

WILSON WEDDING A FAMILY AFFAIR

Ceremony at Galt Home Marked by Simplicity.

DETAILS ARE KEPT SECRET

Only Relatives of President and His Bride Are Present—Start on Honey- moon Trip to South—Try to Avoid Crowds.

Washington, Dec. 18.—In the presence of relatives only, President Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt were quietly and simply wedded this evening in the parlors of the bride's unpretentious home at 1308 Twentieth street. There was no fuss and feathers, and official and social circles must wait for tomorrow's newspapers before they know how it all came about. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo was the lone official present and he was there simply as Mr. Wilson's son-in-law.

Miss Bertha Bolling of this city attended her sister, the bride, and a small orchestra from the Marine band furnished the nuptial music. The bride wore a dark traveling costume and carried a huge bouquet of orchids. She met the bridegroom at the foot of the broad stairway in her home and together they went slowly to the altar of flowers erected at the east end of the parlors. The president placed on her third left-hand finger a plain gold circlet engraved with her initials and his own. The ceremony was the utmost in simplicity and taste—in keeping with the best American traditions.

Keep Hour a Secret.

In order to avoid the crowds of curious folk in Washington the hour of the wedding was kept secret until late in the day. The plan worked with fair success and the police had no trouble

upon, and for years she has been known as the most perfectly gowned woman in Washington, both because she has exquisite taste and because she has plenty of means to follow her taste in dress. Her gowns have always been chosen with rare care and she bought much from the fashionable costumers in Paris, where she was a frequent visitor before the war.

Those who are in a position to know say the bride spent several months in the preparation of her trousseau, being aided in this important labor by her mother, who also is a woman of extraordinary discernment. It was all complete, 'tis whispered, two weeks before the date of the wedding. Some controversy arose as to the origin of the gowns and frocks and linens and laces. There were stories to the effect that French supply houses balked at furnishing anything through the medium of German-American middlemen. Most of the stories were baseless, be it said truthfully, for the bride's wedding outfit was almost entirely of American origin.

Orchids Her Favorite.

Dark green and orchid are the predominating hues in the trousseau gowns, for orchids are the new Mrs. Wilson's favorite flowers. There are traveling gowns, street frocks and evening gowns of amazing loveliness which will be seen much this winter, for the White House is to be reopened for a series of old-time entertainments. The four great official receptions, which were omitted last winter, will be resumed, and there will be matinee teas and frequent musicales.

Mr. Wilson is the sixth president of the United States to marry a widow. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Fillmore and Benjamin Harrison were his predecessors in this sort of a union, but in not more than one or two cases was the widow the second wife—as in this case. John Tyler and Theodore Roosevelt married twice, but their second wives had not been wedded before.

It is scarcely necessary to recall George Washington's marriage. The world knows of his courtship, engagement and espousal. His love was the "Widow Custis." Thomas Jefferson, at the home of a friend, John Wayles, met Martha Skelton, Wayles' widowed

USEFUL GIFTS

PEOPLE who decide to give only useful Christmas gifts often have a bunch of surprises waiting for them around the corner.

"Look before you leap," is a useful thing to remember. Useful presents should be accepted in the spirit in which they are given. Keep the Christmas spirit green. When you get a useful present, do not take it back and exchange it for something you can use.

Keep it; hang on to it. Do not give it away to the poor, for they have troubles enough of their own.

One of the most useful useful gifts—for some people—is a smoking jacket. Once we gave our old Uncle Peters one of those costly nicotine refusers. It had blue satin cuffs and a braided collar. The coat was held together not by buttons but by gold-braid knots. The garment made a hit with Uncle Peters, but not the knots.

For years his smoking jacket had been a flannel undershirt, gracefully decorated with suspenders. Every evening he sat by the stove, smoking a pipe which would have suffocated a steamship stoker. He never told us what he burned in the pipe, and we

never went close enough to investigate.

Christmas day they made him put on the smoking jacket. Life was not the same after that. They told him he mustn't smoke that vulgar, shocking old pipe while wearing the lovely jacket. Everybody thought he was cured of the deadly cornob. He quit smoking the pipe, and instead brought home a bale of cigars.

He made a handsome figure, wearing the braided smoking jacket, and puffing a cigar with a gilt band around it. We left him, smoking happily by the stove. In one hour we returned. Uncle Peters was still consuming cigars. On the floor lay the family cat. It did not raise its head at our footsteps. It would never look up again. The picture frames on the walls had turned green.

Uncle Peters denied that his Flor de Mule Ear segars had killed the cat. He insisted she had rolled over after taking one squint at the smoking jacket.

Useful gifts often have a way of making themselves useful when you least expect it. For instance, we buried the cat in Uncle Peters' smoking jacket!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

THERE are Christmas bells and bells.

The real Christmas bells ring out only in the morning of the sacred day. The other bells ring from morning until night. After which they jangle through one's dreams.

The Christmas doorbell is a great institution. It is the busiest bell of the lot. All day long the doorbell has pressing engagements. When the doorbell rings on Christmas day, everybody gives heed to its sweet sounds. And everybody rushes to the front door as if the house had caught on fire, and that was the nearest exit.

The doorbell has everyone in the family hopping as if they were so many trained ducks.

There are two reasons why the Christmas doorbell is a welcome visitor when it jars upon the ear. In the first place, you know that no bills are going to be presented by the caller at the door. In the second place the doorbell may announce the arrival of a package.

A saved-off express wagon driver, with a chunky, holly-bound package under his arm, can get more attention on Christmas day than the governor of the state, surrounded by his military staff and preceded by a Chinese orchestra, playing "Tippelalay."

The package the expressman or mail carrier brings, is seized by a

dozen eager hands. It is strange how ready everybody is to help in relieving the deliveryman of his 12-ounce burden. Then the package is conveyed in state to the inspecting department. It is opened with nervous anticipation, and there is great rejoicing when it proves to be a knitted muffler for father from Aunt Jessica. The muffler is as large as a young hammock, and is pinker than pa's cheeks when we all insist that he try it on.

If there is a grown-up daughter in the family, she beats all records getting to the door when the bell rings on Christmas day. If anybody beats her to the knob, it is not her fault, as she slid down the banister and took a flying leap, which was the best she could do without breaking bones. Six expects the kind of presents which are not found in fireplaces after Santa Claus' visit. She's looking for bouquets of flowers, huge boxes of candy and other tokens of regard. Sometimes, though not very often, the bell ring announces a neatly wrapped wedding ring.

The Christmas telephone bell is an important feature of the Yuletide. It rings Christmas tidings which formerly were sent on decorative cards, which, with their imitation snow, made handy match scratchers.

The Christmas dinner bell—one at a time, please. Don't all rush in at once!

THE LATE SHOPPER

THE late Shopper is a prominent member of the Genus Procrastinatus.

He has his own peculiar way of celebrating Christmas. Often he celebrates it in bed, with a water bag on his chest and the grip of an anxious physician around his wrist. His eyes are closed and his poor, warped brain is worn in a sling.

On the floor beside his bed, torn to shreds and bitten in numerous places, lies his Christmas list. The day before Christmas he sallied forth with this list in his hand and a look of desperate determination on his features.

The Late Shopper is a cheerful giver, withal. He loves giving for its own sake, but he loves it better for the sake of putting it off. Decidedly he is no believer in the "Do-it-now" movement. Nor is he selfish. It is just a habit. It is to be feared that if he were dying of thirst he would put off giving himself a drink.

Philanthropists should find rest sanitariums for Late Christmas Shoppers

—th kind that are incurable. Here they could retire, and nurse their wounds, incurred in the last toy counter rush.

How fortunate it is that Santa Claus was not born a late shopper. He is always on the job, and gets ready for the holiday season months ahead, we are reliably informed by the nursery books. However, Santa Claus is in constant danger of losing his reputation. There are hundreds of fond Fathers who pose as Santa Claus to their little broods, Papas who sally forth to collect a bagful of toys just when the stores are closing on Christmas eve, and the holly garlands are being taken down, and the manager of the dress goods department is getting ready to announce, "Spring and Summer Styles."

The Late Shoppers we have always with us. As eleventh-hour athletes, they take all the running, jumping and line-plunging honors. But often the Late Shopper has one good mark to his credit. He puts off giving at all times, and therefore puts off giving a piece of his mind to his wife.

A Christmas Carol.

Twiddle-dee-dum,
Twiddle-dum-dee,
Playing the game of Expectancy,
Under the glare of the Christmas tree,
Blending of craft and philanthropy,
Marvelous game of humanity,
Twiddle-dee-dum,
Twiddle-dum-dee.

Twiddle-dee-dum,
Twiddle-dum-dee,
The rules are as simple—just listen and see:
The gift you receive should be worth about three
Of the one you bestow upon—possibly me
Annually tempting the powers that be;
Twiddle-dee-dum,
Twiddle-dum-dee.
—Life

Christmas Prayer

COME Thou, dear Prince. Oh, come to us this holy Christmas time! Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet houses, the noisy streets, the humble lanes. Come to us all, and with Thy love touch every human heart, that we may know Thee, and its blessed peace bear charity to all mankind.
—Eugene Field.

Millicent and the Mistletoe

By
De LYSLE FERREE CASS

MILLICENT HEBARD had not the slightest idea that she even remotely resembled Audrey Arlington, stellar member of the National Film Manufacturing company's cast. In fact, having only recently arrived in the big city from a downstate farm, she had not even seen any of Miss Arlington's celebrated moving-picture portrayals, much less heard of that opulent magnate of filmdom, the National Film Manufacturing company. Truth to tell, the very first time she learned of its existence was that evening when, worn out by a bootless tour of business offices where she had hoped for employment, she read its "ad" in the Help Wanted section of a newspaper.

Millicent had come to the metropolis a girl with the high hopes and dimly-remembered enthusiasm of youth. Incidentally she brought remarkable good looks with her, too, although, being unsophisticated and from the country, she was not as self-conscious of them as most city girls of her age are. The home farm was hopelessly mortgaged and for several years past she had realized with increasing poignancy what a tax upon her aged parents' slender resources she was.

As a girl grows older she craves more and better things, and, no matter how slightly she may be in-

dued in the matter, her support is unavoidably more expensive from year to year. It was acute realization of this that had prompted Millicent to adventure citywards, armed with her diploma from the Tingleville Commercial college, proving her to be a fully trained stenographer.

Millicent had found no positions open, however. Nobody seemed in need of a stenographer without past experience or even a typist. Some business men, she found, wanted a girl in their offices, but they expressed themselves as being more personally interested in Millicent's good looks than in her Tingleville certificate. So Millicent wisely looked elsewhere. Wisely, maybe, but fruitlessly. Then one evening in her bare hall room this second week she came across the two-line "ad" of the National Film Manufacturing company, which, it seemed, was lukewarmly interested in securing a girl "for filing." A princely stipend of six dollars per week was the practical inducement offered.

Six dollars loomed gigantic to our Millicent just then and, although the thought of being only an office girl was humiliating, it was considerably better than nothing. She determined to be first of the hundred-odd applicants at the studio on the morrow, and so, indeed, she was.

On the way out next morning Miss Millie occupied herself with a perusal of the newspaper and therein read a long account of the stupendous production which the National Film Manufacturing company was about to manufacture. The names of fascinating Audrey Arlington, darling of the movie fans, and of Ned Tolman, her handsome male "support," occurred frequently. The release was to be in no less than five reels, three of which the press notice stated were already done and desperate efforts were being made to finish making the other two for a theater presentation by Christmas eve. "A mammoth, elaborate production . . . no expense spared . . . etc., etc., ad lib.

Not knowing much about the movies, Millicent wasn't much impressed, however. At the moment her mind was feverishly occupied with melancholy reminiscences of a "Ned" whom she herself had known—Ned Harkins, who had pledged eternal fidel-

ity to her in the shadow of a haystack one moonlight night years before when both he and she were barely more than children. Ned—her Ned—had gone away to the big city three years before to make his fortune. She never had heard from him since.

Unclouded eyes, a fresh clean complexion and simple direct address won Millicent her interview with the office manager in the film plant. While he still was explaining her new filing duties, in rushed the chief director—hair rumpled and gesticulating in wild excitement.

"Audrey Arlington fell down in the middle of her big scene in the last reel of the Christmas release. . . . Complete nervous breakdown! . . . hysterical . . . are rushing her direct to the nearest hospital now. . . . What in heaven's name will we do? There isn't a girl in the whole stock company who can make up to look enough like her to complete the personification for this final reel!"

The head director kept wringing his hands and swearing frantically. The president of the company registered acute distress. Then his eyes accidentally fell upon pretty Millicent among her filing cases.

"Look! Look! Mr. Isaacson!" yelled the head director, pointing. "As I live, that girl looks enough like Miss Arlington to be mistaken for her on the street! . . . Come here, Miss—Miss whatever-your-name-is! Have you ever posed before a 'picture' camera? No? . . . well, it doesn't make any difference just now anyway. You're fired from that office job. I'll give you \$60 a week to substitute for Miss Arlington in this last reel. . . . No, I haven't time to listen to anything about it! Come on back to the studio with me right now! The 'set' is all up and we were right in the middle of the scene when Miss Arlington fainted. Ned Tolman, the leading man, is waiting. C'mon!"

Bewildered Millicent was pulled out of the busy offices and back to the huge glass-domed studio where the last reel of the famous Christmas release was being held in impatient abeyance for its principal.

"Listen now, miss," exploded the director as Millicent emerged from the dressing room clad in the same wonderful gown that Audrey Arlington had been wearing only ten minutes before. "Pay attention to what I say and don't stare at either me or the camera. Act natural; that's what we're paying you for! Walk inside of those tape lines on the floor and don't on any account move outside them. This scene is the parlor of your home. It's supposed to be Christmas eve. You're to turn your back to the camera and be tying a sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Mr. Ned Tolman, who plays opposite 'lead,' will do the rest. You simply act as any girl would under the circumstances. . . . Hey you! Get Mr. Tolman from his dressing-room. Tell him we're all ready again. Now, in you go, miss!"

Millicent did just as she was told, although her heart beat fast and her head was in a whirl. With her back to the assemblage behind the cranking camera man, she raised both arms to tie the sprig of mistletoe to the chandelier. Quick footsteps sounded behind her and, an instant later, a man's strong arms were around her waist and his handsome face thrust close to hers for a kiss.

With a cry of mingled fright and indignation, the girl squirmed about in his arms and tried to push him away. Then for the first time she caught sight of the movie matinee idol's face.

"Ned!" she thrilled in joyous amazement. "Ned Harkins! You are the famous Ned Tolman?"

"Millicent!" breathed he, clasping her closer as their lips met in a long, long kiss and the watching director yelled: "Fine! fine! Hold that!"

Presently the whirr of the camera crank ceased and the grins on the faces of actor, "extra," and "set" shifter broadened.

"Hey there!" finally shouted the head director. "Film's run out; scene's over! We've had enough of that kiss now!"

"But I haven't," murmured Ned, looking fondly down into his old sweetheart's happiness-flushed face. "Have you, Millicent?"

"Never! I could keep on doing it forever," she whispered softly back.

"I suppose you will have a merry Christmas at your house?"
"Oh, yes," replied the sophisticated small boy. "We younger people will endeavor to make it so. You know, so much depends on the tactfulness of children. I always endeavor to make the holidays pleasant by showing an enthusiastic interest in the mechanical toys that afford grown people so much amusement



PRESIDENT WILSON

MRS. WILSON

in handling the few hundred men, women and children who pressed eagerly in the streets near the Galt home.

As soon as the ceremony was over and the bride had been saluted by those present in the accustomed fashion, while the smiling groom received congratulations, the newly-weds sped away in a big White House automobile to the Union station and took a train to the South for their honeymoon. If they told anybody their destination that person kept his secret well. It is reported from family circles, however, that the couple will be away until the first week in January.

They must be back in Washington by January 7, though, because on that date the president and Mrs. Wilson will act as host and hostess at a great reception to be given in the White House for the Pan-American representatives at the national capital. Moreover, congress will have reconvened, after the holiday season, and Mr. Wilson will have to be back at his desk.

Only Relatives Are Present

Among those present at the ceremony were: Miss Margaret Wilson, the president's eldest daughter; Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre of Williams-town, Mass., the president's second daughter; Mrs. William G. McAdoo, the president's youngest child; Mrs. Anne Howe of Philadelphia, the president's sister; Joseph R. Wilson of Baltimore, the president's brother, and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, the president's cousin.

The bride, who before her marriage to Norman Galt was Miss Edith Bolling of Virginia, was well represented with kinsmen and kinswomen. She and her mother, Mrs. William H. Bolling, have lived together for several years, and Mrs. Bolling, of course, was the dowager queen of the occasion. The bride's sisters, Miss Bertha Bolling of Washington and Mrs. H. H. Maury of Anniston, Ala., and her brothers, John Randolph Bolling, Richard W. Bolling, Julian B. Bolling, all of Washington; R. E. Bolling of Panama and Dr. W. A. Bolling of Louisville, Ky., attended the ceremony.

The president's bride is a handsome woman, unusually good to look

daughter. She was a beautiful woman, much sought after, but Jefferson finally won her heart.

Perhaps Dolly Madison, wife of President James Madison, is best known generally to Americans of all generations next to Martha Wash-

John Tyler's Romance.

John Tyler was twice married, the second time while he was president. His first wife was Letitia Christian, who belonged to one of the old families of Virginia. Mrs. Tyler bore the president nine children. Just before her husband was elected vice president of the United States she suffered a stroke of paralysis and a short time after he succeeded William Henry Harrison as president she died—in the White House.

The second winter after her death the president met Julia, the daughter of a Mr. Gardiner, who lived on one of the islands in Long Island sound. The president fell desperately in love—he wooed as a youth of twenty would woo, impetuously and romantically. It wasn't a great while before they were engaged and a short time later they were married quietly at the Church of the Ascension in New York city.

Grover Cleveland did not marry until fairly late in life. Then he fell in love with Frances Folsom, the daughter of his law partner. She was a girl whom he had known from early childhood—there was a time when she called him "Uncle Clev." Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom were wedded in the famous Blue room at the White House.

For a long time it was thought that President Wilson and Mrs. Galt would be married in the White House. People just supposed that Mrs. Galt would want to go down in history as an actual White House bride. From the general feminine point of view it seemed really the only thing to do.

Charming, tactful Mrs. Galt decided long ago, however, that a woman should be married in her own home and not in that of her husband. She did not believe in breaking the American—nay, the world—precedent in the matter. And in this all Washington approved.



CHRISTMAS JOYS.

