

A GLIMPSE OF CHRISTMAS PAST



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A Glimpse of Christmas Past
11/10



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Welcome to Old Cowtown Museum. We are glad you are coming and look forward to working with you to meet your educational goals. If you have any ideas, requests, or comments don't hesitate to call 316-350-3322.

BEFORE YOUR FIELD TRIP

REVIEW THE PURPOSE FOR YOUR TRIP—Old Cowtown Museum sets out goals and themes for its tours and programs; help your student's gain the most from their experience by sharing with them the goals you have for this field trip.

CHAPERONES—Chaperones can enrich the educational value of the trip and help to keep your students safe and focused on the educational activities. Please bring **at least one chaperone for every 10 students**. A handout for chaperones has been included with this packet; distribute it to all chaperones prior to your arrival at Cowtown.

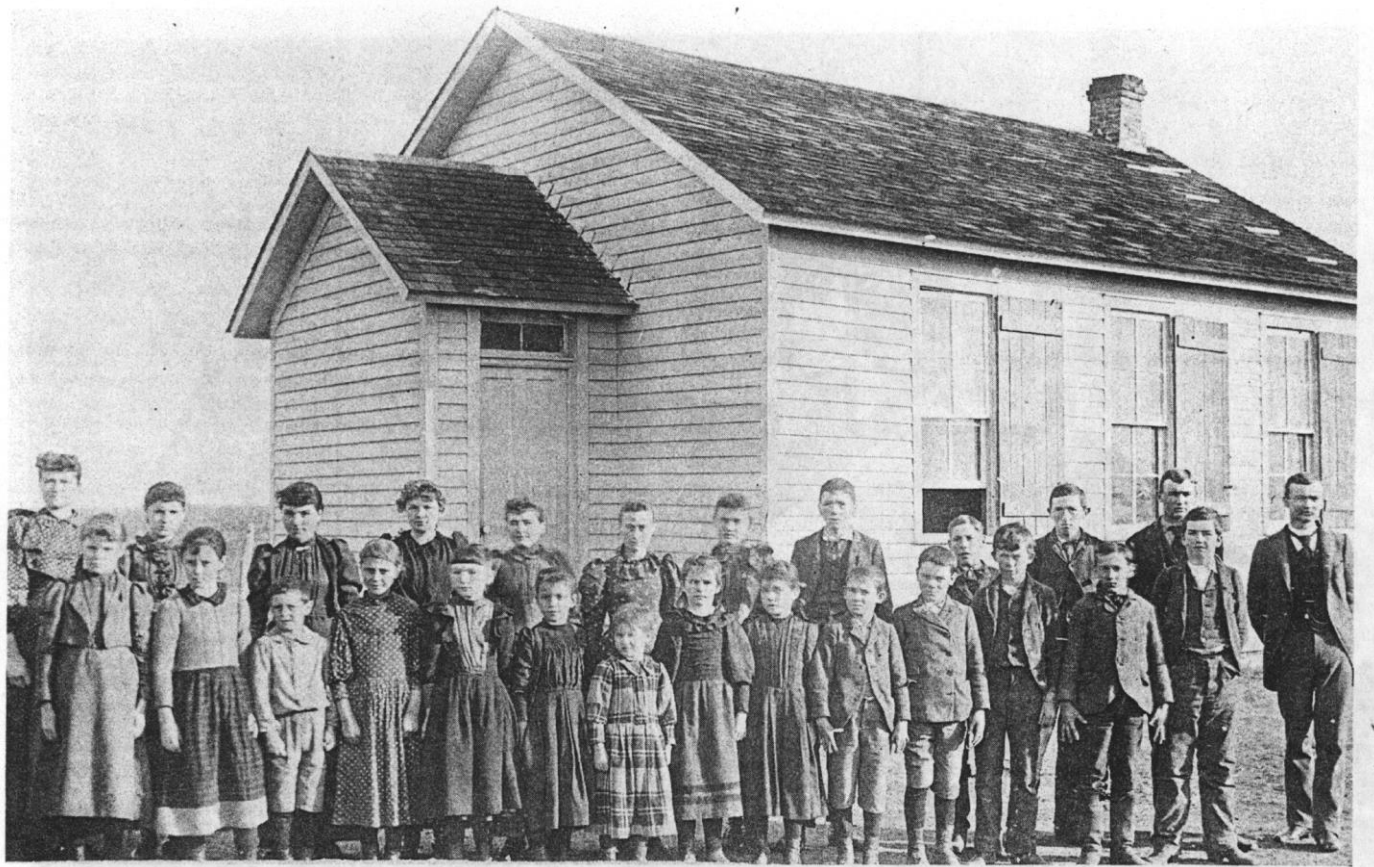
LUNCH PLANS—Old Cowtown Museum provides picnic tables for those who wish to bring their lunches. Tables are available on a "first-come, first-served basis. Remind your student **not** to take snacks from the picnic area into the rest of the Museum.

NAME TAGS—We require name tags that list the name of the school and first name of each child and chaperone in your tour group (as well as last name if possible). This helps our interpreters address student questions and is helpful when dealing with unforeseen injury or security issues.

SPENDING MONEY—The Old Cowtown Museum gift shop, S. G. Bastian and Sons Mercantile, will be open during your visit. The shop offers products that are educational, fun, and sentimental in a wide range of prices (from approximately \$1.00 to \$15).

(Please note that S. G. Bastian and Sons sells toy "weapons" to the general public; however, we respect the zero tolerance weapons policy enforced at school. To assist your students in complying with that policy, Old Cowtown Museum will not intentionally sell any toy "weapons" to school children on school-approved field trips.)

Some teachers do not allow students to bring money because they are afraid that students will lose it, have it stolen, or that some will bring more than others. Other teachers encourage students to purchase mementos of their field trip. Whether you permit or discourage your students to bring money, we encourage you to **state and enforce your preference before** the trip to eliminate confusion and conflict.



Miss School 1875

CLOTHING

To enhance the sense of going back in time, we encourage students to dress as they did in the 1870s. Dress was simple.

For girls, calico and cotton dresses were usually full, with long sleeves, and frequently aprons were worn over their dresses. Their hair was often worn in long braids, sometimes with ribbons. Bonnets or straw hats were worn in summer and stocking caps in the winter.

For boys knickers (short trousers that fit tightly just above or just below the knee) were favored; however, sometimes long trousers were worn. Suspenders were worn to keep their pants up. Boys' shirts had long full sleeves and often round collars. Boys wore hats or caps of straw or felt in the summer and, just like girls, stocking caps in winter.

PRE-VISIT CHECKLIST

- ___ Schedule your tour as far in advance as possible.
- ___ Share with the students your tour objectives and expectations.
- ___ Select at least one pre-visit activity that is suited to your students.
- ___ Brainstorm with your students questions they wish to have answered on the tour.
- ___ Determine (tentatively) at least one post-visit activity.
- ___ Confirm your transportation arrangements.
- ___ Make lunch arrangements if necessary.
 - Do you need boxes or coolers to transport lunches to the Museum?
- ___ Collect fees and have a single check prepared payable to **Old Cowntown Museum**.
- ___ Review behavior expectations with students.
- ___ Encourage students to wear 1870s clothing.
- ___ Create and distribute name tags.
- ___ Collect signed permission slips if necessary.
- ___ Chaperones.
 - ___ Be sure you have a *minimum* of **1 chaperone for every 10 students**.
 - ___ Inform chaperones about the tour and their expected participation.
 - ___ Provide a map and educational background material.
 - ___ Provide with strategies for dealing with unacceptable behavior.
 - ___ Provide a copy of “Your Role as a Chaperone” and “We Need Your Help.”
 - ___ Inform chaperones of time schedule (departure and arrival back at school)

FOR THE CHAPERONE

We at Old Cowtown Museum are grateful that you will be coming to the Museum with your child/group. This is a wonderful opportunity for children to see and experience many things they do not normally encounter.

Your participation is very important; you have an opportunity to assist in the education of the children you are with by helping them focus on the educational activities. You can also enrich their visit by sharing your knowledge and by the quality of your interactions with them. Stay with the children at all times and help to direct their attention as you walk through the Museum.

General Guidelines

- 1) Be familiar with what the teacher expects to be accomplished during the tour.**
- 2) Stay with your students at all times.**
- 3) You are entrusted with the safety and care of the children you are with; watch and make sure they are acting in a safe manner at all times.**
- 4) Remind students to ask before touching; some items are artifacts and should not be touched.**
- 5) When encountering animals, please do not allow children to chase or pick them up.**
- 6) Model the behaviors you expect the students to follow.**

We want your visit to Old Cowtown Museum to be a safe and enjoyable experience for all our visitors. For the benefit of all our guests please encourage your students to follow all our guidelines.

**Thank you again
for accompanying this group to
Old Cowtown Museum!**

ATTENTION TOUR LEADER:

*Please read the following information to your students **prior to arriving** at the Museum even if they have participated in programs at the Museum before. **Thank you!***

We are glad you will be coming to visit the Old Cowtown Museum!

STUDENTS WE NEED YOUR HELP

In order that your visit will be a safe one and to make sure that Old Cowtown will last a long time for others to see and enjoy, please follow these rules.

- 1) Know your teacher's expectations for this field trip.
- 2) There may be many other classes here at the same time you are here. Please **stay with your teacher/chaperone at all times and wear your nametag.**
- 3) The boardwalks are uneven, rough, and may be slick especially when it is raining or snowing. **Please walk carefully on the boardwalks so you do not slip or trip and fall.**
- 4) Please drink water **only** at the water fountains by the restrooms. **The water you pump from the hand pumps is not clean enough to drink!**
- 5) Remember to **ask before touching**; some items are artifacts and should not be touched.
- 6) **When encountering animals, please do not pick them up or chase them.** Pet the cats and watch the chickens (they have claws and sharp beaks).

Thank you for helping to make your visit a safe one!

DAY OF THE FIELD TRIP

CHECK IN—Please arrive at the new Visitors Center, 1865 West Museum Blvd. (Sim Park Drive) on the east side of the Museum grounds. Please bring **one check** payable to **Old Cowtown Museum**. (Those with memberships will need to present their membership card before entering.) After rejoining your group, our staff will permit you onto the grounds.

If your transportation was via bus, we ask that the bus be moved from the Visitors Center to the former entrance at 1871 Sim Park Drive. The bus driver may then enter the grounds from that location.

DEPARTURE—The museum is a closed loop so you will depart the same direction way you entered. **We strongly encourage you to leave your tour evaluations at the entrance complex** when you are leaving. Should you choose to submit it by mail, send it to Old Cowtown Museum, Education Department, 1871 Sim Park Drive, Wichita, KS 67203.

MAP—A map is provided on the back of this guide. When you arrive you and your chaperones will be provided with complete maps of Old Cowtown Museum.

RESTROOMS—There are three restrooms available to the groups—one in the Visitors Center; two on the Museum grounds on the east in a red building near the School House

and on the west behind the Meat Market. Drinking fountains are also available at these locations.

EMERGENCIES—In case of emergency a telephone is available in the Visitors Center. Should anyone need to contact you or your group, they may call the Visitors Center (**350-3323**) and a staff member will locate you. Identification is easiest if your students are wearing name tags.

FIRST AID—For minor injuries we have a first aid kit in the Visitors Center. For more serious incidents we will call 911.

SECURITY—Should an emergency occur that would require Security assistance, such as a lost child, contact any employee on the grounds who will place you in contact with Old Cowtown Museum Security personnel.

SEVERE WEATHER—The personnel in the Visitors Center monitor weather conditions. In case of severe weather, our interpretive staff will alert you and guide you to shelter.

LOST AND FOUND—Items found at the Museum can be turned in at the Visitors Center. Check for lost items at the same location.

MUSEUM MISSION AND PURPOSE

Old Cowtown is an open-air, living history museum that interprets the history of Wichita, Sedgwick County, and life on the southern plains, circa 1865-1880. The Museum accomplishes this through the preservation of artifacts, by exposure to interactive historic experiences, and other activities for the education and entertainment of our visitors.

TOUR OVERVIEW

After checking in at the ticket counter, your class will be greeted by a Museum staff member who will assist you in dividing your class into two groups. One group will go to the One-Room School House to make a simple Christmas decoration followed by a visit to the General Store for some *pretend* Christmas shopping. The remaining group will go to the Story-and-a-Half House to hear a reading of “A Visit From Saint Nicholas”, sip cider, and learn about domestic Christmas activities.

After each group has finished its activities, they will switch places. Finally, both groups will meet at the church for a Christmas program that includes a living nativity. (Please **be prepared to select five students from each group to participate in it.**) We will also sing the first verse of several Christmas songs (“Away in the Manger”, “Silent Night”, “Joy to the World”) that you can rehearse ahead of time. The singing of “We Wish You a Merry Christmas” will conclude your “Glimpse of Christmas Past”.

Please remember as you prepare for this program that it is a representation of the Christian celebration of Christmas in the 1870s and not a secular winter observance.

TOUR OBJECTIVES

This program should help your students meet the following curriculum standards set forth by the Kansas State Board of Education.

SOCIAL STUDIES STANDARDS

Economics Standard: The student uses a working knowledge and understanding of major concepts, issues, and systems, applying decision-making skills as a consumer, producer, saver, investor, and citizen of Kansas and the United States living in an interdependent world.

Benchmark 1: The student understands how limited resources require choices.

Indicators:

- K** (1) The student understands that a person cannot have everything he/she wants, so a choice has to be made.
- 1st** (1) The student understands individuals and families cannot have everything they want, so they have to make choices.
- 2nd** (1) The student knows the difference between goods and services, and provides examples how each satisfies people’s wants and needs.

- (3) The student identifies the opportunity cost of a choice
- 3rd (1) The student knows that there are not enough available resources to satisfy all wants for goods and services.
- 4th (1) The student knows that every spending and saving decision has an opportunity cost.
(2) The student identifies examples of how natural, capital, and human resources are used in production of goods and services.
- 5th (1) The student explains how scarcity of resources requires individuals, communities, states, and nations to make choices about goods and services.

Benchmark 2: The student understands how the market economy works in the United States.

Indicators:

- K (1) The student understands the use of money to purchase goods and services.
- 1st (1) The student understands the concept of exchange and the use of money to purchase goods and services.
- 2nd (1) The student understands the concept of exchange and the use of money to purchase goods and services.
- 3rd (1) The student identifies and gives examples of markets that occur when buyers and sellers exchange goods and services in the community.

Benchmark 5: The student makes effective decisions as a consumer, producer, saver, investor, and citizen.

Indicators:

- K (1) The student gives examples of types of jobs that he/she does within the family.
- 1st (1) The student understands that people have jobs to earn a wage.
- 2nd (2) The student knows that a decision-making process can help people make spending and saving decisions.
- 3rd (1) The student analyzes how needs and wants are met through spending and saving decisions.
(3) The student gives an example of income and how the money was spent or saved.
- 4th (1) The student discusses ways workers can improve their ability to earn income by gaining new knowledge, skills, and experience.
(2) The student analyzes the costs and benefits of making a choice.
- 5th (1) The student explains how scarcity of resources requires individuals, communities, states, and nations to make choices about goods and services.

History Standard: The student uses a working knowledge and understanding of significant individuals, groups, ideas, events, areas, and developments in the history of Kansas, the United States, and the world, utilizing essential analytical and research skills.

Benchmark 2: The student understands the importance of experiences of groups of people who have contributed to the richness of our heritage.

Indicators:

- 2nd** (1) The student compares and contrasts daily life of an historic Plains Indian family, a pioneer family, and a modern family in Kansas.

Benchmark 3: The student understands the significance of events, holidays, documents, and symbols that are important to Kansas, the United States, and World History.

Indicators:

- K** (1) The student identifies family customs and traditions and explains their importance.
- 1st** (3) The student identifies some important United States national holidays.
- 3rd** (1) The student explains customs related to holidays and ceremonies celebrated by specific cultural groups in Kansas.

Benchmark 4: The student engages in historical thinking skills.

Indicators:

- K** (4) The student asks questions, shares information, and discusses ideas about the past.
- 1st** (3) The student asks questions, shares information and discusses ideas about the past using resources such as maps, photographs, books, and people.
- 2nd** (2) The student locates information using both primary and secondary sources.
(4) The student compares and contrasts to draw conclusions.
(5) The student uses research skills (e.g., . . . , formulates broad and specific questions).
- 3rd** (4) The student observes and draws conclusions in his/her own words.
(5) The student identifies and compares information from primary and secondary sources.
(6) The student uses research skills (e.g., . . . organizes and shares information in his/her own words, . . . , discusses ideas, formulates broad and specific questions at both the knowledge and comprehension level . . .).
- 4th** (4) The student identifies and compares information from primary and secondary sources.
(5) The student uses research skills to interpret an historical person or event in history and notes the source(s) of information (e.g., discusses ideas; formulates broad and specific questions; . . . shares relevant information in both oral and written form).
- 5th** (5) The student observes and draws conclusions.
(6) The student uses research skills to interpret an historical person or event in history and notes the source(s) of information (e.g., discusses ideas; formulates broad and specific questions; . . . shares relevant information in both oral and written form).

PRE-/POST-VISIT ACTIVITIES

HISTORY (For the teacher)

Read “A Brief History of Christmas” and “1870s Christmas in Wichita” and share what you learn with your students.

POEMS AND STORIES

The attached poems and stories are ones that children and families would have shared in the 1870s. In the days before and/or after your visit to Cowtown you might read them to your students or duplicate them and have the students read them aloud or silently. Students may find words with which they are unfamiliar or that are used in ways different than today. Develop a vocabulary lesson around those words and discuss the differences.

“Two Days Before Christmas” will give students insight into the cost and kinds of goods that could/would be purchased as gifts. Compare those gifts with what students might buy for Christmas gifts today. This story is an excellent preparation for your student’s activity at the Old Cowtown General Store.

CHANGES IN MATERIAL CULTURE

The following activity may be used to prepare students for their shopping activity at the museum. Using the enclosed pictures of clothing, toys, and household goods help the students brainstorm what they might buy for their family members. Discuss the articles with your students to determine what has changed and what remains the same. Also discuss the different Christmas trees and where and how families of the 1870s would have obtained them.

TOYS REFLECT CHANGING BELIEFS ABOUT GENDER

Using the picture of children’s toys, have your student identify as many as they can.

Can they think of a modern toy that is exactly the same?

Are there some toys that are not the same, but represent the same functions? (e.g., *toy wood stove vs. modern toy stove using electric burners*)

Can the students identify why the toys changed over time? (*Toys reflect the world in which people live and their fantasies about the future.*)

Can they discover why some have remained the same? (*largely because in the recent past toys and those who play with them still retain their image of gender appropriateness*)

CHANGES IN THE SOCIETAL FUNCTION OF TOYS

Toys in the 1870s were more realistic and functional than today. The toys children played with were meant to help boys and girls practice their future roles as adults rather than used for fantasy, creativity, or fun. Have your students identify which toys are for boys, which are for girls, and which are for both.

Today, are there some toys that are for boys or girls only? What toys do both play with? What characteristics determine what is a boys’ toy and what is a girls’ toy? Have any changes in attitude occurred between the 1870s and today about who plays with which toys?

Are there toys from the 1870s that the students would like to play with but would not have played with in the 1870s because of their gender? How would they feel if they could only play with a certain type of toy?

TOYS REFLECT CHANGES IN TECHNOLOGY

Have students determine the methods used to power the toys of the 1870s (if any power is involved at all)? Do any use batteries? If not, what makes them work? (*springs, wind-up, . . .*)

Many toys today are powered by electricity or batteries. Have the students think of how many of their toys today could be used without electric power? (*no CD player, no Nintendo, no computer games . . .*)

Guide them to image and explore how toys will be powered in the future and draw pictures of what those toys might look like.

TRANSPORTATION AND THE AVAILABILITY OF GOODS

Although people on the southern plains wanted things that those in the east had, distance and expensive transportation did not always make it possible. Your students might create a list of items they would like to buy, take that list to the Museum, and see if the items on their list can be found at the General Store. If unavailable, they could have been ordered from a larger city. Discuss with the students priorities, alternatives, and how they would feel if they had to wait weeks or months to receive an item from the east.

FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

In *On the Banks of Plum Creek* Ma convinces the girls not to ask for presents but to ask for horses for Pa, Christmas horses. Read the passage that describes this event. Explore with your students the idea of deferring their wishes for someone else's needs or desires. Discuss how difficult it was for Laura to agree to the request. Have them write about a similar occasion or about something their parents or others need that they might sacrifice their own wants in order to help.

FOR CELEBRATIONS ONLY

In *Little House on the Prairie* it was a special treat for the girls to receive cakes made of white sugar, and in all the stories the receiving of candy is an unexpected, wonderful experience. In *By the Shores of Silver Lake* the whole family is treated with popcorn.

Explore with your students why these things were so special. (*Processed sugar was extremely expensive, and popcorn was not a survival food on the frontier.*)

Ask students to share with their class what special foods are made for their family at holiday times and what makes them so special.

Discuss how things change over time. Today popcorn, white sugar, and candy are common place items that if given as a gift would make little, if any, impression.

MOLASSES SNOW CANDY

In *Little House in the Big Woods* the girls were permitted to make molasses snow candy as a holiday treat. If snow is available (or using shaved ice) permit your class to make and sample the candy. You may also wish to experiment with other kinds of syrup such as maple, thinned honey, thinned jellies, etc. (Further accent the mood by having tapes of fiddle music in the background such as Pa would have played.) Explore the reasons behind making their own candy. Was it not available? Was money for candy available?

SIGNS OF INCREASING WEALTH

In *Little House in the Big Woods* Laura receives a rag doll that is the envy of the rest of the girls; in *Little House on the Prairie* Grace receives a china doll. Read the descriptions of the dolls to the class. Based on the descriptions have the students make their own drawings of the dolls. Then have the students compare the two dolls and speculate why they received different kinds of dolls even though each girl was about the same age when the dolls were received.

SANTA ALWAYS COMES

In *Little House on the Prairie* the girls are concerned that because of the high water and lack of snow Santa will not be able to get to their house. Mr. Edwards told them that he found Santa Claus with a pack mule. Explore various climates with the students; have them think of creative ways that Santa Claus would be able to visit these locations.

KEEP IN LINE

In *Farmer Boy* Almanzo is very concerned with how he acts just before Christmas because he is afraid that he will get a switch in his stocking. He is afraid his father might spank him with it. Over the years the Santa Claus gift for bad behavior has changed from a switch to lumps of coal.

Discuss with your students how these representations of a child's behavior were used to motivate children to proper behavior, as well as results of poor behavior. Have them brainstorm what other representations, or images, of bad behavior might be. Then have them think of symbols of good behavior (e.g., *pieces of peppermint in their stockings*). What modern symbols do they identify as symbols of good behavior?

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS

The celebration of Christmas in the United States represents a mixture of the many cultures and religious practices of those who immigrated to this country. Initially the clash between the Catholic Church and the churches of the Reformation inhibited any celebration. The Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England held special services, feasting, gift giving, and merry-making. As a nation primarily settled by Protestant people, the future United States lacked anything like the sanctioned religious festivals of Europe. Protestants such as the Puritans, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers considered the celebrations an abomination because there was no biblical basis for the date or season. They also objected to the religious celebrations because the high church of the celebrations was considered too “Popish” and reflected pagan practices in timing as well as in the drunken revelry. For a time the New England Puritans forbade any Christmas celebrations by law.

For many years Christmas was predominantly a secular celebration given the conflicted nature of the religious aspects of the season. Over the years, however, Christmas gained acceptability as more religious groups desired to celebrate such an attractive and meaningful holiday. As more religious groups accepted the holiday they invented their own traditions, incorporated others, and worked to preserve and promote the religious aspects. Christmas was declared a legal holiday in Alabama in 1836 and in New York in 1849 and by the end of the Civil War it was almost universally accepted as such.

As the industrial revolution swelled in the 1800s, the nature of the Christmas celebration also changed. The railroad afforded people of many cultures the ability to mix and exchange traditional practices. Growing industry as well as the railroad made mass-produced goods widely available. Machine-made gifts and decorations replaced those made by hand, and the indoor evergreen tree became the standard expectation. These changes also led to the popularity of Santa.

Santa Claus, a dominant fixture in celebrations today, arrived in 1822. Based on the 4th century Bishop of Myra, St. Nicholas became known as the patron of children and a special gift giver. His image began as a tall thin man wearing ecclesiastical robes, carrying a bishop’s staff, and often riding a white horse. That was changed by the 1822 poem by Clement Clarke Moore, “A Visit from St. Nicholas,” which introduced the image of a small elfish character dressed in fur and riding in a sleigh pulled by reindeer. The image was further standardized and dispersed by the popular cartoonist Thomas Nast whose drawing appeared in *Harpers Weekly* from 1863 to 1886.

The images of Moore and Nast, and the growing religious acceptance helped transform the popular holiday. Once celebrated with a mix of rowdy drunken revelry and church services, Christmas became a celebration uniformly focused on the gathering of families, children, gift giving, and the birth of Christ.

Unfortunately, the arrival of Santa was not greeted by all with equal favor. His place in Christmas represented the battle between the uncomfortable mix of religious and secular beliefs that still goes on today. As Santa Claus became a more prominent part of the celebration, he also became more secularized. Many thunderous sermons came from the pulpit. Many feared this Christian saint was becoming too secularized and the focus of the audience, rivaling and overshadowing the true reason for the holiday. Even though Santa helped bring respectability and acceptance to the holiday by bridging the secular and religious views, the tensions of diverse purposes for the celebration remain.

1870s CHRISTMAS IN WICHITA

In many ways the 1870s celebration of Christmas in Wichita was not that different from the common practices of today. The holiday was commercial as well as religious and a time of parties, family reunions, and free time for children. The railroad made pine Christmas trees common, and brought manufactured ornaments, relatives, and gifts into and out of town.

Holiday commercialism was also quite apparent and not a new practice of modern times. Churches, stores, and other public places were decorated for the season. Advertisements in the November 1872 Wichita City Eagle advised consumers that the holidays were fast approaching and that many gifts were available for purchase; the number of advertisements touting to be place where “Santa shops” were abundant. The town merchants offered a wide variety of goods for sale. Gifts for women included jewelry, picture frames, stationery, calling card holders, handkerchiefs, and tea sets. Items for men were scarves, boots, gloves, moustache cups, smokers’ items, and watch chains. For either gender food items, portraits, books, and pen and pencil sets were appropriate gifts. Educational gifts for children, such as educational toys and textbooks, were popular. Beyond that, items such as wagons, books, toy tea sets, jumping jacks, candy, pocket knives, and other manufactured goods were available, primarily because of the railroad.

Many of the town’s social and philanthropic organizations held parties and charitable activities. Merchants and businessmen were also philanthropic; one baker donated 100 loaves to the Ladies’ Aid Society, and a butcher offered some turkeys and agreed to be the collection point for other donations. The general public was encouraged to be sure that everyone in the town was remembered during the Christmas season.

While children enjoyed a lot of the same festivities as the adults, there were specific children’s activities such as the “Christmas tree celebrations” planned by most churches. Members brought gifts that were tied onto the tree and distributed to children on Christmas Eve. One year, however, the Baptists held a New Years dinner instead of a Christmas tree celebration causing quite a public stir.

Originally, school was not in session at this time of year, although as schools in Wichita became more formalized it slowly evolved into a 2-week recess. If the weather cooperated, boys and girls went sledding, ice skating and skiing, and made “pictures” in the snow (like snow angels). One year it was reported that boys impatient for the ice to freeze were using the ice-covered sidewalks to skate on. Boys also played hooky on a regular basis if the ice was right, and built snow forts for conducting snowball fights.

On Christmas Eve after church services, carolers moved from place to place and were rewarded with hot refreshments. The Christmas tree was brought inside and decorated by parents in the parlor, children hung stockings and set out cookies and milk for Santa. Families sat together for readings of Moore’s *A Visit from St. Nicholas* and the Biblical telling of the Christmas story.

Christmas Day brought the children’s first glimpse of the tree, hopefully no switches from Santa in stockings, and a service at church followed by a day of feasting with the gathered family.

SANTA CLAUS' POOR SPELL

By Josephine Pollard

Word came from the country where Santa
Claus dwells

That he was alarmingly ill,
And fears were expressed that he'd not be
on hand

With presents and stockings to fill.

The children had fancied the precious old
saint

Secure from all mortal mishaps
And they said it was queer that at this time
of year

He should have had such a dreadful
collapse.

"Oh! What shall we do?" cried the little ones
all,

With grief they could not control;

"Oh! What shall we do? For our pennies are
few,

And there isn't a toy that is whole. . . .

"I thought that he'd bring me a wagon," said
Jack

"I want a new dolly," said Jane.

"I looked for a sled this Christmas," said
Fred;

And they all felt like crying again.

"It won't be like Christmas, I'm certain of
that,"

Said young master Frank, with a pout;
"And the bells will ding-dong a monotonous
song

If Santa Claus isn't about."

"I guess," said mamma, "that the giant
Despair

Came into our castle today,
And filling with gloom every heart in this
room,

Took all of our sunshine away.

"Dear Santa Claus doesn't like children that
pout,

And make such a dismal ado;
Because he, alack! Has a pain in his back,

And feels much more wretched than
you.

"And a smile on the face will do Santa
Claus good,

And help him I'm sure, to get well;
And our hearts may keep time to a musical
chime

Though Santa Claus has a poor spell.

"For Christmas is coming and Christmas
must be

A season of gladness and cheer;
Though broken out toys, let us make it, my
boys,

The merriest day of the year.

From the Wichita City Eagle, December 24, 1874

RECITATION

(For Four Very Little Ones)

I suppose his mother Mary
Had spread some sweet, soft hay,
To make the little cradle-bed
Where young child Jesus lay.

The happy grasses never know
For this, all summer long they grew.

I suppose some little lambkins
Followed their shepherd's way
And rested by the manger-bed
Where young child Jesus lay.

The little lambs, the shepherd's care,
Knew not the Lamb of God was there.

I suppose some small, brown birdie
Waked with the glory ray,
And so, with morning song flew in
Where young child Jesus lay.

The bird knew not its notes might raise
The first glad song in Jesus praise,

But surely, we are dearer
To Jesus, now than they;
Though, maybe they were nearer
Where young child Jesus lay.

Because he says of such as we,
"Let little children come to me."

LILL'S TRAVELS IN SANTA CLAUS LAND

By Ellis Towne



Effie had been playing with her dolls one cold December morning, and Lill had been reading, until both were tired. Bit it stormed too hard to go out, and as Mrs. Pelerine had said they need not do anything for two hours, their little jaws might have been dislocated by yawning before they would as much as pick up a pin. Presently Lill said, "Effie, shall I tell you a story."

"O, yes! Do!" said Effie, and she climbed up by Lill in the large rocking-chair in front



of the grate. She kept very still, for she knew Lill's stories were not to be interrupted by a sound, or even a motion. The first thing Lill did was to fix her eyes on the fire, and rock backward and forward quite hard for a little while, and then she said, "Now I am going to tell you about my thought travels, and they are apt to be a little queerer, but O! ever so much nicer, than the other kind!"

As Lill's stories usually had a formal introduction she began: "Once upon a time; when I was taking a walk through the great field beyond the orchard, I went way on, 'round where the path turns behind the hill.

And after I had walked a little way, I came to a high wall—built right up into the sky.

At first I thought I had discovered the 'ends of the earth,' or perhaps I had somehow come to the Great Wall of China. But after walking a long way I came to a large gate, and over it was printed in beautiful Gold letters "SANTA CLAUS LAND," and the letters were large enough for a baby to read!" How large that might be Lill did not stop to explain.

"But the gate was shut tight," she continued, "and though I knocked and knocked and knocked, as hard as I could, nobody came to open it. I was dreadfully disappointed, because I felt as if Santa Claus must live here all of the year except when he was out to pay Christmas visits, and it would be so lovely to see him in his own home, you know. But what was I to do? The gate was entirely too high to climb over, and there wasn't even a crack to peek through!"

Here Lill paused, and Effie drew a long breath and looked greatly disappointed. Then Lill went on: "But you see, as I was poking about, I pressed a bell-spring, and in a moment—jingle, jingle, jingle, the bells went ringing far and near, with such a merry



round as was never heard before. While they were still ringing the gate slowly opened and I walked in. I didn't even stop to inquire if Santa Claus was at home, for I forgot all about myself and my manners, it was so lovely. First there was a small paved square like a court; it was surrounded by rows and rows of dark green trees, with several avenues opening between them.

"In the centre of the court was a beautiful marble fountain with streams of sugar plums and bon-bons tumbling out of it. Funny looking little men were filling cornucopias at the fountain, and pretty little barefoot children with chubby hands and dimpled shoulders, took them as soon as they were filled and ran off with them. They were all too much occupied to speak to me, but as I came up to the fountain one of the funny little fellows gave me a cornucopia, and I marched on with the babies.



We went down one of the avenues, which would have been very dark—only it was splendidly lighted up with Christmas candies. I saw the babies were slyly eating a candy or two, so I tasted mine, and they were delicious—the real Christmas kind. After we had gone a little way, the trees were smaller and not so close together, and here there were other funny little fellows who were climbing up on ladders and tying toys and bon-bons to the trees.

The children stopped and delivered their packages, but I walked on, for there was something in the distance that I was curious

to see. I could see that it was a large garden, that looked as if it might be well cared for, and had many things growing in it. But even in the distance it didn't look natural, and when I reached it I found it was a very uncommon kind of a garden indeed. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but there were dolls and donkeys and drays and cars and croquet coming up in long, straight rows, and ever so many other things beside. In one place the wooden dolls had only just started; their funny little heads were just above ground, and I thought they looked very much surprised at their surroundings. Farther on were china dolls that looked quite grown up, and I suppose were ready to pull; and a gardener was hoeing a row of soldiers that didn't look in very healthy condition, or as if they had done very well.

The gardener looked familiar, I thought, and as I approached him he stopped work and leaning on his hoe he said, 'How do you do, Lillian? I am very glad to see you.'

"The moment he raised his face I knew it was Santa Claus, for he looked exactly like the portrait we have of him. You can easily believe I was glad then! I ran and put both of my hands in his, fairly shouting that I was so glad to find him.

"He laughed and said, 'Why, I am generally to be found here or hereabouts, for I work in the grounds every day.'

"And I laughed too, because his laugh sounded so funny; like the brook going over stones, and the wind up in the trees. Two or three times, when I thought he had done he would burst out again, laughing the vowels in this was: 'Ha, ha, ha, ha! He, he, he, he, he! Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi! Ho, ho, ho, h-o-oo!'"

Lill did it very well, and Effie laughed till the tears came to her eyes; and she could quite believe Lill when she said, "It grew to be so funny that I couldn't stand, but fell over

into one of the little chairs that were growing in a bed just beyond the soldiers.

"When Santa saw that, he stopped suddenly, saying, 'There, that will do. I take a hearty laugh every day, for the sake of digestion.' Then he added, in a whisper, 'That is the reason I live so long and don't grow old I've been the same age ever since the chroniclers began to take notes, and those who are best able to judge think I'll continue to be this way for about one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years longer—they probably took a new observation at the Centennial, and they know exactly.'

"I was greatly delighted to hear this, and I told him so. He nodded and winked and said it was 'all right,' and then asked if I'd like to see the place. I said I would, so he threw down the hoe with a sigh saying, 'I don't believe I shall have more than half a crop of soldiers this season. They came up well, but the arms and legs seem to be weak. When I get to town I'll have to send out some girls with glue pots, to stick them fast.'

"The town was at some distance, and our path took us by flower-beds where some exquisite little toys were growing, and a hotbed where new varieties were being propagated. Pretty soon we came to a plantation of young trees with rattles, and rubber balls, and ivory rings growing on the branches, and as we went past they rang and bounded about in the merriest sort of a way.

"There's a nice growth,' said Santa Claus, and it was a nice growth for babies; but just beyond I saw something so perfectly splendid that I didn't care about the plantation."

"Well," said Lill impressively, seeing that Effie was sufficiently expectant, "it was a lovely grove. The trees were large, with long drooping branches, and the branches were just loaded with dolls' clothes. There were elegant silk dresses, with lovely sashes of every color—"

Just here Effie couldn't help saying, "O!" for she had a weakness for sashes. Lill looked stern and put a warning hand over her mouth, and went on.

"There was everything that the most fashionable doll could want, growing in the greatest profusion. Some of the clothes had fallen, and there were funny looking girls picking them up and packing them in trunks and boxes. 'These are all ripe,' said Santa Claus, stopping to shake a tree, and the clothes came tumbling down so fast that the workers were busier than ever. The grove was on a hill, so that we had a beautiful view of the country. First there was a park filled with reindeer, and beyond that was the town and at one side a large farmyard filled with animals of all sorts. But as Santa Claus seemed in a hurry, I did not stop to look. Our path led through the park—and we stopped to call 'Prancer' and 'Dancer' and 'Donner' and 'Blitzen,' and Santa Claus fed them with lumps of sugar from his pocket. He pointed out 'Comet' and 'Cupid' in a distant part of the path. 'Dasher' and 'Vixen' were nowhere to be seen.

"Here I found most of the houses were Swiss cottages, but there were some fine churches and public buildings, all of beautifully illustrated building blocks, and I stopped for a moment at a long depot, in which a locomotive was just smashing up. Santa Claus' house stood in the middle of the town. It was an old-fashioned looking house, very broad and low, with an enormous chimney. There was a wide step in front of the door, shaded by a fig tree and a grapevine, and morning-glories and beans clambered by the side of the latticed windows; and there were great round rosebushes, with great, round roses, on either side of the walk to the door."

O! It must have smelled like a party," said Effie, and then subsided as she remembered that she was interrupting.

"Inside the house was just cozy and comfortable, a real grandfatherly sort of a place. A big chair was drawn up in front of the window and a big book was open on a table in front of the chair. A great pack half made up was on the floor, and Santa Claus stopped to add a few things from his pocket. Then he went to the kitchen, and brought me a lunch of milk, strawberries, and cookies, for he said I must be tired after my long walk.

"After I had rested a little while, he said if I liked I might go with him to the observatory. But just as we were starting a funny little fellow stopped at the door with a wheelbarrow full of boxes of dishes. After Santa Claus had taken the boxes out and put them in the pack he said slowly, 'Let me see!'"

"He laid his finger beside his nose as he said it, looked at me attentively, as if I were a sum in addition, and he was adding me up. I guess I must have come out right, for he looked satisfied, and said, 'I'd better go to the mine first, and then join him in the observatory. Now I am afraid he was not exactly polite not to go with he himself,'" added Lill, gravely, "but then he apologized by saying he had some work to do. So I followed the little fellow with the wheelbarrow, and we soon came to what looked like the entrance of a cave, but I suppose it was the mine. I followed my guide to the interior without stopping to look at the boxes and piles of dishes outside. Here I found other funny little people, busily at work with picks and shovels, taking out wooden dishes from the bottom of the cave, and china and glass from the top and sides, for the dishes hung down just like stalactites in Mammoth Cave."

Here Lill opened the book she had been reading and showed Effie a picture of the stalactites.

"It was so curious and so pretty that I should have remained longer," said Lill, "only I remember the observatory and Santa Claus."

"When I went outside I heard his voice calling out, 'Lillian! Lillian!' It sounded a great way off, and yet somehow it seemed to fill the air just as the wind does. I only had to look for a moment, for very near by was a high tower. I wonder I did not see it before; but in these queer countries you are sure to see something new every time you look about. Santa Claus was standing up at a window near the top and I ran to the entrance and commenced climbing the stairs. It was a long journey, and I was quite out of breath when I came to the end of it. But here there was such a cozy, luxurious little room, full of stuffed chairs and lounges, birdcages and

flowers in the windows, and pictures on the wall, that it was delightful to rest. There was a lady sitting by a golden desk, writing in a large book and Santa Claus was looking through a great telescope, and every once in a while he stopped and put his ear to a large speaking-tube. While I was resting he went on with his observations.

"Presently he said to the lady, 'Put down a good mark for Sarah Buttermilk. I see she is trying to conquer her quick temper.'"

"Two bad ones for Isaac Clappertongue; he'll drive his mother to the insane asylum yet.'"

"Bad ones all around for the Crossley children—they quarrel too much.'"

"A good one for Harry and Alice Pleasure, they are quick to mind.'"

"And give Ruth Olive ten, for she is a peacemaker.'"

Just then he happened to look at me and saw I was rested, so he politely asked what I thought of the country. I said it was magnificent. He said he was sorry I didn't stop in the greenhouse, where he had wax dolls and other delicate things growing. I was very sorry about that, and then I said I thought he must be very happy to own so many delightful things. 'Of course I'm happy,' said Santa Claus, and then he sighed. 'But it is an awful responsibility to reward so many children according to their deserts. For I take these observations every day, and I know who is good and who is bad.'

"I was glad he told me about this, and now, if he would only tell me what time of day he took the observations, I would have obtained really valuable information. So I stood up and made my best courtesy and said, 'Please, sir, would you tell me in what time of day you usually look?' 'O!' he answered, carelessly, 'any time from ten in the morning till ten at night. I am not very particular about time. I often go without my own meals in order to make a record of table manners. For instance: last evening I saw you turn your spoon over in your mouth, and that's very unmannerly for a girl nearly fourteen.'

"O, I didn't know you were looking," said I, very ashamed; 'and I'll never do it again,' I promised.

Then he said I might look through the telescope. I looked right down into our house. There was mother very busy and very tired, and all the children teasing. It was queer for I was there, too, and the badest of any. Pretty soon I ran to a corner with a book and in a few minutes Momma had to leave her work and call, 'Lillian, Lillian, it's time for you to practice!'

"Yes, Mamma," I answered, 'I'll come right away.'

"As soon as I said this Santa Claus whistled for 'Comet' and 'Cupid,' and they came tearing up the tower. He put me in a tiny sleigh, and away we went, over great snow banks of clouds, and before I had time to think, I was landed in the big chair, and Mamma was called 'Lillian, it's time for you to practice.' Just as she is doing now and I must go."

So Lill answered, "Yes Mamma," and ran to the piano.

Effie sank back in the chair to think. She wished Lill had found out how many black marks she had and whether the lady

was Mrs. Santa Claus—and had, in fact, obtained more accurate information about many things. But when she asked about some of them afterwards, Lill said she didn't know, for the next time she had traveled in that direction she found Santa Claus Land had moved.



From *The Wide Awake Pleasure Book*, 1877

TWO DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Hannah R. Hudson

"One two dollar bill, two one dollars, and a fifty-cent piece, and two twenty-fives. That's five dollars, and I want to get a present for Mamma and Papa and Molly and Ned and Tom and the two maid-girls."

Ella Lindsay, otherwise Trot Lindsay, was sitting at the nursery window with the contents of a tin "bank" tipped into her lap and a forest of silver paper, Berlin wools, and a perforated card on the floor around her. Outside the snow was falling slowly, drifting into odd corners of city streets, piling itself on roofs, and lodging on ledges of lampposts and house fronts. But up above, between the high roofs, a little glimpse of blue sky was visible.

"It's a perfect shame! It always storms when I want to do anything!" Trot went on, soliloquizing.

"I ain't going to make any more of those sliver paper things and bookmarks, anyway. I'm too old for that!" And the speaker, who had arrived at the mature age of eight, counted her money again.

Five dollars. Mamma doesn't know I want to make any presents beside bookmarks; but I do. Everybody'll give me something, and I feel mean."

Here Trot suddenly jumped down from her chair and went over to the other window where her seventeen-year-old sister Molly was sewing.

"Molly, the sun is coming out."

Molly, precipitately pulled up a piece of cotton cloth to hide a doll's scarlet silk shoe that she had been stealthily lacing together, and began to hem busily.

"Is it?"

"Molly, wouldn't you go out with me to some stores? I want to get Christmas things."

"O, my dear! Go out in all this slush and snow? Mamma and I are going out tomorrow, and you shall go, too."

"But I want to go today. It'll storm tomorrow, maybe, or you'll have a headache, or something."

"No, I shan't. Why don't you finish what you're doing?"

Nobody'll care for old silver crosses," said Trot hopelessly, "and they're awful bothersome. I've got to get seven presents."

"O, you needn't mind getting presents, Trot. Don't bother your little head about it."

"Why, everybody's going to give me something ain't they?"

"Maybe." But here a call from the next room interrupted Molly, and she hurried away, leaving Trot standing by her rocking chair with a cloudy brow. A gleam of sunshine at this moment shone into the room and glistened on the heap of silver paper under the window. Trot took a sudden resolution. Putting the money in her pocket, she ran into her own room, pulled off her apron, and put on her cloak.

"I'll go alone, I'm big enough," she thought as, breathless with excitement, she hunted for her hat. But here came a difficulty. Molly had taken her "common hat" to fix over, and she could not wear her best blue velvet cap with white plumes out into a snowstorm. She stood a moment at a loss what to do, then ran into her sister's room and, after rummaging in the closet, produced Moll's "second best" hat, a black felt trimmed with pink roses.

"There! It won't hurt this to get snowed on," Trot said, surveying herself in the glass, with a satisfied air. A funny small figure she was, too, wit the dressy hat tied down over her short golden-brown curls and a wrinkle of care in the middle of her fair little forehead.

She knew there was an umbrella in the hall. As for gloves and rubbers, she entirely forgot those in her eagerness to be gone. Holding her breath and, momentarily in terror someone's stopping her, she tiptoed down stairs and through the hall. Seizing her father's big umbrella, which was about as long as she was tall, she hastened out, shut the door with a slam, feeling very important

as she heard the night latch click, and was fairly on the street.

She knew the way down town, and having tried in vain to open the umbrella, went off dragging it by the tassel, pondering deeply about what she should get.

"I guess I'll find something for Mamma first," thought Trot, splashing through the watery snow with tin kid boots, and a good deal worried by the necessity of keeping the umbrella out of peoples' way. So, when she finally arrived in the vicinity of Winter Street, she first directed her attention to the dry-good stores. Seeing an attractive display of silks and laces in a window, she entered and, walking past a row of idle clerks in a very dignified manner as she had seen her mother and sister do, she said to the man in waiting, "I want silks, please."

Being forthwith piloted to the silk counter, Trot forced her way between two eager customers and for a moment forgot everything in admiration at the luster of a rich blue silk which the clerk was exhibiting. "Please, Sir," she exclaimed presently, "Please how much is it?"

The clerk looked in surprise at the mite of a speaker whose eyebrows were just on a level with the top of the counter and responded with a smile, "Four dollars, Missy."

Trot's blue eyes opened wide, first with wonder at the price, then with indignation at being called "Missy." She turned her back on the clerk.

Four dollars! And I'm sure it would take twenty yards to make Mamma address. Just to think!

She was stopped on her way out by the attractions of the glove-counter. A certain pair of brown kid gloves with tassels looked about the right size for her mamma. "How much do you ask for these?" catching the eye of a busy salesman.

"Marked down to a dollar twelve," was the polite and hurried answer.

"I've come to an awful high place," the disgusted Trot said to herself as she made the rest of her way to the door. She was

immediately attracted by another window which bore a staring sign: "Human Hair."

"O! O! I'll get Mamma a switch of hair! That won't cost much," and hurrying in, she accosted the shop woman, "I want a switch of brown hair."

"Certainly, Miss. Where is the specimen you ant to match?"

"Specimen?" was the doubtful query.

"She means whose hair do you want it like," said a rosy-faced girl behind the counter, with an encouraging smile.

"O! Like my mamma's!"

"Well, have you any of her hair with you?"

"No, I didn't think of that, but I can tell. I guess I'll take this one—it's about the color. How much is it?"

"That? Let me see? I'll see you that for fifteen dollars."

Trot dropped the switch as if it had stung her, grasped her umbrella and turned away. "It won't do to beat people down," she reflected, "but folks must be dreadful extravagant. My winter cloak only cost fifteen dollars. Mamma said so."

Made wiser by experience, she went quite a long distance before venturing into a fancy store where a gray-haired clerk smiled benignly down on the little face under the big roses. Trot had seen some velvet-cased pictures in the window, which were shown her and which, of course, proved too high.

"O dear!" said the disappointed questioner with tears of vexation in her eyes, "everything is ten or fifteen dollars."

"I have plenty of cheap things," said the compassionate response. "What do you want to get? Here are some hand-baskets and work baskets. You may have this for seventy-five cents."

It was a pretty Indian basket, whose interior was divided into compartments. Trot was delighted.

"O, I can take that, and I guess Mamma will like it. Have you got something else, cheap? Something for a man, you know?"

The salesman made a puzzled review of his shelves.

"Would you like a pipe, or a cigar-holder, or"

"What are those scarlet sort of pouches?" rot demanded. "Papa's got lots of pipes, but he ain't got a tobacco pouch."

The clerk produced the article at which she pointed, with a laugh.

"That isn't a tobacco pouch; that is a child's toy. Something they call a 'gyrator;' and, pressing a concealed spring, he caused the mouth of the embroidered case to open, and a jointed wooden man to leap out, who arms and legs began to fly round in the wildest fashion.

"Can't you take the man out?" inquired Trot, surveying the figure with great surprise.

"Yes, you can have him taken out. But you can have the case and man and all, for thirty cents."

"I can! That's ever so nice!" and Trot went out of the store greatly encouraged, with her pouch and her basket.

"I don't know what to get Molly. There's some pretty calico. I might get Bridget and Ann some calico dresses. I've got three dollars and ninety-five cents left."

"Well, what can I do for you?" inquired a supercilious young man, with weak eyes and light hair, who stood behind a calico counter.

"I want to look at these," said poor Trot, who was almost borne down by the throng of people. "How much is this striped one?"

"All twelve cents a yard, every one of them."

"Only twelve cents! O then, I'll have—I guess I'll have about"

"Want it for yourself?"

"For a maid-girl," said Trot with dignity. She's very large, and I guess I'll have twenty yards—let me see what that would come to."

The clerk laughed immoderately, at what Trot could not tell, then whispered to a brother salesman who leaned indolently over the counter and laughed too, looking at Trot.

"Pretty good joke, eh?" said the first as he rapidly measured off the calico. "Where'll you have it sent?"

Trot, who was struggling to make out two dollars and forty cents, handed over that amount with a sigh of relief. "That's just right. You needn't send it. I'll carry it."

"Come now, you can't do that. You're not as large as your maid-servant, you know. Where do you live.?"

"Columbus Avenue. I'm Ella Lindsay."

"All right. What number?"

"I don't know, but I can find it. You do up the bundle."

Despite her resolution, Trot was so appalled at the size and weight of the package returned, that she gave up all idea of getting another calico dress for Ann, and labored heavily out into the street with her basket, pouch, bundle, and umbrella. Her little feet were soaked and very tired indeed, and the persistent storm almost blinded her; but there were Ned and Tom and Molly to be thought of.

"I wonder," she mused, shifting the heavy bundle, as the string cut her fingers, "if I couldn't buy a moustache for Ned. I head him wishing he had one, and people sell hair. I'll try!" And walking into a gentleman's furnishing store, she astonished a smart looking boy behind the counter, "Do you have moustaches?"

"I have what?"

"Moustaches, please."

The boy survey Trot a moment and then was overcome by the ridiculous side of the ting," as he said to a brother clerk, when he had finished laughing.

"Here's a young one wants a moustache. Did you ever!"

"Maybe she wants a false one for theatricals or something."

"I don't. I want it for my brother Ned," said Trot, standing her ground. "He ain't got one, and I heard him say he wanted one. Have you got 'em to sell?" she insisted, getting red in the face as the boy disappeared behind the counter with a yell of laughter.



"DO YOU HAVE MOUSTACHES?"

Trot certainly was a funny sight standing there with the bedraggled big hat and flaming cheeks. The senior clerk, with a wink to the proprietor, remarked, "I shouldn't think your brother could be old enough to have a moustache. Tell him to wait till it comes."

Now if Trot had one failing it was temper. Stamping her little foot on the ground she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "I shan't either! He's old enough now, and if he hasn't got a moustache on his upper lip like you, he's got a dear little one on his ear, so there!"

A perfect shriek of laughter followed this speech, in the midst of which Trot rushed out of the store and hurried back along the stormy street with tears rolling down her hot cheeks. "Oh dear! Oh dear! those hateful people. I wish I hadn't come at all.

Everybody laughs at me, and I can't go home with presents for only half of 'em."

"One dollar and fifty-five centers, and three presents to get besides Ann's. Oh! I'd better go back to the man that sold things so cheap!"

What a long way it was back, struggling against the wind and storm, and hot Trot's arms ached! But there was the store at last. She dragged herself in and asked, wit what strength she had left, for the man that sold her the basket.

"He has gone to dinner," said the lady she asked.

Poor Trot sat down on her bundle of calico and burst into tears of such despair that the lady hurried 'round the counter and took her in her arms.

"Why, my child, how wet you are, and how cold! How far have you to go?"

"I can't go at all till I get my presents," sobbed persistent Trot; and then she told her story, still sitting on the calico, and ended with a sudden questions, "What time is it?"

"About half-past three."

"Oh! Ever so long past lunch. What will they think is the matter?"

"Where is your house?" asked the lady who had carried Trot into a rear room and, having set her down by a stove, was trying to draw off her sodden shoes.

"Columbus Avenue."

"But what number?"

"I don't know, but I know the house because there is a dead leander in the balcony next door." Trot chattered away while the lady proceeded to hang up her stockings to dry her drenched feet and remove her wet clothing.

"I must find some things for you to wear home, and then I think I will take you there in a cab. Jamie will take my place for a

while,” she said, looking toward a boy in the store.

“But I haven’t got my presents.”

“Oh! I forgot. You want to get four and have about a dollar and a half, haven’t you? Suppose you get some candy for your brothers?”

“You don’t keep it, do you?”

“No, but Jamie can go and get you some. Two pounds, at thirty cents a pound, would leave you ninety-five cents.”

Only ninety-five cents for Molly and Ann!

“You can get a little ivory tablet that I think your sister would like, for a half dollar. And for Ann?” The lady thought a moment. “Wouldn’t she like some bright ribbon? Jamie can get that, too. Three yards of scarlet ribbon, enough for bows for neck and hair, will be very pretty.”

Poor Trot was too much tired out to care what was done. When Jamie returned with his purchases she was half asleep, done up in a shawl. The multiplicity of her bundles decided the lady to call a cab, in which Trot was presently placed, her wet clothes in a separate parcel and her feet encased in a pair of number four boots that had to be tied on. Very thankful were the exited inmates of her home to see her safe and sound.

Not quite sound, however, for she was a little feverish and in such disreputable attire that she was conveyed immediately upstairs. Great amusement was then created by the contents of the cab. Conspicuous among which was Molly’s ruined hat. After delivering these, the lady was driven away. It was not till the next noon that Trot felt sufficiently recovered to attend to her presents.

She then begged Ned to take the gyrator out of the pouch and leave it free for tobacco. She took him into the nursery to do it where they was no one but Molly, and while he worked she told about the episode of the moustache. She felt perfectly sure of sympathy, and was utterly amazed when Ned, after staring at her a minute in blank surprise, threw down the gyrator and laughed till the room rang, while Molly created a chorus by joining in.

“Molly! Molly!” gasped Ned, finally sitting upright, and wiping the tears from his eyes. “Did you hear? She told the man I had one on my ear! O Trot! You’ll be the death of me yet!”

“You have got one on your ear!” said the indignant Trot. “I saw it the other day; a little one just coming in.”

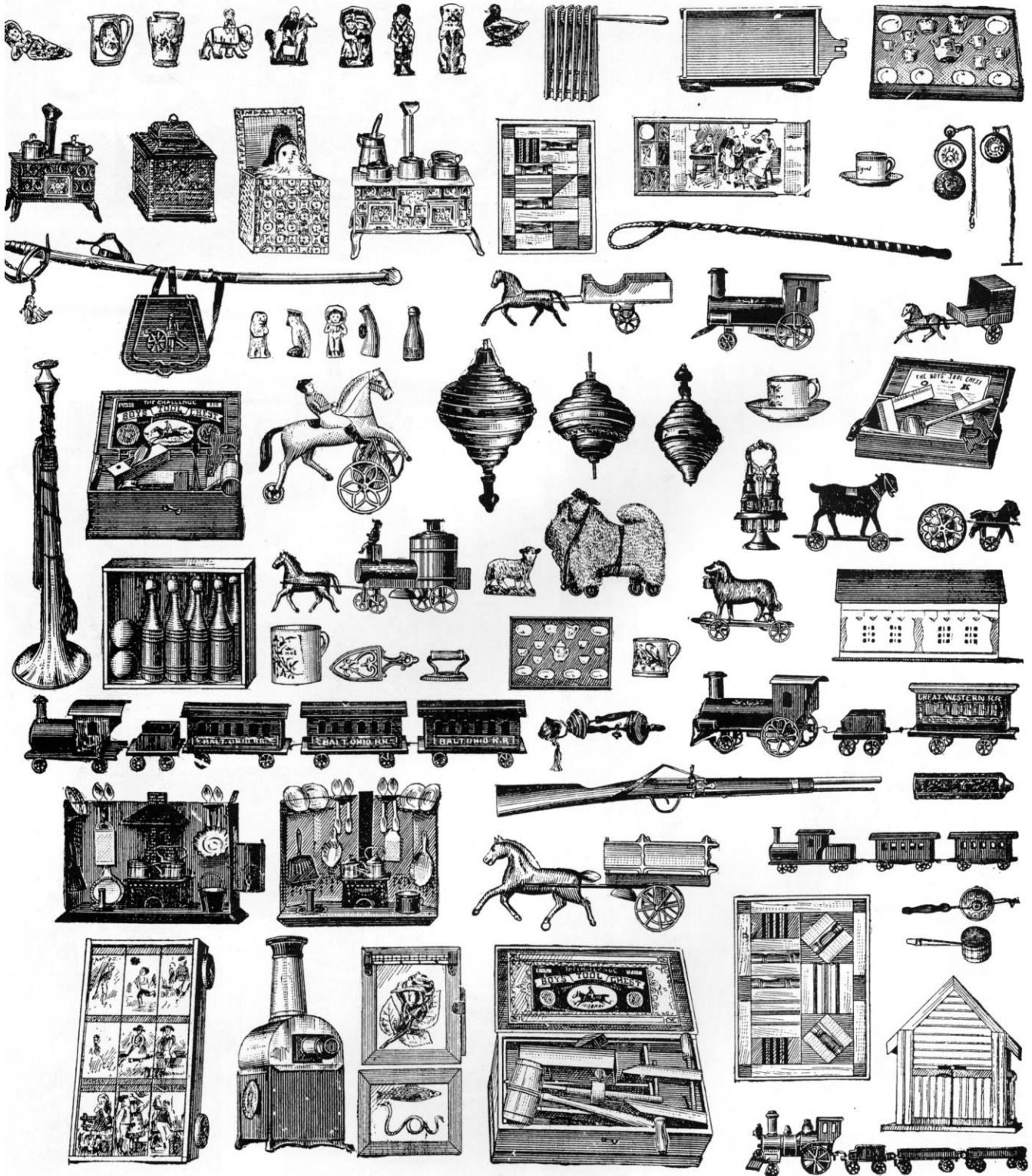
“O Ned!” Molly said, amid her laughter. “She saw that mole on your ear, and it has two or three hairs on it. Never mind, Trot dear, you didn’t know any better.”

But Trot did mind. For some years the history of that day’s shopping was a standing joke in the family, and the heroine was greatly ashamed of it. But now that the aforesaid heroine is a young lady, she can laugh as merrily as anyone at the remembrance of the Christmas when she tried to buy her brother a moustache.

HAVE YOU BEEN NAUGHTY OR NICE?

Here are some of the choices of toys you could have had in the 1870s.

Can you name them? Would you like to have any of them?



FRESH GOODS FROM THE EAST!

GEWGAWS FOR GIRLS!

TOMFOOLERIES FOR BOYS!

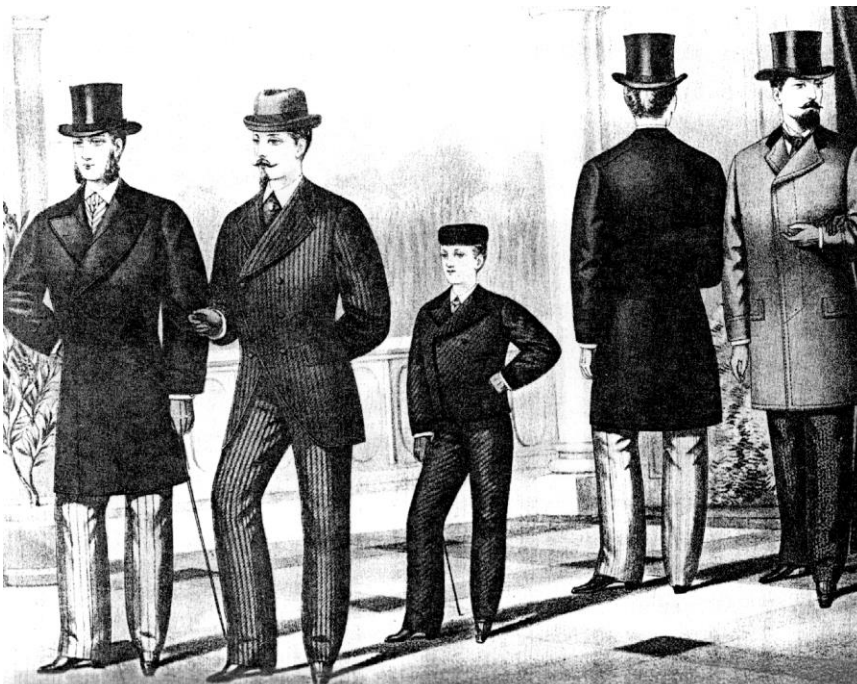
FANCIES FOR WOMEN!

Substantials for Men!

A black and white illustration of four children in a room. On the left, a boy in a dark suit sits on a large, upholstered chair, leaning forward. Next to him, another boy in a dark suit stands, looking down at a girl who is kneeling on the floor. The girl is wearing a dark dress and is playing with a toy train set. To the right, a girl in a light-colored dress with a dark belt and a fur hat stands, holding a string attached to the toy train. Behind her, another boy in a dark suit stands, looking on. In the background, there is a table with a teapot and cups, and a large, ornate vase. The room has a patterned rug and a window with curtains.

1870S CHRISTMAS FORMAL DRESS

These ladies and gentlemen are dressed formally to celebrate Christmas. Though not everyone did, many people dressed this way everyday. See if you can name any of the parts of the clothing that they are wearing. Do you see anything that your parents might wear today? You might try to “buy” one of the pieces of clothing for your parents when you “shop” at the Old Cowtown Museum General Store.

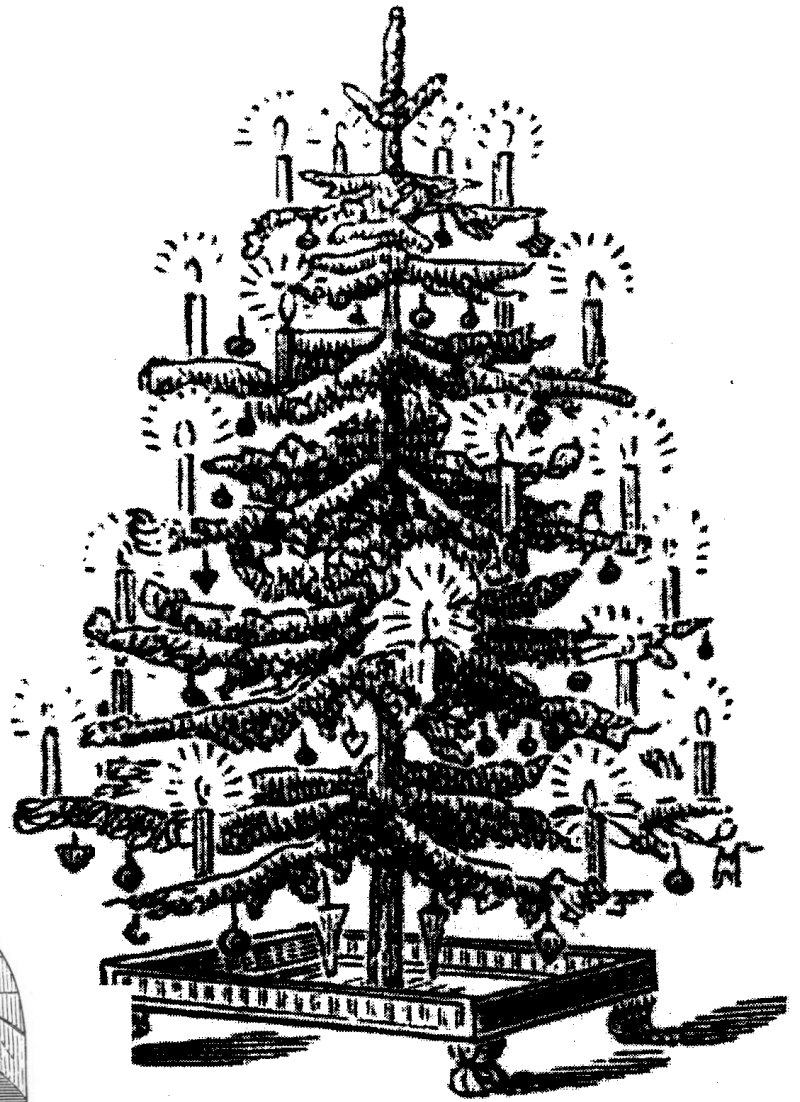


The children in both of these pictures are dressed a lot like their parents. When you go to important events like church, weddings, or funerals, where most people dress nicely, do you try to look like your parents as these children did? Do you think that they were able to choose their own clothes? Do you get to?

O CHRISTMAS TREE!

These two Christmas trees are similar to ones you would have seen in Wichita in the 1870s. **Look at the one to the right.** What do you see that is different from your tree? How do they add lights to their tree?

Does it look like a very big tree? This tree is called a **Feather Tree**. It has feathers wrapped on wire branches to look like pine needles. The tree would stand on a table in the center of the parlor.



Look at the tree on the left. Do they put lights on the tree in the same way as the one above? Did you notice that this tree is decorated with flags? This tree also has lots of toys on it. Do you see any wrapped presents under the tree? There are lots of people standing around this tree. Where do you suppose it might be? Sometimes there would be a Christmas tree in the church and at the end of the service, all the children might get a piece of candy or a small toy.

STUDENT BIBLIOGRAPHY

NOTE: All of the following books may not be applicable to your grade level and some are picture books with high quality text and images.

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- Garland, Hamlin. *Boy Life on the Prairie*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1899.
- Harvey, Brett. *My Prairie Christmas*. New York: Holiday House, 1990. (During the first winter on the plains after leaving New England, Pa goes to get a Christmas tree but does not come back.)
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- Walker, Barbara M. *The Little House Cookbook*. New York: Harper and Row, 1979. (Contains recipes and background information about them)
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- Wilder, Laura Ingalls. *On the Banks of Plum Creek*. New York: Harper & Row, 1965. Chapters 12 and 19 (Christmas chapters)
- Wilder, Laura Ingalls. *The Long Winter*. New York: Harper & Row, 1969. Chapter 18 (Christmas chapter)
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