We Have With Us Today—Santa Claus.

By Grantland Rice and J. N. Ding.

(1)

When Santy from his Lapland home
Looked down upon the frenzied nations
From Petrograd along to Rome,
New York and other well known stations;
He said—"This year I'll take each tribe
Just what I think the proper notion;
In place of foolish gifts to bribe
Or help appease some crude emotion."

(2)

And so when Christmas day arrives
Each Russian Red will gather, flocking,
To find, provided he survives
These simple gifts within his stocking
A shaving kit—a bath—an ounce
Of common sense that isn't freezing,
And Russian names you can pronounce
Without a quick recourse to sneezing.

(3)

In Berlin, too, I think they'll get
A gift that ought to leave them wiser;
No—not the gold to meet their debt
Nor yet another warlike Kaiser;
They'll find a book upon each tree
Through fate, the publisher's permission—
"WHO DIDN'T WIN THE WAR"—will be
The title of this rare edition.

(4)

And when, beneath old English skies
He finds his reindeer swiftly nearing,
He'll leave John Bull with bulging eyes,
Too hoarse for any further cheering;
A simple gift which should enrich
The world beyond its hardest labors—
A "Sinn Fein Soothing Syrup," which
Will make the Irish loving neighbors.

(5)

He pondered long before he found
The proper gift, with variations,
To set upon Italian ground
To help check wild imaginations;
But in each vine-clad Roman yard
On Christmas day each one can show it—
A dozen keepers for each bard
And cages for each frenzied poet.

(6)

With parching throats amid the drouth
And thirst-dispelling experts banished;
Where dust has gathered in the mouth
And railings made of brass have vanished—
With Uncle Sam bereft of booze,
Where rust has settled on each throttle
I know that two or three could use
A package, labelled—"Private Bottle."