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LOUSE COVERED BOOTLEGGERS ON WAY TO ROADS

And Cyclone Says the Man Who Buys Is As Mean as the Seller

AMERICANISM AND HOME SUNDAY TOPICS

"If I were running a glue factory in hell and you'd bring me one of those louse covered bootleggers to make glue of I'd say, no I thank you, I can't use him, I ain't got enough deodorizing material to make him fit to use."

"And the man who buys the stuff from him is as low down as the bootlegger himself."

That's what Cyclone Mack said in his sermon Sunday afternoon on "Americanism."

And he followed it up with this: The bootlegger is challenging this country, they are challenging North Carolina, they are challenging Union county, they are challenging Monroe, they are challenging me, and before this meeting is over I expect to crystallize the sentiment against them so strong that the liver colored hellians will be put on the chain gang.

"The whole trouble is that you fellows who claim to be standing for the right are not doing it."

The evangelist was greeted with two notable gatherings on Sunday afternoon and night. The tent was not only full but running over at both entrances. On Sunday afternoon, the huge choir loft was full to the brim for the first time, and on Sunday night the same thing happened. On the clear, moonlit air of the night the volume of song rang out over the town and could be distinctly heard many blocks away. Leader Jones took a vote and may of the singers promised to be on hand again and stick to it.

The afternoon sermon on Americanism and the evening one on the home were notable ones in the evangelist's efforts. The latter was much clearer and coherent, more logically arranged and presented, dealing as it did with a specific subject and one that touches every heart.

The sermon on Americanism is designed to call the people back to the oldtime American ideals when Americanism meant fidelity to God, to the church, to write and children, to country and flag. The evils of the day were reviewed, and a glance taken over the history of the country from the time of its settlement, including a graphic picture of the landing of the Pilgrims and their idea of government.

"And no ship of State has ever been wrecked upon Plymouth Rock, nor the principles for which it stands," very dramatically exclaimed Mr. McLendon, preceding a review of the condition of the world when George Washington was 43 years old, when the government was founded, and down went the British flag, and up went the Stars and Stripes.

At the beginning of the afternoon service Mr. McLendon said: "When I started out to preach I decided that I would be original or nothing. I soon found that I was both. I have found that there is nothing original. Jesus was the only original man who ever lived. Bryan's cross of gold was not new, and Lincoln's remark about fooling the people had been said before. So I have learned to get my sermons where I can. If I hear of one being preached better than I can preach, I get that and preach it. So this sermon on Americanism was for the most part given me by Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina. He wrote out and sent me much of it and is all the time sending me something to use in my sermons."

Sunday Night Sermon

On Sunday night Mr. McLendon delivered his sermon on the home, a sermon which many think to be one of the very best that he has so far preached. The text was taken from the 20th chapter of second Kings—"Set thine house in order." He started out by saying that there's a great difference between a home and a house, for love builds homes and gold builds houses.

The home has a car dog which they call "hun" and all the family love him. The house has a pedigree shireale and he is kept in the barn. In houses we find broken hearts, hurry, nervous prostration, idleness, artificiality, aimlessness. In homes we find sunshine, flowers growing, warm hearts, happiness, love. The house is cold, reserved, carping, biting, stinging, lacerating, cutting, slandering, marking, and, if not that, you find a state of habitual dullness and selfishness. In the home there is peace and rest and satisfaction and unselfishness and thoughtfulness and love in activity.

In the home, meal time is a get-together party of smiling, smiling, loving faces. In the house, the breakfast table is just a lunch station between the bedroom, office or factory. I have gone to homes and have seen conventional furniture, conventional rooms, forced smiles, Klondike looks, cold stares, icy, frosty, lazzard, handshakes and conventionalism upon the back of conventionalism.

In the home the wife is smiling, the children are playing, and you get a good old-time welcome written with hot car letters all over the home. The house is formally, coldness and

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TAKES NO HAND IN LOCAL BICKERINGS

Before beginning his sermon last night Rev. B. F. McLendon turned to the white section of the audience and said:

"You folks needn't write me any more letters nor talk to me any more about local conditions. I am not going to take any part in local controversies nor abuse any individual. I fight sin, but I don't fight individuals. My campaigns are arranged on well defined lines, and I will not vary a gnat's heel from my program. I go up and down this country bragging on Jesus and preaching the gospel, and I don't jump on individuals. You needn't write me any more letters of that kind."

Dr. Burrell Makes Fine Address to Masons in Charlotte.

The fraternal order page of the Charlotte Observer gives a most appreciative report of a speech made by Dr. W. R. Burrell of Monroe at a meeting of Excelsior Lodge of Charlotte. It says:

"Brother Burrell began his address by reciting some very interesting and amusing jokes, which immediately put his audience in good humor. After which he delved down into the historical traditions and exemplifications of other times and of other nations, telling in forceful words delivered a most masterful address. Dealing with his several subjects, he signalled them out separately, and with descriptive eloquence, painted with words of glowing colors, the different symbols each country worshipped at the altar of truth. His lecture was a great lexicon of intelligence, studded with gems of thought and experience, combined with intuition, glowing in its radiance and sparkling with metaphors. Each and every country, received its full share of tribute and homage, and we exceedingly regret that we have not more space to give to this most interesting and excellent address. It was full of historical reference, judicious situations, and mirth provoking incidents. A wonderful contribution to the intelligence of the craft, long to be remembered and indelibly stamped upon hearts and minds of all who hear him."

DEATH OF MRS. E. W. GRIFFIN

Mrs. E. W. Griffin died at her home in Monroe Saturday after a long illness.

The funeral was held at the home Sunday morning by Rev. R. J. McIlwaine, an old friend, assisted by Rev. W. B. S. Chandler and Dr. Burrell. It was attended by a large number of people, many of whom had been friends of the deceased since their childhood days. The floral offerings were large and beautiful.

Mrs. Griffin was Miss Mary Douglas and lived in Monroe nearly all her life. She was born in Iredell county and has a brother living in Statesville. She spent many years of ministrations in the home of Mr. B. D. Heath, Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald and others. About twenty years ago she married Mr. Griffin and was devoted to his family and they to her. She is survived by her husband and the following step-children: Mr. Juilian Griffin, Mr. J. Festus Griffin, Messrs. M. B. and J. E. Griffin and Mrs. D. F. Eubanks.

She was a member of the Baptist church. The family moved from Monroe to Midland and lived seven years and came back to Monroe about three months ago. At the funeral Rev. Mr. McIlwaine gave a fine testimony of the high character and worth of Mrs. Griffin and told how she had been faithful to every duty and had always brightened her home during sickness as well as in health, by her fortitude, her goodness and service.

Mrs. Griffin came to Monroe in 1874 with the family of Rev. M. V. Sherrill, a well known Methodist minister of his day and the father of Mr. John B. Sherrill, publisher of the Concord Tribune. When Rev. Mr. Sherrill left Monroe, she went to live with the family of Mr. B. D. Heath, and remained till he moved to Charlotte, when she became a member of the home of Col. Fitzgerald. She was 72 years old.

Recorder's Court.

The Recorder made short shrift of his court yesterday, there being few cases to try.

Ed Lee Covington and Oren Threatt, who had a pistol battle some days ago, drew chain gang sentences. Ed Lee got sixty days for carrying concealed weapons and sixty for assault and battery with same. Oren got sixty days for assault and battery with deadly weapons.

Bud Doster, who borrowed Mr. Morehead Stack's car some time ago unbeknownst to him and took it off and had a wreck, was charged with temporary larceny, but was let off on having paid the damage.

Chf. Tedlock, a young white man, who drove a Ford of the twelve foot embankment where Jefferson street turns into Charlotte avenue, was charged with operating a car while intoxicated, plead guilty, but judgment was suspended till next week.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma was yesterday found guilty of the charges that had been preferred against him in impeachment proceedings before the senate, and was dismissed from office, the lieutenant governor succeeding him. The vote of guilt lacked but one of being unanimous.

You may have been handicapped by your birth, but God can wonderfully regenerate you.—Mack.

MACK'S THE BEST NEGRO PREACHER WHO EVER CAME DOWN THE LINE

Dr. J. C. Rowe once told Rev. J. C. Postelle, after hearing him preach to a colored audience, that he was the best negro preacher he had ever heard. But Dr. Rowe never heard Cyclone Mack, and had the venerable and beloved giant of the other times been in Mack's audience last night he would probably have enjoyed that meeting as much as Mack himself did, or the Rev. Richard Allen, the Reverend George Lockhart, local colored preachers, or Dr. Massey, or Rev. Langford of Winston, or Rev. Nelson of Charlotte, did. The latter two are old time colored friends of Mr. McLendon, Rev. Nelson being a native of Bennettsville, and have sung for him many times in meetings for the colored folks.

The Journal once heard Sam Jones preach to the colored folks in his remarkable way, but old Sam couldn't touch Mack when it comes to handling a negro audience and preaching the most helpful truths to them in a way that drives it home to their souls in language understood by them, and with a sincerity of purpose that is unmistakable. The truth of the matter is that the chief difference between Mack and many other evangelists is that he hates sin and loves the sinner while too many of the others seem to hate the whole shooting match.

The tent was full, the choir loft and one side of the auditorium being occupied by colored people and one side by white people. The text was, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The subject was developed step by step, first the mercies and blessings of God, and the devotion of the body, eyes, ears, feet, tongue, to the service of God. And a chorus of amen rolled over the audience time and time again. The stronger Mack got the stronger the endorsement became, punctuated here and there by a wild shout as some sister became too happy for quietude.

"Will all negroes steal?" shouted Mack. "No," he answered, no more than will all white people steal. But if the negroes had all the white folks have they would steal it from them in three weeks. The white man steals a bank account and gets into society. The negro steals a chicken and gets

SHOTS FROM CYCLONE MACK'S GATTLING GUN

The sin which looks so little here when met at the judgment will look like Pike's Peak.

A lot of churches compete with each other instead of massing for the common good, and when the churches fight the devil stays neutral and furnishes ammunition for both sides.

When a woman goes to bragging on her unsaved husband and saying he is the sweetest and best thing in the world, she has gone into co-partnership with the devil to damn her husband systematically.

There are people in this city that will never be roused until eternity flashes on their astonished vision.

There are men who have sinned against God until their minds will not take hold of the truth.

I have never yet figured out how a few strains of music can make indecency decent or immodesty modest.

Herod thought Jesus Christ was a sort of slight of hand performer and could do stunts to entertain royalty.

The blood of Jesus Christ is the one and only remedy for sin.

There are only two classes of people who never make mistakes—the dead and unborn.

We talk about the awfulness of death—death only runs a ferry, sin runs a hell.

Calvary was the place where the bosom of God was laid bare.

At the cross God finds man—and at the cross man finds God; at the cross man puts away sin, and at the cross God takes away sin.

Ignorance is the step-mother of argument.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

If the body of man is the temple of God, he ought to be a good janitor.

Jesus didn't die to get God to love us, He died because God did love us.

You may have had a bad start but you will not be held responsible for the start but for the finish.

The cross is not the cause of God's love, but his love was the cause of the cross.

God had a holy method by which He can readjust humanity.

There are people in hell because someone failed to put his life in touch with God and pray.

THE THINGS I SHARE

I thank Thee, Lord for strength of arm To win my bread, And that, beyond my need, is meat For friend unfed:

I thank Thee much for bread to give, I thank Thee more for bread to live.

I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof In cold and storm, And that beyond my need is room For friend forlorn:

I thank Thee much for place to rest, But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love On me bestowed, Enough to share with loveless folk To ease their load:

Thy love to me I'll could spare, Yet dearer is Thy love I share. —Robert Davis.

Greensboro and Monroe to Play Football in the Elimination Series at Monroe next Saturday, November 24, at 2:30.

Here's hoping that the Monroe team and the people of Monroe will treat the Greensboro folks so well—in such a high-toned, gentlemanly way that they will want to come to Monroe again. The Greensboro boys are a fine set of young men.

Why not give them a banquet, a good social time and entertain them in the homes too?

Greensboro was here three years ago and Monroe defeated them 2 to 0 by a touch-back.

One thing is certain—Monroe will play a clean game and not try to injure the Greensboro players.—Contributed.

News From Lower Jackson

Waxhaw Route 1, Nov. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Gamble and children spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Austin of Wingate.

Mrs. Mary Crow and daughter, Martha, and little grand-daughter, Clyde, spent Friday night at the home of Mrs. S. S. Dunlap.

Messrs. Lee and Erwin Rhyner motored to Lancaster Sunday and were the welcomed guests of Misses Ruth and Minnie Wright.

Misses Myrtle and Odessa Dunlap spent Sunday at the home of their grand-father, Mr. L. M. Rhyner.

There will be a box supper at Rebeccah school house Wednesday night, Nov. 21. The girls are asked to bring baskets and the boys well filled pocket books. The proceeds will go for the benefit of the school. Everybody invited.

Mrs. M. A. Rodgers, sister of Mr. L. M. Riner spent Saturday night with Mrs. S. S. Dunlap.

NO ESCAPE

"What's the use, Dr. Wymer, of trying to keep straight? Look at the fellows who do all sorts of things that are anything but straight and get away with it!" As he spoke, Paul Maxey looked with a puzzled frown at the pastor.

"But do they get away with it, Paul?"

"They seem to."

"Benedict Arnold escaped punishment for his treason, but think how he died alone in a London garret, despised by even those whom he had worked for! After David had become king of Israel he sinned and thought to escape, but Nathan pointed an accusing finger at him and said: 'Thou art the man,' and David trembled. Even though as king he escaped man's punishment, he had to face his sin. 'Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,' he cried when he saw himself for what he was, a murderer. Do you read the daily papers, Paul?"

"Yes, surely."

"Can you pick up a paper without seeing the apprehension of some one who thought he could do wrong and escape?"

"No. But, Dr. Wymer, how often they do escape punishment, even though their wrong doing has been exposed!"

"They do escape it, too often. Human justice, being human, is far from being perfect. And yet there are more persons who do not escape man's punishment than who do. It may be delayed, but it comes to them finally in one form or another. But suppose they do escape man's punishment; what of facing their own conscience, as David was forced to do? And if they escape that, what of facing their sins and weakness in their children? To my way of thinking there is no remarkable passage in the Bible than that in which the patriarch Jacob gathered his sons together for his final words. 'Reuben, he said bitterly, 'unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' And of Simeon and Levi he said they were 'instruments of cruelty in their anger they slew a man.' Jacob had repented of the sins of his youth, but was finding his punishment in the faults of his sons."

Paul was silent.

"There is no escape, Paul," Dr. Wymer continued; "I know there often seems to be, but sometime in some form we all have to face our sins. We may have so hardened our hearts that we can look upon a crooked and degenerate self without trembling, but we can't escape it in the next generation; we hand down our defects to our children and to their children's children."

"I suppose you are right," Paul admitted, "though it is hard at times to see it that way."

The "whoever will may come" takes in the whole business.—Mack.

Card of Thanks

We desire to thank our friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses on the occasion of the death of the father of the household. Your kindness will be cherished.—Mrs. J. F. McManus and family.

Mr. Ferrier Powell, president of the Bank of Columbus at Whiteville, was yesterday killed in an automobile accident at Raeford.

If you go to hell it won't be because of your sins, but because you refuse to repent.—Mack.

You can accept the way of salvation or you can reject it.—Mack.

PROSPECT MUST COME AGAIN ON CORN SHUCKINGS

Has Nothing on Waxhaw Which Has Several Other Interesting Events.

SPLENDID SERMON AT UNION MEETING

Waxhaw, Nov. 19.—Rev. J. B. Craven, P. E., of the Charlotte District, and Rev. E. N. Crowder, pastor of the Waxhaw charge, held the first quarterly meeting for the Waxhaw circuit at Mineral Springs Thursday, the 15th. The day was fine, all the five churches were represented but one, the financial report good for the first quarter, the membership in good tuns, social and spiritual, dinner excellent and bountiful, those elect ladies cannot be beaten on the score of menu, and the Presiding Elder preached a strong and forceful sermon, and in the afternoon presided over the business session of the conference. Mr. Edwin Niven was elected secretary. Everything at the first conference augured well for Rev. Mr. Crowder and the charge during the new conference year.

As had been announced, Rev. Chas. Kingsley of the Presbyterian church held the union service under the auspices of the local Masons at the school auditorium last evening, the 18th. A large congregation assembled and began the service with good and appropriate song. Those of the choir were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Steele, Mr. Edwin Niven, Messdames Campbell Myers, J. W. McCall, Misses Willie Lou Crowder and Jim McGuirt. Prayer was led by Rev. Mr. Crowder of the Methodist church. Mr. Kingsley read the 21st chapter of Rev. and the 18th verse made a basis for his theme, "A City Four Square." Mr. Kingsley began his discourse by speaking in praise of the age and honor of the Masonic institution, and carried his audience at once to Sinai, where Moses talked with God and got a plan and instructions for building the tabernacle in the wilderness, and by which plan to start with, the great temple at Jerusalem was built, all of which constituted a basis for the spiritualizing of the Masonic order. But that of especial interest and inspiration in the discourse was the preacher's visions of the great city descended from God out of Heaven, the city of equal length and breadth and height, shining with the light and glory of God, and a wall great and high, and twelve gates of pearl, a city of pure gold, like unto clear glass, where are "many mansions" and "room enough for all."

The preacher grew intensely interesting as he studied the gates one by one, giving their names, and representing the 12 tribes of Israel, and the meaning of those names. He spiritualized the same and very earnestly appealed to his hearers to be ready to enter these Heavenly gates. Then closing with an invitation for all who would promise to meet him, by God's help, at the beautiful gates, to come and give him the hand. While the choir sang "In the sweet by and bye" it seemed that nearly every man and woman, boy and girl, in the house responded to the same.

Rev. J. W. Snider, pastor of Round Top church, and one of his right hand men, Mr. L. M. Riner, was in Waxhaw Friday shaking hands with friends and making acquaintance. Mr. Snider preaches at the church near Waxhaw twice a month. By invitation your scribe had the pleasure of worshipping with this band of workers in Sunday school the 18th. Although hindered by satan, and a balky Ford for more than an hour, he got there at last, some favoring wind or spirit, sending two young men my way, who rendered help in a kindly manner. When we arrived we found the superintendent, Mr. Judson Starnes, in the forefront and directing the session of the school. Mr. Riner was on his feet before his class, and a large class of men and women, young and older, and leading them in the study of the lesson. Other classes were in their places and doing their work. When the teachers were done, and a couple of inspiring songs were sung, and the young lady secretary read the day's report, your correspondent tried to say a few words of encouragement and help to this brave little band of workers. There was inspiration and help in looking into the faces of these fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, and little ones, all gathered there in the interest of the Lord's work. They have on mind and heart now the building of class rooms, by which they hope to make the Sunday school work more efficient.

Bless you, Prospect, Mr. J. T. Weir, one of our good farmers and townsmen, has revived the old time corn shucking and brought it right into the heart of Waxhaw, and put it down at the very door of the elite. A few days ago he had a big pile of corn gathered from fertile acres, and he invited white and colored to come and help him shuck it. They came, they saw, they shucked. Pastor E. N. Crowder, who was raised in a corn country and knows a corn shucking, and R. T. Niven, one of Waxhaw's best men, who keeps an eye on the scene and an ear open for the scene or sound of a revival meeting, a birthday gathering, a corn shucking, and if invited politely and orthodoxly will not turn down a well ordered

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