

Uncle Phil Whitley Asks Rev. Reuben James Who Made God

Rev. Reuben H. James, one of the beloved old preachers of the county, held a regular reception out on the court house square Wednesday morning. He had not been in town for some time, the day was pleasant, the iron seat rather comfortable, and many people passing. Nearly every one stopped to "howdy" with the old veteran, and he had a joll' word for all. The conversation ran from scripture to good roads and every one expressed some sentiment of friendship or asked some question. All the questions were answered with the quick flashes of wit that the old man is noted for—that is, all questions but one were answered.

That one was propounded by Mr. Philip Whitley, and though Mr. James did not answer it, Mr. Whitley acknowledged that he had made about the best try at it that he had ever heard. And what do you suppose that question was? Here it is as Mr. Whitley propounded it: "Now, preacher," said Mr. Whitley, "I am not meaning to be objectionable or to insult you, but I want to ask you one question. God made men and things and made the world, and everything, now who made God?"

"I don't consider that a fair question," said Mr. James, some what taken back, "but I'll answer it the best I can." And after he got through with the explanation Mr. Whitley said that it had come neiber his own idea than anything he had heard.

"You were in the Confederate army, weren't you?" Mr. James was asked. "I was," he said, "and they might nigh perished me to death." And that was all that he would say about the old war and he never mentioned the world war. He lives in the present though an old man, and recognizes the fact that old men are prone to think that times past were the best times, so he does not say much about old times.

Like Sam Jones

Mr. James began preaching when he was twenty three or twenty four years old and kept at it steadily for fifty-three years. He has been the regular pastor of forty-two churches and served one, Clear Creek in Mecklenburg, for sixteen years in succession. He is not a book man but thinks for himself, clearly and sharply. The writer heard years ago that the late Sheriff A. F. Stevens said that Reuben James was the best preacher in the county.

"This is the first year that I have not been a pastor in more than fifty years," said Mr. James, regretfully. "But I had to quit. I can still go some but there's friction in the gear somewhere that I can't get out and I have slowed down. Maybe it's a bad spark plug. But I can do like Sam Jones did on his first circuit. When he and his wife moved to the parsonage there were no provisions and nobody brought any the first day or night. Next morning Sam got up early and went out and began splitting stove wood. He split for an hour or so and had a big pile. Directly Mrs. Jones went out and said, 'Sam, what are you cutting wood for when there is nothing in the house to cook?' That's not my business," said Sam, "that's the Lord's business. I'm going to cut the stove wood and expect him to provide the rations." And sure enough pretty soon a two horse wagon load of provisions drove up to the parsonage from the flock."

"I ain't doing much now but cutting the stove wood," said Mr. James.

What the Human Heart Craves

Asked what he thought about old times and present times. Mr. James said that while he knew it was the tendency of old men to think that their day was the best, he thought he could say that there does not appear to be so much spirituality as there used to be. "So far as the church is concerned," he said, "there is more organization and more money raised, which I do not object to at all, but it does seem that there is not enough spirituality in proportion as there should be. I do not object to organization, but what we need is more personal christian contact. There are many fraternal organizations, and I do not object to them, they are good, and they have sprung up because the human heart craves for fellowship. The mistake that the church made was to make too wide a gap between the church and the world. Men outside the church felt that they lacked understanding, sympathy and comradeship and the church did not reach them. They needed fellowship and the consequence was that they built up other organizations. Christ intended that his church would supply all the organization that we needed for fellowship, and it would had it been kept like he intended. But it got too far away from the mass of people."

"And what is the remedy?" he was asked.

"Why, more social and fellowship work on the part of the church, more personal work and contact by church members. The hardest thing for a christian to do is personal christian work and when one starts to do this the devil jumps astride of him and tries to stop him. Love and friendship and helpfulness and understanding and the bearing of each other's burdens are what we need. Every church ought not only to have a social committee but each church itself ought to be a committee of the whole. We need more welcome, more friendship, more understanding and the bearing of each other's burdens are what we need. Every church ought not only to have a social committee but each church itself ought to be a committee of the whole. We need more welcome, more friendship, more understanding. Why a wicked man doesn't like to talk to a preacher, and yet if he could but understand it the preacher is his best friend."

And then the interview was terminated for Mr. Sherman Pigg, who married Mr. James' oldest daughter, stepped up and said, "You've got another red headed grandson down our way, you must come to see him." And Lawyer Brooks, who married

Mr. James' youngest daughter came up and took him off to dinner.

The Friend of the Fatherless

Mr. James was very much enjoying the visit he was making to his daughter as well as seeing his old friends. But he regretted that he was not at home Wednesday because Miss Edwards, the field agent of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage had gone to see him. Mr. James has been known for many years in his work throughout this section as the friend of the fatherless. He never tired of making speeches in behalf of the orphanage work. It was close to his heart. And when he arose before a church or an association to plead for support for the homeless children he was sure to bring tears to the eyes of his hearers and contributions from their pockets. He never tired of telling how he himself was reared as an orphan and what the duty of the people was towards the support of institutions caring for motherless and fatherless children. Many years ago he made a special trip to the Baptist orphanage by invitation and found out just how the hundreds of little ones were cared for and that trip resulted in many dollars increase to the orphanage.

The old Christian warrior is now nearing his 77th birthday, which comes in August. His wife, who is some older, is, he says, the best cook anywhere, and he is still able to keep her in stove wood and they are happy.

AGED WOMAN RECOUNTS BOOTLEGGING TRAGEDY

Her name was Mrs. J. W. Allen, of 390 Woodward avenue, and she was little, old and gray, says the Atlanta Journal. Her slight, well-bred figure, bent beneath the weight of three score years, was clad in gray, as if to match her hair. Her lips trembled and tears poured down her wrinkled cheeks as she stood before Judge T. O. Hathcock Tuesday morning and testified against her husband.

Monday afternoon she caused her husband, her companion of nearly thirty-seven years, to be arrested on a good behavior warrant, because, as she told the judge, he had been drunk for seven weeks except for a brief respite when he was confined in the city stockade for twelve days.

Her story was grimmest tragedy, unrelieved, it was one of the most pitiful chronicles of human frailty and deathless devotion that has ever wound its way across the stogy annals of the municipal court. Such a story as was frequent in a pre-prohibition era; but has grown less frequent in recent years.

Drank Sparingly Then She began at the beginning, 37 years ago, when in the glow of the youthful devotion, they started life together, as husband and wife. She faltered frequently and dabbed at her eyes with a bit of lace; it seemed as if every word was tearing at her very heart strings.

"He was a good husband in those days, judge," she said. "I never knew he drank at all until after we were married, and then he only touched it occasionally, he was never drunk. Sometimes, on Saturday nights, he would take a drink; and sometimes he would go for weeks without it. He could take it or leave it alone."

"He was a good carpenter—one of the best in the country, I guess," and she straightened for a minute with some of an old-time pride, "and he always made me a good living until lately."

"And now I don't know what I am to do. He has pawned every article in little home except the barest necessities; he has pawned all his carpenter's tools and cannot work—and all the money has gone for whiskey."

"It makes him crazy. It looks as if he wants to work, to brace up, but the bootleggers won't let him. They are ruining this county. He has spent the last seven weeks at their houses almost altogether."

Pleads for Young Men "I suppose it is too late to save my husband; but you might save some of these young men. If something doesn't stop the sale of whiskey they all will be in the gutter."

"My husband is as good as there now, and I, who am innocent, must suffer."

"Oh, I hate the stuff, I hate it and always have. It looks like this will be more than I can bear. The only comfort I have is that I belong to God. I am trustin' him to take care of me."

And then Judge Hancock turned to Mr. Allen, who was sitting on the prisoners' bench, his head buried in his hands.

"Ten days in jail to sober up," said the judge, "and then I want to talk to you."

As they led him from the courtroom his wife rushed up to him with tears in her eyes and pleaded with him again to brace up. He asked her for the loan of fifty cents—and she, reaching into a shabby purse, gave it to him. And that was all.

NOTICE

North Carolina, Union County—in the Superior Court.

James Watts, Plaintiff, vs. Cornelia Watts, Defendant.

To Cornelia Watts, defendant: Take Notice—You are hereby notified that an action entitled as above has been commenced by James Watts in the Superior court of Union county, N. C., to declare the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant dissolved a vinculo, on the grounds of adultery, as set forth in the complaint, and you are hereby notified and required to appear at the office of H. W. Lemmond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Union County on Monday, the 25th day of June, 1923, and answer the complaint which has this day been filed in said office, or a judgment will be taken at the next term of Superior court of Union county for the relief demanded in the said complaint, as by law provided. This the 22nd day of May, 1923.

H. W. LEMMOND, C. B. C. John C. Sikes, Atty for Plaintiff.

GOOD ROADS HAVE THROWN GATES OF THE WORLD OPEN TO WOMEN

(Continued from page one)

ties. This condition is responsible for the saying that it takes two women to raise one farmer's family; and the all too familiar fact that in the insane asylum at Raleigh an alarming per cent of the inmates are farm women, may be traced to the same source. They are there because of the deadly, monotonous grind of work unrelied by recreation. I once heard this story. A farmer's wife lost her mind and was carried to the asylum very much to the astonishment and chagrin of her husband. "Why," said he, "I dunno how in the world Liza lost her mind, fer she ain't been off the place in nigh fifteen years!" According to his theory she certainly had not been anywhere to lose it, but she had nevertheless mislaid it, and he, poor man, was in rather a sad fix with a home, farm and family on his hands and no Liza to help look after them.

Another thing that doubtless would be a potent factor in driving these poor women mad would be the hopelessness of the situation for their children. I heard a man say this the other day: "I was raised within thirteen miles of Monroe, but until I was twenty-one years old I had never been there but a few times. It was too much of a journey in those days to be taken often. I shall never forget the loneliness of my childhood on the farm! That, together with the primitive farming methods we used then, made me vow that when I reached twenty-one I would leave the farm forever—and I did!"

Naturally the restlessness of children under such conditions, and the limited opportunities for their education and development are enough to break the endurance of any mother heart. There is no way to evade the laws of nature. God gave us inquiring minds, and He made us social creatures who demand association with our fellows, and when we break these laws the price must be paid. And what a fearful price it sometimes is!

With good roads and automobiles came the farm women's release. They opened the gates of the world to these women, and freed their minds and bodies so that they might live life fully, and see their children come into their own. When a woman knows there is a car under the shelter, and a good road that will get her to town in no time for an afternoon of necessary shopping, or a good sermon on Sunday or perhaps a ride after supper to cool off after a long summer's day of work, there is a magnetism in the knowledge that charges her body with a new energy, her mind is filled with optimism, and her home is no longer a prison house of drudgery, but a home which she loves and delights to work for. Her children are no longer pitiful little waifs whom she has brought into the world to go through life longing for and being denied the things which satisfy the soul; they are healthy, bright-eyed little chaps who wait each winter morning for the school truck which they know will take them to just as good an education as their town brothers can get, and fit them to stand shoulder to shoulder with these town children in life's later serimages. Then, touching the eternal feminine, which the men are privileged to laugh at if they can see the humor through the pathos of it, the children can dress as well as the town children, for mother can run into town often and keep in sight of what other people are wearing. And even the small additional cost will melt away like mist in the warmth of satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of having just as good a chance in the world in every way as the other fellow.

And speaking of cost: what is the value of a happy home, a contented healthy-minded wife and mother, children who love the farm-home, and are proud of it, and willing to stay by it when they grow up, not to mention the peace of mind that such a condition brings not only to the individual, but to county, state and nation? Does it sound as if a few dollars more of road tax would be a high price to pay for all this? I do not believe that any one will deny the fact, after thinking it over carefully, that good roads will do more to bring about such an ideal situation than any other material factor of civilization. If good roads tax is a burden then so is the rest of civilization. If we should return to the cave man style of living we might be able to hoard up a few more dollars. But who wants to do that? Learned economist pointed out to us years ago that economy is not hoarding dollars, but wise spending. It seems logical that a little judicious spending for good roads now will be the best investment the farmers of Union county, and all other citizens, could make. In view of all this is it necessary to urge the women of Union to go to the polls on the 9th of June and vote for the good roads bonds? The women can carry or defeat the issue, and I have faith in them to believe that they can be depended upon to vote for the interest of their homes and children, and that they will see to it that the bond issue carries, so that henceforth we Union county people may enjoy every American's birthright—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT ZION AND MILL GROVE

Rev. J. W. Strider, the pastor, announces that there will be a home coming and memorial service at Zion Methodist church next Sunday, making an all day service. Everybody is invited to come, bring dinner, and have a good time.

At eleven o'clock there will be services by the pastor and Prof. Henry Baucum. After dinner there will be an address by Mr. W. B. Love and short talks by others.

Memorial services at Mill Grove will be held Sunday at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Service at Unionville at eight in the evening.

Married women should remember that nagging doesn't make the nag go.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed by W. H. Alsobrooks and wife, Ristic Alsobrooks, on Dec. 19th, 1921, duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Union county, North Carolina, in Book A-1, page 443, default having been made in the payment of the obligations therein secured, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Monroe, N. C., at 12 o'clock noon, on

Saturday, May 26th, 1923, the following described real estate in Union county, N. C., more particularly described as follows:

First Tract: All that tract of land in Monroe township adjoining the lands of Ed Crow, S. A. Rogers, D. H. Benton and others, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a pile of stones and dogwood stump by a pine and two dogwoods, H. M. Houston and the division corner, and runs thence with the division line N. 29 3-4 E. 125 1-4 poles crossing a branch at 92 poles to a stone in a field on Benton's line; thence with his line N. 58 1-4 W. 97 poles crossing said branch at 15 poles to a stone by a small b. j. and n. o. H. M. Houston's corner; thence with three of his lines S. 43 1-2 W. 70.60 poles to a p. o., S. 26 1-2 E. 112 3-4 poles to an oak stump and pile of stones, S. 67 3-4 E. 20.40 poles to the beginning, containing 70 acres, more or less, and being the same land conveyed by S. A. Williams to W. H. Alsobrooks by deed duly registered in office of Register of Deeds of Union county, N. C., in Book 34, page 518.

Second Tract: All those two certain tracts of land in Vance township, Union county, North Carolina, on the waters of Crooked Creek, adjoining the lands of Sarah Wentz and Zeb Wentz, and more particularly described by metes and bounds in a deed executed by D. M. Stallings and wife to W. H. Alsobrooks on Dec. 26, 1919, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Union county in book 57, page 48, excepting, however, 80 1-2 acres of said land this day conveyed to H. H. Craft by said W. H. Alsobrooks and wife, Ristic Alsobrooks, by deed recorded in office of Register of Deeds for Union county in book..... page....., to which reference is hereby made for a more particular description.

Sold to satisfy provisions of said deed of trust.

This April 24th, 1923.

W. S. BLAKENEY, Trustee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Arthur S. Helms, deceased, late of Union county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Monroe, N. C., on or before the 10th day of April, 1924, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 10th day of April, 1923.

MRS. GEORGIA HELMS, Administratrix of Arthur S. Helms, deceased.

John C. Sikes, Attorney.



A GOOD INVESTMENT AND A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE

Swing in line with progress and good business and join the Building and Loan.

Thirty-Second Series of the People's Building and Loan Association open Saturday, May 5th.

A great agency in the upbuilding of Monroe that has never lost a penny in its twelve years of operation.

Over 2,500 Shares now in force with \$3,500 of undivided profits to be distributed to its stockholders.

Endorsed by all the banks of Monroe and by the State Department of Insurance.

You are cordially invited to take some shares as a good sound interest paying investment and your money will be loaned to build houses in Monroe.

Books open at Lathan & Haigler's Store.

PEOPLES BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

S. E. HAIGLER, Secretary and Treasurer.

Directors—W. B. Brown, President; W. A. Lane, R. H. Hargett, R. W. Lemmond, C. D. Roberts, W. Z. Faulkner, H. Bowles.

"Everyman's Gasoline"

A REPLY by the Standard Oil Company (N. J.) in the May issue of its magazine, "The Lamp," to the findings and charges of the sub-committee of the U. S. Senate appointed to investigate conditions in the petroleum industry—a reply in which the true position of this company, its policies and actions, are frankly set forth.

Also in this number, an article by Dr. Warren K. Lewis, head of the Department of Chemical Engineers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on the possibilities of "dollar gasoline"; an analysis of the sub-committee's use of figures by R. L. Welch, Secretary of the American Petroleum Institute; a resume of the current crude oil situation; and letters and newspaper comment inspired by the report.

A copy of the magazine may be obtained free of charge from the Standard Oil (N. J.) agent nearest you, or by request addressed to The Lamp, 26 Broadway, New York City.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)