

JOURNAL WANT ADS. ONE CENT A WORD FOR EACH INSERTION

FOR SALE—Polar bear dog—Cable's Garage.
FOR SALE—I offer my farm, containing about 118 acres, 50 or 60 in cultivation, and the stumps removed. Also good building and outhouse.—W. V. Tucker, Monroe, La., 3 miles southwest of town.
THREE FARMS FOR SALE—One 107 acres, 2 1/2 miles from town, one 26 acres 4 miles from town, one 26 acres 2 miles from town.—Fowler & Lee.
FOR SALE—Terms or cash; going out of business, one new ton and half truck.—Heath Motor Co.
FOR PROMPT and satisfactory service, see Nance Battery & Service Station for gasoline, oils, and battery service. Gloucester hotel corner, Monroe, N. C.
FOR SALE—Terms or cash; going out of business, three new Maxwell touring cars.—Heath Motor Company.
NOTE—We do general repair work, Ford, Chevrolts, and heavy jobs. We spend our profits with you. Tires and accessories.—R. Sam, opposite postoffice.
SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY—On Wednesday, January 13th, at 10 a. m., at my home near Vain street, I will sell to the highest bidder the following articles of personal property: Two milk cows, one brown and one (Chevrolet automobile, and a few farming tools.—D. W. Clark.
JAN. 4—Wednesday 1921. The on for chamber case, between Monroe and pulchra Ford, on the corner of State and 2nd. Finder may return to Healy Drug Co. 1200 1/2 street.
FOR SALE—Four black cows.—S. O. Smith, Monroe, La. 2.
FOR SALE—Sawmills and saws. Various sizes.—Fowler & Lee.
FOR RENT—7 rooms house on the corner of State and 2nd. In the amount of \$100 per month. Call on W. L. Ferguson.
AUTO TRANSFER—About all types of cars and trucks. Telephone 426. A. Frank Helton, Monroe, N. C.
FOR SALE—Modern bungalow in brick shell on East Everett street.—See W. E. Judas.
A GOOD LINE of Dugbbs and Haggins on hand all the time.—Fowler & Lee.
DR. HORACE SMITH, Eye—Sight Specialist, can now be found at his office regularly during the entire fall and winter. Your eyes examined and glasses fitted. The latest of everything known to the optical profession. Examinations free, you pay for the glasses only. Brokers lenses duplicated. New frames, mountings, and temples. Office in Belk-Bundy building, Monroe, N. C.
FOR SALE—A forty acre farm with a six-room dwelling, newly painted, and good barn, on public road, six miles from town; twenty acres in cultivation. Will make a hole to the acre with proper farming. Don't let this opportunity pass and then in a few years say "I could have bought that farm for so and so."—Fowler & Lee.
FOR SALE—Terms or cash; going out of business, one new Auburn Beauty Six.—Heath Motor Co.

OUR OLD STAND is open to the retail trade again. Pound cake is selling at 50c per pound; doughnuts, 15 cents per dozen; everything reduced in the line of cakes; cream puffs, 40 cents per dozen. Hot rolls every evening from 5 till 6:30, fresh from the oven, 10 cents per doz. Special sale on cake one week old Saturday; pound cake 20 cents per pound.—Monroe Bakery.
FOR SALE—One registered Shropshire buck and two ewes. If you want to make 100 per cent, try sheep.—G. S. Lee.
IF YOU WANT a good home in Monroe, see J. Frank Williams.

Care of the Hair
A New York woman says: "I have used Parisian Sage only two weeks, but my hair has wonderfully increased in beauty, seems much heavier, and is entirely free of dandruff." English Drug Co., sells it with money back guarantee.

Public Hauling
I operate three trucks, one of them the largest in the county. Will haul anything anywhere. Can be found at freight depot. Phone 24. M. F. BLAKENEY, Residence Phone 214-J, Monroe, N. C.

NOTICE OF SALE BY TRUSTEE
Under and by virtue of the authority vested in me by virtue of a certain deed of trust given by Albert Starnes and wife on the 18th day of April, 1917, A. D., which said deed of trust is duly recorded in Book A. W. page 287, Registry of Union county, North Carolina, being made in the payment of the note secured by said deed of trust and demand having been made by the holder of said note, I will Monday, the 17th day of January, 1921, at 12 o'clock, noon, in the court house in Monroe, N. C., offer for sale the following described lands situated lying and being in said township, Union county, and known as the home place of the late Albert Starnes.

Beginning at a rock in the old line of a black jack N. W. corner of Block III church—lot 2 84-101 (the road the old hermitage corner dead end) and runs thence the old line N 3 E 57 56-106 chs. to a small black oak; thence S 88 E 14 chs. 50 small curves to two small white oaks by three white oaks—red oak and black oak—Duke's and King's corners thence South 2 W. 61.51 chs. to a hickory and red oaks—now a pile of rocks; thence S 88 W 1 1/2 chs. to a rock in the old line, the southeast corner of said church lot thence with two lines of said lot as follows—1st N. 43 E. 354 chs. to a rock by a post oak—bush; 2nd N. 83 W 3.17 chs. to the beginning and containing 84 3/4 acres more or less being the land conveyed to Albert Starnes by C. N. Simpson and recorded in Book A-H, Page 45, excepting 14 9-29 acres sold to M. M. Winchester, and recorded in Book 46, page 656; 42 3/4 acres sold to S. S. Richardson, and recorded in Book 10, page 157; and 2 acres sold to Silver Mission church. P. H. JOHNSON, trustee, W. B. LOVE, attorney.

DR. S. A. ALEXANDER
VETERINARIAN
Office Phone 113, Res. 55-J

A Wide-Open Policy

By R. RAY BAKER

Harley Wentworth tilted back in his swivel chair and stretched luxuriously while he smiled with a quiet sort of triumph.
The battle—and a hard battle it had been—was over, and he was the winner. At the age of twenty-eight he was mayor of Kenton. Precedents had been overthrown, the standpatters had been overwhelmed, young blood had come out on top. For the first time in its history this city of 15,000 inhabitants was to have youth at its municipal helm. Only today at the polls the venerable Mr. Black had gone down to a crushing defeat.

Mayor-elect Wentworth heard the doorbell, and presently the housekeeper tapped at the study door and announced that "Mr. Hennison" was a caller. Harley directed that Mr. Hennison be admitted, and soon the person in question, a rotund, florid-faced, squint-eyed individual, whose clothing shouted to the world, but made no pretense of fitting, waddled into the study and flopped into an easy chair near Harley's desk.

"Well, we won," grunted Mr. Hennison, helping himself to a cigar from the box on the desk and wrinkling of the end with some tusk-like yellow teeth and ejecting the impregnated portion in the general direction of a wastebasket, which it failed to arrive at by several inches.
"I thought you might as well have a thorough understanding," he said, clearing on his cigar, "but was elected, of course, by the widespread sentiment. You ran with these supporters, of course, you know that. The understanding was that if you were elected things were to be thrown open and I was to operate with protection."

Harley exhibited a heavy cloud of smoke.
"There was no understanding—exactly," he said, "I made no promise, and there was no agreement that things were to be wide open. However, of course, I have the welfare of Kenton at heart."

"I understand," he grunted. "I think that's sufficient. All I wanted was your—your silent assurance, you might say."

Scarcely had Mr. Hennison left when the telephone bell rang.
"This is Jean," said a girl's voice. "I want to congratulate you. However, I much prefer to do it in person."

"It'll be right down," Harley assured her, and presently his car stopped before a neat, modest dwelling.
Jean came out on the porch and greeted him, not effusively, but in a manner that left no doubt as to sincerity.
"Be proud of you, Harley," she told him as she ushered him into the living room. "It's a great triumph to beat Mr. Black, who was in office so long. You certainly have great responsibilities on those young shoulders now."

"They're rather broad shoulders," he smiled. "They ought to be able to sustain some pretty heavy burdens."

She seemed to hesitate before speaking again, and her eyes studied the figure in the ring, while the fingers of her right hand fumbled with a diamond-set ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Harley, you know I'm very proud of you," she said presently, looking him in the eyes; "but I'm afraid, somehow, I've heard it was the wide-open element that selected you, and I'm afraid—well, you know it may bring a certain kind of prosperity, but think of the suffering in many homes. It is pretty well understood that liquor has been sold lately in spite of the prohibition law, and that there has been some gambling in spite of Mr. Black's efforts. It seems he hasn't been fully supported by part of his administration in his efforts to enforce the new law. That was bad enough, but if things are allowed to run with a free hand a great many people will suffer for it."

The mayor-elect smiled indulgently.
"Here, there, girl," he said, with a tinge of patronizing in his tones. "Don't you worry your little head about those things. I'll try to manage things all right. You don't understand politics thoroughly."

"There's party loyalty to be considered, and a number of things, Kenton should grow more rapidly, and it will if given a proper chance. I have an opportunity to make a record for myself, and to do so I must shut out of my eyes to certain things. But don't worry. Everything is going to run along smoothly."

"Of course you know best, Harley," she told him, while disappointment showed in her eyes. "I'm with you, anyhow, you know that."

It was rather late when they parted. Harley was tired, and he decided to take a short cut to his home; so two blocks from Jean's residence he turned to the left, instead of heading for the main thoroughfare.

Three blocks along this street he came to a corner on which stood a tall, magnificent-looking house, the only light in evidence being that which crept from behind tightly-drawn blinds. Harley smiled.

all at the helm until my inauguration."
He had not time to pass the house before the figure of a man lurched from the building and crossed the sidewalk into the street, crossing unsteadily and holding up a hand.

Harley stopped. He had to in order to avoid running over the man. The latter staggered around to the door of the car and held on his hand.

"I thought 'twas you, Harley," he said thickly. "I want to offer congratulations."

Harley recognized the interloper with a start. He was Jack Bolton, Jean's brother. He had not seen Jack for some time and had forgotten about him.

"Things going to be fine now, eh, Harley?" the other went on, raising a foot to the running board of the car. "Wide open, eh? Thash fine. Put 'em there," and he shook hands again with the mayor elect.

"Thank you for your congratulations," said Harley, as he prepared to start the car. But Jack did not take his leave.

"Just a minute, Harley," he said. "Say—have you—well, you see, I just blessed all my coin at roulette, in Hennison's there; and I wonder if you'd lend me a twenty so I can go back. Middle luck'd change. I haven't been able to pick 'em worth a cent. When I put coin on blue, then up comes—thash good sport, Harley, ol' man. Just lemme have twenty. I got to win back that coin or—go to jail, that's all. It's the firm's money."

Harley flung open the door of the car.
"Jump in," he directed. "I haven't that much with me."

The other obeyed, and shortly after the machine stopped before the home of the mayor-elect and the latter dragged his passenger into the house. By this time Jack was in a stupor, and Harley put him to bed and locked the door on him.

Then the mayor-elect went to his study, and sat in the swivel chair, and smoked three cigars, one after the other, and there was no sign of triumph on his face—only a dark scowl and an expression about his lips as though he had tasted something disagreeable.

Finally, with a decisive click of his teeth, he reached for the telephone. The face of the clock, dimly lighted by a desk lamp, showed the hands at half-past two.

He took down the receiver and gave a number.
"Hello, Hennison," Harley called presently. "This is Wentworth. Say, Hennison, you'll have to call that off—that wide-open stuff. I've changed my mind. Go easy; none of that abuse. I said I've changed my mind, and I mean it. I was elected mayor of this city, no matter who elected me. I didn't make any promises, remember that. You've got to shut that place up, and shut it tight. I'm not fooling. What's that? Are you threatening me, Hennison? Be careful. I'm going to be mayor of Kenton, and the town's going to prosper, and it's going to be decent, too. Good-by."

The mayor-elect tilted back in his swivel chair and smiled with a quiet sort of triumph, and he sat there a long time, gazing at the picture of a girl.

ARMY OFFICER NAMED TOWN

Grim Joke Responsible for the Peculiar Appellation Inflicted on Live-ly Arizona City.

The several recent newspaper and magazine stories going the rounds of the origin of the name of Tombstone, Ariz., which appellation was adopted from the famous mine which made the discoverer, Ed Schieffelin, a Gold Hill boy, a millionaire, give varied versions.

According to Judge C. B. Watson of Gold Hill, a lifelong friend and adviser of the prospector, the naming of this rich mine came about in the following manner:

It was in the late '70s when Geronimo, the famous Indian chieftain, was giving United States soldiers a merry chase in the southwest that Schieffelin found some very promising prospects in the Tombstone district, but on account of the Indian warfare and shortage of supplies in this isolated country, he covered his new find and retired to Nevada.

The next spring, with only his mounts and pack outfit, and for the purpose of getting a grubstake, he engaged himself as guide to a detachment of United States cavalry, which was seeking a route into the Indian country beyond Schieffelin's find.

Reaching the diversion point, he left the troopers and, pointing to the distant hills, he said, "Out there I expect to find my fortune." The commanding officer replied, saying, "Yes! You'll find your tombstone—ol' Geronimo will get you."

A HERO OF LEGEND

King Arthur Never Proved to Be Real Personage.

Early Saxon Chronicles Shed No Light on His Personality—His Burial Place Found by the Abbot of Glastonbury.

The story of King Arthur, rich in the poetic element, is weak on the historical side. That a hero-king, answering in some respects to the descriptions in British ballads, had existence, is possible, for it seems unlikely that so many associations should cling around an utterly mythical personage. Yet he has no mention whatever in the Saxon Chronicle, whose pages are rich in allusions to British kings struggling for freedom against the Anglo-Saxon invaders; and our main authority on the subject is the account written, six centuries later than the reputed period of King Arthur, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose narratives no one can accept seriously as truth. The legends, collected and handed down to us by Sir Thomas Malory, a writer of Edward IV's reign, were printed by Caxton under the title of "Morte d'Arthur."

When Henry II, in 1177, was in Wales, receiving the submission of the princes, he chanced to hear the deeds of King Arthur sung by the Welsh, and was told the exact place of the hero's burial at Glastonbury. Some years afterward the abbot of Glastonbury, the king's nephew, searched for the body, with what result let Giraldus Cambrensis, described in Camden's "Britannia" as "an eye witness," tell us:

"At the depth of seven feet a huge, broad stone, whereon a leaden cross was fastened on the part that lay downward, in rude and barbarous letters, this inscription in Latin was written upon that side of the head that was toward the stone, 'Hec licet hieburied King Arthur in Avalon Isle.' Digging deeper they discovered his body in the trunk of a tree, the bones of great bigness. His Queen Guinevere, a lady of passing beauty, lay by him, whose tresses of hair, in color like gold, seemed perfect and whole until it was touched, but then showed itself to be dust."

When Glastonbury abbey was made a ruin in Henry VIII's time the remains of King Arthur and his queen were ruthlessly swept away. It was on Cadbury hill, in Somerset, the famed Camelot of the Arthurian romance, that the British king prepared for his great stand against the Anglo-Saxon foe; and the name of Arthur still clings to the locality in "Arthur's Lane" and "Arthur's Well."

In the battle, almost the only event of his life to be regarded as historical fact, Arthur seems to have come out of the darkness by which he is surrounded. The Welsh songs are full of praise to his valor in the fight with Cedric, the Saxon king; "The Saxon Chronicle," unwilling, perhaps, to record a severe defeat, is silent upon the subject, but the result for a time, was a crushing blow to the invaders, and Cedric was never able to push his way into Somerset.—London Telegraph.

Newspapers in Spain.
The Spanish newspaper presents a problem to the American citizen who contemplates an advertising campaign in the Spanish press. There are 22 newspapers printed in Madrid, but as a rule these newspapers are supported by political, religious or industrial groups, and the advertiser is neither the source of income nor, as sometimes happens in consequence, the object of deferential admiration that he is in the United States.

The editor solicits for a public more interesting in local news than any other. One must remember also that of the approximate 22,000,000 people in Spain, more than half are illiterate and read no newspapers at all. No evening paper issues a Sunday edition, and no morning paper comes out on Monday, for Sunday work of any kind in newspaper plants is forbidden by the government.

Statue to Balboa.
Panama is to have a statue of Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific ocean. The contract for the work has already been signed at Madrid, and the monument has been entrusted to the sculptor Bonifacio. That there is to be no undue haste in the matter is signified by the fact that the contract does not call for the delivery of the monument until two years after the signing of the agreement. The opportunities for a most effective piece of work are many, with the likeness of the man overlooking the ocean of his discovery. The grandiose setting would seem to call for a grandiose actor to dominate the scene, says the Christian Science Monitor.

Aviation in the Sahara.
The French do not regard airplanes as profitable for use in commerce over the Sahara desert; it costs too much to move the mineral wealth of the territory by airplane when pack mules and camels can be used instead. But to supplement the desert police and to maintain French prestige military aviators are well worth while. The Arab tribes have deep respect for them and take to their heels whenever an airplane arrives.

Navy Never Supplied President.
No naval man has ever held the presidency, while 14 of the presidents were at one time or another connected with the army.

THE HOGVILLE POSTMASTER AND THE HIVE OF BEES

Important Postal Point Arises Over the Disposition of This Piece of Parcel Post Matter.

Hogville, January 3. — The Hogville Civic Improvement Society will probably issue an order to the Hogville Loafers' Club, with headquarters at the postoffice, to clean up the weed around the postoffice this winter. If this order is enforced it may result in the disbanding of this stalwart organization.

A hive of bees that the Mail Carrier has brought in by parcel post arrives to shed new light on postal law points before it is finally settled. The Mail Carrier who has reached the Hogville postoffice the Postmaster refused to take the bees off his hands, claiming it to be perishable mail matter. The Mail Carrier contends that the bees are supposed to have in the hive all necessary food to last them for a journey of any distance they may wish to go. But the Postmaster says the mail service cannot be operated on suppositions; that they must know what they are doing. The Mail Carrier says the package is not sealed and that the Postmaster can use all the powers vested in him and enter the hive and make such investigations as may be necessary.

The Wild Onion school teacher got an encyclopedia for ten days' free trial last week and is afraid he will have to ask for extension of time, as he's only got it examined as far as the B's.

Having found a gold-looking watch fob on a Tickville street Wednesday, Ray Barlow came home from there in the evening wearing a new suit with a vest to it.

Silo-Kildew says it is a family custom at his home to ask a visitor back, whether or not you really give a whoop if you don't see him any more.

Some old-timers still carry nails and strings in their pants' pockets, and wear full-bottomed Sunday suits with buttonhole flaps sticking out at the waist-line. We saw one of them leading string with a tuning fork at the Hog Ford church this winter.

A meeting for the purpose of making efforts to organize a brass band was held over the weekend Friday night. If each one who helped hold it has his own way, there would be eleven brass drummers.

A man's feet may be some distance from his head, still as soon as his toes get pinched, or his cornea begin to revolt at the blaspheony of the weather, that man's mind is directed toward his feet immediately.

Cricket Hicks has accepted the agency for a patent watch, which he is showing to the eager public. The watch has the words "Day" and "Night" stamped on its face, and that section of the dial traversed by the hour hand during the night is dark, while that of the day is light. By using this watch a person will not have to look out of doors to tell when it is getting dark.

Doc's barber shop has been closed ever since Monday noon, when he accidentally mislaid his razor some place.

It is the man with the industrious mind that makes money; not the gummastic laborer.

A THOUSAND PEOPLE PAY \$1000 EACH FOR BEEF STEW
"Banquet" Was Testimonial Arranged by Hoover of America's Effort to Save Starving Children.
One thousand of New York's men and women of wealth paid a thousand dollars or more each to sit a plain board table and eat beef stew.

The "banquet" was a testimonial arranged by Herbert Hoover, chairman of the European relief council, of America's effort to succor the three and a half million starving children of Europe.

The stew, accompanied by white bread and a cup of cocoa, was the same as served to starving children at relief stations throughout Europe at a cost of less than a cent and a half.

General John J. Pershing, Mr. Hoover, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. August Belmont and other notable carried soup bowls and were first in a line that passed by army field kitchens to be served. The servers were young society women.

Fritz Kreisler entertained the diners with several violin solos.

A vacant high chair, placed for the "invisible" guest of honor for the children for whom Hoover's campaign of thirty-five million dollars was launched, stood at the head of the speaker's table.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.
Paragraphs of Interest Gathered Here, There and Everywhere.
A Lynn, Mass., cook insisted that her employer transport her to church in a car every Sunday morning. He did so, but one morning an accident befell, where the cook was injured, and she now sues him for ten thousand dollars.

This Bank is for PEOPLE WHO WANT TO IMPROVE THEIR FINANCIAL CONDITION. Will You Let Us Serve You? A checking account is most convenient in the payment of bills. A savings account is the sure road to an eventual competency. Monroe Bank & Trust Co. R. B. Redwine, President. H. B. Clark, Cashier

SEABOARD Air Line Railroad SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 28th at 12:01 A. M.
Trains Arrive Leave
No. 14 from Charlotte 5:50 a. m. 5:55 a. m. for Wilmington.
No. 12 from Atlanta 6:20 a. m. 6:25 a. m. for Richmond.
No. 34 from Rutherfordton 10:50 a. m. 10:55 a. m. for Raleigh and Wilmington.
No. 5 from Richmond 7:55 a. m. 8:00 a. m. for Atlanta.
No. 19 from Wilmington 11:20 a. m. 11:30 a. m. for Charlotte.
No. 15 from Monroe 8:19 a. m. for Rutherfordton.
No. 29 from Monroe 11:30 a. m. for Atlanta.
No. 31 from Raleigh and Wilmington 2:40 p. m. 2:45 p. m. for Rutherfordton.
No. 20 from Charlotte 5:50 p. m. 6:00 p. m. for Wilmington.
No. 30 from Atlanta 5:50 p. m. Monroe.
No. 16 from Rutherfordton 9:10 p. m. Monroe.
No. 6 from Atlanta 9:35 p. m. 9:45 for Richmond.
No. 13 from Wilmington 10:35 p. m. 10:45 p. m. for Charlotte.
No. 11 from Portsmouth 11:55 p. m. 11:40 p. m. for Atlanta.
C. T. HARRILL, Ticket Agent. E. W. LONG, Division Passenger Agent. Charlotte, N. C.