

A MESSAGE TO SANTA CLAUS

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where; but, like everybody else, I've got to do what I'm told. All day long I sit here wishing that a lot of people who've got money hadn't got such hard hearts and hoping that every message I pick up will be about taking things to crippled boys with widowed mothers. But I don't get many of that sort."

Then Santa looked awfully sad and didn't seem as if he cared about anything, and Roy felt sure he'd never be merry again.

him, for he had heard that Ivor Ensor was the meanest millionaire in the whole world.

"That's what everybody calls him," Santa answered with a little smile, "and he deserves the name."

"What's a Tight Wad?" Roy asked.

"A Tight Wad," said Santa, "is a rich man who doesn't know what his money was given him for."

"Do you happen to know anything that'll make Old Tight Wad soften



Brian, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Walsh, Hawera  
Brandon Houghton, photo

Roy himself couldn't keep from feeling miserable and disappointed, for he had imagined that he only had to find Santa Claus and tell him all about Joe Bailey for everything to be all right. He never dreamed that anyone else could have anything to do with it.

"Isn't there anything we can do for Joe?" he asked, after a long silence.

"The only thing I can think of," Santa said thoughtfully, "would be for Ivor Ensor, the millionaire, to soften his heart. You know him, don't you? He lives in that big house up past your place."

"You mean Old Tight Wad?" Roy asked, his heart sinking within

his heart?" Roy was tempted to inquire.

"I don't," Santa had to confess. "I'm afraid it hasn't been invented yet."

"Can't anybody else send a message or do something for Joe?" Roy asked.

BUT Santa Claus only shook his head and went on reading the messages. "This is Ivor Ensor's affair," he said, speaking half to himself, "and unless he softens his heart and tells me what to take to Joe Bailey, I can't do anything."

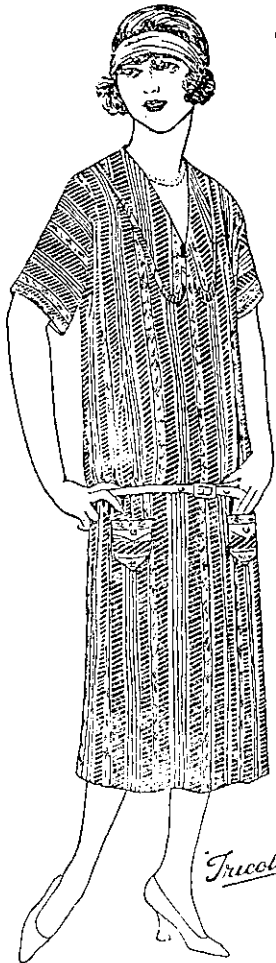
Roy had fully intended to say

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