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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.



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.

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,

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.

And still chuckling with mirth as he carried his load,

Which was just what she'd wished for, our dear Aunt Theress,

He uncovered a bridge lamp to use by the desk,

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



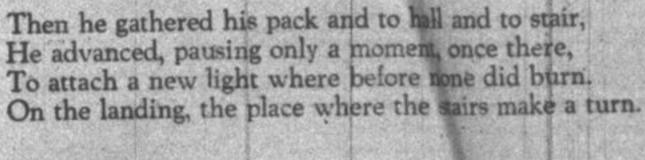
At the head of the table, for comfort again, He placed a new outlet, a double one then, So that coffee could percolate, waffles could fry, And bread might be toasting, with ham 'n eggs nigh.

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





Though the light was diffused evenly o'er the room, To prevent my shadows, companions of gloom, He placed lamps o'er the sink and over the stove, Just so high from the floor to avoid danger above.

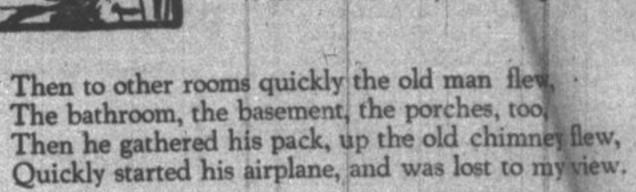






Then he went to the bedroom where Peggy did sleep, can swear that I saw him, for I told you I peeped. He attached some new fixtures, some brackets were they, To the wall on each side of the dresser to stay. Then a small boudoir lamp did he place near the bed, Which she always has longed for, so Peggy has said.

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MODERN SANTA CLAUS" was written by A 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 nation-wide 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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