

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1910.

One Dollar a Year.

REVEREND VS. REVEREND.

The Colored Preacher of Waxhaw Who Was Shot Says that a Dissenting Brother Minister Was the Trigger Puller--The Recorder Withholds His Opinion in the Matter for a Few Days--A Methodist Brother Who Took the Usual Precautions.

Did Rev. Crawford shoot Rev. McDonald? That is the question which is now revolving in the mind of Recorder Stevens, and it is the question that afforded unbounded amusement for the spectators at the sitting of the Recorder's court last Wednesday afternoon. Rev. McDonald is the pastor of the Nebo Baptist church of Waxhaw, in which the brethren have not always dwelt in unison of spirit, some of the congregation wishing to keep the church in the Lanes Creek association and some wanting to wrench it therefrom and take it to a sister association. Rev. Crawford was one of the stalwarts who wanted to respect the old landmarks and keep Nebo in her original place. Two or three months ago Rev. McDonald was imported from South Carolina to become pastor of such of the flock as remained after the transfer was made. Rev. Crawford, who is a native and known in his neighborhood as a mighty sharp negro, was so dissatisfied that some thought he wanted the pastorate himself, and his conversation and threats were heavily used against him in the trial before the Recorder. On the 7th of December Rev. Crawford met Rev. McDonald on the street and told him there was a letter waiting him at Russell's store and he had better go get it. He went. The letter was from Rev. Crawford himself and got down to business without any of the usual brotherly expressions that are used between members of the cloth. It began: "I recite to say that the State of North Carolina do not belong to you and your friends," and every little space now and then informed Rev. McDonald that he was a liar and if he didn't like it the writer could still be found in town. On one occasion the two preachers met in the store of Russell, a colored merchant, and got to talking about the association and the moderator so much that the proprietor was compelled to call them down. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'm a Methodist and don't know anything about your moderator, but I'm moderator of this store and I want you to keep quiet."

Readers of last week's Journal will recall that when the pistol fired into the window of the church while the congregation was being lead in prayer by Brother Davis, there was some excitement and the preacher was carried off in a supposedly dying condition. Harvey Massey, a Methodist brother who happened to be worshiping with the Baptist congregation that night, gave the Recorder a very natural and graphic story of the affair. He was on knees, hand over face, near the amen corner, when the shot rang out.

"Well, what did you do, Harvey?" "Who, me? I went over flat, des so." And flat Harvey sprawled on the floor of the court room, in the adept manner always employed by experienced hands on such occasions when the bullets begin to whistle. Then Harvey said when the next bullet was fired he jumped over Brother Davis and said "Get up," this in disgust at Brother Davis for trying to continue a prayer under such circumstances. Brother Davis seemed to have been the chief sufferer, for about all the witnesses testified to having jumped over or on him that night.

Rev. McDonald, who had the warrant sworn out charging Crawford with the deed, was the first witness before the Recorder, and told his story very well. He had, he said, called on Brother Davis to pray, and was sitting leaning over in a chair by the window looking in his hymn book. When the pistol fired he felt the bullet hit his side, and turning to the window, "I seen the face of Rev. Crawford looking in, with a pistol in his hand, and he went poom! and den poom! des like dat."

The Recorder reserved his decision till next Friday. While he did not say so, some folks had the idea that he wanted to make a little investigation of the church surroundings to see how natural conditions fit in with some of the testimony. In the trial there was an air of decorum, courtesy, and title giving that would have done credit to an old time court scene when folks laid stress on such things. Rev. McDon-

ald always referred to the man whom he accused of trying to take his life, in the gentlest terms as "Rev. Crawford." And all the witnesses flung the word Rev. around so much that the lawyers got to using it, and the Rev. McDonald was so scrupulous to give due honor where it was due that he once referred to the Recorder himself as "your Reverend."

Will Search for the South Pole.

Washington Dispatch, February 8th.

The National Geographic Society today decided to send an expedition in search of the South Pole provided the necessary funds can be raised. It is not believed that there will be any lack on this score.

Commander Peary, who is in New York, where a testimonial in his behalf was given tonight at the Metropolitan opera house, was notified immediately of the action of the board of managers of the geographic society.

Captain Bartlett, who was in command of the Roosevelt, which Peary used on his successful trip to the North Pole, probably will be placed in charge of the expedition into the Antarctic regions. With the exception of Commander Peary, the members of the expedition will be the same as those who returned last year from the frozen North.

The Roosevelt, including complete equipment, sledges and all, is practically in readiness to be stored with provisions and start on her search of the only big goal on the globe which has not yet been reached.

Is This the Biggest Record in Union County?

We don't know who claims the record for the biggest yield of corn in Union county. Probably there have been few accurate measurements and there certainly have been too few claimants for good yields. But so far as we have heard Mr. J. T. Helms of Goose Creek is entitled to stand head. Mr. Helms has made a good deal of corn in his time, and made heavy yields on his rich bottom lands every year while he was farming. Mr. Helms says that six years ago he made a particularly fine crop, and from the best he measured one acre and weighed the corn, and found that he had made 106 bushels. This was made on stubble bottom land, on which was used plenty table manure and a small amount of commercial fertilizer.

Jurors for March Term.

The county commissioners drew the following jurors to serve at a term of court for the trial of criminal cases, beginning on Monday, March 21st, and continuing one week: T. S. Haney, J. W. Little, W. R. Benton, R. S. Dees, Atlas B. Edwards, W. H. Norwood, M. F. Helms, K. B. Laney, J. I. Griffin, Aaron Cook, J. M. Porter, F. H. Austin, J. M. Burns, A. W. Davis, Jennings A. Secrest, John W. Richardson, C. F. Biggers, A. T. Klutts, B. F. Keziah, George Brewer, R. F. James, J. S. Broom, J. B. Huggins, J. F. Conder, W. S. Orr, W. A. Helms, B. L. Clark, C. A. Baker, Henry W. Austin, Jonathan F. Gordon, W. S. Walkup, John H. Godfrey, J. P. Simpson, H. E. Cople, F. H. Wolfe, J. W. Thomas.

Mr. Flow Still Offering Good Bargains.

To My Friends and Customers:—You remember that I advertised that I was going out of business, and that with the close of my sale January the 22nd, the whole stock would be disposed of in bulk. My plans to sell the remainder of my stock in bulk miscarried, and I am under the necessity of just about giving away several thousand dollars' worth of goods to some man to sell them out or to sell them at retail myself.

I prefer to give my old customers and friends the benefit. Hence I will sell the remainder at retail at prices still lower than those that obtained during the sale. I still have a good lot of good goods, and I must close them out cheap to old customers or just about give them away in bulk. I propose to do the best for both myself and the public, and hence will keep my doors open awhile longer. Don't fail to come and see what I have, because they surely are good bargains for you.

Respectfully,
D. WILL FLOW.

New Commandery Doing Well.

The Commandery, Knights Templars, which Monroe Masons lately organized, has started off well with twenty members and expects to double the membership shortly. The officers are Capt. S. H. Green, E. C. W. C. Crowell, G.; Lee Griffin, C. G.; O. W. Kochtitzky, secretary.

POPE WOULDN'T SEE HIM.

Ex-President Fairbanks Snubbed in Rome Because He Appeared at Methodist Church.

Hon. Chas. W. Fairbanks, ex-President of the United States, is in Europe. The other day he was in Rome and desired to pay his respects to the King of Italy and also the Pope, but the Pope balked, and said he would not see the distinguished American unless the latter broke an engagement he had made to address the congregation of the American Methodist church located in Rome. This Mr. Fairbanks very properly refused to do, but went along and made his address and let the Pope go. The incident aroused a great deal of interest. During the course of his address, Mr. Fairbanks said:

"It is impossible to emphasize too strongly the good work the christian church is doing in all lands and amongst all nationalities. It is gratifying that the American churches established in all countries are asserting a wider influence today than ever in their history.

"All christian churches are worthy of support. They above all should be inspired by a generous, tolerant spirit towards each other. Nothing is more unseemly than the narrow jealousies which they occasionally manifest towards each other. There is room for all. Cease the narrow denominational wars and direct your energies toward the common enemy. Let the Catholics and the Protestants of all denominations vie in carrying forward the work of the Master, which is worthy of the best in them all."

Marking the Streets.

Mr. T. L. Crowell, city tax collector, who is always energetic, has done on his own hook a little bit of what the town ought to have done in full, namely, mark the various streets. Mr. Crowell has painted neat boards and put them up on Lafayette street. Such signs ought to be on the corners of all the principal streets. The other day a prominent business man had occasion to need the names of the principal streets, and of course he didn't know them. He called upon another prominent one, who is also a town official (we won't give him away by telling his office) and failed to find the information. It is expected that Monroe will be entitled to free mail delivery within the present year. The streets will then have to be marked and the houses numbered. However, this need not cause the delay in having the streets marked.

Going to Improve the Public Square.

Did you know that our public square might be one of the prettiest things of the kind in North Carolina? Well, it could be. Few towns have such squares in the center of town at all. And most any of them would jump at the chance of beautifying such a one as we have. The county commissioners and the town have decided on an improvement which ought to be well done. The town is to have the walks around the square graded and the county will put down cement walks. While it is being done it should be done thoroughly and beautifully. The town has secured the services of Mr. M. H. Gold to make the proper surveys necessary to form a plan of work.

Scratch from Mule's Tooth Makes Blood Poisoning.

For nearly two weeks Mr. Bryce Rushing, son of Mr. A. E. Rushing of Lanes Creek township, has been very ill from blood poisoning. The trouble came from a scratch made by a mule's tooth while Mr. Rushing was trying to give medicine to the animal, which had pneumonia. The mule died, and in a day or two the scratch on Mr. Rushing began to get so bad that a doctor was called in. He saw it to be a serious matter and went to work. Mr. Rushing is now improving but for ten days he was confined to his bed, a very sick man.

Wall of New Buggy Factory Up.

The walls of the new building that the Piedmont Buggy Company is erecting in North Monroe have been completed. The building will be 64x200 feet, four stories. If the weather is favorable it will be completed by the first of March. Mr. John Graham is the contractor.

The Caumont-Talking Pictures, the latest and most startling achievement in the moving picture world, pictures that appear to talk and present the next thing to real life, at the opera house Wednesday and Thursday night.

Squarely Up To The People of Monroe.

We have assumed that the people of Monroe are not going to have their laws trampled on by any one who wants to make money by running hell holes known as near beer saloons.

Today the question is squarely up to them.

This morning there arrived in Monroe a man who introduced himself as Walter Kirsh, representing the Consumers' Brewing Company of Norfolk, Va., who announced that he was going to open a near beer place in this town. Chief of Police Laney warned Mr. Kirsh that the people here did not want such a thing and that their local laws were opposed to it. The representative of the Norfolk brewers replied:

"Well, I'm going to take a shot at it under the advice of my counsel. The aldermen thought that they would put the tax so high that nobody would pay it, but I've got the money and I'm going to do it."

He further stated that he wanted a house that would hold a car load at the time. Chief of Police Laney again told Mr. Kirsh that he was liable to be arrested for violating the local law, notwithstanding the Supreme court decision that license under the general law must be granted.

Solicitor Stack is not here, but we have been reliably informed that he has advised that the first man who opens such a place here should be arrested. The Fayetteville people are operating the same way. To meet the "shot" of the Norfolk brewers at the peace and welfare of this community, we suggest that an amount necessary to employ counsel and test the case be at once subscribed. The Journal starts the subscription with the sum of ten dollars. If the people want to lie down they can do so. If they want to fight now is the time to begin.

Mr. Fowler Will Move to Monroe.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Wesley Chapel, Feb. 14.—The big freeze last Friday put the telephone lines out of business temporarily.

There is a good deal of colds and grip in the community. Miss Blake Reid, who has been in school here, has been sick for some time.

Mr. Neill Moser has returned to school here, after an absence of two weeks caused by the sickness of his brother, who had a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Clifford Fowler, who was recently appointed constable of Monroe township, will move to Monroe this week. Mr. Fowler is a good officer, having served this township for quite awhile. He is a terror to the blind tigers.

Messrs. B. C. and George Reader spent last Friday in Buford township.

Messrs. Lawrence Presson and Preston Hawfield spent Saturday night in Monroe.

Mrs. Julia Warwick of Laurinburg, who has been visiting friends and relatives here for several days, returned home last Friday. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Kate Howie.

Although it was raining and cold, there was quite a good number present at a birthday dinner last Wednesday given by Squire John H. Winchester, who was 78 years old on that day. Judging from his appearance one would say he is good for a hundred or more. His ability to get about and his activity in general is better than most men at sixty. The presents were numerous and valuable. May he live long.

Judging from the way the automobiles and spotted horses pass this way, there will be something doing about here in the near future. As for our part, we consider spotted horses much safer than automobiles.

A Reputation About Right.

This fellow you call Sam Krauss, must have an awful reputation as a watchmaker. Last week he received three jobs: one came from Clermont, Fla., one from Columbia, S. C., and one from Wilmington, N. C. Watchmakers must be scarce around in those parts, or Krauss has the thing by the tail.

STEAMER IN WILD STORM.

French Boat on the Mediterranean Goes on Reefs and 156 Lives Lost, Only One Man Surviving.

Palma, Island of Majorca, Dispatch, 11th.

Driven helplessly from her course, in one of the wildest storms that has swept the Mediterranean in 40 years, the French Trans-Atlantic Steamship Company's steamer General Chanzy crashed at full speed, in the dead of night, on the treacherous reefs near the island of Minorca and all but one of the 157 souls on board perished.

The sole survivor is an Algerian customs official, Marcel Rodel, who was rescued by a fisherman and who lies tonight in the hospital at Ciudadela, raving as a result of the tortures through which he passed and unable to give account of the disaster.

In the ship's company there were 87 passengers, of whom 30 were in the first cabin. The crew numbered 70. It is not thought that any Americans were aboard the liner.

The ship was in command of Captain Cayol, one of the most careful officers of the line. In his long experience he had never before met with an accident. He had intended to retire from the service in the near future.

The passengers of the Chanzy were mostly French officers and officials returning to their post in Algeria, accompanied by their wives and children, a few soldiers, some Italians and Turks, and one priest. The only Anglo-Saxon names on the passenger list were Green and Stakely. These were members of an opera troupe of eleven which had been engaged to sing at the Casino in Algiers.

LEFT DRUMMER IN CHARGE.

Occupants of a Store Mistook Him for a Detective and One by One Quietly Stole Away.

Wadesboro Annonian.

Not many days ago a neatly dressed man walked into a much suspected grocery store on one of the lower streets and asked for the proprietor. He was told by the two white men in charge and also a negro man about the place, that the proprietor was not in at that time. The stranger said he wanted to look over the stock a little. The colored man took the hint and volunteered to go after the man the store belongs to. He left and returned a week later. After waiting only a few minutes, one of the white men said he would go after his employer and see what had become of that negro. He left and didn't return. Then the other white man begged of the stranger to take charge of the business for a few minutes, as he was bound to get off just a little while. All this took place in the space of only a few minutes and the good natured traveling man was left in charge. He stood guard over the stock from 8 o'clock in the morning to nearly 11 and finally called in a man and told him that he must go, that he only came in there to sell a bill of groceries and wasn't expecting to take charge of the business so easily. They thought the innocent traveling man was a detective.

"It's a trade," said the gentleman who was doing the talking, "and if the sheriff can't give the money back it will be found somewhere else."

Sheriff Griffith was only too glad to return the money and cancel the license, because he wouldn't issue one of the things at the start till the Supreme court said he had to. Mr. Funderburk got his money back and on last Friday he loaded up his near-slop and went back.

Mr. Funderburk is not so bad, even if he did want to sell such stuff. You have often heard that no one is altogether bad who is subject still to moral suasion. And Mr. Funderburk was subject. And the good folks who live over on Benton Hill believe more than ever in moral suasion.

No near beer for Monroe.

Selling Oysters Some.

Mr. John R. Simpson has already sold this season one thousand dollars' worth of oysters. There are several other dealers in town and no doubt each of these has had fine sales. Mr. Simpson sells only one grade. According to the ancient rule that oysters are seasonable in every month in which the letter r occurs, there are yet two and a half months for sales this season. Think of the immense place this article of diet has secured in this country. Every town, big and little, sells them far and near, and it is the rarest thing in the world to find a man who doesn't like them.

Mr. Hicks' Brother Dead.

Last Thursday Mr. Eugene C. Hicks received a telegram conveying the news of the death of his brother, Mr. O. W. Hicks of Macon, Ga., which occurred that day. The remains were taken to Oxford, this State, and interred at the old family home place. Mr. E. C. Hicks joined the party at Monroe and went to Oxford.

Won't Need a Crutch.

When Editor J. P. Sossman of Cornelia, N. C., bruised his leg badly, it started an ugly sore. Many salves and ointments proved worthless, then Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed thoroughly. Nothing is so prompt and sure for ulcers, boils, burns, bruises, cuts, corns, sores, pimples, eczema or piles. 25c., at English Drug Co.'s.

ELECTRIC CURRENT OFF.

Sleet Causes Interruption of Current and Mills and Everything Else Stop Short--The Trouble Slight.

The sleet and snow of last Friday played smash with the wires. Down in the afternoon the current of the Southern Power Company, which supplies Monroe her lights and power and several mills and plants of various kinds their motive power, stopped. And stopped was everything else, from the big Icemoriee mills to the picture shows. It was not long before the power people discovered where the trouble lay, but as their telephone line was down, and they had no way of communicating with the men along the line, they dared not turn it on again till every man had a warning of safety. There were no lights in town Friday and Saturday nights, and the water supply gave out Sunday. But by Monday morning everything was alright and going again.

No doubt great damage was done by the heavy sleet to country telephones. On Crawford street a line of six big posts of the Monroe Telephone Company went down in one swoop. Fortunately the company had finished cabling its wires on that street and the great tangled mass of wires that resulted were the dead overhead ones that had not been taken down. Mr. Norwood and his squad soon had the posts reset and the old wires cleared away.

HAULED BEER HERE, HAULED IT BACK.

Man Came Down from Salisbury to Open a Near Beer Joint but is Persuaded to Reconsider--Gets License Money Back and Folds His Tent.

No near beer for Monroe, neither for Bentonville, nor the regions round about. Mr. J. R. Funderburk came to Monroe last week from Salisbury, rented a small store room in Bentonville, got license from the sheriff to sell near beer, unloaded several barrels of some kind of hog wash from a wagon, and was about ready to create a little hell for the people of that community, when something happened. They didn't threaten him, they didn't intimidate him, they didn't say they would burn him out, or shotgun quarantine him, or night rider him, or anything else. One of the leading men who lives over there just went to Mr. Funderburk and persuaded him to hitch up and go back where he came from or somewhere else. It was a simple case of moral suasion, of good christian argument so to speak, and it was put to him so earnestly that Mr. Funderburk said, "Well, if the sheriff will give me back the money I paid for the license, I'll quit."

"It's a trade," said the gentleman who was doing the talking, "and if the sheriff can't give the money back it will be found somewhere else."

Sheriff Griffith was only too glad to return the money and cancel the license, because he wouldn't issue one of the things at the start till the Supreme court said he had to. Mr. Funderburk got his money back and on last Friday he loaded up his near-slop and went back.

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No near beer for Monroe.

Death of Mrs. Penelope Austin.

Mrs. Penelope Austin, widow of Mr. John Austin, died at her home in Goose Creek township late yesterday afternoon from pneumonia, following measles. The remains will be interred at the Austin burying ground.

Mrs. Austin's maiden name was Caudle, and she was seventy years old. Her husband died twenty years ago and she reared her children alone and made useful men and women of them. She was a good woman and a faithful member of Meadow Branch church. Her daughters are Mrs. John A. Austin of Goose Creek and Mrs. G. R. Mullis. The sons are Messrs. John Austin of Monroe, and Palmer and Jeff Austin, who lived with their mother.

Meadow Brook Farm is the play you have been waiting for. It is a story of New England life true to nature. At the opera house Friday night.