

O'neil's is Christmas Headquarters

# VISIT O'NEIL'S TOYLAND

## You will find in our Store

the biggest assortment of Toys and other holiday goods in the city. We planned to make this the biggest selling event in our history in Gastonia---this holiday selling---and to that end we began months ago to search the markets for the biggest and best variety of Christmas goods that could be had. The result is here for your inspection---a feast of wonderfully attractive things for young and old of all classes. We can only mention a few of the hundreds of articles on sale:

A BIG LINE OF DOLLS OF ALL KINDS, DOLL FURNITURE, WAGONS, TRICYCLES, HORNS, FLYING MACHINES, ROCKY HORSES, ANIMALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, BOOKS, WORK BOXES, TOILET SETS, SHAVING SETS, MILITARY SETS, MANICURE SETS, PIANOS, JEWELRY BOXES, TEA SETS, DRUMS, TRUNKS, GAMES, TOOL BOXES, HANDKERCHIEFS, HAND BAGS, PURSES, BUILDING BLOCKS, NECKWEAR, AND A THOUSAND OTHER THINGS.

You miss half the fun of shopping if you miss visiting our store

# O'Neil's

## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE AT NIGHT

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.)

IT seemed to Ruth as she flew for the doventh time to her telephone that dreary afternoon of the day before Christmas that she had friends in the grim old city of which she had never known until then---true friends, even if they were humble and too poor to do more than telephone their good wishes.

This special message was from Ruth's proprietor. Could he call that evening? Ruth's "Of course not, Mr. Mayne," was firm. Could he take her out, then---a dinner somewhere, the theater? Just this once, for Christmas' sake? Ruth's refusals as transmitted by the telephone were all firm and relentless. But as she came away and sat down in her chair by the window her eyes were wistful.

"It will never do for the proprietor to call upon his stenographer," she said, with a sorry little smile. "To be sure, there was a time---when he was her father's clerk---but times have changed."

Perhaps because it was Christmas eve, when memories, no matter how well behaved at other times and seasons, will walk abroad; perhaps because other things---such as love, joy, peace and good will---were thronging heaven and earth below; perhaps only because Ruth was tired and perplexed and lonely---whatever the reason---sitting there in her little window, looking down upon the street, with its throng of gay, good natured shoppers, Ruth did what she had sternly forbidden herself to do---she went back over the years which had made such changes in her life. There was her father's business disgrace, the loss of everything, followed by his death. Then came her own beginning in business. In spite of herself, Ruth smiled to think of what her old friends would say could they know what a capable little business woman necessity had made of her. But not one of them all knew where she was. Not one had traced her to this great city---that is, except Jack. Jack? As soon as Ruth admitted that name into her thoughts, it dominated all else. It brought back its owner---strong, manly, insistent---one of the won't-take-no-for-an-answer kind. Ruth found herself wondering---almost---that Jack had taken her no as final. Apparently he had. It had surely been as strong as she could make it. And he had gone away---and had not come back. With the many friends who had rung up to ask how she was and to say "Merry Christmas," there had been no Jack---Jack of the strong face, the loyal heart, the tender eyes and voice. How had she ever let him go?

"Some time you will want me, Ruth," he had said. Above the rush and roar of the great city Ruth heard the words again just as she had heard them every day and every night since Jack had gone away. "I could urge you now, but I want you of your own free will, dear. And you will come some day. I do not even need to ask a promise---I know. What is ours does come to us, if we wait. I can wait."

That was three years ago. At first Ruth had half expected his return. But he never came. And he never sent her a word. Ruth was tired of watching the mails now. And her proud little head told her eager little heart that it was not fair to call Jack back just because life was hard and lonely and almost unbearable sometimes. So she toiled away until toil became work---work that she enjoyed. She had her little rooms by herself, her books, her pictures, enough to eat and wear. What more need any one ask? Nothing---except at Christmas. At Christmas, to a woman, love is a necessity.

That night, in the middle of the darkest hour, Ruth sat up straight in bed. She was absolutely sure that the telephone bell over her desk had just rung. All was still, so, after a minute of waiting, she lay down again, laughing to herself. The telephone had been so busy all day bringing her messages that she had heard it in her dreams. It could not really have rung. After a little she drowsed off, only to hear its shrill jingle again and again. It no longer awakened her. But in her dream she went to the tele-

phone, took down the receiver and listened. Out of the darkness and distance a voice spoke---Jack's voice. "Merry Christmas" was its only message. But so strong and clear were the words that when Ruth finally awoke to a sunny Christmas morning, she still tingled to their memory.

Perhaps, when one first awakes, the heart has more control over one than the head. Anyhow, when Ruth sat up and looked out of her window at the already busy streets far below her, her heart was doing the talking.

"Jack is waiting for you---somewhere," it said. "And he belongs to you. Why not claim your own?" After a minute Ruth's heart spoke again. "What if you are poor? What if he is not rich? Can't two work together better than apart? Why not give Jack a Christmas gift? The only one he wants?"

Ruth did not give her head time to argue with her heart. As soon as she was dressed she was at the telephone giving Jack's business number. After she had waited what seemed a long, long time her head did remind her. "Why, of course," she said slowly, "he will be up country today." She was just about to hang up the receiver "Wait a minute," cried her heart. "Hearts do know things, especially at Christmas. And then---"

"Hello," said a big, hearty voice out of the distance. "Oh, Jack!" cried Ruth. "Is it you, really?" "Yes, Ruth," said the voice. "Who else? You wanted---"

"To---wish you a merry Christmas, Jack," Ruth faltered. "Thanks. That all?" "Yes," said Ruth, listening to her head. Then: "No---not quite, I---I wanted to hear your voice; that's all."

"Is it?" asked the voice. Ruth wanted to hear. "You see, Jack," Ruth hurried on, "I dreamed about you last night. I---I thought you called me up, and---and it was only a dream."

"I came so near it," said the voice. "That I stood here by my phone for an hour. But it was late, and---well, Ruth, I wanted you to call me up this time." "You're not in the country?" "Not yet. We go tonight."

"We?" "Mother and I. She's spending part of Christmas in the city. But we miss the snow and the sleighbells and the home folks."

"It sounds lovely," cried Ruth, "and so Christmasy. Give your mother my love, Jack, and wish her the merriest Christmas." "She'll be glad to hear from you."

Ruth: "We've been talking of you. Anything else?" "No." "Sure, dear?" Ruth's eyes were so full of tears that, as she said afterward, she couldn't see to talk. "Sure, dear?" asked the voice again. "That's all," she said bravely, "only---are you well?" "Perfectly. And you?" "Oh, yes! Wasn't it strange I heard the bell when you didn't really ring up last night, Jack?" "No," said Jack firmly. "Your heart heard mine, little girl. If only you would listen to it oftener."

"I can't always hear it," laughed Ruth. "My head is such a good talker." "Time's up," said a strange voice somewhere. "Goodby, Jack, dear!" cried Ruth. But there was no answer. The next minute she again took down the receiver. "Get 3896 again, quick!" she said. "Hello!" said Jack's voice. "Is that you, Jack?" "Of course. Something you forgot, dear?" "No; I didn't forget. I wouldn't say it, but I must. Don't look at me, Jack."

"It's a big something. Guess. You don't guess. Wait, it's you." Ruth hung up the receiver and ran to the chair by the window quite the other side of the room.

It was not quite a minute when the telephone bell rang shrilly. "Is this Miss Hazen?" said the operator's voice. "Yes," said Ruth. "Message wasn't finished---wait." "Hello!" came Jack's voice, big, strong, vibrant with happiness. "That you, Ruth?" "Yes."

"Coming," said the voice. "Mother and I to take you up state with us. Can you be ready in an hour?" "Yes," said Ruth. "I've been ready always, Jack."

What came next must have surprised even that long suffering, much enduring wife. Sure it is that Ruth's cheeks flamed like red hot berries. And even before she ran to put her clothes in her suitcase, to do her hair and to put on her one good gown, from above her head came a sprig of scarlet holly. With a red ribbon she tied it over the telephone.

"If ever anything deserved a merry Christmas," she cried, "you do!"

**Do Your Christmas Buying Carefully; It's Good Exercise.** Christmas shopping is filled with hustle, excitement, pleasure and good exercise. Whoever has not tasted these things has yet to experience all of the joys of Christmas.

It is true every shopper, once arrived home, vows Christmas is a nuisance; that it is the part of wisdom to have it only once a year; that next Christmas some younger member of the family must take upon herself the onerous, fatiguing, brain wrecking, nerve straining work. But no one who hears this declaration takes it for more than its value---which is infinitesimal---for when the next Christmas puts in its appearance and shops and stores and streets are once more alive with hurrying humanity and good natured crowds the shopper who voted it "killing" this year will plunge into the excitement as of old, with greater enjoyment than ever.

It is true the elbowing of one's way through crowds, the long waits in the stores, the standing in cars almost bursting with their load of human beings and the despairing delays of these selfsame cars are apt to leave very little balance on one's account of cheerfulness. In spite of these hindrances, however, lies the true satisfaction, if not real pleasure, of having purchased for this one or that some little surprise which has been longed for, but never expected.

For mental attitude and for a hint from the athletic teachers the wise woman will go into the work of Christmas shopping with the exhilarated feeling rightfully attached to any form of pleasant and exciting exercise. The cultivation of this spirit will make the crowds, the discomforts and the inevitable disappointments of the annual gift purchasing experience no more worth fretting over or noticing than the varied experiences of the athletic field or gymnasium, and it will bring the aforementioned wise woman up to Christmas day in the most enviable and desirable physical condition she could fancy or imagine, for everything depends upon the manner in which the feminine shopper attacks the Christmas situation, and a well conducted round of Christmas shopping provides as much fun as the merriest game of basketball or tennis and stirs up and strengthens neglected muscles just as well.

**Residents on rural routes should use return envelopes.** Get them for any route in the county at 30 cents per 100 at The Gazette office.

**Children Help Red Cross Seal Sale.** Children are among the most eager buyers of Red Cross Seals, and many a little boy or girl sets a real example of generous giving to the "grown-ups." For illustration, a teacher in a Massachusetts school tells of one small, shabby girl who brought in a penny for a seal, and the next day purchased another. She then looked up into the teacher's face with great satisfaction and asked, naively: "There! How many people do you think that will cure?"

An urban in another school, after hearing the teacher explain about the Christmas Seals and how all the money raised by the sale of them will go toward fighting off the white plague, came to his teacher's desk the next morning and bought a stamp. Then he lingered, and the teacher inquired what he wanted to ask her.

"Will that really go to give medicine for sick people and help cure 'em?" he inquired. "It will help," was the answer. "Gee, but isn't that fine!" he exclaimed, his face shining.

**Does Not Want \$2.00 Men.** Yorkville Enquirer. "Now is the time for those who wish to be excused from jury duty, to present their excuses," said Judge Prince, when he opened court yesterday morning.

"The best excuse that you can present is to make affidavit that you can well afford to serve on a jury at \$2 a day and that you are anxious to serve. If you will swear to that, I will willingly excuse you. I do not want men who can afford to serve on a jury at \$2.00 a day. Such men cannot appreciate the responsibilities of jury service and are not fit to serve."

"But," his honor continued, "don't any of you jurors come up here and tell me that you will lose \$10 a day, or even \$100 a day if you are made to serve on a jury. You men are the kind of jurors I want. You are worth something and you have good business sense---the kind of men I want on a jury."

"I would like to have a jury composed of men who make \$100 a day," said the judge as he began to examine the affidavits before him.

"I've been ready, always, Jack," but listen. I'm listening to my heart now. There is something I want. Jack."

"Yes."



HER REFUSALS WERE FIRM AND RELENTLESS.



SITTING IN HER LITTLE WINDOW.

### THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly---No Other Newspaper in the World Gives so Much at so Low a Price.

This is a time of great events, and you will want the news accurately and promptly. All the countries of the world steadily draw closer together, and the telegraph wires bring the happenings of every one. No other newspaper has a service equal to that of The World and it relates everything fully and promptly.

The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons, in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50. Address: GAZETTE PUBLISHING CO., Gastonia, N. C. THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Gastonia Gazette together for one year for \$2.00.



Reproduction of this year's Red Cross Christmas seal. Ten thousand of these have been allotted to Gastonia and are now on sale by the sanitary committee of the Woman's Betterment Association at Torrence-Morris Company's. Every cent derived from the sale of these little seals goes to help the fight against tuberculosis, the "great white plague," which exacts every year a greater toll in human lives than any other one disease. A portion of this money remains here to aid in the local fight against this disease. You can help in this great work by buying these little stamps at one cent each and using them on your Christmas packages.

For. To Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Craig, Wednesday, December 3, 1913, a son.

## A Glimpse of California For You

Would you like to see some of the wonders of California? Haven't you been dreaming about the Golden State for a long while? Wouldn't you like to see with your own eyes some of the world's famous resorts and hotels? Wouldn't you like to know how to see and enjoy these big, hospitable, homelike hotels? Wouldn't you like to look at the green hills and smiling valleys, the fragrant orange groves, the folks at play in the winterless paradise of the Pacific?

### HOW TO BRING CALIFORNIA TO YOUR HOME

Yes that is possible. If you will send us ten cents merely to cover cost of mailing, we will send you a booklet descriptive of California's famous resorts and in addition the big Christmas Number of Sunset Magazine with a big story of the progress of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and further views of this Pacific Coast wonderland. Be sure to mention this newspaper and address your letter to

SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, California

## WANTED

Oak blocks 44 inches long, poplar, pine and all kinds of oak logs, and all kinds of sawed lumber.

Highest market prices paid.

J. B. Atkinson, D-9 Gastonia, N. C.

## HICKORY Wanted

We buy logs, sawn lumber and dimension stock. Write for prices.

Ivey Mfg. Co. Hickory, N. C.

Smartness That Recalls. Baltimore Evening Sun. Thousands of rabbits sent to the garbage plant that might have carried comfort to Thanksgiving tables. And simply because the market men would rather have them spoil than sell them cheap. Keeping up the market price sometimes means no price at all. The shortsightedness of business long-sightedness thus receives another illustration.



## PIEDMONT TRACTION COMPANY

Between Gastonia and Charlotte N. C. Effective Sunday, Sept. 28, 1913. Station 204 West Main avenue. Leave Gastonia. Arrive Charlotte. Mt. Holly. Gastonia. No. 1... 7:00a 7:27 7:55 No. 3... 8:15a 8:45 9:15 No. 5... 9:15a 9:42 10:15 No. 7... 10:50a 11:20 11:50 No. 9... 11:45a 12:12 12:45 No. 11... 12:55p 1:23 1:55 No. 15... 1:55p 2:21 2:55 No. 17... 3:40p 4:10 4:40 No. 19... 4:35 5:02 5:35 No. 21... 6:45p 7:15 7:45 No. 23... 9:30p 10:00 10:30 No. 25... 11:00p 11:30 11:59 Leave Charlotte. Arrive Gastonia. Mt. Holly. Charlotte. No. 2... 7:00a 7:27 7:55 No. 4... 8:15a 8:45 9:15 No. 6... 9:30a 9:55 10:25 No. 8... 10:20a 10:48 11:20 No. 10... 11:55 12:27 12:55 No. 12... 12:50p 1:23 1:50 No. 16... 2:00p 2:30 3:00 No. 18... 3:10p 3:36 4:10 No. 20... 5:00p 5:26 6:00 No. 22... 6:45p 7:15 7:45 No. 24... 9:30p 10:00 10:30 No. 26... 11:00p 11:30 11:59 Connection made at Mount Holly N. C. with Seaboard Air Line to the East and West, at Gastonia, N. C. with Southern Railway and Carolinas.