



and thanking you for making our Christmas a pleasant one, we join you in the spirit of the season.

Lowenbein Rutenbergs  
45 PATTON AVE.

"WHIT HANDS 'EM OUT—"

That means Good Cheer as well as automobiles. And we do most sincerely wish for you a merry, merry Christmas.

WHITMIRE MOTOR SALES CO.

43-45 Broadway. Phone 2774



Let our best wishes for happiness and health add to your good cheer on this Merry Christmas Day.

F. M. Messler & Son

26 American National Bank Building



The A. D. F. & C. CO.

and all of their employes extend their best wishes to you, and may each day of the new year roll along as flawless as a WEBER WAGON.

Asheville Dray, Fuel & Construction Co.  
Phones 223-510-645

41 Broadway. The Red Front

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a full enjoyment of the Season, is our best wish for you.

SUSQUEHANNA FURNITURE CO.

20 Broadway

BAGGAGE TRANSFER

35¢ is all we charge to move your trunk from the station to any part of the city. Prompt Auto delivery.

Southside Transfer Co. Phones 546-687

TYPES

—By— Sara Moore



"Well—it wasn't—so had!"

Demonstration.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Kathie's heart was as pure and cold as the complexion cream she demonstrated at Lacy's. There was that about her aloofness that made even the floorwalker know it would be a waste of time to invite her to Coney Island any holiday afternoon. When near-champion boxers, or traveling salesmen, or even Officer O'Grady let hope get the better of their judgment they always found Kathie's lack of sentiment most disheartening. She confined her recreation enthusiasms to frankfurter sandwiches and salt water chewing taffy. Dark tunnels of the Honey Moon Express and the equally inky and more languorous passage through Cupid's Gondola Waterway bored her. The Modern and Ruthless Order of Amalgamated Taxi Pilots would have made her an honorary member of their tribe if they had ever seen her box O'Grady's ears. The heart that does not go out to a Fifth Avenue traffic officer is either nailed fast or frozen down. Even old ladies with many chins and daughters married into the peerage have leaned over the side of their limousines to observe that not all Irishmen are squat from currying a hod or a pick. Jack Francis O'Grady was one of the fresh-faced young giants who wither chauffeurs and footmen alike by their lifted finger and who make the humble policeman's brass buttons as imposing as the outfit of a major general at a wedding.

O'Grady's warm smile made old workmen stop in the center of the street to tell him he reminded them of their own little Willie who died at eight years from eating patent medicine samples such as used to be left in the letterboxes free of charge before the government put a stop to such things. He had only to pull a reader of Bob Chambers from before a Fifth Avenue bus to make her dream that she was an outcast princess about to be restored to her throne in the

city hall by an army of bluecoats headed by her rescuer. Even feminine commuters from Long Island City, gazing upon him, picked up enough spirit to look in the glass and wonder if banting or a diet of lemon skins would do them any good.

But Kathie seemed to resist his charms without a struggle. He tried calling on her in his uniform and in plain clothes, but she treated him just as if he were the floorwalker or the near champion boxer or the drummer for Caunayer's rose tint blush powder.

The cosmetic demonstrator, while untouched by love, sometimes had thoughts of matrimony. She knew that the years of a demonstrator of beauty lotions must be brief. Every morning she peered into her mirror for signs around the eyes that would indicate the approach of the time when she would be asked to display patent box coaches or egg beaters or the knife that enables even a bride to peel potatoes in thirty-nine different ways.

In other parts of Lacy's were other demonstrators, many of them charming and slightly young creatures. But each had begun life demonstrating beauty stuffs, and Kathie felt that a wedding ring would be preferable to a booth in the basement and an underground future as a bally hoo for prosy things like cereals and patent stove lids.

"I'd make a good wife because I'd love to have a home of my own. Why can't I get silly and sentimental like other girls?" she complained.

One night she decided to take her suit into her confidence. But the floorwalker, when he called, told stories of other "conquests in a mistaken hope that he might arouse her jealousy. The next night the drummer tried to "sell himself" by dwelling on his salary and fondness for restaurant life and the clothes and shows she could enjoy. On the third night John O'Grady sat tongue tied and miserable in the little boarding-house parlor. Kathie had donned a soft white waist which made him think of the angel's pictures newly painted above the main altar in the home church.

"It's fine weather," she said three times in five minutes before Kathie decided to help him out.

"John O'Grady," she said sternly, "I want you to put me wise to something. I have never fallen in love in my life and I suppose it is all because I haven't been able to get next to the dome."

"Dope?" O'Grady's eyes were round and blue and his mouth opened rather helplessly.

"I want to know something about—how people fall in love. You say you have? Don't you see, I might get the benefit of it if you tell me just how it happens."

Policeman O'Grady scratched the back of his neck. The gas sputtered and the cotton lace curtain blew noisily against the window sash for a long time before he replied. "At—almost all of them seem to think there's something wrong about a girl who won't stand for no spoonin'."

Officer O'Grady rose. There was a beacon of hope kindling in each eye. "Never—any spoonin'?" he asked. "Cross my heart," said Kathie. "Never been kissed?" John Francis was approaching steadily.

"No—" It came very faintly and the

girl moved retreatingly around the marble-top table with its copy of "Mary McLane," and "Lives of the Saints" and a dream book.

"Well," he stood motionless again, and regarded her gravely. "The trouble is, you don't know how you'd like it. You—you oughta experiment a little and find—find out if—if you know any fellow you'd—you'd like to have kiss you every day."

Kathie moved another step away. "You see," said Officer O'Grady, "if you let me kiss you—just to—just to give you a chance to see what it is like—I—I promise just to—make it an experiment."

His arms closed around her. He was very gentle for he could feel her shiver.

"You see, you can trust me to be very—impersonal. Strictly in the interests of your neglected education."

In another instant Kathie stood on the other side of the table, very red, with her handkerchief pressed to her lips.

"That," said John Francis huskily, "is a kiss."

"Yes," breathed Kathie.

"I'm only a born dub, Kathie, but if you liked that one just a little bit," mumbled the big policeman awkwardly. "You might let me—kiss you—once in a while so you could get used to it—gradual. I'm thinkin' that if you could, you'd be learnin' to like me in the meantime. An—"

Kathie suddenly lifted her face and looked at him with starry eyes. Her hands clasped tightly across her chest and she trembled like a nervous child on the brink of a confession.

"Why, Jawn," she gulped, smiling faintly, "why, Jawn—I'm thinking it wasn't bad."

Silence.

After some minutes Kathie spoke again. Her voice was remote and dreamy.

"I always said, dear," she observed, "that it was better to push a new line of goods with a demonstrator than any amount of advertising writer's hot air."

KNIFE ON CORNS CAUSES LOCKJAW

Tells how to loosen a tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn, the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn, rot, and all, lifts out with the fingers.

It is a sticky substance which dries the moment it is applied and is said to simply shrivel the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. It is claimed that a quarter of an ounce will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You are further warned that cutting at a corn is a suicidal habit.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



To our customers and friends we wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Riechbourg Motor Company

C. D. KENNY CO. 8 N. Pack Square

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS From FALK'S MUSIC HOUSE

MERRY XMAS Here's Wishing Everybody a Merry XMAS and all that the season implies MARLOW BROS. Phone 259. City Market

TIMES ADS BUILD BUSINESS