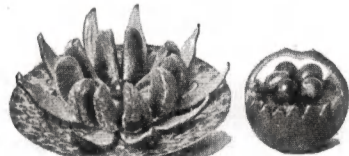


A Prune Calf



The Fig Rabbit

The turtles are also easily made to look very realistic when placed on a log which may be cleverly made out of a cruller or a cheese straw. The bodies are made of flat-shaped prunes and the heads are formed of raisins with currant necks; the heads and necks are stuck on toothpicks and the latter are inserted at the proper places in the prune bodies. The feet and the legs are made of currants, and the tails are the stem ends of cloves. Drops of icing form the whites of the eyes which, if placed a little to the right or left of the center, make most expressive chocolate pupils.



Orange Water-Lily Orange Basket



Turtles Made of Prunes and Raisins

with toothpicks, and the arms are made of toothpicks with raisin sleeves and almond hands. A neat little pair of tan shoes with white uppers are made from unskinned almonds, with the upper part of the skins neatly cut away with the penknife to produce the effect of the uppers.

NEXT comes Mr. Pippin, as fat and cheerful a Christmas brownie as one could wish to see. He is made of a round red apple (sometimes an apple can be selected that is of a pale yellow color or light red with deeper red spots, which spots represent the natural color in the cheeks),



The Burson

The Others

## AS OTHERS SEE US

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## BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

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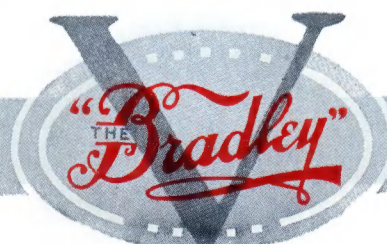
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