

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY JUNE 8, 1906.

One Dollar a Year

'UNCLE JOE' CANNON AT 70.

Some Anecdotes of the Speaker Who Has Just Rounded Out His Third Score Years and Ten.

As Speaker, Mr. Cannon has not so many opportunities for his wit as formerly. Still he frequently gives vent to something that convulses the House.

"The boys seem to make the most noise," said the Speaker, "but the eyes have it, and the bill is passed."

"On the eve of his first election to the Speakership one of the members came to bid him good-bye.

"What do you mean?" said Cannon. "The member, remembering the metamorphosis through which other men had gone who had been elected to the position, replied:

"I suppose you'll be Speaker now."

Waving his cigar toward the House, Uncle Joe said: "In there I'll be Speaker; away from there you'll find that I'll be Joe Cannon."

It has been even so. "There's nothing like power," remarked a new member to Uncle Joe.

"You feel like a regular czar or sultan at times?" "Yes," said Cannon, reflectively. "There are times when I do. These are when I meditate on the fact that I have complete control over the barbers in the two shaving establishments of the House. I hold the snickers over their heads, every one of them, and I get pigeon breasted when I contemplate it."

Some one asked the Speaker his definition for pessimist.

LIST-TAKERS' APPOINTMENTS. MONROE TOWNSHIP.

Mr. Cannon, June 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

SANDY RIDGE TOWNSHIP. Mirval Springs, Monday, June 11th.

BUFFORD TOWNSHIP. Capt. R. F. Richardson, June 10th.

VANCE TOWNSHIP. Hensley Old Mill, June 10th.

GOOSE CREEK TOWNSHIP. John Calvin Helms, June 10th.

LANES CREEK TOWNSHIP. R. F. Parker's, June 10th.

NEW SALEM TOWNSHIP. Olive Branch, June 10th.

MARSHVILLE TOWNSHIP. J. Walter Hanes's, June 10th.

Earthquakes have caused much excitement recently, but no more in proportion than other things that have taken place.

To illustrate: Right here in Monroe, Messrs. Bivens & Helms have caused a great deal of excitement and talk in regard to the remarkable good quality and low price of groceries they have sold and are now selling.

Their business has increased wonderfully within the past three months and is still increasing.

The people are learning that their goods are the best and their prices cheapest in Monroe.

This is what has created the excitement and caused the talk.

No one who has once tried us has quit trading with us except for geographical reasons.

It is a pleasure to us to know this and realize that our customers are always well pleased.

Come to see us. We always have something to offer at special prices.

"A pessimist," said he, "is a fellow that goes around looking for thorns to sit on."

"One day an obstreperous member refused to be seated and cease talking."

"The gentlemen might as well quit," said the Speaker, vigorously pounding the desk.

"The member saw the point and subsided."

Holman of Indiana, used to be called "the watch-dog of the Treasury."

"But Cannon," said a man who had served with both, "is a better trained dog than Holman was. Holman barked at everybody and all the time; Cannon knows whom to bark at and when."

A visitor once asked for an appropriation, and Cannon said "no" so frankly that the man who had made the request seemed surprised and almost gratified.

"You asked me, didn't you?" said Uncle Joe. "Well I told you. What did you take me for? Did you think I was going to fill you up with hot air and then not do anything?"

Here is another Uncle Joe-ism: "A President without both Houses of Congress back of him doesn't amount to much more than a cat without claws in that place that burneth with fire and brimstone."

Cannon has an original sort of a bow all his own. He needs about six feet square for the maneuver.

"I can't figure out," said the late Postmaster General Payne, "whether Joe thinks he is planting corn or hitching a horse."

The Speaker balks at the high hand shake. A young man tried it on him one day, but Joe said he didn't belong to that lodge and was not familiar with the grip.

"Hitt everybody shakes hands that way now," said the young man. "Everybody?" cried Cannon. "Then excuse me. I shall continue to associate and shake hands with nobodies."

Sunset Cox once allowed Cannon time in a debate provided the Illinoisian would keep his hands in his pockets. Inside of a minute, however, Uncle Joe's famous left came out for a gesture, and he had to relinquish the floor.

One morning the Speaker came to his office with two collars on and no cravat. He could not tell how it happened.

Some one was commenting on the lack of patriotism of a certain man and was wondering how it could be, since he came of good old Revolutionary stock.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed Mr. Cannon. "You can't pump patriotism out of a pigsticker."

Mr. Cannon is quite well fixed as this world's goods go. He has a rented house in Washington, presided over by his daughter, Miss Helen, where he entertains extensively.

Uncle Joe is quite a social feature in the National capital.

Joseph G. Cannon was born in North Carolina in 1836. His parents were Quakers. He went early to Indiana, became a lawyer and went to Congress.

Don't be fooled and made to believe that rheumatism can be cured with local applications. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the only positive cure for rheumatism. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

Miss Lora Ramsay, an Asheville lady, three months ago from some inexplicable cause, lost her voice and has since been dumb.

Last Wednesday she was skating in a rink in Asheville, and slipped and fell. Striking the floor, she screamed loudly and found that her voice had come back to her. Physicians were mystified by her case.

An Alarming Situation frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic.

This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills, the best and gentlest regulators of stomach and bowels. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 25c.

The nominees for county commissioners in Bowman are all from one township and all are Lutherans. There is a kick, not because of the church matter, but because the commissioners were not more generally distributed.

Thousands annually bear witness to the efficiency of Early Risers. These pleasant, reliable little pills have long borne a reputation second to none as a laxative and cathartic.

They are as staple as bread in millions of homes. Pleasant but effective. Will promptly relieve constipation without griping.

Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Thos. A. Edison passed through Oak Ridge last week, on his automobile trip from the North, and spent half an hour in that town.

DIED IN CONVICT'S CLOTHES.

Bred in Old Kentucky, Loved Society, Got into Small Trouble, Then Into Greater--Escaping from Chain Gang Near Greensboro, He is Mortally Wounded.

"The way of the transgressor is hard, so very, very hard."

These were the last and dying words of Brent A. Morey of Pier Pike, near Lexington, Ky., better known hereabouts, perhaps, as John R. McMillan.

The young man, for he was scarcely more than a lad, was shot while making a last desperate fight for the liberty he loved so well, while wearing a felon's stripes as a convict in county camp No. 2, near Jamestown, on the road to High Point.

As a result of an attempt to gain their liberty Thursday morning, John R. McMillan, white, and Jesse Thompson, colored, convicts at the camp near here, are now dead.

Three negroes who ran with them made their escape. The negro was killed outright. McMillan was shot through the back and died at the Junior Order Hospital here a few hours afterwards.

It is said that McMillan planned the escape with the four negroes, as they all made a dash for liberty at the same time. He was the first man shot. Officers were here early this morning after the city's blood hounds and a posse is now on the track of the three negroes.

After he was wounded and the doctors told him his condition, he was asked if he had any statement to make, and he said, "No."

Mr. Ragan, chairman of the board of county commissioners, asked him for the address of his people so that they could be informed. He replied: "No, I will not do that. After I am dead I have a friend who will inform my father. My mother is dead. This is the first serious trouble I was ever in. My people are nice people. I was reared to have everything I wanted. I got into small trouble and came to Greensboro. I have made a mistake." Then turning to Mr. Ragan, Editor Harris and the doctors, he said: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness in trying to save my life, but it is all over. Mr. Ragan, goodbye; treat those boys at the camp better; it is hard there and I could not have stood it much longer anyway."

The scene around the dying man's bed was pitiable in the extreme.

Time dragged itself out, and the wounded convict continually called for water to quench his parched lips.

As his strength began to wane he called one of the nurses to his bedside and said: "Won't you send for John A. Hodgins of Greensboro; he is the man. I so cruelly abused and swindled, and I want to see him before I die. Please send right away, as it might be too late."

Mr. Hodgins was telegraphed for, but just as he entered the hospital about two hours later, McMillan's soul had entered eternity, and what he had to say to his former employer, benefactor and friend will never be known.

A short time before he died, four former acquaintances from Greensboro, Max Payne, P. D. Gold, A. W. Malone and J. B. Redding, called at the hospital.

McMillan had previously refused to see any one, but when he learned that his former associates who had known him in better days had called, he craved that they be admitted to his bedside.

As soon as the half-closed eyes rested upon Payne, he held out his hand and murmured, "Max, old man, I made a mistake. Every night when I came in from the road I was so tired I couldn't put one foot before the other."

The nurse then asked the dying lad if he wanted a preacher, and he replied: "No, I have prayed for forgiveness, and I hope I am ready to meet my Heavenly Father. But I wouldn't have my people to know I died with a bullet through me as a county convict."

Then it was that those about his bed plied him with questions as to his identity.

Finally he yielded to their requests, as he undoubtedly felt the name, and that his right name was Brent A. Morey, and that his former home and that of his father was at Pier's Pike, two miles from Lexington, Ky. He said that his mother was dead, but that his father was one of the most prominent men in Kentucky.

McMillan, or Morey, gave as his reason for changing his name was because he had left home under a presence of approaching death, and into the ear of a faithful nurse told how he had gone under an assumed cloud, in regard to some money matters. He added they were of a different sort, however, from the ones in Greensboro, for formerly I had never done a living soul an injury except in the case of which I am convicted.

His breath was faster now, and he repeatedly called for water, and as those beside his bed saw his life flicker, until as his candle it was finally snuffed out, they could not but repeat his last words: "The way of the transgressor is hard, so very, very hard," and reflect upon what might have been.

A post mortem examination showed that the bullet had entered his back, clipped the liver and spleen, and had cut its way completely through the stomach, coming out two inches below the left nipple.

Discipline Alone Can Save Your Darling Boy.

SELDOM in every day life does one run across a more tragic life-story than that of the gentle Kentucky lad who died the other day at High Point, a road convict with a hole through his body to mark the path of a vengeful bullet from the guard's remorseless Winchester.

He is spoken of as gentle, because, though clearly lacking in high moral purity, he seems to have been brought up politely; and besides, his dying breath was a plea for better treatment for his fellow convicts on the road. He was considerate of his companions in suffering, and all the recorded utterances of the dying boy stamp him as possessing none of the finer instincts of his race than some of his fellow-men who have been lucky enough to stay off the chalking.

Taking it as true that he was bred in a gentle Kentucky home, one wonders what is the secret of his down fall. Was it heredity? Was it lack of mother's nursing and a mother's prayers? Did this man sin or his parents, that he was born to temptation like the rest of us and at last died a convict? Perhaps these things will never be known until everything else is opened to the ken of man and the angels, but there is one sentence in his last words that may serve to base a guess upon. "I was reared to have anything I wanted," he said, and therein may have been the open door to all the ill that he could not conquer in his life's little way.

There are few of us who do not need the saving virtues which come from character from discipline—hard, austere discipline. Endure hardness as a good soldier, was the apostle's injunction. Hardness is good when endured for the good it brings, and some hardness must be endured by every mother's son of us who would be more than a piece of driftwood on a sea of sin. There is training in it, and training always looks to the future, is always directed to an hour of trial, of peril, of triumph or defeat. The fair faced little boy with merry eyes and loving ways and ever-cheering laughter overflowing with good fellowship, tempts fond parents and admiring neighbors to gratify his every want. Better not do that. Be good to him and deny him some things. The lad the guard's rifle killed had everything he wanted when he was growing up. And when the choice was presented to him of denying his pride or forging a check he was weak on self denial and strong in the opposite direction. He had not been trained for the test and the whispering of evil won the conflict. Temptations, trials, many perilsous hours will come; we to him who goes to meet them in his crude untrained strength, we to him who goes with his powers already dominated by evil influences. The Hebrew lad in the courts of Babylon was disciplined before the hour—he had thought of it, he had "purposed in his heart that he would not," and he didn't!

Our people are accumulating at a rate they have never before known the material things of life. Parents are better able than ever before to gratify every want of their children. But it is a good idea not to do it. Teach them to work. Occupied with their work, they forget many foolish wants, and that brain which when idle is the devil's workshop, becomes at once a trying place for all of life's good angels. Teach the boy thrift, that is all right; thrift is a good word and the word represents a thing that is filled with self-discipline, self-denial. Teach him thrift, with honor to balance it, and one of these days somebody is going to be proud of the boy. Mothers, don't fear to see your darling boys get their garbs mussed up at work. Don't be afraid to have them come home at night hungry and may be tired, too. An honest day's work has never yet hurt a boy, and if it takes enough of the soap out of him to keep him off the street at night and send him to bed early, you ought not to say, "Poor little fellow!" The rather you ought to say, "Hurrah for the day's work!" The snap will all be back the next morning. But if you pet and pamper and indulge and gratify because you are weak enough yourself to prefer the ease of gratifying them to the sterner path of resisting and training by the virtue of wise denial, then you have only to go far enough with it in order to find a heart-ache that nothing but heaven can help. Look into your little boy's fair, bright face and merry eyes, listen to the music of laughter in his sweet voice, and if you can do anything in the way of training—hard training, if necessary—to keep him from dying in a strange land, in strange striped garments, among strange people, his thirst growing greater as his wounds bleed more, his dry lips wet with cool drafts from the hands of pity-stricken aliens, and from crying at the last, "The way of the transgressor is hard, hard, hard!" If you can keep your darling little boy from a fate like that by discipline, by training, however hard and stern, hadn't you better do it!

What's the good of keeping from him any good thing you may see. That will hit his head of Labor Like Rocky Mountain Tea.

How to Break Up a Cold. It may be a surprise to many to learn that a severe cold can be completely broken up in one or two days' time. The first symptoms of a cold are a dry, loud cough, a profuse watery discharge from the nose and a thin, white coating on the tongue.

When Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is taken every hour on the first appearance of these symptoms, it counteracts the effect of the cold and restores the system to a healthy condition within a day or two. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Thirty-Six Millionaires in the U.S. Senate.

It is generally known that there are many millionaires in the United States Senate, for in recent years, in two many instances, money rather than brains or character, has been the open sesame to that body.

The compiled list of Senator-millionaires is astonishing. In the Charlotte Observer of Sunday a Washington correspondent publishes a table with the names of 36 Senators whose aggregate wealth is estimated at \$313,000,000. The wealthiest is Senator Clark, Democrat, of Montana, whose wealth is estimated at \$200,000,000, Elkins of West Virginia, and Agler of Michigan, Republicans, are rated at \$20,000,000 each; Dryden, of New Jersey, is reported at \$15,000,000; Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Keam of New Jersey at \$10,000,000 each, while Proctor of Vermont has \$7,000,000. Seven others are rated at \$5,000,000, two at \$2,000,000, two at \$1,500,000 and the balance 11 at \$1,000,000 each.

The surprising thing to most people will be to find that three Southern Democrats, Bailey of Texas, Talliaferro of Florida, and McCreary of Kentucky are rated at \$1,000,000 each, while Governor of Maryland is put down at \$2,000,000. Only two persons on the Democratic side, in addition to those mentioned, are put down as millionaires—being Teller and Patterson of Colorado, the first at \$1,000,000 and the latter at \$2,000,000.

Following the Flag. When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired commissary sergeant U. S. A., of rural route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at all druggists. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. For Treasurer. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

G. M. LANEY. For Treasurer. I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

JAS. H. WILLIAMS. For Treasurer. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

ED. J. BIVENS. For Clerk of Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of Superior Court of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

D. A. HOUSTON. For Clerk of Court. I announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of court for Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

J. H. BOYDE. Here I am at Last. To my Friends: The People of Union County: I am a candidate for clerk of the superior court before the Democratic primary to be held on 11th August, 1906. I promise you, if nominated and elected, that within the limits of my skill and ability, I will give you a competent and efficient clerk.

M. L. FLOW. For Clerk Superior Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for nomination for clerk of superior court by the Democratic primary.

JESSE A. WILLIAMS. For Clerk of Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of court for Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

W. J. HUDSON. For Clerk of Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of the court of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

JAMES MCNEELY. For Clerk of Court. I announce myself a candidate for nomination for clerk of court for Union county by the Democratic primary.

S. E. BELK. For Clerk of Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of the court of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

P. P. W. PLYLER. For Clerk of Court. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of clerk of the court for Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

J. W. TOWNSEND. For Sheriff. I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

B. A. HORN. For Sheriff. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

JOHN GRIFFITH. For Sheriff. I hereby announce myself a candidate for nomination as sheriff by the Democratic primary.

DAVIS ARMFIELD. For Register of Deeds. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of register of deeds for Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

J. E. STEWART. For County Commissioner. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of county commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

JERRE C. LANEY. For County Commissioner. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of county commissioner of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

W. A. EUBANKS. For Constable. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of constable of Union county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

R. H. MOORE.



If you lose your check book you have lost only a pad of paper that can be replaced for the asking. But if you lose the long green and the round coin it's gone. Put it in the bank where it will be safe. Open an account any time.

The People's Bank of Monroe.

W. S. BLAKENEY, President. J. R. SHUTE, Vice-President. W. C. STACK, Cashier.

BANK of UNION

MONROE, N. C.

This Bank has been operated in the interest of the people at large as well as its stockholders. Its officers have done their best to build up Monroe and the surrounding country. It provides every safeguard for the depositor and is always liberal to the borrower. No reasonable person could be dissatisfied with its methods. Remember what it has done for the people thus far and let everybody know that it will meet all legitimate competition in the future. Patronize it with your accounts and thus show your sympathy for a progressive and obliging institution. It is your friend and it is here to stay.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES Lies the Ruins of Frisco: the great West in mourning, proud America in tears; the world in sympathy with the homeless thousands, millions of dollars flowing to a stricken city; what a liberal people we Americans are. But it was something else I wanted to say, and I must first admit that my building is not as high as the Rockies nor as broad as the great West; nor does my trade reach across America, and probably has not been heard of around the world; nor am I receiving millions, but I am getting part of it, and the price of my goods will prove that I am one among the liberal. So don't forget that I keep a full stock of Heavy and Fancy Groceries and Country Produce, the very best goods at the very lowest prices, and by fair and honest dealing we expect to build a trade in Monroe that will stand. We are here to stay, but before we settled in your lovely city we visited several towns and counties looking for a location, and actually stopped a few days in Charlotte, but what is Charlotte by the side of Monroe?

T. J. Caudle. Phone 36.

100 Full Doses of the Best Sarsaparilla on the Market for 75c. C. N. SIMPSON, Jr.

THE SIKES COMPANY. THE SIKES COMPANY.

Just received solid car load of Hay Rakes, Mowing Machines and Disc Harrows.

Our ware-house is chock full of buggies and surries of every description.

Horses and Mules is our long suit. Sell or exchange. Cash or credit.

Trade us your old buggy for a new up-to-date Summer rig. Try us once.

THE SIKES COMPANY. THE SIKES COMPANY.