

CHRISTMAS EVE TRAGEDY.

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Little Willie Robinson was bad as he could be;
He wouldn't mind his pa nor any of the family.
He wouldn't go to bed at night nor get up in the morn;
There never was a more provoking rascal ever born.

One Christmas eve Willie wouldn't hang his stockings with the rest,
Upon the mantle; furthermore, he really did his best,
To keep his little brothers and his little sisters, too,
From hanging up their stockings, as they always used to do.
His papa promptly punished him and sent him off to bed,
But when the rest were soundly sleeping, Willie raised his head,
And saw a roly poly figure standing in the room,
Upon its back a bag that looked gigantic in the gloom.
'Twas Santa Claus a-filling all the stockings in the row,
But Willie's stocking wasn't with the others, as you know,
But Willie didn't care a bit. When Santa Claus had gone
He softly wiggled out of bed and slipped his slippers on.
He seized upon the stockings that were crowded full of toys,
And took the ones he wanted, but just then he heard a noise;
There standing at his shoulder was old Santa Claus, and he
Was just as whopping, ripping mad as ever he could be!
He grabbed young William by the hair 'ere he could scream or call,
And then he changed him into an India rubber doll;
He put him in the stocking of his little sister Nell,
When she found him in the morning, how he tried to yell!
She twisted him and doubled him, and bent him all about,
And even tied him into knots, but Willie couldn't shout.
The moral to this story which you'd better all believe,
Is—Be good always and a little better Christmas Eve.
—Elizabeth Dunham in Syracuse Post-Standard

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