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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

SAD SUNDAY IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Tremendous Storms of the Week Have Doubtless Made One Thousand Widows and Orphans—Mothers Found Sons and Fathers Locked in Each Others Arms.

St. Johns, N. F., April 5.—Anxiety deepened tonight for the 173 men of the sealing steamer Southern Cross, which has been missing since Tuesday's blizzard. She was not reported either by incoming vessels of the sealing fleet or by the steamer Kyle, sent out by the Government to search for her. If she is not heard from by sunset tomorrow she will be officially posted as lost with all on board. Disaster to her following so closely the loss of 77 men of the sealer Newfoundland, would bring on the colony the greatest tragedy in its history, depriving whole settlements of their breadwinners and rendering 1,000 women and children dependant on charity.

As the public learned today from the New Foundland's survivors, who were landed yesterday, details of the two-day's blizzard and the condition in which it caught the Southern Cross, the first hopes, based on the stoutness of the ship, faded. Captain Daniel Martin of the Steamer Erik and Captain Bartlett of the Terra Nova which arrived with full catches, were dubious regarding the safety of the missing ship. Neither had seen her within a week.

Captain Martin said he parted company from her a week ago Thursday when the Southern Cross turned homeward with 17,000 seals. She was so deeply laden that all her provisions and part of her bunker coal were stored on deck.

SOUTHERN CROSS LAST SEEN.

Captain Bartlett of the Terra Nova, said the last he saw of the Southern Cross was a week ago Friday when she was wallowing slowly down the coast. Other ships of the fleet sighted the steamer driving before the gale last Thursday morning. She has not been reported since and the shippers of the fleet who came through that fleet and the storm of equal severity later in the week, say every chance was against a vessel so deep in the water as the Southern Cross.

In every church today the disaster which overtook the New Foundland's men on the ice was the theme of the sermon. Messages of sympathy from the King and from the Canadian Premier were read. By noon all but five of the 69 bodies of the New Foundland's hunters brought in yesterday by the Bellaventure, had been notified. These were shipped tonight to Bona Vista, where most of the victims lived.

Attendants at the Grenfell Institute, which was turned into a morgue, said that the scenes accompanying the identification of the bodies were almost beyond endurance. One woman found two bodies clasped so tightly in death that they could not be separated. They were husband and son. The lad was wrapped in his father's arms as if the man had been trying to shield him from the pitiless cold.

The hand of another dead man was missing. One of the survivors who had lain helpless near the body for nearly 48 hours said that his comrade, unable to stand the agony of the frost bite, had sliced off the hand with his seaman's knife.

A gray haired mother supported by her two daughters, passed down the long rows looking for her sons. Attention was suddenly drawn to them when the woman fell to the floor in a faint. They had found not only the four sons and brothers, but two cousins among the dead.

MAIMED FOR LIFE.

Of the 30 survivors in the hospital none is expected to die but the majority never will be fit for active service again. Three lost both hands and both feet. Five lost both feet. Eight other, lost a foot and a hand will lose a hand or fingers. The others will bear scars for life.

Some of the survivors said they sought shelter from the Arctic gale behind the bodies of dead shipmates, but in all the delirium of the two days and nights exposure, the bodies of the dead were left inviolate. Each man of the 150 endured his lot with grim patience, and each one, the dead as well as the living, was found with his full equipment of clothes, boots and sealing gear intact.

Special memorial services will be held Tuesday. By that time, also relief measures can be considered. If the Southern Cross fails to appear, the families of her 173 men might be provided for, as well as those of the Newfoundland's dead and crippled.

Fighting Ticks in Chesterfield.

Dr. H. B. Hood and W. B. Earl, supervising inspectors for the cat-tick eradication, are here and the efforts to destroy all ticks in Chesterfield county have been renewed. They expect to work at least four men in the county during the summer, and hope to visit every farm in the county during the next few weeks.

Alberta, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith of Lanes Creek township died last Thursday night. She had an attack of measles a few weeks ago and she never fully recovered. She was a bright child and was the idol of the home.—Pageland Journal.

Want to buy or sell something? Try an ad. in the Special Notice column of The Journal.

A DINNER OF THE FREAKS.

Barnum & Bailey's Aggregation of Curiosities Aired Themselves and Their Grievances at Festive Board. New York Herald.

Boldly with the intention of having the affair heralded to the uttermost parts of the country the publicity promoters of Barnum & Bailey's circus yesterday afternoon arranged a dinner in Healy's restaurant, Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue, in which the "freaks" were supposed to honor Zip, the oldest "freak" in the business, on his sixty-fifth birthday. Therefore be it known that no police card was needed to see the armless wonder smoke a cigarette which she held between two toes of her left foot while with the other foot she deftly handled a delectable, or to hear the rumblings of content which emanated from Zip, the "What is it?" of the circus business.

All a reporter had to do was to walk up one flight and whisper "Reporter" and he was hustled into the jungle room, where no ordinary spectacle met his eyes. I was there, and I know.

On first entering the room the persons at the dinner table seemed as if they might have been just men and women who had no taste for color harmony in their attire. At second glance one might imagine that his mind was wandering, for on the table between cocktail glasses was a creature known as Princess Weenie Wee, who is so tiny that it is a pity. Then there was an Indian, a Samoli person, clutching an assegai, a woman of ponderous size, and a man who seemed nothing but bones and face. After that one became interested.

'T WAS A FREAKISH AFFAIR.

Certainly it was a freakish affair. The living skeleton was overheard to remark that nobody loved a fat man and the fat woman was eating all his food as well as her own. The sword swallower was trying to put a knife and a fork about twenty-four inches long down her throat at the same time, and that armless wonder was at that moment dipping the great toe of her left foot into her soup, handling—or should I say "footing"—a big spoon as best she could. She then was seen to smooth back a stray lock with the same foot, which was clad in Danube blue hose of shintiest silk.

"Jack Barrett, the midget, who was talking about his new baby, was toastmaster. He told all those at the table that he objected to the term "freak," adding that persons who made their living in this way were curiosities—pronounced "corros-tes."

After a sip at the second cocktail Barrett, who is about thirty-nine years old and thirty-eight inches in height, toasted Zip. He said that without Zip there would have been no Barnum & Bailey circus, and then became fulsome in panegyric. The fat woman scowled, and the armless wonder, Senorita Marie, sipped her cocktail, holding the shank of the glass with her toes.

Mrs. Maxine, who spoke American with great fluency, was cooing a beloved snake, which was coddled in a tinpan on the table before her. This same snake nearly put a stop to the party and caused the anger of Thomas Healy.

SNAKE FOR HER BOA.

Perhaps at the suggestion of the publicity loving press agents, Madame, who wore the snake to the restaurant as if it were a feather boa, sought to check her wraps. She handed the snake to the coat girl. The girl shrank from the reptile and in doing so she touched a heated radiator. The girl then imagined that there were other snakes and that the burn she received was a snake bite. This resulted in much confusion, and a few minutes passed before the girl would take anything from anybody who entered the place.

As soon as this was forgotten Running Jump, the Indian, sat next to a cocktail and then discovered that the one next to his own was not then in demand. Soon he was drinking beer, and it was with sincere regret that he tarried a moment to make a speech in Sioux regarding Zip.

Cherry Davis, the fat woman, who sat in an upholstered arm chair as none of the other seats were larger enough for her, suddenly accused Zip of flirting with the snake charmer, and when brought to task the aged freak admitted that Madame Maxine was more to him than the mountain of flesh.

DANCING, TOO, IN THE CELEBRATION.

Barrett smoked one of the biggest cigars he could find, and between puffs quited the fat woman, urging her to take some more of the food put in front of the living skeleton. Next to running Jump sat Djamah Ali, an alleged Somali chief, who ate only fruit and sardines and drank milk. As he imbibed the milk he gazed suspiciously at Running Jump, who only grunted a "How!" now and then. Eddie Masher, the living skeleton, sipped his beer from a liquor glass.

After Barrett had proposed a toast to President Wilson a dance was suggested, and the giantess grasped the Somali chief, the fat woman the living skeleton, Madame Maxine the redskin, and Barrett tangoed with Princess Weenie Wee. Then Andrew Sturtz, tattooed man, asked the armless wonder to waltz with him. Soon all were gliding over the floor to tunes played by the pianist and violinist.

Send your ads. in early as possible.

NOT MUCH OF A MEDICINE.

State Board of Health Makes Inquiries of Physicians as to Liquor Prescriptions and Finds Out Important Facts—Best Practice is Away From Whiskey. Yet Prescriptions Have Increased—How Doctors are Imposed Upon.

Mr. Warren H. Booker, assistant secretary of the State Board of Health, has been investigating the question of how much whiskey is needed for sickness. He has made his investigation among doctors themselves and come to some important conclusions. A part of his article follows:

"Just a little on account of sickness." That used to be an old excuse for keeping the jug around the house. Now it is becoming an excuse for getting whiskey by the pint, or quart from the drug stores. The question has been raised if prescribing liquor is not, in some cases, getting it "under false pretense," or at least a privilege that is abused. This tendency, it has been noticed, has been on the increase within recent years.

In order to get at the facts in the case, to learn definitely if the general attitude of the medical profession is to increase or decrease the use of alcoholic liquors in treating disease, and to establish a rough standard, rule or guide showing the average quantity of alcoholic liquor now used by the best authorities on medicine, the Secretary of the State Board of Health wrote to a number of the best hospitals in the country, and to all the physicians of the State who have been officers of the State Medical Society during the last five years, and asked them to give definite facts as to the number of patients they treated in a year, together with the total amount of liquor prescribed.

A great many answers were received. From these it was found that, for a total of 185,952 patients treated during one year, a total of 691 gallons of whiskey and brandy was prescribed. This, reduced down, proved to be an average of about three-fourths of a tablespoonful per patient during the entire year. This result, from such a large number of cases from the practice of reputable physicians and hospitals, can only be construed as being an index as to what constitutes good practice in regard to the use of liquor as medicine.

From the replies received to the letters of inquiry, two important points were brought out:

1. A great many of the doctors stated that they were using much less liquor now than they did from 5 to 10 or 15 years ago, and that, too, patients were more successfully treated than when more liquor was prescribed.

2. It could not but be noted that, in general, doctors who had received their degrees in medicine within the last 10 years were prescribing a great deal less liquor than doctors who graduated prior to that time. A great many of the very best doctors of the younger set prescribe no liquor whatever.

From these two points it appears that unmistakably the tendency in the best medical practice of the present day is to decrease rather than increase the quantity of liquor prescribed.

One of the most striking features of the whole matter is that while the BEST medical practice both in the State and in large hospitals outside the State shows a strong tendency to decrease the amount of liquor prescribed, yet the actual amount of liquor prescribed by the profession as a whole is believed to be largely increased during recent years, and it will be noted that this increase is coincident with the more rigid enforcement of our prohibition laws.

In view of the facts in the case, it is plain that some sort of remedy is needed for the present drug store liquor trade. It must be admitted that very few, if any, physicians voluntarily prescribe much of the liquor that is now bought at drug stores. Much pressure is brought to bear upon them by a certain class of patients, whereas if the doctors had some good, concrete argument to fall back on which would appeal to this class of people, they could, without causing offense, avoid doing what their consciences decree is wrong. In other words, we believe that a remedy for such conditions would be more welcome to doctors than to any one else.

List Takers.

The county commissioners have appointed the following list takers for the different townships in the county:

- W. L. Thomas, Lanes Creek.
- T. C. Eubanks, Buford.
- W. J. Sims, Jackson.
- R. B. Cuthbertson, Sandy Ridge.
- J. E. Broome, Vance.
- I. A. Clontz, Goose Creek.
- W. H. Brooks, New Salem.
- F. W. Ashcraft, Marshville.
- W. F. Benton, Monroe.

Jurors for May Term.

The county commissioners have drawn the following jurors to serve at a term of court for one week beginning Monday, May 4th, for the trial of civil cases:

- Jas. E. McCollum, John E. Love, Worley E. Griffin, A. F. Stevens, G. M. Little, Wesley Hinson, T. B. Alexander, John W. Belk, S. M. Blythe, Ed. H. Laney, J. B. Bailey, R. Edgar Williams, A. T. Austin, J. M. Carraway, W. T. Morgan, T. N. Sims, John F. Marze, W. L. Craig.

SLENDER GIRL, CAUGHT FAT MAN

Followed Him for Days Because He Had Stolen Her Diamonds and Finally Landed Him on Street Car. New York Herald.

Scores of persons in a Fifth avenue elevated train in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon were astonished to see a slim, demure looking girl suddenly dart from her seat as the train pulled into the Thirty-sixth street station, grasp a large man by the coat tails and scream for the police. Several men went to her assistance and held her prisoner until Policeman Culklin appeared.

In the police station the girl said she was Miss Estelle Reeb, twenty-one years old, and that the man was Peter Orloff. She said he had been a lodger at No. 1,928 Jefferson street, where she lives with her mother, and had absconded with six diamond rings valued at \$1,000.

"This man came to our house several weeks ago," she related to Lieutenant Busby, "told my mother and me he was a nurse in the Bushwick Hospital and wanted to rent a room from us because we lived near the hospital. We let him have the room and appeared to be an ideal boarder. Almost every evening he would sit with us and sing hymns. We trusted him implicitly, for he seemed to be very religious. On April 2nd he did not come home in the evening, and when I looked for my rings I found they were gone."

Then Miss Reeb and her mother went to the hospital and heard that Orloff was not employed there.

"I determined to find him," the girl continued, "and have searched for him every day since. I went to see everyone he had ever mentioned, and getting no trace of him, I was almost discouraged until late this afternoon."

She said she was on a Myrtle avenue train going into the Bridge street station when she saw Orloff standing on the opposite platform waiting for a train.

"I hastened to the other side and just got the train," she said. "As we rode along I kept my eyes glued on him until we got into South Brooklyn. Then I went to the guard and told him to blow his whistle when we came to the Thirty-sixth street station. The guard refused to do it, and my talk with him attracted the attention of Orloff. I sat down, hoping he would not recognize me. He did, though, and started toward the platform when I grasped him."

Orloff was indignant at the charge. The police say he has a record.

Father Shew Son and Himself.

Riverhead, L. I., Dispatch April 5th. The body of Frank Mueller, one of the wealthiest property owners of Suffolk county, with that of his son, William, six years old, was found early this morning in the rooms in which they lived over Hirth's, a grocery store, in Peconic avenue, in this village.

From the position of the bodies and the furniture in the room the police are convinced that Mueller killed his son and then cut his own throat with a razor. A razor was found in the room with Mueller, and form the stains on the floor it was evident that he had walked about the rooms after having cut his own throat.

Mueller suffered financial reverses which swept away practically all his property eighteen months ago, and with his family of a wife and three children moved to Deruyster, N. Y. A year ago Mrs. Mueller, with two of their sons, Earl, twenty-one years old, and William, returned to the old home here. The third son was reported to be away at school.

Six months ago Mueller himself returned, but instead of going to live with his family he took rooms over Hirth's store. He often called on his wife and children and was seen frequently in the streets leading little William by the hand.

The lad went to stay with his father for several nights, last week, and early yesterday the older boy, Earl, went over to the rooms. He got no response to his knock on the door, and after calling assistance, it was broken open. The body of father and son were found in separate rooms, and near that of the elder man was a bottle of laudanum, some of which the police believe Mueller had drunk.

Coroner Cornwall was notified and took charge of the bodies. He will hold an autopsy today. Mueller was well known throughout Suffolk county, and had just announced to his friends that he was fitting up an apartment in Riverhead, in which he hoped to get his family together again.

Births in Monroe Township.

- To Mr. and Mrs. Key Staples, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Williams, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Fisher, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Mullis, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Walker, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Aycock, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogers, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Hinson, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Bundy Gay, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Privett, a daughter.

Splendid music by the Monroe Orchestra at the Rex tonight. Also good pictures.

FALLACY OF WAREHOUSE PLAN.

Has Some Good Points But Looks Towards Monopolization of the Cotton Business. (Editorial in The State Journal by R. F. Beasley.)

The papers have been full for some days of news and views about a proposition of Mr. J. B. Duke to build a huge system of warehouses over the South for the purpose of handling the cotton crop. We fancy this plan will eventually go the way that the round bale scheme for monopolizing the handling of cotton some years ago. But it is upon the surface so plausible, so apparently beneficial, as possessing of economic worth, that the South will for a while be deceived as to its tendencies. But it ought to be called a "plan to strangle the cotton growing industry and rifle the pockets of the corpse."

In stating our position it is not necessary for us to question the motives of Mr. Duke. We may admit that he is actuated by a wholesome desire to benefit both growers and manufacturers. We admit that the plan has some of the elements of economic necessity. We admit that it has some of the points along which there will be an eventual and useful development. It has, in fact, almost to a perfect degree, the two elements of a good trust and a bad trust. That is it proposes to secure a saving in expense by organization on a large scale which can cut out many wastes of the present unorganized system of handling. That is a natural development and anything which can do this should be encouraged.

Any plan which does this in any line of business as a natural development and not as a result of secret privilege, direct or indirect, is to be encouraged. But the only thing in the world which can determine the value of this principle is free competition in the same field. The other element which this plan of Mr. Duke's has, and which usually goes along with the first, is the feature of monopoly secured by the arbitrary power outside of the field of natural development and economic service and derived from control of a direct or a number of indirect privileges to which outsiders have no access. We submit as a reasonable and fair inference, that a man who, like Mr. Duke, has made his millions out of an unhealthy monopoly of one industry, and who is fast securing a monopoly of the present most important development in the South, would naturally be chiefly attracted by the possibility of a monopoly of cotton handling. Though his plan presents some features of economic saving, it is no injustice to Mr. Duke and his allies to think that their eyes are glued rather to the main chance, which is the securing of an arbitrary power over the sale and handling of a crop that yearly brings millions upon top of millions of dollars into the South.

Mr. Duke proposes to enter into an agreement with the cotton farmers by which he undertakes to do everything necessary to the marketing of the crop. But the plan contemplates that after the farmer rolls his cotton off at the door of the warehouse he will have no more control over it than the spider has over the oak tree to which his thin line of silk is attached. Now, this would not be harmful provided the farmer was left free to patronize the warehouse or not. But with the full success of the plan he would not be left free. The tendency would be to make the one warehouse system the sluice through which whole cotton crop must be run, and when once this had become the recognized agency by the manufacturers, transportation companies, financial and other agencies, the individual farmer who did not wish to patronize the company would have no other recourse. He would have to drop his little bale of cotton into the hopper which Mr. Duke and his financial friends of New York and London controlled just as surely and securely as he has to drop his nickel into the slot of Mr. Duke's street cars before he can enter and take a ride. We are not sure, in fact, that Mr. Duke did get his warehouse idea from his nickel-in-the-slot-before-you-enter-the-car idea now in vogue on his street railways.

The tendency to force the marketing of the whole crop through this one warehouse system would be irresistible. The independent buyers now on every local market would be wiped off the slate with the first stroke. The warehouses would, of course, be situated near the railroads right-of-way, and at most convenient places for handling. Thus the railroads would eventually be allied with the warehouse company in discouraging the handling of cotton in any other form than the recognized channel. The privilege of financing the thing on their own terms would be in the hands of a coterie of financiers who would gradually demand that others keep their fingers out of the pie. The mills would go to the warehouse to buy, for there they would find the most cotton, and not having to be troubled about buying ahead, they would buy at their own bids. This would be a powerful factor in helping to solidify the trade into the one ordained sluice. Eventually the financial interests controlling the warehouse would become more and more influential with the financial interests of the manufacturers. In short, the cotton industry, which has heretofore remained competitive on account of its wide distribution, would be so solidified that one huge interest would soon control it, and

LIVE NEWS ABOUT WINGATE.

Compliments Mr. Morrow—Postmaster Appointed—A Successful Catch of Mice.

Correspondence of The Journal. Wingate, April 9.—Born on Friday, the 3rd, inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Griffin twins, both boys.

Preston McItea, colored, died last Sunday evening. His death resulted from a pistol wound received last fall in a rucuss with another negro over at Palmerville, where they were both engaged as laborers, on the "works" of the Southern Aluminum Co. at the Narrows, on the Yadkin river.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Austin visited Mrs. Adaline Caraway. Mrs. Austin's sister and widow of the late J. C. Caraway. Mrs. Caraway has been in feeble health for several years. Her condition is no worse, however.

Mr. R. A. Morrow, our bank president, was in our village a few days ago. Mr. Morrow carries sunshine wherever he goes. His cheerful smile, his pleasant greetings and cordial grip are always inspiring.

The new blacksmith shop in rear of T. L. Brewer's store is occupied by Mr. Bob Bok. Mr. Bok is a good mechanic and deserves his share of the public patronage. Mr. H. F. Williams, our clever townsman, is the proprietor of the plant.

Mr. Brady Gaddy has recently opened out a new stock of heavy and fancy groceries one door north of the defunct drug company's building and just opposite the mayor's office. Watch Wingate Widen!

Mr. W. A. Chaney, our enterprising merchant, had some fine fish on sale Saturday morning—shad and flounders. Your correspondent took a flounder, not that he preferred it to shad but that it conformed more nearly to the shape of his purse.

Mr. Henry Sherrin's friends will be sorry to learn that his condition is no better.

Mr. R. L. McWhirter drew the lucky card in the contest for postmasterhip for Wingate. Lawson will make a good one, but if he be true had been one of the requisites his chances would have been doubtful.

This, the 9th day of April, makes the 45th anniversary of Lee's Surrender at Appomattox. The writer participated in that dreadful tragedy and will never forget the sad and yet glad event.

Hurrah for The Journal! Think of it, six columns, eight pages, brimming full of clean, high toned, up-to-date, newsy and interesting reading for both old and young, laid at your door twice a week, eight times a month, 164 times a year all for only one dollar. Can't afford it? Listen, the price of one smoke, or of two bottles of ale, or of a gill of mean whiskey would pay a month's subscription to the Journal, the first and only semi-weekly ever published in Union county. No excuse for ignorance these days on current events and topics of the day.

Mice got into my cook room and their depredations became unbearable. I procured a couple of cyclone mouse traps, baited them with a small bit of butter and set them conveniently for the little rodents. Results: took six mice from one trap between supper and bed time the first night. The slaughter was continued for a few nights, resulting in a complete extermination of the pests. I also set two of the larger traps, made for rats, in my granary with like results. These traps are cheap and are sure death to "varmints." Perhaps a word of caution might be in order here: if you don't want to lose your religion or your reputation for piety, or have the least inclination to profanity, don't be poking the thing with your thumb to see if it will work, let the vermin do that. Verbum sap, which translated into modern slang means "Nuf sed."

O. P. TIMIST.

A Quiet Home Wedding.

Written for The Journal.

On Tuesday, April 7th, at eight o'clock, the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Byrum of Vance township was the scene of a quiet home wedding when their attractive daughter, Miss Rilla, became the bride of Mr. J. R. Crowell. Rev. R. H. Kennington performed the ceremony in the presence of a few invited friends and relatives. The bride is a young lady of fine character and an excellent school teacher, and the groom is a successful young farmer.

This young couple have many warm friends who wish for them every success in life. They will make their home in Vance township.

What the Weather Man Says.

North and South Carolina—Fair Friday; Saturday, fair and warmer. Bits of snow fell in places in this section yesterday morning.

We would have a repetition of the tobacco trust on a larger scale.

Now we submit that the obvious advantages of the plan are not great enough to overbalance the danger. Warehouses must come sooner or later, but they should not be allowed to be used as a basis of monopoly. The farmers who are to furnish the grist should have some control of the mill.

Try an ad. in The Journal's Special Notice column. It pays.