

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1910.

One Dollar a Year.

SERMON AND MUSIC.

Rev. Gilbert Rowe's Fine Thanksgiving Sermon, Followed by Organ Recital by Prof. Zehn of Charlotte.

Monroe is indebted to Charlotte for one of the most pleasant and uplifting occasions that our folks have had, in that she furnished us Rev. G. T. Rowe, pastor of Tryon Street church, last Thursday evening, who delivered a most brilliant and inspiring sermon on Thanksgiving, and Prof. Zehn, director of music in Elizabeth College, who gave a splendid recital on the new pipe organ that had just been set up in Central church. Monroe can scarcely hope to repay its neighbor, except in thorough appreciation of the occasion.

Rev. Mr. Rowe is one of our boys, almost, having been partly reared here, where his father, the beloved Dr. J. C. Rowe, has resided many years, twice as pastor and once as presiding elder. Mr. Rowe speaks with a fluency and brilliancy surpassed by no young man in the North Carolina ministry of any denomination. His thought is both profound and clear, his penetration acute, and his imagination and good humor illuminating. The text was Paul's exhortation to the Philippians, written from prison, in which he exhorted them to "Rejoice in the Lord, not in the abundance of the things they possessed. The pleasing countenance of the young preacher is half of a good sermon, and the broad mouth, with a bewitching upturn on either side, is indicative of a broad and deep good humor. Imagination and humor fascinatingly chase each other over the face, and a wealthy vocabulary lends wings to accurate and profound thinking. The religion of hope and joy, as bound up in the word "rejoice," was set forth as a necessity and the result of the profoundest facts of human character. In the light of such thanksgiving sentiments, the mere thankfulness that would limit itself to full barns and fat pocket-books seems peculiarly little and insufficient.

At the conclusion of the sermon Prof. Zehn, director of music in Elizabeth College, gave a recital on the new pipe organ. For an hour he charmed and thrilled the audience with such music as few had often heard. English, French, Dutch and Spanish composers were rendered with wonderful variety and power. In the opinion of many lovers of music the pipe organ in masterful hands is the most wonderful and powerful of all musical instruments, and Prof. Zehn is unquestionably a superior artist.

Members of the congregation will be glad to know that Prof. Zehn gave the new instrument a complete inspection and found everything up to the standard. His visit was primarily for the purpose of examining and testing the organ. The cost of the instrument, with expense of setting up, etc., is about \$2,900.

Recorder's Court.

F. J. Griffin, violating ordinance 76: costs.
Eber Helms, keeping liquor for sale: \$60 and costs.
Marion Blythe, assault and battery: costs.
Wheeler Smith, disorderly: \$3 and costs.
Percy McRae, assault with deadly weapon: 60 days.
Lizzie Wiggins, assault and battery: \$5 and costs.
Bud Doster, assault and battery: 60 days.
Rebecca Crump, assault and battery: \$5 and costs.
Alice Clyburn, disorderly: 30 days.
Tom Sikes, assault and battery: 30 days.
Ed Caudle, assault and battery: \$5 and costs.
John Smith, interfering with telephone lines, nol. pros.: costs.
Carl Alsbrooks, assault and battery: \$4 and costs.
Bud Funderburk, assault and battery: costs.
Bax and Charlie McGuirt, nol. pros.: costs, paid by prosecution.

We are going to get out a directory in a few days. All those who expect to take 'phones soon should let us have their names so they can get in with the numbers. This is the only directory that will be published in some time and all names should appear in it.

W. H. NORWOOD, Mgr.
Monroe Telephone Co.

For one week only and for the cash, we will sell you 25 pounds of Rice for \$1.00. Bruner & Huey.

A Cotton Farmer from Away Back.

Mr. P. P. W. Plyler spent last Friday night with Mr. R. J. Wentz of Vance, after addressing the Farmers' Union at Mill Grove. Mr. Plyler was asked about the reports of the wonderful amounts of cotton that Mr. Wentz is said to have grown on four acres, and replied, "Wentz has been telling the truth about that cotton. I saw his field and heard how he had treated it, and the stalks on the land looked like trees. Mr. Wentz is not a bragging man, but he'll tell you about it if you ask him."

On four acres this year Mr. Wentz made 12 five-hundred-pound bales. The ground has been in cultivation four years and the stumps are not yet out. It is naturally a rich, black loam. Before he plowed it the first time he gave it a coating of stable manure. This year he put 3½ sacks per acre of high grade fertilizer on it. From 18 acres this year Mr. Wentz sold \$1,800 worth of lint cotton. From his crop he has spent \$1,200 on his house, paid all his farm expenses, has all his seed, three bales in the lint, and \$200 in cash. This fine four-acre tract he will get the stumps out of and put in wheat.

High Finance as Practiced by a Colored Woman.

A clever trick was played on one of Wadesboro's merchants a few days ago by a colored woman. She wanted to buy a dress on credit but not having the proper financial rating, was denied the favor. Later she returned and stated that she "just must" have that dress to wear next day and offered to leave a new pair of shoes she had bought with the merchant until the next week when she would return and pay for the dress. This seemed fair and the merchant took the carefully wrapped pair of shoes and placed them under the counter. Two weeks and the woman failed to "come back," and then one of the clerks decided to see how much the firm had made by the transaction, getting a pair of shoes for a dress that cost only about two dollars. The package was unwrapped and contained a pair of old, worn-out summer slippers, not worth a dime. You'll just "have to show" that merchant next time you want to make such a deal with him.

A Young Farmer's Year's Work.

A son of Esq. A. R. Edwards of Marshville township, who became twenty-one this year, began working for himself, and if he keeps up the pace he started he will be a farmer right. His father gave him a mule and rented him land. The young man pitched his crop, worked it according to modern methods, and gathered bountifully. He paid his rent, fertilizer bill, his board, feed for his mule, for his tools, some labor, and all other expenses to make his crop, and then had \$400 in cash as a result of his work. Isn't that good?

Hiding Money and Walking on Railroad Tracks.

The same old story. The Waxhaw Enterprise learns that Mr. Francis, a farmer residing near Glendale, was robbed while he slept the other night of the sum of \$367, which amount represented the earnings of a year on the farm. Mr. Francis had the money in his pocket, and the thief entered the house some time during the night and got it all.

"Where Mr. Francis missed it," says The Enterprise, "was in not leaving the money in the bank. Why any man wants to be sleeping with anything like that amount of money in his pants pockets hanging on the head of his bed or anywhere else in the house is not an easy proposition for any cautious, right thinking business man to understand. He is not only in danger of losing it in more ways than one, but the very fact of its presence in the home endangers his life and that of his family, because the marauder who is mean enough to enter a house in the night and steal money is also mean enough to commit murder if necessary in order to conceal his identity and cover his crime. Possibly Mr. Francis is one of those men who are afraid of banks. Anyway, he is wiser now even if much poorer."

The case of the two old ladies near Charlotte who were murdered and burned with their house for the sake of their supposed hoard, ought to have served as a warning. Maybe it did in some cases, but people continue to hide money at home and walk on railroad tracks in face of almost daily warnings.

OLIVER HEWS TO THE LINE.

Says He Has Been Writing for the Press Fifteen Years and Never Departed from the Truth—Various Subjects Treated.

On this beautiful morning of Thanksgiving day I will pen you a few lines. Some things we are thankful for and others we are not. We are thankful for good crops and good prices for our produce. We are thankful we are living in God's country—I mean around Marvin.

I have been writing for the press fifteen years and always confined myself to facts, and in this letter I am going to "hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will." Today the Daughters of the American Revolution are erecting a monument at the George McKemie place, in Jackson township, to mark the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of this great country. Congress passed a law while he was President to recharter the national banks, but Mr. Jackson vetoed the bill. He accused them of muzzling the press and the ballot box. How about it to-day? Jim Tillman killed poor Gonzales of the Columbia State in an attempt to muzzle the press. A gentleman from York county, S. C., assaulted Mr. Grist, the editor of the Yorkville Enquirer, and attempted to muzzle that paper. The editor of the Wilkesboro Chronicle, who is dying with consumption, was brutally assaulted by one bully while another held off the poor editor's friends with a Colt's navy revolver because he told the truth. A good jury convicted them and a good judge gave them a term in the Wilkes county jail, but justice was cheated, but not by Tod R. Caldwell nor Nathaniel H. Brogden. Just the other day a Wilkes county jury gave that poor dying editor \$600 damages for that brutal assault. That jury was composed of 8 Republicans and 4 Democrats. The gentlemen who did the assaulting were Republicans. Today some gentleman from the State of Ohio has sued Mr. Dowd of the Charlotte News for defending the Sabbath. The gentleman from Ohio surely has not read the book of Numbers, chapter 15 and verses 32, 33, 34 and 35. The old plantation trusty around can show our Ohio friends a man in the moon who was put there for burning brush on Sunday.

In February, 1865, I was a nurse in general hospital No. 8, Raleigh, N. C. There were 75 or 100 Federal prisoners in tents in the yard that was piled with plank 8 or 10 feet high and a sentinel at the gate day and night. That hospital today is Peace Institute. A prisoner asked me one day how the war was going. I told him if he would not give me away I would give him a newspaper; and in big letters at the head of a column were these words: "Sherman Has Burned Columbia, S. C., and Is Cutting a Swath Through South Carolina Sixty Miles Wide."

That poor fellow who had been locked out from the world in Salisbury prison for two whole years was eager to devour the good news that the war would soon be over and that he would escape the awful doom of 11,000 of his comrades who lie in the Federal cemetery at Salisbury today. If that poor fellow had been caught with that paper and given me away, I would have been punished for it. I was a nurse there and the doctor gave me a list of the light diet every morning and before I would take it around to old Brother Swanson, the cook, I would add a few more names to the list; and my friends not only who wore the gray, but some who wore the blue, never forgot me. I gave one of them a blue coat that was picked up on the battlefield and he gave me a canteen. I brought that canteen home with me.

Although I was only a 17-year-old boy, there was one scene I will never forget. One morning a carriage drove up to the door of the hospital and an elderly gentleman and lady and a colored servant alighted and took a basket apiece on their arms and ascended the steps; and when they came to ward F, I had just finished washing the faces and combing the heads of the patients who could not walk. The doctor met them and they told him their mission, and he accompanied them to every cot and told them how much of the contents of their rich baskets the poor fellows could have. It moistens my eyes today as I look back 55 years and see the tears trickling down the faces of the poor Confederate soldier who had just

conquered a death grapple of pneumonia caused by exposure in the rifle pits and on the lines. Today if I were to visit Raleigh, the first thing I would do would be to hunt up that good angel of mercy and her husband or their children or grandchildren. That good Samaritan and his grand wife was Ex-Governor W. W. Holden.

During the confinement of the Federal prisoners at Salisbury, a good old woman asked Major Gee to take some provisions in to them. The request was granted and she visited the prison daily. Today that grand angel of mercy is remembered in her declining years by Uncle Sam with a liberal pension.

In some parts of Union county human blood has flowed freely of late, and today the best people of that section are in as much despair as the prophet Elijah was when he fled from the King Ahab and hid in a cave and was fed by the ravens. The Lord assured Elijah that there were 5,000 men in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal yet.

Forty years ago the Lowery gang were drenching the soil of Robeson county with the blood of her best citizens. They appealed to the State for help but the State, like the wicked Nero, fiddled while Rome burned. During the reign of the Lowery gang in Robeson, you could buy the best land in it for one dollar an acre. The life insurance agents packed their grips and left, but there was a change and a new crew took possession of the old ship of State and a thousand dollars' reward was offered by the State for Henry, and five hundred dollars apiece for Bill Oxendine and the balance of the gang. John McQueen, a Scotch Highlander and a mighty Nimrod, saw the rewards and he set himself for some of them. One morning while he was lurking in a cypress swamp, he saw Bill Oxendine go into a cabin. He waited till dark closed in and crawled to the door as noiseless as a Rocky Mountain cat and peeped in the cat hole. There sat Bill with a Croatan damsel on his lap, and when John touched the trigger of his trusty rifle Bill fell to the floor. The next moment a bucket of water went on the fire. John now returned to the swamp with the tread of a lion and anxiously waited for the breaking of day. Then he moved forward to the cabin again, where he found nothing but the dead body of Bill Oxendine. He put it in a road cart and dumped it out in the court house yard at Lumberton and then the sheriff counted him out \$500. These rewards dumped the dead bodies of the Lowery gang into the court house yard one at a time, all but Henry, and he saw his days in Robeson county ending and escaped to the Kingdom of Montezuma, and woe unto him if he puts his foot in Robeson county.

J. V. Johnson stained the soil of Morvin township in Anson county with his breech-loader; Anson county has had her lynchings, Cabarrus her black boys, Rutherford her Ku-Klux, and Alamance her regulators—all because the law was not put in good hands and executed according to testimony. OLIVER.

Program of Teachers' Meeting.

Opening. T. J. Huggins.
I. The benefit of the teachers' meetings and how to obtain it. L. P. Wilson.
II. How to study. General discussion, led by E. R. Settle.
III. Health and sanitation. Dr. H. D. Stewart.
IV. Course of study. R. N. Nisbet.

V. Agriculture in the common schools. J. Z. Green.
We hope every teacher will feel it his duty to be present and take part in these discussions.
Monroe graded school building, Saturday, December 10th, at 11 a. m. R. N. NISBET, Pres.

Old Time Tea Party Friday Night.

Ladies of the Home Mission Society of the Central Methodist church will give an entertainment in the court house Friday night, beginning at 8 o'clock. The play will be "Ye Tea Party of Ye Olden Time," and some 25 ladies will take part, for which they have been regularly practicing for some time. Mrs. J. W. Stephenson will be hostess, Mrs. J. F. Laney "grandma," Mrs. H. W. Hargis "old maid." Prices 15, 25 and 35 cents.

Don't fail to order today one of those home-made Fruit Cakes, sold only by Bruner & Huey. You know who makes them, and that is guarantee enough for anybody.

Attempt to Burn Gin.

What is believed to be an attempt to burn the gin of Mr. W. T. Laney of Buford township was made Friday night. A slight accident caused Mr. Laney to shut down on Friday afternoon, leaving about half a bale of unginned cotton on the yard. This belonged to Mr. G. W. Baker. Another load of seed cotton on the yard awaited ginning belonging to Mr. B. W. Baker, was also left out. As soon as the gin started up on the half bale Saturday morning fire broke out, and only prompt work and hands and neighbors saved the plant. As it would take some time to start again, Mr. B. W. Baker hitched up and brought his cotton to the Crow-Lee gin in Monroe. While this cotton was going through their gins were fired. This was the only cotton left out at night, it came from different farms and both fired gins. It is thought that some one put matches or other material in the cotton for the purpose.

County Home Property Not Sold.

The county commissioners, W. G. Long, H. T. Bacon and T. J. Gordon, met yesterday to receive bids for the county home property, which has been advertised some time. Sealed bids had been asked for. The property is 27 acres of fine land fronting the graded school. Only one bid was received. It came from a company whose names were not disclosed, but was boni fide. The bid was \$24,000. This was promptly rejected, and on next Monday the commissioners will probably take steps to have a public sale of lots. Two representatives of real estate selling agencies are wanting to conduct a sale for the commissioners, but nothing has yet been decided upon. The commissioners will sell in such a way and time as will get the best results for the county.

Death of Mr. J. C. W. Hargett.

Mr. J. C. W. Hargett of Goose Creek township died at three o'clock yesterday. He had been sick about twelve months of something like tumor on the brain. At one time he was treated in a Charlotte hospital, and last summer was operated on at Johns Hopkins. The funeral was held at Mill Grove, of which church he was a member, to day.
The deceased was 38 years old. He leaves a wife and six daughters. His only brother Mr. J. W. Hargett, lives in Arkansas, and three sisters. Mr. Hargett was a good citizen and a progressive, up-to-date farmer.

Widow's House Burned.

Thanksgiving day was a sad one for Mrs. Elizabeth Yarbrough and her daughter, Miss Levy Yarbrough, who live alone near Mt. Prospect, in Buford township. Their house with almost its entire contents was burned that day. At 12 o'clock fire was discovered in an outside room, and must have been started by rats and matches. Miss Yarbrough was painfully burned in trying to rescue the household goods. A couple of feather beds and a few chairs were saved. The loss was about \$750, and Mrs. Yarbrough had no insurance.

Before the fire had ceased burning neighbors had gathered in and made up a purse of \$80 and put on foot plans for rebuilding the house. A building committee was appointed, and Mr. H. L. Yarbrough is treasurer and will receive all donations.

Barn Burned Last Night.

Last night the barn of Mr. B. F. Hunnicutt, six miles northwest of Monroe, was burned. A peculiar fact is that several stacks of hay and some lumber, 300 feet from the barn, which also burned, caught first, the barn afterward, though the wind was blowing from the barn to the hay. Mr. Hunnicutt lost a lot of feed, a surry, and other things. He thinks the fire was set.

Convicts as Hangmen.

According to a letter written from Russia, published in the Berliner Tageblatt, there are some prisons in that country in which men condemned to death are held which have no regularly appointed hangmen. The executioner is selected from among the convicts. The man who is so fortunate as to be appointed receives 25 rubles for each execution and a credit of six months on his sentence period. One convict had nearly worked off his term and had accumulated a handsome sum of money when the governor of the prison appointed another hangman. "Between dull business and competition, the senior executioner's term dragged along, but finally came to an end, and he went forth freed and comfortably rich," the correspondent reports.

Cotton market today, 14.50; seed, 45 cents.

Miss Isabelle Horn of Elizabeth College spent Thanksgiving at home.

Dr. Weaver, the new pastor of Central church, will arrive in Monroe tomorrow on the evening train.

Mr. Hall Wilson of the A. and M. College at Raleigh, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mr. Walter A. Cook and Miss Daisy Carnes were married at Iocmorrie yesterday by Esq. Flow.

Mrs. M. J. Bell, a sister of Mrs. J. S. DeLaney of Weddington, died in Charlotte Sunday afternoon, aged 66 years.

Misses Aleine Drew of Tampa, Fla., and Margarette Brittain of Salisbury are visiting at Dr. W. B. Houston's.

Mrs. J. C. Fletcher and daughter, Miss Marie, who have been visiting in Dallas, Fort Worth and Oklahoma City for some time, returned home Thursday night.

Mr. N. G. Russell has bought an interest in the livery and stock business of Fowler and Lee and the firm name will be changed to Fowler-Lee Co.

In ten minutes, in a fire in Newark, N. J., 25 girls were burned alive or crushed to death in leaping from the windows of a four-story brick factory.

Mr. John Whitley yesterday shipped fifty muskrat, one mink and one possum hide, the result of the past two weeks' work. One muskrat hide was white.

Mr. J. W. Lathan has moved to town and he and Mr. J. W. Richardson have bought the stock of Helms, Richardson & Co. Mr. L. R. Helms will take a year off and look after his farms.

Miss Kate McAllister of Walltown is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Redwine. Last week the following ladies of Wadesboro visited Mrs. Redwine: Mesdames Dr. Ingram, T. C. Coxie, E. S. Ashe, Blalock, and J. G. Boylin.

Benjamin Franklin Bradley, aged 3 years, died at the home of his grandfather near Monroe on Nov. 22. The remains were buried at Flint Hill church in South Carolina on Wednesday. Death was caused by membranous croup.

The Wesley Chapel graded school had a fine opening, with the following teachers: Prof. and Mrs. Yeargin, the latter of whom has been sick some time; Miss Annie Bunting of Crystal Hill, Va., and Miss Bright Richardson. Miss Lula Tindle of Burlington will teach music and elocution.

Dr. Chas. A. C. Smith of Laurinburg and Miss Ellen C. Hoover of Monroe were married in the parlor of the Presbyterian church last Wednesday afternoon at 5:30, by Rev. R. F. Kirkpatrick. They left immediately for Wilmington to spend a few days before going to their home in Laurinburg.

Mr. B. F. Copple, a brother of Mr. H. E. Copple, of Monroe, and a well known citizen of Winston, died at his home in that city Friday afternoon. Death was caused by heart failure, and was very unexpected, while he was resting in his room. The deceased was a member of the Baptist church and is survived by his wife and several children. He was 55 years of age, and a man of prominence and influence in his community. Mr. H. E. Copple attended the funeral.

Mission Society Entertained.

Mesdames Atha Stevens, Lula Shannon and Roscoe Phifer most delightfully entertained the ladies of Central Methodist church Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Phifer. It was in the interest of the Ladies' Home Mission Society. The guests were met at the door by Mesdames R. F. Beasley and Sam Howie, and in the parlor were the hostesses, Mesdames Stevens, Phifer and Shannon, assisted by Mesdames W. S. Blakeney and H. B. Adams.

Mrs. B. C. Ascraft showed the guests into the dining room, where they were served with a dainty salad course by Misses Janie Phifer, Grace Smith and Burnice Shannon. Miss Ola Bruner then ushered the ladies into the "Home Mission Room," where this vital subject was discussed by Mesdames J. E. Stack, N. S. Ogburn and Totten.

The afternoon was indeed pleasant, instructive and profitable.