

CHRISTMAS STORY.

514

The Christmas mails have started leaving ~~London~~ --- in lovely Christmas weather. Already the great-hearted British public has begun to send gifts to friends and relatives abroad --- a shaving brush to Freddie in Borneo and a box of cigars to Uncle Henry in Havana. ~~Christmas is coming~~ --- as there's going to be no increase in income tax you can spend lavishly; of course, there might be an increase, but if there is you might as well go broke now as later.

And of course in London there's the pavement store. In Holborn there is always an exciting display of toys on the kerb. I'll give you tuppence --- what do you say about that?

Paris is much more posh --- the big stores have their displays in the windows and as usual they go in for moving figures in a grand way. Everything made to work --- with an orchestra guaranteed to make Aunt Fifi's head ache. You know it's a peculiar thing about these faces --- they do remind you of relations. Now America --- Thanksgiving is the real Turkey festival in the States, but there's enough left over for Christmas. And Christmas is not far off --- can you wonder they look worried? But they say --- let's eat and drink even if we can't be merry --- and the dog says --- "Boys, the drinks are on me. ~~Thank you for the drinks with me.~~ ~~Can I have a drink?~~ Alas, poor Rudolf. He ate too much and got a nightmare.