

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE

North Carolina Mecklenburg County Nellie L. Bagwell, Plaintiff, vs. Ernest Plummer Bagwell, Defendant. Notice of Publication of Summons: The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County by the plaintiff for an absolute divorce from the defendant upon grounds set forth in the complaint on file in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court. The said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County at the Court House, in Charlotte, N. C., on January 21st, 1924, then and there to answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 18th day of December, A. D. 1923. (Signed) J. A. RUSSELL, Assistant Clerk Superior Court. Marvin L. Ritch, Attorney. D21-28-J4-11

NOTICE

North Carolina Mecklenburg County Lillie Reid, Plaintiff, vs. John Reid, Defendant. Notice of Publication of Summons: The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County by the plaintiff for an absolute divorce from the defendant upon grounds set forth in the complaint on file in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court. The said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County at the Court House, in Charlotte, N. C., on January 21st, 1924, then and there to answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 18th day of December, A. D. 1923. (Signed) J. A. RUSSELL, Assistant Clerk Superior Court. Marvin L. Ritch, Attorney. D21-28-J4-11

NOTICE

North Carolina Mecklenburg County Sarah Stewart, Plaintiff, vs. C. S. Stewart, Defendant. Notice of Publication of Summons: The defendant above named take notice, that an action entitled as above has been commenced in Mecklenburg County for an Absolute Divorce on the grounds laid down in the statute and the said Defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County on the 12th day of the month of January, 1924, in Charlotte, North Carolina, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. J. A. RUSSELL, Asst. Clerk Superior Court. This the 10th day of December, 1923. D14-21-28-J4

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the authority in me vested by a decree of the Superior Court in that certain cause entitled, "J. A. Newton (widower) et al., Plaintiffs, v. Mrs. Lottie Newton Lowery and husband, Silas Lowery, Defendants," being thereby licensed and ordered to sell lands, I will offer for sale at public auction at the court house door of Mecklenburg County, N. C., on Monday, January 21, 1924, at 12 o'clock, noon, to the highest bidder for cash, all the following described tract or lot of land located in Charlotte Township, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, being more particularly described as follows: Being Lot No. 6 in Block No. 6, according to the Map of the Belmont Springs Company, recorded in Book 112, page 8, to which said map reference is hereby made, said lot fronting 50 feet on Belmont Avenue and extending back with that width 150 feet. Being the same conveyed to Nancy E. Newton by J. A. Newton, by deed recorded in Book 284, page 67, in said Register's office and dated June 16, 1911. See also Book 364, page 322. This 20th day of December, A. D. 1923. F. O. CLARKSON, Commissioner. D21-28-J4-11-18

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LAND UNDER EXECUTION

Under and by virtue of the authority of an execution issued to me by Hon. James M. Yandle, Clerk of the Superior Court on the 21st day of September, 1923, in the cause entitled "Henry Stitt, Plaintiff, v. Lavada Shaw, Defendant," judgment having been obtained by the plaintiff against the defendant and the said judgment docketed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in Book of Judgments "R," No. 1274, said judgment having been obtained on lien filed and notice given for labor and material furnished in accordance with statute, and the said issue not having been satisfied: Now, therefore, I, W. O. Cochran, Sheriff of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, will sell at public auction at the court house door of Mecklenburg County on the first Monday in January, the same being January 7, 1924, at 12 o'clock, noon, to the highest bidder for cash all the following described lot of land, lying and being in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, Charlotte Township, same being known as one house and lot,

No. 582 East Boundary Street, in said City of Charlotte, adjoining William Lewis and one Williams, same being conveyed to Lavada Shaw by Abram White, by deed recorded in Book 458, page 203, to which deed and all the deeds therein referred to reference is hereby made. This November 28, 1923. W. O. COCHRAN, Sheriff. D14-21-28-J4

TRUSTEE'S SALE

North Carolina Mecklenburg County Under and by virtue of the power and authority vested in the undersigned by that certain deed of trust executed by W. B. Beaty and wife, Nancy Ann Beaty, dated the 7th day of June, 1918, and recorded in book 390, page 582, of the office of the Register of Deeds for Mecklenburg County, to which reference is hereby made, and because of default in complying with the terms and performing the condition therein contained, having been hereto requested by the cestui que trust therein, I will sell at public auction for cash, at the County Courthouse door of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in Charlotte, N. C., on the third Monday in January, 1924, being the 21st day of January, 1924, at 12 o'clock, noon, the lands embraced in said deed of trust, the said lands being described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 219 acres more or less, situated, lying and being on a private road about 14 miles slightly northeast from the city of Charlotte, Huntersville Township, County of Mecklenburg, State of North Carolina, having such shape, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof made by John S. Long, C. S., December 7, 1888, and being bounded on the north by the land of J. M. Baker and the Baird lands; on the east by the land of W. M. Bradford; on the south by Potts lands, the lands of Will Jordan and the lands of George Jordan; and on the west by the Old Bell place, now owned by Sims and the lands of J. M. Baker. This be the same tract of land heretofore conveyed to the said W. B. Beaty and wife, Nancy Ann Beaty by J. R. Wallace and wife, H. A. Wallace by deed dated the 31st day of December, 1910, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Mecklenburg County in book 268, page 270. This the 18th day of December, 1923. MARVIN L. RITCH, Trustee. D21-28-J4-11

AUSTIN'S MARKET

The up-to-date market, with a full line of all kinds of Meats, Fish and Other Good Things to Eat Prices reasonable and service Complete AUSTIN'S MARKET 305 WEST TRADE ST.

All Signs Point To WENTZ

When folks want signs painted. Somehow one just naturally thinks of Wentz when they think of a Sign. WENTZ SIGNS 216 East Fifth St.

CARPENTERS AND FARMERS

Meet regularly at our store—because the Tools they want are here. Farmers Hardware Co. 48 North College Street

NEW STOCK GARDEN SEED

All Varieties in Bulk ONION SETS Stock and Poultry Remedies CHARLOTTE DRUG CO. I. N. Edwards, prop. Corner E. Trade and S. College PHONE 2663

FRESH Gathered EGGS

Fancy Fresh Creamery Butter Churned in our plant every day. Prices are always right. Carolina Butter Co. 4 N. Brevard St. Phone 5497.

SAVINGS

We pay 6 per cent on Certificate of investment. INVESTIGATE OUR PLAN. Industrial Bank of Mecklenburg 229 South Tryon St.

The Spirit of Christmas

By Robert Stead

Widow Stately Recognizes the Voice of Freddie Freedman, Mischief Maker

Friend Wife Satisfied There is No Party of the Third Part

The Widow Stately had been a widow even when she came into that little nook in the foothills with her son Frank, a winsome lad of fourteen or thereabouts. Here they had "dug in" with their little herd of heifers, and Frank had plowed the valley field for oats and potatoes, and, with the help of a carpenter, they had built the house of spruce logs where a mountain stream gurgled lullabies in the still nights.

At the end of the six years they were on their feet. The fields had extended; the herd had grown; the cream cans went down to town three times a week; there was new furniture in the log house and a lit of song again in the widow's heart. But one new pang was hers; mother love could not quite stifle the pang when her handsome Frank rode out with the yellow-haired Allison girl from south of the ridge.

At the end of that same six years came the war. And now the Widow Stately is doubly a widow, and the Allison girl is old before her time. Down the valley a mile or more live the Freedmans. And Freddie Freedman, at fourteen, unhappily runs to mischief, as the sparks fly upward. Was it not Freddie who left the Stately gates open at Halloween? Was it not Freddie who unbolted the reach in the widow's wagon? Who but Freddie transposed the front and rear wheels of her backboard? Who but Freddie shot the wild ducks which she was taming, and drank cream in her dairy when she had gone to town?

And tonight, as a blanket of Christmas snow carpets the foothills and the valley, the widow returns from town with her melancholy parcels for Christmas cheer. Tonight the fire will burn on her hearth, and strange visions will wax and wane in the glow of embers; visions of the First Frank and the Second Frank, and a nightmare of horror

There at the End Sat an Oldish Man. It Was Her Husband!

her face, and she went straight to his office in time to intercept him before he left for his appointment. A light shone through the frosted doors, but all inside was silent as the tomb. "He has gone already!" she exclaimed to herself. Then she gently tried the door. It opened to her hand. Her eyes swept a vista of deserted desks. How forlorn and irksome they looked! But everyone was gone. Not there at the end sat an oldish man.

It was her husband! It had never struck her before that her husband was beginning to be an oldish man. He had not heard her. He was intent over a statement with long columns of figures, and he was making calculations on a pad of paper before him.

From where she stood she could see the gray tinge about his temples, and the thinning hair on the top of his head. His brow was set in deep furrows. And suddenly Friend Wife found herself swallowing desperately at something in her throat. Suddenly she knew that there was no Party of the Third Part, and never had been a Party of the Third Part, and that she was a foolish, wicked woman.



A Blanket of Christmas Snow Carpets the Foothills and the Valley.

at Vimy Ridge. The fire will die out, and Christmas will creep in, wan and cheerless and alone.

But as she drives up by the log house she sees a sturdy young figure at work in the woodshed, and—can she be dreaming?—the spruce logs at the end of the house have been cut and piled for the winter's burning. And the sturdy young figure comes out and takes her horses by the head.

"Let me put your team away while you go in and warm yourself, Mrs. Stately," said a voice. "See, I have started a fire for you."

So like Frank it seemed that she dared not break the spell. Without a word, she sank in the rocker by the fire.

But he was so long in coming that at length she went to the door. The sturdy figure was just disappearing down the road in the gray cloud of night.

"Who are you? Who are you?" she called after him. "I am the Spirit of Christmas," he answered. "And then she knew his voice. 'You're not!' she laughed. 'You're Freddie Freedman!'"

Friend Husband had had a busy day at the office and Friend Wife had moped all day at home. It seemed to Friend Wife that her husband took his office duties altogether too complacently. For a time after they were married he always was home before six; now he was frequently late. And he didn't seem properly distressed over it. What was what worried her most.

So Friend Wife learned to mope a little, and to complain a little, and to wonder a good deal. And the more she moped and complained the less did Friend Husband hurry from the office. The office had become his retreat.

Moreover, there was the Party of the Third Part. Friend Wife had never seen the Party of the Third Part, but she could not doubt her existence. For a year back her husband had forgotten to kiss her when he went to the office, and when he came home. And on those rare nights when he stayed at home he read the newspaper, and yawned, and found the time heavy on his hands. So you see there must be a Party of the Third Part.

This fear gripped the little woman so deeply that one night she determined she would know the worst. Her husband had not come home to dinner; he had telephoned that he was very busy in the office. He would just slip out and have a bite. And he would likely be late—don't sit up. She would know the truth!

So she put on a long cloak, and a veil affair that she could draw over



There at the End Sat an Oldish Man. It Was Her Husband!

her face, and she went straight to his office in time to intercept him before he left for his appointment. A light shone through the frosted doors, but all inside was silent as the tomb. "He has gone already!" she exclaimed to herself. Then she gently tried the door. It opened to her hand. Her eyes swept a vista of deserted desks. How forlorn and irksome they looked! But everyone was gone. Not there at the end sat an oldish man.

It was her husband! It had never struck her before that her husband was beginning to be an oldish man. He had not heard her. He was intent over a statement with long columns of figures, and he was making calculations on a pad of paper before him.

From where she stood she could see the gray tinge about his temples, and the thinning hair on the top of his head. His brow was set in deep furrows. And suddenly Friend Wife found herself swallowing desperately at something in her throat. Suddenly she knew that there was no Party of the Third Part, and never had been a Party of the Third Part, and that she was a foolish, wicked woman.

She drew the door gently shut. In the basement of the building was a restaurant, where also was a waiter who, for a consideration, would carry a meal to her husband's office. Quickly she gave the order, for two; it was to be a modest meal, not too expensive, but healthful, and garnished with love.

The waiter carried it in and set it down on the little correspondence table beside Friend Husband's desk. And a beautiful woman sat down beside it, and held out her hands to the troubled man with the long column of figures, and smiled.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he demanded. "I am the Spirit of Christmas," she said.

"You are more than that!" he cried. "You are my wife . . . my . . . my love!"

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

To an open house in the evening Home shall men come, To an older place than Eden And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wandering star.

To the things that cannot be and that are.

To the place where God was homeless And all men are at home. —G. K. Chesterton.

A TRUE PROVERB

It was nearly twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve and the magic hour that would usher in the Christmas genius was about to strike, but with Mrs. Fogarty it was never too late to mend, and a long stocking with a needle sticking in the last stitch of the last hole, lay in her lap as she slept in her chair. No sound of bells awakened her, and when she opened her eyes upon the gifts that had replaced the emptiness of the stocking and the darning ball at its heel she could only account for the kindness of her unknown friend by ejaculating, "Well, well, Santa Claus himself must have been here, but who does he think I am, I wonder?" —C. G. Hazard.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Herald thinks it has made a good fight for Labor this year. Do you? Please renew your sub.

Last Minute Suggestions

Three More Shopping Days to Make Christmas Gift Selections

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

We Offer a Few Suggestions That May Aid You

- PEARLS BAR PINS BROOCHES WRIST WATCHES RINGS LAVALIERES SCARF PINS CUFF BUTTONS

- VANITY CASES CARD CASES GOLD AND SILVER PENS GOLD AND SILVER PENCILS CIGARETTE CASES IVORY TOILET AND MANICURE SETS

GIFTS That Last

GARIBALDI & BRUNS

Leading Jewelers Since 1896 6 South Tryon St. Phone 831

LAKWOOD IN NEED OF STORE

There is a good opening for a live merchant out on the Tuckasee road, in the vicinity of Lakewood Park. That section is building up rapidly, and offers a good opportunity for some one to get into business in a section where every indication points to success. Already thickly settled, buildings are going up all the time, and a good, up-to-date grocery store and meat market is needed for the community.

The painter, Mr. Tom Rogers, has erected a whole string of nice houses along the road, while Mr. Charles Gibson and his associates are continuing a building program there that has been going on for some time.

Many people in that community would be glad to encourage some one in establishing and operating a good store in that rapidly developing section.

WHY GO HUNGRY?

Regular Dinner Like Mother Used To Cook ONLY 40 CENTS Long's Cafe 12 South College St.

BOYS IN JAIL LIKE XMAS, TOO

Now if some one will just see to it that the prisoners, both in the county jail, the chain gangs, the city prison, have a touch of Christmas, then will the Master indeed be pleased with the way His spirit has permeated this section. The prisoners are just folks too, you know. Some woman, some time back yonder when they were little tots, mothered them, and had high hopes for the men who are now in prison. Just a little Christmas remembrance there will complete the happiness of this community.

PRESIDENT J. B. MOORE OF OHIO FEDERATION DIES

John B. Moore, pioneer leader of the Ohio Mine Workers, and for the past five years president of the State Federation of Labor, died at his home in Columbus December 7 from an illness contracted last September.

"Jack" More, as he was affectionately called by organized labor throughout the state, rose by sheer dint of ability from the ranks of the miners through various executive positions to the leadership of the state's labor forces.

He was essentially conservative—so much so that he hastened his death by leaving his sick bed to make a speech at the last convention of the federation against resolutions favoring a labor party and the rec-

ognition of Russia. President Moore was succeeded by Vice President John G. Owens, now secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor, one of the largest local labor union bodies in the country.

Queen City Chinese Hand Laundry

We do all First Class Work at the right prices. Prompt service, too, is a boast of ours, and a pleasure to our patrons. 14 South Poplar Street

Kenny's TEAS and COFFEES

Enjoyed by thousands of people in and around Charlotte. Try them and you will agree with us. KENNY'S 23 So. Tryon St.



For His or Her Comfort for Christmas

- AUTO GLOVES AUTO ROBES TIRE CHAINS HOOD COVERS HORNS WOOL DUSTERS EMBLEMS (for all orders) AUTOMATIC WINDSHIELD WIPER VASES MOTOR METERS STOP SIGNALS MONOGRAM CAPS SPOT LIGHTS VISION SHADES WINDSHIELD WIPERS MIRRORS BUMPERS

We Have Many Other Nice Gifts Which We Do Not Have Space to Mention

Motor Accessories Company

Phone 287 512 South Tryon St. Phone 287 OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK

We Do Good Job Work