

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE UNION COUNTY FORUM.

One cent per word for one insertion. Three insertions for the price of two. CASH.

Wanted—A first grade teacher for New Hope school. Apply to J. R. Griffin, Monroe Route 9.

Lost—Gold-rimmed spectacles Tuesday. Reward for return to Roscoe Pfister.

For Sale—One good fresh Jersey milk cow.—W. E. L. WILLIAMS, Monroe R. F. D. 1.

For Rent—Cottage with modern conveniences.—H. E. Coppel.

Tennessee's best fire cured tobacco, mild and sweet. Best chew or smoke on earth. 6 lbs for \$1.00, prepaid. Prices made known on grade tobacco.—D. Collier, Martin, Tenn.

Mt. Hebron Collegiate Bible Institute, in the Blue Ridge Mountain, 5 miles from Old Fort, offers instruction in all branches, including Bible courses. Excellent discipline; spiritual, interdenominational; moral community. Mild climate winter and summer; water from springs 2500 feet above sea level. School 12 years old, never had a case of sickness. Expenses low. Address A. Knight A. B., Old Fort, N. C.

Wanted—Man with small capital who would like to try poultry business. Apply at Journal Office.

For Sale—One car each of Angus and Hereford high-grade cows. All bred or with calves at foot. Also 200 head of young cattle weighing from 250 to 500. For prices and particulars write Jno. C. Lawson, So. Boston, Va.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield of Charlotte, N. C., will be in Monroe, at The Gloucester, on July 28th for the purpose of treating diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and fitting glasses.

Call phone No. 153 for auto anywhere any time.—Helms Auto Transfer.

Ginseng and Golden Seal.—Most valuable and profitable crops in the world for amount invested. Roots used for medicinal purposes. You can grow them in your garden or vacant lot. First-class roots and seed for sale. For further information, call on or write Hatley's Ginseng Garden, H. W. Hatley, Prop., R. 1, Oakboro, N. C.

For Sale—An extra fine horse, Half thoroughbred. Works anywhere. Weight about 1200 lbs. Color, dark bay with heavy black mane and tail. Eight years old. Guaranteed absolutely sound.—J. G. Steed, Mt. Gilead, N. C.

Wanted—Everyone interested in tuberculosis to write for particulars of Southern Pines Sanatorium, a system of out-door huts in the pine woods. Eighteen years successful operation. Located near the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis. Patients waiting for admission there can be accommodated at our place until time for their admission. Address, Edwin Gladson, M. D., Southern Pines, North Carolina.

Notice to the public—It is all right for any one to hire L. A. Austin, but I will not be responsible for any bills or contract that he may make, as I have freed him.—His father, James C. Austin.

Plenty more of that good nursery stock like I sold you last year. Everybody is pleased with it and wants more.—T. F. Tadlock, Monroe R. F. D. 3.

For Sale—Good second hand Piedmont top buggy with rubber tires.—Apply to J. W. Laney or Frank Armfield.

Two automobiles for sale. See Lee Trull.

W. O. W. Clerks—Get a new form, pocket size, receipt book at The Journal Office. By mail 25cents cash.

Copple's furniture store is the best place to buy all kinds of furniture. See him before you buy.

Norton yam potato plants delivered anywhere at one dollar per thousand, in lots of one thousand or more. Cash with order.—J. W. Rallings, Indian Trail, N. C.

Recleaned Whipoorwill peas at \$1.25 per bushel.—J. W. Rallings, Indian Trail, N. C.

1,600 Acres—Finest land in Craven county, North Carolina. Nine miles west of Newbern, on Norfolk Southern R. R., bordering state highway and two county roads—clay subsoil, black sandy loam top—suitable for tobacco, cotton, corn, etc.—T. P. Hammer, Franklin Bldg. Norfolk, Va.

For Sale—128 acres of good land on Davis Mine road, opposite tract of Monroe Insurance & Investment Co. Lies mile and a quarter of railroad station at Baker's and a fine tract of land. 25 acres cleared for plow that will make bale per acre.—R. F. Beasley.

Watt Ashcraft, Veterinarian—Day calls, 113; night calls, 191-R. Office on Hayne street, east of court house, Monroe, N. C.

H. E. Copple's furniture store has a full line of all kinds of furniture and it pays to call there before you buy.

We have a special order for chickens, eggs, and hams and can use all you can bring.—Lathan & Richardson.

Please call at any time for hack work.—Henry Lily, Phone 268.

Other Special Notices on page 8.

THE MODERN KNIGHT.

Annual Oration Before the Members of the North Carolina Press Association Assembled at Durham, Delivered in the Academy of Music Wednesday Evening, July 12, 1916, by R. F. Beasley.

It is said that most men at some time desire to be editors, long to own newspapers, or feel in their hearts that they could make a better newspaper than the man who is doing it. Bankers may be admired from a distance, but the frigid profession is sought by few. The sparkle of the successful legal light catches many eyes but it no longer draws the imagination of the multitude. Medicine, many instances become an almost get-rich-quick scheme, appeals to the commercial minded. We have the word of a distinguished playwright who forebore the cloth for the boards, that preaching is slow. Agriculture, the darling subject of the post since the day of Horace to our own, presents a theme far fancy, but has lost its compelling realities. Journalism is the one profession that has a universal interest. It is the one profession which touches every one every day in modern life.

A doctor deals with a few dozen patients, the preacher his one congregation, the teacher his classes, the lawyer his clients, the merchant his customers, but the country editor— and he is the subject of my words— deals with all the men, women and children of his locality. His clientele is the doctor and all his patients, the lawyer and all his clients, the preacher and all his parishioners, the scholar and all his students, the merchant and his customers, the manufacturer and his help, the farmer and his hired men, and all the unattached multitude. He must know some law, some theology, some pedagogy, some therapeutics, some politics, some agriculture, some commerce.

He must know enough in each particular field to properly interpret its professional attitude and spirit, to be at home across its threshold, to appreciate its good points, and to be not deceived by its pretensions. He is in some sense the spokesman, the teacher, the friend, the judge of all these.

How It Touches All People.

With such universal interest, with a clientele so varied, so antagonistic, so vastly different in personal attainments, in social ties, in business interest, in intellectual and moral gradations—what does the editor represent, what does he speak for, and what is that attachment to all these which is so real, so compelling, that multitudes often feel the desire to be each himself an editor and gather up in his own hands the chords which reach so many hearts?

It must be something which concerns all men vitally, and it must be something which concerns them apart from their own particular callings and their circumstances in life. The editor of a trade journal, a legal journal, or a technical paper does not have it; it attaches only to a general newspaper which stands for all.

This attachment or relation between the editor and all others, high or low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, then, is clearly based upon those things which concern men and women as human beings and as members of the social state. The editor is the champion and interpreter of whatever tends to make men and women more worthy individuals, expand their ideals, enlarge their sympathies, and encourage their hopes. He is likewise the champion and spokesman of the rights and duties of men as members of the social state. We sum up by saying "The general welfare."

The Editor's Altar.

Now, the "general welfare" can rightly mean nothing except those conditions under which individuals will have the maximum opportunity to work out the fullest, freest, and happiest life of which each is capable. Not alone is the editor in this relation an editorial thunderer, but as the gatherer and dispenser of local news, here is he the mighty but unobserved hypnotist who takes the happenings, both merry and sad, important and trivial, of his field, and in portraying them, suggests unselfishness to the selfish, happiness to the unhappy, health to the sick, improvement to the slothful, information to the ignorant, gentleness to the intemperate—in short, water to the unwashed. And he does all this in such an unobtrusive manner, if he does it skillfully, that none suspect, but all heed.

The general welfare, then, is the altar upon which the editor must make his vows. One lawyer called himself the people's advocate and won thereby a place upon the bench of the supreme court of the United States. Yet every little town in the country has one ore more editors devoting himself to the general welfare and scarcely himself understands what he is doing. In order to help make clear to ourselves and to the public our reciprocal relations I have given this character to my discourse. When the editor himself better understands his rightful functions he can better perform them. When the public rightly understand it can better appreciate and better reward him. I have fancied the editor somewhat in the position of the knight errant of old who dedicated his sword to unselfishness, sought some fair lady's favor, and found his full reward in her smiles and in the untarnished record of his shield. Let us then imagine our editor as the modern knight akin to those of the

"Time when first the question rose about the founding of a table round That was to be for God and men, And noble deeds, the flower of all the world, And each incited each to noble deeds."

The modern knight fights with the pen and not with the sword. But he must fight no less bravely, no less unselfishly, and be no less willing to forego personal reward if necessary, than his noble prototype. Let me give you the picture of

Sir Galahad.
My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpets shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they race in changing lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On when their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bound in crypt and shrine;

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine,
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer,
A virgin's heart in work and will.

As I have attempted to show, the very nature of your calling puts you in a position different from other men and automatically makes you the champion of all men. Aside from the idea of "the general welfare" there is no explanation of the editorial function. No editor has so far attempted to make himself a mere purveyor of news. We admit that giving the news is his primary and most necessary function, but none attempts to stop there, and, indeed, none could if he would. He must fairly and accurately publish the news, and to be accurate and fair is the first principle of news dissemination. But a newspaper with only the news would close the door to fancy, to poetry, to high appeal, in short, to that editorial championship which is the chief mental stimulation in the intellectual gymnasia of the masses.

Highest Calling of the Journalist.

This side of journalism can never be foregone because its condition is inherent in human nature. Every newspaper is bound to be the active or passive champion of some school of thought. If it is neither the active nor passive champion of the general welfare it must be the active or passive champion of special privilege. And if it is too feeble to be useful to either it is too dull to be read. My plea is that it is the most natural as well as the highest position for journalism to be representative and champion of the general welfare. From the cold basis of dollars and cents I believe that this must also be the most profitable position. Of course, so long as we have champions of the general welfare we will have champions of the opposition. A Jew who kept a little shop next door to a huge department store was asked how he could do any business in the shadow of so large a competitor. "Well," said he, "where dere is room for big elephants dere is also room for little mice, aint it?"

True Mission to Serve All.

In the big cities there is room for newspaper elephants and little mice too, but in country journalism there is room only for the newspaper which stands for the general welfare. I do not belong to the altruistic school which thinks that an editor should be rewarded solely by the enchantment of his profession. I think his pay should be in a great deal more of hard money than he is now getting. I am seeking to find the way in which the professor may receive both its ethical and its financial returns. I believe that the last is dependent upon the first—that is that the newspaper which best fills its highest mission is most likely to be a money maker. This may reduce us to a selfish unselfishness, but that is certainly the highest form of selfishness.

Therefore, it comes about that of all professions, journalism is the only one whose mission is to serve all and the only one which looks to all for its returns. If it serves less than all it gets less return than it should. I believe that when the true nature of the local newspaper is better understood, when it is better able to serve its mission, the financial returns of those who labor in the work must be greater.

Here is the profession which by general consent, as well as by its very character, is the champion, the spokesman and the servant of the whole community, why should not its financial returns be commensurate with its service and responsibilities? Talent sufficient to secure a return of \$1000 in journalism would make four or five times the amount in medicine, in law or in trade. I am unable to explain why this is true.

The Editor's Reward.

The skill, the tact, the judgment, the learning and labor required to be a good editor applied in any other profession will bring much larger financial rewards, and since this is true the editor must receive other kinds of reward, else there would cease to be good editors. The silent but sure, power, the fascination of directing and stimulating the thoughts of men, the opportunity of translating one's self into his community, the unparalleled field for service, the chance to defy evil and uphold good, which I have before spoken of, must afford this additional reward. The man lacking the vision to see all these things cannot be a good editor in the highest sense. The best of editors often lack the business talent to make financial success, but the best business sense cannot make a successful editor unless it is accompanied by the other. This is true for the reason that journalism is inherently an unselfish profession and cannot be altogether capitalized. Any community takes a pride in a good newspaper. I believe that the time is coming when every such community will be willing to pay hard money to show its pride. It is up to us to be such public servants that the country must see that our services are indispensable.

The first thing necessary is to appreciate the dignity, the importance, and the opportunity of our own profession, in no mere spirit of vanity, because vanity is the outward expression of inward littleness. I have not known a journalist who really understood his profession that did

(Continued on page three.)

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