

Derry Christmas!

We Have Something That Will Please All From Baby to Grandfather. A Wonderful Assortment of Toys That Will Last. Dolls All Sizes and Prices.

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Allen-Siler Company

HAZELWOOD, N. C.

Found in Santa's Pack



There would be something wrong about Santa Claus' pack if it failed to carry plenty of rag dolls to little folks who seem to love them so much better than any other kind. There are scores of them, like Raggedy Anne and Steezy and many more that are just plain dolls, dressed in familiar clothes, that may be taken off and put on—the more the merrier.

These dolls may be bought printed on cloth, ready for making. Except for their shoes, their clothes are all homemade.

Useful Silken Ladies



Everywhere in the shops this year there are dainty and fascinating little ladies with dignified coiffures and pretty faces, waiting to be dressed in spreading silk skirts. These doll dresses are made in several sizes and are used as shades over electric lights or posed over telephones, haddon or work baskets and phonographs. Wide tulle ribbon clothes the blond beauty pictured and the thinnest ribbon flowers adorn her bodice. She is posed over a small wicker basket.



Christmas and the Walton Bride

by Lily Rutherford Morris



CHRISTMAS morning broke bright and clear, sending rays of glistening sunshine over a thick blanket of new fallen snow with its ever wonderful message of joy and love. No where in all the world, perhaps,

was there a keener appreciation of Christmas cheer than in the heart of winsome Ina Walton, the affectionate and resourceful younger sister of Edith, just now recovering from a long and desperate illness. Seventeen-year-old Ina, the only living relative of the sick girl, had gone down into the valley of death with her, suffering in mind and spirit as severely almost as did Edith, physically. But now, Edith was so greatly improved as to be able to sit up in bed for her breakfast. Near her stood a small table on which was a vase of red-and-white roses, and dishes of very tempting food. She took up the saucer containing a half-orange and looked in bewilderment at the well-buttered toast, eggs and coffee.

"I don't understand," she announced. "I simply can't see how you manage to do all this, Ina," with a significant gesture toward the table. The sister smiled sweetly. "Don't you know it is Christmas?" she naively asked by way of reply.

"Oh, yes, of course. I know it is Christmas, Ina, dear, but the season does not put anything into our pockets, you know. We can't afford it."

"But I'm quite sure we can. So don't you worry."

Edith did not seem satisfied. Her expression of perplexity called for further explanation and Ina continued: "I've been a daring creature while you were ill. I'm quite sure you'll not approve, even though I did it for your sake; but it really doesn't matter, now that you are getting well. Nothing matters but just that. Oh, Edith! You are my precious Christmas gift."

"You've been so good to me, dear," quickly responded Edith, ignoring her sister's claim of daring, "but you have not satisfied my curiosity. How do you manage to spread such sumptuous meals?"

"By my boldness," Ina tossed her head coquettishly and strode defiantly across the room, as if to characterize her words. Then she paused and leaned on the footboard of the bed, smiling teasingly. "I knew you would think it very dreadful. It is true, nevertheless, I had to do it."

"Nonsense, Ina. You couldn't be bold, even if you tried. You don't know how."

"I was though, very bold. I guess. Listen. When I went to pay the gas bill last week, I just let the clerk at the window all about it—your illness, my giving up my position to be with you, our lack of funds and our very great need, and just as good as asked him for help."

"Ina!" Edith paused with the spoon half-way to her mouth.

"Yes, I did just that before I realized what I was saying. I was de-



"You Were in a Critical State," Ina Went On.

perate that day. I was quite ready to ask aid of anyone to save your life, and the clerk at the gas office was the one I happened to strike at the psychological moment.

Edith uttered a little moan of vexation as she dropped the spoon into the saucer.

"You were in a critical state," Ina went on, "and something had to be done at once. The new druggist who recently bought our old friend, does no credit business. He refused to let me have medicine without the money; you had to have medicine."

"But, Ina, think of a Walton begging! What you did was actual begging," and the proud girl's face registered her humiliation.

"But the flowers?" Edith questioned. "Why the flowers? You surely do not consider them a grave necessity?"

For reply Ina walked around to the table on which the tall vase stood and

buried her face in the roses. "They are so lovely," she said, "and I just adore flowers!"

"So do I, dearie, but you should be more prudent with our scant means. Did they cost much?"

"Much?" Ina hesitated. "Yes, they really were very expensive."

Edith was growing extremely annoyed. "You extravagant! How much? How much?"

Ina made a grimace at the girl, drewled. "Oh—about three dollars."

"Three dollars!" echoed Edith with a frown. "Why, we didn't have more than three times three dollars at that time I saw you count the money."

"No," blandly acquiesced Ina.

Edith looked really troubled. "Ina, you are too provoking for me this morning. I never knew you to behave quite so foolishly."

"Foolish, am I?" crowed Ina, laying her hand on her sister and kissing her on both cheeks. "Am I foolish for buying you? Suppose I had held on to my Walton pride and refused all help. You could not have had what your condition required, and I should not have—"

Ina stopped abruptly, clapping both hands over her mouth while her neck and face went scarlet.

"What?" Edith waited, but her sister only burst into a confused laugh. Then, "Sh-sh-sh—" she whispered, laying a finger on her lips. "Some one is at the door."

Tripping across the room, Ina opened with an expectant air and took from a messenger bag a large well-filled basket, which she carried straight to the bed and set down by Edith. "There," she said, "it is all for you."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the wondering girl, shaking her head. "You puzzle me sorely. Flowers again?"

"It is not all flowers, I'm sure," answered radiant Ina with a provoking little toss of her head. "Let me see." With this she lifted the covering of carnations, laid them lovingly in Edith's lap, and delved into the basket's remaining contents. "Look!



Took From a Messenger Boy a Large, Well-Filled Basket.

Here is a young chicken, a pound of butter, rolls, eggs, a bottle of milk, and more oranges. Oh, Edith, it is all so lovely!"

"But where do all these lovely things come from? We haven't so interested a friend that I can recall. Edith was both pleased and curious."

"Now, that's where you are not taken," corrected Ina, shaking a wise finger in her sister's face. "We have not a friend who is just that interested—one whom you have not met and who has done us a more than all else."

This new friend has promised to be a position, and I shall go to work next week if you are well enough for me to leave you."

Edith surveyed her sister critically. "Who is it, pray?"

Ina rippled another merry laugh, then tried to look very serious as she leaned heavily on the footboard of the bed and answered solemnly.

"The gas-man."

"The two stared at each other for a moment in silence, the younger stilling indignantly at the elder's gained disapproval. "I knew you would think me dreadful," said Ina boldly.

"That is why I have kept it from you until now. But listen to me, Edith, in all seriousness, I must make you understand. When I left you that day to pay the gas bill, because to have failed would have meant no heat, with the thermometer standing at zero, and you with pneumonia, I was nearly crazy. I returned as soon as possible and found you unconscious. The new woman across the hall had already called the doctor. He said you could not live unless there was a change for the better by midnight, and I am quite sure he did not expect that change."

Next morning, Mr. Clark, the clerk of whom you say I begged, came to see if there was anything he could do for us.

"Poor little sister," from Edith. Ina continued:

"He took in the situation at once and sent his own physician, Doctor Banks. It is to Doctor Banks that we owe your life. Then Mr. Clark sent everything that was needed for your comfort and mine, too. No doubt, the doctor made out the list for him. Nothing helpful was omitted. You were too sick to notice, and I, too anxious to refuse whatever might be of benefit to you, I simply used my common sense, instead of clinging to that old family pride that should have spent itself long ago. This basket is from him also. See?"

Ina handed her the card on which were inscribed holiday greetings and his full name. "And, oh, Edith, he is—dear!" Ina clasped her hands over her heart to add emphasis to her enthusiasm. Edith listened in amazement while she rambled on:

"I am sure you will like him, dear. You just must, for my sake, because—because—" A merry twinkle lit the happy girl's face as she hesitated, "but I'll not tell you now—I'll let you guess."

For reply Ina walked around to the table on which the tall vase stood and

Report of Condition of Citizens Bank & Trust Co.

At Waynesville, North Carolina
At Close of Business, Nov. 4th, 1926

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$372,388.86	Capital Stock paid in \$ 50,000.00
Demand Loans 8,500.09	Surplus Fund 25,000.00
Overdrafts 2,473.18	Unpaid Profits, less current expenses
Banking Houses, \$23,000.00, Furniture and Fixtures, \$10,000.00 38,000.00	and taxes paid 3,484.55
Cash in vault and net amounts due From Banks, Bankers, and Trust Companies 84,499.78	Deposits subject to check, individual 239,183.78
Checks for clearing 4,893.12	Deposits due State of N. C., or any Official interest 5,322.47
Total \$510,754.94	Time Certificates of deposit, due in less than 30 days 164,340.55
	Cashier's Checks outstanding 10,106.78
	Savings deposits 12,816.81
	Total \$510,754.94

State of North Carolina—County of Haywood, Nov. 16, 1926.

I, Hilliard B. Atkins, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HILLIARD B. ATKINS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23th day of November, 1926.

ERNEST L. WITHERS, Notary Public.
My Commission Expires 8th of Nov., 1927.

Correct Attest:

J. M. LONG,
THOS. STRINGFIELD,
M. H. REEVES,
Directors.

Began Business November 19, 1920

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00

STATE, COUNTY AND CITY DEPOSITORY OFFICERS:

HILLIARD B. ATKINS, Trust Officer

HILLIARD B. ATKINS, Cashier

THOS. STRINGFIELD, President
J. H. HOWELL, Vice President

PRITCHARD FERGUSON, Assistant Cashier

J. M. LONG, Chairman
ALDEN HOWELL, Jr.
H. J. SLOAN
H. B. ATKINS

DIRECTORS:
J. H. HOWELL
S. H. BUSHNELL
LEE FERGUSON
E. L. WITHERS

THOS. STRINGFIELD
M. H. REEVES
J. P. SCATES
GEO. H. WARD

We Solicit Your Business. You Will Like Our Service.

We invite you to do your banking with us. Courteous treatment, up-to-date facilities, highest degree of security.