

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

HOW PATTY WATCHED FOR SANTA CLAUS.



"SHALL catch him this time," said Patty to herself, as she got into her bed on Christmas Eve. "Of course, last year I was only a baby, and could not look out for him properly, but this time I am nearly five, and I can see the chimney as I lie in bed, so if I keep awake I am sure to see him!"

She lay there very quiet for a long time. The night-light threw such funny shadows on the walls; they danced up and down, and Patty got quite interested in them. She heard the clock down in the hall strike eight times; she thought that it must be wrong, for she felt sure she had been in bed for a long, long time. Once she thought she heard a noise in the chimney, but it turned out to be nothing at all. She could hear Nurse moving about in the nursery, and she knew that Santa Claus would not come while there was anyone near; but at last she heard her go downstairs, and all was quite still.

Then Patty listened with all her might; but no one came and no sound could she hear. Patty's eyes began to feel very sleepy, and she rubbed them hard and tried to keep them open; but the lids seemed to get heavier and heavier, and the shadows on the wall danced faster and faster, and seemed to be laughing at Patty all the time. "I will see him," said Patty to herself, "but I think I will go to sleep first and wake up just before he comes. That is a splendid plan; I wonder that I did not think of it before."

In less than half a minute she was fast asleep, and she did not wake up until the morning, and there was her stocking hanging at the end of the bed—quite full with all sorts of fine things. Santa Claus must have come and she had missed him again!—Cassell's Little Folks.



HIS TREE.

The Big Chair is his Christmas Tree!
'Tis there he finds his toys—
The pretty toys that Santa brings
To please the little Boys.

Old Santa when he came last night
Was tired, you must know;
He rested in this big arm-chair—
He had so far to go.

But when he started on his way
A smile spread o'er his face;
He thought, "Now, for a Small Boy's toys
This is a splendid place!"

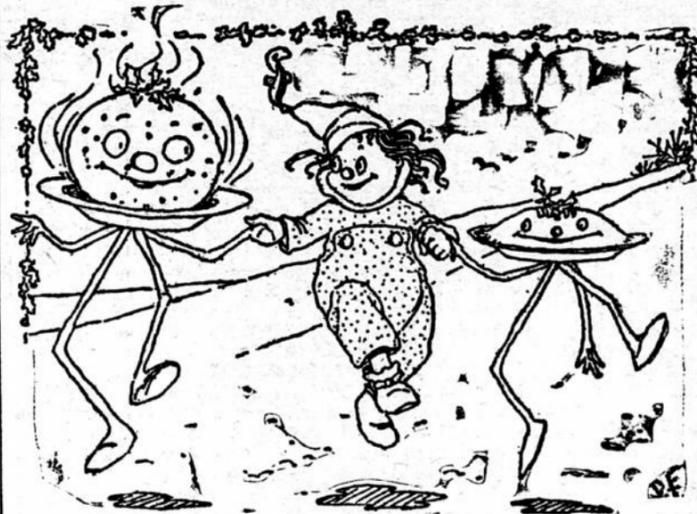
So when the day began to break,
What should the Small Boy see?
The Big Chair full of Christmas Toys,
As full as it could be!

—Little Folks.



"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thru the not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

SALLY'S CHRISTMAS GUESTS



"Come, Sally, come!" Plum Pudding cried.

"Let us run gayly side by side,
For you'll eat me on Christmas Day,
And until then I'd like to play."

Sally took Pudding by the hand,
And off they gamboled thru the land.
Ere long Plum Pudding raised a cry,
"Look, who is here! Why, it's Mince Pie!"

Mince Pie ran up and said: "Hello!
I'm glad to meet you two, you know.
Sallie, I'm baked just right for you,
And hope to suit you. Yes, I do!"
Then Sally, Plum Pudding and Pie
Ran down the road, and passers-by
Said: "How we wish that we could
meet
Such very lovely guests to eat!"

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER TOWN.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, to and fro,
This is the way the horses go,
Galloping, galloping, up and down,
Along the road to Slumber Town.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, very steep
They find the Hill of Half-Asleep.
Now they are taking a good long rest,
Just in sight of Cradle Nest.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, there at last;
Dreamy Point is safely past.
They've galloped on to Cuddle Down
Right in the midst of Slumber Town.

—Children's Magazine.

BUTTERFLIES.

Tell me, butterflies, I pray,
Where you get your colors gay?
How your dresses fine are made?
Why they never wear or fade?

Why you never get them spoiled,
Never torn and never soiled,
While you frolic all the day
In the garden at your play.

I will tell you what I think,
Blooming roses give you pink,
And the daffodillies, bright,
Clothe you in their golden light.

And the violets weave their blue
Into pretty gowns for you,
And the dewdrops on the grass
Make your dainty looking-glass.

—Zitella Cocks in "The Grasshoppers' Hop."

WHO IS SHE?

I know the dearest little girl,
About as big as you;
Her eyes are black, or brown, or gray,
Or maybe they are blue;
But, anyway, her hands are clean;
Her teeth are white as snow;
Her little dress is always neat;
She goes to school, you know.
This little girl—I love her well,
And see her often, too—
If I today her name should tell—
She

Might be you!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas is coming! Oh, my! Oh, my!
Look out, little man, don't cry! Don't cry!
For Santa Claus loveth a brave little boy,
And surely remembers all such with a toy
Or a game or a book
Or a long candy crook—
Never mind if your tumble did hurt, don't cry!

Christmas is coming, and my little lad
Will forget every troublesome bump he has had!
It bringeth a balm for each bruise, and the smart
Of the saddest of griefs for the time will depart.
The joy of the bells
In each bosom swells,
For the goodness of giving makes every heart glad.

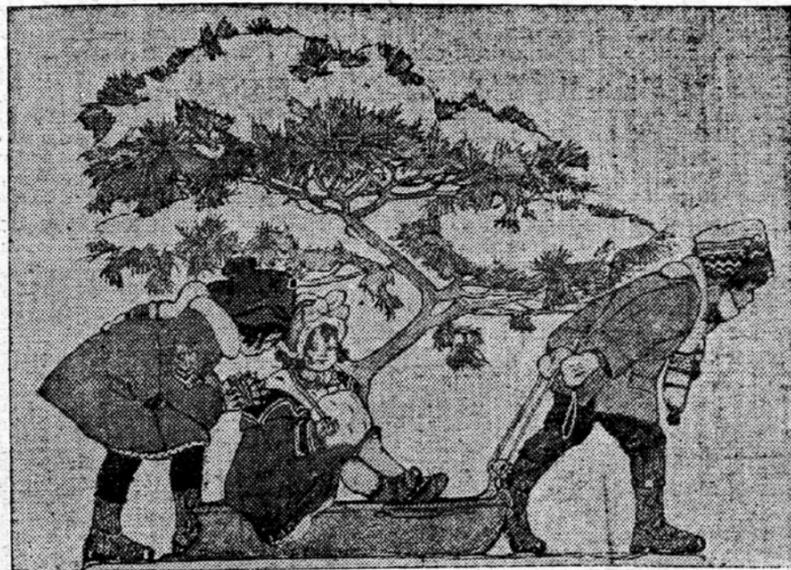
Yes, Christmas is coming! That wonderful day
The children delight in is not far away.
Then candies and cookies and wagons and sleds,
And jumping jacks, whistles and dolls' little beds
Are scattered abroad,
And the children applaud
Each treasure from Santa Claus' wonderful sleigh.
—A Rock-a-Bye Book.



"You ought to get a fine Christmas box, Master Caterpillar, if you hang all your stockings up."
—Royal Magazine.



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD A CHRISTMAS, LIKE ME?"



CHRISTMAS MORNING. THE FIRST TRIP OF THE NEW SLED.