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## A MESSAGE TO SANTA CLAUS

*Continued from page 47*

doors until at last he found one marked Ivor Ensor.

It was a swing door, so he pushed it open and passed through into a well-furnished reception room. Just inside on the right there sat a young man whose glossy jet-black hair was neatly parted in the middle and plastered closely down each side of his head with oil. Roy hated anyone with hair like that.

"WHAT can I do for you, my little man?" the clerk asked, looking up at Roy with a forced smile.

"'Bout something," Roy said guardedly.

He kept doggedly to that in the face of all questioning, and soon the clerk got up and left him.

Roy sat down in a chair and wondered why millionaires had hard hearts when it must be ever so much better to have soft ones, and why young men with black hair always used too much hair oil. His meditations on these subjects were interrupted by the entrance of another clerk. He was middle-aged and he didn't have plastered hair; but he had a moustache and Roy didn't like



*Mrs. J. F. Montague, of Auckland*

*Walter Clegg, Newmarket.*

Now, if there was one thing that Roy hated more than plastered-down hair it was to be called "my little man." When you are eight next birthday it hurts your dignity to be referred to in that way. Besides, nobody likes being called "little." So Roy made up his mind that he wouldn't tell this particular clerk anything. It isn't easy to talk to a young man with plastered hair about millionaires softening their hearts, and it isn't possible to discuss Santa Claus with such a person.

That's how Roy felt about it, anyhow. If it had been a kind-faced old man with white hair and a funny sort of smile that made you feel happy, it would have been different. So in a frightened sort of voice, that didn't sound a bit like his own, Roy asked if Mr. Ensor were at home.

"Want to see him, I guess?" the clerk said lightly.

"Please?" Roy faltered.

"And what do you wish to see him about?" the inquisitive clerk inquired.

moustaches. Also, he didn't feel that he could talk about Santa Claus to a man who had a moustache. So he refused to say anything more than that he wanted to see Mr. Ensor.

TWO more clerks came out and tried to ascertain what his particular business was; but they soon gave up the attempt and retired behind the glass screen that divided the office from the reception room. After that he was left alone to watch the clock until five minutes to four.

He was just beginning to think that he wouldn't have time to get the millionaire to soften his heart, when the door at the end of the reception room suddenly opened and a very superior-looking young man came out, leaving the door ajar behind him.

"Won't you tell me what you want to see Mr. Ensor about?" he asked as he approached Roy.

"'Bout something," was all Roy would tell him.

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