

Too Bad



Pauline was the little girl's name, but her papa and mamma called her Paul for short.

Paulie Visits the Realm of Santa. By Helena Davis.

"Well, I'll just throw the toys away and say with my old ones."

"Yes, we dine at 8 o'clock," answered Paulie. "And I should just love to pay Santa Claus a visit for I was just getting ready to write him a letter when you came into the room."

quite a superior little girl. So, smiling at him sweetly, she took the letters and prepared to read them.



Paulie laid the letter down, a strange thought coming to her. Somehow, she felt a bit ashamed, and did not raise her face to look at Santa as he handed her another letter to read.

Paulie took the letter and opened it, reading with flushing cheeks: "Santa send me just what I wish for. If you do not send me things I have not asked for—"

Paulie felt a lump in her throat, and shaking her head, she replied: "No, Santa Claus. I have read enough. I myself wished the last letter I read, and I am ashamed of it."

Paulie, in her vanity, thought Santa Claus was doing her a great honor and that he appreciated the fact that she was

What Teddy Wanted Most.

Teacher was asking the little ones of the "B" class what they very much wanted to get on Christmas.

When he strikes you agreeably. What small animal is turned into a large one by being beheaded?

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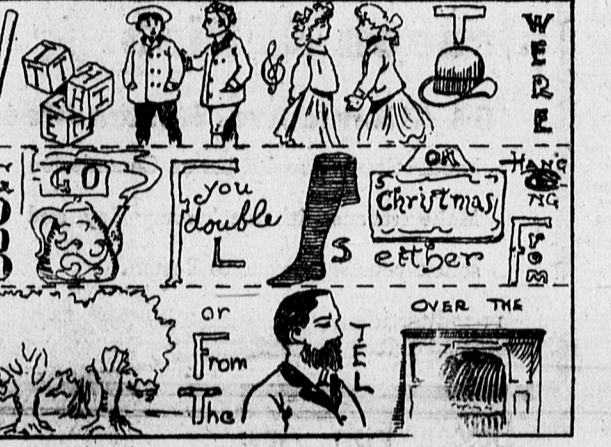
Our Puzzle Corner

HIDDEN NAME PUZZLE. By taking the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences, and writing them in the order in which they come, the name of a great poet will be spelled.

LETTER ENIGMA. My first is in tack, but not in nail; My second is in boat, but not in sail;

BEHEADINGS. (1) Behead a place where goods are sold and have a dance.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CORNERS. Letter Enigma—Santa Claus. Hidden Proverb—It is better to give than to receive.



"And now, if you'll come with me, we'll make a flying trip to the realm of Santa Claus."

"No, need of wraps, my little maid," said the funny little old man.

reception room of his wonderful abode—a great temple built of candy bricks, gingerbread columns, a taffy roof and ice-cream steps.

How the Bears Learned to Coast—A Christmas Story. By Maud Walker.

There was much excitement in Bear City. One of its youthful citizens had gone off in the night, no one knew where.

now engaged in? And why have you left your happy home to come away off here in the frozen mountainside to climb up and slip down this icy slope?

"We do," said several of the wise fathers of Bear City. "And we agree that it seems the only plausible one, too."

tamping to get not only the berries, but to the top of the slide. And now that I am on my road toward home again I must tell you that the experiences of last night and a great part of today have been past description.

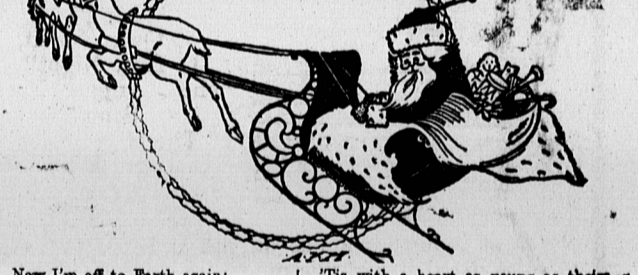


"Lightfoot paused while half way to the top, and hanging on to a bit of hemlock bush that thrust itself through the solid ice on the mountainside, answered in a weak voice: "Friends and neighbors, you may think I am capering in this fashion for fun, but you are sadly mistaken."

"I am too weak to give the instructions," declared Lightfoot. "I have been climbing and rolling back nearly all night, and you may imagine how weary and cold I am."

"Yes, it will be grand sport," cried half a dozen of the youthful bears. "And since you have escaped safely—"

SANTAS SONG



Now I'm off to Earth again; I go there once each year, And carry toys to cheer the hearts Of little children dear.

'Tis with a heart as young as thine, But maybe you've been told That, though I've lived a thousand years I never have grown old!

I love my boys and girls down there, And when on Christmas Day I harness up my sleigh and deer, And like the wind away,

So off I go at Christmas time To children everywhere; And maybe you will hear my bells A-ringing through the air.

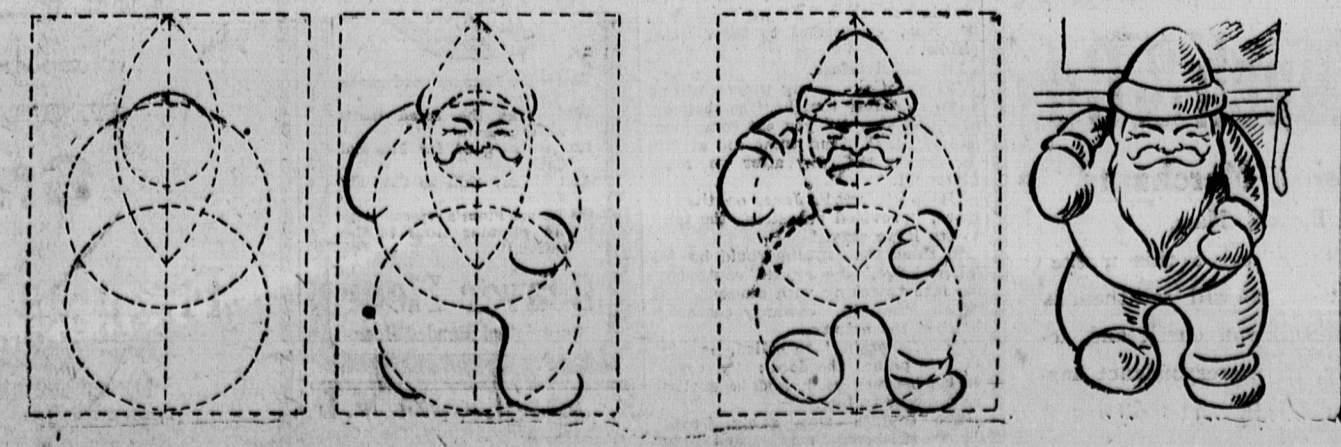
PAT'S VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT. It is a very sharp emergency that can catch the witty Irishman, even though he be ignorant and ragged.

The Glad Surprise. Johnny in the parlor peeped, To see what he might spy; And there he saw his surprise A bear up in a tree.

BALLOONS GO UP AND DOWN. Onlooker—Your profession is a rather uncertain one, is it not? Aeronaut—Yes, we have our ups and downs.

AND THERE YOU ARE. Mrs. Collier Downe—I hope you're not going to go out during the acts for a drink. Mr. Collier Downe—You wouldn't have me have it brought in, would you?

Helpful Hints for Young Artists—Lesson No. 39, How to Draw Santa Claus.



One big fellow struck against Lightfoot and caused him to lose his hold on the bush. doesn't return before Christmas Eve I shall be too unhappy to complete my preparations for the Christmas Day dinner I had anticipated with so much pleasure.

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