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MR. F. B. ASHCRAFT DIED AT HIS HOME THIS MORNING

The Death of This Prominent Citizen After an Illness of Two Weeks Comes As a Distinct Shock to Many Friends and Relatives—Funeral Will Be Held at 10:30 Sunday Morning.

Mr. F. B. Ashcraft, for years one of Monroe's leading citizens, died at his home on Morrow avenue this morning following an illness of two weeks. Death resulted from pleurisy and complications. Two weeks ago he was stricken with a slight illness. A few hours after arriving at the store he was taken ill and carried home. His condition had not been regarded as serious until last night when he suddenly became worse, death coming this morning.

The deceased was born in Marshville township October 22, 1850. He received his education at Old Trinity College. After graduating there he taught schools in the county for several years.

In 1880 he came to Monroe where he worked for J. E. Stack & Co. as a salesman, continuing in this position for four years. Later he worked for the late John R. English as a salesman. He soon became a partner in this business, the firm being known as J. R. English & Co. When Mr. English retired he continued the business in the same building on South Main street.

On May 9, 1889, he was married to Miss Annie Bickett, a daughter of the late Dr. T. W. Bickett, and a sister of Governor Bickett. She, with two sons and a daughter survive. The sons are Lt. Frank Ashcraft and Mr. Covington Ashcraft, a student of Horner's Military Academy. The daughter is Miss Annie May Ashcraft, a member of the faculty of the Edenton high school. Miss Ashcraft and Mr. Covington Ashcraft had not arrived home when death came to their father.

For several years he was a member of the board of county commissioners and the board of aldermen. At the time of his death he was chairman of the board of trustees of the Monroe graded schools, which place he had held for a long time. The schools of the city closed out of respect for the deceased as soon as the news of his death was received. He was also a member of the board of directors of the First National Bank.

Mr. Ashcraft was an influential member of the First Baptist church and one of the most active of church workers. For about thirty years he had been superintendent of the Sunday school of his church. He was also chairman of the board of deacons, church treasurer, and treasurer of the Union Baptist Association.

He was a man whose word was as good as his bond. His integrity of character won for him a friend in all with whom he came in contact. "One of the best men I have ever known," a prominent citizen of the town characterized him this morning.

News of his death came as a distinct shock. When anything for the betterment of town or county was to be undertaken "Frank" Ashcraft could be counted upon to be there.

Funeral service will be conducted at the First Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30. Services are delayed in order that Governor Bickett, who is in Illinois, and other friends and relatives may attend. Rev. J. A. Wray will conduct the services and interment will be in the Monroe cemetery.

The Parable of a Prodigal Father.

(Charlotte Observer.) A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel which falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living in that he paid the boys' bills, and sent them to a select preparatory school, and to dancing school, and to college and tried to believe that he was doing his full duty by the boys.

And not many days after the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and here he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son. And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship. And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him chairman of the house committee and president of the club and sent him to congress. And he would fain have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

But when he came to himself he said, "How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish here with heart hunger! I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father; make me as one of thy acquaintances.'" And he arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him, and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill at ease. And the father said unto

him, "Son, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend." But the son said, "Not so, I wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted companionship and counsel and to know things, but you were too busy. I got companionship and I got the information, but I got the wrong kind and now alas, I am wrecked in soul and body, and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late, too late."—Blake W. Godfrey.

Presidential Ship in Heavy Weather.

The steamer George Washington, on which President Wilson is returning to the United States, was in full wireless communication again Thursday after having been intermittently cut off from certain communication for 24 hours.

After leaving the conveying torpedo boat destroyers behind in the heavy seas Tuesday, trouble developed on board the battleship New Mexico, which put that vessel out of the convoy, and today the George Washington has been proceeding alone.

The battleship North Carolina is coming up for the purpose of relaying wireless communications. All has been going well on board the George Washington. The President has alternately worked and taken exercise.

TO BRING BODIES HOME

Wishes of Relatives Will Govern — American Cemeteries in France for Navy Men Who Remain There.

Plans for bringing home the bodies of all officers, sailors and marines now buried on foreign soil are being worked out by the navy department, and the actual work will be undertaken within the next few months. The wishes of relatives, however, will govern not only as to the return of the bodies but also as to their final disposition. Those brought home either will be sent forward for private burial or buried in the Arlington or some other national cemetery as the relatives may decide.

The department's announcement at Washington Sunday expressed a preference for bringing home all bodies. It was pointed out that as a result of the careful preparation made at the outbreak of the war it had been possible to return the bodies of hundreds of those who died overseas. In the case of marines and naval detachments serving with the army, however, this was not possible, and instead a careful system of permanent marking of graves was maintained. If the nearest of kin of any of the men who gave their lives for their country desire the dead will be left to rest in France, probably in specially bought American cemetery sites where perpetual care and recognition will be assured.

The department's statement said that where bodies were brought home for burial in national cemeteries full military honors would be accorded, and that where private burial was desired the navy would prepay all expenses up to delivery of the coffin to relatives, and that the war risk insurance bureau of the treasury would refund actual burial expenses not exceeding \$100 in each case upon presentation of the claims.

Relatives of the dead of the navy and naval reserve were requested to write the bureau of medicine and surgery as to their wishes and those of the dead of the marine corps were invited to communicate with the commandant of the corps.

To the Memory of W. T. Whitfield.

Mr. William T. Whitfield, for many years a member of Central Methodist church of Monroe, having died on the 30th day of January, 1919.

Be it Resolved: That in the death of our departed brother Central Methodist church has lost a valued member, his family a devoted husband and father and the community a good citizen. Mr. Whitfield was a splendid type of the Southern gentleman. Quiet, gentle of manner, unobtrusive, without an enemy. In all the social and business relations of life he was true to others—honorable, honest, upright, frank and generous. He believed in and trusted his fellow-man. As a merchant in former years he willingly aided and assisted the moneyless and poor, many of whom in too many instances neglected their promises. Later, as a salesman, his diligence, affableness and uniform courtesy made him most popular with the patrons of his house. He made friends readily and retained them to the last. We who were his neighbors knew him best and esteemed him most. His kindly nature and generous heart endeared him to us. And we sorrow with his loved ones whom he so much loved. His tender solicitude for the son in far away France was beautiful and his anxiety to see him before his death was really pathetic. But it was not to be.

Be it resolved further: That, as an expression of our appreciation of the man and of our sympathy for the bereaved family, a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of the church and a copy also sent to his family.—Geo. S. Lee, A. M. Stack, W. M. Gordon, Committee.

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote of the congregation.

You Win!

The man who is riding sixty miles per hour in a big machine is no happier than the man who is riding thirty miles per hour in a flivver, because the man in the flivver thinks he is going sixty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SOUTH CAROLINA WILL REDUCE COTTON ACREAGE

Friday, Feb. 28, Has Been Named "Cotton Acreage Reduction Day" By S. C. Cotton Association—Other Items From Pageland Journal.

Friday, February 28th, has been named as "cotton acreage reduction day" by the South Carolina Cotton Association. The farmer has few weapons with which to fight those who cause the cotton market to go down when it should go, and the reduction of acreage is one of the few effective ways of controlling the price. Holding cotton is also a splendid way to get the situation in hand. Holding does not reduce the amount of cotton, however, and sooner or later it must be thrown on the market. Reduction in acreage is the one sure way to prevent the growing of a bumper crop. The farmers ought to sign up for a reduction that will count for something.

During the time there is no school here Prof. Marsh is putting in time with the members of his class in agriculture. For the first time this school is getting a small appropriation from the government for the teaching of agriculture in the school. During the past months most of the work has been in the class room, and many tests and experiments have been made with different kinds of soil, etc. Prof. Marsh received his first training in agriculture under paternal direction on a farm near Beaver Dam. Last summer he spent a few weeks at Clemson College, and since then has kept his table piled with text books and bulletins on agriculture. He is now visiting the homes of the boys in his class and assisting in pruning and spraying the orchards. He considers this the opening wedge that shall make way for greater things in the years that are to follow. The boys of the class are arranging to plant project acres to be worked according to directions given by Clemson College.

Fertilizer is not moving in this section as it usually does at this season, from which we are led to believe that the farmers are taking the sensible view of the situation, and refusing to buy commercial fertilizer in such quantities at the prices now asked by the manufacturers. While cotton refuses to bring what it will cost to grow more of it, so long as the price remains below what it will cost to grow another crop the better plan is to hold the old cotton, and grow other crops.

Prof. John Terry passed through town Monday afternoon on his way from Chesterfield, and while he has been unwell, he was in fighting trim because of the condition of the road to the county seat. He requested that we say a number of rough things about whoever ought to have worked the roads, but owing to the fact that our fighting editor has about deserted us we decline to do the other fellow's cussing. Instead we agreed to say about this much, and wait until the professor has time to write out and sign whatever he feels like saying. We will have to be the fice, and do just enough barking and growling to make the larger dogs fight, while we dodge out of the way.

Fifteen Winston Rioters Guilty.

Fifteen of the sixteen defendants indicted for participating in the riot in Winston-Salem on November 17, 1918, were convicted in Surry Superior court, a jury returning the verdict at noon. Andy Gilliam was the only defendant on trial that secured an acquittal.

George Douthit, J. E. Savage, Pleas Cline, Grover and Walter Kizer and Will Carter were found guilty of attempt to lynch Russel High, a colored prisoner in the city jail and were sentenced by Judge B. F. Long, who presided over the special term, being ordered there by Governor Bickett to try these cases, to 14 months on the Forsyth county roads.

Frank Hester was convicted of the same offense and given a term of 16 months on the roads.

Eight other defendants were convicted of conspiracy and also of attempt to lynch the negro, their sentences being as follows: Ira Whitaker, Pearce Hammons, A. E. Castejens and Cris Chappell, six years each on the county roads; John Brandon, two years; Arthur Manley, three years; Carl Fields and J. L. Mabe, four years.

While no announcement has been made, it is understood that counsel for all the defendants will take appeals to the supreme court.

Seeing Themselves.

The Gazette of the Cross, a German publication, is credited with the following:

"At the beginning of last year we were a proud, all-powerful people, crowned with the laurels of victory. Here we are now—disarmed and given up, hand and foot, to the mercy of the enemy. Our invincible army has been beaten.

"The passage in Scripture which says, 'You will be despised among all nations,' has come true to us.

"Shame eats into our hearts. For that which is the most terrible for us is that we cannot accuse God or the world for what has become of us. We can accuse only ourselves.

"We have only to beat our chests before the grave which we ourselves dug."

DOUGHBOYS FINDING IT HARD TO WED IN FRANCE

But More Than Five Thousand of Them Have Managed to Turn the Trick—Must Reside in One Place 30 Days Prior to Marriage.

(Paris Dispatch.) If you had seen this slip of a girl at the American passport office you would have addressed her as Mademoiselle, but the French clerks called her something that sounded like Mrs. Jones. She had bright red cheeks, lustrous black eyes and wore little gold earrings half concealed by a mass of fluffy hair. She spoke only in French.

"But Madame Jones," said the clerk to her. "I cannot help you. If your husband is going to the United States I am not able to give you permission to accompany him. That is something for the military authorities."

"But I want to go with him," said the little girl, not pleadingly, but defiantly. "He is my husband."

"See your husband's commanding officer," replied the clerk, "but let me personally give you a bit of advice. Forget it, go back to your mother and let him go back to the States."

The little wife didn't cry. She came from a race which has put in half of its history in fighting the Germans and the other half in fighting red tape.

"I will see the commanding officer," she replied. The clerk turned about with a gesture of helplessness. "Now look at that," he said. "This business of American soldiers marrying French women makes all sorts of complications. Her husband is in the army and is going home on a transport. She wants to go, too, but it is impossible, for there is no provision for it. The foolish girl belongs at home. She is only 16."

This is only one chapter in the story of an American doughboy who marries a French girl. Although provision is made in England, for brides to go home with their soldier husbands, charging \$1 a day to the brides, no orders have yet gone forth permitting French brides aboard transports. This has opened the whole fascinating subject of what happens to the doughboy when he falls in love with a French woman and tries to get married. Enough happens. The old poets often compared love and war. The comparison still holds good. The soldier who declared that "trying to get married in France was like cutting German barbed wire before a battle" had the right idea.

There is no primrose path for the love-smitten doughboy. I met him as he approached the Mayorality of the First Arrondissement, a frowning stone building standing well behind the famous Hotel de Ville, and close to the Church of St. Gervais, where 70 persons died when a German shell entered last Good Friday. Up the winding stone stairs he goes. The stairs are well worn by the feet of the thousands who have gone before his on love's pilgrimage. This is the office of marriages.

There is an old, smelly atmosphere in this office which goes with historic places. A chandelier with two gas lamps hangs low over an ancient desk, which is a reminder of Lincoln's. The daylight which drifts through the windows is like a bit of sunlight through a fog. The secretary in charge is very gracious.

"The American soldier wants to get married," he says. "It is not difficult. The government has made things easy for him. In the old days the French had to furnish a birth certificate three months before the marriage and a certificate of residence of six months, as well as the consent of the father and mother for all persons up to the age of 30, or if these are deceased, the consent of the grandparents or guardians. In every instance he had to live 30 days at a specific residence before marriage was allowed. Of course, there were other regulations also. For instance, a military permit for all men up to the age of 45, and also certificates of death if a second marriage was contemplated, or certificates of divorce and transcription of deceased, and so forth. But now," he emphasized, "we make things easy for soldiers."

"What do you do now?" he was asked.

"Oh, we ask of the American who is marrying a French girl only 30 days' residence," he replied. "Of course, he must furnish an affidavit that he is a native American, unmarried, and also a certificate showing his home address, testified to by a witness and sworn to before a United States consul."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, practically, except, of course, that he must have the consent of his commanding officer in writing, as well as to have this turned over to the French minister of foreign affairs, who must endorse the consul's affidavit before it comes to us."

"How about the girl? Do the regulations provided by French law still hold good?" I asked.

"Of course, every one of them. There is no such thing, then, as rushing into marriage?"

"Oh, no, monsieur. American soldiers want to marry right away, but it is impossible."

Then I proceeded to the office of an American attorney on the Avenue de l'Opera, where the doughboys take their troubles and get their papers fixed up. The sinteroom was a picture. There was a doughboy seated awkwardly in a deep upholstered

chair. He crossed and recrossed his legs restlessly. Another doughboy was pacing up and down, studying the carpet. Two others were on a settee, staring with an uneasy air at quaint legal diplomats.

It was evident that there was something on their minds. Charles G. Loes, a kindly disposed middle-aged man, a long-time resident of New Orleans, came out of his private office and beckoned.

"Come right in," he said; "I am glad to have a chat. I am absolutely swamped with this marriage business. It is out of my line, but I am glad to help the boys along."

"Are all these boys waiting to get married?" I asked.

"Every one. Most of them have only 36 hours' leave. They think it is like in the United States—dollar for license, a dollar for the clergyman. Hard luck!" He laughed heartily.

"How many doughboys do you estimate have married French women?"

"Probably not more than 5,000. I have heard reports that there were 30,000, but I believe that the figure is too large. Of course, there are no French statistics out yet. American mothers also may be assured that their boys are marrying a fine set of girls. I have met a lot of them and the girls from the provinces especially will make splendid wives."

"What do you do for the boys?"

"We get their papers fixed up and see that they get the necessary affidavits."

"Only 62 francs (\$12.40). That does not really pay for our office help, but it does the job for the boys, provided they can live 30 days in one place. This is difficult, of course, in Paris, but not so hard for the boys billeted in the towns. You would think that the boys would not marry under the circumstances—but you see my office."

CLEMENCEAU SHOT

Struck by Three of Seven Bullets Fired at Him by the Anarchist "Milou" — Premier Cheerful and Condition Satisfactory.

Premier Georges Clemenceau, characterized by Lloyd George as "France's grand young man," was attacked Wednesday by an anarchist, Emile Cottin, known as "Milou."

Seven shots were fired, three of which struck the premier. One bullet lodged in the muscles of the shoulder, penetrating deeply, but, so far as is at present known, not injuring the spine or penetrating to the lungs. Two bullets bruised the right arm and hand, while two other bullets are reported to have passed through the premier's clothing.

At the time of the attempted assassination M. Clemenceau had just left his home to drive in a motor car to a conference with Col. Edward M. House, of the American peace delegation, and British Foreign Secretary Balfour. Though bleeding profusely, M. Clemenceau was able to return to his home, where he reassured the members of his household and waved aside anxious inquiries with, "It is nothing."

Latest reports from his attendants were that his condition was satisfactory, and that he was cheerful throughout the day, despite occasional fits of coughing.

For the present it has been decided by the surgeons that extraction of the bullet may not be necessary, and arrangements have been made to take radiographs of the injured parts.

Cottin, whom the police believed to be a somewhat harmless person associating with anarchists and aiding in their propaganda, declared that he had planned to kill the premier because M. Clemenceau "was the enemy of humanity and was preparing for another war."

Union Notes.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Now that the flu has made a clean sweep of Union I don't think we will be bothered any more. Our school, which has been closed for some time on account of the epidemic, has started again. Mrs. R. B. Cuthbertson is in charge.

Mrs. Bishop Clark returned Sunday from Pageland where she was called to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Charlie Penegar.

Mr. J. M. Clark is having a nice, new store house built and expects soon to occupy it and enlarge his stock of goods. Mr. B. L. Clark is doing most of the work.

There is a good deal of cotton to be picked yet around Union, but if the weather continues so cold I doubt its being picked before next fall.—White Rose.

No Time to Count Three.

A group of negro soldiers were receiving instruction in the throwing of grenades, says the Argonaut; at one, they were to pull the firing pin; at two, draw back the arm; at three, throw the grenade. The captain explained to the nervous negroes that five seconds would elapse between the pulling of the pin and the explosion. "You must not throw too soon," he said, "or some German is likely to pick it up and toss it back. Don't hold it too long, or it may blow your arm off." Then he counted, "One."

A little negro on the end jerked the pin, poised the grenade an instant, and threw it as far as he could.

"What's the trouble there?" asked the captain. "Didn't I tell you to hold that until the count of three?"

"Why, man," said the recruit solemnly, "Ah could feel that thing swellin' in my hand."

30TH AND 81ST DIVISIONS.

Brief History of These Two Famous Southern Divisions.

The Stars and Stripes gives the following interesting information in regard to two famous Southern army divisions.

Eighty-first Division—National army of North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida and Porto Rico. Arrived in France August 16, 1918. Activities: East of St. Die and Raon l'Etape sector, Vosges, Sept. 18 to Oct. 19 (brigaded with 20th French Division); Sommedieue sector between Haudiemont works and Bezenzee-en-Woevre, November 7-17.

Total advance on front line: 5 1-2 kilometers.

Insignia: Wildcat of varying colors. Selected in the belief that the division could "emulate it in its fighting qualities."

Thirtieth Division—National guard of North Carolina and Tennessee; Arrived in France May 24, 1918. Activities: Canal sector, south of Ypres, (brigaded with British), July 16 to August 17; Canal sector, south of Ypres (under own command), August 17 to September 4; Gouy-Nauroy sector, September 23 to October 2 (battle operations); Beurevoir sector, October 3 to 12 (battle operations); Le Cateau sector, October 16 to 20 (battle operations).

Prisoners captured: 98 officers, 2,750 men. Guns captured: 81 pieces of artillery, 426 machine guns. Total advance on front line: 29 1-2 kilometers.

Insignia: Monogram in blue, the letter "O" surrounding the letter "H" with three "Xs" (Roman numerals for 30), forming the cross bar of the letter "H," all on a maroon background. The design is a tribute to Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory."

Why a Dog Tax?

(Written for The Journal.)

Speaking of the dog tag, one is wnt to enquire, why a dog tax? What purpose can it serve? Who will be benefited and, what are expected to be the benefits?

The argument put up in favor of taxing dogs has been something like this:

Dogs are a menace to the sheep industry.

They prowl around in the neighborhood at night and eat 50 cents eggs.

They become infected with hydrophobia, and endanger the public safety, therefore they should be taxed.

I am not opposed to dog tax. I am just wondering if legislatures have discovered that to tax an industry discourages said industry.

The purpose of the dog tax is undoubtedly to reduce the number of dogs, and no doubt it will work.

But we have a mule tax also, is it intended to discourage mule ownership?

We are required to pay a tax for the privilege of owning a cow to supply the very best of food for the kids, is said tax intended to discourage ownership in good milk cows?

Men who are able to build a house are also penalized by taxation for doing so, does this mean that house building should be discouraged?

If said men decide to paint the house they are fined again for improvements made, does this mean that men should not make any progress?

If men lived in the woods, wore no clothes, ate roots, and refused to claim ownership of any mules, cows, dogs or horses, where would the taxes come from?

Taxing dogs may help the State to get more money, but what will the State do with the money when it gets it? Very likely it will create another "lameduck" roost and reward loyal partitites who have been pushed off into the cold.

Taxing dogs to discourage dog raising is good.

Now if we could just see the same thing in regard to "two-legged" dogs—greedy (dogish) land monopolist—and place a tax on them sufficient to make it unprofitable for them to hold land out of use, it would be a better thing. The land hog (groundhog) does more harm in ten minutes than all the sneezing dogs could do in a thousand years. He (the landhog) is responsible for the present food shortage. Millions of people are starving right now because land monopoly has been fostered and protected.

He is responsible for the great army of bolshevists that is causing so much worry in Europe and that are beginning to poke up their heads in America. The Bible says we know a tree by its fruits. No such fruit as we see in bolshevism and I. W. W. activities come from the practicing of the principle of christianity. Then, if the nations effected are christians, surely they have not been working at it much.

Taxing dogs in the interest of sheep is not bad, but untaxing robbers in the interest of monopoly is dangerous. We are going to reap the whirlwind, I fear.—Novus Homo.

Little Louis was a smart boy and very anxious to forge ahead in the world. He got a job in a local bank. A wealthy uncle met him in the street one morning and said: "Well Louis, how are you getting on in business? I suppose the first thing you know you will be president of the bank?"

"Yes uncle," replied the boy. "I'm getting along fine. I'm draft clerk already."

"What!" exclaimed the uncle. "Draft clerk? Why, that's very surprising, but very good."

"Yes uncle," replied the lad. "I open and shut the windows according to orders, and close the doors when people leave them open!"