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SAYS FEBRUARY WILL BE MONTH OF SNOW AND ICE

In Letter to Journal Correspondent, New York Man Makes Prediction of Famine for 1921.

SNOW FOURTEEN INCHES DEEP

Indian Trail, R. F. D. No. 1, Jan. 29.—On the 26th inst. a severe snow, hail and sleet storm struck this section. The depth of the snow, on the level, measured fourteen inches. On Thursday morning, Jan. 27, it was necessary for the farmers to plow a path to the school houses for the children. The attendance at the schools was good despite the weather. The children, it seems, really enjoy attending school, while in the day of your correspondent they had to be coaxed to get an education.

Mr. J. L. Helms and son, Mr. Oris Helms, of Charlotte, spent last week with Mr. D. L. Furr.

Mr. John Henry Rowell, of Goose Creek, and Miss Iva Baker, of Jackson township, were married recently in Monroe, Esq. I. C. Clontz officiating. They are popular young people, and we extend to them our best wishes. Mr. Rowell is an industrious young farmer of this community.

Mr. J. A. Dixon has in his possession a registry receipt, which was issued on Oct. 10, 1895, by the late Mr. J. S. Hasty, then postmaster at Monroe, to send a letter to Mr. W. A. Boyte at Oakdale, Wash. The receipt is 23 years of age. At the time Mr. Dixon was carrier on the Unionville star route, delivering the Monroe papers and other mail in a two-wheeled buggy pulled by a mule. He averaged forty miles a day, and once made the trip in a deep-snow.

Mr. J. E. Funderburk is preparing to paint his house.

Five members of the family of Mr. J. O. Sossamon are confined to their beds with La Grippe.

Mr. Wade Campbell has resumed his teaching duties at the Mill Grove school after having been confined for a week at his home with La Grippe.

Bang, Bang! The hunters are braving the snow in quest of rabbits, and they are having good luck.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rowell died Tuesday and was buried Wednesday at Price's cemetery. The child was born on the night of January 24th.

Messrs. Farley Medlin, Clyde Rowell and Ray Simpson have returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives in Charlotte.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Morris of Mint Hill, Messrs. Clyde Price and James T. Hill of Charlotte, and Miss Lillie Hill of Monroe were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hill Saturday and Sunday.

In a letter to the writer, Mr. J. McDonald of New York makes some awful predictions. He says the year 1921 will be known as a year of famine, not to be caused by any natural phenomena but by the exodus from the farm to the city. What crops that are planted will be good, but scarce. He advises every farmer to plant plenty of foodstuffs. The wise ones who follow his advice will suffer no want, but he who heeds not his warning will know the pangs of hunger.

The tillers of the soil, he says, are leaving for the city where they think they can get rich quick. This exodus will cause a shortage of crops, and famine will result.

Mr. McDonald urges the people of Union county to stick to the soil, plant all the foodstuffs we can, and great will be our reward. Continuing, his letter reads:

"This is going to be a year for thieves, robbers, evil-minded and scandalous people. Beware of them. There will be lots of influenza in the early spring, and afflictions of the memory, brain, imperfections of speech, and colds in the head, throat and lungs will prevail.

"Fruit in some sections will be abundant, in other sections it will be a failure. There will be plenty of snow and ice all through the month of February. Hops and grapes will be poor; mice will be numerous; worms and fish scarce.

"Our new president will be popular; many fires will occur in the theaters and schools; large floods in the eastern and central states; heavy storms and tornadoes in the central states; many deaths from drugs and by suicide. In general, everything we need will be greatly reduced in price; and trade and commerce will be good."

The following contributions have been reported for the Armenian relief fund: Union Grove church \$2.50 and Mill Grove church \$4.00.

Oak Grove and Raywood are badly in need of a new rural telephone system. Such subscribers as Messrs. W. L. Price, Berry Price, D. L. Furr, H. M. Furr, Ben Horton, J. C. Hill, John Haigler, and Sanford Helger declare it is impossible for them at times to secure any sort of connection and all are enthusiastic for the construction of a new modern system of the metallic type. The writer has in his possession plans for the construction of a metallic system, and he will be glad to assist public spirited citizens in securing this much needed utility.

Everybody is talking about the necessity for re-adjustment, and wondering when the other fellow is going to begin.

When your neighbor cracks a bum joke, you should at least smile sweetly. He may even laugh at yours.

Everybody in Katchakoo goes to Saleeby's Cafe.

OLD MOTHER EARTH IS STILL SOUND AND SOLID

Scores of Earthquakes Every Day No Cause for Alarm, Says A. H. Expert.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 31.—The epidemic of earthquakes that shook the world in several widely separated sections in recent weeks contains no cause for general alarm; they are only the growing pains of the newer geologic formations and old Mother Earth herself at heart is still sound and solid. This, in effect, is the reassuring statement of Prof. J. B. Woodworth, who is in charge of the Harvard Seismographic Station, as prepared for the Associated Press.

Earthquakes have a way of occurring in series, he said, and the world has merely been suffering from another of these periodic strings of convulsions in the shocks reported from Albania, China and Peru. As a matter of fact there are a score of earthquakes strong enough to be felt or registered somewhere in the world every twenty-four hours, but only a small proportion of them are serious.

"The eastern part of the United States is not often visited with severe earthquakes. The only severe ones felt hereabouts since New England was settled were in 1628, in 1727, and 1755, with a much lesser one in 1872.

"The shock of 1727 was so vigorous that sermons were preached on 'A Holy Fear of God and His Judgments,' and a day of fasting and prayer was observed. The shock in 1755 brought down 1500 chimneys and the cable ends of brick houses in Boston.

"About twenty earthquakes strong enough to be felt or registered occur every day in the year somewhere in the world, but only a very small proportion of these are serious. The Harvard seismograph registers some eighty earthquakes a year, chiefly distant ones from 2000 to 5000 miles away."

Death of Mrs. Wm. Perry.

Wingate, Jan. 31.—Mr. S. B. McWhirter returned Friday from a business trip to the eastern part of the state.

Mrs. Bert Austin, of Hamlet, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Austin.

Mrs. W. M. Perry died Friday morning after an illness of several months. She was seventy-six years old, and was a beloved woman who will be greatly missed both in her home and in the community.

The funeral services were conducted here Saturday evening by Rev. D. M. Austin and Rev. A. C. Sherwood. The remains were interred in the new cemetery.

Miss Wilma Griffin, of Laurinburg, is visiting Miss Nora Lee Gaddy.

Mr. Carter Preslar spent the weekend in Polkton with his parents, Misses Bessie and Ellen Gaddy, who are teaching in South Carolina, where in Wingate Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. W. M. Perry.

Prof. Dry, who was principal of the Wingate school for many years, and Mrs. Dry, were here Saturday. Prof. Dry conducted the opening exercises in the school Saturday morning.

The B. Y. P. U. social, which was held Saturday evening, was an enjoyable event. A large number were present and participated in the games. Fruit was served.

Brief Items.

Brief, Jan. 28.—Miss Aurelia Helms, who has been sick at her home the past few weeks, is back at her school.

Mrs. Len Clontz has returned to her home at Newport News, Va., accompanied by her father-in-law, Mr. Washington Clontz.

Misses Grace Taylor and Mamie Pigge recently spent the week-end with Miss Amelia Helms at her home near Monroe.

Mr. Frank McManus has returned from the hospital at Charlotte, where he was taking treatment for blood poison.

Miss Mamie Pigge had as her guests last Sunday Mr. Ray Clontz and Miss Ona Helms.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerr of Allen visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, last Sunday.

Mr. Ray Funderburk visited the Brief school Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beatty visited Mrs. E. D. Black last week.

There is a lot of whooping cough in the community.

Rev. Zeb Caudle of Wingate visited at Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pigge's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Helms visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McManus, Sunday.

Mr. Wade Campbell has given up his school on account of bad health.

Messrs. R. B. Polk and Charles Clontz have gone to Covington, Va., to work.

Mrs. Guy Clontz, who has been visiting her father-in-law, Mr. I. C. Clontz, has returned to her home at Newport News.—"Chatterbox."

Court Witnesses and Spectators Fined for Standing in the Aisles

Mr. D. A. Horton of Lanes Creek township was fined \$25, and forty-nine other spectators, witnesses and defendants were taxed \$2.50 each for standing in the court aisle late yesterday afternoon by Judge J. Bis Ray, who is presiding at this week's term of Superior court for the trial of criminal cases. The fines totaled \$147.50.

Solicitor Brock was calling out the case of some one charged with failure to list property. "What's the number?" asked Mr. R. W. Lemmond, the clerk of court, whose desk was about twenty feet from where the Solicitor was standing. Judge Ray, noticing that the conversation of those standing in the aisle was making it difficult for the court officers to hear each other, stopped the court machinery.

"Close the doors," he ordered, "and let nobody take their seat."

Mr. Horton, contrary to the order of the Judge, sat down on the front bench. The Sheriff was ordered to bring him to the bar, along with the others who were standing in the aisle. The men were brought before Judge Ray, who proceeded to fine Mr.

Horton \$25 and the others \$2.50 each.

Throughout the day Judge Ray had been warning the spectators and witnesses to keep their seats. Several times he ordered Sheriff Fowler to clear the aisles, but all of his efforts were to no avail until he began imposing fines. Then he had no difficulty in making the spectators keep their seats. No one hardly dared to move unless summoned to the bar by either the Sheriff or one of the lawyers.

Those fined were the following: Stokes Leake, Harrison Lowry, Bob Howie, Charlie Vincent, Tom Aisbrooks, John Davis, Jim Hamilton, Hard Pressley, Sidney Redfern, John Burn, Grier Redfern, Henry Chambers, Lester Porter, John Massey, Lester Laney, W. L. Earnhardt, Henry Parker, W. E. Bailey, S. E. Hamilton, C. R. Helms, Brady Bureh, G. W. Aycoth, Ben Simpson, C. F. Burges, John Carter, H. G. Clark, A. B. Knowles, J. S. Howie, L. M. Austin, Walter Stegall, Eugene Street, Will Laney, H. C. Carter, R. L. Smith, Albert Helms, Frank McCollum, R. F. Carter, Frank Simpson, Yates Laney, W. A. Newman, V. J. Williams, Henry Elliott, Floyd Moore, Zeb Seccrest, B. F. Manahan, R. S. Spencer, Will Davis, L. L. Moore, and D. A. Horton.

JUDGE HOLDING COURT HERE IS SELF-EDUCATED

J. Bis Ray of Yancey County, Has Attended School But Twelve Months in His Life.

IS GREAT CURIO COLLECTOR

Judge J. Bis Ray, who is presiding at this term of Superior court, is a self-made man, according to his friend and neighbor, Dr. J. B. Ewing, who has been in Monroe for several months disposing of his five-thousand bushel apple crop.

"Bis Ray," Dr. Ewing said this morning, "was born in Burnesville, N. C., on June 27, 1876, the son of Garrett D. Ray, also a native of this state, and Elizabeth Burchfield Ray, who was born in Tennessee. Judge Ray is largely self-educated, having attended school but twelve months in his life-time. In 1898 he was elected clerk of court in Yancey county, in which capacity he served 4 years. In 1902 he was elected a member of the legislature, and passed what is known as the 'Bis Ray law,' making the manufacture and sale of liquor in Yancey county a felony. As the result of this law, Yancey county cast 1226 votes for prohibition in 1907, and but ten against, and now hanging in the court house in Burnesville is the prohibition banner given by the temperance women of the state for casting the highest percentage of votes in the state for prohibition.

"In 1903 Judge Ray obtained license and was admitted to the bar. He is the author of several law books, including 'Ray's Annotations to the Revised of 1905,' and 'North Carolina table of cases, 1 to 165, N. C. Reports.'"

"Judge Ray and his father have one of the best collections of freaks and curios in the country. It is mostly composed of North Carolina minerals and Indian relics from every Indian aboriginal tribe in the state. They have over 1,000 Indian hatchets, and arrow heads by the bushel. There is scarcely a specimen of minerals that has a commercial value but what is represented in this prized collection. They also have fine specimens of Gunite, from which radium is extracted. Their specimens of crystal Cautinite is unequalled even by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

"Their most valued prize is a smoky quartz within a Beryl, which refutes the assertions of geologists that you cannot have a crystal within a crystal, as that would require simultaneous crystallization. Freaks and coins from all over the world complete their collection.

"Judge Ray and his father have received medals for North Carolina exhibits from the following fairs and expositions: Premium and medal from Chicago world fair, 1892; and medal and diploma from Paris exposition, 1900."

Variety in the North State.

(BRUCE CRAVEN in Greensboro Daily News.)

Whatever else may be said of the Old North State, admission must be made that in general variety it stands alone among the commonwealths of the world. During the past week I saw with my own eyes in this state, the following: Roses blooming in the yards and people bathing in the surf at Morehead City; a little bear running into the swamp away from the noise of the train near New Bern; the mountains covered with snow and ice frozen twenty feet high around a fountain at Ridgecrest; mocking birds singing in Trinity; snow a foot deep everywhere; the legislature in session at Raleigh and a full grown camel going from Winston-Salem to Lexington.

The science of love making has degenerated into an absurdity. If we may judge from a scene that was observed recently when they forgot to draw the curtains. But don't embarrass us with questions.

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THINKS MR. STACK CREATED AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION

Mr. Lemmond's Objection to Fee Basis Is That It Would Be Months Before Office Would Pay.

To the Editor of The Journal:—In your last issue of The Journal there is published an article from Mr. A. M. Stack relative to the Recorder's court in which appears the following paragraph:

"The clerk of the court is paid a salary of \$2100, and his deputy \$900, in all \$3000, while an audit will show that the fees due to the clerk of the Superior court will not amount to anything like that amount. If the Journal doubts that, then see if the present most efficient occupant of that position is willing to go on a fee basis."

I have nothing to say about the Recorder's court and have not had, one way or another. I think it improper that I should. The above paragraph in Mr. Stack's article, however, is calculated to make a wrong impression, which I am sure Mr. Stack did not intend to convey.

The inference to be drawn from it is that I, as clerk of court, am unwilling to go back to fees in lieu of salary now paid the clerk. Probably this originated when I was asked if I would not prefer fees to salary. I stated my position then, and it is the same now; that I preferred the salary for the reason that to go on fees, for the first few months I would not get much, and for a long time after I go out of office, fees would be collected which would come to me. Thus, at a time when I need what I earn most (my children being in school), I get a certain amount at stated periods, whereas, if on fee system, I would get my fees spread out in dribbles for probably many years after I go out of office.

I have collected fees and paid them to G. C. McLarty, E. A. Armfield, and F. H. Wolfe who were clerks years ago, and their fees, some of them, just now coming in. It can be readily seen that, although fees might pay me a little more, I would prefer salary and get my pay now instead of getting it in small amounts spread over a long period of time.

The paragraph would further infer that the clerk's office does not pay what county pays clerk and deputy. This is evidently based on what is supposed to be paid to county treasurer by clerk and does not take into consideration the costs that county would pay if clerk were on fees that are not now paid.

To illustrate: If the clerk were now receiving fees instead of salary, the present term of court would net the clerk in fees to be paid by county, more than enough to pay him and his deputy for a year but as it is there is no account taken of fees that the county would have to pay if clerk received fees, for it is necessary to collect from county and pay it back to county.

I am sure Mr. Stack did not mean to convey the impression that many got from the paragraph above quoted, for he is always fair, and my only purpose in requesting the above statement is to let the public know my attitude and position, that there may be no misunderstanding.—R. W. Lemmond.

FOR ONE WOMAN

New Lois Weber Picture Has Interesting Theme.

Coming to the Strand Theatre on Wednesday next is Lois Weber's latest photoplay, "To Please One Woman," which is described as a dramatic expose of some little known facts of married and near-married life.

The story is laid in a country village near the sea and portrays the shadow cast upon two romances by the whims of a selfish woman. To satisfy her capricious wants, her husband goes to ruin and a young doctor is lured from his small-town sweetheart. However, matters adjust themselves satisfactorily in the end, and the tyrant-woman is foiled.

MAX GARDNER FOR PRESIDENT

A. & E. Students Seem to Prefer Him to Present Head, Dr. Riddick.

Raleigh, Jan. 29.—Student body demand for the resignation of President Wallace Carl Riddick, of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Engineering, coupled with a petition that the trustees elect former Lieutenant Governor Max Gardner his successor, caused something akin to consternation tonight when it became known that in spite of the strictest trustee censorship at the latest meeting, the boys would carry their warfare to a finish.

The Riddick-students quarrel is two years old, but the president beat them out as he generally has defeated his competitors. The students withdrew their demand after airing their grievances and made the amende honorable. More recently there has been dissatisfaction with the budget commissions' award of moneys to the institution. The president became the goat. He had not made the sort of campaign for funds, it was said, and the boys joining alumni have made music.

The president isn't disposed to talk about the petition. Max Gardner was here tonight and learned his first about it when asked about the petition. He had heard that President Riddick and the students were not altogether one. "I would not be president for \$25,000 a year and take the place for life," he said. "Nothing could induce me to consider a thing so perfectly unthinkable."

"Safe and sane" farming has a new meaning this year.

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SOCIETY BLOSSOM, THE DOCTOR AND THE DANCE

A Charlotte Society Incident Fires the Imagination of Mrs. Harrell.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FLU

Marshville, Jan. 31.—Men are really sensible creatures—sometimes—and about certain things that is. We have in mind Charlotte's womanless wedding which was postponed from the original date last week because several of the principals were advised by their physicians not to think of wearing evening dress under existing weather conditions. The men were evidently obedient to authority. Very good. They will probably live longer as a result. Nevertheless the incident fired our imagination. We pictured the same ultimatum being delivered, with professional impressiveness, to a dainty but determined young society Blossom who is looking forward with youthful fervor to a dance to be given in a night or two. She has one of those snuffy, weepy colds which no such terrible medicine as one's looks, and she has dropped into the doctor's office while up town to get something for it. A weepy nose would never do for a dance! The doctor is one of those horribly practical, sympathetic sort, and when the delectable Blossom waits in his smelly old office and sweetly explains about the cold and wants something that will surely cure it by some special account of the dance, you know—she doesn't seem to consider the fact that she is all wrapped up in a snug fur coat with a collar now up to her ears, and all, but just let his eyes rest in the most disagreeable way imaginable upon her silken ankles and satin pumps. He even goes so far as to insinuate that those awfully good-looking pumps might have some connection with the cold! The idea! Doctors could be so tiresome sometimes! Couldn't the poor simpleton understand that everybody was wearing pumps this winter? Well after so long a time he begins poring out some powders and things and when he has finished, hands the little packets to her with this advice: "Now, my dear young lady, if you will take this according to directions, and stay close in for a day or so, wear plenty of clothes and not expose yourself, I think we can hope to break that cold up before it does much damage. But whatever you do, don't put on an evening gown and go to that dance tomorrow night! Do you understand?"

That Awful Old Doctor.

The Blossom looks at him with wide, astonished eyes. Was the man crazy?

"Do you think I would go to the dance in anything but an evening gown?" she demands to know indignantly. "You don't suppose I would go bundled up like my great aunt do you?—and all for just a snuffy little cold? Why this is the largest case of the season, and I have the most gorgeous thing I've ever had!—and her eyes became dreamy and her voice trails off happily.

The doctor fixes his stethoscope suggestively, and becomes even more disagreeable. "Either do as I tell you," he remarks, "or stop by and select your casket on your way home so you can be sure of getting a color that is becoming!"

"Did you ever hear of anything to equal that? Trying to frighten a person to death just over a measly little cold? Doctors certainly were not what they were supposed to be anyhow. And with this comforting knowledge the little Blossom sneezes twice and wiping her nose in utter disdain of the doctor and his disgusting pills she sails out of the office and goes by the dressmakers for a final fitting of the wonderful frock. Now you may finish the story.

The Anniversary of the Flu

Mr. Gripper Marsh of Pennsylvania is spending a few days here with his father, Mr. J. C. Marsh.

Mrs. Annie Bailey has returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives in Monroe.

The play "Brown Eyed Betty" which was to have been presented by the high school on last Friday and this (Monday) evening has been postponed until a later date owing to the weather conditions.

Mr. J. M. Long spent a day or so this week in Statesville.

It was just a year ago that influenza appeared, with such a flourish, in our midst and laid the population low almost over night. We are fervently hoping lightning will not strike twice in the same place, and that this year we may be spared. There have been several cases in town from time to time, but no signs so far of an epidemic. If all large gatherings could be avoided during February, most likely we shall be quite safe. It would at least be worth trying.

The aftermath of the snow is beginning to make itself felt—leaking houses! It seems the best roof is not proof against a heavy snow when the melting time comes. The only local damages from the weight of the snow was the collapse of the shelter to the Marsh-Lee gin house. This can be quickly replaced and in no way injures the machinery or interferes with the business.—Lina C. Harrell.

In the next world, perhaps, we will be able to shake hands with that old and valued friend we lament so much—a nickel loaf of bread.

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