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## CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT.  
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ciation.)

**T**HE little boy and the little girl  
sat at the breakfast table eat-  
ing oatmeal and milk.

Their papa said to their mam-  
ma: "A Christmas goose is the best  
thing there is. This year we must  
have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little  
boy and smiled, and the little boy  
smiled back.

After breakfast the little girl and  
the little boy put on their caps and  
coats and mittens and started  
off for the barn-  
yard.

They met a  
big, old, fat  
duck.

"Are you the  
Christmas  
goose?" asked  
the little girl.

The big, old,  
fat duck shook  
her head.

They met a  
big, old, fat hen.

"Are you the  
Christmas  
goose?" asked  
the little boy.

The big, old,  
fat hen shook  
her head.

They met a big, old, fat white goose.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked  
the little girl.

And the big, old, fat white goose  
nodded her head and fluffed her feath-  
ers and stepped proudly with her fat,  
yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy.  
"We've found our Christmas goose al-  
ready."

"Oh, oh, oh! I know something,"  
said the little girl, and she ran to the  
house just as fast as she could go.

And when she came back she had a  
lovely little holly wreath tied with  
beautiful long red and green ribbons.

They put the wreath over the head  
of the Christmas  
goose, and each  
held one of the  
ribbons. The  
Christmas goose  
waddled along  
proudly.

The guinea  
hens piped, the  
ducks quacked  
and the hens  
clucked when  
they saw this  
fine sight.

The little boy  
and the little girl  
led and drove  
the proud Christ-  
mas goose out of  
the barnyard to  
the green grove  
where all the lit-  
tle Christmas  
trees grow.

"We must have a Christmas tree for  
our Christmas goose," said the little  
girl.

"Yes, yes, Christmas goose," said the  
little boy, "you wait right here for us.  
Don't you muss your holly wreath,  
and don't you muss your ribbons."

The proud Christmas goose waddled  
gently to show how careful she would  
be. The little boy and the little girl  
ran away fast to get the things for the  
Christmas tree.

The little girl brought back some  
ears of red and yellow corn and a  
bunch of wheat and barley heads and  
a pocketful of oats.

The little boy brought back two cab-  
bages and a yellow pumpkin and some  
grain. The Christmas goose became  
so excited when she saw these things  
that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas goose!"  
cried the little boy, and he placed his  
things on the ground near the tree.

"It isn't quite time, Christmas  
goose," cried the little girl, and she  
fastened her things on the tree.

"Now, Christmas goose," said the lit-  
tle girl, "we will go and invite all your  
friends to come  
and see our beau-  
tiful tree."

So the little  
girl picked up  
her ribbon, and  
the little boy  
picked up his rib-  
bon, and they led  
and drove the  
Christmas goose  
back to the barn-  
yard. But it was  
hard work, for  
the Christmas  
goose wanted to  
turn her head all  
the time to look  
at the Christmas  
tree. At the barn-  
yard all the  
chickens and all  
the ducks and all  
the guinea hens stood still to admire  
the fine Christmas goose in her holly  
wreath and ribbons.

"Oh, chickens!" said the little boy.  
"Oh, ducks!" said the little girl.  
"Oh, guinea hens!" said the little boy.  
"Come, see our Christmas tree!" said  
the little girl.

The chickens clucked, and the ducks  
quacked, and the guinea hens piped,  
and they all spread themselves out in  
a long row and ran around and around

the tree, but the little boy and the little girl  
did not care how little 'tis,  
A palace or a shanty,  
I want a chimney big enough  
To let in dear old Santa!

My papa says he doesn't care  
A fig for big clothespresses,  
But what he wants is plenty room,  
And that he'll have, he guesses.

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We borrowed this dance  
From the days of the past  
And the wonder grows as  
we dance it—  
How they kept up the pace  
And the strength of the race  
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