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BANK ROBBER CAPTURED IN HUDSON'S DENVER HOME

Dr. Belk's Daughter Finds That She Leased Her Beautiful Bungalow to Pair of Criminals.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE HID IN CELLAR

Suppose you rented your beautiful home for the summer to a strange, though highly recommended young couple, and left for a visit to your father in a far-away state, later to learn that this same couple were bandits using your home as a rendezvous for desperate criminals, even keeping nitro-glycerine, an amount sufficient to blow up an entire city block, in your cellar? Impossible? Yet that is the experience of Mrs. Mike Hudson, of Denver, Colo., who is here as the guest of her father, Dr. J. M. Belk.

Thomas J. Coleman and Edna Carroll are the names of the couple, and today they are in the Denver, Colo., jail, the former charged with being the leader of a gang of bandits that stole over twenty-three thousands of dollars from bank messengers in that city late in February of this year. The girl is being held as an accomplice. Coleman faced a sentence ranging from five years to life imprisonment.

Mrs. Hudson's home is in one of the most fashionable residential sections of Denver, and relative to her lease of the house to Coleman and the Carroll woman, the Denver Times says:

"Neighbors stated that Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hudson are the owners and formerly lived in the house. Mr. Hudson is a naval officer, now stationed at Fort Lyon, Colo. His wife is visiting in North Carolina. The new occupants were very quiet and retiring, the neighbors said, the lights seldom being on at night time and no parties of any kind taking place in the home. One of the women neighbors said she had attempted to call on the new residents, but, although she knew there was someone inside, no one came to the door. She had only noticed two men and one woman going in and out of the house, she stated, but had been informed by other women in the neighborhood that there were two couples living at the address.

"Two automobiles were often seen by neighbors in front of the house, one of which was the new car, and the other, police believe, the car used in the actual holdup.

Pleased With Tenants.

"According to Mrs. Mary Madison, the maid employed by the Hudsons before their departure, the house had been advertised in the papers and Coleman and the woman, whom he represented as his wife, answered the advertisement. Coleman said he was a loan broker, according to Mrs. Madison, and that he desired to rent a house furnished for the summer and believed that the Hudson house was just what he had been looking for.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were highly pleased with the appearance and manners of the applicants, according to the maid, and the house was accordingly rented to the Colemans with no suspicion whatever that they were persons of questionable character.

"Mrs. Hudson was fooled by the innocent appearance of the girl, said Mrs. Madison. 'She looked like such a sweet little thing, and you would have thought she had just come in from the country. Mrs. Hudson told me that I ought not to hesitate at all if the Colemans offered me the opportunity to stay on at the place and work for them.

Maid Denied Admittance.

"While the arrangements for renting the house were being made, the Colemans said they would be delighted to have me to stay and work for them, and I took them at their word. On the day they moved in, however, they called me up and told me they had decided not to employ me. The next day I went back to the residence for a coat that I had left there. Coleman came to the door, when he saw me he became awfully nervous, half closed the door and seemed to be bending every effort to keep me from entering the house. I hid him I wanted my coat, but he let me off with a few words and then slammed the door in my face and I had to go away without it.

"I didn't see the woman again, he was certainly a polite little thing when the couple applied for the lease. Mrs. Hudson mentioned the girl seemed to have of saying 'yes'm' and 'no mam' to every question asked her."

Story of the Capture.

The Denver Post's account of the capture of Coleman in Mrs. Hudson's home is, as follows:

"One of the \$23,000 bank bandits who was captured in a dark garret 1940 Glencoe street, in the very heart of the fashionable Park Hill residence district, at 11:15 o'clock Friday morning and \$3,000 in currency was recovered.

"The bandit gave his name as Thomas J. Coleman and Captain of Detectives Washington Rinker announced that he has confessed. Edna Carroll, said by the police to be own in the underworld as 'Mickey,' was arrested in the Glencoe street house, where she is said to have been living as Mrs. Coleman.

"Coleman has refused, the police say, to tell who his accomplices are to give any information. Dr. H. Hollison, who is said to have located the bandit who accidentally

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HEARD QUIVERING NOTES OF VIOLIN MILES AWAY

Mr. E. B. Stack Has Installed Wireless Telephone Outfit in His Own Home.

Seated in her own home, Mrs. Ervin Stack Sunday evening heard the rendition of a violin solo. "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," in Pittsburg, over a thousand miles away, through the receiver of a wireless telephone outfit installed by Mr. Stack, who is a skilled electrician. She says she could not have heard the quivering notes from the violin any better had she been seated in the audience at Pittsburg.

Mr. Stack's wonderful instrument has not been completed, but when adjustments are made, and the delicate receiver is tuned to other outfits over the country, he believes that he will be able to hear distinctly bands playing on ships at sea, distress signals, speeches, sermons and important news events as they are flashed over the country. A Charlotte man, who has a similar outfit, reported to Mr. Stack that he heard a sermon delivered at the Pittsburg radio station and a song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," Sunday.

PREACHER - SHERIFF IS TO HANG TWO MURDERERS

Rev. W. E. Robb Will Spring the Trap, It Being a Duty Required of Him by the Law.

HE SAYS BIBLE JUSTIFIES ACT

Des Moines, Ia., April 28.—Despite the fact that the sixth commandment specifically says "Thou shalt not kill," Rev. Winfred E. Robb is going to hang two men.

As preacher-sheriff of Polk county, Iowa, it will be his job to spring the trap that will execute Eugene Weeks and Orrie L. Cross, convicted of the murder of George A. Fosdick, a Des Moines grocer.

"God is a God of justice as well as of mercy," says Robb, and he points to other biblical verses that he says justify his act. Although the law permits him to pass the grim duty along to one of his assistants, Robb has no such intention.

"It would be cowardly," he says sadly, "for me to let others perform the duty that the voters of the county entrusted to me. The task of hanging Weeks and Cross would be equally revolting to any citizen, whether he be a preacher or a merchant. If I cannot carry out the duties of a sheriff, I will resign. But I assure you I have no intention of quitting.

"I find justification in the Bible for the work that I am called upon to do and I will do that work even though it means the taking of a human life.

Mrs. Robb endorses the stand taken by her husband. Although she regrets that it falls to his lot to hang the men, she says it is his duty to do as the law directs.

Robb, a chaplain in France with the 168th infantry, was elected sheriff last November. On the night of February 5 Fosdick was murdered, and it was not until two months later that the sheriff, after a chase led through many of the larger cities, landed the two murderers in jail.

"I expect to spend a great deal of time with Weeks and Cross before I am called upon to hang them," says the preacher-sheriff.

"I want to see them both repent. I do not mean the shallow repentance that follows the arrival of a man within the shadow of the hangman's noose, but the real repentance of the soul for the awful act they have committed.

"I believe I can help them to see the light. As a minister of the gospel that is my duty just as much as it is my duty as sheriff to hang them."

By chance the date set for hanging Weeks, first of the pair to die, falls on Saturday. And so Robb, as a sheriff, one day will stand in the death house at Fort Madison and spring the trap that snuffs out a human life and on the next will return to Des Moines where, as pastor, he will preach the gospel.

Rev. Mr. Robb says the Bible justifies his act. He points to this passage in Matthew XXV:

"And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: 'And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. 'Then shall the King say unto them on His right, Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. 'Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.'"

"How Come Saint? St. Joseph, Missouri, says J. L. B., must be in a class with fabled Sodom and Gomorrah when it comes to general wickedness. At a recent Sunday evening service this sign adorned a church:

"Evening service, 7:30. Subject of sermon: 'Where Millions Sin.' Get the habit. All are welcome."

How Come Saint?

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FREIGHT MAKES WESTERN HAY EXPENSIVE FORAGE

Guaranteeing Profits to Railroads Penalizes the Industrious, Says Jackson Township Man.

ON WHISTLING OVER THE WELL

By NOVUS HOMO Waxhaw, R. F. D. 1, April 28.

We were uptown just a little while Saturday afternoon (Waxhaw, I mean) and some one said to us, have you voted? Voted on what? We enquired. Well I think it's something about roads, road commissioners, county commissioners, or something or other. No we hadn't voted, and we didn't, and blamed if I believe any except the people who live in Waxhaw knew there was an election on hand. We actually heard people express surprise at the suggestion of voting and wanted to know where the performance was performing. This is the wrong time of year to vote.

From the way the county is being flooded with petitions, asking for an election on the question of any further bond issues, and from the way the citizens are sticking their names to said petitions, it looks very much like there will be no need for any more road commissioners right soon. If the people get a "whack" at the bonds that are now trying to be born I very firmly believe they will strangle 'em. Then of what use would a road commission be?

Some time ago we stopped over to see a professional well digger, trying to make a hole through a mighty hard rock by the old fashioned method of drilling and blasting. He had been at work three days, and had gone down about six inches, after putting off several shots in what he called the "hardest rock he ever tackled." Other men had worked as faithfully in former attempts to bring water out of that rock and all had given up in despair, but this colored professional was going to beat 'em all and show them that a man who "knew how" could do things.

Puts It Up To Esq. Flow.

While we were lounging around and waiting for him to get ready to put off a shot, we decided to take a "peek" down in the hole and see how it looked. While we were thus reclining over the frame work at the top, some evil impulse came over us and we instinctively began to whistle some unknown, or at least unremembered air. The poor fellow looked up in dire disgust and pleaded, "Say, Mister, please don't whistle up there."

We stopped as quick as we possibly could and seriously inquired the whyfore. "Cause, man," said the colored well digger, "if you whistles up over a person when he's down in a well a digging you will make the well cave in on him." We informed him that we didn't know that, and told him we were mighty sorry, and that we wouldn't do it any more. But in about fifteen minutes that negro called for the rope, and asked to be taken up. When he had gotten out, he made a bee-live for his "tother" clothes, put them on, told the folks good-bye, and hasn't been seen since by any one in this community.

We have since thought that if whistling over an open well would cause it to "cave in" when dynamite wouldn't crack it, that it would be cheaper to hire a bunch of whistling Rufuses, and whistle the bottom out. I wonder if Squire Flow can beat that?

The Cost of Western Hay.

The Progressive Farmer says it knows of a merchant who bought a car load of hay for \$124.00 and when the shipment arrived, the freight was \$203.00, making the total cost \$427. The cost per ton, including freight, was a fraction over \$34. The dealer sold it in ton lots at \$28. In less than ten tons he sold it at \$40. The users of this hay paid approximately two dollars per hundred pounds for it; the producer of it probably got 33 1/2 cents per hundred pounds.

The lesson in this is that farmers should raise their hay and not buy and freight it at such enormous cost. But! We have just recently guaranteed the railroads six per cent on the value of their property, water and all, and what in thunder the difference will it make whether we let 'em earn it by hauling us things we need, or just pay it to 'em out of the tax fund in the public treasury?

The people are going to have it to pay anyway and under our rotten taxing arrangement, the man who is most industrious pays the greater part. Therefore the only escape for a citizen is to not try to do better by supplying as far as possible his own needs at home, but to do absolutely nothing at all, then he would have nothing at all and the system says a man who is worthless to society because of his good-for-nothingness should not pay any part of the expense of the government that protects. Therefore, my dear sir, raising your own hay will not cause you to pay less of that six per cent railroad bonus. It will cause you to pay more of it if the undertaking is successful and proves profitable to you.

Let's think some, what do you say?

Argonne.

The silver striper was on honest man, but he was in love with a girl who demanded deeds of daring.

"Tell me," she breathed, "what was the greatest battle you were in?"

"Ah, g'wan," he replied with embarrassment.

"My hero," she cried, falling on his neck, and they were married the next month.

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WITNESSES PASSING OF "LAST CHANCE" SALOON

Monroe Man Out in Texas. Considered a Georgian He Met His "Back Door" Neighbor.

WARNING OF "CARELESS NUTT."

By OBSERVER. San Antonio, Tex., April 28.

No wonder people are always crying for something new. They just get tired of the same old things. They are like the old fellow in the Bible who waxed fat and kicked, if they are rich. If they are poor they don't know what's the matter with them. They used to take to drink. Now they take to the movies. That is one reason why the pictures are so popular and why people want them to either be a little naughty or appear so at any rate. Movies are one of the substitutes for drink. The automobile is another. The yellow newspaper used to be, but that has worn out and while the most respectable journal of today is as yellow as the yellowest of ten years ago, no one pays any attention. It has been overdone, and the nerve thrill will no longer work on it. Now we have to depend upon the cliff jumpers in the pictures to produce the "thrillers." Where we will turn next for the thrills is hard to say. But how could any one expect to be thrilled now-a-days after the great war. That was the thrill of a thousand years. But it too has become familiar and doesn't count any more. The whole point is, I think, this: That we have so become dependent upon others to do our thrilling for us that each one of us is helpless so far as his own amusement is concerned. We have no personal resources, no reserve force, nothing to call up to amuse us, to entertain ourselves and to fill the hours when not at work. All of this inability to be amused when all the stunts and thrills have become old may make us turn back upon ourselves in time. I don't know. People who know much and some who know little, are inclined to ridicule our Christian Science friends, but I am inclined to think that they are going to teach a very valuable lesson and make a real contribution to the times. That contribution will be this: They teach a man that he has some latent possibilities and tend to make him bring out all his reserve forces. And he has plenty of reserve force, much of which he has not dreamed of.

Reason of the Old Settlers.

But, as usual, I am about to fly the whole track which I started out to follow. I was going to tell something more about the familiar things I see and hear, and instead I have made it appear that familiar things are apt to bore us. They may when one is at home, but not when he is away. Why, out here I am glad to see a South Carolinian, and yesterday in the park I met an old man who came from Georgia twenty years ago, and we concluded that North Carolina and Georgia are near door neighbors. Out here the "Old Settlers" are made much of. I can foresee the time when their descendants will be as stuck up as the descendants of the "signers" of Mecklenburg. Many of the real old settlers are still with us and a few days ago I saw a long picnic table full of them, both men and women who came into the country in wagons when Indians and Mexicans and rattlesnakes were plentiful and dangerous. It was a celebration in honor of the battle of San Jacinto, where Houston and his eight hundred Texans wiped out the army of Santa Anna and avenged the massacre of the Alamo which had taken place two weeks before. The old settlers divided the honors with old Confederate soldiers. Floats in the parade depicted the history of Texas from the earliest days and showed the characteristics of the seven periods, or the "seven flags" under which Texas has lived. First were the Indians, then in turn, the French, Spanish, Mexican, Independent State, Confederate State, and National. San Jacinto day was celebrated all over Texas and everywhere the state's rich historic background was brought out. In San Antonio a whole week was given to it and the gorgeous parades were two hours long. Ten brass bands gave music and (russ on the ground floor and overhead three squadrons of five huge aeroplanes rent their motors. And after the gorgeous things were over they had a political speaking in front of the Alamo and a horse doctor was operated on with a pistol by a little man whom the doctor was beating up. The latter wasn't a part of the program. It was spontaneous and extemporaneous. So also was a shooting affair in a barber shop in which two were killed and another one who one bit the dust, during the same week. Yet Texas is a mighty peaceful place. They do say that people sometimes shoot with the old-time quickness, but it is rare. In three weeks I have seen but one man who showed signs of drink and he was a soldier, probably from some quiet nook back in the east.

Bar Signs Still in Evidence.

But you can imagine something of how things used to be when mean liquor was the only thing they had to rely upon to break the monotony. Everywhere the soft drink stands and the eating shacks in the little towns were once saloons. And it was so recent that they haven't marked the word "Saloon" off the sign. I have even seen the famous words, "First

COMMISSIONED IN SPANISH WAR

Col. C. S. L. A. Taylor, ante-bellum negro, who used to make shoes before the war for the late A. A. Laney and Patterson Houston, is still living in Charlotte, and is the leading character of the negro quarter in that city, according to the News. During the war Taylor worked on a Confederate government contract, making shoes for the soldiers out of wood and cloth, leather being scarce. Esq. M. L. Flow has a vivid recollection of Taylor, and says he was a hard-working, respectful negro.

Of him and Charlotte's negro business quarter, the News says: "San Francisco has its Chinatown and other cities its similar sections, but Howell's Arcade in Charlotte stands in a class to itself. It is the negro business section of the city.

"When one enters this narrow passageway from East Trade street, the noise of the city begins to die away. A rather lazy aspect confronts the eyes. In front of the numerous barber shops and other establishments the negro proprietors lounge in chairs, seemingly indifferent to the whirl of life outside. Customers sauntering into the Arcade seem to be immediately overcome by the listless atmosphere, and, as they drop into the barber's chair for work, the incident could be more rightfully described as a nap. The street is too narrow to permit the full rays of the sun to come in, and while other sections are generally hot in the summertime the Arcade is usually rather cool and delightful. The middle of the day, when the sun is directly overhead, is the only period of unpleasant heat the occupants experience.

"The buildings are all wood and give the impression of age. Each resembles the other, and so close are the shops on one side of the street from those on the other that it would be no great task to jump from one shop into the other.

"At present the topic of conversation in the Arcade relates to prayer meetings, for, as a church poster in one of the shops says, 'The army of the Heavenly Kingdom must charge with red hot zeal and auxiliary aerial advertising squadrons and heavy artillery against the entrenched enemy of the infernal kingdom.' There was a day when the devil had full sway.

"According to Marshall Bailey, who runs a negro pressing club in the Arcade, and who probably has been in business there the longest, the Arcade about ten years ago was the roughest place where the police were always sure that they could make an arrest, he declared. The slogan of the Arcade at that time was 'More Booze,' and such a state of drunkenness was reached by some that there were unusually drunks lying about. The people were forever drinking, said Bailey.

"In spite of the booze events, however, few incidents of fights occurred, continued Bailey. Only once since he has been in the Arcade does he remember a fatal fray. It happened years ago when some negro shot a negro woman in one of the cafes. The cause of the affair was not known. The occupants of the Arcade heard a pistol shot ring out early one night, and, running to the street, they saw the negro woman reel out of the door and fall dead in front of the cafe. "I don't remember whether the murderer was ever caught or not," said Bailey.

"Probably the most exceptional character in the Arcade is Colonel C. S. L. A. Taylor, a negro who runs the barber shop. Taylor was a slave before the Civil war, making shoes for his master in Union county. During the war he made shoes for Lee's army. After the emancipation he erected a shoe shop of his own. In time

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STATE TO TAKE OVER TWO HIGHWAYS IN THE COUNTY

Road Running Through Heart of Union Will be Hard-Surfaced, Is Belief Here.

The state highway commission has posted a notice on the bulletin board in the court house to the effect that the roads in this county known as the "Jackson and the Charlotte-to-Wilmington" highways will be declared links in the state highway unless protest is made within sixty days. The "Charlotte-to-Wilmington" highway is certain to be hard-surfaced, and it is thought that the "Jackson highway" will also be treated with a surface of cement or asphalt.

According to a Raleigh dispatch to the Charlotte Observer, the state will spend \$10,000,000 this year in road building, and as the highway to Charlotte, running through Marshville, Monroe and Vance townships is one of the most important in the state, it is believed that some hard-surfacing will be done on it within a short time.

Even should the commission decide not to hard-surface these roads they will be reconstructed and made into excellent thoroughfares.

UNION COUNTY EX-SLAVE WAS "REBEL" SHOEMAKER

Col. C. S. L. A. Taylor Was Employee of Houston and Laney Before the Conflict Between the States.

COMMISSIONED IN SPANISH WAR

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MRS. CRAIG HOLMES IS DEAD OF HEART FAILURE

To Say That Marshville Folks Are Proud of Their School's Record is Stating It Mildly.

MR. BAILEY CRITICALLY ILL

Marshville, April 28.—The commencement exercises drew to a close on Friday evening with the second presentation of the play, "The Average Man," and very pleasing and flattering indeed have been the comments of all those who attended all or part of the exercises which continued through the week. Thursday evening the reciters' contest was held and the participants and their subjects were as follows: Miss Margie Marsh in "At Home to His Friends," an arrangement from Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen"; Miss Shellie Beunet in "Berge's Version of the Flood," an arrangement from the book "Helen's Babies"; Miss Sarah Blair in "The Little Boy's Bear Story," by Riley; and Miss Ethel Staton in "Ole Mistsis."

These four young ladies displayed remarkable talent in their readings and their performance was worthy of college girls. The audience manifested their appreciation of each recitation by the heartiest applause. The judges awarded the medal to Miss Margie Marsh.

Following this came the high school debate on the question, "Resolved, That the United States Should Enter the League of Nations without Amendment." It was a warm and interesting discussion between Messrs. Hal K. Marsh, and Edwin Griffin for the affirmative and Messrs. Loyd Gray and Bryon Williams for the negative. The judges, Mr. B. C. Ashcraft of Monroe, Prof. Beech of Wingate, and Mr. E. E. Marsh of Marshville, rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative, and awarded the medal for the best debator to Edwin Griffin with Hal R. Marsh second.

As speakers these young men have few equals in the high school world, and much success is predicted for them in the college life which they will soon be entering.

Proud of Their School.

Following the debate the diplomas were presented by Prof. B. L. Biggers to the three graduates, Misses Kate Morgan, Hattie Armfield, and Mr. Seaborn Blair. This closed another year of one of the most successful schools in the state. To say that Marshville is proud of her school and her boys and girls is but expressing it mildly, and we feel that it is fully justified. There is hard work and close application to the tasks in hand behind this success, also that spirit of determination to do the best possible, which is necessary to accomplishment, and while the town is not suffering from an attack of "big head" or given to vain boasting over the triumphs of her young people, yet she feels that the school should be allowed to know that its efforts and successes are appreciated by the citizens and a hearty sympathy and an honest pride is felt for each individual, whether teacher or pupil, who helped to bring the Marshville school up to its present high standard. The school was cautioned one day just before its close, by one of the county school officials not to feel that the Marshville school was made up of the smartest people in the county for they were not. Fortunately such a feeling had never entered the school at all. Another virtue of the school is that it can stand prosperity. But if the school has added to its course public school music, expression, and public speaking, etc., and the boys and girls avail themselves of these opportunities which other schools in the county do not offer, then we say "More credit to Marshville; may your prosperity continue!"

Marriage of Miss Emma Austin.

A marriage of interest to the town and county took place on Tuesday afternoon when Miss Emma Austin, daughter of Mr. J. C. Austin, married Mr. J. B. Coble of Oakboro. The ceremony took place at the bride's home "Pleasant Walk Farm" one mile from town and was performed by Rev. J. J. Edwards, the bride's pastor. Relatives and a few friends of the young people were present. The home was beautifully arranged with flowers and potted plants and presented an attractive setting for the wedding. There were no attendants the bride and groom entering the ceremony room together. They left for Charlotte by automobile shortly after the ceremony, and will be at home in Oakboro after May 1st. Mrs. Coble is the oldest daughter of Mr. J. C. Austin and was born and reared in Marshville. She is a young woman of great executive ability and personal charm and her many friends here are loth to see her leave for another home. Mr. Coble is a successful young merchant of Oakboro and is a young man of splendid character and business ability.

Tragic Death of Mrs. Holmes.

A death which came with shocking suddenness to the town and to her family occurred Wednesday about noon when Mrs. Craig Holmes succumbed to a heart attack at her home near town. She was said to be feeling very well that morning and ate a hearty dinner, and was laughing and talking to members of the family when she was suddenly seized with the attack. A physician was summoned immediately but before he had time to administer aid she gasped "I am dying and passed away. Her husband was with a party of friends

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