



# A Page for Little People

Conducted by  
ANNE



My very own dear Little People,—

Did you get my URGENT TELEGRAM last week, I do hope you did for the most wonderful thing happened, and the only way I could let you know anything had happened, was to WIRE you. Listen while I explain.

The other day, while I was busy about my work, the dearest wee bird ever, came chirp-chirp-chirping round me, and it whispered a wonderful secret. What do you think has happened in Christmas Land, I'm sure you'd never guess in a hundred years? —FATHER CHRISTMAS is in trouble! He is very short of Fairies to help him with his Stocking Parcels because so many of his Fairies have grown up this year. And he asked the birds if they could tell him how ever he was going to manage. Away flew this dear little messenger to find out if "Anne's" Little People would like the day in Christmas-Land, for a change. There was no time to send word asking how many would like to come, so I just said YES for all of us, and we must be quite ready at Peep of Day on Christmas Eve Morning. Get into your warm wollies and pull your snug hats right down round your ears, because Father Christmas is sending his biggest Reindeer Sleigh, with six big Deer harnessed into it, for us. You can't think how very fast, those Deer will travel, as I asked if we might take time to call round at the Lighthouses to pick up our Little People there, also over at Chatham and in Australia, and the wee bird said "Sure." Some of you may read this just a few hours before it will be time to get ready, but mind you are *all* ready at your gates, listening for the Jingle Bells as the Reindeer come hurrying along.

Anne.

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT PEEP OF DAY.

Dear Little People, are you ready, and did you lie listening all night for the Jingle Bells? And did you hear the Birds waking up, calling to each other with their beautiful voices? Isn't this a wonderful Sleigh, all made of white and silver fluff which looks like real snow but isn't half as cold? And have you ever seen real Christmas Reindeer before, with their pretty brown bodies and eyes, and their outspread horns? Jump in then, and let's get away before the dear Grown-Ups miss us, I know they're wondering how they're going to get through all their important business to-day and get our meals ready as well. When we're safely out of sight, our little Bird is going to tell them where we've gone for the day and won't they be surprised? Isn't this Christmas Sleigh just the thing for Little People—it stretches and makes room for everyone, but never looks any bigger or takes up any more room? See how many are tucked into it already, think of all the towns and villages, houses and streets we've been to and have picked up Little People there. We've done all the far away Little People and all the near ones, and now we're on our way through the Clouds to Father Christmas and Christmas Land. Did you feel a little bump then? I think that was a puncture in one of the tyres, will some of the big boys hop out and see if they can patch the hole with a bit of cloud! That's right, now we're off again,

can you see those big White and Silver Gates right at the end of this road? Those are the Gates of Christmas Land we'll be there in a couple of minutes now. Here we are, the Deer are slowing down, fancy them bringing us safely like this without a Driver. Be very very careful now, sit quiet and keep close to each other, there's a nasty little bit of road just before we go through the gates, and I don't want to have any of you bumped off when we have come so far safely. This bit here is called "The Fall of the Inquisitive," and only those who are special friends of Father Christmas can get over it safely. Others always make the great mistake of looking all round them to see what they can see, instead of sitting quietly and cuddling up tight together, and **THEY ARE ALWAYS BUMPED OUT TO LET THEM GET A BETTER VIEW!** Careful now (Bump! Bump! Bump!) MY! But that was a bad bit (Bump! Bump!) this is the last bump (Bump!) Are we all here, we haven't lost anyone have we? That's all right then, away we go up to the door of Father Christmas's Happy Home. Mind you are all as good as little Angels—never mind how bad you can be sometimes on earth—or you'll find yourselves wrapped up into a parcel and put into someone's stocking! That would be a nice finish wouldn't it, especially if you were given to some of those dreadful Little People who sit down and smash up their toys the first day they have them? Anyhow, don't for any sake let such a thing happen to us, or I shall feel inclined to curl up and die of shame, right away from home and friends! We'll get into line now, the very Littlest Little People right in front, then the next size, then the next and so on, right up to the biggest. The door is wide open, let us go in nicely and follow this sign which says, "THIS WAY TO THE PACKING ROOM." Will the Little Person in front please knock, just loudly enough for Father Christmas to hear.

(The Littlest Person knocks, Rat-Tat-Tat—and steps are heard coming to the door. The door is opened, and dear old Father Christmas himself, says):

"Hullo! Hullo! Welcome every one of you, how pleased I am that my clever little bird thought of you dear Little People. He was most anxious for you to come, because he said he had been wanting to give ever so many of you a TREAT for a long time. It appears, "Anne's" Little People are always kind to Grown-Ups, Beasts, and Birds! You should just have seen the joy of those Reindeer when I asked them to bring you up here to-day. They were in such a hurry, they went off without any breakfast! So, it's no wonder Father Christmas is pleased to see you, when his dear friends love you so much! Come along then quickly, and while you get your hats and coats off I'll get some Sunbeam Squash for you to drink and a big slice each of Christmas-Land loaf. I hope you'll all like it—the loaf I mean—it's the only thing we ever eat up here. Just hang your coats on those Star Stalks over there and—(Brrrr, Brrrr, Brrrr.)

"Please will someone answer that telephone, or it'll wake the Man in the Moon

who is trying to have forty winks so as to be fresh and bright for to-night."

One of the Little People answers the telephone and says Father Christmas is wanted. The message is VERY PRIVATE, and Father Christmas hurries over to a big GOLDEN BOOK and writes something down on the page. Then he goes away to get something for the Little People to eat and drink. Soon he is back again bringing the most wonderful looking ORANGE you ever saw—it's a bit like an Orange and a bit like the Sun—and the very Biggest BROWN LOAF that the Christmas-Land Baker could make. He goes over to a little cupboard and brings out of it, dear little Glasses that look like Silver Bells, and Plates that must surely have been made out of Blue Sky. Also a Bread Saw which is so sharp that it could cut Dreams, and he says—

"Please sit down Little People, at least will the Littlest Little Ones sit, and will the Bigger and Biggest Little People wait on the others. While you're having your Twinkle Lunch, I'll just have a last look to see if there are plenty of Toys and Other Things for everyone, and also plenty of paper and string. Don't hurry too much, you'll find that the Christmas Land food is no trouble to eat, and it swallows itself! Come right through into the next Room when you're ready, and I'll give you exactly FIVE MINUTES to be ready!"

The Little People disappeared the Sunbeam Squash and Christmas-Land Loaf, and indeed it took them only about four minutes and a half. So, they thought they would like to wash the glasses and plates, and the big bread saw, and put them away in the cupboard. But would you believe it Dears, those Silver Bell glasses and Made-of-Sky plates, took to their heels, washed and dried themselves—just as the Little People do—and put themselves into the cupboard. Then they blew kisses to the Little People, and called out gleefully to the Bread Saw which had been picking up the few crumbs which no one can help, to come and finish the story he had been telling them about the Can't-Cut-Butter Knife, he met one Christmas when Father Christmas bought it to try and cut Holly Berries! Of course, it took quite half a minute for the Little People to Believe Their Eyes, and then they went in to the Next Room. What a wonderful Room it was. I could never, never, tell you one half the things they saw there. And I think the very best way for you to imagine what it might have been like, is to shut your eyes tight, think hard, think of everybody you love, and think of everything you would like Father Christmas to bring them. Think too of the things that make them happy for Christmas Day. Think of the Little People who have no dear Grown-Ups and of the dear Grown-Ups who have no Little People, and try to think what would make them very happy on Christmas Day. And when you've thought of all of these, just open your eyes, think you're in Christmas Land, and you'll see EVERYTHING anyone has ever thought of since the World began!

Well, that's what the Little People saw, and Father Christmas who was watching

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