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WINGATE SCHOOL TEACHER STILL IN FAVOR OF PRIMARY

Prof. White says Chief Objection to Conventions is That They Are Usually Packed.

Prof. M. L. White, principal of the Wingate public school, writes in the Raleigh News & Observer, as follows: Still trusting the "old Reliable" as a present help in the day of political extremity, please permit me to say in your columns, "Is my name written there?" in favor of a legalized primary.

Any candid man can see objections to any system intended to express the will of the people in a popular election; and the most serious objection against our present primary system is permitting Republicans to participate. This was not in contemplation when this law was enacted; and a proper enforcement of the act would prohibit the suffrage of every Republican who failed to bind himself to support the nominee. So far as participation as an elector in either a primary or a convention, is concerned, the participant tacitly binds himself to support the nominee; and no other course is honorable.

I am a citizen of Cleveland county; and politics is meat, drink, the burden of waking thoughts and the spirit of dreams; as pertains to every male who has reached the mature age of fourteen years.

The chief end of man is to get office, and the way the namesake of Benjamin Cleveland supported its abused knight and popular idol, O. Max Gardner, reminded us of the historic slogan "Hold Robeson and save the State," or the local tradition as to Leatherwood precinct, Avon county, Kentucky, where I first learned the duties and privileges of a sovereign voter. Leatherwood abounded in Bryans, Coomers, Walters, and Williamses; all of the most pronounced woolly-necked Democratic faith and practice. In event of a close race Leatherwood held back voters to see how many were required; and always responded with the necessary majority. At that time the martial commonwealth of Boone and Keaton was the banner Democratic State in the Union; and now Kentucky is too dumb to be confusable.

Suppose we held to the primary and let it remain in the Democratic family.

Let me suggest, further, that a plurality vote settle the contest.

We had three very able candidates for governor this time; and the preferential method would have settled it sooner, with less expense to both Mr. Gardner and Mr. Morrison; and the political wounds would have healed quicker. Of course I think Mr. Gardner and Mr. Page are broad and generous enough to cordially support the nominee; but the fellow who don't get a thing out of it is the man to cherish a grudge.

Objections to packing conventions created the demand for the primary system, and those objections still obtain. The expressed will of all Democrats is what we want; and with proper safeguards the legalized primary will achieve the result.

I am for prohibition, and it is on the statute books. But because we still have contraband whisky does not argue the law is inoperative. Many defects, such as perverted public sentiment and lax enforcement are obstacles; but everybody can see that the tendency is toward triumphant temperance.

Death of Mrs. Jane E. Baker.

Early last Friday morning the death angel visited the home of Mr. John Forbis, near Mill Grove Methodist church, and removed from our midst Mrs. Jane E. Baker. She was seventy-two years of age, and had been in feeble health for some time, but her death was unexpected and almost sudden. She had been a member of the Mill Grove church for a long time. She was a good woman and died in the Christian faith. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. John Forbis, and one sister, Mrs. Jas. Ritch, and several grand-children. May God bless them all and help them to be resigned to His will, realizing that she is not really dead, but asleep in Jesus.—T. J. Higgins, Pastor.

His Only Failing.

A conscientious objector, undergoing examination from a physician, was anxious that the medico find something wrong with him.

"Doctor," he pleaded, "I couldn't bear to shoot one of the poor Germans. Why, just think, they have wives and children, the same as we have. I couldn't take a human life."

"Stand still and shut up," retorted the physician, applying his stethoscope.

"I'm sure there's something the matter with my heart, too," began the complainant hopefully. "It feels so funny. Don't you find it weak?"

"None," growled the M. D., putting his instruments away. "It isn't weak. It's just a little mite too kind, that's all. You pass, Next!"

The world must be made safe for democracy.—Wilson.

MONROE LODGE NO. 244
A F A M
MEETS TONIGHT

SOCIAL EVILS FLOURISH ALONG MECKLENBURG ROADS

The Sanctity of Church Grounds Frequently Violated by Automobile Parties.

Several of the more prominent farmers are discussing the social evil, which they say flourishes in the summer along the public highways to such an extent that they dare not walk out along the road, or take drives in mixed company, says the Charlotte Review.

One of the most prominent farmers in Crab Orchard township told of an occurrence at a neighborhood church recently that would shock even those who are insured to rather disgraceful conduct. The sanctity of the churchyard, the final resting place of saints who have passed long since their reward, was violated, flouted—"giggled at," to use the words of the man who told it, by the young Charlotte girl who took a part in the affair. The affair was witnessed by two ladies who were in the church, preparing it for worship.

In the opposite end of the county, in Steele Creek, a negro sexton has complained to a magistrate that the conduct at his church is such that he must have protection—white people are the principles in the case on each occasion.

In Steel Creek a prominent man told a Review representative that he was afraid to drive along the road towards Charlotte at night.

"I have witnessed such conduct that I am afraid to pass along that way in mixed company or with my small child," he said.

He advocated the immediate appointment of a number of motorcycle policemen.

"I think they should patrol all the roads around the city and not have any certain time on a road to travel. Just be on the lookout all the time. They could with perfect propriety approach any car that was standing and if the occupants were in trouble they might render assistance, or be of some service; but if it happened to be some of these debauched people out for a frolic, the officer could order them to move on and enforce the order. I do not for a moment think we could break up the practice; but we could at least drive them to more secluded places and make the roads safe for right thinking people to travel over."

"I have seen some mighty bad things out here in Steele Creek. If some of the mothers in Charlotte know what was happening when some of their daughters go out riding in the evening, or when they go "up street shopping" in the afternoons, it would open their eyes. I want to tell you that it is not confined to the so-called common element either. I have seen some of them out here who think they are mighty good. I am perfectly frank to say that they may think they are fine—that's a difference of opinion—I don't."

"An automobile is a mighty useful piece of machinery. I couldn't get along without one; but the uses to which some of them are being put, almost drives me to the opinion that they are the greatest curse civilization has ever encountered. For wrecking the lives of young girls and boys, the open saloon isn't a circumstance to the automobile."

Several prominent farmers in discussing the situation stated that something should be done to break up the practice. Many instances were cited to show that the situation needs attention. It is apparent from the statements made in several parts of the county that it is not segregated to any one particular locality.

Honesty in Far North.

Here is an interesting story of painstaking honesty as practiced in the Far North. When the geological expedition of Messrs. Leith was wrecked in a terrific storm at Whale River, nearly one hundred miles from the nearest source of food supply, it was necessary for them to abandon a large part of their outfit. Nearly fifteen months later they received a letter from the Hudson Bay's House in London, announcing that a case of goods for them had been forwarded by freight and inclosing a bill for 30 cents.

In due time Messrs. Leith got the box packed exactly as they had left it after the wreck. Besides some very valuable specimens, it contained two water-soaked cameras, some disinfected maps and geological hammers, mugs and geological reports, pencils, one glass bottle of drawing ink, and so forth.

Prepared on poles to escape the ravages of foxes, it had remained until the following winter, when Esquimaux, passing on their winter hunt, took the box along on a toboggan and returned with it in the spring to the post at Great Whale River. When Hudson's Bay opened in the summer, the box went out on the post's sailboat on the annual trip to the central supply department of the Hudson Bay Company on Charlton Island, some four hundred miles distant. On the arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Discovery from London the box was put on board and carried to London.

It reached Messrs. Leith in Madison, Wis., in January 1911, after traveling 7,500 miles in at least five different kinds of conveyance, at a cost of \$1.20.

On one occasion a pocketbook containing 20 cents was dropped on a portage, picked up, carried two hundred miles and returned.—Detroit News.

I have always found that the less we speak of our intentions, the more chance there is of our realizing them.—John Ruskin.

Death of Mrs. Z. A. Pressley.

On the morning of August 16th, 1920, the angel of death entered the home of Mr. Z. A. Pressley and took away the beloved wife and mother.

Before marriage Mrs. Pressley was Lenna Orr, only daughter of the late James I. and Roberta Secrest Orr. She was 29 years, 3 months and 22 days of age.

The funeral was conducted at the home church at 9:30 Tuesday morning, Rev. S. M. Needham, assisted by Rev. A. B. Haywood, conducting the service. Interment was at Emanuel cemetery.

Her last illness was of long duration, but she accepted her suffering patiently and without complaint. She expressed a wish, however, that she might live to help rear her two small children.

Mrs. Pressley gave her heart and life to the Lord and united with the M. E. church at Indian Trail when but a small child, and remained a devoted member until death.

She was a woman of a quiet and unassuming disposition and was held in high esteem by all her friends. Her life was such as to impress others with her deep piety and consecration to God's service.

She is survived by her husband, two children, Woodrow, aged 7, and Edith, aged 3, and five brothers, Messrs. H. M., Carl, Stacy, James I., Jr., and Thomas Orr.

To the bereaved ones we extend our sincere sympathy and trust that they may be submissive to God's will, knowing that their loss is her gain.

Weep not for her, bereaved ones; She has only gone before; She is waiting for each of you On the eternal golden shore.

For her, was no star of the grave; For her, death had no sad ring; Then, oh Grave, where is thy victory, Then, oh Death, where is thy sting? —A Friend.

The New Member.

(Fairfax Downey in Home Sector.) The committee on elections of the Poor Losers Club—location, the basement of the Hall of Fame—were gathered in solemn and gloomy conclave. Some Shade had had the effrontery to propose himself for membership among this very select company of those who had staked their all and lost—with ill grace.

The spirit of a dripping weather prophet of the time of Noah crabbedly called the meeting to order.

"Who is the new fellow?" asked the Fox of Sour Grape fame. "I doubt very much if he's worth while."

The Fool There Was glared savagely at Lot's wife, who was coquetishly powdering her nose from a salt cellar.

"If the applicant qualifies, I'll bet there was some vamp in his case," rasped the Fool.

The pallid ghost of the man who held the contract for the Tower of Babel here attempted to take the floor, but his words were unintelligible.

"Maybe that low-peered Tortoise that beat me by a trick lost his next race hard," conjectured the Hare.

"Whoever it is, he'll have a hard time beating our record," the Kaiser and Gott told each other.

"There was a noise at the door, Di-do and the Sultors of Penelope, who had been absorbed in an earnest discussion of eternal triangles, looked up.

There entered now the long-awaited candidate, a profiteering army contractor who had sent his bill through military channels.

"At the time of my death, ten years later," explained the shade, "that blame bill was still cruising around in channels."

Without any opposition whatever, he signed the membership register. Then beckoned to the club bartender (United States, 1919) to set up the brimstone cocktails all around.

"Eyes Front!"

(Copyright, 1914, Richard A. Foley Adv. Agency.) There are people who walk through life backward. Their eyes are ever turned toward the past. What happened yesterday or a year ago seems to them to have much greater importance than what may happen today or tomorrow.

Some men date their whole lives from a past achievement, as though they never expected to achieve anything again.

Others dwell upon past failures or past injuries or past disappointments as though "finis" had been written in the history of their lives and they were just living on in reminiscence, reading over the same old papers.

It makes no difference what happened yesterday, or last week—or the last century—only in so far as it affects our future development materially and spiritually.

Traditions and prejudices and the old ways of doing things too often are leaden shoes on the feet of progress. The man who cannot divorce his energies from the achievements of his past is burdening himself with useless impediments.

Today is twice as important as yesterday, and if we live to see that "tomorrow," which they say will ever come, we will find its work is of greater importance than any that has gone before. Experience and learning are useful tools, but only to build the future edifices of human endeavor. The trouble with the manions of the past is that they crumble so quickly and we must ever erect new ones to house our activities. "Eyes Front!" is the command of the day. It is the watchword of improvement.—Richard A. Foley.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A nice leg of mutton, my Lucia, I pray thee have ready for me. Have it smoking and tender and juicy. For no better meat can there be. —Thackeray.

WHAT TO FEED THE CHILD.

Milk is the child's first food and the one of most importance through his growing years. It behooves every mother to see that she has clean milk, free from disease and of the standard richness.

As the child grows older he needs food that has bulk on which to exercise the teeth as well as to excite the digestive juices, given in plentiful supply.

An ideal food which comes next to milk and eggs in importance is whole wheat. It may be ground, to crush the kernels, which is an advantage, or it may be cooked long and slowly making a gelatinous mass which is especially good for a breakfast and supper food for a small child. Give it top milk or cream with no sugar. There is something about the food that is so appetizing that the child rarely tires of it. In many homes where the family like the whole grains in food they use a small hand mill, grinding their own breakfast foods and cereals for breads.

Cocoa is a good drink for children, but if given too often they become too tired of it. Hot milk for drink is well liked; malted milk for a change, and different cereal coffees, when one is sure there are no coffee beans put in for flavor. Coffee and tea, no matter how much diluted with hot water, should never be given to children.

Custards, baked, steamed or boiled, of various flavors, combined with chocolate or caramel are valuable foods.

Baked apple, potatoes, scraped beef, milk toast, and cooked cereals of different kinds, if cooked for hours to soften the cellulose, are other foods of high value.

There is no dessert which is more wholesome for the child than a well baked apple. Wash and core it and bake, filling the cavity with sugar; a bit of lemon juice and butter added will improve a flavorless apple.

Coddled Eggs.—Place eggs in boiling water a pint to an egg, cover closely and let stand on the back of the stove six or eight minutes if desired soft, 10 to 15 minutes if medium, and a half hour for a hard cooked egg. A hard cooked egg cooked this way is easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

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Nellie Maxwell

Equal to the Job.

A primary teacher was recently giving her children some exercise in the development of imagination. She said beguilingly, "Now, each one of you tell me the one thing he'd like most, Johnny, what do you want most of all?"

"I want a velocipede!" "And you, Mary?" "Mary beamed shyly. "I want a doll!"

"And Bobby, what will you choose?" Bobby stood up with erect determination. "I want the world!"

"Oh, but you can't have the whole world," the teacher admonished. "Choose something smaller."

"You tell me to choose what I want, an' that's it. Gimme the world."

"But what would the rest of do if you owned the whole world?" she expostulated.

"I'd let you live on it if you acted nice."

"But you couldn't manage the world, Bobby."

"I'd hire a man to run it for me."

"Where could you find a man who would try to run the whole world?" "Wilson!" triumphantly retorted Bobby.

A western woman applied to the Chinese mission for a servant and was given a boy just over from China.

"Now, Sing," she explained, "I am going up-stairs to have my nap, and if anybody comes to see me, tell them I'm not in."

Sing could not understand. She was "not in," and yet she was in. So when a friend called he woke her up. This made her furious, and she speedily sent Sing back to the mission.

The Chinese employment agent urged her to give Sing another trial, saying that he was not used to American ways.

Special Notices

See cent a word each insertion.

FOR SALE—Two pairs counter scales, in good condition.—W. H. Starnes, Indian Trail, N. C.

WANTED—A good cook. Apply 314 West Crowell street.

WANTED—All the chickens I can get. Friars especially wanted.—S. R. Doster.

FOR SALE—New 1-ton Ford truck. See J. E. Liles or Ben H. Wolfe, at Monroe Service Station.

CUTTING SHINGLES AGAIN—At the Palmer Steele old stand. Shingles of all kinds ready for delivery, and making more every day. See L. N. Griffin at the mill or L. R. Brown at Carmel.—L. R. Brown, Monroe route 4.

FOR SALE—Eight fine pigs, six weeks old last Tuesday.—C. E. Sell, Unionville, N. C.

FOR SALE—Building lots; terms if desired.—C.D. Roberts, phone 208-R.

SUGAR—We are always in position to supply your wants in sugar. If you get in the habit of buying from us, you will never be out. We are always at your service.—Ruff & Co., Columbia, S. C.

WANTED—One thousand dozen eggs at once. Have big orders to fill. Prices good.—S. R. Doster.

LOST—Bunch of keys in leather key case. Reward for return to Chamber of Commerce.

STRAYED—Horned Jersey colored cow, with chain on horn.—P. P. W. Plyer.

DEALERS IN FORDS—We will ship you a carload of good used Fords all models ready for resale at a price that will make you money. Will ship freight car inspection allowed, small deposit required as good faith, balance sight draft bill lading attached. For particulars write or wire Chicago Used Ford Exchange, Chicago's Oldest and Largest Used Ford Dealers, 1450 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE on the Wilmington and Monroe highway a small farm, one tenant house and plenty of timber and water.—J. Frank Williams.

FOR SALE—Thirty pure-bred White Leghorn cockerels, \$2.50 each.—G. B. Caldwell, phone 89 and 118.

FOR SALE—Good family horse cheap.—S. R. Doster.

NOTICE.—The Monroe Insurance & Investment Company have moved their office temporarily into the building next door to the Bank of Union on Franklin street occupied by the Heath Cotton Company. Call phones 118—480 & 89.—G. B. Caldwell, Manager.

CURES DANDRUFF

A leading hairdresser says she has found nothing as good as Parisian Sage to cure dandruff and make the hair wavy, thick and lustrous. English Drug Co. sells the genuine.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Having this day duly qualified as administrator of the estate of Robert H. Wolfe, deceased, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned administrator on or before, August 9, 1921, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make prompt payment without further notice. This August 9, 1920. W. H. WOLFE, Administrator Robert H. Wolfe, dec'd.

SALE OF LANDS NEAR WINGATE, NORTH CAROLINA. Under and by virtue of a judgment of R. W. Lemmond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Union county, made in a special proceeding wherein the heirs at law of Ann Long and others are parties and being entered on Special Proceeding Docket as No. 58, to which reference is hereby craved, we will on

FOR SALE

Monday September 6th, A. D. 1920, at twelve o'clock P. M. at the court house door in Monroe, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash all of that tract of land lying and being in Union county, N. C., near the town of Wingate, N. C., and described as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake, Mariah Hamilton's line, and runs with her line S. 1-2 W. 7.45 chs. to a P. O. stump on southwest side of road, H. P. Meigs corner; thence with his line and said road S. 45 E. 4.25 chs. to a P. O. H. A. Redfearn's corner; thence with his line N. 47 1-2 E. 2.25 chs. to an iron stake in a ditch, McCuller's corner; in Redfearn's line; thence with McCuller's line N. 1-2 E. 9.16 chs. to an iron stake in said line; thence a new line S. 87 W. 4.56 chs. to the beginning, containing 4 1-4 acres, more or less, and being Lot No. 8 in the division of the Balay Barrino estate lands.

Bidding to begin at \$750.00. This the 13th day of August, A. D. 1920.

J. C. M. VANN and JOHN C. SIKES, Commissioners. Armfield, Maness & Vann and John C. Sikes, Attys.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION Having qualified as administrator of the estate of W. H. Long, deceased, late of Union county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned, or his attorney, on or before the 28th day of July, 1921, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 27th of July, 1920. J. M. LONG, Administrator of W. H. Long, deceased. W. O. Lemmond, Attorney.

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Liver Medicine

Accept No Substitutes for Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT Purely Vegetable Liver Medicine