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Good Roads Have Thrown Gates of the World Open to Women

IT IS THEY WHO HAVE INTEREST IN COMING ELECTION

Mrs. Harrell, Out of Abundant Experience and Observation, Speaks to Them

IF ROADS COST TOO MUCH SO DOES CIVILIZATION

By Mrs. Lina Covington Harrell

In the early spring I heard of a chicken farm below Peachland which was said to be a place well worth going to see, as there were about three thousand white chickens there in the various interesting stages of babyhood. So one afternoon I collected a neighbor or two and started to investigate. After leaving the highway at Peachland the road began to appear something of a snare and a delusion. But it was the way to the chicken farm; others must be traveling it, so of course we could. We kept on. Soon however, we were convinced that no road could be so bad that it couldn't be worse. The further we went the worse this one got, until at last the inevitable happened; we were stuck, with the apparent security of hardened cement, in the most choice of the seemingly endless chain of mud holes extending fore and aft. Three women on a strange road, far from home—far stuck—and neither man nor beast in sight. It was a very bleak situation, for with all our rights it is still impossible for three women to prize a heavy car out of several feet of mud! But the Lord does provide. After so long a time a mule's head appeared far down that mud-hole avenue. I'd like to do something handsome for that mule someday. His patient, jogging tread, and the mild syncopation of his ears as he approached, was the most beautiful thing I ever saw! Then from the other direction came a line of lumber wagons, and soon we were the center of much activity. When we had been prized and abuted about four mud holes further on our way we thought to inquire if there was another road that would get us back to Marshville without going through all this agony again. The men shook their heads in pessimistic negative, and the one colored man in the crowd offered this cheering information:

"Yes'm, there's another road yo' kin go, but it's worsen'n dis one. Yes'm, yo' sho better stick to whar yo' is."

By this time the chicken farm had ceased to be any attraction. Just to get wheels on that Charlotte-Wilmington highway once more was all we asked, so after considerable expenditure of time and effort we were turned around, hauled through that slough again, and at last placed on firm ground and started home.

I learned from the men who so kindly helped us that this prizing business, while very annoying, was nothing new to them, as they were hauling lumber over this road daily and had the sticking process to go through with many times before they got to town. Think of the wear and tear on men and beasts, to say nothing of the time lost, in marketing that lumber! In actual money it would amount to a good part of the profits on the lumber. I am glad to say Anson county has done the right thing about that road now, so anyone wanting to go to the chicken farm need have no fears. However I have never had the courage to try it again.

But it was not the monetary loss of such roads that occupied my mind as we three women sat there helpless that afternoon, and I didn't know what to expect next. I had plenty of time for some long, black thoughts before that mule's head appeared, chief of which was this: suppose all the roads in the state should be allowed to go down and become as this one—festered eruptions of mud holes in winter, and buck-breaking, axle-breaking terrors in summer? What would such a condition mean to women who are just becoming accustomed to the freedom of good roads? In other words what do good roads mean to women?

The men of keener business vision have already figured down to a fine point just what is to be gained in a material way by continuing the good roads work via of the bond issue; and they almost grow apoplectic at the mere thought that the issue might not carry at the June election. It would indeed be a tragedy if the Union county citizens should be misguided in this instance as to hold the dime too close to see the dollar; but the very real tragedy for the women would not be wholly in dollars and cents. Naturally whatever affects the family bank roll, affects the women too, but women are peculiarly constituted beings who require more than three meals a day, which they have prepared themselves, and a full day's labor in the house or field—of both—to keep them going. Even the most stoical of them can bear up under such a chafeless routine for only a short length of time. To farm and village women life has issued the most difficult of edicts—that of hard work with few or no conveniences, and very limited associations with other people to diminish their burden beyond the ordinary round of duties.

ASKS COMMISSIONERS FOR INFORMATION

To the Editor of The Journal:—As a taxpayer of Union county I am much interested in the proposed bond issue. I have noticed articles in The Journal to the effect that it will cost the taxpayers of the county 30c on the hundred valuation in the event the bond issue does not pass, and it is claimed on the other hand that it will only cost 20c per hundred valuation if the bonds are passed. Respectfully ask that the county commissioners explain these figures and if correct, state so thru the column of the press.

May 24, 1923. H. C. EPPS

A Few Words on Good Roads and the Bond Issue

By Henry Green

The writer returned a few days ago from a short visit to Leesburg, Fla., one of the most progressive towns in the central part of the state. While Leesburg already has perhaps more good roads leading into it than Monroe has, they have just put over a bond issue of seven hundred thousand dollars for road building in the Leesburg district of Lake county.

This is the home of Mr. James H. Williams, a former citizen of Monroe, and who was, for a number of years, treasurer of Union county.

Mr. Williams is a very enthusiastic advocate of good roads, and said to me, "Tell my friend, Eugene Ashcraft, that I can't go with him in his ideas on the bond issue." Mr. Williams takes all the Monroe papers, and keeps up with what is going on in his old home town.

Our good friend, the quill pusher of the Monroe Enquirer, seems to have gotten a boll weevil fastened on his pen, and is using it in his catch-all column to frighten his readers against voting for a bond issue for the continuation of good road building.

Now, I think the editor of the Enquirer is honest in his opinions, but if he would pick up and hike out over the country a little, he would find that the most prosperous states, counties and communities are the ones that have spent the most money on improvements. He would find that road building, good schools, etc., are not limited to cotton growing communities alone, some of the most progressive communities being in sections where cotton is not grown at all. Union county has grown into a diversified crop section of late years, and should his prognostications come true, conditions here would not be as they are in Georgia and South Carolina where farmers depend entirely on a cotton crop to feed and clothe them. We can raise almost anything in Union county that is raised anywhere except a few of the tropical crops; and if the boll weevil obliterates the cotton crop, the farmer will need good roads all the more in order that he may get his vegetables, milk and butter, chickens and eggs and other farm products to market quickly.

In nearly every section of the state where the farmers have turned their attention to some other crop adapted to their immediate locality, they are making more money than they made on cotton. Around Laurinburg, one of the best cotton sections in the State, they have turned extensively to the cantaloupe and watermelon. Further east they are raising strawberries. In the sand hill belt, extending from Camden, S. C., to near Sanford, N. C., the peach tree is taking the day. In the piedmont and mountain sections we find dairying, live stock and poultry raising, as well as the vegetable business developing rapidly.

The farmers of Union county, taken as a whole, are intelligent and thrifty, and instead of going home, sitting down on their front porches, folding their hands and surrendering to the boll weevil, as the Enquirer seems to suggest, I predict we will find them diversifying their crops more and more as it becomes necessary, and going ahead with road building, bringing their farms within easy access to the markets, and enhancing the value of their homes, if it does take a few more cents on the hundred dollars in taxes.

Mr. Broom Expected Home from Hospital

Matthews, Rt. 18, May 23.—Guess everyone has forgotten their old scribe from this section of Union-Mecklenburg. Anyway here I am scribbling to The Journal again after being absent for the last few months.

Crops on an average are looking fine around here, & I should of said cotton, for there has been little corn planted, yet everybody has a nice garden this year.

Mr. Floyd Baker spent Sunday in Waxhaw visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Mert Conder and children of Charlotte visited her brother, Mr. J. W. Fincher, last week.

The many friends of Mr. J. E. Broom will be glad to hear that he is much better and will be home this week from the hospital.

Come on Indian Trail, don't let Stout's get ahead of you. I didn't see your letter in the last issue of The Journal.—BANTAM.

Don't Forget to list your taxes.

(Continued on page two)

NOW HAS MEAL ON HIS TOE AND MILK ON HIS OVERALLS

Faulk Didn't Believe It When Told That he Had a Fortune and Didn't Know It

BUT HAS PROVED THAT TOM BROOM WAS RIGHT

Mr. R. F. Faulk owns a farm of ninety-three acres in Goose Creek township. One spring day three or four years ago, Tom Broom, farm demonstrator, slowed down his Ford where Mr. Faulk was standing by the road fussing and fuming because it had rained so much he could not plow his bottom lands for corn. Before that day he had never done much but grow cotton and corn.

"I see you have a fortune here and don't know it," said Mr. Broom. Mr. Faulk was not feeling any too good. He had worked hard all his life, even then, tied as he was to cotton, he was troubled about what he was to do when the fearful boll weevil that he had been hearing about should come to his fields. He had no cows and few hogs. So his nose turned up just a little in sarcasm when he looked up at Broom and said, "I have been working hard all my life and have not seen any fortune yet, and if you are smart enough to tell me where I can find one, go ahead."

Broom saw that it was up to him and he began explaining what he meant. He saw a farm of fine rolling clay mixed with gravel, with many bottoms, often too wet to plow but all the time capable of growing a lot of grass. He saw those hills crying for legumes and some stable manure, and none being given them. So he began to talk.

"Wire up these bottoms," he said, "get you some cows, milk them, buy a separator, and sell the cream, let the bottoms go to pasture, put the manure on the hills, make more corn there than you now make on the bottoms, and make a bale of cotton to every acre, run your farm with cream money and have your cotton as a profit at the end of the year."

Mr. Faulk was not wholly converted to the new idea but he said he would think about it. "Don't forget," said Broom, as a parting shot, "that the man who has cotton seed meal on the toe of his shoes and a little milk spilled on his overalls has the best credit at the bank of any kind of farmer." That sounded strange to Mr. Faulk and he asked how that was.

"Because," said Broom, "the banker knows that kind of farmer has two pay days every month while the cotton farmer has only one a year."

His Best Bit of Farming

That was one of the best bits of farming the farm demonstrator ever did for he planted the seed that has grown just the kind of crop he predicted. On Wednesday the writer visited Mr. Faulk's farm and found that everything predicted had come true. He is milking fifteen cows, sends his milk to Charlotte every day, and gets back a check twice a month for eighty dollars each and some cents, just at this time. He has five small pastures wired up, and his hills produce a bale of cotton to each acre. He has money in the bank and in his overalls, and is looking forward to the time when he will have exchanged his present grade cows for thoroughbreds, and his good wife, smiling, cheerful and happy, says she is going to change her present large number of chickens for one pure bred variety, just as soon as she decides which she likes the best. And their boys, smart and keen eyed, ride their mules to the field as happily as others who know no better start out for a joy ride.

And that is traveling some for a couple who started life on rented land with the head of the household plowing an ox. But Mr. Faulk, recognizing that honor comes to a man not from where he is, but from the manner in which he arrived, is not ashamed to tell you that he began by plowing an ox. Mr. and Mrs. Faulk have been educating their ten children as they came along, and sending some of them to school on the school truck, they feel that they are a useful and happy part of the great world to be a part of the great world by being an organized part of their community, for Mr. Faulk and his neighbors who are also doing as he is, have a milk association with one of their number as their agent contracting for their output in bulk and fixing a neighborhood price and sending it off by truck to market every day.

Mr. Faulk Tells About It

"Where's your Pa?" the writer asked one of the Faulk kids with his hat full of eggs, as he stopped his Ford in the road about where Broom had stopped his on the useful day some years ago. "He's over in the field," said the boy, with a native politeness and a keen interest which showed that there is a family spirit in that household. "Sit down here at the house and I'll run and get him."

The little gentleman's offer was declined and he was requested to lead the way to the field where his father was at work, which he did. Requested to talk about his experience with cows, Mr. Faulk stepped right down to one of those bottom pastures nearby and pointed out his cows and explained the history of each. Some he had grown from calves at a certain

What a Pretty Act

(Youth's Companion)

The wit of Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian politician, is well known throughout the dominion. One day, says Dr. W. S. Rainford in the Story of a Varied Life, an opponent on the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa accused Sir John of having stolen part of the political programme of the opposition. "Sir John," he declared, "has stolen the brains of the opposition!"

Quick as a flash Sir John was on his feet, appealing to the chair on a point of order. "Mr. Speaker," he said impressively, "the honorable member has accused me of petty larceny!"

CAN STUMP DAD BUT CAN'T KEEP HIM STUMPED

For He Plants Himself Upon the "Impregnable Rock of Scripture" and Can't Be Moved

WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE IN A GROVE FULL OF WEEDS

By Deane Ritchie

Stouts, May 24.—The Children's Day was quite a success. I must apologize for forgetting to announce this important event last week. It was announced in both papers anyway, and the people responded wonderfully. The church is famed for its large congregations on such days as these. The crowd last Sunday did not break past records but it was certainly up to the standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Helms entertained a number of the younger, as well as the older people last Saturday evening. Over one hundred were present. A number of games were played after which delicious ice cream and cake were served. Mr. and Mrs. Helms are to be complimented on their gracious hospitality.

Little Miss Louise, daughter of Mr. F. M. Yandle, is spending the week with relatives here.

Miss Virgie Moser of Monroe spent the week-end with her brother, Mr. Joe Moser and his family.

The following people from Charlotte attended the Children's Day: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny House, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Moser, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Conder. These couples were accompanied by their respective children.

These boys were also home for the week-end and the Children's Day: Messrs. John and Murphy Conder, Mr. Clyde Long and Mr. Joe Haywood. Mr. Haywood is of Monroe, the remainder of Charlotte.

Mrs. W. T. Ballentyne and Mrs. C. W. Harkey were entertained at a sumptuous dinner which was given last Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Garley of Indian Trail.

Please, everybody, pay due consideration to the following statement: The Old Bethel graveyard is to be cleaned up next Saturday afternoon, June 2, at 2 o'clock. There are few people in Union county who are not vitally interested in this very old cemetery. In this modern age we must not permit the disappearance of sentiment. I am sure that no one likes the idea of his grave—if he were in one—growing up in briars and weeds. Surely we owe enough respect to the dead to keep their graves clean. Perhaps one will be needed at his business or will have a pressing engagement next Saturday afternoon, but do, I beseech you, arrange to come. Then, don't break your arrangement. What are a few paltry dollars compared with self-satisfaction and a conscience which says, "I have done my duty?"

I like to argue with anyone, especially my Dad. Whenever he makes a statement, I take issue with him. I take either side for the sake of argument. Recently we have been discussing evolution. I am now reading "Well's Outline of History." Dad's scripture, however, sometimes proves too much for him. I tell him that our most learned scientists contend that man has evolved from some lower form of animal. It is true that the body of man closely resembles that of the ape. Lots of men's features are also a striking resemblance. I have known people to be dubbed "The Missing Link" in Darwin's theory. Furthermore, there now exists a type of people who are little above the ape in habit or in mode of living. It is hard to believe and difficult to compare the barbarous cannibal, a human being who eats human flesh, with the civilized people of the modern age. Whether or not man has developed from the ape, it is certain that in the primal ages he lived the life of a savage; and that to some extent he was inhuman.

Then upon my calm reasoning Dad breaks forth with the following disconcerting questions or others equally embarrassing:

"Do apes have souls? If not, when did the souls originate in man?"

"Then why are some apes left, why didn't they all evolve?"

I factually try to evade the questions, and I dodge the issue by adding, weakly:

"The world is progressing by evolution. We are going through a process of development year by year. It is obvious that man has made wonderful progress whatever his descent."

I am now wondering where all color schemes are being taken which are being carried out, and if the people who come for the week-end ever get it. 'Twere folly to be wise!

Five Members of Family Are Killed by a Train

Franklin, Ga., May 21.—Five members of the household of Bert Williams met instant death and another man was probably fatally injured late today at Carlisle, two miles west of here, when Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 84 crashed into truck which was moving the Williams family from Franklin to a new home in Germantown. Another man escaped serious injury.

The dead: Mrs. Margaret Williams, 55; Sarah Williams, 13, a daughter; Mrs. Lela Williams, 20, a daughter-in-law and her two children, Mary Louise, 8, and a baby boy, four months old.

The injured: Jess Gross, 50, driver of truck, brought to his home here, internal injuries, expected to die; Solon Kindred, 50, bruised and cut.

The two women and three children were seated on a sofa on the rear of the truck which was loaded with furniture.

A freight train had just passed over the crossing on the main street of Carlisle and Gross drove onto the tracks, unaware of the approaching train, view of which was obstructed by the freight train. The bell at the crossing was still ringing when Gross drove onto the tracks, it was said.

Bert Williams, who was following his family in a motor bus arrived at the scene shortly after the crash, unaware that the truck had been wrecked. With other curious he edged his way through the crowds until he looked on the face of his dead wife, her arms holding his dead four months old grandson. He fainted. After being revived he was brought to the home of friends here.

The time for listing taxes in Monroe township and the city of Monroe expires next Thursday. The tax lists are at the court house and you may save trouble by calling on them promptly.

Why break up housekeeping by smashing the furniture?

Rev. R. H. James of New Salem

township favors the issue. He believes that something should be done to provide roads for the sections that are being built at the expense of taxpayers of the entire county and that now we must not stop before reaching the less important roads. It appears just and right for the towns, railroads and other corporations, who are dependent upon the agricultural interests of the county, to pay tax to help build roads in the outlying townships that have no corporation tax and that therefore must have outside help.

Mr. E. M. Griffin of New Salem township lives two miles from the good road to Marshville and three miles from the one to Monroe, and he wants a way of getting out of the trap. Mr. Griffin states that practically everybody in his community will vote for the bond issue to provide roads for those who have them not.

"Used Fence Rail to Lift Buggy"

"I'll never do to stop the road-building program," said Mr. E. F. Haney of Marshville township yesterday. Mr. Haney thinks there have been some mistakes made and probably some money spent unwisely in the county, but he thinks a bigger mistake would be to vote against the bond issue and therefore defeat the good roads program. He told of a time when two fellows came to Monroe in a road cart and their horse almost stalled pulling through mud-holes. Another instance he related when a horse actually stalled with two men in a buggy and broke a good trace trying to pull out. "But," continued Mr. Haney, "there were fence rails along the road at that time which were used to prise out the buggy and build up under the wheels. There are no fence rails now and I don't know what a fellow would do with roads of that kind."

Mr. Haney is also of the opinion that road-building is a bigger job than many people think. He lives near the Wilmington-Charlotte highway and observed the work on that road. He tells of how the mules would fall in stump holes and have to be dragged out. "I wouldn't hire one of my mules to a road construction force for \$25 a day," continued Mr. Haney. He is

Vance Is Small But Kendall Says She Will Be Strong at Roll Call

THE ROAD COMMISSIONERS TELL HOW THEY PROPOSE TO SPEND BOND MONEY

In compliance with the request of many interested in the proposed bond issue as to how the road commission proposes using the money derived from said issue, should it pass, the following statement is made by the road commission:

Before going into office the roads of Union county cost over \$5,000.00 per mile, due somewhat to the high prices existing at that time. Since the present commission has taken office the cost has been reduced to \$2,750.00 per mile. After much experience and observation in the building of roads the present administration is satisfied that it can build roads at a still lower cost and proposes to expend not over \$1500 or \$1800 per mile. It is their plan to employ farmers and Union county citizens altogether, where practicable, in the building of roads under the new issue. The money is to be spent principally with home people in order that the money may remain in Union county. Much of the work is to be let out on a daily wage basis with competent foremen in charge. The foremen will be selected from the county at large as well as the laborers. It is not the plan of the commission to let out work to foreign contractors and very little work will be done by the cubic yard, it being the experience of the commission that road work can be done considerably cheaper on a daily wage basis. The principal part of the work will be done at such time of the year as when farmers can afford to do the work.

The roads that are now uncompleted will be completed. Connecting links, wherever necessary, will be made. Roads that have a good type of top soil will be rounded up, graded and put in a first class condition on a minimum basis, that is, as the New Town road was rebuilt, a foreman being employed on a salary and the road commission paying the payroll, all of which was supervised by the road commission and its engineer. This particular road was reconstructed for approximately \$300.00 per mile.

There are numerous small wooden bridges in the county that are in need of repair and replacement. It is the purpose of the commission to replace these bridges with concrete pipe and culverts. There are several larger bridges that should be rebuilt also.

It is the belief of the commission that with only half of the proposed issue, that is, \$250,000.00, the principal part of the roads can be put in first class condition. In other words practically all important roads can be graded and top soiled. A considerable part of the money will be spent in patching up and putting in first class shape such other roads as a demand may develop for by petition or otherwise. Every tax payer will get benefit from the new issue and practically every road of the county will be looked after.

J. D. McRAE
T. G. COLLINS
J. F. THOMPSON

FOR ONE TIME MR. HAIGLER SAYS HE IS FOR BOND ISSUE

Thinks It Is Not Right For Him To Enjoy a Good Road And Not Help Others

HANEY THINKS WASTE HAS BEEN OVERSTATED

By L. F. Huggins

It has been my privilege to talk with large number of farmers and business men of the county recently in regard to the proposed bond issue for the continuation of the road-building program. Nobody can be found who opposes good roads. Nobody is stupid, but there are some who have not yet decided to vote for the issue, among them some mighty good men. Few of them will tell you that they are not going to vote for the issue, for they want to study the question and thoroughly understand the significance of stopping the work where it stands and losing to some extent what has already been done. They wonder what will happen to the lateral roads that have not been touched and what direct tax rate it will take to put them in good shape.

The pay-as-you-go idea is fine, if the people were able to stand the sudden strain, but it would be too burdensome, they argue. Ninety per cent of the business of the country is done on a credit, because it is the only way it can be done. The towns and cities that vote the most bonds and make the most improvements are the ones that are forging to the front fastest. So with the states and counties and states and counties never go very far. They can't. Money is the cheapest thing we can buy. It is brought from the money centers of the North and put into the channels of trade to make business lively, to build manufacturing enterprises that create markets for country produce if we provide roads over which it can be marketed. Money that is borrowed at six per cent often earns 25 or 50 per cent. That is why business is done on borrowed money. Some men have more money than brains, while others have the brains to use such money to advantage.

Kendall Wants More

But I started out to tell what people are saying. "Tell the readers of The Journal that as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," said W. P. Kendall of Indian Trail. He continued, "Vance is the smallest in the kingdom, but when the roll is called we'll be there." He then explained his scriptural quotations as a meaning that Vance township will vote for the bond issue by a large majority. He is enthusiastic over the issue and doesn't think it will do at all to stop the program.

Veteran Minister Talks

Rev. R. H. James of New Salem township favors the issue. He believes that something should be done to provide roads for the sections that are being built at the expense of taxpayers of the entire county and that now we must not stop before reaching the less important roads. It appears just and right for the towns, railroads and other corporations, who are dependent upon the agricultural interests of the county, to pay tax to help build roads in the outlying townships that have no corporation tax and that therefore must have outside help.

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