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Union County Woman Selected Songs For Her Funeral Service

In Statement, She Also Expressed Her Readiness to Die

Mrs. Bertha Shedd, a native of this county, who died at her home in Cabarrus county Thursday, wrote an unusual paper, containing directions for her funeral, before she expired. This paper was headed "Songs and Scriptures Selected for Bertha Shedd's Funeral," and reads:

"Sing: 'I Am Going Home to Die no More.'"

"Read: Thessalonians 4:13-18."

"Sing: 'Oh, Come Angel Band.'"

"Prayer."

"Sing: 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.'"

In commenting on her song selections, Mrs. Shedd wrote: "People may think these songs are not suitable for a funeral, but they are the ones I wish to be sung at my funeral."

On another page, Mrs. Shedd declared her readiness to die. "I am ready to go any time that God sees fit to take me," her statement reads. "I don't fear death at all for just think what a happy place it is in heaven with Jesus and the angels. There will be no sorrow, pain nor death up there. All will be peace and joy and happiness. I know a death is always sad to the ones that are left behind in this world, but I don't want my people to grieve over my death any more than they can help; but what I ask is for them to prepare to meet me up there where we will part no more. Mrs. BERTHA SHEDD."

Deceased is survived by her husband and one child. The funeral services were conducted Friday at Benton's Cross Roads by Rev. E. C. Snyder. Mrs. Shedd was about 25 years of age.

Miss Marsh and Mr. Griffin Engaged

Marshallville, October 11.—An announcement which will be of statewide interest was made Saturday afternoon when Mrs. B. A. Hallman made known the engagement of Miss Mary Marsh to Mr. Claude Griffin. Mrs. Hallman invited a few friends to her home in honor of her cousin, Mrs. A. R. Newkirk of Wilmington who is her house guest. The attractive bungalow was never more lovely than on this occasion, quantities of pine boughs being banked in the reception rooms and forming a background for the delicate colors of cosmos and roses which were used in profusion. The guests were given buttonholes to work and Mrs. Horace Harrell received the prize—a lovely towel for the best work. Mrs. Newkirk was also given a towel. When the guests were invited into the dining room Mrs. L. E. Huggins sounded the notes of the wedding march. The dining room was lovely with handsome potted ferns and cosmos. The table was spread with a lace cover and in the center was a lovely vase of flowers. From the light above, ropes of yellow ribbon dropped to the corners of the table and a shower of hearts was suspended by a bow of yellow mullin from the light. On the table candles were burning, and the letters "M. M.—C. G. Dec." were discovered traced on the cloth in white mints. This revealed the secret which came as a complete surprise to all present. A chicken salad course followed by cream and pound cake was served. Miss Marsh was given a bottle of toilet water as guest of honor prize. The wedding of this popular young couple will take place on the first of December and will be a notable event in the social life of the town.

Miss Floy Myers and Mr. Earl Bivens were quietly married Thursday evening at the bride's home by Rev. C. E. White. They will make their home here. Their many friends wish for them much happiness. The wedding came as a surprise to the entire town.

Mrs. James Harrell spent the week end in Charlotte the guest of Miss Lillian Boyer.

Mrs. Arthur Newkirk is the guest of Mrs. B. A. Hallman.—Mrs. J. S. Harrell.

Local and Personal

Best cotton to-day 23 to 23½; seed, 49½.

The Woman's Missionary Union of the Union Baptist Association will meet at Faulk's church Saturday.

Rev. M. D. L. Preslar will preach at Macedonia church Sunday at 11 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Because of the W. M. U. meeting at Faulk's Saturday, there will be no preaching at Benton's Cross Roads, but Rev. E. C. Snyder announces that he will preach at that place Sunday at eleven o'clock.

Miss Rose Sease Hoke, a student at Coker college, is expected to spend the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Patton. Miss Hoke is quite an attractive girl, having been voted the prettiest girl in the college for the past three years.

The North Carolina Association of Life Underwriters will hold their annual convention at the Joffe hotel Friday, November 5th. About seventy-five insurance men of the state will be in attendance. Mr. W. M. Gordon is vice-president of the association.

WILL CELEBRATE ARMISTICE DAY IN A FITTING FASHION

STREET DANCE AROUND THE SQUARE TO BE A FEATURE

Parade of Soldiers and War Workers in the Morning, and Athletic Carnival in the Afternoon.

Soldiers, sailors, Red Cross workers, War Savings Stamp and Liberty Loan speakers and directors will join the American Legion in a fitting celebration of armistice day, Thursday, Nov. 11, according to Post Commander Robert S. Howie and Post Adjutant Olin McManus, who, assisted by several committees, are arranging the program for the occasion. Tentative plans call for a big parade, in which all patriots will participate; an address by the best orator procurable; a foot ball game, athletic carnival, and a big street dance around the square at night.

A big dinner will be prepared for all soldiers; and the town will be "wide open" for the occasion, so Mayor Sikes has promised. Every business man in the county is urged to close for the day in order to join in the celebration of the day on which Germany capitulated to America and her allies. To this end, the following resolution was passed at a meeting of the Melvin Deese Post Friday night:

"The Melvin Deese Post of the American Legion, in session October 9, do resolve:

"1. That, whereas hundreds of Union county boys served their country in time of peril, several of whom made the supreme sacrifice; and whereas the State of North Carolina has declared November 11th, the day of the signing of the armistice, a legal holiday, we call upon the city and county officials, the schools, merchants, bankers and professional men to observe it as such in commemoration of the dead.

"2. Resolved further that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the local newspapers and the merchants and business men of the town of Monroe."

The street dance will be one of the attractive features of the occasion. All four streets leading by the court house will be roped off, the band will be stationed on the square, and both young and old will dance the old steps, such as the Virginia Reel, the old fashioned waltzes, and the barn dances. None of the modern dances, such as the "shimmy," and the "bunny-hug" will be tolerated.

The various committees for the celebration appointed by Commander Howie are composed of the following ex-service men: Parade—Dr. S. A. Alexander, B. F. Eubanks and Tom Price; dinner—John Bensley, Gilliam Craig, Dr. S. A. Alexander and Paul Griffith; speaker—Gilliam Craig, Geo. Lee and Louie Hart; athletics—Jas. Helms, R. S. Howie and David Bowles; dance—Dr. S. A. Alexander, W. B. Elliott and W. F. Houston; membership—T. O. McManus, J. Hampton Price, W. F. Houston and R. E. Duncan.

Rev. W. W. Hatchford's Sister Oldest to Register

(From the Gastonia Gazette.)

Until further claimants for the honor arise, Gaston county boasts of registering the oldest woman in the state so far reported. Her name is "Aunt Mary" Hatchford of the Union section, and she is 95 years old.

"Granny" Hatchford, as she is known throughout Gaston county, comes of a family distinguished for their longevity. She is a sister of Rev. W. W. Hatchford of Waxhaw, distinguished for his activities even though far past the 50-year mark.

"Granny" Hatchford is unusually active and spry for her age. She takes an active interest in all current events. Two years ago she had the misfortune to fall and break her hip, but she has entirely recovered. Last summer she took a long trip to Waxhaw and the next day attended a big picnic at Tirzah, entering wholeheartedly into the attractions of the day.

She is a democrat of democrats. The days of '67 and 1900 are too familiar to her, she says, to allow her to vote any other way than the democratic way.

Monroe Doctors Won

The baseball games between the Monroe and Charlotte doctors Friday afternoon ended in a score of 16 to 11 in favor of the local medicals. The attendance at the game was large, \$250 having been realized for the hospital, \$11 of which represented a contribution from the visiting physicians. The event created much interest; and the sportsmanship of the visiting doctors elicited much favorable comment.

Community Meetings

To the Editor of The Journal:—The following are the community meeting appointments for this week: Wednesday, Wesley Chapel; Thursday, Olive Branch; Friday, College Hill; Monday, Union; and Tuesday, Jerome.

The attendance has been falling off in some communities. Remember the winter months when you will be glad of the pictures so near you. Come so you can keep the work in your community. If the committee will see that there is wood on the school yard the school house will be comfortable.—Lura Heath.

When you know, to know that you know, and when you do not know, to know that you do not know—that is true knowledge.

BETHUNE "FAITH HEALER" IS KINDLY, HARMLESS FELLOW

SOME REPORTS HAVE DONE HIM A GREAT INJUSTICE

Mineral Springs Correspondent Continues the Discussion on Snakes and Their Ways.

Mineral Springs, R. F. D. No. 1, Oct. 11.—Those who write of the "faith doctor" hardly do him justice. He keeps no pistol handy; he does not line up the patients, but goes from car to car administering his remedy or prescribing it. Some have pictured him as a rough, red-eyed "sand hiller," but in truth he is kind looking, brown eyed, face ruddy, his form slightly bent, and when he speaks it is usually in a low tone. He never waits for pay after prescribing his remedy, but walks rapidly away. I do not believe he has power to affect cures, but this does not prevent me from picturing him as he really is.

That Charlotte man, who contributed a column about snakes in the Charlotte Observer and The Journal, appears to be "stumped" on his favorite study. I have seen snakes, handled snakes, and studied them for twenty years, and it may be that some of my observations can extricate him from his dilemma. The mother snakes neither transports or supports her young; as he believes. I have killed the mother snake and part of the young, and then passing the same spot a few days later, killed the rest of her brood. All snakes propagate by eggs. I have seen several kinds of snake eggs but to my knowledge I have never seen a rattler's egg. They bury their eggs in soft earth, preferably where the ground is not wet. The length of incubation is less than sixty days, and since the habits of snakes are not of a roaming nature, they are nearby when the young emerge from the eggs.

Only the venomous snakes, the rattler, water moccasin, and "pilate," accompany their young. The early spring is the usual mating season, despite the testimony of those Lincoln county workmen mentioned in "M's" article. Neither do I believe snakes lie in a stupor during the winter months. Of course, during cold spells they may become numb, but a little sunshine restores them to their vigor and activity. I have seen them lying in front of their dens in winter ready for a frolic or a fight. Toads' bull frogs, and terrapins also hibernates in the winter.

As to the fight between the king snake and the rattler, in which the king snake rushed into the woods each time after being struck to return chewing some weed, I doubt very seriously. In the first place a snake eats nothing but live insects, positively refusing to subsist on vegetable matter. Then the snake, being of the fish tribe, is covered with scales that protect it from the bites and stings of poisonous animals and insects.

These years of observation have convinced me that there are no "good snakes." Even the peking snake, of which "M" spoke so highly, will crawl from your rat infested barn and crush a half dozen young chickens to death in a single night, or rob an old field sparrow's nest of its young. A sparrow will devour more harmful insects in a year than a snake would in a life time.

Prof. W. L. Motes moves to Mineral Springs this week, and the community is already experiencing pang of regret at his forthcoming departure. The teachers will be vacant this winter.

We regret to learn that Mr. Grady Plyler, who is in a Charleston hospital, is not improving.

Mr. R. S. Stewart and his mother, Mrs. Harvey Stewart, spent a few days with relatives at Cheraw.

Cotton gins are opening up, but not doing much business. The people are at last awake to the "hold a bale" movement and fully half of the crop will be held in this section unless the price goes up considerably.

Mr. D. F. Sapp arrived home from Boston, Mass., last week after a six weeks stay with his daughter, Mrs. Anne Patterson. Mr. Sapp spent a few days with his daughters at Statesville and Victoria, Va. He says he had the finest trip of his life.

Mr. Ellison Baker held the first corn shucking in this section this year.

Mr. Edmond Armond of Oklahoma is visiting relatives in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hayes and Mesdames Mary Hayes and Alice Funderburk spent Saturday and Sunday at Cassett visiting relatives.

Mrs. James Hayes has been right sick again but we are glad to say she is better.

Sheriff Griffith and His Texas Friend

Sheriff John Griffith, who attended the confederate reunion at Houston, Texas, last week, came across many interesting characters, but the one whom he will always remember was a Texas farmer from the southern part of the state. In a conversation with him, the sheriff learned that the Texas crop had been harvested. The explanation, the Texas said: "The pickers charged us \$2 a hundred, and the staple that they gathered was so full of bolls and briars that dogs refused to make their bed on piles of it. So when the pickers struck for \$3 a hundred we turned our cows into the fields."

The higher type of man is one who acts before he speaks, and professes only what he practices.

Rev. William Mack Lee, Robert E. Lee's Cook, a Monroe Visitor

DILLON'S LETTER TO OHIOAN

"We Feed Your Hay to Our Old Ox, and You Vote for Cox," He Urges. While a patient at Battle Creek, Mich., sanatorium two years ago, Mr. T. P. Dillon and F. M. Teeter of Keno, Ohio, conceived quite a liking for each other, a friendship which has since been kept alive by frequent exchanges of letters. In a recent epistle, Mr. Dillon's Ohio friend asked him not to forget Harding, adding that "he and Cox live but forty miles from me." Knowing that Mr. Teeter was a big hay farmer, Mr. Dillon replied to him as follows: "We'll not forget your candidate at voting time November 8. We'll feed your hay to our old ox, and you go on and vote for Cox."

As Spanish Senorita

(By CONSTANCE DREXEL in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

About the loneliest girl in America today is Maria Louisa Garcia-Dorado, who has just arrived from sunny Spain to study at Bryn Mawr. She is lonely because she is far away from her home in Madrid and also because she has no vote. In broken English she said yesterday:

"We heard the news when the American women received the right to vote just the same as the men. Since then we have had more talk of woman suffrage in Spain because the Spanish women admire the American women and think they are chic. We think American women seem to be able to have everything in life, but Spanish women, they are slow."

"What do they do with their time?" I asked her.

"Oh, they sew a little, they make the cooking a little—"

"Do they do athletics, play at tennis, like the girls you will see here?"

"Oh, no," and here Senorita Dorado of the large limpid dark eyes rolled them upward in astonishment. "They see the sport. They look at the bull-fight and clap their hands."

This Spanish girl is one of the first foreign students to arrive in this country on the new plan of exchange of students between America and European countries.

She is twenty-three years old and already has a degree from the University of Madrid. She is to take graduate courses in her specialties, Greek and Latin, not omitting the learning of English. She has already taught the classic languages in a high school in Madrid. Perhaps that is why she looks older than her years.

She was dressed in forlorn black and her black hair was bobbed. Her mourning garb, still showing the effects of the journey, was accounted for by the death of her father, a professor in the University of Salamanca.

She herself has been studying hard since she was ten years old. Already her little figure is frail and bent. She would have fitted into the Latin Quarter, but was an oddity in the quiet, sunlit campus with sleepy hills beyond—the college campus awaiting the merry hundreds of American girls to bring it life and movement.

"Is this the village?" asked the senorita as we walked along. "Not all these are buildings of the university? No, that cannot be. In my country we have nothing like this."

Asked to describe some things of her far-off country, she said:

"We have the murders like what happened in the Wall street. No, they do not kill so many nor damage so much at one time. But in my country no capitalist is safe. One is shot in Cadiz, then one at Salamanca and about the same time one at Barcelona. We do not call them bolsheviks, those who do these things. They are the criminal-syndicalists, but we know they are influenced by the doctrines of Moscow."

"The king, he is popular," she continued. "But not the queen. She is a foreigner, and the people think she is haughty," accompanying the spoken word with an expressive shrugging of the shoulders and lifting of the chin.

"We used to hear only of South America in Spain, but now we hear more and more of the United States in North America. We think it was America who finished the war successfully for the Allies," she said.

Whittling It Down!

A story of our naval officers who were aboard the British monitor Terror at the bombardment of Ostend is told in Capt. Evans' book Keeping the Seas. During the firing, a fifteen inch shell from one of the German shore batteries fell two hundred yards or so from the ship.

One of the American officers, seeing the huge splash made by the falling shell, turned to the first lieutenant and said:

"How far do you think that shell fell from the ship?"

"About forty yards," replied the lieutenant.

The two American officers looked at one another and then back to the lieutenant, who began to feel that he had much underestimated the distance from the danger.

But he was soon put at his ease, for the younger American said: "I guess that will have whittled down to five yards before I get home to Philadelphia."

The high cost of living has been so well advertised that some people are ashamed to admit they're living within their incomes.

Distinguished Old Darkey Is Pastor of Norfolk Baptist Church

"This is a white man's country," declared Rev. William Mack Lee, General Robert E. Lee's cook and personal body-guard during the Civil War, while in Monroe a few minutes yesterday. He was on his way to his home at Norfolk, Virginia, where he is pastor of a large negro Baptist church, from the reunion at Houston, Texas. "The only time," he continued, "when the negro and the white men are on an equal plane is when the 'possum is roasted and the 'taters are ready. After the feast is over they fall back into their natural places."

On the breast of the distinguished old darkey, who is beloved by the entire Southland, reposed twelve or fifteen medals which had been bestowed upon him for his loyalty and care of the great Confederate leader, and in his pockets he jingled five hundred dollars, contents of a purse presented to him at Houston. Although eighty-five years of age, "Marse Robert's" cook is well-preserved for his age, stands five feet eleven inches in his barefeet, is as straight as an arrow, and he is the possessor of a kindly, but sad face. He sports a Van Dyke beard, which like his hair, is grey.

"My little Marsters," he remarked, "tried to kiss me at Houston, but I wouldn't let 'em." He was referring to the descendants of Robert E. Lee. "They certainly treat this old man grand," he added.

In conversation with Mr. W. M. Gordon, who rode with him to Hamilton, Rev. Mack Lee said: "For four years I was Marse Robert's cook and personal body-guard. I cooked what little food I could secure for him; looked after his personal wants, and was ever ready to defend him from harm. After the war he gave me eight hundred dollars with which to educate myself, and I attended Washington & Lee University for eight years. Then I went into the government postal service, working in this department of the government until retired with a pension. My old Marster, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, left me five thousand dollars in her will."

The old cook showed Mr. Gordon several letters which he had received from the Governors of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky, and from other notable Southern figures. With him, Rev. William Lee had the Confederate flag which he carried in the parade at Houston.

When the Telephone Was New.

An interesting experience of his was once told me by Alexander Graham Bell in the early days of the telephone, says Mr. William W. Ellsworth in A Golden Age of Authors. At the time of the Centennial Exposition in 1876 he was invited to go to Philadelphia and exhibit his new invention at a meeting of men of science. He was inclined not to accept, but the lady who has so often helped him and who was then his fiancée—she is now Mrs. Bell insisted on his going, lent him money, took him in a carriage with an assistant and all the necessary paraphernalia to the station in Boston and started him on his way.

In Philadelphia a wire was put up that reached about a mile, and on the evening of the test the assistant was placed at the other end. The most distinguished man of science present was asked to speak into the strange-looking receiver. It was Sir William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin. He hemmed and hawed, while the audience waited for the words of wisdom that would come from his lips; then he said, "Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle—"

"Finish that," he waited a moment, then exclaimed, "The cow jumped over the moon!" He said it!

There was great applause. Spoken words had been heard and a question answered at the distance of a mile.

When Prof. Bell met his assistant he said to him, "Could you hear Sir William Thomson plainly?"

"I did not hear him at all."

"Not hear him at all? What did you say?"

"I said, 'Please repeat! please repeat!'"

That was all that had been said in reply to Sir William. The question is: Did Sir William think he heard "The cow jumped over the moon?" or, like the gentleman he was, wishing to make a young inventor's experiment a success, did he merely say he heard it?

Ordering the Family Around.

That raw recruits are sometimes not so raw as their captains think is proved by an incident that took place in the Philippine Islands while the Fifteenth Cavalry was stationed there. A recruit was on sentry duty for the first time, and the officer of the day, with his wife, his daughter and his dog, was passing.

The sentry called, "Who goes there?"

The captain replied promptly, "Capt. Jones, wife, daughter and pup."

The recruit hesitated only an instant and then said curtly, "Captain, advance and be recognized! Wife and daughter, mark time! Pup, at ease!"

Most sermons are not as broad as they are long.