



Christmas Shopping Is a Great Pleasure Here

COME HERE SHOPPING EARLY AND OFTEN. THE VALUES WE OFFER WILL SAVE YOU MONEY—THE GIFTS YOU SELECT FROM OUR STOCK WILL PROVE MOST PLEASING TO THE RECIPIENT AND THE CONVENIENCE OF SHOPPING HERE WILL ADD TO YOUR PLEASURE OF GIFT CHOOSING.

A GIFT OF A COAT, SUIT OR DRESS
THE SPLENDID ARKAY OF NEW MODES, THE EXCELLENCE OF THE MATERIALS IN THE MODELS SHOWN AND THE WIDE RANGE OF PRICES QUOTED, COMBINE TO MAKE THIS AN IDEAL PLACE TO COME TO MAKE YOUR CHOICE.

ART NEEDLEWORK—NEW DESIGNS.
THERE IS DECIDED ZEST IN CHOOSING FROM THIS DISPLAY FOR IT BRINGS THE NEW AND ORIGINAL ART NEEDLEWORK TO YOUR ATTENTION. EVERYTHING FROM STAMPED BEDSPREADS TO TEA TOWELS AND HOUSE DRESSES AWAIT YOUR CHOICE.

A GIFT THAT ENDURES
Give her Humming Bird Pure Silk Hosiery and she will echo her exclamation of pleasure for months.
Knit of pure silk, cunningly reinforced at all points of wear, Humming Birds will give "unbroken" service for a long, long time. Their lustrous beauty lasts as well. The colors are fadeless, the fit is shaped in the knitting.
Each Pair Packed in Beautiful Decorated Holiday Box With Embossed Gift Card.
40 SMART NEW COLORS, \$1.50 PER PAIR

THE ELMART, Ladie's Shop



TAKE YOUR TIME
along with you wherever you go. Our wrist watches will help you do this. They are stylish and attractive in appearance, but have the chief quality of keeping the exact time, and are, therefore, always dependable. Our large stock makes individual selection very easy.
JERE DAVIS
Jeweler and Optometrist
Waynesville, N. C.

All kinds of cookies and cakes, fresh bread and rolls daily.—City Bakery.

FOR RENT—Six room house, all modern conveniences on Short street. See L. A. Miller. tfe

APPLES FOR SALE—Going to send your friends a Christmas gift? Why not send them a box of nice apples? We have the finest box apples that can be grown. Staymen Winesaps, Red Winesaps, Rome Beauty, Black Twig, Blacks and Albemarle Pippins. Send us your orders. Telephone 309-W. C. A. Black, Sunnicove Orchards.

FRUIT CAKE SUPPLIES

- RAISINS
- FIGS
- DATES
- LEMON PEEL
- ORANGE PEEL
- CITRON
- CANDIED PINAPPLE
- CANDIED CHERRIES
- SHELLED NUTS
- BRAZIL NUTS
- ENGLISH WALNUTS
- BLACK WALNUTS
- ALMONDS
- MIXED NUTS
- GRAPES
- EXTRACTS
- CAKE FLOUR

THE ABOVE OF THE BEST QUALITY AT REASONABLE PRICES.

PHONE US YOUR ORDER
C. E. RAY'S SONS



Her CHRISTMAS PRAYER
MARION R. REAGAN
IT WAS cold along the Seine that Christmas Eve. There was a thin rain, half snow, and a nasty penetrating wind coming up from the river that sent chills trembling down one's back.
Little Juliette Caret blew her breath against her hands to warm them and pulled her ragged little coat more tightly about her. She was the sole support of a family of four—this little, shivering tot, who stood always before the door of Notre Dame selling holy cards and medals to people as they passed in or out of the church.
Her mother was very ill and the three other children of the family—two younger than Juliette—were too little to do any kind of work. How she would have loved to bring home something very special for them this Christmas!

On her way to the church this evening she had stopped to look in at the window of a patisserie shop and her heart was taken with a great cake in the center—all white with dots of large red cherries around the sides. The price was ten francs. She took out her little worn purse and counted—two francs, five soucs. Slowly she closed the purse and put it back in her pocket. The cake was out of the question. It would have to be a loaf of bread only.

All evening she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.
She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.



Christmas Problem Solved
ILLUSTRATED BY H. LUCIUS COOK
IT WAS his first Christmas in the city. He could not afford to go home, nor could he have gone if he had had the money. He was clerk in a store, and had to work Christmas Eve till ten o'clock. The last train for his home town left at three in the afternoon. And there was no use going up on Christmas day for just an hour; five hours each way on the train, total fare over ten dollars, for one hour at home; one-third of a week's pay! No, that would be extravagance. So he had sent his mother two pink silk nightgowns as a solace for his first absence from home on Christmas day. He thought the nightgowns would delight her; she had never had a silk one, and from the way that silk ones were displayed in the city shops, he was sure they were the thing to wear. The night gowns he had sent her, the hankies he had sent his sisters, and the ties for his brothers. He had completely emptied his pockets. He always had been generous, but he enjoyed depriving himself for the happiness of others. His generosity this time, however, had gone too far, for he had nothing left with which to buy a gift for Mrs. Addison.
Mrs. Addison was a young widow whom he had met recently in the city. She was a very beautiful woman, and had been most kind to him. He had already been to her small apartment several times to have supper with her and her jolly, foreign-acting father, and sometimes they had all gone to a "movie" together afterwards. But she had never let him pay for their tickets, and he had never done anything to recompense her for her kindness to



him. "Your companionship is all we want, dad and I," is what she always said, and he believed her. But he really wanted to take her something nice for Christmas. If only he had kept one of the nightgowns he had sent his mother. But no, that would have been too pretentious and too personal. The man must give her something very beautiful, to be sure, but nothing extravagant, even if he could. She wouldn't like that. What was he to do?

On the day before Christmas he had a sandwich and a soda at a drug store. That left him 20 minutes to gaze longingly in the shop windows on the avenue. Such pretty things, he thought he had never seen before—jewelry, clothing, novelties for the delight of a woman. They seemed just made for "his" girl. But a dollar was all the money he could spare, and that was not a very long time for that. He decided to buy the most costly little thing he could find, and even a present for his mother. What was he to do?

He had a sudden idea. He had heard that Mrs. Addison had a very beautiful diamond necklace. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment.



son's for his first Christmas. How original was it! He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment. He had seen it when he had been to her apartment.

An Ill Omen
In the Balkans it is believed that to die on Christmas Day is of ill omen, regards one's place in the after life.
A Christmas Di
Bols baked and rolled in are a favorite Christmas di

Christmas Gifts—THE WAYNESVILLE PHARMACY



Gift Perfumes and Fashion Favored Scents:



IN DAINILY DESIGNED CONTAINERS THESE EXQUISITE PERFUMES MAKE A MOST DELIGHTFUL GIFT ITEM. YOU MAY EASILY DETERMINE HER FAVORITE—AND WE WILL DO THE REST. LEAVE YOUR ORDER FOR THE QUANTITY AND PACKING PREFERRED. HUDNUTS, CODY AND HOUBIGANT.



Especially desirable for giving—A SHAEFFERS FOUNTAIN PEN AND PENCIL SET
In several finishes, depending upon the price you wish to pay, from \$3.50 to \$12.00.

The Waynesville Pharmacy

Phone 16 Motorcycle Delivery Main Street

FOR SALE FLOUR OF QUALITY

MANUFACTURED IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS. EVERY SACK GUARANTEED AND DELIVERED TO YOUR DEPOT. EIGHT BAGS OR MORE 24lbs. \$1.12½ EACH. THE ABOVE IS LESS THAN MILL PRICE FOR THE SAME QUALITY
WHEAT BRAND \$1.60 A HUNDRED POUNDS F. O. B. MURPHY, N. C. OR WITH A BERREL OF FLOUR \$1.75 DELIVERED.
BE YOUR OWN MERCHANT AND SAVE YOUR DOLLARS.
ORDER DIRECT FROM

H. R. McIntosh
Hayesville, N. C.



Slipped Quietly Into a Seat of the Large Church.

Besides, she thought, she really ought to go in and say a little prayer for her mother.

She opened the huge door of the cathedral, slipped quietly into a seat of the large church and prayed fervently for her mother and little sister; prayed, too, that she might, somehow, be able to buy them a cake for Christmas.

The heat of the church after the intense cold outside made her dizzy. She went fast to sleep and her head fell heavily against the shoulder of a man sitting next to her.
The man was an American. He was of first antecedents when he saw she little touched head with its dirty cap against his coat-sleeve, he took a second glance at the pathetic little figure he was overcome with a fine emotion. "Poor little devil!" he thought, "wonder what's been your short history and what will it be in the future?" He saw in her dirty little hands the strings of medals and the box of holy cards she had been trying to sell. He reached into his pocket, pulled out two crisp 1000 franc notes, folded them carefully and placed them on top of the envelope.

Almost everyone had left the church when Juliette awakened. Mass was over; all the candles on the altar had been extinguished, the lights of the church were being put out. Juliette rubbed her eyes drowsily and with a start counted her medals to see that no one had taken any while she slept. They were all quite safe. She next turned to her box of cards and her eyes beamed two large masses of two thousand francs, two thousand francs. She couldn't believe it. It was a miracle! Hadn't she had a dollar's money to buy her people a Christmas gift? She knelt down again, said a fervent prayer in thanksgiving, then gathered all her things together and ran quickly from the church past the confessor's shop. It was closed, of course, but the white robe was still in the window. Tomorrow morning she would go there early and buy it—buy every good thing in the shop. And still there would be enough left to buy them all clothes in the after-Christmas sales. She leaped joyfully in the air. She did not feel the cold now.

"Merry Christmas," she called to an old lady who passed her. "Merry Christmas to the whole world!"
(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Poles Careful Christmas Eve
The Poles have many superstitions in connection with Christmas. They believe that what they do on Christmas Eve they will do all the year around, and therefore they conduct themselves with that prospect in view.