

Today's Riddle

PLACE THREE  
SIXES  
TOGETHER SO AS  
TO MAKE SEVEN.  
(Answer)  
 $6\frac{6}{6}$

SANTA'S VISIT

It was the day before Christmas. Outside fat snowflakes were falling. Inside the house the spirit of Christmas was everywhere. Everyone seemed bursting with secrets. Nancy was standing at the window watching the snow and singing a little song about "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas." "Mother," she cried, running back to the kitchen where the Christmas baking was going on, "will Santa come tonight?"

"Yes, and if you're real good and put those toys away, he may come early enough for you to see him."

"Oh! May I stay up till he comes?" Nancy jumped up and down in excitement. "I never have seen him. Once I heard him," she went on, half to herself, "but he was gone before I could get even one little peep."

That evening everything was very quiet. Mother was tying up some gifts with red ribbon and Nancy was trying hard to keep awake. Grandma was sitting near the fire, knitting and smiling away to herself.

Suddenly a great racket commenced upstairs. A stamping and blowing and puffing and such a clatter. Nancy ran to mother in a great fright. "It's Santa, dear!" mother whispered, and, sure enough, down the stairs he clattered and into the room, throwing down his pack, he began to dance around. "Oh! He looked so funny," Nancy said afterward, "with his bright red coat and white fur and long white whiskers waving all around."

Nancy just gazed at mother and mother laughed and laughed. After



A Christmas Surprise

The poodle slept in Dolly's bed;  
You should have heard the things they said.  
The duck said "Quack!" the monk said "My!"  
The birdies sang a lullaby.

THE CHRISTMAS TREAT



And now the boar's head  
Was brought in,  
While the great hall rang  
With merry din.

The Garden of Holiday Wishes

There's a garden of holiday wishes  
In which the green Christmas tree  
grows,  
That scatters when small  
As well as when tall  
Good wishes to each breeze that  
blows.  
And that's why the air is so fragrant  
It makes little girls and boys about.

It is sweet with the spice  
Of all of the nice  
Christmas wishes it carries about.

Very Likely,  
Jack Frost has gone far, far away,  
That liveliest of frisky friskers;  
But I suspect that he today  
Is frosting Santa Claus' whiskers.



Sing a Song of Christmas

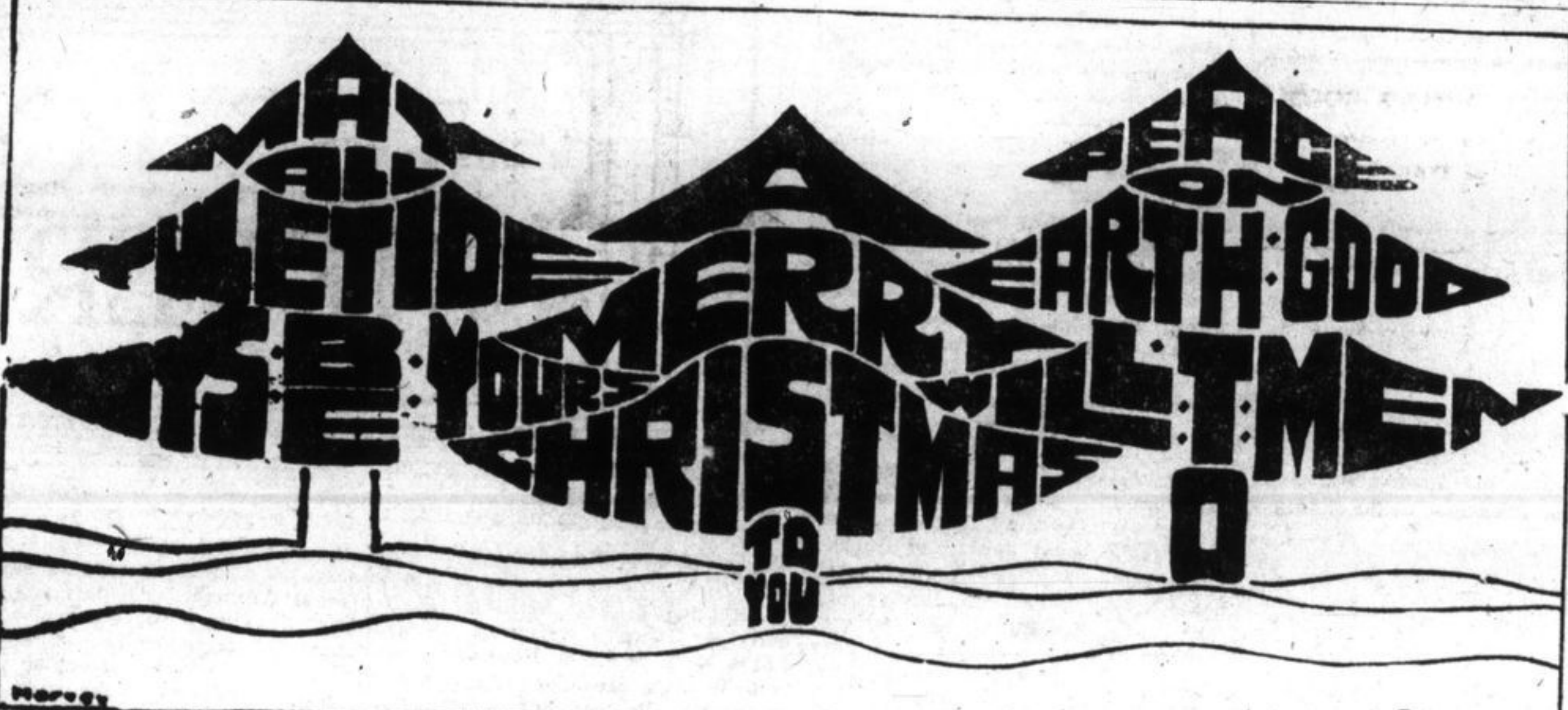
Sing a song of Christmas; yes, sing a song of joy,  
Here is fun for every girl and for every boy.  
You'll ride your horse and beat your drum,  
When merry Christmas Day shall come.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

Some ICE, on which  
we cannot skate

Police  
No ice  
Laff ice  
Ju ice  
Ice Cream  
and  
ICE

12 11  
10 9  
8 7  
6 5  
4 3  
2 1



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the day after Christmas when  
all through the house  
Was bustle and hurry—to startle a  
mouse!

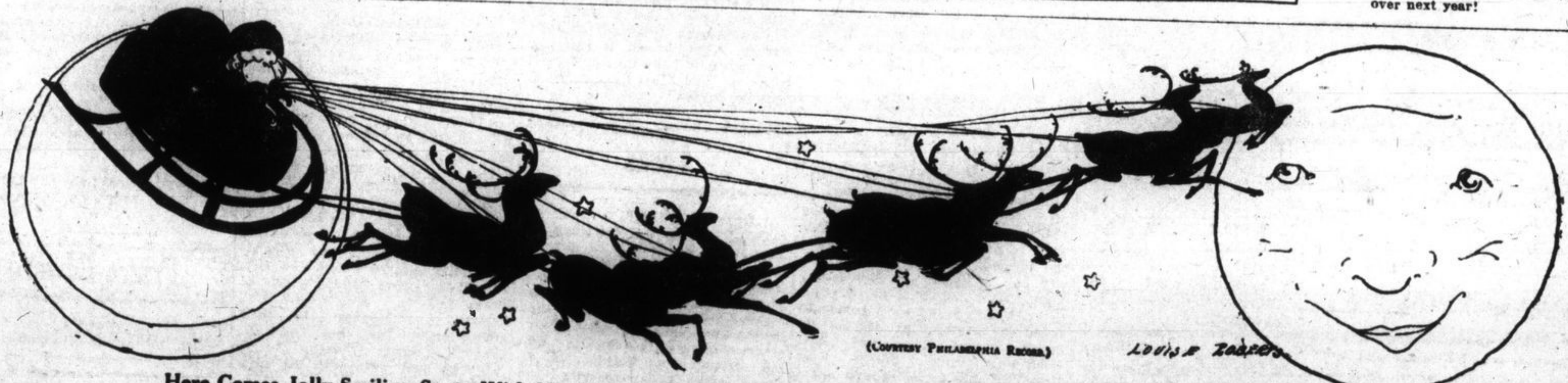
For Bobby had eaten until he was sick,  
And father was pouring him castor  
oil thick;

The maids were s-s-couring and  
scrubbing the stair,  
For candy and cake crumbs and  
nut shells were there;

Poor mother was moaning and  
groaning in bed,  
The fireworks had given her a pain  
in the head;

While cook made a hot mustard plas-  
ter for Nelly,  
Her tummy rebelled at three help-  
ings of jelly!

The worst of this story is just this,  
my dear,  
They'll all do the same things right  
over next year!



Here Comes Jolly Smiling Santa With His Lightning-Swift Reindeer to Wish You Merry Christmas and a Happy Bright New Year.



The First Christmas

Wasn't it wonderful and dear  
When the shepherds lost their fear  
And went to see  
The Holy Child,  
So sweet and mild?  
I know, fast as could be,  
When from the Holy Ones they  
parted,  
They ran to their own children,  
dear,  
Waked them and said—"Hear!  
Christmas is started!"

Forgotten Children

Has Santa any girls and boys,  
And does he give them pretty toys?  
We have so many wants and bids  
I fear that he neglects his kids.



Golden Gleanings

A Persian sage has said: Always meet potulence with gentleness  
and perverseness with kindness. A gentle hand can lead even an elephant  
by a hair.

—Ralph Waldo Trine