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## Shall we feed you in 1921

# Bivens Brothers

282 PHONES 255

### TOWN CHAIR OF COULOGNE

There Was Only One, and It Belonged to the High Mayor.

For many months the little city of Coulogne, in the Alsine region of France, possessed but a single chair and it was the property of the mayor. It was officially known as "The Chair" until the Junior Red Cross of America sent to that city a great camion loaded with chairs and tables that had been made by the boys of America in their manual training schools. Last year thousands of these articles of furniture were sent to the devastated areas of France.

The story of Coulogne's chair is related by two representatives of the American Red Cross who have just returned to this country after long service abroad. They had gone to Chambery to adjust some difficulties that had arisen to block construction of the Quentin Roosevelt Memorial Fountain, the details of which had been entrusted to the American Red Cross by the late ex-President Roosevelt. At Chambery they learned that the mayor resided in Coulogne and when they located him there he apologized for having left the city's only chair at the town hall. All were forced to stand throughout the visit.

An exchange of views quickly adjusted matters pertaining to the memorial fountain and as the Red Cross representatives departed for Paris they promised to relieve the solitude of that town chair. Soon afterward a van-load of Junior Red Cross furniture was sent to Coulogne and the next time a Red Cross official

visited the little city it was proudly pointed that the entire company gathered to confer with him was seated and the gratitude of all present was voiced to the American lads who had so generously contributed the badly needed tables and chairs.

**The Beauties of New York.** (From the Type Metal Magazine.) Someone has called New York a city of contrasts.

And so it is. It makes little difference to New York whether her visitors are high-brows or lowbrows, cultured cosmopolites or rough-necked provincials, tightwads or spendthrifts.

She can give them all they want. Fine art store flourish alongside postcard shops.

A five minutes' walk separates you from a jewelry store where they sell a hundred thousand dollar necklaces, and a shop where nothing is priced at more than ten cents.

You can spend ten dollars for your dinner at any of fifty hotels and restaurants, or you can go to as many little table d'hote places, just around the corner, and get a wholesome meal for sixty-five cents or a dollar a plate.

For amusement there is the Hippodrome, seating thousands, or a cozy little theater where four hundred is the capacity. For the highbrows there is the little theater where they put on plays nobody can understand, or the magnificent opera house.

Deep-cushioned, luxurious limousines and squeaky runabouts fight for the right of way on Fifth Avenue.

Stogies are displayed in the same case with Havana perfectos at one dollar each.

Twenty and thirty story skyscrapers are sprinkled among two and three story shacks.

If I were an artist and had to translate the spirit of New York City onto a canvas, I think I would make these contrasts the dominant note.

It seems to me that in these contrasts we catch the real spirit of America.

It is contrast that makes Lincoln live in our minds; that it should be possible for a country boy, a rail-splitter, with almost no education, to rise to the presidency of the United States!

Teaching has other rewards than money; what reward could be greater than to teach a new Washington or a new Lincoln?

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## Wanted—A Husband

By KATE EDMONDS

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Had some good fairy suddenly inter-rogated Janice concerning what she wanted more than anything else in the whole world, the instantaneous answer would have been "a husband," which perhaps, is not so very surprising after all; for while the response would come on the heels of the question, it would lack the saving grace of being absolutely true. It was not so much a husband for which Janice yearned, as that which a husband usually represents.

Janice wanted a husband because she could not find a man to serve in the role of friend, whose reassuring arm would chase away all fear when the dark bridge had to be crossed at night after work; one who would sympathetically listen to the little tale of woe about the dominating forelady in the "department." Somehow it seemed to Janice if she could find a husband, he would be the pal for which she longed.

But in monotonous friendliness Janice continued to hemstitch her days away, until one day above the din of the machines electrically growling out the work, she had heard herself referred to as "the old maid."

In that moment an idea dawned and found expression; my plan seemed feasible to avoid the ridicule of her fellow-workers.

"I'll pretend there is some one. He lives far away, so I can't see him, but I must write him letters to inspire him in his work." She reassured herself. "Why shouldn't I?"

Then as the pretty pieces of orange came out from beneath her needle in long rows of even hemstitching, the imagined husband of Janice was quite complete as to details, even to a name. "I think I would like the sound of Mrs. John Carpenter," and in her mind's eye she saw visiting cards bearing the words.

The day's work completed, she retraced her steps to the tiny room called home and sauntered into the "parlor" as nonchalantly as she was able, that no attention might be directed to her perusal of the almanac which comprised the sole extent of the rooming house library. Opening the book at "List of Towns in the United States" and turning to a page of that section at random, she placed her finger with blind faith and opened her eyes to find herself pointing to "Hay Ranch, Oklahoma."

In the safe seclusion of her room, the first letter was indited to the creation of a lonely girl's imagination. It was a sweet little letter, filled with the yearning for an understanding friendship.

When the missive, lacking other identification than "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" was deposited in the mail box, Janice felt happier. Though but the fragment of her own mental creation, she had somebody to whom she "belonged." Nor was this the last letter composed, for whenever the ogre of loneliness pretended power, another would be dispatched telling "My darling husband John" all the details.

Some months had slipped by and early summer had merged into late fall. At the end of a trying day's work, Janice returned to the rooming house too despondent and depressed to care about the evening's meal. She walked slowly down the broad thoroughfare lined with its stores, restaurants and theaters, the loud billposters acclaiming the entertainment offered within. Amid the jostling of the unmindful crowds, intent upon scurrying home, Janice was banded about, unnoticed in the motley assortment of humanity. In her hand she held, ready for posting, her letter to "John Carpenter, Hay Ranch, Oklahoma" in which she had written, "I long for a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city. It does not seem that I can stand the strain much longer."

Janice turned the corner onto a more secluded street, where some construction work was being conducted. A scaffolding, its false foundation falling, gave way with a rasping but too abrupt warning to permit Janice to escape the deluge of things the boards supported.

Then, save for the fact that she had been grabbed with precipitate speed, she was conscious of no more until the white walls of a hospital room became as apparent a reality as the pain in her body; and the smell common to medical institutions forced itself upon her consciousness.

A nurse, stiffly starched in white-apron cleanliness, greeted her. "Better, I see. Would you like to see a visitor?"

Janice closed her eyes. "A visitor?" This was a new world indeed. "Who would visit me?" The question came in a faint, far-away whisper of utter hopelessness.

The nurse smiled in professional fashion. "It is the man who snatched you actually from death. It was at great risk to his own life." She paused a moment and went on: "He comes every day to learn of your progress," and she added: "He sent you these roses."

Janice thought surely she was dreaming. She shut her eyes tightly—and opened them upon six feet of man, literally towering above the low cot.

She looked up at the friendly

stranger as he held her hand lying so inert above the coverlet and smiled a wan, happy smile. "Thank you, Mr. Man, for the lovely roses."

Through long, torturous months when fractured bones seemed difficult of mending, always he was there, radiating a protecting friendship which seemed to yield the strength her pain-racked body demanded.

But when the period of convalescence was nearly over and no doctor's time limit did end the delightful moments before the bay window overlooking the head in the river where the water sluggishly drifted into the ocean beyond, intimate, hopeful words of future happiness hurried the ultimate day of complete recovery.

Each morning the bed-tray, laden with savory breakfast dainties to tempt the returning appetite of the convalescent, was abetted by a sprightly nosegay, charming, colorful, fragrant. And nesting in its heart, Janice would find a tiny note of good cheer; sometimes an original thought of the man's big heart; often a gem culled from the mighty work of an inspired poet or author.

It was a wonderful morning, the sun reflecting its rays within the room with many multi-colored beams. Janice fussed before the hand mirror, adjusting the furbelows on the pretty dressing sack the nurse had generously lent her. Reflected in the looking glass she held in her hand, she saw the door opened, and then two strong and gentle hands were laid upon her shoulders.

It did not seem possible that the lonely Janice, unloved until this, her twenty-sixth birthday, could be listening to these wonder-words. "I have come to take you to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city."

Astonished, Janice heard this strange repetition of the wish confided to her "husband," and the man laughed delightedly at her consternation.

"I found this letter in your hand the day of the accident," he explained, "and opened it because it was addressed to me."

He paused a moment to withdraw a neatly tied packet from his pocket. "I came to the city from Hay Ranch, Oklahoma, to find my 'loving wife Janice' who wrote these wonderful letters."

Janice did the impossible. She laughed and cried at the same time. "And there really was a John Carpenter of Hay Ranch, Oklahoma?"

"Guiltily. But won't you answer my question?"

"What question?" Janice naively asked.

"Will you come with me to a dear little cottage far away from the struggles of a big city?"

And with the kiss he took from her lips, she gave him the answer.

### LOOKING TO COKE FOR FUEL

With the Inevitable End of the Gasoline Supply, That Material May Supply Substitute.

Gasoline will continue to go up in price. A few years from now we shall have to use something else as fuel for automobiles. The question is, what? The United States government bureau of mines thinks that we shall get the requisite substitute from coal. In every city there will be "by-product coke ovens," which will extract from the coal a light oil available for the purpose. The coke can then be used in our furnaces and for other ordinary fuel purposes. Germany during part of the war was practically shut off from every supply of mineral oil. She depended for her motor fuel entirely on coal, putting the latter through by-product coking plants. Before long we shall be obliged to do the same in the United States. Part of the light oil in coal is toluol, which in time of war is needed for the manufacture of TNT. Modern warfare requires enormous quantities of the substance for making high-explosive shells. During the first part of the war the allies came near defeat for lack of it. Another by-product from the coking of one ton of soft coal is 5,000 cubic feet of gas, available for cooking and other household uses. The coke itself makes an admirable smokeless fuel for furnaces, if people could only be persuaded to use it.

**Art Collectors Fooled.** Wealthy collectors searching in Egypt for treasures and relics are often imposed upon by crafty Arabs, who manufacture mummies, using the bodies of their own dead, which they swathe in the mummy windings and enclose in stolen or spurious mummy cases.

The duped collector, after secretly negotiating with a mysterious Arab, is led to an abandoned pyramid, where the fake mummy is discovered. Then the Arab aids the collector in smuggling the mummy out of Egypt that the Egyptian authorities, who examine all relics taken out of the country, may not reveal his swindle.

**Best Jet Mined in England.** Jet is a bituminous mineral, and it is said, the vegetable remains of coniferous trees or fossilized wood. The best jet comes from mines in Whitby, England. Spain and France have large jet mines. Queen Victoria is said to have been very fond of jet, and during the latter part of her reign it came into great favor as jewelry. It is capable of taking a high polish and is very easy to carve. The genuine jet is so valuable that many imitations are in the market. The best imitations come from Italy and are called "Italian jet." The real jet is very light, while some of the imitations made from glass are heavy.

### Army Style of Correspondence

(From the Type Metal Magazine.) Will the army style of correspondence be taken over by business?

There are many who urge the adoption of the military form of letter on the ground that its brevity and simplicity would result in better letters and enormous saving of business time.

Executives who held commissions in the army during the war had an opportunity to learn the value of this form. Upon returning to their duties in civil life, several have caused it to be adopted for the correspondence of their companies.

One such executive, writing in a well-known journal, says it is being very successfully used in his firm, and that it is particularly useful for communications between his factory and its branch offices in other cities.

The other day I received from a publishing house a letter written in what was practically the military form. It looked like this:

To: John Doe.  
From: The Roe Publishing Co.  
Subject: Advertising rates.  
Acknowledging your letter of...  
Our rates are...  
Our terms are... etc.

Very truly,  
The Roe Publishing Co.  
By John Smith, Editor.

This communication differed slightly from the strict military form in that asterisks were used to mark the paragraphs instead of the numerals 1, 2 etc; and in that the writer closed with "Very truly" whereas in the army there is no phrase to close a letter.

About the only similarity this form has to the ordinary letter is the date. In a military letter there is no salutation; no address after the name of the person to whom it is sent; the main subject of the letter is stated in less than ten words at the head; the body of the letter is divided into numbered paragraphs; each paragraph contains but one thought, and deals with that thought completely; and, finally, there is no "polite ending," at simply the signature of the sender and his title.

The military letter is crisp and terse.

It states its subject at the beginning, which is very convenient when the letter is withdrawn from the files for reference.

The military letter wastes no words, handles each point in a separate paragraph, and when the message has been stated it stops.

It does away with those cluttered-up business letters; "be so good as to advise," contents noted," and the rest.

There are some who object to this form on the ground that the absence of a salutation and a polite ending detract from the tone of a letter, but in the opinion of those who advocate it, this objection is more than offset by the clearness and brevity of the military style.

Perhaps it is not suited for all business correspondence, but there is much to be said for the military letter.

### An Old Story.

(From the Type Metal Magazine.) Things and conditions are largely the reflection of our mental viewpoint.

To one person a dandelion is a tiny sun radiating a glorious golden glow; to another it is a common weed not worth noticing.

An old story illustrates the point: A man who had just moved into a small Pennsylvania town fell into conversation with an old Quaker who was accustomed to sit on a bench in the quiet square in the center of the village.

"What kind of people live here?" asked the newcomer.

"What manner of people didst thee live amongst before?" returned the Quaker.

"Oh, they were mean, narrow, suspicious, and very unfair," answered the man.

"Then," said the Quaker, "I am sorry, but they will find the same manner of people here."

Not long afterward, the old Quaker was accosted by another man who had come to live in the town.

"What sort of people are they here?" said the stranger.

"What manner of people didst thee live amongst before?" replied the Quaker.

A warm smile spread over the newcomer's face.

"Friend," he answered, "they were the best folks in the world. They were always friendly, kind and lovable, and I hated to leave them!"

The old Quaker beamed.

"Welcome, neighbor," he said, "be of good cheer, for thee will find the same fine people here."

### A Nature Lesson.

"Do nuts grow on trees, father?"

"They do, my son."

"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?"

"The pantry, my son."

### To Stop Falling Hair

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