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GASTONIA IS A BUSY TOWN.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Shop Early And Do It In Gastonia

Buy your Christmas presents at home. Gastonia merchants have what you want and the prices are reasonable. This issue of The Gazette is a guide to the Christmas shopper. Read all the advertisements in it.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS CRIES "FORWARD MARCH!"



WHEN Santa Claus cries "Forward march!"
And smiles his Christmas smile
The dollies promptly form a line
And then in single file

By EARLE HOOKER EATON
THEY march to Santa's reindeer shed,
Too serious far for play,
Where they break ranks and get aboard
The good old saint's big sleigh.

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HIS line of march is o'er the land,
And when the dollies part
Each marches in and camps right out
In some wee girl's big heart!

"Selz Waukenphast"



This is a shoe that takes
the eye of every man and
young man who wants
the best at any price

- In Style
- In Fit
- In Comfort

Then comes the added pleasure in getting the shoe at no higher price than for the ordinary kind. We also have the "Selz Waukenphast" for women and children and many other pleasing styles, priced as low as good shoes can be sold for.

Just glance into our windows—better still, come in and inspect them without obligating yourself in the least.

MOORE'S "Selz Royal Blue" Store
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Gastonia

North Carolina

Subscribe for the Gazette. \$1.50 a year.

Fate's Christmas Trick

by WILLIS HAWKINS

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It ain't for mortal man to know
The ways of Providence, an' so
I merely say it seems as though
It wa'n't exact'ly fair
When Cupid, with his burnin' darts,
Has lighted up two lovin' hearts
For Fate, with her bamboozlin' arts,
To separate the pair.

Now, there was Cyrus Allen's case.
When he had come within an ace
Of bein' winner in the race
For Kitty Warren's hand
He stubbed his mind, as you might say,
Upon a shadow, so that they
Were parted in the very way
Deceivin' Fate had planned.

It all begun when Kitty said
She wished she had a plaster head
Of Byron, for she'd read an' read
The pieces that he writ.
So, Chris'mus mornin', here it came,
For Cyrus, with his heart aflame,
Had bought the bust an' sent the same
Anonymous to Kit.

That night he meant to tell his mind,
But Fate had fixed it so's he'd find
Two shadows on her window blind
That he misunderstood.
"That's her an' Nathan Black," he said,
"An' she's a-strokin' 'is head."
So, broken hearted, Cyrus fled
An' quit the town for good.

If he'd 'a' had the sense to wait
He'd soon 'a' knowed it wasn't Nate,
But only Byron's plaster pate
That Kitty was caressin'.
For she was sure it came from Cy,
An' that's the very reason why
She fondled it on the sly,
With all her heart confessin'.