

JIM COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, AS THE DEVIL WAS RUNNING HIM

Or Perhaps It's All Wrong—It Might Be That Our Correspondent Was Seeing Things, But There Is No Doubt of the "Varmint."

Correspondence of The Journal.
 Monroe, Rt. 4, March 5.—The Wadesboro "varmint" must have passed through this section last week, as your correspondent saw a track that looked as if it was made by a seven-toed animal. But if its breath smells like the thing that killed the Wadesboro man's dog, we don't care to be anywhere near it. Besides the seven-toed track, another track looked as if the "varmint" had nine toes on its other foot. About four months ago a crowd of us decided to go on a "possum hunt." We had just got into the woods, between Mr. G. J. Richardson's and the railroad, when we heard some animal whine. It was the most awful noise we had ever heard. Among the crowd was a newly married man, Mr. Jim Williams. As the woods were strange to him, he lit a rag when he heard that "varmint" whine, Jim didn't run very fast, but passed some who were running. The next thing your correspondent knew, Jim was going in his back door, where Mrs. Williams and Mrs. C. L. Richardson were seated. They became frightened at Jim's haste, and began questioning him on his unusual behavior. This irritated Jim, who shouted: "Haven't you any sense; get out of the door—the devil is after me." The other boys soon got there, but had to stay a while before Jim regained his sanity. Your correspondent believes this and the Wadesboro "varmint" is the same thing. Look out niggers! Wild Rose, I think your subject is all right. There is no use waiting any longer. Let's appoint our judges; you might appoint them in the next issue; we will then decide which side each can discuss. Of course, I want the affirmative side.
 The weather is bad and rainy; consequently, there is little visiting this week in our section.
 Mr. Mac McCorkle is very sick at this writing.
 Miss Susie Spittle has been spending some time with her brother, Mr. Grady Spittle.—Farm Boy.

Belk's School Items.

Correspondence of The Journal.
 Monroe, Rt. 8, March 5.—Our school is doing great work this winter. We have had a full school until the contagious diseases, which are raging over the country, struck our school. We regret that some of our pupils are missing a good part of our school on account of the "old measles."

Our Superintendent, Mr. R. N. Nesbit, made a talk here Thursday afternoon. His subject was: "Where are we and what are we doing?" He said that there were two important thoughts, and that we should ask ourselves the question: "Where am I, and am I in the right place?" It is very often that we get out of our place and things do not go just right, and there is a place for us every one to be and a work for us to do. Are we doing what we can to help to prosper. It is very often the case when we get out of our place that it causes something to go wrong and we will most likely come to some bad end. Are we doing that which we ought to be doing? If not let us stop and think where we are and what we ought to do to build up our community. If not let us find our right place and try to do the right thing and stop saying that we cannot and say that "I think I can," and go on until we reach the top of the mill. Then the voice will change as the story goes: "I thought I could, I thought I could." Mr. Nesbit's talk was enjoyed by all present, and we would like to have him come again. Our school is taught by Misses Sarah Baker and Sarah Parker, who are teachers of great influence and are doing a great work.
 Mrs. J. T. Lowery and little son of Mt. Holly spent Saturday with Mrs. L. A. Deese.
 Mr. J. D. Hendrix of South Carolina spent last Monday night with Mr. W. J. Davis. Mr. Hendrix spent Monday in Monroe on business.
 The many friends of Mr. Eugene Baucum, who has been real sick for some time, will be glad to know that he is improving.
 Mr. Palmer Hendrix of South Carolina spent last Monday night with Mr. Bartley Deese. Mr. Hendrix is an old friend of this community and his friends were pleased to see him.
 Messrs. W. J. and T. B. Davis spent last Saturday in Marshville on business.
 Mr. W. C. Deese spent a part of last week with his son in the Faulk's community.
 Small grain is looking some better since the weather has changed, but a small crop is expected. The present cry is, "a larger cotton crop," but instead of so much cotton there ought to be others, such as wheat, corn, peas, and potatoes. This is the only way I see to reduce the high cost of living.
 The writer received a letter from his brother, Mr. Anos Deese, who is a member of the North Carolina Infantry, stationed at El Paso, Texas. He stated that they had expected to return home in a few days, but as the measles and mumps are in their camp they did not know when they would be able to return.—Unlucky.

Woodrow Wilson Tenth President of U. S. to Serve Two Terms.

Washington, March 5.—Woodrow Wilson is the tenth President to be elected for a second term. The other nine were: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley.
 Thomas Riley Marshall, is the first vice-President to be inaugurated a second time since the present system of party conventions came into use. Actually he is the fourth man to hold office a second time.

UNION COUNTY MEN IN A CHARLOTTE AUTO WRECK

Fred Hallman, Marshville Boy, Driving Car That Collided With Street Car, Painfully, But Not Seriously Injured.

Mr. Fred Hallman, son of Mr. John Hallman of Marshville, driving a Dixie Flyer automobile, with Mr. Byron Griffin, son of Mr. E. C. Griffin of Marshville, and Mr. W. F. McCall, evidently a Charlotte man, ran into a Chatham Estate street car Sunday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock, on Central avenue, between the Seaboard railroad and Pecan street, Charlotte, painfully injuring the driver and also bruising the other two passengers.
 Messrs. Hallman and Griffin were immediately taken to the Presbyterian hospital where medical attention was given them; Mr. McCall was able to return to the city alone. Upon examination at the hospital Mr. Hallman's face and head was found to be cut and bruised considerably. Aside from bruises about the body Mr. Griffin was unhurt and left the hospital after receiving treatment.
 At the time of the accident, the street car was coming toward the city on the avenue and the automobile, with the storm curtains up, was going out. Owing to the rain at that time which settled on the windshield of the machine, the vision of the driver was partially obscured and he did not see the approaching car until within a few feet of it. When he caught sight of the car, he attempted to turn to the right to avoid the accident, but as the automobile was going at a considerable rate of speed, and the streets very wet and slippery, the machine skidded, and side-swiped into the street car.
 The left side of the machine was a total wreck, a front wheel being demolished, the fenders stripped off, and both doors torn away. The street car was not damaged.

Mr. Fred Hallman lives in Charlotte, and is working with the Ford garage, but Mr. Griffin was up there on a visit.

Items From the Goose Creek Capital.

Correspondence of The Journal.
 Unifonville, March 5.—Mr. Sylvester Price, who is attending school at Davidson, and his school mate, Mr. J. A. McAdams of Greensboro, spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Price, here. Mrs. Price entertained in honor of Mr. McAdams Saturday night. They will return to Davidson this morning.

Fair and cold this morning. Doesn't it seem good after so much rain? Mrs. John Griffin and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Huey Sell of the Mill Creek section. Mrs. F. E. Helms is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mattie McCorkle, of the Corinth community.

Sir John, I am glad you are so enthusiastic over our efforts for a debate. If the rest are willing we will at once select your subject as it is a good one from every point. I have selected for one of our judges, Mr. R. F. Beasley if he isn't too busy to devote a little of his time to us. Sir John, you select one, and Farm Boy the other as I think these is all we need. Fairness, and all of you whom we haven't heard from, come on and tell us which side you wish to represent. For myself, I take the affirmative, but in case there is not enough to hold up the negative, I am perfectly willing to rally to that side. Come on now and let's be ready for business not later than for the issue for Friday week. I shall ask Sir John to fire the first gun on the affirmative.—Wild Rose.

Two Hundred Thousand Spent On Seats to View the Ceremonies.

Washington, March 5.—It is estimated that more than \$200,000 has been spent for seats from which to view the inaugural procession. Provision has been made for seating 50,000 persons along the line of march in specially constructed stands. Many thousands of others have taken places in windows, on roofs, in trees, perched on poles and various other points of vantage. More than two million feet of lumber have been used for the construction of stands which will be occupied only a few hours.

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SKETCHES

By JOHN BEASLEY.

The Broom Boys in the War.
 Robert E. Lee once said, if we are not mistaken, that North Carolina soldiers were the best fighters in the world once you got them mad. There is also a joke handed down to this day on some raw North Carolina troops who saw service in the War Between the States. They were experiencing their first engagement; the affray had started, but the Tar Heel boys made no move to help run the Yankees to their hold until one of their number was mortally wounded by a stray bullet. That made them mad; so much that they entered the battle with a vim, bringing down their men with almost each volley, so deadly was their aim.
 When one starts to talking about war in these parts, somebody always mentions the Broom boys—Ellison, Hiram, John and Morgan. Union county has produced good soldiers when the occasion and the necessity arose, but old warriors, and even citizens of today, all agree with one accord that the good Lord doesn't make much better soldiers than were the Broom boys. Not only were they good soldiers, but they bore an equal reputation for being good citizens.
 The Broom boys were in Capt. Turner's company. When they enlisted, like many of the other raw recruits, they didn't have much of an idea, otherwise than the dictionary meaning, of what war was. As the Broom boys were good, inoffensive citizens, who never gave any trouble unless they were molested, the humor in Ellison's Broom locally-famous saying to Captain Turner can readily be appreciated. Like the other North Carolina troops mentioned in the first paragraph, it was their first engagement. The bullets began flying thick and fast before the Union county boys realized the seriousness of war. Ellison, who suddenly got mad at being pestered, walked up to Captain Turner, saying: "Captain, if they don't quit their follin', somebody is going to get hurt!"
 At another engagement, John and Ellison were standing side by side, firing their guns just as quick as they could reload. The shooting was just a little brisker than usual; the bullets were falling like hail. Their comrades were dropping here and there; it wasn't long before Ellison and John were a little off by themselves from the rest of the company. All of a sudden, Ellison, who hadn't been paying much attention to the way his comrades were falling all around him, laid his gun to one side, and said to his brother John: "We will soon get killed—the bullets are falling mighty fast; what'll we do?"
 John stopped pumping away at the Yankees long enough to make this reply: "Dodge the big bullets; let the little ones go to hell!"
 Towards the close of the war, the boys were doing some close fighting in a patch of woods. The bullets were nipping off a branch here; a limb there. Hiram, whose aim was upset occasionally by the falling branches, is said to have made this remark to one of his companions: "These bullets are raising such a disturbance that they upset my calculations!"
 Judge Rogers tells one on Ellison Broom that of course happened after the war. He and Bill McCall happened to remark, in the presence of Ellison, that there were plenty of cabbage plants in the country that year. Ellison, who of course heard the remark, turned to them with this rather exaggerated, but unconsciously made, statement: "And yes, I've got ten million thousand cabbage plants stuck in a hollow back of my house!"
 Laying off buffoonery aside, the Broom boys were sturdy, honest good-natured citizens that any county, East, North or West would take pride in claiming as their own. They didn't practice hypocrisy—they were the kind of men, who, if they wanted a drink, marched in the front door of the saloon; even if Sam Jones, and all the rest of the preachers, and prohibitionists of that day were standing across the street watching them. They won't be forgotten for years to come.

An Achan in the Camp.

"And Achan answered Joshua, and said, Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done; "When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it."
 "And they raised over him a great heap of stones to this day.—Joshua: 7, 29:26.
 It was a bright summer day, years ago. Jim Winchester (he's out of politics now) and Dun McCorkle started off, each driving a new buggy with a brisk horse for a little trip. To all appearances, they were a couple of young sports going on a Sunday courting trip. But appearances, like on this occasion, are often deceitful—Jim had a jug of the best horse apple cider in the country stuck under his lap-robe.
 The two Sunday sports had not gotten far when a sudden change in the atmospheric conditions prevailed. The clouds became dark and threatening; it wasn't long before the thunder commenced to rolling, and the lightning began to flash. Jim's conscience began to hurt; he feared that jug of cider under his lap-robe was invoking the wrath of the Almighty. He started to throw it out, just like the treatment the sailors gave old Jonah, when Dun drove up and stopped the maneuver. "Give it to me." His command was obeyed; Jim handed Dun the cider, and the trip was resumed in the blinding rain. It wasn't long before the storm

Rexall Store News.

Mr. Roland Horton, who became connected with our store the first of the year, is now familiar with all of our customers' wants, and is proving to be a valuable man.
 Garden time will soon be here, and we are prepared to meet the demands of our customers with a complete line of Ferry's well-known brand of seeds. A varied assortment can be found at our store. Our country friends are urged to look at our line before purchasing their seeds.

We received a fresh shipment of Norris' candy the other day. The packages are very artistically done up, and it is needless to say anything about what the boxes contain. Everybody knows about the high quality of Norris' candies.
 Our Boston Beauty specialist had a great week of it. The ladies of Monroe took great interest in her demonstrations, and we feel amply repaid for the expense of bringing her here. A full line of Boston

Harmony toilet accessories, which she demonstrated, can be found on display in our store.
 Mr. Frank Sloan will leave about the middle of the month for Albemarle, where he will be in charge of the Secret-Sloan Drug Co. He cordially invites Union county people to call upon him while in Albemarle. Another registered druggist will be secured to take Mr. Sloan's place here.

The Union Drug Co.

Phone 221. A. M. Secrest, Ph.G., Mgr.

cleared up, and the sun started once more to casting his warm, blaring rays upon the repentant youths. Dun, whose thirst saved the cider, was contemplating what a good time he was going to have drinking the juicy stuff all alone, when Jim stopped, walked back to the former's buggy, with a sheepish grin on his face, and made this request: "Dun, lemme have a little sip of that cider!"
 Some Whims and Fancies.
 Noticing a decrease in the number of onion breaths, we were rejoicing in the onward march of civilization until we happened to read the latest quotations on onions by the car load lots. But such is life.
 Billie Cason, who of late has been neglecting his geographical studies, was reprimanded for his falling by his parents. "Oh, what's the use," replied Bill, "they are going to make a new map of Europe after the war is over; I'd have to go over the same old stuff!"
 Captain Bill Cason and Vern Austin were riding in from the country one day when the horses started running away. Vern was sawing frantically on the lines, while the Captain was so excited he lost his reason. "Hold the horses, Vern," he shouted, "until I can get out." Vern who was a little calmer by reason of having his hands occupied, laughed.
 Charlie Barden and Tom Smith were exercising themselves in the Co-operative Mercantile store the other day by swinging a few sacks of peas back and forwards. Tom Broom, who happened to come in the store about this time, was shocked. "What are you boys doing?" he asked in a surprised tone of voice. "Oh," Charlie and Tom almost replied simultaneously, "since the cost of living has gotten to be so high, we don't have anything to eat at our house except peas, so we are just getting up an appetite for the daily meal!"
 Did you ever notice how bad folks were to get sick when there is a little apple brandy around the house? We got sick once only to find ourselves cured when we were informed that the brandy bottle was empty.
 Col. R. H. Gordon (who lives two miles from Monroe on the Willoughby road) Esq. Henry McWhirter, and Governor Lancy of Buford are three cronies when it come to the liquor problem. They are all ardent prohibitionists, yet they feel it their religious duty to carry out St. Timothy's instructions as to a "little wine for the stomach's sake." Col. Gordon is a little suspicious of the Prohibitionists of late since they are carrying the matter just a little too far in robbing the old women and the children of their customary dram. He has about concluded that if one operated a blockade still, he'd have about seven prohibitionists' customers to one whiskey barrel. The Governor and the Esq. also have grave misgivings on this point.

Mayor Mitchell Appeals to the Rich to Aid in Lowering Food Prices

New York, March 4.—An appeal "to the rich and well-to-do of New York city" to "buy carefully, eat moderately and not waste any food at all" was issued tonight by Mayor Mitchell's food supply committee in the hope, it was announced, of reducing prices to consumers generally.
 The committee, of which George W. Perkins is chairman, called attention to the needs of "the thousands of people in this city who are working on daily wages or salaries or who have small fixed incomes."
 "These people," the appeal said, "comprise a large percentage of the residents of New York. To them, the great increase in the cost of living has become a matter of a very serious concern."
 "They are not actually starving, but because of steady high prices of food they are, in most cases, unable to get as much food as they really need. They don't want charity, but they do want an opportunity to buy a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food at reasonable prices. In many cases their incomes have remained more or less stationary while the price of food has gone up tremendously."
 It was asserted that in many homes, hotels, restaurants and clubs a large amount of food is not only wasted "but in countless cases more food is eaten than is necessary by people who have ample funds."
 Reductions in the prices of potatoes and onions were again reported today, according to a report by the bureau of weights and measures, to be increasing.

THE LOCAL MARKETS

Best long staple	18.50
Best short staple	18.25
Seed	65
Eggs	25
Pork	12
Corn	1.30
Turkeys	17

As the Widow Wotts bent industriously over her wash-tub she was treated to a polite conversation by a male friend who presently turned the conversation on matrimony winding up with a proposal of marriage.
 "Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the buxom widow pausing in her wringing.
 And the man vowed he did.
 For a few minutes there was silence as the widow continued her labor. Then suddenly she raised her head and asked him suspiciously, "You ain't lost yer job, 'ave yer?"
 —Chicago News.

CAN'T LOSE HAIR

Twenty Years From Today a Bald-headed Man Will Be An Unusual Sight.
 One of the most prominent druggists of America made a statement a few weeks ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among scientists in the medical press.
 He said: "If the new hair grower, Mildredina Hair Remedy, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."
 "When Mildredina Hair Remedy is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity." Sample sent for 10c by mail postage. Mail orders filled by Mildred Louise Co., Boston, Mass. For sale by English Drug Co.

"A burglar got into our house last night."
 "Did he take anything?"
 "The children are ill, and we hope he took the measles."—Ex.

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