



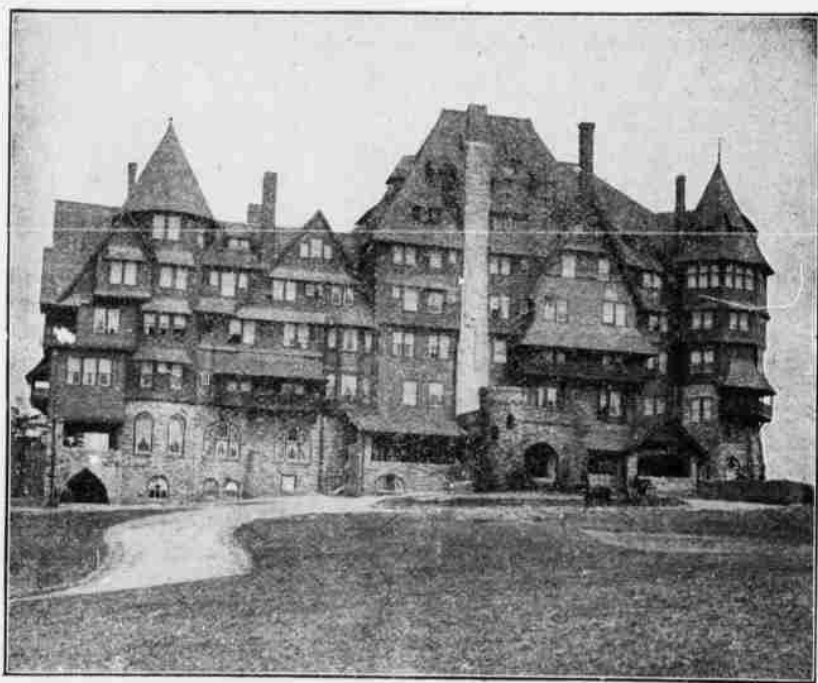
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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Legend With a Moral, Telling Why He Was Imprisoned.



HERE was, once upon a time, so the legend says, a little boy called Jack. His real name was John, but they called him Jack when he good and John when he was bad. I regret to state that they called him John about half the time and Jack the rest. Perhaps you have heard of boys like that.

Now Jack had a nice home and a father and a mother and yet he was not happy and obedient. If he was told not to do a thing he immediately wanted to do it, and since his parents were too fond him, he had his own way most of the time. He could not receive a box of candy without eating it all up at a meal; he broke all his toys, and he cut a hole in his sister's doll to see the sawdust run out—and this

fill his sister's as wide as it would stretch—than which there could be no more terrible disgrace. Fancy, just fancy having to go to school and being asked what you got in your stocking, and saying, "I got nothing, but Mary got a toy rabbit and six oranges and candy, and a balloon, and a doll, and a firecracker." Wouldn't you just want to sink down into the ground after having to tell that? Of course you would.

And Mary kept warning Jack that he had better mend his ways, but he just didn't seem to care. Only two days before Christmas he drove one of the best forks into the window of her doll's house. Well, after that, of course, it was hopeless.

"Santa Claus will punish you," said Mary, after they were in bed.

"I don't care," answered Jack, boldly. Nevertheless he was really a little bit afraid, and he resolved to keep awake and see what would happen. It seemed to him somehow that if he were awake



CUT OUT PUZZLE PICTURE—ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

is one of the worst crimes a boy can commit, except catching and teasing flies. And I am not sure that it is not almost as bad, because the flies will crawl up the window pane and make a buzzing noise, whereas a doll is always quiet and well-behaved, though you must not think she does not know what is going on. No indeed!

However, everything comes to him who waits, including Christmas, and now Christmas was really coming, and Jack's parents began to grow very uneasy. For you must know that boys who have not been more or less good—of course, it is impossible to be completely good unless you are a girl—do not get presents on Christmas night from old Santa Claus. Hitherto Jack had always received presents, but this last year he had behaved worse than ever before. He had cut a cruel gash in his sister's doll, so that it had to be sewed up in the doll hospital, and he had pulled the wings off a large blue fly, and he had sucked the paint off Noah's wife's nose, and he had pulled the tail off the toy dromedary and broken the leg of the elephant, and altogether he had acted in such a manner that it appeared probable that Santa Claus would leave his stocking altogether empty and

Santa Claus would not be able to do anything to him.

Did you ever try to keep awake on Christmas Eve and wait to see Santa Claus come down the chimney? If so, you will remember how impossible it is. By and by, try as hard as you may, your eyes begin to close, and when you open them again you find it is morning and Santa Claus has filled your stocking during the night.

Jack tried hard to keep awake, but he knew that he must have slept, because he awoke suddenly to hear a tiny voice lamenting bitterly.

"Oh dear," it cried, "Oh dear, what shall I do? My chest hurts me so where it was sewed up."

There was silence for a while, and then a still tinier voice was heard to exclaim:

"Whiz, whiz, buzz, buzz. Oh I can't fly any more and I shall have to crawl up and down the window pane for the rest of my life."

"My word!" exclaimed a harsh voice indignantly, "my word! Here all the rain has stopped and I have to go ashore on Mount Ararat without any paint on my nose."

"Umph, umph, umph!" groaned the dromedary, "what is the use of having