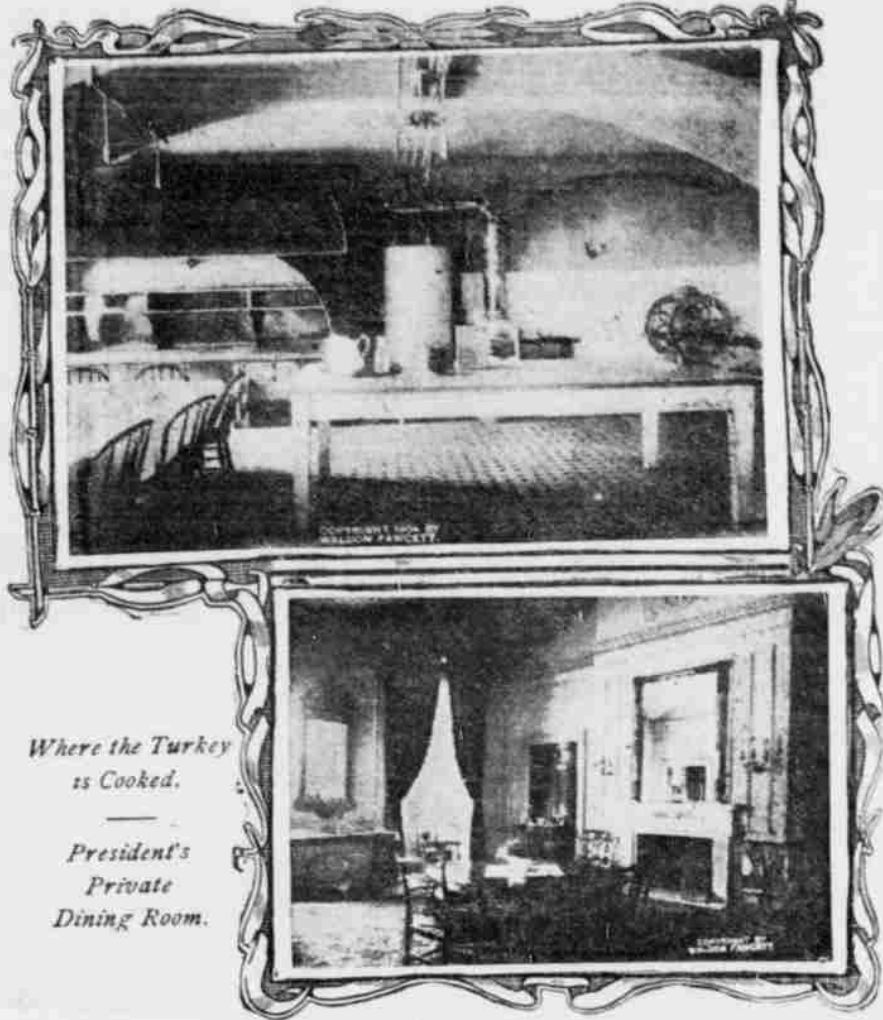


a long horseback ride during the afternoon. While the Chief Executive usually goes to his office Christmas morning to give attention to the more important affairs of state that may be pressing for attention the remainder of the day is given over to a holiday vacation and thus he is enabled to devote more time than usual to his daily horseback ride. The President's Christmas excursion also differs from his ordinary daily outing in that instead of being attended, as is usually the case, by the army sergeant, who gets as the President's orderly, he is accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt or by a party of personal friends.

The dinner to which the President and his family and guests sit down about 7 o'clock in the evening is served in the private dining room which is located in the northeast corner of the White House. The state dining room where are served all the great banquets given at the Presidential Mansion, is spacious and imposing but lacking in that coziness and cheer which is essential to a Christmas feast and so the Xmas dinner party, which numbers perhaps fourteen to sixteen persons is served with the traditional yuletide delicacies in the family or private dining room.

Colored Waiters at the White House.
The scene of the President's Christmas dinner is the smallest room on the main floor of the White House, although it is fully twice as large as the dining room in the average private residence in the land. The room is



Where the Turkey is Cooked.
President's Private Dining Room.

in the Colonial style with white walls and pieces of mahogany furniture which were discovered by Mrs. Roosevelt in out-of-the-way localities in Virginia and Maryland. The dinner is served by colored waiters and the table is laid with Mrs. Roosevelt's new china—delicate ware tastefully ornamented with a Colonial pattern in gold, each piece bearing a tiny representation of the seal of the United States in colors.

The dinner is prepared in the refitted White House kitchen, which are located in the basement directly below the private dining room. There are two kitchens, one about 25 by 40 feet in size and, opening from it, a smaller kitchen of about one-half the size. Ordinarily the equipment of the smaller or family kitchen is sufficient for the preparation of the dinner for a select party at the Executive Mansion, but at Christmas the great hooded range in the larger tiled kitchen is brought into use for the roasting of the thirty-pound Christmas turkey, sent by Horace Vose, the Rhode Island farmer who for thirty-five years past has sent each year a magnificent specimen of the king of fowls for the President's Christmas dinner.

Gobblers from Far and Wide.

Indeed, the President's Christmas dinner does not cost him very much, for Uncle Sam pays the wages of many of the White House employees who have a hand in preparing it and almost all of the "goodies" which grace the festive board are donated by admiring friends of the President. Not only does Horace Vose send a prize-winning turkey, but gobblers that rival it in size come from poultry raisers in other sections of the country, and there are donations of cranberries from Cape Cod, a parcel of the famous "Roosevelt potatoes" sent by the farm hands on the President's estate at Oyster Bay and other delicacies sent by "neighbors" far and near.

Such marketing as is necessary to fill out the menu for the President's Christmas dinner is done by Henry Pinckney, a colored man who holds the position of White House Steward and draws a salary of \$1,800 a year from the government for managing the domestic affairs at the White House. A day or two before Christmas Steward Pinckney sets out in the unpretentious vehicle which serves as the President's private market wagon and makes the round of the markets—for the White House patronage is not confined to any one merchant. In preparation for the Christmas dinner it is presumably not necessary to purchase any coffee, sugar, salt or other staples, for all such supplies for the Presidential mansion are purchased in quantity and kept in a storeroom adjoining the kitchen, which looks like a full-fledged grocery store.

All in all, the White House Christmas festival comes pretty near being a counterpart of the old-time, old-fashioned institution of our forefathers. It is well on toward 8.30 o'clock here the last piece of mince pie has disappeared, and then the entire party, from the President to Quentin, the youngest occupant of the White House, makes a bee line for the big East Room, where a rousing frolic winds up the holiday.

THE DESERT GROUSE.

KNOWN AS THE SAGE HEN AND COCK OF THE PLAINS, A TYPICAL AMERICAN BIRD.

Is the Largest of the Grouses and Feeds Mostly on Sage—Has a Handsome Coat of Plumage and Makes a Savory Roast.

The desert grouse is a representative American bird. It is, of course, not as exalted and heroic as the eagle, and is not spread over so wide an area as the common chicken, but for all that the desert grouse is typically American. The bird is more familiarly known to travelers, dwellers in the arid and semiarid regions of the United States, and sportsmen, as the "sage hen," and, as a matter of course, where there are sage hens there are sage cocks. Often the bird is referred to as the prairie chicken, but the reference is inaccurate. It is a game bird of great beauty. It was named "Cock of the Plains" by Lewis and Clark who, though perhaps not the first whites to make the acquaintance of this bird, at least were the first white men to identify it as a distinct ornithological species and to pause long enough in the arduous business of exploration to give it a name.

Found Throughout the Arid Region.

It is seen in all the arid and semiarid parts of the land where it has

cast. It has the dust-green color of sage, smells like sage, tastes like sage, and animals that feed on its leaves and yellow flowers flavor their flesh with sage. Well, wherever this plant grows the desert grouse may be found. The grouse feeds and fattens on sage. There is nothing he likes better. He must have it. Let the sage be destroyed and the bird moves on. The desert grouse is the largest grouse of the western world and it is exceeded in size only by the great grouse of Europe—the capercaillie. It is very superior in size and strength to the common prairie hen or the pinnated grouse, usually weighing twice or three as much as that bird. It will measure two or three feet from tip of wing to tip. Living in a gray land, nature has provided for the protection of the bird by making it also gray. It is curious how nature looks after its creatures by making their color, as a rule, harmonize with the landscape. In grouse-land there is a great deal of alkali in the soil and over that grows the gray-green shrubbery. The sage grouse seeks its safety in concealment rather than in flight.

Handsome Though not Brilliant.

Though the general color effect of the grouse is gray yet it has markings of white and black. A large black patch underneath the bird's body is a feature of the desert grouse. On his shoulders he wears epaulettes of white. The reason for these white shoulders is that in browsing through the sage brush all his days the heavy gray feathers are worn off, exposing the fine white nether feathers.

The grouse, though not a high-flyer and not so agile on the wing as his eastern cousin, possesses great leg power. He is active and speedy as a runner, rather quick to take flight and is an expert in losing himself among the brush. It should not be understood that these birds do not rise from cover. They often do. Hunters seek so to frighten the birds that they will rise. It is not difficult shooting them. The grouse of the desert has that general grouse trait, the "whirr." When he rises it is said that he whirrs louder than the eastern grouse. When thoroughly roused to his task he is a pretty strong flyer and can go a mile at a stretch, alternately sailing and flapping.

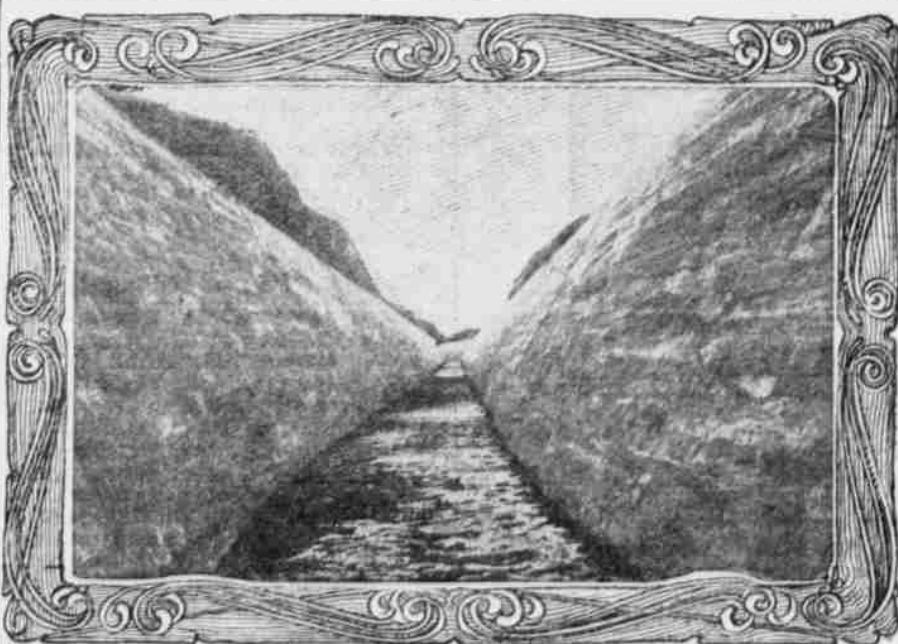
The flesh of the desert grouse is good when not too sagey. The young birds, when feeding on grass-hoppers, are unsurpassed for tenderness and flavor. The older birds, as with all the other feathered tribes, are not so tender as the young. When feeding exclusively on sage their flesh is strongly impregnated with the flavor of shrub, somewhat unpleasantly so. One is reminded of the taste of partridge meat when that bird has been feeding on resinous buds in the autumn.

He Trusted Rockefeller.

Dr. Gustav C. E. Weber, of Cleveland, Ohio, recently consul at Nuremberg, is one of the pioneer doctors of his city. Years ago he was visited by a young man who required a surgical operation, but explained that he was only getting fifty dollars a month and would have to pay by installment. Weber said he would risk it and it took the youth about a year to pay up. The lad was John D. Rockefeller, and only a short time ago he sat for Weber, asking for medical advice, there having been a recurrence of the trouble for which Weber had operated forty years ago. Weber made an examination and told Mr. Rockefeller that any medical student could do it and that he himself was out of practice. Rockefeller opened a drawer, counted out \$500, and handing the roll to Weber remarked, "It does not take so long to pay the bill this time." Weber declined the money, saying he wished no fee for a friendly visit. "Take it," said Rockefeller, "and give to some poor medical student, who is struggling for his education." Weber remarked in telling the story that he couldn't think of any struggling medical student just then and—, but what was the ailment that required a surgical operation?

Feeds Mostly on Sage.

No doubt it belongs to the same family as does the garden sage of the



THE FIRST COMPLETED GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION CANAL.

The extent of the government irrigation problem is indicated by a recent schedule issued by the Reclamation Service of the Interior Department, showing that the work of reclaiming the desert is well under way. At this time the government plan in various stages of progress, requiring the expenditure of \$32,870,000, which will supply water for the irrigation of 1,830,000 acres of land, the expense being \$17.50 per acre. Other government reports estimate that there are about 600,000,000 acres of so-called arid land, whose chief products are sage brush and cactus. This amounts to more than one-third of the United States, and out of which might be carved four countries the size of France, four more as large as Germany and two states as large as New York. Private enterprise has reclaimed about 10,000,000 of this domain, which is to-day the backbone of the West. The enormous possibilities of the government irrigation work is

shown by the various expert estimates which place the additional area which can be irrigated at from 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres. The government plan as provided for in the irrigation law is to store the flood waters of the western rivers, reclaiming this land as fast as possible; but the settlers who take the land are required to pay back to the government the cost of the construction of each project, so that the actual expense to the government will all be paid. The final estimates of the possibilities of increased population are one person to each irrigated acre, so that there seems a future population for the West as great or greater than the total population of the country to-day. Ten or twenty acres, in the more highly developed irrigation sections of the West is stated to be sufficient for the support of a family, owing to the fact that under irrigation numerous and sure crops can be raised. In the Southwest, three or four crops are grown on the same land each year.

CATHOLIC DIVORCES.

VATICAN ANNULS MARRIAGES IN CERTAIN CASES.—ATTORNEYS OF ST. PETER.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid appoints son of English Earl as Chief Lackey.—The Tipping Question.—Other Foreign Gossip.

It is stated on authority that the Vatican will always annul a marriage if it can be proved to its entire satisfaction that one or the other of the parties to the alliance was not a free agent in the matter. One of the most notable cases of annulment of a princely marriage, on grounds such as these, was the dissolution some years ago of the marriage bonds of the reigning Prince of Monaco and his first wife, Lady Mary Hamilton. At the same time the Vatican pronounced the marriage null and void it also pronounced that her son was, in every sense of the word, legitimate, Princess Mary, whose mother was a princess of the reigning house of Baden and whose father was the English Duke of Hamilton, was forced by her kinsman and guardian,



POPE PIUS X.

the late Emperor Napoleon, to give her hand in marriage to Albert of Monaco. The latter showed himself a singularly neglectful and unkind husband, and her life at Monte Carlo became so intolerable that she took to flight, carrying her infant child with her. She sought refuge at Florence, where the Italian police, acting on behalf of the Prince, made a sensational attempt to take the boy away from her. The plot was frustrated by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who took mother and infant under her protection and defied the Italian authorities to cross the threshold of her residence. Princess Mary, after that, married Count Tassilo Festetics of Tolna, one of the magnates of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, who occupied an excellent position at the Court of Vienna. Prince Albert of Monaco married again, the next Princess of Monaco being an American girl, a daughter of a New Orleans banker, Michael Heine. His second matrimonial venture, however, turned out as unfortunate as the first, a divorce breaking the ties between them.

One most important factor in defending the rights of the Roman Catholic Church, and adding to the perfection of its wonderful and thorough-working machine, is the order or society of "The Attorneys of St. Peter." It is safe to say that nine out of ten people in this country have never heard of this order of legal counselors of the Vatican, which, in this country, is represented by some of the brightest legal minds. It is composed of eminent Roman Catholic lawyers in different parts of the world, with branches in the various great capitals. The order was founded by Pius IX., and the first of the statutes of the order indicates its object, restricting, as it does, the membership to those members of the legal profession who have given adequate proofs of their unselfish devotion to the interests of the Church, especially in legal matters. The only insignia of the order is a medalion showing a violet cross on a white enameled ground. I believe I am correct in saying that Cardinal Rampolla has charge of the order.

Our Ambassador at the Court of St. James, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, has at last appointed his chief lackey. He is the Hon. William Walsh. The post bestowed upon the Hon. Walsh is that of controller of Mr. Reid's household, an office quite unknown in this democratic country of ours, but which exists in many aristocratic families in England and in all royal establishments, from the King's down. In reality, the controller is a species of upper servant, ranking several degrees higher than a chief butler, whose business it is to see that all domestic matters run smoothly. Mr. Reid is the first American ambassador to employ such a functionary, but no other American ambassador to the Court of St. James has lived in so much style as Mr. Reid maintains. As that is what Americans seem to expect of their representatives abroad nowadays, when they pay for it out of their own pockets, Mr. Reid is really to be congratulated on his success in obtaining the services of the son of a belted earl as his chief lackey. The Hon. Walsh is the third son of Lord Ormscliffe. Third sons of peers are usually not well off. The Hon. Walsh is to be com-

mended for doing something to earn an honest penny. If his pay is not much, his duties are not particularly onerous, and if ambitious he will have plenty of spare time in which to look around for a better job. Meanwhile he is comfortably domiciled at Dorchester House, the marble palace in Park Lane, which Ambassador Reid has taken as his London residence. The Hon. Walsh is engaged to be married to Lady Nora Spencer-Churchill, the youngest sister of the Duke of Marlborough. Though she can hardly be called youthful, she is several years younger than her fiancé. As far as pedigree counts for anything, however, the Hon. Walsh is no bad match for her, for he can boast dual blood, too.

If the Duke of Devonshire's rule against any of his servants accepting "tips" could be successfully introduced in this country all would be well. There are a few of the old nobility of England who set a laudable example of prohibiting their servants accepting gratuities from visitors or guests. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, makes it an inflexible rule that no servant of his shall take a tip. When, however, a party of Americans recently visited Chatsworth, the Duke's Derbyshire seat, and were entertained to luncheon and shown over the beautiful grounds by the Duke's steward, the leaders of the party thought the usual "shell out" must be the climax of the day's enjoyment. The party consisted of four men and three women, and among them \$35 was subscribed. With commendable discretion the money was not offered to the steward, who, of course, is above accepting recognition of the kind, but to an underfootman, who saw the party to and from the railway station. But the footman pointed out that it was against the rules of the Duke's establishment to accept gratuities "in money." That seemed to suggest a way of getting around the rule. The next day various articles of jewelry reached the steward from London with the request that they be distributed among the staff at his discretion. The leaders of the party were Edmund H. Abbott, of New York, and Alexander Cattanch, of Salem, Mass., and both had introductions from Sir Thomas Lipton. The Duke and Duchess were not in residence at Chatsworth at the time of the visit, but the latter sent one of her maids specially up from London to look after the ladies. The beauties of Matlock, Buxton and Bakewell were fully explored before they returned to town.

Van Calaya.

Humor of King Edward.

Returned tourists who have been in touch with the nobility in Europe bring back a few good stories of King Edward. One tale runs like this: The King was driving alone in a dog cart near one of his country palaces one day and caught up with an old fish woman, who was trudging to the village to sell her wares. She did not recognize the king and asked him for a lift. He responded graciously and helped her into the cart. As they drove along she begged him to buy her fish, pleading poverty and a big family at home. The king said he had plenty of fish at home and would not buy any. However, he would give her his portrait which he thought would be just as good as buying her fish. "Ye are a fine looking man, but your portrait would not buy shoes for the children," said the old woman. "Oh, I think it will help you," he responded, and handed her a sovereign which has on one side his profile. When she saw that she was riding with the king and spilled her fish. The king handed her another coin and dropped her out at her destination. At another time when he was Prince and attending a theatre, a fire broke out near by and every one helped to quench the flame. The Prince in evening dress, worked with the others in passing buckets of water. A big pompous man was standing by doing nothing. "Why don't you help?" asked the Prince. The pompous man swelled up and remarked, "I am a gentleman, sir, and do no such menial tasks." "Don't let that hurt you," responded the Prince. "I am only the Prince of Wales."

Cost of Discovering America.

The great extent and value of Queen Isabel's jewel bag, the proceeds of which fitted out Columbus, is more or less of a myth. But in these days, when millions of yachtsmen spend a hundred thousand dollars for a little racing yacht and think nothing of it, the expense of Columbus's whole fleet seems entirely insignificant. The sum of \$3,000 covered the whole outfit necessary to secure and equip the three vessels, while the Great Admiral's salary was \$300 per annum. The two other commanders were paid \$200 each, and the wages of the crew were \$2.50 a month. Of course, money in those days was worth a great deal more than now, and there were not very many places in America at that time where the sailors cared to ask for "short leave," so that their wages were a clear saving.



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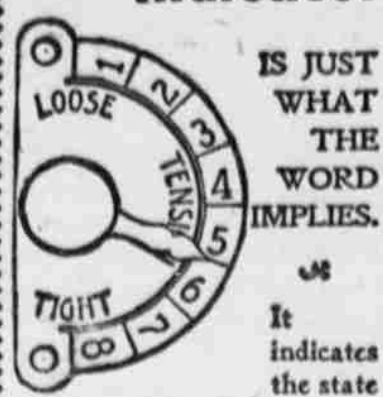
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