and the state of the state of



is very proud of them, as she ought to be. Alexander Ramsey Furness was honored with his grandfather's name, and Anna E. Ramsey, her grandmother's. They are ten and eleven and a half years old respectively. Laura Furness is about five and a half years old.

"Who has prettier children than Mr. Maxfield?" asked a lady the other day. Look at Master Catheart, Miss Eleanor or Belle and L. H. Maxfield, Jr., aged ten, eight and five years, as they emulate the second president of the St. Paul carnival by steering the fleeting "tobog" and see for yourself. Little Alice, the three-year-old, will have a toboggan ride soon. Everybody knows their grandfather, A. H. Catheart, and Uncle W. R. Marshall is also one of Minnesota's great men.

Gen. R. W. Johnson's magnificent home on Laurel avenue is frequently







cheered by the visits of his pretty pair of grandchildren, Kittie S. and Rachael L., the daughters of Lieut. and Mrs. A. B. Johnson. They are now with their father at Fort Laramie. Nine years ago Miss Kittie was born at Fort Shaw, Mont., and five years ago Miss Rachael afforded Fort Snelling cause for congratulations.

afforded Fort Snelling cause for congratulations.

There is only one family of Van Slykes in this city, and there is only one Kenneth Whitney Van Slyke, and one Grace Cooley Van Slyke in the world, if the pardonable pride of their father, W. A. Van Slyke, is to be trusted. Everybody loves the great carnival boomer and inventor of city parks, and he in turn wants everybody to love his children. These are two out of four. Master Kenneth, a fine little fellow, thirteen years of age, and Miss Grace eight. They trace their ancestry



to a warrior of the Revolution. There will be another merry "Christmas tree" in Mr. Van Slyke's home to-day.
Senator Albert Scheffer finds lots of room in his heart for the trio of beautiful little girls. Marie is now fourteen years old. The next in age, twelve, is Martha Washington, and little Ilma, who is now ten, bears the name of the famous singer, De Murska. Their grandfather, Joseph Scheffer, was one of the best known men in this state.

There is nothing small about ex-There is nothing small about ex-Mayor C. D. O'Brien. He can just fill a boat on White Bear lake with his family of seven. Their ages run this way: Susie, fifteen; Dick, fourteen;

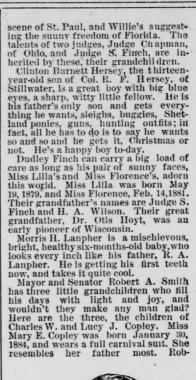






nine; Charley, seven, and Warren four. They all inherit their father's ready wit. Frankie and Floyd Egan, one of whom Frankie and Floyd Egan, one of whom will be twelve years old next year, and the other ten, and who both want to be men as soon as possible, like their father, Hon. J. J. Egan, the famous county prosecutor, are going it at an awful rate of speed on a toboggan, for they are members of the Rising Sun Toboggan club. No to boggan can go too fast for them, neith er can Dr. Quinn drive too fast for these merry urchins.

George R. Fineh has two of the sharpest boys in the city, George Chapman George R. Fineh has two of the sharpest boys in the city, George Chapman Finch, aged thirteen, and William Van Slyck Finch, aged eleven. George is president of the Pappoose Toboggan club and Willie is standard-bearer. They are both experts in all carnival sports and are worthy of their father, who was the first carnival president in the city. The pictures show a nice contrast, George's giving an ice palace







LANPHER.

ert S. Copley is the very picture of his grandfather. He was born June 28, 1886. Little Miss Mina Dorothy Copley, called after her aunt, was born on the 26th of last June. She is a gem of the first water. Let no evilminded person suspect that the baby photograph of the present mayor was used for the picture of his littlest grand-child, for this is not so. His grandson, Bob, is very fond of a game of base ball, and listens to discussions of politics with great interest. with great interest.

with great interest.

If there ever was a man who deserved grandchildren and great grandchildren that man was the late Conrad Gotziah.

A. B. Driscoll's boy is a very bright, solid baby, who is getting his first visit from Santa Claus. He has a head on



him that speaks volumes for his other grandfather, Fred Driscoll, Sr. Look at his plump arms and limbs. His name is Conrad Gotzian Driscoll. The other little people in the trio are Theodore L. Schurmeier's children. Theodora was called after Grandfather Schurmeier, and that pretty little girl is named Conradine Gotzian Schurmeier. Theodora was born in Germany and is four months old. See what a deep interest Baby Schurmeier takes in Christmastide. Conradine is four years old.

old.

The palatial Culbertson mansion, orner of Summit avenue and Arundel Street, is the home of Gen. S. D. Sturgis' five grandchildren, the little









folks whom Mrs. H. L. Dousman has cared for from birth. The eldest, Miss Violet Lee Dousman, celebrated her thirteenth birthday about three weeks ago with a little birthday party, and Miss Virginia Roulette is eleven years old, Miss Nina Lin seven, Master Louis De Verville five, and Miss Judith Wilcox three. All were born in St. Louis, Grandfather Dousman was one of the pioneers of Minnesota, and a warm friend of Gen. Sibley. The features of Gen. Sturgis can be traced in each of his merry group of intelligent grand-children, and no prettier little folks are to be found anywhere in the country.

There is a truo of little folks that would adorn any household. They are the light and life of Dayton's bluff. That fine, thoughtful-faced lad, Master Gustav Jr., looks like a banker. "He will make his mark some day" ventures a friend who seems to take an interest in his earnest, clear eyes His father is Gustav Willius, of the German-American bank. Little Miss Johanna, eight years, is a picture of her father, and Miss



Stella, ten years old, bears most resemblance to her mother.

Three pretty faces have the little daughters of Mrs. J. B. Tarbox. Miss Ray Lamprey loves music, although only ten years old. Miss Frances Tarbox is thirteen years old, and Miss Florence Lamprey twelve years. Their mother cannot be too fond of these little women, for everybody likes them. They are grandchildren of Dr. Mann.

Mann.

Master Stanley Frew is a prompt, vigorous, energetic little gentleman, who will play around the Christmas tree for the fourth time. He has come all the way from Los Angeles, Cal., to visit his relatives in St. Paul. Some day he will come to St. Paul to stay, and he



HELEN B. HANAUER.



THE COMMITTEE OF THREE.



will make a future great citizen and business man.
Charles R. Groff, Jr., Gordon M. Groff and Leslie C. Groff, aged eight, six and four years respectively, are tobogganers, also. Little Buttercup (Ida) is a perfect little lady of three years, and Miss Florence is a perfect little lady also, although only a year old. These constitute the family of the famous Snow Flake baking powder man, C. R. Groff. Their grandfathers, Matthew Groff and Dr. De Montreville, were among the earliest pioneers of St. Paul, having come here in '49 and '50 respectively.
Anna Billings Griggs is a miss of thirteen summers, and an amiable little lady she is. She is the daughter of Col.



C. W. Griggs, who not long ago represented this city in the state senate. As treasurer of the Ryan Toboggan club she has shown wonderful financial ability. Theodore Wright Griggs is a handsome boy of fifteen, who is going to vote some time or other for President Cleveland. When the president was here Capt. Griggs, of the Ryan Toboggan club, marched his noble fifty with proud spirits before the chief magistrate of spirits before the chief magistrate of the nation. Charlie A. Foster is one of the famous

boys of Summit avenue, a member of the toboggan club and eight years old. His father, Addison G. Foster, dotes



pon him. Charlie is not a candidate for office this year.

Col. Alvaren Allen, of the Merchants hotel, is very fond of his grandchidren, Snow and Dot, eight and six years. Their pictures represent them much younger. Snow was called after his uncle, and Dot after the winsome character in Denman Thompson's "Joshua Whitcomb."

If there is anything that Dennis Ryan likes more than to play with his two romping little girls, two little Marylanders, Nellie and Kittie, it has not yet been found out. They are the very pictures of their father, with faces that would remind one of sunshiny Christmas at any time. Pat Rasche is respon-





THE BABIES ON DRESS PARADE.

s'ble to a great extent for their training in pleasant mischief. They are eight and six years old respectively. Baby Agnes, is not yet quite so witty as Miss Kittle, nor so matronly as Miss Nellie, but she is a counterpart of her daddy. Miss Agnes is a native of Minnesota.

A very pretty little lady of eight years is Miss Genevieve Ives, one of W. J. Ives' family circle of six, and a niece of Mayor and Senator G. S. Ives, of St. Peter, and Commissioner Frank Ives, of Crookston. She goes to the Hutchinson High school now. Her sister Dick (Violet May), named by Carl Judson, is a merry, mischievous maiden of four winters.

Wilson McGill is the son of Gov. McGill. He is destined to be a governor some day, too. He is a great favorite at St. Anthony Park, and a thome at St. Peter there is none like him, so thinks his father.

Miss Edith Forenaugh, a nine-year-

his father.

Miss Edith Forepaugh, a nine-yearold maiden, with such an air of refinement and pretty features, is one of J. L.
Forepaugh's children. She was left in
Paris by her father a year ago to com-

mence her studies.

Sig Hanauer, of the Manhattan, is very proud of his little girl Nellie.

Helen Barth Hanauer is three years

old, witty and winning,
Chief John Clark has a very soft spot
in his huge heart for his two little
brunettes, Mary and Rachael, aged
twelve and five years respectively.
When the burden of caring for a city's
peace and security is laid down, these



two little girls make the chief think he has got a good deal to live for.

There's a boy for you. He is the sharpeyed boy of Ed A. Whitaker, of the Albert Lea route, and only grandson of Maurice Lyons, and called after his granddaddy. He is seventeen months old, weighs over thirty-five pounds, and his father sees in him a future great base ball player. He is very æsthetic, though, and wants a button-hole bouquet before he will consent to eat dinner.

Gen. Mark Hawkins, whose laughing eyes are mischievously peeping at you from one of Essery's photos, is the



nephew of Gen. Mark D. Flower. His sister, Miss Etta, is a well-known princess of the stage and another sister, Miss Ada, is conceded to be the best girl elecutionist in the city.

Miss Mary Louise Angela Kelly, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. William Louis Kelly, is thought by her father to be the prettiest girl in the city. She is a charming little lady, who was been in

a charming little lady, who was born in

Master Tom Keogh is the youngest of Frank Keogh's group of bright-eyed, laughing children. He is a little two-year-old, and looks as if he had found some new wonder in this big, wide world. He is a bright, solid boy, with eurly hair.

world. He is a bright, solid boy, with curly hair.

This will be the third Christmas for Miss Julia Lindeke, who is the daughter of W. A. Lindeke, and whose pleasant smile adorns this page.

J. H. Allen has got other children than this little philosopher. J. H. Allen, Jr. is merely a very much reduced edition of J. H. Allen, Sr. He is ten months old, and looks like a Socrates in short dresses. When his picture was taken he was in long clothes.

Master Lane Kimball Stone is the only son of Hon. Lane K. Stone, Sr., erstwhile legislator, and present townbuilder. His sunny face brightens up every place he goes.

every place he goes.

Miss Elsa and Master Maurice Mann-

every place he goes.

Miss Elsa and Master Maurice Mannheimer are great tobogganers. They and little Robert, a year and a half old, make the home of their father, Jacob Mannheimer, a very pleasant place to live in. Maurice was called after his grandfather. He is five years old, and Miss Elsa has been visited by Santa Claus for the seventh time.

Clerk Oscar B. Hillis, of the United States circuit court, is the proud parent of a pair of lovely laughing twins, Eloise and Edna. Their mother thinks there's nothing like them in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Hillis have two other children, Warren and Madeline.

A quartette of grandchildren makes Col. F. R. Welz, of the Merchants, a happy man. They are the children of Dr. and Mrs. Fry. Miss Aida Margaret Fry was born in Indianapolis in February, 1881. Her brother. Master John Randolph Fry, was born at the same place in 1882. John Randolph is a black-eyed brunette, and Miss Aida has dark eyes and hair. Clarence Walter Fry and Henry Welz Fry were both born in this city, Clarence at the Clarendon in August, 1884, and Henry at the Fry drug store on Lafayette avenue in August, last year. Both have dark brown eyes and light hair. Clarence is a forty-pounder.

Ald. E. R. Bryant is the proud father

brown eyes and light hair. Clarence is a forty-pounder.
Ald. E. R. Bryant is the proud father of four children. Miss Jenny, a young lady of eighteen, is attending St. Mary's hall, at Faribault. George E. is at present in Denver, Col. He bears a strong resemblance to Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine. He is now seventeen years old. His younger brothers are fine-looking lads, Charles E., aged eleven, and James T., nine. They have light hair and blue eyes.
Aleck Barclay, Jr., Miss Esther Kelly and Miss Kittie Meagher are three children who represent the young Demo-

and Miss Kittle Meagner are three chil-dren who represent the young Demo-cracy of the state of Minnesota. When President Cleveland was here they were the committee of three who received him and tendered to him the welcome of St. Paul. Mr. Barclay is one of the bright-est boys in the state, and takes after his father. He has a little playmate of a

sister named Gladys. Miss Kelly is the daughter of P. H. Kelly, and Miss Meagher is one of the pets of John F. Meagher, of Mankato.

Nobody would suspeet W. P. Murray of being a grandfather, but it is a fact, nevertheless, for his son, Neel C. Murray, has a little daughter, who is now wondering over her first Christmas. She is the prettiest baby on the "hill," a little over two months old and is called Carrie Jane.

The youngest of United States Marshal W. M. Campbell's family of seven is William Louis Campbell, who was born April 18, four years ago. He is a bright boy and takes after Jack, the oldest, the young deputy, who is making a good record.

Al Flournoy is justly proud of his two little fellows, and he is teaching them to play the banjo very nicely. Robert E. Lee Flournoy and Richard Jay Flournoy are five and three years old, respectively. Their father says they are a good pair to draw to.

spectively. Their fath a good pair to draw to.



Queen Anne's "Criss-Muss.

Queen Anne's "Criss-Muss."

A. T. Whitney, in Wide Awake.

"It's time to begin buying for Crissmuss," said Queen Anne.

I write the word as she pronounced
it, though she was Queen Anne.

"It's time to save up for Criss-muss,"
said Lady Bird. "I haven't got money
enough to begin to buy. It grows harder
every year to make it go round!"

"Criss-muss is a nuisance," said
Auntie boldly. "It ought to be abolished. It ought never to have been
kept."

Auntie boldly. "It ought to be abolished. It ought never to have been kept."

"Why, auntie! The Lord's Birthday!" cried Lady-Bird, in capital letters.

"That isn't what I said," retorted auntie. "Criss-muss isn't the Lord's birthday. It's what we've made of it. The Lord has a right to his own birthday, and we've taken it away from Him. We've divided it up into a lot of little, mean, miserable, selfish birthdays among ourselves—parted His garment. Pretending to keep it for each other, to be sure; but just changing round. We all have our own birthday; the Lord ought to have His; kept for Himself. That's what I say. That's Christ-Mass. We've made Criss-muss of it!"

This was a terrible long speech for Auntie. Queen Anne and Lady Bird were hushed up for a moment. Then Lady-Bird asked, "What is Christ-Mass?"

"A Christ-offering," said Auntie, resuming her brevity and leaving them to think.

If you want to know what became of the terripose at some atter, such

If you want to know what became of that, perhaps at some other club meeting I may have a chance to tell. Or perhaps somebody else may have a word to say about it.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?

Dolly, isn't Christmas Jolly?
Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?
Is it always Christmas, Dolly,
Where you came from? Tell me, dear!
Did you live with good Kris Kringle
In his home so far away?
Are you glad or sorry, Dolly,
That you're here with me to-day?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only talk—
It seems so funny that you can't,
When you can laugh and cry and walk!
I'll try awful hard to teach you
If you'll only follow me;
I think you could learn a little—
Come, now, just say, A, B, C!

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only eat!
I have lots of nuts and candy
And plum pudding awful sweet!
I think you could eat a little—
Just a little—if you'd try;
Would you like some candy, Dolly,
And some fruit cake and some ple?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Ain't you glad that Santa Claus
Put you in my stocking? I am.
And I think that you are, 'causo
You do seem so awful happy.—
Do you love me, Dolly, dear?
Oh, ain't Christmas awful jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?

The two following games, from the Pansy, will be interesting for the children. Try them on Christmas evening:

Bring a newspaper into the room; a pretty large one, for it seems more reasonable, as you go on to ask, "Can you and you (pointing to two members of the family circle) stand with both feet on this generawish.

and you (pointing to two members of the family circle) stand with both feet on this paper which I may spread on the floor, yet not touch each other."

"Nonsense!" "It can't be done!"

"Impossible!" will greet your ears.

Make them try, Mary. Encourage them now and then by telling them how you and Tom have done it. Give it to two others after the first two have tried long enough, until all have exhausted their ingenuity. Finally take it yourself when they have all laughed long enough over the ridiculous trials, and go to the doorsill; over it lay your paper. "Now, Tom," you call, "take your place."

Tom goes out over the paper and stands on his half as it lies over the sill. Then shut the door, and you put your two feet squarely on your half of the paper in the room.

A shout will greet you. It is one of the neatest tricks if brightly played.

Who dashes on in sleet and snow, With ears and cheeks a ruddy glow, With whoop and shout and merry jingle? Good folks, look out, 'tis old Kris Kringle. His cap he raises with a shout, His beard and hair blow all about, He stamps his feet and snaps his finger, For not an instant can he linger. He cracks his whip, now left, now right, The reindeer speed with all their might, A million stockings must be filled, And not a single toy be spilled.

Look out now—there's a sled broke loose, And there's a doll caught in a noose— Now hasten, hasten every one, Or soon we'll see the rising sun, Now, first go through this narrow street; We'll give the children here a treat, For once a year, at least, I'll see The poorest child shall happy be. There, halt! How high this chimney is!
"Tis well I understand my biz,
For never mortal saw before
So tight a squeeze as this, I'm sure.

Now dash away o'er hill and dale, The stars and moon begin to pale, And Mrs. Kringle will not wait— She never likes her breakfast late.

A SYMBOL OF THE SEASON.

As birds to sun-land wing their way in blithesome bevies and with song, so from the gift-hand Christmas Day flow tokens that life's joys prolong. The season's symbol, like a charm, wish and delight is interlocking; and plainest gifts the heart will warm be they but found within a stocking! ** Time can destroy the dearest whim; the sweetest joy age can bedim; but on life's way all love to pause each year a day with Santa Claus. Tho' heads be bowed with weignt of years, and on ward crowd life's sadding cares, the mem'ry turns at Christmas tide in grooves of child-hood joys to gifde.

** Then hang the stockings—great and small!
Our chimney-sprite will know the mall! He reads the wished-foraye to find. Yes! hang the stocking—young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas

Christmas

-Yonkers Gazetta