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Disparity in Fortunes.

Even the most thoughtless can see that there must be something wrong in this country when such conditions as are described below are in existence. This article, taken from a Washington correspondence, is not published for the purpose of arousing prejudice, as many persons no doubt honestly believe; but for the purpose of illustrating the inequality that is forced upon the country by the policy of protection and privileges fostered by Republican policies. It ought to be the work of statesmanship to call a halt before it is too late, to make the laws of the country that the tendency to great wealth on the part of the few and utter poverty on the part of the many should be checked. The Republican program utterly ignores this tendency that is making American conditions similar to those of the old countries from which the people flee to this land. The Republican idea of running the government for the benefit of the privileged few must be overthrown in this country by the increased education and intelligence of the masses. No reforms ever start at the top, and the masses, the average man, can transmit the equality of opportunity to his children by fighting for it himself only. These great wrongs are not necessarily premeditated on the part of those who benefit by them, most of the beneficiaries no doubt honestly believing that such things are right and proper. This is the seriousness of the situation, that the party whose policies made them more aggravated, utterly fails to admit that they exist. The article follows:

While 30,000 men, women and children mill workers at Lawrence, Mass., were out of work because of a strike to prevent a cut in their \$6, \$7 and \$8 a week wages, Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, mother of the baby that is heir to \$100,000,000, gave a \$35,000 dinner to 50 guests at Washington, the nation's capital.

The hostess at this banquet wore diamonds that actually cost more than half a million dollars. In her hair was displayed the "famous" Hope diamond, which cost \$180,000, and at her throat another widely celebrated gem, "Star of the East," which was even larger than the Hope diamond.

The cost per plate at the McLean dinner was \$700. One item in the expense was 1,000 yellow lilies imported from abroad at a cost of \$2 each.

One of the highest paid mill workers would have to work 84 years to receive the cost of that banquet. The earnings of a dozen Lawrence workers for half a century would not have purchased the gems worn by Mrs. McLean. A Lawrence worker would have to labor 26 years to pay for the yellow lilies alone.

The strike of the men, women and children at Lawrence, and the \$700 a plate dinner in Washington, is a striking example of conditions existing under a system of excessive protection in the year of our Lord 1912. Neither the Lawrence strike nor the \$35,000 McLean dinner are exceptions. They are but samples of many similar illustrations which could be cited if space permitted. Only recently, Wm. M. Wood, the head of the woolen trust, whose employes are now on strike at Lawrence, was arrested for knocking down and running over a pedestrian with his automobile. When arraigned in court he was asked how many automobiles he owned, and he replied he didn't know. Imagine a man so rich he doesn't know how many autos he has on hand!

Fortunes which make it possible for one woman to wear a half a million dollars' worth of diamonds at one time, and which enable a man to possess so many automobiles he cannot keep track of them, necessarily come through the power to place a price on the things which the common people must have in order to live.

It is significant, in this connection, that the tariff, the cost of living, \$700 a plate dinners—everything but the workman's wages have increased hand in hand, revealing the intimate relationship of one to the other.

In Brown Creek.

Wadesboro Messenger.
Mr. Sid Gaddy of Lanesboro township, while on his way home from Wadesboro Friday had a narrow escape while crossing Brown creek. The creek was very high and was running around the bridge. Just as Mr. Gaddy drove off of the bridge his mules either nerved up or fell off the embankment and it was with the greatest difficulty and danger he saved them. He jumped into the icy cold water and finally succeeded in cutting the mules loose from the wagon and getting them back to land.

It is a question for us not of founding a new party, but in the preservation of the ideals of the old party.

THE HUNGER FOR THE RAW.

A Graphic Account of the World wide Efforts of the Lancashire Spinners to Grow Cheap Cotton and thus Free Themselves From the Dominion of the South.

The British is sailing every sea; his cork helmet disappears over the rim of every horizon; with portable bath-tub he invades every jungle. Through savage lands runs that persistent trail, worn by the feet of empire-builders who are not making tracks for fun. They are hungry for the raw, raw, cotton, to feed the ravenous mills of Lancashire.

Here is the situation as Lancashire sees it: The mills of Lancashire employ half a million operatives, and cotton spinning, next to agriculture, constitutes the chief industry of Great Britain. This business has now become insecure, for British mills depend almost entirely upon American fields.

Years before the American Civil War the Lancashire spinners joggled along in the securist rut, with a Chinese wall on either side. They used a raw material, not one ounce of which could be produced at home. Lancashire would no more seem to be the logical point to manufacture cotton goods than Kharatum is the logical point to manufacture sealskin sacks. But in those days the cotton crop was ample to meet all demands, and Lancashire bought cotton at its own figure. Mills ran at full speed, wheels whirled ceaselessly, and a steady jingle of guineas convinced Lancashire that its industry was founded on a rock.

The first rude shock came in the shape of hostilities in America, when a blockade stood between the cotton ports and the door of British mills. This cut off three-quarters of the world's cotton supply, threw 250,000 operatives in Lancashire out of work, with 165,000 others only partially employed. At that time Lancashire mills needed approximately two and three quarter million bales of American cotton, and could not get it.

In the later years of the Civil War, cotton in New York averaged a dollar per pound. Lancashire wants CHEAP cotton. For twenty years after that war the average price of cotton held itself above ten cents, fell so low that a multitude of new uses was invented to take up the six cents commodity. New mills sprang up and cotton fields were extended; and this brings us to the period in which the supply of cotton and the demand began seesawing upward one against the other.

Of course the American fields can be extended, but the spinner sees this extension being largely swallowed up by increasing facilities for manufacturing at home. The spinner also figures, erroneously, that these ravenous new spindles in the Southern States of America are apt to curtail the raising of cotton, by luring labor of the fields and setting it in the mills. So the spinner must take a more comprehensive view of creation. An idea occurred to him: Cotton must be grown within the empire, planted beneath the Union Jack, guarded by the far-flung battle-line, and freighted home in British bottoms. This was a large job, for which the spinner straightway organized. He set in operation the "British Cotton Growing Association"—born May, 1902, at Manchester. The field was broad. According to reports from experts, he saw the cotton zone girdling the round earth, from forty degrees north to forty degrees south—everything between the polar button and the knee.

They tried many spots and many countries with little or no success, then: Uganda is exactly the middle of the inkless spot in the derelict section of Darkest Africa. Cameroon can be loaded in the daylight. Sir Samuel Baker branded it as an "internal hell and an external nuisance," which formed the British pretext for annexation, and nobody was disposed to grumble. Years ago some Arab traders had introduced the cotton seed, but it grew kind of careless, just as the negroes did—more kinks than cotton. After dividing these black folk a few hypodermics of haste, the optimistic experts reported that "natives of Uganda in their intense eagerness and energy have to be restrained." They sit up all night waiting for it to get light enough to hoe some more cotton.

These exuberant darkies worked themselves into such a fidget of hysteria that they got their seed business in a jam; and this put a hoodoo on the whole experiment. The experts had been planting all kinds of seed, keeping them strictly separate, and making a record of each product. But the negroes went crazy, snatched handfuls of seed from anywhere they could get it, and planted everything in a jumble. This produced a mongrel to match their assorted breeds of dogs. Up rose the governor—a governor that governs. "Hold on, you niggers!" he ordered. "Don't put another seed in the ground except what comes from my warehouse." Then a line of naked farmers marched up to the governor's warehouse and drew rations of "Black Rattler," which became the official variety.

Growing cotton in Uganda is a tedious job; the natives insist upon planting by hand, and balk at a plow. The Englishman has to teach them to use these refinements of civilization. Huge sums have been spent in fostering the industry. In 1908 Uganda shipped back to Lancashire a quarter of a million dollars' worth, and promised a thousand tons for 1910. Whereupon the enthusiastic spinners took brandy and soda together, pledging Dark Uganda as the brightest spot in Lancashire's hope.

India and Egypt can do nothing because the land must be devoted to food crops. West Africa produced 13,200 bales in 1909. Details are always interesting in Africa. First the association distributed improved seed among the natives, opened up transportation, built oil mills, and paid the negroes a penny a pound for seed cotton as they brought it in. A little penny goes a long way in Africa. Then they experimented on a large scale. First of all, they

got the land, which was easy and free. Bananas, pineapples, yams and such things sprout up like mushrooms. This is the country where the Creator issues rations, keeps no books, and leaves no incentive for a negro to work. Things grow just as fast while he is sitting down, and there's no sense in fussing with them.

The British theorist brought with him the American farmer, who had cut his eye-teeth on six-cent cotton and free negroes in the Mississippi Delta, fighting high water and mosquitoes. They formed a three-cornered partnership with the native head man.

This man is IT in Nigeria. He bosses the plain negroes; they jump when he nods, or they get strapped. The plain negro can't run away, because the next tribe will eat him alive. Every fellow is branded with a tribal mark and there is no mistaking a runaway. Strangers of this stripe are thankfully received in Africa—as meals sent in by the neighbors—which makes an embarrassing situation for a colored gentleman who is conscientiously opposed to sweat. As a matter of fact, public policy prevents a negro man over thirty from working. In his youth he has gathered a pint or so of palm-oil and bought his first wife. This lays the firm foundation of his fortune. He superintends her toil while she buys him a second wife. These two wives club in and purchase a third for hubby's Christmas gift. After which the acquisition of helpmates runs merrily as a marriage bell.

As for the head man, he has perhaps twenty wives. He is not a limited corporation. He files his wives away in a long, low, mud-bull house which has a thatched roof and twenty-one stalls. Pessimists might consider this a precarious chance for conjugal felicity. Pessimists do not know everything. These black women live together in peace, twenty of them helping with each other's tasks and nursing each other's babies. The cooperative community runs like a clock. There's no jangling and jowling. If a fractional wife of his bosom develops incompatibility, the husband sells her. There's no rambling to Reno, no woodcuts in the newspapers, no public scandal, no alimony. They lead the simple life in Nigeria.

Through dim and misty centuries, these Nigerian negroes had raised a little cotton—coarse, kinky-stapled stuff, guaranteed to choke any mill in Lancashire. This cotton formerly constituted an important article of barter with savage tribes of the interior. West Coast darkies planted it in hill or sowed it broadcast, with no attempt at cultivation. The women made a rough contrivance by which they spun coarse thread, weaving their cloth and dyeing it in fantastic colors. The domestic wardrobe was not extensive; a piece of cloth the size of a Columbian postage stamp would array the family.

This was the situation for British theorist and American practitioner; they had plenty of soil and no end of climate, but they needed labor. For labor they jollied the king and tipped the head men, never fooling away time with common negroes. The king with his gang, his Majesty receiving a tin medal and battered plug hat in recognition of royal favors. This landed the head man and his squad upon the embryo plantation. To communicate with him an interpreter always stood at the white man's elbow.

Here was the artichoke: The American planter speaks to the interpreter; the interpreter passes the word to the head man; the head man bluffs the plain negroes, and the plain negroes work like run—while he is looking.

For this, the head man gets a shilling a day, and the common laborers dixence. In plantation parlance, they "find themselves." The head man provides the substantial; by way of delicacies his boarders may catch grub-worms, grasshoppers and rabbits—or live on bananas, pineapples and yams, which are less fatiguing to overtake. Nobody complains about the high cost of living. Two cents per day covers board and lodging, every Nigerian convenience, and leaves a little surplus for leek-temperate dissipation.

The British scheme is to educate these natives into growing of improved cotton and to educate these natives into the growing of improved cotton, and to educate them out of the notion of making cloth at home. Lancashire can not raise cotton, but it can make cloth. The natives are supposed to ship cotton where it will do the most good—namely, Lancashire. Then they must buy cloth, hardware, etc., where their money will do the most good—namely Lancashire, Sheffield, Great Britain. If left to themselves, they'd rather raise monkey nuts.

In all this, the spinner sees a gleam of light, yet dolefully admits that the enterprise will require years of toil and the sinkings of vast moneys.

The same experiments, with lesser degrees of success, have been pursued in Natal and many other of the provinces. Field reports read like an account of a novel operation in surgery; the surgeon's skill and all the scientific values pan out to a gnat's heel. Operations are uniformly successful, but at the end—"the patient died."

One hundred years ago, the British West Indies supplied seventy per cent of Lancashire's cotton. Then two things happened: America entered the competition, and the West Indian sugar industry developed. Sugar became more profitable than cotton, and the people preferred to raise cane. Today the West Indies represent thirty thousand acres in cotton, with an annual export, in seed and lint, to the value of a quarter a million sterling. But the scanty population and limited areas offer scarcely a drop to Lancashire's bucket. In other countries the same story is to be told.

British perseverance and ingenuity conducted experiments all over India on their low grade cottons, hybridizing indigenous varieties with American seed in the effort to pro-

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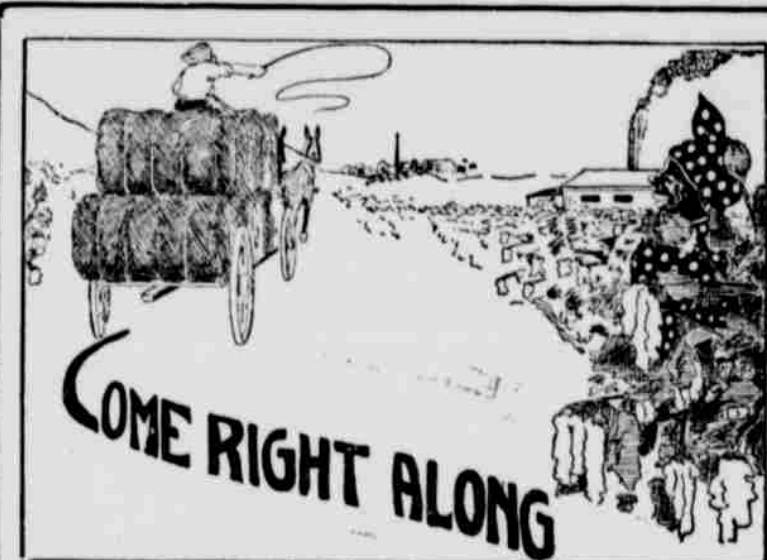
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On one side are the advocates and the beneficiaries of special privilege; on the other side are those who stand for equality of opportunity to all.