

Former Monroe Boy "Called Down" For Dancing Immoral Steps at Badin

The Student Writes of the Wickedness in the Stanly Town

BROTHEL DESTROY'D

Badin, Dec. 14.—Oh! but this is a queer old world says Mr. Fuller Gloom to Mr. O. B. Happy. No, no, Mr. Gloom. It is not the world that is so mortally queer it is the people that are so queer, say the restless set or "night riders" who are so busy that they have nothing to do and have all night to do it in.

Immortality seems to be coming home to some of the mothers from what we pick up through the newspapers of late. Fathers are also reaping what they have sown. There is a proverbial saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go and he will not depart thereof." We believe this as much as we believe there is a Christ. Train up a child to dance, teach it dancing in the schools from its infancy up, and do you think when that child becomes a man or woman that it will not go to the dance halls? Why of course that girl or boy is going to the dance halls because they are skilled dancers and father and mother taught us to dance and no harm can come of dancing whatever.

If space will permit we will give an illustration of one of my personal friends in Stanly county. He was a boy taught that dancing was for immoral purposes by his mother and he believed it. He believes that dancing at the public dance halls is a disgrace. Believing this as he does has caused that poor boy many a heart ache. He has probably wished he had never been taught that way. And listen, this young man had a sweetheart as most all young men have some time or other. This girl's mother was an aristocrat from the north and was a leader in society here. This mother taught her daughter that dancing was an art and that society demands that much of you if you ever enter into its luxurious charms. Mother and daughter would go to dance after dance together, and this girl loved her mother and thought her mother was right. But cupid made a fatal shot when he linked a dancing girl to a boy who thought dancing a disgrace. They became sweethearts and declared their love for each other. The mother objected because he would not attend the public dances with them. One week before their wedding day there was a big dance and he was at her home and she and her mother wanted to attend the dance but he would not go. They persuaded but without avail. They both loved each other and each loved their mother and remembered their training. He bid her goodnight and went home crying. She sniffled just a little and went with her mother to the dance. We admired his courage one week and condemned him the next when he linked his life with a dancing woman and this poor foot can't even pat his foot to music decently. Is it a queer world, or is it the people?

Not so long ago there was a big festival of dancing going on here and a former Monroe boy was here attending the dance and God only knows what kind of a dance or step he was dancing and the floor walker or censor walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder and went on his way. It came near raising his dander, he was so high in society as to have the two dollar admission fee. He mentioned it to us some days later and wanted to know what that fellow meant by hitting him that way. He did not even stop to think that he was dancing an immoral dance, and without a doubt there were others who were dancing steps that were just as immoral, but he was just breaking the speed limit.

Immortality is so prevalent that they have no respective places. Anywhere, any time. Badin was delighted a few weeks ago to have a fire that sent one place of immortality up in flames and smoke. The devil himself was ashamed of it. It was no other place than a "peet house," built back in the woods some years ago for the purpose of housing the small pox victims of that time. Since then it has been nothing more than a brothel. Don't get misled into believing that it was a class known in society as a low, dirty class; it was not. Nine times out of ten it is the society dancing, restless, midnight ramblers.

We have saved the old drunken set or rather cut off his supply of

booze; now what are we going to do to save the boys and girls from moral ruin? Here is one way: "Eliminate the Chance." The lady who suggested closing up the garages is not ignorant by many blocks. To eliminate the chances and decoys that are set to-day is in our feeble way of thinking entirely in the hands of the parents. No law or statute can take that opportunity away as the parents themselves can.

Does that girl have to go to that dance with that boy? Does she have to go out automobile riding with him? Is there no other fellow that she could go with? It is to be answered by the parents. And the mayor of Raleigh must think so, too, from the way he is going about handling the dancing question.

If I have said too much—enough to shock anybody's modesty—I am sorry. But the obligation that we all are under not to lie implies no obligation to repeat unpleasant truths. This just adds another chapter to what has been said through The Journal.

A merry Christmas to the Editor of our good paper, also Mrs. Knox-Wilke Hargett, Mrs. Funderburk, also Mr. Novus Homo. Mr. Homo and I have had many hard fought battles through the good old Journal in the days of Scapgoat, and Padersky.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."—The Student.

GETTING STUCK IN THE MUD IS UNPLEASANT OCCURRENCE

Mrs. Harrell Wonders Why the County Doesn't Save Trouble and Worry by Filling Up Holes.

Marshville, Dec. 16.—It's the little things in life that cause trouble as well as count. Others have long ago discovered this bit of wisdom, but it keeps rubbing itself in so to speak. Take a mud hole for instance. It makes no pretensions to be anything but just a plain, common mud hole, and yet it can lay the most wickedly seductive traps for innocent human beings and cause more trouble than Job saw. We know, for we have just had an experience with one. A few days ago we were Wadesboro bound in a car along with the rest of the family. Just this side of Polkton we came suddenly upon a place in the road—well it was principally holes, where depths were cleverly concealed by muddy water, but enough was revealed to warn an experienced motorist to be careful. To the left where detours were being made, there was a big car stuck up to the hub, and a wrathful driver using the engine to its utmost in an effort to pull out. Nothing doing. We crawled out and after a careful survey, decided that our safest plan was to detour still further around the stuck up car; and but for one weak (perhaps we should say soft) spot we were pretty sure of getting by with it. It was Hobson's choice anyway. Say what you please but election is not in it for thrills when you are watching your car pick its way through a bad piece of road, bumping along in a kangaroo gait, roaring, spluttering and slinging mud like mad, then gathering all its forces for the final effort which will either land it safely on solid ground or leave it hopelessly stuck in the mud.

Ours stuck! We got our thrills all right too!

"What's that?" said our other half, who was driving.

"Amens!" heartily echoed the spectators.

By that time quite a crowd had gathered, some on foot, having recognized the sounds from afar and come to help, and others arriving from both directions in automobiles and finding the road conspicuously blocked. Everybody got out and walked around and made suggestions but got nowhere. Then there hove in sight a Ford clipping along with a characteristic rush, and would you believe it? that fool thing with never a thought of detouring just jammed into low and splashed right on through those deadly looking holes, on out to the other side, stopped with a flourish and gave us the merry ha ha! We felt that to be the most unkindest cut of all. Then he came back to help.

A colored boy produced a log chain from somewhere in the bushes. We eyed him suspiciously.

"Been pulling them out before have you?" we inquired.

"Yes'm; we all pulled a whole passel uv 'em outen here yistedy an' las' night."

Well the thing ended by us being pushed out by hand, and the other fellow pulled out—with mules. We couldn't help but thin as we went on

our way what a lot of energy had been wasted for nothing. The space was hardly longer than the length of a car, and there about fifteen men had worked a half hour prizing two cars out of the mire, when half that number working fifteen minutes could have filled in the holes and saved the travelling public untold time and trouble, not to mention wear and tear on cars. Can anyone tell us why a county will allow such things to go on? It strikes me as a strong example of human inconsistency.

Mr. George W. Bailey was carried to a hospital in Charlotte last week for treatment. He has been in failing health for some time.

The fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist church will be held here Saturday. Dr. H. K. Boxer, the presiding elder of this district, will be present, and will preach at eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Martha Swiggall, who makes her home here with her son, Mr. Charlie Swiggall, suffered a partial stroke of paralysis Saturday night as she was going to bed. A trained nurse from Charlotte is with her.

A marriage which was quite a surprise to the town took place on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride when Mrs. Mittie Deese and Mr. Tom Marsh were married. Rev. Cull Davis performing the ceremony. Quite a number of friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony. Both Mr. and Mrs. Marsh have many friends and are well known here.

Mrs. Rommie Griffin was hostess to the book club on a number of other friends on Wednesday afternoon. The charming bungalow was aglow with Christmas candles and shaded lights. Tiny Christmas trees, holly, mistletoe and baskets of poinsettias added to the Christmas effect. An interesting nut contest furnished amusement and resulted in Mrs. M. P. Blair being presented with a box of correspondence cards as prize after trying and drawing with several others. Mrs. J. G. Whitener was given a box of candy as consolation. Mrs. Claude P. Griffin and Mrs. J. S. Harrell assisted the hostess in serving a delectable sweet course followed by stuffed dates. Christmas carols on the Victrola were enjoyed. Besides club members there were present Messadams Ed M. Marsh, J. G. Whitener, Wade Bivens, Irl Bivens, Horace Harrell, Claude Griffin, Lee Bailey, Smith Medlin and Frank Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ashcraft are moving into their new home which was recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Davis.—Lina C. Harrell.

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS AMOUNT TO OVER \$5,000

There Are Sixty-Four Union County Veterans, and Ninety Widows on the List.

STATE HAS NOT FORGOT THEM

Although it has been fifty-five years since the close of the Civil War, the State of North Carolina has never forgotten the heroic services rendered by its sons during those dark years, and every Christmas the State Auditor sends a substantial pension check to those who have not prospered so well as others, due partly to wounds received, and disease contracted, during their service.

This year Mr. R. W. Lemmond, clerk of court, has received \$2280 to be distributed among sixty-four Union county veterans; and \$3170 for the ninety widows of soldiers, making a total of \$5450.

Those on the soldier's pension list from this county are the following:

- Messrs. John Allen Helms, Rodrick Pope, S. Acoth, W. H. Acoth, Harvey Adams, J. W. Auberry, J. P. Broom, W. H. Austin, W. R. Baucum, J. M. Braswell, Britten Belk, B. H. Broom, Hiram Broom, P. R. Belk, J. F. Bolk, J. W. Bynum, J. A. Clontz, Adolphus A. Davis, J. M. Douglas, J. A. Edwards, J. Calvin Edwards, R. M. Dry, W. A. Fennell, T. A. Griffin, J. Hampton Griffin, T. C. Griffin, W. N. Green, J. M. Griswold, James A. Griffin, W. G. Griffin, W. D. Griffin, Robert L. Harris, William Honeycutt, E. A. Helms, J. T. Howard, T. S. Huntly, John Hinson, R. P. Keziah, J. H. Laney, John McManus, Solomon Nash, Alexander Osborne, Young R. Parker, N. S. Ogburn, Alvin T. Parker, C. C. Price, G. W. Pounds, W. P. Plyler, W. B. Pounds, J. A. Pierce, P. A. Parker, John Robinson, William P. Smith, H. J. Starns, Thomas Swish, Richard Sims, M. A. Sulpes, Daniel Starnes, S. R. Tadlock, W. O. Thompson, W. A. Tarleton, T. M. Winchester, J. P. Walker, W. T. Wolfe, and F. F. Willford.

The following widows of Confederate veterans have pensions in the hands of Mr. Lemmond:

- Mesdames Sarah Brewer, M. A. Baucum, Catherine J. Montgomery, M. F. Brown, Ellen Broom, Sarah Brantley, Sarah C. Belk, Roxie Chapman, Elizabeth Carriker, Mary M. Crow, Hannah Collins, Jane Deason, Martha Deese, F. E. Delapay, C. C. Ford, Martha Furr, Ellen Griffin, M. E. Green, Sarah Griffin, Mary Griffin, M. E. Gibson, Rebecca Griffin, E. C. Hargett, Mary A. Hartis, M. E. Hasty, Adeline Helms, Hannah E. Helms, Martha J. Helms, Parmella Helms, Drucilla Helms, Frances E. Helms, M. C. Hill, Sarah A. Helms, Ellen M. Huntley, Salma Harrington, Sarah Honeycutt, Levina Harisell, Agna Haney, M. J. Honneycutt, Melissa M. Holmes, Mary E. Helms, James Jerome, S. Jane King, Elizabeth Lathan, Martha E. Laury, S. E. Leonard, Sarah Linker, M. J. Long, Margaret Lee, Martha Leonard, E. M. Little, M. E. Mullis, Lucretia Mullis, Emma J. E. McCain, Martha E. Meikes, Emmaline Melton, N. E. Manus, Mary Mullis, Emeline Miller, A. E. Meikes, C. E. Moore, Elizabeth McCorkle, S. E. Neal, M. M. Outen, J. A. Polk, Margaret E. Polk, Martha Penegar, Thetus C. Price, H. E. Price, M. C. Penson, Mary Price, Susanna Porter, Henrietta Phifer, Elizabeth Polk, Melissa Price, Elizabeth Plyler, Polly Rogers, Lou Richardson, Mary A. Richardson, Louise Simpson, Agnes Strawn, M. A. Swanner, Bettie Stillwell, Martha A. Taylor, Mary L. Taylor, E. A. Traywick, L. C. Walsh, M. A. Wilson, Sarah C. Wolfe, and M. E. Willford.

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