

A Modern Santa Claus

by Mary W. Moore



WHEN we were supposed to be sleeping quite sound,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
Then he filled up our stockings with candy and toys,
For aren't those the presents for girls and for boys?

But he did not stop there, for he took from his sack,
An assortment of lamps as from a peddler's pack.
First were lights for the living-room, lovely and new,
For the ceiling and side walls, and table lamps, too.



Since the table the center of interest is,
He selected a fixture that was not amiss,
So with filament lighted, the bulbs are unseen,
By the people who dine with my mother, the queen.



At the head of the table, for comfort again,
He placed a new outlet, a double one then,
So that coffee could percolate, waffles could fry,
And bread might be toasting, with ham 'n eggs nigh.



He permitted our old chandelier to remain,
And the lights o'er the mantel to stay just the same,
But in front of the fireplace, beside the new couch,
He placed a small reading lamp, taken from his pouch.



In the kitchen, the domain of pot and of pan,
He placed baseboard outlets, the jolly old man,
And a dense milk-white fixture of enclosing glass,
Was the light for the ceiling, the best of its class.



Then he put in the corner where bookcases are,
A tall floor lamp for which we're more grateful by far,
Than a strong, glaring light from the middle of the room,
Since we've neither to live in the glare nor the gloom.



To the end of the parlor St. Nicholas strode,
And still chuckling with mirth as he carried his load,
He uncovered a bridge lamp to use by the desk,
Which was just what she'd wished for, our dear Aunt Theress.



Then he gathered his pack and to hall and to stair,
He advanced, pausing only a moment, once there,
To attach a new light where before none did burn,
On the landing, the place where the stairs make a turn.



A piano lamp next was disclosed to my view,
Since I was but hiding, not sleeping like you;
Then quick as a wink to the baseboards he flew,
To place, for convenience, an outlet or two.



Now the dining-room was the next place that he went,
He advanced, although laughing, on serious intent,
And he put candelabra upon the buffet,
Which enhanced its appearance by night and by day.
Then fixtures with brackets he put on the wall,
To add spots of color, to brighten the hall.



Then to other rooms quickly the old man flew,
The bathroom, the basement, the porches, too,
Then he gathered his pack, up the old chimney flew,
Quickly started his airplane, and was lost to my view.



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Mary W. Moore

"A MODERN SANTA CLAUS" was written by Mary W. Moore, age 15, residing at 310 West 15th Street, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

This girl is one of the more than 10,000 entrants from the territory served by this Company, in the nationwide Better Home Lighting Contest.

Having a creative turn of mind and the ambition to be

individual, Mary Moore presented her essay in the poetic story form printed above. She deftly brings Santa Claus up-to-date and yet leaves him still possessed of the mythical romance with which we love to surround him.

We feel that Miss Moore's effort is worthy of special notice so we are giving you and others an opportunity to read this poem and compliment her at the same time.

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