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MR. AUSTIN'S CAR STOLEN WHILE HE WAS AT CHURCH

It Was a Ford Roadster and in Good Condition — Community Club Meeting an Interesting Affair.

WORKING ON PAGELAND ROAD

Marshville, Feb. 14.—The community club held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon at the school auditorium. The program was varied and interesting. Several numbers appropriate to Lincoln's birthday were rendered by students of the school. Several officers who had been elected at the first meeting found it necessary to resign, so new officers were elected to fill their places. The personnel is now as follows: President, Mrs. J. Z. Green; vice-president, Miss Eunice Watson; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Loyd Green; chairman membership committee, Mrs. B. C. Parker; chairman publicity, Mrs. J. S. Harrell. The next meeting will be in the nature of a get-together meeting for the town and will feature interesting talks, music, and readings. The date will be announced in plenty of time for everyone to prepare to come.

Dr. Stokes Hamilton and brother, Mr. Spinks Hamilton, of Charlotte spent the week-end here with their sisters, Mesdames L. E. Huggins and James P. Marsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Griffin of Monroe spent the week-end here with Mrs. Griffin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hinson.

Miss Hester Bricker of Polkton arrived Sunday and will spend the remainder of the winter with her aunt, Mrs. C. B. Covington, and attend school here.

Mrs. Ethel Wilkes and Mrs. Bundy of Hamlet were in town Saturday.

Wingate came down on Friday afternoon and broke the precedent by defeating the Marshville basketball team by a score of 22 to 14. It was a hard fought game, but the Wingate team being generally larger in size than the Marshville boys, they walked away with the victory, but not without having to work for it.

Miss Mabel Cooper of Monroe spent the week-end with Mrs. B. C. Parker. On Saturday she conducted a teachers' meeting for the teachers in a certain part of the county.

Topsoil is now being placed upon the last two miles of the highway between here and Peachland. A few days of good weather now and the finishing touches will soon be on.

Quite a bit of enthusiastic commendation has been heard in regard to the splendid sermon preached by Rev. J. J. Edwards on Sunday evening. The theme of the discourse was "Find the place the Lord has allotted you, and give service for others." In view of the supreme selfishness of the present age, the truths Rev. Edwards brought out in the development of his subject impressed his hearers very forcibly and favorably. A large congregation was present to enjoy the service.

Thieves made way with the Ford roadster belonging to Mr. T. L. Austin on Sunday night while Mr. and Mrs. Austin were at church. The car was in the garage at Mr. Austin's home and was not locked. Mr. Austin stated Monday morning. This is the first automobile robbery to take place in Marshville so far and is causing quite a bit of excitement. There is no clue to the thief. Mr. Austin's many friends sympathize with him in the loss. The car was in splendid condition and gave the appearance of a new one as Mr. Austin had taken good care of it.—Lina G. Harrell.

"AIR FARMIN' BACKWARDS," SAYS "UNCLE HENRY" BENTON

Times Have Changed Since the War, According to This Venerable Old Ex-Slave Darkey. "Uncle" Henry Benton, an old ex-slave darkey, who now lives on his own farm near the Mecklenburg county line, is in his crude way a scientific farmer and somewhat of a philosopher. While in The Journal office yesterday, he gave vent to his views on present day farming, and in substance they are: "We air farmin' backwards. "Before de emancipation old marters used to pay \$1500 and \$1600 for us darkeys to work for him. Money was plentiful. Why? Cause old marter raised eberrt dat we ate on de place. "Now, cause it am de style, folks work dere stock nearly to deaf haulin' \$2 and \$3 loads of wood to town so dey can get a week's supply of rations. In de old days de wagons hauled flour and bacon to de town. Now dey brings 'em back. "Dis here guana am no 'count. Manure am better. I've tried 'em bof, and I knows what I am sayin'. It's full ob dirt and rocks. De man dat buys too much guana dis year had jest better quit farmin'. "Atter de war folks weren't 'shame to plow old oxen. One ox was enuff to raise three or four bales of cotton, plenty ob corn and taters. Nowdays eberrbody has \$400 mules, and dey can't raise hardly enough feed to keep 'em goin'. "Times air goin' to git better for de man who works and uses his haid. Dose who 'lay off' de guana and raise dere own rations and feed ere gwine to make money of cotton is below 10 cents next fall."

HE ADVISES MONROE GIRL TO "NAB THE FIRST MAN"

Washington Bureau Head Says the Days of Government Employees Are Now Over.

URGES HER TO RAISE CHICKENS

"Nab the first man you can get, make him hitch up and take you out to a farm where you can raise chickens and milk the cows," is the advice given by the head of one of the government bureaus to a young Monroe woman who requested him to use his influence in securing for her the position in Washington which she relinquished a few months ago after having helped win the war. His letter, in full, reads: "Your note of the 2d inst., addressed to me at 19th & B. Streets, Munitions building, reached me today. As you have been gone for about a year and could not possibly be aware of the fact that my office had wandered from the eighth wing in the Munitions Building to the second wing, from there to the Lemon Building, from there to the Corcoran Court building and finally down here to Temporary Building No. 7, 18th & C. I am unable to say whether or not your letter to me attempted to trail me up at these various locations but it did take a considerable period to find me where I now am. "It seems to me that you must be a long ways down in old North Carolina to not have heard that all the government bureaus in this old town have been doing for the last year or so is to reduce personnel. The famous bond branch, which when you saw me last, was over 1100 strong is now down to a mere skeleton of 63; every other section, that I know of, has been reduced about proportionately; and worst of it all we are not through and are going to make another big drop by the end of February. While it is hoped that there may be a lull between that time and the end of June, there is no telling what might happen any time between; at the end of June it is doubtful if anything at all be left of us. If you were here with us, you would have to be wearing rubber boots, and bathing wings around your waist, to keep from drowning in the salt tears shed by those who after long, strenuous and faithful service are being daily fired. Not even congressional pull can keep those whose services are no longer required for the simple reason that they cannot be kept on account of lack of appropriation. Under the circumstances I regret to say there is not a chance in a million for any one to be taken on and so I must humbly admit that I can be of no help to you in this matter. This does not say that I would not gladly do so were it within my power. "If you will permit an old and experienced man to make a suggestion, nab the first man you see (provided he is at all eligible) make him hitch up and take you out to a farm where you can raise chickens and milk the cow. The days of the government employee are gone and the mad rush of the reformers and watch dogs of the treasury are knocking the pins out from under every department within their reach."

SEVERE CYCLONE STRIKES OLD HOME OF MR. HINSON

He Formerly Lived in Washington County, Ga., Where Twenty-Six Were Killed Wednesday.

DR. BAILEY LOST HIS MEDICINE

Mineral Springs, R. F. D. No. 1, Feb. 14.—Mr. James Moser, son of Mr. George Moser, is home from Hampton Roads for a short visit. He is in the navy. Mr. Carl Belk left recently for Fort McPherson, where he will receive hospital treatment for injuries he sustained during the war. Miss Edna Nesbit has decided to be a trained nurse and has gone to Richmond to go in training. Old timers say the last term of criminal court was the most unusual one in their knowledge. Two defendants charged with the murder of their own brothers, and over a thousand citizens indicted for failure to list property! There never has been such a court case held before in this state. A terrific cyclone struck a section of Washington county, Ga., last Wednesday at noon, causing the death of about thirty persons, twenty-eight of them being negroes. Most of those killed lived at Occochee, a small station on the river bearing the same name. Many of the men who lost their lives were employees of a large saw mill company. Many freaks were caused by the cyclone, one of them was that of the suction picking little children up and carrying them a half a mile and leaving them hanging in the limbs of large trees. In a large field not far from the little village the wounded and dead were left in a circle. In the center stood a large white goat which was so terrified that he refused to move for several hours. A piece of plank was driven into the head of a negro boy by the force of the wind. The doctors extracted it and the boy has a chance to live. The writer of this article lived in that section some years ago and deeply sympathize with these unfortunate people and with me are many Union county folks who felt the fury of the wind during the past year.

Mr. H. G. Plyler keeps us from the hospital at Asheville that he has successfully underwent two operations and hopes to be at home soon. We are sorry to say that whooping cough and measles are about to swamp us. It seems that the people are not taking the proper precaution and somebody is to blame for their widespread prevalence. Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Hinson Wednesday, February 9th a daughter. Our efficient carrier Mr. R. C. Nesbit is taking his vacation. Dr. Warren Bailey and Mr. Robert Hinson had a narrow escape from serious injury, and possibly death, when they crossed a bridge over a swollen stream near Mr. Sam Lathan's place. Their horse became frightened, and turned the buggy into the water. They were badly shaken up, but experienced no serious injury. Dr. Bailey lost his grip and a considerable amount of medicine.

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THIRSTY ONES WANTED TO SAMPLE THE "CASE GOODS"

This Caution on Part of Monroe Men Saved Them From a \$560 "Bottled in Bond" Whiskey Swindle.

On arriving at Monroe, Lisen first went to the Seerest Motor Company, where he sought help to pull his "car" out of the mud. One of the mechanics was preparing to go after his "car" when the "Atlanta man" decided that he wanted to buy a second-hand automobile. Thinking that he was a man of means, he was shown a car, but his later talk and actions aroused so much suspicion that he was given the cold shoulder. He then left the garage. Here the fun started. He approached some young men standing on the Joffre hotel corner, and told them his "case goods" story. They passed the word along, and in a short while the thirsty ones began looking for Lisen. By 9 o'clock Friday evening the stranger was the center of a small mob. Orders for quarts and cases began pouring upon him from right and left, but none seemed ready to trust him with the cash. A few had their automobiles ready to accompany him to the spot where his alleged car was stuck in the mud, but Lisen was reluctant to depart for the scene of his cache. Becoming tired of his evasions, several parties, fully armed to prevent highway robbery stunts, demanded that Lisen take them to his car. They showed him the money, a fair-sized roll, and promised to take his full supply provided they first be given a sample. Cornered, Lisen requested that he be excused for ten minutes to permit him to transact a little business. He did not return. An hour and a half later, Lisen appeared at a home in the western part of town, battered and bruised, claiming to be the victim of an automobile accident. A doctor was called. His injuries proved to be slight, and securing medical attention he returned to Monroe. Chief Spoon, by this time, had got "wind" of the affair, and apprehended Lisen. After questioning him, however, Chief Spoon concluded that he was demented, and permitted him to leave town. His railroad fare was paid by a local man, who felt sorry for Lisen after learning his story. It turned out that he had neither car or bonded whiskey.

Only Forty-Seven Votes Were Cast For the Chamber of Commerce Road Plan, Says Heath in Reply to Price

HE TWITS SANDY RIDGE MAN ON CHURCH AFFAIR

Road Commission Head Intimates Politics Actuates Senator's Stand on This Important Question.

IS READY TO WELD "BIG STICK"

To the Editor of The Journal:—I am conscious of the fact that your readers are by this time bored at the controversies that have been printed in the papers of the county for the past few weeks, nor would I, at this time, add a further imposition, but for an article from the flexible and vitriolic pen of the Honorable J. N. Price, the "Sage of Sandy Ridge," which appeared at length in your issue of the 11th instant.

My first impulse was to treat with contempt this attempted reply of his, to what I had stated regarding him in my rather lengthy article which you published on February the 4th, but the undignified and ignoble style employed by him, on second thought feel impelled to resent some imputations that were made with the avowed purpose of having affect with an ignorant class of people. He has not answered a single argument that I have made, but to the contrary referred to the accustomed tactics of a well trained demagogue, and a distinct class of trained and "flopping" politicians, who are always alert in attempting to be on the winning side.

There is no use in my attempting to reargue the case, so Jim implies, when in the very beginning of his article he says the "people have already acted in mass meeting," but he does not state that there were but forty-seven votes in this meeting, which, as a matter of fact is the truth,—at this very point, he then standing on the bank of the stream and the water appearing cool and refreshing, decided to flop right in.

In the language of the baseball fan Price's actions and manner of logic is comparable to a pitched "spit" base ball, which invariably manages to dip under, or over, or beyond, the tip of the bat.

"Oh! if you don't want a knock-out blow, you must stand in with the Major or woe unto you—that is what de Major am done"—in other words the Major raised merry hell—another Billy Sunday, I suppose. Jim Price knows that it was not de Major that ousted Ira B. Mullis, but that it was the demands of the people in which I am proud to say I took a part. Jim Price knows more about this circumstance too than he has revealed, and that is that he told me on one occasion on the court house square, about the time of Mullis' retirement, that he was much pleased at some changes in management as there was great dissatisfaction.

That Itemized Statement.

And too, the Senator is very much concerned about an itemized statement not having been published in accordance with an amendment that he had passed at the special session of the legislature last August,—he could have been reconciled on this matter, had he conferred with Mr. R. B. Redwine, his colleague in framing this law, and now attorney for the road commission, and he would have informed you, sir, dat de Major, as chairman of the commission, out of precaution, conferred with him concerning this very matter, and explained the practical impossibility of doing this on account of the cost and magnitude of same and furthermore that it would take up the entire space of any paper in the county for several issues to comply with the law. By conferring also with each of the other nine members of the board, he will be informed that a vote was taken as to whether an attempt should be taken to comply and it was unanimously decided to publish a condensed audited statement and had you done this, you might have forestalled the humiliation that will occur when you, the self appointed "guardian angel" of the "deer peeples" rights, shall have reported this terrible deflection of the law to our genial solicitor, Mr. Brock, and should his prosecution of the case be successful, I will guarantee that you will have shackled in stripes ten fairly good road hands. In this connection also, may I suggest that I will gladly turn over to you or anyone all of the books for your inspection and if you will bear the cost, I will furnish you an itemized statement for Sandy Ridge and you can amuse yourself in fault finding.

His Township Plan a Failure

The reason, Major, that I flopped over on this road question is that I saw that the present system was a failure and would not do, etc., etc.

In answer to this, why did you not, as a wise, farsighted, safe and conservative man, not have seen this, when you and Redwine and Griffin drafted our present county unit system in January, 1919, after, you, especially, had prior to this, a special township unit law passed for your own township, and which proved a failure, largely under your own supervision. And did you not "step from under" and throw the burden on the shoulders of Sam Redwine and others, when you knew it was a failure? Yet, it appears that you are now "looking at it from an un-

biased standpoint and something that will be of the most benefit for the fewest number."

The Major's Dog "Jack"

I did say in my former article, that I thought you had conferred with some "prominents" of Monroe before finally deciding on another one of your political manoeuvres and I retract, if you now deny. I was also honestly of the opinion that if you had, that perhaps you had unconsciously fallen into the hands of a few members of the chamber of commerce, who are enemies of mine and to whom I referred on one occasion when I wrote an epitaph to my bull dog as follows:

"In memory of my bull dog JACK

"He was brave, honest, faithful and grateful, which is more than I can accord some former business associates, a few kinsmen and friends of a sort."

While you now deny that on this particular occasion you had no conferences with any of the "highups" of Monroe, I do recall that in the past with other and political agitators were on, you did so in that county, Morgan-ic way, very peculiar to yourself and a few other agitators, who were wont to wander and flounder from one political fold to another and who appeared to take a fiendish delight in bringing about circumstances which not only arrayed brother against brother but race against race and whose sole and selfish object was office and political ambition and the attendant "pie."

Are Working Harmoniously

The "Imperial Jim" charges that my motto was to "rule or ruin." All of my many former and present business associates will deny this fact and this can also be corroborated by the present road board. They will inform you that we have had complete harmony and cooperation.

This is quite a contrast to him who has built up and tried to destroy when not to his liking. I believe that I am correct in the statement that he was instrumental in establishing one among the first rural graded schools in the state, which was commendable, but as time went by, he began plans for its undoing.

Last but not least, it is said that when he failed in controlling the church of which he was a leading member, the church of his parents and foreparents for many years, at the sacred altar of which, he no doubt often communed in complete harmony, love and fellowship with his neighbors, and in which he sang and worshipped most fervently and saw the way leading toward the golden stairs and crystal palace, broke away from this sacred mooring and erected a church of his own design and different denomination, where he could "diaconate" instead of remaining a meek and lowly steward.

Instead of replying to me in a high toned and dignified manner, he resorts to a diabolical method of criticism and interspersed his article with a lot of jabbered and negro dialect, amusing, no doubt to him but disgusting to many.

No Need to Argue With Mr. Price

Read some of these interpersions: "You hate to give up the job, the sop is all gone,—I love to see the Major eating that pie,—I do feel sorry for the Major,—how pleased he is, when eating that pie,—now, de Major is wanting more of dat pie,—no pie, not even a crumb for my pup,—the pickings are all gone, nothing there for me, you have "ate" all the pie,—the dishes are licked clean,—not even any crumbs left for the dogs," etc., etc. To be sure, we will all agree that the above is a wonderful and profound argument on roads.

Jim said that I came at him with a broad side and a big stick. I will say that if it was his real purpose to create an impression of wrong doing on my part in the repeated use of the word pie instead of twitting as he may have intended, it would then be time to talk about broad sides and big sticks.

It may be that really at heart friend Jim has never liked or admired me since the time he asked me to support him in his candidacy for sheriff and at which I candidly and frankly told him I could not and explained my reasons.

But why impose this diatribe further upon a patient and long suffering people.

There is no need of opposing or arguing with Price, when we recall that it was he, who right recently, wrote such a humiliating article about Novus Homo, who has been, to say the least, a very entertaining correspondent for The Journal for years, when he dared oppose him on certain views of reevaluation and taxation after which Price even made reference to Novus Homo's poverty and to his owning no land, writing then, no doubt, surrounded with the luxuries of his own Hacienda.

W. C. HEATH.

In some sections of the country they say booze is selling at a dollar a drink. But it's a safe bet they don't set out the bottle so a fellow can pour his own swig.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," they say. And, we might add, all play and no work makes him a mollycoddle.

The road booby tells us to love our neighbors as ourselves. But that, in certain cases, might be rough on the neighbor.

Some people are always complaining about the poor purchasing power of the American dollar. But even that has its advantages. It furnishes a good excuse for hanging on to them.

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Becoming tired of his evasions, several parties, fully armed to prevent highway robbery stunts, demanded that Lisen take them to his car. They showed him the money, a fair-sized roll, and promised to take his full supply provided they first be given a sample. Cornered, Lisen requested that he be excused for ten minutes to permit him to transact a little business. He did not return.

An hour and a half later, Lisen appeared at a home in the western part of town, battered and bruised, claiming to be the victim of an automobile accident. A doctor was called. His injuries proved to be slight, and securing medical attention he returned to Monroe.

Chief Spoon, by this time, had got "wind" of the affair, and apprehended Lisen. After questioning him, however, Chief Spoon concluded that he was demented, and permitted him to leave town.

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Charley Lisen, of Rocky Mount, 25 years of age and well dressed, but apparently demented, was "deported" Friday night by Chief J. W. Spoon after he had made an unsuccessful effort to swindle a number of Monroe men out of \$560 for eight cases of bottled in bond liquor that he didn't possess.

On arriving at Monroe, Lisen first went to the Seerest Motor Company, where he sought help to pull his "car" out of the mud. One of the mechanics was preparing to go after his "car" when the "Atlanta man" decided that he wanted to buy a second-hand automobile. Thinking that he was a man of means, he was shown a car, but his later talk and actions aroused so much suspicion that he was given the cold shoulder. He then left the garage.

Here the fun started. He approached some young men standing on the Joffre hotel corner, and told them his "case goods" story. They passed the word along, and in a short while the thirsty ones began looking for Lisen.

By 9 o'clock Friday evening the stranger was the center of a small mob. Orders for quarts and cases began pouring upon him from right and left, but none seemed ready to trust him with the cash. A few had their automobiles ready to accompany him to the spot where his alleged car was stuck in the mud, but Lisen was reluctant to depart for the scene of his cache.