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\$2.00 PER YEAR CASH

BLACK AND HAMILTON MADE THEIR STORES THE "MAIN ENTRANCE"

Two Small Merchants Played Great Joke on Garland & Company and Harrell Brothers.

YOUTH'S ARM IS AMPUTATED

Marshville, November 29.—An accident which excited the sympathies of the entire town occurred on Thanksgiving morning when Spafford Bass, sixteen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Bass was shot through his left arm, the limb being so mangled that amputation was necessary. The young man with Quincy Pierce had started hunting. Pierce had broken the gun, a breech loader, down to load it. As he snapped it in place after loading it, the gun unexpectedly fired, the full load entering the left arm of Mr. Bass, shattering the limb, and particles of shells entering the body. The local doctors amputated the arm above the elbow, and latest reports from the patient were to the effect that he was doing very well. Much sympathy is felt for young Bass in the unfortunate accident.

Thanksgiving Visitors

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Huggins and daughter, Lil Kirk, spent Thanksgiving in Gastonia.

Mrs. Ethel Wilkes and children of Hargett were the Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. E. H. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham and children of Monroe were the guests of Mrs. Annie Marsh Bailey for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Mildred Stephenson, Miss Mildred Stephenson and Mr. J. N. Stephenson spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Covington and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Marsh of Rutherfordton were guests several days last week of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Bickers returned Sunday from Statesville accompanied by Mrs. Bickers parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Graham.

Mr. J. M. Davis and son, J. M. Jr., of Statesville and little Miss Helen Long of Catawba spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Griffin.

Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Bivens of Grand Rapids came home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Edna and Mary Burns of Charlotte came down for the day Thursday to be with their parents.

Miss Rena Blanton of Shelby and Mrs. Foreman of Lenoir and Mrs. J. E. and Miss Jean Abernethy of Monroe will arrive Tuesday to attend the Griffin-Marsh wedding which will occur Wednesday afternoon.

A Joyous Occasion

Thanksgiving day was a joyous occasion in Marshville with so many folks coming back to the old home town to spend the day, or a few days, visitors from various places adding their bit to the festivities, the perfect weather, and the great abundance of fat turkeys and juicy sweet potatoes; no one had time to think about low cotton, hard collections, poor business and such, but just turned themselves loose and after eating and drinking (nothing stronger than coffee, we will say) till they were merry, and they wound the day up by being simply and eternally thankful.

The young people's missionary society of the Methodist church held a Thanksgiving service in the church Wednesday. An hour's program consisting of songs, readings and a short talk by Mr. L. E. Huggins was thoroughly enjoyed. After the program was over the congregation, which had been warned to come prepared, went to the parsonage and gave Rev. J. Edwards and his family a good jollying with edibles of various kinds. Rev. Edwards hopes to be able to hold services at his regular appointment here the first Sunday in December. It is a matter of great thanksgiving to his many friends here that Rev. Edwards is being restored to health.

Marshville's Great Joke

Cotton may be low and everybody suffering from a case of business blues generally, but people will have their little joke just the same. American morale can not be durned, that is certain. Marshville has a full share and then some of that sense of humor which has been termed one of the chief national characteristics and a saving grace as well. The latest local stunt brought a laugh from the entire town. On the main street of our main streets and scarcely fifty feet apart stand two modern brick business houses belonging respectively to J. T. Garland & Company and Harrell Brothers. Sandwiched in between are two modest little stores of the whose business can be no wise be estimated by the size of the shops. Proprietors of one of these diminutive stores are B. F. Black and David Hamilton. The story opens when Garland Company and Harrell Brothers each put on a big department store and published the glad tidings abroad in no uncertain manner. Huge signs adorn both stores and extend out across the sidewalk so that the most casual passer-by can not help but note what is going on in these two prominent concerns. Then one morning there appeared over the doorway of the modest little store of Black and Hamilton, which nestles so closely between the larger buildings this sign in box car letters of red "Main Entrance." The town roared—cried—then shouted with laughter in appreciation



What are they doing with them old buildings since we left? That 'ere is the High School, now! Don't you don't say! Anything seems good enough for the kids now. They were out when we left it! Sure! It'll fall in soon. The rats are leavin' it!

County Agent Broom's Program Is Constructive, Says Zeb Green

In Two Hours Time One Can Ride Out of the "Panicky" Section Into Counties Where They Produce Their Own Food and Forage Supplies

By J. Z. GREEN.

Tom Broom's program for reconstruction in Union county, as published in Friday's Journal, points strongly to the fundamental solution of our financial troubles in Union county. Positive action is more desirable than negative action. We have heard "reduction of acreage" until it hurts the nervous system. The program outlined by Mr. Broom is constructive and calls for something more than a negative position as to cotton production. If you will get on your Ford car and turn on the juice with the front turned northward you will begin to get out of the panicky section in two hours. In Cabarrus county farmers grow less cotton than in Union county and are in much easier condition now. Rowan, Iredell, Irvie, Davidson are in still better condition because they have always had a program similar to that outlined by Mr. Broom. Even in the mountain counties where no cotton at all is grown the per capita farm wealth is far greater than it is in the cotton producing counties. And farmers do not work as hard in these counties as they do in Union. They let the cows, hogs, sheep and chickens gather their own living from fields and pastures about nine months in the year. In addition to the suggestions of Mr. Broom wouldn't it be better to buy fence wire for pastures and limestone for clovers and grasses,

rather than commercial fertilizers for cotton next spring? Couldn't the three merchant sell wire fence and limestone on credit as easily as he can sell commercial fertilizers.

If a man feels like he must own some cotton next fall wouldn't it be good business sense for him to buy his sappy from the 1920 crop, which is now the cheapest commodity in the world, and can be bought at ten or fifteen cents a pound less than it will cost to produce it next year?

And if we have as much cotton now as we want why not put it under shelter and keep it there until next fall instead of turning loose on a glutted market and then sweat out his hands next year to make some cotton just like it—at a still further loss?

If your neighbor has decided to give away his cows and yearlings just because he's disgusted with cotton, take these yearlings and feed them on cheap corn meal mixed with cheap cotton seed, wire in some of the cotton patches, sow with lespeza in a cornury and turn them on in the spring. It will be a safe game to play.

If there are Union county farmers who have cotton in chronic form and can't get well, they can make it pay to move out of the cotton belt into counties where cotton can not be grown. This suggestion is not made with any desire to lose anybody as citizens but in the interest of the "human welfare."

A Correction.

To the Editor of The Journal:—In my article in Friday's Journal you erroneously quoted me as saying that respect every farmer in the county planted six acres of cotton, and made a half-bale to the acre, this county would produce twenty-four thousand bales. You should have said a half to the acre, as many farmers are making over a bale to the acre.—T. J. W. Broom.

Monroe Market.

Cotton	15.00
Cotton seed, per bu.	20c
Eggs	60
Hens	50 to 60
Young chickens	40 to 50
Sweet potatoes	\$1.00

Needless to say business is picking up at all three places.

Christmas Is Coming

With the last bite of Thanksgiving Turkey scarcely swallowed, we are suddenly aware that Christmas is pushing close by. Santa Claus has already arrived in our town, and his first sign has been hung out in the window of Marsh-Hallman's store. Pouches of delighted kiddies, and their elders as well, in whom the spirit of youth and good will is ever alive, stand in rapturous awe before that most thrilling of sights,—a Christmas tree. A shapely cedar tree fills the window, and is hung with a myriad of tiny electric bulbs in various colors which sparkle in true Christmas fashion, and with answering gleams from glass, and all other glittery varieties of Christmas tree decorations, not to mention bells and toys strung from Santa's shop in the North Pole. But the center of all youthful eyes, especially masculine ones, is the tiny electric train which travels endless miles around the base of the tree, thru improvised tunnels, on around dizzy curves, and flashes a real electric headlight. Truly we should all be as happy as use-to-be kings with life so full of such wonderful things!—Lina C. Harrell.

MONROE COTTON MARKET IS LEADING THE STATE.

Charlotte Quotations Were From a Cent to Two and One-half Cents Lower.

To the Editor of The Journal:—About two weeks ago the Charlotte newspapers made much ado over a government cotton report which showed the Charlotte market to be ahead of the Monroe market. At that time the chamber of commerce and several local buyers wrote the papers showing where the government report was in error, in that Monroe quotations had been doctored a cent and a half a pound while the Charlotte quotations were not doctored at all. None of these letters found their way into the columns of the papers.

The report for the week ending Nov. 20th is out. On this report the quotations are not doctored but represent prices actually paid.

A comparison of the prices paid for middling cotton at Monroe and Charlotte for all last week shows the following:

	Monroe	Charlotte
Monday	16.00	14.50
Tuesday	15.75	13.50
Wednesday	15.75	14.00
Thursday—Holiday		
Friday	15.00	13.50
Saturday	14.00	13.00

Receipts for the week at Monroe were 502 bales, while at Charlotte the receipts were 258 bales. The report further shows that the difference made on and off middling for other grades was the same on both markets.

The report further shows that on staple cotton, 1-16 to 1-4 inch, the Monroe market was two to three and a half cents ahead of all other markets in the Carolinas.—G. L. NISBET.

No woman of spirit wants a man whom other women do not admire. She would have no opportunity to crow.

VOLSTEAD ACT IS LENIENT TOWARD THE BLOCKADERS

The Prohibition Law Proved a God-Send to Violators in the Raleigh Federal Court.

The much maligned and abused Volstead act proved a veritable God-send to blockaders who faced trial in the United States Federal Court in Raleigh last week, says the News and Observer. The act covers a multitude of self-defensed sin, but those caught within the dragnet are treated with a leniency unknown under the regime of the old Internal Revenue Act, which previously covered the operations of those handling non-tax paid liquor.

Under a recent opinion handed down by the Circuit Court of Appeals, all previous legislation fixing the punishment of those manufacturing, selling or otherwise manufacturing liquor has been superseded by the Volstead Act. That act deals mildly with first offenders, but is harsh on those coming back for a second trial. The law fixing the penalty provided that for the first offense punishment shall be a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or a term of not more than six months in jail. For subsequent offenses, the minimum punishment is a fine of two hundred dollars and imprisonment of not less than one month in jail. The maximum punishment runs up as high as a fine of two thousand dollars and five years imprisonment.

WRAY PAYS A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO MRS. GRIFFIN

The Name "Lady" Was Derived From Lives Like She Has Led In This Community.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist church met in special session Saturday afternoon, the meeting being in the nature of a farewell to Mrs. E. M. Griffin, who left yesterday for Memphis where she will spend the winter. After a few introductory remarks by Mrs. W. C. Sanders, the president of the society, each member read a toast to Mrs. Griffin, who by her loyalty to every phase of church work, her bright smile and kindly nature, has endeared herself to the hearts of her co-workers. After the serving of delicious chicken salad, sandwiches, coffee, wafers and pickles, the hearts of all present were touched by the following lovely tribute to Mrs. Griffin, given by Rev. John A. Wray, the pastor:

"I beg to speak, for a moment of Mrs. Griffin, as 'Lady'—a lady admired, loved, honored, and deservedly so. In my recent reading I had the opportunity of refreshing my memory by the following story, the story of the origin of the word 'lady.' Long ago, before the England of to-day was more than a waste of forest and marsh land, its inhabitants were forced to dig in hard ground for a living. The time came when there was a class of people who lived in better huts and wore finer skins than the others. It was because they were finer workmen, more finished craftsmen—and in time these people banded themselves together and organized the first towns. We don't know when the first mill was invented. It was, no doubt, a rough affair of two stones that the women pounded together. But by the aid of it they managed to make flour, and then they proceeded to make the first bread, and they baked it in great loaves; and then famine, grim and terrible came upon the land, and while the people who had mills still managed to exist, the other people were starving; for the supply of nuts and roots had been blasted. And so the women who lived in the towns and baked the bread banded together, baked many great loaves and carried them to those other people who were starving. And the other people seeing their come, cried: 'Loaf day! Loaf day!' Out of that time of famine it came to be a custom—the giving of loaves. And as the years went by the words were contracted and the people cried: 'Loaf'day! Loaf'day!' And then centuries, perhaps, the two words became one; and when the kind was an appeared, carrying bread in their hands, the hungry people would follow them, crying lovingly: 'Lady, Lady.' Now, we learn from the Book of Books and ten, from the diary of our own experience—yours and mine—that we cannot live by bread alone, and the hungry heart welcomes the coming of the Lady, like the one to whom we pay tribute, whose heart is so surcharged with God's love, and therefore for her fellows, that it generates the smile which brightens our pathway when it is dark; and warms the hand, whose clasp thaws the chill in the heart, and changes our atmosphere. The heart hunger—the indescribable ache, far more distressing than the cry of the body for food—is supplied by the coming of this lady of love and smile and good cheer. The One who reigns in our heart has turned her hand to pluck the little bits of care and pain a spig of happiness there. For me, she has often, with her smile and kind word, transformed the gloom into a gleam of the brightness just behind the cloud. God bless Mrs. Griffin! May she live long, and may her kind increase, to make the world a brighter, better and happier place in which to live!"

"Why Cost of Ginning Is High. Most of the ginning is done on credit, and this accounts for no decrease in the price, according to one of the Monroe ginners. "Very few of the farmers have the money to pay for ginning, and as they want to hold their cotton we credit them. I have over \$1000 owing me for ginning now," he added.

Why Redfern Is for Bonds. "No child of mine will ever attend school in that old poor house," remarked Mr. Albert Redfern, in discussing the bond election, the other day. "The present high school building," he continued, "is inadequate for school purposes, and a new one, with the latest modern improvements ought to be erected by all means."

Taking Losses Good-Naturedly. "Many farmers are taking their losses good-naturedly," said Mr. W. C. Sanders, Sunday. "One man came to the Sikes Co. the other day," he continued, "to let us know that he was unable to pay his account. 'Have you settled your fertilizer bill,' I inquired. 'No,' he replied. 'How much do you owe for fertilizer?' '\$800,' he answered, grinning from ear to ear. 'Have you paid your ration bill?' I next asked him. He shook his head, remarking at the same time that he owed \$200 for meat and bread. Determined to find out if he was withholding his true financial state of affairs, I questioned him as to what disposition he had made of his cotton crop. 'Paid it all on my rent,' he answered, and I said nothing more."

Major Heath and Mr. Tecumseh Anticipated Hard Times. "Hard times" were predicted for this fall months ago by two Monroe men, Major W. C. Heath and Mr. Charles Tecumseh. The latter was very reluctant to begin the construction of his knitting mill last year, and yielded to the importunities of his friends to do so with great misgivings. Major Heath warned a number of his friends of the impending crash, including them being Mr. Ab Joseph, a Monroe merchant. Ab said he didn't believe the Major knew what he was talking about at the time, as goods were constantly advancing, and it looked as if we were in for a long spell of high prices, so he failed to heed his advice. Now Ab admits that the Major had the situation correctly sized up.

COUNTY OFFICIALS ARE TO BE SWORN IN ON NEXT MONDAY

All But Sheriff Griffin, However, Succeeded Themselves—Death of Mr. Timothy Wade.

MATTERS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The terms of the present county officials will expire Monday, December 6th. All of them, however, but Sheriff Griffin were re-elected at the last general election, and Sheriff Clifford Fowler will be the only new official to take the oath of office before Mr. R. W. Lemmond next Monday. Sheriff Griffin will collect the taxes for this year, Sheriff Fowler assuming nothing but the police powers for the present.

Mr. Ira B. Melles, formerly Union county road engineer, recently stood a civil service examination for the position of assistant testing engineer of the bureau of public roads of the United States, and having successfully passed this examination, he has secured a lifetime appointment to the office to which he applied. It is understood that the position of assistant testing engineer carries with it a lucrative salary.

The price of hides have declined from \$20 to \$15 to \$10, with few buyers. Many markets on in this section, according to report, have sustained a big loss by reason of this great decline.

Mr. W. Deese, and Miss Jennie Rone, both of Jackson township, were married Sunday afternoon at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. E. C. Snyder.

Mr. G. E. Guffee, of East Lake, Tenn., and Miss Willie Travis, of Monroe township, were married Saturday at the home of Rev. E. C. Snyder, the officiating minister.

Mr. E. T. Wade, a well known citizen, died Monday morning at the State hospital in Morganton, where he had been under treatment for neurasthenia for some time. Funeral services are being conducted this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Virginia Whitfield, on East Franklin street, by Dr. H. E. Gurney. Deceased was over 63 years of age, having been born in Lancaster county, S. C., April 28, 1857. He came to Monroe in 1876 and was for some time salesman for the late Mr. B. D. Heath and later for the late Mr. J. L. Stewart. He was for some years in the mercantile business here with the late Henry M. Broom. Mr. Wade married Miss Virginia Caldwell Whitfield of Monroe, February 11, 1881, and she and one son, Mr. J. E. L. Wade of Wilmington, and one daughter, Mrs. R. S. Mott of Charlotte, survive. Mrs. L. E. Bell of Fort Mill, S. C., is a sister of Mr. Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Wade moved from Monroe to Winston-Salem in 1888 and after living there a year moved to Wilmington where for twenty years Mr. Wade was a salesman for F. H. Steinste and Co., and then he and Mrs. Wade moved back to Monroe.

Vote for school bonds! The registration book is close Saturday. All citizens who favor better educational facilities for their children should see that their names are on the registration books by Saturday. Mr. John V. Medlin, who lives six miles southeast of here, is seriously ill.

The latest government ginners' report shows that 16,665 bales of cotton were ginned in this county up to Nov. 14th, as compared with 22,425 bales last year.

Rev. R. J. McIlwain will preach Sunday at Walkersville at 11 a. m., and at Rehobeth at 2 p. m.

Mrs. J. M. Williams returned last night from Lauraster, where they attended the funeral of their brother, Dr. W. E. Lanes, who died Saturday form the effects of a paralytic stroke. Dr. Lanes was a prominent physician, and had a large practice. He was sixty years of age.

Dr. G. M. Smith is attending a meeting of the railway surgeons in Savannah. He will return Thursday night.

Mrs. Y. T. Shestano, who has been receiving treatment in a Charlotte hospital, has returned to her home in Wiggins.

Mr. N. Lee Medlin, son of Mrs. T. F. Medlin, has been transferred from the Fayetteville post office to the Monroe office, and will carry the mail on one of the city routes.

HAS PLOT TO BOOST PRICE OF COTTON TO TWENTY CENTS

Fayetteville Man, However, Will Not Divulge His Scheme Until Meeting of Farmers.

Divulge His Scheme at This Time. A plan that will procure not less than twenty cents a pound for cotton and move two million bales, according to its proponent, has been prepared by C. W. Sandrock of Fayetteville, wholesale dealer in fruits and produce. Mr. Sandrock will not make known his plan until a meeting of the cotton growers and business men is held for the purpose of hearing and considering it.

Reason Enough.

Johnny—"What makes the new baby in your house cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy—"It don't cry so very much—and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."—London Ideas.

In these days brains are an asset, but brawn is a money getter.