OUR COMIC PAGE.



TWO KINDS OF SPOONS.

Weeks—Evelyn, I want to tell you a Christmas secret. I'm going to give your mother a new spoonholder.

His daughter—A new spoonholder?

Weeks—Yes, a new parlor sofa.

THEY LIED TO YOU.

"Well, I suppose you are getting ready for Christmas?" he queried of the man beside him in the car after sizing him up as a family man.

"No, sir!" was the blunt reply.

"I thought you might have wife and children."

"So I have. I have a wife and seven children."

"And you are not going to play Santa Claus?"

"No, sir."

"Well, there are people who think it foolish, but the children have got in a way of expecting something in their stockings."

"Yes, and when I was a kid I did the same. That's what ails me now. I thought there was a Santa Claus. I thought he came down the chimney. I thought he had reindeers and a sled. My parents lied to me sir—deliberately lied. They took advantage of my youth and innocence and put up a job on me."

"But the fiction is a pleasing one," replied the other in apologetic tones.

"It may be to some, sir, but not to me. When I found out that I had been lied to and grossly deceived and made a fool of I turned my back on my home and have never seen it since. I do not want my seven children to do the same by me. Think what it means to have a father who is an infernal liar! Think what it is to have a mother who aids and abets him! It has caused a blot on my whole life, and not for worlds would I deceive one of my innocent lambs. I shall buy seven peanuts, sir, and put them in the seven stockings and that will end it. No lying—no deceiving. Plain, straight peanuts and the respect of my children, and there you are. I get off here, and I hope you will think things over and be a wretched, contemptible liar no longer."

JOE KERR.



Though there was a Santa Claus.

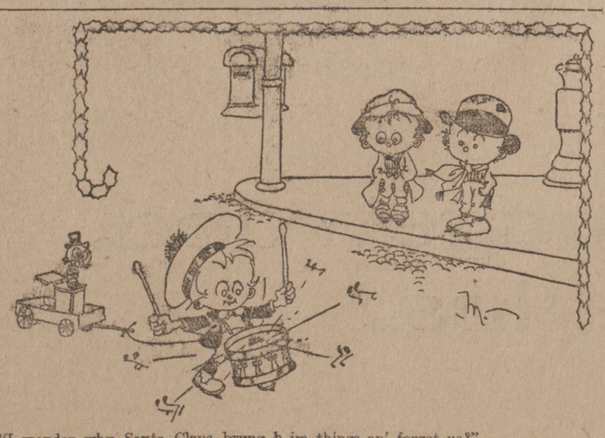


AN APPALLING SUGGESTION.

Sammy—I wonduh why Santa Claus uses a reindeer.

Mammy—Well, I specks mebbe a mule would be cheaper.

Sammy—Yes. But goodness Lor,' mammy! S'pos'n dat mule was to take a noshun to balk!



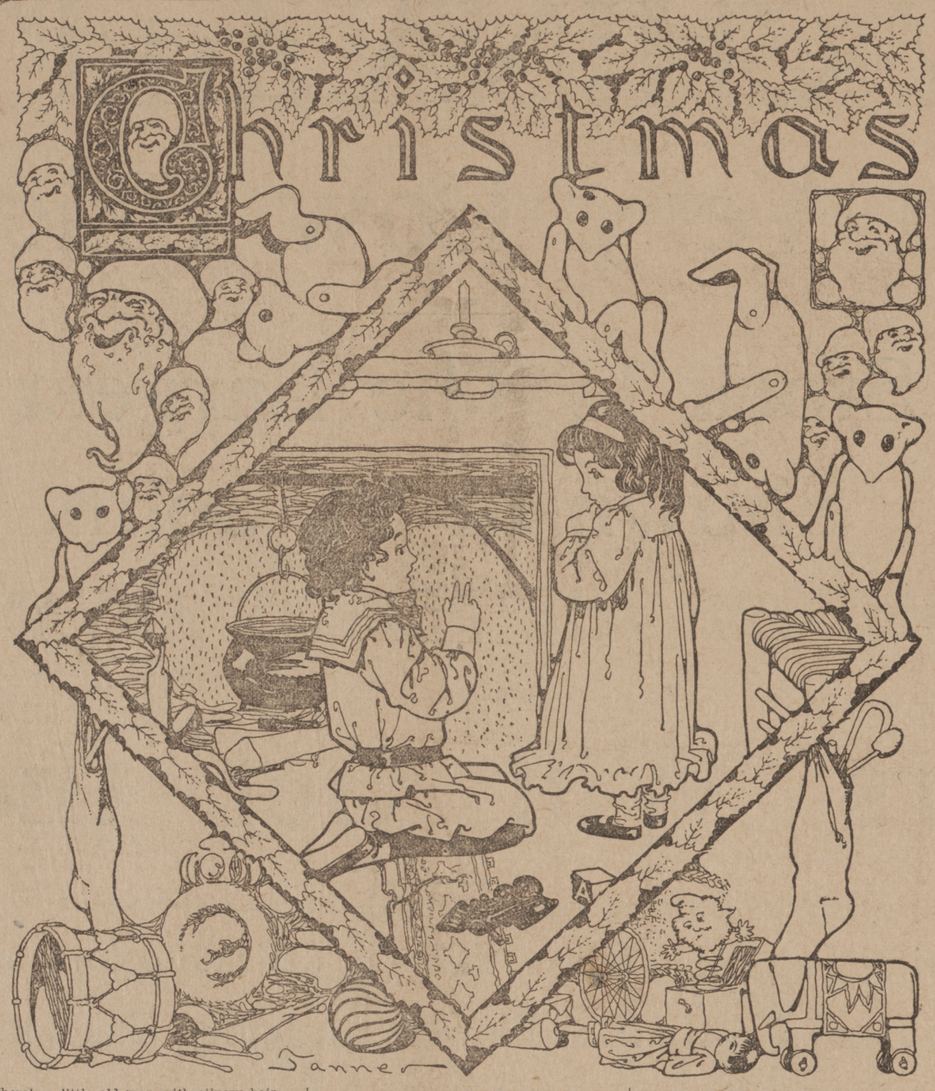
"I wonder why Santa Claus brung h im things an' forgot us?"

"I guess it's cause his folks is got dere name in de city directionary book at de drug store, an' we ain't!"

THE MISTLETOE SPELL.

Under the mistletoe laughing eyes
Flash me a challenge greeting,
While pouting lips, enticingly near,
Warn me that time is fleeting.

The kiss I take weaves round me a spell
Of sly Cupid's artful contriving;
A willing captive, no wish to escape,
I am held in its toils, never striving.



There's a little old man with silvery hair
An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air,
With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face,
An' onct a year he comes to our place.
An' our little maid
An' our little man
Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can.

But you better take keer, for some folks say
'At ef yer naughty he'll fly away,
An' quicker'n you can whistle—phew—
Away he's gone up the chimney flue!
So our little maid
And our little man
Ez tryin' to be jest ez good's they can.

But ef yer good an' 'bey yer pa
An' don't never cry an' vex yer ma
He'll fill yer stockin's with games an' toys
An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys.
So our little maid
An' our little man
Wants Santy to come jes' as quick 's he can.



What He Expects.

I shall look for a nice sled,
And a pair of ice skates,
And a red or blue sweater,
And a fur cap with earlaps,
And a jackknife,
And a dollar watch,
And a whole pound of candy,
And at least a quarter in money,
There may be a football,
And a goat,
And rubber boots,
And a silver dollar,
And four kinds of candy, and an air-gun.

I can't say as there will, but father and mother are looking at me in a loving way, and I shall be the best boy in town until after Christmas. No boy who is not a good boy can expect anything in his Christmas stocking.

WHAT HE GOT.

One pair of mittens and a lemon.

JOE KERR.







SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

Miss Petite—Do I have to go and stand under the mistletoe?

Fargone—No, stand right where you are. It's foolish wasting precious time.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

"Now, dear," she says, "we've got the children's stockings filled, and I'm going to give you your little present."

"But I didn't want you to buy anything for me."

"But I couldn't let the day pass, you know. It's only a cheap, little present, but I hope you won't be disappointed. It is such hard times that I couldn't save up much."

"I shall be pleased over it, whatever it is."

"And you won't make fun of it?"

"Of course not."

"And you'll think it's nice?"

"Surely I will."

"And—and—but here's your present. Oh, dear, but I do hope you'l be pleased."

And she presents hubby with a pair of No. 10 slippers, when he has told her a hundred times over that he wears a No. 7 shoe, and he receives them with a smile and says they are just his fit and the handsomest thing he ever saw, and he proceeds to dump them into the closet along with the five other pair. Then he laughs uneasily and says:

"I didn't plan to buy you anything, dear, as you know how hard up I am, but at the last I determined to—"

"Oh, Will, how nice of you!"

"But it isn't much of a gift."

"But coming from you, dear, it will be appreciated so much."

"Sure you won't be disappointed?"

"I couldn't be. Oh, what can it be?"

And he hands her a little parcel containing a pair of No. 10 hosiery, when she has told him a hundred times over that her size is 8, and she utters a little shriek of delight, gives him a ... then runs up stairs to put them ... aprons she is going to give the hired girl on the morrow.

JOE KERR.

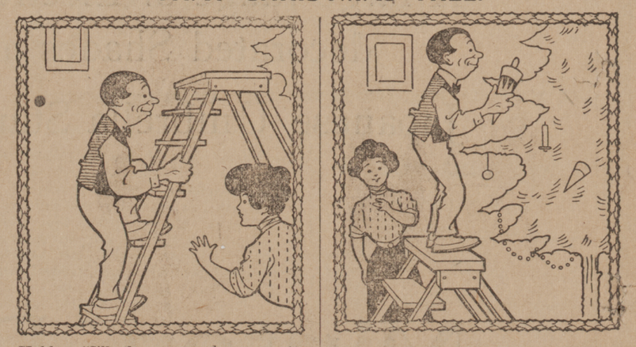


Presents Hubby with a pair of No. 10 Slippers.



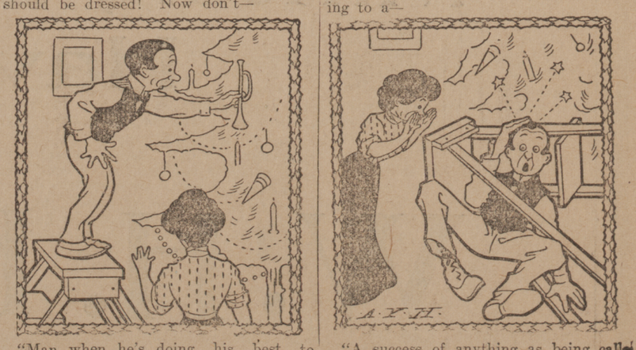
Little Umbagoolo—Wo-aow! Dere ain't nuffin' on mah Chris'mus tree but de same ole everlastin' cocoanuts!"

THAT CHRISTMAS TREE.



Hubby—"I'll show you how a tree should be dressed! Now don't—

"Interfere. There's nothing so distracting to a—



"Man when he's doing his best to make—

"A success of anything as being called down."