

THE MONROE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED TWICE EACH WEEK — TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

VOL. 26. No. 84.

MONROE, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1920.

\$2.00 PER YEAR CASH

PLENTY OF HOG, HOMINY, GRAINS AND FEEDSTUFF

Although Money Is Scarce, Farmers Are Not Really So Bad Off, Says Novus Homo.

FORTY CENT COTTON HURT US

By NOVUS HOMO.

From reports generally, we are of the opinion that this immediate section of the country is in somewhat better condition financially than it thinks it is. It seems that there is more feed and more corn and a better supply of the things that really count for real prosperity among the people than is usually in evidence.

We hear of corn huskings and of large piles of corn estimated at hundreds of bushels, where last year there was comparatively none, and we know of barns full of provender and of a sufficient supply of cattle and hogs to work up this feed, and turn it into the finished products for human consumption and with these things in abundance, there is really no cause for the excitement we see so evident.

We have been trained into thinking in terms of dollars, until we get panicky every time dollars get scarce, and we feel like we have gone to the bad, because we have not as much money as we think we need. When really, if we had all the money we could handle—and that would not be much, with most of us—and lacked the other things, we would feel better, while we were really not near as well off.

It's the opinion of the writer that forty cent cotton did us vastly more harm than good, anyway. The only persons that were really benefited by it, were the automobile manufacturers, who live up north, where no cotton can be grown. We neglected the cultivation of the crops that we really were obliged to have, the products of, in order to raise a money (?) crop, to buy things we thought we needed, but didn't need.

Consequently we are suffering the miseries that we think have been brought upon us by low priced cotton, when really these miseries are bought on by the enormous amount of high priced hay and corn that we paid the railroads to haul in to us the past spring and summer, and for which our high priced cotton made in 1919 would not pay.

In addition to this handicap, the high priced cotton of 1918 and 1919 gave us an excellent excuse for boosting the prices of everything else that entered the wants of trade in our Southland and we have been unable to get anything like half the things we have persuaded ourselves we need. Consequently if cotton had brought forty cents this year and on indefinitely, we would soon have been unable to get in sight of our wants.

I am not glad that we are in this deplorable state. I feel like I am hurt, too, and we are all travelling in the same direction, but we need an awakening. We have got it and the question is, what are we going to do about it?

I notice Mrs. Funderburk has entered politics wholeheartedly. She is an able writer and an excellent phraseologist, but I fear she is too completely resolved that the party spirit is the proper one. Party is all right provided the leadership carries out the wishes and dictates of the masses, who compose it, but when the leadership professes to share the faith of the people, and promises to carry out the orders of the masses, while at the same time they do everything they said they wouldn't do, and leave undone everything they promised, it's time to slap them in the face with a flat repudiation of the entire program. So long as we continue to say "amen" to whatever they palm off on us, they—the leaders—have a very low estimate of our intelligence and soon conclude that we don't know the difference in what we want and what we don't want.

Government is essential to progress. We are obliged to have it, if we ever get anywhere. But a system of government that is only one per cent effective—the other ninety-nine per cent being wholly the result of individual effort—while that same system is costing its people fifty dollars per capita, per year, is a system that is costing about ninety per cent more than it is worth. Of the people who are directly concerned in the matter do not care to remedy such a situation. Then they are not deserving any better conditions than their folly brings upon them, and will go down, rather than up in the scale of human progress. I was very favorably impressed with Dr. Stewart's article; it was timely, and is a straw that is showing the course of the winds.

MRS. FUNDERBURK'S OLD FASHIONED CORN SHUCKING

For Two Days She Baked Pies and Cooked Good Things to Eat for the Event.

By EDNA V. FUNDERBURK.

Well, I have been to Charleston again. Went since writing my last article to The Journal. Didn't go this time on a sight seeing tour though, but went to attend the meeting of the South Carolina Baptist Woman's Missionary Union. There used to be an idea among folks that frost turns the leaves into their various colors in the fall. I reckon most of folks know better now and have found out that it is the sap going down in the trees that changes them. Down at Charleston they had had no frost when we were there and the grass and flowers looked as fine as in the summer; the vegetables in their truck gardens were a beautiful green and the only sign of fall was the red and yellow leaves on the trees. We could hardly stand the winter clothes we had along with us and the mosquitoes that had managed to steal inside of the screened doors and windows kept us lively at night. So, though it was very pretty and inviting down there when we got out of the train back here we almost froze. We were glad to be back among the frosty hills and sit by a big oak fire and talk to the home folks about what we had seen and heard on our trip.

We had a corn shucking at our house the other day. Yes, an old fashioned corn shucking. For two days before we had cooked pies, cakes and custards until we had no place in the dining room to put them and had to store them into another room of the house. I felt like I did not want to see another pie in six months. We put a quilt in the frames ready for quilting, invited the neighbor women to help cook the dinner and quilt and the neighbor men to shuck the corn.

Well, early that morning they began gathering into the house and around that corn pile. And unless you have been to one you can not even imagine the laughter and talking that went on at our house all that day. I reckon the dinner must have been good. They ate it like it was. We cooked the vegetables and beef in big pots in the yard and the chicken pies, stews, etc., on the big range in the kitchen. And after dinner we women went out and helped fill baskets of corn so that the job might be finished in time for supper. It is a beautiful sight, the long pile of golden ears clean and sweet and fragrant product of the summer rains and sunshine. It is good to feel and to look at and Oh, the delicious bread we are going to make out of it during the cold winter days just ahead of us.

Yes, Mr. Editor, we certainly enjoyed our old fashioned quilting and corn shucking. You see we are old fashioned folks down our way. Oh, we like to dress up in best frocks and go out in company and pretend like we are in style and up-to-date and all that sort of thing but we are not. Why even the youngest of us couldn't dance the new dances to save our lives. We don't know anything about them and just between you and me we don't care much if we don't. You see we are having a good time and enjoying life any way, so why worry? So now Mr. Editor if you will come down to see us we will show you how home-made corn break tastes.

I was glad to see "Observer" back in the pages of The Journal again. He is a deep thinker, who ever he may be, and I like to read every line he writes. His articles are educational and uplifting.

CHARLOTTE MANAGER OF BELK'S STORE FINED \$80

Mr. Matthews Had to Go to New York City on Business Although Witness in Case.

(From the Charlotte News.) B. Frank Matthews, manager of the Belk Brothers department store here, was fined eighty dollars Thursday afternoon by Judge T. D. Bryson, presiding at the present term of criminal court here, because Mr. Matthews was not present as a witness in the case of the State against Herbert Thompson. Judge Bryson also directed that an advertisement capias be issued for Mr. Matthews, citing him to appear and show why he should not be held in contempt of court.

Mr. Matthews was in New York Thursday. He was at the courthouse a considerable part of the early part of the week, it is said, waiting for the case to be called. Whether Mr. Matthews had reached the conclusion of his own accord that the Thompson case would not be reached at this court or whether he had gained the impression from the solicitor that it would be safe to leave for New York on the chance of the case not being called was not ascertainable.

At the last term of criminal court here before the present one Judge Bryson also imposed several eighty dollar fines upon witnesses who did not answer when their names were called in court. In one or two cases these were remitted when it was shown that the witness was absent through some unavoidable circumstance.

Power!

"Do you regard your recent meeting as a success?" "I do," answered the woman with the determined lips. "I was the chairman and nobody could show off and make a speech unless I chose to permit it."

Ruth's Way.

Young Smith, who was very much in love with Ruth, had duly made his declaration and had been by the young lady referred to her father. When the youth entered the father's library, he was received civilly and listened to with great patience.

"It's all right, so far as I am concerned," said the father finally, as he reflectively he stroked his beard. "I am afraid, however, that Ruth will not marry you."

Smith grew pale. "Please don't say that!" he exclaimed. "Has she—has she said anything to you to that effect?" "No, but from my knowledge of Ruth I may say that if she wanted you she would have taken you without referring you to me."

BROOM HAS PLAN THAT BEATS RAISING COTTON

A Few Cows, Pigs, Sheep, Vegetables, and Feedstuff, With Six Acres in Cotton, Will Make the Union County Farmer Independent

By T. J. W. BROOM.

Farmers have lost money this year. We have talked with farmers in all sections of the county and we have found no one that claims a profit on his operations this year. Farmers who went in debt for fertilizers, supplies, stock, farming tools, and labor to produce the crop say that the crop at present prices will not pay the bill of their indebtedness. Farmers who were able to pay cash for all things necessary to produce the crop say that at present prices the crop will not pay cost of production, that is, if sold at present prices the crop would not replace the money expended in making, allowing nothing for the labor of the farmer and his family, for rent of land, or depreciation of stock and farm implements. All farmers that we have talked to agree in the statement that they would have been in much better shape had they not produced cotton at all this year, and every farmer who has to sell or is selling at present prices knows that this is true. It is conceded by the best authorities that it has cost around thirty cents to produce this crop, and advance figures given out by experts predict that the next crop will cost not far from twenty-five cents per pound to produce. In the light of our experience this year what are our plans for next year, and the next, and twenty-five years hence? Shall we go on as we have in the past and trust to cotton as our chief reliance for money to pay fertilizer bills, supply bills, taxes, etc.? If we do we will have again the experiences of 1920, 1914, 1911, 1907, and 1904, not to mention the lean years prior to 1900.

It is apparent or should be at least to every thinking man that any system of agriculture, or any other business for that matter, that can not weather the storms of adversity for a few months is questionable, unsound, and should be abandoned, and methods adopted that will enable the business to weather the storms of adversity that are sure to come. If we don't do it we can be truly likened unto the foolish man mentioned in holy writ, that built his house upon the sand.

Time Ripe for Re-Adjustment.

The time is propitious for a re-adjustment of our agricultural system, not a radical re-adjustment, but one that has been tried out by hundreds of Union county farmers and it is proving tenable and sound. These farmers have built upon a rock and they are to-day weathering the storm. They are having their trials, perplexities, and difficulties but they will come through.

The proposition is just this: For every farmer, white and colored, landlord and tenant to devote enough land to corn to make an ample supply for all uses; enough land to forage crops to produce all the forage needed on the farm; enough land to oats to furnish grain to supplement the corn through the year and to furnish part of the diet for the young stock and poultry; enough land to ryegrass to furnish seed for cover crop and grazing purposes; enough land to sorghum to make the syrup for the family; enough land to sweet and Irish potatoes to make ample of these crops for family use; enough land to garden to grow all the vegetables that can be consumed by the family throughout the year; enough land to wheat on most soils of the county to make the bread for the family; enough land to pasture to support at least two or three milk cows; enough land to pasture and grazing crops to support sow and her offspring through the year, or for two or three shoats for the family meat supply; soy beans or velvet beans should be planted in the corn; cowpeas for table use and for stock should find a place on every farm. Farmers who have been doing these things or the major part of them are weathering the storm, not without some inconveniences of course, but they are able to sit tight on their cotton and will come through.

Should Improve Livestock.

In addition we offer as a suggestion, and this suggestion is not based upon mere theory, but from the actual experience of farmers in this county, that we give more attention to the improvement of our livestock, such as cattle, sheep and hogs, and we will add poultry. We were on the farm of Mr. C. T. Williams, of east Monroe township one day this week, found him busy with his tractor preparing land for wheat, and in answer to our question as what he was going to fertilize with, he replied, "Cow manure." In our conversation with him we ascertained that he made enough wheat last year to do him two years, and that he was using the surplus for his poultry and pigs. We also got the statement from him that his cream checks were around one hundred dollars per month, that he had just sold several hundred dollars worth of poultry at one time. Needless to say Mr. Williams is sitting tight on his cotton. We want to quote another remark of Mr. Williams relative to cows. We asked him which he would rather sell, whole milk or butterfat. "Butterfat," he instantly replied. He then stated, "When I sell whole milk I

have to go to town every day, but when I sell butterfat, once or twice a week, and then my skim milk is worth so much to my calves and pigs, why, I get most as much from my hogs as I do from my cows." Mr. Williams makes over bale of cotton per acre. Another instance, Mr. U. T. Bell, of Goose Creek remarked to us a few days ago, "I have never seen such a time in my life, I am trying to build (he is erecting a fine dwelling for himself) and am getting out of money, have sold no cotton, have out about twenty-one bales and six or seven open in the patch, have in ten acres less than I had last year and have already picked more than I made last year, but it will bring me no money in comparison with what it cost me to produce and gather it. My cows have saved me though, let the people to get cows." Mr. Bell has been milking cows for several years. He lives eleven miles from Monroe and has had to bring his cream in every week, or twice a week. We could cite other instances but space forbids.

Profit in Butter Fat.

Suppose every farmer had three good cows, producing 250 lbs. butterfat each per year, and the product of one of these cows was consumed by the family, which would mean near a pound of butter per day for home use, and the product of the other two were sent to the creamery. At forty cents per pound it would mean an income of two hundred dollars from the two cows. Butterfat is now sixty-five cents per pound, at which price, the income would be three hundred and twenty-five dollars. The skim milk would be left for the calves, pigs, and chickens. The calves, if pure bred, would bring within the year, if cared for, at least one hundred dollars, or if grades, at least fifty dollars.

Pork Is a Mopey-Maker.

Suppose every farmer kept one brood sow and raised two litters per year with an average of seven pigs each, and four of these were used for family meat and ten were sold for pork at an averaged dressed weight of one hundred pounds each at ten cents per pound. This would add another to income. Suppose fifty hogs were kept on each farm and they received the attention that is their due, selected, bred and fed for egg production. The family table could be supplied with eggs and poultry through the year and at least fifty dollars added to the farm income from this source.

Suppose every farm carried six sheep with an average of five lambs a year. Jammin's mutton ribe each year. This would add another fifty dollars. A total of four hundred and fifty dollars from three cows, one brood sow, fifty chickens, and six sheep, and in our computation we have used figures far under market quotations.

This Beats Cotton.

Now suppose every farmer did the things outlined above, and there are according to the 1920 census, 4,820 farms in the county, but suppose four thousand farms did this, and many farmers are doing very much more than this, we would sell in livestock and livestock products the neat sum of \$1,800,000. A sum equal to 24,000 bales of cotton at fifteen cents per pound. Suppose that no corn, meat, flour, hay, or syrup was purchased by these four thousand farms how much of our cotton money would be kept at home? Would half million dollars be too much to say? We would say not. So then we have saved half million of our cotton money by raising our food and feed.

Now suppose every farmer should plant just six acres to cotton, or an average of that to the farm, and made one-half bale of cotton per acre, and many farmers are averaging more than a bale, the four thousand farms would yield twenty-four thousand bales of cotton. We are now planting near sixty thousand acres to get thirty thousand bales. If every farmer would carry out the above program, or had it been in operation through the cotton states this year, what do you suppose cotton would be bringing now?

There are more than fifty registered bulls of the dairy breed in the county now but I am told by the keepers of many of these bulls that farmers do not patronize them. This should be so. Every neighborhood in the county should see to it that they have a good bull, and every farm should be stocked with pure-bred chickens.

No land should be cultivated in corn that will not produce over bushels per acre with good management. All such land should be planted to lespedeza or some other legume crop for grazing and soil improvement. If you want lespedeza seed see your county agent.

Polite Hint.

"I say, do you ever play anything by request?" "Delighted musician—" "Certainly, sir."

Customer—"Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch?"—Punch (London.)

ARMISTICE CELEBRATION AT BAPTIST BIBLE SCHOOL

Monroe Man Tells of Program, in Which Overseas Experiences Were Recounted.

Mr. James Parker, of Monroe, now a student at the Baptist Bible Institute, at New Orleans in the following letter to The Journal, tells how "Armistice Day" was celebrated at his school:

"Armistice Day celebration at the Baptist Bible Institute of New Orleans will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Two women students, formerly Red Cross workers, and seventeen men were seated upon the platform. The men represented nearly every branch of the service, including the navy, and a large proportion had seen over-seas service.

"The relation of experiences in training camps, on transports, in trench and under fire at the front was absorbingly interesting. Humor, pathos, and sorrow so intermingled and followed each other so closely that an hour and a half soon passed. Many of the familiar choruses so popular during the war days were sung and the Institute quartet, all service men, three of them 'over there,' sang several selections.

"As the hour of eleven arrived, all stood reverently while President De Ment led in a prayer of thanksgiving. Later, the president related how the Institute buildings were taken over for hospital service the day before the armistice was signed, only to be returned the day following.

"England was represented by Miss Denham, who told of some of the conditions through which she passed, and Miss Allut of Toul, France, only twenty miles from the German line, told of the daily bombardments.

"Professor Sellers, who devoted the better part of three years to war service in Canada, England, France and Germany, presided.

"The influence of the mothers and the part played by those who did not go over, were both given grateful appreciative acknowledgement. That all soldiers did not indulge in sin and that in the midst of the hell of war men found God, was revealed by the testimony of Mr. Provinzano, who was a former pugilist, but who found God while under fire in the trenches as he was dealt with by a faithful servant of God who a few moments after gave his life in the supreme sacrifice.

GORDON WROTE OVER SIX MILLION IN INSURANCE

Local Concern Receives the Congratulations of Head Office on Its Record.

The Gordon Insurance & Investment Company wrote over six million dollars worth of insurance during their fiscal year, which closed November 1st, and so remarkable was the record that their home office, the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company, was moved to send the following congratulations:

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that we offer our hearty congratulations to your organization including you gentlemen at the head of the same on the splendid production of \$6,303,625 of paid-for business during your contract year which ended November 1st.

"We absolutely know that we have in your organization the very best agency in existence, North, South, East or West, and we want you to feel as good over the connection as we do. It is through your untiring energy and excellent ability that the above results have been accomplished.

"Words are inadequate to express our appreciation and commendation of the work well done.

"With sincere regards and best wishes for another big production during your next contract year, and with highest personal regards from all at the home office."

Belk Brothers Make Big Purchases.

The following is taken from Women's Wear, a New York daily trade paper, and it will be of interest to people in the territory Belk's stores are located.

"Belk Bros., of Charlotte, N. C., who operates a chain of thirty stores throughout the Southern states, have sent a corps of buyers into the New York market to make extensive purchases of ready-to-wear for both men and women for sales purposes. It was announced at the office of the local representative, Alfred Faulk, this morning.

"A staff of about ten buyers are here under the direction of B. F. Matthews, merchandise manager, and they announced themselves ready to buy to-day for cash, any size lot of women's Misses' and children's coats and suits and men's and boys' clothing, shirts, furnishings, etc., at rock bottom prices.

WHAT MARSHVILLE FOLKS HAD TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Correspondent Spent a Part of the Day Interviewing People on This Subject.

EXERCISES FOR THANKSGIVING

Marshville, November 25.—"What are you thankful for to-day?" we asked a saucy looking youngster who was making a gallant effort to consume a big, red apple. He gazed up, big-eyed, and hastily swallowed a mouthful—we hope not whole—of apple so he could speak. "Christmas!" he returned, rapturously, "and Santa Claus an' turkey an' guns an' an' everything! It'll be here 'fore long, won't it?" and he made another ravenous dig into the apple. "One month from to-day!" and we passed on with several degrees more Christmas enthusiasm than we had before.

Around the corner whirled a bunch of high school girls, cheeks rosy, eyes sparkling, tongues clattering and laughter flowing easily. Purple and gold ribbons fluttered conspicuously. "What's good in the world?" we questioned them as they came to a halt. "The game! Oh! if we win the game to-day the world can never look black anymore!" they chorused excitedly. "And of course our boys'll win!" they finished confidently and dashed on by waving back happily.

We saw a young mother wheeling her baby in his cart and evidently at perfect peace with the world. "You look happy, what is your special Thanksgiving for to-day?" we hailed her. "Oh, joy! I am going out to dinner, and don't even know what is going on the table; no cooking, no dishwashing for twenty-four whole hours. Can you imagine greater bliss?" We could not, being a woman too. "I seem to smell turkey; with no dishwashing accompaniment either!" we sniffed appreciatively and hurried on, even more eager than before for a savory repast.

Meeting a breezy-looking fellow, who was walking perfectly straight even though it was a gala occasion, we greeted him. "Got anything to be thankful for to-day?" "You bet!" he responded cheerily. "I'm just so dog-gone glad that I am living!" "Right!" and the world seemed to be growing brighter every minute.

The Thanks of Old Age.

A sweet-faced, matronly-looking woman was coming toward us evidently deep in pleasant reflections. We could scarcely wait to get close enough to hear her song of Thanksgiving. "Well," she began, and paused—then laughed—"I don't know where to begin, really. You see when one reaches my age one has piled up so many things along with the years to be thankful for that it is hard to discriminate. What do you suppose it will be like when I am really old?" and her eyes shone so we knew she meant every word of it. "Oh, to be seventy this minute!" we sighed enviously. "Thank you for the brightest spot yet on a very bright day. Growing older will have no further sting in it now. That is surely something for which to be thankful." And on we went rejoicing. Home was the next stop.

Thanksgiving Chapel Exercises.

"Whatever thankful for?" we questioned the family from the doorway. However, we did not wait for a reply, being instinctively warned by the wicked gleam in a certain pair of eyes.

"Always be thankful," we admonished them, "for the cheerful souls in the world who know how to appreciate and be thankful for the little things as well as the big, and who do not hesitate to pass their cheer along to others. Say, that turkey's a smelling done already yet—Huh?"

The chapel services of the Marshville high school were particularly interesting Wednesday, the hour being given over to a Thanksgiving service. The students had been previously requested to hand in slips of paper bearing one thing at least for which they were thankful. It was a source of much pleasure to the faculty to note that the result showed a thoughtful and serious view of the matter on the part of the pupils. Many were thankful for the privilege of going to school; for our school; for kind teachers and for such a good school. Others were thankful for health and strength; that we were not suffering as war stricken countries; and for the general peace and prosperity of our land. One expressed himself as being thankful for living on a farm. After hearing these things one could not help but be doubly impressed by the many things we as Americans, do have for which to be thankful. Prof. Biggers in a short talk assured the students that one thing the faculty had to be thankful for was good students who were doing their large part toward making the school a success. Reading of the 96th and 100th psalm by Miss Bettie Anderson and the singing of appropriate hymns were included in the service. An ovation was given Mr. Snoboy Blair of the senior class who is to represent the school in a declamatory contest at Trinity College on Friday, showing the interest of the school and their sincere hope for his victory.

Personal Mention.

The members of the faculty are spending the Thanksgiving holidays as follows: Mr. Biggers at Statesville; Miss Lola Hood at her home in Matthews; Miss Rachel Haynes

(Continued on Page Eight.)