SPECIAL Christmas EDITION
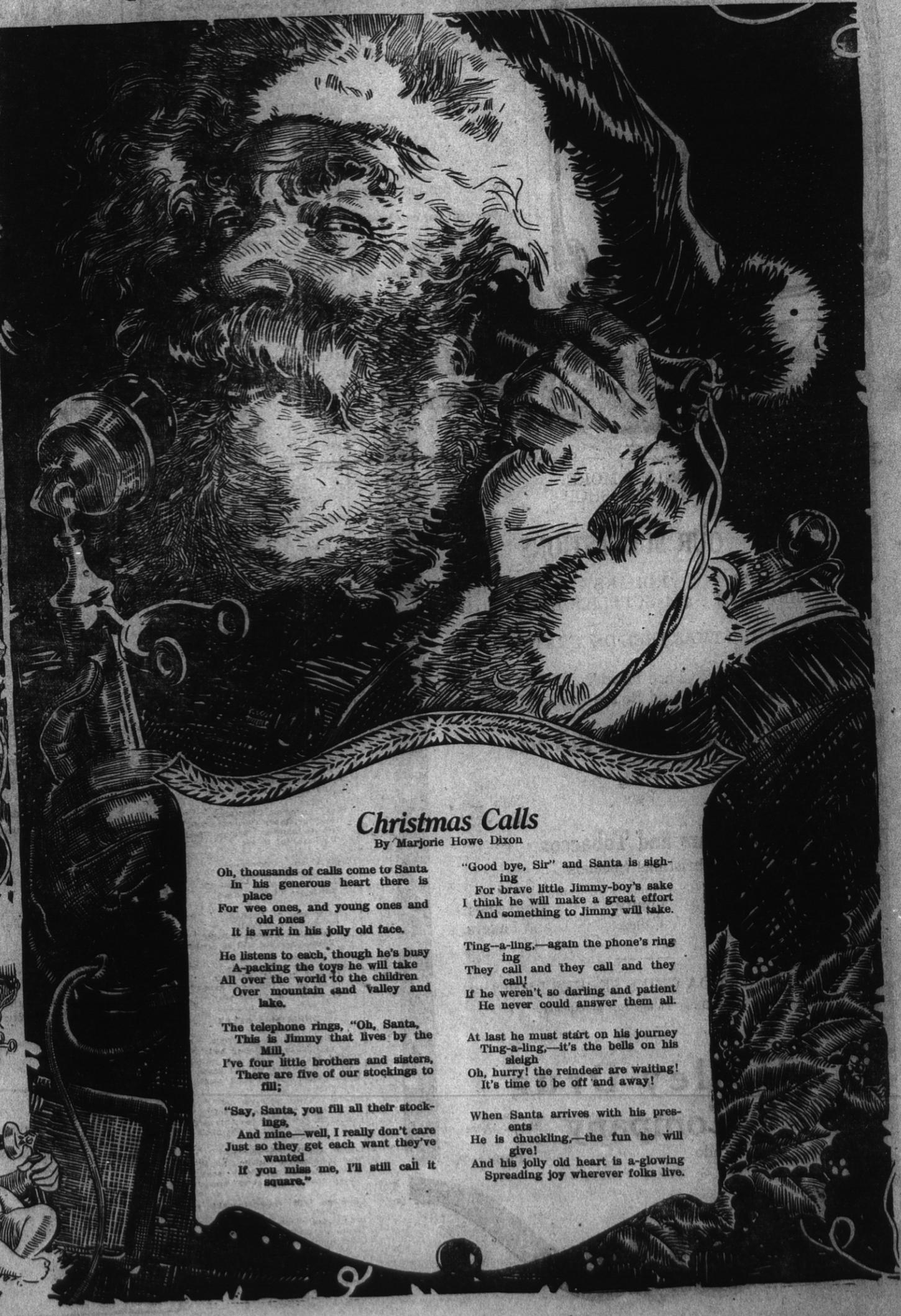
Christmas Calls
By Marjorie Howe Dixon

Oh, thousands of calls come to Santa
  In his generous heart there is
    place
For wee ones, and young ones and
    old ones
  It is writ in his jolly old face.

He listens to each, though he's busy
  A-packing the toys he will take
All over the world to the children
  Over mountain and valley and
    lake.

The telephone rings, "Oh, Santa,
  This is Jimmy that lives by the
    Mill,
I've four little brothers and sisters,
  There are five of our stockings to
    fill;

"Say, Santa, you fill all their stock-
    ings,
  And mine—well, I really don't care
Just so they get each want they've
    wanted
  If you miss me, I'll still call it
    square."

"Good bye, Sir" and Santa is sigh-
    ing
  For brave little Jimmy-boy's sake
I think he will make a great effort
  And something to Jimmy will take.

Ting-a-ling,—again the phone's ring-
    ing
  They call and they call and they
    call!
If he weren't so darling and patient
  He never could answer them all.

At last he must start on his journey
  Ting-a-ling,—it's the bells on his
    sleigh
Oh, hurry! the reindeer are waiting!
  It's time to be off and away!

When Santa arrives with his pres-
    ents
  He is chuckling,—the fun he will
    give!
And his jolly old heart is a-glowing
  Spreading joy wherever folks live.