

Your Christmas Shopping List—

Put G-E cooking devices on your Christmas shopping list. There is an electrical gift for every member of your family and for each of your friends.

Electric Toaster—Makes crisp, appetizing toast right at the table without smoke or mess. Always serves toast hot.

Chafing Dish—An acceptable gift for anyone. Ideal for brother or sister at college or someone else's brother or sister. Prepares light menus quickly and conveniently.

Unl-Sat—A complete electrical cooking outfit. Each piece can be bought separately. Give one now and add to the collection on other gift occasions. Any house-keeper will be delighted.

Flatiron—An all around useful device. Will do light pressing for family ironing in double quick time.

Coffee Urn—See the new two-pint coffee urn. Makes idea coffee. Father would appreciate it. Our display of electrical gifts is well worth visiting. Come in early.



CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT CO.

The New Drug Store

Now Open For Business

We Are The People's Friend

We Carry a Full Line of
Fresh Drugs, Cigars, Soda and
Toilet Preparations

In fact Everything that is kept in an Up-to-Date Drug Store

PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY

Our Motto: To Please The People

We will appreciate your coming to our store whether you
Need anything or not. Yours to Please,

Brown-Grantham Drug Co.

Give Something Useful CHRISTMAS

And Get it from our Up-to-Date Line of
Furniture and Home
Furnishings

Come and Let Us Help You Make Selections

Parker Furniture Co.

A CHRISTMAS VISION

(John Kendrick Bangs, in Scribner's.)

On Christmas eve 'mid all the joyous
glee
That in my plenteousness surrounded
me,
I happened by some chance to turn
mine eye
Out through a window-wreath that
hung near by.
And as I glanced through it into the
night
I seemed to see, lit by some holy light,
A childish face with wistful, smiling
lips
That thrilled me to my very finger-
tips.

Two eager hands stretched forth call-
ed, as in stress,
To me to carry help to Helplessness,
And in the sad eyes of the child I saw
In all its loveliness the Christmas
Law—
Not a command, no everlasting Must
Upon Reluctance for its teaching
thrust,
But just a pleading hint to him who
runs
That all who suffer are God's Little
Ones!

And then the picture in the wreath
was gone,
And in its place the Eastern Star-
beams shone—
The same that nineteen centuries ago
Led on the Wise Men with their heav-
enly glow;
And e'en as they I wandered through
the drifts
And into lowly places carried gifts
To cheer, and give release, and pay my
due
Unto my Lord through them that suf-
fer rue.

WHY WE BURN CANDLES.
The custom of burning candles on
the Christmas tree comes from two
sources. The Romans burned candles
at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good
cheer, while the Jews burned candles
during the feast of the Dedication,
which happened to fall about the same
time as that of Saturn in the Roman
calendar. It is quite possible that
for this reason there would have been
many candles burning all over Pal-
estine about the time of the birth of
Christ, and from this comes the term
"Feast of Lights," which is the name
used in the Greek church for Christ-
mas day.

When in DOUBT

Get It At

Yelverton Hardware Co

Christmas Confectioneries

Seeded Raisins Currants
Orange and Lemon Peel
Citron Figs Dates
Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Fruits
Mince Meat. Plum Pudding

E. M. DAVIS GRO. CO.

GIVE HIM Something that will be Useful

And He will Appreciate

Suit Case Shirts
Hand Bag Holeproof Socks
Belt Cane
Suspenders Hat
Tie and Sox Cap
Bed Room Slippers
Collars Overcoat
Mufflers Handkerchiefs

And many other things

Let Us Help You Select His Christmas
Buy It In Goldsboro

O. SEE JONES

Goodyear Electrical Shoe Repairing Shop

Fully Equipped and with Expert
Workmen to Serve You

Repairs Your Shoes While You Wait—Only Best
Material Used

REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

Conveniently Located in Odd Fellows Building,
Rear of Epstein's, In New Store Opening
On Walnut Street

PHONE 101

DR. M. T. McMILLAN, DENTIST

Announces that he has opened offices in
the Grant Building, Third Floor,
Rooms 303-5

And offers his Professional Services to
the general public

Office Hours: 8.30 a. m. to 12.30 p. m.;
1.30 p. m. to 5.30 p. m.

Goldsboro, N. C.

T. H. Stanton, The People's Friend

See Him—He will do the rest

A Full Line of

Shot Guns, Revolvers and Ammunition

T. H. Stanton

GIVE US YOUR ORDER FOR CHRISTMAS

Turkey, Chicken, Geese
and Game

Call for anything in the Meat Line and you
will get the Best.

PROMPT SERVICE, and in the Most SANITARY WAY

PURE FOOD MARKET

Max Cohn, Mgr.

Phones, 93 and 94. 107 S. John Street.

BLACK JAKIE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Charles Arthur Leslie.)
The soft, fleecy snow, floating down
straight from the heavens, melted as
quickly as it struck the sidewalks and
turned into mud under the hurrying
feet of the thousands of late Christmas
shoppers.

Black Jackie stood in the shelter af-
forded by the elevated road pillar, his
threadbare raincoat drawn tightly
about him, his hands thrust deeply
into his pockets, as he gently tapped
first one foot and then the other on
the wet pavement. Not that Jackie was
cold, but his shoes had worn quite
thin, and the dirty brown slush had
sought out all the little cracks through
which it might seep and find a com-
fortable haven.

"S going to be a lean Christmas for
me," Jackie sighed reflectively to the
gleaming lights of Broadway. "Awful
lean."

In his pocket he jingled his one lone
quarter against the key of his cheap
Sixth avenue room and smiled as he
thought of the days when he had jin-
gled gold coins. In those days the
racing game had been good, and Jackie
was one of the best-known bookies at
Sheepshead. Then he had been afflu-
ent. He had dressed in the height of
ultra-fashion and radiated with that
ready-money loo.

The dying out of the racing sport
and too frequent trips to the bar had
left Jackie stranded, without a friend
in the world.

Silently and moodily Jackie reflected
on his hard lot. His chin, with its
two-day growth of heavy black beard,
that same heavy beard which had al-
ways shone through his pallid skin
and had earned for him his cognomen
of Black Jackie, trembled a little, and
the thin, blue lips pulsated with low-
muttered maledictions heaped upon
the world in general. The sporting
element soon forgets old pals down on
their luck, he reflected.

Nervously scanning the faces of
shoppers emerging from the doorway
of a department store, Jackie's face
lighted up as he saw a petite figure
laden with many bundles start across
the sidewalk. Marie Lecourt! Yes,
it must be she. Marie, the prettiest
girl in the Follies chorus. Should he
speak to her? Perhaps she would
have at least a kind word for the fel-
low who had bought her many dinners
at swag cafes and had lavished his
money on her when he had it. Instinct-
ively he started forward, his hand
on his ancient velour hat, the one
relic of palmy days.

But almost as he started he check-
ed himself. No, it would be better not
to speak to Marie, for she, like all the
rest of the old crowd, would turn him
down, would refuse to speak to a bum.

He stepped back to the shelter of
the elevated pillar just as Marie turned
to cross the street. Her bright
eyes twinkling with good cheer, she
came up quite close to Jackie. Sudden-
ly a flash of recognition crossed her
countenance and she almost dropped
her packages as she rushed forward.

"Jackie," she cried, "is it really you?
Where have you been? What are you
doing here and where are you going?"

Before Jackie could think of an an-
swer to the questions, which called for
a recital of almost his entire life's history,
she went on:

"For goodness sake, Jackie, you look
a sight! What's the idea of all this
poor-folksy makeup? Is it a stall or
are you really forced to wear them?"

"Forced is right," replied Jackie.
"I'm broke. I saw you as you came
out of the store, but I didn't know
whether you would want to speak to
me or not."

"Silly," laughed Marie. "Want to
speak to my old pal? Of course I do.
And now that I have seen you we are
going to have a good, old-fashioned
chat, but we can't stand here in this
wet and talk. I am living with my
married sister now and just came
down for a few things to hang on to
the kiddies' tree. Come on up and
help us fix the things."

Jackie thanked her, but remonstrated
that his attire was scarcely suitable for
an evening call. Marie insisted
that his clothes made no difference to
her and that her sister would surely
think the same. Anyway, no matter
what her sister might think, Jackie was
her friend, and that settled it.

They walked to Fourth avenue and
took the subway to Harlem, Jackie in-
sisting on spending ten cents of his
precious quarter for the carfare, al-
though Marie had tried to shove a
dime into his hand.

On the way up Jackie told his story,
laying the blame on hard luck and the
state officials who had put racing on
the bum.

Marie listened with quiet attention,
nodding her head here and there and
interjecting a question now and then
as the ex-bookie seemed about to drift
away from his story.

Jackie was introduced to Maude and
John, her husband. They were either
too busy decorating a tiny Christmas
tree on a stand in the corner of the
room or else they didn't care, for
neither evinced disapproval of Jackie.

He was made to feel at home in the
little family circle, and entered with
keen enjoyment the work of trimming
the tree and arranging the presents for
the two children fast asleep in the
next room.

The final arrangement completed,
Maude and her husband took a last
peep at the sleeping kiddies and called
Jackie to see them.

As the little group stood in the door-
way Jackie noticed that John put his
arm about Maude's waist and that the
light in Maude's eyes shone with pec-
uliar brilliance as she snuggled closer.
It was a picture of domestic love
and felicity and it touched Jackie deep-
ly.

John and Maude having retired for
the night, Jackie and Marie were left
alone in the parlor.

Seated before the fireplace, where

MANNER OF GIVING PRESENTS

Simple Little Embellishments Save
Ribbons, Seals and Holly
Count for Much.

At no time does the manner of d-
a thing count for so much as at
time of Christmas giving; and while
a few instances there are those
overdo the outward embellishmen-
gifts, none of us now like to offer
simplest little remembrance un-
wrapped in spotless paper, tied
gay ribbons and adorned with br-
seals expressing merry greetings.

And this is as it should be for
holiday season gains a great dea
cheeriness and zest from the mu-
plicity of beribboned white par-
whisking to and fro, and we do not
gret the passing of the yellow pa-
bundle of our grandmother's day.

But the attractive appearance of
gift is not all that counts; we must
careful of the how and when of
where of presenting it.

The time that custom more
more sets apart for the exchanging
gifts among friends is Christmas
any time from dusk to midnight;
Christmas day itself is sacred to p-
senting gifts within the family cir-
Some families put all the gifts
the library or living room, in separ-
piles, and then, after a delibera-
breakfast, they all walk in and op-
the packages in the presence of ea-
other.

Never give a gift in person if y-
can contrive to send it or put it whe-
it will be found awaiting the recipie-
when he or she is alone, for when r-
ceived in his way the gift makes i-
strongest appeal to one's appreciat-
In giving money, even to near rel-
tives, the utmost care should be tak-
to give it in the most delicate wa-
possible; especially if you know th-
money is needed.

One of the cleverest ways is to tal-
a tiny Japanese umbrella, place th-
money in a paper bag and, after rol-
ing and tying the bag around the u-
per part of the handle underneath
close the umbrella over it and the wit-
narrow ribbon.

Another good way is to present a
attractive little booklet with a chee-
or a greenback for a bookmark, writ-
ing on the flyleaf, "note page 14.
Turning to see what is noted, th-
fresh new paper money is seen and th-
recipient appreciates the manner o-
its presentation no less than the ma-
terial benefit.

the gas log was throwing forth
cheery light, Jackie asked Marie about
herself.

"She had left the chorus and all he
former gay companions and was now
employed in a millinery establishment."
"What's the matter with the show
game?" asked Jackie. "Too fast for
you?"

"Yes, Jackie. Somehow or other
couldn't let myself drift like the oth-
ers had, and when I came up here to
live with Maude and John and the
kids, well, they didn't think it was
the best thing for the kids to have
their aunt in the chorus. Not that
they objected to the chorus part of it
but then there are so many other
things that go with it. The gay com-
pany, the loose way of living and
things of that sort."

"So you cut it out for the sake of
the kids?"

"Yes, for the kids and for my own
sake. I was becoming tired of the
life, and the home life here seemed to
touch something in me and make me
want to live right. There is nothing
in that fast life, Jackie; the right way
is the only way. You may prosper for
a time on the wrong road, but sooner
or later you come to grief."

"Yes, she was right. Jackie knew. The
wrong way had dragged him down.
Drink and loose companions had
brought him to his present level."

"For a long time he sat and gazed
at the fire. When next he spoke there
was a tenderness in his voice such as
had never been there before.

"Say, Marie," he said, "do you think
you could help me get on the right
track, the honest road? I want to try.
I see how happy you are and what a
change it has made in you. I am go-
ing to try."

Tenderly she put her hand on his
arm. "I am glad that you will try.
You know I always liked you, Jackie.
Somehow you were different from the
rest of the old crowd, for you were
always a gentleman in your manner.
You would never stand for the real
rough stuff."

"That's the kindest thing I have
heard for two years," said Jackie slow-
ly, as he patted the small hand that
still lay on his arm.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair
as a thought seized him.

"Marie," he asked tenderly, "is there
any fellow, right now, that you think
a lot of? You know the way I mean."

"No, Jackie, not now," she answered
slowly, as she understood why he
asked. Then she added, "but there
might be it—"

"If he were a right-living sort of
fellow?" broke in Jackie.

"Yes."

"The clock on the mantelpiece struck
twelve.

"Gee, it's Christmas morning," sigh-
ed Jackie.

"Yes, Christmas," breathed Marie
softly.

"Could you—do you think, will you
wait until—well, until I can get on the
right track?"

She nodded her head in silence.
Jackie put his arm around her waist
and drew her head to his shoulder.

"You do care, Marie?" he whispered.
Again she nodded and then turned
her lips to his.

"My Christmas present," said Jackie
softly, "the best little girl in the
world."

"And mine," added Marie, "is the
man that is to be."

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