

# THE SMITHFIELD HERALD

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### JOHNSTON'S FIRST MEN.

This afternoon the first contingent of men selected for Uncle Sam's New Army will leave for Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., where they will go in training under United States Army officers. There are eighteen of these men. They were called under the draft law and selected by the exemption boards, but they go as volunteers. The boards called for volunteers for the first contingent and these men whose names are published elsewhere in this paper stepped forth in answer. They are Johnston's honored men. They have heard the country's call and have answered. We honor them. All Johnston County honors them. Their careers will be watched with the greatest interest. Our best wishes and our prayers will follow them as they go forth in defense of their country and world-wide liberty.

### AGAIN WE SAY.

Again and again we say, get ready to plant a few acres in wheat this Fall. Every farmer who has suitable land should be sure to put in a small wheat crop.

### THREE SONS TO HIS COUNTRY.

Mr. O. R. Rand, a former resident of Smithfield, who now lives near Garner, was in the city this week visiting friends. Mr. Rand has four sons and three of them are in the service of the United States Army.

His eldest son, Mr. Oscar R. Rand, is now in the Officers Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, having joined the second training class. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina and also of Oxford University in England where he spent three years as a Rhodes Scholar. Since coming home from Europe he has been teaching in Alabama where he has been a member of the faculty of the high schools of Montgomery.

Lieutenant Oliver G. Rand, who took the officers training course at Fort Oglethorpe in the first class, recently received his commission as a lieutenant of infantry and is now at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., where he will assist in training the first contingent of the draft army. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, receiving his diploma at the last commencement. At that time he was at Fort Oglethorpe.

Mr. Rand's youngest son, Walter Rand, Jr., is at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind., where he is a member of the second officers training class. He spent two years at the University of North Carolina.

Mr. Rand is proud of the record of his sons who have volunteered for service in their country's fight for freedom and liberty. They are all fine young men who will take a high stand. They are all well known in Smithfield where they spent the greater part of their lives. They were prepared for college in the Turlington Graded School. Three sons out of four for his country. What a record!

### MEETING OF WOMAN'S CLUB.

Plans Looking to Making Library More Efficient Were Discussed. New Chairman Chosen.

Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at the Club room, the first regular meeting of the Woman's Club since May was held. There was a large attendance and a good deal of business pertaining to the various departments was disposed of. One thing of note was the fact that the Smithfield club voted to invite the District Meeting of the Sixth District, of which Mrs. H. L. Skinner is president, to meet here some time in October the exact time to be decided later.

It was also decided to co-operate with the School Board in planning a welcome to be given the teachers of Turlington Graded School when they arrive. Definite plans will be announced later.

Plans relative to the Library were discussed, by which it is hoped that the books may be accessible oftener. The work of the Library department, deserves the hearty support of not only members of the Woman's Club, but of every citizen of the town. The majority of the citizens would perhaps be surprised to know how largely the library is patronized. They would then realize the importance of providing new books and making this department as efficient as possible.

The Club also voted to lend a helping hand in fitting out the Domestic Science department of the school.

The resignations of the chairman of the Literary Department and chairman of the Music Department were accepted and new ones chosen. Mrs. E. J. Wellons was elected to succeed Miss Bessie Coats, who has had charge of the literary work, and Miss Bettie Watson will succeed Mrs. N. T. Holland as chairman of the Music Department.

### Red Cross Meeting at Benson.

Benson, Sept. 5.—A large and enthusiastic crowd of patriotic citizens met in the Mayor's office Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Branch of the Smithfield Chapter of the American Red Cross Society. Mrs. Harry Stevens, Chairman of the Smithfield Chapter; Miss Mattie Pou, Secretary, and Mrs. H. L. Skinner, President of Smithfield Woman's Club, were here to effect the organization.

Temporary officers were elected as follows:

Chairman—Mrs. W. H. Royal.  
Vice-Chairman—Mrs. A. T. Lassiter.

Secretary—Mrs. J. W. Whittenton.  
Treasurer—Mr. Preston Woodall.

At a meeting of the executive committee held immediately after adjournment it was decided to furnish comfort bags to the drafted men who leave from this District on the 7th.

A work room will be fitted up in the near future in which the ladies of the society will meet and make the hospital garments needed so badly now for wounded soldiers. Furniture for this room, chairs, and work tables, are solicited as donations to the cause. We feel that the society has made a splendid beginning and it is earnestly hoped that every man and woman in our town will join readily and heartily in this noble work.

### The Moral for Sweden.

Philadelphia Ledger.  
Aside from any discomfort that may come to Sweden by reason of the embargo, one thing is certain: Swedish publicists will now be able to count the chickens that come home to roost. And they can study at first hand the rage of those who, deprived of their German profits, will, of course, assail the ideals of America and descendant on our supposed "commercialism." The moral for Sweden in this whole affair is, however, that it does not pay to impute your own crude morals and motives to other peoples. From the first the upper classes in Sweden and the business men who were pro-German were loud in their contemptuous attacks on the United States, as actuated by the sheerest desire for "munitions profit" in sympathizing with the Allies. These classes in Sweden were deaf to the appeal of Belgium, and, with the shipowners, were making so much money out of Germany's needs that apparently they could not conceive of any nation taking a position contrary to the dictates of the pocketbook while Sweden was strongly pro-German. Now they know differently, so far as we are concerned, and they are also in the unpleasant predicament of not only having America set them a lesson in ideals, but what is worse, of being able to apply the ideals so that Sweden will not be in a position to profit by the war as Germany's handy-man. Hence the tears in Stockholm and the promises of good behavior and the new morals and the new ideals as to the iniquity of the war, which they must now profess.

### Tribute of a Canadian Father to a Son Who Died in Belgium.

[Edward Markham, the poet, under the unpatriotic title 'I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' wrote this stanza:

"O mothers, will you longer give your sons to feed the awful hunger of the guns? What is the worth of all these battle drums if from the field the loved one never comes? What all these loud hosannas to the brave if all your share is some forgotten grave?"

Dr. James L. Hughes, for over 40 years Superintendent of Education of the schools of Toronto, Canada, answered this poem. Greater significance is given to the answer by the fact that Dr. Hughes' own son was killed in battle and lies in Belgium. His answer was first published in the Christian Guardian of Toronto, and is republished by us with some slight corrections made by Dr. Hughes for the Manufacturers Record. Herewith is Dr. Hughes' reply to Markham.—[Editor Manufacturers Record.]

God gave my son in trust to me; Christ died for him, and he should be a man for Christ. He is his own, And God's and man's, not mine alone. He was not mine to "give." He gave Himself that he might help to save All that a Christian should revere, All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Ah, torpid soul! Awake, and see life as a whole. When freedom, honor, justice, right Were threatened by the despot's might,

With heart aflame and soul alight, He bravely went for God to fight Against base savages whose pride The laws of God and man defied,

Who slew the mother and her child, Who maidens pure and sweet defiled. He did not go "to feed the guns"; He went to save from ruthless Huns His home and country, and to be A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" you say. Ah, well! My sky would be more gray. But through the clouds the sun would shine,

And vital memories be mine. God's test of manhood is, I know, Not "will he come?" but "did he go?" My son well knew that he might die, And yet he went, with purpose high, To fight for peace and overthrow The plans of Christ's relentless foe.

He dreaded not the battlefield; He went to make fierce vandals yield. If he comes again to me,

I shall be sad, but not that he Went like a man—a hero true—His part unselfishly to do. My heart will feel exultant pride That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave." This selfish plea Awakes no deep response in me, For, though his grave I may not see, My boy will ne'er forgotten be. My real son can never die; 'Tis but his body that may lie In foreign land, and I shall keep Remembrance fond, forever, deep Within my heart of my true son Because of triumphs that he won. It matters not where anyone May lie and sleep when work is done.

It matters not where some men live; If my dear son his life must give, Hosannas I will sing for him, E'en though my eyes with tears be dim, And when the war is over, when His gallant comrades come again, I'll cheer them as they're marching by, Rejoicing that they did not die.

And when his vacant place I see, My heart will bound with joy that he Was mine so long—my fair young son, And cheer for him whose work is done.

### Why Dogs "Run Mad."

Editors of The Herald:  
As I was looking over The Herald I saw in the Boon Hill items that some mad dogs had been playing havoc, and had bitten several people. Some fellow suggested to kill all dogs that were not shut up or tied in their own yards.

I don't think this is a very good suggestion, unless, first of all, the mixed blooded dogs of the country should be killed. If this could be done, then there would be no more mad dogs; and there would be no need to kill dogs that were not confined.

Some one might ask why. Well, simply because a full blooded dog will not go mad unless bitten by some other mad dog. In all cases where there have been mad dogs, if it were traced back it would be found that it was started by some little mixed-up dog. Therefore, let's not kill all dogs we see, but let's get rid of the mixed-up fellows, and give the others an equal chance.

TAN FLOWERS.

Kenly, N. C., Route No. 2.

### THE STRAIT OF DOVER.

(Boston Monitor.)

The Strait of Dover, the narrow sea which separates England from France, is, perhaps, one of the best-known pieces of water in the world. For Englishmen, all through the centuries, it has ever appeared to epitomize the island character of their country, and has been ever regarded by them as one of their great bulwarks of defense. The silver streak which runs between the Pas-de-Calais and the coast of Kent has, indeed, always been the obstacle of obstacles to the invader. It was to cross this barrier that Julius Caesar prepared his long-beaked ships, some fifty years or so before the Christian era; that William the Norman got together his great fleet of flatbottomed boats eleven hundred years afterwards; that Philip of Spain prepared his Armada in the Sixteenth Century; and that Napoleon, some two hundred years later still, assembled his fleet of specially prepared ships at Boulogne.

"Let me be master of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world," he declared to his staff, as they contemplated the great army encamped on the heights above the town; but, as all the world knows, of course, the six hours never came. Except for the momentary success which attended the Thirteenth Century, there has been no successful invasion of England across the waters of the Strait since the days of the Conqueror. Indeed, the armies of adventure led by Louis, whom the barons had called to their aid in the struggle with King John, did not find their way to England, strictly speaking, across the strait. They sailed up the coast, down the estuary of the Thames, and landed in Thanet; but the ever-memorable Battle of Dover, the great and only naval engagement of the struggle, was fought within sight of Dover on the one side, and of Calais on the other.

Many marvels were told about this great sea fight, and, at every telling, the naval forces of France, under the command of Eustace the Monk, grew larger and more formidable; whilst the British naval forces of the Cinque Ports, under the command of the famous Hubert de Burgh, grew less. The story of how Hubert de Burgh dauntlessly put to sea, and by hugging the wind gained the weather gauge of the French; how Eustace, under the impression that Hubert was making for Calais, was loud in his scoffing, knowing that Calais was well guarded; how, suddenly, when well to the windward, the little fleet of the Cinque Ports changed its course, and bore down on the Frenchmen, and how unslacked lime and the iron "beards" on the English vessels did the rest, is one of the favorable stories of English history. The political importance of the victory was tremendous. It gave the quietus to the cause of Louis, and definitely secured the throne for Henry III.

All the centuries which followed were "suspicious times" on these waters. Nowadays, of course, at any rate in the times of peace, one may travel from Dover to Calais, or from Dover to Ostend, or one may go across to France from Folkestone by way of Boulogne; but, in the times of Hubert de Burgh and Eustace the Monk, communication was not so free and easy. Dover to Whitsand, and later Dover to Calais, were the accustomed routes, whilst, by a statute of 1465, no one might ship for Calais except at Dover. And yet, however one crosses the Strait, the impression gained is much the same, the white cliffs of Kent, capped with green, slowly sinking into the sea astern, and the shores of France rising up out of the sea ahead. It is not that there is anything exceptional about it all; but to the man of imagination, there are many volumes of history in the passage of the narrow strip of water separating the two countries. The loss of this experience will surely be one of the regrets which the Channel tunnel will bring in its wake, if that great project should be carried through, and one should be able to board a train at Charing Cross, and not leave it again until it comes finally to rest amidst the bustle and stir of the Gare du Nord.

Approximately a million young men in the United States have lost all interest in the discussion as to whether or not there shall be a deciding series between the two winning baseball teams of the major leagues, this fall. The interest of these young men, and of about 90,000,000 other people of the United States, is centered in the world series now being contested on the front in France and Flanders. A pennant worthy of the effort made to win it has been hung up, and more picked men of the All-Star United States League, so to speak, are going across to do their part in gaining it.—Boston Monitor.

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