

Just A Daddy!

It was the twenty-third of December. The sun had already set and the yellow gold of the sky was gradually changing to gray. Some of the glory still lingered on the western windows of the Childrens' Home, lending a little cheer to the cold stern building.

Out from the side door of the Home crept a child. His movements were cautious but not furtive. In his eyes was a great longing, a wistful appeal. He paused as if listening intently for the sound of footsteps. Hearing none, he ran quickly down to the corner post-box, dropped a tiny square within, and hurried back. He had chosen wisely; his little form could not readily be seen in the early dusk. Again he paused outside, opened the door without the slightest creak, and slipped in. In his heart was born a new hope. Maybe on Christmas morning he would get his desire, who knew?

The post collector for Route No. 9 was tired. The mails had been heavy this season; all day long it had been collect, sort, and deliver at the trains, over and over again. He almost thought as he opened the last bag and showered the contents upon his desk that the joy of Christmas was not worth the work.

He mechanically picked up letter after letter, when suddenly his attention was arrested by an envelope, much like the others, but on it had been scrawled in a childish hand

Mr. Santa Claus

North Pole

Canada

With an amused glance he picked it up and examined it more closely. Something about it seemed to touch him curiously. Finally he took it over to the head man and remarked, rather sheepishly: "Here's a letter, Banks, which I think I may take without robbing His Majesty's Mail. Banks, with a good natured grin, looked at the envelope, then at his friend, remarking, "Santa Claus spirit, eh?"

In the first pause from work, the collector took the letter and opened it under his desk lamp. He had not gone far before his eyelids blinked and he brushed his rough hand across his face. Inside of his big frame was a heart of gold, which melted at the words: