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BIG STILL, IN OPERATION, FOUND NEAR ZION CHURCH

The Two Operators, However, Made Good Their Escape — Bob Scott Caught Last Night.

A large capacity still was found in operation within five hundred yards of Zion church, in Goose Creek township, where a "big meeting" was in progress, by the officers yesterday.

Officers learned a few days ago that armed men were operating a still in the vicinity of the Zion church, and they went well prepared to make the raid yesterday.

Bob Scott, said to be a notorious moonshiner, who has evaded the officers for ten years or more, was taken into custody last night. A large still, and ten gallons of liquor, which Scott is said to have admitted that he owned, were also brought to town.

Scott's still had a worm which officers claim to be one of the best they have ever seen. As Bob was gazing at the worm on the way to Monroe last night, he is said to have remarked: "Folks, that worm ought to be saved for the flu outbreak."

Officers had knowledge of the whereabouts of the still before leaving Monroe, but on finding Bob in the vicinity, he agreed to show them where it was, evidently aware of the incriminating evidence the officers were said to possess against him.

ANSON COUNTY FOLKS ARE FLOCKING TO THE HEALER

Many Claim to Have Been Benefitted, While Others Say Seahorn Is a Fake.

The faith healer who lives near Betaune, S. C., has been exciting much interest through this section for several weeks, says the Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer. His name is Seahorn, and he is a farmer who has been engaged in healing, or attempting to heal, only a short while, but his reputation has already spread far and wide.

Seahorn prescribes a little castor oil, and if one is going to be cured it will be done in nine days. He will not accept more than three or four dollars as pay. Some of those who have gone down from Anson say they have been benefitted, and others have not. One man, who had not been able to sleep much for a year or more, says he now sleeps all right.

Another, who was partially deaf in one ear, says he is better, and various others claim to have been benefitted. People of Lilesville say that Mr. Will Knotts, of that place, who has had a severe nervous trouble for years, is very much improved.

Some of Seahorn's neighbors say he is a fake, and others think he has a healing power.

A Baby Left to Die

Life at best is a struggle. It is not an easy thing to live; it is not easy to live up to our ideals, and at times takes great mental and physical strength to keep on the right path and to do that which we know is right.

Dr. Harry J. Haiselden, of Chicago, in his remarkable problem play, "ARE YOU FIT TO MARRY?" to be shown at the Strand Theatre on Monday answers the question so forcibly that anyone witnessing the film is not apt to forget it very readily.

Throughout the play is interwoven with the great and noble plea for better babies, the right for a child to be born free from hereditary taint and free from the overpowering, hopeless burdens of physical and mental defects.

Dr. Haiselden personally appears in the play, and is supported by an all start cast, and because of its great human message and educational value the great movie sermon is well worth seeing. The film was produced in a most refined manner, and there is positively nothing in it to offend anyone of either sex, but owing to the delicate subject with which it deals, it will be shown strictly to separate audiences only, and no children will be admitted.

Women only: 1:30; 3:00; 4:30; and 5:45.

Men only at night, 7:15 to 10:30.

Machinery is being rapidly installed in the Iceman Knitting Mill, and it is believed work will start in five or six weeks.

Francisco Villa, famous Mexican bandit, has surrendered unconditionally, and will retire to private life.

FLORIDA FARMERS ARE RICH, SAYS MR. GRIFFIN

In Seminole County Land Returns From \$1,000 to \$2,500 an Acre Net Of Celery.

Having just returned from Jacksonville, where he sold a car load of mules, Mr. Raymond Griffin is singing the praises of Florida, where five acres are considered a farm, and where a man is considered a poor farmer unless he makes a net profit of a thousand dollars per acre.

"Money is plentiful around Sanford, Florida, where I stayed for several days," said Mr. Griffin. "In Seminole county, of which Sanford is the county seat," he continued, "there is no such a personage as a 'time merchant.' Neither does one find buggies or wagons. Everybody owns an automobile, and hauling is done by trucks. I doubt if I could sell a car load of buggies down there at twenty dollars each. During all the time I was there I only saw one buggy, and that was a dilapidated affair, pulled by a tottering old gray horse. Two horse wagons can not be procured. A man went all over the country trying to buy one of the other day, but he didn't succeed. He asked me if I wouldn't ship him one by express.

"Celery is their 'money crop.' The harvest from an acre usually brings anywhere from eighteen hundred to thirty-seven hundred dollars, a thousand to twenty-five hundred of which is net profit. It is cultivated in a unique manner. The field is first laid off into ditches, about twenty feet apart. The ditches, which are about twenty inches deep, are laid with tile drains. By use of these ditches, excess moisture is drawn off the fields during damp weather, and moisture is supplied when the rainfall is light. A celery farmer can plow the day after the hardest sort of rain. The drain pipes are opened, and the water runs off the fields in eight hours time.

"The land is cultivated like flower gardens. It is first plowed two feet deep, then harrowed several times. When preparation is completed, not a clod can be seen. The celery is sowed like we plant cabbage.

"Of these celery farms, four crops are harvested each year, starting with bell peppers and tomatoes in the spring. Then comes celery, followed by sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes in the fall.

"Improved land sells for a thousand dollars an acre, but unimproved land is bought for twenty dollars an acre. Money is easily made. I was told of a northern family, consisting of a man and wife, his son and two daughters, who will clear seventy-five thousand dollars off a farm, which would be considered small in this country. They conduct, however, an orange grove in connection with their celery farm.

"A Union county man, Mr. W. J. McBride, told me that he got off the train at Sanford thirty-five years ago with only two dollars and a half in his pockets. 'I was certainly blue,' he said. 'I wanted to go back home, but didn't have the courage. Now I am worth around fifty thousand dollars.'

MUCH FAVORABLE COMMENT ON MAYOR SIKES' PLAN

Mr. Bryant Austin and Many Others Believe It to Be Best Method of Financing Roads.

Mayor John C. Sikes' road plan, which would assess property owners for the cost of constructing cement roads through the county, is meeting with much favorable comment. Mr. Bryant Austin, of Wingate, and numbers of others have expressed themselves as being in favor of it, and in this issue of the Journal "Novus Home," one of the best informed writers in the county on economic questions, says the plan represents equitable and advanced ideas on taxation.

Mr. Sikes' plan should not be construed to mean that property adjoining the road bears the total cost of construction. All property, provided the owners use the road, would be required to pay their proportionate part, the amount depending on how much the value of the property is enhanced, and the worth of the convenience to the owners. Those right on the road, however, would bear most of the cost, as they would derive the most benefit.

Under this plan, no property owner would be required to pay for the building and maintenance of roads which he seldom, if ever, has occasion to use. The property owner in Buford township would help pay for the roads in his vicinity, while the property owners in Goose Creek township would only be concerned with throughfares which pass by their homes.

Cement roads can be constructed for thirty thousand dollars a mile, or less. A cement road to Wingate could doubtless be constructed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and no property owner would be excessively burdened. The value of his property would increase more than he expends on the road, yet he has its advantages so long as he keeps the farm.

JOHN PARKER DISCUSSES TAXATION IN SAMPSON

"Revaluation Act Was Running Away From New System, Not Creation of a New System."

Clinton, July 29.—John J. Parker, Republican candidate for governor of North Carolina, came into this strong Republican county of Sampson, and spoke here to-day, paying much attention to taxation. "The time has come to give North Carolina a modern taxing system," said the candidate for the State's chief executive, continuing he said:

"I have written a letter to the legislature in which I have set forth the principles which should govern in the creation of such a system. I have also announced the principles of such a system in various speeches which I have made. These principles are so fair, and just and a system based upon such principles is so manifestly correct that the enemies of true tax reform are trying to destroy the effect of my speeches by claiming that the revaluation act was enacted in furtherance of such principles. I deny this most emphatically. The revaluation act was passed in order to get a greater revenue out of real estate. The State was already levying the full limit of taxes allowed by the constitution. More money was needed by the State. It was proposed to increase the franchise tax and to extend the income tax. This was not done but instead of raising the franchise tax the State Tax Commission was put to work revaluating property.

"The constitution prohibited a further raise in the rate of tax on property. More money is to be raised by a tax on property by having the property raised on the tax books. Under this scheme the banks and trust companies are holders of solvent credits will pay less tax. The holder of real estate will necessarily pay more.

"I am supporting the income tax amendment, but an income of those who have large incomes could have been passed without the aid of the proposed amendment. I know that the present constitution exempts from taxation the income of property which is itself taxed, but it is absurd to exempt all of the income of a corporation from taxation because it has paid tax on its building and machinery. Its income is derived from capital, labor and management. That part of the income properly to be considered as attributable to capital already taxed is exempt from taxation under the present constitution, but the remainder of the income is not exempt.

"No amendment of the constitution is necessary for the levying of proper franchise and inheritance taxes. The present franchise tax is 1-25 of one per cent of the capital stock of a corporation. Or a twenty-five thousand dollar corporation pays the same franchise tax as is paid by a Ford automobile. My information is that this is one of the lowest rates in the union.

FAILING TO HEED NOAH'S WARNING, MILLIONS DIED

Monroe Man Takes Thrust at Modern Day Skeptics by Illustrating With Biblical Story.

On being told that some Union county folks, and the Waxhaw Enterprise were hooting the idea of boll weevil in this section, a well known Monroe man said: "The skeptics have existed in all the ages of the world. Sometimes the skepticism of a given number of folks goes unpunished, but the most conspicuous case on record where skepticism was direfully punished were the tens of thousands of the antediluvian world who had heard the eloquence of Noah as he was preaching the wrath of God, which was to be manifested by the flood. They doubtless jeered and mocked at the old man, and doubtless sneeringly remarked to each other after hearing him descend upon his favorite theme, that this 'd-d old fool thinks it's going to rain.' It did rain. The flood came, and the millions who tenanted the earth, and who failed to heed Noah's warning voice were swallowed up in the surging waves. A hint to the wise is sufficient."

"The Enterprise's reference to the boll weevil, to which this citizen was taking exception, was as follows:

"Considerable excitement prevails in some sections of the county over the alleged advent of the boll weevil in cotton. This is being fostered by some who are always quick to see damnation just ahead and who seize upon anything that resembles the boll weevil as fulfillment of their dire prophecies. As a matter of fact The Enterprise does not believe the boll weevil has reached Union county. A close examination of some of the fallen squares fails to show any evidence of puncture. The little discoloration of the square is probably due to anthracnose, a disease which might prove serious, but which has so far not done much damage in this county. The boll weevil is certainly headed this way and our farmers may as well prepare for him by devoting more of their acres and attention to other crops than cotton, but nothing is to be gained by imagining the weevil where he isn't."

SENATOR HARDING TAUGHT MARION HOW TO ADVERTISE

Republican Nominee Always Able to "Make Cow Give Down," Says Friend.

(By Jack Warwick, newspaper associate of Harding, in New York Post.)

No dictionary gives a definition of the word "personality" that satisfies me. The word is much used and perhaps often abused. What is personality? I can't tell, but whatever it is Warren G. Harding has it, or had it the last time I saw him. He had it back there in the cow pasture, when he got on the right side of the cow and persuaded her that he was interested in her welfare—and how was she feeling, anyway? He got results.

Today Marion, Ohio, is the best commercial advertising town of its size in the country. This is a daring statement, but a look at the Daily Star will be all the verification any reasonable human being could want. That is the work of Warren G. Harding—W. G., as we always called him in the old days, as he is known in the office today. The big chief in other newspaper offices is referred to as "The Old Man," but W. G. was never given that title. He was one of us, and he insisted that we worked "with him," not "for him."

As an advertising solicitor or persuader W. G. always got on the right side of the cow. He convinced her that she ought to "give down." Not because the kitten was starving to death for want of nourishment, but because it meant health and happiness to the cow. Today, in the absence of the persuader, the cow is still "giving down," for her general well being. And the kitten is large and fat and sleek.

Returning to the lean days, the days of adventure, I must mention a wandering printer who was overlooked in the preceding chapter—Shorty Johnson. He was younger than the others and came later. I am of the opinion that he is still alive, notwithstanding for the past two years he has neglected his duty of periodically sending me a personal message to the effect that he had not as yet choked to death on beefsteak. I hope he has not choked on the price.

Shorty was a recurring ray of light in the old days. He liked W. G., and could never leave the Star office out of his itinerary. His one unvarying salutation on each return took the form of an interrogation, as follows: "How are you fixed?" That is what Shorty will say to St. Peter when he reaches the gate, and he will be excused on the ground of force of habit.

I cannot leave this subject without yet another reference to a character whose name has slipped my memory. He is the man who when with us always slept in room 4 of the Fite block "suite." After he had plugged along far into the night this old fellow, who was a Civil War veteran, would make up his bed of old newspapers and lie down to pleasant dreams, always quoting as his good-night word to us: "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

A few years later, following the arrival of the linotypes, this grand little old fellow appeared at the New Star office attired in fashionable clothes and accompanied by a valet. He had fallen heir to considerable money. To gratify the yearning of his heart, he was making the last round of the old circuit, and dropped in to see W. G.

Warren G. Harding seemed thoroughly to understand these irresponsible, carefree wanderers. To him the hidden treasures of their souls were revealed and he saw them not as tramp printers but as men capable of human emotions.

We started the Star off with a policy that has never been changed. It was to bloom Marion and Marion enterprise was given all the attention the traffic would bear.

In the early days this might not have been much, but as the paper grew in size and circulation more space was devoted to the boom business. We exploited railroads that never got beyond the blueprint and we saw smoke rolling out of the chimneys of factories before the excavations were made for the foundations.

If a Marion man wanted a State office or a Congressional nomination, he he Republican or Democrat, his cause was the Star's cause against all comers. Our railroads were not all built, the factories did not come to town nor did our Marion men all get office, but the Star never felt ashamed of its work.

The new counter across the combination business and editorial room soon justified itself. Though never crowded by day, it was at times rushed to its capacity by night, being long enough for two to sleep on comfortably.

Editor and Publisher Harding was still doing all the outside work—reporting, soliciting ads and making use of his personality in advancing the good-will of the paper. As for me, I took a turn now and then at writing so-called editorials and paragraphs and going out after an occasional "big story." My stuff always got over because it made copy.

Something like this ought to be said here, if anywhere. We did not labor under false pretences in the old Star office, W. G. and I. We did not take ourselves too seriously. He never slapped me on the back and I never praised him for anything he did. We didn't "slap over." Always we hammered back and forth at each other in splendid good humor, and there is nothing to regret. Our relations did not change when he became publisher. Everything remained the same as when we were business partners. The Star was his baby now, but it was still mine to chuck

WELCOMES "CORNERACKER" Mineral Springs Correspondent Likes The Journal's New Writer.

Mineral Springs, R. F. D. No. 1, July 28.—Mr. F. V. Hinson made a business trip to south Georgia last week.

Mr. William Hayes and son, William Hayes, Jr., visited Mr. G. W. Belk at Ruby last week.

Mrs. Emily Sapps fell last Wednesday and seriously cut her face besides sustaining many bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hayes spent Friday in Charlotte. Mrs. Hayes is taking treatment at a hospital there. One of the heaviest rains we have had this year fell last week. No terraces held out, and the land was badly washed.

The picnic at Bethlehem was a grand success. Plenty of speaking, singing and worlds of good eats made the day enjoyable.

The children, and grandchildren of Aunt Emily Sapps gave her a birthday dinner last Sunday. Her children were present, also her brother and one of her sisters. The day was a happy one for Mrs. Sapps who has just passed over the 89th year of her life.

Most of the farmers are busy finishing their crops. Some few are done. Cotton is yet two weeks late. While there is a large stalk, no early fruit is set.

That proverbial cold day in August came near being a reality, last night and to-day, most everybody has on some extra garment. I saw a negro this morning wearing an overcoat.

Monroe has fewer auto accidents than any other town I know of. Our sister town, to the south of us, has two and three a week, owing to the high speed and narrow streets and carelessness of drivers.

We welcome "Corneracker" to our midst, and will have to congratulate The Journal on putting on as good a writer as he is. While not having access to all of his writings I have read enough to know how full of pep it is. We hope he will give us some more as soon as unpacks.

SWINDLING THE FOLKS.

The Story of the Rat and Cat Farm of a Cleveland Bank.

(From the Marshville Home.)

It is said that in the United States not less than \$500,000 is lost annually by people who invest in fake stock selling companies. Several years ago a bank in Cleveland decided to see how many suckers could be caught with a ridiculous fake, so it placed on its window a neatly displayed advertisement of "The California Ranching Co., now being organized to start a cat ranch in California." In the advertisement there appeared the following selling argument: "We are starting a cat ranch in California with 1,000,000 cats. Each cat will average twelve kittens a year. The cat skins will sell for 30 cents each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats a day. We figure a daily net profit of over \$10,000. Now what shall we feed the cats? We will start a rat ranch next door with 1,000,000 rats. The rats breed twelve times as fast as the cats. So, we will have four rats to feed each day to each cat. Now what shall we feed the rats? We will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats after they have been skinned. Now get this: We feed the rats to the cats and the cats to the rats, and get the cat skins for nothing. Shares are selling for 5 cents each, but the price will go up soon. Invest while opportunity knocks at your door." So many gullible people tried to buy stock that it became a nuisance to the employees of the bank. You many laugh at suckers who became interested in this foolish fake, but there are many leading citizens in Union county who own stock in concerns that are as big fakes as the "cat ranch." Barnum was right when he declared that the American people liked to be humbugged.

Snapshot Judgment.

Jimmy Meloney, the minor-league baseball manager, received a letter from a young player which gave an excellent unabridged account of his ability to make good in any league. Also he declared he could hit 300 against Christy Mathewson. Walter Johnson—the higher they come the harder he could hit. It so happened that Jimmy was very much in need of an in-fielder, but the young man had neglected to say whether he was a pitcher, catcher, in-fielder or outfielder.

Meloney answered the letter and inquired what position the prospective phenom played.

A reply quickly followed, enclosing a snapshot of a ball player, crouched, awaiting a grounder.

"You can see from the inclosed photograph," wrote the young man, "that I play in a stooping position with one hand on each knee."

What has become of the old-fashioned man who wore garters for sleeve holders?

under the chin. Sometimes I made it say "goo" and smile.

W. G. was making the paper go, and I contributed my mite in the way of helping him. He was the responsible head, and as such he, and nobody else, is entitled to credit. But for his indomitable will, his unshrinkable courage and his talent for getting on the producing side of the cow the Star would have perished in the early days of its reconstruction.

I have known better editors and better business men than Warren G. Harding, but he was a rare combination of the two.

MRS. SNIPES, WHO DIED SUNDAY, WAS GOOD WOMAN

She Was Always Ready to Help When Distress Came—Marshville Folks Interested in Baseball.

Marshville, July 29.—We don't mean to turn Bolsheviki, but if the Journal linotype man ever attributes any such composition to us in the future as he did in our Tuesday's letter there is something awful going to happen to him! We can over look a good many things, but when, on this occasion, we read "where the road almost turns over"—well we lifted up our voices and fairly howled. We know we were never guilty of a thing like that—not to mention several other glaring atrocities. So please, everybody, blame that printer man. It's his fault, every bit of it!

Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Bivens of Charlotte spent the week-end here. Mrs. Bivens' mother Mrs. A. Marsh accompanied them back to Charlotte and is spending some time there.

Mrs. Sallie Marsh Griffin and Miss Pat Alexander of Charlotte spent last week-end here with relatives.

Mrs. B. C. Parker left Wednesday for Ridgecrest to spend some time.

Misses Lizzie Boyd, Otis Marsh and Berniece Phifer have returned from an extended stay in the mountains.

Mr. Grier Marsh has returned to Pennsylvania to resume work after spending a month here recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Pauline Stegall is visiting Bess Lola Caudle in Wadesboro.

Mrs. W. O. Harrell had as her guests several days this week her sister-in-law Mrs. Sam Osborne, and Misses Houston and Stevenson of Waxhaw. They were enroute to Wadesboro.

Mrs. M. A. Snipes died at her home in Lanes Creek township last Sunday afternoon after suffering for several months with an acute stomach trouble. Mrs. Snipes was a noble woman who lived an unselfish life of service to others, especially to her family. She was always ready to help whenever distress occurred, and in sickness she was an invaluable nurse to her friends and neighbors. She was a loyal member of the Baptist church and was a true christian. Before her marriage she was Miss Ann King and was born in Lanes Creek township 74 years ago. She was reared in this neighborhood and lived her entire life within its bounds. She leaves her husband four sons, Messrs. Martin Snipes of Lanes Creek, E. V. Snipes of Winda, Ga., Luther Snipes of Wingate and Roscoe Snipes of Lanes Creek; and one daughter Mrs. Joe Baker of Marshville. Mrs. Baker has been at her mother's bedside almost continually during the past few months nursing her through her illness. The burial was at Union church Monday afternoon and the services were conducted by Rev. R. M. Haigler.

Miss Catherine Bailey has as her house guests Misses Elizabeth Gibson of Lanninburg and Mabel Tony of Columbia, S. C.

Miss Sallie Harrell's friends over the county will regret to hear that her condition continues very grave. Hope of her recovery has been abandoned.

Marshville is busy thinking up a slogan to exploit its good intentions. The Chamber of Commerce says there is a five dollar bill in it for the person who suggests it accepted one.

Baseball is still the order of the day here. From the amount of practice that is done by the entire male citizenship Marshville should have a place in the National League. However our ambitions are more modest at present, and if we can continue to kick our neighbors in the present style we shall be content. The latest local line up is the married men vs. the single men. Now if the feds will play the beans—that is perhaps to live for in the future.

Miss Helen Smith of Kingstree, S. C. and Miss Helen Garland of Jefferson are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Garland.

The Day's Work.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stonger and livelier than ever. I am rising. I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. When, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Water is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of lilacs, the violets and the rose as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."—Victor Hugo.

Kind Old Lady (who has just given Tommy some sweets) — "And now what do you say, my little man?" Tommy—"Got any more?"