



## The Reneau Hotel and Cafe

ONE BLOCK NORTH  
BURLINGTON DEPOT

Board by Day or Week

FURNISHED ROOMS AT REASONABLE RATES

Open Day and Night.

Meals at All Hours.



The Christmas Tree

## Story of an Army Christmas

By Col. J. A. WATROUS, U.S.A.



THAT was my most memorable Christmas. The one which always comes back to me when thinking over Christmas festivities—comes rushing in at the head of the line—is that of 1902, but in telling of it I will be sure to leave out the things which I remember most. I am sure you do not want anything that reminds you of an Army Christmas.

From a number of young soldiers and others, came "Yes, yes; that is just what we want, a story about Christmas in the army."

"The motion prevails, and you shall have what you vote for—a story of an Army Christmas," said the woman of three wars—the civil, Spanish-American and the Philippine insurrection.

There were many troops in and about Manila in December, 1900. My temporary home was with an American family that had rented the large, beautiful mansion on San Sebastian street occupied by a Spanish admiral before Commodore Dewey sailed up Manila bay and said: "You may fire, Gridley, when ready."

This patriotic man and his wife, a former Wisconsin teacher, planned a Christmas dinner and party. They invited a dozen or more officers and their ladies. The dinner did not differ materially from most Christmas dinners, yet it reminded the diners of holiday events in far off America, and the conversation soon turned in that direction.

"One little army lady began to tell about a home Christmas, its tree and the good cheer, when she was a small girl. No other Christmas had seemed quite so heavenly. I can see how lovely that tree looked; I can hear daddy's voice as he called off the presents; can see mamma's smile as we children danced and chattered; I can

see the happy gathering about the table Christmas-laden; I can hear daddy's request for a blessing and—well, it was all so sweet and beautiful. Before another Christmas came I hadn't any daddy."

"The little lady's handkerchief was not the only one that brushed away a tear."

"Captain, this dinner reminds me of one our fathers have told us about."

"The captain was the son of a Wisconsin soldier of the civil war, and the speaker a lieutenant, the son of another civil war veteran."

"Tell us about it," said the wife of another captain.

"Yes, Minnie, you might let a fellow see what you've got tucked in there, at that."

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised.'"

"Look, here, hun," he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—Look a-here, my dear, whatchoo want for Christmas, hey? It's up to you, you know?"

"Why, the very ideal," she exclaims. "Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me."

"Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But, d'ye know, I was thinking about getting you—"

"Sh-sh-sh! Stop!" she cries. "Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!"

"All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her."

"You know, of course, Jack," she says, mischievously, "that if you are worried about the sizes of things, why, your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—"

"But, nix," he breaks in. "It isn't anything that comes in sizes. It's one of these—"

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 'sprise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her."

"Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, I dunno, hey?"

## Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH



UH! looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a convulsion when she notices what he's doing. Yasee, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hiding the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gag, that, too."

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it."

"For instance, a husband, long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut."

"So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the multhead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"Watchoo got in there, anyway?" he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'"

"But, say, g'wan and tell me whatchoo got in there, won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that fellow that met an untimely end through curiosity."

"That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, "but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's clear that you've got in there." And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. "Say, I hope not, though, I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, anyhow."

"But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part."

"Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. "I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing."

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side comb and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically."

"Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive tone.

"Say, Minnie, you might let a fellow see what you've got tucked in there, at that."

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## HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOLIDAY BUYERS

### Try This Plan:

Make a list of all you wish to make a present to and when looking over the following items note opposite the names anything that seems suitable, then come and see the goods. In this way you can do a good share of your holiday shopping in the quiet of your home and avoid much of the worry of choosing holiday gifts.

### Fancy China Ware:

I have a very large line of Imported Fancy China, as Havelin, Japanese, etc. There are very few things that a lady appreciates more for a present than a nice piece of China.

### Brushes:

A Brush is a very nice present, especially between members of the same family. We have them in Sterling, Ebony, Stag Horn, Rosewood and a variety of Natural Wood Back. Military Brushes—Hair and Cloth Brushes—from 25c up.

### Shaving Sets:

If he doesn't shave himself make it an object for him to do so by giving him a good outfit. We have the kind of equipments that make shaving both easy and pleasant. The best Strops, Mugs, Lather Brush, etc.

### Toys:

We were fitted out by one of the best toy factories in the middle west and can guarantee you will purchase when you see our fine display in Iron, Mechanical and Stationary Toys, Air Guns.

### Toilet Cases:

A large variety in every desirable combination; also a nice lot of traveling cases that a man will appreciate whether he travels or not. This is one line we can't be beaten on, either as to price or quality.

### Books:

Our store is especially strong in picture books. We have them from A. B. C. for the little tots to the history and travels for the larger children.

### Other Gift Lines:

It is out of the question to do more than outline our stock in this space. Each of these lines stand for scores of gifts that you should know about. Come and see them.

Fancy goods in celluloid, plush, wood leather and medallions, games, toys, dolls, fine china, box candy, stationary, perfumes, leather goods, mirrors, etc.

By paying a small amount on purchase we will lay goods aside for you until Xmas.

## S. R. LEE

"THE USY DRUGGIST."

## A Newsboy's Merry Christmas

By D. M. EDWARDS



IT WAS Christmas night and Patsy Higgins was "stuck"—that is, he had more papers than he could sell. With a small bundle under one arm and his hand thrust deep in his pockets he strolled up Broadway in the happy Christmas crowds. Through the diamond-frosted windows of the restaurants he could see the diners within laughing and animated over their holiday banquets. He jingled a handful of pennies and nickels in his pocket and wondered how in the world a boy with a stock of unsold papers on his hands and only 22 cents with which to have his Christmas feast, keep him through the night and start him in business the next morning, had much chance to be so very happy.

As he plodded aimlessly across Forty-third street a big man, building of shoulder, lamern jawed and deep chested, lumbered out of a gambling house near by and swung into Broadway. Grumbling about "hitting me pretty hard" and "never had any luck in my life," he plowed his way across the sidewalk, bumping against any one whose path he crossed. His hand thrust through a line of tawny men and women who blocked the sidewalk in front of an all night restaurant, scattering them like tennins and making no apology. Blind to everything but his own ill luck he noticed nothing until he came upon a disheveled and haggard man holding a newspaper and trying to take his papers from him.

"What th' hell y' doin'?" growled the gambler, as he gave the steady man a quick punch and nudged him into a pile of dirt, allowing the lad to dart out of harm's way, yelling in glee at the fallen tyrant.

"Y' big siff," threatened the gambler, as he leaned over the man. "If y' keep another word I'll write your head off. Git up now an' go home y' poor wretch. An' I s'pose you'll beat her t' git even," he commented, as he turned away.

A few blocks further he heard a voice at his elbow:

"Say, mister, I want t' thank y' for helpin' me when that dude punched me papers."

"Run along, sonny; don't let it worry

y' none."

"I want t' give y' a paper, mister."

"Trot!" returned the other, curtly.

"Please take a paper, mister," persisted the lad, running along beside the man and holding out his bundle.

"Cause, gee! we don't of en have folks help us like you done. I'm stuck to-night, anyway, an' have got plenty to spare."

The gambler stood still and sniffed the air as if at that moment, for the first time, he had caught the infection of the Christmas atmosphere.

"Pretty tough on some of you kids," he said. "Here, take this and go blow yourself," he added, as he pulled a greenback from his pocket, pressed it into the boy's hand and continued on his way.

"I ain't askin' you fer money," called Patsy, tagging along in the man's wake. "I jes' wanted t' give you a paper for helpin' me."

The gambler made no reply, but

walked on all the faster. He had gone a block further and evidently thought himself rid of the boy, when the latter suddenly piped out again:

"Please take yer money back, will yer?"

"Aw, beat it!" said the gambler, savagely.

Patsy stopped. He watched the form of his big man fade into the darkness and then looked at the crumpled greenback in his hands.

"Gee, wouldn't dat mos'ly crimp yer?" he mused as he turned back into the canyon of electric lights and headed for a place where he knew he would find cranberry sauce, steamed dumplings and mince pie at newsboy rates.

JOHN DELANE

Blacksmith and Wagon Shop

The best Automatic steel and gates for sale.



A Frugal Christmas Meal