

For Sale

THE KATE MEANS LOT
ON MORRIS STREET.
WELL LOCATED AND
HAS A FRONTAGE OF
ABOUT 100 FEET.

J. Frank Williams

For Sale A Real Home

My residence on East Windsor street, 10 rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. New garage, built for large car, and plenty of good outbuildings. Large lot, garden and chicken yard. Cement walks. The house is built of the very best material, with slate roof; nicely finished inside—cabinet mantles, etc. The house alone cannot be built for the price named. This is occupied now by three small families, or is suitable for one large family. Better investigate if interested.

A. F. THOMPSON

Or see G. B. CALDWELL.

Better Work

—FOR—

Less Money

Our customers are pleased with the quality of our service—and the price! And our list of satisfied patrons is increasing daily. There's a reason, and a trial will tell the story.

Special attention given to the cleaning of ladies' and misses' dresses, silks, etc.

Carolina Pressing Club

GILBERT DAVIS, Proprietor,
Windsor Street, facing R. C.
Griffin & Bros.' Stables.
Phone 334.

FISK

"Best in the world"



We sell them
—and Fisk sundries, too

COBLE'S CASH GARAGE

Dr. Kemp Funderburk
DENTIST
Office over Waller's Old Store.
Modern Methods
Employed

KENTUCKY MAX HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS OLD

Uncle John Shell Hopes to Live Until
America Goes Wet Again — Is a
Widower Again.

Uncle John Shell of Lexington, Ky., who is said to be the oldest man in this country, is 132 years and six months old. He is again a widower, his 35-year-old wife having passed the other day, leaving their six-year old son.

Returning to his home at Greasy Lake, Leslie County, the ancient man found Mrs. Shell in the yard fatally ill. He picked her up and carried her into the house, where she died without being able to tell the cause of her illness.

"Uncle John and his wife were married about six years ago, a short time before their baby was born.

When the relatives of his wife heard that she was dead, George Chappell, the 70-year-old father-in-law of the 132-year old man, attempted to take the 6-year-old boy, alleging that Shell was not a fit person to have the custody of the child.

"Uncle John", the crack rifle shot of the mountains, went after Chappell with his gun and forced him to give the lad up.

The aged mountaineer is known all over the State of Kentucky, which regards him with pride as a longevity advertisement.

He celebrated his 131st birthday by taking his first ride in an auto.

He was married the first time when he was 19 years old, and lived with his first wife for more than ninety years, making his home in one house for seventy-five years. He is the father of twenty-nine children, the oldest living being 90 years old.

Six years ago he married again at the age of 125 years. By his second wife he had one child—a boy.

"Uncle John", of record, was born near Knoxville, Tenn., twelve years after the battle of Bunker Hill and was full grown when the war of 1812 came. When the Civil War came Shell was 74 years old, and too old for service.

Recently "Uncle John" cut his third set of teeth and he now enjoys splendid grinders. He is still hale and hearty, enjoys his three meals a day and hardly looks his age.

His birthday was an occasion of general holiday in the mountain region. John has been quoted as saying, "I hope to live until the United States goes wet again."

His parents are not living.

Who rises every time he falls will sometime rise to stay.—William C. Morris.

"WE MISS THE BOYS, BUT WE DO NOT PITY THEM"

So Declares Governor Bickett, Who
Comes to Monroe Sunday to Deliver
Address at Memorial Exercises.

Governor Bickett, Union county's gifted son, who comes to Monroe Sunday to deliver the French diplomas, which will be presented through the Melvin Deese post of the American Legion, to the mothers of the boys who were killed or died in service, surpassed himself for eloquence at a similar occasion in Greensboro Sunday, judging from the press accounts. He arose at times to sublime heights of oratory—but let the Greensboro News reporter tell about it:

"The history of the world is an obituary," the governor began, and speaking rather softly and very slowly he proceeded to explain that he meant that all that we call civilization is colored by the influence of the dead, whether we would have it so or not. Therefore "in the presence of the stupendous problems born of the agony and blood of Time's greatest tragedy, it will be well for a little while to hold communion with the dear boys who have passed over the Great Divide."

The grave, declared Mr. Bickett, so far from making us all of the same size, only reveals the true proportions of the man. In life we see him through mists and shadows of prejudice and misunderstanding, but at the end the mists rise, the shadows flee and the man stands revealed. "Over the grave there are celestial balances, in which only the eternal verities weigh," and service to God and his fellows is the high standard of a man to which the 63 have measured up—a new proof that the best way for a man to save his life is to lose it.

"We sadly miss these boys; but while we miss, we do not pity them. The only man I pity is the man who did not want to go. The world was aflame," exclaimed the governor, beginning the first of his notable periods, which swept the climax when he thanked the American legion for honoring him and adding dignity to his office in giving him opportunity to pay his tribute to these men. The first applause of the day interrupted him, and it was redoubled a moment later when he described the bursting of the Hindenburg line and told how "the invincible warriors of a super-race arising in the dust cried 'Kamrad!'"

That ended the eulogy, proper. "But for what did they fight?" was the next sentence, and the speaker's voice took on a tinge of bitterness as he quoted some lines from "Bliebenheim." "History will record," he went on, "that we won a famous victory. But what was it all about?" Then in a burst of eloquence that held his audience tense he described America going to war—the young men going cheerfully to the camps, all the nation girding itself for a mighty effort, its ears ringing the clear call of the President to fight that the dragon war might be destroyed, the press reiterating the cry, ministers of the gospel going to the holy desk and in the name of the Prince of Peace urging men to go out to war, mothers thrusting guns into the hands of their sons, all because they believed that it was a war against war. "You believed it, I believed it. The world believed it. And the 63 who come not again believed it."

Then the governor read a letter from a young captain of the 20th division to his mother, written just two weeks before a German bullet killed him. It was a tenderly beautiful thing, expressing the soldier's belief that he made no sacrifice comparable to that of the women at home and declaring his readiness to meet his fate unflinchingly because he was thereby preventing other mothers in other years from experiencing the heartaches of war. The speaker read it wonderfully well, and before he finished his utterance was being punctuated with sobs from the listeners.

Very soberly then as he folded the letter the governor said, "I believe it is a dangerous thing to lie to the Lord God Almighty. We dedicated, we consecrated this nation to end the horrors of war. If this is not precisely the thing for which we fought, then we are a nation of liars." The league of nations he declared an "honest earnest attempt to keep faith with the world and the Lord God." Let last Friday, "forever be known as Black Friday," the senate did to death the league of nations; and "a shout of triumph echoed through the regions of the damned and all the limbs of hell sang together for joy."

Here the governor took occasion to commend an editorial of the Daily News on the subject. He read it with such marvelous effect that one involuntarily wondered if he were not able to duplicate Henry Irving's achievement in such a way as to draw tears from his hearers.

"The people are reeling and staggering under the impact of their blasted hopes," was his description of the country today. We went forth and destroyed the Hun, and then turned around and committed moral suicide. America, drawing the mantle of her riches and her power around her, sits in the seat of the scornful, and tells the peoples of the world that their ideal is an empty dream.

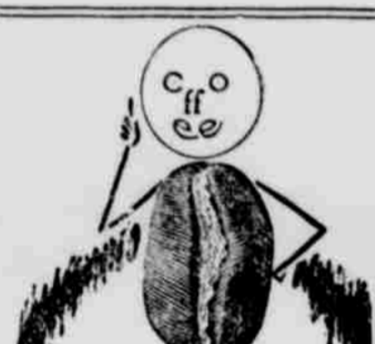
"But for one thing I would quit, I would feel like withdrawing into some solitude, and there sorrowfully awaiting the bitter end. But I believe in the resurrection of the dead. In the darkness and desolation I hear the voice of the old Hebrew prophet proclaim: 'Thy dead men shall live'; and I believe that some day the shrouded legions of the dead will arise and recouple the nation back into the path of honor."

"Nothing is ours until we share it."

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator of Raymond Bowman, deceased, this is to notify all persons holding claims against my intestate to present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 7th day of March, 1921, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This March 5, 1920.
F. A. CHANEY, Administrator.
Stack, Parker & Craig, Attys.



"I'm Mr. Berry

"Mr. Boscul Coffee Berry. Notice my chaff vest showing in front.

"When my coat is cracked open by the Boscul process like this—



"My vest of worthless chaff falls out like this—



"Also the bitter tannin it contains. So you get only the good part of the berry—fragrant, wholesome, delicious! Let's get acquainted today!"

In tins and sealed cartons only. Never in bulk.



BOSCUL Coffee

The best of the berry

HOWARD WOLFE, Representative,
Monroe, N. C.

JUNK Wanted

We are always in the market for iron, metal of all kinds, bones, paper, etc. Open every day.

Monroe Iron & Metal Co.
Near Freight Depot.

WILMINGTON Automobile Show —AND— Industrial Exhibit

Under Auspices Wilmington Chamber of Commerce

All Easter Week

Beginning Tuesday Night, April 6th, and Every Afternoon
and Night for Rest of Week.

Big Display of Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors, Giant
Exhibit of Industrial Devices for Home and Farm.

IN GORGEOUS DECORATIVE SETTING

Daily Appearance of the Famed

Royal Scotch Highlanders Band in Native Costumes

THREE ---- NOTED SOLOISTS ---- THREE

FOLLOW THE RED ARROWS UPON REACHING
THE CITY.

Spring Opening

In our assortment of beautiful fabrics which the new Season brings you will find

- SWISS ORGANDIES
- TISSUE GINGHAMS
- FRENCH VOILES
- BEAUTIFUL NEW SILKS

We have them all in every weave and shade which

DAME FASHION
has decreed.

It will be a pleasure to show you

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MONROE, N. C.