

"But that was eight years ago! How time does fly!" said Santa Claus, as he threw his great fat leg across his knee. "Now Frances Cleveland is a mother and has children of her own. Little Pauline Whitney 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."

Here Santa Claus dropped off into a doze. His head 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, which were kindly looking down from out 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. She made this house 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 fellows and 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 make this old White House ring. Gen. Sherman used to come here Christmas night and Grant and Sherman joined with the children in their games, the grizzly Sherman always watching the mistletoe 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 so old! It was when a red-haired, freckled faced, blue-eyed man named Jefferson was President, now almost one hundred years ago. He had no little children, but his married daughters often came to see him and brought their babies with them. I remember one 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 then than now, stuffed their stomachs with cranberry tarts, 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 the mistress here, 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 the 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 there on the tree for little Esther. She wore a grey silk turban, though she was a Quaker girl, and her parents dressed in drab."

"How about niadam 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 Christmases, when George was President, were spent in Philadelphia, New York or at Mount Vernon, and the 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 1783 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 Mt. 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.

"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 days 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 at his back and caught the gold of the little Brownie's hair. It played a moment upon the mirror of the doll's bureau which Santa had hung upon the tree for little Ruth, and then in saucy mood jumped back and put its fiery little fist in old Santa's eyes. As Santa Claus received the blow he blinked. He sprang straight to his feet, and without a word rushed up the chimney and out on to the roof. The Brownie heard his reindeers gallop off, and then ran out himself just in time to hear the prattle of the waking children overhead.

*Frank G. Carpenter*

#### JENSON'S TRAVELS.

[LETTER NO. XXIX.]

Sunday, Aug. 25th, 1895. A meeting was held at the mission house at Mua at 9 a. m. Our congregation consisted of only six adult natives and some children. Elder Durham and myself were the speakers, he also translating for me. Our subjects were the Book of Mormon, the supposed origin of the Polynesian race, the restoration of the Gospel and its first principles. All seemed pleased. Among those present were Alibate, our

only member on Tongatabu and another baptized member from Haapai, also a particular friend who answers to the modest appellation of Charley but whose real native name is Salesi Fonagamolofaivailahi. Salesi is the Tongan for Charley. This is an intelligent man and a preacher in the Pui church. He has been kind to the Elders from the beginning, and says he assisted Elder Brigham Smoot in his preparation of the only tract published by our people in the Tongan language. He expressed himself as a firm believer in all our doctrines, and said that he expects to become a member of the Church at some future day. He suggested that our Elders here would find it to their advantage to pay particular attention to the chiefs or leading men and officials in the different villages, as the Tongans were a great people to follow their chiefs. It once the chiefs were converted to "Mormonism," the majority of the people would in his opinion soon follow; but it was something unusual with the natives to take an independent individual stand in anything of importance, and especially in departing from the religion of their chiefs, or what is the popular religion of the land. We held another meeting in the afternoon, after which some of us Elders attended services at the regular Wesleyan village church in Mua, which he took from the 3rd chapter of Genesis, and he grew quite eloquent in his delivery before he got through. The singing was noisy enough but by no means sweet or harmonious. Most of the congregation sat on mats on the floor. After the meeting the ministers and others came forward and shook hands with us warmly; but they made no overtures to religious conversations. The brethren tell me that the native Wesleyan ministers will hardly ever argue with them on doctrinal points. In the evening the usual testimony meeting was held in the mission house at Mua, at which all the Elders present (seven of us) spoke briefly.

In perusing literature on the Polynesian race, I find that several authors refer to the apparent similarity between some of the characteristics, religious ceremonies, etc., of the Polynesians and the ancient Jews or Israelites. They also generally favor the theory of a common origin and close relationship between all the brown-colored inhabitants of Polynesia, including those of the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Tonga, New Zealand, the Society Islands, the Paumotu Archipelago and other groups lying between New Zealand and America. Though most whites try to advance the cries for an eastward emigration from Asia and the East Indies, they all have to acknowledge that the proofs are lacking to sustain the same.

Commenting upon the origin and prehistoric immigration of the Polynesian race, the Rev. Thomas West in his "Ten Years in South Central Polynesia," writes: "There can be no doubt that the Tonguese religion bore in several particulars a striking resemblance to the ritual and economy of the Jewish ceremonial law. Indeed, this similarity prevails more or less in the various groups of Polynesia. Nor can it be denied that many of the inhabitants have strongly marked Jewish features. But it requires farther research, and more proof before we can adopt the conclusion some have come to, that any portion of the people are of Israelitish extraction. A few of