

Merry Christmas  
Willard  
Frankene Ray  
and  
family



©  
McLOUGHLIN BRO'S, Inc.  
Springfield . Massachusetts  
Made in U. S. A.

# KRISS KRINGLE.



# KRISS KRINGLE.



THESE busy and happy little Brownies love the rain, ice and snow, and when the north wind begins to blow, they frolic over the mountains to help Kriss Kringle. They are so eager and love the work so well that they have come too early, and find old Kriss Kringle, with his pipe in his hand, sound asleep in his chair. So with a merry little laugh they run off to play. Let us look for a moment at this dear old man, that all the children love so much. See his jovial face, his cheeks as rosy as an apple, and his hair and beard as white as the driven snow. And now that he opens his sparkling eyes, I think you will agree with me, he is the funniest little man you ever saw.



# KRISS KRINGLE AND HIS BROWNIES.

At the sound of his whistle the little Brownies all appear. "I am sorry to keep my Brownies waiting," he said, "but I worked all night and fell asleep in my chair. The boys and girls have been good and kind this year, and with the sick and poor I have been busier than ever before. Put your sunshine faces on, and Mr. Wind and Snow and Ice will take you where you must go."

For weeks together these merry little fellows live with Kriss Kringle, in his ice palace, over the mountains of snow, in Kriss Kringleland. They work, and sing and play, and are busy and happy the livelong day.

Let us take a peep into Kriss Kringle's palace which glitters with icicles and is covered with snow. Large pine logs burn on the



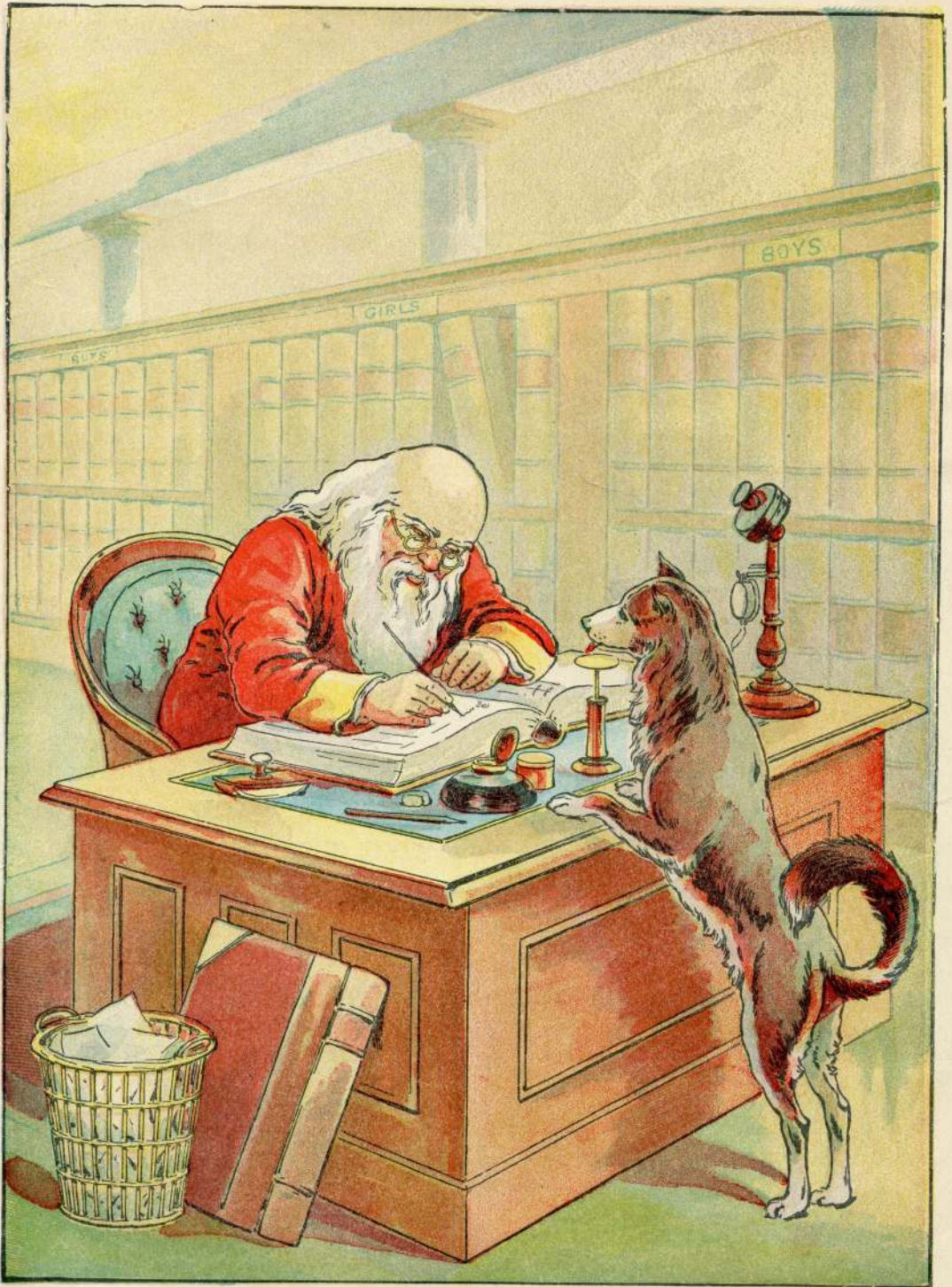
hearth, his furniture is soft and easy, and his bed is of down. In his library are long rows of books that contain the records of good girls and boys.

All his land is covered with Christmas trees, and mistletoe, holly and frost flowers grow round the door.

The shop where all the toys are made, is at the side of the house. The big blazing forge stands in the room where all the iron

KRISS KRINGLE SENDING OFF THE BROWNIES.





WRITING THE NAMES OF THE GOOD CHILDREN.





KRISS KRINGLE PAINTING THE TOYS.



## KRISS KRINGLE AND HIS BROWNIES.

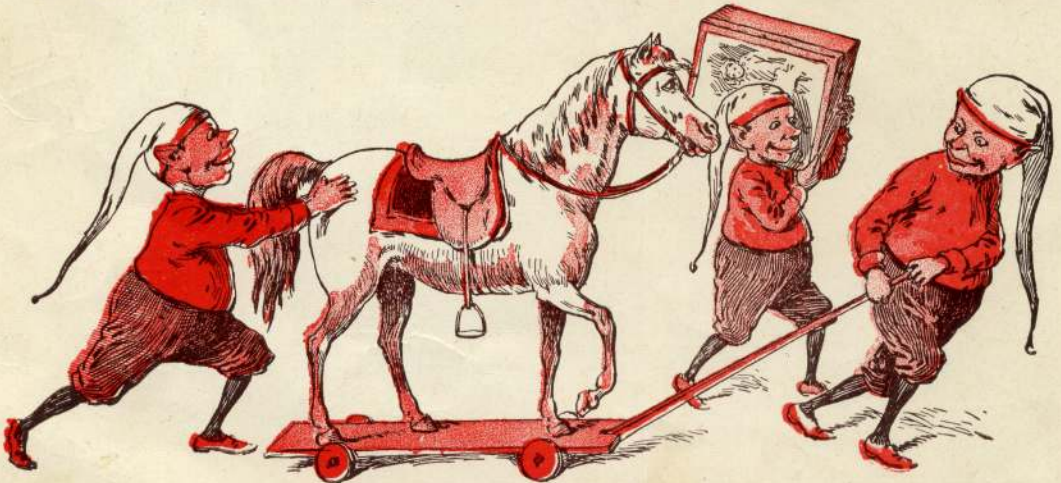
toys are made—such as steam engines, rail-road cars, swords and guns—in another room are all kinds of wooden toys, horses, carts and wagons, doll's furniture, sleds, drums and boats, and all the toys that "Kriss Kringle" knows will please little boys.

Then comes the doll's room, in this are dolls that walk and talk, dolls dressed and undressed, mother dolls and baby dolls, dolls asleep and dolls awake, and as many kinds as there are little girls to suit.

Five rollicking little Brownies, with paint brushes and pots in their hands, are carrying paint to a large room in the big work-shop, that is used for painting the toys. Here Kriss Kringle spends many happy hours painting the sleds in browns, yellows and reds; and the houses, trunks and boats, and Noah's Arks in bright colors, that the good children all over the land like best.

As the toys are finished, the gay little Brownies carry them to the wonderful storehouse that is crowded with all sorts of interesting things.

Dear Kriss Kringle, with telescope in hand and his



TOYS BEING TAKEN TO STORE HOUSE.



## KRISS KRINGLE AND HIS BROWNIES.



BROWNIES TAKE THE TOYS TO STOREROOM.

faithful dog by his side, is at the window spying out the good children. This wonderful man knows just what sort of child every one is, no one can deceive him, for he is on watch from morning till night.

It is a busy and happy day in the Kriss Kringle family. Even the dog can hardly wait.—The lists are all made out, the letters all written, the bags all filled, and the Brownies are putting the finishing touch to the silver bells.

When the twilight gathered and a hush was over all, old Kriss, bundled in furs from head to foot, jumped into his great white and gold sled, that was drawn by six prancing reindeer. The happy little Brownies gathered round, ringing bells and blowing horns while Kriss Kringle dashed off with his lively team.

It is said that thousands of years ago, children were





THE WONDERFUL STORE ROOM.





SPYING WHAT THE CHILDREN ARE DOING.



## KRISS KRINGLE AND HIS BROWNIES.

not always good; then Kriss Kringle did such queer things for them. The boys who chased the cats and stoned the birds, and were unkind to dumb animals, and the children who disobeyed the rules, and would not learn their lessons, and were selfish and bad, found rods and empty bags, and stockings filled with bran.

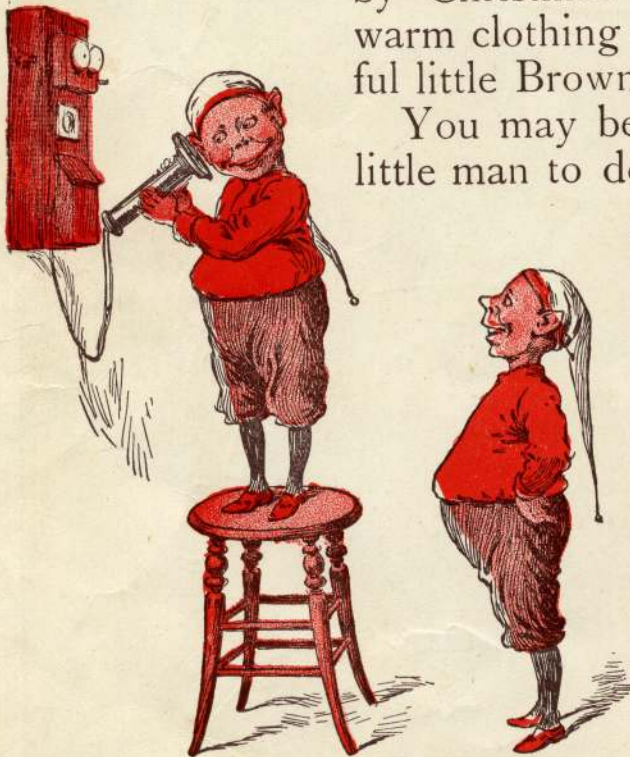
But, in those days as now, to the children who were good, and kind, and true, Old Kriss left rattles and tops, and presents for all from a purse to a ball.

The frozen snow crackled under the reindeer's feet as on they sped to reach in time the crowded towns, alleys, and lonely homes of the poor, who were to be made glad by Christmas dinners, packages of warm clothing and toys that the faithful little Brownies placed on top.

You may be sure it took a nimble little man to do all that Kriss Kringle did. But his affairs always go right, and every home was visited that night.

Down the chimneys he crept, and with the light of his tiny lamp every room was found and every stocking was filled. Just as the last bag was emptied the sun arose.

The Brownies busied



BROWNIE RECEIVING TELEPHONES.



## KRISS KRINGLE AND HIS BROWNIES

---



BROWNIES WITH TELESCOPE.

themselves to put things in order while Kriss was gone for they knew he would be ready for a long sleep when he returned. Some polished and sharpened the tools and put them in their places. Two carried the important telescope to its stand, and others were kept busy answering the telephone, for messages of thanks came pouring in from far and wide.

The Brownies had their trunks packed, and when they heard the bells they ran to help the weary old man out. After the reindeer were taken good care of, the Brownies bade good-bye to Kriss Kringle and his happy mountain. They told him they had been happy because they had made some one else happy.

As they scampered off to their cozy little nooks in the woods, they shouted "so good-bye dear old Kriss, we will visit Kriss Kringleland again next year."



