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BULL GORES MARE TO DEATH ON ROAD

Mr. Vickory Meets Bunch of Cattle and His Horse Is Disemboweled by Animal

Prospect, Oct. 1.—Mr. Sam Vickory and Mr. James Lathan were riding down the Lancaster road Saturday and met a bunch of cattle which Mr. McLean of Lumberton had bought further down the road and was driving to Monroe. In the lot was a thousand pound bull which gave the road to no one. As he was about to pass the mare which Mr. Vickory was driving he suddenly went berserk as Jersey bulls will do. He lowered his horns, gave out a bellow, walled his eyes, and in another instant the eleven hundred pound mare was dangling on his horns like a leaf. He had thrust his head under the mare's breast and lifted her completely from the ground. Mr. Vickory and Mr. Lathan jumped out of the buggy, and aided by James Lathan Plyler who ran up, jumped on the bull with kicks and thrusts, themselves in danger of receiving his attention. They drove him from the mare, which up to this time had not been hurt, but as he desisted from the attack, he had made a last sweep with his horns, and this was fatal. They slashed a rip in the mare's abdomen and she died in three minutes, with all her internal organs except heart and lungs rolled out on the ground under her body.

Mr. Lathan was riding with Mr. Vickory to show him some lands. They were jogging along and thought nothing of meeting a bunch of cattle in the road. The bull, which suddenly became so fierce and dangerous, was not supposed to be dangerous. Mr. Lathan, though an old soldier, is still a strong man, and when he went for the bull and landed his foot in the bull's flank, that bull evidently thought a mule had hit him in the rear and he delayed his going only long enough to give the final rip to the poor animal that had excited his wrath. The bull was reared by Mr. P. W. Plyler, and is three years old.

The "possum" crop in Buford is unusually good this year, and the sport of harvesting it is in full progress. Every night in every direction the possum hound and horn is heard. The championship for the highest catch is at present held by Dock Baker, who has brought in forty-seven. The prize for the biggest possum is claimed by George Lathan. Mr. Lathan has this giant of the possum tribe in the fattening pen, and estimates that by Thanksgiving he will weigh fifteen pounds.

The citizens of Prospect community are delighted to learn that the chain gang will begin the work of toppling the Lancaster road in the near future. There is a six-mile stretch on this road, lying between Prospect and Monroe which has been graded and left with a red clay bed. If the Road Commissioners should fail to complete this work before the winter months, it is likely that the school song, "Prospect's Going to Shine," will be replaced by a song with some such title as "Prospect's Done and Left in the Mud."

Molasses Arsenate intended to poison the boll weevil did considerable damage to the bee keepers of this section. Many colonies were so weakened that it is feared that they will not pass over the winter.

Despite the ravages of the boll weevil, which almost destroyed the August crop, cotton is turning out well in this community. Mr. Leonard Lathan is certain of four and one-half bales on five acres which constitutes his individual crop. Other cotton fields on his farm are yielding almost as well. Throughout the community farmers are gathering from thirty to fifty per cent more of the staple than they at one time expected.

The boys of the Buford Literary Society have challenged the old men of the community for a debate which will be held in the auditorium of the Prospect school building some time this month. The men have accepted the challenge, and will send to meet the boys their bravest and best. They have some good ones and so do the boys. We expect a hard fought battle.

HERON HAIGLER'S SKULL CRUSHED IN RUNAWAY

Brief, Oct. 1.—About six weeks ago Mr. Cleve Haigler fell from a truck, while working at Hillsboro, N. C., and crushed his skull. Thursday his young son, Heron, was thrown from a wagon, when the team became frightened and ran away, and crushed his skull. He was rushed to a hospital at Charlotte where his wound was dressed. We are glad to report that he is at home now and resting fine.

Mr. Charles Clontz arrived Thursday morning from Hillsboro to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Clontz.

Mrs. John Boyette of Albemarle was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Long, Wednesday.

Mr. Loyd Hartsell has accepted a position at Concord.

Miss Mary Long spent a few days with friends at Midland last week.

Mr. Webb Clontz of Concord spent the week-end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Clontz.

Mr. Walter Tarleton of Concord spent the week-end here with home folks.

Some thief stole about one hundred and fifty pounds of cotton from Mrs. F. K. Biggers last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Biggers and little daughter, Emily Howard, left Sunday for Raleigh to spend a few days with Mrs. Biggers' parents.

The writer found a family of fourteen boll weevils in one square last week. Can anyone beat it?—Bruce Long.

From what he has been saying all along on this subject it is surmised that he is no nearer a solution than Capper or Borah or Brookhart or Magnus Johnson.

The fundamental facts are that the farmers in the great wheat belt want to raise all the wheat they can grow because it is easiest and practically the only crop that can be produced on the land. They want the government to guarantee them a staple price of \$1.75 per bushel. They are now getting less than 90 cents per bushel and are losing from 30c to 40c on every bushel. These wheat growers are saying the government can guarantee the \$1.75 staple price if it will cut in two the 22 cents freight on every bushel authorized in the Esch-Cummins railroad law and will co-operate with Europe in some way to open its food markets to American wheat.

Whether the reduction in freight rates by one-half and the co-operation with Europe so as to open more markets there would from the standpoint of mathematics justify the government in stabilizing wheat at \$1.75 per bushel, is regarded as a question for speculation. But the Republican party as now controlled by its financial interests and psychological fears, has no intention of either reducing freight rates on wheat or making any advances to Europe to aid it in extending its markets. The railroads are crying out that they will go to the wall if freight is reduced and the irreconcilables threaten destruction of the party if there is any "meddling" in Europe.

In the face of such a prospect the President is demanding some sort of a solution, a program, a way out before he is willing to assume the responsibility of calling congress into an extra session. Borah and Capper, who has passed it back to the President, are saying he is right. They of course do not want the buck passed to them, but Brookhart is demanding that if Coolidge can not find a way to let Congress find it. But the present managers of the Republican party do not want this congress to find any thing if it can be helped. In the meantime the autumn is slipping by and the West is going from bad to worse over into a great campaign year.

The Democrats, who are standing on the wings of the stage, eager to occupy its center, are telling the country that the only two immediately practical ways of relieving the situation are to reduce freight rates because the railroads are prosperous and can afford the reduction, and reduce the tariff on all commodities and goods the farmers has to buy. Both these reductions they point out will help to raise the farmers dollar to an equality with the dollar of the manufacturer and the mill hand who is paid \$1 per day. As they see it it is an economic battle between the man in the field and the man in the mill and the one is armed with a club and the other with a machine gun.

But the Democrats know their opponents have even less intention of lowering the tariff than in joining the league of nations. The Democrats freely predict that the Coolidge administration will not be able to make this second hurdle without a bruise.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT BOTHERS REPUBLICANS

(By David F. St. Clair.)

Washington, Sept. 29.—The Coolidge administration has now come face to face with its second great difficulty—believed to be from the standpoint of politics the most difficult problem of all—the price of wheat at the threshers' mouth on the western farm. The first problem was the coal strike and the President passed the buck to Governor Pluchot who in turn passed it on to the consuming public with an additional 50c a ton on coal. On the wheat problem Senator Capper, head of the farm bloc in Congress, and Senator Borah who usually drives a one-horse team of his own, have passed the buck to the President who in turn passes it to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. Poor Mr. Wallace, who has been for months laboring under a cloud of accusations and threats of farm leaders, is now given an opportunity to either make or break himself completely. He is assigned to the task of rescuing the grain growers in a dozen heretofore by Republican states from bankruptcy and ruin. His solution, if he has any, is to be forthcoming this

COTTON UP AND COTTON DOWN

At ten o'clock this morning the government issued its report of cotton ginned up to September 25, 1923—3,215,394 bales. This was six hundred and fifty thousand less than last year and the futures market went up 105 points.

Then, at eleven o'clock, the government issued its report of condition up to September 25th, 1923—49.50. Then cotton futures took a tumble of 170 points. From the going up to the coming down thereof, this was a net loss of about seventy points.

The report also said that the indications were that this crop would turn out only about 37 pounds of lint per acre planted.

Expect to Give Barbecue Free to Five Thousand

Who'll give a pig to the local legion to help along in the big barbecue with which it expects to set "up" everybody who comes to the big celebration on Armistice day?

The boys have laid out their specification for enough barbecue to feed five thousand. They have employed an expert barbecuer from Georgia to come and make the barbecue. This man knows his business for he was carried to Cincinnati by the Shriners to show the Yankees how to make barbecue. No real barbecue has ever been made in Union county, and just to have this man come here and show us how to do it will be worth all the cost and trouble. For there is one thing certain—the man who once greases his lips with genuine southern barbecue will never be satisfied without it again and again. And the man who has never eaten barbecue has never got on the high shelf in living. He's got something coming to him. He has never yet eaten anything. Barbecued pig to the white man in the south is what possum is to the brother in black.

The Legion committee will want just 50 pigs, no more, no less, and they expect those 50 pigs to be donated for the occasion. Dr. Alexander has donated the first one and will receive donations from others, or Sam Lee will receive them. The committee aims to tell the world through the papers the names of the donors, for they are to be honored not only for

their patriotism in helping the soldier boys pull off a great occasion, but they will go down the annals of time as the persons who helped introduce barbecue in Union county. And when barbecue is once introduced here it will never die. Down east where they make barbecue all the year round there are men who make a speciality of raising pigs just for barbecue. They have standing orders all the year round from the epicureans who know what is what in eating.

The committee wants fifty pigs—none over one hundred pounds. The boys say that they are certain as shooting that fifty pigs will be given them for this purpose—a free barbecue. In addition to this they will ask the good ladies to give them two hundred and fifty pounds of butter. They will supply the rest, including four hundred pounds of beef to make Brunswick stew.

They have engaged Mr. Crowell, the Sandy Ridge flier, to be here with his flying machine and take up passengers that day. The flying field has not been selected but will be provided in due time.

It's been a long time since there was a real old time democratic free dinner for the multitude in Union county, but, praise the Lord, and the Legion boys and the men who are going to donate the pigs—one of them grand old time days is coming back, for "Them days is not gone forever."

WOULDN'T HEAR HIS WIFE'S PLEADINGS SO NOW HE'S DEAD

"Oh! my God, if I had only listened to you, I would not have been in the fix I am in tonight. It is too late now. You begged me and pleaded with me to stop going up there to that place, but I wouldn't listen to you and now I'm going to die."

With these words on his lips, his life-blood pouring from a gun shot wound in his abdomen, Elisha B. Goodwin breathed his last in the arms of his wife at their little home in Hertford, Tuesday morning at three o'clock, says the Elizabeth City Independent.

As the stricken man's lips and eyes closed when his strength ebbed out with the new flow of blood that fast emptied his arteries, Herbert Chappell, 19-year-old country boy whom the dying man accused of firing the fatal shot, fell in a faint near the doorway of the Goodwin home and did not revive until Sheriff W. D. Wright took him in custody to place him in a cell in the Perquimans County jail.

Thus ended a final chapter in the story of the life of a man who as many another brings trouble and misery on his family in the following of evil companions and the liquor mania, which today seems growing in proportion to conditions a year or two ago even.

Before Elisha Goodwin breathed his last he reiterated to his wife, the statement he had made shortly before that Chappell had shot him on the lonely Chinquapin road near the pimple point schoolhouse, some 12 miles from Hertford. The grief stricken wife, who had been waiting up that night for the return of her erring husband who had been away all the day before with his two small children, looked into the eyes of the Chappell boy and sobbed: "Herbert, did you shoot Lisha?"

"No Ellen, I didn't shoot Lisha, and I don't know who did," the boy replied, and this is the story to which he stuck when interviewed in the Perquimans County jail Wednesday morning. Young Chappell stuck to his story, although he had not retained any lawyer to tell him what to say.

Chappell's obstinate denial that he shot Goodwin is giving the episode an air of mystery to many people in Hertford, even in the face of the testimony of two witnesses who swore they saw him fire the fatal shot about ten o'clock Monday night, when Goodwin took part in a difference, ensuing between the Chappell boy and his young 18-year-old wife. Witnesses testify that the Chappell boy in a drunken fit, was trying to frighten his wife from the car he was driving, and Goodwin, who was the uncle of

Young World War Veteran Drops Dead While Driving

Adron Tarlton of New Salem township, aged 27, a world war veteran, dropped dead Sunday morning while driving his car with his wife and two small children on the way to visit his wife's parents in Stanly county.

Mr. Tarlton had not been well for some days but was up and about. The family had planned to visit Mrs. Tarlton's parents over in Stanly, and started on the trip early Sunday morning, by way of the Marshville and Euto road. They had crossed bridge on Richardson Creek and Mr. Tarlton was driving slowly, not more than four or five miles an hour, going up grade.

Without warning his heart gave way and he reeled in his seat to the left side of the car. But his last thought was for the safety of his

wife and little children, and his hands clutched the steering wheel long enough to turn the car to the left, and his foot slipped from the gas feed. The car turned from the road and stopped against a small clay root, and its owner was dead. The car turning its rolling back down grade with disastrous results.

Mrs. Tarlton, and the children, horrified at the terrible thing that had overtaken them, called for help as soon as possible from a nearby house, and the body was taken home.

Mr. Tarlton was the son of Mr. Raymond Tarlton of New Salem. He saw service in France. He was about 27 years old.

The remains were buried Sunday at Pleasant Grove church, Rev. J. F. Mills conducting funeral service.

FINAL REHEARSAL FOR BACHELOR'S HONEYMOON

The final rehearsal for "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," which is to be given on the 4th and 5th, will be held tomorrow night. The following is the cast:

- Miss Mary Stewart, the cantankerous old maid.
- Harry Coble, the Irish gardener.
- Miss Louise Bender, the winsome maid.
- John Lee Austin, the bachelor.
- Prof. Culbertson, the d.aacon.

Bright Hamilton, Mattie Henderson, Mary Hazel Long, Minnie Lee Seigler, Mary Douglas, Pat Benton, Lucy Lee, Lila Foy, Anna Potts Heath, Martha Bradley, Elizabeth Parsons, Sara Presson, Margaret Henderson, Mary Myers Faulkner, Elizabeth Miller Caldwell, Frances Shute, Margaret Lee, Frances Green, Katherine Kyle Redfern, Sara Ahcraft, Celeste Armfield, Ellie Howard Hudson, Mary Browning, and Louise Anderson, form a big beauty chorus.

Musical Numbers

1. Opening chorus. Medley of old popular songs.
2. If They'd Only Move Old Ireland Over Here.
3. Down to the Old Swimming Hole—Raeferd Laney, Dot Lee and chorus.
4. Character Song: "At Night."
5. It's a girl like you that keeps a fellow guessing.
6. Bamboo Babies.
7. Cairo Lane.
8. I want a man.
9. Finale—Let's all be good pals together.

Planiat, Mrs. Ray Fundeburk. Special music by orchestra. Dance specialty by little Miss Simpson.

PARLEY DID NOT DROP DEAD AT ALL

Says the Report That He Had Was Greatly Exaggerated Old and New Waxhaw

Waxhaw, Oct. 1.—One day last week the news went around that Mr. Parley McNeely, the popular carrier on route two from Waxhaw, had dropped dead. Now, the patrons of the route like Parley and they certainly were sorry to hear the news. It is reported that some of them had even begun to gather flowers for the funeral. And they were agreeably surprised next morning to see him on his route with the mail as usual. He began to get the news as he went the round and was more surprised than anybody else to hear that he had "done drapped dead," as one of the colored patrons put it. Like Mark Twain said when he heard a report that he was dead, Mr. McNeely informed his friends that the report "was greatly exaggerated."

The report reminded some of the old citizens of the story about old Uncle Billy Cry, a famous character of this section years ago. Uncle Billy's sister had been sick for some time and was not expected to live. One evening late a neighbor who had been over told Uncle Billy that he had just been to see his sister and said that she would certainly die that night. There were no telephones nor automobiles in those days and travel was difficult. So Uncle Billy did not take the time that night to go to his sister's, but being near the cemetery, he got up some hands and went out and began digging the grave. Then another neighbor came along and told Uncle Billy that his sister was not dead, but had taken a turn for the better and would probably recover. Uncle Billy laid down his spade and said, "Well, I'd be darned."

The Rodman and Heath cotton mill, now under the supervision of Miss Pearl Rodman, is being overhauled from top to bottom. The new superintendent is Mr. T. W. Harvey, who was once superintendent of the old mill in Monroe. New boilers are being put in and every worn part of the machinery is being replaced. Mr. Harvey expects to have the mill in 100 per cent condition and hopes to begin work in about thirty days.

A visitor in Waxhaw Saturday afternoon remarked that at present a Saturday afternoon in Waxhaw is not what a Saturday used to be. The most significant thing is the lack of colored people on the streets. This lead to the inquiry as to how many of the colored people have left this section. All this country was once a cotton country and there were many negroes. From the Marvin and Weddington sections above on down to South Carolina a large portion of the colored population has departed. All over this country the farmers are complaining about the lack of help, especially cotton pickers.

There is another way in which Waxhaw has changed. That is the character of the mercantile business done there. It used to be that practically all the business was time supplies. Way back there A. W. Heath and J. L. Rodman did immense business of this kind. They brought in corn and bacon by the hundreds of car loads during the year. On their books were hundreds of accounts that were not settled from year to year. The cotton that was made was applied on account and often an account for the next year was begun by the time that cotton picking was over. Both of these men of course owned much land and furnished their own tenants but they furnished practically the whole country besides. Sometimes the losses were heavy. These two men though rivals in business were good friends and had a respect for each other. In the year 1901, the wet year, when all the crops were nearly a total failure, many supply houses all over the south went to the wall. Messrs. Rodman and Heath, as well as the other merchants in Waxhaw who had begun doing a time business, were hard hit. Nobody paid any bills, there was nothing to pay with. The question was what to do about it, especially about running old customers who had fallen by the wayside. One day Mr. Rodman met Mr. Heath on the street and said, "Allen, what are we going to do about it?"

"Pocket the loss and go on, I reckon," said Mr. Heath. And that was all that was necessary to determine the matter. They went on and supplied their customers next year.

Now, there is comparatively little time business done in Waxhaw. A few accounts are carried but they are small and are paid up promptly. Little corn and bacon are shipped in. Mr. W. R. Szele told the writer that where the merchants then bought bacon by the car load they now buy it by the few hundred pounds. Waxhaw is doing about the same kind of business that other towns of its size do. People who years ago saw little cash and never handled a check, have money in the bank and pay it with checks. So much so that Mr. J. A. Williams at the bank says that they are about to make him run an all night and all day bank.

Miss Walaska Blythe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Blythe of Waxhaw entered the Carolina Teachers' Training School last week at Greenville.

PREACHER BLOWS BRAINS OUT IN COURT ROOM

Sparta, Ga., Sept. 27.—The Hancock superior court was thrown into a state of panic last night about 9 o'clock when Rev. J. W. Brown, thirty-five years old, a Baptist minister walked into the grand jury room and calmly blew his brains out with a revolver.

Brown's wife was suing him for divorce, and the case was being heard by Judge Parks at a night session of the court. Judge Parks had just decreed that Brown's wife was entitled to a divorce and should receive alimony in the sum of \$50 per month, and that Brown should be placed under bond as good faith in the performance of the court's order.

After the sentence, he turned and asked Judge Parks "if he would not suspend the bond so that he could go on preaching and make the money to pay the alimony." Judge Parks told him "to let his lawyer do his talking."

At this juncture, he turned, and slapping Sheriff Jackson on the back, walked into the grand jury room, where his suitcase was located and before any one thought of his intentions, he had removed a revolver from same and had ended his life.

For the past year, Mrs. Brown and several small children had lived here in Sparta while Brown attended Mercer university in Macon, and also preached at several country churches. His wife claimed that he had deserted her and left the children and her without support, which neighbors testify was true. Mrs. Brown is a sister of Rev. Z. M. Leverette, a prominent Baptist minister of Crawfordville, Ga., and had moved there recently to make her home. Rev. Brown was a native of Walton county and his remains will be taken there for interment.

day night when he was shot. The shooting occurred at about 10 o'clock. Ernest T. Lamb, who lives near the scene, testified at the coroner's inquest as follows:

Wanted His Wife's Kisses

"I heard a gunshot and went out to the road and found Elisha Goodwin lying at the side of the road with a gunshot wound in his side. He told me that Herbert Chappell had shot him and asked me to tell his wife to come and kiss him before he died, as he was sure going to die."

Goodwin was on his way home Mon

Accused of Selling Liquor

Goodwin, the man from Hertford had been making frequent trips up in that section, and was suspected of handling liquor. His neighbors say he had done no work for two years. In fact at the time of his death, he was under bond for his appearance to answer a charge of transporting and possessing liquor, at the October term of Federal court in Elizabeth City. He was apprehended on this charge about a month and a half ago by Deputy Marshal J. W. Wilcox and was able to put up his bond. He occupied a neatly kept and well-furnished home on Grubb street, in Hertford, with his attractive wife, and two young children, Martha, aged 13, and Gladys, aged nine.

The Plea of a Troubled Wife

Mrs. Goodwin says she had been pleading with her husband to stop going up in the Piney Woods section, and that she was never at ease when he was away. She says she didn't want him to go with the crowd up there, and the inference is that he had been keeping the company of undesirable men and women. She says her husband was a moderate drinker, but that he had only been "out of the way" but once recently and had promised her to never let it be the case again. For the past few weeks, she says he had not been going up in the country so often, but that he left home on Monday morning in his automobile, taking his two daughters with him, to pick cotton in the field of his brother-in-law who lives near the Pine Point school house.

Goodwin was on his way home Mon