

THE MONROE JOURNAL.

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY MARCH 3, 1908.

One Dollar a Year



Calling on Roosevelt and Taft.

H. E. C. Bryant in Charlotte Observer.

When Judge James E. Boyd of Greensboro was here some time ago he promised to take me to the White House to see the President and to the War Department to see Secretary Taft. He carried out his promise Monday morning and we had a good time, shaking hands and hobnobbing with distinguished gentlemen. Much to my surprise and pleasure President Roosevelt recalled me and said that he was glad to see the Tar Heels and indicated that the color in our faces was a good advertisement for the climate of the Old North State. Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft were very agreeable. The former greeted us with his famous emphatic grin and the latter with a mellow smile.

The Executive office, which contains the President's room and the Cabinet room, is west of the White House. It was there that we saw the Chief Executive of the nation. As we walked to the door, having entered the grounds through the west gate on Pennsylvania avenue, we passed a number of newspaper men and other callers who were waiting to see Secretary Loeb. Judge Boyd was greeted at the inside door by the keeper as "Judge" and told to walk in. We were ushered into Mr. Loeb's office and asked to be seated until our turn. Recognizing my companion, Mr. Loeb said, "How do you do, Judge?"

Two seconds later we were invited into the President's room, where a number of gentlemen were waiting to pass "the time of day." Talking to Mr. Roosevelt, when we passed in, was an old gentleman, with long white beard and attractive face. I took him to be a man of 70 years. His hair was gray, but his eye keen and alert and his body vigorous. I had seen him many times at the Capitol and, wherever he went, old friends greeted him cordially. I wondered who he was, but had never taken the trouble to inquire. His large black hat, his white vest and his ponderous walking cane interested me. I had become attached to him without connecting him with any name.

"That's former Senator Stewart of Nevada," said Judge Boyd. The President was leaning toward the old gentleman and listening intently. Shortly after we arrived Mr. Stewart told Mr. Roosevelt goodbye and departed. It was then that our turn came, for when the President saw Judge Boyd he said: "Judge, I'm glad to see you." They shook hands and I was introduced, a few pleasantries passed and we departed.

Mr. Roosevelt is a good grip-shaker; he gives you a good grip. Having seen me at four of his receptions and at Vice President Fairbanks' home, he knew my face and name. He declared that he was always glad to see Tar Heels.

Leaving the White House we went to the War Department to call on Mr. Taft. We did not have the good fortune there that we had had across the street, for it begins to look as if the next dispenser of good things would be the Big Secretary and the waiting line to get at him is a very long one. We had to stand a half hour before we could go in. Judge Boyd became tired, but I did not mind it, for the room was full of interesting people, and on the walls were portraits of former Secretaries of War. Among them those of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Davis. I looked at these and the callers. Members of Congress on business errands seemed to have the right of way. The pale, cold-faced little man who tells you when you may go into the Secretary's room is severe, if not fierce. I should be afraid of him if I were in Mr. Taft's place. Mr. Taft is all right. He is as genial and as hospitable as an old-time Southerner.

It was: "How are you, Judge? I'm glad to see you," when we passed out of the hands of the Secretary. The big man seemed so warm and gentle in comparison with the one who turned us in that I felt as if I should like to embrace him. While talking with Judge Boyd of the pleasure of being on the bench, Mr. Taft reared back in his chair and smiled.

Mr. Taft is a big man any way you take him. He has a great frame and a great mind. At close range he is very attractive. His head is massive and well shaped and his eyes clear and soft. His hair is light in color and fine. The thin locks on the top of the head are as light as silk.

"Every time I see a Federal judge," said Mr. Taft to Judge Boyd, "I envy him."

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Local Items of Interest

Mr. S. B. Eubanks, who has lived in Monroe some time, has moved to Pageland.

Mr. Julian C. Bundy, who is clerk at the Carolina Hotel at Rock Hill, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Bundy, last week.

Mr. Ernest Barrett was last week elected night policeman over some twelve or fifteen competitors, and is now on duty.

Farmers say that there has been less farm work done this winter than for many years past. The bad weather has simply paralyzed work.

Mr. S. T. Howie of this county, who has been with the F. W. Woolworth Co. of Pennsylvania for some time, has been promoted to the management of the company's store at Monongohela.

Mr. J. P. Belk, who has been running a grocery store next to the Enquirer office for several months, will in a few days move his stock of goods to Belk's mill in Lanes Creek township.

Mr. J. S. Miller, who lives near Pineville, in all probability has the deepest well to be found anywhere in this section of the Carolinas. Some time ago he began digging a well on his farm and is still "pegging away at it." The well is already more than 180 feet deep, and not a drop of water has yet awarded his efforts.

The M. K. Lee Mercantile Company, who were recently burned out at Marshville, have not as yet begun to rebuild, but they have made arrangements to handle fertilizers, heavy groceries, etc. They are using their metal covered warehouse at the present for groceries, heavy hardware, etc. While they have made no steps as yet to rebuild, it is understood that their work of rebuilding will begin soon.

Mr. John K. Crowell, a well known citizen of the Weddington neighborhood, died Sunday night about 1:30 o'clock, after a brief illness of about one week. His death was due to a complication of diseases. The funeral and burial took place at Weddington Methodist church Tuesday afternoon in the presence of a large gathering of neighbors and friends of the deceased, and was conducted by Rev. W. E. Abernathy, pastor of the Weddington circuit. Mr. Crowell was a good citizen and is survived by a wife and three sons.

Mr. J. Ellis Simpson died at his home in New Salem township February 22nd of pneumonia. He had been in bad health for the past two years, but he had pneumonia but five days. Deceased was a son of the late Mr. Elijah Simpson. He married Miss Drucilla Griffin, a daughter of Mr. J. Q. Griffin of east Monroe township, who with three sons and two daughters survive him. Mr. Simpson was a good and honest citizen, a splendid farmer and was popular in his community.

Married at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. E. Cary, in Jackson township, by H. A. Norwood, Esq., on Feb. 19th, Mr. S. B. McWhorter and Miss Eliza Cary. The attendants were Mr. J. P. Sued and Miss Julia Glenn. Immediately after the ceremony the contracting parties together with a goodly number of relatives and friends repaired to the hospitable home of the groom's father, Mr. George McWhorter, where a table bountifully laden with good things awaited them. After the feast the remainder of the evening was spent in innocent plays and sweet music furnished by Miss Jane McWhorter. The groom is a prosperous young farmer of Jackson township. The bride is one of Jackson's most popular young ladies.

Mr. Henry H. Milton and Miss Annie Smith were married Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. Smith, on Houston street. Rev.

Geo. P. Stevens, uncle of the bride, performed the marriage service. Mr. Walter Milton, brother of the groom, was best man and Miss Bertha Smith, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Mr. Howard Smith, brother of the bride, gave her away. Miss Grace Smith played the wedding march. Only a few relatives and near friends of the contracting parties were present. Mr. Milton is an employee of the Heath Hardware Company. He came to Monroe from Albemarle several years ago and has made many friends here. Mrs. Milton is an exceedingly bright and attractive lady and has as many friends as she has acquaintances. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Milton left for Albemarle where they will spend a few days with relatives.

A Letter from a Union County Man in Florida.
To the Editor of The Journal:

As I am from old Union county, thought probably a few lines from this part of the country would be of interest to the many readers of The Journal. I have drifted until I have landed in Florida, the land where the "Sweet Magnolia Blooms" and where the sweet fragrance of a thousand flowers ride on every breeze.

I am now in Ozone, Fla., a small village situated on the west coast of Florida, about twenty miles from Tampa, but only six miles from the Gulf of Mexico, or rather on the bay, for Hog Island separates it from the main gulf which is a great protection in time of a storm. This island is about four miles wide and twenty miles long. It is a very beautiful place for here we find growing the stately pines and spreading palmettoes, with the loveliest flowers that ever grew in Florida soil. The twittering birds, the running fish, the jumping squirrel, the screaming eagle, the splashing waters upon the beach, coupled with the lovely breeze which is always blowing across it, make it a luxury to the mind of the weary. It is owned by the government and can be homesteaded, though there is no one living on the island at present. It was said to be once inhabited by wild people.

Ozone ships nothing by water but does her part by rail. There are three large packing houses here where as many as two hundred and seventy-five cars are loaded with fruits and vegetables and sent out every year. It is also a great winter resort for Northern people, who come here to escape the cold weather of the North.

Along this coast the largest orange growers in the State are to be found. Every farmer has a grove in which he grows oranges, grape fruit, lemons, tangerines, mangoes, guava, kumquats and various other citrus fruits for the market. Largo is the largest shipping point on the west coast, shipping annually more than three hundred and seventy-five car loads of fruits and vegetables. This has been a very unfavorable season for orange men in this State owing to the money panic.

No where in the world can be found a healthier or more perfect climate. Frost and ice seldomly forms and never but little at a time. At times the sun shines very hot, but there is nearly always a study breeze coming from the gulf which keeps the atmosphere cool and pleasant.

This country here is level and sandy, scarcely any clay to be seen. There are places about called "deer sinks" surrounded by palmettoes and said to be made by deer in search for salt. The people seem to be prosperous and take life easy; no worry about tomorrow. Labor is scarce and hard to manage. That is one of the great hindrances to the South today. But while we need laborers to carry on the many vast and growing enterprises, still we need laborers who are willing to work and be trusted. In almost every great enterprise help is wanted to carry on the work. But while labor is needed it must be the right kind, for the world doesn't ask who you are but what you can do.

R. ALONZO EUBANKS,
Sutherland, Hillsboro Co., Fla.

Look at your label, please. If it is behind this date, March 1, 1908, we are expecting to hear from you.

MR. TILLET ON LYING AND GRAFT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Chas. W. Tillet, the well known Charlotte lawyer, made an address recently to students of Trinity College. It was a notable one, coming from a speaker of such known worth and judgment. His subject was a very common one, just plain "Lying," and it was not a flowery piece of oratory. It bristled with stern truths and hard common sense in every paragraph. On account of its length it is impossible to reproduce the entire address, but a few extracts therefrom will prove of interest. They are taken from the Charlotte Observer of Sunday.

As to the beginnings of this great evil in the lives of people, he says: "What is the matter with the moral condition of the country?" I give this answer, Lying—including all forms of deception in domestic and social life and all forms of cheating and defrauding in business life. This is the one over-shadowing, crying evil of the day.

"How does it come about? We begin by teaching our children to be liars. My nurse tells my little four-year-old girl a lie in order to get her to go to bed at night, and it does not take her long to find out that it is a lie. We sneer at little George Washington and smile approvingly at the little white lies that ladies tell in social life. All of these things tend to bring the truth into disrepute. The evil has found its culmination in commercial life until it would perhaps not be an exaggerated statement to say that the average business man does not hesitate to lie and deceive in a business transaction.

"The temptation to lie affects every one of us, and the man who says he is not affected by it is either a blind or an idiot or a liar when he talks that way. The preachers on Sunday morning have before them in the pews a church full of liars, but the trouble is that some of our preachers do not see things as we in the pew see them."

There is a difference between being "sorter" honest and really honest. Listen:

"I heard a prominent business man say some time ago, 'It is so hard to be honest.' When I looked surprised he replied, 'Oh, I don't mean sorter honest, I mean really honest.' He was everlastingly right. 'Honesty is the best policy,' and most of us are honest enough when we are in the limelight, but I am talking tonight about being honest in the inmost recesses of the soul, where no eyes but God's can penetrate, and of being honest in social and business transactions where there is no danger of the exposure of a dishonest act.

"Most all of our churches have men sitting up in the amen corners whose business lives are filled with lying and deception, and yet there they sit with solemn faces, wearing black gloves, ready to act as pall bearers to bear out the corpse of the little girl when God shall strike her dead for dancing as the minister pours his denunciation upon this evil."

The appalling prevalence of graft (only another form of lying) in this country, he describes as follows: "I am not a pessimist, but I am absolutely appalled at the spirit of

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See "The Clansman"—Greatest of Historical Dramas Returns for Farewell Engagement.

If you are a lover of good plays, do not fail to go to see "The Clansman" on its return for a farewell engagement at the Academy of Music, Charlotte, N. C., on Tuesday, March 10th, matinee and night. Of all the many offerings at this theatre, this is undoubtedly the greatest and grandest of the whole season. Governor Robt. B. Glenn of North Carolina advised every man and woman, especially those of the younger generation, to witness it, and hundreds of other leaders of Southern public opinion say the same thing. Crowded audiences and enormous enthusiasm mark the progress of "The Clansman" everywhere.

Until this play was written many persons supposed that the South had no answer to make to the innumerable libels and calumnies heaped upon her by Northern writers. But "The Clansman" set in three white light the exact truth about the doings of the Ku Klux Klan and the Reconstruction of forty years ago. It opened the eyes of both the South and the North. It showed that what the Southern people really did was to save white civilization from barbarism and anarchy; that the South would have been weltering in negroid mongrelism but for the heroic work of the Ku Klux Klan. Aside from its political features "The Clansman" is a most beautiful and thrilling drama. The ladies enjoy it as much as, or even more than, the men because of its engrossing love story. The hero of the play is a South Carolinian and a Ku Klux Klan leader. He falls in love with the pretty daughter of a Northern fanatic who has come South to organize the negroes against their white superiors. Ben Cameron courts the daughter and firmly opposes every move of the deluded and miserable father. In the end he wins the girl's hand and saves them both from the clutches of the negro Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Under Ben's leadership the Ku Klux drive the carpetbaggers and bad negroes out of the State and restore the old regime.

Thrills, tears and laughter are wonderfully commingled in this master play. The dark comedy is rich and the love of Uncle Nelse and Aunt Eve and the thieving propensities and gullibility of Aleck, the negro High Sheriff of the county, convulse the audience.

A word should be said about the appearance of the Ku Klux in this play. Every detail is historically accurate. The ghostly costumes, weird ritual and white robed steeds of the order are reproduced exactly as they were in the year 1867. The Ku Klux Klan cavalry dash across the stage with startling real-

ism. The High Court of the Klan sentences a self-confessed criminal to death. Those who attend the play next week will see the original company of forty people direct from New York city and a splendid new production with magnificent scenery, costumes and electrical effects. Patrons are advised to send in their orders for seats, accompanied by remittance, to Manager John L. Crovo, Academy of Music, Charlotte, N. C., and tickets of the kind desired will be promptly forwarded. The prices of seats range from 50 cents to \$1.50 at the evening performance, and are 50, 75 cents and \$1.00 at the matinee.

AGED LADY CHOPPED TO DEATH WITH AN AXE.
Columbia Dispatch, Feb. 26th, to Charlotte Observer.

Sitting quietly at her patchwork in her home two miles west of Cayce, in Lexington county, this morning, white haired Mrs. Paul D. Ellisor was suddenly struck down from behind by a negro burglar armed with her husband's axe. The point of the heavy weapon sank deep into the skull and death was probably instantaneous. Catching up the pitiful, wasted body the assassin forced it into a clothes basket near at hand and tossed over it the quilts from the bed. Then, catching up Mr. Ellisor's shotgun and one of his coats, the murderer fled.

The crime was not discovered until an hour or more afterwards. Mr. Ellisor had gone to New Brookland at an early hour to sell vegetables, leaving Mrs. Ellisor alone in the little three-room house. He returned to the house about 9 o'clock and found his daughter and several friends sitting upon the doorstep, waiting his return. The house was locked up, and all supposed that Mrs. Ellisor had closed it to run over to a neighbor's. After waiting around the premises for some time they became alarmed and forced the door, to find the reality far worse than anything they could have feared.

Two negroes were arrested and one confessed. They were taken to the South Carolina penitentiary for safe keeping.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs: I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 pounds; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefited. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10, 1904." Sold by English Drug Co.

graff that is taking possession of the land. We are astounded at the revelations made in reference to the big insurance companies in New York when it was found that men in high position had been using their positions of trust in these insurance companies to further their own avaricious ends at the expense of the company, but we needn't look up to New York or cast our eyes across the continent at San Francisco, to see signs of this graft. They are all around us. If you go out from your home to travel for a night and ask a Pullman conductor for a lower berth, he will tell you that he has none. But if you watch closely there is something in his manner to indicate that one might be found, and a dollar or two placed in his palm will ordinarily cause him to discover that he really had one that he had overlooked."

North Carolina is no better than the rest of the country; graft has interwoven itself with every fiber of its being. Here is what the speaker had to say along this line:

"I don't want to be guilty of any sensational, yellow journalistic performance here tonight, but I could shake the Old North State from centre to circumference by telling a few things that I know which have come to me in a professional way. Fortunately for me the law does not permit me to disclose what my clients tell me, and so you needn't try to have me up in the courts to make me tell their names, for I am not going to do it. I am not talking about people away off in New York or San Francisco, but I am talking about people that we all know. If I should call the names connected with the incidents I have just related and ask all those who knew them to stand up, I expect three-fourths of the audience would rise. I could go on and multiply these incidents until midnight, but this will suffice. The evil is spread all over the country."

The man who does not pay his honest debts—that is the man who can and purposely neglects them or refuses to pay—is one of the worst of liars, and the speaker paid his respects to this class in the following language:

"So I say to my preacher friends, take this for a text, 'Owe no man anything.' It may be that you are embarrassed because your stingy members haven't paid your salary and you haven't paid your debts, but if you are in a position to do so, preach a sermon on debt paying, and let these amen corner men understand that a man who gets ten pounds of sugar at a grocery store and can buy any sort of sacrifice pay for it and don't do so, is not only a liar but he is a dishonest man in the sight of God.

"Or if you want to have a rather

warm time, about the first Sunday in June take as a text the words of Christ himself, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' and preach a sermon on listing property for taxes. Read your people the oath that a man takes when he lists his property. I was informed the other day that a Methodist preacher in a certain county had made the biggest return of household furniture of anybody in the county. Now, wasn't that ludicrous? It was all the result of a debauched public conscience that needs to be aroused."

The Lucky Quarter
Is the one you pay out for a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They bring you the health that's more precious than jewels. Try them for headache, biliousness, constipation and malaria. If they disappoint you the price will be cheerfully refunded at English Drug Co.'s.

Appreciation.
Sponsor.

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Why Not?
Newly Promoted.

"I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder to each other than we are. How much the world needs it! How easy it is done!"

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It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

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Thousands perish every year from consumption resulting from a cold. Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate racking coughs and expels the cold from your system and prevents consumption and pneumonia. It has cured many cases of incipient consumption.

graff that is taking possession of the land. We are astounded at the revelations made in reference to the big insurance companies in New York when it was found that men in high position had been using their positions of trust in these insurance companies to further their own avaricious ends at the expense of the company, but we needn't look up to New York or cast our eyes across the continent at San Francisco, to see signs of this graft. They are all around us. If you go out from your home to travel for a night and ask a Pullman conductor for a lower berth, he will tell you that he has none. But if you watch closely there is something in his manner to indicate that one might be found, and a dollar or two placed in his palm will ordinarily cause him to discover that he really had one that he had overlooked."

North Carolina is no better than the rest of the country; graft has interwoven itself with every fiber of its being. Here is what the speaker had to say along this line:

"I don't want to be guilty of any sensational, yellow journalistic performance here tonight, but I could shake the Old North State from centre to circumference by telling a few things that I know which have come to me in a professional way. Fortunately for me the law does not permit me to disclose what my clients tell me, and so you needn't try to have me up in the courts to make me tell their names, for I am not going to do it. I am not talking about people away off in New York or San Francisco, but I am talking about people that we all know. If I should call the names connected with the incidents I have just related and ask all those who knew them to stand up, I expect three-fourths of the audience would rise. I could go on and multiply these incidents until midnight, but this will suffice. The evil is spread all over the country."

The man who does not pay his honest debts—that is the man who can and purposely neglects them or refuses to pay—is one of the worst of liars, and the speaker paid his respects to this class in the following language:

"So I say to my preacher friends, take this for a text, 'Owe no man anything.' It may be that you are embarrassed because your stingy members haven't paid your salary and you haven't paid your debts, but if you are in a position to do so, preach a sermon on debt paying, and let these amen corner men understand that a man who gets ten pounds of sugar at a grocery store and can buy any sort of sacrifice pay for it and don't do so, is not only a liar but he is a dishonest man in the sight of God.

"Or if you want to have a rather

The Beauty Chorus and Patti Rosa with the Lyman Twins in the Big Fun Show. 18 People--14 Whistling Song Hits. Opera House Tuesday, March 10