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## The Christmas Tops

*Maud Lindsay*

Seven of the big tin tops that sang when they spun went to the Brown family. There was Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown, the two big Brown boys, and the two Brown boys who were neither very little nor very big, and the one little Brown girl. Seven Browns and seven singing tops!

Mr. Brown bought the tops, and when the other people in the Toy-Shop looked a little surprised to see him get so many, he laughed and chuckled till they had to laugh, too. He was a very jolly man.

"Getting ready for Christmas fun," said the Toy-Lady, who had sold him tops before. But she did not know how much fun the Browns did have at Christmas.

They had fun hanging the Christmas wreaths in every window and holly all over the house. They never could put up too much holly for Mr. Brown. He even pinned a tiny piece on his coat; he liked it so well.

They had fun making the Christmas pudding that everybody had to stir. Mr. Brown said he wouldn't eat a Christmas pudding unless everybody in the house had stirred it.

They had fun choosing the Christmas tree and bringing it home and putting it up and trimming it and lighting the candles; and in guessing what was in the Christmas packages before they were opened, and saying, "Oh, just what I wanted!" when they were opened.

They hung up their stockings and socks on Christmas Eve, and laughed because some of them were small and some big, some long and some short; and they laughed again in the morning when they found those same socks and stockings stuffed with Christmas goodies.

Eating Christmas breakfast was fun, too, because nobody had to hurry away to work or to school, and there was plenty of time to talk about all sorts of pleasant things; and when they finished their breakfast, they spun the Christmas tops.

All the Browns sat on the floor and wound their tops at the very same time and then when Mr. Brown said, "One, two, three; ready to go!" off went the tops all together. They sang like great sleepy bees, and the fun then was to see whose top would spin and sing the longest.

"Hum, hum, hum," Mrs. Brown felt very sure that hers would be the one. It was such a steady-going top with its hum, hum, hum; never moving out of its place.

But Mr. Brown thought that his top would be the last to stop, even though it danced about as it sang.

"I think they do better when they move," he said.

The Brown boys, no matter whether they were big or middle-sized, made a great noise and stir over their tops.

"Mine will last the longest!" "Mine will last the longest!" they called, and they whirled and twirled and danced about as if they were tops themselves.

But which of the tops do you think was still turning on its one little toe and humming like a big sleepy bee when all the others had tumbled down? The top that belonged to the little Brown girl; and the rest of the Browns were as pleased as she was.

"Next time though mine must beat," said Mr. Brown. "One, two, three; ready to go!" Then all the fun began again.



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