

Christmas is approaching. Mr. Santa Claus is busy getting ready for his Christmas visits to many different countries. Letters from children all over the world are coming to him every day.

"About one hundred letters came to-day, Santa," Mrs. Santa Claus told him.

"I am expecting more letters this year," answered Mr. Santa Claus. "So I think you might sort the letters according to the countries where they came from and then to-night we will read some of them."

After supper that evening Mr. Santa Claus, smoking his pipe, sat comfortably in his old armchair, Mrs. Santa Claus with the letters sat at her desk, and little Bobby Santa Claus was on the floor rug. All were anxiously waiting to hear the letters from the children.

"What letters do we read to-night, mamma?" Mr. Santa Claus asked his wife.

"Let us read the letters from the Filipino children."

"How many letters came from the Philippines, mother?" asked Bobby Santa Claus.

"There are several, but we can read only a few to-night. Here is the first one," said Mrs. Santa Claus who began to read:

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a girl. I am six years old. Last Christmas I had no dolls. Many girls had dolls. My mother told me you give dolls. Please give me one next Christmas. We are very poor.

Thank you, Santa Claus.

Josefina

"What is her address?" asked Mr. Santa Claus. "San Nicolas, Manila."

"Yes, there are many poor children there. I'll put her down in my list. I may visit other children there."

Mrs. Santa Claus read another one.

Dear Santa Claus:

Last year mother told me you brought me an automobile. But I did not like it. Please give me another one. Send me a real bicycle, too.

Thank you very much.

Mario

"Why, he ought to be glad to have whatever is given to him," said Bobby Santa Claus.

"Yes. I remember I gave him a wooden automobile. He did not like it because his father is very wealthy," said Santa Claus.

"He must be a spoiled boy," remarked Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Perhaps he is, mother," said Bobby. "I would be thankful for anything one gives me as a gift."

"Let us hear another one," said Mr. Santa Claus.



Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am in the third grade. Last year father told me you gave me many toys—soldiers, airplanes, automobiles, guns, railroad, and many candies. I like them all, but my cousin, Pepe, came and took some of them. I do not like him.

Please send me railroad, flashlight, pingpong, ball, basketball, skates, sweater, socks, shoes, pencils, crayola, watch, and many other things. This time I will keep them all.

Thank you so much,

Cecilio

"What do you think of that?" asked Mr. Santa Claus to Bobby.

"I would say he wants too many things," answered Bobby.

"There would be no more toys left for the other children."

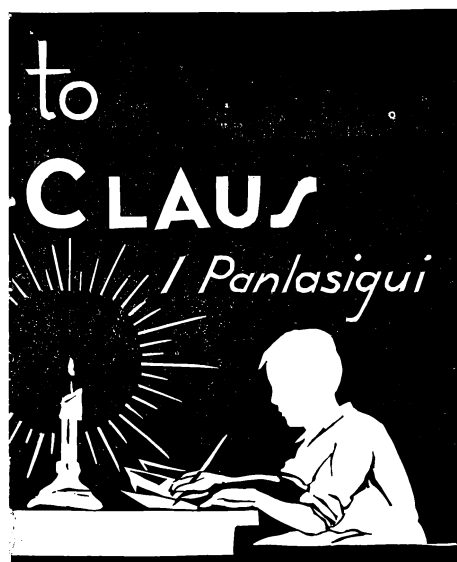
"Don't give him anything this time," suggested Mrs. Santa Claus.

"I'll give him some and then I'll ask his mother to tell him to share some of his toys and candies with other children."

"Would his mother do that?"

"I'll try anyhow," answered Mr. Santa Claus.

"Here is another letter," said Mrs. Santa Claus.



Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am in the third-grade. Mother told me I am a bad boy. My teacher also said I am a bad boy. They told me you will not give me Christmas presents because I am bad. I like to be a good boy, Sir, but I do not know how. My mother whips me very often. I heard you are a good man. Please give me a toy, even only one, to show to my mother and my teacher that I am really a good boy. Please write to my mother and my teacher about me, but please do not tell them I wrote to you.

I will be good, thank you, Sir.

Mauricio

"This is a case of a misunderstood child," observed Mrs. Santa Claus. "Perhaps his mother is of the nagging type and his teacher very unsympathetic."

"What are you going to do with him, daddy?" asked little Bobby.

"I am going to give him a good Christmas present. Perhaps his mother and his teacher will be surprised that I believe Mauricio is a good boy. Then they may try to understand him and be kind to him. Read some more, mamma," said Mr. Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a first grade pupil. I learn how to read. I can add. I know how to write. I do not know very well how to spell. Please give me a book so that

I can read it. I like to read.

Thank you, dear Santa Claus.

Carmelo

"Rather an unusual request. All these many years children from everywhere asked only toys. Carmelo is asking a book. I am going to give that boy the best book I have for children. And then I am going to give him a very good toy for his being a studious boy."

"What kind of book is that, Daddy?" asked Bobby.

"One that contains stories about children all over the world. Children in every country ought to know something about the children of other countries. Then they would learn to love one another. When they grow big they would not go to war and kill each other because they learned to love each other when they were still young."

"You see, sonny," Mrs. Santa Claus said. "We love the children—Japanese, Chinese, Negroes, Americans, Filipinos, Spaniards, and others all alike because we know them all."

"Here is a good letter," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Let us hear it."

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

Yesterday my classmate told me that you gave many things to her last year. She said you will give her again this year. She told me to write to you because my mother and I did not have anything last year.

Please, Santa Claus, give us some gifts this year. If you have no toys for me, will you give me something that I can give to my mother? My mother needs a pair of slippers but I have no money. If you cannot give me the slippers can you tell me how I can earn money? Please write to me, dear Santa Claus.

Your little friend,

Juliana

"Well, that is a good girl," said Mr. Santa Claus.

"She is surely a good girl! Most of the children think only of themselves. Juliana thinks of her mother first," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Go on read some more, mother," Mr. Santa Claus told his wife.

Dear Santa Claus:

Every Christmas time I hear my mother and my father speak about you. They said you are the one who give all the gifts to the children every Christmas. Every Christmas I am very happy because I receive many gifts from you. But some children in our neighborhood do not have. Perhaps you have forgotten them. Sometimes I give them some of my toys and candies. I am sure you are going to give me some more this year. Please do not forget the children of our neighbors.

I want to thank you in advance.

Rita

"That child has a good idea and she is also very kind," said Mr. Santa Claus.

"Are you going to give toys to all the children this year, daddy?" asked Bobby.

"I do not have enough to go around, sonny."

"Why don't you whisper to Rita's father about the children of their neighbors," suggested Mrs. Santa Claus. "He is rich. Perhaps he can help you that much. Then all the children in that neighborhood will be happy."

"I think I will do that," Mr. Santa Claus said.

"Do you think he will do it, daddy?" asked Bobby.

"I hope he will," replied Mr. Santa Claus.

"Here is the last one from the Philippines," and Mrs. Santa Claus read:

My dear Santa Claus:

I am in the fourth grade. I heard many good things about you. My mother said you make children happy every Christmas. You make everybody happy. I am happy on Christmas. There are many toys, many candies for everybody. People are friends because they say you come on Christmas day.

Please, Santa Claus, would it not be better if you come and stay with us all the year round? Perhaps people, and the children would get tired of candies, toys, and food everyday, but I am sure we will not get tired of having you with us all the year because

you make everybody happy, peaceful, and friendly.

Please come, dear Santa Claus. Bring Mrs. Santa Claus and Bobby. But do not forget my toys. I like a large flashlight and a collar for my dog, Brownie.

Thank you, dear Santa.

*Your little friend,
Ruddy*

"That is a big order, mamma," Mr. Santa Claus said.

"I really think that Ruddy is right. Why don't we go and stay with the people throughout the year in order that they might be all happy?" suggested Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Father, that reminds me of my dream last night," said Bobby. "In my dream I saw that we really went to live with the people. And what I did not understand was that we seemed to be living with all the peoples of the earth at the same time. And with our presence they were very happy. They were all friendly to each other. It seemed that all the peoples were brothers and sisters. And before I was awakened I heard them all sing with the angels:

*"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men."*

"I wonder if the brotherhood of men would only be a dream!" Mr. Santa Claus said to himself.

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