

An After Dinner Talk By Little Tommy Jones



IF CHRISTMAS HAPPENED ONCE A MONTH
OF COURSE IT WOULD BE GRAND;
BUT REALLY ONCE A YEAR IS JUST
ABOUT ALL I CAN STAND!

SCHWALMER BOYS AND GIRLS How Susie Won Her Xmas Gift.

Their Quaint Costumes and Their Odd Christmas Dance.

Over in Hesse-Nassau, a district in Germany, there is a section of the Hessian people who present an interesting study, particularly in regard to their quaint Christmas customs.

These people live in the valley of the river Schwalm. The Schwalm boys wear a peculiar round hat or cap without brim or visor. It resembles in shape a small cheese box. They wear a sort of coat with skirt reaching be-



SCHWALMER BOY AND GIRL.

low the knees, something on the order of the highlander's kilt, and white socks with black bows.

The Schwalm girls also wear white stockings with the black bows. Their skirts reach scarcely below the knees. It is the fashion to wear several stiff skirts, which stand out from the person much in the manner of the hoop skirts of our own grandmothers. On their heads the girls wear a funny little pill box sort of hat, to which are attached broad bands tied under the chin, completely concealing the ears.

The boys and girls have an outdoor dance at Christmas when the weather favors. Each village has a favorite dancing ground where the young people gather for the fun. The boys stand in a semi-circle, while the girls line up to await their partners. Everybody maintains a dignified silence. Finally one boy steps forward to the maiden of his choice, lifts his arm and bows profoundly. Each of the boys in his turn then goes through the same ceremony of choosing his partner, who is his for the day. Then begins the dance, which is vigorous and hearty.



Dolly's Piece

The peach and apple, plum and pear
Are nice as they can be;
But just give me the fruit that grows
On the good old Christmas tree!

Mother Hubbard's Christmas

By Frank H. Sweet
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ONE Christmas time when old Mother Hubbard—
She of the far famed empty cupboard—
Sat by her evening fire alone,
Wishing she had for her dog a bone,
There came a knocking upon the door,
And as she hastened across the floor
It flew wide open, to her surprise,
And, oh, the vision that met her eyes!
It nearly took away her breath
And frightened her almost half to death.

There were people here; there were people there;
There were people yonder and everywhere.
All were screaming, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
We've brought you something to fill your cupboard!"

First came lovely Cinderella,
With her prince, a handsome fellow;
Mother Goose and Simple Simon;
In their wake the Penny Pieman;

Bluebeard, savage and defiant;
Jack, who often killed a giant;
Puss in Boots, so trim and nice,
Followed by the three blind mice;

Then the little naughty kittens,
All in pretty scarlet mittens;
Sweet Bopeep and Little Boy Blue,
Red Riding Hood and the bad wolf, too;

Jack, whose bean stalk ran so high,
And the old woman who swept the sky;
Jack Horner, with his face aglow;
The frog who did a-woooing go;

Dame Trot and all the endless crew
That lived together in a shoe,
And many another known to fame
Had I but room to give his name.

This much to tell you will suffice—
They each and all brought something nice
To fill the cupboard o'er and o'er.
In fact, their gifts bestrewed the floor.
On every chair and table stood
Some article of daily food.

Each nook and corner held a dish
Of either fowl or flesh or fish
Till Mother Hubbard scarce could find
A resting place for foot or mind,
While doggie walked on his hind legs
For fear of breaking pies or eggs.
And, as for all the company,
They had to stand outside, you see.

Yet, as they had to leave quite soon
To see the cow jump o'er the moon,

It did not matter in the least.
But what about the sumptuous feast
Inside the cottage? Must I tell
The fearful ending that befell
The hungry dog who ate and ate
And brought about the cruel fate
It is my duty to relate?
For he, who lived upon a bone,
Died when with plenty left alone,
And ere the morning stars grew dim
He stiffened out in every limb.
So Mother Hubbard buried him.

This moral to the tale I give—
Live not to eat, but eat to live.



Something Wrong With Bud's Merry Christmas



'Twas merry Christmas till des now, an' I was feelin' dandy.
But I don't feel so merry now. Say, what did ail dat candy?

Little Rastus And the Turkey

PIA SAY, 'JIM, KETCH DAT TURK, SEZ SHE—
BUT, COLLY! DAT TURK, HE DONE KETCH ME!



BUT, COLLY! DAT TURK, HE DONE KETCH ME!

CHRISTMAS PIES.

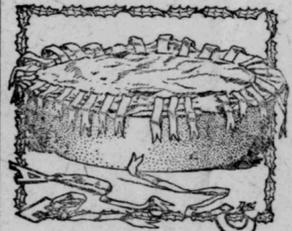
A Novel Sport For a Children's Party In Holiday Time.

Have a large pan covered with brown tissue paper to look like pie crust. Inside the pie have these letters, to which are attached ribbons, the other end of which come through the pie crust. The letters, neatly cut out are: Six a's, two m's, three e's, four r's, three y's, one c, two h's, two s's, one t, two n's, one d, two p's, one w and one l.

The children sit around the pie, each holding one thread. They sing:

Sing a song of Christmas,
A pie crust full of fun,
Find the wish we wish you
When the game is done.

Then they pull the letters out and pin them on their breasts. Then be-



THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

gins the fun of puzzling out how the children should stand in a line so that the letters will form a sentence.

When in proper position the letters will make—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DICK'S DEVICE



SAID DICK, AS HE GOT INTO BED,
"I SURELY HAVE GOT A BIG HEAD.
MY SOCKS ARE SO SMALL
THEY'D HOLD NOTHING AT ALL,
SO I'VE HUNG UP MY TROUSERS
INSTEAD!"

XMAS BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Picturesque Method of Celebrating Yuletide by the Poles.

The legend that the birds and beasts came to worship the infant Jesus has brought about a peculiar and picturesque method of celebrating Christmas among the Poles and other kindred peoples of eastern Europe.

Here men mask in the guise of storks, bears and other animals or birds and go about from house to



IN THE GUISE OF STORKS, BEARS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

house singing carols. To carry out the idea these wild birds and savage beasts are led about by keepers.

After the traditional carols are sung the inmates of the house thus honored reward the singers by gifts of cakes, sausages and other dainties. The procession then moves to another house, where the performance is repeated.

A Christmas Eve Sentence.

THERE were four little stockings of four little sizes,
According to common report,
That couldn't escape being (spite of disguises)
Arrested and called into court.



"Now, what have you taken?" With brows that were knitted
This question the magistrate put,
And each little stocking quite boldly admitted,
"Why, I ran away with a foot."



Then the voice of the court, shaking window and rafter,
In accents quite tragical rang,
While the children in bed also shook, though with laughter,
"I sentence each stocking to hang!"
T. SAPP, JR.