

THE MEBANE LEADER.

And Right The Day Must Win, To Doubt Would be Disloyalty To Falter Would be Sin.

Vol 5

MEBANE, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 16 1914

No 22

Hail Storms.

Damaging hail storms have visited various sections in Western North Carolina the past week. Farmers fear these awful hail storms as much as they do anything else. A severe storm can ruin an entire crop crippling the farmer financially, but there is nothing that can be done to prevent it. Hail storms and droughts are both dreaded calamities with the farmers.

A railroad corporation in New York has agreed to furnish poor women free transportation to and from the public parks during the summer months. This is something more than an act of commendable charity. It is a good business investment, and is indicative of the growing realization by public service corporations that the good will of the public is the most valuable asset they can possess.

But Little Use.

If the Mayor of Mebane would sentence about ten men to a weeks work on the streets for maliciously blocking Mebanes side walks it would stop. Until this one feature of provoking lawlessness is broken up there is but little use for a day policeman in Mebane.

Throat Fails Him.

The news is sent from London that Colonel Roosevelt's physicians say he cannot use his throat for any more speech making. If Teddy loses his voice he loses his hope. That mouth and voice "was the makin' of him."—Everything.

Painful Accident.

Miss Katie Davidson, an efficient employee at the Leader office met with a very painful accident last Wednesday afternoon. In passing the gasoline motor on the back porch her foot slipped on a wet slick place on the porch floor throwing her down causing her sleeve to come in contact with the flying wheel of the motor. She was thrown around until her clothing was torn off her body and this caused the engine to stop saving her life. Miss Mossie Scott another employee at the office heard her screams and ran to her assistance. After a thorough examination the doctor made the statement that no bones were broken or internal injuries sustained, although the body was badly bruised and skinned and the nerves severely shocked.

Miss Davidson's many friends were delighted to learn that the accident would not prove serious.

Eat To Live.

"Eat less food and live longer," advises Dr. Edward Beecher Hooker. Less than what? Certainly to gorge for the mere delectation of the palate after natural appetite has been satisfied must overburden the digestive organs with stuff they can not assimilate and so bring about disorders of the internal system. But we believe that the promptings of Nature to be the safest guides up to the point where actual hunger ceases and surfeit begins. The body requires a certain amount of nutriment, as the engine does of fuel; beyond that, the excess is wasted and worse; but below that the machinery is cheated of its due and will not do the best work of which it is capable. It is not necessary to starve in order to escape gluttony.—Va. Pilot.

Now that the rebel generals have decided not to confer with Huerta delegates, preferring to go to Mexico City to get the swag, the protocol agreed on at Niagara Falls is nullified, it is incumbent on President Wilson, therefore, to make Huerta salute the flag—or did the United States agree that the demand for a salute was a little joke?—Raleigh Times.

Great is science! Five hundred years ago bubonic plague would have swept through this country like the "black death" in Europe, but, thanks to science, it no sooner breaks out than its course is checked. We think of the plague without fear, because we know there are men in this country who know how to protect us.—Raleigh Times.

Life without a cross is the heaviest cross of all.—St. Sebastian.

MRS. JOHNSON CONFESSES THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND

Husband's Accusation Caused Act.

Mrs. Joseph Johnson of Martin County who has been under arrest on the charge of murdering her husband, made a complete confession of the crime and says she did it because her husband made her life miserable by constantly accusing her of infidelity. They were riding in a buggy on their way to church when he began his unwelcome talk. She drew a pistol she had concealed under a shawl and fired a bullet into his left temple. He fell to the roadside and the horse who became frightened at the explosion ran away, when stopped Mrs. Johnson said her husband had been killed by strangers. After the case had been investigated Mrs. Johnson was arrested and placed in jail. She is only 22 years old and pretty. They have one child, a tiny son.

The Southern Beat.

The tracks of the Southern and Seaboard lines parallel each other between Raleigh and Cary, and the evening trains very often run the distance very close to each other, the Seaboard has been getting rather the best of it, in most of the trips that distance but Sunday evening last Capt. W. C. Gatewood engineer on 1093 decided he would change the attitude of things the Seaboard ran up and past the Southern train shot ahead like a bullet, but Capt. Gatewood "kinder" felt his racing blood tingling in his veins and he pulled down on his throttle while his fireman shoveled in a few more blocks of coal, and you ought to have felt that engine getting away. It was not long before she was kicking sand in the Seaboard train, and she went right along like a moving cannon ball, ran into Cary nearly one and one half minutes ahead of the Seaboard train, Old 1093 is a hustler you bet, when she gets up and knocks her heels together there is something going to move.

HER BOY DIES AT 76

Mother declares She knew The Never Could Raise Him

(San Bernardino, Cal., Dispatch.) Antonio Esparga, aged 76, died here recently. The mother, Mrs. A. Esparga, aged 110 years, took the death without feeling, apparently, for she said to her friends: "I always knew he would die. I knew that I could never raise that boy." The aged woman, who is believed to be the oldest woman in the state, attended the funeral. The family came here from Mexico half a century ago.

One of the most striking examples of calamity lying in is found in the statement of that renowned pulpit orator, Senator Penrose, when he declared that the Democratic tariff law had lost to the United States \$78,000,000, 000 in foreign trade since the Mexican war began. The Mexican war has been in progress about eighteen months, two months of which was during the Taft administration. Now, the fact is that the export business of this country has averaged during the past few years; including last year about; \$2,000,000, 000 a year. So, it would take about twenty-five years to lose the trade which the Senator says has been lost. If every dollar of it had banished during the period of which he speaks. The absurdity of the Penrose statement is apparent to any intelligent person who stops to think, but to the unthinking an absurdity is just as good a fact, and it is to the unthinking that the Pennsylvania Senator appeals.—Winston Journal.

Life is made up of little things, and he that scorns them despises his own real interest.—J. W. Barker.

GENERAL CARRANZA ISSUES A STATEMENT

Reiterates His Intention of Carrying Out the Plan of Guadalupe.

WILL COME TO THE END

General Carranza, the constitutional chief, issued a statement at Saltillo, Mex., Saturday reiterating his intentions of carrying out the plan of Guadalupe.

He announced: "As first chief of the constitutionalists, I have complied and propose to comply until the end, to the plan of Guadalupe, which bears date of March last year. In conformity with this plan which was subscribed by the chiefs and officials who surrounded me before I was acquainted with the usurper Huerta, I then being governor of the state of Coahuila, and accepted by all the chiefs and officials of the constitutional army, I find myself obliged to remove from the posts they occupy unlawfully all the usurpers of the three powers—executive, legislative and judicial.

"I shall continue to struggle to establish peace throughout the republic and will immediately thereafter call elections which will result in the reestablishment of constitutional order in Mexico. For this reason the plan of Guadalupe is not and will not be a program of government, nor a revolutionary plan, but rather, as it is, a political plan."

Carranza said he considers himself obligated to carry out the reforms which failed to consummation in the brief Madero regime. He added: "In a few days the three divisions of Gens. Pablo Gonzales, Francisco Villa and Alvaro Obregon will advance simultaneously toward the capital of the republic. I believe that Huerta, the usurper, will not resist the advance of the constitutional forces."

The Agricultural and Mechanical College, in its growth, development, and social usefulness, has been almost a revelation to our State. It is just twenty-five years old this year. It is therefore by a good many years the youngest of our Colleges for men. It represents a new type of education. Yet, in the face of many difficulties, it has made for itself a most striking record. Its faculty now numbers sixty specialists in industrial education who were educated in the best universities of America. Its enrollment of students counting all courses, 738. Its buildings number 26. Its equipment is modern and practical. Its graduates are most successful. Its catalogue furnishes an interesting story of activity in the industrial life of our State.

The Devil Dancers

(New York Sun.)

The new performances of the Pankhurst devil dancers seem to be grating on the nerves of our much-enduring, docile, downtrodden and henpecked English brethren. There is big talk of resuming forcible feeding and confining the operation of the cat and mouse act to minor offenders.

The mushy, sentimental weakness and mistaken chivalry with which these sisters of satan have been treated by the English authorities, to the full as jelly-backed and futile as even we Americans could have been in like case, have brought on a constantly more dangerous, more brutal and more mephitic manifestation on the part of the noxious creatures. The "lower classes" of people would make short work of them were it not for the police. It is right that the police should protect these enemies of society from harm; is nobody going to protect society from them?

Why are they treated better than a navy or costermonger would be should he dare to resort to the mildest of their antics? And when they are locked up, why should food be forced upon them? There's a better way. These sweet ladies will eat. Try to starve 'em and they will be almost as ravenous for victuals as they are for publicity.

The London Chronicle says there are very few wildcats in Europe now. What has become of the militant suffs?

"SUPERHEATED AIR CURE FOR CANCER"

Dr. Bell of Battersea Hospital, Claims Much for New Treatment.

"MIRACLES AT LOURDES"

"Superheated Air" as a Cure for Cancer" was the subject of an address delivered the other day by Dr. Bell in the Cancer research department of the Battersea hospital in London. Up to 1903 Dr. Bell relied solely and not without success upon dietetic, hygienic and therapeutic treatment. He then employed superheated air as a local application, the treatment being supplementary to his former methods.

Since the Cancer research department at Battersea has been in working order it has been possible, he says, to demonstrate how the important supplementary treatment of heating up the cancerous growth operates.

"The knowledge thus gained," said Dr. Bell, "is bound to prove of supreme importance, as it has placed beyond doubt the fact that the cancer cell is unable to survive if retained at a temperature of 115 deg. to 120 deg. for a few minutes at a time, the application of the heated air being repeated at intervals under a pressure of from three to four atmospheres, so that it may be made to penetrate the diseased mass.

"The result apparently is that the vitality of the morbid cells is gradually destroyed, these cells subsequently being absorbed. It must, however, be clearly understood that this result can be assured only if the disease is dealt with in the early stages of its development.

Let The Law Say "Thou Art The Man"

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The conscience of the whole nation is behind President Wilson's demand that guilt be made personal. Every one knows, as he said in his address to Congress, that every act of business is done at the command of some person or group of persons, just as every act of government is the act of an individual or group of individuals.

When a citizen suffers wrong at the hands of a public official he seeks redress from the guilty man and not from the political corporation that the men represents. But corporation officials who have been guilty of offenses against common morality have escaped punishment on the plea that the corporation committed them. The corporation has been punished by a fine. But the fine has merely fixed the price to be paid for such acts. It has been a license fee to be reckoned with in the conduct of business.

Public sentiment has fortunately reached the point where it will no longer tolerate such a licensing system. Guilt is personal. The man who adopts a criminal policy of business oppression for the purpose of crushing his rivals is as guilty as any evil-doer, and he must be held individually responsible for his acts. Unfair competition is a crime, whatever form it takes. If the law that the President suggests shall stiffen the backbone of the Attorney General until he begins to demand the punishment of the guilty under the old law the abuses will stop.

Scratching a Pig Pays

(The Kian, in Toronto Star.)

Old Twilight shunted a poll of swill into the trough and reflectively scratched the pig's back. Old Twilight is not the only one in the world who learned that there is pork in scratching.

Little do you think, when you sit down to your breakfast bacon that good men scratched for it. We moss-backs scratch for a living all the time and we are proud of it. There is pork in it, and pork is money, and money is gasoline, and gasoline is power, and a chattel mortgage is like the grace of God—it is with us always, Amen!

As soon as I get through writing this, I am going out to the pen to scratch a pig. It helps to make him fat. You have got to please a pig, same as a woman, or she—the pig. I mean—won't reflect credit on you. A pig with a grouch is a dead loss. You might just as well pour your swill into a rat-hole. But please your pig, take halt an hour of every day and go out and scratch your pig.

TOOTH GERM ROUTED

Cure for Dread Pyorrhea Demonstrated at Dental Clinic.

(Philadelphia North American.)

After years of effort on the part of bacteriologists the world over, a cure has been discovered for pyorrhea, the most dreaded disease of the teeth, which is commonly known as Riggs disease, and which in many instances causes a loosening of the gums and a falling out of the teeth. The discovery, which is said to be the greatest advance of the age in dentistry, was demonstrated yesterday at the final meeting of the forty-sixth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Dental Society, at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Dr. Michael T. Barrett, a dentist of this city, and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in 1913, is the discoverer of the cure. Before a large audience he demonstrated the success he has achieved with a set of lantern slides and patients whom he has cured.

Youth is the time for beginning. The storehouse of life stands wide open, for the treasures to be garnered therein.—Edward Garrett.

A Canadian preacher predicts that the time will come when there will be no liars. Yes, just about the time when the earth shall be dissolved in fervent heat and the human race shall be no more.

GOLD AIR FROM FREAK WELL

An Oklahoman's House Cooled by Unique System.

(New York Times.)

From a remarkable well on his land J. C. McSpadden, of Tahlequah, Okla., obtains not only an abundance of water almost ice cold in the summer time, but also a supply of chilled air, which he uses to keep the McSpadden home cooler on the hottest day than any summer resort.

It is a freak well all around. When the well was sunk it was for a cistern. When about 50 feet deep the bottom broke through, revealing a sort of cavern, from which came a tremendous flow of ice-cold water. Apparently the supply is inexhaustible, for the well was sunk years ago and the water has remained at the same level ever since.

One may open the cover of this well and his hat will be lifted from his head by a rush of air from the well that feels like an icy blast. Where the water and the cold air come from is a question no one has answered.

Unlike most underground streams, this one changes temperature in the winter, getting much colder. While the water stands 45 feet below the surface of the ground, yet in winter ice five inches thick has been known to form in the well.

Taking advantage of the well's supply of cold air, Mr. McSpadden sealed the top of the well with a concrete cap and put pipes in it. Through one of these he draws his water supply. Through the other he draws cold air that is piped to every room of his six-room cottage. The pipes reduce the temperature many degrees even on the hottest days, and when the weather is moderately cool the house can be made so cold as to be uncomfortable.

List of Letters

Advertised for week ending July 11 1914.

- 1 Letter for Mr. Lorne Altman
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. Mary Williams
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. H. L. Thomas
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. Pearl Piant
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. G. A. Powers
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. J. G. Pritchott
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. Sammie Coatsmore
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. Malise Walker
 - 1 Letter for Mrs. Amanda Williams
 - 1 Letter for Miss Saline Sykes
 - 1 Letter for Miss Ula Ray
 - 3 Letters for Miss Mable Jones
 - 1 Letter for Miss Virginia Jeffreys
 - 1 Letter for Miss Annie Gibson
 - 1 Letter for Mr. Henry Mills
 - 1 Letter for Mr. Marvin J. Thomas
 - 1 Letter for Mr. Philip Criss
 - 1 Letter for Mr. Clarence Wright.
- These letters if not called for will be sent to Dead Letter Office July 22 1914.

Respectfully,
J. T. Dick, P. M., Mebane, N. C.

PUT MUCH FAITH IN GARLIC

Belief Among Physicians That it is Highly Efficient in Tuberculosis.

Physicians on this side of the Atlantic are experimenting with garlic as a possible cure for the dreaded tuberculosis.

A Dublin doctor has been working on the theory for some years past with considerable success and has published a book upon it, and although it is too soon yet to tell of results in this country, it is being tried at the Metropolitan hospital in New York.

It is said that there is little tuberculosis in Italy, where garlic chewing is a national habit and that in this country it is the Italian children who have given up chewing garlic who succumb to the great white plague.

Garlic contains a chemical substance called allyl sulphide in the percentage of two drops to a teaspoonful of juice, which is much stronger than the amount of the same chemical found in onions or shallots. It is this drug which, it is claimed, destroys the tubercular bacilli.

Garlic juice is said to act quickly upon tuberculosis of the throat, which heretofore has been almost impossible to treat, and application of the juice to lupus (tuberculosis of the skin) has excellent results unless the disease is of long standing.

A True Tale True to Life

(From Columbia State.)

One of those true tales that shame fiction comes from Alabama, where a husband and father, missing since 1898 returned a rich man from Brazil to turn up his family, living in poverty, the children uneducated, thinking him dead.

Yet the truth is something better than fiction would have imagined. There was no melodramatic reunion. Though Blackman left \$50,000 in cash and endowed each member of his family with an income of \$5,000 a year, he was permitted to go back to Brazil after a greeting on the part of the wife and children that was utterly cold and unsympathetic. It was here that real life bettered the story books.

Who shall say that the wife who dismissed the sixty-seven-year-old husband was not right in her attitude? Time was of the essence of his contract, and he had hopelessly defaulted. No money that he could pay could wipe out the years of neglect, of lost opportunity, of struggle with which he had afflicted her by his desertion. She took his money, but she wished nothing of herself.

It is easy to imagine the púrspeoud Blackman coming home after his twenty-one year jaunt, confident in the healing magic of his possessions. It may matter little to him, but it will do good to others, that he found out that money is not all powerful, that where a man is rich is in service; that there are some things that may be forfeited that never can be brought back.

In all the world the noblest of adventures are those cohorts of love that find themselves walking the treadmill of duty, with noses against the grindstone of labor, who are kept alive not so much by what they hope to get as by what of duty they feel themselves compelled to endure in order to do.

It is these simple folk, to whom "wanderlust" and adventure are but tales told out of fairy books, who win in the dust of a daily round of obligation to the fortunes most worth while

60,000 Men To Write.

The Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor has begun to gather data for the greatest hard luck story ever written. Sordid chapters from the lives of 35,000 men will be gathered. The whole, when compiled, will tell the story of the hardships, the sufferings, the poverty and sickness of the union shop men thrown out of work thirty-three months ago, when labor difficulties arose between them and the Illinois Central railroad and the Harriman lines.

A Summer Drawback.

"Summer has its inconveniences." "I don't get you." "I was just thinking of the vestless man who tried to carry a lead pencil, a fountain pen, his watch and his cigars in the top pocket of his coat."—Detroit Free Press.