

# FRANKLIN TIMES.

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## THE LOUISBURG BAND.

### YER, WE ARE TO HAVE A SURE NOUGH BAND.

#### A Meeting Held Monday Night When an Organization was Perfected—P. R. White Elected Leader.

A number of our citizens, mostly young men, met in the office of J. J. Barrow, C. S. C., on Monday night for the purpose of organizing a Cornet Band.

Upon motion J. J. Barrow was called to the chair and the organization was perfected by the appointment of committees on by-laws, finance, musical instruments, &c.

J. A. Thomas was elected Business Manager, Secretary and Treasurer, and was requested to make a canvass of the town for voluntary subscriptions.

P. R. White was elected Leader of the band.

There will be another meeting next Monday night, in the meantime every citizen of Louisburg is earnestly requested to subscribe liberally to equip the band.

#### You Pay The Price.

No matter whether you fail in your ambitions and undertakings or whether you succeed in them, you pay the price that failure or success exacts. The ordinary man fails of accomplishing his purpose because he is not willing to pay the price success demands of him. But when he fails he invariably pays the price failure exacts of him. There is no way of escaping it.

Twenty years or more ago when the writer was a young man at school he roomed with two other young men, both earnest and constant in their labors. Each one had an over-mastering ambition to succeed, but their ambitions led them far apart. One had an insatiable desire for knowledge; the other a single purpose to acquire wealth. Each of them made up his mind that he was going to have what he most desired no matter what the cost. Each has gained what he has sought. Both have paid the price.

Two years ago in another city I met the one who, by years of self-denial and constant labor, had so prepared himself that he had won an enviable place among the scholars of this country and had just been elected to a chair in one of the great universities of the South. Last winter I met the other who had determined to become rich. He had done so, as riches are counted here. He has more than he can possibly use in supplying all his needs.

Neither of them is satisfied. One is still spending his days and nights pouring over books in search of further knowledge. He has shut himself out from many things that are dear to the human heart. He has neglected opportunities to help others he should have helped. He scarcely knows his own children, and the hopes and fears and aspirations of his wife are as a sealed book to him. The other has gained what he sought, but he told me out of his own mouth that he had paid a fearful price. His health is gone, his contentment is gone, his youthful hope is gone, and there remains to him little save the one passion of money-getting. His money does not buy him the happiness he thought it would, and the principal result of his gain is an increasing desire it has brought to gain more. He finds himself in a treadmill that permits of no stopping or turning round. He is paying the price of his success. Perhaps it is little less bitter than that he would be paying if he had failed.

Every young man and every young woman entering upon life's battle has some prize in view to fight for. Few of them fail in gaining

it if they fight and faint not. The most important thing for you to determine is will the prize be worth its cost? Will it pay for all the sacrifices it requires? Do not deceive yourself with the belief that you can gain it without paying the price, no matter whether it is, the greatest thing you can strive for or whether it is the smallest.

The one man who had the greatest purpose that ever man had in living was the Savior of man, and his accomplishment of his purpose cost him a life of self-denial, a life of pain and labor and worldly dishonor, cost him his life, and for a time banishment from heaven itself. But he paid the price cheerfully and won eternal honor and glory in heaven and among men.

Of all the men who have sought honor and power none have been more brilliant or successful than the Little Corsican, who deluged Europe in blood. He had one ambition and he all but realized it only to find that his gain in no wise equaled what it cost him.

Pay the price for success if you will, but be sure that the success is worth it. Sometimes failure in reaching one's most cherished desire brings far greater returns than winning it.—Bonham News.

#### Did Him Right.

Wilson, N. C., March 14.—Some time ago an agent for a picture enlarging house went to the home of a lady across the railroad soliciting work. While there the lady of the house, while talking with him, incidentally showed him a picture of all of her children astride of a mule—"Oh!" says the slick agent. "What a lovely picture; why, madam, in all of my travels I have seen nothing so cute; how it would please those dear children when they grow up to see themselves in an enlarged copy; I don't think this kodak picture is large enough, do you? Why, no! Now let me tell you what I'll do—let me take this picture to enlarge and then give me a photo of yourself and the children's picture shall not cost you a penny." On this basis the bargain was verbally closed and the agent went his way.

Yesterday the picture was delivered, but not by the agent who took the order—this is never the case. He demanded money for both jobs; the lady protested; the agent said he knew nothing about former contract; that he was carrying out instructions from headquarters. "Now, madam," said he, "if you don't wish the pictures I will have to take them off with me." When he proceeded to carry out his threat the lady stepped in the house and secured a Winchester. She leveled it at the would-be defrauder and said: "Before leaving this yard place that picture beside the gate post or I'll give you the contents of this rifle."

He plied it—jumped on his buggy and drove off at break-neck speed. You can't fool with Wilson women. [We have heard of similar occurrences like the above in this community, and it wouldn't be a bad idea for some of our ladies to adopt the plan of the Wilson lady.—EDITOR TIMES.]

#### Teachers' Association.

The final meeting of the county teachers was held last Saturday. Within the next month the majority of the public schools will close, and therefore no further session will be held till next fall.

Reports made by the teachers, show that this year marks another step forward in the county school work. There has been a decided growth in efficiency of our schools. The enrollment is larger than ever before.

Many schools however report much sickness and a consequent irregularity of attendance.

It would be a good thing if people generally could see the county

teachers in a body. The evidences of interest, of the educational spirit, and of manifest efficiency are impressive. On Saturday the office of the Board of Education was over filled, there being more than seventy present, including several not in the county work.

The programme included a visit to the Graded School. The teachers were much interested in seeing the methods used in an up-to-date school, and seemed much impressed by what they said.

Plans for the next year were discussed. Supt. White called attention to the fact that any public school teacher had the right to attend the graded school at Louisburg or Franklinton—free of tuition and urged that as many as could should take advantage of this. He also announced that a teachers institute would be held for two weeks in the summer.

Prof. Edward L. Best of the Louisburg School discussed the teachers attitude toward his work. This was exceptionally well done and Supt. White says it would be a worthy contribution to some of our educational journals.

It ought to be a matter of interest to the people of this county to know how well and systematically the development of our schools is being pushed. The people in many sections have already done their part.

The teachers association aims for a growing efficiency in the teaching force and it has done a remarkable work. Supt. White gets frequent inquiries from all over the State as to how this has been organized and conducted. One unfortunate circumstance is that every fall other counties step in and carry away some of the best teachers by paying better salaries.

But we believe that Franklin county will compare favorably with any in the State.

#### Death of Mrs. Wheelless.

Mrs. Emma A. Wheelless, widow of the late Wm. B. Wheelless, died at her home in Harris township, on Wednesday of last week, at the age of 78 years. She was a member of Rock Springs Baptist church and was a most highly esteemed Christian woman. She was a sister of Mr. B. F. Wilder, and leaves surviving her four sons and two daughters, as follows: John W. and Charlie H. Wheelless, Mrs. G. W. Strickland and Mrs. J. N. Harris, of this county, and Joseph E. and Samuel T. Wheelless, of Texas.

#### Habeas Corpus.

The case against Signa Bunn, charged with being implicated in the "Jeans robbery" in Dunn's township, took another turn on Wednesday. B. B. Massenbug, J. P., upon hearing the case last week, held Signa Bunn for court in the sum of three thousand dollars, and the hearing on Wednesday was under a writ of habeas corpus, before Judge Cooke—the effort of Bunn's counsel being to have his bond reduced. After hearing the evidence Judge Cooke sustained the Justice's Court, and refused to reduce the bond.

#### Honor Roll.

The following is the honor roll for Whitaker School for month ending March 6th:

1st grade.—Lora Wood, Thomas Bridges.

2nd grade.—Lonnie Wood, Edward Bridges.

3rd grade.—Maggie Bridges, Emmitt Wood, Mary Sue Bridges.

4th grade.—Joe Whitaker, Alvin Bridges, Early Bridges.

5th grade.—Lillie Fuller, Johnnie White, Etta Bridges.

6th grade.—Willie Whitaker.

7th grade.—Staley Bridges.

SALLIE YOUNG DAVIS,

Teacher.

## THE MOVING PEOPLE.

### THEIR MOVEMENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

#### And Those Who Come and Go, Some for Pleasure, Some for Business and a Large Number Because They Like It.

Mrs. Dr. J. E. Malone is visiting her daughter at Greenville.

Miss Alma Pagram returned Friday from a visit to Henderson.

Misses J. A. Turner and F. W. Hicks spent Tuesday in Raleigh.

Mr. R. S. Plummer and wife, late of Texas, are guests at Mr. T. W. Bjokett's.

Mr. T. A. Person, of Greenville, was here to see his people one day last week.

Mr. R. Z. Egerton left this week for New York to buy the spring stock for his firm.

Chief of Police J. E. Winston, of Youngsville, was in town one day this week.

Mr. James Place, who has lived in Statesville the past five months is at home to see his people.

Mrs. F. F. Limer, of Warren, spent the past week in Louisburg visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. George Dew who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Nash, has returned to her home in Wilson.

Miss Mamie London, who is taking a course at a business college in Raleigh, spent last Sunday with her people here.

Messrs. A. C. Zollicoffer, Henry Perry and W. E. Gary, three of Henderson's prominent citizens, were in Louisburg on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. A. Page of Aberdeen, is visiting her people here. Mr. Page accompanied her to Louisburg Tuesday, returning on the afternoon train.

Mr. G. L. Aycocke and his daughter and Mrs. F. F. Limer, went to Williamsboro this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Knott, his mother-in-law.

Judge C. M. Cooke came home and spent this week. He will return to the eastern part of the state to hold court next week—to be probably absent until June.

Mr. F. W. Wheelless returned Saturday from the North, where he went to lay in a stock of clothing and gents furnishing goods. He was accompanied by Mr. S. T. Bennett, of Apex, who went North to buy the spring stock for his store. Mrs. Bennett remained in Louisburg while Mr. Bennett went North.

#### A Good Tonic.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard; to think openly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

#### The Theatre as an Educator.

The theatre is an educator as well as the college or the church, but this rate bill shuts off from the south our best actors and actresses. E. H. Southern has canceled his Southern dates. So has Louis James. So have other eminent actors. They assign as the reason that the new law, denying them special rates, has made it impossible for them to tour the South or other sections where "one-night stands" so abound.

Thus the rural communities, small cities, North as well South, will suffer from the octopus chafe of the Fifty-ninth Congress; but it was the rural roosters who led the chase,

and they have reaped what they sowed.

If the pursuit of happiness is the true vocation of man, and if happiness is the child of virtue, then the late Joseph Jefferson was more of a public benefactor than a whole regiment of average statesmen. No man ever saw him act but was the better for it in both mind and heart. E. H. Southern is another benefactor, who holds the mirror up to nature and makes men and women wiser and better.

If the theatre is not a potential as the press of good, it is solely because the constituency of the theatre is smaller than that of the press. To be sure, there are vicious theatres; but there are vicious newspapers, wicked clergymen, and halse college professors, and the fact remains that noble sentiment never lacked applause in the theatre and ignoble act never escaped hiss.

It is much to be doubted if the evangelist Spurgeon did more good to men than the actor Irving. Ellen Terry created smiles, while Florence Nightingale dried tears. Both are enshrined in the hearts of good men and women.

Without a design to reproach or condemn anybody for octopus chasing, this paper is free to say that whatever lames the theatre cripples society.—Washington Post.

#### In Loving Remembrance.

We are grieved beyond expression since death has entered the home of Robert Irvin Stallings, and claimed "Sarah" his beloved wife. She was ill only a few days but her sufferings great; she bore them patiently and without a murmur, saying "it was alright with her."

The summons came in the early morning of Jan 21, 1908.

She was the eldest daughter of R. R. and Cornelia M. Boone, was born May 26, 1860. In girl-hood she united with the Baptist church and in her home lived the life she professed.

Always lending a helping hand to those in need and speaking words of comfort to those distressed. Truly a good woman has passed away.

She was an obedient daughter, a dear sister and a loving wife and mother. She leaves a grief-stricken husband, daughter, mother, sisters and brothers to mourn their loss.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."  
Dear one our home is lonely,  
Since you are here no more,  
We know you are safe with Jesus,  
Upon the Golden Shore.  
Mother there is a vacant chair,  
In your accustomed place,  
And in my dreams I see again,  
Your sweet and loving face.  
Sister we miss thy tender care,  
Which was so pure and rare,  
But God will give us strength to bear  
Father, bless now the grieved ones,  
And give the healing balm,  
For we know thou dost temper,  
The wind to the shorn lamp."

#### In the Good Prohibition Town of Charlotte.

There were issued last year a total of 39,845 prescriptions by Charlotte physicians for liquors and alcoholic compounds of various sorts. Of this number of scripts, 84,011 were for quart bottles of whiskey, and there were also issued prescriptions for 419 bottles of beer.—Charlotte Chronicle.

#### Attention Rifles.

ORDER NO. 37.

You are ordered to report at your army on Saturday, March 21, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. for inspection. Have your rifles and all accessories thoroughly cleaned. Bring with you all property which you have belonging to the Company. Fail not, under penalty of the law. By order of J. B. Thomas, Captain.  
T. H. LACY 1st Sergt.

Two things have I asked of thee,  
Deny me not them before I die;  
Remove far from me vanity and lies,  
Give me neither poverty nor riches;  
Feed me with the bread of my position;  
Lest I be full, and thee, and say,  
Who is the Lord?  
Or lest I be poor and steal,  
And use profanely the name of my God."

#### For Prohibition.

MR. EDITOR:—Shall we vote for prohibition or not seems to be the prevailing topic now. As you have so kindly offered your space for discussion I shall avail myself of it.

First, there is simply two sides, or which side will we be found?

On one side is arrayed the best, the most brainy, the brave, true men of the state, 100 per cent of the best and noblest women God ever created, 100 per cent of the girls and boys, the church of God, the moral and social life of the state.

On the other side we find the men who make intoxicating stuff for their gain, the men who say it is taking our privilege away from us, the men who are getting something out of it, (they have an axe to grind) the men who don't care for your child as mine, who have long since lost the good impulses that God gave them, and last but not least, some good men who believe that they are protesting their liberties.

Men of Franklin county who would dare to walk up to the cannon's mouth to defend their homes and loved ones, you have a monster far more terrible to contend with than any war ever produced—show your manhood, show your love for God, your wives, your children and your country, dare to do right in the face of adverse criticism. Vote the damnable curse out of our county and state. Years ago in my younger days I had a mother that I loved as few boys love their mother, and the day she died I lost the best friend I ever had, and the memory of what she suffered for long years on account of the cursed stuff that some of those dear to her drank, would make me cast ten thousand votes against whiskey were it possible.

You men of Franklin county, whose mother, wife or sister has left you and is in heaven think of her when you cast your vote.

Young men, do you realize that only a few more years will pass, before the man who drinks whiskey, cannot get a position worth having; in fact it is so now.

Men of Franklin county which side are you going to be found on? Remember when you cast your vote it is for right or wrong.

Some one says, it will hurt our schools, that our Graded School will close. Don't let this frighten you, it is not so—even were it so, would you want your children educated on money obtained by the sale of stuff that causes the want, the misery that whiskey does. I'd rather mine would die in ignorance.

Old soldiers, who followed those noble, pure men, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson for so long, take the lead in this fight, many of you will not be here long, but let this be your best fight, let your ears catch the sweet sound when you cross the River "well done thou good and faithful servants." Don't let your best friend influence you against what in your heart you know is right.

Be true to yourself, to your mother, your sister, wife and children and vote on the side of God and the right.

As our distinguished friend, Hon. T. W. Bickett said last week, "cast your vote as if the ballot box rested on the throne of God and Jesus Christ himself was holding the polls."

Yours truly,  
A. W. ALSTON.