

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 other 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:

When 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 B. 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. Harlem; "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.

CHRISTMAS IN NAVY

How the Festive Season Is Observed Aboard Ship.

Not Much Work Is Done—Athletic Sports, Traditional Dinner and Evening Entertainment Features of Occasion.

NOWHERE in all the world is the "spirit of Christmas" entered into more wholeheartedly than on board the ships of the United States navy.

Observance of this chief of all national holidays varies, of course, in form with the location of the fleet at the time.

Into each of the continental "home ports" (headquarters of certain individual vessels) the big gray monsters come dropping in by twos and threes till, in New York and Philadelphia, and Norfolk and Frisco, it looks almost like a naval review. According to long established custom, they are there to give the boys in blue a run on the beach ("liberty," as they call it in the service), and every man jack who is not actually undergoing punishment is allowed and encouraged to take his look at the bright lights—go home on leave or uptown for fun or anything else he likes as long as his money lasts but away from the ship in any event. This custom applies not alone to the enlisted men, but to the officers as well and, when Christmas morning dawns in a home port, there are not likely to be many more persons on board any man-o-war than the regulations call for in the minimum.

The few "shipkeepers" cannot, under such circumstances, make a very successful effort toward merriment. Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan writes in the National Monthly, but what they lack in numbers they invariably make up in other ways, one of these ways being the complete satisfaction of the inner man.

Abroad and at sea, though, it is altogether different. Every soul on



A Christmas Concert on Board Ship.

board, from the usually sedate flag officer and the more or less unapproachable first lieutenant, down to "Jimmy-legs" and the ship's cook and the messenger boy, voluntarily constitutes himself a committee of one to see the thing through in "old navy" fashion, and even King Neptune, when he comes on board on "crossing the line" to douse every hayseed and landlubber, has a formidable rival in the "spirit of Christmas."

It matters not much whether the ship be anchored off Vera Cruz or plowing through the Pacific ocean, the distance from home and friends makes it incumbent on all to do their level best to make at least a brave try for "Merry Christmas."

Routine drills are entirely suspended; and, except for cleaning ship (cleanliness in the navy being deemed not only akin to, but actually neck and neck with godliness itself), not a lick of avoidable work is allowed to be done by anybody.

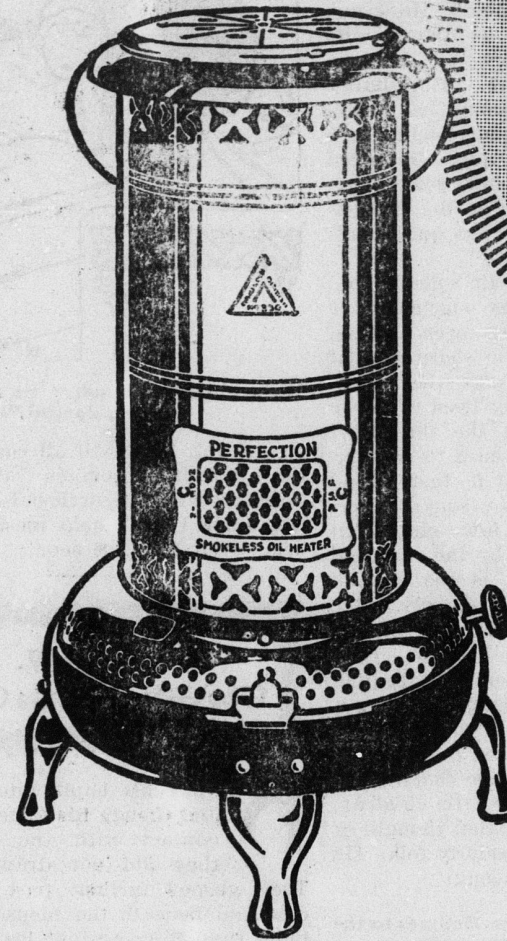
"All hands" are called, to be sure, on scheduled time, but many more men than usual are allowed to "sleep in," and, after the tiniest minimum of tidying up, preparations for the day's festivities are gotten under way.

There is a varied athletic program that begins in the forenoon, and after an hour or so off for dinner at midday, continues well along toward sunset. Sailors are taught to be thorough. So they go at their potato races and pie-eating contests and tugs of war and jumping contests with the same fervor that they show when trying for a 13-inch turret gun record or stamping out a Caribbean revolution. There is no lack of interest. That can be depended on. And when call is sounded they are a tired lot.

Toward sunset the various contests have been completed (or not unusually called off "on account of darkness," as the baseball people say), and, after an early supper, a stage is rigged up on the quarter-deck and the crowning event of the entire celebration is on. Sometimes it is a minstrel show, another time a vaudeville performance, but without exception there is plenty of music and near music, and no such entertainment would be complete without the inevitable and inimitable cakewalk. Some of the improvised costumes are fearfully and wonderfully made. But they are striking and, for the most part, very appropriate, while the prouetting and gyrating of the cakewalkers themselves are well worth seeing. The program is a long one, but interest never lags for a moment—for American sailors are just as thorough at play as they are while at work.

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.



Something Extra for Christmas

Sure, of course, you already have made up your mind just what you're going to give for Christmas. But what do you think, this year, you husbands and wives who are thinking of each other's comfort, of adding just one more gift to your list?

What do you say to joting down a Perfection Oil Heater? Sounds funny, eh? Well, do you know there is no more practical, useful, comfort-bringing gift you can buy than one of these same heaters? The

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