



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

A Christmas Gift

Mabel L. Pray

It seems that dear old Santa Claus
One day in old November
Received a note from Dottie D—,
With words and phrases tender,
In which she asked the dear old man
With many words of warning,
To bring her a new Paris doll
On the next Christmas morning.

Just as he started for his sleigh
One eve, in old December,
He turned to Mistress Santa Claus
And said, "Did you remember
About that fine new Paris doll
For wee Dot in the city?
I must not fail to take that gift,
'Twould be a dreadful pity."

It was early in the morning,
One day in old December;
A very happy, joyous day
That children all remember,
When Santa, on his mission fleet,
To the nursery came creeping,
And left the fine new Paris doll
Among the others, sleeping.

The holly and the mistletoe
Were bright this winter morning;
One stocking filled from top to toe
The mantel was adorning.
A Christmas tree hung full with gifts,
While underneath, reposing
On an upholstered rocking chair,
The Paris doll was dozing.



Then suddenly from out the gloom
Dot's other dolls came peeping,
Their hair uncombed, their dresses torn,
And noses red with weeping;
They talked in whispers soft and low,
But tones that grew quite scornful,
About the fate that was to greet
This stranger, sad and mournful.

There were Annabel and Bessie,
That came one cold December;
They hobbled round with broken backs
From falling on the fender.
Then Tommy, Grace, and baby Ruth,
All came one birthday party,
And Rose and Don a year ago,
With Santa Claus so hearty.

They all assembled round the tree,
And then with manners shocking
They pinched and shook the Paris doll,
And cried in words so mocking—
"Why, don't you know, you stupid thing,
Dot won't care for another,
She has received this Christmas morn
A dear, sweet baby brother!"

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