

FEW QUIT AT XMAS

DESERTIONS RARE IN ARMY DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Old Sergeant Says Home That's Fit to Go to Wouldn't Welcome a Run-away Soldier—A New Year's Burial of Cavalrymen.

There are few desertions from the army just before Christmas, and the company commander is almost as sure of holding his men through the holidays as the Sunday school teacher is of having an overflowing class until the hespangled, candle-lit tree has been pruned of its gifts.

A recruiting sergeant is responsible for the statement concerning Christmas and desertions.

"Aren't men apt to desert their garisons at this time to get to their homes for the holidays?" he was asked.

"No," replied the sergeant, whose many service stripes, several of which had the white edging to indicate actual field service in the islands, indicated that he might be relied upon as an authority. Then he reasoned it out this way:

"You see the man who has got a home that's fit to go to on Christmas or any other time wouldn't have the nerve to go to it as a deserter, because his folks would be respectable and they wouldn't have any use for a man who had run away from the army. Then again the man who has a sort of hankering to get to his own home must have a streak of decency in him that wouldn't let him desert."

"And the fellows who just take the holidays as a time for a lot to eat wouldn't desert now, for you can't beat a company cook on roasting turkey and baking nice pies. We're great eaters in the army on Christmas. It doesn't make much difference whether we're round New York or on the plains, or in the islands, that is, the Philippines, every company has its holiday feast. I never happened to serve up in Alaska, but I bet they don't let December 25 go by just like an ordinary day."

"We did miss one Christmas dinner in the Seventh Cavalry, though. That was about 1890, when we had a fight with the Sioux on Wounded Knee creek. The fight wasn't on Christmas, but two or three days later, although for a week we had been expecting it. That was in the Bad Lands, and our New Year's day we spent in digging enough graves in the frozen ground for 29 of the cavalry who had been killed."

"That wasn't a fair fight. It was treachery after surrender. We had captured about 250 bucks, and were disarming them. There were nearly as many more squaws hanging around with rifles hidden under their blankets. The medicine man was mumbbling something all the time, which didn't sound well, but nobody really expected a scrimmage then."

"But, finally, that medicine man stooped down, scraped up a handful of sand, and threw it in the air. That was the signal. In an instant bucks and squaws fell on us with knives and guns. For 20 minutes it was hand-to-hand, and with muskets clubbed. That's when we lost our 29 men."

"So that holiday season on Wounded Knee creek wasn't much of a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year sort of a time, but take it year in and year out, the soldier hasn't any fuss to make about his Christmas."

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC.

Theatrical Performance by Crew of an Icebound Ship Sixty Years Ago.

Christmas eve was the opening night of the theater, the first one ever known in those regions, writes Capt. B. S. Osbon, in Recreation. It opened to a full house and yet not an advertisement had appeared in any paper on the face of the globe. No flaring posters had adorned the walls of the village on shore, but the villagers were all there as "first nighters." Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra—the minstrel band—in lieu of an opening overture, gave us a selection from their repertoire, which was generally applauded, and to the tinkling of a bell up went the curtain. The play was "Black-Eyed Susan," adapted from a famous old song of that name, well known to all sailors in those times. It was a play in three acts, interspersed with some familiar sea ditties of the day. Susan was the star of the evening and the young fellow who took her part played and looked it to perfection. His make-up was very clever, considering the material at his command. The wig had been made of fine combed yarns braided as deftly as any girl could have done it. Susan's cheeks and lips were very red—from the paint pot—and large pendant earrings dangled from her ears. Her dress was faultless in fashion and fit, her carriage graceful and she acted the girl to the unbounded satisfaction of the "vast assemblage." The Esquimau portion of the audience was amazed at the performance, but Susan was an even greater puzzle to them. None of them had ever seen a white woman. It was good as a play to watch those poor, untutored natives as they followed the piece with intense wonderment.

Extent of Their Friendship.

Dimpleton—Do you still keep up your friendship with the Caterbys?
Hatterson—We see them very little, but we annoy each other with Christmas presents every year.

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

Facts Regarding Its Observance in America and Other Countries.

December 25 is a legal holiday in all the states and territories and the District of Columbia. General recognition of Christmas in America is of comparatively modern origin. A generation or two ago the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal churches observed the day by religious services, but the great body of Protestants, in New England especially, ignored it as they ignored Easter, says Youth's Companion.

The Dutch settlers in New York and Pennsylvania observed the day, as did also the English settlers in Virginia, and the French and Spanish colonies farther south. As a more tolerant spirit prevailed among the descendants of the Pilgrims, the Puritan objection to Christmas celebrations disappeared.

Christmas was not observed even in the Roman Catholic church till the second century after Christ, when, according to tradition, Pope Telesphorus instituted the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Jesus. The anniversary was celebrated in January, March, April, May and September, at different periods and in different parts of Europe and Asia, and it was not until the fourth century that the eastern and western churches agreed upon December 25 as the proper day.

The Christmas tree is of German origin and Santa Claus is supposed to be akin to the Knecht Rupert of northern Germany, to whom parents gave their presents to be distributed to the children on Christmas night. Rupert dressed in a mask, wig, white robe and high buskins, went about from house to house, awarding the presents to the young children, who supposed him to be a supernatural messenger.

Kriss Kringle, another name for the distributor of gifts, is a corruption of the German Christ Kindlein, or Christ-child, from whom the Christmas gifts are supposed to come. The Christmas tree was practically unknown in England until after the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince, who introduced German customs.

Many of the ceremonies of the day are derived from old heathen customs adapted by the Christian fathers to make it easy for the worshippers of the old gods to accept Christianity.



A Christmas Discovery.

Do you remember the story of the portrait of Dante which is painted upon the walls of the Bargello, at Florence? For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it, but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storehouse for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away. Patiently and carefully he removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear; and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light. "That was wonderful," you say, "that was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful, declares Dr. Henry Van Dyke, as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the Divine image to the light. He comes to us with the knowledge that God's image is there, though concealed; he touches us with the faith that the likeness can be restored.

Sure Sign of Love.

"I think Charlie really loves me now," said Miss Dinsmore to her mamma.
"What makes you think so, dear?"
"He hasn't tried to break off our acquaintanceship as usual just before the Christmas holidays."

SANTA'S BIOGRAPHY

PLACE OF HIS BIRTH AND HIS PARENTS ARE UNKNOWN.

Is Best Known and Most Popular Individual on Earth—Gives Presents Worth Many Millions Yearly But is Not Classed as Rich.

Santa Claus, the most widely known and popular individual on earth, was born so long ago that it would not be ladylike for him to acknowledge it, so nobody knows his exact age. Neither is it known just where he was born, nor who his parents were, but they must have been eminently respectable people, for everybody nowadays claims kin with him. He is the only untitled person whom nobody calls "Mister," and he is a bachelor of excellent repute. Although he gives away more at Christmas than Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller ever thought of giving, he is not classed with the millionaires. Still he shows a preference for that class and he puts more in their stockings than he puts in the stockings of the poor. Perhaps he has a taste for fine hosiery. Some bachelors do. In any event, the fact remains that the rich get more out of him than the poor do. Maybe he is not altogether to blame for that. Anyway he doesn't ride around in an automobile. This may be because he wants to save more to give away. At the same time he doesn't ride in the street cars. So there you are.

Santa Claus is the only truly religious person, for he never asks anybody what church he belongs to before taking up his stocking to fill it. Neither does he care a continental about politics, and he never votes. He is especially fond of children, and the children are so dead stuck on him that they want him to come around every day in the year. Their parents, however, don't feel so much that way about it, and Santa Claus kindly considers their feelings in the matter. He knows enough not to be anxious to work a good thing to a frazzle.

Nobody knows where Santa Claus lives in the summer, also the spring and fall and most of the winter, but wherever it is it must be a healthy place, because he always shows up at Christmas looking so fat and jolly that really he ought to advertise the location and take in boarders. There is one thing certain, if he did there wouldn't be any "No-Children-Taken" signs around the establishment.

Santa Claus confines his attention almost exclusively to mankind, the lower animals, except the reindeer, having no pull with him whatever. This is a well-known fact in natural history, which may be proved by pictures of Santa Claus and his holiday turn-out coming in over the snowy roofs.

When Santa Claus dies there will be the biggest funeral ever heard of, but there is not much likelihood of that event ever happening as long as there are any children alive. When they are all gone Santa Claus will go too, for what's the use of his monkeying with grown-ups?

WHY HE SPANKED THE CHILDREN

How the Settler Prepared the Young Ones for Christmas.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the children was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the settler opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row, and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man thought some explanation should be made, and he said:

"It's the way I do every Christmas time, and I had just begun when you rode up. Can you wait till I have spanked the other nine?"

"Of course, but may I ask why you do it? They look to me to be nice, well-behaved children."

"They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on."

"Yes, the spanking must go on," added the wife.

I couldn't say any more, of course, and I went out to the gate and waited. The nine were called up one after another and put through the machine, and then the man, who was breathing hard from his exertions, joined me at the gate and said:

"There, the last one of 'em has been licked, and now I'll show you where Brown lives."

"Thanks, but would you take it amiss if I asked what your ten children had done to deserve punishment?"

"You may ask, sir, and I will explain," he replied. "They hadn't done nothing. I was licking 'em so they wouldn't expect any Christmas presents in their stockings tonight!"

Christmas Giving.

The one feature of Christmastide that cannot be overdone is the giving of comfort to the needy. Sometimes it appears that the custom of exchanging gifts has its questionable side. In the increasing demands upon slender purses and the cultivation of a spirit of mendicancy in servants. These matters, however, regulate themselves, and probably little harm is done by the swelling of the spirit of generosity at this holy time. But the relief of the poor and unfortunate is a blessed work that can never work injury to him who gives.

Santa Claus' Tree

By Wallace Irvin

It looked rather bare, standing starkly out there, And Jimmy's poor mother, the picture of care,
And Jimmy's poor grandfather, lean as a Turk,
And Jimmy's poor father, who hated to work,
Set eyes
On the prize
With unquenchable sighs.
It isn't so pleasant to be a poor peasant,
To have to ride steerage
And bow to the peerage
And go through a Christmas with never a present!

And Jimmy remarked as he looked on his Tree:
"I wish I were wealthy as—well, let me see—
"So rich I could rig
Every branch, every twig
With candy and peanuts and pop-corn and gum
Enough for each person who lives in a slum,
With shoes that have soles
And socks without holes,
With alpaca dresses for mother, and some
Small purses of gold, so that poor folks could
come
And take on their backs
Sacks and packs,
Stacks and stacks,
And always walk up to the Tree for a store
And never know hunger and want any more."

And (such was the speed of those magical days),
No sooner the words than the Tree was ablaze
With bright-hanging diamonds dropping like dew,
With fairyland candles that twinkled anew,
With toys so untamed
You'd think they were minted
For all the world's children as fast as they grew.
And big boys and small boys,
And short boys and tall boys,
Meek girls and sleek girls and slow girls and
spry,
Young folks and old folks,
Modest and bold folks
Came flocking each stocking of Christmas to try,
And Jimmy he stood by his Tree in his pride
And handed out presents to all who applied
Till each grizzled grandire, each babe, youth or
maiden
Departed with joys of the season so laden
That some were afraid that their shoulders would
crack
And saved themselves trouble by hiring a hack.

Here's the strangest of all! When the winter
was past,
The Saint's Tree took root in the soil and grew
fast,
And every Christmas it blossomed once more
With gifts to the poor who applied at the door,
And Jim grew so famous that when the King
died
They gave him the crown which he wore without
pride,
The Kingdom improved
And he had the throne moved
To the porch of his house where he sat all the
day.

A talking with neighbors in quite the old way.
But he always kept watch, as if kindly to guard
The magical Tree which still grew in the yard.
But just once a year, as the gossips still tell,
A genial old fellow drove by in a sleigh
And winked at King Jim saying: "Tree's doing
well!"
Then snapped up his reindeer and capered
away.—Success.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

Strange Actions by Father, Mother and Children at Christmas Time.

The mystery began with the husband coming home half an hour later than usual, so as to have the cover of darkness when leaving a package behind the vestibule doors, while he entered the house with a very innocent look on his face and told of his street car being blocked.

At midnight of that night, while his innocent-hearted wife was sleeping by his side, he sneaked out of bed and down stairs and secured the package and hid it in a closet.

The next step was taken by his wife. She took down from the pantry a pitcher in which she had been storing up dimes and nickels and pennies for months and months, and, after counting them over, she sneaked down stairs in the forenoon and bought and lugged a parcel home and hid it away on the top shelf of a clothespress.

Then one of the children came in one day and looked and acted very mysterious, and shortly afterward might have been found hiding something among the rafters of the garret.

Then, as the mother suddenly and unexpectedly entered the parlor one afternoon, she almost stumbled over a daughter who was down on her knees and reaching under the sofa. The mother cried out in her surprise, but asked for no explanations.

Then desk and bureau drawers that had not been locked for a year were found closed tighter than a drum. Closet doors that had stood wide open were made fast. There was lingering behind when others went to bed. There was getting up before the others in the morning. Each member of the family went around trying to look as innocent as a sheep, but at the time bearing a load of guilt on his conscience.

The strain was intense. The mystery could not last. The day came when the murder was solved. It was the day before Christmas. That family had simply been preparing to Santa Claus each other. It always acts that way, and it always turns out happily.

The Sweetest Bells.

The bells ring clear at Christmastide
From steeple and from tower:
All hearts with love are beating high—
Love is their Christmas love!

There is no time in all the year
When hearts are more atone—
The Christmas bells to winter are
What roses are to June.

But steeple bells and tower bells
Ring not for saint or sinner,
A sweeter note than bells of home
That calls to Christmas dinner.

No Cause for Joy.

Photographer (taking family group)
—Now, then, Mr. Houseful, the expressions are all right but yours. Try and look happy—remember that Christmas is coming.

Mr. Houseful (despondently)—
Confound it, man, that's just what I am thinking about!

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Perfectly pure, unquestionably wholesome. A pure food factor ante-dating all pure food laws. Indispensable for raising finest cake, biscuit and pastry.

No Alum. No Lime Phosphates

Be on guard against alum in your food. Prof. Johnson of Yale College says he "regards the introduction of alum into baking powders as most dangerous to health."

Read the label. Buy only where Cream of Tartar is named.

THE PERFECTLY POISED MIND.

To Attain It, One Must Rise to Higher Realm of Thought and Feeling.

People who would attain exquisite mental poise must dive between the whitecaps and the waves on the surface of thought, down into the depths of their beings, where there is eternal calm which no mental tempest can disturb.

A perfectly poised mind must be in frequent communication with the divine. Dwelling upon human qualities will never bring that perfect mental balance, that divine serenity, which makes mere physical beauty unattractive in comparison.

There is a sweetness, a ripeness, a divine something about a serene mind which eludes analysis, but which we all feel. No wealth can compare with the benign, satisfying influence which radiates from an exquisitely poised personality.

Smooch of our best observatories are built upon mountain tops, so that the great lens which sweeps the heavens may not be obscured by the dust, the dirt, the mists floating in the atmosphere.

In order to shut out the din, the terrible noises which distract the mind; in order to shut out the thousand and one disturbing influences in our strenuous life, the things which warp and twist and distort us, it is necessary to rise into the higher realm of thought and feeling, where we can breathe a purer air, get in closer touch with the divine.—Success.

BROUGHT OBEDIENCE AT ONCE.

Mr. Drayton's Diplomatic Way of Dealing with Tommy.

In the Drayton household it is said that the father of the family has a way of presenting alternatives to his children that never fails to bring them into line.

"I wish you would speak to Bobby," said Mrs. Drayton one night. "I've told him to take his medicine and then jump into bed, and he won't do it. He just hops round, and says he doesn't want to take the medicine and he doesn't want to go to bed!"

Mr. Drayton stepped to the door of Bobby's room and stood there, tall, grave and impressive.

"Bobby," he said, firmly, "if you don't take your medicine at once, and then jump into bed, you will be put to bed, do you hear me, put to bed, without having your medicine at all!"

Upon which Bobby, alarmed and confused, swallowed his allotted portion and meekly retired for the night.—Youth's Companion.

Notice of Referees' Sale of Real Estate

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment in partition entered on the 5th day of November 1908, in an action pending in the district court of Richardson County, Nebraska, in which Myrtle Schauble Mulligan is plaintiff and Carrie Schauble, widow of John Schauble, Jr., deceased; Laura Schauble, Roy Schauble, Edward Schauble, Etta Schauble and William Mulligan are defendants, and in pursuance of an order directing the sale of the premises entered in said cause November 6, 1908, and in pursuance to an order of sale issued out of said court in said cause, we, the undersigned referees in partition in said action, will offer for sale at public auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash on the 14th day of December, 1908, sale commencing at one (1) o'clock p. m., at the West front door of the court house in Falls City in said county, the following described real estate to-wit: The south half (1/2) of the north east quarter (1/4) of section thirty (30) in township (T) one north range sixteen (16) in Richardson County, Nebraska. The purchaser takes the real estate free of widow's dower.
Dated November 10th, 1908.

Referees:
A. R. SCOTT, J. R. WILHITE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff B. I. REAVIS,
Referees

First publication November 13, 5 times.

GEHLING THEATRE

TO-NIGHT

Friday, Nov. 27

GEORGE ADE'S
POLITICAL COMEDY

The County

Chairman

A story of heart interest

Bristling with Bristling
Wit

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Seats Now on Sale

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