

The Smithfield Herald.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

"TRUE TO OURSELVES, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR GOD."

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

VOL. 26.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1908.

NO. 50

PROPOSED PROHIBITION LAW.

What it Will and What it Will Not Do by State Organizer of the Anti-Saloon League.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

It will abolish every licensed whiskey and brandy distillery in the State.

It will abolish every saloon and dispensary in the State.

It will stop the wine traffic within the State. For wine can be sold only at the place of manufacture in quantities of two and one-half gallons or more and not shipped anywhere in the State.

It will stop the sale of all those chemical mixtures by whatever name known that will produce intoxication.

It will place under the most stringent and binding regulations pharmacists and physicians, who may handle intoxicating liquors for medical purposes only.

It will allow the officials of any county or town to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors by pharmacists in the drug stores.

WHAT IT WILL NOT DO.

It will not prohibit the farmer from making cider from fruits grown on his own land and selling the same at home or in his market town.

It will not stop the manufacturer from making his wine and shipping it outside of the State.

It will not stop the sale of those medical preparations and essences that may have alcohol in them to preserve them or to hold the medicinal agents in solution, such as camphor, vanilla, etc.

It will not repeal existing prohibition laws.

It will not prohibit the sale of wine to ministers or church officials for sacramental purposes.

If this law fails to be ratified by the people at the polls on May 26th, 1908, it will not effect the present status of any existing prohibition law in the State. In other words, the dry territory will not be changed.

We are sure when you have studied this law you will agree with us that it is fair.

Under this law, Greensboro's voting wet would not make it wet, and Salisbury's voting dry would not make it dry. Under local option Greensboro has voted dry, and as a locality she must remain so until the locality as such votes wet, while Salisbury has voted the other way. This vote on "the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors" in North Carolina is quite a different thing from local option.

Again, this law is right. For the influence of liquor is never local. Salisbury or Wilmington citizens, while controlling the sale of the traffic, do not control the dangerous and damaging influence of this traffic. Every citizen in the State has a right to self-protection against the influence of this traffic, now centered at a few points, and the only way of protection is the abolition of the traffic throughout the State.

Florida Special Ditched Near Petersburg.

The Atlantic Coast Line's splendid train, the Florida special, which was due here at 5 o'clock this morning, was ditched near Petersburg, Va., after midnight, though reports from the scene of the wreck state that no one was hurt. Seven big pullmans went off the track, and the train has, as yet, been unable to proceed.

This magnificent train has been unfortunate in the matter of wrecks, but most fortunate in the fact that no lives have been lost in any of them. It has been wrecked twice before—one time partially destroyed by fire, and another time badly damaged.—Fayetteville Observer, 19th.

Twenty-eight miners were entombed in the Mid-Valley Colliery near Mt. Carmel, Pa., Monday. A great dam of water gave way and a rush of mud filled the gangway.

General News.

The Ohio Democratic State Central Committee has declared for Bryan.

Three men were blown to pieces by an explosion in a powder works at Wharton, New York Tuesday.

Capt. W. A. Marshall, now a captain at the Boston navy yard has been selected to command the new cruiser North Carolina.

Beach Hargis is to have a speedy trial for the murder of his father, Judge James Hargis and has \$50,000 to pay the cost of his defense.

All of the 28 men and boys entombed in the Mid-Valley colliery have been rescued but one; one man fell down the shaft after the accident and was killed.

An explosion in the General Explosive Co's works at Wharton, N. J., Tuesday, broke nearly every window in town and all of those on one side of a passing passenger train. Three men were killed and many were injured, some of them seriously.

Senator Stone, of Missouri, in a speech in the senate Tuesday attacking the Aldrich currency bill, scored the growth of stock gambling and declared it threatened the stability of the banking system of this country. He said New York banks are believed to be deeply involved in stock transactions.

The jury in the case of Frank Cauthorn, who murdered his sweetheart because she married another, brought in a verdict Tuesday of not guilty but insane, and citizens of Roanoke, Va., who do not believe he was insane when he committed the murder openly made threats to lynch him; he was spirited out of town to Salem, where he was put in jail for safe keeping.

Little Girl's Heroism.

Cartersville, Ga., Feb. 17.—In an heroic attempt to save her six-year-old companion, David Rogers, from death, Lilly May Kline, 12 years of age, was struck by a train today, and with the child in her arms, both were crushed to death.

The children were walking on the side of the tracks, accompanied by the girl's father. Hearing a train approaching the little boy started to cross the track and becoming frightened stopped midway. The girl, realizing the danger, rushed to his assistance, only to be struck by the train just as she picked him up. Both bodies were mangled beyond recognition.

Wood Alcohol in Whisky.

A recent death in this city calls to mind two other deaths from a similar cause—the drinking of whisky which has been adulterated with the deadly poison, wood alcohol. A citizen of a town, some little distance south of here, died last night from the effects of wood alcohol drinking, and a year ago a white man from Manchester died in his cart in Fayetteville from the same cause.

The physician who attended this latest victim, and deceased's brother told an Observer reporter to-day that it was a well known fact that much of the so-called corn whisky, which is sold around here, is adulterated with wood alcohol, which can be purchased at a price cheaper than the cheapest corn whisky. This is indeed a fearful revelation. Is there not some way to prevent this awful crime?—Fayetteville Observer.

Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters says: "It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This alternative tonic is sold under guarantee at Hood Bros. drug store, 50c.

Bond Issue Discussion Puts Looker On To Sleep.

Impelled by idle curiosity, the Looker On strolled up to the Court House Monday night to hear and witness the deliberations of the City Fathers in regard to the matter of Smithfield issuing bonds for the establishment of a modern system of water-works, sewerage and electric lights.

Quite a number of the Fathers were present. The venerable Dr. Wharton was the chairman and, among others gathered close within the bar, I noted many of those whose efforts have done much for Smithfield. Fathers Spiers, Setzer, Ellington, Skinner, Patterson and Kirkman were there. As I entered, the floor seemed to be divided among Fathers Brooks, Broadhurst and Lawrence, while young Mr. Guilford Watson stood near-by, watching the proceedings with an eager but respectful silence.

Of the pros and cons of the argument, I do not now quite remember. In my comfortable seat in that comfortable room, enjoying a fragrant "Old Virginia," what wonder that I succumbed to the charms of the environments, and, dropping my cheroot, nodded my way into the land of dreams and fancies. * * * * * Thirty years had passed since my last visit to my native town of Smithfield and now, in the year 1908, I was on my way to see the old town during the "Old Home Week" when her dispersed children came from every clime to do her honor and to renew the associations and acquaintances of youth.

I had thrown aside my book and was idly speculating upon the many changes that must have taken place during my absence, when a slight tinkle called my attention to the automatic annunciator, the word SMITHFIELD flashed on the dial, and I felt the airship serve as it slightly changed its direction and steered skillfully between house-tops and steeples for the Elevated Station. Looking from the windows, I recognized the curving banks of the levee Neuse and the four parallel lines of the Boston and Havana Railway. Between these boundaries a composite mass of houses looked up at us, while detached buildings and small parks beyond these lines indicated that the town was still growing, that its zenith had not yet been reached.

As I descended in the elevator from the Landing Stage, I became conscious of the questioning glances directed at me by a rather stout and elderly gentleman whose face was familiar but whose name had fled my recollection. But when his hearty "Hello, Looker On, come back for Old Home Week?" greeted me, I picked together the voice and countenance, and shook hands with Smithfield's leading citizen, the Honorable Frank F. Holmes.

Distinguished and prosperous, he looked. His well-groomed appearance, the glitter of diamonds, the gleam of gold, the complacent expression of "All's Well" on his face, all denoted that Fate had been kind to him and Fortune had not considered him a stranger.

Emerging from the Arcade, he extended me an invitation to ride over the city in his automobile and we were soon rapidly whirling over the smooth streets, seated in his luxurious car. Great changes had indeed occurred, the vacant lots had disappeared, the old one-story stores were gone, handsome buildings of steel and concrete sheltered the myriads of clerks and customers, the homes were palatial, several communal apartment houses were being erected and workmen were busy tearing down the Old Spiers Store, while a gaping crowd stood about, mourning the destruction of a landmark and wondering at its antique construction. Occasionally my guide would wave his hand grandiloquently at some spacious factory or palatial building and remark, "That's mine."

So often was this brief remark made that I began to fear my old friend was "stringing me," as we said in the old days, but when we alighted in front of the Consolidated National Bank, my doubts were cast aside by the manner of our entrance. Bowing to each clerk, book-keeper and cashier, Mr. Holmes briskly traversed the banking room and entered the "President's Private Office," with the not-to-be doubted air of the proprietor.

Anxiously then, I put the question, "Holmes, I see new faces in stores and banks; I see few whose faces or names are familiar. Where are the old citizens of my day, the men of property, the substantial business men who controlled affairs in those days when you and I painted their little houses with clay and kerosene oil?"

"Ah," he replied, as a tremor of sentiment shook his voice, "Where is the old Smithfield of 1908? Where are the leaves of yesterday?"

A silence fell between us. I watched him engaged in cutting interest coupons from government bonds and wondered at this mutation that had elevated a poor, but worthy citizen, into the proud position of the city's richest man and had correspondingly reduced the fortunes of many of the most prominent men of the old regime. What upheaval had occurred, I wondered, what panic, what agency, Divine or human, had operated to bring about such a change!

The seemingly disagreeable task of coupon-clipping having been completed, Holmes produced his Havanas and proceeded to inform me, with many philosophical parentheses, concerning the downfall of some and the elevation of others, of deaths and births and marriages, of the thousand and one little happenings that an exile likes to hear.

And, as I had moved from the village in 1908, when municipal politics were turbulent, concerning a bond issue for public improvement, his sketch of that undertaking was very interesting, indeed. How the election was carried by the "modernists," how the issue of \$50,000 was quickly taken at a premium, how the work had commenced with the greatest enthusiasm, how the bands played and the orators raved, how a gigantic flag was flown from the summit of the standpipe and how hardware stores sold countless bath-tubs and garden-hose!

And the story went on, how the deep wells became impregnated with minerals, how quicksands and flint rock were encountered in unexpected places, how the laborers struck, the negroes refused to work with white men, how the contractor decamped, how a supplementary bond issue was voted, and how the most prominent citizens of the town had, from a noble sense of civic duty, purchased these bonds at a price, considered under the circumstances, to be eminently reasonable.

And the story went on. Mistakes were made, costly in time and money to correct. Accidents occurred by which laborers were maimed or electrocuted, or entombed or drowned. Damage suits followed, interest on bonds was passed. Restraining and injunction actions were started and, contending with Fate, Nature, Strikes, Interest and Lawyers, the town was about to give up the fight when Judge Stevens, a man of great legal ability, pronounced the entire series of bond issues as having been unconstitutional. This view was held by successive courts of higher authority and one day the bondholders saw their private fortunes go to smash upon the rock of worthless bonds.

The town still owned the improvements, however, but by that time, the achievements of Edison and others had rendered the system obsolete. A monument to murder and ruin and death, the old rusty standpipe still looked down from its elevation. But the gay flag of its morning had vanished.

"But tell me, what agency did

LOCKED CASHIER IN SAFE.

Robbers Overpower Cashier After Banking Hours, Rifle the Safe and Leave the Cashier in Vault Over Night.

Hickory, Feb. 17.—News was received here Sunday morning of a daring bank robbery at Granite Falls, in Caldwell county, Saturday night. Between 6 and 7 o'clock three masked men went to the bank where the cashier, Mr. Walter Whisnant, was at work on his books. One of the men remained outside on guard while the other two went in and overpowered the cashier. At once they put out the lights and in the dark they rifled the safe securing about two thousand dollars. Fortunately the bank had shipped out \$5,000 Saturday afternoon. The robbers forced the cashier to enter the vault, and then they closed the door of the vault despite his earnest pleas. Early Sunday morning search was made for Mr. Whisnant, and he was found and released from his prison. He escaped suffocation, though he declared that he spent a most unpleasant night. There is very little clue to the identity of the men. The cashier saw three men pass by just a few minutes before they broke in on him. As the men were masked, and the lights turned out as soon as they entered, Mr. Whisnant could hardly identify them.

The World's Most Powerful Engine.

Milwaukee, Feb. 18.—To the United States Steel Corporation falls the credit of installing the most powerful engine ever built for use in any country in the world. This machine which has a capacity of 25,000 horse-power, or nearly double the size of its nearest rival, was erected complete in the engine building shops of the Allis-Chalmers Co., at West Allis, near Milwaukee. It will be sent to the Carnegie Steel Co., at South Sharon, Pennsylvania. Some idea of the size of this monster may be gained from the fact that two of the castings for it weighed, after machining, 118 tons. The engine as a whole weighs 550 tons. It is controlled as easily as a sewing machine and requires the services of only one engineer. It is a horizontal, twin-cylinder rolling mill engine.

Mississippi To Be Dry.

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 14.—The Statutory Prohibition bill, which was the special order of the day yesterday in the Senate, was passed by a vote of 36 to 4.

The bill provides that all licenses now in existence in the State shall cease December 31.

Only eight counties license the sale of whisky. The Governor has already signified his intention of immediately signing the bill.

The Number of rural free delivery routes in North Carolina is increasing all the while, and if the present ratio of increase continues the State will have her quota to which she is entitled. A report just issued by the Post-office Department shows that on February 1st there were 1,213 routes in operation in the State.

The Senate committee on claims reported favorably Senator Overman's bill, which provides for the return to the State of \$37,000, representing the value of cotton seized by Sherman's army in Raleigh immediately following the civil war. While looking over a lot of war claims this summer, Mr. Overman discovered that the treasury records gave evidence of the receipt of this sum of money derived from the sale of cotton belonging to the State.

you employ to mount Fortune's ladder," I asked. President Holmes hesitated a moment, glanced quickly about the room, moved his chair a little nearer, and confidentially whispered,—"Iron Oxide."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clayton News.

Numbers of our people have been the victims of grippe but at present the majority of them are improving, some being able to be back at their work again.

We are glad to report Messrs. W. R. Honeycutt and Norwood Barbour, who are sick with pneumonia, improving. We wish they may soon be in perfect health again.

Mr. Walter Barham, of the Archer section, was over Monday and bought Mr. Del McCullers horse Jim. Walker has one of the finest horses now to be found in this county. You ought to watch out for Jim.

Clayton is very evidently coming out of the panic unscathed. So far there has not been a single failure, no selling out at cost, except Messrs. R. B. Whitley & Co., who are doing this only for the purpose of dissolution.

Pastor Thornton preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. Pastor Thornton has a large attendance at all of his services and the people are always well repaid for their attention to his sermons.

Ex Sheriff J. T. Ellington hit us where we live when he gave us "Who's Who" in the News and Observer some days ago. Sheriff Ellington is what we call a "cracker-jack" and so is the Honorable Ashley Horne, the next Governor of North Carolina.

Mr. A. G. Jones, a very prominent farmer and good citizen of Wilson's Mills township, was buried here Tuesday. Mr. Jones was the father of Mrs. Fred Hilliard of our town and her many friends sympathize with her as well as all the family in their bereavement.

It is with sincere regret that we chronicle the death of our friend and townsman, Mr. W. H. Cole, which sad event occurred at his residence about 10:30 o'clock Tuesday night. The funeral was conducted at his residence on Wednesday afternoon by a Priest from Raleigh, Mr. Cole having been a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The deceased had been sick only a short while.

Mr. W. H. Sears, the "Taffy Man" will be here at the Academy on Tuesday night March 17th. Mr. Sears comes highly endorsed and we should not have had him for so small a town as Clayton but for our failure to secure Sunshine Hawkes, as was first agreed upon. This disappointment to the Lyceum club and its patrons will, it seems turn out fortunately after all, since it has been the means of our securing such a remarkably good man as "Taffy" Sears.

Clayton, Feb. 19. — YELHR.

In the Flower of His Youth.

The sad death of Mr. Arthur Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lucas, of Lucama, occurred at Oak Ridge yesterday about 11 o'clock, in his 18th year. The remains were brought home today and the interment took place this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in the Lucas cemetery near Lucama.

This was his second year at Oak Ridge, and he was a young man, beloved by all who knew him.—Wilson Times, 18th.

Rev. Dr. Alexander Sprunt, of Charleston, recently called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church, Raleigh, has notified the church committee that he could not accept. He will continue to serve the First Presbyterian church, Charleston.

Suffering & Money Saved.

E. S. Loper, of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I have ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at Hood Bros., Druggists.