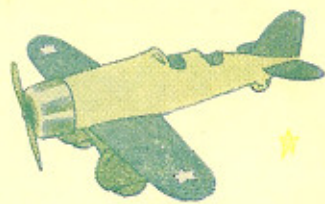
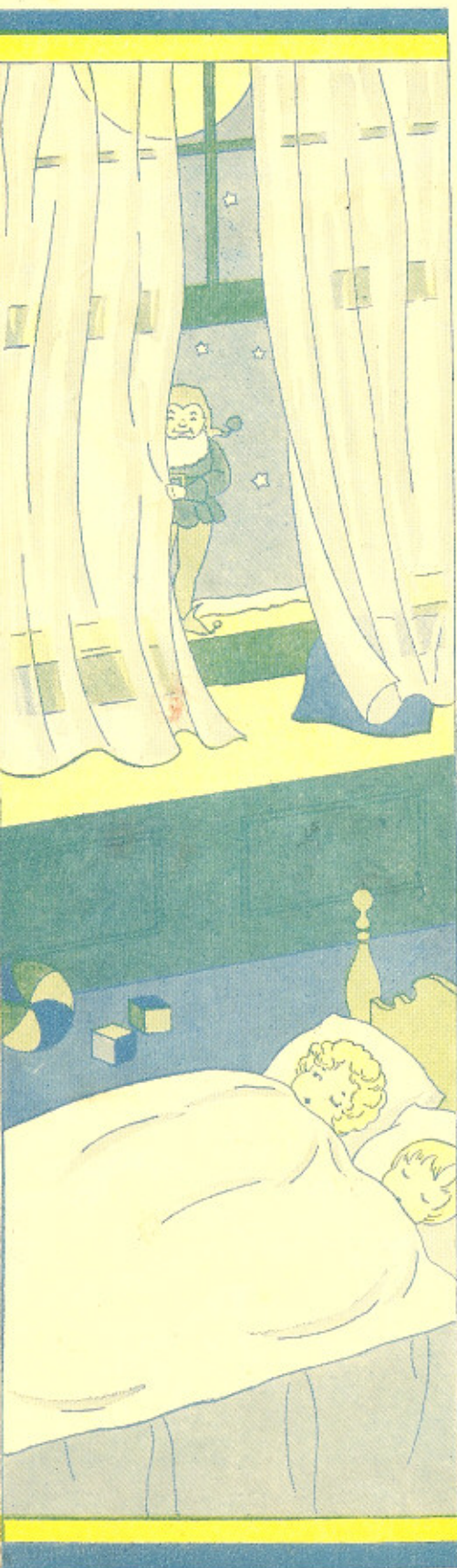




THE J.C.PENNEY CO. INC. DEPARTMENT STORE



Magic

"Look," whispered the Little Girl. "What is that funny little thing on the window sill?"

"I don't see anything—I just feel a Cool Little Breeze," said the Little Boy, "and anyway Mother said we must go straight to sleep so Santa Claus would come."

"But there *is* something there. Why, it's an Elf!"

And sure enough, there was the little fellow peeking in the window. He smiled to himself when he saw them all safely tucked in, and blew a tiny whistle. When he did this, the Cool Little Breeze made a turn around the room and blew back to the Elf.

"Do you see what he's doing? He's climbing on the Breeze!"





Toyland

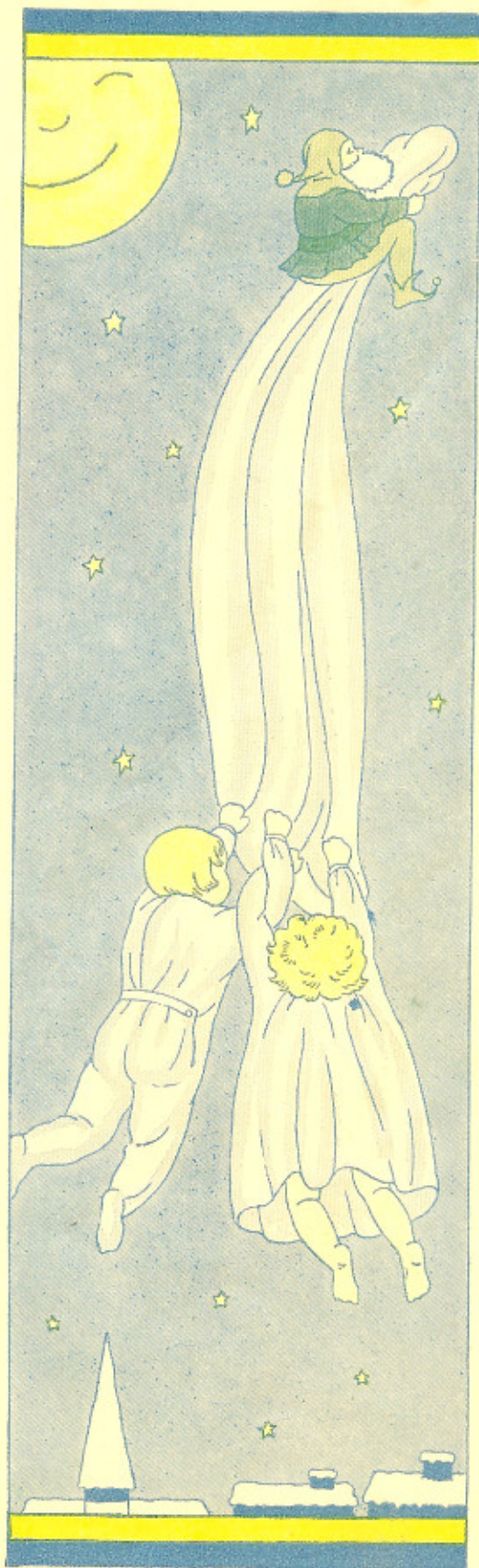
The Little Boy sat up in bed. "Let's go too," he cried. "Let's hang onto the Little Breeze and maybe it will take us to the North Pole."

"Oh, goody; and can we see Santa Claus?"

The children quickly jumped out of bed and caught the Little Breeze, as it whisked out the window and over the housetops.

"Whew, that was a windy ride," exclaimed the Little Girl, as she felt the ground under her feet once more. "It looks pretty cold up here," for everything was covered with snow and long prickly icicles.

"Isn't that a cute red door buried in the snow? Do you suppose it is Santa Claus's house?"





"I kind of think it might be," said the Little Boy, "because you know it was right exactly here that the Cool Little Breeze melted away out of our hands. Let's knock and see what happens."

The Little Boy gave three polite raps on the red door, and somebody said: "Come in, but don't track in any snow."

The children suddenly felt very timid when they saw the Jolly Old Man himself sitting right there before them toasting his feet before the fire.

"Now, where in the world did you two come from, and how did you get way up here?" said Santa Claus.





"We held onto the tail end of the Cool Little Breeze that the Elf rode on," the Little Boy said, "and we had a hard time holding on."



"Mm-m-m, so that's it. Well, you know it's against the rules for little children to come up here, and I ought to do something about it." Santa got up out of his chair, and the children didn't know exactly what was going to happen.

"But you really look like quite nice little children," said Santa Claus, "and I'm sure you wouldn't have come if you'd known it was against the rules."

"We just thought it would be awfully nice to see you, Mr. Santa Claus," the Little Girl said quickly.

"Well, I guess it's all right," said Santa nodding his head so that the little bells on his cap tinkled. "I've just had an idea. Are you very good at making things?"

"Yes sir, some things," the Little Boy said.





"Well, I'll tell you. I was just sitting here checking over my list, and you little boys and girls down on the earth have ordered so many toys for Christmas that I've got to have a little last-minute help. The manager at the J. C. PENNEY Store just sent up another bag of letters that were left in his store for me, and I find I've got to make a few more toys."

He looked at his list again.

"Yes, sir, I'll have to have three more of those Mary Lu dolls."

"Oh, I saw *those* at the J. C. PENNEY Store!" the Little Girl cried.

"And do you remember the maroon coaster with the brake?" asked Santa.

"Oh, yes, sir, *I* do," the Little Boy said excitedly. "I sat in it, and it's so strong!"

"Well, I've got to make two more of those," said Santa, "and

another bear that walks when you wind it, and probably six of those bright yellow ducks that waddle. In fact, I'm going to need a lot of help."

"I can hammer and saw," the Little Boy suggested.

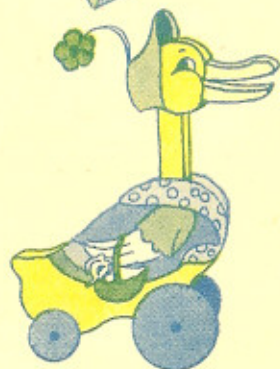
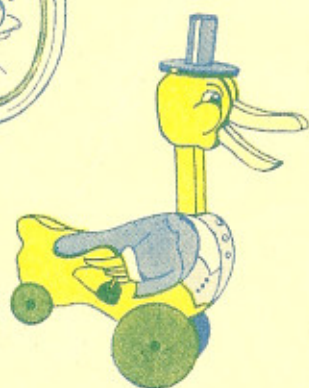
"And I can sew dolls' dresses," the Little Girl added.

"Well, now, that's fine," and Santa Claus rubbed his hands together. "Shall we start?"

"Why, it seems just like I've been in here before," the Little Girl exclaimed. "It looks like our J. C. PENNEY Store, except that all these nails and wood shavings weren't all over the floor.

Oh, there's the dear little doll buggy I saw in the store that would just fit my last Christmas doll!"

"Oh, most of these toys up here will be old friends, I imagine. I send samples of all my toys to



the J. C. PENNEY Stores before Christmas every year, so you little boys and girls can see what you want me to bring you. And then when you write your letters to old Santa and give them to the J. C. PENNEY man to send me, I know just exactly which kind of doll or wagon or train you want. There's no mistake that way. But we really came in here to work, you know," he reminded the children as they kept moving from one toy to another.

"Oh, yes, we did," they agreed.

"I know one thing—my left hind leg is an umpteenth of an inch too long and I wish somebody would fix it."

The Little Boy jumped a foot, because the voice came from right at his elbow, and he knew he hadn't seen anybody there—not even an elf.

"Yes, I remember. We'll attend to that



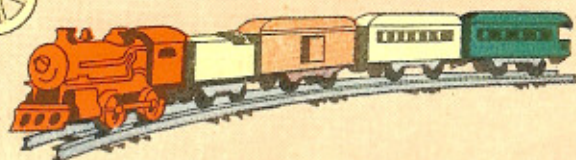
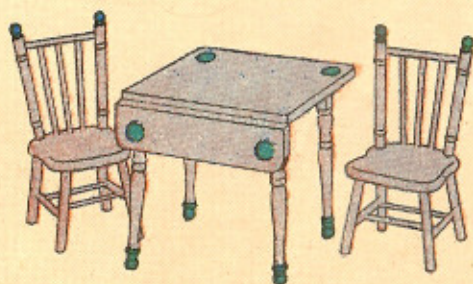
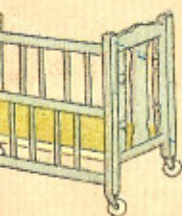
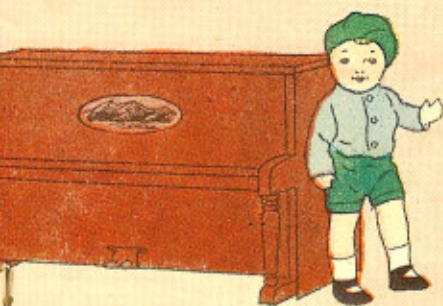
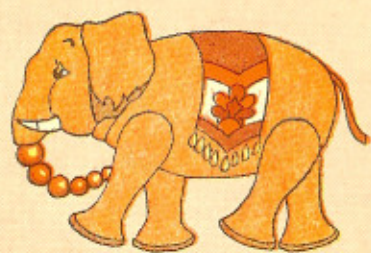
right now," Santa Claus said, going over to the table near where the Little Boy had been standing and picking up a wooden horse with black spots all over it.

"If you can saw, here's your first job," he told the Little Boy, as he gave him the horse. "And you'll find a saw over there on that work-bench."

The Little Boy took the horse carefully for fear he might hurt it.

"Oh, you needn't be so careful," he was told. "I'm just plain painted wood even if I can talk. You are in Santa Claus's work shop now, you know, where you might see a lot of strange things."

Meanwhile, the Little Girl was busy sewing white fur on a little blue coat





for somebody's doll. She couldn't help wishing just a tiny bit that it might have been for her own doll, because it was an awfully pretty coat and blue was her favorite color.

The children worked harder than they had ever worked in their lives, because they wanted everything to be just right. And besides they knew Santa Claus wouldn't accept a toy if there was the least thing wrong. The J. C. PENNEY man told them so. He had said that every single toy in the store had come from Santa Claus in perfect condition.

But the Little Boy and the Little Girl were having a lovely time even if they were working hard, because all the toys talked whenever they felt like it—even the rabbits and the elephants, and of course, the dolls.

When they had just about the last toy finished, Santa Claus sud-



denly stood up and said, "I'd better be starting out pretty soon now."

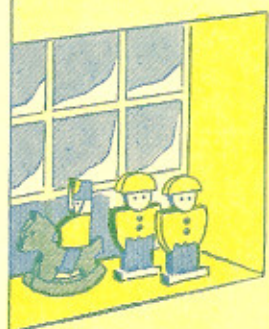
"But, my goodness, how are you children going to get back to earth? I'd completely forgotten all about it, I was so busy finishing up those toys."

"Maybe we can go back on the Cool Little Breeze," the Little Girl suggested, "only I'd like to ask it not to travel quite so fast."

"No, we'll have to think of another way now. It's so late that all the Little Breezes have been called in for the night, and are put away safely to bed. Why didn't I think of it sooner?"

The children thought perhaps they shouldn't have come after all, and began to wonder what their Mother would think if she didn't find them in their own bed on Christmas morning.

"Couldn't you possibly manage



to take us down with you some way, Santa Claus?" asked the Little Girl. "How do the reindeer feel about people—do you think they would mind if we went with you?"

Santa turned to the children. "Reindeer don't like to carry anything but toys, and Blitzen is particularly frisky. I'm afraid if he knew there were children in the sleigh he might try to rock it and dump the toys.

"Well, there's just one thing to do as I see it," Santa Claus said. "We'll just fool old Blitzen, and the rest of them, too," and he chuckled as he pulled out the huge sack and began to pile the toys in.

They couldn't imagine exactly what he was going to do, but when he had put most all the toys in and the sack was nearly full to over-flowing, he turned to the children.

"Here we are," he said. "I've left a nice little place right here in the





middle to put you two in. No, sir, those reindeer will never suspect a thing."

The Little Boy and the Little Girl were lifted right up into the midst of the toys, and found the coziest little place made for them, with doll blankets and soft teddy bears and cuddley dolls all around them so they wouldn't have to sit on the hard trains and horses and things.

Then Santa Claus gave a queer call and the elves came running in and carried the sack to the sleigh that was waiting outside the red door.

The children were so excited they could hardly breathe. They heard Santa Claus's bells jingling as he climbed up into the sleigh, and the stamping of the reindeer's feet on the snow.

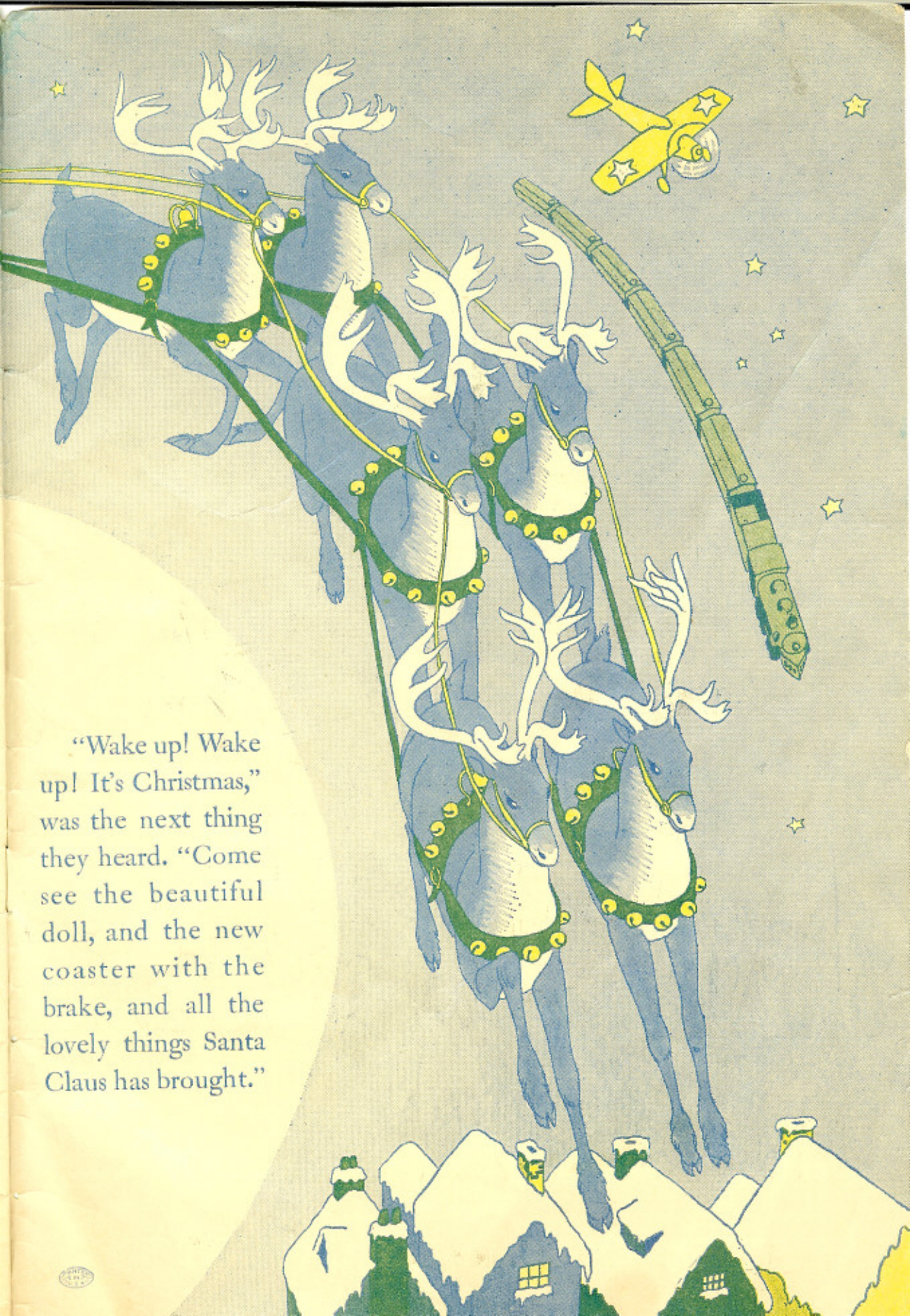


The next minute Santa Claus gave a toss to the reins, and "Off Blitzen! Off Vixen!" and the sleigh whisked away over the cloud tops. The children felt a Great Cold Wind on their faces and heard a rushing sound in their ears, with the tinkling of the reindeer's bells coming faintly from far ahead.

Then suddenly they felt a jerk, a sudden stop, and not a sound from the reindeer bells. Santa Claus leaned over the back of the seat, picked up the Little Boy and Girl and put them firmly on their own window sill.

As they climbed down into the room and turned to thank him, they heard the tinkling of the bells again, and saw the sleigh flying away over the housetops.

"I'm terribly sleepy," the Little Girl said, as they climbed into bed. But the Little Boy was fast asleep before he ever got to say: "So am I."

A whimsical illustration of four reindeer pulling a sleigh through a night sky. The reindeer are depicted in shades of blue and white, with large, glowing antlers and green harnesses adorned with yellow bells. They are pulling a long, green, segmented sleigh. In the upper right, a yellow biplane with stars on its wings flies towards the left. The sky is filled with small yellow stars. At the bottom, a snowy landscape with houses and trees is visible. A large, pale yellow circle on the left side of the page contains the text.

“Wake up! Wake up! It’s Christmas,” was the next thing they heard. “Come see the beautiful doll, and the new coaster with the brake, and all the lovely things Santa Claus has brought.”

MAGIC TOYLAND



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