



SANTA WRITES A LETTER

A SANTA CLAUS FROM THE SEA



NAN and Jack and little black Topsy rubbed their eyes and stared about them. A big wave had landed them high and dry on a sandy island. "All shipwrecks are horrid," said Jack. "But I think I can find something to eat, and if you are cold, why, you and Topsy can lie down and let me cover you with warm sand, and then I'll go and look about."

"Now, goodby," said Jack. "I'm going to look for food." And he marched off like a man, with his hands in his pockets.

"Topsy," said Nan after he had gone, "do you know it is the day before Christmas and we won't get a single present tomorrow?"

But Topsy was not despondent. "What's de matter wid Marse Santa Claus?" she demanded. "Ain't he comin' to dis island? Dat's what I ask."

"Why, Topsy," explained little Nan patiently, "how could he? His reindeer couldn't cross de water."

"Let him come in a boat, den. Dat's what I say. Let him come in a boat," said Topsy fiercely.

"Oh," said Nan, "but I am afraid he can't."

Suddenly Topsy sat up and pointed a skinny black finger toward the sea. "It's a boat," she said, "a little boat, and it's coming here."

Nearer and nearer came the little boat, and presently Topsy shrieked: "It's Marse Santa Claus. Marse Nannie, it's Marse Santa Claus, and he's comin' straight to dis yer island. Didn't I tole yer? Didn't I tole yer he'd come?"

The man in the boat had a nice white beard. He had on a red sweater and wore a soft hat pulled well down over his ears. As he climbed out of the boat they saw that he was very round and fat and had a jolly red face. When he had pulled the boat up out of the water he leaned over and picked up a great bag and slung it over his shoulder and came trotting up the beach.

"It truly is Santa," said Nan breathlessly, "and he is coming straight toward us. I am going to run right down and meet him."

Away she sped, her golden curls flying behind her, and when she reached the old man she slipped her hand into his cording.

"I'm awfully glad you came, Santa," she said. "We were so frightened and lonely, and maybe you can tell us what to do."

The old man stood still and stared at her. Then he chuckled. "Well, well!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

Just then Jack came running down the beach. "It's Santa Claus," called Nan as soon as he was within hearing.

But Jack was older than Topsy and Nan, and he had his doubts. "Are you really Santa Claus?" he asked gravely.

The old man winked. "Don't I look like him?" he said.

"Yes," said Jack, "you do."

"Ain't I got a pack on my back?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "but it looks like potatoes and not toys."

Then the old man leaned down and whispered in his ear: "That's jes' what it is, but if them little dears wants to think I'm Santa, why, let 'em think it. It won't hurt anybody, will it?"

"No," said Jack, "it won't."

"Well, then," said he out loud, "that being decided, we will go and have dinner."

"Dinner?" said Jack, in surprise. "Why, where do you live?"

"Follow me," said the man, and they trotted gaily after him.

Away among the sand hills they came suddenly upon a little house. Within was a glowing fire, and a great pot was bubbling on the stove, and each of the little folks had a hot bowl of soup and a big piece of bread, and when they had finished their eyes drooped.

"Now hang up your stockings," said their host, "and go to bed."

How the old sailor found things to fill those stockings was a wonder. But there was a quaint wickerwood fan for Nan, a pair of Chinese shoes for Jack and a Japanese doll for Topsy. Then he filled up the corners with beautiful shells and with little boxes of dried fruit and such things as sailors pick up in busy voyages.

Such a jolly Christmas morning as it was! The children were delighted with their gifts, and afterward Santa rowed them over to the mainland and put them on the road for home.

"I'm awfully glad you came," she said. "We were so frightened and lonely, and maybe you can tell us what to do."

The old man stood still and stared at her. Then he chuckled. "Well, well!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

Just then Jack came running down the beach. "It's Santa Claus," called Nan as soon as he was within hearing.

But Jack was older than Topsy and Nan, and he had his doubts. "Are you really Santa Claus?" he asked gravely.

The old man winked. "Don't I look like him?" he said.

"Yes," said Jack, "you do."

"Ain't I got a pack on my back?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "but it looks like potatoes and not toys."

Then the old man leaned down and whispered in his ear: "That's jes' what it is, but if them little dears wants to think I'm Santa, why, let 'em think it. It won't hurt anybody, will it?"

"No," said Jack, "it won't."

"Well, then," said he out loud, "that being decided, we will go and have dinner."

"Dinner?" said Jack, in surprise. "Why, where do you live?"

"Follow me," said the man, and they trotted gaily after him.

Away among the sand hills they came suddenly upon a little house. Within was a glowing fire, and a great pot was bubbling on the stove, and each of the little folks had a hot bowl of soup and a big piece of bread, and when they had finished their eyes drooped.

"Now hang up your stockings," said their host, "and go to bed."

How the old sailor found things to fill those stockings was a wonder. But there was a quaint wickerwood fan for Nan, a pair of Chinese shoes for Jack and a Japanese doll for Topsy. Then he filled up the corners with beautiful shells and with little boxes of dried fruit and such things as sailors pick up in busy voyages.

Such a jolly Christmas morning as it was! The children were delighted with their gifts, and afterward Santa rowed them over to the mainland and put them on the road for home.

"I'm awfully glad you came," she said. "We were so frightened and lonely, and maybe you can tell us what to do."

The old man stood still and stared at her. Then he chuckled. "Well, well!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

Just then Jack came running down the beach. "It's Santa Claus," called Nan as soon as he was within hearing.

But Jack was older than Topsy and Nan, and he had his doubts. "Are you really Santa Claus?" he asked gravely.

The old man winked. "Don't I look like him?" he said.

"Yes," said Jack, "you do."

"Ain't I got a pack on my back?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "but it looks like potatoes and not toys."

Then the old man leaned down and whispered in his ear: "That's jes' what it is, but if them little dears wants to think I'm Santa, why, let 'em think it. It won't hurt anybody, will it?"

"No," said Jack, "it won't."

"Well, then," said he out loud, "that being decided, we will go and have dinner."

"Dinner?" said Jack, in surprise. "Why, where do you live?"

"Follow me," said the man, and they trotted gaily after him.

Away among the sand hills they came suddenly upon a little house. Within was a glowing fire, and a great pot was bubbling on the stove, and each of the little folks had a hot bowl of soup and a big piece of bread, and when they had finished their eyes drooped.

"Now hang up your stockings," said their host, "and go to bed."

How the old sailor found things to fill those stockings was a wonder. But there was a quaint wickerwood fan for Nan, a pair of Chinese shoes for Jack and a Japanese doll for Topsy. Then he filled up the corners with beautiful shells and with little boxes of dried fruit and such things as sailors pick up in busy voyages.

Such a jolly Christmas morning as it was! The children were delighted with their gifts, and afterward Santa rowed them over to the mainland and put them on the road for home.

"I'm awfully glad you came," she said. "We were so frightened and lonely, and maybe you can tell us what to do."

The old man stood still and stared at her. Then he chuckled. "Well, well!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

Just then Jack came running down the beach. "It's Santa Claus," called Nan as soon as he was within hearing.

But Jack was older than Topsy and Nan, and he had his doubts. "Are you really Santa Claus?" he asked gravely.

The old man winked. "Don't I look like him?" he said.

"Yes," said Jack, "you do."

"Ain't I got a pack on my back?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "but it looks like potatoes and not toys."

Then the old man leaned down and whispered in his ear: "That's jes' what it is, but if them little dears wants to think I'm Santa, why, let 'em think it. It won't hurt anybody, will it?"

"No," said Jack, "it won't."

"Well, then," said he out loud, "that being decided, we will go and have dinner."

"Dinner?" said Jack, in surprise. "Why, where do you live?"

"Follow me," said the man, and they trotted gaily after him.

Away among the sand hills they came suddenly upon a little house. Within was a glowing fire, and a great pot was bubbling on the stove, and each of the little folks had a hot bowl of soup and a big piece of bread, and when they had finished their eyes drooped.

"Now hang up your stockings," said their host, "and go to bed."

How the old sailor found things to fill those stockings was a wonder. But there was a quaint wickerwood fan for Nan, a pair of Chinese shoes for Jack and a Japanese doll for Topsy. Then he filled up the corners with beautiful shells and with little boxes of dried fruit and such things as sailors pick up in busy voyages.

Such a jolly Christmas morning as it was! The children were delighted with their gifts, and afterward Santa rowed them over to the mainland and put them on the road for home.

"I'm awfully glad you came," she said. "We were so frightened and lonely, and maybe you can tell us what to do."

The old man stood still and stared at her. Then he chuckled. "Well, well!" he said. "Where did you come from?"

Just then Jack came running down the beach. "It's Santa Claus," called Nan as soon as he was within hearing.

But Jack was older than Topsy and Nan, and he had his doubts. "Are you really Santa Claus?" he asked gravely.

The old man winked. "Don't I look like him?" he said.

"Yes," said Jack, "you do."

"Ain't I got a pack on my back?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, "but it looks like potatoes and not toys."

Then the old man leaned down and whispered in his ear: "That's jes' what it is, but if them little dears wants to think I'm Santa, why, let 'em think it. It won't hurt anybody, will it?"

"No," said Jack, "it won't."

"Well, then," said he out loud, "that being decided, we will go and have dinner."

"Dinner?" said Jack, in surprise. "Why, where do you live?"

"Follow me," said the man, and they trotted gaily after him.

Away among the sand hills they came suddenly upon a little house. Within was a glowing fire, and a great pot was bubbling on the stove, and each of the little folks had a hot bowl of soup and a big piece of bread, and when they had finished their eyes drooped.

"Now hang up your stockings," said their host, "and go to bed."

How the old sailor found things to fill those stockings was a wonder. But there was a quaint wickerwood fan for Nan, a pair of Chinese shoes for Jack and a Japanese doll for Topsy. Then he filled up the corners with beautiful shells and with little boxes of dried fruit and such things as sailors pick up in busy voyages.

Such a jolly Christmas morning as it was! The children were delighted with their gifts, and afterward Santa rowed them over to the mainland and put them on the road for home.

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that it is safe and effective. It is always in demand, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Granted Insurance After Lung Trouble

There are so many cases of Consumption reported where the details show the disease started with a cough or a cold, that it is really surprising that people are not more anxious to immediately stop these apparently minor troubles. Our advice is "stop the cough or cold, if possible, without delay." Otherwise more serious troubles are likely to follow. If the medicines you are now taking do not bring relief try Eckman's Alternative, as this man did.

217 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Gentlemen: I am giving you below a brief history of my case, which I trust you will use for the benefit of those suffering from any similar troubles.

About a year and a half ago I noticed that my health was rapidly falling, until at the end of six months my weight had fallen to 120 pounds. I was troubled with night sweats, a severe cough and was very weak, having in fact absolutely no ambition whatever. About this time I consulted a physician, who told me my lungs were affected. Not satisfied, I went to another doctor, who after examining me said that I was in the first stages of consumption. At this point I started to take Eckman's Alternative. The night sweats stopped almost immediately, my cough became looser and gradually disappeared. My weight is now 142 pounds and my physician has pronounced me perfectly sound—which, together with the fact that I have been accepted by two different insurance companies for insurance, makes me sure of my entire recovery by Eckman's Alternative. I should be very glad to communicate with any one who would be interested in my case.

(Sworn affidavit) W. E. GEE.
Eckman's Alternative is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever; Throat and Lung Troubles and in rebuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiates or habit-forming drugs. For sale by all leading druggists. Ask for booklet telling of recoveries, and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence. (Adv.)

Proof Positive.
"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
"Supposing I said 'yes'?"
"Never mind supposing. Am I?"
"Supposing I said 'no'?"
"There! I knew I wasn't."—Lippincott's.

Lineed.
Lineed is the nearest approach to milk in composition of any natural vegetable food.

THE WEATHER

City	TEMPERATURE	
	Lowest	Highest
Asheville	42	59
Atlanta	44	62
Augusta	38	64
Baltimore	34	52
Birmingham	50	64
Boston	50	64
Charlotte	44	58
Chicago	40	62
Denver	36	40
Jacksonville	54	68
Knoxville	30	54
Mobile	52	64
Montgomery	50	66
New Orleans	54	66
New York	30	56
Oklahoma	30	56
Raleigh	44	64
Savannah	44	64
Tampa	58	64
Washington	30	52
Wilmington	40	62

Normal for this date: Temperature 37; precipitation .14 inch.

Forecasts until 8 p. m. Wednesday for Asheville and vicinity: Local rains tonight or Wednesday.

For North Carolina: Local rains tonight or Wednesday; warmer in east and central portions tonight; moderate south winds.

General Conditions (Past 24 Hours). The storm that was over the north-west has moved to the upper Mississippi valley and has increased in intensity, the barometer in northern Wisconsin being below 29.40 inches.

This storm has caused precipitation in the plains states, the Mississippi valley, the lake region and the Ohio valley. Rain has also occurred in Texas, the Pacific states and the plateau region. An area of high pressure is moving eastward over the Pacific states. Temperatures are higher in the lake region, the Ohio valley and the southeastern states. The indications point to local rains for this vicinity tonight or Wednesday.

T. R. TAYLOR, Observer.

AMUSEMENTS

THURSDAY, DEC. 19.
Ida St. Leon in "Finishing Fanny."
A genuine treat in dramatic offerings will be the appearance here on next Thursday evening at the Auditorium of little Ida St. Leon, who for the past three seasons has endeared herself to theatergoers throughout the country by her charming interpretation of the title role in "Folly of the Circus." This season little Miss St. Leon is at the head of her own company appearing in a new play by Lee Wilson Dodd, author of "The Return of Eve," "Speed," and other well known comedies.



"Finishing Fanny" is the title of the new play and in it Miss St. Leon is given every opportunity to display her remarkable versatility and from the moment her girlish laugh and her musical voice herald her coming until the curtain falls upon her enfolded in two strong arms at the end of the vivid story she is enamored in the hearts of her audience.

The prices are 50c, 75c and \$1.00 for the first nine rows at \$1.50. Tickets are now selling at Whitlock's.

MISS IDA ST. LEON IN "FINISHING FANNY," AT THE AUDITORIUM, NEXT THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19.

AUDITORIUM

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19.
A. S. Stein presents the Talented
IDA ST. LEON
The youngest and most fascinating star on the American stage in
"FINISHING FANNY."
By Lee Wilson Dodd.
Better than "Folly of the Circus." In which she played to over a million people.
Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00. First nine rows \$1.50. Ticket sale Tuesday morning at Whitlock's.

Carolina Commercial School

A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU.

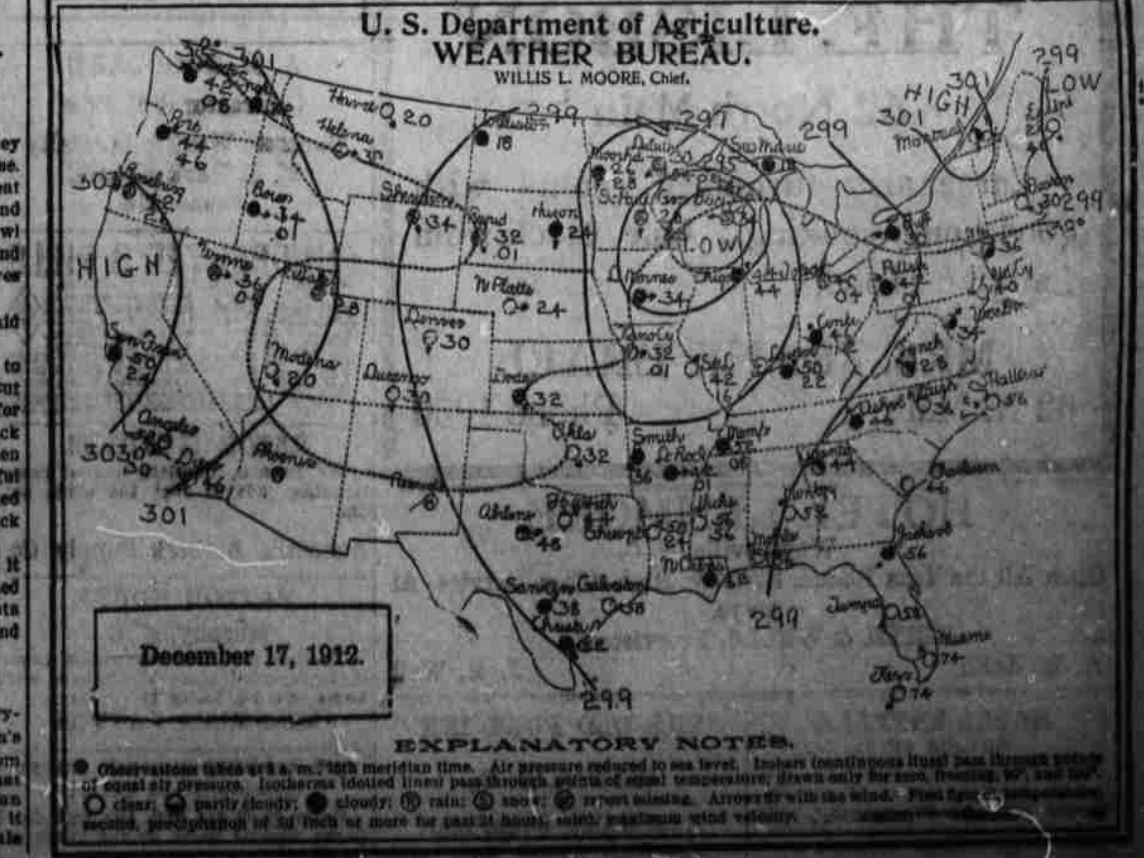
TO ASHEVILLE PARENTS: Have you ever regretted that you had never been taught enough bookkeeping to take care of your HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS? We will give to every one purchasing a scholarship in our school before December 25th, a \$50.00 scholarship for \$25.00. After that date we will charge \$50.00. Why not give your son or daughter a scholarship for a Christmas gift.

WE WANT YOUR STENOGRAPHIC WORK.

Our prices are reasonable; satisfaction given. Special prices on regular work.

We are ready to assist any competent stenographer or bookkeeper to get a good position. References required. For further information see

(MISS) PEARL HOLMAN,
301 Legal Building, City.



SANTA'S CALL

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

WHEN Bobby wrote to Santa Claus, Inviting him to call,
Bob's mother said that Santa would If Bobby only would be good,
Which is the way that mothers should Reply to urchins small
Who write a note to Santa Claus, Expecting him to call.

When Santa Claus got Bobby's note, He chuckled quite a lot;
Down at his typewriter he sat And wrote an answer, saying that
He'd love to call and have a chat, He'd be there on the dot;
For somehow Bobby's little note Had hit his tender spot.

I know not why a typewriter Was put to such a use,
To answer thus a social note Would get 'most anybody's goat.
For rank, bad form it has my vote; 'Twas socially obtuse;
But Santa is a busy man And that was his excuse.

On Christmas Santa Claus dropped in, Down through the chimney flue,
He told such tales of land and sea That Bobby often murmured "Gee!"
And Bobby's sister laughed in glee— I'm sure that you would, too;
And if you'd write to Santa Claus, Perhaps he'd call on you.



Gazette-News Advertising Pays.