

Letters to Santa Claus.

BY MARY K. DAVIS.

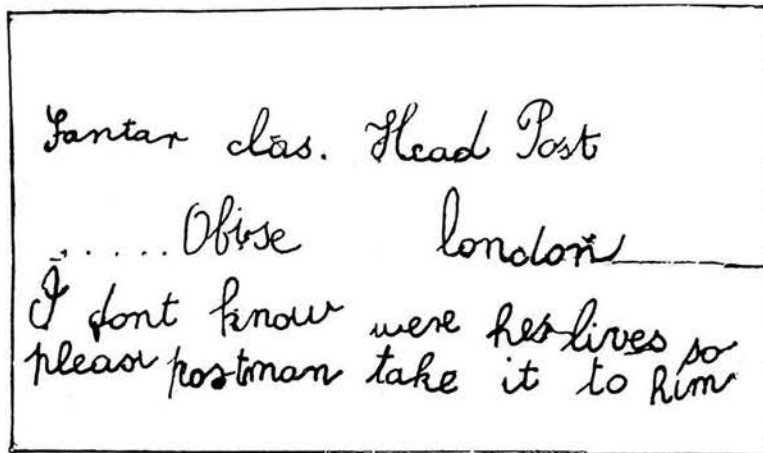


OME years back a little boy wrote a letter to Santa Claus asking for a box of paints. The letter was addressed as shown below.

The postman, unfortunately, did not know where Santa lived, so he took

reach him. So far as is known, there is one man in the post-office who knows the correct address. How else would the boy have got his box of paints? But this man will not tell his secret. Some think, I believe, that Santa calls in person once a year at the post-office to receive his mail, but as no one has ever seen him, the supposition must be abandoned as untrue.

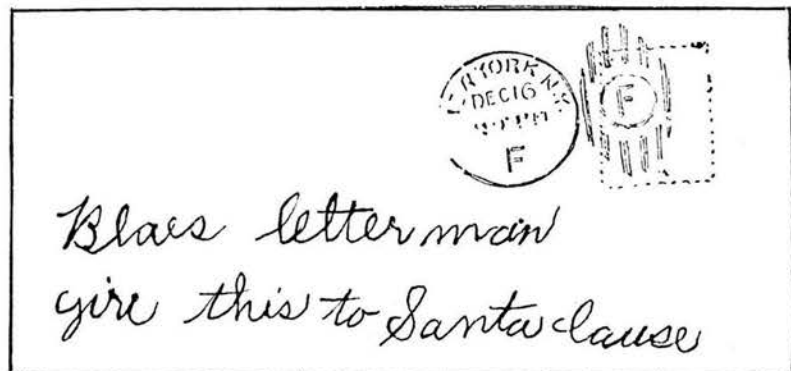
With the whereabouts of Santa I have, of course, little to do, but it seems to me that the safest way for small boys and girls to reach him by mail is to let father or mother act as amanuensis. The letter will then be written, stamped, and directed in the best possible manner, and no delay will take place in the mails. The girl who addressed the



the letter to the post-office, and, in course of time, the little boy received the box of paints. Nothing, I think, could more clearly prove that Santa, by some mysterious means, is accessible to all children through the mail.

Children certainly think so. Every year Santa's post-bag is filled with letters from boys and girls in all parts of the Christian world, and the wonder is, not how Santa can find time to read them all in so many different languages, but how they ever get to him. Santa's address has never been divulged. The little old man with the grey beard and fur-coat, who comes from somewhere in one short night and leaves something nice in the stocking of every good boy and girl, disappears as quickly as he comes, and for a whole year lives in seclusion, where no person can

envelope shown at the foot of this page, "Blaes letter-man give this to Santa Cause". was greatly disappointed at not getting an answer from Santa on Christmas Eve, but the New York letterman who picked it out of the box took such a long time trying to find Santa's address in the directory, that Santa did not get the letter until after he had started on his trip.



In every well-regulated post-office there is a corps of "guessers" and directory searchers, who are kept for the express purpose of finding out where people live, when addresses are carelessly or not fully written out. Last year a letter came to the post-office, post-

I am very sorry to say that John did not get the horse. Little boys who don't do as their mothers tell them find little favour with Santa Claus.

The desires of some children are not very great, and Santa is always pleased with modest children. Down in Norfolk there is a family containing four of the brightest boys and girls to be found within many a mile, and these children lately sent off a batch of letters to Santa, which were admirable, and pleased Santa very much. I quote them together:—

Dear Santa Claus

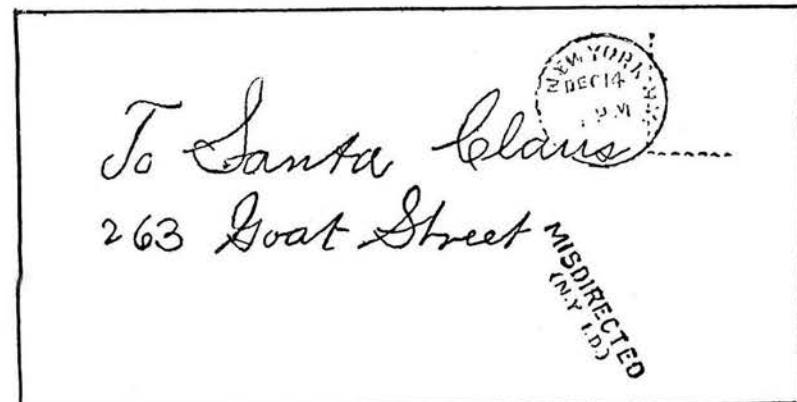
I should very much like a teaset will you kindly send me one please I should be so thankful if you would send me from Yours truly Rosa

dear Santa claus pleas will you send me a nice doll with black eyes nice cloas on it from Maretta

dear Santa Claus i should realy like a tin wistle with red marks on it

Yours truly
Charlie

dear Santy claves i should lik a nice little doll with brown eys black hear will you let me have one please from Marion



marked New York, with the superscription "To Santa Claus, 263, Goat Street." There is no Goat Street in New York, so the letter was stamped "misdirected," as in the reproduction above, and sent to Washington, where, it was supposed, Goat Street might be found. The clerks thought that fuller directions might be discovered inside, so they opened the envelope, and found the following letter:—

Dear Santa,—When I said my prayers last night I told God to tell you to bring me a hobby horse. I don't want a hobby horse, really. A honestly live horse is what I want. Manma told me not to ask for him, because I probably would make you mad, so you wouldn't give me anything at all,

An interesting story is told about the following envelope, which passed through the New York Post Office on December 16th of last year. One of the officials was standing with the envelope in his hands, and turning round to another official, he said, "Here is a



and if I got him I wouldn't have any place to keep him. A man I know will keep him, he says, if you get him for me. I thought you might like to know. Please don't be mad.—Affectionately,
JOHN.

P.S.—A Shetland would be enough.

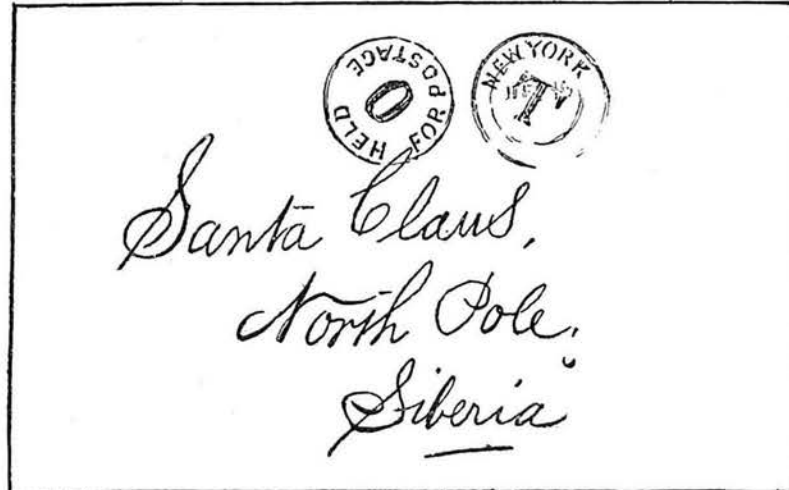
P.S.—I'd rather have a hobby horse than nothing at all.

letter to Santa Claus, addressed to Air Street. Where is Air Street?" "Why, don't you know?" answered the second official, who had children at home. "Air Street's in the town where the sun rises." The letter was duly delivered.

On this page two superscriptions are reproduced, which show how ideas regarding Santa's address differ. The first, addressed to the North Pole, Siberia, was evidently written by a father at the child's dictation, and failed in reaching its destination because

My dear Santa Claus

Christmas will soon be here, and I spect you are very busy geting your presents ready. You did not forget me last year and the things you brought me were booful. How did you stweze down our small chimley the toys were not a bit sinuty. Dear Santa Claus my mama says you only come to good boys and

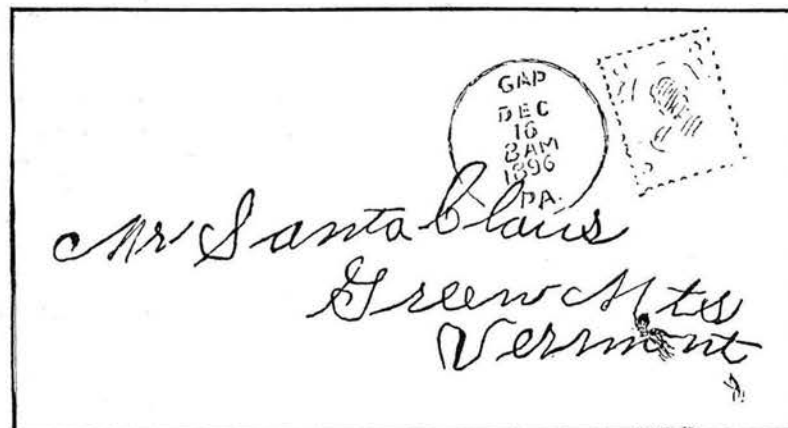


the father had neglected to stamp it. Note the round mark on the envelope, with "Held for Postage" stamped thereon by some assiduous post-office clerk. The second letter was addressed to the Green Mountains, Vermont, probably because Vermont is one of the many places in the United States where the Christmas trees come from. "Where," thought this little one, "should Santa live but in the land of Christmas trees?"

There is a little London boy who wrote a rather pathetic note to Santa trying to

girls. I had the meesels wonce and a kind lady gave me a pot of jelly. I thot I would help my self and ate it all up at wonce. I hope dear Santy Claus you will forget this cos I did like that jelly. Plese bring me a bicykel You cant put that in my stocking or through the chimley but I will ask my daddy to put the door open for you to come in Plese bring a monkey on a stick for my baby brother and a walking stick for my daddy. He has a lot of walking about and his air is getting gray. My stocking is big so plese pop in sweets and nuts and a big pot of jelly. I wont eat it all at wonce. I hope dear Santy Claus you will not have a bad cold or the meesels, and not be able to come.

My name is
Percy —



appease him for having eaten up a pot of jelly which some kind lady had given to the said boy when he had the measles. Here is what he wrote :—

I haven't the slightest doubt that Santa Claus would look with favour on this appeal, and we all hope that Santa will never have the "meesels."

A dear little six-year-old girl, who lives not many miles from Charing Cross, also put her wishes on paper, which is, after all, one of the safest ways to get what you want. I wish we could reproduce the pages of the original letter, but the letter has been passed on to Santa. Here is our copy of it:—

My dear Santa Claus.

I hope you are twite well and hab dot a sack full ob nice toys to dive away. You didnt fordet me last Twismas. You brought me a horse and tart and a lot of buns, nuts and sweets. Pwease, dear Daddy Twismas, will you bwing me a lantern this Twismas, will you bwing me a big ball and some sweets. I tink you will be able to queeze em frouh de shimney. Will you bwing my baby sister a wag dolly wiv long close and a lot ob sugar ticks. My dear dada would yike a bicycle to dow to work wiv, he has de scrumatics in his bid toe and has to walk wid a stick. My bedroom hab dot a berry bid shimney I tink dere will be woom for you to det down. I will sut my eyes tight and be fast asleep while you are bwinging dem down frou de shimney. So dont fordet. Dood-bye, dear Daddy Twismas, I am longing for you to tum from Jack in the box.

Another letter, written by a girl of seven, who is sometimes "norty," was sent off some time ago, in order that Santa might have a good opportunity to get the doll's baby carriage and the "squeak cat for the baby."

My Dear Santa Claus.

I hope you are quite well. I have got a great big stocking reddy to hang up at Xmas. There is only one big hole in it at the top for you to put the things in. Plese bring me a dolls pram. If it is too big to put in my stocking plese tie it outside where I can see it. Dear Santa Claus I do like butter scotch, plese not forget to bring some, also some nuts and oranges. My teacher tells me you will look at my face to see if I have been good. I am norty some times but plese dont forget me, and bring a horse and cart for my little Tommy and a squeak cat for the baby. I love you very much and ope you will not forget poor little Jimmy who lives at Hope Cottage.

For individuality, and expression of a sweet womanly nature, the following letter, written by an eleven-year-old girl, could hardly be surpassed:—

My Dear Santa Claus

I have been counting up the weeks to Christmas and am longing for the time to come. You have put something in my stocking lots of times so please Dear Santa Claus remember me again. Last year I wanted a dear little baby a real live one you know but I suppose it was too cold and besides I did not write to you as I am doing now, so it did not come. Please bring me one this year. a little girl if you can. I have saved money enough to buy a cradle, and I can get plenty of flannelette to keep it warm. Dear Santie a dear lady gave me your photo. It is hanging in my bedroom, and when I look at it I think you must be

Dear Santa Claus

I've havent seen you for a very, very long time, and i want Christmas to come fast. i shall hang my

great great grandi father's stocking up, so you will be able to bring me a doll a boat, and house and lots of buns and sweets and tart. Dear Daddy

Christmas do bring me a
likle funny live
doggie to mind my daddys
house. Who are you, Santie

we never sees you
tumbling down the
chimberley. Do you
ever see de beglers
when you walk
on the roofs. I.

specs you does but
never mind Santie
I loves you a
great big bump.

Please bring my things
in your sack to
Diney Dumpling
Long Alley

getting very old, and I am sure your legs must ake a good deal at Christmas, when you have to get up and down so many chimneys. If you find the inflewnza coming on, drink a good big glassful of hot lemon water and nosset yourself up or a lot of little boys and girls will be disappointed. As babies are so expensive I will not ask for anything else for myself, but kindly remember my dear Dad by popping in a pair of woollen socks to keep his toes warm when he goes to church, and a warm comfort to tie round his mouth to keep the fog from getting down his throat. Please bring a chooky pig for my little Clement. He will be nearly two years old then. Good-bye dear Daddy Christmas, with my best love, hoping you will not forget little Gertie.

P.S.—If you really do manage to bring the baby, please not forget the feeding bottle.

Most children, when they write, sign nick-names, thinking, perhaps, that Santa will recognise them more quickly by their pet names than by their more formal appellations. The five-year-old girl who wrote the interesting letter reproduced in facsimile above is down on the register of births as Dinah Denton, but little Dinah preferred to sign her pet-name. I know that Santa Claus will not forget Long Alley on his rounds, and that Diney, on Christmas morning, may be the happy possessor of a doll, even if her daddy doesn't get "a likle funny live doggie" to mind his house.

