Santa's Cake

"THIS CHRISTMAS POEM was recited by my 4-year-old sister, Althea Barrett, at our church Christmas program, in Lima, New York, in 1926," writes Elizabeth Barrett Ballou of New Port Richey, Florida.

"I was about 4 years older than she was, but learned it right along with her and have never forgotten it."

Santa's Cake

I saved my cake for Santa Claus
One Christmas Eve at tea.
'Cause if riding makes one hungry,
How hungry he must be!
I put it on the chimney shelf
Where he'd be sure to go.
It surely makes a person proud
To be remembered so.
When everyone was fast asleep,
Everyone but me,
I tiptoed down the stairs,
Oh, just as still, to see
If he had been here yet—
Dear me! It made my feelings ache!
There sat a miserable little mouse
Eating Santa's cake!

—Author Unknown