

**THE MONROE JOURNAL**

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A notice discontinuing the Journal is not necessary, as we take it for granted that you do not want the paper when you fail to renew.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1919.

The Best Town in North Carolina.

The late Dr. W. B. Houston used to prescribe a little journey to other parts of the country as a means of eradication of cobwebs from the vision. Every time he heard of such and such a man opposing a needed reform, he would always say "that man ought to travel some; he has lived in Monroe so long that he has reached the point where he considers his town the universe, and himself an important cog in the machinery. A trip somewhere would convince him of his insignificance, and show him that the world is a larger place than he ever dreamed."

Dr. Houston's prescription may wipe out the cobwebs, but travel certainly does not belittle the beauty, the progressiveness, and the all-around good qualities of Monroe in the eyes of the writer. It rather emphasized our good points. A trip the other day to the western part of the state, which led us through that progressive section around Gastonia, Shelby and Rutherfordton showed us nothing new in the way of city building and we came back to Monroe more pleased than ever with our town and its opportunities.

Gastonia is experiencing a wonderful growth in her textile industries, but crowded for its mills and its larger population. It does not compare with Monroe. None of these towns have better streets, more beautiful homes, a better appearing business district, nor better sanitary conditions than Monroe.

All about the road one hears people talk of Monroe. They want to know more about the town of which they have heard so much recently, and they all had a good word to say for us. Surely it is time for us to grasp the opportunity offered us to grow by the enormous volume of advertising we received from the radio project and other endeavors. There is a tendency to rest upon past honors by some of our most progressive citizens. This apathy on their part is causing the town to lose some mighty good projects that are to be had by a little concerted effort.

**Wilson Offers Plans for Reducing Prices.**

President Wilson, in his address in Congress the other day, recommended:

Prevention of "unconscionable profits" and curbing of competitive selling by a Federal licensing system for corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

Ratification of the peace treaty to the end that the nation may be put on a peace footing without delay.

Enactment of a law that will cause hoarders to see the disadvantages and the danger of avoiding new methods of distribution.

Extension of food control to the operations of peace, and that goods not complying be excluded from interstate and intrastate shipment.

Placing of a time limit on cold storage and passing of a law with teeth in it, providing a penalty for profiteering.

Marking goods placed in cold storage with the price prevailing at the time stored.

Marking all goods in interstate commerce with the prices at which they left the producer.

Provision in a food control act to force food out of private hiding.

Regulation of security issues so that speculation may be checked and fraudulent methods of promotion stopped.

**Sam Took His Remains With Him.**

George Ade says that a friend of his in Bridgeport, Connecticut, has a colored boy working for him as janitor. One morning Sam announced that he was about to quit.

"I laka you, Mistah Blank, and I ain't got no fault to find with dis heah job. But they tells me dat over heah at dese munitions dey's payin' fo' dollahs a day. I fows to git some of dat easy money."

Being paid off, he departed. Two days later he came back and applied for his former place.

"Didn't you care for de new job?"

"I quit befo' I got dat far," stated de negro. "Yisiddy mornin' I goes over to dem munitions works and I tells de man in de little office at de gate dat I'se done come to get one of dem fo'-dollah-a-day jobs. He says 'all right,' and den he gits out a book and he axes me what is my name; and den he say: 'Whar do you want de remains sent?' And I look him in de eye an' say: 'Boss, don't you pester yo'se'f bout de remains, 'ca'se I'se gwine take em with me right now.'"—Candy News.

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The big war has gone to pieces, and there are pieces of it raging in twenty-three different nations.—Philadelphia Record.

**Beauty and Beethoven**  
By R. RAY BAKER

There was nothing Angola or otherwise stylish about Beethoven. He came of a family of ordinary striped gray and black cats, but he was far from being an ordinary cat. At least such was the opinion of Velma Blake, who occupied two rooms on the third floor back in the Jordan flats, and who adopted the feline wanderer and christened him.

Velma was employed as head of the music department in the Emporium five and ten-cent establishment. She was a pretty, busy girl, and also she was a pretty, busy girl. With or without the comma the phrase fits. She had little time to spend in the care of pets, but when a stray cat knocks at one's door and one happens to be particularly fond of that species of animal, what can one do but offer a home?

She took him in and fed him, and as he proceeded to make himself comfortable and refused to leave the vicinity of her rooms when she set him out in the hall, she was forced to the conclusion that she was elected to be the creature's mandatory.

Velma's roommate didn't care for cats. "Why didn't you get a dog?" she demanded, but she managed to reconcile herself, in time, to the addition to the little family.

Beethoven proved to be a mysterious being. He would vanish for two or three days at a time, and then suddenly reappear and remain at home for a period of equal length, making his arrival known by the usual wailing serenade. Velma got used to these comings and goings, for there was a certain amount of regularity about them, and soon she was able to forecast almost with certainty the day and hour the wanderer would return from his sojourn.

At the front of the apartment house, in the basement, lived Ned Sayre, a bachelor young man. He shared the rooms with an acquaintance, but his life was rather lonely, for the two had little in common, although they got along well enough together.

Like Velma, Ned was a cat fancier, and like her he had taken possession of one that paid him a visit on two or three occasions when his living-room window was open. The roommate voiced some objections, but these were overruled, the Beauty, as the cat was christened, soon occupied a welcome place in the household, if two rooms and a bath may be called such.

Like Beethoven, Beauty went away on strange missions which he never explained or even tried to explain. Ned's duty as clerk in a haberdashery kept him away from home most of the day, and it is next to impossible to follow a cat in the dark, so Beauty's whereabouts during these periodical absences remained a secret.

Ned was of a timid nature; that is, he was timid when a member of the other sex was in proximity. However, he had struck up an acquaintance with Velma Blake and had got to the stage where he could relapse into a day dream when crossing the busiest corner of the busiest street.

He mustered sufficient courage once a week to take Velma to a theater or some other kind of entertainment, but had never been in her apartment, that being against the rules of the house. Consequently he was never introduced to her Beethoven.

Such trivial subjects as cats are not often discussed between young men and young women who are keeping company. There are more important matters, such as music, bon-bons, automobiles, vaudeville and clothes; so why should a couple of stray pets get into the conversation? It would be a queer way to carry on a love affair, would it not? Can you imagine a couple holding hands and at the same time a heated argument concerning the merits of their respective cats? So, in spite of the fact that both Velma and Ned were very fond of their pets, the subject never entered their talk.

Two things puzzled Ned, and the more he thought about them the more puzzled he became. One was the peculiar and repeated disappearance of Beauty and the other was how to win Velma for his lifelong partner. Rather a strange combination of worries for a young man, but Ned could not understand the girl any more than he could the cat.

Similar mysteries concerned Velma. One was the strange absences of Beethoven, and the other was how to win Ned for the head of her family. If one of them had been able to look into the other's mind there would have been no trouble about solving one of the puzzles, and of course that was the more important one of the two.

Just when it seemed that Ned and Velma were beginning to understand each other something happened that made them both miserable. Ned had arranged to take Velma to a theatrical performance, but she sent him a note saying she would be busy that evening and could not see him.

It made him downcast for a while, but he recovered from the attack of the blues and invited his roommate to the show in Velma's stead. On the way to the theater they met Velma with a young man.

Ned formed the same conclusion that almost any other fellow would have formed in similar circumstances.

He decided that he had been "thrown over;" and, having a proud, sensitive nature, he resolved to stay away from Velma.

He did not know that the head of the music sales department of the entire nation-wide chain of emporium stores was in the city that evening to take an inventory of the two local establishments and that Velma and this official were simply on their way from one of the stores to the other when Ned saw them.

When Velma said she would be busy that night she meant it in a literal sense, and she was not entertaining some other young man, notwithstanding appearances.

Velma felt as bad about it as Ned, but she likewise possessed a considerable amount of pride, and, knowing she was in the right, although realizing the circumstantial evidence was against her, she would not permit herself to take the first step toward a reconciliation.

One evening, shortly after the "busy" one, while she was trying to read and failing because of thoughts that intruded, she suddenly came to a realization that Beethoven had disappeared. He had been in the room only a moment previous and must have slipped out when Velma went to the ice box at the end of the hall. Here was a chance to give her mind diversion and at the same time perhaps fathom the mystery of the missing cat. She stepped to the door and looked out.

Yes, far down the hall was Beethoven, just starting down the stairs. She followed him to the second and then to the first floor, and finally into the back part of the basement, which was used as a storeroom and which contained the furnace. From a distance she saw the cat crawl through a window of the basement, and she hurried upstairs and inquired outside.

Beethoven was walking close to the building, peering into various windows that came in his way. She saw him stop before one near the front of the house, and as she watched a hand came out of the aperture and seized the cat, drawing him inside. Without stopping to consider whose room Beethoven had entered, Velma hurried to the window and stood looking down at Ned holding the cat in his arms.

"What are you doing with my cat?" she demanded, in what was intended to be stern tones.

"Your cat?" Ned inquired, trying to be somewhat cold. "What do you mean? This is my cat."

"He's mine and his name is Beethoven," she snapped.

Each looked defiance at the other for a moment, then smiles took the place of scowls on both faces.

"We both seem to own him," Velma said, demurely, kicking a pebble with her small boot. "What can we do to settle it?"

A desperate thought entered Ned's mind. Here was a chance to find out his fate and all the uncertainty he had been laboring under for months. Fearing he would be lost if he hesitated, he gave voice to the big idea without waiting for a chance to change his mind.

Standing there framed by the basement window, a cat crawling over his shoulder, looking up eagerly and somewhat timidly at a girl outside who was kicking a pebble around foolishly to hide her confusion, he said:

"There's only one way I know. Let's form a permanent partnership of ourselves, and that will make all three of us happy. At least, I am in hopes that it will."

She gave the pebble a furious kick that sent it spinning away.

"It sure will," was her reply.

**TRIBUTE TO ESKIMO SKILL**

Explorer Confesses Admiration at Manner in Which the Native Igloo is Constructed.

In his "Four Years in the White North," Donald R. MacMillan writes the following appreciative passage, with its tribute to craftsmanship and orderliness:

"It is a pleasure to see an Eskimo cut and handle snow. One cannot but admire the skill and dexterity with which he cuts on the surface, cracks it out with his toe, lays it up on the wall, bevels the edges, and thumps it into place with his hand. I wonder if there are any other people in the world who attempt to build an arch or dome without support? Starting from the ground in a spiral from right to left, the blocks mount higher and higher, ever assuming a more horizontal position, until the last two or three appear to hang in the air, the last block locking the whole structure."

"Entering a newly constructed igloo seems like a vision of fairyland, the light filtering through the snow a beautiful ethereal blue; everything—the bed, the two side platforms, the wall—absolutely spotless."

**Inquisitive Bird.**

Some birds are awfully curious and want to know what is going on. So if they see a human being in their neighborhood they will come close to investigate and perhaps to scold, and one of these birds is the Kentucky warbler, says the American Forestry association, Washington. This bird has a preference for woods which are low and damp and ordinarily keep well within the depths of tangled thickets. The warbler, which ranges throughout the eastern United States, spends its winter in northern South America.

**Tongue-Tied.**

Clara—Did you ever see a woman who was tongue-tied?  
Clarence—No, but I've seen lots of them who ought to be!—Answers.

**Special For This Week**

**Crepe de Chine Dresses**

One Lot consisting of one dozen Dresses, made of good quality Crepe de Chine, in Pink and White, trimmed in Buttons and Little Ruffles; others Tucked and Embroidered. This lot of Dresses are \$30.00 values, for **\$19.95**

**Georgette Dresses**

Handsomely made and tastily trimmed. This lot come in Pink and White, made of extra good quality Georgette; Tucked and Embroidered. Values \$25.00 to \$30.00—SPECIAL **\$19.00**



**Special Lot OF VOILE WAISTS**

Made of good quality White Voile, trimmed in Lace and Embroidery; Round Collar, etc.; Extraordinary Values **\$1.98 to \$2.98**

**COLORED SHIRT WAISTS**

Made of Georgette, in good shades of Green, Brown, Blue and Purple; good quality material. Ranging in prices from **\$4.50 to \$7.50**

**Cotton Skirts**

Plaids, Stripes, Checks, etc., well made, Extra Values, for **98c to \$1.98**

**White Skirts**

Made of Good Quality Poplin, Gaberdine, Wash Satin, Etc., **\$2.50 to \$5.95**

**21 Big Department Stores is One Reason Why We Sell it for Less.**

**Belk Bros.**

Carolinas' Largest Distributors of RELIABLE MERCHANDISE.

**21 Big Department Stores is One Reason Why We Sell it for Less.**

**FACTS ABOUT PAINT**

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That's what painting is and every wise owner knows it.

PAINT MAKES HOUSES

**BETTER** TO KEEP TO SELL TO RENT TO LIVE IN

Well painted houses insure steady occupancy and first choice of tenants. They also produce proper returns on your investments.

WE SELL THE HIGHEST QUALITY PAINTS

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