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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FORD SCATTERED HIS GOOD MONEY

Publicity Agent Trying to Collect Some of That Not Spent Detroit Dispatch, Dec. 14.

What went on behind the scenes before Henry Ford's peace pilgrims sailed on their mission to Europe, including financial mixups, traffic muddles and extravagances, and the added revelation that the "peace squirrel" was in reality a pole-cat, were some of the declarations made here by Theodore Delavigne, Ford's publicity commissioner.

Delavigne confessed, in a large interview, that his confidence in propagandists of the Lochner-Cehwinmer type has been rudely jolted since he established working connections with the Ford plethoric exchequer. What he wants to do now, he made it plain, is to get back some of the tens of thousands of dollars of the motor magnate's money before it is too late.

Keep Out Impostors.

He rushed here from New York to consult Alfred Lucking, Mr. Ford's attorney, to obtain legal credentials and authority to rake in the unspent mass of lucre which, thrown to the four winds around peace headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, enveloped the propaganda in a shower of gold. Bright and early tomorrow, Delavigne said, he will visit Chevalier W. L. F. C. van Rappard, Netherlands Minister to Washington, and his chancellor of legation, W. de Beaufort Jonkheer, to collect a little matter of \$920, balance due.

Delavigne, who isn't backward in taking credit for much of the peace begonia, says that due to his quickly imposed role of watchdog of the Ford bankroll around the Biltmore, he was able to prevent several important personages from giving perfectly correct imitations of "Coal Oil Johnny" in the latter's heyday.

Couldn't Spend It All.

"When we wanted to get intouch with peace workers at The Hague and other neutral European capitals where the Oscar II. is scheduled to go," explained Ford's publicity man, "Lochner telephoned the various ministers in Washington if they would co-operate. Each assured him he would, and to each a cash advance was made to defray cables and other expenses. Chevalier Van Rappard was surprised to get the next morning a Ford check for \$1,000. He spent \$80, he assures me, and wants to give Mr. Ford back the other \$920."

Hints at a possible friction among Mr. Ford's rival propagandists were likewise spread by Delavigne, who let it be known that when he arrived in New York and saw the facility with which Mr. Lochner wrote checks against the Ford bank account he sent out a hurry call to Long Island City for Gaston Plaintiff, Ford's Eastern manager.

Plaintiff, says Delavigne, took a look at how things were going and installed a disbursing bureau of his own clerks, presided over by a Ford department head, and thereafter Lochner's expenditures were subject to audit and authorization of the business management of the Ford Motor Company.

Watchers On the Ship.

"The clerks of the department went right on board the Oscar II., too," said Delavigne. "They will keep track of things until Mr. Ford gets back. There's a limit, even in ending a great war, you know."

The same genius which stopped the flow of money from the Biltmore offices was not in evidence when the selection of a peace mascot for the Ark was the matter in hand.

Delavigne admits this himself. He confessed he paid \$14 for a perfectly authentic, if deodorized and de-natured, specimen of plain American skunk, which attracted his and Mr. Ford's attention in a Fulton street animal store. Purchase of the pole cat was one of the things which was engrossing the motor magnate while William Jennings Bryan was cooling his heels in the Biltmore suite awaiting Mr. Ford.

Commotion Among Mt. Airy Doctors Union Republican.

The Mt. Airy News prints an interesting situation which has developed with the physicians of that place. Some weeks ago the Surry County Medical Association agreed to a schedule of prices for services. To meet this the citizens of the Quarry section made an effort to employ a doctor to do their practice, each citizen paying weekly whether the service of a physician were needed in their family or not. The doctors looked up their code of ethics and found that no member of the local association could do contract practice or in any way co-operate with physicians doing contract work. To obviate this latter feature the furniture workmen of Mt. Airy also employed a physician as did the Quarry citizens, securing Dr. Morefield, of Vade Mecum, N. C. who will co-operate with the Quarry physician where such is necessary. The Mt. Airy physicians contend that their prices are reasonable and as low as can be maintained by a reputable physician and that doctors in other places are charging the same. The Quarry and furniture workers claim that the charges are not in proportion to the price paid for labor and thus it stands at present with the medical profession and these two classes of citizens in the little mountain city.

That which is bought cheap is the dearest.

Tennessee Preacher Has Married 4,991 Couples.

Bristol (Tenn.) Dispatch, Dec. 3. The Rev. Alfred Harrison Burroughs, Bristol's marrying parson, expects soon to marry his fifth thousandth couple. He has married 4,991 couples since he instituted the matrimonial mecca in Bristol nearly a quarter of a century ago.

For several years he has looked forward to marrying his five thousandth couple. Soon 10,000 people will have stood before his altar and been pronounced husband and wife when he rounds out a record of 5,000 couples. He keeps a record like the register of a hotel, as every couple is numbered. His records have been kept in this manner since the first couple.

His services are now in greater demand than ever, and his only fear is that either Virginia or Tennessee may change the marriage laws so as to destroy his business. Should Tennessee raise the age limit it would be disastrous to the parson's lucrative business, whereas should Virginia modify its law under which a person under 21 years old cannot be married except with the consent of the parent or guardian it would be likewise ruinous to the marrying business. Practically all of the 4,991 couples that the parson has married have been elopers from Virginia, attracted to Bristol on account of the state's liberal marriage law, permitting the marriage of girls 14 or over, regardless of parental consent.

During the past few years, with the rapid increase in his business, parson Burroughs now has competition. Other "marrying parsons" watch for elopers. The original parson is confident that the new rivals have cost him many couples. The situation recently became so serious that the marrying parsons and their solicitors were barred from meeting trains at the union station.

A Joke on the Preacher.

I have heard about the negro Lifting chickens from the roost, Or a big old turkey gobbler Or a fat and squawking goose.

I have heard about the negro Stealing "laters" from the lump, And running home to "mammy," Scared to death at every jump.

I have heard about the negro Taking corn from out the field And carrying home to have Ground into good corn meal.

I have heard about the negro Stealing cotton from the patch, And taking pork, when he found The door he could unlatch.

I have heard about the negro Stealing sheep from the lot, And eating the mutton hash, Cooked in "massa's" biling pot.

I have heard about the negro On a pretty moonlight night Swiping big red water melons When no one was in sight.

I have heard about the negro Hooking fruit from off the tree And when questioned where he got it Would reply "I thought 'twas free."

I have heard about the negro Swiping wood from off the porch And making such a good fire His breeches he would scorch.

I have heard about the negro Stealing from both saint and sinner, But who ever heard of a preacher Swiping a poor school teacher's dinner?

A preacher? Yes, a preacher! With a great big rep and fame, Took and ate the teacher's dinner, Shall I not divulge his name?

No, I will not, this time, But if he does again, From exposing him to the public I could not well refrain.

The lunch, indeed, was very small, But quite enough for one, But the preacher took it all And left poor teacher none.

He sent his compliments and napkins By returning parcel post, But, my, that good old dinner Was what she wanted most.

I 'spose he'll tell his people When in the pulpit he stands, How the thieves were crucified And the nails pierced their hands.

I think that little Lloyd Had better say another speech, So that the folks will understand When e'er he goes to preach.

But perhaps he was hungry And ate to satisfy his soul Of the good old apple tarts, Pumpkin pie and chicken roll.

—LESSIE PLYLER.

FOR RHEUMATISM

As soon as an attack of Rheumatism begins apply Sloan's Liniment. Don't waste time and suffer unnecessary agony. A few drops of Sloan's Liniment on the affected parts is all you need. The pain goes at once. A grateful sufferer writes:—"I was suffering for three weeks with Chronic Rheumatism and Stiff Neck, although I tried many medicines, they failed, and I was under the care of a doctor. Fortunately I heard of Sloan's Liniment and after using it three or four days am up and well. I am employed at the biggest department store in S. F. where they employ from six to eight hundred hands, and they surely will hear all about Sloan's Liniment.—H. B. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.—Jan. 1915. At all Druggists.

'HERE'S MY STOCKING. WHERE'S YOURS?'



LOOK AT THE BIG PICTURE THEN AT THIS ONE

This is Case No. 1 in Monroe and There are Several Others, Where There Will Be No Christmas Stocking—What Are You Going to Do About It?

Look at the inspiring picture of the little girl and her stocking, then read the following true story. This is only one of several in Monroe. We have called this Case No. 1. There will be others. Are you going to contribute to the empty stocking fund, or are you going to keep the "Me and My Son John" policy? Other true and well authenticated stories will appear later. Send in your contribution for

CASE NO. 1

A family of deserving white people living on one of the best streets in town, is without proper food and clothes. Six children are in this home and their prospect for Christmas are not very bright. In fact, how could they look forward to Christmas, when this fall three of them—two little girls and a boy—have had no shoes and stockings to wear! The oldest are working in the mill to pay the house rent. They are fourteen and twelve years of age respectively. They should be in school, but father is old and an invalid and mother has a three-months old babe in her arms. Yet she does what little cooking there is to do, cleans up the house, makes the clothes, when she has any cloth, and really keeps a tidy home. This family has not complained. They are like the driven cattle. Their mouths are dumb. They are suffering in silence, while the old world hums along. Yet, how the mother must suffer! Her children out of school and three of them old enough to go to school! She doesn't understand. How can she? But her faith in God is supreme. They go to church.

"When do you go?" the mother was asked.

"We go at night when we can."

The little girls came over to the questioner and as the questioner patted their cheeks and shoulders, the questioner could understand why they went at night. Their clothes were rags!

"Are you warm?" the oldest little girl was asked.

"Right warm; but sometimes we get mighty cold—little sister and brother and me."

After a long silence, "We can't play out doors no more."

"What do you want Santa Claus to bring you?" the questioner next asked, "toys and candy and nuts?"

"Unt-er, just some shoes and stockings."

The questioner knew the little child's heart wanted the other things, but that little body must be kept warm and those feet wanted to play out in God's great out-of-doors, and she couldn't without shoes and stockings, because mother had said so.

But the questioner knew the people of this town would cause that little girl's heart to be satisfied and her little stomach, too. Then she would be so happy to run out and play in the great out-of-doors, and the others with her.

First Baptist Church.

"The church with a welcome."

Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Please notice the change in the evening hour of service.

The services next Sunday: The singing and the sermons will be appropriate to the Christmas season. Special music by the choir at these services.

Morning sermon: "The spirit of the Christ child."

Evening sermon: "The message of Christmas to the People of Today."

Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Young People's Union immediately following Sunday school.

On next Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, a choir, consisting of seventy-five voices will sing the most famous of the Christmas hymns. A reading by Mrs. V. D. Sikes on "Gifts for the Christ Child" and an address by the pastor will complete this service. You are cordially invited to attend.

At the 1915 meeting of the Seventh District Medical Society held in Rutherfordton Monday and Tuesday, Monroe was selected for the next meeting, which will be held the second Monday in December, 1916. Dr. H. D. Stewart was elected vice-president to fill the office made vacant by Dr. M. H. Biggs of Rutherfordton, who was elected president.

The Union County Board of Education has offered to sell the school building owned by the county at Stallings to Mecklenburg county. The building is just this side of the Union and Mecklenburg line, but the school is operated under the auspices of Mecklenburg county since its erection four years ago. The offer was the result of a conference between the board and J. M. Matthews, Mecklenburg county superintendent of public instruction.

Monroe is suffering from late Seaboard trains at present, due from the congested Christmas travel. Very few train arrive on time, and its a common affair for a train to be two or three hours late. On Tuesday about 12 o'clock, No. 81, through freight, was delayed for about ten hours at Russellville, a little town this side of Wadesboro, caused by several box cars overturning. As a result, No. 81, due here at 2:30 p. m., was also about ten hours late.