

"Sh-h-h!—
Santa—"

RECEIVED
DEC 11 1925



SANTA'S COMIN'!

BY
MARJORIE HOWE DIXON

SH! Don't dare breathe, Buddy!
"Dost know I heard sleigh bells, I did.—
Now all goney. What's Santa like?"
"Sh! thought I heard sumpin—maybe he's
in there now.—"

"What's he doing, oh, I'm frightened."
"Aw, don't get scared, honey,—he's nice, Santa
is. Big, you know, and jolly, 'neverything. Hope
he don't forget what I specially wanted—wonder if
he got my letter?"

"I wrote him, too—it wasn't real writin' like
yours, but mama said she thought he could read it,
—'cause he's smarter than most. What did you
ask for?"

"Well, I specially wanted a real saxophone and
some roller skates, and a new sled,—and some other
things, oh yes, I did specially want a fountain pen
like Dad's and a pair of bunnies and a bicycle, and a
boat with real sails. What did you ask for?"
"Oh, I told him I'd like a fire engine that would
gallop and gallop and blow a whistle and ring bells,
toot, toot and everybody get out of the way!
Hooray!"

"Sh, Sh,—not so loud—say, you're thinkin' of
a real fire engine, you are!"

"Yes, sure, with white horses."

"For goodness sakes—he couldn't give you that."

"Why not?—I'd like that, best of all."

"Well, a real fire engine with horses—well—
it's too big—d'you know how big it is?"

"No, how big is it?"

"It's as big as our room, 'n as high as these
stairs, the ladder is, and horses, real horses, d'you
know how big they are, nqw?"

"No, how big?"

"They are about twice't as high as you are. I
stood close by one on the street when the mounted

policeman stopped, and I couldn't reach up to his
top side, where the saddle is. Say, if Santa did
give you one, Mama wouldn't let you keep it,
anyway."

"Why—why not?" (sadly).

"'Cause they has to be a barn for horses, big-
ger'n a garage, too, and our garage's all full of our
car, and tires, and pop's tools, and you couldn't
get a horse in anywheres, besides not two horses
specially. There, now don't cry over it. I bet
Santa'll think up sumpin' just as good,—maybe
he'll get you a play fire engine about your size,
and gee, that will be lots better, or a scooter, that
you can play is a fire engine, and yell dang dang!
fire! fire!"

Voice from below:
"Children, are you up? You should have been
asleep long ago. Now trot right along to bed.
Santa might go on by if he found you up,—he
likes good little boys,—hurry now!"

"Say, Mother—"

"Yes?—"

"If you see him, tell him not to forget my saxo-
phone, Mother, specially."

"And Mudder—"

"Yes?"

"Tell him not to forget my fire engine,—very
specially please.—"

"All right, now hop along to bed, both of you."

"Merry Christmas, Mother!"

"Same to you!"

"Merry Christmas, Mudder."

"Yes, dear."

"And Mudder—Say Merry Christmas to Santa
too please."

"All right. Good night."

"Good night."