

Christmas Greetings

Thompson's

Wishing You A Merry Christmas

We extend to those many Charlotte people, whose patronage and evidences of friendship have proven so pleasing to this new Charlotte establishment, the most hearty greetings and best wishes for a completely Happy Christmas.

Sincerely,
J. M. ECKERD.

ECKERD'S

313 WEST TRADE ST.

Christmas Greetings

WISHING YOU A Merry Christmas AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Office Supply Co.

(Incorporated)
231 So. Tryon St.

MATT. 2:11—"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts."

THE WISE MEN BROUGHT GIFTS TO JESUS.

THE GREATEST GIFT THAT YOU CAN GIVE HIM IS YOURSELF.

GO TO CHURCH TODAY

Wishing You "Merry Christmas"

Mellon's

The Galloping Pilgrim.

By GEORGE ADE.

A certain affluent Bachelor happened to be the only Grandson of a rugged Early Settler who wore a Coon-Skin Cap and drank Corn Juice out of a Jug. Away back in the days when every Poor Man had Bacon in the Smoke House, this Pioneer had been soaked in a Trade and found himself loaded up with Swamp Subdivision in the Edge of Town.

Fifty years later the City had spread two miles beyond the Swamp and Grandson was submerged beneath so much meat, a lament that he began to speak with what sounded to him like an English Accent and his Shirts were ordered from Paris.

On the 1st of Every Month the Agent would take the Presence of the Grandson of the night Muskrat Hunter and dump before him a Wagon-load of Paper Money which had been snatched away from the struggling Shop-keepers who, in turn, had wheedled it from the People who paid a Nickel a piece for Sunday Papers so as to look at the Pictures of the Assassinations in the Supper Room at the Assembly Hall graced by the Presence of the aforesaid Bachelor whose Grandfather had lifted the original Catfish out of the Chicago River.

Then the Representative of the Old Family would take a Garden Rake and pattern all this hateful Currency into a neat Mound, after which a Milk-fed Secretary would iron it out and disinfest it and sprinkle it with Lillie Water and tie it into artistic Packages, using Old Gold Ribbon.

After that, it was Hard Lines for the Bachelor, because he had to sit by a window at the Club and dope out some new Way of getting all that Coin back into Circulation.

As a result of these Herculean Efforts to vaporize his Income, he found himself, at the age of 40, afflicted with Social Gastritis. He had gorged himself with the Pleasures of this World until the sight of a Menu Card gave him the Wilkes and the mere mention of Musical Comedy would cause him to break down and Cry like a Child.

He had crossed the Atlantic so often that he no longer wished to sit at the Captain's Table. He had rolled them high at Monte Carlo and won the Dubar at Delhi and taken Tea on the Terrace at Shepherd's in Cairo and rickshaws through Japan and ridden the surf in Honolulu, while his Name was a Household Word among the Barmaids of the Ice Palace in London, otherwise known as the Savoy.

Occasionally he would return to his provincial Home raise the Rents on the Shop-keepers and give an interview criticizing the New School of Politicians for trifling with Existing Conditions.

Any time his Rake-Off was reduced from \$10 a Minute to \$9.98 he would let out a Howl like a Prairie Wolf and call upon Mortimer, his Man, for Sympathy.

After Twenty Years of getting up at Twilight to throw aside the Pyjamas and take a Tub and ease himself into the Costume made famous by John Drew, the Routine of buying Golden Pheasants and sub-Volant bouyer for almost-Ladies, preserved by Benzoate of Soda and other Chemical Mysterics, began to lose its Sharp Zest.

In other Words, he was All In.

He was Track-Sore and Blase and full of Ongway. He had played the whole String and found there was nothing to it and now he was ready to retire to a Monastery and wear a Gunny-Sack Smoking Jacket and live on Spinach.

The Vanities of the Night-World had got on his Nerves at last. Instead of sitting 8 Feet away from an Imported Orchestra at 2 a. m. and taunting his poor old Alimentary System with Sea Food, he began to prefer to take a 10-Grain Sleeping Powder and fall back in the Alfalfa.

About Noon the next Day he would come up for Air, and in order to kill the rest of the Day he would have to hunt up a Game of Auction Bridge with three or four other gouty old Mavericks.

When the Carbons begin to burn

What the Presidents Did in Their Youth

Chester A. Arthur, the Twenty-first President



Chester A. Arthur Accompanying His Father in His Travels as Preacher

IN 1818 a penniless lad about eighteen years of age named William Arthur crossed the Atlantic from Ireland and settled in Canada. After his marriage, the young man decided to become a Baptist preacher. He was installed as pastor of a small Baptist church which worshipped in an old barn at Fairfield, Vermont, to which place William Arthur moved from Canada. His salary was but \$330 per annum, and he was obliged to work in the shop or field a part of the time in order to defray his expenses. He lived in a log cabin with one large room, two small rooms, a porch for a summer kitchen and a garret. All the furniture was of rude construction, and many of the articles were the products of Mr. Arthur's own skill and invention. With a slab for a bookshelf, an old rocker for an easy-chair, the kitchen for his study, and the Bible and two or three Commentaries for a library, the preacher began his work.

In this secluded quarter of the land, just across the border-line, and in this rude cabin, Chester A. Arthur was born. When the child was a year old, Mr. Arthur moved from the town, and for twenty years following was the pastor of many different churches and made his home in many different

Monument Sale

Our entire stock of ready-built Monuments being sold at greatly reduced prices. Make your selections early.

Piedmont Marble Co.

301 East Second St. Phone 694

Merry Christmas

Upon this happy occasion we extend our most cordial good wishes to our patrons and friends.

REGENT GARAGE

W. A. FARR, Prop.
203 S. Church St.

A Merry Christmas

No man is complete without a religious life.

Christ is the source of true religion.

Go To Church Today

34 So. Tryon

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Since 1868
The Home of Good Shoes

A Last Minute Thought!

Bedroom Slippers---

We have them for Mother, Sister and Dad. A world of pretty styles to choose from. So easy to give—such a pleasure to receive.

GILMER-MOORE CO.

Shoes, Hosiery, Luggage, Lingerie

Monument Sale

Our entire stock of ready-built Monuments being sold at greatly reduced prices. Make your selections early.

Piedmont Marble Co.

301 East Second St. Phone 694

Merry Christmas

Upon this happy occasion we extend our most cordial good wishes to our patrons and friends.

REGENT GARAGE

W. A. FARR, Prop.
203 S. Church St.

Matt. 2:2—"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him."

There are many in Charlotte without a church home to worship Christ.

The churches of Charlotte invite you to worship with them.

GO TO CHURCH TODAY

This Space Contributed by

SMITH-WADSWORTH Hardware Company

"The Quality Hardware Store"

Which extends the Greetings of the Season to Its Friends and Patrons.

29 East Trade Street Phones 64-65

Courtesy of Constitutional League of America, New York.