

The Evolution of a Modern Christmas Present

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1
Small Dorothy and Della
Live way up in a flat,
But Christmas does not hesitate
For trifles such as that,
And when two little girls are good
As they are, why, 'tis clear
That Santa Claus just has to come
And see them once a year.

2
I think that's why Aunt Agnes
Gets busy night and day,
But she is most mysterious,
With not a word to say.
She buys and sews, but who it's for
Nobody dares to tell.
I have my own suspicions 'tis
For Dorothy and Dell.

3
The happy day arrives, and Sam,
The elevator boy,
Swells up with new importance as
A messenger of joy.
He has a smile that overflows
And gleams from flat to flat.
Whoever saw a Santa Claus
In makeup such as that—

4
A Santa Claus in livery,
With skin like mission oak
And a complexion that appears
Compacted out of smoke,
With face so smooth it shines just like
A newly polished shoe?
I think that is a funny kind
Of Santa Claus, don't you?



5
But Dorothy and Dell don't mind
Such little things as that,
For folks get used to funny things
That live up in a flat,
And when Sam brings their presents in
They're glad as they can be,
As glad as though the real S. Claus
Had hung them on a tree.

6
Sly Sam, to set the matter right,
Says, with a grin of joy,
He's not the sure 'nough Santa Claus,
But just his errand boy.
"The chimneys in a flat," he says,
"Are make believe, and so
Old Santa can't get in and leaves
His presents down below."



7
Then Sam distributes them around
And says, "It's great, by jings,
To act as Santa's deputy,
Delivering his things!"
But Dorothy and Della think
It's greater, I'll be bound,
To get the things than it would be
To carry them around.

8
And there are dresses, balls and toys,
And dolls with flaxen curls,
And everything that renders glad
The hearts of little girls,
For Christmas, even in a flat,
Has such a magic spell
I wish it came each month, and so
Do Dorothy and Dell.