



Christmas The Texaco Star 1937



THE TEXACO STAR

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The Gift of the Magi	By O. Henry	2
The Dream of the Oak Tree	By Hans Christian Andersen	6
Is There a Santa Claus?		9
Good Morning! Merry Christmas!		10
—And a happy New Year to all the world!		12
Christmas Dinner at the Cratchits' (from "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens)		14
The Story of the Christmas Seal		18
The First Christmas Card		21
Winter Sports—Then and Now		22
Jack Frost at Work		24

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★ The old and pleasant custom of decking our houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas time is derived from ancient heathen practices. In the times of the Druids, houses were decked with evergreens in December in order that the woodland spirits might repair to them and be protected against frost and cold winds until Spring.

Brief

AND TO THE POINT

★ In its younger days (THE TEXACO STAR was 24 years old last month), the December issue of this magazine was usually devoted largely to the subject of Christmas. Modern times being what they are, the present editors decided to reprint some of the more outstanding Christmas stories from previous issues, plus a few new ones. The old-timers have been dressed in new illustrations, and photographs have been liberally used. To its readers everywhere, THE TEXACO STAR extends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

★ What is supposed to be the earliest collection of Christmas carols ever published is a volume printed in 1521.

★ A superstition prevails in many parts of the world that on Christmas eve the oxen in their stalls sink to their knees in an attitude of devotion.

★ In ancient times the Nativity was celebrated in April and May rather than in December.

★ A good conscience is a continual Christmas. —Benjamin Franklin

★ Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully. —Phillips Brooks



THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

By O. HENRY

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad. In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young." The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and readily hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks

with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are.

Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 a week flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have fet her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.



"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores; and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I

There lay The Combs . . .
that Della had worshipped
in a Broadway window



do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair, away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giv-

ing you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!', Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful, vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones. Here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days, let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.



"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em for a while"



THE DREAM OF THE OAK TREE

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Illustrations by Don Ley

HIGH up on the steep shore, not far from the open seacoast, stood an oak tree. It was just three hundred and sixty-five years old, but that time was to the tree as the same number of days to us. We wake by day and sleep by night; the tree is obliged to keep awake through three seasons of the year, and does not get sleep till Winter comes. Winter is its time for rest, its night after the long day of Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

On many a warm Summer the flies, that live for only a day, had fluttered about the oak, enjoyed life, and felt happy. If one of the tiny creatures rested on one of his leaves, the tree would always say: "Poor little creature! Your whole life consists only of a single day. How very short! It must be quite sad."

"Sad! What do you mean?" the fly would answer. "Everything is so bright, and warm, and beautiful, that it makes me joyous."

"But only for one day, and then it is all over."

"Over!" repeated the fly, "what is the meaning of all over? Are you all over too?"

"No, I shall likely live for thousands of your days."

"I don't understand. You have thousands of days, but I have thousands of moments. We have the same time to live; only we count differently."

The little creature danced and floated in the air. When the sun sank low it felt tired. Gently and slowly it glided down upon the soft blades of grass and slept peacefully. The fly was dead.

"Poor little fly!" said the oak, "what a short life!" And so, on every Summer day, the same thing was continued through many generations of ephemera.

The oak remained awake through the morning of

Spring, the noon of Summer, and the evening of Autumn. Its time of rest, its night, drew nigh—Winter was coming. And there stood the oak, stripped of its leaves, left to rest during the whole of a long Winter, and to dream many dreams.

The great tree had once been small; indeed, in its cradle it had been an acorn. It was now the largest and best tree in the forest. Its summit towered above all the other trees, and could be seen far out at sea, so that it served as a landmark to the sailors. It had no idea how many eyes looked for it. In its topmost branches the wood pigeon built her nest; in Autumn, when the leaves looked like beaten copper plates, the birds of passage would rest upon the branches before taking their flight across the sea.

It was just Christmas time that the tree dreamed a dream. In his dream he fancied he heard the bells ringing from all the churches round, yet it seemed to him to be a beautiful Summer's day. The sunbeams played among the leaves and branches, and the air was full of fragrance from herb and blossom. All that had happened to the tree during every year of his life seemed to pass before him, as in a procession. He saw the knights of olden times and noble ladies ride by on gallant steeds, with plumes waving in their hats and falcons on their wrists. The hunting horn sounded and the dogs barked. He saw warriors, with spear and halberd, pitching their tents. The watchfires blazed and men sang and slept under the shelter of the tree. He saw lovers meet in quiet happiness in the moonshine and carve the initials of their names in the bark of his trunk. The wood pigeons cooed as if to explain the feelings of the tree, and the cuckoo called out to him.

Then it seemed as if new life was thrilling through every fiber of root and stem and leaves, to the high-



All that had happened to the tree during every year of his life seemed to pass before him, as in a procession

est branches. The tree felt itself stretching and spreading out, while through the roots beneath the earth ran the vigor of life. As he grew higher and still higher, his topmost boughs became broader and fuller; and with it arose a joyous longing to reach even to the bright sun itself. Already had his topmost branches pierced the clouds which floated beneath them. Every leaf seemed as if it possessed eyes to see. The stars became visible in broad daylight, like clear and gentle eyes. They recalled the look in the eyes of a child, or in the eyes of lovers who had met beneath the branches of the old oak.

These were wonderful and happy moments for the old tree; and yet, amid all this happiness, the tree felt a yearning desire that all the other trees, bushes, herbs and flowers might be able to rise higher, as he had done, and to see all this splendor and know the same happiness. And this feeling of yearning trembled through every branch, through every leaf. The summit of the tree waved to and fro, and bent downward as if in his longing he sought for something. At length his longing was satisfied. Up through the clouds came the green summits of the forest trees, and beneath him the

oak saw them rising. Bush and herb shot upward, and some even tore themselves up by the roots to rise more quickly. The birch tree was the quickest of all. The slender stem shot upward in a zigzag line, the branches spreading around it like green banners. Every native of the wood, even to the brown and feathery rushes, came with the rest, while the birds ascended with the melody of song. The air was filled with the sounds of gladness.

"But where is the little blue flower that grows by the water?" asked the oak, "and the purple bell-flower, and the daisy?" You see, the oak wanted to have them all with him.

"Here we are, we are here," sounded in voice and song.

"But the beautiful thyme, where is that? and the lilies of the valley which covered the earth with their bloom? and the wild apple tree with its lovely blossoms, and all the glory of the wood which has flourished year after year?"

"We are here, we are here," sounded voices higher in the air, as if they had flown there beforehand.

"Why, this is beautiful, too beautiful to be believed," said the oak. "I have them all here, both

great and small; not one has been forgotten. Can such happiness be imagined? It seems impossible."

"In Heaven with the Eternal God it can be imagined, and it is possible," sounded a reply through the air.

And the old tree, as it still grew upward and onward, felt that his roots were loosening themselves from the earth.

Such was the dream of the oak: and while he dreamed a mighty storm was rushing over land

offerings on the Druids' altars. The sea gradually became calm, and on board a great ship that had withstood the tempest during the night all the flags were displayed, as a token of festivity. "The tree is down! The old oak—our landmark on the coast!" exclaimed the sailors. "It must have fallen in the storm of last night. Who can replace it? Alas! No one."

There it lay stretched on the snow-covered shore, and over it sounded the notes of a song from the



"We are here, we are here!" sounded the voices

and sea, at the holy Christmas time. The sea rolled in great billows toward the shore. There was a crackling and crushing. The root of the oak was torn from the ground just at the moment when in his dream he fancied it was being loosened from the earth. He fell—his three hundred and sixty-five years were passed as the single day of the ephemera.

On the morning of Christmas day, when the sun rose, the storm had ceased. From all the churches sounded the festive bells, and from every hearth, even of the smallest hut, rose the smoke into the blue sky, like the smoke from the festive thank-

ship—a song of Christmas joy, and the redemption of the soul of man, and of eternal life:

*Sing aloud on this happy morn—
All is fulfilled, for Christ is born;
With songs of joy let us loudly sing
Hallelujahs to Christ our King.*

Thus sounded the old Christmas carol, and everyone on board the ship felt his thoughts elevated, through the song and the prayer, even as the old tree had felt lifted up in its last, its beautiful dream on that Christmas morn.

Is There A Santa Claus?



THE most widely read newspaper editorial ever written appeared 36 years ago in *The New York Sun* and since that time has been quoted in a score of languages the world over. Each year, at Christmas time *The Sun* reprints the famous "answer to Virginia" which was originally written in response to the following letter:

DEAR EDITOR: *I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in The Sun, it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?*

VIRGINIA O'HANLON

Frank P. Church, the editorial writer who was assigned the task of answering Virginia, at first disdained the job as trivial. He took the letter and returned to his desk with an air of resignation, but soon found himself warming up to a real opportunity. In a short time he had produced the article which has probably been reprinted more millions of times than any other newspaper story ever written in any language. Even yet, no holiday season approaches without bringing to *The Sun* hundreds of requests for the exact text:

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to

hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



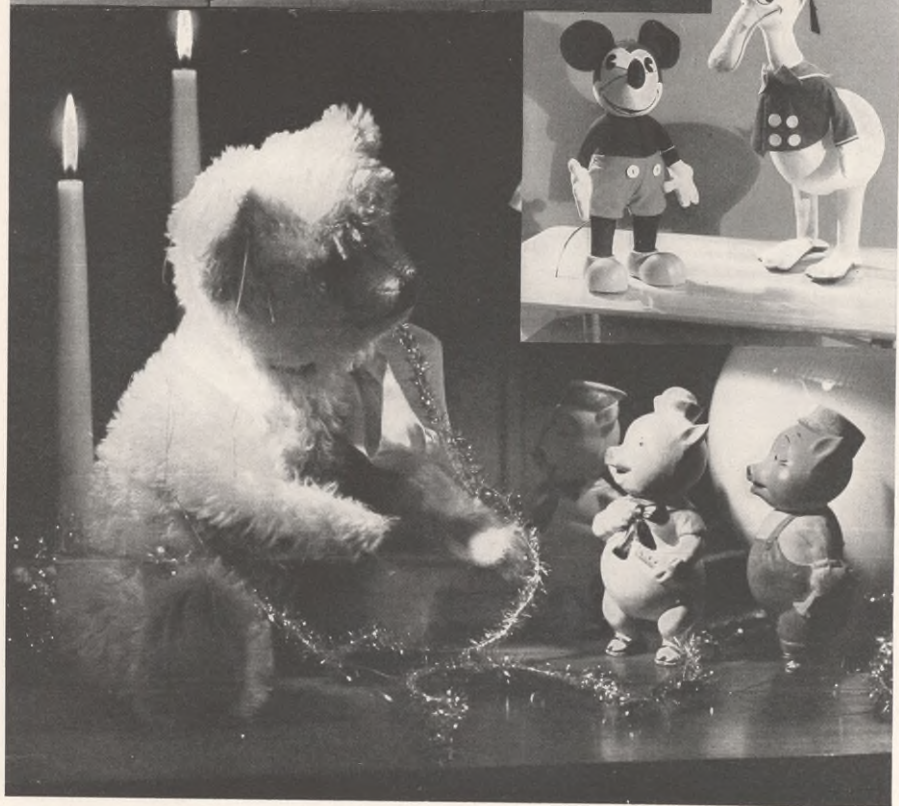
GOOD MORNING! MERRY CHRISTMAS!



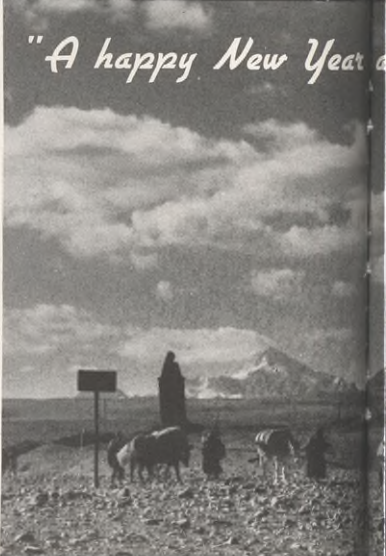
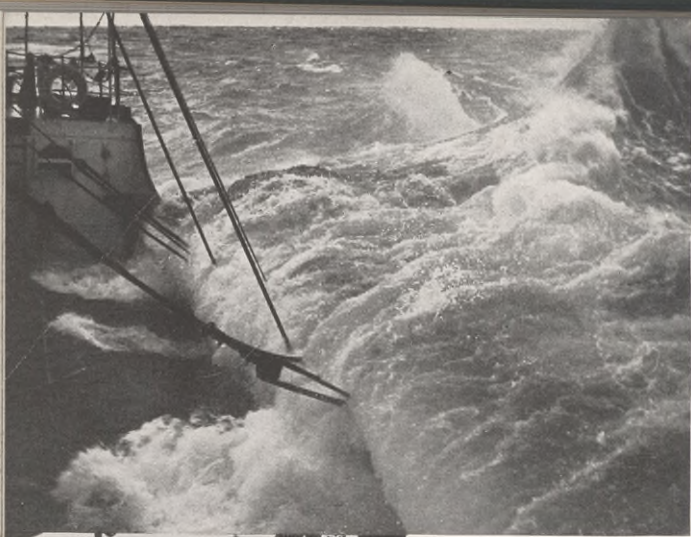
Here are some of the things that go to make Christmas what it is; toys, tinsel, trees, and temporarily good little boys and girls



PHOTOS FROM R. I. NESMITH
AND ASSOCIATES

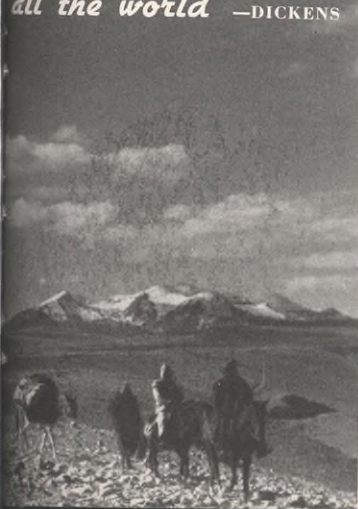








all the world"—DICKENS





Country church on Christmas morning

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE CRATCHITS'

From "A Christmas Carol"

By CHARLES DICKENS

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these two young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?"

said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurray! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother."

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and

his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it



Market on Christmas Eve

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS" BY ROBERT SEYMOUR

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon

round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed



The Christmas pudding—"a smell like an eating house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that"

spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish) they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being

changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage.



Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she could confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the

table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.



"Waits"—musicians who play in the streets on Christmas night



Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, from the first edition of "A Christmas Carol", illustrated by John Leech

GREETINGS

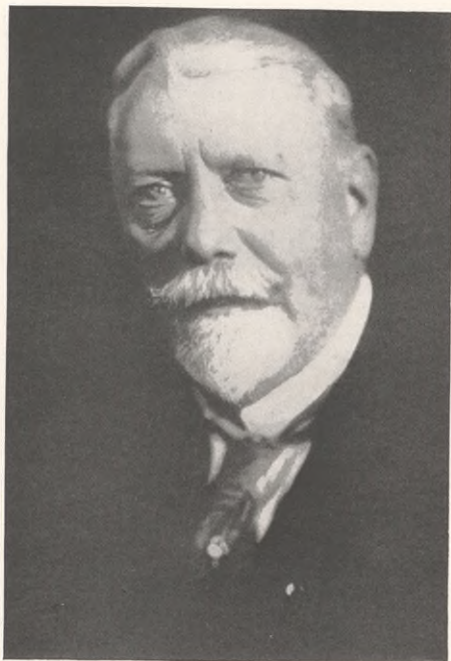


Buy Christmas Seals

Protect your home
from Tuberculosis

© 1917 NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

The current Christmas Seal, a colorful
weapon in the fight against tuberculosis



EINAR HOLBÓLL, father of the Christmas Seal

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

IT IS December, 1903. In a post office in Copenhagen, Denmark, a postal clerk is busily stamping hundreds of letters and packages carrying messages of good will for the Christmas season. He is a big man, well loved in his community and fond of children. His name is Einar Holbóll.

As Holbóll's hands swiftly postmark the mail his mind, too, is at work. Why not put a tax on this holiday mail and thereby obtain extra revenue to be used for some philanthropic purpose? For children—children ill with tuberculosis? The tax should be small, and should carry with it some tangible reminder that the money was helping to bring greater Christmas joy to sick boys and girls.

Once the idea became fixed in his mind, he could not rest until he had formulated plans for carrying it out. He aroused the interest of prominent citizens who in turn secured the consent of the reigning King Christian IX to honor the memory of the late Queen Louise by using her picture on the stamp.

The first Christmas Seal sale was held in 1904. That first year more than four million were sold, an average of about two for every man, woman, and child in the country, and the sum of 60,000 kroner was raised.

The following year the Christmas Stamp Committee purchased a site for a sanatorium and the first result of Holbóll's desire to help tubercular children was achieved. Stamp sales increased year by year, and other countries adopted the idea. Sweden had a sale of stamps in 1904, Norway in 1906. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and other countries, more than 40 in all, followed suit.

Holbóll's death, in 1927, was mourned throughout the world, for fame and honors had come to him through his Christmas seal idea. A memorial was erected over his grave, and carved in stone under his name are the words: "The Father of the Christmas Stamp."

On a letter from his native Denmark, the bright-

colored Christmas stamps came in 1904 to a man who quickly grasped their significance. This was Jacob A. Riis, immigrant himself and friend to immigrants; author, reporter, and pioneer in the field of social service. Jacob Riis it was who told the readers of the *Outlook* magazine of Denmark's great success with the Christmas stamp. In an article published July 6, 1907, he urged its adoption here, writing: "Nothing in all the world is better proven today than that tuberculosis is a preventable disease and therefore *needless* . . . yet it goes on year after year killing an army of 150,000 persons and desolating homes in which half a million men and women are wearily dragging themselves to graves dug by this single enemy. Perhaps I feel strongly about it, and no wonder. It killed six of my brothers and I guess I know."

In Wilmington, Delaware, was a little open-air shack on the Brandywine where poor victims of tuberculosis were brought back to health. For lack of funds the modest little hospital was about to be shut down. Miss Emily P. Bissell, then secretary of the Delaware branch of the American Red Cross, had read the article in the *Outlook*. She knew what the closing of the shack would mean to those helpless patients and their families. She made up her mind that money *must* be raised.

"Why not try the stamp idea?" she said to herself. The Wilmington Red Cross told her to go ahead if she could find a way to pay the bill.

Forty dollars would turn out the stamp. Two women said they would contribute \$20 each if the venture failed. The printer agreed to do the work at cost and wait for his pay.

The stamps went on sale but at the close of the second day the goal seemed distant. Miss Bissell took a train for Philadelphia hoping to enlist the aid of the *North American*, a newspaper which was popular in Wilmington.

The *North American's* Sunday editor looked at the stamps. He couldn't quite see the connection between "Merry Christmas" and tuberculosis. He was sorry. On her way out, Miss Bissell stopped at the desk of Leigh Mitchell Hodges, staff columnist, to compliment him on his work. He asked if he might do anything for her. No thank you—she had come to ask a favor of the Sunday editor. The favor? Out of her bag came a sheet of stamps.

The columnist stared. Then he grabbed the sheet, dashed downstairs to the office of the publisher, flung the stamps on the publisher's desk and cried, "Here's a way to wipe out tuberculosis."

He explained the idea. There was an answering gleam in the eyes of the publisher. "Tell Miss Bissell the *North American* is hers for the holidays.

Give her all the time you can spare and take all the space you need."

The *North American* bought 50,000 stamps. When they first went on sale in its street-floor office, a ragged newsboy came in, reached up to a marble counter higher than his head, laid down a copper and said: "Gimme one. Me sister's got it."

"Those seven words settled it," says Mr. Hodges in an article published 30 years later in *The Reader's Digest*. "If a street kid could get the message, the messenger was the kind needed."

The first sale netted far more than Miss Bissell's fondest dreams. Three hundred dollars had been her goal, but \$3,000 was raised. Delaware was convinced of the need for tuberculosis work and through state appropriations a state tuberculosis commission was created.

The following year Miss Bissell and Mr. Hodges persuaded the American Red Cross to take over a nation-wide Christmas Seal sale. By united and enthusiastic effort, \$135,000 was raised.

In 1904, the National Tuberculosis Association had been organized in Atlantic City by a group of physicians and laymen. In 1910 the Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis Association joined forces and annual sales were conducted by the Red Cross while the funds raised were used by the National Association. For ten years this partnership was maintained. In 1920, the National Tuberculosis Association became the sole sponsor.

How has the Seal helped to reduce our annual tuberculosis death rate from 179 per 100,000 in 1907 to 54 today? First, because of its power to spread the good news that this terrible malady is preventable and, if taken in time, curable. When Miss Bissell launched the little sticker there were about 20 tuberculosis clinics in this country. Today there are nearly 1,000. In 1907 there were no open-air schools or preventorium for children. Now there are more than 1,200.

Five per cent of the proceeds from your purchase of Christmas Seals is turned over to the National Tuberculosis Association. A small percentage goes to state associations. The balance is set to work in your own community.

Tuberculosis still takes about 70,000 lives in the United States each year. It is still our leading killer of those between 15 and 40. Thus the National Tuberculosis Association continues its study of methods of early detection and pursues its relentless search for a positive cure.

But until tuberculosis is entirely wiped out, the penny Christmas Seal has its work to do. Its gay and colorful appearance each Christmas season continues to bring a message of hope.



ALTHOUGH the origin of the Christmas card is not generally known, fortunately for historians it is not lost in the mists of antiquity, that popular hiding place for all sorts of origins. In 1846, Sir Henry Cole suggested the idea of a specially designed form of greeting to send to his friends at Christmas. J. C. Horsley, acting on the hint, produced a design of a trellis of rustic work, divided into three panels. In the panels were figures representing two of the acts of charity, "feeding the hungry," and "clothing the naked." In the center was a picture of a merry party, including three generations, grandparents to grandchildren, quaffing draughts of wine. The design was lithographed and printed by Jobbins of Warwick Court, Holborn, London. One thousand copies were issued. Sir Henry Cole's innovation of ninety years ago has become a world-wide custom.

WINTER SPORTS—Then and Now



Gay young blades of the '80's making merry in Central Park, New York City



(Above) "Now, sonny, just put one foot in front of the other. It's not hard"—until you sit down



(Above) Remember when you wore "double runners" to master the art of skating?

PHOTOS FROM BROWN BROTHERS



(Right) No Winter winds penetrated these skating costumes of 50 years ago

(Right) Present-day skaters enjoy the ice in New York's Van Cortlandt Park



FRANK H. BAUER

(Below) Bob sled fans will tell you that no other sport offers half the thrills



(Above) Skiing is widely popular here and abroad



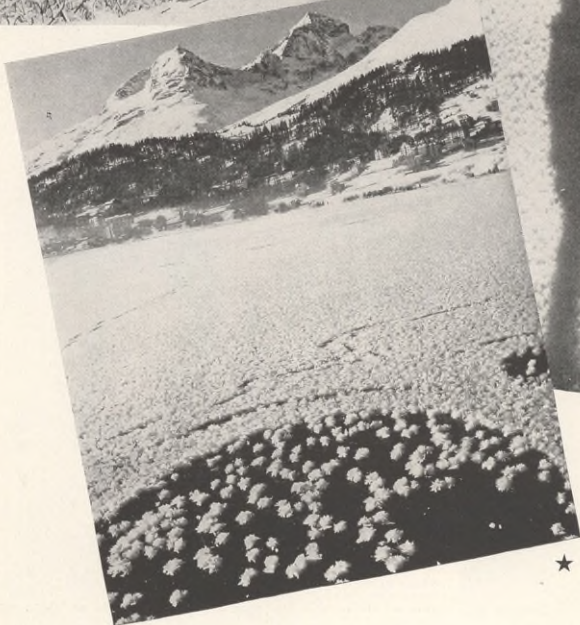
Compare these Winter fashions with those on the opposite page



PHOTOS, UNLESS OTHERWISE CREDITED, FROM R. I. NESMITH & ASSOCIATES

JACK FROST AT WORK

PHOTOS FROM R. I. NESMITH & ASSOCIATES



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Christmas

EACH YEAR we give Him Christmas Week, permitting His will to prevail, His brooding spirit to rest upon the nations. Toward that great interlude—the days of the Truce of God—men longingly look through the tale of the weary months. And when the brief term is ended, yearningly our thoughts turn back to that time when we were good together.

His spirit is breathed through the season, like faint music in the night. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of the little days are banished. For sad mood and lonely heart He brings a comfort. To His loving-kindness we yield ourselves, as tired children lay them down to rest. In His authority we find our peace. A while we dwell in that felicity.

Touched with mortality, as is all earthly beauty, the rapid days glance by, and we have lost them while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and He passes, because our hospitality is of short duration and we are troubled about many things. We crowd Him out for other guests less radiant. If His dominion over the hearts of men were more than a lovely episode, if He might but abide, it would be well with us.

—ARTHUR H. GLEASON

From The Texaco Star, December, 1914

