

dear Santa Claus:

Please bring to me, a little tiny Christmas tree. i've never had one yet, you see —and i just thought if i would write a note to you, and say, "Please don't forget me Christmas day" you wouldn't pass me by.

i wrote you last year — don't you know? — But maybe you were busy though or else your reindeers wouldn't go — i don't know what it was. But anyhow, you never came — and im SURE i signed my name — im Jimmy, Santa Claus!

im Jimmy Moore — have you forgot? i think you have — you've never brought one thing to me—but i just thought if once more i would write, a note, and ask you please to bring not very much — just anything — well i just thought you might.

i'd like some toys, but i suppose i'd better ask, instead for clothes. And Santa Claus, my little toes stick right out in the air. and gee-ma-nee! on days like these i tell you what, i nearly freeze! but no one seems to care.

i guess that's all i'd better say — but won't you, please, come past our way, and give me one real Cristmas day? FORGET that we are poor!! Our house is where it always was; try hard to find it, Santa Claus!
That's all. from

Jimmy Moore

Stories

I. Subject—"Horns"

One time a little boy went out on a farm with his mother. He had never been on a farm before, and everything seemed very strange to him. The sheep and the cows and the pigs were all very strange. He felt the cows were the strangest of all, because they had such queer things on their heads. He didn't know what they were, so one day he asked the old farmer about them. The farmer told him they were horns.

One evening soon after that the cows began to moo and bellow and set up an awful noise. The little boy was very much excited. He ran to the house as fast as he could and called to his mother, "Oh, Mother, Mother come and see the cows. They are all blowing their horns."

II. "Mr. Gray Squirrel's Mistake"

Mr. Gray Squirrel certainly was mistaken, when he thought that Tommy Fox was dead and came down out of the chestnut tree to look at him. Tommy wasn't even ill. You remember that he was very hungry? And that he had not been able to find anything to eat? Tommy could not climb the tree, where Mr.

Gray Squirrel sat. So the only thing left for him to do was to make Mr. Gray Squirrel come down where he was.

That was what Tommy Fox was thinking about, when he sat there on his haunches and looked up so innocently at Mr. Gray Squirrel. As Tommy sat there a bright idea came to him. So he held his paw to his stomach and pretended to be ill. Ans as soon as he saw that Mr. Gray Squirrel thought he was ill, Tommy fell over on his side and made believe he was dead.

Though his eyes were shut tight, Tommy's ears were so sharp that he could tell when Mr. Gray Squirrel came down the tree. And he could hear him slowly picking his way nearer and nearer. Tommy's nose was sharp, too, and he could smell Mr. Gray Squirrel. He smelled so good that Tommy couldn't help opening one eye the least bit, just to see him. That was when Mr. Gray Squirrel noticed that his eyelid quivered. And Tommy saw at once that Mr. Gray Squirrel had caught that flicker of his eyelid, and that he was frightened. Tommy knew then that he must act quickly.

He jumped up like a flash. But quick as he was, Mr. Gray Squirrel

'The Importance Of Being Young'

In addressing you boys and girls today, at least my text is appropriate—the 57th verse of the eighth chapter of John's Gospel, "You are not yet 50 years old." Jesus' enemies said that to Him. He was a young man trying to teach them something and they resented it. Grow up first, they said, before you think yourself so important—"You are not yet 50 years old."

In one of the great hymns of the church we sing,

"When I survey the wondrous cross

On which the Prince of Glory died,"

but that is not the way Isaac Watts originally wrote it. What he wrote was,

"When I survey the wondrous cross

Where the young Prince of Glory dy'd."

Why that fine line should ever have been changed I cannot guess, for Jesus was the young Prince of Glory. He was not yet 50 years old.

Today I apply those words to

rel was even quicker. He reached the tree just ahead of Tommy Fox; and though Tommy leaped high up the trunk, he was too late. Mr. Gray Squirrel scrambled up the tree so fast that his big bushy tail just whisked across Tommy's face. And in another second he was safe in the treetop, chattering and scolding, and calling Tommy names.

Tommy Fox felt very foolish. He realized that if he had jumped up without first opening his eye he would not have given Mr. Gray Squirrel any warning; and then he would have caught the plump old fellow. But it was too late now. Another time he would know better. And he sneaked off, to try the same trick on one of Mr. Gray Squirrel's friends.

It was no use. Mr. Squirrel followed him, jumping from one tree top to another, and made a great noise, calling after him, and jeering at him, and telling all his friends about the mean trick Tommy had tried to play on him.

And to Tommy's great disgust, an old crow high up in a tall tree heard the story and haw-hawed loudly, he was so amused. He made such a racket that all the forest people heard him; and Tommy knew that there was no sense in trying to catch a squirrel around there that day. He went down into the meadow and began hunting crickets. And though he didn't have as good a lunch as he wanted, probably he ate all that was good for him.

you boys and girls with congratulation and respect. Many of us wish they were true of us. The legends of the race are full of stories of patient seekers for the fountain of eternal youth, and now you boys and girls have youth, and I ask you to think with me about the importance of that.

It means, of course, that you are still in the making. When a man is 50 years old, he is pretty well made; it is not easy to change him. A little child once said to her grandfather, "Granddad, were you in Noah's Ark?" The grandfather said "No, of course I wasn't in Noah's Ark." "Granddad," said the child, "Why weren't you drowned?" An old man like that is pretty well finished. Here are hundreds of you boys and girls still in the making, concerning whom one knows that you might become this, or that, depending on what you do now.

Over 300 years ago an ancestor of mine landed in Charlestown, Massachusetts, now part of greater Boston. Boston then was a little village a long way from being 50 years old. A few houses clustered around the waterfront, and struggling paths and cattle tracks reached back into the country. It would have been easy then to straighten those by-paths out, to survey regular streets and avenues for the growing town, but go to downtown Boston today, and you can see what really happened. Those twisting paths were trampled by many feet into hard roadways, and at last were set in asphalt, curbed with stone, and lined with towering buildings. It would be hard to change them now. That's what happens to human lives, so that anyone who watches life closely must feel the immense importance of being young.

Hannibal was nine years old when before the Altars of his gods he swore allegiance to his undying ambition to conquer Rome. Joan of Arc was 13 years old when her first vision came, calling her to save France. Mendelssohn was 12 years old when he went to work on his first published quartet. Michelangelo was only 13 when, rebelling against his family's determination to make him a businessman, he apprenticed himself to Ghirlandajo, the painter, and gave himself to the study of art. Ask a modern scientist what all our science goes back to, and he would say: To the inductive method of studying facts. Ask him, then, who first clearly saw what that inductive

See YOUNG Page 4

