

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

MR ROOKY'S XMAS TREE

SISTER SUSIE said that maybe it was Mr. Rooky that took little Weenty's beads. Mr. Rooky lived very high up at the top of a tall pine tree. He was a big, black bird with sparkling black eyes and a knowing way of saying: "Caw! Caw!" He sometimes flew near the house to see what little Weenty had for him in the way of crumbs.

"It says in my Nature Book," Sister Susie told Weenty, "that rooks are very thieving birds and that they particularly like bright little objects. And your beads were right on the window sill, weren't they?"

"Yes," Weenty replied. "I left them right there near the window for a little while. Dear me! They were to be a nice pretty necklace for Mrs. Tab's Christmas present! Even the pretty bell is gone! She said Weenty here comes Mrs. Tab now, don't let her hear."

In came a furry puss looking over and over so wide, and goodness me if she didn't jump up and sit right next to Weenty on the window seat and look up at her as much as to say—

"I'll find out your secret, Mistress Weenty."

"Wonder if she heard?" Sister Susie whispered into Weenty's ear.

Weenty made her eyes quite round and then fell to scolding Mrs. Tab.

"What are you doing, hanging around when there are secrets? You know well enough that it is near Christmas!"

"Pur-pur-pur," Mrs. Tab hummed—

"Pur-pur-pur!"

Weenty put a plump little arm about Puss's neck.

"I love your song, Mrs. Tab," she said. "It is so sleepsonic, and your fur is so pretty and—"

"Pur-pur-pur!"

"What's that?" Weenty asked surprised.

Mrs. Tab opened her round, yellow eyes and looked at Weenty. "Mr. Rooky did take the beads," she said he robber!

"Oh!" said Weenty. "has he thouch?"

"Yes! He's a wicked old, black old 'blef'!" declared Mrs. Tab.

"Maybe he didn't know my beads belonged to anybody," Weenty said, for she was a generous little person and did not like to think ill of anyone.

"You can see for yourself," retorted Mrs. Tab. "Just climb up the pine tree and look into his nest. You see, I was there this morning when he was out."

"Dear me," said Weenty. "Suppose he should come back!"

"Oh, he won't be cross to you, I assure you. Don't you give him crumbs

every day? Carry him a piece," Mrs. Tab answered.

That seemed quite a nice idea to Weenty, so off she ran to get a piece of bread. She put it in her pocket and then opened the door for Mrs. Tab and herself to go into the garden. It had been snowing and everything had a white coat when Weenty stepped out.

"Hello!" she exclaimed. "What a lovely Christmas we shall have." She turned to speak to Mrs. Tab and then nearly fell over in her fright. Mrs. Tab looked as big as a lion. Her face looked friendly enough, though, after Weenty got used to seeing the puss's eyes as big as two saucers.

"Well," said Mrs. Tab, "you had better get on my back." She crouched down as she spoke and Weenty climbed up into her warm fur and held on with her arms around Mrs. Tab's neck.

"Hold tight!" Mrs. Tab warned and sprang up the tree.

When they reached the top they found a hollow fitted with a neat lit-



"Mr. Rooky, Those Are My Beads—er—Christmas Tree Trimmings" the door on which a brass plate was fastened.

"Mr. Rooky," Weenty read after spelling it out with her fingers.

"And he is at home. Histi!" Mrs. Tab whispered, her whiskers bristling.

"Oh!" Weenty felt quite frightened and was just about to suggest not

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making the call when the door opened and Mr. Rooky himself peeped out. Weenty quickly offered her bread and it was accepted in a dignified manner.

"Come in," he said.

What a queer little house it was to be sure. The carpet was made of soft, dry grass and pine needles. There were bright little stones and shells arranged on the mantelpiece where a book and a pair of spectacles lay. Just the kind old Bishop Rook had who married Cook Robin and Jenny Wren! But what Weenty noticed most of all was a Christmas tree all hung with gay, many colored balls. It was certainly a beautiful tree and on the top hung a big gold bell.

"Histi! Your beads!" whispered Mrs. Tab, nodding towards the tree. "And your bell!"

"What, those big balls?" Weenty exclaimed. "Why on that big tree my beads would scarcely cover a twig of it!" For Weenty had forgotten how little she had become.

"What's that?" Mr. Rooky said, sharply.

Little Weenty felt rather frightened, but after all, she was in the right about it so she said bravely enough.

"Mr. Rooky, those are my beads—er—Christmas tree trimmings. I mean. Really I don't want to make

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I've a secret none shall know— Where my daily pennies go. Everybody's tried to guess. But without the least success.

Mother thinks with them I buy Cakes and candy on the sly. Daddy's sure that Mr. Jones Gets them all for ice cream cones.

But they're wrong as wrong can be— I've a hiding-place, you see, Where I know no one can peep At my coins in a heap.

Soon the pennies make a dime— Grows my treasure all the time. Isn't Christmas on the way, Coming closer every day?

How can dad and mother tell Just how much I love them? Well, For the gifts I mean to try I am putting pennies by.

And my secret none shall know Till my dimes to dollars grow. Christmas morn when they arise Dad and mother I'll surprise.

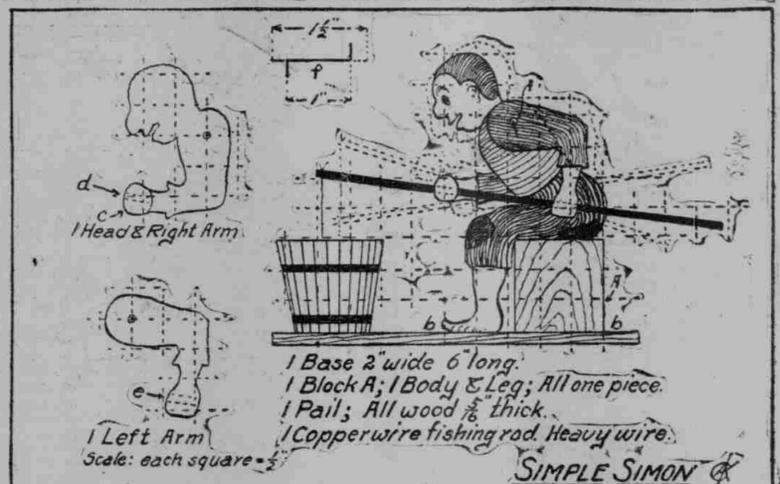
we're mine did you? You see I was making a Christmas present for Mrs. Tab with them. But never mind I'll give you these for your present."

"Very fine of you, I am sure!" said Mr. Rooky in a relieved tone. "My tree is very pretty and it is the first I have ever had. No doubt it will attract Santa Claus here. I only wish I could have a stocking to hang up."

"So you shall," Weenty promised. "I'll let you have one of my dolls. I'll hang it on the tree tonight."

Mr. Rooky thought that would be lovely.

The HANDY BOY AT HOME BY CHARLES A. KING. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



What child is not familiar with the adventures of Simple Simon, and especially with his ambition to catch a whale when "All the water that he had was in his mother's pail?" This toy illustrates the fishing episode, and Simon's interest in the process is suggested by the motions of the head and arms as they move in response to his endeavor to attract his prey by moving the rod up and down.

The squares are supposed to be 1/2" each way, hence Simon will be about 4 1/2" high, but he may be made of any size by varying the dimensions of the squares. The 1/2" or less copper wire fishing rod will allow the adjustment of the balance so the head and arms will swing easily after they have been

set in motion by pressing lightly upon Simon's left elbow.

Provide a base of a size to suit the figure; lay out the squares upon a piece of pasteboard and draw the outline of the body and block, and of the arms and head. Cut out to the line and with this pattern mark the outline on the wood (usually 5-16" thick). Be sure the bottom of the block and of the foot is straight and square before sawing the form, so the figure may be fastened firmly to the base at b. Saw closely outside of the line with a coping saw, and smooth all edges with file and sandpaper. Be sure the hole through the shoulder of the body and of the arms is located accurately and bored with an awl just large enough to receive a piece of

telephone wire and allow the arms to swing freely. Make a small piece of wood shaped like the right hand at c and 1/2" thick and glue it in place; this will bring the right hand in such position that the hole bored through piece c at d, and through the left hand at e to receive the fishing rod will be in line, otherwise the thickness of the body will not allow the arms to swing freely. Make the pail of the same wood by the same method.

Paint all pieces of desired colors; assemble them by pushing a piece of copper telephone wire through the holes in the shoulders and turn the ends up as shown at f, to hold the arms in place and allow them to swing freely. Tie a piece of thread for the fishing line at the end of the rod and push the rod through the holes at e and in the hands, and move it backward and forward until the arms and head are balanced. Thread may be wound around the rod and pushed into the hole d, or a small wedge driven in will hold the rod in place. Locate the positions of Simon and the pail to be sure they are in the right relation to each other; the fish line simply drops behind the pail. Nail them in place and glue a small block in the corner behind the base and the figure, and of the pail to strengthen them.

Weenty rubbed her eyes and looked around. My gracious me! She was sitting in the window seat and Mrs. Tab was stretching herself before she went out into the kitchen to see how supper was coming along.

"I wonder if Mr. Rooky is looking for more beads," Sister Susie went on. "Maybe for a stocking!" Weenty said before she knew it.

"What are you talking about?" Sister Susie asked. "You've been dreaming again. Do tell me about it while I help you string these beads now that Mrs. Tab has gone."

Origin of the Christmas Stocking

LONG ago in the city of Padua in Italy, there lived a good man whose life was spent in doing good for the poor, though he wished for his kindnesses no thanks, and did not even want to be recognized on the errands of service. To hide his coming and going he usually set about on his errands of mercy under the cover of dark, and set aside for his good works that holy night of the year, Christmas Eve. Under the dark skies he would go from house to house, where the really needy and deserving poor were known to dwell and then when no one was looking he would throw into the window a money bag. These money bags were purses made of yarn and fastened at both ends, their shape being not unlike a stocking without a foot. Naturally these gifts from an unknown hand were called the blessing of a saint, and a saint indeed became the kind man in

the eyes of his poor beneficiaries. In time, however, the people began to look for gifts on Christmas Eve and would hang the purses out of the window so the good saint could fill them as he made his rounds. This was the origin of the Christmas stocking, and is the background for the reason that you hang up your stocking on Christmas Eve. After a while money grew scarce and toys were left instead for the children, and some useful present for the older folks.

Every country has its good Saint. In Holland he is Santa Claus. In Italy he is Saint Nicholas, in Switzerland he is Samiklaus, in Germany he is Kris Kringle, in Heligoland he is Sonner Kias and in France he is Noel. But no matter what his name he is the spirit of goodness and love for only to truly loving hearts can the spirit of the saint come and only to the good are his blessings truly known.

PLAYING CHRISTMAS



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Whenever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use that color.)

UPSTAIRS in Susie May's playroom the walls are light BLUE and there are CREAM (light YELLOW) color curtains with PINK and PURPLE (just a light shade of PURPLE) morning-glories that have LIGHT GREEN leaves, for a border. The window frames are YELLOW.

"Let's play Christmas," cries Susie May, kneeling on the BROWN carpet. (The carpet has a light BROWN border).

"Oh, yes," replies Teddy. "I'll be Santa, and wear my RED coat and your RED tam-o'-shanter for a cap and brother John's big BLACK boots!"

"I'll make the dolls hang up their stockings by the chimney, this big YELLOW chair will do for the fireplace, and I'll put a big RED book on to hold the stockings. Here's a PINK stocking for YELLOW plush Teddy Bear, a BLUE one for Baby

Doll, and this RED one for my dear BROWN-haired Betty." Susie explains, while she helps Betty into a PINK nightgown.

Susie has on a CREAM colored dress and wears a LIGHT GREEN sash. Her curls are YELLOW and her cheeks are PINK like Betty, Baby Doll's and Teddy's cheeks are. Teddy Bear is sound asleep under a PINK quilt and his BLUE necktie shows over the top. His headstead is RED.

BROWN-haired Teddy Santa Claus holds a bag that has BLUE stripes and YELLOW flowers printed on it, and he wears sister Jane's woolly white scarf with a RED pom-pom at the end. He has a white belt. His suit is BLUE I know for I can see it sticking out under his coat.

"There's their Christmas tree!" cries Susie, pointing to a pot of Jerusalem cherries "It has bright GREEN leaves, and the big RED cherries on it will

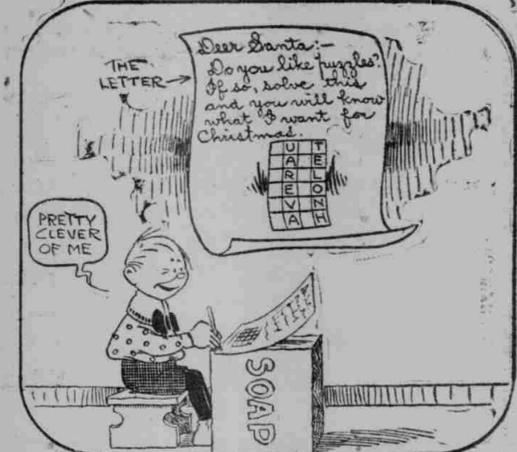
do fine for balls." The pot is RED, the earth and the branches of the tree are BROWN.

Baby Doll sleeps in a YELLOW wicker crib under a light BLUE blanket with PINK bunnies on it. The dolly's chair is painted BLUE with YELLOW wicker back and seat.

The border for this picture can be colored RED and the letterings GREEN.

Puzzle Corner

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS BY WALTER WELLMAN



Bobbie has written a letter to Santa Claus, but he has put it in puzzle form, so no one in his family will know what it is he wants. It is clever of him, for he knows Santa is a wise old boy who can easily solve any puzzle. He has given the second and fourth letters of six words of four letters each. You are to supply the first and third letters of the words, so that you will have, reading downwards, the names of two things Bobbie wants. What are they?

TWO SQUARES
(1)
My first is decorated for Christmas
My second is not false
My third is a title of nobility
My fourth is a girl's name

(2)
My first we receive on Christmas
My second is a butter substitute
My third is a cycle of time
My fourth is to separate

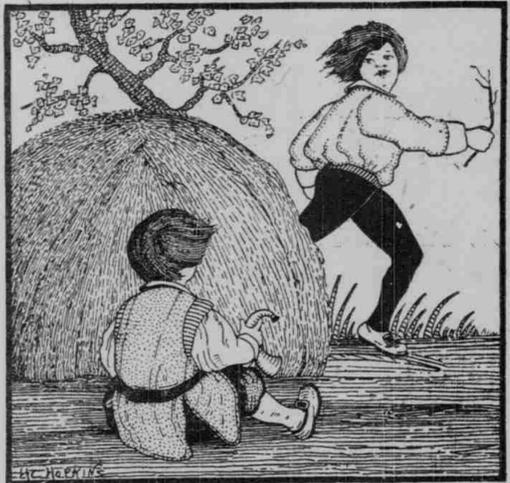
HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE
From cod and haddock, a letter please take,
From deer, mice, rats and trees,

DECEMBER
December is a happy month.
Filled with Christmas cheer:
It is the merriest, gladdest month
Of all the whole long year.

And though 'tis last, 'tis not the least
When counting fun and joys,
It is the best beloved month
Of all good girls and boys.

ANSWERS
TWO SQUARES
(1) TREE TOYS
REAL OLEO
EARL YEAP
ELLA SORT
HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE
CHRISTMAS
LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS
GUST
LAMB
ORANGE
VETO
EVEN
SASH
GLOVES and SEATES

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER



Teasing Boy Blue

That little boy in blue was lying peacefully asleep, Not caring where the cows had roamed, nor thinking of the sheep— The shadow of the haystack spread just then so cool at noon A nap was quite as pleasant as if taken 'neath the moon— When Tommy Tucker, strolling past, caught sight of him—oh, my! He couldn't let the chance to have a little fun go by. So, with a straw, he teased Boy Blue until he couldn't sleep. Then ran away and yelled, "You'd better go and find your sheep!"