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"UNCLE JOE" BIVENS, BEST LOVED MAN IN COUNTY, DEAD

Baptist Minister for Half a Century, and a Veteran of the Civil War, Dies of Heart Failure.

Elder J. A. Bivens, better known as "Uncle Joe," a Baptist minister with over fifty years of service to his credit, Confederate veteran, and the best-loved man in this county, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the home of a tenant on Mr. Jim Moore's place, near Union church in Lanes Creek township. He was over eighty-two years of age.

Though in feeble health, Elder Bivens had persisted in doing his church work, and at the time of his death he was assisting, with Rev. Dan Austin in holding a protracted meeting at Union church. This meeting started Sunday, and during the first services it was noticed that "Uncle Joe" was in a very weakened condition. At one time it was thought he was going to fall from his seat.

Heart trouble was the cause of his death. He was visiting the people of the Union community, and had walked into the house on Mr. Moore's place to spread hope and sunshine. A chair was handed him, but as he went to sit down, his heart stopped beating. There was no evidence of pain as he gasped his last breath. His life passed away in a quiet serene way, in a manner similar to the way this beloved preacher has always conducted himself.

The funeral services will be conducted this afternoon at the Williams-Bivens cemetery near Wingate.

It was as a Baptist minister that "Uncle Joe" was best known, and his work is summed up in the following sketch of his life in "A History of the Brown Creek Union Baptist Association":

"One of the best known and most beloved men in Union county is Elder Joseph A. Bivens, familiarly known as 'Uncle Joe.' Not only is he known and loved by the people of his own denomination, but by the people of other denominations as well.

"He was born in Union county, North Carolina, January 29, 1838, being the son of Nathaniel and Margaret Bivens. His father died when he was about eight years old, leaving the mother to provide for a family of fourteen children. That she succeeded well is very evident by the high character and lofty ideals of her children.

"Uncle Joe" testifies that it was under her instructions that he gained his first knowledge of heaven and had kindled in him a desire to go there. However he was no exception to the rule, in that he resisted the call of repentance and did not finally yield until he was about eighteen.

"He was converted in a series of meetings held by Elder E. L. Davis with the Meadow Branch church, and was baptized by him into the fellowship of the church at the close of the meetings.

"On October 26, 1858, he was married to Miss Thelus Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Griffin. To this union five children were born, all of whom are living at this writing.

"In 1862 he enlisted in Company I, 53rd North Carolina regiment, and made as true a soldier as ever wore the gray until May, 1864, when in the Cold Harbor stampede in Virginia, he sustained a wound that necessitated the amputation of his right arm.

"Coming home maimed in body, but not in spirit, he soon took up the work of the ministry, a work to which he had felt called before, and the neglect of which he felt had cost him his right arm. He preached his first sermon in Meadow Branch church in October, 1866. However, so reserved was he that he refused to accept ordination for about six years. Finally his ordination took place in the Meadow Branch church May 11, 1872. The certificate of ordination states that the presbytery found him sound in faith and orthodox in practice. The certificate is signed by Elders E. L. Davis, D. A. Snyder and Jesse Phifer.

"During his ministerial life he has served the following churches: "In Union County—Bethel, Benton's Cross Roads, Corinth, Ebenezer, Paulks, Hopewell, Hamilton's Cross Roads, Jerusalem (now extinct), New Hope, New Salem, Oak Grove, Olive Branch, Roanoke, Union and Mt. Moriah.

"In Anson County—Deep River, Mount Olive, Mineral Springs and Piney Grove (now Polkton).

"In Cabarrus County—Howells.

"In Chesterfield County, S. C.—Elizabeth, Spring Hill and Wolf Pond.

"He served the Deep Creek church, in Anson County, eleven years, and five years of that time twice a month.

"His longest pastorate was with Bethel church, where he stayed, all told, thirty years. One does not have to mingle with that people long to find that he has indelibly stamped himself upon their minds and hearts.

"We hear a great deal today about the meagre salaries paid preachers. However, the poorest paid today receive much more than some of our best country pastors received fifty years ago. He relates that on one occasion he served a church nineteen miles from home, and at the expiration of the year received three dollars in money and four yards of home-made cloth. However, he was not working for money but for souls, and how well he has succeeded in winning them to Christ eternity alone will reveal.

"Contrary to the judgment of many of his brethren, he has always contended that he could not preach much. However well he may have preached it is undoubtedly true that

much that he has accomplished has been due to his efforts outside of the pulpit. He has been the John among us, following closely after the Master, and always ready for any service He might bid him render. For three years a soldier in the cause of the Confederacy, for forty-eight years a pastor of churches, and for fifty-two years a minister of the gospel, he still lives, and bears testimony to the saving power of Christ."

Farmers Convention.

To the Editor of The Journal:—The "biggest ever" is the word that comes from Raleigh about the Farmers' and Farm Women's Convention to be held there on August 24, 25 and 26th. The program includes a list of speakers of national prominence, headed by Secretary of Agriculture E. T. Meredith, that in itself promises to be worth the trip to Raleigh.

Besides this there will be a large number of demonstrations and exhibits of tractors, motor cultivators and other farm machinery; stump pulling, tile laying, terracing, ditching, water and light systems; live stock judging; milking machines; cotton graders, and sweet potato storage.

The legislature will be in session, and will afford farmers an opportunity to look upon the law making body of the state.

The convention will open at eleven o'clock on Tuesday, August 24th. In order to be in at the opening it will be necessary to leave here Monday.

Many have expressed a desire to go in automobiles, leaving here Monday morning. We would suggest that all who desire to go in this way meet at Marshville at eight o'clock Monday morning, August 23rd, and proceed in a body to Pinehurst, at which place we can look over the herd of cattle and other things of interest, take lunch and proceed from there to the college, where will get supper and rooms for the night. Rooms will be free at the college, meals at college dining hall, fifty cents. It will be necessary for each one to take sheets, pillows, towels, and toilet articles. The rooms are furnished with bedstead and mattress.

Those who desire to go on the train can leave Monroe 11:00 o'clock on Monday and arrive at Raleigh about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

We would like to see at least two hundred go from this county. All who contemplate going Monday, either by auto, or by rail, will please notify me before starting, and we will wire for reservations, and supper Monday night.

Let every community make up a party and go either by rail or auto.—T. J. W. Broom.

Death of Miss Eubanks.

Miss Sarah Eubanks died last Saturday at the home of her nephew, Mr. Carl Belk, in Buford township. She had been sick for a long time. Miss Eubanks was 76 years old and was a lady of bright mind and fine character. She was a sister of the late Esq. T. C. Eubanks. She was a faithful member of the Baptist church and was noted for her charitable deeds and her helpfulness as neighbor and friend. She is survived by a brother, Mr. George Eubanks, of Chesterfield county, S. C., and by a sister, Mrs. A. A. Belk of Buford township. Funeral was held yesterday at Mt. Zion church in Buford township.

JACK LONDON TALE OF GOLD STAMPEDE IN SCREEN DRAMA

"Burning Daylight" to Be Seen With All-Star Cast at the Strand Theatre Thursday.

"Burning Daylight," screen version of Jack London's novel, is announced by the Strand Theatre for Thursday. It will be played by an all-star cast, including Mitchell Lewis, Helen Ferguson, Louis Morrison, William V. Mong, Edward Johnson, Gertrude Astor, Alfred Allen, Arthur Edwin Carver, Newton Hall, Robert Bolter and Aaron Edwards.

Readers of Jack London's story will recall that Elam Harnish, or "Burning Daylight," as the whole Yukon knows him, is a crude, powerful, big-hearted prospector, with a lust for adventure and a devil-may-care spirit that drives him gaily through the hardships and joys of the mining towns.

He strikes it rich—the gold that thousands have died seeking. A stampede is started and the Arctic village of Caraguk is alight with the fire of fierce ambitions aflame for wealth. Burning Daylight is a primitive king among these men, amassing millions and finding no place to spend their gains except in the wild gambling that goes on in the Tivoli, a dance hall, where a few girls and limitless quantities of strong liquor supply diversion.

But Burning Daylight comes of the old race of conquerors. His spirit demands another world to lay at his feet. He seeks the world of finance. In San Francisco, then in New York, he fights the battles of the money interest. He fights for the love of fighting, taking a reckless pleasure in swinging into Wall Street's most speculative investments. It's a bitter, fascinating game, and Jack London has depicted it in one of the most dramatic stories in modern American fiction.

Ex-Soldiers—American Legion runs excursion to Lakeview, Wednesday, August 18. Swimming, boating, fishing, speech by Jim Lockhart, Icecream band, and ball game between 30th and 39th division. Only \$7.00 round trip, and that includes Legion dues, dinner, and railroad fare.

Most any man knows how to tell a woman's age, but few have the nerve to do it.

PROSPECT FOR A BUMPER COTTON CROP EXCELLENT

And Right Now Speculators and Mills are Waiting for a Slump, Says Cotton Letter to Stock.

King cotton has few friends at this time, according to a cotton letter received here by Messrs. J. E. Stack & Company from a Savannah cotton brokerage house. "The world is bearish," says the letter, and is against cotton, and hence the general apathy. Some bought heavily in the spring, fall deliveries and have recently cancelled at some cost to them. The options, we think, would look well later on, but cotton has no friends, 'Alas, poor Yorick, none so poor as to do him reverence.' King cotton is knocking at the door of trade and waits in vain for the cordial greeting: 'Come in.' He is not as welcome as heretofore and has few friends. Spinners, exporters, speculators are standing aside and waiting for lower prices and cheaper basis which they confidently expect. Texas evidently has a good crop, and Oklahoma a better one. Rains promise to lower the grades again in Texas as they are offering out there mostly strict low middling and middling. Georgia from a state of disaster now has a most promising crop. North Georgia is as fine as ever raised, and a recent trip confirms a most magnificent prospect.

"A well posted cotton man has just come into Savannah, after coming through Alabama and Georgia in his automobile. His trip embraced points: Opelika, Montgomery, Columbus, Americus and on to Savannah, and he says the cotton could not be finer, and is full of blooms, looking like a continuous 'lower garden, the plant taking on much fruit, and everything is very, very favorable for a good yield. This is quite interesting for the bulk of this cotton will go in a better staple, and the rains and improved fertilizers look as if they will have a great deal to do with keeping up the staple. While from Americus up through Georgia promises to yield largely, there is much complaining from all points in South Georgia below Americus. Recent rains have caused the boll weevil to appear in great numbers and that section of Georgia will not have the yield expected a few weeks ago. The fact that cotton is not promising is very bad sign, so we must again look for not so much yield.

"South Carolina is still '100 per cent at Lloyds.' In fact this crop could not be better and looks like South Carolina will have a banner year. The recent showers over the eastern part of the belt has tended to quiet their early desire to sell. As the farmer, factor nor the merchant rarely ever sells cotton when it is raining, it's only a respite, as soon as the 'clouds will roll by,' and the hot sun of August and September will open the bolls and then the great rush will be on. All the buying element still fighting the basis and predicting much lower prices, but as we all know it's a leap in the dark, for many things have to happen before cotton goes to the 'bow-wow.' Reminds me:

"This life consists of ages three, The Past, the Present, the Yet to be, The Past is gone beyond our way, The Present we live in day by day, The Future is still a dread mystery, And God alone holds the Key.

"The persistent bears don't tell us that the bottom will be reached, but it won't be hard to reach hard bottom, as we think every bale will be required during the year and will be marketed at very good price. In reference to the cotton market bottom, reminds me: A country laird, riding in an unfrequented part of Kirkcubrightshire, came to the edge of a morass. Observing a peasant lad in the vicinity, he hailed him and inquired whether the bog was hard at the bottom. 'O' ay, quite hard,' responded the youth. The laird passed on, but his horse began to sink with alarming rapidity. 'You rascal!' he shouted to his misfortune. 'Did you not say that it was hard at the bottom?' 'So it is,' rejoined the rogue, 'but ye're no halfway to it yet.'

"However, whether the market stays up or goes down, whether prices are reasonable or unreasonable, we are always on the job here, ready to get you as good a price as is available, and good outlets for all offerings. We will always be here, reminds me of a bulletin:

"The great evangelist will preach tonight on hell. The awfulness of its punishment—its terrible reality—its geographical location. Mr. Wilkie Smythe, baritone will sing: 'Tell, mother I'll be there.'

"The difficulty in connecting by wires is already getting to be a nuisance. It will require much patience and persistence to get through connections as lines are very, very poor, and the long distance calls are very essential in quick exception of business. Speaking of long distance calls, reminds me:

"Mr. Tarzon Jones was setting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up friend Howard Smith at once. 'Hello, Smith!' he said. 'Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?' 'Yes,' replied Smith. 'Where are you speaking from?'

London gets a shower of soot to the extent of four pounds and a half an acre every day.

SOME LAND ASSESSED TOO HIGH, SAYS DR. STEWART

Monroe Physician Takes a Rap at Graft, Politicians, and Our Present System of Taxation.

To the Editor of The Journal:—A public citizen who is well informed on land values in Union county said: "Many pieces of land in Union county are assessed at more than twice what they will bring even on an inflated market and buyers cannot be found at that."

"If the wealth of the county can be inflated on paper from nine millions to thirty-four millions and the state's wealth can be increased over night to several times its original amount, then why not just run it up higher than New York's and then say North Carolina is the richest state in the Union."

Of course New York might call on us to show an industrial basis or a basis of production for this fabulous, fictitious wealth. Just as legal tender and silver have to fall back on gold as a basis of monetary value, so must inflated property values revert to production or income as a basis. The question is, can inflated values force production by compelling greater effort on the part of the property holder or the producer?

The property owner or the possessor of wealth is expected to contribute a certain per cent of his income each year to run the government in an efficient, economical way. He is not supposed to be ground down or impoverished each year to contribute to political waste and inefficiency.

There are two ways of raising revenue to run the various departments of the government. One is by increased taxation; another is by a more efficient, economical administration of the government's business.

Our government has been run along strictly political lines and not on the best business basis. In every department friends and kin-folks have been looked after. Nepotism, as well as political bargaining and debt-paying have been practiced.

If run in the same way, any private corporation or business would go into bankruptcy in six to twelve months. But in the case of the commonwealth, the county or the city, after all public funds have been wasted, grabbed or otherwise used up, the government can fall back on the people and grind out more funds.

There is a great army of office-holders who should work efficiently and faithfully at least ten hours every day in rendering useful service to the people. But they are political appointees and have no special training for their work, and many of them have no superior over them to check them up for efficient service. It is easy to surmise how well the political servant will serve or work who keeps his own time and is not responsible to anybody in particular.

It is easy to build a great city on paper. The declaration of such increased fabulous wealth by word of mouth in a time of great profiteering, without waiting for prices to readjust themselves on a basis of production and income, reminds us of the way in which a plug horse jumped in value from one hundred to five hundred dollars. A certain horse trader rode a plug horse into the back lot on "bone-day," or Tuesday of court week. Three well known traders, all about half drunk, raised the value of the plug-horse to five hundred dollars. Then the word went out that John had a five hundred dollar horse. What made him a five hundred dollar horse? Was it youth, beauty, service and income yielding? No; it was a matter of assertion on the part of the three horse traders and the horse's inflated value had no natural basis.

It has been said that the Corporation Commission has too much power. So they have. Without the restraining influences of the referendum and the recall, any public official or commission with great power is dangerous to democracy, and, therefore, dangerous to humanity and Christianity.

Next to the waste, devastation and ravages of war, politics is the greatest curse on the face of the earth. It is wasteful, inefficient, dishonest. It has no conscience. It is courteous before your face and as crooked as a black snake at your back. Politics is more destructive and more disabling to the body politic than any pestilential disease is to the human body or any bacteria or pest of bugs, worms or weevils has ever been to plant life.

Unjust taxation has been the cause of many of the wars of history. When England levied unjust and unreasonable tribute upon the young colonies of America they rebelled and the Revolutionary War followed. As far back as 150 or 200 years taxation became so unjust and onerous in Germany that thousands of the best citizens left their country and went to the uttermost parts of the earth for an habitation. Taxation, religious bondage and military slavery drove them out.

The decline and the decay of Ireland, the land of the shamrock, or rather the failure of Ireland to realize and enjoy her natural increment, began hundreds of years ago. It was due to two things. Primarily it resulted from a bitter, unholy, murderous fight between Catholics and Protestants. Southern Ireland was altogether Catholic; northern Ireland was Protestant. They fought each other. The Church of England was anti-Catholic. The queens, kings, princesses and princes and the House of Lords, that hereditary body of political imbeciles, took advantage of the religious wars in Ireland to con-

fiscate the land of the Irish people. This land became the estates or the domains of English Lords. These Lords taxed the Irish so heavy and appropriated so much of what they produced that the Irish ceased to produce. They quit work. What was the use to work hard and produce and then have the fruits of their labor confiscated? Then thousands of them left old Erin and came to the Americas. These have become good, useful citizens of America.

A doctor friend of mine from Connecticut told me that his father gave him this admonition when he was just a boy: "Son, if the opportunity ever comes, try to render America loyal service. This adopted country of mine has been good to me. It has given me a chance to live and prosper."

Taxed to death, poor Ireland is very gradually decreasing in population. Instead of "The Deserted Village" of Oliver Goldsmith, the Irish poet, it may some day be the deserted country.

When the Ukrainians, the great wheat producers of Russia, found that Germany might overrun their country and take all their wheat, they said, "we will not produce." The prospects of confiscation will prevent production.

Human effort is checked and human ambition stifled and with it progress is stagnated because the hope of reward is not assured.

Taxes paid for schools, libraries, roads, and for any real community asset, are like bread cast upon the water. They will return after many days. But money that is forced out of people into the treasuries of crooked, wasteful politicians becomes a yoke upon the neck of a long-suffering people.

Public moneys wisely and economically spent will bring many returns. Public moneys that are wasted on contracts and grafts will bring actual suffering and hardships upon many helpless people.

The word has gone out from our governor that the cities of North Carolina are in distress and the mayors are claiming that the ten per cent increase will not be sufficient. Why all this distress? It is not due to building schools and parks and libraries and streets. Most of it has resulted directly from graft, public wastefulness and bad contracting.

No wonder these cities are in distress. Wouldn't democracy be in a terrible fix if the mayors and aldermen of the different cities were given the power to fix tax rates.

John D. Rockefeller couldn't raise enough money to pay off all the graft that would follow. The governor and the legislature must undoubtedly be too wise to allow such a thing to happen to the cities of North Carolina.

Why is the city of Monroe in distress? About twenty years ago a piece of graft was enacted in this town that has just recently cost the city approximately fifty thousand dollars. A contractor came to put in water and lights. He gave the administration presents of free service, free installation, etc. Then he had license to do whatever devilment he wanted to do. He proceeded to put down water pipes too small for future growth and light poles too short for high lights. These pipes have had to be taken up and larger ones installed.—H. D. Stewart.

ARMY WORM IS PREPARING FOR SEPTEMBER OFFENSIVE

Trenches Will Stop the March of the Pest, as It Travels on Its Stomach, Says State Entomologist Sherman.

The pestiferous and troublesome army worm, with no general and no board of strategy, save its destructive appetite for green and succulent corn, is preparing for another offensive against the best crops that have ever been raised in North Carolina, according to Franklin Sherman, entomologist of the state department of agriculture, in a statement issued giving methods by which the creatures may be stopped.

Trenches are the thing. The army worm moves on its stomach, preferably over smooth ground. If it comes to a deep furrow, plowed around its new objective, it usually falls into the furrow and dies there. He is unable to crawl out again, and he starves to death right there within plain view of the green fields he had set out to capture. A two-horse plow is the only trenching tool needed, and the furrow turned away from the objective.

Just now the worms that have done such havoc in the growing crops of the state—generally speaking, all of the territory east of a line drawn from Mecklenburg to Henderson, in Vance county—are in the ground, preparing to become butterflies. A little later they will come out of the earth ready to spawn another army of worms to continue the destruction. The only way to head them off is to agitate the earth with a harrow, turn them up to the August sun, or the August rain, as the case may be, and let them die.

Poison may be spread in the path of the army. A mixture of powdered arsenic of lead with lime dust, a pound of poison to six pounds of lime, is sure death for them if spread on the grass alongside of a furrow. Or, if they have taken hold of a field of corn, cast a few rows ahead of the line of march with the poison, and they will be stopped. Caution must be observed not to use the corn, or grass, for feed for a month after poisoning.

Success is the child of audacity.—Beaconsfield.

VARNER SUES A NEGRO AT LEXINGTON FOR \$100,000.

Sensational Story Involving Mrs. Varner and Negro McRary is Made Public—His Home Ruined.

The home of Mr. H. E. Varner, of Lexington, who was a candidate for congress from this district four years ago, has been ruined by a wealthy mulatto, Baxter McRary. The story of this unfortunate affair, which was made public Sunday, has created a sensation over the entire state.

Suit for \$100,000 damages, says the dispatch, has been filed in Superior court here against R. Baxter McRary, a mulatto with large holdings here and elsewhere, who for years has posed as a moral uplifter of his race and who has been for a number of years grand master of the negro Masonic grand lodge. The ground of complaint is that McRary deliberately sought to and succeeded in wrecking the domestic life of H. E. Varner, the plaintiff, by invading Mr. Varner's home during his absence. Attachment has been run against all tangible and intangible holdings of the defendant that can be discovered.

While Mr. Varner was in New York Monday night as one of a committee of nine representing the motion picture exhibitors of the nation in an important conference with large motion picture producers, McRary was taken from beneath the floor of the Varner home between 12:30 and 1 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Being informed that McRary had entered his home by stealth on previous occasions while the husband was away, a number of citizens set watch and saw McRary enter the premises about 10 o'clock. Guards were placed around the lot and a search made of the house, with nobody being found. Some of the citizens remained and continued the search, a spotlight locating McRary, who had evidently entered the basement upon hearing the first alarm, crawled out of the basement and made his way under the floor toward the front of the house.

The miscreant was taken from his hiding place and gladly took advantage of an opportunity to spend the night in jail. Most of those who knew of the original search had gone home and but a few were present when McRary was found.

Early Tuesday morning prominent citizens held a hurried conference and delegated Mayor J. T. Hedrick to bear the mulatto the message that if he valued his personal safety he had better leave town without delay, and further that if he ever returned it would be at his peril. Where he has gone is not definitely known here, but it is believed that he now at a long distance from this place.

Mr. Varner was requested to return immediately from New York and upon arrival here was acquainted by his friends with the situation of which he was wholly unaware. Upon arrival here he went to a hotel and conducted a searching investigation. Following this he remained at the hotel until after his wife had left Thursday evening to join her mother.

Suit for absolute divorce has been begun by Mr. Varner. It will be alleged in the complaint that on the occasions while Mr. Varner was away his wife's companion was a negro woman servant about 65 years old and rather hard of hearing. It will also be alleged that this servant's room was upstairs and that she was accustomed to retire early and usually slept soundly.

Nothing that has occurred in this town and county, where unusual occurrences are rather frequent, has so stirred the people here as this. Expressions of loyalty and sympathy from hundreds have poured in on Mr. Varner since his return home. Crushed by the deplorable occurrence that has suddenly torn his home of about 20 years asunder, he has stated to friends that he will continue to devote his time to his newspaper and business interests here as well as to his duties as chairman of the state prison board and in various official capacities in connection with the motion picture exhibiting industry.

The influential local law firms of Raper and Raper, Phillips and Bowler, Walser, Walser and Walser, J. R. McCrary and J. F. Sprull represent Mr. Varner's interests in the pending litigation that is to be the outcome of the disclosures of the week.

The Details Unimportant.

While on a trip in the West Finley Peter Dunne discovered an old acquaintance very much in need of two hundred and fifty dollars to finance a suddenly conceived plan to make a lot of money quickly. Mr. Dunne did not look upon this friend's financial status as he would the Bank of England, but eventually he loaned him the money.

A few months later the acquaintance wrote to Mr. Dunne, asking for his future address, saying that he would soon be ready to return the money. Dunne regarded the request lightly and did not answer.

Again the man wrote and again Dunne tossed the letter aside with a smile. He never expected to get the money.

Finally the Western acquaintance wrote to Mr. Dunne's business agent in New York, inquiring as to how he could reach Mr. Dunne and where he could send the money. The agent promptly replied by telegraph: "Never mind about the address. When ready send the money anywhere and Dunne will meet it halfway."

There is rest for the weary—if he has worked for it.