

THE BALLAD OF THE—



This is the boy who jumps for joy.

This is the boy
Who jumps for joy,
And leaps and dances
And gaily prances,
And calls to his brothers,
His chums, and others :
“ Remember, remember,
The first of September !
It brings the *Holiday Annual* ! ”



This is the shop in the busy street.

This is the shop in the busy street
To which he flies with nimble feet,
And his chums and brothers
And all the others
Come running and racing,
Careering and chasing
And bounding along
In an eager throng
To buy the *Holiday Annual* !



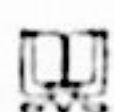
This is the man who keeps the shop,
And sells the “ Magnet,” the “ Gem,”
and “ Pop,”
And he beams and smiles
At the piles and piles
Of volumes trim
Surrounding him.
And the precious piles
At which he smiles
Are piles of the *Holiday Annual* !

—“HOLIDAY ANNUAL”

This is the Editor, slogging away
With pen and ink, in the lamplight's
ray,

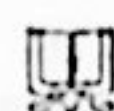
From set of sun till the peep o' day,
With never a wink of sleep, they say.
Scribbling and scrawling
With speed appalling,
And keenly delighting
In writing and fighting

To fashion the *Holiday Annual* !



This is the author, in his lair,
Running his fingers through his hair,
Turning and twisting in his chair,
And wishing he had more time to spare !
Pink and perspiring,
Unkempt but untiring,
With a clash and a clatter
He types the matter

That makes up the *Holiday Annual* !



This is the reader, merry and bright,
Who sits in his cosy den at night,
Dreamily, happily taking his ease,
With the precious volume on his knees.
He's the very boy
Who jumped for joy,
And leaped and danced
And gaily pranced
And called to his brothers,
His chums, and others :
“Remember, remember
The first of September !

It brings the *Holiday Annual* !”



This is the Editor, slogging away.



This is the author, in his chair.



This is the reader, merry and bright.