

BY IRVIN S. COBB

Toward the shop where gifts are smiling as
The Christmas tree is being green?
Who is it we see thinking, though you're
Not a child, that you're a child again?
About the songs and laughter round the
Children's Christmas tree?
Though the Christmas tree is a Christmas business
Is a nuisance, anyhow.
There's a frown on your face that clears the
Frowning from your brow;
The small tin trumpet sounds a blast that
Wakes you from your dream;
To hamage for the doll who is a lady and
And the once praisable world where it has
And the once praisable world where it has
Is a realm of things that death some mys-
terious fairy spell!
If there's a frown on your face, Claus, who is it,
Day by day?
That the thought to Christmas, as it is,
To shun it as we may?
Who comes at this bleak season armed with
Telegraphic arms?
And by generous suggestion dominates our
Minds and lives?
— Washington Star.