

FINE HOME FOR BROKEN TOYS

SANTA CLAUS KNEW WHAT THE TIREDEST BOY WANTED.

They Had Been Doomed to Spend Their Day Unrepentant When the Lad Who Had Everything Got Them and Set to Work to Make Them as Good as New.

He was the tireddest boy in New York on Christmas Eve, besides he was almost sure there was no Santa Claus and was quite sure that if there was one he was so stupid as to be scarcely worth considering. You may think from this description that the tired boy was either a messenger boy, an errand boy or a cash boy. But the tired boy was none of these. He was the only child of wealthy parents, had everything in the world he had ever wanted and had nothing left to wish for and that was the reason he was so tired.

The reason that he almost knew there was no Santa Claus was that he felt sure that a being who was supposed to know the desires of all children would not keep on bringing him senseless toys that he did not want year after year.

When he was taken to the toy shop to



HE WAS MORE EXCITED THAN HE HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE.

look at the toys he knew beforehand that he would not see anything there that he did not have already and he had long ceased to expect any surprises. He was dreadfully bored with the toy shop visit but wandered listlessly about because his mother seemed to expect it.

The only time his heavy eye lighted up a little was when he caught a glimpse of a queer big headed bird that had one eye and part of one foot. This creature vaguely appealed to him and he put out his hand to grasp it, but the saleswoman said, "Oh! that's broken," and pushed it back on the shelf while she went on trying her best to sell his mother an expensive grocery store though she might have known that he had two or three like it at home already. He was too tired to insist on having the broken toy in his hand, but he often thought of the funny big headed sparrow and felt a sort of yearning toward it.

On Christmas Eve in the toy shops at about a quarter of 12 o'clock the queer big headed sparrow with only one eye limped painfully from the back of a shelf and landed against the partition. He was the most melancholy looking bird that any one ever saw, with a pitiful



"IT'S ONLY MY STRING THAT'S GONE," SAID THE JUMPING JACK.

expression about his beak and a dejected droop to his wings.

He held up his injured foot and said, "Just look at that claw! Only two toes left. I'm not saying anything about my eye, for I suppose a new one can be mended, but how my foot's going to be mended goodness only knows. I shall certainly sue the store for damages. Such criminal carelessness in handling toys was never heard of, and then to shut up the repair department when it was most needed! Did you see the notice on the gate? Owing to the overcrowded condition of the repair department we cannot accept any more articles for repair until after the holidays."

"Tooh, goosie! don't you know that that department is just for the benefit of the customer of toys, not for us?" It was the jumpingjack hussar who spoke. "The



"I CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE NOISE," SAID THE RATTLE AND HORN.

ROMANCE OF SEAL RAIDING

MEN WHO HAVE MADE LITERATURE IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

Real Exploits of the Men Who Are the Heroes of Tales and Poems by Kipling, Jack London and Others. Their Places Taken Now by the Japanese.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 18. Clustered in the upper harbor of Victoria, their mooring chains rusting, their hulls cracking, lies a fleet of some sixty sailing schooners, few of which have been sent out for some years now. If these schooners had voices they could tell tales of many adventures, of daring raids on faraway seal rookeries, of smuggling for some of them were once smuggling craft carrying opium and contraband Chinese of many romantic cruises.

Some are famous craft. The Casco was the schooner in which Robert Louis Stevenson made his notable South Sea cruise, the Vera was the mysterious smuggler Halcyon, the Thomas F. Bayard was a New York pilot boat. Alex McLean, the "Sea Wolf" of Jack London, the hero of the late Frank Norris stories of the "Three Black Crosses," now master of a prosaic harbor tugboat, was one of the best known of the sealers who achieved notoriety. A Nova Scotian, like most of the more noted sealers, Sandy McLean, with his tremendous musashu, burst upon the water front of San Francisco about a quarter century ago and engaged in many seafaring adventures.

He was first of the sealers to penetrate into Bering Sea with his schooner, "City of San Diego." He went treasure hunting in the Sophie Sutherland, following a will of the wisp to the Solomon Islands. A Dane had told him tales of a treasure in an island temple who had a few resolute men could loot, and while secret service agents at San Francisco were writing to the American Consul, General at Apia, Samoa, warning him that the Sophie Sutherland was bound to the South Seas with a cargo of arms he was making his way to the Solomon Islands. The treasure hunting expedition was a failure, for the Dane had given the "Sea Wolf" a gold brick.

Then the adventures turned to Bering Sea and the Russian seal islands, defying the revenue cutters of the czar and Uncle

customers bring in some battered old thing because they're sentimental about it and spend dollars having it mended. There's no sentiment wasted on us. What we need is an employers' liability act.

So my chance is gone. I might have been loved if I couldn't have been mended. This is a very unjust world for poor broken things."

"Oh, keep still!" sighed Baby Bunting. "Suppose you were like me, shivering your poor little teeth out of your head. I've spent my short life wrapped in fur from head to ankle. Of course my feet have always been bare, but I've got used to that because it's fashionable for babies to go with bare feet. But when it comes to having the fur ruthlessly stripped from one poor leg and one shoulder it's awfully cold, nobody knows how cold. I'm sure I shall have pneumonia if they don't mend me, and then they'll feel bad."

"Not they," said the jumpingjack hussar cynically. "What you need is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to come and get you and clothe you properly, but I understand they're very busy."

"How did your head get down here?" asked the patient old elephant of its body. "I don't remember."

"I suppose they gave you a dose of



"IT'S AWFULLY COLD," SAID BABY BUNTING.

cyanide because you were a man killer," said the jumpingjack hussar bitterly. "The only thing that's the matter with you really is that your head is unhooked from the little wire in your body where it hung loosely so that it could waggle and please the gaping crowd. Any fool could mend you."

"Will somebody please tell me," politely asked the flaxen haired doll's head, "if that is my foot lying over there? I'm recommended to the loss of my body and arms, but I would so much like to identify that foot."

"I know this smash has upset my tooter entirely," said the combination rattle and horn. "I used to make a very pretty noise, but all is silent now."

"And look at me," said the Indian doll. "Hands broken off at the wrists! They'll probably say I was tortured by hostile savages, but it was really because a girl let me drop."

"Nothing but the junk heap for mine, I suppose," said the clockwork old man. "And yet my works are just as young and sound as they ever were. You can wind 'em up and they'll whir and buzz and work away as hard as any one could wish, but there's nothing doing. Something's gone wrong with my legs. They

buried on Cocos Island, where many expeditions have since landed in vain search; and the adventures of the sealing fleet have been among the treasure hunters.

Since the close of the Russo-Japanese war a new complexion has been placed upon the sealing industry. Great Britain and the United States entered into a treaty many years ago to make restrictions, the United States at the same time excluding her own citizens from sealing. Japan is not a party to the treaty and since the close of the war with Russia Japanese schooners have been sent across the Pacific unhampered by any regulations, permitted to hunt with firearms outside the international three mile limit, while other vessels must use spears and remain outside a line of sixty miles and are restricted to certain seasons.

The Japanese have shown themselves as daring as any of the adventurers who proceeded then, and in the summer of 1902 the schooners Boso Maru and Miyu Maru made a raid on the rookeries at St. Paul Island in which five men were killed and twelve wounded by the guards. On the Copper Islands the same year a small fleet of schooners landed small field guns and drove off the Russian guards and looted the seal herds.

Not always, though, has the raid been successful. The schooner Shinonome Maru, which went to raid a rookery on the Kamchatka coast in 1907, was surprised by Russians and the crew slaughtered to a man, the schooner being burned. Its fate was not learned until a year later, when the crew of the schooner Hinone Maru found skeletons dragged by charms from shallow graves and the charred remains of the sealer.

The Kayetsuna Maru had an almost similar fate. One man only escaped. He said that his fellows had been driven over a cliff by the Russians and killed. He hid in some woods for a time and was later captured and taken to Petropavlovsk.

Times have changed in the north Pacific. The old-time sealing fleet lies idle at its mooring chains in Victoria. Few of the old-time adventurers remain. The Western seal raider has given place to the Japanese.

In Vokohama, Hakodate, Negishi and Nigata a few exiles, the remnant of the adventures of the former San Francisco schooners, still live with their Japanese consorts and go yearly with the brown men to the sealing grounds; but the majority



AN AUTOMOBILE DID THIS.

don't seem to connect any more; one flops one way and one another, and so I don't get ahead at all."

"Well, I'm pretty badly smashed up," said the airship with pride. "I doubt if they could ever mend me."

"Nonsense," said the jumpingjack hussar. "The big airships are smashed into little bits so small you can hardly see 'em and they put them all together again as good as new in a few minutes."

At this moment harrowing groans issued from another shelf. It was the old fashioned china headed, cloth bodied doll.

"Oh, take me to the hospital, quick, somebody," she wailed. "or I am done for! My head is broken and my sawdust is all running out. I was not used to automobiles, and that one over there ran me down and tore a great hole in my side."

"Jemima Puddleduck, who had lost her head, bore the sufferer upon her sturdy



HE WAS THE TIREDEST BOY IN NEW YORK.

back as best she could, but the jumpingjack hussar answered her brutally because he felt so bad about it and knew that nothing could be done.

"Your sawdust will have to run out then," said he, "because the repair shop is closed until after Christmas. You must remember that you're just a cheap old doll and that nobody cares for you or for any of us. I know what's going to become of us all, and the rest of you don't. We're going to be sent to the regular hospitals to amuse the sick children. Not so bad for the children, because we're most of us in a pretty fair state of preservation; but shall we be deprived of our just dues, life, liberty and the right to be mended?"

"No, no!" cried the broken toys with one voice. "We don't want to be sent to amuse the sick children. We want to be mended! We want to be mended!"

"Hoity toity! What's all this?" It was a rich, rumbling, rollicking voice that

asked the question and it came from an enormous person with very red face and bushy white beard and mustache and eyebrows and hair. Every time he opened his mouth and every time he spoke there was a musical chiming of bells, but outside these points he didn't seem much more than your ideal of Santa Claus. He looked more like a doctor with his hair in a shaggy fur coat and cap, his medicine bag and his automobile standing in the street. "So you don't want to be sent to the hospital, don't you?" said he. "Well, I've made different plans for you than I've made along, jump into my bag, you're a man jack of you, just as you are in this case. I've got to doctor in a particular way to-night and I think you'll be useful. Thought his parents would come to these senses, but as they don't I'll have to take a hand." And off he skipped with surprising sprightliness for such an enormous body, after cramming as many broken toys as would fill a room into the small black bag.

On Christmas morning the tired boy woke up in a very black mood and moaned then when he went to bed. He could hardly bear to open his eyes, because he knew that he would see a wilderness of nauseating toys that he hated in advance. But he knew that he would have to get it over sooner or later, so with half closed eyes he took the stocking hanging at the foot of the bed and put in a tired hand. The very first thing he drew out interested him. It was a pot of paste. He made another try and got a tube of glue. Then there were some large needles and thread, two or three coils of wire of different sizes, some scissors and a knife, some bits of wood and paper, some model



"JUST LOOK AT THAT CLAW."

ling material, an awl, a gimlet, a screw driver and a little hammer, a small clamp, some little screws and nails, some pieces of fur and cloth, a box of paints and lots of other things useful in mending.

By this time he was no longer a tired boy, but was more excited than he had ever been in his life before. His cheeks were red and his eyes were bright, and he jumped out of bed with a shout, and there at the foot of his bed were three enormous clothes baskets full of broken toys, and on each basket there was a sign which read, "Please mend us."

He hunted among them until he found his friend the big headed sparrow, and he started to mend it then and there. The very first thing he did was to mend his broken head, and he hardly got him to dress and eat his breakfast because he was so busy mending toys. She said nothing, but she remembered the wonderful and expensive toys she had put at the boy's bedfoot the night before, and she marvelled as in the manner of humans how Santa Claus could have known so much better than she what her boy wanted.

"and we can't cultivate it. It's produced under treat conditions that can't be imitated."

"Good Lord," says he, "what am I going to do?"

"What have you already done?" asked.

"Why, I went up in the country to stay a day or so with a friend who has a bunch of flowers. I wanted to stay a day longer than my wife approved, and I thought it would square things if I sent a telegram that I wanted to stay over and pick her some arbutus."

"It was a sweetly thoughtful idea and she's romantic enough to like that sort of thing. Well, I couldn't find a wild flower but I got a bunch of big eyed sunflowers. But I thought you'd have 'em, he added respectfully. Well, what have you got that will do? Some queer flower that might look as if it grew on a hillside—little, dinky blossoms?"

"I showed him everything we had in the place. Autumn is the market for novelties. He was desperate. Now I got interested in a case like that. If sort of gets my professional pride up. Then I had a happy thought. I thought, 'Is the lady up on botany?'"

"Doesn't know the wild flowers from the birds," he said. But she knows everything that grows under glass."

"Well, I had an inspiration. A ship from a German port had just docked and I sent down and bought all the stock they had left of those pretty, little starry flowers called the Kaiser's Favorite. They filled the bill exactly."

"Now would you believe it?" went on the flower merchant, "bookkeepers buy more flowers for wedding anniversaries than men in any other following. At least that has been my experience."