

FROM SANTA CLAUSLAND. (By Wireless Telegraph From (Christmasville.) Via John Kendrick Bangs.



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CHRISTMASVILLE. Santa Clausland, Dec. 12, 1932.—Your Christmasville correspondent has just had an interview with Santa Claus at his country seat on the Taffy River, and is glad to be able to announce that the threatened postponement of Christmas, owing to the toy strikes, has been averted. The calling out of the Union Dolls and Amalgamated Jumping-Jacks in September has, of course, seriously delayed Mr. Claus' preparations for the season, but by yielding on a few of the disputed points and agreeing to arbitrate others, a modus vivendi has been established by which all may be in readiness for the celebration of Christmas on December 25, as usual. It was in respect to this matter that I called upon Mr. Claus and obtained the following interview:

Mr. Claus received me in the model-room of his delightful residence at Toy-ion, on the Taffy River, where he spends what leisure time he has. I found him engaged in designing a new style of nursery game called Automobile. It was an ingenious mechanical arrangement in which an automobile starts at one end of a road, moving at first very slowly, but gradually increasing its speed until near the middle of its course, when it runs over a number of wooden mannikins. The falling of the mannikins releases a small rick policeman on horseback, who starts in pursuit of the automobile and gains upon it rapidly, but fails in his purpose to arrest the occupants, because at the moment he reaches the side of the nesting vehicle the machine explodes and blows the whole toy to pieces.

"That will be the most popular toy of the season if I can ever get it working safely," said Santa Claus, as he explained the ingenious mechanism to me in detail. "It is extremely realistic and the explosion at the end imparts to it a sort of Fourth of July flavor that will prove most appealing to the small boys of the day. It has a moral purpose, too, in teaching the young not to exceed the speed limit, but I can't get the hang of this to blow up without danger to those who play with it."

"Will you let it go out this season?" I asked.

"Mindful of the Parents," said Santa Claus. "I don't want to get parents down on me for endangering the lives and eyes of their children, and I am very much afraid that for a novelty this year they'll have to be content with my football automaton. This is all ready. Come in here and I'll show you how it works."

And my host immediately took me into the next room, where he introduced me to one of the most charmingly intricate and delightful mechanical toys I have ever seen. Twenty-two little mannikins are lined up, 11 on a side, in opposing formations. By touching a button the mannikins are excited, and a scurrying that is most interesting follows. They fall upon each other until the whole quivering mass lies in a huge pile of mannikins in the center of the board. The pressure of another button brings them back to their original positions again, but here the method of the game appears. The mannikins are made of three parts each, somewhat loosely joined together, and of course in the scurrying some of them are pulled apart and the other are completely demolished, the side having one or more survivors being declared the winner.

"Most ingenious," said I. "But suppose they are all smashed?" "Then the game is a draw," said Santa Claus, viewing the machine with a complacent smile. "It's a corking good toy, I think. Equal to a liberal education, eh?" And of course I agreed with him. "Mr. Claus," said I as we retired to his library, "I suppose you will have heard the rumor that has been going the rounds lately about your unreadiness for the Christmas season?" "No," said he, "I hadn't heard of that; is there such a rumor?" said I, "and it is causing much disquiet among the youngsters. It has been stated that owing to your troubles with the Union Toys, you have announced that Christmas must be celebrated on the 4th of next July instead of December 25, or else the youngsters will be put upon a basis of the half July stocking. In my own family there is a great hubbub about it, and there are about 500 pounds of good, solid boy that will land on my neck in no uncertain manner Christmas morning if the story is true."

"No one to be overlooked," said Santa Claus, instantly. "You may announce with my authority that I shall start out as usual on Christmas eve and shall not overlook a single sock that is duly registered in my books. Nor will there be any reduction in the bulk of the gifts supplied. Some of them, it is true, may be less carefully made than in past years, because we've had to do six months' work practically in two. The point on our wooden mannikins probably won't be as dry as it ought to be, but I shall leave

the eight-hour movement for the dolls?" I asked. "That matter we have decided to arbitrate," Santa Claus replied. "Though, to tell you the truth, I don't see how I can abide by a settlement of that question if it goes against me. A doll is perfectly justified in wishing to have the play hours reduced to eight. Eight hours is enough for any doll of ordinary strength to be played with, but that matter rests with the children, not with me. I can say that no doll shall be required to be dressed and undressed more than 20 times in a morning, but I am powerless to enforce such a regulation."

"I see," said I. "In other words you claim that the youngsters are outside of your jurisdiction." "That's it," said Santa Claus. "In this case my sympathy is with the dolls, but I can't really help them. I gave a thousand requests to whom I gave a thousand gratifying presents. There seems to be a reaction in favor of the simple things of the olden times. There have been only 673 requests for Government bonds, 473 for opera boxes, 343 for diamond tiaras. One little girl has asked me to send her a live Japanese baby instead of a doll and a small boy living in Chicago said he didn't care what I sent him besides if I'd only leave either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller in his stockings. But those are all exceptional cases."

"There have been no demands for blocks of stock in industrialists this year, as there were last?" I queried. "On the contrary, the children won't have 'em," said Santa Claus, with a laugh. "One youngster to whom I gave a thousand shares on United States Shipbuilding Trust has sent them back because she understands they are assessable, and she declines to take them for what she calls ingrowing presents."

"At the Same Old Stand," said I. "Well," I answered, rising to take my leave. "I am glad to be able to telegraph such good news home. This has been a hard year and a great many people are losing faith in some of our oldest institutions. It will be a great relief to all to hear that Santa Claus is still doing business at the old stand and that there will be no postponement of the festivities of the Yuletide."

"Good," said Santa Claus; "and you might add to that—"

"You might add to that a statement of my heart that I had good will enough for Santa Claus to take the whole issue, both common and preferred, though if he had asked me to pay in current funds for ten shares and the common at a cent a share, I should have been seriously embarrassed, for my purse contained but a nickel, and a lead one at that."

"I don't know from experience," said I, "but I've personally seen \$1, and a friend of mine down in Wall street said that he once saw \$33 more. That makes a hundred."

"Yes," he said. "Next year I shall be a corporation with a capital of \$200,000,000, and I shall be glad to have you as a shareholder. Do you think I can be floated at par?" "Our financiers seem to be able to float

de way she can freeze to our savings would make a safe deposit vault look like a sand bank. Dat's de French in her. French golla has two religions: one is to save deir souls, and de odder is to save deir money; but if you asks me which dey calls deir Number One I pafess de question along to some oing what is wiser on de game dan is yours truly."

But p'chee! Duchess she never made no rough house about de touch our kid writes in his letter. "Le petit must have what he needs for to be like a gentleman," she says, getting out her check-book. "It is not right for us to waste money, or to spend it for any potpans at all," she says. "But wit our son it is different. He is to be a gentleman. If little Miss Fannie has sent him de red rickshaws she has knitted wit her own hands to our boy, he must send her something in return, because—well, you know. By de time little Duke is old enough for to think of marrying, maybe you and me have saved enough for to make a settlement on him enough for to satisfy Miss Fannie."

"What do you think of dat? Are you on?" Duchess lighting a pipe and smoking until she dreams of our kidde marrying little Fannie! De folst ting I know dat goll will be wanting to send Kiddie to Harvard, where Mr. Paul says dey may not make winning footballers, but dey manages to tote out a gentleman if dey has de raw material to start wit."

So Duchess she writes a check for five simoleons and she sends it to de housekeeper of Kiddie's school. Duchess has snuggled up to dat housekeeper all de time. She says dat de housekeeper in a boy's school is more important dan any teacher, and so wit de check she writes a jolly letter, telling de housekeeper to cash de check and pass it to Kiddie, as he needs it; and wouldn't she please accept de gift enclosed? Dey was a pair she had touched off Miss Fannie, and as good as new."

You can't stop dat boy writing. In a couple of days Duchess gets his letter from him. Copy it, like de odder. "Dear Mamma housekeeper she says she had five dollars for me and some jam for I was a good boy and you was being divorcing demselves and not speaking and both don't want him so de judge is his father-in-law and keeps him in school and no holds. That is why he hasn't no body to send him five dollars for I sponse de judge forgot it was



The Plush Dogs demanded barks instead of squeaks.



A new style of nursery game called Automobile.



No doll should be required to be dressed and undressed more than thirty times in a morning.

CHIMMIE FADDEN STORIES

YOUNG MASTER JAMES DEVELOPS A TALENT FOR SHOPPING THAT AMAZES THE DUCHESS

GOT a letter from our kid, Chammie Fadden, when I sent him word that he was to come to Miss Fannie's place in de country for to spend his Christmas week off from school. Say, he's beginning to write like a clog in a bank, but he's a bit shy on spelling yet, so Duchess says, I don't see but dat he spells like a teacher, but I haven't de strange holt on spelling dat Duchess has.

for de little rascal, and bring him down wit us to be sure dat he gets here, and has peanuts on de train."

Dat's what we done. Mr. Paul went to de same school when he was a kid, and he knows de boys from de school. He says him ask de boss what kind of a lad young master Fadden was, and de boss says he was as likely a youngster as dey had in school, but at dat moment was a little under de water because de housekeeper had been too liberal wit de jam pot."

But he wasn't so much under de wedder dey he couldn't keep up his end of de game when Mr. Paul takes de whole foot ball team down to de lolly-pop shop and blows 'em off to all de dilly awets dere was in de place.

Modder Fadden has made a pair of collars to hang in front of Miss Fannie's Milo when she has company; but at odder times she mostly don't do nothing else but look at it and talk about it. She says she'll wear it a Micky Angelo, sure. Mr. Murphy has de slippers on de mantle neck to de picture of Robert Emmet, and dey is de prize ornament of de room."

Miss Fannie has given de youngster a real invite to de family Christmas tree, and he thinks he is it. Duchess says he is; but I has tried one of dese cigars and has an odder guess coming to me on de proposition. I'll tell you about de Christmas tree later. So long, and de luck of de season."

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Table listing names and professions of various individuals, including AINSLIE, DR. GEORGE, Physician, and others.

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