

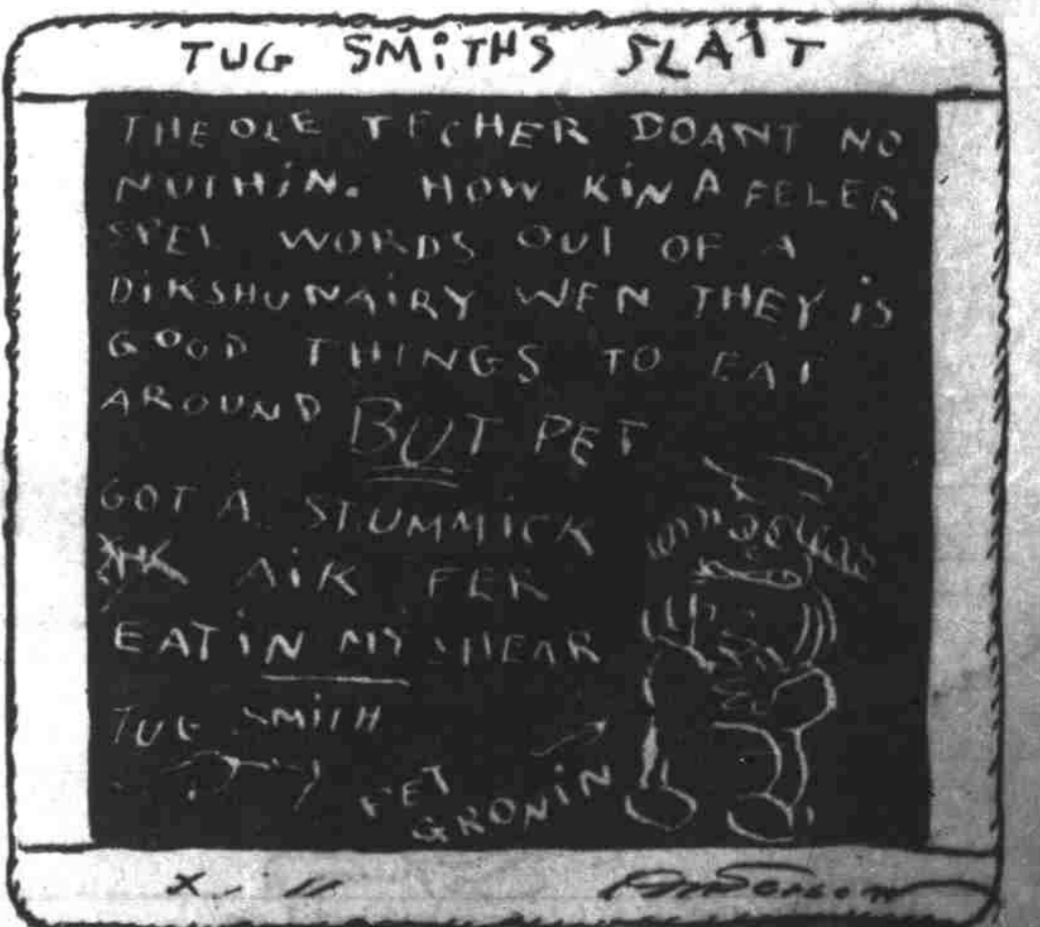
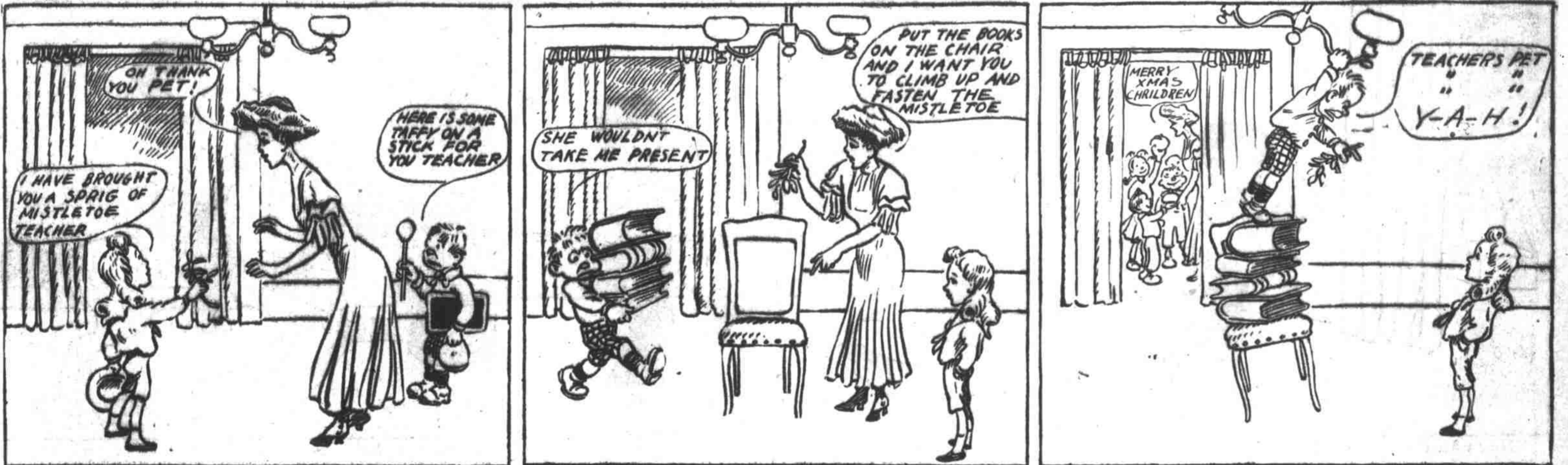
WILLIE'S SANTA CLAUS ELEVATOR WAS ALL RIGHT, BUT JIM WAS TOO HEFTY



DEAR TOMMY: Papa wanted to be Santa Claus as usual this year. As he had a touch of the gout and couldn't climb around the tree, I built an elevator. Jim sat down in the cellar with a pitcher of cider to wait for the signal. He fell asleep, and when I rang the gong, he woke up with a start and yanked so hard on the rope that Papa was pitched head foremost into the tree. As the tree was lighted by electricity, Papa wasn't hurt much; but, gracious! didn't I catch it!

Yours, etc.,
WILLIE.

TEACHER'S PET--HE GOT TUG SMITH'S SHARE OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER



NOW YOU'LL GET IT PET

O-O-O-O-O
LOOK AT THE GOOD THINGS

NOW SIR! AS A PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS, YOU MUST READ OUT LOUD, ALL THE WORDS COMMENCING WITH X AND Z, BEFORE YOU CAN HAVE A THING TO EAT!

I CAN'T
BIG TIGNARY

TUG SMITH'S SLAT
THEOLE TACHER DOANT NO NUTHIN. HOW KIN A FEELER SVEE WORDS OUT OF A DIKSHONARY WEN THEY IS GOOD THINGS TO EAT AROUND BUT PET GOT A STUMMICK WHOOSLE
XK AIK FER EATIN MY HEAR
TUG SMITH
PET GROWIN