

IN THE WHITE HOUSE

How Presidents of Past Enjoyed Christmas Holidays.

No Celebration by John Quincy Adams Because He Regarded Religious Festival as a Foolish Extravagance.

ACCORDING to history the only president of the United States who did not celebrate Christmas (because he regarded it as a foolish extravagance) was John Quincy Adams, "the most economical man known in public life."

Mrs. John Adams, the wife of the second president of the United States, had a most discouraging time trying to make merry in the White House during the Christmas holidays. (She was the first wife of a president to celebrate Christmas in the executive mansion in Washington, for the president and Mrs. Washington were always at Mount Vernon for the holidays.) She had no dominating sense of economy, but it was the White House itself that was shabby, and a Christmas reception given to the members of congress by the president proved, from her point of view, to be a ghastly failure.

President Jefferson was a widower with four daughters, and during his second administration Martha, the eldest, was the head of her father's household, and made Christmas the happy and festive occasion it was designed to be from that time when the star stood still above the manger in Bethlehem.

There were trees, and decorations, and all sorts of entertainments for the children of the official families, as well as gifts for the poor of the capital.

Although the Madisons did not spend all of their Christmases in the White House, on account of the little historical interruption by the British, when they occupied their quarters for a time, the brilliant Dolly managed a record for holiday hospitality and merrymaking that has never been surpassed.

When Andrew Jackson came to the White House he was bowed and broken by the death of his wife and depressed by political animosities. He had neither heart nor the slightest inclination for holiday celebrations, yet he pulled himself together at Christmas time and saw to it that the day meant something happy to those in the White House.

In the meantime the Monroe administration was marked by nothing in the way of holiday celebrations beyond what was conventionally prescribed, and after President Jackson's efforts at keeping the spirit of Christmas in spite of his own personal sorrows, President Harrison did not live to see a Christmas in the White House.

Mrs. Tyler lived to celebrate only one Christmas in the White House. After his second marriage the Tyler administration was noted for its brilliant entertainments. Whether it was Christmas or any other time of the year, hospitalities were dispensed in the old Virginia style, and there was no stint of merrymaking at the White House.

The Polk administration reverted to the grim and practical idea of John Quincy Adams. Perhaps it was not economy that changed the Christmas celebration at the White House; it is difficult to define the reason why President Polk did not make the holidays a festive event in the executive mansion; it may have been the temperament of the chief executive; perhaps it was because Mrs. Polk did not believe in the gay and festive way of celebrating the holidays, as, according to intimate history, she did not.

President Zachary Taylor, brilliant figure in military history, who had no chance whatever in the social history of the White House, because he died in little more than a year after he had taken his seat as president of the United States, and spent only one Christmas in the White House, bequeathed his administration to the Fillmores, people pitifully distinguished by sorrow and in no way adapted to the social obligations of the great national responsibility of sustaining the political and social obligations of the White House.

"Shortly after becoming president," someone writes of President Fillmore, "his wife died, and a year later a daughter, an only child, passed to the great eternity."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

No tramp of marching armies,
No banners flaming far;
A lamp within a stable
And in the sky a Star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
To earth the angels brought,
Their Gloria in Excelsis
To earth the angels taught;

Down in the lowly manger
The Holy Mother Maid
In tender adoration
Her Babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness,
And none as poor as he,
The little children of the poor
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,
But just the huddling sheep,
The angels singing of the Christ
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
No legions sent afar;
A lamp within a stable
And in the sky a Star!

Margaret E. Sangster, in Collier's Weekly.

The Ten Commandments for Christmas Giving

By HARVEY PEAKE

1. Thou shalt love the giver of the gift, because he has sent the gift.
2. Thou shalt remember first the very young and the very old.
3. Thou shalt buy within thy means, remembering the spirit of the gift and not the value.
4. Thou shalt not become a party to the mere exchange of gifts. Let thy heart go with each and every greeting or present thou sendest out.
5. Thou shalt make such gifts as thy skill may warrant, inasmuch as the work of thy hands gives added value to the offering.
6. Thou shalt tie up no bitter remembrances with a gift, but only peace and good will.
7. Thou shalt have thy gifts ready several days before the time of delivery, that the immediate days before Christmas may be filled with peace and happiness, and not with turmoil and frenzy.
8. Thou shalt seek the abodes of the poor and friendless with such wholesome gifts as may cheer and nourish their hungry bodies and hearts.
9. Thou shalt not gush over thy gifts. Thou shalt show thy gratitude in more sincere ways.
10. Thou shalt, at earliest opportunity, give written or verbal thanks for such kindnesses as thy friends may have bestowed upon thee at Christmas.

TWO TOTS IN A TOY SHOP

Little Denny Was Almost Beyond Hope in the Eyes of His Older Sister, Aged Six.

She was six if she was a day; she had a little fat back in a little black coat and her wisps of red hair matched her red tam-o'-shanter. In her firm hand she held a struggling boy about a year younger, and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for "toys."

Children are not allowed, unaccompanied by guardians, in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum, that it would have been a bold floorwalker who dared to question her.

Nor, evidently, was it her first visit. The boy, still held in leash, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sleigh, piled with toys.

There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long white beard, holding his big whip, and from his face the small boy did not turn from worshipping in solemn adoration.

Across the room was a creche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing. The infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robes, St. Joseph, with his staff, the three kings resplendent.

The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus, when the little girl whispered to the boy. He squirmed, struggled, but she was too much for him. She dislodged him from his seat, dragged him to the creche, and with motherly, Irish piety, pressed him on his knees.

Reverently she described the holy group, then would incite devotion from a more human motive.

"See the cow, Denny; you mind the cow we used to milk last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Denny; you mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Denny whined and pulled and pulled to be back again to his idol.

The little girl looked up. Her sigh was that given by every woman since the beginning, for every man for whose soul she holds herself responsible.

"Denny," she said, "Denny likes Santa Claus better than he likes God."

It is time to hang your stocking high
And let your notes to Santa fly
Straight up the chimney
far away
So you'll get your presents
Christmas Day



May each Christmas, as it comes,
find us more and more like him who, as at this time,
became a little child for our sake,
more simple-minded, more humble,
more holy, more affectionate,
more resigned, more happy,
more full of God.—J. H. Newman.

Home Made Presents.

"I thought I'd be economical this year and make my Christmas presents myself, instead of buying them," said Mrs. Harlan; "so I bought a book of instructions and went ahead."

"How did you make out?" asked Mrs. Bronx.

"The materials footed up to \$43.58, and I put in a month's hard sewing and cutting."

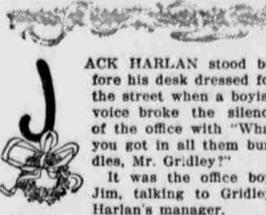
"How did that compare with last year?"

"Last year I bought all I wanted for \$35."

First Christmas Card.
In December, 1844, Mr. W. A. Dobson sent the first Christmas card.

HARLAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By F.M. FEHRENBACHER



ACK HARLAN stood before his desk dressed for the street when a boyish voice broke the silence of the office with "What you got in all them bundles, Mr. Gridley?"

It was the office boy, Jim, talking to Gridley, Harlan's manager.

"These bundles? Why, here's a drum; and this is an electric railroad, and here's a game of parcheesi. Did you ever play parcheesi, Jim? It's a great game, all right. My boy Al gets so excited when he can put one over on me and win a game he can hardly keep from whooping!"

"They're all boys, ain't they?" inquire the office boy.

"Yes, and glad of it, too," answered Gridley. "Here, Jim, is something for your Christmas, and hope you'll have a nice day!"

"Oh, thanks. Good-by, Mr. Gridley. Merry Christmas!" called the boy as the door slammed after the overladen Gridley.

Harlan slid down the top of his desk with a bang and left the office. What a happy little hustling fellow Gridley was; a little shrimp of a man, and yet he always seemed to radiate pleased self-importance and good cheer! Jim caught sight of Harlan as he was going out the front door.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Harlan," he called. "Thanks for the check and Merry Christmas to you!"

"Merry Christmas, bah! What does Christmas mean to me now, anyway? Christmas is a time for fools and babies," muttered Harlan to himself as he walked to the street car, first telling the waiting chauffeur to drive home without him. And when he got to the car he walked up on Market street; he felt he could not bear the



The News Failed to Interest Him.

inside of a stuffy car. The street at least held a variety of things to divert one's thoughts.

Christmas decorations were on all the buildings; wreaths dangling broad red ribbons hung in most windows and every corner was a jumble of green and red where the flower vendors were selling holly, while "Merry Christmas!" he heard on every side. Great bunches of cherry laurel and eucalyptus boughs made a veritable canopy over the flower vendors' stands, where flashed red and white and yellow carnations, red and green Christmas wreaths and holly.

"Holly here, mister; only 15 cents a bunch, two for two bits. Take a bunch home to your wife, and a flower vendor poked a bunch of holly into Harlan's face.

"No, no!" he cried, brushing the vendor aside, and walked on. At last, unable to stand it longer he jumped into a waiting taxi and called out his home address.

At first he peered from out the taxi; but every window seemed to hold a Christmas wreath and he soon gave up glancing out the window to stare straight before him into the dimness of the cab. When the taxi stopped, he sprang out; paid the fare, and let himself into the house with his latch-key.

A woman in the white apron of a nursemaid was just ascending the broad staircase as he came into the hall. She had a child with her but Harlan did not see the child; the nurse was too quick in running up the stairs.

"I'm sick of seeing that woman sink away like a thief every time I enter a room where she's had the child. Why under the sun don't she stay away from this part of the house altogether like I've ordered her to?" grumbled the man.

He hung his hat and overcoat on the hall rack and striding into the living room, he flung himself into a large leather armchair and tried to read the evening paper. But the news failed to interest him somehow tonight; and as twilight came on and the room darkened, he found himself staring into the grate fire.

How many things one can imagine in the flame of a grate fire! And, as the man sat there all huddled in the big armchair, all the dear days of the dead past came trooping out of the coals. An office room he saw first, with himself sitting at a desk and a fair-haired girl at a typewriter in the corner. The girl was poorly dressed but the sweetness of her smile captivated the man at the desk. And in the next picture he heard the man asking the girl to become his wife. A hillside flooded with moonlight he beheld next—the picture of an evening from out their honeymoon, with them sitting on that hillside in the shadow of the tall, dark, sweet-smelling pines that loomed up as a background. Here there were no more visions for a time, while the man sat staring dry-eyed into the fire.

The scene of the next picture was laid in the sitting room. She was in a low rocker by the window, sewing on something soft and white. Every once in a while she looked out of the window. Through the window he saw an auto stop in front of the house, and the man who got out and entered the house was himself. She heard his step and sat with her hands loosely crossed on the sewing as he entered the room and stepping behind the rocker, put his two hands over her eyes. Then she drew down his face to hers and kissed him on both cheeks and then on the forehead and eyes and mouth. At this, Harlan buried his head on his arm, while a dry sob shook his throat.

"Oh, Nadine, Nadine, why did you leave me!" he sobbed. He turned from the flaming coals and his eye fell upon a Christmas tree all decked with shining ornaments. It was a real tree. He knew it was there for the child; and was annoyed at the thought of the cause of her death. He lit his pipe and leaned back for a smoke. But through the blue smoke haze the tree became an airy phantom dream-tree. A ladder leaned up against it and at the top of the ladder, high up, and half hidden by the pungent green boughs, stood a golden-haired woman. And he was standing beneath the tree, steadying the ladder with both hands. She was putting the last touches to the tree.

She held a shining bright tinsel in her hand; and God, what was this she was saying!

"Look, sweetheart, how bright the star is! Ah, dear, next Christmas the baby will be six months old, just old enough to notice things; and I'm sure he will notice this star; now won't he? Don't you think so, dear?"

"Come down, Nadine, come down; I am afraid you will fall," he heard himself cry, and then as she laughingly descended the ladder, he clasped her in his arms before she reached the bottom and kissed her again and again.

"You big story teller," she laughingly reproved him. "you weren't a bit afraid I'd fall; you just wanted to hug me!"

"What if I did? Now what are you going to do about it?" he was demanding—when the girl faded, and that dream picture of himself in other days vanished and nothing was left but the Christmas tree.

Harlan pulled his chair away from the fire and over to the window, and, sinking back into its depths, he watched the glimmer of the windows in the houses across the street and their soft shine on the pavement.

He must have dozed a long time, for when he awoke the arc lights in the street were lit and a bright shaft of light fell across the room, and presently into this shaft of light came stumbling a little white-robed figure. It was a little boy in his nightgown. He walked over to the Christmas tree and toyed playfully with the ornaments dangling from the lower branches.

"Pretty, pretty things," he kept saying over and over in a soft little voice. Awakened from a dreamless slumber, the first thing Jack Harlan's mind reverted to was the dream picture of his wife in the Christmas tree. And this was the child, his child and hers. He heard her voice again.

"Next Christmas he will be six months old, just old enough to notice things, and he will notice the star; it is so bright."

Had he noticed it that first lone Christmas when everything was so desolate in that household? Ah, there had been no tree! And the next Christmas, when the baby was a year and six months old, the nurse had asked if she might get a tree and Harlan had said "No." This year she had bought one without asking, and Harlan felt thankful to her and strangely glad.

What was the baby saying to him self?

"I wanted to see the star, the star, but nurse wouldn't let me wait cause my papa was comin'. An' now the stars all gone; it's all dark an' gone out an' I don't see it no more—no more."

The child broke into a little huddled heap, sobbing in the shadows at the foot of the tree, and a stray ray of light coming through the hall door fell upon his fair head.

With a stifled cry of remorse and pity Harlan gathered the trembling little form tenderly in his arms and pointed out the tinsel star at the top of the tree, while the tears of the child mingled with his. And a great peace filled his soul.

HOLIDAY AILMENTS

How to Avoid Condition Brought About by Overeating.

Plenty of Vigorous Outdoor Exercise Will Help Digestive Organs Assimilate Food—Better Than Doctor's Prescription.

By IRENE WESTON.

SO MANY people habitually feel more or less out-of-sorts for the few days following Christmas that Christmas ailments have come to be recognized as a necessary aftermath of the festivities.

Of course, the children will always overeat themselves; it they were not allowed to eat all sorts of indigestible things, they would feel they were being cheated out of half the joy of the gay Christmas season. As a matter of fact, it is not the children at all who make up the bulk of sufferers from Christmas complaints. It is the grown-ups who, simply through carelessly neglecting to subscribe to one simple rule of health, frequently find themselves more or less unhappy inside, and more tired and run down physically at the end of the Christmas holidays than before them.

Of course, children do overeat themselves more often than grown people. They rejoice, however, in the possession of powers of recuperation which grown-ups, even in the prime of life, can only look back on with envy. Too much plum pudding, too many sausages with turkey, too many sweets during meals, may bring on a sharp digestive upset, but in a few hours all traces of it have disappeared, and the one-time sufferer is soon eager for more of the rich foods which caused him pain.

With grown people, after-Christmas ailments are not so much due to indiscriminate eating of indigestible foods as to an utter neglect of any precautions to adapt their systems to the new conditions which reign during the Christmas holidays.

Take the case of the average father of a family who leaves all office work behind. How does the change affect him? In the first place, the dull monotony of his days is broken in upon and his brain can relax from the high pressure of the office. This much, of course, is a change in the right direction. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy physically as well as mentally. At the same time, however, staying at home has drawbacks of its own, for it means less exercise, which in its turn should suggest a cutting down of the food supplied to the body.

Too much food and too little exertion are almost certain to upset the digestion and clog up the various organs whose duty it is to separate the waste matters from the good in the food we eat and rid the body of those poisonous products.

The remedy is perfectly simple. There is no need to stint yourself of the good things of the table. Eat, drink and be merry, within fair moderation, of course. However, you must help your digestive organs by taking plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise.

A two hours' walk before the mid-day meal, a round of golf or some other outdoor game with the children in midafternoon, and a brisk two-mile walk in the half-hour before the evening meal will be found worth more than any amount of doctor's prescriptions directed towards relieving the first symptoms of biliousness, the mental irritability, disturbed sleep, sour taste in the mouth, loss of appetite etc., which are such a common aftermath of the Christmas holidays.

Unselfishness is the key to Christmas happiness.

ENVIUOUS.



"Do you ever wish you were a girl?" asked the visitor.

"Only at Christmas time," answered the boy.

"Why do you wish it then?"

"Because of the stockings they wear."

Cultivating the Christmas Spirit.

"Ains!" sighed the moody man, "there is no gladness for me in this joyous season."

"Tut-tut!" said the optimist. "Surely there is a ray of sunshine for you, as there is for all of us if we but look for it."

"No," replied the moody one. "I have not a single friend and no relatives with whom I am on speaking terms."

"Cheer up, then," advised the other, with a shade of envy in his tone. "Can't you be glad because you will not have to buy any Christmas presents?"

AN IRREPRESSIBLE BOY



WORRIED the cat, he played rat-tat-tat on the roller skates a full hour by the clock. He tried roller skates where dishes and plates in jeopardy lay, till some fell with a shock.

With an Indian yell on the doll's house he fell. And added poor dolly's scap to his belt; Then knocked off its toes and its fair Grecian nose. Which some was of wax—he proceeded to melt.

Two tubs he upset without one regret; He stood on his head till his face it turned blue; A curtain he tore and then sighed for more. Inventively mischievous things he might do.

He hid granny's specs, but that didn't vex; Her face brightened up with his fun and his noise. "One sweet kiss repaid all," so she said, Resignedly adding that "boys will be boys."

But strangest of all at night's quiet fall. How meekly, how placidly, this rogue would say: "Good-night, mamma dear. Good-night, papa dear. 'I've tried hard to be such a good boy today!'"

EAT REMAINS OF CANDLES

Christmas Services Among the Eskimos of Labrador—Part Most Enjoyed by the Children.

Somebody has said that when the world was being made the Creator gathered up all the waste material he had left over and made Labrador out of it. Some people say the Creator never intended it to be inhabited. But inhabited it is with a sturdy, taciturn band of Eskimos, who, thanks to the Moravian missionaries who have penetrated to that country, celebrate Christmas in their own peculiar way.

As service time in the church draws near all the inhabitants, old and young, the men on one side and the women on the other, are waiting in eager expectation. It is quite dark by four o'clock and the bell rings. All come trooping in clad in the best clothes they can muster.

No one stays at home from these services unless he is sick or lame, and whenever it is possible sleighs are used to bring these disabled ones to church.

For the little children the happiest part of the services comes later when each child receives a lighted candle, symbolizing the light of the world. Each candle stands in a white turnip which serves as a candlestick. Most of the candles are made from deer tallow which the Eskimos bring to the missionaries. After the services the children eat not only the turnip, but what is left of the candle as well.

One year only about ten persons, mostly men, could come from the nearest island. The ice had been driven together, and rather than miss the Christmas service they had risked their lives in crossing over on that moving, heaving, broken ice to the mainland. Then they had to climb the mountains and walk through the deep snow until they reached the mission station after twenty-three hours of danger and a fearfully exhausting march through the snow.

How happy they were to be in time to celebrate the Christmas festival in the house of their God! About six days later, when the ice had formed, all the rest of the people came, but oh! so sad and downhearted. Like little children they told the missionaries their tale of sorrow. They described how sad they all had been when they found that it would be impossible to come to the mission station for the Christmas service.

"Christmas Past."

It was indeed a gracious time, and as we read of the revels and ceremonies and find foolish beliefs of Christmas Past, we might regret what we have lost in this tamer and less picturesque age, if we did not know that never before in history was Christmas kept so truly and heartily in the spirit of the day as it is now. We have dropped a good many rude and some pretty customs, but we have gained a broadening spirit of almost universal charity, a feeling of real brotherhood, that is perhaps none the less real that it is best in check a good deal during the rest of the year.—Charles Dudley Warner.

A French Custom.

In France children place their shoes before the mantelpiece, in anticipation of a visit from Father Christmas.