

THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS MAKE MERRY WITH SANTA CLAUS.



1 The Katzenjammers grinned with glee To see their old man leave his tree.



2 And while he dressed as Santa Claus They popped his goodies in their jaws.



3 When at the bottom of the sack They looked and saw him coming back.



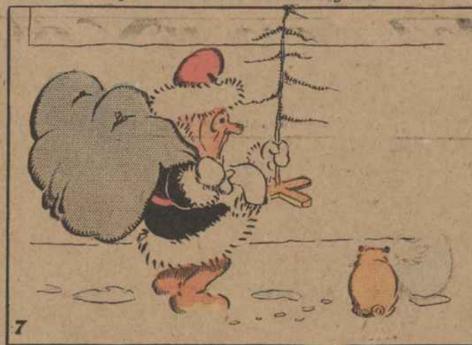
4 Quick as a flash they jumped inside: It was their only place to hide.



5 Not satisfied with what they'd stole, The naughty kids soon picked a hole.



6 Through which they reached and picked the tree, Well knowing papa couldn't see.



7 At last the old man looked about: His eyes came near to popping out.



8 And while he didn't say so much, He thought a lot in good Low Dutch.



9 'Twas then those awful kids let go And pelted him with gobs of snow.



10 And though it plastered up his head, He melted it with what he said.



11 Quite dazed upon the sack he sat To try and think where he was at.



12 He wasn't long in finding out— A lusty pin removed all doubt.



13 And when at last he struck the ground He kept on running like a hound.



14 And then the kids with snow and ice Filled up the sack and tied it nice.



15 Then down behind the wall laid low And heard pa tell his tale of woe.



16 The kids then flew back to the house, Subdued and quiet as a mouse—



17 And never even cracked a grin When their fond mother called them in.



18 But when the snow spilled on the floor They really couldn't help but roar.



19 Alas! Soon was their laughter changed: From yowls to yells their voices ranged.



20 In this house now for some strange cause, They never mention Santa Claus.

How Cholly Dusenberry's Xmas Gifts fell out.

