

MORE ABOUT LIVE DOLLS



Josephine Scribner Gates

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Belle Mayo Cameron

Happy Xmas

From

Aunt Ellen

1906-



MORE ABOUT LIVE DOLLS

BY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

AUTHOR OF


“THE STORY OF LIVE DOLLS”

“THE DOLL THAT WAS LOST AND FOUND”

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

VIRGINIA KEEP

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THE REAL JANIE AND HER FAMILY

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DEDICATION

TO ALL THE WEE MADONNAS
WHEREVER THEY MAY BE
WHOSE PURE, SWEET MOTHER-LOVE
FOR THEIR DOLLS
IS TO ME A SACRED THING
AND WHOSE HUNGER FOR THEM
TO BE ALIVE
IS MOST PATHETIC

I N T R O D U C T I O N

EVER since the appearance of "THE STORY OF LIVE DOLLS," many eager little hands have been reaching out for another with beseeching appeals, which I could not resist, especially as the Queen PROMISED to come again. Therefore, I give you this book, hoping it will receive as warm a welcome as did the other.

Thanking the many appreciative little mothers, I am,

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

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More About Live Dolls

CHAPTER I

“Mamma, what makes your eyes so twinkly and shiny? And a little smile keeps trying to come, just like when you were going to give me my doll house. Is it a s’prise?” asked Janie,

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one day in October, coming suddenly into Mamma's room.

Mamma slipped her hand into her pocket, where nestled two notes. One was addressed to Mrs. Bell, and was most mysterious and delightful. Its contents would have made Janie's eyes shine, too; for it read as follows:

“DEAR MRS. BELL:

“Could you arrange for a Hallowe'en party, and have all of the children and their dolls? It is to be a surprise party, and I will whisper in your ear that the dolls will bob for apples and toast marshmallows, as well as the children.

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“This is by order of the Queen of the dolls.

“P. S.—I may be a little late, but will surely come.”

Mamma fairly hugged herself when she read this note, but she kept it hidden, and handed the other to Janie, saying: “There, read that; isn’t that enough to make all our eyes twink[y and shiny?”

Janie hastily tore the envelope open and read:

“DEAR JANIE:

“I want you to come and stay with me for two weeks. We have a new baby

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girl, and I want you to help me take care of her. Be sure to bring Rosabell.

“YOUR LOVING AUNTIE.”

Janie danced about gleefully; then looked serious for a moment and said, “but, mamma, can’t you go? I don’t want to go without you.”

“Not now, darling,” mamma replied; “but, papa will take you, and I will come and bring you home. You will be so happy with the cunning new baby, you won’t be lonesome. You better begin to pack your dolly’s trunk, so you can be ready to start to-morrow.”

If there was anything Janie loved next

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to her doll, it was a baby, so she brought out the tiny trunk, and folded the little garments, as mamma had taught her. In the lower part she placed the dresses, dainty underclothes and petticoats. In the tray, she put the waists, kerchiefs, sashes, hair ribbons, stockings and slippers; and, lastly, in the hat box, a beautiful hat, with tissue paper laid carefully about it. Then she closed and locked the trunk, placing the key in the chatelaine at her belt. When this delightful task was finished, she found that mamma had been busy also; and her own small trunk was ready for the journey. Janie put the wee one beside

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it; then dressed Rosabell in her sailor suit, with the jaunty cap and coat.

“But, mamma,” she suddenly cried; “what if Rosabell should come alive while I am there? Wouldn’t she frighten the new baby?”

Mamma laughed merrily, and replied: “Oh, I hardly think she will do that. The Queen will surely let you know in some way when that is to happen.”

“I know; but, mamma, here it is October, and in June the Queen said it would surely happen, and that, perhaps it would be in the winter; and I thought maybe it would be soon now so we could have nice times in the snow, and at

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Thanksgiving and Christmas. Wouldn't it be fun if the dolls could hang up their stockings!"

"Wouldn't it though! And perhaps they will!" laughed mamma.

She turned away to hide the suspicious twinkle in her eyes, for they *would* dance, in spite of her efforts to look serious. Janie's face beamed with delight, as she thought of those beautiful times in the summer, and she and her little friends were eagerly watching for the dear Queen's promised second visit.

Mamma brought out a little satchel, on one side of which was stamped in gold letters: "*Janie Bell.*"

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“What do you think of that, dear?” she asked. “Papa bought it purposely for this trip.”

Janie danced for joy when she opened it and found a brush and comb, a tiny cake of soap, and a wash cloth, all rolled up in a leather case. Her cup of happi-



ness was full, for such a thing was the pride of her heart, and she tucked in a kerchief, and a book to read to Rosabell, if she grew tired of looking out of the car window. She was so excited, she

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could hardly sleep that night, and arose bright and early. Soon after breakfast the carriage rattled up to the door, and, after a loving good-bye kiss to mamma, papa and Janie were driven to the station. While they were walking to and fro on the platform, they heard one man call to another: "Come down here, Jim, and help me lift the biggest trunk I ever handled. It will break my back to lift it alone, sure."

Papa and Janie followed to see this enormous piece of baggage and they laughed heartily when the porter pointed to the gay little trunk marked, "Rosabell." And now came the train, with the sudden

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rush and roar and clatter of engine and bells. The noise always frightened Janie, and she clasped her doll tightly, clinging to papa's hand until they were safely inside the car. Papa sat opposite the two happy faces, and settled back with his newspaper, as all men do.

For awhile, Janie and Rosabell watched the houses and trees fly by; but before she knew it, Janie's head sank back on the cushion, and she was fast asleep.

She was wakened by hearing the cry: "Dinner is now ready in the dining-car."

She sprang up gladly, for she was very

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hungry. And what a lovely dinner they had! Rosabell sat at the table also; but, as she was still unalive, of course she could not eat.

Leaving them to finish their journey, let us return to mamma, who was as happy as any child over the delightful news she had received from the Queen. She knew what jolly times it meant for the little ones through the winter, and she and papa had talked matters over, and had decided to send Janie to visit the new baby. During her absence, there was to be an addition built to the doll-house, in the shape of one large room, where Janie and her friends could

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have a warm and comfortable place all to themselves for their frolics, when they tired of out-of-door sports.

The carpenters appeared the very morning of Janie's departure. If she could have seen them with their tools, working like a swarm of bees, not all the babies in the wide, wide world could have dragged her away from home. While the men worked on the new part, mamma and Bidy removed everything from the old doll-house. Dolls and furniture were piled in a heap, in a clothes-basket, and if the Queen's wand had been waved over them at that time, the air would have been filled

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with nails, they were so tangled together.

A man with wall-paper and carpets arrived; and it was not long before the house presented a very different appearance. The rooms were furnished in various colors, with carpets to match. Fresh curtains were tacked to the windows, and, as the old furniture was mostly broken, from the constant and unusual wear of the eventful summer, mamma replaced it with some that was much more durable, and really meant to be used.

The new part was soon finished. It was a good-sized room, with a hardwood floor, and a large fireplace. Here they

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would have a crackling wood fire, where they could roast chestnuts, and apples, and pop corn. The walls were covered with figures of children in bright dresses; dancing, rolling hoops, and playing all sorts of games. These pictures were symbolical of the real purpose of the room, which certainly was an ideal one, with its bright rugs, warm red draperies, couch and cosy chairs. All the children in the village could crowd into it, and mamma intended they should have a happy winter they would always remember.

The house in order, she set to work to make new clothes for the dollies, for really, they were looking very shabby.

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She clothed Dinah in a bright yellow gown, which was truly gorgeous, and just matched the kitchen wall. Something else happened to Dinah, who was so badly treated when she was alive before. Mamma broke her poor, unfortunate leg, and put it together properly—as she supposed. Then she deftly scalped her, and fastened her wig on straight, determined that when she came to life again, she should at least be comfortable. Alas, for Dinah! Mamma in her haste had broken the wrong leg; and so the poor thing was indeed in a bad way.

The other dolls were arrayed in bright colors. The baby, in a snowy dress, was



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laid in its cradle, and papa doll was elegant in a stylish suit of evening clothes. The pantry shelves gleamed with new dishes, and in the sideboard were new table linen and silver. With new sheets and quilts on the beds, mamma felt that the little house was complete, and she surveyed her work with great satisfaction. She had a little stove set up, so that the family should not suffer from the cold. It was a real "child's size" base-burner, and the coal box, just outside the kitchen door, was heaped to the brim with shiny coal. What fun it would be to fill it and take out the ashes each day!

When all was ready, mamma locked the

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house and prepared for the promised journey. As Hallowe'en was drawing near, before starting, she sent out the invitations for the wonderful party which would fill so many little hearts with joy.

When she arrived at her destination, she found Janie having a happy time with the dear new baby; but she was quite ready to return when she was told of the Hallowe'en frolic.



CHAPTER II

They reached home the night before the party. The next day, Janie was so busy making her doll a new gown, and planning for the evening, she did not notice the change that had taken place in

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the yard. Mamma was rejoicing because she had been able to keep the surprise from her, when suddenly Janie cried: "Mamma, why don't you get ready for the party? Let's bring in the tubs and apples."

"No, dear," mamma answered, "papa is coming early to help me. You get yourself and dolly ready. You might curl her hair for to-night with the little curling-iron Auntie gave you."

The hair-curling process was a great novelty, and Janie joyfully heated the little iron and played hairdresser. When Rosabell's toilet was completed, she looked very sweet, indeed, all in pink, with her



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curls standing out in every direction. Janie carefully placed her in a chair, and ran away to be dressed herself. She was so excited, she could hardly eat her supper; and, at last pranced into the parlor, only to return with a face like an interrogation point, crying: "Why, mamma, the parlor isn't trimmed up a bit. I thought p'rhaps you had something nice you were keeping from me; but the tubs aren't there, nor anything. It doesn't seem a bit like a party."

"Janie," said papa, "do you remember the time it rained when you wanted to go to the seashore; and you cried, but in the end you really had a better time than

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you ever dreamed of? Now, my dear, you know we have invited all of these children, and of course we will be ready for them. Get your hat and coat, and come along.”

“But papa, I wanted to have it here.”

“So you can, dear; but, come to the window, and let’s see if the moon is coming to this party.”

Janie, much puzzled by this remark, followed her papa, and her attention was at once attracted to the little house where the lights were twinkling from the windows, and all across the front was a row of jack-o’-lanterns grinning at her. With Rosabell in her arms, she fairly pulled

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papa out of the house and across the yard, and when they were inside, and she saw the beautiful room, with its roaring fire, she clapped her hands and danced around with shining eyes.

“How lovely!” she cried.

It *was* a picture. The glow of the fire danced upon the walls, where the children on the paper were making merry with their hoops and skipping-ropes. A kettle of molasses stood ready to bubble over the coals; a basket of pop-corn was waiting to be shelled by eager hands; a great tub of water was in one corner, with rosy apples sailing about on its surface,



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and behind a curtain was a tiny tub with crab-apples placidly awaiting the doll's pearly teeth.

The bell rang, and in trooped a jolly crowd of children, each clasping a beloved doll. Mamma welcomed them, for Janie still seemed to be dazed over these delightful happenings. Hats and coats were put away, and then began the fun. The corn was soon shelled and in the popper, managed very skillfully by papa.

What a strange thing it is, when one thinks of it, to see the dull, little grains rolling around as you shake the popper! Suddenly, they waken, and begin to hop about; and then, as if by magic, the

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popper is full of a crisp, snowy mass, which is poured out and left to its terrible fate.

While the corn was popping, mamma put the kettle on and the molasses, boiling and bubbling, soon filled the air with the delightful odor. How the children sniffed the fragrance, while they admired the pretty room and chatted over their dolls. Presently, mamma dropped some of the hot molasses on a piece of ice, and all watched anxiously to see if it would harden. Each little mouth longed to taste it, but papa claimed the privilege, because he was the only boy, and, of course, they could not all have it. He

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pronounced it done to a turn, and mamma poured it into pans, which she set in a tub of ice to cool.

Just at that moment the tinkling of bells startled them all. The door opened, and in glided the dear, fairy Queen, gaily singing:

“With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall make music wherever she goes.”

And truly she did, for her scarlet gown was covered with bells, which were also strung about her ankles, neck and arms. Silver bells, jingling merrily with every





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move she made. As she danced around the room, still singing and waving her silver wand, the children danced after her, each eager for a kiss, and crying breathlessly: “Oh, you dear, darling Queen! *Now* will our dolls come alive?”

In reply, she pointed to one end of the room, where the dolls were in a group. What do you think they were doing? They had come to life at the very moment of the Queen’s entrance; and, during the excitement that followed, they had found the pan of candy; had helped themselves, and were calmly eating it, as though it was all for their especial benefit! With wild shouts, the children ran to them, and

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hugged and kissed them over and over. You would have thought they had not seen them for a year. Their hearts were so full of joy they hardly knew what to do next; but mamma knew, and she started them to pulling candy.

Their faces beamed while they talked over the good times that must follow, now that this wonderful thing had really and truly happened again. When the candy was finished, papa brought the tubs of apples and what fun they had! The dolls were very droll, and when one pushed another into the water, and she stood on her head for an instant, wildly kicking out her feet, the walls echoed





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with merry laughter. Mamma rescued the water baby and bade her run to the fire, where she sat like little Polly Flinders warming her pretty little toes.

Now it was time to bake the apples, and they tied strings to the stems, and hung them before the fire. Next, they buried chestnuts in the ashes, and how they jumped when they popped out! Lastly, they toasted marshmallows, and when everything was ready, they seated themselves on the floor. The children formed a large circle, and the dolls a small one around the little Queen. Mistress Fairy beamed upon them from the centre, and the group made a charm-



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ing picture, with the firelight dancing on the cluster of happy faces.

They ate baked apples and cream, sandwiches and gingerbread, corn, candy and nuts. When they had finished, the Queen told them how sad she felt the day she parted from them; and since then, having heard such lovely things about them, she decided that it was time to come again. Then, promising that she would return occasionally to see if all were well, she said good-night, and went away.

And now it was time to go home; and, although they had had the jolliest kind of an evening, each little girl was glad to go,

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so that she could be alone with her precious live doll once more. As they left the delightful room, Janie saw the lights twinkling in the kitchen of the doll-house, and begged mamma to let her peep in just for a moment to see if those dolls were alive, too. Leaving Rosabell to the care of papa and mamma, she ran to the kitchen, where she found Dinah in a towering rage. She could scarcely speak,

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but managed to gasp out: "Now, Miss Janie, just look at me!"

"Why, Dinah dear, what?" cried Janie.

"Why, this!" and Dinah held up her dress, and exposed her poor feet, both turned backward.

Janie sat down and hid her face in her arms, shaking with laughter; for, in spite of such a deformity, Dinah did look too funny and cross for anything. She shook all over, and Dinah came to her, and gently patted her saying: "Neber min', Miss Janie; don't sob so, you ain't done it—it was you maw. I seen her. I will try and manage, but, I will have to go like a crab the rest of my nachual life.

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Seemed like I must speak when I see she was breakin' the wrong one, for I knowed she didn't mean to. One was bad enuf; but bof! Oh, dear! But nebber mind." And she walked away, actually humming her same old tune.

Janie went on through the house, and every little girl knows how happy she was when she saw all the pretty new things. It was so still she began to wonder as she climbed the stairway. When she reached the top, she fancied she heard a funny little rumbling sound. She looked into mamma doll's bedroom, and there—Oh, horrors! Papa and mamma doll were snoring at a great rate. Baby was sleeping quietly



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and so were the other doll children.

Janie stole down again, and, with a contented sigh, left the little house and went to her own room, where she found Rosabell fast asleep in her cradle. She kissed her gently, and, with the other children, was soon dreaming the good time over again. The big moon, bursting from a fleet of silvery clouds, gazed into the various windows of the sleeping village, and seemed so well pleased, that he sent little laughing moonbeams rollicking over those happy faces, and chuckled to himself: "I told you so."



CHAPTER III

Presently, the moon disappeared, the fleecy clouds grew dark, and the air was filled with starry flakes. By morning, the little village was so white and frosty, it looked like a wedding-cake. Janie

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bounded out of bed, calling to Rosabell to come quick and see the snow.

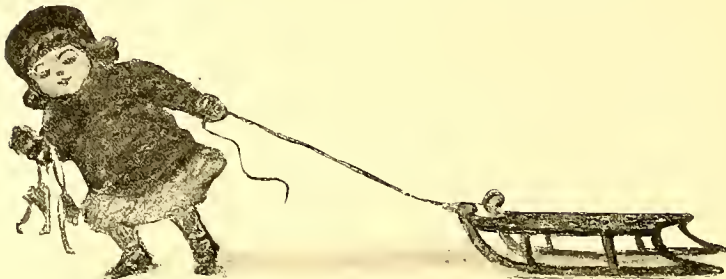
They hurried into their clothes, and down to the breakfast table. While they were eating, Bridget appeared with a large parcel, which she said was left for Rosabell. Janie opened it, and how they shouted when they saw a miniature sled, a pair of skates, and another package, which, when the paper was removed, disclosed—what do you think? A real, little sealskin coat and hood, with a note from the Queen saying: “The sealskin crop was a fine one this year, and there were enough coats for every doll in the village.” Rosabell looked like a little robin dressed

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in her furs. Janie pranced about her, clapping her hands, and both squealed with joy when Rosabell, on thrusting her hands into a tiny pocket, drew out a pair of red mittens.

Janie hurried into her coat and hood, and both started off, dragging their sleds. They soon reached the hill. It was a perfect one for coasting, and was alive with children dancing with glee when they saw the dolls hop on to their sleds and glide away.

“Just think,” they cried to one another, “what fun we will have this winter, and especially at Christmas time. We will have a Christmas tree, and the dolls will



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hang up their stockings, and Santa Claus will come and everything!”

As these delightful visions passed before them, they hugged one another in their delight; and then jumped on to their sleds, and went flying after the dolls.

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They had such a romp! They tumbled about in the snow, fought a lively snow battle, and wound up by building a snow man, while the dolls busied themselves making snow children huddled all around him. Then they wended their way homeward, for a gentle voice within told them it was dinner time. They scampered into their houses with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and the food vanished as if by magic. The dolls ate their share, too; and even passed their plates for a second helping.

This day was but one of many. The children hardly paused to think, the hours sped so rapidly, and every moment was one of rejoicing.





CHAPTER IV

Thanksgiving day was approaching, and mamma planned to have a turkey dinner for the village children and their babies. She would set two tables in the new room, and they would have the jolliest kind of a time. Dinah cooked for the dolls' table, and for days before, the air was filled with

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the spicy odors of the nice things that taste so good at holiday dinner-parties.

The day before Thanksgiving, Rosabell came over to the doll-house to play with the doll children, and they wandered about in search of something to do. The odors from the kitchen drew them thither, and, as Dinah had just finished her hard day's work and gone up stairs to rest awhile, they had the field to themselves. They peeped into the pantry, where they beheld rows of tiny mince and pumpkin pies, and plummy cakes. Some covered pans attracted Rosabell's attention; and, curious to see what was within, she raised the lids, and discovered, to her horror,

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the cunning bantams, which Janie had played with for so long, lying all stuffed, helplessly awaiting their fate.

Rosabell was shocked, and exclaimed: “I won’t let you be baked in that hot oven, you darling things;” and she cried to the other dolls: “Come, let’s hide them.” Then, each carefully lifting a wee chick, they hastened out of the house to seek a safe hiding place. Rosabell’s

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tears were dropping on the tiny form hugged to her breast. To think of Dinah cutting off their poor little heads!

The others followed her, making a very funny procession. She led them to a nook, where she and Janie often played tea-party in the summer, and under a great flat stone, which had served as a pantry, they placed their pathetic burdens.

“We won’t have anything much to eat to-morrow,” said Rosabell, “but I would choke on the poor little banties.”

“Why can’t we put something else in the pans to bake?” asked one of the mites. At this timely suggestion they all clapped their hands in rapture.



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The coast was still clear, for Dinah had dropped into a sound sleep from which she could be awakened by nothing short of a fire. Mamma doll was resting also, so these naughty doll children had things pretty much to themselves. They had always longed to cook, but Dinah would never allow them to even glance in the pantry. Of course they did not know how to cook, but they knew about what went into the dainty dishes, and decided to make something unusually good to “s’prise Dinah.”

First, they put some flour into each pan, as they knew flour was the basis for most dishes. Then Rosabell caught sight

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of a pan of pop-corn and sprinkled that about in the downy bed. Next, she covered it well with sugar, because everybody likes things sweet. A generous supply of salt and pepper followed the sugar. She spied a bottle of catsup and decided to embroider the top with the red liquid, finishing up by surrounding it with a scrollwork of raisins. After surveying the result of her efforts with the greatest satisfaction, and privately rejoicing over Dinah's delight when she discovered these dainties, she put the covers on the pans and pushed them back into their places. This done, they removed all traces of their mischief and returned to the nursery.

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The next morning Dinah put the pans into the oven without opening them, as she supposed, of course, the chicks were still there; and it was only when she had the dinner ready to serve, that she discovered the birds had flown. When she removed one of the pans from the oven, she looked inside, expecting to see the wee chicks a golden brown. She almost dropped it when she saw the strange, smoking mess. Mamma doll, who was helping Dinah, came to view this odd dish, and then opened the other pans. Finding them all alike, they both puzzled over it for some time, and finally, Dinah decided that it was the dolls' doings, and

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concluded to serve it and say nothing. Of course, it was not eaten, and if the children had not taken pity on the dolls and shared their turkey with them, they would have fared poorly.

The dinner was a grand success, otherwise, and when they had eaten until they could eat no more, they played games, sang songs, and danced until it was time to go to their little nests.

That evening, Rosabell, whose guilty conscience had been pricking very hard, confessed the naughty prank and was freely forgiven, for Janie loved the bantams dearly, and was glad they were saved from the sharp little teeth.



CHAPTER V

We all know how the weeks fly by between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and this year was no exception. Every one was busy making things for the trees, gifts for the dollies, and for one another, and all were gay and happy. The one

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toy-store, the pride of the village, was filled to the brim with all sorts of things that delight the hearts of children. This season, Mr. Penniman had ordered an extra supply of everything, as he felt sure that Santa Claus would have to replenish his stock when he found so many wee stockings by the chimneys.

Dolls were the principal things sold during the holidays, and on their arrival, shortly before Christmas, he unpacked them and placed them in rows on the counter. He and his family slept over the store. That night his wife awakened him saying she heard voices below, and they went down to investigate.

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On reaching the door, a very funny sight met their eyes. The dolls, piled in a great heap on the counter, had come to life and all were talking at once. The ones underneath were really suffering and begged the others to get down, so they could breathe. Those on top of the heap sat up, looked about, and when they caught sight of their surroundings, joyfully climbed down and made themselves thoroughly at home. The others followed suit and soon pandemonium reigned.

Those musically inclined, formed an orchestra, blowing mouth-organs and horns, beating drums, and shaking tambourines. Some of the boy dolls wound

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up the engines and trains and started them across the floor shouting: "All aboard!" Others mounted the rocking-horses, which they rode at a break-neck pace. The girls seized the parasols, tried on gloves, swung in the wee hammocks, and one little group proceeded to have a tea-party at a wee table, set with dainty china.

Suddenly one cried: "Take partners for a quadrille!" and began to play a popular air on a little toy piano. The other musicians joined in and the dolls had the gayest kind of a ball. At last, tiring of this, the piano-player left her seat and calling: "Time for refreshments!" started in search of something to eat. They all



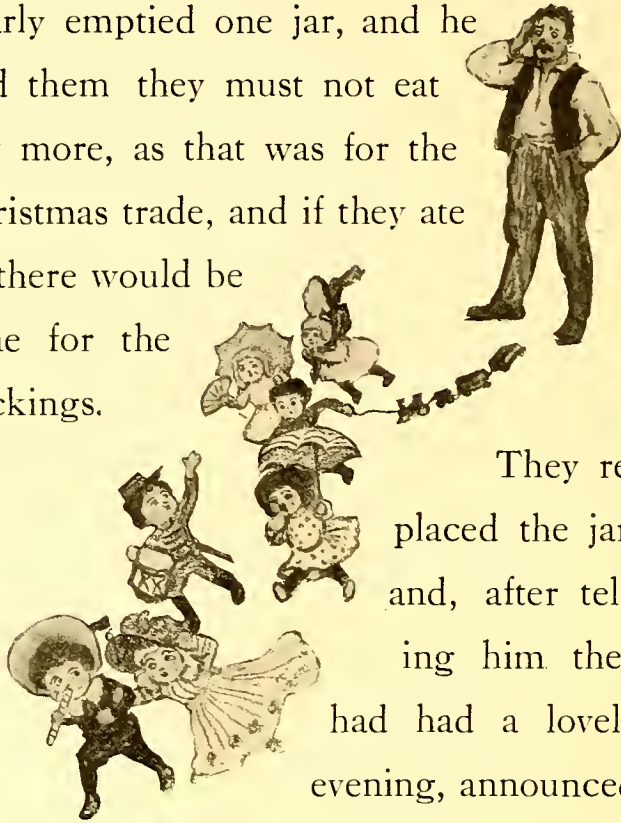
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followed, for who could resist such an invitation, especially when they were famishing. They soon spied the candy-jars, but at this point, Mr. Penniman came to his senses and concluded that he must interfere, for he could not afford to have all of his candy eaten. He came boldly into the room, although his old heart was beating rather fast, for he did not know what might be the end of this performance.

The dolls glanced at him shouting: "Merry Christmas!" and then, after each had been supplied with a stick of candy, politely passed it to him saying: "Take some, it's lovely, just fresh."

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He saw, with dismay, that they had nearly emptied one jar, and he told them they must not eat any more, as that was for the Christmas trade, and if they ate it, there would be none for the stockings.



They replaced the jar, and, after telling him they had had a lovely evening, announced that they must go, and started for the door.

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The poor man was dumbfounded. They must go! Go where? And what was he to do, with Christmas so near at hand? No dolls to sell, and no way of getting a new supply. They walked to the door, deliberately unlocked it, and filed out before the astonished store-keeper could move. The cream of his stock went with them, as each one had a toy of some kind. The girls had tied on hats and bonnets, helped themselves to various garments, and above each head was poised a parasol. The boys had trains of cars, cannons, balls and tops, and their pockets were bulging with bonbons.

A jolly-looking crowd they were, and

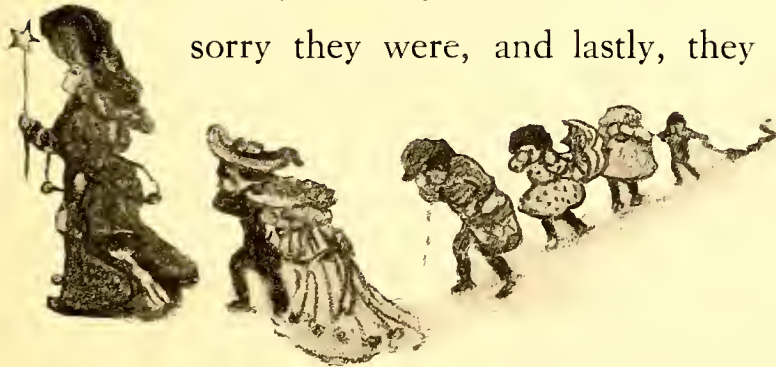
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as they disappeared, the strains of the song, "As We Go Marching On," floated back to Mr. Penniman. He and his wife went to the door and watched the merry crew pass down the street in the early morning light. Then they went back to survey the deserted room. To any one else it would seem like a very good joke, but to this poor man, it was a dreadful disaster. The holidays were his harvest, and he always depended upon these sales for his living for the next year. The amount of money from the dolls alone was a large sum, and he felt that he was ruined. His wife tried to comfort him, and just as he had concluded that

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all might yet be well, they heard the sound of bells and the blast from a bugle.

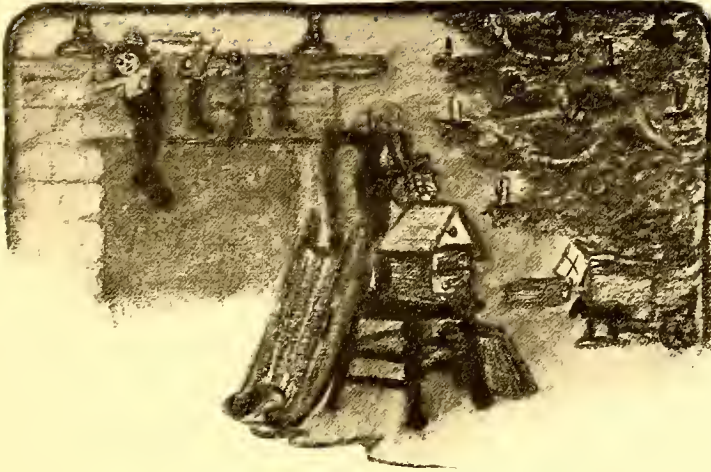
The door opened, and in walked the dolls in a very different manner from that in which they had left the store. Instead of singing, tears were falling and heads were bowed. They were led by the little Queen, who looked very sad and stern. When all were inside, she closed the door, and told Mr. Penniman how grieved she was at the behavior of her little people. She made them put back the toys they had taken, and then come, one by one, and tell him how sorry they were, and lastly, they had to



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climb upon the counter and lie down in the same miserable heap. She punished them by saying they could not come alive again until Christmas morning, when she hoped they would be good. She waved her wand over them and in an instant they were lifeless.

Promising to replace the candy they had eaten, she vanished, while Mr. Penniman was still trying to collect his wits to express his gratitude. With a glance at the innocent little faces, looking really pathetic lying with closed eyes and cheeks still wet with tears, he returned to his bed as he felt the need of rest, after such a trying ordeal.



CHAPTER VI

At last, the long-looked-for time arrived. The day before Christmas was an ideal one. The ground was covered with snow and the trees sparkled and glittered in the sunlight.

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The children, assured of the fact that Santa Claus would come in his dear old sleigh, went skipping about with beaming faces, and long before night, each child and each doll had selected the stocking that was to be hung by the chimney with care.

It was decided that the dolls of the doll-house should hang their stockings in the new room with Janie's and Rosabell's, by the side of the chimney, where the old man had ample room to clamber down, and where he could not possibly skin his knees and his nose.

Really, these modern chimneys caused him much trouble every year, and for at

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least a week after Christmas, he had to keep his poor nose and knees bathed with Pond's Extract.

Janie begged mamma to allow her to sleep on the couch in the new room, hoping to catch a glimpse of Santa Claus, and perhaps have a word with him. Mamma consented, and at half after seven, the dolls all trouped in and hung up their stockings in the greatest glee, for this was their first Christmas and it seemed very wonderful.

Mamma arranged the couch for Janie and Rosabell and tucked them in, while papa put out every speck of fire, so Santa Claus could not possibly scorch his poor

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old toes. Leaving the door leading to Dinah's room open, so Janie would not feel lonesome, they kissed them good-night and left them to slumber.

Rosabell was soon asleep, and Janie, in order to keep awake, repeated to herself the dear old poem:

“‘Twas the night before Christmas, and all
through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.”

Here she paused, and whispered to herself that, so far, it was true, for it was so quiet she could hear nothing, but the ticking of the clock.

She knew also, that:

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“The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
In hopes that Santa Claus soon would be there,
And the children were nestled all snug in
their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through
their heads.”



In spite of her efforts to stay awake,
her little brain was just settling into a
long winter nap, when:

“Out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter,
She sprang from her bed to see what was the
matter.”

She raised the shade and sure enough,
the moon was so bright she could see
everything perfectly, and there, oh, there,

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was Santa Claus, the miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer! They were beautiful creatures, pawing the snow, eager to be off. While Janie waited, expecting to hear him shout:

“To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,”

Santa Claus shouldered his pack and with one bound was out of his sleigh. He paused a moment, glanced at the various roofs and chimneys, and suddenly catching sight of the large one, heaved a sigh of relief and clambered to the porch. When Janie heard him on the roof, she climbed back into bed, holding

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her breath lest she should lose one detail of this unusual and very exciting performance.

She was hardly settled before she heard him coming down the chimney, and in a moment, there he was:

“Dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot.”

The shade was still up, and by the light of the moon, he caught sight of the one large stocking and the six weenty ones and he laughed, and, like the poem, he shook all over like a bowl of jelly, he was so fat.

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Then he said to himself: "I'd like to know what's the matter with this town, anyway. Everywhere I go I find dolls' stockings waiting for me, and dolls lie asleep, breathing, and really and truly alive. Bless their little hearts! I wonder if there are any here."

He tiptoed over to the couch. Rosabell still slept, but Janie's eyes were wide open when he peered down into her face. He looked so jolly, and she was so blissfully happy, she bubbled over with laughter.

"Oho!" he said, "so you are awake, are you? and what are you doing awake?"

"I was reciting 'The Night Before Christmas,' and it was all just like it,

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except when you came, you skipped some," said Janie.

"Skipped some what?" queried the old man.

"Well, everything was like it. I said it all down to where I heard the clatter and sprang from my bed, and the moon was on the breast of the new-fallen snow, and then you came, and you skipped about Prancer and Dancer and Donder and Blixen. I did so want to see you when you cried: 'To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!' And you didn't dash away at all. You just got out, and why didn't you?"

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At this, Santa Claus laughed harder than ever, and replied: "Why, my dear, do you s'pose there was room enough on this little house for my eight reindeer and the sleigh? There might possibly have been, still I was afraid to risk it, and now, it is my turn to ask questions. Perhaps, you can tell me, if this town is bewitched, or what is the matter? Come, let's have a visit. I see a lot of wood here, and I will build a fire and warm my toes while we talk. You get up and put on your wrapper and bed slippers and tell me all about it."

Janie was so overjoyed at the prospect of a chat with the dear old man, she

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never thought of being frightened. She hopped out of bed and jumped into her flannel wrapper and slippers, and Santa tucked her into a big chair and pulled it close to the fire, then, sitting down opposite and stretching his legs out to the blaze, he leaned back and sighed. Janie's sympathies were at once aroused and she asked: "Are you tired, Santa Claus? Wouldn't you like to have me get you something to eat?"

His keen old eyes brightened at the mention of food.

"Yes, I *am* tired," he answered, "and hungry, too. I started early, and have had a long, cold ride."

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Janie flew into the doll-house kitchen and brought him all she could find, a tiny pie, a loaf of bread, a plate of doughnuts, and a pitcher of milk. Santa Claus surveyed this spread with an amused twinkle in his eyes. He took up the plate of doughnuts, saying: "Did you think I wanted to play jack-stones?" and gobbled them up in one mouthful. They were followed by the bread and pie. Then he took the pitcher of milk and held it off and gazed at it, inquiring: "What is this for?"

"Why, that is milk for you to drink, and here is a glass," Janie cried, handing him a tumbler not much larger than a thimble.

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He threw back his head and laughed like a school-boy.

“There it is again,” he chuckled, “a thimbleful of milk, doughnuts like marbles, pies the size of dollars, and a loaf of bread smaller than a biscuit. What does it mean, anyway? Instead of putting dolls’ toys into little girls’ stockings, I have had to put them into doll stockings, the like of which I never saw before. Then I had to go back to Mr. Penniman and load up with more things for the children. Do tell me about it.”

So Janie, proud of having so distinguished a listener, told him of the Queen’s visit in the summer and of her

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reappearance, and of the pleasure she had brought.

Santa Claus was very much interested, and asked many questions. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Well! Well! Well! Now I have played a joke on all of you. Do you know what I have brought this year? Something new—a foreign doll for each child. I thought it would be an education for you to see the costumes of the different countries and what kind of dolls the little ones play with all over the world. Won't you have fun when they come to life and talk. You will hear enough Spanish, French, German, Chinese and Italian, to last you a lifetime. I wish



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I could be here to hear them jabber. I declare! I would like to see one of your dolls perform.”

At this moment, as if anticipating his wish, Rosabell turned over and opened her eyes. They rested on the cosy picture before the fire, and she hopped out of bed, ran over to Janie, snuggled in beside her, and then, pointing at Santa Claus, asked: “Who is that fat man, and what makes him look so jolly?”

At these words, Santa Claus sent up such a hearty shout of laughter that Janie feared he would rouse the inmates of the doll-house, and her fears were well grounded, for in a moment, in rushed the

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whole family
in their little night-dresses.

Mamma doll was even carrying the baby and the wee ones were rubbing their eyes. Every one of them wanted to know what was the matter. Dinah was at the rear end of this undress parade, and she was such a comical sight that Santa Claus went off into another peal of laughter. She wore yellow pajamas, and a turban of the same glowing color. With her poor

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feet going the wrong way, she was a picture long to be remembered.

Janie introduced Santa Claus, and the merry saint, after greeting them cheerily, told of his life and related many interesting things that had happened during his yearly trips. He wound up by telling them that, in all the years he had been travelling, he had never had such a novel experience as this; that it had been a great delight to him to behold this miracle, and that hereafter he would take more interest than ever in the manufacturing of dolls, and would be very careful to know that each was perfect before it left the shop.



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After he had finished, he bade them return to their beds so he could fill their stockings and be off. The dolls filed out, and, giving Janie and Rosabell each a rousing kiss, he placed them on the couch, and tucked them in as tenderly as any mother.

He turned their faces to the wall and made them promise not to "peek," but they listened, trying in vain to guess what he was putting in the stockings. While this operation was going on, the poem kept saying itself in Janie's brain as though it had not been interrupted by Santa's coming:

"He went straight to his work, filled all of the stockings, then turned with a jerk."

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Here Janie heard him stamping out the few remaining live coals.

“Then laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
And she heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
sight:
‘Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.’”

She put her arms about Rosabell and whispered with a contented sigh: “Isn’t he the dearest old man?”

Then both floated away into dreamland, and Janie, in her dream-fancy, was in his lap, his arms holding her close, and she was amusing herself by blowing through his thick white beard.

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Suddenly the fire crackled unusually loud and she awakened to find papa had just started a roaring blaze. A glance at the stockings showed that they were all bulging and running over. She sprang out of bed shouting: "Merry Christmas, papa. We did see Santa Claus and he sat right in that chair, and we had the loveliest visit." And then she told him all about it.

Of course, papa thought she had dreamed the visit, but as Janie persisted in saying that she had not, and Rosabell also seemed so sure Santa had been there, papa began to wonder if it could be true. A note pinned to Janie's

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stocking settled the question, for this is what it said:

“DEAR LITTLE JANIE:

“I forgot to thank you for your kindness to me last night, 'specially for the lunch you served.

“Hoping you will all enjoy the contents of your stockings, and wishing long lives to your dolls, I am

“Yours faithfully,

“SANTA CLAUS.”

Such convincing proof of the old man's visit had to be accepted, and when the dolls from the doll-house related their

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experience with him, papa decided there was no longer a doubt about it as they could not all have dreamed the same thing.

Soon after, when mamma came in, the strange tale was repeated to her and then, as all were dressed, they seated themselves on the floor and proceeded to examine the contents of the stockings, and the walls

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echoed the glad cries of "Oh! Oh!" and "Look at this!" and "Isn't that lovely?"

The dolls found all sorts of presents to please dolls, and Janie's stocking contained many things for which her little heart had longed. A French doll filled her with delight, and as mademoiselle was drawn from the stocking and greeted her with "*bon jour*," spoken in a piping voice, Janie shrieked with laughter. A tiny trunk contained her wardrobe, which was very complete, and disclosed many exquisite garments made in Parisian fashion.

After breakfast, Janie started out to

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visit her little friends and see what had been put into their stockings. Every child had a foreign doll, as Santa Claus had promised, and very droll the dollies looked, dressed in the quaint costumes peculiar to their country. And they spoke such gibberish! When they were all together, chattering at one another, it was

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very funny, because each doll spoke a different tongue and not one of them could understand what the others were saying.

That afternoon they were to have the grand Christmas tree. The children had spent days and days preparing for this. They had strung popped corn and cranberries; they had gilded nuts, and they had made all sorts of things with which to decorate the tree. On Christmas, papa and mamma worked for hours on the tree, keeping the door of the room closed and locked until all was ready. The result was something beautiful, and when the children and their dolls were at last admitted to the room, their

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expressions of delight fully repaid papa and mamma for their labor. While they were admiring the glittering tree, suddenly they heard the sweet jingle of bells and in a moment in glided the little Queen. With her—could Janie believe her eyes—there was dear old Santa Claus! Perched on his shoulders were two of the brightest of boy dolls, dressed in black velvet spangled with silver stars.

The Queen handed a long silver ladder to the old gentleman. He took it and held one end to the top of the tree and braced the other firmly against his fat body. Up the ladder danced the black velvet boys and began to remove the



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presents. They climbed down to Santa's shoulders with their arms full, and he called out the names marked on the packages. As each child shyly presented herself, he filled the eager, uplifted hands.

When the tree was empty, the little fellows climbed to the very top and there performed the queerest sort of antics. They hung by their toes from the ends of the branches. They stood on their heads and played see-saw with a branch stretched across one of the limbs, and finally, with a leap in the air, they turned summersaults all the way down. Landing on their feet, with gay little bobs and nods they climbed back to their perch on

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Santa Claus' broad shoulders. Santa Claus' speech followed this performance and was the climax of the entertainment. He said:

“I never dreamed that such a miracle could come to pass. To see the dolls, whose like I have made and given away for so many years, come to life, is astounding, and I shall remember this momentous occasion forever.

“It has always been my great joy to know that once a year I was able to make so many little hearts happy. I have looked forward to the glad holiday season as much as the children, and my happiest time has been when I made ready for the

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Christmas journey. I have always flattered myself that I was a King among children and that no one could make them quite so happy, but now I feel that I must yield the honor to the little Queen, for none of my doings could ever bring such blissful happiness as these live dolls have brought into the village.”

When he stopped speaking, he knelt before the Queen and surprised her by presenting her with a tiny, satin box, doing this with a grand flourish and a bow that almost tumbled the black velvet boys from his shoulders, then, amid rousing applause from his delighted audience, they vanished, boys and all, up the chimney.

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When he had surely gone, the children crowded about the Queen to see the gift she had received. She opened the box, and there was a dainty pin in the form of a crown, set with pearls. When this had been admired, they showed the Queen their presents, and after a happy visit and merry frolic, the party was ended and they went to their homes rejoicing in the memory of a Christmas never to be forgotten. Even papa and mamma sighed to be children again.



CHAPTER VII

Soon after the holidays, the children were filled with excitement over the announcement that on Washington's Birthday there would be a grand ball at the Doll Farm, and this was to be the end of the joyous celebrations for the present, as the dollies would then resume their former conditions.

Of course, this news cast a damper over .

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the spirits of the little ones, but feeling that it was for the best, and thankful for the long lovely winter they had enjoyed, they banished the thought of the lonesome future and threw their whole hearts into preparations for the ball.

The Queen promised to provide the dolls with party gowns, and the various mothers set their wits to work and fashioned those for the children. They were very quaint and pretty, of various colors and made with trains, panniers, and puffed sleeves, after the style of those worn in George Washington's time. When the dolls' costumes came they created great excitement, for they were

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works of art. Rosabell's was pure white and glistened and shimmered like drops of dew. To wear with this gown were embroidered stockings, white slippers, fan, gloves, and an ornament for her hair.

The eventful night arrived and they were taken to the party in bob-sleds, and what a jolly ride it was! The man in the moon smiled down on the happy faces, and, like Cinderella, wished that he, too, might go to the ball.

They sang and shouted to the accompaniment of the jingling bells, and soon reached the Farm, which Janie had not seen since the summer before when she had plucked the little dresses and hats

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from the trees. All was white with snow now, and the house looked beautiful. The roof was aglow with Japanese lanterns, each trying to outshine the other. Every window was ablaze with light, and as they neared the house, strains of sweet music filled the air.

They were ushered into the Queen's room, where they removed their wraps, and then went up to the attic which had been transformed into a ball-room. The scene that met their eyes was fairyland. Many gay-colored lanterns swung from the ceiling, the whole room was trimmed with garlands of flowers, and behind a bower of roses was seated an orchestra, composed



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of boy dolls, dressed in evening clothes. They handled their tiny instruments with the greatest skill, and their music was exquisite.

The ball was opened with a grand march and it was a picture well worth seeing. A magnificent rainbow spanned the room. It was formed by the children and dolls, all in their odd costumes of glorious colors radiant with spangles. Each one had her powdered hair dressed high and on top of the coil was poised a butterfly or hummingbird.

As they marched they formed all sorts of figures, and finally the dolls concluded with some fairy dancing, which was very graceful and pretty.

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They all danced until suddenly they were startled by a "ta-ra-ra" from the bugle, and immediately the dolls vanished. The children were asked to seat themselves at one end of the room before which was stretched a curtain.

What was coming now?

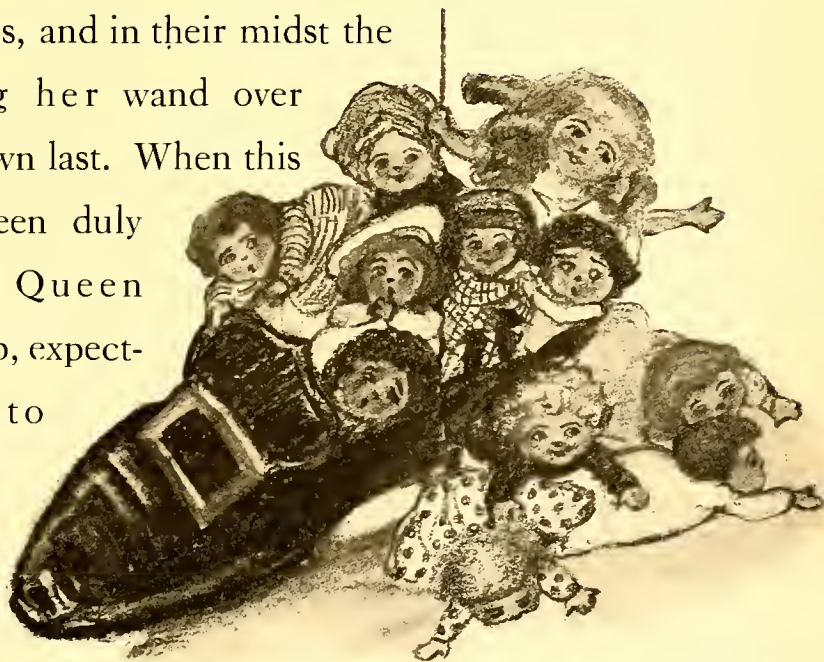
Soon the Queen appeared and announced that she had prepared a few pantomimes which she hoped would please them. Then the lights went out, leaving the room in utter darkness.

The performance which followed was an unusual and beautiful one. You all know Mother Goose Melodies, and if the rhymes give so much pleasure, you can

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imagine what it would be to see each one pictured out by dolls.

Old Mother Hubbard, Jack Horner, babes in the woods, the little man wheeling his bride in a wheelbarrow, Jack and Jill, Jack Spratt, and all the rest of the goodly company. A mammoth shoe filled with dolls, and in their midst the Queen waving her wand over them, was shown last. When this tableau had been duly admired, the Queen cracked a whip, expecting the shoe to be drawn off the stage with



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fine effect, but something went wrong, the dolls leaned too far over one side, and out they all tumbled in confusion. The curtain descended amid a patter of applause and ripples of laughter.

And now the refreshments were brought in by little maids in whom Janie recognized the nurses from the Doll Hospital. They served such delicious things! There were tiny cups of chocolate with sandwiches, angel food and ice cream. The cream was in the form of flowers—lilies, roses and tulips, and was really almost too pretty to eat. After these, bonbons were passed, each one of which contained a dainty flower pin. Janie's was a blue

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enameled forget-me-not, and Rosabell's was a lovely pink rosebud.

It was growing late, and soon the curtain at the end of the room was drawn aside once more. The Queen stood in the center of the stage before the gay throng, and in a few words she told them the time had come to say good-bye. She said that Santa Claus' speech was still ringing in her ears, and then she made one herself. This is what she said:

“I shall always prize very highly the beautiful crown he has given me. I am very proud to know that he felt I was worthy to wear it. I know I can never take his place in the hearts of the children,

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yet, since I have the power to make them so happy, I feel that it is my duty to come again. For me, the sweetest thing in life is to make glad the children, and my heart has been singing with joy ever since I found I could bring so much pleasure into their lives.”

She bent forward and called her listeners to her, and, while they clustered about her, she pressed a loving good-bye kiss on each little up-turned face and bade them farewell.

And now, we too, must part from our little folks, and, although we leave them with a pang of regret, we must rejoice with them to know that, perhaps, some-

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time, our hearts will again thrill with delight at the clear notes of the bugle and the peal of the silver bells.



