THE COURIER

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TELEPHONES

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The colums of The Courier are open to all legitimate advertising. Rate card will be sent on request, or rates will be furnished upon application at business office.

All communications must be signed by the real name of the writer.

Subscribers wishing their address changed must give the address to which the paper has been going, as well as the new address.

It is Christmas Eve. The light is dim, the shadows are dancing on the wall. Tomorrow is the day for the children—but we are all children on Christmas Day. In the silence of the night memories come trooping to the mind. The snow an wind are without but memory brings the roses and sunshine. Merry Christmas to you always.—Wilber D. Nesbit.

Salisbury always is equal to the occasion. It is a great old town. Situated in the very center of the Piedmont section celebrated for the brave and heroic men furnished in time of war and the great jurists and statesmen who have added so much to be glory of State and Nation and its beautiful women and cultured homes, no wonder the N. Carolina editors at their meeting last week were charmed and delighted so much with their two days' stay in that city. The Courier will publish in a future issue some notes taken while in Salisbury last week.

The Fault and the Remedy.

Everybody condemns our present National banking system. In the presence of panics it does not bend but breaks. It has many faults but the one of inflexibility is the one that concerns us now. The remedy for this defect is what chiefly concerns us. We believe a good and effective remedy would be to authorise each National bank to issue half as much asset currency as it has outstanding bond-secured currency. This would save the value of the bonds and give flexibility enough to protect us against panics.—Charlotte Chronicle.

LONGER SCHOOLS

The editors took a long step forward when they went on record as endorsing good roads and a compulsory school law. The state is outstripping all others in the Union in the road construction work, but it still lags toward the the tail of the list in education. The press can do a great service in setting forth the needs of a compulsory school law.

The mid-winter meeting of the press association also adopted a resolution favoring at least a 6-months school term in every school district in the state. Virginia had a six-months public school law more than a quarter of a century ago. North Carolina has made rapid strides in education but so have her sister States and our good State is still behind all the States except New Mexico. Even South Carolina is still a little ahead in public education.

The Iniquity Of It.

The Asheville Gazette-News speaking to the matter of our present antiquated tax system declares we need a change, and here is one paragraph from its argument to show why we need a change:

"The chief fault to be found with the present system lie in its inequalities. In one county property may be assessed high and in another county low. Both counties pa State taxes at the same rate, therefore one county bares a large proportionate burden than the other. Under this system, too, the more prosperous or the more honest and self-respecting counties in the State are called upon to support the so-called pauper counties, whose people may be just as able to pay the taxes as the people of the counties that are not listed as paupers.

Is there a Santa Claus?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"Is there a Santa Claus?"
You with the truth in your eyes,
Bidding me ponder and pause,
You that sift truth from the lies,
You that with faith in your heart
Slumber at night on my knee—
I have no casuist's art;
Truly, the Saint used to be!

"Is there a Santa Claus?" Ah,
You ask again and again.
Now must I answer, because
You have the trust I had then.
You have the trusting belief
That once my spirit possessed
Ere there came worry and grief
Biding their while in my breast.

Listen! Is there an arm
Holding you close to my heart,
Fending you ever from harm
Holding the darkness apart?
Is there a spirit of love
Waiting with wings ever spread
Beside you, about you, above,
And hurding wherever you're led?

If you believe there is—
Aye, and you know it is true!
Truly, that spirit is his
Throbbing with kindness to you.
Truly, that influence deep
Echoes the warmth of your smile,
Blesses your dreams when you sleep,
Stays with you all of the while.

"Is there a Santa Claus?"
Yes! Little one with your eyes
Bidding me ponder and pause
Ere I tell you that are wise,
Shatter the faith that you hold?
Give you a pang of distrust?
No, for the young and the old
There is a Santa Claus, I trust!

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES

The polite lie is often solidified into a Christmas gift.

Henry Tarbuck says that as soon as people begin giving him socks and handkerchiefs exclusively for Christmas he is going to apply for a berth in the old folks' home.

Eli Timmons says he doesn't see the sense of tying up a 25-cent present in 18 cents' worth of ribbon and tissue paper and paying 50 cents to send it to some one.

While you are sorry for the tired salesman, like as not the salesman is thinking sympathetic thoughts of you.

Little Joseph Gillett has been pulled through the Fourth of July, the mumps, a birthday party, the chickenpox and the measles so far this year, and his parents hope he is rugged enough to survive Christmas.

When a man volnteers to play Santa Claus at a Sunday school Christmas tree set it down that in his heart he considers himself a natural-born comedian.

"JUST LOOKING TODAY"

All day doth the Christmas shopper
Rush madly here and there,
And all she spendeth is one dime,
And that is for street car fare.

TAUGHT A MORAL LESSON

Two Christmas Presents, Neither of Which Brought Satisfactory Results.

There once was a rich old uncle who had two poor nephews.

And when Christmas came the two poor nephews were anxious to show the rich old uncle how much they thought of him.

Now the first poor nephew reasoned that he should impress his rich old uncle with the great affection he bore him by some tangible means. So he drew out his savings and purchased for his rich old uncle a magnificent gold watch, and had it neatly engraved. To it he attached a gorgeous chain, put the whole affair in a lavishly decorated box and sent it to his rich old uncle with his best wishes.

The second poor nephew figured that any extreme financial outlay would convince his rich old uncle that he was trying to jolly him a bit too much, so he invested a nickel in a neat but tasty Christmas card, which he mailed to the rich old uncle.

So the rich old uncle received the two remembrances, and said of the first nephew:

"Humph! A man who will spend all he has for a gold watch to give a man who already has all the watches he ever will need hasn't got enough judgment to be trusted with money. I will leave him my blessing and a few words of good advice."

When he looked at the card he nodded his head approvingly and said:

"There's a man after my own heart. He knew I would not care for an expensive gift, and he knew that I would value his good wishes, so he very wisely sent them to me in this inexpensive manner. He shows a marked economical trait and I am sure he will get along in the world without any aid from me."

So he made a new will and left all his money to found an institution for the study of prehistoric manifestations of microbic diseases in fossilized animalculae.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Letter and the Spirit.

Ashum—Do you approve of abbreviating "Christmas" to "X-mas?"

Tulum—I wish I could. It usually costs me a "U" or an "L." I'd be willing to abreviate it to "Y"-mas if my wife would agree.

WIDE PLAIN is in Saskatchewan. It was so named because it is so. It is wide. The town does not cover the entire plain. Far be it from me to convey such an impression, inasmuch as the plain extends east, west, north and south ostensibly as far as there is anything.

No doubt somewhere in the distance there are trees, and hills, or something to stop the plain from spreading any further. And some day it is the intention of the Greater Wide Plain association to have real trees growing in their thriving little city. But just at present they are so busy getting the town established that the trees must wait.

George Freeman was one of the most energetic young men in Wide Plain. He was one of the pioneers. He was almost the Oldest Inhabitant, although he was but twenty-five years of age. You see, George located in Wide Plain when it was practically nothing but width and plain. He foresaw a future for the town, and became its leading dealer in agricultural implements and groceries and hardware and so on. He became the leading dealer, because he was the only one.

In a few months Wide Plain had a population of 2,500 And so social life became a feature of existence there.

Social life requires two factors. One of them is women. The other is men. You may have thought that one feature would be sociability and the other would be life, but that would be drawing it a bit fine.

Lucy Cleveland was the belle of Wide Plain. She was not the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others—young and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young none of them were as beautiful as Lucy.

Consequently Lucy had suitors aplenty. In fact, she had eight suitors, that being the available unmarried portion of the population that she would consider. And she managed to give the eight the impression that she was not considering them very much.

George Freeman endeavored to induce her to consider him. George's policy in life was to get what he wanted by one of two methods. One was to go where it was and take possession, the other was to ask for it. Inasmuch as Lucy was not a building site nor a quarter section, he could not claim her by right of discovery. So he had asked her. And she had assured him that while she esteemed him highly she did not see her way to be his. George had not asked her if there was some one else to whom she had pledged her affection or plighted her troth. He did not care. He went on selling agricultural implements and striped overalls and brooms and nails and putty and canned goods and other groceries, whistling little melodies to himself and wondering how Lucy would want their house painted when they got married.

Every now and then he would propose again to Lucy. By every now and then I mean that he would propose, say, once a week. Some weeks he proposed twice. He saw that it pleased Lucy to be proposed to and George was a gentleman who believed in making himself agreeable to a young lady when he was fond of her.

So it came along toward Christmas.

"We must have a Christmas tree for the children," Lucy said.

Lucy was teacher in the Wide Plain Sunday School. Her pupils idolized her. George and the other seven suitors had tried to join her class, but she had insisted that they must attend the Bible class for older students, which was presided over by Mrs. Henry Gillup, a most capable married lady, who had brought one husband and six children to help upbuild Wide Plain.

The fact that Lucy had demanded a Christmas tree occasioned many smiles, especially from George's rivals.

"A Christmas tree!" laughed William Skidmore. "There isn't a tree for a hundred miles in any direction."

"Let's get one shipped in by freight, then," suggested Luke Morton.

"No time now," Wesley Perkins pointed out. "It's only two days to Christmas."

The seven rivals were not so particular about the tree. Each of them knew that Lucy would be disappointed a bit, but each of them felt that the gift he had selected for her would help to overcome her disappointment. For, in any event, there was to be a Christmas Eve party at the church.

On the evening of December 23 George called on Lucy. She was still unhappy because the dear children could not have a tree.

"Now, Lucy," he said, "I've arranged it all for you. There'll be a Christmas tree."

"Oh, have you got it? Where is it? I didn't know you could get one."

"It isn't here yet, but there'll be one Christmas eve. Now, don't ask questions. Mrs. Gillup and I will fix it up all right."

"But I must trim it up."

"No. Mrs. Gillup and I have arranged for it all. You are not to worry yourself about anything. Just you gather your class together and be at the church at 8 o'clock that evening, and the tree will be there."

So Lucy, scenting mystery, and too diplomatic to ask anything more, was compelled to content herself with that much information.

Towards dusk of the day before Christmas George was seen carrying several bulky bundles into the church. Mrs. Gillup had spent some time in conference with him that day. The seven rivals had attempted to quiz her, but she would not gratify their curiosity further than to say that there would be a tree. They had asked her—separately—if she would hang their presents for Lucy on the tree, and she had agreed to do so.

She and George, behind the drawn curtains of the church, labored long with curtain poles and string and a profusion of green paper, to say nothing of several bundles of artificial palms and the like, which George had unearthed among his stock.

When the audience was assembled for the Christmas eve exercises Mrs. Gillup slowly drew back a curtain which concealed one corner of the room, and there, with candles glowing and green paper and green palm branches rustling, stood a Christmas tree. It was not an evergreen tree.

"We Must Have a Christmas Tree."

It was not a genuine fir or cedar, but it looked like a tree. And the candles and the strings of popcorn and glittering ornaments hid many of its faults.

To the surprise of Lucy, George was not in sight. She looked all about for him, in her delight, wishing to thank him for his ingenious way of providing this make-believe tree for the little ones.

Mrs. Gillup went blithely on, taking presents from the tree and distributing them. After passing out the gifts for the children she picked off packages and bundles for the older folk.

It was noted that the tree sort of shook every time she took off one of the gifts which had been provided by the seven rivals for Lucy. But at last the final package had been disposed of. Mrs. Gillup drew the curtain in front of the tree again and the audience filed out, laughing and chatting over the success of the entertainment. Lucy did not hurry away with the rest. She stepped back of the curtain with Mrs. Gillup.

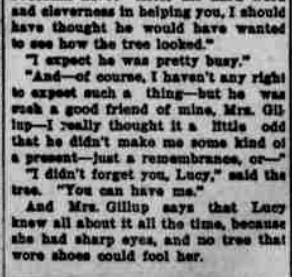
"It was just lovely, Mrs. Gillup!" she exclaimed. "But why wasn't Mr Freeman here? After his hard work and cleverness in helping you, I should have thought he would have wanted to see how the tree looked."

"I expect he was pretty busy."

"And—of course, I haven't any right to expect such a thing—but he was such a good friend of mine, Mrs. Gillup—I really thought it a little odd that he didn't make me some kind of a present—just a remembrance, or—"

"I didn't forget you, Lucy," said the tree. "You can have me."

And Mrs. Gillup says that Lucy knew all about it all the time, because she had sharp eyes, and no tree that wore shoes could fool her.



A Costly Gift.

"Those Billyunnaires have been awful proud since Christmas," said the Envious Neighbor.

"What makes them so?" inquired the Curious Friend.

"Oh, their parents filled their stockings with eggs."

A Hanging Matter.

Polk—Hang up your stocking this Christmas?

Dolk—Nope—hang up overcoat.

WHY Pay High Prices for Bread and Cakes? When you can get them fresh and at reasonable prices at : : : :

Asheboro Steam Bakery

Phone 183.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, thee mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by all dealers.

At a meeting of the directors of the Montrose Hospital for the treatment of tuberculosis last week Dr. W. L. Sweet was elected superintendent to succed Dr. Brooks.

The Interstate Commerce Commission decided Thursday that the advance in rates by carriers for transportation of furniture in carload from all shipping points to Texas points was not unreasonable. This has the effect of advancing the rate from North Carolina furniture manufacturing points of six cents per hunded pounds. This advance is uniform over the entire country.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers.

Superior Court Next Week.

On next Monday Dec. 30, Judge M. H. Justice will begin a week's special term of the Superior Court for Randolph County for the trial of criminal actions. All defendants and witnesses in criminal cases only who were recognized to the last term or to March term are required to be present at this special term unless they have been excused. While the special term was called for trial of civil cases as well as criminal, yet no civil cases except uncontested cases and no parties or witnesses must attend unless notified.

Surprise Birthday Dinner.

On Sunday Dec. 1st quite a number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. Robert N. Davis to celebrate the 44 th birthday of his wife, Mrs. Hattie Davis. The weather looked a little unfavorble that morning, but every body got there in time for dinner. This was kept a secret from her until the people began to arrive.

After sometime was spent around the fire side in pleasant conversation, a long talk was arranged in the dinning room leaving ample room for all to get around the table, which wasn't only loaded with good things to eat, but was placed upon it many nice presents brought by relatives and friends, and of which she was greatly pleased.

When all she guests were invited to the table a few verses of Scripture were read, and a short prayer by Mrs. Isaah Rich, one of Mrs. Davis' neighbors. Then they were invited to partake of the bountiful feast, of which all ate to their own satisfaction. All seemed to enjoy the day which soon passed. I sometimes think such occasions cause sad partings, but nevertheless we all departed for our homes, wishing Mrs. Davis many more happy birthdays.

A sister,

Building Collapses,

During the progress of a school entertainment at Jonesville, Yadkin County, Saturday night, the second floor of the building in which the exercises were being held collapsed carrying with it 200 people. Of the 40 injured, 6 may die.

FOUND—A bunch of keys in Asheboro Nov. 2nd, 1912, by W. H. Berry, Asheboro R. 1. One Miller Lock key, bureau drawer key, suit case key, and 5 other keys. Call at Courier Office.

Timber Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Randolph County in the special proceeding entitled Sarah Lowdermilk et al vs Hagen Lowdermilk, we will on the 30th day of January, 1913, at 12 o'clock M., at the courthouse door in Asheboro, N. C., sell to the highest bidder at public auction, all the merchantable timber on the following described real estate, to-wit:

1st Tract: On the waters of Deep River, beginning at a white oak in Geo. Brown's line and running North bounded in part by Russell M. Hugg's line 51 chains and 50 links to a small dogwood; thence East 50 chains to a stake in A. Trogdon's line; thence south bounded in part by his own line, and in part Waddell's line, 51 chains and 50 links to a stake formerly a post oak; thence West 50 chains bounded in part by Brown's line to the beginning, containing 250 acres more or less.

2nd Tract: On the waters of Deep River, beginning at a sourwood on the East bank of the Mills branch, Samuel Lowdermilk's corner; thence West 16 chains to a stake in Pearson's line at or near the original corner; thence South on Brown's line 66 chains to a stake in Fork Creek; thence down said Creek and Deep River, Deep river 20 chains to a stake on the south side of said River in Waddell's line; thence up the various courses of said River on Waddell's line 36 chains to a stake opposite to the mouth of the Mills branch; thence North crossing the river at the mouth of said branch and up the various courses of said branch 36 chains to the beginning, containing 113 acres more or less.

Terms of sale: One third cash, one third in three months, and one third in six months, time to be retained until purchase money is paid.

This the 27th day of November, 1912.

J. T. Brown,
J. A. Spencer,
Commissioners.