

W. H. BELK & BROTHER'S

Four Big White Sale Days

Will Begin Friday Morning, June 29, and Continue Through the Following Tuesday.

These four days you will be able to buy goods at prices far less than mill prices are today. Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday a complete stock of White Goods, Sheets, Towels, Counterpanes, Pillow Cases, Linens, Domestic, etc., will go in this sale at prices that will

astound the manufacturers. : 2,000 Yards of Lawns at White Sale Prices 5 cents. Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs 2 cents.

A GREAT FEATURE OF THIS SALE WILL BE A GREAT REDUCTION ON OUR FAMOUS LONGCLOTHS AND NAINSOOKS.

King Phillip's Mills famous No. 400 44-inch Nainsook, 12 yards to piece, sale price \$2.68.
Our 1906 Imperial Sea Island Nainsook, 12 yards to piece, sale price \$2.68.
Our 1908 Imperial Sea Island Nainsook, 12 yards to piece, sale price \$2.79
\$1.75 Quality yard-wide fine English Longcloth, 12 yards to piece, special sale price \$1.29.

Any Goods Not Satisfactory Money Refunded.

THIS WILL BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BUY PRETTY LACES AND INSERTIONS.

A great lot of Val Round Thread and Linen Edges and Insertions, sale price 4 cents.
One great lot of wide peat Val Edge and Insertions, values up to 15 cents, White Sale Price 8 cents.

2,000 Yards of Short Length Figured Lawns 5 cents.

All Mail Orders Filled Promptly Same Day Received.

BUY YOUR TABLE LINENS NOW—WONDERFUL SAVING OPPORTUNITY.

Full Bleached, Fine Quality, 60-inch, well worth 50 cents, Sale Price 25 cents.
Full Bleached Fine Mercerized Table Damask, well worth 75 cents, White Sale Price 48 cents.
70-inch All Pure Linen Damask 98 cents.
20x20-inch \$1.50 value in Mercerized Napkins in bolts of one dozen 98c dozen.
22 1/2 x 22 1/2-inch Pure Triss Linen Dinner Napkins, well worth \$5.00, sale price \$3.89.

2,000 Yards of Lawns at White Sale Prices 5 cents.

2,000 Yards of Short Length Figured Lawns 5 cents.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs 2 cents.

All Mail Orders Filled Promptly Same Day Received.

Any Goods Not Satisfactory Money Refunded.

2,000 Yards of Lawns at White Sale Prices 5 cents.

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES AT SPECIAL WHITE SALE PRICES.

72x90-inch Sheets with seams 48 cents.
81x90-inch Seamless Sheet, full bleached 75 cents.
81x90-inch Full Bleached Sheet 85 cents.
42x36-inch Pillow Cases, White Sale Price 13 cents.
45-inch Best Quality of Pillow Tubing 22 cents.
42-inch Good Quality of Pillow Tubing 14 cents.
Full Size Crochet Quilt, White Sale Price 98 cents.
81x90-inch Big Double Bed Size Crinkled Dimity Quilts, Sale Price \$1.38.

WE HAVE A LARGE LOT OF TOWELS THAT WERE BOUGHT MONTHS AGO ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WHITE SALE.

Good size Red Bordered, Plain Hemmed Bleached Huck Towels, regular 10 cents number. Sale Price 5 cents.
Our 15 good quality Red Bordered, Plain Hemmed Bleached Huck Towels, sale price \$1.20 dozen.
Our 15 cents good size Plain Hemmed Bleached Turkish Towels 10 cents.
Our 25 cents Red and Blue Bordered, Plain Hemmed Bleached Turkish Towels, sale price 19 cents.

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1917.

Talking About Several Subjects.

Those of us who have even a little streak of gray above the temples can well remember that years ago when a man wished to express a great faith in the progress of invention he would exclaim, "They will fly yet." At first this expression was used somewhat in derision, as expressing the thing known to be wholly impossible. But by and by it became serious and men used it often when observing some new invention that was particularly praiseworthy. And now, so far has the art of flying progressed that we are told that the easiest way for America to contribute to the actual fighting is for her to go in for assisting her allies in taking complete possession of the air, thus depriving the enemy of all opportunity for observation—the observation which is the modern equivalent of the old time scouting. And so the world jumps along and the marvels of the morrow are the commonplaces of today. And who shall say what a day may bring forth?

The old time gardeners who have always made gardens both for the love of it and for the sake of the product, have been chuckling some this spring and summer. Most of us have friends or neighbors whose efforts have afforded us some very interesting observations. "Make your own food or starve," was the warning sent down from the national seat of government early in the spring and repeated by our state authorities with commendable zest. And how we went at it! The old timers who start way back yonder with early mustard to chase the retreating shadow of the collar and the remnants of the fall bed of turnip greens, were already sneaking in small lazy man's beds of Irish potatoes with English peas peeping up, when the warning came, and were not a bit disturbed. The disturbance took place among those who had not heretofore been accustomed to soil their hands with garden tools. This class went at it with a vim. To many of them it was an excursion into a far country. The crisp air of the early spring was pleasant, the sweet soil unfolded new delights as they dug it a little each morning before breakfast or in the cool of the afternoon. Seed catalogues were perused as never before.

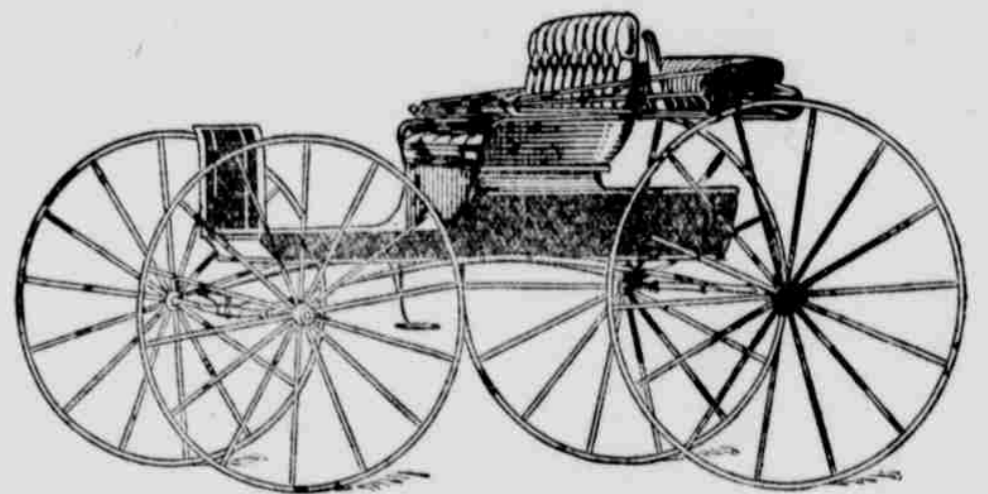
The hardware stores did a land office business in garden tools, and the ambitious novices started in with a vim that bespoke a fear that grave responsibilities rested upon the outcome of their efforts. The inexperienced gardener will always start out with the idea that once a garden is planted and all the rows nicely smoothed off, the work is done. He does not plan for successive crops, and the art of cultivation, whereby the plants are nursed through all manner of adversities, is unknown to him. He gets his nigger and mule into a great bump and puts in a full crop of the first vegetables on soil but half prepared. And just about there his ardor cools.

He is surprised to find that there is more to do than to plant, and he is astonished that the weeds will get ahead of the plants. After his radishes, mustard, and a few other early vegetables have made but an indifferent success, his ardor begins to cool, and he begins to leave it more and more to the nigger. There used to be some real expert old time nigger gardeners who were always ready for a job, and some of whom took a real delight in the work. But they are gone. The writer produced an editorial on the virtues of one of them who pitched his last garden this spring and dropped off before the things began to bear. Having left it to inexperienced hands, the new gardener soon finds that it is costing him more than it comes to and decides to buy his vegetables. This year those who answered the call to the soil which comes to so many every spring, and which call was this year emphasized by the exigencies of war, held out longer than usual, but they are now dropping into the shady places and turning the gardens over to the riotous weeds. The call to the shade has superseded the call to the soil, and the army of enthusiastic new gardeners who started out so debonairly in the spring is now thinning out as fast as the ranks of Napoleon thinned on the retreat from Moscow. But the new gardener has served to add something to the gaiety of nations at a time when gaiety is all too rare—he has afforded the old timers a lot of amusement.

Despite the cut worms and the cool weather and the usual hindrances which the farmer has to meet, this county bids fair to make a bumper corn crop this year. From the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico, corn is the universal plant. Though the middle west is known as the corn belt almost as distinctly as the South is known as the cotton belt, it has little on the South as a producer of corn. We can not only produce as much per acre, but we can do what they cannot—make a crop of corn and a crop of something else on the same land in one season. It is possible in this county to make two crops of corn on the same land, but necessity and economy will not be served that way. Corn will more and more be grown upon stubble land, following wheat and oats and clover. The war promises to bring corn back to its old time importance,

when it was par excellence the plant relied upon by the pioneer farmers for food for both man and beast. The early settler found from the Indians that corn was the thing that best served his purpose. He could get it into new ground and make a crop by punching the seed into the ground with a stick. He could shell the grain by hand and could beat it into meal in a homemade mortar long before the ground could be made ready for the more ancient and aristocratic wheat. Corn was the staff upon which the American pioneer leaned. In the South it has been the easiest and safest grain crop. And with the romance of a possible yield of two hundred bushels an acre when the science of cultivation and fertilization fully supplement the powers of our soil and climate, the South is again to realize the value of corn. Henry Watterson has long called for some poet to come forth and sing in adequate verse the virtues of corn. And now war may take the place of poetry in giving corn its dues. Europe knows little of corn and hence the cry for bread from across the water means a cry for wheat, and the more corn we make the more wheat we can spare. And there is yet time for planting.

There is one thing about the war that we might refer to with some levity were not levity of any kind out of place in connection with so stupendous a drama. That is that if the American forces see service on the battle field we shall have some folk entitled to real military titles. For a good many years after the civil war there were plenty of generals and colonels and real officers of less degree all over the land, and the sight of a brigadier general between the plow handles or steering some other useful employment was common. The men who had been faithful as officers in the war were given the offices, the honors and the emoluments of civil life ungrudgingly. We have suspected that the honor and consideration thus shown the military title went far towards making it so popular as a mere title to be received from anywhere or adopted from any source. The titles became so common that sons felt that they should inherit those of their fathers in some instances along with the other hereditaments of the deceased. It became easy for a man who had been a corporal in the old army to become a colonel in civil life. It sort of went along with his growing dignity and importance if he was successful, and the population was always ready to give freely of titles when it was apparent that it was pleasing to the recipient. A story goes that an old negro in a southern community was once asked by a stranger how so many in the neighborhood got the title of colonel. "Well," he said, "some of dem was kunnels in de war, and some was 'lected to office since de war, and some got to be kunnels by jist bein' good ter de niggers." After the real war is over maybe we will see the spurious officer and the tin titled officer feel ashamed and quit in the presence of the real article.



On Buggies, as well as in other lines, there has been a tremendous advance. However, we bought early in the year and

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