

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW.

The Asheville Gazette News.

EARLY SHOPPERS GET THE PICK.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 15, 1911.

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Christmas Shoppers

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Woodrow Wilson

BY SAVOYARD.
There is a song of Debora and of Barak in the household of the Philistines, whose daughters try to make merry over what the scullions and turnspits in the kitchen of the fat-fryers call "the downfall of Woodrow Wilson." I do not read it that way; but even assuming that he has "loosed earth," he is sure to prove an Antinous to the stronger front of it. This man stands above all other things for common honesty in political affairs. That is Woodrow Wilson. If he was beaten the other day—and he was not—Jim Smith dealt the felon blow. Who is this Jim Smith? He is the man who got to the United States senate because he was rich in the world's goods. He aided Gorman in the infamous work of making the Wilson tariff a protective measure. He sought to be senator again, last year, and Woodrow Wilson put his

foot down and would not allow him to be senator. So say all democrats.
Thereupon Mr. Smith, who has not one single attribute of greatness, except money, set about revenge, the conquest of the passions and the basest except avarice. He gathered the remnants of his machine and turned Essex county republican. That is all of it. The battle was between Wilson and Smith. Tactically Smith won it.
But there are a whole lot of folks who love Woodrow Wilson for the enemies he has made. In a contest between these two, before the entire electorate of this nation, Wilson will beat Smith as far as honesty will defeat knavery. This "triumph" of Smith only serves to call attention to the fact that respectability and disrepute had a clash in Jersey, and Wilson triumphed. The people have a habit of correcting such things. They

love him because Jim Smith hates him. And if we nominate him we will carry New York by 50,000.
As I look at the election of November 7 points to Wilson and nobody else. Even the counting machine in Philadelphia got out of whack because the state of Ben Franklin and Jere Black is for Wilson. The machine in New York had a downfall and Tammany—which, I admit, is the honestest thing political in the Empire state—will go to the national convention thoroughly discredited, as was the case in 1892, after Grover Cleveland had met with a "downfall" just like this that has overtaken his friend, Woodrow Wilson.
The defeat of Gorman in Maryland is a good omen. Maryland is a democratic state, but she revolted from the German machine that made the democratic party a close corporation. Even the elder Gorman was made to know he was mortal in a political way, though he would have been immortal had he believed as Jones (later Hayner) and lived to his belief as Hayner has just done. The defeat of Gorman by Maryland is a distinctive victory for Woodrow Wilson. It makes Blair Lee the head of the party in that state, and when it comes to political pedigree, where is there a more aristocratic one than this fellow in the democratic party. And he got the nomination by honestly gaining he would have carried Maryland by 10,000.
There is not going to be any more of the rule of the caucus in either party. The people are going to make the nominations as well as the presidents and things. We have a thoroughly intelligent electorate. Under our constitution, that was made by men who did not believe in the people, our government is not only not responsive to public opinion but it is unresponsive to the demands of the initiative and the referendum. It is the wall of liberty and it will not be deposed. It means that our governors shall do what they are ordered to do.
Numbered Guests.
Guests at some of the health resorts in Europe are "numbered" when they arrive and register at a hotel or "pension." This is done so that at the end of the season the authorities may know for advertising purposes just how many guests have been entertained.
One of them.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS.
Dear Santa Claus:
I will write and tell you what I want for Christmas. I want you to please bring me 2 dolls and a story book and anything nice you want to bring. Bring lots of candy, oranges, and nuts and bananas and raisins.
Your little friend,
AGNES CLARK.
Dear Santa:
I am a real good little girl. I want a nice doll and lots of playthings, some oranges, candy nuts and that's all. Your little friend,
FLORA CLARK.
Dear Santa Claus:
I will try to write you a letter to let you know what I want for Christmas. I am eight years of age. I want a tricycle, a drum, some nuts, and candy, apples and some oranges and raisins.
FLOYD CLARK.
Don't forget my little brother, Ralph. He will soon be two years old. Bring him a little red wagon a horn, some oranges, candy, nuts, and apples, raisins and oranges. So I will close my letter, good night, dear Santa.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a good little boy. I want you to please bring me a little wagon and a horn, some oranges, candy, nuts and bananas, and anything else you want to. Your little friend,
ROME CLARK.
My Dear Old Santa:
I am a little girl three years old. I want you to bring me a big doll and a carriage to roll it in, an automobile and anything else you have nice for a little girl. Don't forget plenty of oranges, nuts and candy. Your little friend,
ESTELLE PRESSLEY,
Biltmore Road, Biltmore, N. C.
Dear Old Santa:
I am 4 years old. My name is Eugene Bishop. I live at 24 South Spruce Street. I want you to bring me a little wagon, some candy, oranges, nuts and a red wagon. Be sure and don't forget me. Your best friend,
EUGENE BISHOP.
Dear Old Santa Claus:
Christmas is coming soon and you must be sure and bring me something. I want an air gun, five crackers, oranges and a red wagon and candy. I am six years old. I live at 24 South Spruce Street. Your little friend,
IRVING BISHOP.

some chalk, a nap, a collar and tie, some oranges, nuts and candy, don't forget my little brother, he wants a ball and some oranges. You can put my things on my little Christmas tree. Your little friend,
NORMAN PRESSLEY,
120 Biltmore Road, Biltmore.
The Magnet.
They come to her from districts far away.
And but to worship at her feet they pine;
They're glad to sing her praises day by day
And bow in admiration at her shrine.
At early morn they eager fly to her.
Then spellbound stand for hours before her eyes.
And all their souls with ecstasy astr,
It is no wonder that they rhapsodize,
As night comes on they still stand longingly
Before her throne and on her pleasure wait,
And yet no marvel of her sex is she,
Nor has she done things wonderfully great.
But she whom so great multitudes adore,
To whom so many lift the voice in song,
Stands on a platform in a dry goods store
An tries on Paris fashions for the throng!
—New York Sun.
The Cade Typewriting Machine.
Sheily Star, 6th.
The stockholders of the Cade Manufacturing company held a meeting here Friday and elected officers. A report from A. Naeke & Son, builders of the Cade typewriting machine, was read, showing that the machine is 50 per cent finished and will be ready for operation in January. The only work that is to be done is to stamp the nuts and make the pump and melting pot. They say its success is now an absolute certainty; that it has passed far beyond the experimental stage. The builders seem enthusiastic about it. The Cade Manufacturing company, composed of Cleveland county men, has applied for patents on the machine in all the leading foreign countries.
Officers were elected as follows: E. H. Hamrick, president; J. Y. Hamrick, vice president; J. H. Quinn, secretary and treasurer; E. B. Hamrick, J. C. Smith, C. J. Hamrick, J. T. Hamrick, J. C. Fowler, James T. Bowman and J. T. Quinn, directors.

Fowler elected on the board of directors, as shown in the above report, is Mr. J. C. Fowler, of Statesville. The Landmark is informed that about one-third of the stock of the company is held by Statesville people. There are a number of stockholders here and they are enthusiastic about the success of the machine. The company is putting in only enough money for the present to build and perfect the first machine and it is understood the amount so far is about \$18,000. When the first machine is put in operation and shown to be practical and successful, the stock will of course be increased and the company will arrange to have the machines manufactured as rapidly as possible.
The Statesville stockholders in the Cade company invited Rev. Bayton Cade, the inventor, to visit Statesville and talk about his machine. He spent last Thursday night in town and the stockholders and others who met him were much interested in his story of his invention. Mr. Cade is a bright man and an interesting talker. He is absolutely confident of the success of his invention and thinks the trial stage has long since passed. The delay in getting the machine in operation is due, he says, to numerous changes which have been made under his direction as the building of the machine progressed.

The will of Mrs. Nellie Burrelle, widow of Frank Burrelle, who died in her apartments in the Hotel Carlton, New York, about a week ago, after being unconscious forty-eight hours, is being administered. The will, made a year ago, disposes of all of Mrs. Burrelle's interest in the Burrelle Press Clipping Bureau, of which she was president and which her husband founded. The value of this interest is placed at about \$200,000. The will is thought to have been written two years ago.

OLD SANTA SURPRISED IN THE ACT.



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