

CHRISTMAS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Quaint Yuletide Customs of the Filipinos—Glimpses of Modernity and Barbarism.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA-HAMM.

CHRISTMAS is as popular a holiday with the Tagals as with the western nations. Its religious aspect and general character as shown in the islands come from three centuries of Spanish rule, but its coloring and local ceremonies are Malay in varying degree. In Manila, Iloilo, Cebu and the other cities the observance of the feast is very much the same as in the small towns of Spain, Mexico or Cuba. In the native cities and towns there are glimpses of the savagery which prevailed when Legaspi first landed upon the shores, while in the sparsely settled country districts, and particularly where the Tagal and the Igorrote meet and blend, the day is as barbarous and strange as it was in the dark ages of European history. Civilization in the Philippines finds its summit in Manila and thence slopes downward and passes into savagery among the Aetas, Gaddanes, Itavis, Negritos and other ethnic types.

In the cities it is very much like any one of the great saints' days. Work is set aside, the streets are filled with well dressed crowds, the churches are thronged with women and children, the chimes toll from every institution and every now and then a brightly colored and gay looking religious procession moves along a principal street. Sometimes a church follower carries a little statue of the Christ Child, sometimes he holds the figure of St. Joseph. From a wealthy church the procession is large, and over the figure carried is a beautiful canopy rich in carved woods, gold and tinsel. The devout fall upon their knees as the processions pass, and Protestant and Catholic alike remove their hats to render courtesy to the great faith of the world. Through December it is warm, and everybody is dressed in his or her best. The men are attired in white linen suits, with white mandilla hats, or else in black coats and white trousers with black hats. To the American eye there is one very funny feature in that nearly every man wears his shirt on the outside of his trousers.

The better educated Tagals follow the example of European fashions, but, on the other hand, the poor Spaniards and half breeds take after the Filipinos. It is funniest of all when a young Tagal blood wears a little French derby hat, a pair of black alpaca trousers and a magnificent linen shirt which comes down almost to his knees. He struts by as proud as the proverbial peacock and looks down upon the more simply dressed representatives of foreign lands. When evening comes, every house is bright with lights, and in every doorway is a hanging lamp or a gaudy Japanese lantern. The Chinese merchants imitate the Spaniards and Malays and have lanterns and lights at every coign of vantage. Sometimes those who have been converted or who yield lip service to Christianity celebrate the day with a countless multitude of firecrackers. Amid the noise and the lights one can easily see how queer a mixture is obtained by joining together three antagonistic civilizations and races. With nightfall music is heard everywhere. The Filipino, whether Tagal, Visaya or Igorrote, loves music, and learns to play all of the simpler instruments. Every regiment has a band, and almost every club and theater its own brown orchestra. Besides these, there are numberless professionals who can be hired for a mere song and who find Christmas day one of the best in their commercial year. The piano in one house echoes the violin in the next, and the flute in your neighbor's across the street gets entangled with the cornet a few doors below and the trombone a few doors above.

But in the country I found a freer and broader life at Christmas. Nature is less trammelled and the savage shows through the veneer of civilization. Here are men in white shirts and with bare feet, women with boleros and sarongs which give a generous view of their many physical charms. In every town are religious processions and on every thoroughfare peddlers unknown to the United States. They carry suspended from the neck a box, large or small, on which is written in large letters in both the Spanish language and the native dialects the name of the relic, curio or attraction contained within. A square window covered with glass allows the devout to look through and gaze upon the treasure inside. This is sometimes a bone or tooth of a saint, a nail or fragment of wood from the true cross, an ancient idol rechristened after a saint, a handkerchief blessed by some dead bishop or archbishop, or a fetish that has come down from dead Tagal ancestors.

The patron pays a small price, never more than a cent and as little as the twentieth part of our cent. After feasting the eyes upon the object he or she kisses the little glass window and departs in happier and wiser mood. There are thousands of these peddlers, and the only wonder is how they all get a living. At nightfall there are social gatherings called catapusan. They are survivals of barbarism and still disclose much of their primitive nature. They begin with eating and drinking, and keep this up until the last participant has gone home. It is not the simple fare of everyday life, but a rich diet of meats, fruits and vegetables cooked in many ways. Some of the dishes use parts of the animal which are discarded by civilized society, but which are appreciated by savages in other lands. They bear a strange resemblance to the haggis which is served at the dinners of the St. Andrew's society. Then there is wild music where one half is Spanish, suited to the fandango and cañuca, and the other half is Malay, sensuous, sweet, but queerly monotonous.

When accentuated by the triangle and the cymbals, it becomes lively and even inspiring in character, but without these adjuncts it impresses one with a feeling of mournfulness and even regret. The dancing runs fast and furious. It is like the hula-hula of Hawaii and the characteristic dances of Egypt. It is sensual, graceful, rhythmic and at times animal. The arms are used as well as the feet, and the head as well as the body. The dancers wriggle and wriggle, sob and scream, embrace and defy and go through a performance which the first time it is seen is a

tion justifies if they have curious dramatic representations called Moro Moro plays. These strange performances are as interesting as they are picturesque.

Moro is really the Spanish and Tagal word for Mohammedan-Malay, and it is taken from our old word Moor, the early Spanish navigators believing that the Mohammedan-Malays were the same people as those on the other side of Gibraltar. In the Malay language words are duplicated to increase or intensify meaning. A Moro play might be a play by a Mohammedan or concerning a Mohammedan, but a Moro Moro means a play that deals exclusively with Moslems.

The Moro Moro players travel from village to village, each carrying his own costumes, scenery and manuscript. Each company has its own play or set of plays, which it guards with zealous care. As may be imagined, no two plays are exactly alike, but in each one there is a wicked sultan, rich and powerful; a Christian hero, who is always a Tagal with a big Spanish name; a beautiful her-

Entertainments For Home and Hall—New and Attractive Games For the Day.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE "Old Home Week" in New England has brought a new form of recreation into rural life, the farm dinner in the barn at the summons of the horn. Forefathers' day in the east and in the west has introduced the custom of placing "five kernels of corn" under the dinner plate in memory of the year of the famine in old Plymouth, to recall the harvests of the centuries. Thanksgiving day has been enriched by corn poems, legends and decorations and by some new music, of which is Chadwick's "Pilgrim Fathers." Christmas, however, has brought the social

Section 2 of part 2, where Evangeline is borne down the bayous of Louisiana, is admirably adapted for such effects. A boat wreathed with flowers bearing the sleeping Evangeline may be slowly drawn across the stage, the rowers singing the Canadian boat songs: Then Evangeline slept, but the boatmen rowed through the midnight, silent as times, then singing familiar Canadian boat songs. Such as they sang of old on their own Canadian rivers. Harp music is growing in favor. The

"ground over young." The miller's daughter turns the crank and fans and sings. Each old person goes up the stepladder on the outside to be "ground over," takes a draft from the "elixir of life" at the top of the ladder, and descends the unseen ladder on the inside of the funnel or hopper very slowly and with much lamentation. The mill must be so built against an open door that the old man may make his exit unseen. As he does so a young man crawls out of the hopper. Young damsels stand waiting for the ground over gallants. In this odd amusement the miller's daughter becomes a very interesting character. While turning the crank which turns the fan she may sing "Auld Lang Syne." The people who are to be "ground over" hold their own conversations with the miller. The miller questions each as to why he desires to be ground over, which leads to amusing confessions. The mill may be made of cardboard. The maidens in waiting for the "grist" may make themselves very entertaining by their contentions.

THE BOOK PARTY. The old book party which was popular as a parlor entertainment in which the guests acted the title of a book may have a higher and more literary and dramatic character. In the old amuse-

should be familiar with old songs and tunes. Scene of a "kissing room" in a fire on the hearth. The host should be a farmer who lives "according to Scripture," who roasts apples and has viol or fiddle. Farmer Holley, we will call him, may by his fire popping corn, sleigh bells heard without, and the village clamorations in regard to the cold: "The coldest day in 10 years!" "The coldest day in 20 years!" "The coldest day in 30 years!" Farmer Holley piles on the wood and sets the apples to roasting. The merry party, among which should be lovers of "deportment," jokers, very careful bachelors and two or more old maids, may sing such songs as "Star of Bethlehem," "Strike the Cymbal," "The Loved Ones at Home," "The Old Maid's Lullaby," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High" (solo), "Over There, O Potatoes They Grow Small, Over There," "Val de Avoca," "Long, Long Ago," "The Soldier's Farewell." A very amusing and rather tender song may be introduced into the village choir by making a dialogue of the camp meeting greeting: My brother, I wish you well. When my Lord calls, I hope we shall be mentioned in the promised land. The music is known to every one. Let each one be greeted by the song, by being sung out by name by his right hand neighbor, after the manner of plantation meetings. "Sister Anna, I wish you well," etc. "Brother Joseph, I wish you well," etc. All may join in the quaint refrain, "Be mentioned in the promised land." The greeting should be acted by shaking of hands and most solemn ceremony. It may be made to make one laugh and cry. Each visitor should bring a conundrum and should "say it" while eating popcorn and roast apples before the fire. Some of these conundrums should be very foolish, as: "What kind of bird had Aaron's dog?" "Dog's hair." The host may end the entertainment with bass viol or violin solos and the patriotic song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill." The old maids may speak "pieces of poetry," and the old bachelors may whistle and whistle and offer to "go home" with many refusing girls. Few modern devices that will yield so much fun and laughter, with touches of good sentiment, can be so easily prepared as this. It may be varied by a "Favorite Song Party" at which amid like surroundings each one may sing his favorite old song. "The Village Choir" is more attractive and amusing than "The District School," an entertainment popular in New England and in the west.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

When the world seemed young and the wonder of life swung strong in the hearts of man,
When the simpler faith and the sturdier hope welled up where the red blood ran,
When the back-log glowed on the open hearth and love in the open heart,
In the good old days when the wencles fair for the Christmas woods would start,
By the mazer-bowl of the vassals stout to the twenty-hooped pot of kings,
All the world was given not over to greed and the passion for trifling things.
It was, bear-head, mistletoe, holly and ale, and songs though the notes were gruff;
'Twas a flagon of mead and a joint from the spit, a toast, though the board was rough,
It was "Stand all, now, and a life to the King!—A health to the lads afar!—
And a toast to Her, with your hand on your heart!—The last, to the Eastern Star!"
So the great hall rang with their carol and hymn, the dawn in the East grew gold;
Then vassal and monarch humbled their hearts and knelt to their Christ of old.



But the dusk has crept through the aging years, and the heart of the world has changed,
It is good-by now to Romance as it was, farewell to the Life estranged;
In the rush for gold, in the battle for bread, 'tis Chivalry trampled out,
Where we live in houses that darken sad streets, and swarm in the citted rout,
And heavy of heart we stop for a day, we pause at the Christmas chimes,
Where our ashen faces and sorrowing eyes still glow for the good old times.
No matter how mad is the struggle and fevered the marts of the new-born age
Ah, the loom shall stop and the anvil be still and the cities forget their rage!
Though we feed not now on the husk of the past, we have, O my soul, man's hope
That the darkest years have their end and each cloud God hangs at the last shall ope;
So a wraith, this day, of that old Romance, a ghost of that earlier Peace
Through the years still whisper that Hatred and War and Strife in the end shall cease!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

WASHINGTON'S DEATH. It was on the 14th of December, just 100 years ago, that George Washington passed away at Mount Vernon. It is now generally conceded that Washington's fatal ailment was what is known as laryngitis, though it was really the very doctors who were struggling to save his life that brought about the death of the president. According to the medical traditions of their time



WASHINGTON AS A MASON.

when called in to attend the distinguished patient these doctors bled him profusely. His system was already weakened by the fever from which he had been suffering for several days, and the natural result was collapse. Had Washington been living one century later and subjected to the treatment of modern medical science there is every reason to believe his life could have been saved with very little trouble.

Although a man of 67 years at the time of his death, Washington possessed a remarkably rugged constitution. His final sickness was really a severe cold brought about by riding over his estate through a driving storm of rain and sleet. He returned home wet and chilled and two days later he was dead. In this connection it is notable that the Masons of the state of Virginia met to celebrate at Mount Vernon the centenary of the death of Washington in view of the fact that "the Father of His Country" was once a worshipful master in that society. It was on Dec. 21, 1793, that George Washington was made a Mason in the Fredericksburg lodge at Fredericksburg. When the president presided at the cornerstone laying ceremonies during the building of the capitol in 1793, he wore the master's sash and apron presented to him by Lafayette and wrought with Masonic symbols in gold and silver by the hands of the Marquis de Lafayette herself. The Mount Vernon ceremony of the present year will be made to resemble as far as possible the funeral ceremonies which took place one long century ago.

HISTORIC MILITARY BODIES. Among the military organizations are some independent companies of notable history. One of these is the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., the company, an independent body, which was organized in 1770 under a charter, like the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company formed in 1741; the Veterinary Corps of Artillery of Philadelphia, organized in 1790, and constituting the Military Society of the War of 1812, and the Philadelphia City troop, which was organized just before the war of the Revolution.

"My father," he once said, "was a wagon maker, and, I am glad to be able to say it, a good one." The crown prince of Germany during his vacation learned to drive a four-in-hand. He was taught by Count Wedel, the emperor's chief squarer. He attained his majority in May, and will be given a court of his own.

SOME WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Mayor Price of Macon, Ga., who has held his place for 14 years, is a great believer in the newspaper as an educator. For years he has had out of his own pocket paid the subscriptions for a considerable number of papers which are ordered left at the homes of persons

who were unable to pay for such a necessity of up to date life. Mr. Price is fully convinced that his action has been productive of much good. Dr. John Rodman of Waxahatchie, Tex., is in possession of a rare old painting. It is a genuine picture of

Robert Burns, Highland Mary and the "old dog." "In Old Kentucky" has been successfully acted in London. From the report of the kitchen committee of the British house of commons it appears that during last session, up to July 29, a total of 72,208 meals was served in the house. Of these 11,841

were luncheons, 21,886 dinners, 247 suppers, 2,323 teas and 1,671 meals at the bar. The bar receipts were \$60,600. General O. O. Howard, while recently the guest of a Mr. Converse in Malden, Mass., was taken by his host to see the public library of that place, where is Bicknell's great historical painting, "Lincoln at Gettysburg." It was then

discovered that out of the entire group of 21 figures, the leading actors in the civil war, General Howard is the only one now living. Father Osborne of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, who has spent seven years among the lepers of South Africa, is raising a fund to establish an American medical station for

the benefit of the sufferers from that disease in that part of the world. Eleonora Duse is reported to be ill in Vienna with inflammation of the lungs. Her physician is said to have urged her to refrain from acting for some time. President Steyn of the Orange Free State is proud of his humble origin.