

MONROE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

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

Mr. S. M. Parker made a trip last week to the Pleasant Valley neighborhood, and there saw something the like of which he had never before seen or heard. It was the spectacle of two negroes plowing one mule. They had two plows, one hitched by the clevis to each trace chain. One was running one furrow and one the other, and the mule was walking between. In that section the land is sandy and Mr. Parker says the people there didn't consider the sight so extraordinary as he did.

Mr. P. W. Myler of Buford lost a fine horse last week.

"You may say that for want of interest the Fourth of July celebration has gone up into thin vapor," said Mr. Monroe Crowell yesterday.

Some time ago a mule and horse belonging to Esp. T. W. Secret of

Osceola broke out of the pasture at night and strayed to the railroad where the mule was killed. Mr. Secret has been promptly paid \$200 for the mule by the Seaboard.

Mr. L. L. Parker, who has been principle of the Fayetteville graded school for the past year, returned home Saturday to spend the holidays. There is plenty of work in old Union for young men like Mr. Parker, and it is to be hoped that other places will not induce him to leave us again.

The telephone people failed to reach an agreement last Tuesday and the representatives of the county switchboards are going on with their preparation for an exchange in Monroe.

Mr. C. C. Sikes and family and Mrs. W. T. Whitfield are spending the week at Cleveland Springs.

The Hygiene of Habit.

(Contributed by the Nursing Service, Southern Division Red Cross.)

One of the most wholesome provisions of nature for the protection of man and, therefore, for the preservation of the human race, is the habit forming power of the human mind. This power is one which has been accustomed to take, difficult to follow at first; by repeating the step the pathway becomes clearer.

Youth is the habit forming period of life; so much depends upon the habits formed in youth that it is said to be during the early years that man's whole after life is foreshadowed because of the habits formed in youth.

Health, which is not a heritage from heaven as much as the result of habits of hygiene living, is determined largely by the first few years of life. A child whose body has formed the habit of assimilating proper food, of being adequately and correctly clothed, of breathing pure air, of taking proper exercise, will soon find a sort of demand or desire for conditions which produce the comfort and pleasure which health brings.

It is a fact, too, that a persistence in giving a course of action creates a habit which becomes automatic in a surprisingly short time. We may prove this most conclusively by considering our daily lives. If we will pause on the threshold of a doorway and note what we are "in the habit" of doing as we arise each morning, we will understand how naturally we give our body the attention it merits, and how automatically we go about the ordinary processes of dressing, bathing, etc., even while our minds may be occupied at the same time with some problem disconnected from the actual act of dressing. It is of the most vital importance, therefore, that these habits of ours which become almost a part of us are habits that are helpful to our physical as well as our mental development.

The hygiene of habit, then, would be to make our habits of such a character that they would be a direct contribution to our health for it is a fact that improved health standards and advanced health ideals are among the most needed elements in our daily lives.

If we eat, sleep, rest, exercise, work, play and live hygienically we will have established hygiene as a habit and one which should become as fixed and immovable as any habit which the human mind may form.

Fortunately, today there is a marked tendency to instruct all persons in health matters and this means that the following of such instruction will form health habits. As an example we know that any undue tax of our eyes means a lessening of the usefulness of the important sense of sight, while we know in the same way that neglect of any of our teeth has a marked influence on our general health as does insufficient sleep, wrong food and even unwise clothing. To form a HABIT, therefore, of conserving our eyes by reading in a correct light, of visiting a dentist at least every six months for a careful inspection of our teeth, of having at least eight hours sound sleep in a well ventilated room each night, of eating at regular intervals such food as our body demands, all mean that health itself will become a habit which it will be difficult for a disease to break.

The importance of such habit is strongly impressed upon us when we learn that more than half of the so-called "healthy" persons show, upon careful examination some physical defect directly or indirectly due to some faulty habit of living. Again, the need for habits of hygiene are emphasized by the fact that some 750,000 cases of illness are noted every year from what is called "preventable disease" almost every one of which might have been avoided had we, as a people, formed universal "habits of hygiene" until hygiene itself becomes a habit and one which is so good and strong that it is almost impossible to break or change it.

The Worst of It.
The Guest (who had just arrived)—Dear, dear, what a terrible night it is!
The Host—Yes, most disappointing. I'm afraid it'll keep all the best people away!—Bert Thomas in Sketch.

Thought He Was "Joshed"
When Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh was asked to lecture at Princeton College recently, Prof. Root went down to the station to meet the distinguished visitor. Prof. Root did not know Prof. Raleigh, but walking up to a man he thought looked like him, he said:
"I beg your pardon, but am I addressing Sir Walter Raleigh?"
The man looked at him for a moment and, thinking he must be crazy, replied:
"No, I am Christopher Columbus. Walter Raleigh is in the smoking room with Queen Elizabeth."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Transported Liquor in Compartment in Gas Tank.
(From the Greensboro News.)
The cleverest liquor wagon in captivity, in the opinion of local police officers, was captured at Cone park yesterday afternoon by Plainsclothesmen Current and Southard, and with it was taken J. Clyde Hutchison, its erstwhile owner and operator. The conveyance, a practically new Jackson automobile with ingenious appliances for carrying, concealing, and dispensing liquor, is being held by the city authorities, and Hutchison was released under a \$1,000 bond for his appearance at the next term of Superior court.

The automobile was equipped with a specially constructed heavy copper tank attached to the car where the gasoline tank is usually placed. This tank had a partition separating it into two compartments, one for the gasoline and the other for the liquor, the liquor compartment having a capacity of about thirty-five gallons and the other about twelve gallons. There were, also, hose attachments, which, when connected to the engine and the engine started, applied pressure and forced the liquor out of the tank into the customer's container. The appliances, Hutchison stated, cost him \$521.

Oliver Goldsmith.
"The most beloved of English writers,"—what a title that is for a man! Oliver Goldsmith, a wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, is found longing to see the great world, and to achieve a name and a fortune for himself.

After years of dire struggle, of neglect and poverty,—his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there,—he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home,—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast.

His nature is tranquil; in repose, it lous for change, as, on the journey, it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes today in building an air castle for tomorrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and of his humor,—his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity.

You come, hot and tired, from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldier round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but, once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain—if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. Think of the wonderful and unassuming response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delights us still; his song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his very weaknesses are beloved and familiar,—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us, to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity, to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Overcoming Evil With Good.
This impressive reminiscence of war days in France comes to us from an English Y. M. C. A. worker. A young lieutenant, fresh from a Christian home, arrived at his camp in France to find that the officers' mess was not conducted in a seemly way. The men not only talked in an objectionable way but they had put on the walls of the mess room pictures that were far from decorous.

The lieutenant was young and unfamiliar with army life; though his whole soul revolted, he hardly dared to protest. For several days he tried to think of some way by which he could lead his companions into a better mode of life. Then one afternoon, when he was going through his luggage, he found in his valise a small but beautiful picture. It was a head of Christ by that master of masters, Leonardo da Vinci, a copy of that head which he had sketched again and again before painting it on the canvas of his great picture, the Last Supper. It gave the young man his inspiration. Creeping into the mess room late that night, he hung the picture on the wall. There it was, a point of goodness and beauty and inspiration amid the tawdry, evil stuff that hung there.

The young officer was not the only one to creep into that room when no one was watching. Within twenty-four hours, picture after picture mysteriously disappeared from those walls until only the picture of the head of the Saviour remained. Before those pure and tender eyes sin fled away. The simple uplifting of Christ was enough to drive evil away in headlong flight. Evil cannot be overcome of evil—it must be overcome by good.

Careless Composer.
"The ending of the story has been completely spoiled by careless typesetting," complained the angry author.
"Here at the conclusion, where the judge looks down at the detective and asks, 'Are you Pendleton King?' What does the printed make him say? Listen!"
"The great detective snatching off his false beard, replied, 'I a. m.'"
"That certainly leaves the readers in the dark," mused the waggish editor.—Boston Transcript.

Room at the Top.
Two friends were discussing a third, who had just had a business crash.
"That settles Tom," said the first. "His rise was rapid. He climbed high. But success spoiled him, and he is now down and out."
With a thoughtful smile the other added:
"One reason why there's always room at the top of the ladder is that so many people, once they get there become giddy and fall off."

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The Dummy Knob
On the door of a house at which I was calling the other day I found two knobs. One was a dummy put there for symmetry; when I tried it, it turned round and round in my hand. The other resisted my hand but opened the door.

The two knobs reminded me of Dick Hartley and Dan Cortelyou. Dick's mother feared that his character was weakening. When at her request I urged him to be a man and resist temptation, he smiled and promised to do everything that I asked; but his promises were so glib that I had no faith in them. He was like the dummy knob that turned round and round in my hand. I could not open the door.

Dan Cortelyou was different. When

I spoke to him of his wild ways, his color mounted, his eyes grew defiant. How could he help it, he asked, if his pals were doing this and that? Whose business was it what he did? He resisted. I knew that I had hold of a live knob. Before long the door had opened wide enough to admit the truth.

But the door knobs reminded me of other things than people—the easy and the hard way. There was Jim Smedley. As his father was well to do, he had a golden knob that opened every door. He never put his strength against an obstacle, but played with the knob that turned round and round so easily. The doors of real success remained closed to him.

For many years the French missionary, Francois Coillard, labored

among the Barotse, a native tribe in South Africa. When he felt that his death was near he wrote: "I solemnly bequeath to the churches of France, my native land, the responsibility for the Lord's work in Barotse, and I adjure them in his holy name never to give it up."

Bequeath work? We usually bequeath something that we think the heir will prize. But work—especially work calling for self-sacrifice?

But think again. Is there anything more precious than the chance to do a great work? Many persons find life insipid merely because they have no task that will make them work with all their might. A hard task is something to rejoice in. Take hold of that job. It may resist obstinately, but it will open for you the doors both of earth and of heaven.



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