

THE MONROE JOURNAL

Monroe, N. C.

Founded 1894 by the present owners, G. M. Beasley and R. F. Beasley.



THE JOURNAL BUILDING, Corner Jefferson and Beasley Sts. Telephone No. 19.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATE One Year \$2.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1921.

Representative Tom Bowie, of Ashe, introduced a bill in the general assembly to abolish the office of county treasurer in Ashe, although the office had been elected for a term of two years. The house quickly killed the bill and the treasurer of Ashe county will fill the office for the term for which he was elected. The effort of Mr. Stack to change the Recorder's court is along the same line, and deserves the same fate as the Bowie bill.

THE WORK THAT IS UNDER FIRE.

Some idea of the scope of the welfare work, the abolishment of which is the purpose of a bill introduced in the General Assembly by Senator Nash, is gleaned from an address delivered before county superintendents of public in Raleigh, Wednesday by Commissioner Beasley. "Your work," said Mr. Beasley, "has resulted in placing one hundred thousand more children in the public schools than were ever before enrolled and in an increased average attendance of 87,000 every day. This alone would have justified every penny of the expenses many times over, for while we have had a compulsory attendance law for several years it did not get the children in school. But you have handed between five and six thousand delinquent, dependent and neglected children in your work as probation officers of the juvenile courts. These children had started upon the road to ruin and to them you held out both the restraining and the helping hand. More than this, you have carried aid and comfort to thousands of broken homes, you have helped the sick and the afflicted, you have been big brother to the needy in every walk of life, you have bound up the wounds, you have helped every state and county institution with its problems and in their mission of mercy, you have been the public messengers of a Christian state to those who needed comfort and would not have otherwise gotten it. You have thrown yourselves by day and by night into the fight in behalf of little children, of the sick, of the aged and infirm, of the prisoner and his family back home, of the insane and the feeble-minded; you have snatched young girls, hundreds of them, from the brink of shame and disaster on which they tottered; you have stood by the wayward youth headed for the bad and showed him the better way; you have joined hands with the churches, the social agencies, with individuals and all others who are working in North Carolina to the end that a healthy and wholesome life shall abound in our state for all. You stand as the very war and very dear representatives of the great humane heart of North Carolina, and your work needs only to be better known, and better done in places. A little more time, a little more care, a little more patience and the social welfare scheme of North Carolina will not only be known in every nook of this nation, but will be a source of abounding pride to every North Carolinian."

A Credible Witness. A Kansas City grocer named Tony Grinsick was arrested by the food inspector, after a housewife had complained that Grinsick had sold her some bad eggs. The grocer pleaded not guilty. "Is anyone here a judge of good and bad eggs?" the judge asked, after hearing the evidence. No one responded. The inspector, who was prosecuting Grinsick, toyed with an egg above the judge's desk. "I guess we had better give Tony the benefit of the doubt, and—" began the judge. He was interrupted by a loud "pop." The inspector had dropped the egg. "You're fined twenty-five dollars!" shouted the judge.

Society welcomes the new millionaire, but it frowns upon his telling how he made his money.

JUDGE CARTER PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO VOLSTEAD ACT

Former Jurist and Now Editor Is "Agin" R. L. Davis for State Prohibition Commissioner.

Judge Frank Carter, formerly of the Superior court, pays his respect to Federal prohibition and its results in an editorial in the last issue of Carter's Weekly, published at North Wilkesboro, in the following vigorous words:

"The Rumphobliacs who sold the South's birthright of Jeffersonian democracy and local self-government for a mess of Federal Prohibition are bawling to the North Carolina Legislature for men and money to fight the liquor traffic.

Speaking for himself alone, it is the very earnest hope of the writer that they get neither. The South was making very excellent progress in the extirpation of this evil, without sacrifice of the basic principle of its political life, when alone came this aggregation of fanatics and professional agitators whom nothing would satisfy except the federalization of prohibition and the emasculating of the police power of the states by the now-easy process of amending the constitution of the United States.

They got their Eighteenth Amendment all right, with the natural result of a nation-wide reaction against prohibition.

They got their Eighteenth Amendment, and with it such a prodigious increase in the demand for "moonshine" that the alcohol in a bushel of corn would anywhere fetch the rise of a hundred dollars.

They got their Eighteenth Amendment, and as a direct consequence, such fancy profits in "bug juice" that even ministers of the gospel have been found making it.

The state and local authorities were well able to suppress the traffic in fifty-cent-a-pint stuff. The army that won the Great War couldn't stop the manufacture and sale of rot-fut liquor at six dollars a quart.

The Eighteenth Amendment is the work of professional agitators and not the will of the majority of the American people. The Volstead Law, that so minutely federalizes the liquor problem, is not the sense of the nation, but the characteristic product of rumphobliacs.

The agitators have made their bed of federal prohibition. The states should see that they lie on it.

The ultimate goal of the prohibition cause will be served, in the opinion of the writer, if the General Assembly of North Carolina will courageously reject the ambitious program of state aid for federal prohibition that is proposed to it.

No doubt it would be highly pleasing in certain quarters if a six thousand dollar or eight thousand dollar commissionership of prohibition were created for Rev. R. L. Davis, or some other deserving anti-salvage league, and a small army of prohibition constabulary were placed under his command. In such case, we might reasonably expect some high links in the Old State; but the commissioner (whosoever he might be) and the Constabulary are about the only people who likely would benefit by the huge expenditures that such a policy would entail.

Under the second clause of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Federal government can at the will of Congress retire from the intrastate field of prohibition enforcement.

It should be the policy and business of the Democratic party to see to it that the federal government does retire from this field at the earliest possible moment. In such reversion to its secular principles lies its best hope of re-establishing itself as a governing force in the nation.

Not until this result is achieved will the time be ripe for the States to undertake the duty of a thoroughgoing enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, in conformity with the instinctive genius and several consciences of such commonwealth.

Then, and not till then, will it be possible to enlist the local support without which no law can be effectively enforced.

In the meantime, the Rumphobliacs should be left to stew in their own grease of federal enforcement.

How to Enjoy Your Rheumatism.

By WALT WASON. The country is full of people who are scattering sunshine at so much per scatter. Few of the sunshine experts work for love of the game. And I doubt whether there's one able and eloquent man who makes a business of lecturing on Thrift; and what this country and its people need more than anything else under the sun is a thorough grounding in the rudiments of thrift. Most of the old sports in the poorhouse were born optimists.

For years, I have been addicted to rheumatism, considering it one of the most attractive diseases in the almanac. I am quite convinced that there is such a disease as rheumatism, and that it hurts like thunder, and I have no patience with professional optimists who say it is but a figment of the imagination.

There is no standard disease that is entirely enjoyable; they all have their little drawbacks. But by being prepared for them you minimize those drawbacks. And the first thing necessary, in the way of preparation, is money in the bank. In the dark hour of affliction and suffering there is no comfort like that of knowing that you have some guilders in pickle.

When I am due for a siege of rheumatism I lay in a big supply of detective stories and phonograph records and other luxuries; and I can do this because I have the price. And I have the bulkiest time when I am sick, and my feet are wrapped up in poultices, for then I can read and smoke in comfort and nobody asks me to go to lectures, or visit the neighbors, or attend an uplift meeting at the community house, or anything else. And if boreas come to see me, I have a good excuse for sending them away.

There really is a great deal of fun in being sick, if you are properly equipped; and if you have practiced thrift, your equipment is all right. It is better to have a bundle in the bank than a noisy faith in the

theory that the ravens that fed Elijah won't turn you down.

Optimism urges you to go to the store and have things charged. Thrift impels you to pay for what you buy when you buy it.

Optimism inspires you to buy a piano and an automobile on the installment plan, and from that day forth grease collectors will make your life a burden; and you'll be so busy making the payments you won't have time to go to church or to the ball games.

Thrift induces you to buy nothing you can't afford. Better play a tin whistle amid the jeers of the populace than pay \$5 a month on a piano for the term of your natural life. Better walk until your feet need re-traveling than ride in an automobile bought for \$25 down and \$15 a month for hundred years.—February Hearst's.

A CURE FOR LABOR DISPUTES.

Let the Employees Buy Stock in Co-operative Concerns.

(From the Type Metal Magazine.) The longer I am in business, and the more criticism of business that I read, the surer I become that a man must have had some actual experience in running a business before he is qualified to discuss intelligently the problems of business men.

Three-fourths of all that is printed about business is from the pens of writers who could not pass a primer examination on such matters as overhead expenses, cost accounting, turnover, mark-up.

I have actually known of editors who could not tell you the difference between gross and net profits.

It is a lack of knowledge, and not willful misrepresentation that is at the basis of most of the unwarranted attacks upon business.

This condition is the result of a gradual change from man-power production, where the unit in the industry was small, to machine-power production, where the unit is large.

Back one hundred years ago, before the age of steam, the workman owned his tools. He was a separate and distinct unit. There was no definite line separating the employed and the employing classes.

With the introduction of steam and the development of labor-saving machinery, it became necessary for capital to concentrate into large units.

Today the vast majority of workers are cut off from any opportunity to own their tools.

The result is that they think their interest has nothing in common with their employers' interest.

Compare this with the fact that those who are doing most of the writing in criticism of business are discredited by lack of experience from fully understanding their subject, and it is no wonder that the statute books are clogged with laws that hamper business enterprise.

The solution is not to be found in socialism.

That would stifle progress by smothering individual initiative. Yet it seems to me that we must work out a way to give the ordinary man a real stake in the industry in which he works, other than that of merely drawing wages.

This plan must contemplate that he will assume the losses as well as the profits, whichever way the tide may turn.

It was recently pointed out that there are two million railroad employees in the United States.

If each of these employees contributed fifty dollars to a common fund, there would be a sum available at the end of one year sufficient to purchase control of the New York Central lines. Under this plan the control of every line between New York and Chicago could be purchased in five years.

Suppose this were done. Would it not be preferable to the Plumb plan, under which the public "own" the railroads and the employees would manage them?

Under co-operative ownership could we not expect better service than under government ownership?

Or, let us take a smaller unit of industry.

Suppose the molders' union of some large city asked all its members to take one share of stock each in a co-operative company, formed to take over some existing foundry.

These men could go out and hire a manager at a suitable salary, and then let him develop the business, offering employment to as many of the stockholders as he could use.

You may smile, and think this would be a sort of musical comedy enterprise. I am not so sure.

I understand it is working in England, Belgium and Italy today, and that the idea is spreading rapidly.

If one-fourth of the industries of our country were co-operatively owned, I am inclined to think that this widely distributed ownership would serve as a balance wheel which would make life more bearable for the owners of the other three-fourths.

In this way we would gradually develop thousands of men and women who would, in a small way at least, understand something of the problems of business, and this in time should reflect itself in a much more enlightened public opinion regarding business.

Not Baby's "Sandman"

It was time for "baby girl" to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could get her there. At last her father offered to lie on the bed till the "sandman" arrived. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when her husband would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy pit-a-pat. Nearer came the steps, and then a little white-robed form, with a tiny finger on her lip, stood in her doorway. "Hush, hush, muvver," she said. "T'es got farrer to sleep."

The basis of business is confidence and the basis of confidence is understanding.

Do something each day that will make your work easier each day thereafter.

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