

THE MONROE JOURNAL

VOL. 19. No. 17.

MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1913.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

DIED BY SLOW DEGREES.

Young Banker Took Poison by Mistake and Fought Bravely for a Week to Live.
B. Sanders Walker, a bank cashier and well to do real estate owner of Macon, Ga., died Thursday of poison contained in a bichloride of mercury tablet, which he took by mistake. For a whole week the case attracted the attention of the country. The poison was taken on Wednesday a week before he died on Thursday, and all that time he was told that there was no hope for his recovery at all. When not unconscious he made all his business arrangements, cheered his wife, and continued to declare that he would win, even after bodily organs became paralyzed and he spent little time in consciousness.

"If I am dying," he said, "then the sensation is not as unpleasant as it is generally pictured. If this be dying, then none need fear its terrors."

Despite assurances of the certainty of death as a result of his paralyzed organs, Walker's belief that he would recover was not shaken at a late hour. Repeatedly Wednesday he sought to comfort his wife, struggling bravely to bear up under the trying ordeal.

The young banker also displayed keen interest in the conferences held by his physicians and begged his nurse to tell him exactly what conclusions they had reached.

Walker frequently requested, until he became intermittently unconscious, to be permitted to talk with his relatives, practically all of his immediate family having been summoned to the patient's home when he became ill.

Efforts to ascertain the exact treatment Walker was given have been unavailing. The physicians declined to discuss this subject at all. It is understood, however, that they had been in close communication with physicians at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Killed in Boxing Match.

Calgary, Alberta, May 24.—Luther McCarty, claimant of the white heavy-weight championship of the world, today took the count from Referee Edward Smith, of Chicago, which marked him the loser in the ten-round fight with Arthur Pelkey, and eight minutes later died. Death was caused by a chance blow delivered somewhere in the region of the solar plexus after one minute and 45 seconds of fighting time had elapsed.

Arthur Pelkey tonight was arrested on the charge of manslaughter by the Northwestern mounted police and released a short time afterward on bail.

There had been one or two mix-ups of an inconsequential nature, then came a clinch. Referee separated the men. Both squared, neither seeming to be the worse for the clinch. McCarty doubled up in a crouching attitude. To the spectators it looked as though he was taking another fighting position. He dropped lower and lower, however. His eyes rolled. Then he collapsed and fell full length on the floor of ring.

The referee, assuming that McCarty had been knocked out, stood over him to count off the seconds. It was the final count for the young fighter.

Arthur Pelkey, winner of today's battle, at such heavy cost, stood at one side of his fallen adversary. He scarcely could realize what had happened. By this time the referee had become alarmed. He called for a doctor and several responded.

There were probably 10,000 men in the arena, when it was known that McCarty was dead. A few minutes before it had been a howling mob, but the news put a quietus on the spirits of the spectators and they filed quietly out of the arena.

Both men apparently were in splendid condition when they entered the ring. McCarty was the first to climb over the ropes. He was laughing and joking with friends and assistants and apparently was in a confident mood. A few minutes later Pelkey appeared. Both men were cheered, Pelkey a strong local favorite, receiving the greater volume of plaudits. The men shook hands, which was photographed and the bout started.

The men sparred cautiously at the opening, both handling themselves well. There were several mix-ups of no consequence, then Pelkey jabbed McCarty on the jaw. It was a good stiff blow and McCarty winced under it but smiled.

Then after a minute of fighting there was a fierce exchange and a clinch. In this clinch McCarty received the blow which caused his death. The referee separated the fighters.

Publisher of Lincoln Times Killed by Job Printer.

Lincolnton, May 24.—Floyd Beam, publisher of the Lincoln Times, a weekly newspaper printed here, is dead as the result of a pistol shot inflicted by Lewis Lee, proprietor of a local job printing plant. The two men had a dispute yesterday morning over some business transactions, and later in the day met on the street when, it is alleged, Lee shot at Beam five times, one bullet taking effect causing death late last night. Lee was arrested and placed in prison and will be tried at the next term of court.

It is terrible for a great singer to know that she has lost her voice, but it's torturing when she doesn't know it.

Fundy is Well on His Way.

Mr. A. F. Funderburk of Pageland, who started at Wrightsville Beach last Tuesday to walk across the continent and greet the waters of the Pacific some time before October 15, passed through Monroe Friday. He had spent the night with Mr. S. E. Belk, leaving there at six thirty Friday morning, and arriving in Monroe at eleven o'clock. He would have made the distance much sooner, but had to go several miles out of the way to see a man on business. He had walked seventeen miles that morning and was as fresh as if he had only taken a stroll before breakfast. He made a rather round about way from Wilmington to Pageland, walking in all 189 miles. Arriving at Pageland on Monday, he remained at home till Thursday evening. He left here for Charlotte Friday afternoon, whence he will go to Gastonia, then to Shelby. He had not decided where he would cross the Blue Ridge. He expects to average about thirty miles a day.

Making this trip across the continent is a long cherished idea of Mr. Funderburk. This spring he decided that he just couldn't put it off any longer and arranged his business accordingly. He is general manager of the Carolina Supply Co. of Pageland and is also interested in farming. He has arranged everything for a vacation of five months and will spend it footing across the continent. He has three children, all sons, the youngest of whom is married. Mrs. Funderburk will spend the summer with relatives in West Virginia.

The walker carries "neither purse nor script." Most of the walking artists who come along claiming to be walking some millions of miles on wagers are fakes pure and simple, and are merely beating their way, but Mr. Funderburk is doing his trip really as a lark that he has long been contemplating. He is enjoying the utmost kindness and hospitality on the part of the people along the road, and is making his own way. He sells post card pictures of himself in walking costume and thus makes enough money to defray any little expense that arises. From Wilmington to Pageland he spent only five cents. He carries no baggage, merely sending a small case of clothing on ahead by express. "Fundy" has promised to let the readers of The Journal hear from him from time to time.

When Freight First Came to Monroe.

In moving a pile of old rubbish at the freight depot the other day the gentlemen down there found the first book of freight receipts ever used in Monroe. The book is a large ledger, and the writing is as clear as if done last month. The writing was done by the late Capt. J. W. Whitfield, the first agent here. On the fly leaf is a memorandum saying that the track was completed here Nov. 7, 1874, and one saying that there was a heavy white frost here on April 22, 1875. The first freight was received Nov. 11, 1874, and Capt Kelly was the conductor who brought it. In the first car on that day were shipments of small packages of freight to H. M. Houston, R. D. Russell, H. M. Hardin, Armfield & Laney, B. D. Heath, W. H. Trott, L. E. DeLoas, J. T. Petteway, and J. D. Stewart, and five bales of hay for Robinson's circus, which was evidently in this section about that time. Most of the freight then and for some time came from Wilmington.

Fatal Automobile Ride Near Tarboro.

Tarboro, May 25.—W. N. Arnheim, a prominent business man of this place, and Mrs. Edna Morris, socially well known here, were killed and Mrs. Arnheim dangerously hurt this evening about 7 o'clock near Tarboro, when an automobile in which a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Arnheim, Mr. and Mrs. Morris and a Mr. Matthews were riding plunged into a ditch half filled with water. Mrs. Morris was dead when taken from under the car and it is believed that she was drowned. Mr. Arnheim lived for almost an hour. Mrs. Arnheim was thrown from the car when it plunged into the ditch and in some manner received a terrific blow on the head while several teeth were knocked out. Mr. Matthews and Mr. Morris jumped and saved themselves.

It is said that the party was proceeding down the road when Mr. Arnheim, who was driving, was asked to turn and take another route to town; Mr. Arnheim turned the car when suddenly it shot forward and with terrific speed, plunged into a ditch. The generally accepted theory of the accident is that Mr. Arnheim as he turned the car toward the other road intended to apply the brakes but that his foot struck the accelerator instead.

When the case of Cline vs. Cline, a suit of slander, was called in Catawba Superior court last week and Judge Daniels learned it was a case of father against son he remarked that he didn't want to try a case like that. The judge asked for a conference with the father and son and their attorneys. This was arranged, and within an hour the whole matter was arranged satisfactorily to all concerned.

At Salem, Mass., Mrs. Jessie M. Chapman, who more than a year ago killed Mrs. Florence Ingalls because the latter had circulated bad stories about her, was convicted of second degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

ABOUT POSTMASTERSHIPS.

The Wilson Way Supercedes the Taft Way and Fourth Class Offices are Open to Competition.
By Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner, Washington, May 24.—The mail of every member of Congress is being clogged with requests for information relative to the filling of fourth class postoffices. Here is the information most sought:

Q. What was the Taft order pertaining to fourth class postmasters?
A. It was an executive order made on October 15, 1912, placing all fourth class postmasters under civil service without an examination.

Q. What was the effect of this order?
A. It meant each fourth class postmaster in the United States then in office would hold the office indefinitely regardless of his fitness or qualifications, vacancies of course to be filled based on competitive examination.

Q. Wherein was this order unfair?
A. It put postmasters under civil service who had received their appointment by virtue of political considerations and took no account of merit whatsoever.

Q. What is the "Wilson Way"?
A. President Wilson, May 7, 1913, issued an executive order, amending the Taft order, which provides that in all fourth class postoffices where the compensation is \$180 a year or over, there shall be held an open competitive examination by the Civil Service Commission, the result of which shall be certified by the Commission to the Postmaster General. The Postmaster General shall appoint one of the three receiving the highest rating.

Q. How are they appointed when the compensation is under \$180?
A. By the Postmaster General based upon a report made by a postoffice inspector.

Q. Who holds these examinations?
A. Local examining boards are appointed by the Civil Service Commission to conduct the examination.

Q. When will these examinations be held?
A. It is impossible to tell at this time; but they will be held as soon as the Department can take care of the work, and as the needs of the service require.

Q. Where are examinations held?
A. At the most convenient point.

Q. How does one make application for examination?
A. After an examination is announced the applicant secures upon request, at the local postoffice, form 1753, which is the proper blank to be filled out and which contains full information pertaining to the examination.

Q. What is the nature of the examination?
A. It covers elementary arithmetic, penmanship, letter writing, copying tests, together with statement as to facilities for transacting the business of the office.

Q. How can one get more complete information pertaining to this matter?
A. By writing to the "Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." asking for copies of form 1752 and 1759, which contain instructions to applicants and rules and regulations governing appointments, or by writing your member in Congress.

Leo M. Frank is Accused of Killing Mary Phagan.

Atlanta, Ga., May 24.—The already widespread interest in the murder of Mary Phagan, the pretty 14-year-old factory employee, whose body was found in the basement of the National Pencil factory April 27, was deepened today by several developments.

Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the factory, today was indicted by the Fulton county grand jury on a charge of murdering the Phagan girl. Frank was held by the coroner for investigation by the grand jury, and has been a prisoner in the tower since a few days after the tragedy was discovered.

The grand jury took no action in the case of Newt Lee, the negro watchman at the pencil factory, also held for investigation in connection with the case. Lee's attorney, however, issued a statement in which he indicated that his client will give testimony calculated to prove the identity of the girl's slayer. Another interesting feature in connection with the efforts of the local police department and special detectives to solve the murder, was an affidavit made by James Conley, a negro employe of the pencil factory, who was held by the authorities as a witness for the prosecution.

In his affidavit Conley states that on the day preceding the Phagan girl's murder, Frank called him into his office in the pencil factory and had him write several notes "to get a sample of his handwriting." Conley avers that he wrote at Frank's dictation, and he believes the notes he wrote were the same that were found beside the slain girl's body. It is understood that Frank's trial on the charge of murdering Mary Phagan will begin during the third week in June.

HOUSTON FOR THE SILENCE MEDAL.

The Secretary of Agriculture Breaks All Records as a Man Who Keeps His Own Counsel — Locating Him in Washington.

The Saturday Evening Post each week runs a page of brilliant comment entitled "Who's Who and Why," in which it deals with the prominent men of the country. Last week it had the following on Secretary of Agriculture Houston:

It now becomes my pleasant duty to bestow the large radium medal for skillful silence on the man in this new administration who can—and does—keep his own affairs closest under cover; the man who, when it is time to say nothing, says even less than that; the man who, in short, is scientifically obtuse when no language from him is required by the specifications.

For a period, especially when he was garnering his Cabinet, President Wilson was a likely candidate for this decoration; but in the very act of collating that consorting constellation of coadjutors the President injured his own chances to such an extent that, apt as he is at holding his conversation in restraint, and his plans and purposes, he fails to qualify. Wherefore Dr. David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture, will now step three paces forward and receive the glittering reward of merit. When it comes to saying nothing about what he has in mind, Doctor Houston, I am here to assert, has the laconic former Senator Wetmore, who spoke two hundred and forty-seven words in eighteen years of public life, looking like J. Ham Lewis, who spoke two hundred and forty-seven million words in eighteen months of the same.

We have all heard how Doctor Houston, with the letter in his pocket inviting him to be secretary of agriculture, rode for twenty-six hours in the train with a careful expert St. Louis politician on the way to the inauguration, each one of whom knew exactly who was to be in the Cabinet, and heard them nominate some two hundred and twenty-two Democrats for the job he himself had—listening interestedly, but imparting no light; but that perform an pale into loquaciousness when compared with a previous one.

The reserved Doctor hails from North Carolina, and one of his close Washington friends is Logan W. Page, a Virginian, who is one of the road experts of the Department of Agriculture. A few days before the inauguration Page received a telegram from Houston directing him to secure for Houston two rooms and bath, and a room for the children and nurse, for occupancy during those festivities. Mr. Page has lived in Washington for a long time. He knows what Washington hotel-keepers do to strangers who seek the shelter of their inns during such functions. Also he was well aware that the salary of the chancellor of Washington University of St. Louis, which was the position held by his friend Houston, would stand no such strain as the desired accommodations would entail.

Page studied the telegram carefully. He was of the opinion his friend Houston had suddenly struck a gold mine on the university campus or that he was unaware of the heights to which Washington hotel rates can soar at inauguration time. He concluded there was no El Dorado in it, but conversely a lack of information; so he replied to his dear friend Houston that he, Page, would protect him against himself and would do no such thing. Later there came another wire saying Mrs. Houston and the children had decided not to come at that time; and would Page kindly get Houston a parlor, bedroom and bath? Page was firm. In his capacity as next friend he did not intend to allow Houston to waste his substance in this manner; and he took hold of the matter firmly and secured one small room for the chancellor at a price of five dollars a day—enough, in all conscience, for any chancellor to pay.

THE EXIT OF TAMA JIM.

A day or two before Houston came, Page feeling well satisfied over the aid he had extended in conserving the Houston bankroll, went down to the Department of Agriculture to attend the going-away ceremonies of Mr. Tama Jim Wilson, who took root some sixteen years before. Mr. Wilson addressed his faithful colleagues, including Mr. Page; wished them well; intimated that perhaps the Constitution was being violated by the appointment of a successor to him; and told them he wished he could inform them as to the identity of the next secretary of agriculture—but he could not.

Whereupon up rose a man who said: "Why, I can tell you. It's a man named Houston from St. Louis. I saw Mr. Bryan today and he told me so."

"What's that?" gasped Page. "Say that again!"

"It's a man named Houston, from St. Louis."

"Let me out of here!" implored Page. "Give me space and air—principally air! A man named Houston, from St. Louis, and I've got him stuck away in a hall bedroom! Now what do you think of that?"

Well, there is only one thing to think about it, and that one thing is—as previously thought in this illuminating address—that the medal belongs to David Franklin Houston secretary of Agriculture. He certainly can keep his own counsel.

Down in St. Louis, wether he came from Texas in 1908, they say he is

the quietest man who ever lived there, and the most deliberate. Haste and Houston do not assimilate. The students at Washington University report that he takes much time in deciding matters that come before him, hearing all sides without question or comment and dismissing each person concerned with no intimation of what the decision will be. Then he weighs the evidence and finally hands down his decree. He may be quicker on the trigger in the Department of Agriculture, and that has not developed yet; but there are evidences that he will take his time, which is about all the time there is.

Houston is a husky, broad-shouldered, grave and self-contained man, who has been educator all his life. He was a tutor in ancient languages in the College of South Carolina and a graduate student there in 1887 and 1888, and superintendent of the city school of Spartanburg, South Carolina, from 1888 until 1891. He studied political science at Harvard for three years after that and then went to the University of Texas, where he taught political science until 1902, becoming dean in 1899. He was president of the Agricultural & Mechanical College of Texas from 1902 to 1905, when he went back to the University as president, remaining there until he went as chancellor to the Washington University in 1908.

At Washington University he was known as a cordial but reserved person, rather remote in his dealings with the student body.

There are times when he is not so reserved, however. Indeed, in moments of relaxation he has been an actor—has trod the boards. The alumnae of Mary Institute, in St. Louis, which is an adjunct of Washington University, gave a play once, when Doctor Houston essayed the only male part and, it is reported, showed great talent at the histrionic art. At least that is what the students said, albeit he had no offers to go into vaudeville afterward.

This was merely by way of diversion, for Houston is a tremendous student and an efficient executive. He developed Washington University to a marked degree, raising the research work in quality and effectiveness by bringing in scientists of the first class; and the reorganization of the medical school was largely his work. He is chairman of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission—the hookworm men; and was—and may be now president of the Harvard Graduates' Club.

A methodical man is Houston, systematic enough to satisfy the most exacting. He runs his life by rules. One is never to answer the telephone except between hours in the afternoon; another is not to permit himself to be disturbed when he is at his meals, and still another is never to transact any business after dinner. He has a fine family of children.

His great characteristic, however, is his ability to remain silent. If he organizes himself in the Department of Agriculture there will be many happy, happy half hours down there on the Mall when the impetuous statesmen are dashing against him for jobs, for seeds, for whatever they think he has to help them along in their careers as statesmen, such as extra copies of the Horse Book, and a few ferns now and then for decorative purposes—when Mrs. Statesman is giving a tea.

A New Wrinkle in a Damage Suit Case.

One would think there was nothing new in the damage suit industry; that all expedients had been tried out. But those who keep up with such matters constantly find some new thing, and here is one from Asheville.

A city ordinance of Asheville provides that no train shall block a street crossing for a longer period than three minutes, and based on a violation of this ordinance J. R. Lamb and wife have brought suit against the Southern railway for \$3,000 damages. It is alleged that Mrs. Lamb was ill and a physician called to see her found a train blocking the crossing. The doctor waited 40 minutes and then was compelled to seek another route. As a result of the blocking of the crossing he was an hour late in reaching his patient's bedside, and as a result of this hour's delay it is alleged that Mrs. Lamb suffered greatly for lack of medical attention and her health was impaired. Wherefore the plaintiffs demand the sum of \$3,000 "and such other and further relief" as the court may grant.

"The Dog House Builders."

They pose as builders and build like boobs. They get an order for a dog house. They build it in the cellar and it is too big to get through the door. They tear it apart, rebuild it and deliver it to the customer, only to find that they have made it ten sizes too large for the dog. They build a smaller one to discover on delivering it, that the first dog is replaced by a big Dane that threatens to eat them up when he sees the house they expect him to inhabit. They dissolve partnership and look for other occupation. It is a laugh is what you are looking for, you will get it tonight at the Pastime Theatre.

Paul Roberts, on trial for murder at Alma, Kann., was found dead in his cell on the morning of the day the jury was ready to return a verdict in his case. The jury room was directly over Roberts' cell and it is thought Roberts heard the jury proclaim him guilty of first degree murder and drank poison.

MONROE BOY SHOTS MAN IN CHARLOTTE.

Attacked by Man Whom he Refused to Sell Cigarettes on Sunday.

News was received here Sunday morning that Mr. Willie Stevens, the young son of Mrs. Atha Stevens, who is a clerk in a commissary car of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, had shot and dangerously wounded Mr. G. S. Smith of Virginia, who is foreman of a construction crew. The following account of the shooting is taken from yesterday's Charlotte Observer:

Following a dispute which, it is claimed was brought on by a demand for cigarettes to be sold on Sunday, Mr. W. B. Stevens, commissary clerk of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, shot and perhaps fatally wounded Mr. G. S. Smith, the latter of Virginia, who has been for some time past chief of the construction crew building the railroad extension into Charlotte.

The altercation occurred in the commissary car which was stationed on the Seaboard track between Caldwell and Davidson streets about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. Smith walked into the car and demanded the cigarettes which Stevens claimed could not be sold to him on Sunday. Words followed and Smith undertook, so it is said, to take by force the goods. Stevens is a lad only 19 years of age and when the older and stronger man forced his way upon him, he apprehended serious bodily injury and drew his pistol and fired once. Smith then caught him by the neck, according to Stevens' statement, and forced him over a cot, making sundry passes at him all the while. Stevens then fired a second time, both shots taking effect in the body.

As soon as the second shot was fired, Smith fell over on the floor of the car and Stevens immediately hastened out to summon a doctor. He rushed up to the overhead bridge on Caldwell street and there asked some children to telephone for a physician. This was done and as soon as help could be secured the wounded man was taken to St. Peter's Hospital, where everything possible is being done for him.

The attending physicians stated immediately after a superficial examination that Smith's injuries had been performed in a number of places and that he was in a most serious condition. It is hardly thought that he will recover.

Stevens, as soon as he had secured a doctor, hastened to the home of Chief of Police Christenbury to give himself up. Chief Christenbury was on duty and so the young man telephoned to the police station, stating that he had shot the man and that he was ready to give himself up. He is being held pending the determination of the seriousness of the injuries of the wounded man.

Stevens comes of one of the best families in Union county. He is a son of the late David Stevens and is a cousin of Mr. W. F. Stevens of this city, county auditor. During the past year he has been in school in Monroe and only came to Charlotte 10 days or two weeks ago to work as commissary clerk for the Norfolk Southern. He has never been in trouble before and bears a good reputation. It is stated that he will claim self-defense when the case is called for trial. Messrs. J. A. McRae and Plummer Stewart of the firm of Stewart & McRae have been retained as counsel for the young man.

Inquiry at St. Peter's Hospital last night brought the information that Mr. Smith was not resting so well. His condition there was reported to be very critical.

(Mr. Stevens has always borne the reputation of being a quiet and gentlemanly young fellow who attended strictly to his own business, and those who know him cannot believe that he acted other than in self defense.—The Journal.)

Chicago Salesman Takes Poison and is Near Death.

Chicago, May 25.—W. L. McCutcheon, salesman who took bichloride of mercury tablets by mistake, and whom doctors yesterday thought was sentenced to death, received his reprieve today. Physicians decided that in all probability he would recover. McCutcheon was taken to his home tonight. It will be necessary to watch his condition carefully for several days however.

The automobile salesman suffered little today. He retained his consciousness. Frequently he discussed the case of B. Sanders Walker, the Macon, Ga., banker who died last week from the same poison accidentally taken. Before the doctors told him of his chance for recovery, McCutcheon spoke of the statement attributed to Walker before his death. "If this is dying," the Georgia man is quoted as saying, "no one need have fear of death." Prospects of an "easy death" apparently reassured him.

Except for the nausea immediately following his taking the poison McCutcheon has felt no sickness. "It is hard to believe that a person who feels perfectly well is in any danger of death," he said.

Mr. McCutcheon declared he would accept the assurance of recovery and prepare for life by remaining in bed under the constant watch of his physicians.

On a visit of inspection to the Naval Academy at Annapolis on Wednesday, Secretary Daniels took a ride in a flying boat, riding eight miles through the air.