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# THE MORNING NEW BERNIAN

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NEW BERN, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1920.

THE NEWS WHILE IT IS NEWS

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

## 'CYCLOPE MACK' TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF EARLY LIFE OF SIN; THE DETAILS OF HIS CONVERSION

### Three Thousand People Hear Him Lay Bare the Almost Tragic Chapters of His Early Escapades

### Many Throng To Grasp His Hand At Close of Sermon, Saying Thereby They Have Been Helped By His Preaching

Standing before an audience of probably three thousand, Rev. Baxter McLendon, evangelist, last night in the tent, laid bare his early life and with perspiration raining from his face recounted the almost tragic story of the age of 14, his unheeding sins, the subsequent calls, his plunging into sin and excessive living to down the call, the mighty struggle between evil and good and his final yielding his heart to God.

It was a powerful, soul-stirring story and one that gripped his hearers. He spoke as a man inspired and at the close of the sermon, at the invitation a great many of the vast throng poured to the front to grip the speaker's hand. There was nothing of the sensational about Mr. McLendon last night, he used no catch phrases and what few gestures he used only emphasized the point he was making.

One of the features of the night service was the singing by the colored people, who delightfully entertained the folks with two selections. Their harmony was wonderful. It is hoped that they will sing again.

It may be said that the interest in the meeting is increasing daily and it now looks like New Bern will have a real revival of religion. There will be services this afternoon at 3 o'clock and tonight at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. McLendon's sermon was in part as follows:

Psalms 60:1. Come and hear all ye that fear God and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I hadn't been to a church or darkened the door of any means of grace in six years except once. I was in Wadesboro, N. C., on one occasion and my wife, who was from good Presbyterian stock, persuaded me to go to a little Presbyterian church one night and I went to sleep on the pastor, moon to my regret, and humiliation, and to my condemnation. I had gone down the sin line until my brain was clouded by dissipation. A mere caricature of a man, a moral derelict, on the way ready to take the count, nothing more than a danger signal, hung up to warn the coming generations. Home a hell, mother heart broken, father's hopes blighted. I think one of the first things that made me think, Brown, who managed my ship, passed by my father's home, and my mother called him in and asked him how she was getting along. I hadn't been home for some time and Brown told that I was going at the same old gait, and he said she looked at him and the tears rained down her face and she sobbed, said Baxter, I believe in you, we have just about given him up, he has been to God for him for years, and it seems now that he has passed redemption. She says there is going to be a revival meeting in Bennettsville in a few days, and if that doesn't reach him he is gone. Brown came on to the shop and told me the conversation he had with my mother, how she wept over my lost condition. I told him I had troubles of my own, and never to mention to me anything that my people said about me. But when I thought of my old broken-hearted mother, with her tear-stained face, weeping over my dissipated life, I'll tell you it hung like a black cloud in the sky of my happiness and what little joy I had was turned into worm wood.

I wasn't interested in the coming revival I cared nothing about the preacher, nor the promoters. It never entered my head to have anything to do with it. But the day arrived when they began to erect the old tent in about 75 yards of my place of business. I can see it going up around the poles now. That night they had their first service, I wasn't interested. I had no idea of going about the place. I closed my shop at 8 o'clock and went to the back at my own hand for the game, I went over to the hotel to see if there were any traveling men that I could call and write it but they were conspicuous by their absence. This was the first night in a long time that the devotedness of the spot meant anything to me. I remained awhile, but they didn't show up. I said, well that meeting is the biggest thing in town and I'll go over and round them up. I went over to the tent and took a seat away back in the rear. I don't think I heard a word the preacher said. I was so busy talking an inventory of the congregation to see if there was enough of my kind to have a game after the services. After the sermon they made the altar call, and Bob Robinson, the cowboy preacher, who didn't know a letter in the book when he was converted at

19 years old, stepped off the rostrum and pushed his way through the great crowd, walked over benches until he reached me, he stood there and gazed at me and I stared at him. He had the gentlest, kindest, sweetest countenance that was ever placed on a human being. His face resembled the painting of the Christ by Dreier. I have often wished that I could reproduce his tender tone, and living look when he said "Young man, a man that looks like you and has the appearance that you have, the devil is leaping dirt with him in this country." He turned and walked back to the rostrum without saying a word to another soul. Some girls standing near me said, Baxter, did he know you? No, he never saw me before. Well, that is strange that he washed his face with water in the crowd and came back here and spoke to you and you only. Yes, that's so. The benediction was pronounced, the service was over. I forgot about my antinatural poker game, and I opened up in big-ger for home. I went there about as sold as I went anywhere. I returned for the night, but not to sleep, the pillow was hard, the bed was uncomfortable, the cover was too short, I rolled and tumbled, was nervous and restless and all I could think about and all I could see and hear was "Young man, a man that looks like you and has the appearance that you have, the devil is leaping dirt with him in this country." I would close my eyes and his face would stand out there before me, would try to see something else, and his voice would ring through my ears. "Young man, a man that looks like you and has the appearance that you have, the devil is doing dirt with him in this country." I would close my eyes and his face would stand out there before me, would try to see something else, and his voice would ring through my ears. "Young man, a man that looks like you and has the appearance that you have, the devil is doing dirt with him in this country." My God, how my head ached, how my heart longed for the dark night. The things that I had done and was doing stood out before me like a panorama. That monster that was in my breast, the foot prints of diety that was rolling over my soul. The coldest thing that I was ever said to Dives in the Black pit and charred walls of the graveyard of the damned was "S. N. remember."

That God given faculty of memory was resurrected signs of omission, sins of commission, secret sins, public sins, sins I had forgotten, a broken hearted mother, a father with his hopes blighted, a home that was a hell all marched by me in one hideous black procession. Oh! the inventory that God helped me to take of myself that night, a wasted talent, ability prostituted and everything noble grand and beautiful assassinated. I roared and screamed, I grieved and yawned, and cried, Oh! God will say never come! Beas would say Baxter, what's the matter with you that you are so restless and can't sleep? I would say nothing, and then I would see Bud's face, and hear his words ringing through my head. "Young man, a man that looks like you and has the appearance that you have, the devil is doing dirt with him in this country."

"Early the next morning I arose and went to my shop to join a man with whom I took a drink every morning. When the shop boys came in I began swearing at them and cursing them and acted as a man crazy and damned everything in sight. Every one wondered what had come over me. On every way I turned the preacher's face was before me and his words kept ringing in my ears. The night before I had heard them announce a song service for 10:30 that morning and I could not keep my eyes off the clock. I had sworn that I would not darken the doors of a church or religious gathering of any kind again and I swore that I would not go back to the tent. I was restless and finally I said I am going to see what these guys are doing. I tried to speak off hand for I did not want them to suspect what had come over me. Brown said, look out Mack, or you'll get religion but I said nothing more.

I stood outside of the tent at the back and everyone looked at me in surprise and amazement and no matter which way I turned it seemed the preacher's eyes would cut down on me. The preacher looking right at

me said, home is a hell, father and mother broken-hearted, wife neglected, you are making vagabonds of mother's sons and ruining women's husbands, and said to self, who has been talking about me to the preacher? He stopped and then said say, if there is a poor broken-hearted fellow here come and kneel at the altar and I forgot everything and fell like a sack of sand at his feet. It seemed the news spread over the tent in fifteen minutes. The boys and my shop said I was drunk and caught to be arrested for disturbing the meeting. I rushed straight home and my wife said have you come home to dinner and I said yes and she seemed glad that I had come home. I told her nothing about the mourner's benediction.

I had in my pocket a set of dice prepared for business and I took them out and when no one was looking threw them out of the window into the weeds and that was the first stop. Dinner was announced and while we were eating some one came to the door and whispered something to my wife and she came back into the room with her eyes and with an understanding smile, come home soon tonight and I'll go with you.

But I had said nothing about what had happened. I came home early that night and after supper Rena took my arm and walked with me to the tent and took me in to the front seat and people full of curiosity stopped and stared.

The preacher took his text and standing right in front of me preached at me for an hour and when the altar call was made I went right up. I had always carried a gun from boyhood and that night it seemed that I was carrying a gun with me and I had it out on the bureau and swore never to carry a gun again religion or no religion. And the next morning at the service when the call was made I was right on the job. And I want to say right now if any doubt that there is a personal devil let him dispel that doubt. I was converted of something that I had been saying in me and the devil kept saying what are you going to do for a living? You are fixin' to kill yourself along the moral line. For three days the struggle kept on and I wrestled with the money question and the devil's temptations. I argued with the preacher and confess I sometimes stumbled them.

At the end of the third day I inched my fist and said, God, I am done with gambling and I meant it. I asked my wife if she was willing to go without the luxuries of life and plain cornbread and white water. She said she had been ashamed to walk down the street and among the men and she had been among themselves that she was wearing clothes her husband had won off their husbands.

God only brought up one thing at a time. I loved a chicken fight and could watch them all night long and again came a struggle but I said goodbye chickens. The next I had to give up was my bill dogs. I was the best dog in the country. I argued the question again and finally gave them up. Then God said, Mack, what are you going to do about your associates? They were of the lowest types, gamblers, drunkards. I was a real friend to my friends and would fight for them at the occasion demanded. I am intense in anything and everything in everything and this was the hardest thing I was called on to do and I did the decision was made and I died to my friends.

I thought I had met all conditions and done all that was required of me but God said, will you preach? Standing on a chair high above everything else, Mr. McLendon called on the congregation to look at a man whom God had called to preach as much as Paul was called to preach. He knew that God had called him to preach and was glad that he knew it. The first call came at the age of 14 and the speaker narrated the wonderful story of that first call, of the mighty struggle, his praying to God to take the call away, the restless nights and the days when he could not eat. He was fighting God against the call and in the end he told his father who said he would work his fingers to the bone to educate him if he would preach but after a giant struggle Mack ran away from the call. He prayed and implored but God said I have called you. He went north south west and east but everywhere he went God followed him. On the train, in the gambling den, in the hotel, in the saloon and in the street, God would continue calling. He told of his flight after a shooting episode in Bennettsville, of his promise to God if the man got well, to preach and his narrow escapes from hideous accidents and then back again to the last night of the meeting, when he was converted. It was the justical and the devil knew if he didn't get him that night he never would. And the battle waged on and on.

(Continued on Page 4.)

## HARDWICK IS NEXT GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA

### In Run-Off Primary He Wins Over State Attorney General Clifford Walker

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 6.—Thomas W. Hardwick, former United States senator from Georgia, who was defeated for re-election in his last race by Wm. J. Harris, was nominated for governor of Georgia today in a run-off primary against Clifford Walker, state attorney general, winning by a substantial majority.

The issue was clearly defined on the league of nations. Mr. Hardwick stood steadfastly against the league, while his opponent ran on a platform of adherence to the same. In the first primary, four weeks ago, Mr. Hardwick led in a three-cornered race, lacking only one county of winning a clear majority. Both his opponents were for the league of nations and the Wilson administration. Under the Georgia primary law, a run-off primary is necessary in case no candidate receives a majority of the county united vote. Mr. Hardwick, in the former race, received a substantial plurality of the popular vote, but not a majority.

Mr. Hardwick had the support of Thomas E. Watson, who was nominated United States senator in the first primary. Both were bitterly attacked for their opposition of the covenant of the league of nations. Mr. Hardwick's defeat for re-election for senator was ascribed to his antagonistic attitude to the administration. The nomination of Mr. Hardwick gives Georgia a junior senator and a chief executive who are opposed to the league of nations and who have been outspoken in their opposition to many features of the democratic administration. The nomination in this state is equivalent to an election, as the republican party puts no ticket in the field.

## SENATOR SIMMONS ENTERS CAMPAIGN; TO SPEAK IN WEST

### Delivers First Address Today At Bailey; High Point And Durham Later

Senator F. M. Simmons left last night for Wilson where he spent last night, continuing this morning to Bailey, Nash county, where he will deliver an address today. The occasion of Senator Simmons' visit will be a big democratic rally held at Bailey. Hundreds of the voters of the democratic faith are expected to assemble from all parts of Nash and Edgecombe counties. Other speaking dates of the Senator are: Durham on the night of October 13, and High Point on the night of October 20.

Mr. Simmons stated last night that he would address himself to the vital issues of the campaign, state and national, on this itinerary. His contribution to the political battle that is now on in North Carolina is counted as significant. In his speeches in the west, the Senator is depended on to tighten the bonds of the present democratic effort, by bringing into the party additional supporters.

## McSwiney Is Visited By His Brother From America; Very Weak

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Terence McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, now entering the fifty-fifth day of his hunger strike, was visited today by his brother, Peter McSwiney, who arrived unexpectedly and unannounced from America.

"I went to my brother last night," Peter said today. "He was very weak when he whispered to me, it was with great effort. He expressed great joy in the sympathy of the American people."

Peter McSwiney arrived from New York without a passport. He came over on a sailor on an American boat. Peter McSwiney, a shoe cutter in New York, where he has lived for many years, said before he left for England that he did not expect to find his "kid brother" alive. He wanted, however, to attend the funeral service.

Peter McSwiney, in an interview in New York some time ago, said that Terence believed that he would die some day in prison.

## VIRGINIA WOMAN ADMITTED UNDUE RELATION ON STAND

### Jury at Manassas Hears Testimony of Wife and Husband in Killing Case

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 6.—Mrs. Virginia Austin, handsome and twenty-three, made a woman's supreme sacrifice today. On the witness stand at Manassas, Va., she tearfully testified to undue friendship for J. R. B. Davis, wealthy business man, whom her husband killed.

After repeatedly warning Davis that he must leave town Karl J. Austin, the wronged husband, a cripple in a wheel chair rolled up to his victim in the street and shot him.

"We were always happy until Mr. Davis came into my life," testified Mrs. Austin. "At first I would have nothing to do with him. But he persisted and finally fascinated me. Then came the day I could not deny my friendship for the man. My husband sent me away and refused to take me back as long as this other man was in Manassas."

The husband, admitted having demanded that Davis leave town, but he denied having made any threat.

"I told him I knew of his friendship for my wife," testified the cripple, and he asked me what I was going to do about it. I told him that I wanted him to leave Manassas."

"Did you ask him at any other time to leave?" The witness was asked.

"On the day of the shooting I met Davis on the street. I was in my wheel chair and I again asked him to leave town. I told him that I could not bear the thought of his acting so brazen. When he started toward me I pulled out a revolver and fired two shots at him. Davis fell but I expected him to get up and come after me, so I waited a few minutes but he was dead."

The witness attempted to show that the husband hid in his wheelchair in a doorway near the Davis home in the predawn hours of the shooting. The cripple however calmly explained his presence by demonstrating the difficulties of operating his wheel chair upon any other street.

## INTERESTING SERVICES AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Services are being held every evening at the First Baptist church on Fifth street for the women and girls. It was announced last night by Mrs. Steffly will begin beginning tonight. Every lady is urged to attend. The services begin promptly at 6:10 and are concluded at 8:30.

## AGE NO REASON FOR HESITANCY IN REGISTERING

### Two of City's Oldest Ladies Place Their Names Preliminary to Voting

An interesting and significant feature of registration yesterday for the coming election on November 2 was the qualification of two of the city's oldest residents for the privilege of the ballot. Mrs. M. H. Hendren, age 81, and Mrs. Julia Bradham, age 83, goes the distinction of showing their appreciation of the recent extension of the privilege of the ballot.

Mrs. Hendren and Mrs. Bradham have established a precedent that will be a decided encouragement to the women voters of the county, say local men. Little hesitancy on the requirement of age has been manifested by the registrars, and this move by two of the oldest voters yesterday did much to remove any thought of embarrassment for those ladies who have so far held back.

Advice yesterday from ladies who have been engaged in a canvass during the past few days in the effort to get all women to the books, and later to the polls was that a remarkable response is being shown. This question, diplomatically asked: "Does your husband prohibit your voting?" brought indignant replies, almost unanimously, to this effect: "Indeed not! I shall do as I wish," according to one canvasser last night.

## DODGERS EVEN UP SERIES WITH VICTORY OVER INDIANS

### MRS. McSWINEY QUERIES PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Twenty-five million Irish men and women throughout the world would like to hear from the possible next President of the United States as to what he is prepared to do against the brutality and inhumanity of the foreign forces oppressing Ireland.

This was the message sent today to Senator Harding and Governor Cox in letters written by Mrs. Muriel MacSwiney, wife of the hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Cork, and his sisters, Mary and Anne.

The three women beg the Presidential candidates for "a message of hope" through the American newspapers.

In a message to the hunger-striking prisoners at Cork, MacSwiney today asked them to join him in a special prayer. This was taken as an indication that the Lord Mayor feels his end is near.

## JAPS INTIMATE THEY WILL FIGHT FOR COLONIZATION

### Member of Paris Delegation Tells Universal Service the Need is Imperative

PARIS, Oct. 6.—"Unless Japan is granted freedom of colonization in California or Australia, the gravity of the situation would be supreme."

This was the declaration today of a member of the Japanese delegation to Universal Service.

"The growing population of our country makes it imperative for finding some outlet," he said. "This outlet must be obtained somehow. The calamity of the last war should have taught the nations the futility of hostilities, and the urgent realization to give every man a square deal. This is what Japan is now demanding."

The Tokyo Government is also planning to ask the league of nations to settle in favor of Japan the question of radical equality which President Wilson turned down at the Versailles peace conference.

As regards European pledging, Japan intends to back the British plans on the means of exacting reparations from Germany although Washington apparently is supporting the French project.

## Wilson Drives Through Parks

### WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—President Wilson, bundled in his cars in sweaters, braved Washington's unseasonable cold spell today for a short drive through the parks. He used a horse-drawn carriage, instead of his automobile. Mrs. Wilson, likewise fortified for the cold, accompanied him.

## REMARKABLE MAN VISITS BRIDGETON

### Aged Uncle of Mayor Ryman Arrives From Home at Stockholm, Sweden

An interesting and distinguished guest which Bridgeton has at this time the honor of entertaining is Mr. L. E. Anderson, of Stockholm, Sweden, an uncle of Mayor C. A. Ryman, of Bridgeton, who recently arrived for an extended visit with his nephew. Mr. Anderson, a retired machinist and electrician, gained prominence in Sweden by his marked contributions to his profession.

Mr. Anderson arrived in New York City several days ago after a voyage of eleven days, sailing from Göteborg, Sweden. Though in his seventy-fifth year, he is remarkable for his activity. Mr. Anderson will remain in America for a year, living with Mr. Ryman.

That Strange Play  
Then came one of the strangest plays in world's series history—got (Continued on page 6)

## Brooklyn Turns Tables on Their American League Rivals; Win Handily

### SCORE WAS THREE TO 0

### Cleveland Had Fine Opportunity in Eighth Inning, But Luck Against Her

By FRANK G. MENKE  
NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Dodgers, 3; Indians, 0.

The tale of the second world's series combat embraces, in its main elements, the following whys and wherefores:

Brilliant pitching by Burleigh Grimes, backed in faultless fashion, needed no "breaks" this afternoon. Those which they got did not figure vitally in the victory. All they did was to swell the Dodger total of tallies.

The combat really was won in the inaugural session. After Olson, the opening batsman for the home gang had flied out to Wambsgans, the sprightly Jim Johnston strode into the spotlight and belted a skittish bouncer in the general direction of Josephus Sewell. It took a lot of funny hops, did that bouncer—and all of 'em high into the afternoon sunshine. It finally found lodgment in the hands of Sewell, who tossed to first—a useless action because Johnston already had beaten it out.

The First Stolen Base  
Then, pronto, Johnston stole second—the first of the dealing. He accomplished the act largely because Bagby made a bad pitch to O'Neill, slowing up the catcher in his hurrying intent. Johnston went to third on Griffin's infield out and scored from that precinct on Zack Wheat's two-baser to center.

What happened after is merely incidental to the Dodger conquest—but it was fraught with thrills just the same. It developed into a contest into which tossed a lot of quaint spectacles, and highly entertaining things—especially from the Brooklyn viewpoint.

The third inning proved one of the rarest plays in baseball—a catcher being credited with two putouts and an error on one double play. The oldest inhabitants fail to recall any baseball incident which ties or beats this.

Grimes opened the third with a single to center. Olson attempted to sacrifice by dumping a grounder in the general direction of Bagby. The Indian pitcher scooped up the ball and whistled it at Sewell, who had roared over in the hope of making a force out on Grimes. But, alas—Grimes professed a game of leap-frog to being killed off at second.

Grimes is Injured  
Sewell got the ball, even though it went wild, and dove down with it, hoping to stab Grimes. But Grimes, instead of going into second on his nice, white pants, decided to reach the goal in an erect and dignified position. He sort of straddled Sewell, who was leaning head first toward him, which action fretted Sewell, to a point where he arched his back, tossed Grimes overboard—and then dropped the ball in the general melee.

The play ended with Grimes actually standing with his hands on the bag and Sewell scrambling to center for the ball. The reason for Grimes standing in the reverse position becomes apparent when he tried to stand on his feet. His left leg buckled under him, he had been wounded. The game was halted while Grimes hopped hither, thither and yon, meanwhile judging and caressing the afferent leg leg until such time as it was ready to resume its normal function in life.

With a brace of runners on and none out, Johnston, beseeched for a hit, exuded nothing but a foul to O'Neill. Then came Griffin. He promptly whaled one about 15 feet inside of first base—a spot which Johnston should have been guarding—but he wasn't. Grimes scored. Olsen raced to third and Griffin was accredited with a two-baser. And Wheat, the next man up, drew an intentional pass.

That Strange Play  
Then came one of the strangest plays in world's series history—got (Continued on page 6)

NOOZIE SAYS  
WEATHER  
For North Carolina: Fair Thursday; Friday probably fair with slow rising temperature.