

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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THE INCONSISTENCY OF DR. STEWART

Dr. Stewart's opposition to the school bonds is inconsistent with the stand he has heretofore taken on education. For years he has been advocating better school facilities and better teachers, but when the opportunity to bring them about presents itself, lo and behold, he flaps to the opposition. Economy seems to be a passion with him, but not once do we recall that he ever spoke out against street paving, yet he is frank to confess that education is far more important than asphalted roads. He says he would vote for \$75,000 worth of school bonds, and by this admission he shows a disinclination to trust the school board to carry out its agreement to expend but \$100,000 in the event the bonds carry. Grafting politicians, and the "reevaluation lie," upon which he puts so much stress, have nothing to do with the school issue. As a general rule the politicians are opposed to the bonds, and the little children, who would be the beneficiaries of a modern high school building, had nothing to do with revaluation.

WATCH THE ANTS

Don't be misled by eleventh-hour propaganda circulated by some of those who oppose school bonds. Stick to your guns. You have entrusted the education of your children all these years to the school board, and you certainly should be willing to leave a little matter of dollars and cents to the sound business judgment of men like T. P. Dillon, Dr. J. E. Ashcraft, W. B. Love, G. M. Beasley, E. C. Carpenter, Dr. J. M. Belk and F. G. Henderson, who compose the board. Pay no attention to threats to raise your rent. Rents are certain to come down, and it is only a matter of a few months before a landlord will appreciate a good paying tenant.

Monroe needs that high school building, and we are going to have it if the public-spirited citizens make it a point to go to the polls Tuesday. Remember failure to cast your ballot for bonds means a vote against bonds, as it is necessary to "beat the registration" to win.

THE PLUCKY HIGH ELEVEN

Hats off to those game little high school lads who won the foot ball honors for the western part of the state, and gave Chapel Hill the battle of her life for the state championship! Monroe is proud of every one of them. They are real Americans, every inch fighters, sportsmen to the core, virile and courageous youngsters.

Those boys who tackled the heavy weights on the Chapel Hill team are of the breed that go to their country's defense in time of peril, not your lounge lizards, tango fends and mollycoddles. Football is a real man's game, and the manner in which the Monroe boys acquitted themselves on the field is ample proof that the "yellow streak" is foreign to their make-up. Here's best wishes to every one of them.

Wilson Negro Gets a Taste of "Bawston" Life.

A young Wilson negro, who thought he believed in social equality, and that a white man is as good as a negro, providing he behaves himself, just prior to the World War concluded to and did go to Boston to grow up with the "bean eaters," says a Wilson, N. C., dispatch.

He took service in a swell cafe that was patronized by the elite of the town and was tickled almost to death when he was addressed on all sides as "Mr. Black," and soon, seemingly, got into the good graces of a big bunch of Boston bucks who took him on their rounds. Especially were they attentive to him on "pay day," and suggested divers ways for him to divorce himself from the contents of his "pay envelope."

He was a good spender and the white boys saw they had an easy mark, and played him to the limit until he lost his job, and then they dropped him like a hot cake.

Losing out at the cafe he sought other employment, and found that for every job there were three men waiting. He had saved next to nothing, and in a few days hunger began gnawing him, and after ringing three door bells of former parties at the cafe where he was formerly employed, and who seemed to make much of him, he told of his misfortune and asked for assistance. "Sorry for you, nigger, but you know we take our meals out, and have no money; fortune will smile on you again; won't you walk in and be seated?" etc.

The poor black boy went into a park and cogitated over the best way out of his misery, and concluded he would go down to the bay and end it all.

Before doing so, however, he made one more effort. He rang the bell at the door of a brownstone front, the gentleman of the house answered it and when he saw who it was demanded: "You damned black rascal, what are you doing at my front door?" The poor fellow went down on his marrow bones and ex-

claimed: "Thank God, I have found some of my people; boss, I know that language, and it's music to my ears—please, boss, don't say you are not from the South, 'cause I know you is." "Yes, I am from Edgecombe county, N. C.—where are you from, and what do you want?" "Willson, N. C., is my home, boss, and we are close neighbors—and I am powerful hungry." "Then go around the house and tell the cook to fill you up."

As he hurried around to the kitchen he muttered: "Praise the Lord, Southerners are the best friends the negroes have—they always get them out of trouble."

FORMER CAMP SEVIER ARMY CAPTAIN ADMITS HE WAS A GERMAN SPY

Willers, Alleged Deserter, Arrested in New York, Was Sent Over From Germany.

HIS PLAN TO AID FATHERLAND

Sensational disclosures of his mission to this country as a spy for the German government were given in an alleged confession by John Willers, formerly captain in company I, 48th United States Infantry, alleged thief and deserter, after his arrest in New York charged with absconding with five thousand of his company's funds on December 19, 1918. His regiment was then stationed at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.

His capture was accidental. He was crossing Fifth avenue at 42nd street near the public library when Hugh J. Hannigan, formerly a first lieutenant in Willers' company, recognized him. Hannigan called a policeman and Willers was arrested. At a police station, the prisoner was further identified by two other lieutenants in company I, Sidney P. Powell and Francis Hatch.

Willers was then taken to Governor's Island, headquarters of the second army corps, and placed in confinement at Fort Jay.

Willers, the police said, recited in a brazen fashion how he was sent to the United States as one of three hundred cadets trained in the acts of espionage to enlist in the American army.

On his arrival in the United States Willers went to Albany, where he enlisted, he said, as a private. His military aptitude won him rapid promotion and his knowledge of English and his ability to "speak like an American" enabled him to obtain a commission.

Willers said he had never been sent across the ocean, and while in this country his instruction were "to act the part of a loyal American," and to take no action until he reached the war zone.

"What was your plan after reaching the other side?" he was asked. "I could lead the company to slaughter," the soldier said he replied. "You also would be killed," he was reminded.

"What of that? Thousand of bet-

ter men died that way."

While being questioned at the police station, the police say Willers remarked that they would be surprised if they knew "the number of officials at Washington during the war who were employed by Germany as spies."

"Are they still there?" he was asked.

"That I don't know," he is said to have answered. "But there were many of them during the war."

The 48th Infantry was still at Camp Sevier when the armistice was signed and his usefulness as a spy was at an end. He decided to become a deserter. The deserter then went to Chicago, where about a year ago he married a young woman named Crawford.

From Chicago Willers roamed about the country, at various times in his travels trying unsuccessfully to get a passport to Germany. He disguised himself and waited an opportunity to quit the country. A pair of heavy eye-glasses, he said, was an important part of his disguise.

When questioned by military authorities at Governor's Island, Willers declined to amplify his alleged confession to the police.

Magistrate—Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye?

Plaintiff—Your Washup, 'e wasn't a physical wreck until 'e gave me the black eye.

He—For two cents I'd kiss you! She—Can you change a nickel?

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FRUITS, CANDIES,
NUTS, ETC.,
BEFORE YOU DO
YOUR CHRISTMAS
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WE HAVE A VARIETY
TO SELECT FROM
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MONROE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From The Journal of this date 15 years ago.)

Mr. R. A. Morrow, who is a member of the state board of internal improvements, returned a few days ago from a visit to the hospital for the insane at Morganton, and the hospital for the colored insane at Goldsboro. He thinks that if the colored people throughout the State could go to Goldsboro and see what is being done for the unfortunates of their race by the State, they would have a much better feeling toward the white people than some of them manifest at times. At the colored hospital Mr. Morrow says he found the oldest book-keeper he ever saw. Mr. Daniel Reid is his name and he has had charge of all the books of the institution and is ninety-one years old. It is the policy of the authorities of the hospital for the insane to give the patients such amusements as are likely to divert the mind, hence all of them have dancing once a week, and also preaching once a week. In looking over the books at the colored institution, Mr. Morrow saw two items of expense, coming right together, as they did, greatly amused the committee. The items read: "Preaching, \$1; dancing \$3."

Dr. J. P. Monroe, of Sanford, spent

yesterday in Monroe with his friends. Messrs. W. A. Harsett, J. T. Little and V. L. Mills of New Salem killed a red fox last week. They jumped it, but not having dogs enough to give it a good run, succeeded in shooting and killing it.

In speaking of the marriage of Miss Kate Steele, the daughter of the late Capt. J. J. C. Steele, and Mr. T. B. Hawfield, of Harrison, the Waxhaw Enterprise says: "The marriage was a quiet home affair, only a few relatives and intimate friends of the couple being present. The bride was attired in a very beautiful and becoming gown of white silk and carried a bouquet of white carnations. She wore a pair of white slippers, which her mother wore on the occasion of her wedding forty-five years ago."

The dispensary officials of South Carolina have made an analysis of a number of well-advertised patent medicines, and say that they contain so much alcohol that they must not be sold except by druggists on regular prescriptions of physicians. Some time ago the treasury department at Washington made a ruling that druggists who sell certain of these remedies must have retail liquor licenses. This is a movement that is likely to increase. Some of the slop that is put off on the public as cure-alls, are worse than worthless. Most of them contain harmful drugs or are worthless, and there should be a law compelling manufacturers to label their goods in such a way that the public could know what it is buying.

Day of Great Opportunity.

(From The Type Metal Magazine.)

There is an old saying that we are a part of all we have met.

If this is so, the possibilities of progress during the next fifty years are infinite when compared to what they were fifty years ago.

For, during the last fifty years, so many devices for the cheap projection of news, scientific knowledge, literature, art and drama have been devised that it may be said that the average neighborhood to-day has better facilities for becoming a center of culture than did the world's leading cities half a century ago.

Through the perfection of the printing press, news and thought are being projected to all parts of the globe so cheaply that every man is almost an eye witness of world events, and a companion of the leading thinkers of not only the present but of all time.

His daily newspaper and the public library make this possible.

The phonograph is a means for the projection of the world's best music, bringing to the cottage of the lowliest worker the finest in vocal and instrumental music.

The motion picture is a means for the cheap visual projection of the best in the world's drama.

Not only this, but the motion pic-

ture is taking people around the world, into scientists' laboratories, into the wonder-world of industry, into the golden out-doors of the great West, into the White House, and into foreign palaces.

Through the lens of the motion picture camera the average man to-day sees all and knows all.

Within a single evening, for a trifling sum, we may hear the best musicians, we can have placed on our doorstep the latest news from every capital, and we can see life dramatized and portrayed on a screen at practically any hour.

Compare the opportunities of George Washington with the opportunities of any young man to-day. The balance is in favor of the latter. Washington lived in an age of darkness. That he rose to the heights he did is all to his credit.

The stimulus to accomplishment to-day is beyond anything ever known before.

TO THE PEOPLE WHO OWE ME.

I will be away from Monroe for about six months and my expenses will be very heavy. The Union Drug Company has charge of my books and any payments on accounts will certainly be greatly appreciated by me.

DR. R. L. PAYNE.

W. H. BELK & BRO.'S

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Very Suitable for Xmas Gifts. At new low prices \$1.50 to \$5.95

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Boxed Ideal for Christmas Remembrances.
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SILK HOSE

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\$2.50 Pure Silk Hose \$1.50
\$1.50 Pure Silk Hose 65c

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Suitable for Xmas Gifts. Blue, Pink and Lavendar Border 25c, 39c, 48c, and 95c

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Men's White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs
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Very Useful Gifts at New Low Prices. Durable Blankets \$1.95 to \$14.95
Large Size Comforts \$1.95 to \$15.00

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13-Piece Luncheon Set \$1.95