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THE GOSPEL IS BEING PREACHED IN LENOIR WITH ATTRACTIVE POWER

The Second Sunday Night's Services Witnessed the Greatest Crowd at the Tent Yet in Attendance—Several Interesting Features Were Injected Into the Services in the Way of Singing

LENOIR PUT THE LOCAL AND INCIDENTAL EXPENSES OF THE MEETING OVER IN FINE STYLE AT ONE COLLECTION—\$2,250 WAS AMOUNT RAISED

People Are Becoming More and More Interested—The Preaching of Gypsy Smith is Growing More Effective and Heart-Gripping—Invitations Have Not Been Swung Out, But the Great Crowds Are Visibly Moved

By JAMES A. ROBINSON

The big gospel tent is now the favorite rendezvous every evening, except Monday, rest night, of the citizenship of Lenoir and the adjacent country. By 7 o'clock, and before, an hour before preaching, streams of people are seen wending their way to this place of worship. It is an inviting place in which to glorify God. The pulpit is enveloped in "Old Glory," and the triune colors enfold the pulpit platform, and they, with two vases of flaming-colored dahlias, of three shades, in front of the stand, and three large incandescent lights above; and the evangelist, the singer and the piano accompanist, are suggestive and typical of the Trinity—the three in one—the Godhead that is worshipped—the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost.

Miss Lucile Abernethy is the accomplished accompanist, and is executing that difficult and laborious task with signal ability and exceptional talents.

Sunday Night's Meeting

The second Sunday night's meeting of the Gypsy Smith services witnessed one of the biggest congregations of the series—a wonderful gathering. The singing was inspiring, and Mr. Smith preached one of his greatest sermons. The school children, as a body to themselves, sang with vigor and enthusiasm. The colored people were invited to sing one of their own selections, in their own peculiar and characteristic way, which they did, and were thanked by the evangelist. Their selection was "The Fight is On," and the negro melody was one of the attractive features of the evening. Another interesting and effective part of the service was a solo, "The Heart That Was Broken for Me," sung by Prof. Chas. F. Allen, the musical director. It was one of the most impressive renditions of the eight days' meetings. The great choir on this occasion excelled itself, and the song-praise services are now one of the most important and uplifting parts of the meetings.

Put the Expenses Over Grandly
Sunday night one grand collection was taken to defray the local expenses of the meeting, such as rent of the tent, salary of singer, and other incidental expenses, which were estimated would be about \$1,750. The free-will offering to the evangelist will come later. The people of Lenoir "went over the top" on this collection in grand style, as they do in all of their undertakings. The tent collection Sunday night amounted to \$910, and the amount previously subscribed, \$1,200, made a sum total of \$2,210, and it is possible some more will be added, making it something like \$2,250. Fine. It is estimated that all of this amount above the estimated expenses of \$1,750, more or less, will be turned over to the associated charities, thus accomplishing two great objects with one effort.

Incidents of the Meetings
Saturday and Sunday nights were apparently children's nights. They were all there both evenings. They were no small factor in the singing. The way their young voices rolled through the great tent must have caught the ears of the angels above, and caused them to hush their golden harps and lean over the battlements of the New Jerusalem and listen to the refrains that went up from Lenoir.

Mr. Smith said Saturday evening that his audience on that occasion was the largest for Saturday night of any city he had ever preached in. He also said that Saturday night was his pay night. He wanted to return thanks to everybody for the kindnesses shown him and the singer since they had been in Lenoir. He believed in giving flowers to the living and not throwing them on the bier after persons were dead. He thanked the choir, collectively and individually, for their efforts in giving such fine music; the committees for their unity and hearty co-operation in making such a splendid meeting; the town paper for the good reports it was publishing of the meetings, and what a great blessing it would be to get copies of the printed sermons and send them to the sick and the "shut-ins" who could not attend the meetings; the entertainment committee who were taking care of the evangelist and the singer; and the people of Lenoir for their kind patience and large attendance upon the services.

The atmosphere of the meeting was redolent with the incense of kindness and gratitude for blessings, which permeated the hearts of the

hearers with an odor as sweet as the breath of flowers when stirred by the caresses of gentle breezes.

Som Announcements

Next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the tent, there will be a Sunday school rally, to which all Sunday schools, teachers and pupils are invited.

Tonight (Tuesday) Mr. Smith will preach to the Masons, who will attend in a body, together with the Eastern Star, the woman's branch or auxiliary to the Masons.

The women's morning prayer meetings will be held, as usual, over the entire city, at various homes, Tuesday and Friday mornings.

The business men are organizing a men's prayer meeting to be held daily in the business district. Lenoir is on fire with holy zeal for the salvation of souls.

The Sermons as Preached

The sermons of Gypsy Smith follow, in the order in which they were preached, since the last issue of the News-Topic:

A Very Effective Sermon Wednesday Night

A very large gathering heard the evangelist Wednesday evening. The singing was very inspiring, led by Prof. Chas. F. Allen, the director. The great choir is daily perfecting itself in the rendition of the songs, which now roll like sea-billows of melody over the big congregation. Mr. Smith began his discourse by saying:

I want to speak to you for a few minutes from three passages found in the Epistle of Peter.

First, "Partakers of His divine nature;" secondly, "Partakers of His suffering," and "Partakers of His glory." If you will read these words prayerfully and sympathetically you will find there is far more in New Testament Christianity than the average professor of it today seems to think. In these days there has been a tendency to cheapen the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We have broadened the way and lowered our standards. We have been too busy counting heads rather than hearts, and the result has been that we have multitudes in our churches today who know nothing about a vital religious experience. They have simply joined the church just the same as one would join a club or some society. Interested, yes. They think a great deal of the church and support it and work for it, but know nothing of a vital religious experience. They have simply slipped into the church. They haven't given us anything to get in, and if they went out they wouldn't be missed; financially they would, and socially, too, but not spiritually. If the devil came into our church services and took a crowd of our folks away we wouldn't dare say, "Stop, thief!" for he would only be taking his own.

If you care to turn to the Scriptures you would find that Christ never made it easy to follow Him. The Apostles did not, and I am certain that the early church fathers didn't. With them it was a warfare; it was a pilgrimage; it meant ostracism; it meant being called a fool for Christ's sake. There was a text in the Bible to them that spoke about cutting off the right arm and plucking out the right eye's sin, and they are still there and have never been recalled. Our preachers used to thunder these things out. They used to preach on texts like these: "Come out from among them and touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty." Here is another one they used: "Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams." Men believed these things once. We preached them, but now it is a picnic, it is a social, an entertainment. Just as easy as that. These hands of mine could take you into the church. I could baptize you, but if you ever become a child of God it will not be any man's work, but the work of the Holy Spirit.

What does it mean to be a Christian? It means to be a partaker of His divine nature. It means to be rooted and grounded in the spirit of Jesus Christ. It means that those who shake hands with us and live with us, those who come into our presence, shall know that we have been with Christ. Have you partaken of His divine nature? How did you come down stairs this morning? Did you come down with something of the music of birds in your voice?

(Continued on page four)

SHE'S SAILING THE GREAT SEAS OVER

The Little Woman and Babe Who Were Abandoned by Bynum Holsclaw

IS NOW ON HER WAY TO HER OLD HOME AT EGHAM, ENGLAND

The Caldwell Red Cross Put Sunshine in Her Heart and She's Grateful

Another chapter is added to the history of the many across-the-seas romances, in which innocent girls have "listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursued with pleasure the phantoms of hope," which has ended in perjury and abandonment. To his shame be it said it was an American boy who figures in this romantic tragedy.

The Parties Involved

Bynum Holsclaw, of Watauga county, was with the American forces in England at the time of the war. While over there, at Egham, Surry, he wooed and won an English lassie named Blanche, and he did it under the assumed name of Martin. He led her to believe that he was a captain in the Canadian army. That he had resigned from the American forces, thinking the United States was not going to be engaged in active fighting, and he wanted to see active service on the front lines, when the truth is said to be that he had been dishonorably discharged from the American service. "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive."

The Result

To Blanche, this little English, innocent, confiding girl, this brave American soldier was the idol of her heart in chivalry and devotion, as she thought, and she trusted her life to his keeping. They were married. They returned to America, "the land of the free," and Holsclaw at once proceeded to "free" himself of his English love. They went to Edgemont, where it was supposed that they would settle down. Pretty soon after arriving there a babe was born, the golden clasp which ought to have bound two lives in a volume of love and devotion. But a few days after the birth of the child Holsclaw abandoned his wife—vanished like the mists that disappear around the Edgemont mountains before the glories of the morning sun—and has not been heard of since. He left his wife, a little girl, "a stranger in a strange land," with her little babe, without means of support, and threw her upon the charity of the world.

But She Found Friends

The great sympathetic heart of the Red Cross of Caldwell county, hearing of her distress, and her desire to return home, threw its loving arms about her, and about the middle of July took the matter up and proceeded to provide her with means to return to Washington, D. C. One day last week Mayor J. T. Pritchett received the following letter:

"Washington, D. C.
"Sir: To let you know that I was kindly received by the B. and C. Society on my arrival here and to let you know also that I expect to sail on board the Victoria on Saturday, the 11th.

"Thanking you very kindly and also the people of Lenoir for their many kindnesses shown myself and baby whilst staying there, I remain, assuring you of the greatest appreciation.

Yours gratefully,

"Mrs. Blanche O. Martin,
"4 Station Rd, Egham, Surry, Eng."
This grateful but deceived and abandoned little woman is today out on the "bouncing deep," on her way to her loved ones "at home," and there is a feeling of joy in the hearts of all who have helped her in her distress and put American sunshine in her heart.

SOME DISTURBANCE

The babies were rather more restless Sunday night at the tent meeting than usual, and it somewhat disturbed the serenity of the services. But the most flagrant disturbance was a party of people on the outside who did loud talking, so much so that the evangelist megaphoned them with his hands to be quiet. The law is right severe on disturbing public worship. It is to be hoped that this will not occur again, from possibly thoughtless people. But the devil is busy about Lenoir, equally as much so as the Christians are active in saving souls, and he uses all kinds of methods to keep his own under his watch care. Any kind of devilment or disturbance showing its head is the work of the devil.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT

A frightful accident occurred on the head of Elk, Saturday of last week, according to an account of it published in the Watauga Democrat. Mr. Willie Triplett was cutting wood on a hillside. He cut off a log which ran down the hill, catching three small children in its mad flight, but fortunately none were killed, but two were seriously hurt; the thigh of one being broken, the other badly hurt about the head; the third escaped with but slight injuries. Dr. Bingham, who has the cases in charge, reports that they are getting on nicely and hopes for their permanent recovery.

HE WAS SINGING LENOIR'S PRAISES

What a Horse Auctioneer Observed While Selling Stock in This Town

Moore & Co. on Saturday last had a sale of nineteen unbroken horses, which had been imported into Lenoir—good stock, fine-looking, but they had not been trained to any kind of service. The sale took place in front of the Lenoir Livery Company's stable on South Main street. It was attended by a great crowd. The antics of the unbroken horses and the actions of the spectators to keep out of their way, was equal to any "wild west show" ever seen in this burg. The sale was a good one, and the animals sold at a very reasonable price.

The sale was a remarkable one in more respects than one. M. F. Brannon of Knoxville, Tenn., the horse auctioneer, said he had conducted and attended many horse sales, but this was the best he had seen in his experience. The crowd was a good one. Usually these sales are an occasion for much whiskey-drinking, and a great amount of profanity. In Lenoir he had not seen a man under the influence of liquor, or caught the odor of liquor on a single man's breath; and that he had not heard an oath sworn. "You have a remarkable town," he added. "I want to congratulate you, and commend your beautiful little city," said he to a News-Topic reporter.

This is praise worth while, and should send the town pride of every citizen up several degrees in the thermometer of endeavor.

TWICE-A-WEEK NEWS-TOPIC

From the way new subscriptions and renewals have been pouring in for the past few weeks we are led to believe that the public is appreciating our efforts to give them a good local paper. With this issue the News-Topic begins its twice-a-week visits. The additional cost is very heavy, and it is therefore necessary to place the subscription at \$3 a year in order to help meet this expense. Those with whom we have talked about the matter like the idea, and we are of the opinion that it is going to be well received. We wish it were possible to give Lenoir a daily—but the time is not ripe for that yet. In the meantime every one not taking the paper now should hurry and get it on the proposition of the old rate, \$2 a year, and get the benefit of the semi-weekly for a year, before the time expires, on and after Sept. 15.

Tell your neighbors, who are not taking the News-Topic, about it; and you will do us a gracious favor.

SAVING THE SERMONS

"I am saving every sermon," said one of the most charming women in Lenoir to the News-Topic reporter, "and I hope you will give us all Mr. Smith says." We assured her we'd give the meeting all the space possible. But she suggested a bright and useful idea. Get a scrap-book, cut the sermons from the News-Topic and paste them therein. You will have a valuable book for reading and meditation at your command whenever you desire to refresh yourself with the truths preached by the evangelist. The paper can be had for 5 cents the copy.

AMONG RELATIVES

Mr. W. W. Simmons and son, Jackie, of Gastonia, spent last week in Lenoir visiting relatives and enjoying the pleasure of meeting friends. He also took in the Gypsy Smith meetings with great satisfaction.

212 CASES BEFORE MAYOR IN 4 MONTHS

Outline of Cases in the Police Court Since Mayor Pritchett Went Into Office

Very little has been said about the mayor's court in Lenoir for some time, and it appears that this court has been somewhat neglected in the way of publicity, but it is attending to business, just the same, and at times has much to do.

Since Mayor J. T. Pritchett was inducted into office on the 7th of May last up to the present time 212 cases have been tried before him. There have been 202 convictions and 10 acquittals; 7 bound over to the Superior court, and 5 sent to the Juvenile court.

The offenses have been as follows, as appearing on the mayor's docket: Speeding, 43; open muffler, 17; driving car without lights, 4; reckless driving, 3; driving automobile intoxicated, 2; drunk, 11; disorderly conduct, 50; assault, 17; assault with deadly weapon, 9; affray, 14; abandonment, 1; carrying concealed weapons, 2; soliciting passengers at depot, 2; trespass, 4; breaking and entering, 1; concealing stolen goods, 1; embezzlement, 1; larceny, 4; forgery, 2; false pretense, 2; gambling, 10; assault with intent to commit rape, 2; miscellaneous, 10.

Hereafter the News-Topic will publish the mayor's court weekly—if he has any business before him. Names, offenses and penalty will be given, as taken from the mayor's docket.

JONES E. POWELL FALLS ON SLEEP

Death of One of the Most Remarkable, as Well as Aged, Characters in Caldwell

A MAN IN WHOM THERE WAS NO GUILTY; A CHRISTIAN FOR 71 YEARS

Leaves a Family of Seven Children, 36 Grandchildren, 23 Great-Grandchildren

Jones Edmond Powell, one of the most unique characters that ever lived a long, serviceable and useful life in Caldwell county, as well as one of the most respected of men and successful farmers, in the old-fashioned way, fell on sleep Wednesday evening, Sept. 8, after a long illness, patiently borne. He died on the farm on which he was born, one mile east of Lenoir. He was born in this county April 27, 1836, and at the time of his death was aged 84 years, 4 months and 11 days. He made the world brighter and better by his long, beautiful life.

A Noted Family

He married Miss Eliza Ann Suttlemyre, who died seventeen or eighteen years ago, on May 27, 1857. By this union there were born seven children, five sons and two daughters, all of whom are living, and are Smith H. Powell of Hickory, Jacob J. Powell, Route 3, Lenoir; Mrs. Mary Williams, Wilkesboro; Mrs. P. A. Sudderth, Route 4, Lenoir; Dr. John H. Powell, Atlanta, Ga.; Ambrose Powell, Lenoir, and Philip J. Powell. There are 39 grandchildren, 36 of whom are living, and 23 great-grandchildren, most of whom are living.

The Man

Mr. Jones Powell was a remarkable character. He was a shining example of the exemplary Christian. His death was like the glow of a beautiful sunset. His last end was that of the righteous. He was retiring in disposition, and was as modest as a maiden. He had a heart with the tenderness of a child. His cheerfulness was like a well of water in a desert land. His sunny disposition always left others in a better humor, and he "brightened the corners" of every place his sweet, Christian spirit touched. He was full of charity and brotherly kindness. He never spoke aught of any one, and if he could not say a good thing about his neighbor his lips were sealed to all else. The county of Caldwell mourns the loss of a "Father in Israel."

The Funeral

The funeral took place from Lower Creek Baptist church, of which he had been a faithful and enthusiastic member for 71 years, on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, attended by a church filled with admiring and sympathizing friends, both from the city and the county at large. The services were conducted by Rev. I. W. Thomas, the pastor, who spoke in loving terms of the deceased. Among other things he said:

"Jones Edmond Powell professed faith in Christ when a young man and united with Lower Creek church in 1849, of which he was a member at the time of his death. While he was well and active he was a regular attendant and contributor to the expenses of the church, and during his long illness and confinement he often lamented his inability to attend church.

"Brother Powell was a good husband, good father, good citizen and a good neighbor. He served with the State militia the latter part of the civil war. He was a great sufferer for about ten years, and during all that time he tried to be patient and resigned.

"In the afternoon of the day on which he died he prayer audibly that the Lord would come soon and take him without great suffering, and about 1 p.m. he passed away apparently without a struggle. The Lord was with him and answered his prayer.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The Saviour said, "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

His remains were interred in the Lower Creek church graveyard, adjacent to the church. The pallbearers were F. T. Sherrill, J. A. Triplett, R. G. Thompson, T. F. Seehorn, J. R. Swanson, C. D. Rabb and S. J. Stokes. Many beautiful flowers covered the casket.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

As has been customary in previous years, fire prevention week will be observed throughout the country in October. If possible, it will be in the form of a "clean-up" week, in which all the citizens will be prevailed upon to get rid of all trash and paper that will endanger the surrounding property in case of fire.

Several days ago President Wilson designated Saturday, Oct. 9, as "fire prevention day" for the entire country, calling upon the governors of the states to do the same thing.

Let Lenoir get busy at that time and excel all other places in "cleaning up."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAYVIEW PARK

The Wonderful Work and Revelation by W. L. Alexander at Blowing Rock

Alexander, of old, wept because he had "no more worlds to conquer." But Alexander of Charlotte, was of a different type, and he conquered the beauty of natural scenery by transforming it into an Elysium of loveliness. This wonderful transformation is the development of Mayview Park, at Blowing Rock, and is one of the greatest achievements in modern road building in this part of the United States, and the drives and scenery revealed in its picturesque make it one of the most marvelous landscape views ever produced in the scenic wealth of that famous section, or any other.

Two Years in Developing

Two years ago the development of Mayview Park was begun and today, in its finished state, is the most beautiful, and, without exception, the finest resort in the Blue Ridge mountains, and was the charm and delight of visitors this summer to Blowing Rock. It is beyond description in a newspaper article. It must be seen to be enjoyed and appreciated. The wonderful trails, beautiful lakes, the charming cottages, the splendid club house, and the ever-changing scenery brought to view by this development add an unconceived beauty to the grandeur of the visions the eye finds abounding in the Blowing Rock region. It is a work of art which will stand as an everlasting monument to the brain and the nerve and the energy of W. L. Alexander, the promoter and developer.

Greater Things

But is Mayview Park finished? Hardly. Development will continue. Four thousand five hundred feet above sea level, it is one of the most wonderful places in cloudland. The impression made this summer, by the thousands of visitors who witnessed the results of Mayview Park development, has inspired Mr. Alexander to further improvements. Arrangements are being made to build a 150-room hotel in connection with the club house. The architect has already prepared the plans, and it is expected to have it completed next year. It will be modern, as the club house, with all conveniences.

Wishing Him Greater Success

Mr. Alexander's development is a romance of the mountains. The lifting of the veil which has been screening the real beauties of Blowing Rock, and, hand in hand with nature, he has accomplished one of the biggest and greatest undertakings in this age, in this mountain country. The work goes on. Grand success to the man who has such faith in the most beautiful part of Eastern North America.

BUSINESS CLOSED OUT

C. B. Harrison, head of the firm of Harrison & Co., after a long and honorable career of twenty-five years in the grocery business of Lenoir, has disposed of his stock, which he has been closing out for some time, and retires from active business. He has not yet determined just what he will do, but he has hosts of friends who wish him well in whatever he undertakes.

The building he occupied, on the southeast corner of the square, will soon be converted into a music house, to be occupied by the Lenoir Phonograph Shop. Work of remodeling will begin as soon as the material can be obtained.

BAD MAD DOG SCARE AROUND COVE CREEK

Three Cows Stricken and Died in Fearful Convulsions; Neighbors Aroused

The Watauga Democrat tells it that a frightful mad dog scare is spreading over the Cove Creek section; in fact, the conditions, from reports, are serious. Mr. Walter Bumgarner had three cows that were stricken with some unknown disease, and soon died in fearful convulsions. It was suspected that hydrophobia was the trouble, but none had the slightest idea of its origin. Accordingly, the brains were taken from one of the animals and sent to Raleigh for analysis, and the chemist wired that the malady was hydrophobia. When the trouble was first discovered among the cattle Mr. Paul Spainhour was sent for, and in attempting to drench her he was bitten by one of the cows, and is now at Morganton taking the Pasteur treatment, which is being sent out from Raleigh each day. The animals were skinned and several men handled the pelts. Now the fears are that some of them may be infected through an abrasion of the skin, and we understand that some of them may go to Raleigh for treatment.

ON A FISHING TRIP

Rev. Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, and Prof. Charles F. Allen, his singer, W. C. Moore, Jr., E. F. Allen and George E. Moore left yesterday for Eridgewater, where they will use all of their arts and persuasive powers to induce some of the "funny tribe" to accompany them back to Lenoir. They will return today.