

# THE MONROE JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

## THE NEEDS OF THE CHURCH.

### A Correspondent Thinks That the Men who Take No Part are at Fault.

To the Editor of The Journal.

I am not given to rushing into print. Will you pardon me and give space to a few lines? I think I have read quite carefully your editorial in last week's Journal on the church. I heartily agree with you that all branches of the christian church fall far short of what Christ its founder wishes it to be. It is often a source of grief and sorrow to see and know of some things that are done in the name of the church. Your article is rather a severe arraignment of the church, merited no doubt.

There is a question that persists in presenting itself to my mind: What and who is the church? To me there is but one answer, folks just like you and me. No, Mr. Editor, I am wrong. Not many. Very few are like you; more are like myself. To quote you, "Is there any wonder that the powerful men of the day have turned the church over to the preachers, the women and children to a large extent?" Are the preachers, women and children responsible for this? God in his infinite goodness has endowed you with more brains than he gives to most of his creatures, supplemented by years of training at one of the best colleges. The church suffers for the wisdom, the powerful leadership that such men as yourself could give. We often covet men of well rounded ability to fill the places of our deacons, stewards, elders, Sunday school superintendents, etc., to stand in the prayer meetings of the church and Sunday school as a bulwark of defense. For years it has been a source of regret and often humiliation to me, that our churches engage in "ice cream suppers and second hand clothing enterprises" in the name of Him whose "the gold and silver are, and the cattle on a thousand hills." When such traffic is proposed in our churches, we need the "flat-footed, straight-backed," serious minded, strong business men to arise from the back end of the congregation, the middle aisle and the amen-corner with a "bugle blast" of protest. I don't think that the women would persist in the face of this. They mean well, but often are misguided—sheep that have gone astray; many belong to the Great Shepherd, but have sadly lost their way.

Some who have been trying for a number of years to help with the Lord's work often feel that our little bit is so pitiful, we often become faint-hearted, and sometimes would quit and lay it down if we dared. Won't you help us—editors, lawyers, dentists, doctors, bankers, merchants? We need you, oh! so much! Shall I say God needs you? Give him unreservedly one day in the week, as you give yourself to other things. Will you teach a Sunday school class, lead a prayer meeting, be an active officer and leader in the church. A half dozen such men as yourself with clean hearts and sweet spirits could bring about a reformation in any of our local churches. We need you to see that "the snickering hypocrite who oppresses his fellowman and gets church immunity by sending a large check to foreign missions" is "coddled" no more, but is dealt with as he deserves.

It seems to me that the blame for the church losing so much of its force and power for righteousness, is "shifted" again to the strong brainy men who of their own free will and accord have turned their attention to politics, finance, State and national government, and left the church to shift as best she may, with the women, children and preachers at the helm.

Mr. J. D. McRae has accepted a position as traveling representative of a large mercantile concern and will begin traveling on or about the first of November.

The latest Biograph "Her Sacrifice" and "Stability and Nobility" at The Dixie tonight.

## Woman Follows Husband to Pen.

Mrs. Jamie Noel, who, with her husband, was charged with enticing young girls away from their homes to be used for immoral purposes, was tried in Salisbury last week and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Her husband had already been sentenced to fifteen years. Both appealed. At the conclusion of the trial, Judge Daniels addressed the counsel for several minutes, and turning to Mrs. Noel, made a lengthy and earnest talk to her. He told of how the case had grieved him and what a sad duty it was to have to punish her. He said he wished he could tell her, as the Savior told the fallen woman, "Go, thou, and sin no more," but this he could not do and be true to the State, to the homes and to the little children. He appealed to her to amend her ways; there is hope so long as there is life. He believed being put to work in a mill at 10 years of age, being raised by an ungodly mother, betrayed into marrying, at the age of 14, a scoundrel who afterwards proved to have another living wife, her marriage to Noel, who dragged her farther in the mire, all contributed to make her the woman she is. She is now only 19 years old and in a delicate condition.

The judge's remarks were touching and visibly affected the spectators. Mrs. Noel paid the closest attention to them. Her face was flushed and at times it appeared that great lumps gathered in her throat and she swallowed with difficulty, though no tears gathered in her eyes.

## New Cotton Firms.

Messrs. W. J. Hudson and J. E. Stack, who have been in the cotton business here for several years, have dissolved their partnership, and each has gone into a new firm. Messrs. Hudson and W. S. Lee have organized a company, The Hudson-Lee Cotton Company, and will carry on a buying and selling business with their office in the rooms of the Leemore Company in the opera house building. Mr. Stack has taken in his son, Mr. E. R. Stack, and the firm is J. E. Stack & Co., and they will continue at the same stand. Mr. T. W. Huey of Lancaster, an expert cotton man, has moved to Monroe and will be with them.

## Will Gin Cotton Free.

Free ginning of cotton is something new, but something which few people will object to. Messrs. E. H. Bivens and James A. Crowell of the Monroe Oil Mill have rigged up their big ginny with a 125-horse power motor, new saws, new brushes, and new presses, and have decided to allow the farmers the commission they have heretofore had to pay buyers, by ginning their cotton free.

They have overhauled their big barn and have plenty of nice stables to accommodate those who wish to stay over night. They have secured three of the best ginners that can be had and will gin day and night.

## New Ordinance.

The board of alderman of the City of Monroe do ordain, Sec. 1. That all water and all light rent notices shall be sent out on or before the 15th day of the month following the month in which said water or lights are used and said water and light rent shall be due and payable within seven days after the said notices are sent out, and it shall be the duty, and the power is hereby given the city tax collector to cut off all water and lights not paid for within the said given time.

Sec. 2. That a fee of fifty cents shall be charged and collected for water and lights cut on after the same has been cut off for failure to pay under this ordinance, the said fee to be collected before said water and lights are turned on again.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall be in effect from and after the date of its adoption.

Adopted Sept. 4, 1911.  
J. J. Crow, Mayor.  
P. H. Johnson, Clerk.

## Boy Drowned in Yadkin on Sunday.

Braxton Barkley, 17 years old, mailing clerk for the Salisbury Post, was drowned in the North Yadkin river, about 12 miles from this city, this morning at 10:30 o'clock at a point known as Horse Shoe bend.

Young Barkley, with Floyd and Lee Bost, brothers, had gone to the home of Mr. Ed Davis, near the scene of the drowning with a nephew of Mr. Davis, who lives in Florida and who is here on a visit. They left Salisbury at 6:30 o'clock, two going in a buggy and two on bicycles, Barkley being one of the latter. Arriving there they went to the river and went in swimming. Floyd Bost and Barkley were engaged in swimming from a certain point to a rock in the river called Sheephead rock. Floyd had reached the rock and Barkley was following close behind, when all of a sudden he called and said he was giving out and went under. Floyd swam out to where his companion had gone down and was still under. Floyd let his feet down in an effort to locate the drowning boy, who grasped him by the feet, pulling him under. Bost strangled, freed himself and was then too weak to render further assistance to Barkley. Bost saved himself with difficulty.

Barkley never came up and the alarm was given. Bost hurried to Mr. P. O. Tatum's, at South river, several miles distant, and telephoned to Salisbury of the affair, and parties with grabbing hooks hurried to the scene in automobiles, to begin dragging the waters, which at this point are from 12 to 15 feet deep.

The boy is a son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Barkley, who live on Cemetery street. His father was in Charlotte and was notified. His brother went to the scene at once. The mother was prostrated when the Observer representative called at the home this afternoon.

The two Bost boys are the ones who were out fishing with another boy near Salisbury one Saturday night when a storm came up and they all took refuge under a tree, which lightning struck instantly killing their companion named Correll and severely injuring Floyd Bost.

Barkley was an exceptionally bright and energetic lad and was well liked by his employers and those who knew him.—Salisbury Special to Charlotte Observer.

## A Real Nightmare.

Squire J. C. Laney, the popular and polite member of the board of county commissioners, was telling yesterday of a dream that he had the night before that may be called a real nightmare. He was sleeping in a hammock on the porch and suddenly began such a yelling that all the household were aroused and the boys got up and got their shot guns and rushed out to see who was killing their father. When the storm quieted down, Squire Laney explained that he had seen a tremendous big horse coming full tilt at him with an enormous mouth open and pawing to beat the band. He says he was not in so much danger as when the lightning came near striking him some time ago, but it was a lot more scared.

## Death of Mrs. J. M. Hartis.

Mrs. Maggie J. Hartis, wife of Mr. J. M. Hartis, died at her home in Charlotte last Friday, after an illness of several months of spinal trouble. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. A. Davis, of Union county, the latter of whom died some months ago. She is survived by her husband and two children, and was 42 years old. She was a member of Charlotte Westminister Presbyterian church and lived an exemplary Christian life. She suffered greatly for 15 months, but bore it with Christian fortitude.

Mr. C. H. Richardson returned from Baltimore last week. He reports that Mrs. Richardson, who is in a hospital there, is a little better and the doctors give hope of her permanent recovery.

## Balloonist Drowned at Charlotte.

Charlotte Observer.

In plain view of a horde of Saturday night pleasure-seekers, H. C. Brown, a balloonist of Lansing, Mich., fell into the lake at Lakewood park last night and was drowned before assistance could reach him. The accident occurred through the tearing of the balloon while Brown was in the air. Carried over the lake by a wind from the southwest, the huge bag sank lower and lower above the water, until it was within some 20 feet of the surface of the lake, when its occupant jumped. Boats were upon the spot within four minutes after the unfortunate man had plunged into the lake, but no trace of him could then be found.

It was generally believed by those who were nearby when the accident occurred that the unfortunate man, knowing that he was unable to swim and fearing lest he become smothered by the folds of the bag settling upon him and thereby be placed beyond the possibility of rescue before he sank, jumped in order to evade such entanglements. However that may be, no one will ever know just how the affair happened. Imperfect vision was against a clear statement of just what happened immediately preceding the accident.

The pleasure-seekers, to the number of several thousand, went out to Lakewood for the purpose of seeing a quantity of fireworks set off in mid-air. They expected to observe Balloonist Brown make the ascent and then, when several hundred feet above the ground, explode such fireworks as would provide a spectacular sight and amusement for the evening.

They did not count on such an occurrence as that which really happened. Instead of witnessing a balloon ascension and fireworks, they saw a balloon fall and the snuffing out of a young man's life.

## Corker Like to Have Got Him.

Several months ago Dr. Weaver preached a sermon at Hebron, in west Monroe township, and gave the tobacco chewing habit a hard lick. He never heard from that sermon till yesterday, when he met Mr. Jim Keziah on the street and then he heard a good deal.

"Why," said Mr. Keziah, "I haven't tasted tobacco since that day and what's more, I don't want it at all."

"That's good," remarked Dr. Weaver, "you can give that ten cents a week you spent for tobacco to something useful."

"Ten cents a week nothing," was the reply, "I chewed ten cents worth a day, and that was what was hurting me. Well, after the sermon that day we all went out in the yard and I asked all the boys who would quit with me to shake hands, and about twenty-five of them agreed to it, but every one of the rascals has blackslid."

"I guess they are all Methodists then," said Dr. Weaver.

"Oh, no, that isn't the reason. You see, they all promised to quit as long as I would and every one of them thought old Jim wouldn't hold out two days. Some held out a day or two, but all finally got back. I ain't had a bit of trouble but one time," wound up Mr. Keziah, "and that was a bout the third day after I quit. I was ploughing along side of the road and a drummer came along and throwed a sample package of 'Corker' at me. You know that is mighty juicy and I put it in my pocket and thought I'd carry it around for awhile just to feel big like, but I tell you I had to throw it away pretty soon."

## Mrs. Horton Hurt.

Mrs. T. C. Horton and her sister, Miss Hallie Horn, were driving on Franklin street Saturday, and their buggy and one that Mr. J. W. Fowler was driving collided and Mrs. Horton was thrown out and one wheel ran over her. She was quite painfully bruised and one ankle was sprained. Miss Horn was not hurt.

## Wingate News.

(Correspondence of The Journal)

Mrs. Lowery of Blawie Falls spent a day or two last week with her little daughter, Dorothy, who is in school here.

Miss Grace Hamilton, a student here, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home near Baker's Crossing.

Mr. Lem Watson, carrier on route 2, is spending his vacation with his sister, Mrs. Walter C. Perry, in Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beddingfield will return to their home in Wake county Tuesday morning after spending several days with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Stewart are on a visit to the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Armstrong, near Taxahaw, S. C.

Miss Mary Sherrin is visiting relatives at Marshville.

Mr. Howard C. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Brown, went to the Young-Harris Institute in Georgia last week, where he will enter school to prepare himself for the ministry. Mr. Brown has been employed in the railroad service for about ten years, having served as conductor for the past four years. He made known to his father a week ago the fact that for a number of years he had been deeply impressed with the call to service, but only recently had he surrendered.

We had two of the best sermons Sunday that we have had the pleasure of hearing. Rev. Mr. Cordell preached a most excellent sermon at eleven o'clock a. m. and Rev. J. W. Rowell gave us an instructive and soul-stirring sermon Sunday evening at 8:30, his theme being "See Visions."

Mrs. C. C. Lamb is visiting her mother, Mrs. Goodman, at Polkton.

Mr. Edgar J. Williams, son of Mr. Thos. Jeff Williams, and Mr. J. Clyde Jones left for Wake Forest College this morning, Monday.

Messrs. Boyce Sherrin and Carl Parker will go to Chapel Hill the last of the week to enter the University.

## The New South.

Collier's Weekly.

It is not two years since this paper began to try to call public attention in a conspicuous way to the fact that the South is the coming West; that there is now going on in the South the equivalent of that impressive expansion which took place in the West from five to thirty years ago. The difference is only in manner. The booms in various parts of the West were always spectacular and sometimes unhealthily feverish; the South's development in every material aspect is steady, substantial and permanent. This change in the Southern States is, in its present and future, so much the most important economic phenomenon now occurring on the continent of North America that it justifies the occasion of reiteration furnished by some recent census figures dealing with agriculture. The Southern States, which, ever since the civil war, have been producing the least per capita in farm values, are now beginning to produce the most. The Central Western States, long the synonym for the abundance of the soil, in the last decade show a 56 per cent. increase in crop values; the South Atlantic States show an increase of 138 per cent. South Carolina, only 26th among the States in population, has become 13th in crop values. One other interesting fact shown by the recent census is that the rural South is becoming white; in the last decade the whites in the rural parts of the South increased 15.4 per cent., the negroes only 6.8 per cent. This tendency will grow more marked with the coming in of farmers from the Central West, who are just learning that they can sell their present farms for a hundred dollars an acre and buy Southern land just as good for twenty.

## A Great Meeting of Woodmen.

(Correspondence.)

On Saturday night, September 2, 1911, a large and appreciative audience assembled in the auditorium of the Wesley Chapel School building under the auspices of Wesley Chapel Camp of Modern Woodmen of America to hear an address on the principles of the order. District Deputy Head Council, W. M. Tye of Charlotte was present and in a few well chosen and graceful remarks introduced the speaker of the evening, State Deputy, William R. Grant of Raleigh, N. C., who then delivered the strongest, clearest, and most forcible address on Modern Woodcraft ever heard here. He had his audience with him from the first, and held them till the last by his graceful delivery and convincing logic. It was a great speech. No synopsis would do it justice, hence none will be attempted.

At the conclusion of Mr. Grant's speech, Neighbor Tye made a short and telling address upon the safe and sound financial policy of the Modern Woodmen of America.

Every one went home well satisfied with the evening's entertainment and have the highest words of praise for Neighbors Grant and Tye.

Illustrated song by Mr. Henry Fairley at The Dixie tonight.

## Husband Killed, Wife Assaulted.

Lumberton, Sept. 3.—An unknown negro entered the home of Mr. Gray Tolar last night, shortly after 12 o'clock, struck him unconscious with a plov-bar while he was sleeping and then attempted to criminally assault his wife, who was sleeping in another bed in the same room. Mr. Tolar was brought to the Thompson hospital here this morning and his skull was found to be badly fractured and he is not expected to live. He has extensive sawmill interest and was living in a small house near one of his mills.

When the negro first entered the home he assaulted the owner and then attempted to assault Mrs. Tolar. She could feel his kinky hair on her face as he attempted to choke her. By some means she got his fingers off her throat and by screaming scared the brute away before he could accomplish his purpose. Mrs. Tolar went over to her husbands bed and finding him lying in a pool of blood, she grabbed up her two children and with them in her arms, ran a half of a mile to summon assistance from a neighbor.

Three suspects have been arrested and bloodhounds were sent to the scene of the crime this morning. One of the suspects had a unused ticket to Fairmont in his pocket, which he purchased yesterday afternoon.

Feeling over the outrage is running high, but violence will hardly be attempted as Mrs. Tolar cannot identify her assailant.

It is certain that the negro did not have robbery as his object, as he did not touch a roll amounting to \$120 which was in Mr. Tolars pocket.