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CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT.
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THE little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk.

Their papa said to their mamma: "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 started off for the barnyard.

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 girl.

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 feathers and stepped proudly with her fat, yellow, webbed feet.

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

"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 Christmas goose out of the barnyard to the green grove where all the little 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 cabbages 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 little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree."

So the little girl picked up her ribbon, and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barnyard. 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 barnyard 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, looking at the Christmas tree.

But I don't 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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the tree, looking at the Christmas tree. The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around their Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea hens ate and ate and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very greedily and



THE BEST FUN OF ALL.
raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath.

Papa and mamma came out to see them.

"Heigh-ho! What's that?" said papa. "Mercy! What's all this?" said mamma.

"This is the Christmas goose!" shouted the little boy.

"And the Christmas goose's Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

"And the Christmas goose's friends!" said the little boy.

"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!"

"Yes, mamma," said the little boy. "A Christmas goose is the best fun of all."

Christmas Chimes in Many Climes.
Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness.

In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ Child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way up in the very topmost branch, an image or doll representing the Christ Child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it and sing a Christmas hymn.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party on Christmas eve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas time.

From the calling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoes in the chimney place ready for gifts; just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

LOOKING OUT FOR SANTI.
By GERALD PRIME.
My mamma when we build our house,
Wants plenty closets in it.
She says she'll tell the architect,
That's how he must begin it.

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Wants plenty closets in it.
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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
without

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