

THE MONROE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVI NO. 5.

MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY MARCH 9 1909.

One Dollar a Year.



Poultry Raising

is becoming every year more and more a profitable business. Whether you are in it in a large or small way, you will be more successful if your yards are properly equipped. In this respect we wish to call your attention to our special Poultry Netting—superior to any other made, very strong and durable. In rolls 150 feet long, 12 to 72 inches wide; galvanized No. 20 Wire, two-inch mesh:

1 foot per roll.....	\$.75
2 foot per roll.....	1.35
3 foot per roll.....	1.75
4 foot per roll.....	2.00
5 foot per roll.....	2.25
6 foot per roll.....	2.50
7 foot per roll.....	2.75
8 foot per roll.....	3.00
9 foot per roll.....	3.25
10 foot per roll.....	3.50

Heath Hardware Co.

Indians People Take Novel Means of Avoiding Prohibition.

Citizens of Hanstadt, Gibson county, have appointed a committee to purchase a tract of land across the line in Vanderburg county and will remove the houses of the town bodily to the new site. Gibson county went "dry" last week, and the citizens of Hanstadt are so disgusted with the prohibition of saloons in their town that they want to get into the adjoining county, where there is no probability of a temperance wave engulfing them.

Data compiled by the Anti Saloon League show that there are now 47 counties in Indiana "dry," 25 by vote under the local option law, and 22 by reprobation. At a meeting at Dublin, Wayne county, resolutions were adopted asking the trustees of Earlham College to request the resignation of Prof. Trueblood because he voted "wet" at the recent local option election.

Baby in Chicken Incubator.

Raised in an incubator, which resulted in its weight being increased from 2 1/2 to 12 pounds in ten months, little Margaret Lee, known as "the chicken incubator baby," will be returned to her parents in Mankato, Minn., from Minneapolis in a short time.

The babe's fight for life is humorous as well as pathetic. Coming into the world not much larger than a hand on April 13, 1908, the midwife of humanity was hurried to Minneapolis to be placed in an incubator.

But misfortune followed the infant. In all Minnesota not a baby incubator could be obtained, so a chicken incubator was brought into use. Little Margaret was placed on the inside, the lamp lighted, and all went well.

Near Death in Big Pond.

It was a thrilling experience to Mrs. Ida Soper to face death. "For years a severe lung trouble gave me intense suffering," she writes, "and several times nearly caused my death. All remedies failed and doctors said I was incurable. Then Dr. King's New Discovery brought quick relief and a cure so permanent that I have not been troubled in twelve years." Mrs. Soper lives in Big Pond, Pa. It works wonders in coughs and colds, sore lungs, hemorrhage, la grippe, asthma, croup, whooping cough and all bronchial affections. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by English Drug Company.

Some men who love their wives seem really afraid they will find it out. Let us all know our minds; everybody ought certainly to know this much.

Patrick Asks His Sentence to Be Changed Back to Death.

Albert T. Patrick, who has been called the gamest, smartest man that ever went to Sing Sing, says the New York World, came back from his cell and his day's stint in the prison lumber yard yesterday to make what was probably the strangest plea to which the Appellate division of the Supreme court in Brooklyn has ever listened. The plea in effect is that unless he goes free of the sentence of life imprisonment he should be put back into the death chamber, whence he went by grace of a Governor's commutation, and there be kept until he walks to the electric chair.

Easily the dominant figure of the whole scene, Patrick, the convicted murderer and branded felon, practically took command of the proceedings, speaking not only for himself, but for the representatives of the New York district attorney's office who had crossed the river to fight his contentions. Of all Patrick's twenty-three fights to win his freedom none was more spectacular than his twenty-third.

A morning train brought him down from Ossining handcuffed to Deputy Warden Jackson. The red beard that marked his face with a fiery flare during his trial for the poisoning of the aged millionaire, William Marsh Rice, was gone, and the clean shaven jaw revealed a queer combination of features, with the jaw of a Boston terrier, the abnormally sharp nose of a mole, the little keen eyes of a fox, made keener still by glints from the silver bowed glasses behind which they glanced back and forth, and a queer dome of a head, an abrupt slant at the front and a straight up-and-down line at the back. There was a clean, ruddy glow in his cheeks. He wore a badly fitting suit of blue that bunched at the collar and creased at the shoulders, and a linen collar too large for his somewhat spindling neck.

The novelty of the claims set up by Patrick in the petition upon which Justice Gaynor granted him his present writ of habeas corpus drew to the Brooklyn court many lawyers.

Patrick stood up, bowing to the bench of judges and sweeping the room with his eye before he spoke. His voice was perfectly steady. Only a trembling of his hand told of his nervousness.

"Does counsel for the prosecution contend that all the facts in the petition of the relator are untrue?" he asked, referring to him-

self in the third person.

"Not entirely," said Mr. Taylor, started.

"Does counsel for the people then admit that the facts in the petition are true?" fired back Patrick, with a world of lawyer-like courtesy in his tone.

Mr. Taylor replied that he was disposed to accept the petition as something tangible upon which the judges might issue process without prejudice as to its exact accuracy. The case was laid aside temporarily, while the prisoner and the lawyers inspected the district attorney's return. At the end of an hour Patrick caught Justice Jenks' eye and stood again.

"This return is a complicated document, your Honors," he said, "and I wish to consider it more fully. Mr. Taylor here tells me also that he wishes time in which to send to Albany and secure the records bearing upon the commutation of relator's sentence. I believe I have correctly stated your position, Mr. Taylor?" he said, turning to Mr. Jerome's assistant, who nodded, embarrassed by a situation so unusual.

"It has been suggested, therefore," went on Patrick, smoothly, "that for the period of perhaps a week relator should be placed in the custody of the sheriff of this county, since he cannot have access to law books in his place of confinement at Sing Sing."

Justice Jenks said it should be so and then adjourned.

As Patrick rode, handcuffed, back through the subway to Grand Central station, there to take train for Sing Sing, where he will prepare his argument for Friday, a slender, timid-looking woman in black, who had been at his elbow all day, rode at his side, smuggling up close to him. Intent on his case he spent the ride talking over law points with Counselor McDonald, almost ignoring the little woman. She was his wife, the elderly boarding house keeper at whose house he lodged before his arrest in 1909 and whom he married in the Tombs while he was under sentence of death.

It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it sound and well." Infallible for skin eruptions, eczema, salt rheum, boils, fever sores, burns, scalds, cuts and piles. 25c. at English Drug Co.'s.

Woman Physician 25 Years Old Made Chief of Staff at Williamsburg Institution.

Next Monday Dr. Mary Merritt Crawford, twenty-five years old, will become house surgeon—which means head surgeon and chief of staff—at the Williamsburg Hospital in Brooklyn. Dr. Crawford believes that she will be the first woman to hold such a post in an important city hospital. She will head a staff of seven men and will hold the position a year.

Dr. Crawford has been on the staff of Williamsburg Hospital since June of last year. She didn't get in through a parlor window. She broke in by coming out first bed of thirty-five men applicants who took a competitive examination for the job of ambulance surgeon. Dr. Crawford was fresh from Cornell University with a diploma three weeks old. She went to work within a week, and, perched on the rear seat of an ambulance, became presently a familiar sight in the streets of Williamsburg.

Williamsburg Hospital is situated in the shadow of the sugar trust's refineries and Dr. Crawford learned quickly that she must deal with hardy men and women. She found that stabbings allays were an institution of the neighborhood where she worked, that mixed ale was the popular drink and that, in the hot season, heat and drink crazed men and women were wont to wander about doing harm to themselves and others.

Dr. Crawford's first case brought her to close quarters with one John Fasel, known locally as the "human crocodile." When the crocodile was well in liquor it was his practice to attempt to eat some one.

When Dr. Crawford first saw Fasel he was doing his best to devour a strapping policeman. Dr. Crawford dropped off her ambulance and pressed her thumbs against the crocodile's optic nerve, causing him to fold up like a Gladstone bag.

What happened to Fasel was told through Williamsburg and Dr. Crawford soon found herself compelled to deal with many like him.

Once she was bitten by a Russian woman who had gone insane and was trying to brain her eight-months' old infant by beating its head against the wall of a saloon.

Dr. Crawford cauterized her own wound after taking the "case" back to the hospital.

For the last few months Dr. Crawford has been on "inside" duty as assistant house surgeon. It

has often been her business to set broken limbs and skulls at queer hours of the night and she has never been known to hesitate or demur.

Dr. Crawford has a turn for writing, is a good oar and whipl and plays golf well. On her night off she invariably attends the theatre. Her home is in Nyack, N. Y., and she hasn't decided whether she will practice there or in New York when she leaves the hospital.

Gas Trust Ungorged.

An unwilling "Mr. Bountiful," in the corporate person of the Gas Trust, opened his money bag yesterday in the presence of an army of sniffling gas consumers, and disclosed upward of \$12,000,000 in rate money. By 7 o'clock in the evening, when business was suspended for the day, approximately \$100,000 had been sent out in checks.

The twelve millions is the property of New Yorkers, who paid \$1 a thousand cubic feet for gas while the constitutionality of the 85-cent law was being tested, and when they saw payments were actually being made, they realized that the count's rule and that corporations, no matter how powerful, must bend to that will. Even the fact that the interest on the huge fund was withheld to pay the expenses of the disbursement, did not ruffle their good nature.

For more than a week Henry J. Cochran and a staff of auditors employed by United States Commissioner Shields, who has charge of the payment of the fund, have been at work preparing for the giant task. This corps, together with the clerks and auditors assembled by the Consolidated Gas Company and its subsidiaries, comprises 500 men. In each of the nine branches men made out checks on the National City Bank that, as they were torn from the five books and signed, were turned over to the mailing force. The first checks were sent to the postoffice at 2:30 o'clock, and will reach consumers in the first mail this morning.

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold and the hardest time to cure it. If you should take a cold, a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup will act very promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle but natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by English Drug Co.

Plotted to Murder Mining Man for His Fortune.

A plot, in which two men and a woman are accused of having planned the murder of a wealthy mining man and sought to enlist the services of a reputable physician, was frustrated late last night. On information given by Dr. Joseph L. Howard, detectives arrested Sidney I. Denby, Jay O'Leane and his wife, and charged them with intended murder of James Goodwin, a wealthy Goldfield miner.

The trap whereby the trio were brought to grief was carefully laid. It appears that Goodwin had fallen into the toils of Denby and O'Leane, who for two weeks had secreted him in a lodging house on Turk street, where the O'Leane woman kept him constantly plied with liquor.

O'Leane succeeded in getting from Goodwin a power of attorney, and thus laid the first step toward acquiring the old man's fortune of \$100,000. The men then approached Dr. Howard, a reputable physician whom O'Leane knew, and asked him, in case of Goodwin's death, whether he would sign a certificate of death from alcoholism. They offered Howard \$30,000 for his services.

Howard pretended to be impressed with the proposition and arranged an interview with O'Leane and Denby at his rooms at the Hotel Stewart. Meanwhile he notified Captain of Detectives Anderson, and two sleuths were secreted behind a screen in Howard's apartment. There, shortly before midnight, O'Leane and Denby offered Howard \$20,000 of Goodwin's money if he would consent to sign a certificate of natural death, and thus render possible the making away with Goodwin without investigation.

Laughed at His Wife's Dream but It Came True.

"My wife told me not to go on that job," said Edward J. Tisdell, a carpenter of Newark, N. J., as he lay in a hospital bed. He had been at work on the Ann street public school and the scaffold collapsed.

"It is true I asked my husband to stay home yesterday," said Mrs. Tisdell at her home, No. 16 Nassau street. "I was not a bit surprised when told of the accident. I told Ed of a dream I had the night before, but he laughed at my fears. I don't think he'll laugh the next time I see him falling from a scaffold in my dream."

It doesn't pay to bully-rag a bull.

A Strenuous Young Lady.

A pretty and accomplished girl of Greensboro (both adjectives are used advisedly) can lay claim to being in President Roosevelt's class when it comes to exercising the pedestrian art, if walking may be called an art. This rival of the strenuous President is Miss Nessie Myrick, who thinks nothing is more delightful and healthful than walking, and she doesn't mind the distance. The other day she and her brother, in company with a visiting friend, conceived the idea of walking to Randleman during the afternoon. Now, Randleman is 20 miles from Greensboro, but in order to play a joke on her companion, Miss Myrick plotted them along a road that is 25 miles in length. The pedestrians left Greensboro after luncheon and reached Randleman in ample time for supper, returning on the early train the next morning. Miss Myrick, who enjoys the distinction of being the only female deputy United States marshal in the country, was at her desk in Marshal Milikan's office at the usual hour the next morning, as bright and chipper as if she had spent the entire previous day resting at home. A grave and truthful chronicler of events cannot say as much for the two young gentlemen who accompanied her on the long tramp.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Causes backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. English Drug Company.

"He's Got Money in the Bank."

"He's got money in the bank." "Ah, you've heard it said about somebody now and again in the course of your life—not very frequently, it's a pity, but still once in awhile as you came along. It kind of refreshed you just to hear it said of the fellow; and the fellow who said it—it made him feel good, too, or he wouldn't have mentioned it."

The sentence is pleasant to the ear and full of pictures. It suggests effort, self-discipline, perseverance, good judgment—the soil in which pretty pictures of incipient thrift naturally spring up and flourish.

The fellow isn't affluent, oh, no; not yet. It is even possible that he does not own his home—not yet. Living in the hard strife of making a living and laying by something for a rainy day, he is even with the game and a little ahead; "he's got money in the bank." Going is easier for him now. He will own his home one of these days, if nothing happens, and he will still have "money in the bank."

It is a good ambition, it is a prudent habit—to have money in the bank. And now that our farmers have been for some years enjoying a period of good times, every one of them ought to make a strenuous effort to lay by something for the lean days that are sure to come sooner or later. And anyhow every farmer who is handling a few hundred or a few thousand dollars a year ought to have a bank account, and for certain very good and definite reasons:

1. If it's in your pocket you spend it; it is so easy to spend it and not know what has gone with it.
2. If it's in the big chest, or under your pillow, or in the top bureau drawer, it is still easy to spend it; the money is there no good in its idleness there "buried in a napkin," and if you add more to it, the greater is your fear that fire will destroy or thieves break through and steal.
3. If it's in the bank, you know precisely how much you have without counting it nervously every day to see if it is all there. The figures in the bank book invite you to make them grow as your crops do. You are not likely to draw any of it out unless necessary, but if you do, there's your check stub, and later on the canceled check itself showing what it was all about—the what, who, and when—with the other fellow's name on the check, making it a good receipt. And then again, it makes you feel good to know that your money is not idle, but is going about in the community doing good; it is no longer buried in a napkin.
4. If your money's in the bank—well, how is it with the man who started out with—the man of whom his neighbors say with pride, "He's got money in the bank!" Hasn't he a little more dignity now as a citizen? Isn't his advice sought a little oftener? And doesn't it have a little more weight than it used to? And don't you call on him sometimes to head a neighborhood movement that calls for some pulling? And when he's pulling, don't we all push with more pluck and confidence?
- Oh, hurrah for the farmer who's got money in the bank! Little or much, it means that he is learning thrift, learning to save; means that he is getting training in business habits; means that his little hoard is helping build up the community; means that he is bringing certain dignity to the farming profession. We want to see him oftener—the farmer who has got money in the bank—for there is where his money ought to be.

The Lurid Glow of Doom

was seen in the red face, hands and body of the little son of H. M. Adams of Henrietta, Pa. His awful plight from eczema had, for five years, defied all remedies and baffled the best doctors, who said the poisoned blood had affected his lungs and nothing could save him. "But," writes his mother, "seven bottles of Electric Bitters completely cured him." For eruptions, eczema, salt rheum, sores and all blood disorders and rheumatism Electric Bitters is supreme. Only 50c. Guaranteed by English Drug Company.

"I am down in the month," said the pancake, as Johnny took a big bite.

The horse is the most contrary creature alive. He says neigh to everything.

Fertilizers! Fertilizers!

Those Containing Home-Made Nitrogen are the Best!

Every cotton planter raises cotton seed.

Cotton seed makes cotton seed meal.

Cotton seed meal makes the best Nitrogen for Fertilizer.

The Southern Cotton Oil Company makes the best Fertilizers made with cotton seed meal.

THEREFORE, buy Fertilizers which contain materials you raise yourself and not only patronize home industry, but patronize yourself.

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Seed
Meal
Fertilizers

Experienced Experts, Intelligent Farmers, Agricultural Experiment Stations use, endorse and recommend

Cotton Seed Meal Fertilizer.

- BECAUSE it produces the largest crops;
- BECAUSE it doesn't wash away like mineral fertilizers;
- BECAUSE it doesn't give out during the growing season;
- BECAUSE it gives up its Nitrogen steadily through growing seasons and leaves none to be wasted by the winter rains;
- BECAUSE it puts vegetable matter back into the soil;
- BECAUSE it is rich in the richest form of Nitrogen—plant making, life giving Nitrogen;
- BECAUSE it is safe, sure, satisfactory;
- BECAUSE it is honest and economical;
- BECAUSE it is the BEST!

INSIST ON THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL COMPANY'S BRANDS:

Gloria, Moon, Conquerer, Red Bull

FOR SALE BY ALL LOCAL DEALERS IN MONROE.