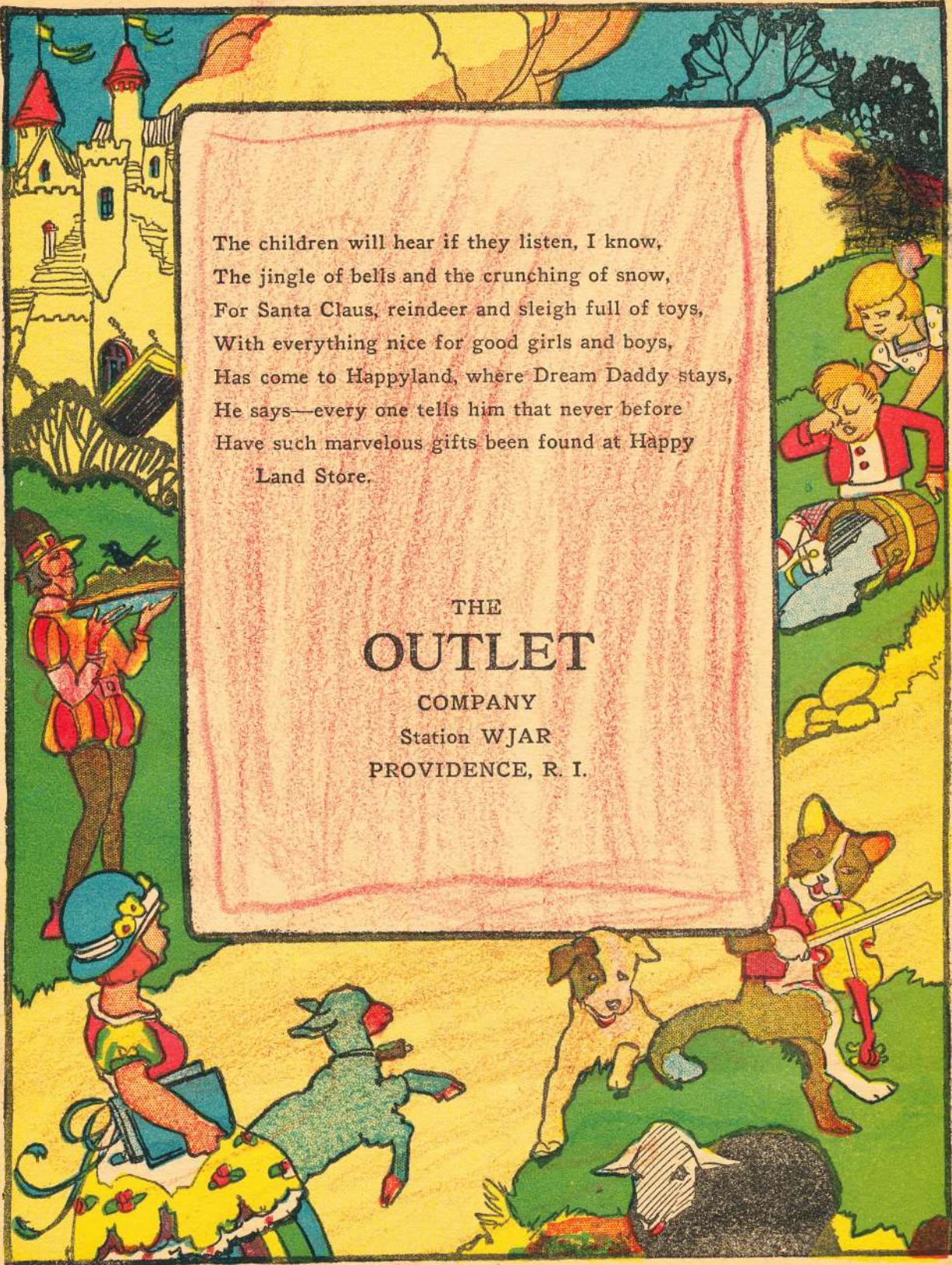




OUTLET HAPPYLAND

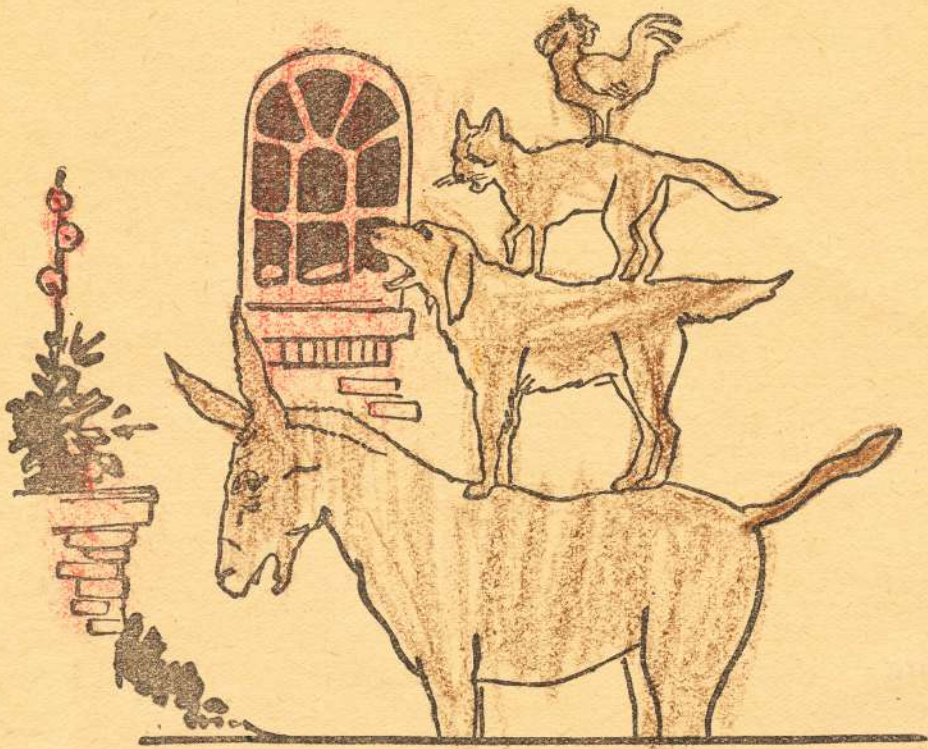


The children will hear if they listen, I know,
The jingle of bells and the crunching of snow,
For Santa Claus, reindeer and sleigh full of toys,
With everything nice for good girls and boys,
Has come to Happyland, where Dream Daddy stays,
He says—every one tells him that never before
Have such marvelous gifts been found at Happy
Land Store.

THE
OUTLET

COMPANY

Station WJAR
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

A MAN once owned a donkey which for many long years had faithfully carried the bags to the mill. But now his strength was failing him, and he was no longer fit for work. His master was already reckoning how much he could get for his skin, when the donkey, perceiving that no good wind was blowing, ran away from his old home, and set out on the road to Bremen. "There," thought he, "I can earn my living as town musician."

He had gone but a little way, when he saw a hound lying by the road, gasping as if he were tired from long running.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

"Well, comrade, what are you panting so for?" asked the donkey.

"Alas!" replied the hound, "because I am old and feeble and can go no more to the hunt, my master wished to kill me, so I have run away; but how am I to earn my bread?"

"Would you really like to know?" asked the donkey. "I am on my way to Bremen to be a town musician. You can go with me and earn your living by music also. I will play the flute and you can beat the kettle drum."

The hound was willing to do this, and they went on together. Before long they came to a cat sitting in the grass by the road, with a face as long and dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"What has crossed you, old whiskers?" asked the donkey.

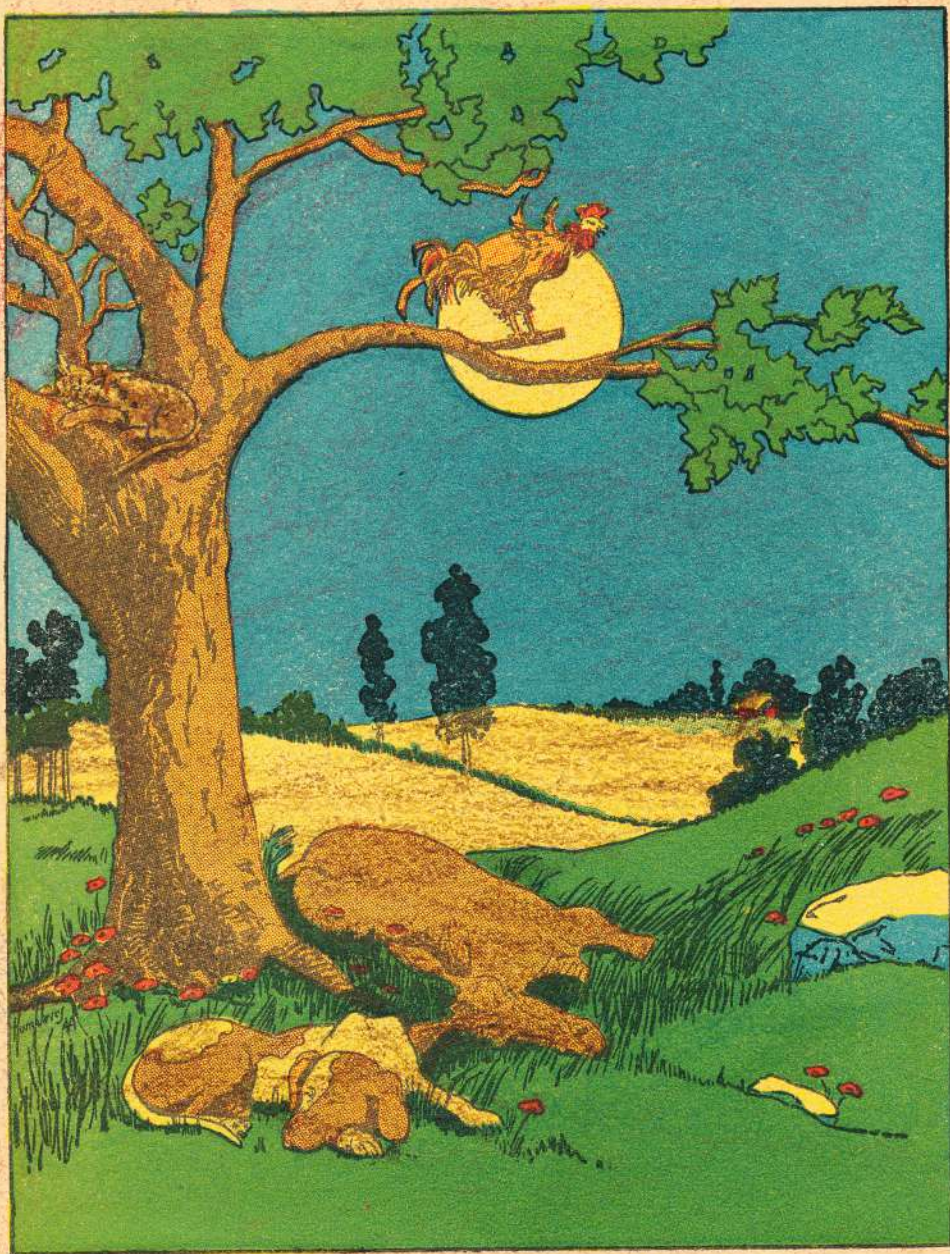
"How can one be cheerful when he has nearly lost his life?" said the cat. "Because I am old and my teeth are worn out, I would rather sit by the fire and purr than go out and hunt mice. For this reason my mistress tried to drown me, but I escaped and ran away. Now I should like some good advice. What am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," replied the donkey. "You understand serenading, and can easily become a town musician."

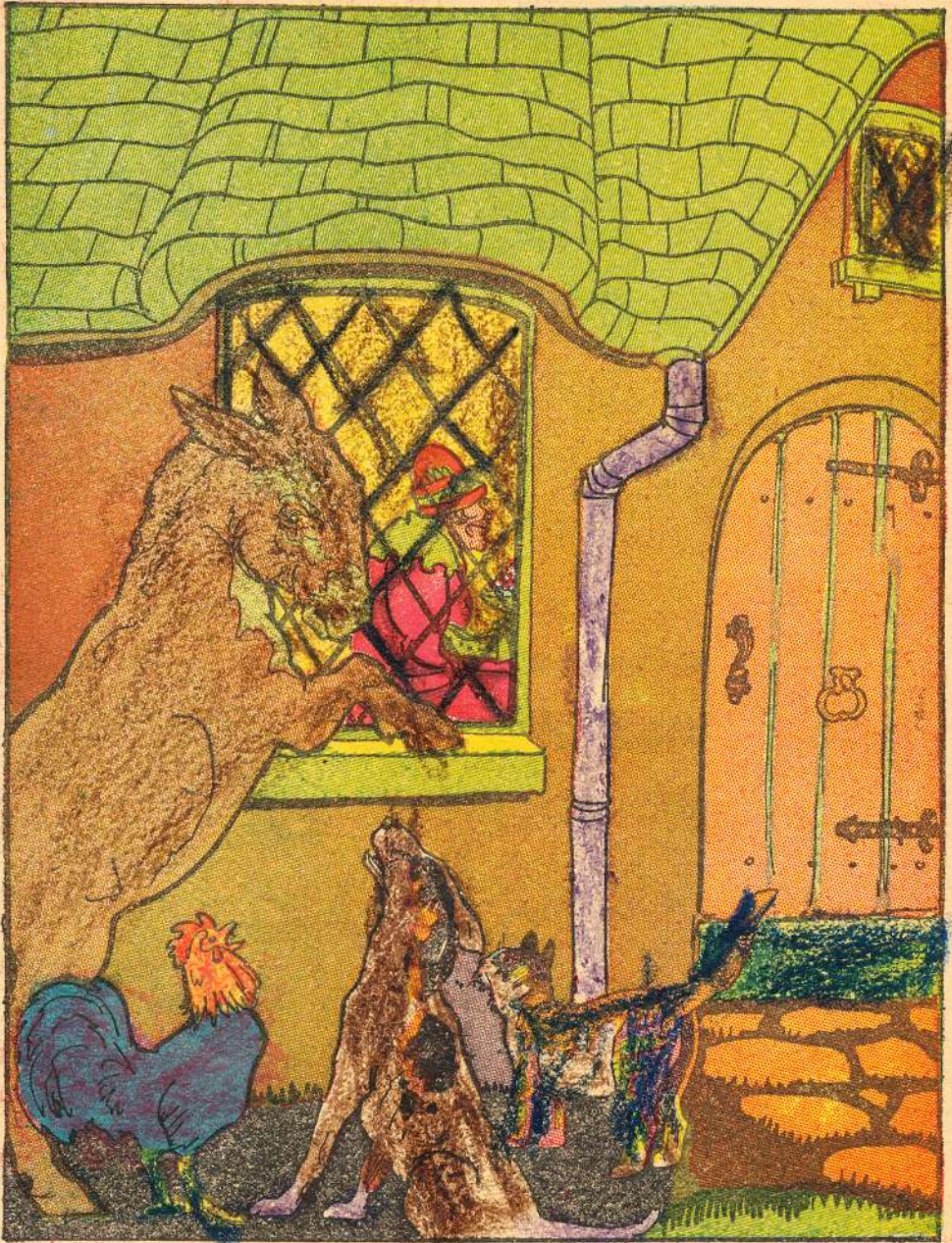
The cat thought the plan a good one, and the three set out together. As the runaways were passing a farm-yard, they saw a cock sitting on the gate crowing with all his might.

"Your crow pierces to the bone and marrow," said the donkey. "Why do you make so much noise?"

"This is the way I prophesy fine weather; but the people are not at all grateful. To-morrow they expect company, and I heard the housekeeper tell the cook she wanted me for



They were obliged to pass a night in the woods ~



"I see a table covered with good things to eat."

THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

soup, and that she must cut off my head this evening, so I am going to crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Very well, red-head, but wouldn't you rather go with us to Bremen? You will at least find something better than death here. You have a good voice, and when we perform together, it will surely do its full share."

The cock was pleased at this, and soon the four were on the way to Bremen.

But they could not reach Bremen in one day, and were obliged to pass the night in a wood. The donkey and the hound lay down under a large tree, while the cat and the cock seated themselves in the branches, the cock flying to the highest point, where he thought himself the safest. Before going to sleep, he looked around him once more, and thought that in the distance he saw a dim light burning. He called to his companions, telling them there must be a house not very far off, as he saw a light.

"Then we must get up and go there," said the donkey; "these are not very comfortable quarters."

The hound, thinking of the bone or two he might be able to find there, was pleased with the idea, so they all roused themselves, and went towards the light. It grew larger and brighter as they approached it, till finally they saw it came from a robbers' house that was brightly lighted. As the donkey was the tallest he went up to it, and looked in at the window.



FLOWERS

for Painting or Crayoning



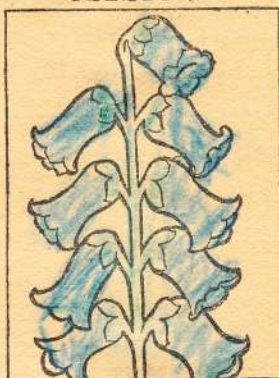
MARIGOLD



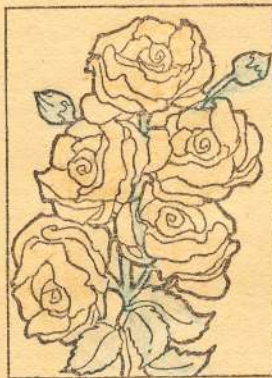
SALVIA



BRIDAL WREATH



BLUEBELL



RAMBLER ROSE



PETUNIA



HOLLY



NARCISSUS



MYRTLE

SEE FOLLOWING PAGE

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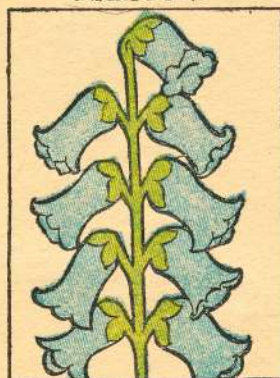
MARIGOLD



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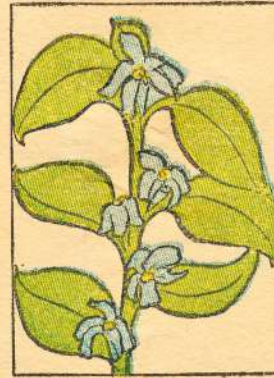
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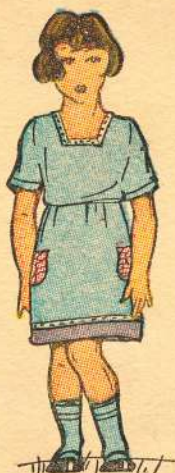
MYRTLE

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

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BRAZIL



CANADA



ICELAND



INDIA



MOROCCO



KOREA

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

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BRAZIL



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ICELAND



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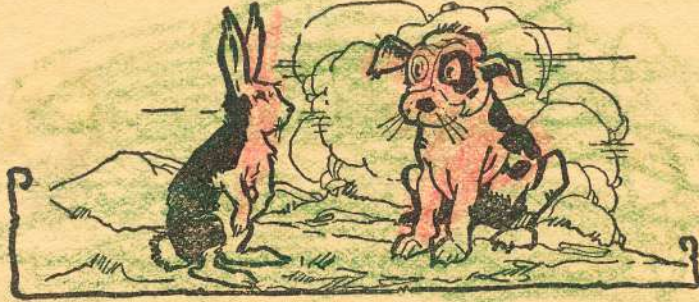
MOROCCO



KOREA

SEE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PAGE

AESOP'S FABLES



THE DOG AND THE HARE

A Hound having started a Hare on the hill-side pursued her for some distance, at one time biting her with his teeth as if he would take her life, and at another time fawning upon her, as if in play with another dog. The Hare said to him, "I wish you would act sincerely by me, and show yourself in your true colors. If you are a friend, why do you bite me so hard? if an enemy, why do you fawn on me?"

MORAL: They are no friends whom you know not whether to trust or distrust.



'Twas the Night Before Xmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse:

The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be
there:

The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,

While visions of sugarplums danced in
their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just nestled our brains for a long win-
ter's nap—

When out on the lawn there rose such a
clatter

I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the
sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should
appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-
deer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they
came,

And he whistled and shouted, and called
them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and
Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the
wall!

Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane
fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to
the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and Saint
Nicholas too;

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and dancing of each little
hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,

Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came
with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot:

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening
his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a
bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as
the snow.

The stump of a pipe was held tight in his
teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl
full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old
elf;

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned
with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle:

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all good-
night."



OUTLET HAPPYLAND