

What Grandpa Knows.

SOME folks say 'at Red Riding Hood
She didn't live at all nor go
Down where th' wolf was in 'at wood,
But grampa says 'at it is so!
An' some folks say 'at Goldilocks
Don't meet th' bears an' run away,
A-bumpin' into trees an' rocks,
But grampa's seen her many a day.

My grampa takes me on his knee
An' tells me all 'bout Puss in Boots
An' 'bout th' fairies you can't see
For their in-vis—their funny suits.
An' he knows where the beanstalk is
'At Jack th' Giant Killer climb'
To get 'at gold an' things o' his,
'Cause grampa's seen it many a time.

An' Cinderella, too, my pa
Ist laugh an' say 'at he don't know,
But grampa—w'y, my grampa saw
Her slip 'at slipper on her toe!
An' Simple Simon—would you think
He never was like some folks say?
But grampa only laugh an' wink,
'Cause he has seen him many a day.



CAUSE GRAMPA'S SEEN IT MANY A TIME.

'At Alferd Brown, 'at lives nex' door
To us, I don't like him, 'uhcause
He say 'at he don't think no more
'At there can be a Santa Claus,
But grampa whisper in my ear
'At Santa will find me all right,
'Cause he has seen his sleigh an' deer
An' pack o' playthings many a night.

My grampa knew Boy Blue an' all
Th' children 'at live in th' shoe.
When Humpty Dumpty had 'at fall
He's standin' close as me an you!
An he say ist to don't buhieve
Th' folks 'at say there ain't no chime
O' reindeer bells on Christmas eve,
'Cause he has heard 'em many a time.
—Chicago Tribune.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS

How the Big and Little Roosevelts Celebrated Last Year.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt had only the immediate members of their family to celebrate Christmas. Just before going to bed on Christmas eve the children hung their stockings in the president's room, and bright and early the next morning they were up to claim their prizes. Everything that was ever designed for a Christmas stocking found a place in the line that hung from the mantel, and when the boys awakened there was a merry scramble to see just what was inside.

After breakfast the president, Mrs. Roosevelt and the children went to the library to exchange presents too big for the stocking.

Each member of the family had a special corner for his or her gifts, and there were any number of mysterious little parcels to be opened. This very pleasant little ceremony took the entire morning.

After this the president walked to his church, Grace Reformed, and the rest of the family went to St. John's Episcopal church.

In the afternoon the president, Mrs. Roosevelt and the children went over to the home of Captain and Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, where they always spend Christmas afternoon and where there is always a tree for the Roosevelt and Cowles children. They were joined there by Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, and a little family reunion was held.

After the visit to the Cowles' the president played tennis with his sons.

At night was given the Christmas dinner in the private dining room. Among the few invited guests were Senator Lodge, Dr. Rixey and family and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. The string section of the Marine band furnished the music for the evening.

From the Yuletide Cynic.

Thank heaven, it isn't only the aristocrat who can have a family tree at Christmas.

Be Christmas white or Christmas green,
It's all the same to you
If Christmas finds you all serene
And doesn't make you blue.

It doesn't take a magician to transform a small boy into a turkey gobliet.

When Santa Claus comes down the chimney he chases many a man up the spout.

It's the vanity of the sex that prompts the female turkey to wonder how she is going to be dressed for the Christmas dinner.

IF YOU ARE

PUZZLED

AND DON'T KNOW

What He Would Like

THE FAUBLE STORES

FOR MEN AND
BOYS SHOULD BE

A GREAT HELP TO YOU



WE HAVE EVERYTHING
THAT MAN OR BOY WEARS



THE KIND OF MERCHANDISE
THAT YOU WILL LIKE AND
HE APPRECIATE



M. Fauble & Son

Christmas on Taft's Ranch.

SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT is part owner of one of the largest ranches in Texas, the Coleman-Fulton ranch, so called, a 175,000-acre "farm" eleven miles from Corpus Christi on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass railroad. One hundred men are always and 250 men sometimes employed on it.

"I was so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing a unique Christmas tree on this ranch," writes Mary Elise Muncy in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Christmas morning, though warm, was foggy, and a slow rain fell, but by 12 o'clock the sun came out, and the people at the ranch house began to make their preparations. Ever since early morning the employees from the different farms had been coming in. All kinds of vehicles were pressed into service. Some came on horseback and some on foot. There were many children.

"I saw what I had never seen before, a growing Christmas tree. Just in front of the house was a large mul-



"I SAW WHAT I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE, A GROWING CHRISTMAS TREE."

berry tree. The ladies of the house came out about 2 o'clock and decorated the tree, with the assistance of some of the men. Even the men required stepladders to reach the topmost boughs. First, the ladies gave them some artificial icicles, which they hung on the branches in great profusion. As the sun was shining brightly by this time, it gave the icicles a very glittering appearance, and the wind, commencing to blow, shook them gently, making the illusion more perfect. Then long bright ribbons of many colors were suspended from the topmost limbs and fruit and candles tied on with ribbons of the same color—oranges with orange ribbon, apples with red ribbon, limes with green ribbon, etc. Small toys were suspended from the tree; large ones were at the base. It presented a very gorgeous spectacle, and the sight of the happy children that surrounded it made one wish to be a child again to enjoy it to the utmost. But the best was yet to come.

"In the front yard were the presents intended for the grown people, and each man received one. One was a fine surrey. Five were each given fifty and seventy-five dollar saddles. Several married men got handsome metal bedsteads, with springs and mattresses. Twenty or thirty fine hats, costing \$7 apiece, were distributed and many other articles, all the best of their kind. I saw a young man who received an all leather suit case. This last item may seem strange on a ranch, but there are many polished gentlemen among the employees who would consider suit cases very necessary should they have occasion to visit the city.

"All this while music was to be heard from a band stationed on the front porch, where many of the visitors were seated. After the Santa Claus of the Christmas tree had retired and the presents to the grownups had been distributed all repaired to the porch and front yard to see again the joyful children and the tree, and surely it was a thing of beauty and, with its fruits and flowers, looked as though it had been transplanted from fairyland.

"The people that came from a distance departed before nightfall, but those that lived near by remained for an evening of music and good cheer, and thus ended a happy Christmas day."

"The Queen's Christmas Card."

Queen Alexandra has not given up her interest in behalf of the unemployed. Last Christmas she sanctioned a unique plan to raise more funds for them. This was in the shape of the issue of a Christmas book, consisting of poems, stories, sketches, drawings and music, which was entitled "The Queen's Christmas Card." Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate; Thomas Hardy, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, George Meredith, Arthur Wing Pinero, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, William Holman Hunt, Sir Edward John Poynter and Sir Edward Elgar are among the host of those who contributed. The production of the book was practically gratuitous. It sold for half a crown, and the proceeds were devoted to the queen's unemployed fund.