

The Bee Short Story

SANTA CLAUS JUNIOR

By H. KATHLEEN DUDLEY

Toy Town was open! A perfect ecstasy of joy flooded the small person of Jimmy Brown and illuminated his pinched little face as he clutched the chubby hand of his sister tighter and made the founds from one fascinating toy to another.

"Oh look Peggy!" he exclaimed, his voice rising in a crescendo in his excitement, "There's a horse with real hair and look at the drums painted every color with tassels on them. Oh Peggy—"

He looked down at the curly little head, then understood why she did not share in his enthusiasm. The tip of his own small nose was bent on a level with the counter—while Peggy's—was above a little mouth that was beginning to tremble, an ominous signal, she could see none of the wonders he was pointing out to her.

"Oh, Peggy, I forgot you weren't grown up," he murmured contritely, lifting her up so she could view the array of toys. "Do you see them now and the little train that runs around on a track?" but even yet they did not exist as far as Peggy was concerned. Her eyes were glued immovably to the counter—white "Peggy want that doll." Two little arms reached out longingly towards a one-eyed, fair-haired baby doll. "Give Peggy that, doll," she ended pleadingly.

"Hush, Peggy," Jimmy put her on the floor again, with a truly masculine line of discipline. "I can't buy it for you now. I haven't enough money, but you wait and Santa Claus will bring it to you." Still Peggy hung back and then followed a lengthy and glowing description as to how the beloved gentleman would arrive on Christmas eve and come right down the chimney with a big pack of toys on his back and the doll would be there and he would put it right in her own little Christmas stocking, and so he enticed her away from her heart's desire.

At supper both children chattered away excitedly, describing to their mother the marvels they had seen, not noticing, in their haste to tell her all that she was unusually patient.

When Peggy had been safely tucked safely in her bed Jimmy hustled about importantly, helping clear the table.

"Won't Peggy be happy when she gets that doll," he exclaimed, his eyes shining, completely forgetting self in his love for his sister.

"Jimmy, you are mother's little man, aren't you?" his mother's voice was serious and suggestive of unshed tears.

Sensing disaster, Jimmy squatted his shoulders and hopped his head, not trusting himself to speak, as a lump had come unbidden to his throat.

She dropped on her knees beside him, gathering him up in a quick embrace.

"Oh, Jimmy darling, I am afraid Santa won't be able to come this year," she choked.

"Why, I thought he always came."

"No, dear, he sometimes forgets little poor children, and we are very, very poor, and will have barely enough to eat even that day. If your father had only lived!" and the poor woman sobbed bitterly.

"Never mind, mother. We won't care so much," Jimmy said bravely, swallowing his own bitter disappointment. "Mrs. Eddy gave me 10 cents today for shovelling her walk, and my candy with that for Peggy's stocking."

"Yes," Mrs. Brown gripped his hand and dried her eyes hastily as if ashamed of her tears. "And we can pop some corn and perhaps make some ginger bread men. We'll manage somehow, won't we Jimmy boy?"

He was apparently sleeping peacefully when she came in to give him his goodnight kiss, but long after she had left the room he had to bury his head deeply into the pillows, where he could not hear his mother's untroubled, if he could have just one little toy!

He caught his breath sharply, and forgot to cry. The doll! He had forgotten about that. Yet he must have that doll. He had promised Peggy Santa would bring it to her. He must have it!

When the first pale rays struggled through his window the next morning Peggy was up, and clamouring on his bed began to tell him of the "foolish" doll Santa was going to bring, and each hour seemed but to intensify her longing for it, until for the first time in his life he avoided her, and he noticed a hunted look creep into his mother's eyes.

The climax arrived that evening, when at her mother's knee, her curly hair bowed reverently over her dimpled hands, she ended her simple petition, "Please 'Dad' tell Santa not to forget my dollie."

It was snowing heavily next morning, and Peggy clasped her little hands with delight as she watched the big soft flakes go whirling by the window, and a ray of hope even penetrated the deep gloom that enveloped her brother, as he joined her. Snowing! Mrs. Eddy would want her walk shovelled again. Perhaps, oh perhaps there would be lots of Mrs. Eddy's in the city who would want their walks shovelled also.

It was a very hungry and a very quiet little boy who sat down to dinner that day, and the meal was hardly over before he had slipped quietly off again.

The hours dragged by on leaden wings. How heavy the snow was! It seemed as if with each shovelful the weight increased. His little arms ached, but the store of pennies, nickels, and dimes in his pockets increased and increasing. Now and then in answer to his knock and timid question, a harsh voice ordered him away, but for the most part he was received kindly.

"It is getting late," he murmured. "I must hurry. Just one more path and I'll have enough," and he summoned every atom of his faltering energy and worked steadily on.

The store was jammed with Christmas shoppers. Fear clutched his heart. Supposing it was gone! But no there it was, pink ribbons and all, smiling down at him from its lofty height. At last it was done up in brown paper, and tucked safely under his arm. How happy he

THE GUMPS

THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND IN WALKS CHRISTMAS, NEW YEARS, THANKS-GIVING 4TH OF JULY AND A COUPLE OF BIRTH DAYS—



More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE

"Everybody's gone to bed. An' I can't hear a single sound Except the buzzin' in my head. That keeps a goin' round and round. My reg'lar bedtime's long went by; I been awake six hours, I believe; I never knew the reason why. But I can't sleep on Christmas Eve!

I've been an' listened down the stairs A hundred times, or pretty near, He must be close around somewhere, But I am sure that he ain't here. They say he has an X-ray sight That goes right through the thickest wall. An' if he haven't acted right He never comes around at all.

I wonder did he see me when I hooked that apple off the store. If he was snoopin' round there then I s'pose it made him kinda sore. An' when I broke the baby's cart, That's got me awful scared, somehow; I wonder would he have the heart To hold that up against me now.

I dassin't try to go down stairs; That board that's loose would mebbe crack, Or I would stumble on the chairs. An' he would take the presents back. That is of course if he was here. An' had a lot o' things for me . . .

Oh Gosh! This night seems most a year. Suppose he isn't comin'! Gee!



NOT SAFE TO TAKE ANY CHANCES

Meat was still high enough to make it advisable for Santa Claus to leave his reindeer at home.

DON'T FORGET HIM

The postman who staggers up to your door with two hundred pounds of Christmas mail will not be bothered by the added burden of the dollar bill you are going to give him.

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS

Many a small boy will be disappointed this morning when he finds that father broke his electric locomotive playing with it last night.

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Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDAY.

If you consider your opinions infallible, you will make little advance till you get rid of your self-conceit. While you think your ideas always right you won't learn from others. The only chance a conceited person has of improving is the forming of correct solutions through their own correct deductions.

But this source of knowledge will not take you far. None has sufficient brains to analyze every matter which comes up and to arrive at a correct answer or position relative to all problems, from within.

The self-pleased man is not open to conviction—will not listen to argument and so he cannot be convinced of errors. He has but one mind working for him.

The man with strong mind, well balanced, allows for mistakes he might make, by getting the best lights from others which he can command on the perplexing questions and then sits and weighs and considers and finally arrives at a conclusion which is not puffed up because he gives credit where due.

Trust such a man to come somewhere near being right.

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I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who laughs when you get a bad fall. How can I help it? You don't know how foolish you look. If you should only get a peep at yourself you'd have to laugh, too.

My, but you did cut a comic figure. The graceful way you carried the floor would make anyone's sides split.

I can't stop to raise you to your feet and find out whether you are hurt or not? I know you got a terrific bump, all right, and I'm sure you'll feel the effects of it for some time. But I've got to laugh. That's all I can do.

Don't get mad at me and call me a grinning monkey. Just because you've met with a little accident is no reason why the world should weep.

Maybe you'd be sore if you'd laugh at me when I fall. But that's neither here nor there.

Be game about it, and take it in good parts even if it does hurt. You might as well, because bawling me out isn't going to stop me from laughing.

I tried to make you see the funny side of the matter, but what's the use. You're just an old groucher that's all.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF FATTY COON

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



FATTY COON PLAYS ROBBER.

After Fatty Coon played barber-shop with Jimmy Rabbit and his brother it was a long time before he met them again. But one day Fatty

"Leave that to us," said Jimmy Rabbit. He winked at his brother, and they started off together.

Fatty Coon did not see that wink. If he had, he wouldn't have waited there all the afternoon for those Rabbit brothers to return. They never came back at all. And they told everybody about the trick they had played on Fatty Coon. For a long time after that wherever Fatty went the forest-people called "Robber!" after him. And Jasper Jay was the most annoying of all, because whenever he shouted "Robber!" he always laughed so loudly and so long. His hoarse screech echoed through the woods. And the worst of it was, everybody knew what he was laughing at.

(Copyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)



Fatty paused and looked at the brothers.

was wandering through the woods when he caught sight of Jimmy. Jimmy dodged behind a tree. And Fatty saw Jimmy's brother peep from behind another. You see, his ears were so long that they stuck far beyond the tree, and Fatty couldn't help seeing them.

"Hello!" Fatty called. "I'm glad to see you." And he told the truth, too. He had been trying to find those two brothers for weeks, because he wanted to get even with them for cutting off his moustache. Jimmy and his brother hopped out from behind their trees.

"Hello," said Jimmy. "We were just looking for you." Probably he meant to say, "We were just looking at you." He was somewhat upset by meeting Fatty; for he knew that Fatty was angry with him.

"Oh, hol! You were, were you?" Fatty answered. He began to slide down the tree he had been climbing.

Jimmy Rabbit and his brother edged a little further away. "Better not come too near us," he said. "We've both got the pink-eyes, and you don't want to catch it."

Fatty paused and looked at the brothers. Sure enough! their eyes were as pink as anything.

"Does it hurt much?" Fatty asked.

"Well—it does and it doesn't," Jimmy replied. "I just stuck a briar into one of my eyes a few minutes ago and it hurt awful, then. But you're perfectly safe, so long as you don't touch us."

"How long does it last?" Fatty inquired.

"Probably will never get over it," Jimmy Rabbit said cheerfully. And his brother nodded his head, as much as to say, "That's so!"

Fatty Coon was just the pink-eyes, and you don't want to catch it."

"Well, it's too bad," he told Jimmy. "I'm sorry. I wanted to play with you."

"Oh, that's all right!" Jimmy said. "We can play, just the same. I'll tell you what we'll play. We'll play 'Not barber-shop!'"

"Not barber-shop!" Fatty interrupted. "I won't play barber-shop. I never liked that game."

Jimmy Rabbit started to smile. But he turned his smile into a sneer. And he said—

"We'll play robber. You'll like that, I know. And you can be the robber. You look like one, anyhow."

That remark made Fatty Coon angry. And he wished that Jimmy hadn't said the pink-eyes. He would have liked to make an end of him right then and there.

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "Robber nothing! I'm just as good as you are!"

"Of course, of course!" Jimmy said. "It's your face, you know. That black patch covers your eyes just like a robber's mask. That's why we want you to be the robber."

Fatty had slipped down his tree to the ground; and now he looked out into the creek. It was just as Jimmy said. Paddy had never thought of it before, but the black patch of short fur across the upper part of his face made him look exactly like a robber.

"Come on!" said Jimmy. "We can't play the game without you. 'Well—all right!' said Fatty. He began to feel proud of his mask. 'What shall I do?' 'You wait right here,' Jimmy ordered. 'Hide behind that tree. We'll go into the woods. And when we come back past this spot you jump out and say 'Hands up!'. You understand?'"

"Of course!" said Fatty. "But hurry up! Don't be gone long!"

New York Is Becoming Quite Parisian as It Sells Smokes to Women

New York, Dec. 24.—New York is becoming quite Parisian. If you don't believe it take a look at today's papers.

"Feminine smokers' niceties," sings a coy little advertisement. "The rare and treasured gift," it continues.

Among the articles listed are jade ash receivers—how much more charming and expensive than the old-fashioned masculine brass ones—lacquer cups, silver mounted and lined, might be used perhaps in a pinch for a grape juice highball; ming bisque plates and cigaret boxes of rolled leather or old brocade inlaid with jade carvings.

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Famous Works of Art From Potsdam Palace Recovered in Paris

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Style Committee Urged For Next Legislature

Lincoln, Dec. 24.—(Special)—Attorney General Davis is of the opinion that the coming session of the legislature should follow out the plan used by the recent constitutional convention and have a committee of style and phraseology in order that bills before passing could be arranged so that there would be no question as to their meaning.

PHOTOPLAYS



THE GIRL WITH THE JAZZ HEART

Six Reels of Real Entertainment

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "EASY STREET"

Motion Pictures of the KEMPER-WENTWORTH Thanksgiving FOOT BALL GAME

"When the girl you love has left you, And you're tired out and blue, If of all joy she's bereft you, And you don't know what to do, Let this ray of hope come stealing, It will brighten up the gloom, And dispel that dark blue feeling, If you take a trip "DOWN HOME."

At the "SUN" Starting Tomorrow.

"DOWN HOME"

SPECIAL MIDNIGHT SOCIAL MATINEE

PRE-SHOWING OF Madame X

Monday Evening December 27, 11 P. M., at the



Tickets Now Selling at the Box Office

MUSE

Last Times Today ZANE GREY'S FAMOUS "RIDERS OF THE DAWN"

Offering for your approval MAE MURRAY and DAVID POWELL in a Paramount Superspecial, "IDOLS OF CLAY"

HARRY SILVERMAN'S ORCHESTRA Playing a Special Xmas Overture, YULETIDE POTPOURRI, "AROUND THE XMAS TREE."

Wishing You A Merry Christmas



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