HOW THE TRAVELER CAN TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN TO UNNECESSARY TROUBLE

If you "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" and try to take a trip, your troubles will be right there with you all the time—

If you have failed to take the kind of funds that are just as good in Tokio as in Oshkosh or New York or Seattle or London or Paris or anywhere else in the world of civilized people, BUT—

If you take the right kind of funds, you leave your troubles behind you—that is, troubles in respect to your funds.

If you will call today to talk with us about funds for your contemplated trip abroad or in America, we can tell you that the right kind is

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques
the BEST funds for travelers

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK,
Gastonia, N. C.

8,000 PRISONERS REPATRIATED THROUGH AMERICAN AID

(By The Associated Press.)

BUDAPEST, Jan. 3.—Some 8,000 Hungarian prisoners of war have been repatriated from Siberia through American aid, said Ernest Ludwig, on his arrival here today from Switzerland, where he has been in charge of the repatriation of such prisoners, but 15,000 still remain in eastern Siberia, unable to leave because of lack of funds and the inability to charter ships.

"It will cost $1,000,000 to support the prisoners in Vladivostok until the port opens, and another million to bring them home," said Mr. Ludwig.

THE MORRIS PLAN

INDUSTRIAL LOANS

Gastonia Morris Plan Company

W. H. Adams, President
G. G. Willis, Treasurer

HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

An old gentleman in the South station waiting room, annoyed by some youngsters playing tag around his feet, exclaimed: "Stop that racket, children!"

"Well, I like that!" said the mother in a loud, angry tone.

"Now look here, madam," said the old gentleman, "I've raised three families of children and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy people."

"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've raised three families you've certainly done your duty and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine."—Boston Transcript.

No Song and Dance for Jags.

His Wife—Mr. Jags, it is now three o'clock in the morning and you needn't try to give me a "song and dance" about where you've been.

Her Husband—I won't, m'dear. If there'sh anything I dishlike it's musical comedy in th' home.—London Answers.

BAD BREAK.

"So Miss Freeze is angry with her doctor. Why is that?"

"He tactlessly remarked that he would have her looking her old self again."

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Heed Nature's Call Before It Is Too Late!

RID yourself of the poisons in your body and banish the RHEUMATISM that makes you suffer untold agony by neutralizing the toxins and destroying the poisons circulating in your blood.

Price $1.—

ALBERT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY

Rapidly removes all RHEUMATIC symptoms, and prevents their return. Stop overloading your system with dangerous drugs! Half a teaspoonful once or twice daily is a sure and safe guarantee to good health.

The Kells Company, Newburgh, N. Y.

May the New Year be Bright

To our patrons and friends and to all the people of this community we extend our sincerest wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Happiness and prosperity depend partly on luck and a good deal on the effort made to attain them.

To the young people of this community who desire both happiness and prosperity, and to attain them are turning over new leaves for the year to come, we would suggest that they make sure that some of them are the leaves of a savings bank book.

Gaston Loan & Trust Co.

A Boy With a Fortune

A boy with a fortune is the boy who has one hundred dollars that he himself has saved. His fortune consists not alone of the money saved – and what boy with a hundred dollars would not feel like a millionaire? – but of a valuable lesson learned.

Not only has he experienced the thrill of possession, but he has caught the thrift habit. He has learned to do without useless things. He no longer squanders his money. He has better judgment of values. He is doubtless a far better boy.

Has your boy started to save yet? If he has not, there is no better time to teach him to begin than now – at this Bank.

The First National Bank

GASTONIA, N. C.

"THE BANK OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE"

New York Letter

by Lucy Jeanne Price

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—New York is bearing up very well under its curfew edict, except when it has to face its cousins from the traditional Podunk. Then it's pretty tough. Ha! Ha! That's great. Haven't tried that even in Podunk since Pa was a boy." The other embarrassment about the order is that it's a search order. Naturally, the legitimate, even necessary, night life of a great city makes it impossible to keep people off the streets entirely. All they can do is to reserve the right to stop, question and search you. That's what they've done. After twelve, you may have to give your whole business and personal history and display the inside linings of your coat pockets. For guns, certainly. But what's the poor man to do who's carrying something else in his pocket and relying upon the "no search and seizure without a warrant" law to protect him. That's the second and the greatest worry to Father Knickerbocker in this whole thing.

* * *

A woman whose word I believe told this as an honest true fact: The regular pre-Christmas jam was fighting its way to the late fiction counter in one of the big bookshops on the Avenue. A querulous voice of a well-dressed woman in the crowd rose above the medley in the plaint: "I've been waiting such a long time." "Sorry, madam," said the clerk briskly, "I'll attend to you just as soon as possible." The voice subsided into mutterings of "Wretched service!" Finally, "What is it, madam," came the clerk's voice again. The querulous one had finally reached the place in front of the counter. "Can you tell me," she asked earnestly, "if the Fourth Avenue cars are heated?"

* * *

Michael Angelo did pretty well, of course. He was not only a great painter but he excelled in three other occupations. But the art of Italy is not as stimulating as is that of New York. So down on King street lives an artist who plies 3 trades. He is a painter, sculptor, hardwood artist, cabinet maker, writer, philosopher and an even dozen other things. He works in clay, bronze, marble, plaster and most any other material he has happened to know about. D. S. Jones is his ingenious-like sounding name. If he sees you halting to look in his window, he steps out cordially and invites you in. And there you are surrounded by busts and statues of all materials, pictures, frames, and enough properties to rebuilt Hollywood if it ever needs rebuilding. And then he tells you about himself. The two things of which he is proudest are that he was born in Stratford-on-Avon, England, and that he used to grow his own tobacco, right there in his King Street back yard until somebody put a building up on top of the tobacco patch.

* * *

A man and woman were arrested the other day for selling stockings in a downtown market place, where only food venders are allowed. The magistrate who heard their case was having a leisurely morning and made the most of it. His remarks in finding them $5 were made up almost entirely of three and four syllable words, including a touch of philosophy as regards the use and ornamentation of stockings and the real value of food. As the plaintiffs were leaving the court, the man turned to his partner, "He gives the truth," he said awesomely. "That was a fine thing he said. Y'gotta hand it to a judge like that. What would ?" "Yes, said ," agreed the woman. "The best of it I couldn't understand at all. For $5 you couldn't get a better talk!"

* * *

"The Beggar's Opera," which has just opened at the Greenwich Village theater has not been produced in half a century, except for the revival now running in England. Producers are interestedly watching the experiment to see how it takes. It's decidedly an opera of earlier days. Gay's lines had to be softened considerably to meet modern ideas of niceness in spite of some Broadway showings—and the whole atmosphere is Hogarthian. There is, however, a daintiness about it which adds much to its attractiveness. There is an almost austere simplicity about the costumes, the settings, and the action.

* * *

With the arrival back in town of Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Fleischmann from their honeymoon in Havana, the story is just becoming generally known of this triangle that worked out in actual life. When A. M. Botsford, advertising manager of the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. was married to Miss Gardiner of Quincy, Ill., in 1914 his best man was his friend and class mate, Raoul Fleischmann. When Mrs. Botsford got a Reno divorce this last September, Fleischmann was waiting to marry her. "We are all still friends and will continue so," explained Botsford. He said that he became convinced that he was standing between the [illegible] and that [illegible] LUCY JEANNE PRICE.

NEW YORK, Jan. [illegible] Dear [illegible] [illegible] Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr. [illegible] Mrs. Margaret Heywood was to take a part in the play of "Way Down East," [illegible] [illegible] Society is following with [illegible] to this other [illegible].

* * *

[illegible] week was the scene of [illegible] gathering of women. The [illegible] [illegible] and a large woman on the [illegible] edge grew impatient [illegible] "This is certainly terrible," she [illegible] "What [illegible] you see me out here, where I can't get to the counter, you'd ought to bring the goods to me, you bad!"

* * *

Nora Bayes is to have a new leading man in her forthcoming production, "Her Family Tree," her current husband, Arthur Gordon, having decided to study for grand opera, and his place being taken by Alan Edwards, formerly with "Angel Face." Jack Norworth, another one of Miss Bayes' husbands, is now touring in "My Lady Friends," in which she appeared last season in New York with Clifton Crawford.

* * *

"Chewing the Mohuwa" is the latest evasion in town of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. So if any of your friends return from Manhattan with a strange looking flower between their lips, get word to your enforcement officers. The blossoms of the Mohuwa tree, a native of India, have the same effect as the famous "loco" weed of the Southwest, and somebody is said to have unloaded several branches of them in New York harbor recently.

* * *

Thomas Smith, of Providence, R. I., has a sense of the fitness of things and the responsibilities of position. He has been on the police force of Providence for twenty years and was president of the policemen's union there. Consequently when he had some spurious bills to pass, he delicately came to New York city to do it. And while it may not seem a chubby way to act toward his fellow cops in this city where they already have several troubles, he mitigated that unkindness by unwilling Commissioner Enright's thugs at the customs in town only wanted to look presents for their sweethearts and families. He was using "the counterfeit notes for the benefit of Christmas presents, which he was arrested.

* * *

Maybe some of you remember the sad story I told recently of the West Orange [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] miles and indeed. Well, "I am pleased to report" that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]