

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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No Time to Talk Peace.

There are a good many people in this country who do not understand what America is fighting for. Among this class is the peace advocate, who juggles with figures, and decries an impending bankruptcy. They are, for the most part, practical men without the least bit of vision. Peace, if Mr. Wilson sticks to his policy, will not be had until the backbone of Prussian militarism is broken. This is not a war to settle questions of recent appearance, but a war to insure peace to the world for all times to come.

A patched-up peace at this time would only postpone the struggle for a few years. Autocracy and democracy are at odds. It is a question of which policy shall dominate the world. If Germany wins, the answer will be autocracy. America has thrown her untold resources of men and money into the conflict to make the world safe for democracy.

To destroy the Prussian system, Kaiser William, and the rest of the house of Hohenzollern must be relegated to the scrap heap of fallen princes, and divine rights of kings. To do this thousands of Germans must be killed to break the now famous von Hindenburg line, which French and English officers have admitted is impregnable unless reinforcements are received from America.

Without a doubt Germany would agree to peace. She might relinquish Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium, but she would insist on keeping her old traditions. For fifty years, or perhaps a hundred, the world would enjoy peace. But during this time, if we read the Prussian mind right, Germany would be preparing on a much larger scale than heretofore to wage the inevitable conflict. And, too, her diplomacy might succeed in influencing strong allies to her standard, and when the next conflict comes about, the countries where the spirit of democracy is deep-rooted, might find all the advantage on the side of autocracy.

Mr. Wilson, we believe, will not sue for peace until the German royal family agrees to step down and out, and other far-reaching agreements as to the maintenance of an army and navy are allowed. Two things will accomplish this; either the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns through an internal revolution, or through the success of the allied arms.

An internal revolution in Germany would be welcomed by many. It would demonstrate to the world that the people are tired of autocratic rule, and that they have a leaning towards a democratic form of government. President Wilson for one, we believe, would hail such a demonstration with joy. It would be an assurance to him that he was pursuing the right course when he stated that this country was not warring the German people, but the German system.

The peace advocates should readily see that this is no time to talk peace. America stayed out of the war for months hoping that she could perform this sacred office for the rest of the world until she realized that her interests were at stake. And the allies will not make peace until Kaiser William, his family, and his adherents are robbed of their insignias of office, and are banished to another St. Helena.

He Doesn't Understand.

A group of young men, "called to the colors," were standing around the court house the other day awaiting their turn to be examined. Among them was a lad who was visibly agitated. He stood apart from the rest, and to appearances it cost him an effort to control himself. Turning around to a gentleman, who was standing nearby, he said, with quivering lips:

"I would rather die than go. I don't want to fight. I haven't got anything against them!"

Some would call that young fellow, taken from the sheltering wings of a Christian home, unpatriotic, but it was because he couldn't understand why he was being summoned with the view of sending him, if found fit, to kill his fellow-men in far off France. He doesn't know, like you and I, that the veritable existence of democracy is threatened; that an insidious power, more designing than the hosts of Satan, is attempting to manacle the liberties of man for generations and generations to come; neither does he know that a vain and

ambitious family, imbued with foolish notions of German kultur, is seeking world domination. What does all of these high sounding phrases mean to this lad, who has been reared in the quietness of his country home; his dream of possessing some day a little farm of his own undisturbed by the carnage and slaughter that is ravishing Europe?

You and I, who know that the foundation of democracy is being threatened; that the allies are waging a war to perpetuate the great principle of rule by the people; might gladly die for the flag, but this young man may go to his death believing that his life was sacrificed for naught. For, you see, he doesn't understand.

Liberia, the negro republic, has declared war upon Germany. Japan threatens to follow suit. If the scramble to get on the side of the allies doesn't slack up, from Crowell will have to build an addition to his flag pole.

The poor married man! Not only does he catch it in times of peace, but it looks like some of them, especially the ones who have no children, are going to smell a little powder, and dodge a few bullets.

No Quitter.

I am sending a piece of poetry I read some time ago in the Burke County News. I think it is fine.—School Girl.

Uncle Sam is not a quitter; He is slow to shed his coat— Slow to draw his lethal weapons. And demand another's goat; But when once the fuss is started, Though the scrap be fierce and rough, Uncle Sam will go the limit, And will never say "enough."

When the warlike captain blunders, And the brazen bugles blare, Uncle Sam will join the scrimmage With his coat tail in the air. He will swing his deadly brand 'Till the Hohens cease their zollern, And the Kaiser has been canned.

You will see his banners flying As today you see them flung. 'Till he fetches home the bacon And the last dog has been hung. Though he's slow to indignation, As our neighbors long have felt, He can whip a convocation When he tightens up his belt.

Oh! he'll scrap and keen on serappin', Never think to end the scrap. 'Till the foe is shot to pieces And goes tumbling off the map. He'll conduct his red hot riot On the sea and on the land 'Till the Hohens cease their zollerns, And the Kaiser has been canned.

Winstom-Salem Lady Praises Ironized Paw-Paw

Could Not Eat or Sleep With Any Comfort, Would Wake Up at Night With Shortness of Breath.

HAS GAINED 10 1/4 POUNDS IN THREE WEEKS.

Mrs. Claude S. Levier, residing at 1514 Cenerville St., Winston-Salem, says:

"Why, I didn't know what a good night's sleep was for the past year or two until I began using Ironized Paw-Paw. I believe I had the worst case of indigestion and sleeplessness on record, along with nervous headaches. I had no ambition to do anything. I began taking Ironized Paw-Paw and within two weeks, to my great surprise, I arose one morning to realize that I had slept the entire night through without awaken once. I have gained 10 1/4 pounds in three weeks and can eat and sleep as well as I ever did.

"My nervous headaches and dizzy spells are now past. My stomach retains all solids without any discomfort whatever. I am convinced that Ironized Paw-Paw is the peer of all other tonics and I am delighted to be able to say so."

A system that is overworked or run down requires a harmless stimulant. Alcohol lifts but lets you fall. Ironized Paw-Paw lifts and holds you. Your druggists probably keeps it, but if he doesn't it is sold at the English Drug Company.

Ironized Paw-Paw, price \$1.00. Formula on ever bottle. Mail orders promptly attended to. Interstate Drug Co., Inc., New York.

NOTICE

I, G. S. Lee, Jr., Clerk of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Monroe, do hereby certify that the following resolution was adopted by the said Board of Aldermen at its meeting on the 25th day of July, 1917:

"Resolved, that Houston Street from Lancaster avenue to Charles street; Charles street to Houston St. to Wadesboro Ave; Hayne St. from Houston St. to Hudson alley; Church St. from Houston St. to a point 150 feet south of Green st. be improved under Chapter 56, Public Laws of 1915, and in accordance with the petition filed with the Clerk of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Monroe, by laying sheet asphalt on a concrete base according to specifications of J. B. McCrary Company, as filed in the office of the Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, and that the City pay 1-5 of the cost in front of private property and all the cost of intersections, and that the abutting property owners pay 4-5 according to the number of lineal feet of frontage they have on said street and in accordance with said petition, and that said improvement be made as early as possible."

This the 25th day of July, 1917. J. C. SIKES, Mayor. Attest: G. S. LEE, JR., City Clerk.

SKETCHES

BY JOHN BEASLEY

It is a Cruel World.

It is hard for one to leave one's home for the short time of two weeks, and come back to find one's reputation, built by years of steady plodding, is in jeopardy. That is the experience I have recently undergone.

As some of our readers are aware, The Journal prints another sheet down at Whiteville, which parades under the name of "The News Reporter." As the tobacco season started down there about three weeks ago the boys in the shop were swamped with work and sent a call to The Journal for help. Being the football in the office, I was sent down there for the long space of two weeks.

On my return, I learned that Capt. Heath was circulating a good one on me about my deafness in his characteristic good humor. As it didn't really happen, and as they say nothing but the truth hurts, I don't mind telling it even if I am the victim.

I was being examined by a recruiting officer in Charlotte, according to the Captain. The officer placed a watch to my ear, and asked me if I heard it ticking. "Yes," he replied. He moved it a little further off. Still I heard it. But as I had previously shown myself to be a little deaf in asking him to repeat questions, the officer became suspicious. Seizing a door knob while I wasn't looking (according to the Capt.), he placed it close to my ear. "Do you hear that?" he wanted to know. "Sure," I replied, thinking he still held the watch in his hand. Then, (still according to the Capt.) the officer said: "You go home home. You hear too d—n well!"

Just as I was getting over my peevishness, Zeb Green came around. "Hello!" he greeted me, as he shook my hand. "I knew you were back when I read that corn stalk in The Journal!" Vainly I protested that I was not the author of that yarn, but he couldn't be convinced. I grew madder still; but this morning, when I had about recovered my usual equanimity, I read the following in Tucker's Pageland Journal:

"For a few issues past John Beasley's 'Sketches' in the Monroe Journal had been missing. We were at a loss to know where he had gone, but in Friday's issue appeared the probable explanation. He had been attending a lying school, and did not return until he had taken a post graduate course. As evidence that he now holds the championship in this county we submit the following taken from Friday's issue of this Monroe paper:

"The corn crop in this section bids fair to be the best ever. Much of the corn is about made, and a few more rains will make good corn in almost every field. Never before has the writer seen corn have as good color as this season. Nearly all of it has remained green from the ground up, and a big long ear is on almost every stalk, and on many there are two.—Pageland Journal.

"Such a report as this shows that Editor Tucker is fast asleep on the corn crop. Either he is jealous of real corn growing such as we have up here in Union, or else he has't heard of it, for if he had he certainly would not have thought it worth while to say anything at all about his old crop. Why down in Buford township, not far above Tucker's town, but in Union county of course, corn is growing right. Down there the other day a boy climbed a corn stalk to see how the corn was getting along and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is plumb out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut down the stalk with axes and save the boy from starvation. It grows so fast that they can't hack twice in the same place. The poor boy is living on nothing but raw corn and has already thrown down four bushels of cobs.

"Wake up Tucker!" The Journal editor, in a recent issue of the paper, took exception to my statement that most newspaper men are pessimists. Now I leave it up to Journal readers if I haven't all the cause in the world to be a rank pessimist. One couldn't possibly be an optimist with the guns of Capt. Heath, Zeb Green, and Tucker all leveled on him.

If people don't hush talking about such fine corn; such delicious watermelons, and such juicy fruit, some Mohammedan is coming along and mistake this country for his long promised heaven of milk and honey. Listen at Tucker's ravings:

"When we feast on watermelons, cantaloupes, scuppernongs, huckleberries, etc., we sometimes wonder why people still try to exist in a barren country like Union county. We might invite John Beasley, Zeb Green and Luther Huggins down here for a few days, but if they should come they could never stay up there satisfied any more, and it's probably better to let them along and let them think they are in a fairly good place. In this case ignorance is bliss."

Thank heavens there is one garden spot in that South Carolina Sahara desert of sand!

A Tribute to Mr. J. W. Rallings. Sometimes a cloud of sadness Overshadows our happiness here; Ofttimes the All-seeing God Takes away one to us so dear.

The Heavenly Father, in his love, Has taken this friend away; Away from the sorrows of life To the realm of endless day.

Everyone mourns his loss, For he was a friend of all. Looking back over his life, Many deeds of mercy we recall.

Although we shall miss him here, And his place will vacant be; We know he did not fear When called to cross life's sea.

Dear wife, weep not for him, He is not gone forever—only before; He is happy in that beautiful land Where dear ones part never more. —A Friend.

Warm Weather Specials

IN

Men's and Boys' Furnishings.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

- Men's Fine Shirts, Soft Cuffs 50c.
- Men's Fine Shirts, Stiff Cuffs..... 50c.
- Large range of Patterns in Men's Better Grade Shirts 98c, \$1.48.
- Men's Work Shirts 48c, 85c.

- Boys' Work Shirts 48c.
- Boys' Play Blouses 25c, 48c.
- Boys' Soft Collar Shirts 48c.
- Boys' Stiff Cuffs Shirts 48c.
- Boys' Sport Shirts in Bright Patterns 25c, 48c.

Men and Boys' Summer Underwear.

- Men's Union Suits 95c, \$1.00.
- Men's Full Cut Union Suits 48c.
- Men's Poros Knit Union Suits 48c.
- Men's Shirts and Drawers in Imitation Poros Knit and Balbrigan 25c each.

- Genuine Balbrigan in Drawers and Shirts 48c.
- Men's Cotton Half Hose, assorted colors, 10c.
- Men's Lisle Thread 15c.
- Men's Silk Sox 25c, 35c.
- Men's Silk Sox 50c.

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17 - Stores - 17

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