

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1920.

ATTEMPTING TO DEBAUCH THE ELECTORATE.

According to the Raleigh News and Observer, the state tax commission has received information to the effect that there is an organized attempt by mill owners to defeat the taxation amendments to the state constitution, which are to be voted on at the general election on November second. For this purpose, it is said, a large sum of money has been raised to employ workers at the polls. If this is true, the women of the state have their first opportunity to purify politics. Resent this effort to debauch the electorate by casting your vote for the amendments, and see that your neighbor or friend does likewise. The adoption of these amendments is essential to the success of the Revaluation act, and they represent safeguards for the protection of the small tax payers. Persons of moderate means would be foolish to vote otherwise.

HAS WEATHERED THE STORMS

The democratic party in this county has weathered the storms of the primary, the revaluation act, and the "county pride" appeal in fine shape. A registration of about fifteen hundred women, eighty per cent of whom will vote the democratic ticket, is forecasted, and the hundreds who were going to vote for their friend, Mr. John Parker, have dwindled to scores. Mr. G. S. Lee, chairman of the democratic executive committee, can safely predict an increased democratic majority in this county.

THE PARADE AT HOUSTON

Texas Paper Gives Touching Description of the Marching of the Confederates.

(From the Lexington Dispatch.)

Veterans who read this paper and their friends will read with interest the masterful tribute paid to those who took part in the parade at Houston at the recent Confederate reunion. The Houston Chronicle and Herald, under the editorial caption of "The Parade on Friday," contained the following editorial, which was handed to The Dispatch by a Davidson county veteran with request that it be published:

The visitors to Houston took part in the parade and the citizens of Houston and added thousands beheld on Friday a scene as unique as it was impressive.

Whoever looks upon it as only a parade, staged to entertain and interest, has not caught its inner meaning.

The very conception had its birth in a sentiment which was born of profound conviction. It illustrated the enduring truth that right and principle are immortal. The abstract and the ideal were expressed in concrete, living form—and the whole was crowned with jeweled tears which welled up unbidden when the magic wand of memory smote the fountain of hallowed recollections.

Such a scene can no more be analyzed than can the purest emotion of a human heart. As well attempt with retort and crucible to reveal the cause of the beauty of a diamond, or by chemical process discover the source of the sweetness of a rose.

The parade was a tribute to a past riotously rich in glory. It was a manifestation of devotion to a cause which was lost as the historian counts the result of mortal effort. It was the renewal of a pledge to eternal principles, and a proclamation to all the world that though they were vanquished, they were not dishonored.

Every man of the thousand war-worn veterans said in his heart:

"God and our consciences alone Give us measure of right or wrong; The race may be unto the swift, The battle to the strong; But the truth will live in history, And blossom into song."

It was a marvelous revelation of the spirit of the "old regime." That spirit yet lives, thank God. War hath not conquered it, poverty and hardship have not crushed it out. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" have not weakened its power. It lives within and above. It is the deathless heritage handed down from generation unto generation, from sire to son, from dame to daughter through a line of knightly men and glorious women.

There was no bitterness in the hearts of yesterday, where loving memory held sway—there was no room for bitterness.

The old and the young—lapping childhood and hoary age—the war-worn veteran, broken and seamed with many a scar, and tender youth shouted and laughed and wept together.

There were cheers and tears, gladness and grief, heart-throbs of pain and heart-throbs of pleasure. While warriors of other days recalled disaster in war, they grew glad as they recalled the triumphs of peace. They redeemed and rebuilt their desolated South. They lifted her out of the solong of dependency to the lofty heights of abounding prosperity and increasing power.

As they cheered when the notes of Dixie smote upon the air, they heard in the roar of the furnace and the hum of the spindle and the whirr of the loom the paeon of the South's triumphant march to yet loftier heights of material achievement.

The world was thrilled by their deeds nearly three score years ago; it is now amazed at what they have accomplished since peace came.

There is no precedent for like achievement in all history. Valiant

in war, faithful in time of trial, brave and patient in the day of adversity, the soldiers of the South challenge the admiration of universal humanity.

The ghostlike figures which emphasized the last of the line conveyed a mighty meaning—that meaning needed no interpreter to reveal it. It was the silent reminder that the Anglo-Saxon not only will not yield his dominion to any man of any race, but will not divide it. He will be sole master, even as he has been the heaven-endowed leader of the cohorts of civilization and liberty in every age. The South's devotion to principle, her reverence for great example, her unconquerable spirit, the nobility of her people, was revealed by Friday's parade.

Mrs. ASHCRAFT TO DISCUSS VOTING AT CLUB MEETING

Miss Mary Marsh Honoree at Charming Party Given by Mrs. L. E. Huggins—Other Social Items. Marshville, October 25.—Mrs. L. E. Huggins was hostess at a charming party Friday morning honoring Miss Mary Marsh, a December bride-to-be with a miscellaneous shower. Suggestive of the Hallowe'en season were the Jack o'lanterns, bats, owls, etc., which were placed about the room, enhancing the lovely fall flowers which were used in abundance. The guests were given cup towels to hem and Mrs. Graham Hearon received the prize for the neatest work, a box of stationery, which she presented to Miss Marsh. The towels were also given to Miss Marsh, Little Frances Stevens Griffin, the two year old daughter of Mrs. R. L. Griffin appeared in the door attired in a cunning Hallowe'en costume, and on a tiny express wagon she was pulling was an immense express package, which she informed the guests was for "Maw." Miss Marsh opened it and discovered many useful as well as beautiful gifts. A chicken salad course and homemade candy were served. The guests present were Miss Mary Marsh, Mesdames Irene Marsh, H. C. Ashcraft, B. A. Hallman, W. G. Hearon, R. L. Griffin, E. C. Griffin, Lee Bailey, H. T. McBride, B. C. Parker, B. L. Biggers, J. S. Harrell, and Miss Lillian Stevens.

The Amy B. Hackney missionary society (Juniors) of the Methodist church celebrated their splendid year's work with a Hallowe'en party Friday evening at the home of their leader, Mrs. James Harrell. The spooks and Jack O'lanterns were present in all their glory to greet the youthful guests. After a short scripture lesson and the collection of dues, an old witch appeared in the doorway riding her broom stick, and asked to tell fortunes. This done she also consented to tell some ghost stories. The lights were practically extinguished only the Jack O'lanterns being left, and scalps begin to creep and eyes to bulge as the thrilling yarns unfolded. After the witches departed several rousing games were played to restore the mental equilibrium of the party. Presently they were invited into the dining room which had been lavishly decorated with all the Hallowe'en paraphernalia, and the ice cream cones which then appeared seemed the one thing that had been lacking to make a complete whole. Bobbing for apples and eating peanuts proved interesting. Then a mysterious invitation into the side yard was heeded, and there each of the thirty guests was presented with a sparkler. These were all set off at once and the heavens seemed to open and the stars to fall, amidst the wild, delighted shrieks of the children. It was the end of a perfect day in truth.

The mayor and his wife went to Charlotte Friday to the circus.

Misses Louise Foy and Rachel Haynes spent Saturday in Charlotte.

Mr. B. C. Ashcraft of Monroe has consented to meet with the citizenship club on Wednesday afternoon at three thirty at the home of Mrs. Frank Harrell, and give them an informal talk upon voting, and incidentally convert himself into an information bureau, upon that subject for the time being and thus assist these newly made citizens in correctly meeting their new responsibilities at the polls. All the ladies who are interested are invited to this meeting. It is not a democratic or Republican meeting so every one may feel assured that party issues will not be discussed.

Mrs. James Harrell left Saturday morning for Whitmire and Greenwood, S. C., to visit friends and relatives.—Lina C. Harrell.

MOVEMENT ON TO CLOSE GINS FOR THIRTY DAYS

If Plans Are Successful, Twenty-Five Thousand Ginners Would Shut Down Until the First of December. A movement was inaugurated in New Orleans Wednesday involving the closing of every cotton gin in the South for a period of thirty days, beginning November first, as a means to revive confidence in the demoralized cotton market. W. B. Thompson, president of the Louisiana division of the American cotton association, has forwarded recommendations to the president of the association to begin the work of organizing the cotton men at once with this purpose in view. This move on the part of Mr. Thompson is in accordance with the plan set forth by the officials of the Louisiana Ginners' association and other prominent ginners of the state. In the event that the movement proves successful, it is estimated that twenty-five thousands gins throughout the South will be affected and would make it impossible for the cotton planters to market their crop before December 1st. The promoters of the movement express their belief that if all the cotton ginners will enter into the agreement to close down for thirty days cotton will reach thirty cents a pound by the end of that period. It is stated that the ginners of Louisiana will proceed at once with the organization and that practically all the gin operators in this state will adopt the proposed plan, irrespective of whether the other states join them or not. The Texas division of the cotton association has been asked to cooperate with the movement.

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Hogville News.
Hogville, October 25.—Zero Peck tried to build a stove flue this week and got it so crooked the smoke refused to come out. Quite a crowd gathered at his house to watch the work as it progressed and to suggest as to the best way to do it. Zero says there are lots of people who can tell you how to build a stove flue—most of the suggestions coming from those who never built one. He will tear the flue down and build it privately next time.

I was in a large city a short time ago and went into a stylish restaurant for a meal. The waiter made me remove my hat when I took a seat at a table; said I was a man. A lady seated at the opposite side of the table kept her hat on and puffed cigarette smoke in my face.

Sile Sims had an auto expert examine his used car yesterday, who found all four of the cylinders missing and told Sile so. Sile would like to know who got them.

Taken all in all, Hogville is made up of just about the same kind of people as other places. We have the same kind of fools as large cities—only not as many of them; the same kind of old maids—each one away back yonder having turned down several splendid offers; the same kind of old bachelors who have always been woman haters; a Postmaster who would run the postoffice different from the system outlined by the higher-ups at Washington, and an Old Miser who is a good deal like other misers—possibly just a little tighter. We also have Gape Allsop, who is just a little smarter than other school teachers and who has so far been successful in making the trustees of the Wild Rose school think so. Our town has not grown an inch in fifty years and no one here cares a darn if it hasn't. With the exception of an occasional neighborhood or family row, we are a happy, contented, self-satisfied people. Among these people you can find several who seem to know it all, and many who do not seem to know anything. By the use of addition, subtraction, and the process of elimination, and striking an average we figure that we measure pretty well with other towns, large and small.

The stove at the Postoffice will be put up in a few days. A large crowd will be present to witness the unveiling ceremonies, and to suggest as to how the pipe should be put together.

The Postmaster has written to the postoffice department at Washington to know if he can be compelled to accept a hive of bees for transmission through the mails. Pending an answer to this inquiry a hive of very ill bees belonging to Alexander Moseley is being held on the front porch at the Postoffice and until this matter is adjusted and the decks cleared the Hogville Loafers Club, which meets at the Postoffice daily, has adjourned.

What's become of the dude of a generation ago? Today we're all dudes from the view point of old standards.

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