



## THE LOOKOUT MAN

(The following verses were written in 1904 for the author's little girl to recite at a Christmas celebration in the Lincoln public schools. They were printed in The Commoner at the time, and every year since repeated requests have come that they be republished. Because of these requests—which are now coming in again—and not because of any particular merit claimed for them by the author, the verses are again republished, with the author's love to all the boys and girls, everywhere, who are waiting and hoping that Santa Claus will visit them. And may every childish hope be filled and every little heart made glad with the coming of the Christmas season.)

Now listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—  
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—  
And all who act up naughty, and don't mind their ma's and pa's,  
You'll get a lot of presents, and a lot of Christmas cheer.  
The Lookout Man is walking when the stars begin to peep  
To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep;  
And all who act up naughty, and don't mind their ma's and pa's,  
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said  
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;  
And said he didn't have to mind—O, he was awful bad—  
And didn't care the leastest mite in making folks feel sad.  
But when it came to Christmas, he didn't get a thing,  
For Santa Claus had heard of him, and not a thing he'd bring,  
He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's and pa's;  
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I also knew a little girl who was just awful bad.  
She wouldn't learn her lessons, and she always got so mad  
If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise—  
Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys,  
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and surprise  
An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.  
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's;  
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

The Lookout Man is peeping through the windows every night,  
And counting up the children who are always acting right.  
And going off to bed at once when told it's time to go,  
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.  
He puts them in the good book, but the bad ones in the bad—  
And when he writes a bad one, O, he looks just awful sad.  
For he knows they will get nothing—better mind your ma's and pa's;  
The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

### The Youngest Boy

He's dreaming of a hobbyhorse  
And lots of pretty toys;  
He's dreaming of tin trumpets and  
All things that make a noise.  
He's dreaming of a soldier cap,  
And of a tenor drum—  
And smiling while he's waiting  
For Santa Claus to come.

He's dreaming of the reindeer  
That haul the Christmas sleigh;  
He's dreaming of the candles  
That light the Christmas way.  
He's dreaming of the sleighbells  
That ring adown the road,  
And smiling while he's dreaming  
Of Santa and his load.

Dream on, O little brother;  
And wake on Christmas morn  
To find the horse and helmet,  
The toys and noisy horn.  
Smile on amidst your dreaming,  
And may God grant to you  
A happy Christmas morning  
With all your dreams come true.

### Uterior Motive

"What are you going to give your  
husband for Christmas?"  
"A fountain pen and a check  
book."

### Our Hope

We're going to hunt a stocking  
That hasn't got a hole,  
And hang it up a hoping  
Santa'll fill it full of coal.

### Lucky

"I had a stroke of good luck yes-  
terday."  
"That's good! What was it?"  
"I was so busy all day I forgot  
how unlucky I usually am."

### Boygraphs

It's a wise boy that insists on  
wearing knickerbockers until after  
Christmas.  
A boy's pockets were made to keep  
everything in but money.  
When the boy begins exercising

great care in the selection of his  
neckties the wise mother begins  
making inquiries with a view to as-  
certaining the young lady's name.  
The first shave is a Great Epoch  
in a boy's life.

We often wrongfully blame the  
boy for a father's faults.  
As the father is bent so is the  
boy inclined.

### Reckless

"I see by the papers this morning  
that a fellow in New York strangled  
to death on a piece of steak."  
"That's what a fellow gets for  
trying new and dangerous experi-  
ments."

### The Dear Girls

"That impudent Jack Armstrong  
actually kissed me in that dark hall-  
way last night."  
"Yes, I know. I heard him make  
a bet that he could do it, but he in-  
sisted on having the gas turned out  
first."

### Reasonable

Mr. Roomin Flatte—"Look here,  
boy; I find there is not a bit of hot  
water in my bath room. What's the  
matter?"  
Janitor's Assistant—"Well, what  
of it. I heard me boss say your wife  
kept you in hot water, and when he  
went away on his Christmas vaca-  
tion he told me to economize on the  
coal bill, so I just disconnected your  
pipes."

### The Limit

"Old Groucherly, manager of the  
big factory, is the limit for mean-  
ness."  
"Go on with it."  
"He's given it out that he'll have  
a nice Christmas present for each  
one of his employes."  
"That sounds good to me."  
"Yes, but it's going to be a print-  
ed card announcing that he will re-  
duce wages only 15 per cent instead  
of 25 per cent as he at first de-  
cided."

### Precaution

The clock having struck the three  
quarter hour before five the great  
trust magnate called his trusted sec-  
retary into his private office and said:  
"It is about time to close the office  
for the day."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Have all the clerks been  
searched?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Has the letter copy book been  
put into the double-lined steel safety  
vault?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Have the day's notes of the sten-  
ographers been carefully burned?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, if all these important de-  
tails have been attended to, I guess  
you might let the force off a few  
minutes before the regular time. I  
want time to think a little."

### A Fair Warning

We know some men who think it  
the right thing to do to go around  
with sanctimonious faces and strive  
to destroy childish faith in the ex-  
istence of Santa Claus. To such mor-  
ally dyspeptic and religiously gan-  
greed individuals we want to issue  
fair warning.

We know a little cottage where  
there is a quartette of children of  
Santa Claus age—four—count 'em—  
four. They believe that Santa Claus  
is a real personage, and they are  
right. As long as they believe in  
Santa Claus there is a Santa Claus.  
And if any man with a sanctimo-  
nious face long enough to eat  
oats out of a churn comes 'round  
where these four children are and  
undertakes to undermine that faith,  
there is going to be need for a  
couple of well known public con-

veniences—first, the city ambulance;  
secondly, the city hospital.

We've spent waking and worried  
hours trying to think up a punish-  
ment sufficient for the grouch who  
would have us banish Santa Claus,  
and we confess failure. Boiling in  
oil or drawing and quartering would  
be, comparatively speaking, a re-  
ward instead of a punishment.

You know that old Santa Claus is  
the real thing. Deep down in your  
crabbed old heart you know that  
your effort to banish him is due to  
your desire to hang on to your old  
dollars instead of letting them go to  
make the children happy. 'Fess up  
now, isn't it the truth?

But remember! You know one  
place where it will be suicide to  
profess disbelief in the existence of  
the jolly old fellow we know as  
Santa Claus.

### Brain Leaks

The worst dishonesty is honesty  
for policy's sake.

Christmas lies principally in the  
giving, not in the gift.

The price tag never accompanies  
the real Christmas gift.

And we'll be happy if Santa brings  
us an extra pair of suspenders.

If you can not give anything else,  
give a smile and a word of cheer.

Mighty easy to get the children  
to bed early these night. And off  
to Sunday school.

We know what we'd like to hand  
the coal man—and also what we'll  
have to hand him.

If heaven were to be won only by  
achievements it would be a fright-  
fully lonesome place.

This postal savings bank scheme  
has no interest for us at this par-  
ticular time of the year.

One reform in the currency that  
we want hurried along is the matter  
of getting your change back in a de-  
partment store.

Hog killing season—and we recall  
the good old days of backbone, spare-  
rib and jowls. Make your mouth  
water, Mr. City Man?

Just because you can not make  
everybody happy on Christmas is no  
reason why you should not try to  
make somebody happy.

We have a sneaking suspicion  
that a lot of children are fooling us  
into believing that we are still fool-  
ing them on this Santa business.

Of course your friend who smokes  
will appreciate a Christmas gift in  
the shape of a nice pipe, but if he's  
a real smoker he will stick to the  
old one until the stem is worn off.

### THE LAST STRAW

The young man and the girl were  
standing outside the front door, hav-  
ing a final chat after his evening call.  
He was leaning against the door post,  
talking in low tones. Presently the  
young lady looked around to dis-  
cover her father in the doorway, clad  
in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world  
is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing  
himself to the young man, "you  
know I have never complained about  
your staying late, and I am not go-  
ing to complain of that now, but for  
goodness sake stop leaning against  
the push-button and let the rest of  
the family get some sleep."—St.  
Louis Republic.

### NOT ONE MISSING

It is much to be proud of that on  
the occasion of the visit of the fleet  
to Japan not only did the thousands  
of sailors who were given shore lib-  
erty conduct themselves well, but  
when Admiral Sperry sailed away  
there was not a single deserter.—  
Washington (D. C.) Times.