

A CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

The Story of an American Boy in Paris.

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

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FOR some inexplicable reason they pass over Christmas day in France and celebrate the New Year instead. There is no cheer on Christmas day, no holly and no plum pudding. There was no use in hanging up a stocking the night before because there was nobody to fill it. Besides, unhappily, my stocking hanging time is over.

We had expected something like it—Daddy, the boy from Milwaukee, and I. We had been prepared by the Swede with the long yellow mustache who sat at the foot of the table. "It will be just like any other day," he had said, and it had been, only worse.

In the first place, it rained; in the second place, it not only rained, but it poured, and, in the third place, Daddy and I quarreled.

If you want fully to appreciate an American boy like Daddy, you must first live in England awhile. Then he bursts upon you with the radiance of a noon-day sun. Daddy could hardly say that I failed to appreciate him. He never cracked a joke that I didn't laugh until the tears came. If he told a story, he considered me practically being the only American at the table and consequently the only individual in possession of a sense of humor sufficient for the understanding of it—his sole audience. Thus between much telling of stories and more laughing at them our friendship appeared to be cemented, to be planted squarely upon a sure and firm foundation, but it is about just such things as that that you can never tell.

It was over next to nothing that we quarreled, the simplest thing in the world. It was this: The first time I saw him he came into the dining room with his head veiled close. "I went into a barber's," he told us, "and look what the fellow did to me! I knew enough French to get him to stop," and he struck me as hilariously funny. In the foreigners laughed when it was



"LOOK WHAT THE MAN DID TO ME!" translated to them. So it happened that in writing back I mentioned Daddy and related this anecdote of his.

How could I know that they would hand my private letter over to an editor and that the editor would proceed promptly to publish it? How could I know even that the papers, always on the lookout for a glint of fun, would copy the little story here, there and everywhere, and that in four or five weeks' time those same papers would appear upon the tables of every American reading room in Paris, and, worse still, that numerous friends of the boy would hand him copies and laugh? For, alas, I had given his name!

This was my first intimation of it. I was sitting in my room mending my glove when there came a knock at the door.

"Entrez!" I called out in my newly acquired French. The door opened, and there stood Daddy.

I sprang up, threw the glove aside and ran to meet him, glad, as I always am, to see the boy from Milwaukee.

"Come in! Come in!" I cried. "I am dead lonesome. Bring your mandolin and let's have a jig. I have learned the piano accompaniment by now."

But there was never an answering smile on the boy's countenance. He faced me with a look that struck cold to my heart. The smile died on mine. I started back as if I had had a blow and stared. Could this be my dear old Daddy?

"I should like to see you for one moment," he said in a manner as cold as his face, and in the firm, severe tones of a full grown man.

"Why, certainly," I gasped, "for two if you like! Where—in the little kitchen that isn't used or in the hall or out in the big hall, with the concierge looking on?" For there was no salon, and the precision of Daddy's manner called for a salon or something, if possible, even more impressive.

"This is no joke," said he, and there was not the twinkle of a laugh at the corners of his mouth or in his eyes. "Look here!"

Reaching in the pocket of his vest, he produced a slip cut from a paper and thrust it at me. I took it wonderingly and read a scrap from my letter with the account of Daddy and his cute little hair cutting joke. I read to the finish, then looked up at him.

"Well, what of it?" I inquired.

"What of it?" he asked. "Nothing, only they have been poking the thing at me the whole day long; nothing, only I am the laughing stock of the establishment, I am the joke of Paris, the boy who didn't know enough French to get his hair cut. That's all! That's all!" "Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!" I sighed. And after a time, very humbly, "I didn't mean it that way," I explained. "It was a private letter. I never expected it to be published. How could I know that it would get into the hands of an editor?"

"You ought to have known," he stormed, "since you write. You writers, you have no respect for the private affairs of people, so you make money out of them, you publish anything. Nothing is private to you. Nothing is sacred."

"Daddy," I remonstrated, "that was no private affair. You said it right there at the table with a dozen listening. Didn't you?"

"I did," he acknowledged defiantly, "but do you suppose I thought once of you?" The accent on that "you" came near bringing the tears. "I forgot you were a penny-a-liner; that you were sitting there taking the thing down, congratulating yourself that you were to get so much a word for it."

"A penny-a-liner!" "So much a word!" "A penny-a-liner doesn't get so much a word even."

"Daddy," I said presently, quite calmly, too, considering everything, "I didn't get a cent for that anecdote, not a red cent. It was a private letter not intended for publication. Won't you believe that?"

"You can't believe anything these people who write say," he declared. "They mix their imagination up so with facts that they get so they can't tell the truth. You know it. And now see what you have done. You have made me notori-

ous. Do you suppose I want cheap newspaper notoriety like that? I hate it! I hate it!"

I was stricken to the dust—mute. In a storm of anger he flung himself out of the room and slammed the door.

After that he sat dumb and unresponsive at one end of the long table, and I sat silently at the other. It was impossible to catch his eye. He refused by so much as a look to reveal his cognizance of my existence.

Then Christmas day approached. We had arranged for the day, Daddy and I. We had prepared to ward off homesickness, to a certain extent at least. He was to make me a present, and I was to make him one.

"There is a little bust of Napoleon in a shop down in the Rue St. Honoré that I want," I told him. "You get it for me, and I will buy you a cigarette case in the same shop. They cost about the same money. Is it a go?"

"It's a go," answered he, and we shook hands on it.

As a matter of fact, I had already purchased the cigarette case. It was stowed away in the bottom of my armoire drawer for safe keeping. Now and again I took it out and looked at it, thinking how proud the boy would be to offer his cigarettes in that pretty new case in the place of his old one, which was finger marked and worn at the edges.

And now it was all over. Perhaps he would scorn to take it from me, a penny-a-liner, a scribbler who mixed up her imagination with facts in so alarming a manner that she had at last arrived at a stage wherein she could no longer speak the truth.

The morning arrived, and, as I say, it not only rained, but it poured. I deposited a frame or two in the hand of Bethie, who brought me my chocolate, to remind

myself that it was Christmas day, and occupied myself briskly with my toilet to keep from thinking what a royal good time they were all having at home. Then I gave a few francs to Florence of the velvet foot and to Aime, the cook, after which I went out into the rain to the Gare St. Lazare, where I bought a great bunch of French roses for mademoiselle, presented them to her, received her thanks and compliments, profusely expressed in English so fractured as to be scarcely recognizable, and, retiring to my room, worked all day long at that penny-a-liner business for which I was so looked down upon by the boy from Milwaukee, trying to pretend that it was only an ordinary every day and not Christmas at all.

From my window I could see the rain descending dimly into the court, the palms huddled in one corner and the big drenched bronze girl, whose uplifted arms, holding up the lamp, gave me at times a feeling of such intense weariness.

One bright spot alone gleamed through the window of the concierge's room, which was opposite mine, two stories below. It was his fire over which he bent, reading all the letters before he sent them up to the rooms.

The day passed somehow, and it was evening. The boy had not come to dinner. I sat waiting for him in my room. I waited a long time. I had his cigarette case in my hand ready, for after a Christmas day of such loneliness I was determined, if possible, to make friends with him again. I was afraid of going to sleep and dreaming the day all over again otherwise.

At last I heard his latchkey in the door and his footstep in the hall. I waited until he should have had time to light his candle; then, softly opening my door, I went out and halted, looking at him.

He was standing by the heavy mahogany table upon which flickered his candle. I haven't much pride when it comes to a question of happiness or unhappiness. In a lowly manner I approached him. He started at seeing me, but glanced up with-

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"Christmas!" he repeated, and the tone was enough.

"Did you get any presents?" I asked him after a moment of silence, though his manner hardly invited interrogation. It left me unde. the impression, on the contrary, that he was carefully weighing his words, perfectly aware of the fact that they would eventually appear in some American newspaper at so much per.

"They have forgotten me," he said by and by. "I haven't been over here six months, and, by Jove, they have forgotten all about me."

"They hadn't. The mails had been delayed. That was all. But the day had passed."

Opposite the table is a big carved chair. He went over to it, doubled himself up in a disconsolate heap there, clasped his two hands about his knees and dropped his chin on his young breast, which heaved.

I hesitated for one moment only. Then I went to him, took his head in my hands, drew it back, bent forward and kissed him.

With a sob he threw his arms around me and gave me a bear hug that took away my breath.

"Quit!" I cried. "You are killing me!" He hugged me all the tighter. Looking up radiantly, he whispered: "Let's forget those people back there. They have forgotten us. Let's be married, you and I, and live in a little flat and be happy ever after."

"Would you marry a penny-a-liner?" I asked.

"Don't be mean," he commanded, frowning.

By this time I had rescued myself. I stood a little way off.

"I will marry you," I told him from there, "when you have got to be as old as I am and I as young as you."

"But that will never be," he objected wistfully.

"Of course not, foolish." I had arrived at my door. "Anyway," I concluded, with my hand on the knob, "laying the question of marriage aside, here is your

HAD A SILVER WEDDING

Hon. C. P. Harvey and Wife Celebrate Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

A LARGE NUMBER ARE PRESENT

Many Beautiful and Expensive Presents A Splendid Feast and a Jolly Good Time Enjoyed.

Hon. C. P. Harvey and wife celebrated their silver wedding at "Iranistan" their home one mile west of the city. Friends were present from every part of the county. Mr. Harvey provided carriages to meet his incoming guests at the depots, and more than a hundred enjoyed the hospitality of the Harvey home during the day. To say that they had a good time is to put it mildly. Four times the tables groaned under the weight of good things and never was there such a wedding feast before. Many beautiful and expensive gifts were left as tokens of the friendship which has endured for this couple through so many years. Mr. Harvey is one of our best known citizens, kind hearted and true and he has a host of friends who hope that all may live to celebrate the golden anniversary also.

How is this for a "hurry up" paper?

Mr. Will Sievers spent Saturday in Dunlap.

Mr. Henry Stuck, of Vail, visited Denison friends Sunday.

Mrs. Jordan of Dunlap is spending Christmas at the Raine home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jobe will spend Christmas Day with Dunlap friends.

Mr. Jacob Asmus goes to Davenport to spend Christmas with his brother.

J. J. Burt is spending the holidays with his mother at Vermillion, South Dakota.

Mr. D. W. Walker, of Waterloo, is spending a brief holiday vacation with his parents.

Mrs. Peter Soenksen of Montana is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Stensen.

Miss Abbie McHenry returned on Saturday night from Lincoln, Nebr., for the holidays.

Mr. George McHenry returned on Friday from the Chicago University, to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Criswell and Miss Alice Stevens will spend Christmas in Charter Oak.

Mrs. John Michaelson, of Council Bluffs, is a welcome guest of her mother, Mrs. Gregory.

Mr. John Smith, of Des Moines college, arrived here on Saturday night to spend the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. John Osborn are expected over from Harlan to spend Christmas with Denison relatives.

Mr. Albert Sage, who is attending the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, returned on Saturday for Christmas week.

Mr. F. Hamilton Bond and family, of Fonda, will arrive in Denison today to spend the holidays at the home of Dr. L. L. Bond.

Mrs. Geo. Richardson received the sad intelligence this morning of the death of her mother, Mrs. Brian, at Blairstown, Iowa.

Miss Reynolds, who has been the artistic trimmer in "The Boys" Millinery Department, returns today to her home in Atlantic.

Mr. Gaylord Weeks has returned from Iowa City to spend Christmas at home and to be present at an important wedding ceremony.

Mrs. Ed. Olson who has been severely ill for the past four months, was up town today for the first time. She was welcomed by many friends.

Blaine Hunt is back in Denison again after a year and a half spent in Colorado. He is looking well and all are glad to see him as he was ever a prime favorite with Denison people.

Someone has interrogated our good friend Mr. Schlumberger as to who wrote his local and advertisements for the Review, and has accused the editor of so doing. For the benefit of all we will say that Mr. Schlumberger writes his own advertisements and that they attracted attention is to his credit and his alone.

Mr. and Mrs. John Christ took their departure last Thursday morning for their home in South Dakota. They have been detained in Denison much longer than expected on account of the death of their babies, but we state with pleasure that little Eddie who has been sick for the past three months was much improved when they left.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHURCHES

Continued.

PRESBYTERIAN

The Presbyterian Sabbath school will hold its Christmas exercises this evening. While sickness prevented the preparation of a cantata as had been anticipated, yet an interesting program of exercises consisting of songs, recitations and dialogues will be rendered under the direction of Miss Anna Von Coelln, the efficient organist of the school. Two large evergreen trees will be decorated with numerous presents for the members of the school, and the congregation will share in the festivities of the occasion, and Santa Claus will have a royal welcome from the Presbyterian people.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY

Castle Hall, Dowdall Lodge, No. 90, Knights of Pythias.

Denison, Iowa, Dec. 22, 1900.

Whereas, the all wise Father in his unerring wisdom has called Anna F. Brodersen, beloved mother of our brother, Bernhard Brodersen, and

Whereas, we have learned with sorrow of this sad bereavement which has come to Brother Brodersen at the approach of the Yuletide, when hearts are full of cheer,

Be it resolved, that we, the members of Dowdall Lodge, No. 90, Knights of Pythias, tender to Brother Brodersen and family our most sincere sympathy in this sorrowful affliction which brings to our brother the darkest hour thru which man is called to pass, the hour when mother leaves her son and returns home to her God.

We commend our brother to his mother's God, who alone can give comfort in so dark an hour, trusting that mother and son may be re-united in that land where sorrow and death can never enter.

Be it FURTHER RESOLVED, that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and a copy given Brother Brodersen.

J. I. GIBSON
D. W. MCAHREN
CHAS. C. KEMMING
JOHN J. WIELAND
COM.

DEATH OF EDWIN EATON.

From the Osage News we learn of the death of an old time resident of Denison, Mr. Edwin Eaton, who died at the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown on December, 12th, of paralysis of the brain.

Mr. Eaton was well known by the older residents of Denison. He was a brother of Mrs. A. Abernethy and of Mrs. A. H. Miller, who died quite recently.

Mrs. Hattie Allen will spend Christmas in Dunlap.

Mrs. R. A. Stocumb of Dow City spent Sunday in Denison.

Mrs. Will Seemann will spend Christmas week in Dow City.

Miss Mamie Bell goes to Dow City tonight to spend Christmas.

Mr. Asa Butterworth, of Dubuque, spent Sunday with Denison friends.

Miss Nettie Kelly leaves Tuesday night for Chicago to return January 2.

Mrs. H. A. Grummons leaves tomorrow morning for a Christmas visit in Jefferson.

Miss Katie Gaffy is home from her school near Schleswig to spend the Christmas tide.

Miss Mollie O'Hare has returned from her school in Sioux City to spend the holiday season.

Miss Cecil and Miss Marie Matthews are expected here to spend Christmas with Mrs. J. H. Mahoney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunn of Camanche are expected to arrive in Denison this evening as guests at the Gulick home.

On Thursday evening the music pupils of Miss Nettie Kelly gave a very pleasant recital at the home of their teacher.

Mr. Cal Bowling and family, of Algona, are in Denison for a holiday visit with their many relatives. Cal is looking well and prosperous.

Mr. F. E. Butler, of Dubuque, is spending the holiday week with Crawford county relatives. Mr. Butler has a good position with the Illinois Central.

Mr. U. G. Johnson was taken suddenly ill on Saturday night with what threatened to be lung fever. His many friends will be pleased to learn that while he is still confined to his bed, he is now much better and it is thought that he will soon be about again.

Canadians Back From the War. Halifax, Dec. 24. The steamer Lake Champlain, having on board Colonel Otter and 350 Canadian troops, returning from South Africa, arrived yesterday from Liverpool and disbanded. The order to land at St. John, N. B., had been cancelled. The time saved by the change will enable the western men to get home for Christmas. They started on a special train for Montreal and Toronto.

Torture and Rob Ohio Farmer. Lebanon, O., Dec. 24.—Four masked men entered the farm residence of John Thompson near here last night, bound, gagged and tortured Thompson and his wife till they surrendered \$300 in money, their jewelry and silverware. The robbers then escaped with Thompson's rig.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

out a smite. His face in the light of the candle hurt my heart.

"Won't you forgive me, Daddy?" I implored. "I will never do it again—never! I promise you."

I closed my fingers over the cigarette case. I was afraid to give it to him just yet—afraid he might fling it back at me.

Then Christmas day approached. We had arranged for the day, Daddy and I. We had prepared to ward off homesickness, to a certain extent at least. He was to make me a present, and I was to make him one.

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