

SANTA and the SNOW MAN

BY LUCRECE HUDGINS

Chapter II THE SNOW MAN HAS TROUBLE!

In just about the time it takes for you to turn a page the falling star carrying Danny and the Snow Man landed on the earth with a solid thump.

What a scene! Danny and the Snow Man looked at their eyes—of course they had been squeezed tight all the way down and looked red around.

The two children were falling stars that alone were the four brownies—Hubert, Hugo, Hubert and Pudding—nearby—on a mountain of fat they were just to be cooked. The fat of Danny and the Snow Man was just a pool that but of course you know all the time that fat are only a pool.

"Come on," said Lance. "Follow me." They ran down from their fat and followed Lance into a hole. Suddenly there was a dull thud behind them.

"Why that sounded like another star," whispered Pudding. "Well, what if it was?" said Lance. "I'm not afraid. There was no one else but it's rather dark tonight."

"Oh, but it's very warm!" For Flournoy had rubbed down and even then was warm after they had entered the hole.

The little procession had hardly gotten started when the Snow Man cried for them to stop.

"What kind of land is this?" he asked, wiping the perspiration from his face. "There is no snow and here the trees have leaves—even wintering."

"They all looked where the Snow Man was pointing and it was easy to see in the first light of day that every tree was thick with summer leaves."

"Then Lance and Hugo and Hubert and Pudding stepped in dismay. "Merry?" they cried. "We forgot this is the far south where it's always warm and never a flake of snow."

"What shall we do?" asked Danny. "The Snow Man will melt."



FINALLY DANNY STEPPED INTO THE POOL.

And sure enough, the snow was turning to water and running down the Snow Man's face and chest and great big body. It was all so sad that the brownies began to cry and the Snow Man himself cried such big tears they cut long valleys down his cheeks.

But Danny said, "Don't let's stand here and cry! We must get some ice or something to keep him cool!"

Lance said, "There's no place to find ice here."

"What about wrapping him in leaves?" asked Hubert.

"They would simply wash away," moaned the Snow Man. And it's true he was dripping water everywhere.

"We could wrap him in cellophane," suggested Hugo.

"If we had cellophane—which we don't," snapped Lance.

Well, they stood there not knowing what to do when suddenly Pudding got his great idea. "Why, listen," he said, "I can make the Snow Man cool!"

"How?" cried Danny. "Yes, how?" rejoined the brownies.

"Easy," said Pudding. "I am a storyteller. I can tell such gruesome, grisley, nerve-tearing stories, they would chill a man sitting in a furnace and send shivers down the back of a red hot poker."

"It's true," cried the other brownies in relief. "Why once he told us such a frightening story we didn't dare leave the fire side for seven days!"

"Then tell me," begged the Snow Man. "Tell me a story like you've never told before."

"Here I go then," said Pudding and he commenced his story. Truly it was a story so filled with fright and suspense it would have raised the hair from your head to hear it. I won't tell it you here for what would you do with the shivers?"

But I'll tell you that it wasn't long before the Snow Man was hugging himself to keep warm. As for Danny and the brownies, they had to stuff their fingers in their ears so they wouldn't hear and have their blood turn to ice, too.

Snow wasn't that a funny sight; Danny and the three brownies marching along with fingers in their ears; the Snow Man coming along behind them clenching his teeth to keep them from chattering; and Pudding happily talking away and bumping up the rear.

Chapter 12 WHAT HAPPENS AT THE POOL.

The brownies with Danny and the Snow Man walked on and on through the forests of Platoma. "What, where do you suppose they finally stopped?" Right beside a daisy bed!

"Here we are," exclaimed Lance, the cross-eyed brownie, as he nodded towards the daisies.

growing in a miniature wilderness at their feet.

"But, where is the pool?" asked Danny.

"Only wait and see, my boy," said Hugo, the freckle-faced brownie. "This will be the most amazing part of your trip."

"More amazing than riding a falling star?" asked the Snow Man.

The brownies nodded and I think you'll agree they were right. For suddenly those four brownies got down on their hands and knees and began rolling up that field of daisies! Like a carpet, they rolled it back until, beneath it, appeared a stairway made of moss!

Then Pudding took a big breath—because it hadn't been easy work, you know—and said, "There you are; at the bottom of the stairs you'll find the Magic Wishing Pool."

Well, they crept down those soft warm steps and never looked behind to see Flournoy stealing along—so bold now he wasn't

more than two feet behind.

"Oh, my!" cried Danny when they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Never had he seen so lovely a sight as the little pool which lay before them, glowing in the reflection of some unknown light, splashing gently with some unknown current.

"Danny boy, I'm glad we've come," said the Snow Man solemnly. "Anything they say of this pool must be true for I couldn't imagine a more enchanted spot."

"But, who'll be first?" cried Hubert impatiently. "Come lets hurry. I can barely wait to curl my hair."

"Let's have the boy go first," said Lance. "That's the only thing to do."

But Danny, his heart pounding with excitement, shook his head. Now that he was finally really and truly going to be rid of his twisted leg he was overcome with

LAFF-A-DAY



"I can read you like a book, dear. I only wish I could shut you up as easily!"

the brownies smiled for they understood. Meantime, Flournoy wasted no time in admiring the view. He crept behind some rocks and slid over the twisting tangled tree roots and finally he found what he was after; the moss covered gate which held the precious water in the pool. "Well, now, fancy that," thought Flournoy with a grin. "I wonder what would happen if I pulled the gate!" Now while Flournoy studied the gate the little brownie, Lance, suddenly jumped into the pool. "I wish my crossed-eyes would come uncrossed!" he wished aloud. No sooner had he said the words than his eyes straightened and were as good as yours. "Little Pudding could hardly wait. He followed Lance into the pool and squealed, "Oh, I wish my teeth wouldn't be so dark and stained!" The next instant he grinned and every tooth shone as white as the Snow Man's. Then Hugo and Hubert washed away and Hubert carried in rightlets. Finally Danny stepped into the pool. The Snow Man's attention as the little child began his wish. "I wish, oh, I wish— But he never finished his wish, with an enormous splash of water raised the pool and melted the ground. "The gate—the gate has been pulled!" cried the brownies to Flournoy. "What wicked business is this!" roared the Snow Man and the brownies began talking once. But Danny standing in the pool had looked down at his legs and said nothing at all. "Tuesday One More Chapter. Want Ads bring good results."

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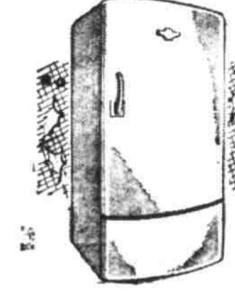
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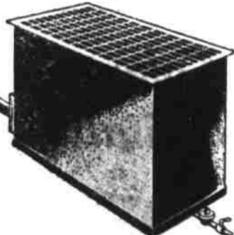
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