

Colonel Crockett's



wasn't many mix-ups. Old Miss Samantha Clay got a box of cigars meant for Judge Randolph, and he got a pair of silver-buckle garters meant for her. But most of them come out right, and several of them was so surprised at getting presents in New York that they bust out crying. Major Calhoun's whiskers was soaking wet with tears when he got a bottle of old Bourbon from Judge Payton.

Rich folks who had been poor men met charter-members of the "I'm on to your origin" association. But the Christmas spirit made them forget to be snobs. You'd hear millionaires telling plain people how they used to

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