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NEW ENGLAND GIVES MR. WILSON ROUSING WELCOME

Feeling Physically Fit, the President Throws Down Gauntlet to Those Who Oppose Proposed League of Nations and Invites Them to Test Sentiment of the Country.

Boston, Feb. 24.—President Wilson will fight at home as he has fought abroad for a league of nations. Returning from France, he had been on American soil not more than three hours today before he threw down the gauntlet to those who distrust the proposed concert of governments based, he said, on the American ideals which had won the war for justice and humanity.

An America, confining to her own territories her conception and purpose to make men free, he said, would have to keep her honor "for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond their nearest horizon."

He pictured the American nation entering the lists with a new purpose—the freedom of mankind. The old world had caught the vision, and any treaty of peace drawn otherwise than in the new spirit would be nothing more, he asserted, than a "modern scrap of paper," and the present peace, unless guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world, could not stand a generation.

INVITED TO TEST SENTIMENT

Bending over the speaker's table, his face set in tense lines and his right hand clenched, the President exclaimed:

"Any man who thinks that America will take part in giving the world any such rebuff and disappointment as that does not know America. I invite him to test the sentiment of the nation."

Interrupted by applause, the President halted and then evoked the greatest demonstration of the afternoon when he added that he would accept no sweeter challenge than the issue of the American purpose in the war.

"I have fighting blood in me," he said, with apparent feeling, "and it is sometimes a delight to let it have scope, but if it is a challenge on this occasion, it will be an indulgence."

At another point in his address the President said that if the great hope of the world for a league of nations was disappointed, he would wish "for my part never to have had America play any part whatever in this attempt to emancipate the world. I have no more doubt of the verdict of America in this matter than I have doubt of the blood that is in me."

GIVEN ROUSING WELCOME

New England gave the President a rousing welcome home. This city probably never has seen a greater crowd than gathered at every point of vantage along the route from Commonwealth pier, to which the naval cutter Ossipee brought his party from the steamer George Washington, through the downtown districts and around two sides of Boston common to the Copley-Plaza hotel, where a stop was made for luncheon.

At every turn the President was cheered. Hat in hand, he stood in his motor car throughout the two miles of the parade except in one block between Washington and Tremont streets where, because of the narrow way, spectators were not allowed to congregate.

The national army, the army, the state guard and the city police in lines on either side of the route formed a guard of honor for the entire distance of the drive. So effective were the arrangements that not an unpleasant incident occurred.

SUFFERS ARRESTED

Opposite the state house, in front of which a group of wounded soldiers greeted the President, a handful of suffragists claiming to represent the national woman's party took their stand for a demonstration which they had announced. Before the parade reached them, they were told by the police to move on. Refusing, they were arrested for loitering and locked up. Later at the hotel, the President received a committee from the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, a non-militant organization, and asked its members to convey to the state body his "warm regards and sympathy."

President Wilson was accompanied in the parade and later to Mechanics hall, where he spoke before 8,000 persons, by Mrs. Wilson. He appeared physically fit for what he described as the approaching "strenuous attempt to transact business for a little while in America."

The sea voyage seemed to have given him rest. He appeared to enjoy the day and taking farewell of Mayor Andrew J. Peters, the official host, said that he had immensely enjoyed the brief stay here.

So occupied was Mr. Wilson with the program prepared for him, that all official business brought to his attention was deferred until he was aboard the special train which drew out of the south station at 4:30 this afternoon for Washington. The \$6,000,000,000 revenue bill was among the documents which he received from Secretary Tumulty, and upon which he had not acted when he left the city.

The President's train was due at New York 10 p. m.; West Philadelphia 11:59; Baltimore 2 a. m., and Washington at 3 a. m., according to a schedule given by Secretary Tumulty.

Imagine a country of habitual ebriates.—Chicago Evening Post.

Cotton Meeting.

A meeting will be held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms tomorrow afternoon at 1 o'clock to organize a Union County Cotton Association for the purpose of holding cotton on hand and reducing acreage this year in an effort to secure better prices. At the meeting a committee will be appointed from each township to canvass their respective districts to secure pledges for reduced acreage and funds to promote the work of the association. If you are interested in a higher price for cotton, attend the meeting.

Monroe Negro in Limbo in Philadelphia, Pa.

Major Houston, a Monroe negro, is in the toils of the law in Philadelphia. It would seem from a letter received Saturday by Chief of Police T. M. Christenbury from Alfred L. Souder, captain of detectives in the Quaker city. The letter enquires of Houston's past criminal record. Enclosed with the letter were a couple of photographs of Houston, showing a front and side view of his face.

Looking over the records Chief Christenbury found that in 1911 Houston was convicted of second degree murder and sentenced to twenty years in the state penitentiary. After serving five years of this sentence he was pardoned. The records showed also that on various and sundry occasions Houston had been arraigned before the Recorder. The last charge marked against him was in 1918 when he was convicted of assault.

Major Houston is well known in Monroe. By trade he is a tailor and for some time worked in a pressing club here.

Armenian and Syrian Fund.

Reported in Journal Friday	\$362.14
T. P. Dillon	1.00
Percy Dillon	1.00
Lee Park school, Mrs. W. E. Marsh and Miss May Caudle teachers	10.00
Miss Nell Bulla	1.00
Benton Heights School	5.55
Fairview school, Misses Floyd Myers and Eva Outen, teachers	3.72
Mrs. W. L. Earnhart	5.00
Rock Rest school, Mrs. W. A. Williams and Miss Effie Ashcraft, teachers	17.00
Pastime Theatre, Mrs. Earl Shute	19.35
Cash	1.00
W. S. Blakeney	1.00
D. W. Flow	1.00
Mrs. Hernig	.50
Miss Catherine McGuirt	.25
J. J. Crow	2.00
H. T. Pate	.25
Clayton Laney	1.00
Siler Presbyterian church	31.50
Flint Ridge school, Sandy Ridge township, J. H. Myers, teacher	10.00
Mrs. T. L. Crowell	1.00
N. M. Redfern	1.00
Mrs. C. N. Simpson, Jr.	3.00
Total	\$480.35
Leave contributions with English Drug Co.	

Unusual Letter.

(Statesville Landmark.) It is refreshing to read a letter like the following, accredited to Private Oliver P. Hazard, of Philadelphia, who is only 17 years old and who saw active service:

"As for being paid, at first it was kind of hard to pay us over here, as my company, for instance, is at Longwy, France, and I am here in Luxembourg. It is not difficult now for each man in the American Expeditionary Forces has a pay book which enables him to draw pay from any organization to which he may be attached at the last of the month. Besides, what if a man doesn't get paid right on the spot? Uncle Sam is surely good for it, and a man needs no money. He is issued tobacco, soap, etc.

"The only thing a person can buy from the inhabitants here is wine, beer and schnapps (whiskey), which, as you know, is of no use to any one. Your letters are not censored and if you don't hear from us boys don't blame the men higher up. Get after us for not writing. I feel sure you have received all the letters I have written you. Your letters are sometimes late reaching me. One you mentioned didn't come till the war ended. I was on detached service, working on an ammunition dump and was very busy, because we were preparing for a drive on Metz.

"There isn't any food wasted, as your critical folks claim. For breakfast this morning we had boiled rice, milk, jam, butter, bread and coffee. For dinner today steak, mashed potatoes, gravy, bread and coffee. Supper, boiled beef, onions, macaroni, with tomatoes, bread and coffee. And it is white bread, not war bread, over here. Of course, this isn't fancy food, but I hardly think any one would starve on it. Don't you believe any of the tales you hear. Get the address of those that grow and save them for me.

"I read in the papers that home people are jumping on the government for not sending us home. They do not realize that a state of war still remains between Germany and the allies until the peace papers are signed. I, for one, do not want to come home till it is. A job unfinished is worse than a job unbegin. Since I've had the good fortune to see this job through this far, believe me, I want to see the end."

MONROE SYRIANS GET NEWS FROM THEIR OLD HOME

For First Time in More Than Four Years—Number of Relatives Have Died—Money of Little Value—Many Starving.

Letters which came last week for the first time in more than four years to the local Syrian merchants here from their old home on Mt. Lebanon brought a sad story. A number of relatives have died, a good percentage of the population is in dire need, and the money they can secure is practically worthless.

A letter received by Messrs. Geo. and Frank Nassif stated that their father, two nephews and two aunts had died. American money sent by the Monroe men for the relief of their relatives, the letter stated, had to be converted into Turkish money before it could be spent and the Turkish money had depreciated in value as to be almost worthless.

A letter received by Mr. Taffy Joseph stated that his father, a brother, and his grandmother had died. A letter received by Mr. Ab Joseph reported that three of his brothers-in-law had died.

Along with the announcement of the death of his mother in a letter to Mr. Jim Williams something of the condition of the country is told. Five dollars in American money is worth only 15 piasters, which is equal to 75 cents. The Turkish administration of Mt. Lebanon requisitioned all the gold of the village. Numbers of the people have sold their household belongings to buy food. Hundreds have died of disease and starvation.

A campaign is now under way in the United States to secure relief for these destitute people of Syria. North Carolina is expected to raise \$200,000. Contributions are being received at the English Drug Company in Monroe. Thus far only about \$400 have been contributed.

The Home Paper.

(Exchange.)

The "little old country town" of a few years ago has, with seeming suddenness, assumed city proportions; landmarks have changed; the postoffice is no longer in a dim corner of the old town grocery, but presents the granite front of a goodly government building.

And there's a town bank—perhaps several—with something metropolitan about it, near which numerous automobiles are parked; bigger, better business houses on all sides, while the old familiar pastime of "checker playing" on the old pine box on the main street has been relegated to remote rural districts.

And to keep pace with this progress, which it was so great a factor in making, the weekly newspaper of the old days has, in numerous instances, become the daily of the new.

And as to this best evidence of progress, the Madison (Ga.) Madisonian says that "the time is past when the local paper can be conducted with pocket change."

To this the Dawson (Ga.) News adds that "no longer can some ambitious individual acquire a Washington address and a case of long primer type, and begin the enlightenment of the world and the molding of public opinion as editor and publisher of a newspaper;" for—

"The cost these days of equipping a newspaper plant that will in any way meet the demands and requirements of the public is greater than that of the average stock of merchandise, to say nothing of salaries commanded by competent printers for a few hours' work each day. The printer of today draws a salary far in excess of that of the store clerk, and works only eight hours, whereas the clerk puts in 12 or more hours out of every 24.

"The good old days of country journalism, when the editor had time to stroll up and down the streets swapping talk and tobacco with his friends, attend all the picnics and barbecues, and spend a considerable part of his time enjoying 'courtesies' extended by the railroads, are no more. An eternal grind and hustle and expense is now the order in every print shop worthy of the name."

"The eternal grind and hustle and expense" is the right way of putting it; and in this connection the greatest credit in the world is due the weekly newspapers of the country for the manner in which they have come through under exacting war conditions—hard as they have been on the greater newspaper businesses of the country.

Here and there a weekly paper has "gone to the wall"; but largely they have met all conditions and given splendid service to home and country. They have spared no expense in presenting the news to their readers—in meeting every demand, local and national. They have successfully taught the towns where they are published the lesson of growing up to them. They had to keep the lead as to every phase of progress, and that is just what they have done.

And the enterprising business men of the communities have helped them to do this—have stood loyally by them with the greater patronage which comes from greater business. All have helped alike, as all should help, and the town has proved worthy of the paper that made the town.

The weekly sheet has been enlarged to give the war news, to the limit of capacity, and the small town daily has accomplished great things in every progressive locality.

SOUTH MEANS BUSINESS ABOUT HOLDING COTTON

And Reducing Acreage, Says Mr. W. S. Blakeney Who Is Just Back From Attending the New Orleans Cotton Conference.

The South means business about holding the cotton on hand and reducing the acreage this year to secure better prices, is the opinion expressed by Mr. W. S. Blakeney, just back from the Cotton Conference at New Orleans. Mr. Blakeney represented the North Carolina Bankers Association at the meeting and was the only man attending the meeting from this state.

The meeting was held in the 12th story of one of the largest of New Orleans hotels and was attended by over 1000 delegates, every state in the Union being represented.

Mr. Blakeney was a member of the committee on resolutions. It was decided that the conference should concern itself only with the two questions of reducing acreage this year and holding cotton on hand and resolutions regarding these questions expressing the sentiment of those present were passed.

Mr. Blakeney was of the opinion that something should be said regarding the export question, and had prepared resolutions to this effect. However, as the conference decided to take up only the issues of holding and reducing acreage the resolutions were not submitted.

A representative of the New Orleans Times-Picayune learning of Mr. Blakeney's sentiments on the question secured a copy of the prepared resolution and reported them in his paper as expressing the sentiment of all present. The Times-Picayune is one of the most influential papers of the nation.

The resolutions were reported as follows:

Resolved by the Cotton Congress held in the city of New Orleans, February 17, 1919, that the Senators and Representatives of the Congress of the United States from the cotton producing states be requested to organize at once for the purpose of protecting the people they represent against great financial losses resulting from the recent unreasonable declines in the price of cotton.

To this end we urge that they use every reasonable and legal means within their power to remove all restrictions now operating against the real values of this product of the farms so that the law of supply and demand may be restored to its full force and effect. We believe that the consumption of cotton, and the means of handling the same, are now unreasonably restricted through the purchasing commissions of the various governments abroad, and our government should now intervene to throw the cotton markets of the world wide open to all, irrespective of commissions, corporations or individuals, so that fullest and freest purchasing power of the world may be set in motion.

We would not extend this privilege to enemy countries, if such action militated against our national safety, but we do not conceive it to be necessary to our national welfare to withhold raw cotton from the markets of enemy countries until peace shall be signed. On the contrary, under the existing situation, we believe that steady employment in enemy countries is the best way to defeat the policy of the Bolsheviks, stabilize their governments, save their people from starvation and at the same time produce the means whereby compensation may be realized in some measure on the damage inflicted by the war and to rehabilitate the devastated regions of Europe.

The open door for cotton is a policy, therefore, to be demanded not only as a means of saving the South from immediate financial disaster, but is needed as a good economic policy for all the allies in this war and is dictated by every principle of humanity for mankind at this time.

Resolved that copies of this resolution be forwarded by the secretary of this committee to the President of the United States, the Secretary of Agriculture and to each Representative from cotton producing states asking their immediate co-operation in the matters aforementioned.

GLENALPINE IS PREPARING TO LEAVE WINGATE SOON

Has Sold His Home and Goes to New York in About Two Months—Mr. McIntyre Has Funny Experience With Squirrels.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Wingate, Feb. 24.—The influenza situation around here is in pretty good shape now. We do not know of but one family that has it. This is the telephone operator's family. We refer to Rufus Griffin. Nearly all of his family have had it but none of them have been very serious. We have a remarkable community for health any way. We have been here for more than two years, and have had but three or four funerals in Meadow Branch in this time.

Lawson McWhirter is out once more after a serious relapse from the influenza. He had to do so much in caring for the other members of the family who had the influenza after he got up that it caused him to take a relapse that looked to have proved fatal. He is in good shape now.

J. C. McIntyre had quite a funny experience with some squirrels the other day. His daughter, Bess, got

up early one morning last week and went to the front door to get some wood or to meet some one and saw what she thought was a cat on the porch. The creature ran up a tree, then she thought it was a weasel, and called her father to bring a gun and kill it, which he did at once. But to his surprise when it fell it was a squirrel instead of a weasel. The same day some of the boys were sawing wood at the wood pile and when they sawed a hollow stick in two a squirrel ran out of it. Mr. McIntyre got his gun a second time and brought down a squirrel. Can anyone beat this?

William Sells claims the cake yet on the big hog proposition. He says that he thought he was out of it when so much was being said about Frontis Williams' big hog, but when the scales said that it did not weigh quite eight hundred he was still in lead. His weighed over eight hundred, but it was killed in 1917.

Prof. C. M. Beach of Spray was in Wingate yesterday and preached at the Baptist church. The trustees are trying to get him to take the school here next year. We also understand that they are in correspondence with Prof. Marcus Dwyer. We are not sure about this, but they are both among the very best educators in North Carolina. This school would be fortunate indeed to secure either one of them. We surely hope that the trustees may be able to land one of them.

We are hoping to have the manuscript for the Brown Creek-Union Baptist Association ready within the next ten or fifteen days. Several churches have not sent in data that we may be able to give a sketch of them. Clerks, please attend to this at once. We want to get all of this off our hands before we leave the county. We are getting things ready to move now just as fast as we possibly can, and if you do not send in the items we ask for we cannot give your church the space it is entitled to. Send all you have. If you cannot get the old books, get some old person to tell you all they know about it. This will bear nothing. We want to get out a work that the people will be proud of, and if we get the co-operation we ought to have, we are going to succeed. Just send in the data to Rev. M. D. L. Preslar. He is looking after this part of the book.

Well, Glenalpine has been sold. Mr. J. C. McIntyre bought it this morning. The papers are going to be made this week. We are sorry to sell it, but we feel that the Master wants us to go back to the old field where we know everybody and everybody knows us. We can say this: we have never lived in a better community in our lives. We have good neighbors on every hand. They have been good to us and we have tried to be good to them. We leave without a single jar with any of our neighbors so far as we know.

Miss Pattie Marks went to Albemarle last Friday to attend to some business matters. She returned last night and is at the post of duty today. She is making good with her school work. She has done more real hard work here than we have seen anyone do before.

Mrs. J. K. Bivins and Mrs. Zeb Caudle are visiting at Glenalpine this afternoon.

Mrs. John Robinson died yesterday morning at five o'clock. She was a noble young woman and leaves two small children and a young husband to mourn her departure. She was a daughter of Mr. Kiah Staton of near Olive Branch. The funeral took place today at the family burying ground at Olive Branch.

This is the last week for the million dollar drive. We are going to publish our report within two weeks. If you have anything you have not sent in, please do so at once. We want to give every church credit for every cent they have raised, but if it is not in my hands I cannot give you credit for it.

Uncle Joe Bivins is visiting his daughter, Mrs. White, in Salisbury this week. He is still very active for a man of eighty summers.

Mr. Silas Jenkins of Stanfield spent Saturday and Sunday in the home of J. B. Bass.

J. B. Bass, Jr., had a birthday party last Saturday night. The sweet sixteen crowd were invited in full. Some of the girls had their first experience in being escorted by a young man. We are not so old that we cannot remember just how we felt the first time we stepped up beside a young lady to entertain her for a little while. The entertaining was of a very low order. The most we could do was to look at the moon, and do like the green college student who was escorting a young lady to some kind of a college entertainment. A new clock had been put in the college tower. He ran out of something to say, but finally mustered up enough breath to ask of the girl suppose the clock struck at night. These youngsters have been about this way from reports since that time. Of course they had a nice time.

We have loaned many of our expensive books. This we have done cheerfully, but now since we are planning to move in the near future we must ask our friends to return them as early as possible. Some of them belong to sets and for one volume to be out of a set renders the balance almost worthless. We are very anxious to secure a book on sexology, "What a Young Woman Ought to Know." This belongs to a set of eight volumes. Whoever has it will please return it before we go. This we say with all kindness, for it is a pleasure for us to loan our books, but we cannot keep a library up and not get our books returned.—Glenalpine.

BODY OF MR. ASHCRAFT LAID TO REST SUNDAY MORNING

Impressive Funeral Services Held at Baptist Church With a Large Number of Friends and Relatives Attending—Many Beautiful Floral Designs Cover Grave.

The funeral of Mr. F. B. Ashcraft was held in the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30, the service being conducted by Rev. John A. Wray, assisted by Rev. Lee McB. White of Chester and Rev. Braxton Craig of Timmonsville, former pastors of the deceased. Interment was in the Monroe cemetery.

The church was filled with friends and relatives from all over the county who came to pay their last respect to this well beloved man. The service was a deeply impressive one and truly in keeping with the life of Mr. Ashcraft. The three pastors made beautiful and appropriate talks on the character of this Christian gentleman; all attesting that he was indeed the pastors' friend. The solemnity of the occasion was further enhanced by the singing of several favorite hymns of the deceased by the choir, by Dr. E. S. Green and a quartet composed of Mrs. W. C. Sanders, Rev. L. M. White, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Greene.

The church in which Mr. Ashcraft's heart and labors had centered for so many years was made beautiful by the many floral tributes which later completely covered the plot at the cemetery. Among these were designs from the Graded School, High School, Ninth Grade, Morris Street Graded School, the Sunday School, Y. W. A., Woman's Missionary Society, and the board of deacons of the Baptist church, the board of directors of the First National Bank, Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist church, Governor Bickett and numerous others. The service at the grave was largely attended.

The active pall bearers were nephews of the deceased, they being Dr. J. E. Ashcraft, Dr. Watt Ashcraft, Messrs. B. C. Eugene, Thomas and Clayton Ashcraft. Members of the city school board and the board of deacons of the First Baptist church were honorary pall bearers.

Friends and relatives from outside the county who came to attend the funeral were: Mrs. Thomas Walter Bickett of Raleigh, Mrs. Richard Brewer of Wake Forest, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bickett of Newton, Rev. and Mrs. L. M. White of Chester, Misses Rosa Blakeney of Shelby and Eva Belle Covington of Lenoir.

Resolutions of Respect.

The death of Mr. W. S. Lee, who was President of the Gordon Insurance & Investment Company from its organization to the time of his death, terminates a period of service, which though it covered only short years, was peculiarly pleasant and profitable to those more intimately associated with the work of the company. Among those in the office there existed a peculiar friendship for Mr. Lee. As President he was always interested in his success and was willing to give of his time and energy to help increase the business or overcome any difficulty, yet he was always satisfied when the reasonable had been accomplished.

When the news of serious illness came to the office of the company, there was a hushed silence and a prayerful waiting for a speedy recovery, but it remained for the sad intelligence of his death to bring home the realization of the loss which the company sustained.

Mr. Lee was a christian gentleman. In his business transaction he was clean, courteous and honest; he was always anxious to see his business succeed, yet he never placed the success of his business above the rights and rightful consideration of those with whom he dealt. His dealings with the rich and poor were alike; he gave unto each that which was due him. He had a splendid business mind and used it well. Taken all in all, it will be hard to find another who can take his place.

Therefore be it resolved: 1st. That in the death of Mr. Lee the Gordon Insurance & Investment Company lost a most useful and considerate officer and adviser.

2nd. That those who have been most intimately associated with him will miss his kindly advice and helpful suggestions.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. Lee, a copy given to the county papers, and that the same be spread on the records of the company.—F. G. Henderson, J. H. Lee, R. D. Crow, M. K. Lee, W. M. Gordon, W. B. Brown.

Big Robbery in Columbia.

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 24.—Burglars entered the vault in the office of P. B. Spitzer, treasurer of Richland county, sometime between Saturday evening and this morning and stole between \$18,000 and \$30,000, practically all of which, it is reported, was in currency. About \$500 in currency and silver and a number of checks were left in the vault.

Entrance into the vault was effected from the interior of the treasurer's office through the side wall of the vault, an insecure brick structure. The burglar punched a hole through the wall with the steel axle of a buggy, taken from a blacksmith shop in the rear of the courthouse. The vault is constructed of brick, with a thin layer of crumbling mortar between them, the walls being not more than four feet thick. It was a comparatively easy matter for an entrance to be effected.