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JUDGE WEBB GIVES TIMELY REMARKS

Calls the Attention of the Grand Jury to Several of the Prevalent Evils of the Day

ALMOST WISHES CURFEW

Liquor, Pistols, Cigarettes and Joy-Riding Receive His Attention and Commends New Marriage Law

Superior court for the trial of criminal cases convened at eleven o'clock yesterday, Judge James L. Webb presiding. The following grand jury was drawn: W. C. Sanders, foreman, N. B. Ayers, W. C. Cunningham, J. Bedford Davis, W. L. Price, M. W. Moore, C. G. Taylor, G. T. Winchester, F. W. Eason, J. B. Huggins, L. J. Smith, D. L. Furr, W. L. Earnhart, R. C. Beik, S. C. Thomas, W. J. Helms, W. H. Hood and J. M. Tarlton.

In his charge to the grand jury, Judge Webb paid his respects to the blind tiger liquor business, but he stated that some otherwise good men have been induced to go into blockading by the enticingly high prices that the stuff brings. He emphasized the fact that there is a lot of mighty mean liquor on the blockade market. "There are two or three men in the state prison today," he declared, "charged with murder on the ground that liquor they sold killed the men who drank it." He declared that when a person drinks blockade liquor he is taking his life in his own hands. The judge then stated that under the law a man may obtain as much as a quart every fifteen days, provided he obtains it legally, but that if one takes into his possession even a spoonful with the intention of delivering it to somebody else he is guilty of violating the prohibition laws. He also stated that no man has a right to order liquor in another person's name.

Careless Rumor

Judge Webb also broke some interesting remarks about men and boys slandering women. He stated that young men very often make unguarded remarks about girls that start a report and within a short time the girl is damned and doesn't know it. He then gave some words of warning to others who are in the habit of repeating what they have heard, in which they are just as guilty in the eyes of the law as if they had started the report.

His remarks in regard to the practice of carrying concealed weapons were very timely. He said he had heard brave men make the statement that nobody ever carries pistols except cowards. He would, however, leave that for the jury to decide for themselves. It is the judge's opinion that good men sometimes carry them for protection from highwaymen at night, but the fellow he is after is the one who gets hold of some mean liquor, sticks a pistol in his pocket and starts out for trouble. The judge believes in removing so far as possible all temptations and he thinks dealers in firearms should observe the law strictly in regard to selling pistols to any one until they have been convinced that they are of good character and need the weapon for the protection of property or persons at home. He started to name some of the different makes of pistols, but decided to abandon the idea, stating that some boys and some negroes know the names and makes of all of them.

The Cigarette Law

The judge bore down heavily upon the necessity for cigarette dealers using care in regard to selling them to boys under seventeen years of age, stating that it is a violation of law to sell or give cigarettes to anybody under seventeen years. He stated that he would rather an eight- or ten-year-old son of his would form the habit of drinking liquor than of smoking cigarettes, because he could cure him of the habit more easily. He believes that cigarettes are killing hundreds and thousands of boys in North Carolina.

"If we expect children to be strong their parents must be strong," the judge declared, "and the law requiring men and women to be clean before a marriage certificate can be issued is a good law."

He took a shot at joy-riding and stated that the practice of boys and girls going automobile riding at night is ruining the young life of the country. "Boys are like flies to some extent," he stated; "they see what they believe to be sweets and go to it and get caught in the net that has been set for them." Judge Webb believes that he is almost ready to advocate the re-establishment of the curfew law that required the ringing of a bell at 8:30 and at that time every boy and girl must be in his or her room. "On the streets is no place for boys and girls after dark," he declared.

Wants Court House Heated

In regard to persons operating automobiles without license, Judge Webb said some men in the state own two or three cars and have only one license tag, changing it from one to the other as it is needed. He said the state is getting in behind that practice and also those who have no license at all—that agents are being sent out to various towns to investigate such matters.

He advised the grand jury to recommend that the county commissioners have steam heat put in the court

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How Much Will He Get?

Fire insurance men are called upon to write policies on most any and everything and they can usually do it. But Mr. G. B. Caldwell has been stumped. He had to call for help. A customer wanted some insurance on a Ford but Mr. Caldwell couldn't say whether he could let him have any or not. But it was too rare a case to turn down without an effort and so he decided to write his company and describe that Ford and see what the company would risk on it. He hasn't heard from the company yet. Here is how he described the Ford:

One Ford car, with a piston ring. Two rear wheels one front spring; Has no fenders, seat made of plank. Burns lots of gas, is hard to crank. Carburetor busted half way through. Engine missing, hits on two. Only three years old, four in spring; Has shock absorbers 'n everything. Ten spokes missing, axle bent; Four tires punctured, ain't worth a cent. Got lot of speed, will run like the deuce. Burns either oil or tobacco juice. Helluva good Ford, for the shape it's in.

THOMAS APPEALS TO SUPREME COURT

Automobile Salesman Convicted at Concord of Murder in Second Degree Given 18 Years

NOW RELEASED ON BOND

Case That Attracted a Great Deal of Attention Engaged Four Union County Lawyers

Mr. J. J. Parker got home Saturday night after two weeks of the hardest work of his life at Concord where he was leading lawyer in the defense of Thomas, the automobile salesman on trial for his life for the killing of Allen at Kannapolis in October. There was widespread interest in this case and the public generally has already learned that Thomas was found guilty of murder in the second degree, sentenced to eighteen years, appealed, and was set at liberty under a twenty thousand bond pending the hearing of the appeal by the supreme court some time this spring.

There were four Union county lawyers in the case, all of them for the defense, and all of them made speeches. They were, beside Mr. Parker, Messrs. Frank Armfield, T. D. Maness and Boyce Sherrin, all now practicing in Concord.

Thomas was an automobile salesman of Charlotte. Allen was a plumber of Concord, and with Thomas at the time of the killing was Mrs. Lowe, wife of a traveling salesman known in this section. The killing took place at Kannapolis on the night of October 25. Thomas claimed that Allen walked up to his car on the street and asked if he were following him and demanded him to hold up his hands. That he thought he was about to be robbed and shot without thinking. The state contended that he did know it was Allen, that he shot him before shooting, that the shot which entered Allen's back killed him, and that there was some secret reason which caused Thomas to do the deed. The whole truth about the matter will probably never be known.

Public sentiment was against Thomas. He was riding with a married woman and carrying a pistol, which he claimed to carry at all times. These two facts, coupled with the improbability of his story, caused people to think him guilty and few were surprised at the verdict of the jury.

In sentencing Thomas Judge Ray declared that his decision had been influenced by his sympathy for the wife and mother of the defendant. "Who has sat faithfully by his side." "At first I intended to give the prisoner the full limit of the law," he stated. "But I feel a great sympathy for the wife and mother and I cut the sentence to 18 years."

Judge Ray also stated that he felt sorry for Thomas, that he appreciated the fact that the sensibilities of the defendant were different from those of the average prisoner at the bar, but that the judiciary stands between the people and lawlessness, and that he had to do his duty as he sees it.

Sentiment Against Thomas

Mr. Parker gave three reasons in asking Judge Ray to set aside the verdict. First, that the verdict is contrary to the greater weight of the evidence. Second, that the cause of the defendant had been greatly prejudiced by the arguments of the counsel for the state. Third, that the cause of the defendant has been greatly prejudiced by the hostile attitude of the spectators and bystanders.

In his arguments Mr. Parker stated that public sentiment had been strong against Mr. Thomas, and that should a new trial be granted, a change of venue should be made.

T. D. Maness also spoke briefly, pointing out certain facts in the evidence of the defense, which should cause the verdict to be set aside in his opinion.

Mr. Parker made a masterful plea for the mercy of the court in sentencing his client. He requested that a minimum and maximum sentence be given by Judge Ray, former to be effective on the behavior of the prisoner. Judge Ray declined to do this.

Thomas came into the court room with his sister, Mrs. Reavis, and his brother. Mrs. Thomas came in a minute later and sat by his side. His

More Than One Hundred Killed When Roof of Theatre Collapsed

Weight of Snow Smashed In Washington City Playhouse Saturday Night and People Were Crushed Like Rats Caught Under Deadfall — North Carolina Girl Killed

The roof of the Knickerbocker Theater in Washington City collapsed Saturday night and killed 107 persons and seriously hurt more than a hundred others, weight of the snow on the roof causing the disaster.

An avalanche of broken plaster, bricks, snow, splintered wood and twisted steel beams catapulting upon the audience while the orchestra and a comedy film ground out is the description of the theatre disaster given by Representative John H. Smithwick, of Pensacola, Fla. He was in the balcony of the theatre when the roof collapsed under its weight of snow, and escaped unaided—just how he cannot recall—with more or less serious hurts.

"The orchestra was playing beautiful music and a comic film was running," said Mr. Smithwick, lying in his bed, bandaged and with his face and hands covered with cuts. "Suddenly there was a sharp crack. I looked up and saw a great fissure running across the ceiling. It was right over my head. I instantly realized what was happening. The plaster began to fall, dropping down in large and small chunks all over the theatre. It seemed to me. While I was looking up a great piece right over my head started to fall. I ducked, crouching, involuntarily I suppose, down between the seats. The piece struck the seat right where I had been sitting. The force was broken by the seat but it pinned me down where I was crouching. The noise was awful. It was a great, tremendous roar. It was simply indescribable. I never can forget it."

Shrieks of the Injured

In the midst of the roaring were shrieks and cries of women and children and a few shouts of men. There were cries for help, groans, and, worst of all, the moans of those in terrible pain. It was awful. I can't describe it. I see it all the time—those poor children and men and women crying and groaning there.

Recovered from the rock and horror of the ruined theatre, a pitiful stream of mangled bodies, dead and living, flowed all Saturday night and Sunday into the lower rooms of a Christian Science church a few hundred yards away. At the first word of the disaster, the place was thrown open to these stricken folk and the hundreds of others who came to search for their dead or injured.

And as the full weight of the losses became known, the dead monopolized the space, crowding the injured into the all-too-small rooms. It was merely a first aid station for those taken crushed but alive from the wreckage on stretchers over the slippery pavement with lines of soldiers keeping the crowds far back.

Doctors and nurses and women eager to bring their sympathy and cheer to the suffering or bereaved waited in the church. They tenderly washed away the grey dust of the crumpled concrete, the grime and caked blood, blackened sometimes by hours of waiting pinned under the debris until the rescuers cut the victim loose. Bandages were applied and the injured were whisked away to hospital or home.

The Dead in Long Rows

But the dead lay long in double rows in which they stretched across

mother was not in the courtroom when sentence was passed.

The defendant showed the same optimistic spirit that had characterized his demeanor during the entire trial, as he entered the courtroom. He smiled to friends, and to all appearances was very calm.

Thomas Gives Way to Tears

Only during the speech for mercy by Mr. Parker did Thomas show real emotion. During this masterful plea he gave way to his emotions for a minute and did not try to hide the tears that rolled down his cheeks. His wife moved closer to him, and they sat shoulder to shoulder as they heard the verdict which will send the man to the state prison for 18 years.

The case was one of the hardest fought in the history of North Carolina, the attorneys among the most brilliant in the state. Eleven days were consumed with the taking of testimony and arguments by counsel; 213 witnesses were introduced, and attorneys spoke in arguments for 23 hours and 54 minutes.

The defendant was represented by Maness and Armfield, John M. Ogleby, J. Lee Crowell, of Concord, E. T. Candler of Charlotte and John J. Parker of Monroe.

Solicitor Hayden Clement was aided by L. T. Hartzell and H. S. Williams, of the local bar, and L. C. Caldwell, of Statesville.

Members of jury deliberated but two hours, one of them stated. Some favored waiting until next morning to render the verdict; others wanted it rendered that night so they could go home. It is not known how many ballots were taken.

Remember the old-fashioned centaur who had the head of a man and the body of a horse? His successor is the stylish girl who looks like a polar bear above and a stork below. —Toledo Blade.

the floor, until a tearful relative or friend, a husband or wife or father or mother, recognized the crushed form at last. Up and down the aisles walked those whose fears had drawn them here because there was some one missing in the family circle.

Women already weeping in certainty of what they must find sooner or later beneath the kindly blankets that shielded the sleepers made the journey of sorrows many times before they found what they sought.

Men with working faces leaned to draw back the coverings and then gasped with short lived relief as they moved on to the next huddled form. Some of these seekers came with the dirt and grim of the wreckage upon them still. Some had passed through the crash of roof and balcony only to leave a dear one dead in the tangled mass.

They had worked hours with the rescuers to find that one, only to return now and then for a hurried trip to the chamber of death.

Eleven times death struck down husband and wife, side by side. They died as they had sat to see the swift picturing of the film.

But many other times it was only the wife or the husband who perished and the survivor must make the terrible pilgrimage of recognition in the grim chamber of death.

The times when children were taken were sparingly few.

Usually the big theatre has been in its earlier hours of a Saturday night the gathering place of a host of youngsters who come with their parents for the week's amusement. But the storm that wrecked the Knickerbocker kept most of the little folk at home that night.

Up the long path, trodden through heavy snow, that ran from the impromptu morgue to the Knickerbocker, struggled the stretcher squads, army and navy men chiefly. Commissioned officers of the military services held the doors of the church entrance, and with exquisite gentleness and sympathy sifted out those who sought their dead from others drawn by morbid curiosity.

Above all there was quietness at the church in spite of the urgent and never ceasing activity. Of the losers in the Knickerbocker disaster, neither the physically hurt nor the bereaved gave voice to their suffering, and it was the testimony of the first who reached the theatre that the outcry here in the ruins was little and soon stilled.

North Carolina Girl Killed

The only known North Carolinian killed was Miss Nannie Lee Lambert, a native of Asheboro, who was a government employee working in the war department.

Miss Lambert came to Washington years ago. She used to be a stenographer for W. C. Hammer, now a member of the house. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lambert, are very old.

Miss Lambert graduated from the State College for Women at Greensboro in the class of 1915.

Her remains were sent to W. W. Chambers company, undertakers, by Mr. Hammer. It will be two or more days before the body will be shipped out of Washington.

Archie Bell, an employee of the war department, accompanied Miss Lambert. He was killed. His home was in New Jersey.

Court Proceedings

There are no cases of importance before the present term of superior court. Judge Webb is moving things along rapidly and court will probably adjourn about Thursday. Quite a number of cases have been thrown out of court, continued, etc. The following cases have been tried:

Mack Kennington, charged with abandonment, nol pros with leave.

W. C. Hogan, charged with assaulting and beating his wife, judgment suspended on payment of costs.

Jas. Gaddy, failure to list property, judgment suspended on payment of costs.

Harrison McManus, carrying concealed weapons, fined \$50 and costs.

Buck Hulseby, carrying concealed weapons, fined \$50 and costs.

Pete McDonald, larceny, judgment suspended upon payment of costs.

Jesse Winfield, forgery in several cases. It will be remembered that Winfield forged checks on Monroe banks. He was given fourteen months on the roads of Union county.

Hides Ingram, bigamy, six months on roads.

Zeb Smith, theft, pleads guilty, sentence not passed.

Frank Griffin, fornication and adultery, judgment suspended on payment of costs.

Stephenson School House Completed

Mr. W. H. Presley tells The Journal that the new brick veneered school building in the Stephenson district of Vance township has been completed and the present term is being taught in it. The new house has four class rooms and a large auditorium. The district was formed from the Ebenezer and Center Grove districts which were consolidated under the name of Stephenson, in honor of Mr. J. M. Stephenson who donated five acres of land to the school for the building and play grounds.

Who Got Mr. Sell's "Parts"?

On the 28th of last October Mr. J. A. Sell lost his Chevrolet car by fire on the road near Mill Creek church, that is, it was so damaged by fire that he couldn't use it again till it had been overhauled. He had an insurance policy on it and made application for indemnity to the company. He has just succeeded in getting the claim adjusted and the remains of the car has fallen to him. He has decided to try to make it run again and thinks he can do so if the folks who have been carrying it off piecemeal will kindly bring back the parts that have been taken away. Mr. Sell says he is far from accusing anyone of having stolen any of the parts, and since they were only borrowed he thinks it time for them to be returned. The radiator is gone, for instance, and it is quite necessary in the scheme of rehabilitation. Another quite useful article is the carburetor, which has also flown away. Of course the tires would be useful, too. Wheels and axles are also said to help in the matter of running. Just any such things as these Mr. Sell will be glad to get back.

A LOOK IN ON THE MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

Mrs. Hargett Finds It Pleasing to Hear the Men Talk and Lift Voices in Song

MR. GORDON LOOKED FINE

And Mr. Love's Talk Was Inspiring and Drove a Hearty Amen From Mr. Phifer

By Mrs. Knox Wolfe-Hargett

We were ushered last Sunday into the Business Men's Bible Class. The apartments are down in the spacious room of the new Sunday school annex at Central Methodist church. Having been invited and put on the publicity committee we desire to know exactly what was expected of us. After taking the collection, the secretary, Mr. Zeb Faulkner, announced the amount, and number present. One hundred present with three new pupils. The trio was asked to rise and be introduced. Mr. Curry, the "new man in town," an insurance promoter, was one of the number. The members kept coming; at least a dozen or more came after the count. Mr. W. B. Love, the teacher of the class, made it known to all that Mr. W. H. Phifer had been made an honorary member, also a life member of this class. "For forty years," the speaker said, "he has given his services to the Sunday school of this church, and now we propose to honor him with the very best that is in our power to bestow."

Rev. Mr. White then told one on himself when he was a boy. He went to church one Sunday and while the congregation was kneeling for prayer during the first part of the service Mr. White fell asleep on his knees. Nobody aroused him from his peaceful slumbers and he never knew anything until the preacher had pronounced the benediction and the people were leaving the church when he suddenly awoke and found himself on his knees.

A Timely Dream

But Henry Marsh took the prize with this interesting story of the late Mr. Ike Nash's sleeping qualifications in church. Henry says that Mr. Nash had been doing some work for Mr. E. C. Griffin and had lost the cross-cut saw. He went to church on the Sunday following and when he returned Mr. Griffin asked him how he liked the sermon. "I can't tell you much about the sermon," replied Mr. Nash. "But I dreamed where we left that cross-cut saw," and he looked in the place he had dreamed about and found the saw.

Mr. Gwynne Griffin of Marshallville, who is principal of the graded schools at Advance, states that when he left that place Friday the snow was twelve inches deep. When asked how he liked that section of the state, Mr. Griffin replied, "Very well, but Union is the best county in the state." He then explained that while Davie is a good county there are not so many home-owners as in Union. The farms are to a great extent owned by large land-holders who either rent the farms or have them cultivated by tenants. Perhaps Union has more small farmers or men who own small farms and cultivate them themselves than any county in North Carolina and that's what it takes to make a desirable community in which to live.

Holding Money Tight

"There is quite a bit of money in Union county," said a citizen a few days ago, "but the people are afraid to turn it loose." He then explained that folks have become so excited over the appearance of the bull weevil that they have withdrawn their money from circulation and thereby made conditions worse than they really should be. It is also this man's opinion that there are thousands of dollars in the county hidden away in old stockings, cracks of houses and in other places, that would greatly relieve the situation if they were put into the banks and thereby placed into circulation. With the large number of banks in Union, all on solid footing, it is rather strange that anybody will trust to luck and the weather to keep their money safe in places where robbers can so easily find and secure the earnings of a lifetime. And then there is another class of people who delight in carrying large rolls of money in their pockets, just why no one is able to tell, unless they are possessed of the same feeling the preacher had who always borrowed a dollar before going into the pulpit. It is said that the minister referred to never used the money and always handed it back to the brother from whom he borrowed it at the close of the services. When asked why he borrowed it, he replied: "I never have any of my own and I can always do better preaching when I have money in my pocket."

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What a fine talk this was. I only caught a small part, but that was good. Certainly our good lawyer-teacher can't be classed with the attorney I once heard of. He, the lawyer, was cross-examining a witness for the other side.

"You say the moon was shining brightly at the time?"

Witness: "It was."

"You are perfectly familiar with the appearance of the moon, are you?"

"Yes sir."

"Can tell a moon as far as you can see it, can you?"

"I think I can."

"Ever see the man in the moon?"

"I've seen what they call the man in the moon."

"Often?"

"Many a time."

"What does he look like?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he looks like a little, two-for-a-cent one-horse lawyer."

Now Dr. Weaver comes in for his share of praise for this effective outcome in building up this large class. I'm afraid to say too much about

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