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SHORTEST COTTON CROP IN 25 YEARS PREDICTED

Still Greater Shortage Will Exist Unless a Market Is Created, Prominent Speakers Warn

TWO BILLION LOSS TO FARMERS

New York, May 30.—Ways and means of rehabilitating the cotton industry and putting it on a pre-war basis were discussed today at the opening of a national consultation of American cotton growers, manufacturers and affiliated interests.

Leading cotton growers and government officials warned that the country faced the shortest cotton crop in the last 25 years and that, unless immediate steps were taken to create a market and restore the staple to a profitable price, a greater shortage would result in the next few years.

Figures represented by the various speakers showed that the reduction in cotton acreage this year ranged from 30 to 35 per cent, due to the acreage reduction campaign of the American Cotton Association.

The government recognizes that the industry faces a critical situation. President Harding declared in a telephone message to the conference, and he assured the cotton growers that the administration desired in every possible way to co-operate with those seeking to improve conditions.

Two three-year-old daughters of cotton men replied to the President's message thanking him on behalf of the north and the south.

Acreage Reduction.

United effort by government and business is necessary if the cotton industry is to regain its feet, declared J. S. Wannamaker of St. Matthews, S. C., president of the American Cotton Association. Artificial inflation in values must be overcome, he said, and the channels of commerce opened and exports of raw cotton stimulated.

He defended the acreage reduction campaign, declaring it would have been "nothing short of suicidal to produce more than half a crop of cotton in 1921."

Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana, a cotton planter, estimated that cotton producers had lost approximately \$2,000,000,000 in 1920, due to adverse market conditions.

Senator E. D. Smith of South Carolina, said that, with a group of senators from the agricultural states of the south and west, he believed they had a solution of the situation in view.

He explained that it was proposed to modify the federal reserve act so that the farmer would have some fixed and dependable financial arrangements. He added that it was proposed to make it mandatory upon the home banks and the regional banks to accept the farmers' paper at fixed discount rates, and that this paper should be good as long as the bank's assets permitted.

Abolish Exchanges.

Abolition of cotton exchanges if they cannot be regulated adequately by law, was advocated by United States Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama.

Consideration is being given a law concerning cotton futures, he asserted, but he expressed doubt as to the possibility of framing a measure that the exchanges could not find a way to evade.

"If the cotton exchanges cannot be regulated," Senator Heflin declared, "I am in favor of killing them. I say, give them another chance. However, we don't have to have exchanges to sell cotton any more than we have to have exchanges to sell mules."

"Let us regulate the exchanges further if we can. But, if not, let us put the axe to the tree. They ought to have been closed last fall. Some of the people in Washington who have been in favor of regulation, are coming around to think it better to close them."

Warns Those Feasting.

"Let those who are feasting take warning. We tell these bear speculators to get their house in order. Congress passed a grain exchange bill in a jiffy and Southerners supported it."

"The price of cotton will go up again. We will survive it. Let us go back like crusaders and preach to our people to go back to pre-war prices. Cotton cannot be produced at twelve or fourteen cents a pound under present conditions."

Senator Heflin favored amending the federal reserve law so that the federal reserve board would be compelled to recognize staple cotton as a basis for credit. He urged that President Harding be petitioned to call upon that board to reduce the rediscount rate to 4 1/2%.

Wannamaker Speaks.

New York, May 30.—The country faces the shortest cotton crop in the last quarter of a century, J. S. Wannamaker, of St. Matthews, S. C., president of the American Cotton Association, told today the national consultation conference of American cotton growers.

This shortage was largely due, he said, to the successful cotton acreage reduction campaign of the association in its efforts to create a market and prevent further deflation in prices. He quoted statistics to show the acreage had been reduced 30.72 per cent.

He declared that there must be a

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WINGATE MAN'S FEET ARE POISONED BY SHOE POLISH

Mr. Carl Biggers Is Suffering With What the Doctors Call Chemical Poisoning—Drank Kerosene Oil. By Rev. R. M. Haigler.

Wingate, May 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans and children spent Sunday in Chesterfield county with friends and relatives.

"Uncle" John Q. Griffin and his devoted wife were welcome visitors here this week.

Master Talmage Haigler is spending the week in Mecklenburg county with his grandparents.

Messrs. R. M. Haigler, Hugh McWhirter, W. F. Haigler and J. B. Mangum motored over to Mint Hill Sunday where the writer supplied for the pastor of the Philadelphia Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Marion Helms, who has been ill for some time, was carried to a Charlotte hospital yesterday for treatment. Her many friends hope for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. M. H. Myers of Livingston, Tenn., is the guest of relatives in and around Wingate.

Rev. C. C. Perry, who is at home from Wake Forest college, conducted services at the Meadow Branch church here Sunday evening.

Mr. Carl Biggers is in Charlotte receiving treatment for poisoned feet. In having his shoes polished recently, some of the liquid touched his socks, causing what the doctors term "chemical poisoning." He has suffered intensely, but is thought to be improving. Your correspondent hopes that Mr. Biggers will soon be "on his feet" again.

Mr. R. F. Honeycutt's barn was burned last Tuesday night, quite a quantity of rough feed and implements being consumed by the flames. The origin of the fire is unknown, nor is your correspondent able to state whether or not there was any insurance.

Max, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson, was deathly sick for a while one afternoon last week as a result of having drunk some kerosene oil. A physician was immediately summoned, however, and he soon had the little fellow on the road to recovery.

Farmers of the Wingate community are very busy planting corn, the wet weather having kept them out of the field for several days.

Several of our citizens went down to the fisheries at Blawie Falls this week, but report "no luck."

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Broom is very ill with whooping cough and bronchitis.

One of the most interesting baseball games witnessed here recently was that one staged between the married and single men of the town. Each team had its "rooters," married men and women yelling for their side, and the single boys were not without their supporters. The old fellows won, the married men being accustomed to "hard knocks and strike outs," and the other married men and women, being better "rooters," added materially to the winning of the game.

Rev. A. C. Sherwood preached at the Cedar Grove school house Sunday afternoon.

FORD IS PRODUCING FOUR THOUSAND CARS A DAY

The Present Production is Greater Than for the Same Period Last Year.

Ford is building cars at full speed and, according to an official statement from the factory at Detroit, the demand for Ford cars and trucks still exceeds the output, despite the fact that a new high level of production has been reached.

By the first of May the figures representing daily production were in the neighborhood of four thousand a day, so the May schedule was set at 101,125 cars and trucks, not including the output of the Ford Canadian plant or any of the foreign assembling plants. The output mounted daily: May 12th brought forth 4092, the greatest number that have been produced in one day so far this year.

Since the month has twenty-five working days, present indications point to a new high record.

A comparison of Ford production figures for 1920 and 1921 discloses the fact that for April 1921 the output was greater by 34,514 than for the corresponding month of a year ago. The output for May 1921 will probably overshadow May 1920 by between fifteen and twenty thousand cars and trucks.

Approximately forty-three thousand men are at work in the Detroit plant of the Ford Motor Company. The factory is operating on full time, six days a week and three shifts a day.

"We were never in a better condition than we are right now," said Henry Ford recently.

He Was Too Modest.

A young man had just returned from his first dinner with the so-called "four hundred, society's elite of you please. The question was asked him, "What kind of dresses did the ladies wear?"

His reply was, "I didn't see anything above the table and I was too much of a gentleman to look underneath it."

Easy to Trim.

"I'm in a great hurry," said the bald-headed delegate to the state convention as he entered a barber shop. "Can you trim my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," the barber replied. "I'd trim you with your hat on."

'De Lord Loaned Us Old Missus And Has Called Her Back Home'

By J. S. WANNAMAKER, President American Cotton Ass'n.

"My old Missus has gone to Heaben; God called her 'way from where dere is so much sufferin' and sorrow to where dere is peace, happiness and joy. She was an angel on earth. De Bible says God sends trouble to de people He loves; He sho has sen trouble to her and I kno He lobed her 'cause she was so good. She worshipped old Master and loved her 'lations in de North who used to visit us 'fore de war.

"When old Master was killed in Virginia I was wid him and I bringed de news home to old Missus. When I git home I could not make up my mind to tell her. I git home way in de night. My old lady was in de big house wid old Missus puttin' de chillun to bed, I peeped in tru de windo and seed dem, de little curly headed baby gal dat always minded me ob de angels was saying her prayers repeating dem after her Mammy, when she finished she said, 'O, Mammy I got to say my prayers all over 'cause I forgot to tell God to bring Pape home safe from de war, when de baby made this remark I burst out crying 'cause I kno she would never see her papa any more in this world. When old Missus heard me she know what had happen 'fore I could tell her. She said: 'De Lord's will be done.' Den her cousins and old Master's baby brudder was killed 'fore de war was over.

"After de war de old plantation was took by oder peole and old Miss was knocking 'round from pillar to post ever sins dat time, first wid dis child den wid dat one and all of dem was just able to eke out an 'sistence, often old Miss just had nuf to keep soul and body together but she never complained, you would never kno it, you would tink she was blessed wid everything in dis world dat anyone could wish for. Everybody both black and white peole loved old Miss.

"When dis last big war come on her gran-son named for old Master, got killed 'way cross de ocean. Den one of de udder gran-sons, de business man of de family de one dat we called young boss, he so good to us, he left everything and went 'cross de ocean to fight in de war, even de dare aint no law to make him go 'cause he was too old. When I mon- strated wid him he just say 'it is my duty to go and I am going to do my duty.' After he cum back he try to catch up for lost time in his business, he had big fam'ly to 'sport and lots ob friends, both white and black, dat he had always helped who pends on him. He says: 'I is 'vestigated it and dey is going to need all de cotton we can make.' While dem peole 'cross de water aint got no money wid which to buy our cotton, dem is got lands, forest, mines, factory and mills and dey is hard-working peole and dey is mighty anxious to start back to work and dey tell me dat de country oder dere will need more of our cotton den eber before. It is going to be 'rang- ed so dat we can sell dis cotton on credit, security will be taken on de things dey has got. Our government going to fix dis so as to help dem peole get back on dere feet and de government wants us to raise all de cotton we can, dey done 'vestigate it and if we raise less den fifteen million bales it will cause lots of sufferin' 'coun no bein nuf cotton.

"Boss was so certain he was correct dat he planted hundreds ob acres cotton and from his store he helped udder peole, white and black, to farm. De first year we got forty cents for cotton but we aint make much ero 'coun de boll weevil eatin' it up, but he says 'Dis prove I am correct.' Last year it cost more den eber to raise cotton, and we can't sell it fur one-third what it cost to make it. When he find out dis fall he can't pay he debts he tell me: 'Abraham Lincoln sho tell de God's truth when he says de Gov'ment must not change de money till de peole get thru paying dey debts, dat if dey

dey dey sho would ruin de peole 'cause dey would habe to pay dey debts many times ober.' He said: 'I am ruined, my friends black and white is ruined, no man got any right to lib who can't pay his 'onest debts. No use giving de 'xuse dat de money bin changed since he make his debts, dat don't pay it, 'side from dis he ought not to let dem fool into plantin' and get caught; dat a fool must pay for his folly. He said it was right bout de peole in Europe and Asia ragged, cold and starving and not able to git our cotton and oder products, dere labor and factrys are idle for de lack ob de very things dat is rotting in our fields and warehouses, still we can't pay our debts if we can't sell our cotton, at least, for what it cost us to make it and we can't even sell it for one-third what it cost us to make it.

"Boss was awful discouraged. I keep telling him dat times going to change and git better, but one morning he aint come from his room. I call him and he aint answer. I shook de door and find it locked, we prized de door open and find dat he had shot himself and gone to join old Master in de better world. He was too proud and honest to bust and wipe his debts out like some peole. De old Missus when she hear de news say 'De Lord's will be done.' 'Course I aint dispute de old Missus word, but all dis trouble aint de Lord's will, de debble is got a 'lots to do wid it.

"You kno I hear old Masseur say during his lifetime dat Geo. Washington tell a great truth when he say dat America would bring peace to all de peole ob de world by supplying dem wid things from our farms, such as cotton to make cloths wid and wheat for food; dat dis would result in letting de peole ob de world get busy; dat it would bring content; dat it would do 'way wid wars, dat dey would turn dere 'tention to making de world better place to lib in. My old Master said we could not make too much cotton for de wants of de world, dat our only trouble was gittin it to de peole who wanted it and dat sho seems to be de trouble today.

"When cotton was forty cents and we commenced paying our debts and peole was happy old Missus say: 'Praise de Lord, surely he 'tended de peole ob de South should be made happy and prosperous when he gin dem a right He aint gin to any oder peole in de world, to grow de kind of cotton de world has to hab. De prediction of your old Master and Geo. Washington going to cum tru, we will hab to strain ourselves to raise nuf on de farm in dis country to supply de oder part of de world. We will neber had too much cotton any more cotton will stop causing us misery and will bring us happiness at last, tank de Lord.' Old Missus say: 'De prediction of de Bible going to be fulfilled at last where it says 'And he shall judge among de nations, and dey shall rebuke swords into plow shares and dere spears into pruninghooks; Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall dey learn war any more.' Isaiah 11:4 in Micah IV:3.

"But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of de Lord has spoken."

"Old Missus she bin in dis world a long time, her head was white as snow, her shoulders was bent, her face always carried a smile dat reminded me ob Heaben and her voice was so low and sweet dat it sounded like music. She was staying wid her son's widow and in de midnight hours her gran-children heard her singing in her bedroom:

"Oh come angel band, come and around me stand. Oh, bear me 'way on your snowy wings To my eternal home."

STEPHEN GIRARD LOST BET

Anecdote Tells How His Cashier Stumped Him.

Stephen Girard was a very close man, and every penny was treated with respect. He seldom bet, and when he did it was as near a sure thing as he could make it. He had a young cashier in his employ that had lost various small sums to Girard from time to time, and who was anxious for revenge. One day the two got into an argument as to how long it would take to count a million dollars.

"You couldn't make a million dots of ink in the time it would take me to drive to my farm, spend two hours there and drive back," exclaimed Girard.

"Bet \$50 I can," retorted the cashier.

The money was posted, and Girard drove away. When he returned instead of finding the cashier humped up over a pile of blank paper with his pen jabbing hopelessly way, the rich man discovered the cashier calmly smoking a cigar. He waved his hand at the walls of the counting house. Girard looked closely and saw they were literally covered with ink dots.

"Is that a million?" he gasped. "Count 'em," said the cashier. "You didn't do them with a pen."

"Oh, no, I did them with a tooth brush," grinned the employe, pocketing the money. "Nothing was said about a pen."—Detroit News.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OLD CLOTHES RECEIVING STATION

District Chairman Are Requested to Send Their Collections to This Place on June 8.

By Mrs. D. B. Snyder

Bundle day, June 1st, has been proclaimed by Governor Morrison as the date for North Carolinians to set aside and give their old garments to the Near East Relief. The chairman for Union county received her instructions so late that the organization was not perfected in time for Union county to observe this date. We will therefore name June the eighth as bundle day for Union county. The local chairman has been asked to organize and name a director to receive the donations from his territory. We then ask that they be sent to the Chamber of Commerce at Monroe where they will be inspected and packed for shipment.

It is the preference of the state director and chairman, Josephus Daniels, that all packages be turned over to the county chairman.

Clothing new or cast aside which will not be worn again by its present owners is wanted for the naked people in Armenia, Syria, and the eastern countries. The drive is just for one day, Wednesday, June the eighth. The time will not be extended as we must get them overseas before the winter sets in which begins earlier than ours. The call to our sympathy is appealing, the suffering is acute, Armenia has never turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the suffering. Will Union county do her part? Our answer is yes.

We want to report a solid car. We hope there is none among us, whose hearts have grown callous to the appeals of distress that have fallen upon our hearts and ears during the past months. Only as we keep close to the heart of the Son of Man can we make warm and tender our unfeeling hearts in the midst of the dire need about us.

FIRST BALE OF 1921 TEXAS CROP WAS SOLD LAST FRIDAY

Is Not Only the Earliest Bale Ever Marketed, But Month Ahead of Last Year.

The first bale of the 1921 Texas crop which was sold Friday was not only a surprise but caused some little selling, according to E. A. Cutts Company's latest cotton letter to Monroe buyers. It's not only the earliest bale ever marketed, but is one month ahead of last year. A thousand bales of the new Texas crop, it is further reported, will be on the market in the next few weeks.

Further discussing the market, the Cutts humorous letter continues: "The condition of north Georgia merchants remind me: Samuel M. Vaulchain, president of the Baldwin locomotive works, is a confirmed optimist. He always manages to see the bright and humorous side of things and his smile has not been dimmed even though locomotive orders have become almost as extinct as the dinosaur. Mr. Vaulchain was seated at his desk when a reporter entered and asked about business. Instead of replying, the locomotive manufacturer picked up his pen and wrote the following note which he handed over with a smile. 'We are really doing nothing, and getting away with it in good shape, better than ever before.'

"While other sections are selling and a few exporters are trying hard to get ahead of the others in buying cotton, reminds me:

"Husband—The doctor has ordered me to observe the greatest possible quiet.

"Helpmate—In that case, dear, don't you think it would be an ideal time to get back into business.

"Yet, notwithstanding many are selling. There is quite as many more sitting down on their cotton, and won't budge. Reminds me:

"Mercy sakes, little boy! the shocked exclamation of one of the women members of a party of motorists touring the Ozarks. 'Don't leave the baby alone on that stump right by the creek side! He'll fall into the water!'

"Not so's you could notice it, mom!' politely replied young Banty Johnson. 'We've nailed his shirt tail to the stump.'

"Well, the bulls are rounding up the bears, and may have to tussle pretty hard to get them. They are not lambs by any means. Reminds me:

"An old farmer engaged a city chap to help out for the summer, and for his first job sent him out to bring in the sheep. The city chap started out with a will. In about three hours he returned panting and disheveled, but with all his charges in tow. The farmer was pleasantly surprised. 'Not a bad beginning,' was his comment. 'But what's the idea of the jack-rabbit?' pointing to a white, furry object that lay on the ground, even more exhausted than the farm-hand.

"'Good Lord, is that a rabbit?' ejaculated the green hired man. 'That is the one that it took me so long to catch. I thought that it was a lamb!'

A Man's Pay.

Marie had most pronounced ideas as to the rights and wrongs of her sex.

"Don't you think that a woman should get a man's pay?" she was asked.

After a moment's reflection, Marie replied: "Well, I think she should let him have carfare and lunch money out of it."—Everybody's.

COW AUCTIONEERS RELATE THEIR VARIED EXPERIENCES

Fine Holstein Cow, Costing About \$65, Which Sold For But \$62.50, Disappointment to Mr. Williams

DARKEY TRIED TO LIST HIS CAT

Back from Wilmington, where they auctioned off a car load of Union county cows, Messrs. Raymond Griffin and Frank Williams are recounting their experiences, much to the entertainment of their friends. Each makes the other the butt for an oft-repeated joke. "Raymond," says Mr. Williams, "was the assistant auctioneer, and he would claim about every other cow for one of his own raising, solemnly informing the large crowd that he brought up the particular cow on the auction block from a calf. I never before knew that he raised so many."

"Is that so?" Mr. Griffin replied when told of Mr. Williams' tale. "Did he tell you," he continued, "about the \$65 cow that brought only \$62.50?" Without waiting for an answer, he went on: "One of the best cows in the lot was a Holstein, pretty and fat, which cost us about \$65, and which we expected to sell at a fancy price. Unfortunately, however, she began 'ailing' when the car left Monroe, refusing to either eat or drink. On arrival at Wilmington, her emaciated appearance, and she sold for only \$62.50. This was quite a disappointment to both of us, but I quickly forgot the incident, until on our return trip Frank drawled out: 'Raymond, do you remember that pretty Holstein cow?' 'Yes,' I replied, wondering what he was going to say. 'Well,' he continued, 'I don't wish the man that bought her any bad luck, but I hope she dies!'"

"But that's not the best one on Frank," Mr. Griffin began again, after the laughing had somewhat subsided. "Yesterday," he continued, "he ran into 'Uncle Mose,' an old slave darkey who works the gardens for the folks living on Morris street, and remembering that his little patch had been sadly neglected for several days, he proceeded to employ him to stake his tomatoes."—(Here Mr. Griffin began to swell up preparatory to the explosion that always follows when he tells a good one)—"but when he got home late that afternoon he found that the old darkey had staken his Irish potatoes instead of his tomatoes!"

Mr. Rogers Wasn't Listing Cats

Mr. J. G. Rogers, city list-taker, and one of the best auctioneers in the state, has had many and varied experiences during his life-time, having sold under the hammer almost every conceivable object from a horse on down; but not until the other day did he encounter a man who tried to list a cat for taxation. He was a colored man. After writing down his name and other preliminaries such as his age, Mr. Rogers enquired as to the value of his household and kitchen furniture. "Thirty-five dollars," was the reply. This was a stunner. Dropping his pen, Mr. Rogers looked the tax-payer straight in the eye, and demanded: "Don't you know that an ordinary bedstead is almost worth that?" "Can't help it," was the reply, "I hasn't got much of a bed, no chairs and nothin' else of any 'count." To this reply, Mr. Rogers commented: "Then the county owes you \$265. You're exempt from paying taxes on that amount." The household and kitchen furniture items checked up, Mr. Rogers started upon the more serious problem of getting down the darkey's cattle and horses. "Got any cows?" he asked. "Nassah," was the reply. "Got any horses?" he persisted. "Nassah," was again the answer. "Got any pigs?" he questioned. The darkey replied in a low voice, "Nassah, but I see a cat." Voices from another part of the room drowned out the darkey's reply to this question, and thinking that he said "yes," Mr. Rogers had so written that word on the blank for that purpose. "What's it worth?" he asked, thinking of pigs while the darkey's mind was centered upon the cat. "Oh, 'bout fifty cents," he muttered, thinking it strange that his member of the feline tribe was to be taxed. This was more than Mr. Rogers could stand. "Do you mean to tell me," he ejaculated in tones that boded no good for the darkey, "that it's only worth fifty cents?" "Well, boss," feebly protested the darkey, now visibly frightened, "it's just a plain, ordinary old mouse-catching cat. Why she aint hardly worth more than her feed." Then it was that Mr. Rogers caught on, and he joined in the laughter that emanated from Esq. P. H. Johnson and some of the others present.

Thanks Accorded Dr. Gurney

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the executive committee of the Legion: "Whereas Rev. Dr. Gurney of the First Presbyterian church of Monroe held for this post at his church a most enjoyable Memorial Service on Sunday night May 30th.

"Resolved, that the hearty thanks of Melvin Deese Post No. 27 American Legion, be accorded to Dr. Gurney for his kind and eloquent service on that occasion, and to the members of the Presbyterian church for the hearty welcome given to the post."

BENJAMIN H. HINDE, Com. T. OLIN McMANUS, Adjutant.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Demosthenes.