

Miss "Letty" Drives Away Both Cotton And Christmas "Blues"

Despite the Distress This Kindly Marshville Woman Enumerates Hundreds of Things Which We Have to Be Joyful for on Christmas

By LINA C. HARRRELL.

Marshville, December 20.—It was one of those gray, gray days that the world just will turn out occasionally, when from the time you get up in the morning until you go to sleep at night everything goes dead wrong, and the whole universe seems bent on going to the damnation bow-wow. Everything you do or say is wrong and folks get peeved with you. Everything folks say or do is wrong and you get peeved with them. Everything you have ever done was a failure, and you are tempted to swear by your outraged feeling that you will stop right now and never do another thing for anybody. What's the use? Nobody appreciates it. You will just look out for number one after this like other folks do, and let the rest of the world go hang! And so on and on you go in this strain until finally you reach the point where you wish the entire universe would crash down about you and bury you miles deep under the trash and you could just lie there forever and ever. Amen!

That's the way the thing looked to me that morning and by ten o'clock I had reached the burial stage in great shape; but it gradually became impressed upon me that this easy solution was not going to happen, and I might as well count on living a while longer. Think of feeling like that and Christmas just around the corner!

Christmas! What could it amount to this year anyhow, with everybody so blue and down-hearted, and money so scarce you cling like grim death to even a postage stamp? How could you get up any Christmas enthusiasm when you saw a kind of haunted look in everybody's eyes because of the fear of hard times? Then there came wriggling into my mind this thought with its pointed tail and forked tongue, "I will really be glad when Christmas is over." That scared me good-fashion, and I was up in a flash. Something had to be done, and that quickly. Never, never before had such a thought as that crept into my head. I grabbed

my hat and wraps and struck out somewhere—anywhere just to give those blue devils the slip! I lead them a chase for half an hour, but when I stopped for breath here they came thick and fast and sat over me and rasped out quickly "Be glad when Christmas is over! Be glad when Christmas is over!"

But I looked up just then, and saw something. Just a tiny white cottage it was—so tiny you would almost stumble over it in the dark, and so white and clean looking you wanted to take it home with you for keeps. Its one chimney sent up a contented looking curl of smoke and a bright holly wreath sporting a perky red bow smiled from a window, while below it a host of white-narcissus nodded their fragrant heads and beckoned to me. Beading over the flowers was the shining silver head of—Miss Letty. I stopped dead still with a gasp. "Oh course! Why had I not thought of Miss Letty before?"

"Please," I begged. "Give me something to poison the 'Christmas Blues'!" They have got me down and are stamping on me!"

"Sit down!" she commanded, her cheeks getting pink and her kind eyes sparkling behind her spectacles. "Do you know?" she continued, "that this epidemic of 'Christmas Blues,' as you call it is setting to be as serious as the flu? I am plum ashamed of the folks. I am!"

"Go on, scold me; scold hard. I need it," I said, flopping into a chair in the corner and picking up the cat.

She laughed her quiet, soft little laugh that rubbed my raw nerves exactly the way the fur grew.

"You are about the tenth one I've seen this week trying to out-run the blues and find the usual Christmas cheer. What must the dear Lord think of us after He has been so good to us?" and she sighed softly. From the look in her eyes as she gazed into the fire I knew more was coming. I stroked the cat and waited.

"Let's forget the things we haven't got," she began presently, "and re-

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To All Who OWE US.

If you fail to settle with us by January 1st, or make satisfactory arrangements in regard to same, your notes and accounts will be put in the hands of an officer for collection at your expense. Do not wait and then complain at having to pay costs. It will not be our fault, it will be yours. You have had plenty of time and this is your last notice. We must collect to meet our obligations.

Collins & Hargett.

A Play

"Her Honor The Mayor"

will be given at the
Unionville High School
next Thursday night, December 23rd, at seven o'clock.

ADMISSION

Children under 12 years 15 cents.
Over 12 years of age 25 cents

Everybody is invited to Come and Bring the Rest.

RESOURCES EXHAUSTED. THE ROAD COMMISSION TO SEEK ANOTHER BIG BOND ISSUE.

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Issue the bonds if they can legally do so.

Granting the correctness of these assumptions, Union county will find itself next spring without funds for road construction and maintenance, and no legal method by which the old "free labor" system of road-working can be substituted for the present plan. It is either more bonds, "free labor," or higher taxes; and which of the three the public desires remains to be seen.

There is a pronounced disinclination to revert back to the old unsatisfactory "free labor" system; yet people generally seem equally averse to the issuance of more bonds.

Representative Frank Limerick, upon whom the responsibility for a solution of the intricate problem rests, is frank to admit he is puzzled over the situation. Senator R. I. Redwine, who passed the present road law, insists that the only thing to be done is to issue more bonds, and continue the work along the present lines. At the time he introduced his bill he figured on a good system of roads costing two million dollars; and now, since the road commission has purchased the necessary road machinery he believes the program could be completed at a good deal less cost than was anticipated.

Out of the condition of the commission's affairs arises a difficult legal problem; to-wit: in the event the road commission is unable to meet the claims for damages done to land, will the county be responsible? Monroe lawyers seem to be unable to settle this point.

HENDLEY IS PRESIDENT OF A SOCIALIST LOCAL

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arguments against the tariff, which were conceived during the campaigns of 1908 and 1912, when it was the chief issues between the two parties, and went on the war-path. "A protective tariff," says the Colonel, "is like giving local merchants the right to sell overalls tax free, while mail order houses and merchants in other towns would be taxed a dollar on every pair they sold in the county. The local merchants would sell their overalls at 10 cents a pair less than the standard price of their outside competitors and pocket the remaining 90 cents. A protective tariff is all tommyrot." And the Republican party will lose many of its recent converts if it attempts to stir up the tariff question. But they will be Democrats' gain.

About Tobacco Prices.

Mr. R. A. Morrow says about the only commodity in his line that has not declined is tobacco. "And there is less reason for the continued high prices of tobacco," he added. "The tobacco trust knows," continued Mr. Morrow, "that few people will reduce their daily portion of cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobacco, so they have made no cut in their prices, although leaf tobacco sold at about half the price this year that it did last year. Should everyone quit the use of tobacco for thirty days there would be tremendous declines in the prices."

The Low Price of Hides.

It takes a cow hide to pay the cost of having a pair of shoes half-soled, according to Mr. Jim Edwards, a former popular Union county mail carrier.

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GOOD ADVICE TO NEGRO RACE

Prof. Wray Lays Down a Set of Rules for Success

Cotton to-day 11.55.

The Reviews of Reviews for this month, one of the biggest magazines of the country, has a photograph and sketch of a native of Monroe. It is Dr. Frank Houston, president of the University of Texas.

At a called meeting of the directors of the Bank of Union last Friday night, Mr. J. E. Stack resigned as vice president, and Mr. J. R. Shute was elected in his stead.

The railroad company last week brought suits to condemn certain land in the vicinity of Lafayette street. Suits were brought against the estate of the late Abel Helms and against J. Shute & Sons. The clerk of the court appointed Messrs. R. A. Morrow, A. M. Crowell, and J. C. Sikes as the board of appraisers. The Helms case was heard Friday. A strip of land 61 by 273 was taken. After hearing testimony as to the value of the same, the commissioners decided that \$1000 should be paid the owners of the land.

The Union county cotton association met Friday and elected officers for the incoming year. Mr. I. J. W. Broom was re-elected president; Mr. John Griffith, vice-president; Mr. W. A. Eubanks, secretary; and Mr. G. S. Lee, treasurer. Mr. Griffith was also appointed organizer. Messrs. W. C. Heath, V. T. Cheers, and John Griffith were appointed a committee to attend the state meeting in Raleigh on January 2d.

Among the debaters at the close of the fall term of the Wingate school were Ray Funderburk, H. B. Jones, R. L. McWhirter, and W. D. Reynolds.

Mr. G. M. Smith, of Wingate, had two bales of cotton stolen last week.

Mr. T. P. Dillon will give a phonograph entertainment at Wingate next Saturday for the benefit of the music department of the school.

A few nights ago, says the Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer, Mr. L. A. Tyson of Ansonville township concluded that he was hungry for a good mess of 'possum and sweet potatoes, so he hid himself to the woods, accompanied by his dog, in search of one. Soon after Mr. Tyson left Mrs. Tyson had occasion to go into the kitchen for something when lo and behold what should she see but a fine, fat 'possum drinking out of her slop bucket. Mrs. Tyson was very much startled at the apparition, but she quickly recovered her wits and soon had the 'possum securely fastened in a box. Mr. Tyson did not have such luck in the woods, as he came home empty handed.

At the recent state fair, says the Raleigh News and Observer, a cotton picker that does the work of a large number of hands was on exhibition, and its inventor believes in a few years it will be in operation on almost every cotton plantation. Its successful use would make a great

MONROE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Journal of this date 15 years ago.)

change in the cotton growing industry. But, without waiting for the patented cotton picker, about which many farmers are skeptical, the Oklahoma farmers have devised a pleasanter and easier way as the following from The Monroe Journal says:

"The folks who went to Oklahoma to buy town lots tell of the way the people pick cotton out there. They have a narrow drag, something like a sled, to which is hitched a pony. On it are seats for two or three hands. This is driven between the rows and the hands ride and pick."

Think about it—no more aching backs from stooping in the cotton patch, no more tired feet from walking the long rows, no more weary arms from lifting the heavy baskets. Henceforth we will hitch our pony to a sled-like concern and cotton picking will be as much fun in the South as sled riding in Maine, and, instead of wishing to shirk work, boys will be begging their fathers to let them skip school that they may pick cotton as they go pony riding. It may indeed become a social function. With sleds built for two, the young fellow and his sweetheart may harness up the pony and go a courting the cotton field, with a kiss to brighten the way at the end of every cotton row.

The cotton picker's heaven is near at hand, beloved!

Day of Good Deeds.

A man said in a sanctimonious tone one evening to his wife:

"How happy I am this evening, dear! I have done three good deeds today."

"What were they?" inquired his wife.

"On the way to business," said he, "I saw a young woman weeping on a church step with a baby at her knee. I asked her what the trouble was and she said that she had walked seven miles to have her baby christened and now found that she had lost her money on the way."

"I told her to cheer up, handed her a ten dollar bill, and bade her have the child christened, and bring me the change. She did so—and thus, my dear, I did three good deeds. I performed, first, an act of charity; I started, second, a little child in the way it should go, and I got change for a bad bill."

Open Season.

A tourist was just emerging from a corn-field by the roadside, bearing in his arms a dozen handsome roasting ears, says the Oakley Graphic. A second car approached and stopped, whereupon the tourist reached for his pocket-book and asked in an embarrassed manner, "How much?"

"One dollar," said the newcomer, and then, after receiving payment, remarked, "This is a fine field of corn. Wonder who it belongs to?"

—Kansas City Star.