

THE OMAHA BAZAAR

1510 LOUGHS STREET. WHY HAS OUR STORE BEEN JAMMED THE PAST WEEK--THESE PRICES TELL.

White Enamelled Lard Can... 18c

All Steel Mechanical Trolley Car... \$2.48

Full Nickel Plated Square Drum, calf heads... \$1.50

A B C BLOCKS 3c 8c 18c 38c

Celluloid Wa h List, a decided novelty... 10c

Ma'able Iron Toys, worth 75c... 48c

Largest Drum in the city for... 15c

Red Toy Chair... 5c

Barrel Filled with Cloth Pins... 3c

Hand Painted Rose Bowl... 50c

Elegant Silk Gauze and Celluloid Handkerchiefs... \$1.25

Child's Red Chair, worth 25c... 15c

Celluloid Laundry List, worth 33c... 10c

Malleable Iron Toy, worth 75c... 48c

Onion Boards... 68c

Red Top Stool... 5c

Large Size Toy Reels... 25c

Child's Toy Reels... 3c

Perpetual Calendar, worth 50c... 25c

Silver Plated Card Receiver, worth 75c... 48c

White Metal Picture Frames, worth 25c... 5c

Clown and chariot, worth 25c... 15c

Full Nickel Combination Safe... 15c

Chime Rattle... 3c

Double Chime Rattle... 5c

Nickle Plated Cans... 5c

Paddle Your Own Canoe, Celluloid Novelty, in different colors... 15c

Elegant Celluloid Box, Hand Painted and Silk Puffing, worth \$1.25... 75c

Handsome Celluloid Paper Knife... 25c

Handsome Celluloid and Silk Gauze Neck Tie, worth \$2... \$1.25

Jammed Stove complete as cut... 24c

Oak Tables, worth 18c and 35c

Large Oak Toy Desk, like cut, worth \$2.10... \$1.25

Malleable Iron Toy, value 25c... 10c

Large, Malleable Iron Toy... 25c

Easel Blackboards, large size... 15c

SANTA AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The Jolly Old Whiskers Chats of Christmas with Presidents.

GAY TIMES IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

A Chain of Happy Incidents from Washington to Harrison--Memorable Holidays for White House Children.

(Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Santa Claus at the white house! How his reindeer sledges gallop over the roof and how his pack goes easily down the great chimneys. He has visited the place so often that he knows just the easiest way to the second floor, where the babies sleep, and down further to the room below, where the Christmas tree stands, and to the wood fireplace, about which the stockings of big Ruth and little Esther hang.

He stops a moment on the way and takes a peep at Father Cleveland. The president is sleeping soundly, his rotund form making a mound of the bed clothes. He lies upon his back, and the night lamp on the table casts a sickly glow over his worn features. He looks weary and old, for the troubles of the office and the cares of state have followed him to bed. As Santa Claus looks at him his laughing eyes grow serious. He whispers to himself that such a face will never do for Christmas morning, and with feet which move the softer from the snow upon them he steps to the side of the sleeping man and over his troubled features he breathes his Christmas greeting.

"Peace on earth; good will to men!"

As he does so the president's brow clears. His soul is filled with the thought of Christmas past, and in his dreams he travels back to the days when as a poor preacher's son he hung his stocking at the chimney side and prayed for Santa Claus. As old Kris Kringle's own memory brings back that picture of innocence and faith, and his heart feels even more tender than before, as he throws a kiss at little Ruth and Esther, who are sweetly sleeping in an adjoining room, and prepares to make his way through the fireplace down to the rooms below.

There he unloads his pack. He fills Esther's little stockings and stuffs with candy those which the fat legs of little Ruth have tucked, laughing as he does so at the big stockings which hang beside them, and which the children have borrowed for the time of their papa and their mamma, for fear their own may not be large enough. He decorates the tree with dolls and toys. He strings upon it glass balls of every hue, and with three makes it shine like the silver and golden bushes of fairyland. There are presents by the hundreds for him to hang upon its branches. The babies of the white house have many friends, and the most famous of our statesmen send their Christmas gifts.

SANTA CLAUS'S SOLILOQUY

At last, however, the work is done and Santa Claus stops for rest. He is tired; the night is late, and the morning is almost come. He started upon his travels when the sand man first began to throw his dust in sleepy children's eyes, and this white house visit completes his long night's work. He sinks back in the president's big armchair, looks at the tree and talks. How his words came to me I dare not tell. It may have been that the toy phonograph, which was intended for little Ruth, and which was placed under the tree, recorded them. It has never worked since then, I know, and has been sent back as useless to the store from whence it came. I can only say that every word is true, and that the big-eyed Brownie who guards the white house children hears it all and will corroborate my statements.

Santa Claus says: "There, that's a good job done! How the children will hop up and down and dance about that tree. How Ruth will scream with joy and Esther clap her hands! How Papa Grover will grow young again and Mama Francis smile! I like the white house best when it is filled with children, and I hope the day of childless presidents has passed away forever. How dreary these rooms were about eight years ago, when how they brightened when Mary and Ben-

jamin McKee and the little Harrison came in. We had four good Christmas days and four great trees, every branch of which was loaded down with gifts."

BABY MCKEE'S GREAT CHRISTMAS.

At this the Brownie jumped from out the tree and sat down on the stool at Santa's feet. He asked the old man questions, and Santa Claus went on:

"The first great day for Grandpa Harrison—I mean Christmas day, of course; there are no great days but Christmas—the fun began with a big tin horn, blown by Mrs. Dimick. At this the white house family came together and Grandpa Dr. Scott and Grandpa Harrison formed them into line. Little Ben McKee and Mary walked side by side, and in double file the children and the grownups marched into this room. The toys were not put on the tree, but piled up under it, and Mary had a dozen dolls, a toy piano and a tall doll housekeeping outfit. Ben was most delighted with a toy steam engine, which really went by steam and puffed its way about the room. There were presents for the president and Mrs. Harrison and all the white house servants, and Black Jerry, the butler. I remember, grinned all over his face when he handed out an order for a turkey and a pair of old shoes. The turkey games in which the 90 years old Dr. Scott played with little Ben, and Ben and Mary recited German poems as Christmas greetings to their grandparents."

"What?" said the Brownie, as his round eyes grew big. "Babies speaking German?"

"Yes," said Santa Claus. "And these are just the words that little Mary said."

"Grossmamma Dir Gottes Segen Glück und Freude auf allen Wegen Ein Grundheil aller Wesen Zu den Schoenen Weihnachtsfest."

The little McKees gave something of the same kind to the president. It was written out in German text, and it read something like this:

"Meinen Grosspapa dem lieben Hat dies versen ich verschrieben."

Here the Brownie, who evidently did not understand German, broke in. "Yes, Santa, that is very nice, but wasn't it rather stiff for Christmas?"

"Yes, perhaps so," was the reply. "But it suited the president, who just between us, is a little bit stiff himself. He seldom unbends to any one, but Baby McKee so wrapped himself about the old man's heart that the two made me think of 'Old Abe' Lincoln and lively little Tad."

Here the Brownie's eyes grew from peepholes in his ears, and his round mouth opened wide until it became a big round hole in his fat, round face, as he gasped out: "And did you know Tad Lincoln?"

"Yes, indeed," said Santa Claus. "I knew him and I loved him. He wanted all other boys to have as good times as himself, and I remember how one stormy Christmas day he brought a crowd of hungry, ragged new-boys to the white house kitchen. The cook, a curly, blue-eyed, thin-lipped bachelor, was having the Christmas turkey and hot mince pies were smoking on the range. A savory smell of steaming dainties floated forth and made the boys' mouths water. But the cook, with anger in his eye, raged at young Tad and told him to take his ragged squad away. How Tad's eyes flashed! He flew upstairs, but his father was not in. He found him in the yard, walking toward the War department and talking to Secretary Seward upon a chair.

"Papa! papa! Isn't that our kitchen, and can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys in here?"

"President Lincoln stopped. Tad seized him by the hand and excitedly went on:

"Papa, I want those boys to have a good, warm, blue-eyed, thin-lipped bachelor, and two of them have soldier pants. And, papa, I want to tell you that I am going to make those boys eat that turkey and mince pie, and I want to tell you that I don't give up my turkey and mince pie. Say, can't I great?"

"And isn't that our kitchen?"

remember, Santa Claus went on, his great round stomach moving convulsively up and down as he laughed within. "I remember how Mr. Seward smiled and how Tad's father's face grew tender as he told him to run along and feed the hungry boys. And Tad did feed them. He stuffed their stomachs full, and as they went away from the stove which I had thrust into his own stockings."

CHRISTMAS IN ARTHUR'S TIME.

"How many Christmas mornings I've spent here," Santa Claus went on. "Here I came to fill the stockings of Nellie Arthur, when her father was the president. She was a sweet child, too, and it was through her that

thousands of poor children got their Christmas dinners. She organized a Christmas club, to which the richest children of Washington belonged, and joined with her in making presents and in giving dinners to the poor. I wonder if there will not be such a club this year. Francis Cleveland, Mollie Vilso and Pauline Whiting with other girls, dined 2,000 little children in this way on Christmas eight years ago.

"But that was eight years ago! How time does fly!" said Santa Claus, as he threw his good fat leg across his knee. "Now Francis Cleveland is a mother and has children of her own. Little Pauline Whiting has grown up and married, and her own good mother, who made so many others happy, has passed on to that land where life is one long Christmas day."

WITH GRANT AND HAYES.

Here Santa Claus dropped off into a doze, and he fell slowly back until it struck the pack which he had hung upon the chair. He jerked it forward with a start, and as his eyes flew open they caught those of Mrs. Hayes, who were kindly looking down from out of a gold frame on the wall. Old Santa blew a kiss up at the picture and went on talking to himself.

"There is a woman who knew what Christmas was," he said. "She made his merry every year that she was in it, and she gladdened the homes of others. Every Christmas she bought forty turkeys and gave them to the poor. She had her Christmas trees and the day was made merry with fun and games for the children from daylight to dark. I liked the Hayes boys, too. Santa Claus mused on. "They were healthy children, they did not put on airs. It was the same with those Grant children. Fred and Buck and little Nellie. What a crowd they were and how they did their old white house ring. General Sherman used to come here Christmas night, and Grant and Sherman joined with the children in their games, the kindly Sherman always watching the mischiefs, and claiming a kiss from every pretty girl who chanced to come beneath it. I always liked Sherman. He loved Christmas. His heart was always young. He laughed and cried when he was the nation's hero, as easily as he did when I first filled the blue knit socks which he hung up for me so many years ago in his Ohio home."

"My," said the Brownie, "what a lot you have seen, Santa. When did you first come here?"

"Oh," answered Santa Claus. "I do not like to say. It makes me feel old. I was when a red-haired, freckled-faced, blue-eyed man named Jefferson was president, now almost 100 years ago. He had six young children, but his married daughters often came to see him and brought their babies with them. I remember our bright Christmas day when there were six young children here. Dolly Madison, whose husband was then in the cabinet, presided at the Christmas dinner and the babies, who had less colic than now, stuffed their stomachs with cranberry tart, roast turkey, mince pies and molasses candy."

"Dolly Madison was also a staunch friend of mine," Santa Claus went on. "She gave so much on Christmas that she was almost a Santa Claus herself. For sixteen years she was president, for she managed the white house during the days of Jefferson, as well as when her husband was the president. She was, I think, the prettiest and kindest mistress that this white house ever had. Her hair was black as jet, her eyes cerulean blue and her cheeks were as rosy as those of that china shepherdess which hangs here on the tree. Her name was Estlin. She wore a gray silk turban, though she was a Quaker girl, and her parents dressed in black."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHRISTMAS.

"How about Madam Washington?" said the Brownie, "and little George, who never told a lie?"

"Little George grew big long before this house was built," was Santa Claus' reply. "And George and Martha never lived a night within it. Their Christmas, when George was president, was spent in Philadelphia, New York or at Mount Vernon, and their presents were all made to the Custis babies, for General Washington had, you know, no children of his own. It was on Christmas day in 1773 that Washington came home after the English were defeated and peace declared. On that day he took off his military clothes and put on the garb of a private citizen. The uniform he kept. The coat and breeches you may see in the National museum, and the very stockings are preserved

among the relics at Mount Vernon. I've filled them several times for little George and Nellie Custis. They were of silk, and longer than the average actor's tights."

"There was another great general who was president. I mean that tall man there, Andrew Jackson," said the Brownie, as he pointed to a picture on the wall of the general.

"Yes," replied Santa Claus. "I knew him. I pitied him, for he had no children. Still, he loved children and when his adopted son had a baby born to him he was the happiest man in Washington. He used to nurse the baby when it had the colic, and he sometimes wheeled it up and down the east room for hours at a time. He had a lot of children with him here in the white house and he was as much interested in Christmas as the babies were. He would sit and smoke a clay pipe as he talked with them. He would tell them all about me and how I came down the chimney. I have often watched him and I have seen his wrinkled face grow soft and gentle as he looked into the fire and saw there, through the smoke, the hard, rough face of his own poor boyhood, when he lived so far away in the wilds of North Carolina that Christmas passed unheeded and presents seldom came."

As Santa Claus said this a ray of morning light jumped through the window and fell back and caught the gold of the little Brownie's hair. It played a moment upon the mirror of the little bureau which Santa had hung upon the tree for little Ruth, and then sprang straight to his feet and without a word rushed up the chimney and out onto the roof. The Brownie heard his reindeer gallop off and then ran out himself, just in time to hear the prattle of the waking children overhead.

Frank G. Carpenter

ETHEL'S CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

Somerville Journal.

A warm shawl for grandma, A some gold-laced glasses, too, A Morris chair for grandpa, A bearskin robe for father, And a box of fine cigars, For baby Tom a wagon, And a train of iron cars, A rocking chair for mother, And other things of course, A lot of toys for little, And 'large size' rocking horse, Some books for cousin Esther, A camera for brother Ned, And a bicycle for—

That's what she'd like to get them, And, perhaps, a few things more, But how's she going to do it, With a dollar, forty-four?

RELIGIOUS.

A monument to the late Bishop Wymen, colored, will be erected in Baltimore.

Latest statistics show that the Methodists are very weak in Utah. It is the only place where they have been less than 1 per cent of the population.

In his first sermon in Washington Dr. Tait, a kind minister, colored, of Richmond, Va., which supply our fish."

President Cleveland was his paw and those behind him say his name turned red.

The Rev. J. H. ELLIS, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, has been chosen president of the standing committee of the new Episcopal diocese of Washington.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Johnson, rector of Christ Episcopal church, Detroit, who has been elected bishop of the new diocese of Los Angeles, Cal., says that he will take ten days to decide whether he will accept the office.

In Great Britain is 1,735, and 1,500 of these have been built during the last fifty years.

The chief justice of the supreme court of Japan, T. Myoshi, is a communicant in a Congregational church.

The Rev. John Jasper, colored, of Richmond, Va., is more than ever convinced that "the sun do move." In a sermon last Sunday he put it in this way: "When you rises and when you sets down, don't you move? Don't you could the sun rise and go down? 'bout movin'?"

BOWERS OF PUNGENT FOLIAGE

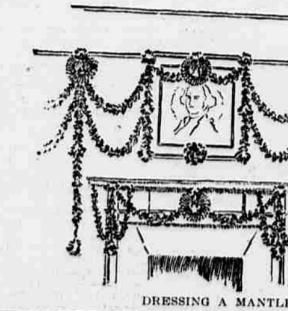
Beautiful Home Decorations for the Christmas Season.

FESTOONS AND WREATHS OF EVERGREENS

Fine Opportunities for Tasteful Decorations—Valuable Suggestions and a Good Working Design.

As Christmas is an old pagan festival changed around to be in harmony with Christian ideas and beliefs, so the use of green leaves and branches in our homes and churches dates back to old days, and abundant folk in one form and another has clustered around the holly and mistletoe.

In late years, however, Christmas decorations have so increased and improved that the furnishing of fine foliage and red berries has now become a large and money-making business, employing a great number of people.



DRESSING A MANTLE AND DOOR.

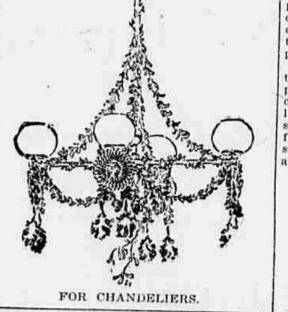
ple. Sections of the country from Florida to Canada, from Maine to Michigan—the Catskills, the Adirondacks, the woods of Wisconsin, all yield of their increase to glorify the beautiful Christmas season; and no event of this day is more full of delight and significance than entering a drawing room glowing with green and red, and recedent with the aromatic, pungent odor



GREENS FOR MIRROR AND WINDOWS.

THE BOWERS OF PUNGENT FOLIAGE

there will certainly appear as many goblins as there are leaves in the house, these Christmas decorations may be left up for weeks, their beauty and fragrance gently reminding us that "peace on earth, good



FOR CHANDELIERS.

will to man," are not too big and fine for every day. The pictures give a simple working de-

arranged upon its inviting arms, and to add to the grace of the pendant branches the cedar may be stripped for about five inches above the turned ends.

For the support of the festoons over the picture and mirror, a small stick can be placed back of them, resting on the cyclets of the picture cord, and in case of the motive to the upper jamb of the door, as in such a place the hole left is out of sight.

But the crowning joy of our efforts is putting the last finishing touches to the mantel-piece, where the same graceful arrangement of wreaths and festoons is carried out, and lighting our fire. On Christmas day no fire should be without its big black log, and in front of this a large bundle of driftwood, sending out in many-colored flames, leading a roving fancy where it will.

LIGHT AND LIFE.

Harris' Bazaar.

Ye shepherds watched ye' litlet lambe One midnight long ago, And heaven opened wide its doors And let its light of life descend, And Marze watched her litlet lambe, Ye lambe of Gorm to bear the crosse For alle humanity.

"Father" Leak, whose death at Atchison, Kan., at the age of 90, was announced, married nearly 4,000 couples during his ministry.

Thomas Yonokow of Shamokin, Pa., who has been formally engaged to his wife fifteen times in twenty-five years, has at last been divorced from her in the Northumberland county court.

A married man who was suspected of flirting with a woman has been ridden out of a New Hampshire village on a rail.

Miss Elsie, daughter of the secretary of the Schlitz Brewing company, will be married shortly to Fred Pabst, who has charge of all the outside agencies of his father's brewery, and the united fortunes of the young couple will be in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000.

A golden wedding is an unusual celebration, says the New York Sun, and perhaps all the more interesting to that account. To very few is it given in these days to live in perfect peace together for two-score and ten years, but in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, who completed fifty years of married life on Wednesday last, it seems to have been triumphantly accomplished. The anniversary was celebrated with all the honors and dignities that a life of abject success, untroubled by pride or vanity and governed by principles of the highest order and integrity, must always bring with it.

If ever a young swain earned the right to call on his innamorata and sit in the front parlor of a winter's evening just as long as he chooses, it is John Walter Hines, a farm hand in Westcott, N. Y., who, up to a few days ago, was not permitted to see the fair daughter of Joseph James Bean, a well-to-do citizen. The deprivation was too much for Hines' eyes, the girl and she started to elope. By the aid of a barrel surmounted by a soap box, Hines mounted to the level of her window sill, and she stepped upon his shoulder and was assisted to the ground. He started to follow, but lost his footing and fell into the barrel, which proved to be half full of coal tar. The racket aroused Papa Bean, who rushed out of two-score and ten years, calling loudly for Kosciusko, the family bulldog. The lovers ran, hand in hand, to the barn for refuge, holly pursued by Bean and the dog. They slammed the door in the farmer's face, but Kosciusko crawled through a hole and sprang at Hines' throat. Hines dodged, but seizing a pitchfork stabbed the animal to death. This settled the fight, for Papa Bean was highly clad for a December night and he could not force an entrance. In the circumstances, a compromise on his part was necessary and graceful proposition. The lovers were quickly arranged. The daughter must go to bed, while John scraped the tar off his ruined Sunday togs. It was further stipulated that he should call as often as he wanted to. The sequel can be guessed. There will be at least one wedding in Westcott on Christmas eve.

TOMMY'S AMBITION.

If the earth was all a pudding round, And the oceans were saucers sweet, I'd sit on the sun all safe and sound, And just eat and eat and eat.