

We call the attention of our friends to the fact that we have made contract for an

## Extremely Interesting Weekly Map Service

Which will be on exhibition at our Drug Store hereafter. These Maps will show all the Leading Events and Places of the War.

### THE BIG BATTLE FRONTS IN EUROPE

Where "Our Boys" are going—fine half tone illustrations of the chief War Scenes. A NEW MAP WILL BE PUT UP EVERY WEEK.

The Public is cordially invited to call weekly and examine this very interesting historical summary

## The Union Drug Co.

A. M. SECREST, Ph.G., Manager. Phone 221. Monroe, N. C.

### Several nice dwellings to rent or sell. Good neighborhood.

### Monroe Insurance and Investment Co.

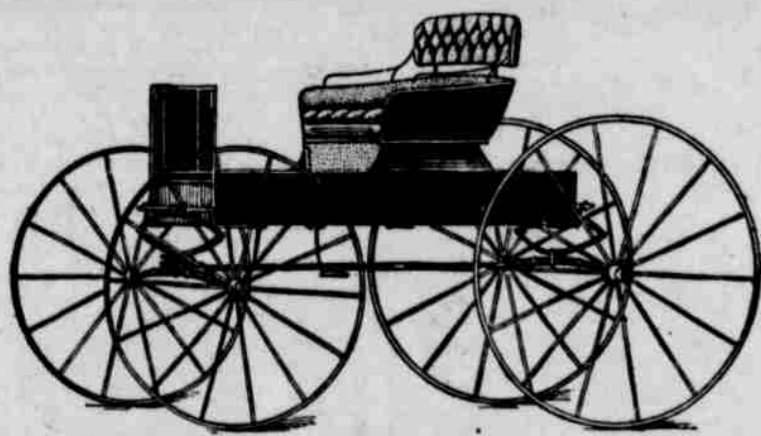
## You Should Feed Your Horses, Cows and Hogs well during the Spring.

We are well stocked with Timothy Hay, Alfalfa, Corn, Oats, Sweet Feed, Rice Meal, Mill Feed, Peanut Meal, Cotton Seed Meal and Hulls.

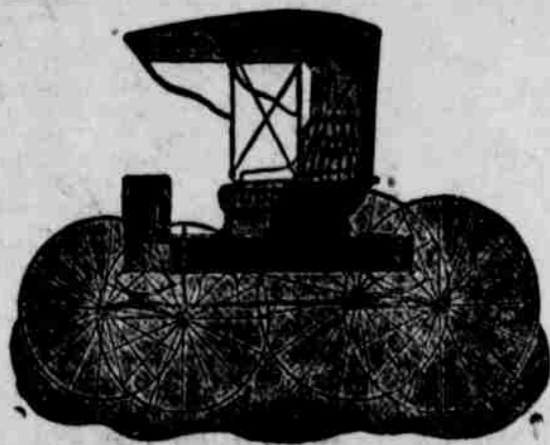
Our prices are right. Phone us your orders.

## BENTON'S CASH STORE,

Phone 178. The Store That Appreciates Your Trade.



## Buggies--Buggies



## Surreys - Harness

The biggest—and best—and most stylish lot of buggies is to be seen in our vehicle department. We sell the famous Tyson-Jones, High Points, Corbitts, Southern Queens, Southern Beauties, Empress, Richmond, Lynchburgs and other high grade buggies. We have Top Buggies, Open Buggies, Basket Seat Buggies, one-half Stick Seat Top Buggies — all colors of paint and styles you are looking for. Our Buggies the Best — our Prices are Right — Now is the time to bug a NewBuggy.

## The Sikes Co.

the cheery, friendly voice. And the Boy is on his way. But he is a different Boy. Somebody is looking after him. Somebody cares —

### A STORY OF THE RED CROSS

By O. B. Keeler

Statistics are useful things. They also are inclined to be confusing. The adding machine can keep its head above a deluge of statistics and possibly enjoy it. So can the certified accountant. The man in the street cannot. Figures en masse—sometimes en bunc—are likely to annoy if they do not terrify him. And figures are tricky. I once heard a man say, illustratively: "Figures won't lie, but liars will figure." Another man I knew proved by statistics that temperance was a bad thing, and prohibition worse, because the greatest advancement in civilization was made by the races consuming the greatest amount of liquor per capita.

American Red Cross statistics are useful, but they also are dazzling. They are prodigious. To the level-headed business man they tell a story of brilliant achievement. "Big Business" is familiar with things like a hundred million dollars—the Red Cross War Fund. "Big Business" comprehends easily the idea of thirteen million surgical dressings, or two million sweaters.

But the man in the street has little to do with millions. To him a million is something that looks like the score in the seventh inning, when Walter Johnson has let in a run by mistake and has kept the enemy away from the plate thereafter. It is just figures, consisting mostly of ciphers.

Figures, especially in millions, are one thing. Food and drink and tobacco are something else again. And children; and little homes lacking a father and mother; and furniture lacking a lot of installments; and doctors' bills; and a cheerful greeting, "when a fellow needs a friend."

The man in the street is interested in the American Red Cross. Everybody is. The woman in the home most of all. There are more than twenty-two million members of the American Red Cross — more than 22,000,000. Another array of figures, mostly ciphers.

The man in the street is interested in the Red Cross. He wants to see it do well and prosper, because he has heard or read more or less prodigious accounts of its well doing. But when he asks what it has done, somebody tells him it has raised and expended a matter of \$35,000,000 in cash, and when he asks what it wants now, somebody tells him \$100,000,000.

And the man in the street says something that sounds like "gosh!"

You can't blame the man in the street if he gets the idea that his poor little dollar or two won't make much of a splash in the financial ocean. He has heard and read so much of the things by the million that in his simple mind the doing of the Red Cross are all mixed up with the Third Liberty Loan and the National Debt and the Weekly Bank Clearing of the Twenty Principal Cities.

But suppose you tell the man in street something like this:

Somewhere in this Land of the Free a troop train is rolling along. It is well filled with dough-boys. There are two of them to every seat and several more per car for good measure. The day is hot and sticky. The train is late, and the breakfast stop was omitted. The hour is high noon and every body is hungry and thirsty and the Boy (lucky to have a seat by a window) is not only hungry and thirsty, but also a thousand miles from home, which is worse than the other troubles. The sole link of communication—a post-card—is as inaccessible as the Corner Drug Store in the Old Home Town.

Salt water not caused by hot cinders gets in the Boy's eyes at this juncture and blurs the speeding landscape outside. A sort of emptiness not from the lack of bacon and eggs torments him somewhere above the belt line.

Things look blue as well as blurred. Outside the sliding, unfamiliar landscape slow down. Stops. Another of those unfamiliar stations, so different from the Red Brick Depot in the Old Home Town. And more blurred than ever.

"Well, my boy, how goes it?"

The Boy jumps and blinks rapidly. The voice is a woman's voice—cheery, friendly, and speaking to HIM; right through the open window. The Boy gulps. He can see better now—a woman, looking straight into his eyes, with a great friendliness. She is holding out both hands; a packet in one, a cup of steaming coffee in the other.

"If you'd rather have iced tea," she is saying. But the Boy takes the coffee, and his surprise doesn't diminish a strangely, comfortable and far warmer feeling inside of him than the excellent coffee produces.

"And here's a couple of regular sandwiches," the pleasant voice continues, "and a slab of chocolate—and have you plenty of tobacco? And matches? And here—write a word home on this post-card; here's a pencil; and tell the folks you're getting along all right. We'll mail it for you. Hurry, now—train's about to start."

The Boy scribbles, and the "word" is bayonet. He's getting along fine. He's all right. Don't worry about HIM.

"But who—what—" he stammers, not knowing just how to ask the question.

"Oh, we're the Red Cross," is the laughing answer. "We're going to look after you here, and all the way across, and Over There. Don't you worry, my boy. When you want anything, call on the Red Cross. That's our job."

Things blur up again for the Boy, but not from the hopeless misery of ten minutes ago. He tries to say something of thanks; the train is starting.

"Good luck—God bless you!" says

For indigestion, Constipation or Biliousness

Just try one 50-cent bottle of LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN. A Liquid Digestive Laxative pleasant to take. Made and recommended to the public by Paris Medicine Co., manufacturers of Laxative Bromo Quinine and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

Also the card has carried his word to the folks at home—and then there are sandwiches; the folks at home never made better. Even the landscape has cheered up.

"Darn the Huns—we'll get 'em yet!" he concludes.

And that, my friends, is what is known as "morale."

It seems we'll have to lapse into statistics here. The Boy is one of the millions who go rolling along on the troop trains, starting on duty overseas. There are between 500 and 600 Railway Canteens, established at important railway stations, where the Boy and his mates are greeted with the hot coffee and the regular sandwiches.

The Red Cross does that. Maybe the Boy is YOUR BOY. What about your little dollar or two now?

Then there's the Home Service Department of the Red Cross. It looks after the Boy's family while he's away. Here's a true story; the Boy in this instance was discovered in a Base Hospital at Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, and he was about to die.

"He's pretty sick," said the doctor, "but not sick enough to die. He's got something on his mind; seems to be drifting into melancholia. And he won't talk. He's in a bad way—that is why he is in a dangerous condition." The Boy wouldn't talk; not to the nurses; not to the doctors; not to the casual friends who came in from his company and said, "Hello, Bill!" He wouldn't talk, and there was something on his mind, and it was getting him.

But there was a woman of the Red Cross who came to that ward daily; and she talked to the Boys, and she looked so kind and friendly and sort of interested. . . . just as if she might have been Home Folks, you know. And one day the Boy responded to her pleasant greeting; clumsily, and with a great distress in his face.

"I want to show you something," he said, and he pulled a letter from under his pillow. "Read it," he said.

It was a letter from a lawyer; that is, a sort of lawyer, in a little town in Alabama; the Boy's Home Town. The letter said that the writer represented the Boy's wife; they had been divorced. If the Boy didn't come across with the alimony (said the letter) the lawyer would see that the Boy's mother paid it—or be turned out of her home. . . . The Boy was a private, sending half of his \$30 a month to his mother and paying his insurance and other necessary dues out of the remainder. You know, and I know, that that shy lawyer couldn't do anything remotely like what he said he would do. But the Boy didn't know. That was getting him.

"Don't you worry!" said the Red Cross woman. "Just give me that letter."

Three days later the Red Cross woman handed the Boy another letter. It was from a real lawyer, retained by the Red Cross representative in the Boy's Home Town. In effect, it stated that the real lawyer had seen the shy lawyer and told him in unadorned Anglo-Saxon precisely where to get off.

"And the Red Cross will continue to look after your mother while you're away," the Red Cross woman added. "Nobody will annoy her. You're to fight for your country; your country will look after your home folks."

Eight days later the Boy reported for duty, in fine shape. There are Red Cross women like that in every military hospital—there are Red Cross representatives in every town. That isn't statistics. It's just facts.

And yet—and yet I'm going to wind this up with just a little bit of statistics; one little statistic, you might say, if there is a singular to that comprehensive and formidable word.

When the Man in the Street gives a dollar to the Red Cross, that whole, entire dollar goes for the work; the Boy on the troop train, in the hospital, wounded in France; for the children in Belgium—the human wreckage of war, for the Repatriates—the discards of war; for the needy family of the Boy, in the Old Home Town. The whole, entire dollar, with not one penny deducted to pay the salaries and expenses of the Red Cross and its administration.

The Red Cross, gentlemen, is self-supporting. All its salaries; all its expenses are paid by the dues of those twenty-two million members, mentioned statistically toward the front of this writing. The Red Cross, gentlemen, is self-supporting—and then some.

The Red Cross, gentlemen, is so completely self-supporting that for every dollar you give it for the work, the Red Cross spends on the work one dollar and two cents.

And this, I take it, is quite a worthy little statistic, after all.

### The Liberty Loan and the Newspapers.

The relation of the newspapers of the country to the Liberty Loan and other governmental efforts is expressed in the telegram of Secretary McAdoo to the editors assembled in New York last week in attendance on the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

"Will you be good enough to express to the members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, now in session, my sincere and warm appreciation of the great service they have rendered to their country by their consistent, unselfish, and patient support of the successive Liberty Loans, which have been offered by the Treasury Department.

"These loans could not have succeeded without the support of the newspapers, and it gives me great pleasure to make this acknowledgment. An enlightened public opinion is the chief asset of a democracy. By keeping the people of America informed on public events and transmitting word of the financial and other needs of the government, the American newspapers have performed a public and incalculable service to the Nation. I know that the service will be continued and that the newspapers will do their full share in assisting America to win this war for democracy and justice."

## JOURNAL WANT ADS. ONE CENT A WORD FOR EACH INSERTION

FOR SALE—20 acre farm, 3 miles from heart of Winston. In best growing section of the town. Address, N. R. Cole, Winston-Salem, N. C.

OLD FALSE TEETH Wanted—Don't matter if broken. We pay up to 15 dollars per set. Also cash for old gold, silver and broken jewelry. Check sent by return mail. Goods held 10 days for sender's approval of our offer.—Mazer's Tooth Specialty, Dept. A, 2007 S 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FINE Tomato and Cabbage plants, 1000 postpaid 25c; 600 postpaid \$1.00; 1000 by Express, \$1.00.—Walter Parks, Pisgah, N. C.

FOR SALE—Some fine Berkshire pigs entitled to registration; also Simpkins' cotton seed.—T. L. Price, Route 1, Unionville, N. C.

BRAENDER "Bull Dog Tread" tires are some higher in price, but? See Tharp Hardware Co.

THE OLD RELIABLE Shutt grain cradle now on sale at Tharp's Hardware. A limited supply. Better get yours while you can at the right price.

PEAS FOR SALE—A few hundred bushels mixed, Clay, and Whipporwill peas at \$3.50, f. o. b. Darlington, cash with order or B. L. attached.—Box 382, Darlington, S. C.

GOODYEAR liquid roofing cement does the work for the old leaky roof, as well as a fine coating for new work. Try it.—Tharp Hardware & Manufacturing Co.

FOR SALE—King's Improved cotton seed, fodder, peas, and some nice pigs.—H. L. Price, Monroe R. 5.

WE HAVE TRIED our Braender "Bull Dog Tread" casings on our delivery truck for two years. Let us show you.—Tharp Hdw. Co.

FOR SERVICE at our stables in Monroe a five year old, 1400 pound, iron gray, Percheon stallion.—Fowler & Lee.

FOR SALE—60 bu. peas, 40 bu. Red Ripper, remainder Coffee, at \$3.15 per bu. f. o. b. Oakboro, N. C.—J. M. Burns.

SELL YOUR chickens, eggs and produce to J. J. Crow. New Stand in the Shute building on Main St. Just above the gin. Highest cash market price paid.

GIN your cotton, buy your seed and cotton. All done right at one place—save time and trouble.—J. J. Crow.

PLENTY of good Buckeye hulls in stock.—J. J. Crow.

STOCK HORSE — at my stables; breed, Canadian and Rainbow. A good sire; quiet worker; kind disposition; can be driven by any lady with perfect safety. To insure, \$10.—T. L. Price, Rt. 1, Unionville, N. C.

WE STILL HAVE a number of fresh mules on hand, and several good second-hand mules at our stables. We are closing out for the summer and it will pay you to visit our barns.—Fowler & Lee.

WE HANDLE all grades of fertilizer.—J. J. Crow.

PRESTON'S PLANTS—Nancy Hall and Triumphs, Porto Rico's, Peppers, Eggplants, \$2.50; Tomatoes, \$1.50 per 1000. Catalogue free.—Fred M. Preston, Orlando Fla.

FOR SALE—Maule early and Brimmer tomato plants.—D. D. Brown, at the Express office.

BIG SUPPLY of Putnam's Diamond dye on hand. Price 1 cent a package.—Union Drug Co.

BIG LINE of heavy groceries, feed, etc., on hand at all times. Bring us your seed, cotton and country produce. Highest market price paid. It will pay you.—J. J. Crow.

GOOD INVESTMENT—Give your boy or girl a business education. Superior advantages are offered by us. We secure a position for all who graduate. Write for catalogue.—The Motte Business College, Wilmington, N. C.



### Where Roaches Hide

No matter how few or how many roaches are in your home nor how long they have frequented it, you can get rid of everyone of them by sprinkling BEE BRAND INSECT POWDER in their hiding places. It means sure death to every bug that comes in contact with it. Harmless to human beings and domestic animals.

### Bee Brand Insect Powder

fan it into the air. Flies and mosquitoes die in a few minutes. Will kill ants, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, lice, and bugs of nearly every kind. Directions on package. Look for the Bee Brand Trade Mark. 25c & 50c. Everywhere. MONROE & Co., Monroe, N. C.

AUTO TIRES have advanced another 10 per cent. A few left to close at 20 per cent from list. Tharp Hardware Company.

ROOM FOR RENT — Suitable for light house-keeping. Close in.—404 North Church Street.

BRAENDER "BULL DOG TREAD" Casings are the stuff. See them at Tharp's Hardware.

PHONE 223—Tharp's Hardware, for a free demonstration of the Apex Electric Cleaner, the most wonderful little machine you ever saw. Use it in your own home free. See for yourself.

JUST RECEIVED—Lawn Mowers.—Tharp's Hardware.

PIANO TUNING—Our tuner will be here for a few days. Leave your orders at Holloway's Music Store.

JUST RECEIVED—A line of watches.—McCall Jewelry Co.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS for sale—Nancy Hall and Porto Rico, \$2.50 per thousand; five thousand lots, \$2.25. Tomatoes, \$3.00 per thousand. Guaranteed true to name or money refunded.—Wells Plant Co., Orlando, Fla.

FOR SALE—30 extra nice year-old White Leghorn hens, \$1.25 each, or whole lot \$1.00 each. Have hatched all chick I want and am keeping 12 hens for our own eggs. Plenty time yet to hatch all chicks you want from these hens. Also 5 bushels Hartsville No. 9 cotton seed; long staple, 41 1-2 cents kind, \$2.25 per bu.—J. E. Wager, R. 6.

AUTO SERVICE—Call M. L. Threault at Monroe Cafe.

PHONE 328, McCall's Reliable Pressing Club and Transfer.

### APPOINTMENTS OF LIST TAKERS

The list takers will be at the following places on the dates named for the purpose of listing taxes.

MONROE TOWNSHIP. Monroe May 10 to May 31, Sundays excepted. J. G. ROGERS, List Taker.

BUFFORD TOWNSHIP. Broom & Starnes store, May 16. R. W. Elliott's, May 17. Trinity, May 22. Alfred Funderburk's, May 24. Mountain Springs, May 28. THOS. L. HINSON, List Taker.

GOOSE CREEK TOWNSHIP. Unionville, May 15 and 16. Davis Helms', May 17. W. Clontz Co. store, May 20. G. A. LONG, List Taker.

VANCE TOWNSHIP. Indian Trail, Friday and Saturday, May 17 and 18. J. M. TOMBERLIN, List Taker.

SANDY RIDGE TOWNSHIP. Clark's store, Monday, May 20. Price's Mill, Tuesday, May 21. Weddington, Wednesday, May 22. W. L. Hemby, Thursday, May 23. G. W. SUTTON, List Taker.

LANES CREEK TOWNSHIP. B. F. Parker's, Monday, May 20. Walters' store, Thursday, May 23. FRED HORTON, List Taker.

MARSHVILLE TOWNSHIP. D. V. Griffin's, Thursday, May 16. Marshville from 18 to 31 inclusive. F. W. ASHCRAFT, List Taker.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP. Waxhaw, May 23, 24, and 25. FRANK A. KRAUSS, List Taker.

W. B. HOUSTON, Surgeon Dentist. MONROE, N. C. Office up-stairs, Fitzgerald Building, Northwest of Court House.

GORDON INSURANCE & INVESTMENT CO. INSURANCE EXPERTS. Phone 209. Farmers & Merchants Bank Building.

MONROE IRON & METAL CO. Near Freight Depot.

## JUNK Wanted.

We are always in the market for iron, metal of all kinds, bones, paper, etc. Open every day.

MONROE IRON & METAL CO. Near Freight Depot.

## Don't

Lose Your Religion Cussing That Contrary Bicycle.

We'll fix it right, At the right Price.

MONROE BICYCLE SHOP,

Opposite Henderson Garage N. Church St.