

VOL. XL.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1911.

NO. 38.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

SHOWN TO HER HUSBAND, CAPT. WILLIAM VAN SCHAECK.

IMPRISONED AND PARDONED.

"Wherefore They Are No More Twain, But One Flesh. What Therefore God Hath Joined Together, Let Not Man Put Asunder."—Matt. 19:6.

Captain William Van Schaek, who was in charge of the unfortunate General Slocum when she burned, destroying more than a thousand precious lives has just been pardoned after having spent three years in the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y. For the overloading and improper equipment of his boat and the fearful disaster following he was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, but for conspicuous good behavior he was pardoned after three years' incarceration. He is an old man seventy-five, broken in health and in spirit by the tragedy and the disgrace, and against the dark background of his sorrow and wreckage is the beautiful picture of the love and devotion of his young wife for him. She said: "He comes back to me an old man. But he is my husband. I will never leave him. He has nothing, but he has me. He is not able to work, and he shall not work. I can work, and he shall never suffer. I love him and will care for him." In these days when there are so many separations and divorces and loose and false notions of matrimony, it is a refreshing thing to see this young wife, with the tide of life beating high, clinging to the man to whom she gave herself in marriage and counting the marital contract a solemn engagement for life. In these days, when so many, including some of the leaders in society, by their actions count marriage as a cold business engagement for money, or a matter of economy, or a temporary alliance, or a fickle enchantment, this wife of the steambot captain emphasizes the good old-fashioned idea of the undying devotion which husbands and wives should have for each other. The false notion of marriage claims a larger space in the newspapers and acts most brazenly before the footlights, but fortunately for American institutions and for the church of Christ the people of the country, rich and poor, high and low, believe in and are loyal to Christ's idea of the marital relation, when he said: "Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—Matt. 19:6.

LOVED BY A KING.

FRENCH ACTRESS ARRIVES WITH FORTUNE IN JEWELS.

SILENT ABOUT HER LOVER.

Manager, However, Says Manuel Loves, But Dancer Does Not.—American Already Bowing at Her Shrine.

Gaby Deslys, who admits she might have been Mrs. Manuel if the Republic of Portugal had not been established, arrived in New York, September 22nd on the French liner La Lorraine, bringing with her a king's ransom in jewels. These she estimated as worth \$320,000 and in the thirty trunks she brought over she had 200 gowns, 60 hats, 60 pair of shoes and 60 pairs of stockings. She was met at the pier by four detectives of the Merchants' Secret Service Bureau and this bodyguard will never let her out of their sight. Miss Deslys was stretched languidly on her deck chair when she reporters boarded the Lorraine at Quarantine. She was dressed in white, trimmed with chiffon and Valenciennes lace, and over it all was a flowing raw silk coat, trimmed with ermine. She wore a poke bonnet hat, also trimmed with ermine. Altogether, the French actress is rather pretty. She says her eyes are blue but they seemed more of a greenish gray. Her hair was golden color covered her fingers, pearls for the most part. About her neck was a circle of pearls, the necklace said to have been given her by King Manuel. "I hope to stay here for three months," she said in broken English. "My contract is for eight weeks, but I think I shall stay four weeks more." The actress will appear at the Winter Garden in a twenty-four minute sketch entitled Les Debuts de Chichine, in which she will sing and dance. She will be accompanied in the sketch by three persons, two of whom she brought with her. They were Jacques Chatel, who will sing, and Jean Vermandelles, who will dance. The other member of the troupe will be an American and will be engaged here. Miss Deslys would not talk about the ex-king. "I sing, I dance, I play; but my private affairs are my own," she said. However, from her manager, Gaetano Amadei, it was learned that while she was in London recently playing at the Alhambra, she met Manuel often. "Does she still love the king?" the manager was asked. "No," said he, "but the king loves her." "Did she ever love him?" The manager shrugged his shoulders and laughingly said, "He was a king, you know, but now he is not." Miss Deslys confessed to being 24 years old and no older. She said that Gaby was a contraction of the name Gabrielle, and that Deslys meant "of the lilies." This name was given her as a pet name by her mother, and she adopted it when she went upon the stage. She was born in Marseilles of poor parents and at one time sold flowers upon the streets. The voyage over from France was rather stormy, and in the beginning Miss Deslys was very ill. Later, when she did appear on deck she was accompanied by her two maids, who would attend to her and even manœuvre her nails on deck. When she left the pier she went to the Ritz Carlton Hotel, followed by her body guard and accompanied by her manager.

HIS SOLE OBJECT.

JUDGE O. H. ALLEN WANTS TO HELP MANKIND.

JUDGMENT WITH MERCY.

Prisoner's Need Encouragement as Well as Punishment—Convicted Must Be Reformed—Humane Way and Necessary for Society.

"My sole object in life now," said Judge Oliver H. Allen to a News reporter last night, "is to do some little good for mankind if I can." Among other interesting topics of which he was conversing, he was referring to thoughts he brought forth in his charge to the grand jury at Guilford Court the other morning, when he defined the nature and the causes of crime, and urged that the prisons be used for the reform of the prisoners. Judge Allen was never more in earnest than while making the charge and while talking at the hotel at night. He said he had thought of the fact that one in his position has a great opportunity. The preachers are doing much in the pulpit, he said, against the continuance of crime, but they rarely ever reach the criminal classes with their sermons, for these classes do not go to church. "Those that come before me are the ones that need encouragement to live higher the most, and in the best way I can I try to do what I can to inspire the better man." He was sitting by himself in the gallery at Hotel Guilford enjoying one of his favorite long-stemmed pipes, and had just laid aside a daily paper. "I was just thinking," he said, "of those young men who were before me this afternoon, and I recall that in my charge I referred to the fact that men held for crimes have committed the offenses because of being neglected at some time in their childhood. The boys were 20, 21 and 22 years of age. Both the father and mother of one were dead, the father of another was dead, and the father of the other had whipped him so much in his youth that the son could no longer get along with him. I criticized the old man right severely this afternoon. "The youth of the boys would not permit to send them to the roads. They did not look like criminals. They were just neglected boys and I wanted to do something for them. So I took advantage of one of our statutes and ordered that they be farmed out, and I have a couple of men looking for a nice farm to put them on. I believe they have the qualities of manhood in them." The judge is very seriously bent toward securing a more useful plan of imprisonment for the imprisoned. He said that to make punishment accomplish its purpose the convicted must be reformed, that such is not only the humane way, but the necessary way for the development of society. Men must be returned to the world, he said, better prepared to live in it than when taken in charge by the law. He believes that day's labor should be from eight to nine hours, and that the prisoners should have two or three hours for recreation and study. "Let a little arithmetic be taught in these hours; organize a grammar class. Make the prisoners comfortable; give them clean clothes to sleep in." Judge Allen, who was educated under Dr. Braxton Craven at old Trinity, took occasion in the rambling conversation to refer to him as a great old man, as the greatest educator the State has ever known.

PARTICULARLY POINTED

Paragraphs Political and Otherwise Spicily Dished Up.

WHERE IT LIES.

Married or Single, the Advice Holds Good—Too Many Chances Taken—Results are Disappointing.

A short cotton crop and high taxes will not harmonize. The Wilmington Star has observed that some people do not vote as they drink. It takes them almost as long to "correct the vote" in Maine as it does in North Carolina. A lot of money that is being spent in the name of education never reaches its name-sake. The man who favors free trade and high taxes is trying to hit the farmer going and coming. After all, it looks as though ex-Governor Glenn ruined the chances of the prohibitionists in Maine. Wonder if that penitentiary surplus will be reported as large this year as during campaign years? And now some of the Democratic politicians say we pay too little tax. Well, just wait and see what the voters say about it at the next election. It is reported that members of the lumber trust in this State are working to secure Simmons' re-election. And we had been told that the Democrats were opposed to trusts! And now they have reduced the majority of the Democratic sheriff's vote in Forsyth to two votes. If they will whittle on it some more, they may get the right man in office. The Mount Olive Tribune says that section is threatened with a "veritable reign of lawlessness; where murder stalks abroad." And to think that such a condition of lawlessness exists in Aycock's home county and only a few miles from the home of Red-Shirt Faison!—Raleigh Caucasian.

DOLLY MADISON CHATS.

TELLS YOUNG LADIES ABOUT THE DANGER LINE.

THE UNDER WORLD.

IT MUST BE KEPT UNDER OR IT WILL GET ON TOP.

Josephine came to me the other day with a problem. Josephine's husband is a poor man, his income is small, there are two babies, a boy of 3 and a girl of 5, and the little family live in a small house in the suburbs. In an adjoining house there is an elderly couple with a bachelor son, about Josephine's age. He has an automobile and he has fallen into the habit of asking Josephine to ride. "Not alone, oh, no, indeed, Dolly," she assured me; "I should never think of that. He always gets one of the girls in the back to go with us." "It is 'us' already?" I questioned gravely. "But it is surely perfectly proper when there are three together," she cried. "It would be proper if the attraction were the other girl and if you were needed as a chaperone. But it seems that you are always asked and that the girls are there to play propriety, to shield you from gossip. You are near the danger line, Josephine." "But surely there is no harm." "No actual evil, perhaps, but there is danger in the situation." "I don't see it." Josephine was growing obstinate. "Then why do you come to me and call it a problem?" "Because, oh Dolly, Richard is beginning to object." "If there is no harm, why should he object?" "He's jealous," she faltered. "He says that I enjoy the society of my friend more than I enjoy that of my husband. But it isn't true." "Are you sure it isn't true?" She gave a stammering answer. Her husband need not be selfish, she protested; she had very few pleasures, and when she had an opportunity for a little brightness he spoiled it by his complaints. Yet before the man with the automobile came into her life, Josephine was a contented woman. The society of her husband and of her children had been sufficient. She did not crave excitement, nor miss the attentions she had received in her girlhood. I tried to explain to her that there would have been no harm in an automobile ride with her friend if it had been an occasional matter, and if he had not shown such decided preference for her society. I did not even suggest that he was in love with her, but I tried to point out to her that a liking such as his might eventually be merged into a deeper passion. Then what would happen? Three lives might be wrecked because of her love of pleasure and of her inability to sacrifice her inclinations. There is great danger when a married woman begins to find her interests outside of her home circle. Especially is there danger where another man supplies the pleasures which her husband cannot give her. Though she may be absolutely innocent of any unfaithfulness, even of thought, yet the world will not know this, and tongues will wag, and her reputation may be smirched before she knows it. The most precious things that Josephine possesses are the love and respect of her husband and her dignified standing as his wife. To forfeit these for a few automobile rides seems childish and shows lack of common sense. Pleasure must be solved.—DOLLY MADISON, in Philadelphia Press.

THE UNDER WORLD.

IT MUST BE KEPT UNDER OR IT WILL GET ON TOP.

LUSTRY IS RAMPANT.

Our Boys and Girls Deserve Our Protection And They Will Have It.

The tragedies of this summer have been of remarkable frequency and in many instances have been cold blooded and most cruel. They have been, for the most part, the tugging of the underworld where the devil sits throned. Lust is rampant. Virtue is discredited and dishonored. Youth has been mangled by maturity in this shameful debauchery and the sacred marriage tie has been restrained those who have been lured to the underworld. It is somewhat of a trial to the faith of those who believe in the integrity of the race. The anchor of the soul to purity and honor seems to have broken its hold. But it only seems so. We are on a wave of social degeneracy, but we must not mistake this wave for the depths of the sea beneath us. The froth and foam are all we can see but they are light and powerless. The ocean rolls on, thank God. Let no man lose faith in his fellows because now and then one in whom he had confidence is dragged into the underworld. For everyone who falls there are a thousand who are standing strong and true. But this is a good time for our pastors to cry aloud and spare not. Our home life is threatened but it will not be submerged. The Virginia jury who returned the verdict against Beattie sounded a note of hope to the world. They are sneered at by those of the underworld who hate virtue, but they will be honored by all men who love the right. The press has spoken out strongly on this matter. A righteous public sentiment has been aroused that is growing stronger day by day. Our boys and girls deserve our protection and they will have it. The underworld must be kept under.—Charity and Children.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

BUDGET OF TIMELY AND TERSE TOPICS.

CRISP, POINTED INTERESTING.

What Our Shears And Paste Pot Captured of a Humorous Vein From Our Exchanges.

She Believed Him. She—What is it keeps the moon in its place, Bert? He—I think it must be the beams, dear.—"Mrs. Bull." On the Job. Pa—I greatly disapprove of that young Smithson, and one particular reason is his lack of industry in his calling. Till Then. Will you be mine? Yes, till we are married. Till we are married? Yes, then you'll be mine.—Toledo Blade. Experienced. "Do you believe it?" "No." "Seeing believing." "Oh, I don't know. I have seen other liars I didn't believe." Just Why. "Do you find the cost of living any higher than it was, say five years ago?" "Yes, sir. Two of my daughters have got married since."—Washington Herald. Reason for Crying. Frau Nachbar's new baby cries all day long; I never heard anything like it. Well, I should cry if I found myself in a family like that. Murder of the Tied. A-down the stream of life they said, Together peacefully they'd float; But just as soon as they were wed, They both began to rock the boat. —Life. Sure Thing. You must testify only to what you know; no hearsay evidence." "Yes, sir." "What is your age?" "I've only hearsay evidence on that point." Not Religiously. Doctor—"Did your husband follow my directions? Did he take the medicine I left for him religiously?" Patient's Wife—"I'm afraid not, doctor; he swore every time I gave him a dose."—Brooklyn Transcript. Educational. "Do they teach domestic science at your college?" inquired the visitor of the Freshman. "Only sewing" replied the Freshman. "Good idea," said the visitor. "And what do you sew chiefly?" "Wild oats," replied the Freshman.—Harper's Weekly. Side Steps. Counsel—You reside? Witness—With my brother. Counsel—And your brother lives? Witness—With me. Counsel—Precisely, but you both live? Witness—Together, Sir.—Black and White. Too Much For Bill. "I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said the campaign worker. "I've heard tell he's on the fence." "He wuz thar," replied the neighbor; "but one o' the candidates let fall a dollar on the 'off side o' the fence an' 'Bill got dizzy an' fell over."—Christian Register. Solved. Small Billy (at seashore).—"Can't I have a ride on a donkey?" Mother—"No darling. Father says not." Small Billy—"Why can't I have a ride on a donkey, Mother?" Mother (to father).—"Oh, for goodness' sake, David, give him a ride on your back to keep him quiet."—Pathfinder. A Great Change. Have you seen Miss Beanpole since she inherited a fortune? Yes, she is greatly changed. How? Well, she used to be frightfully skinny. And now she's divinely slender.—Toledo Blade. Affection By Proxy. "I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife. He's been going to the ball game." "How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?" "Well, I'm busy at bridge every day and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."—Washington Herald. Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by All Dealers.

A Jew Appointed to The Army.

According to unofficial reports received in Washington Private Frank Bloom of the Third Field Artillery, on whose account Col. Gizzard, commanding Fort Myer, Va., was reprimanded by President Taft a few months ago, has passed his examinations for promotion and will shortly be commissioned a second lieutenant in the army. It was stated at the War Department, however, that the examination papers have not yet reached Washington from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where the test was held September 1st, and consequently nothing could be said officially on the case. Bloom failed in his first examination. It was then that Col. Gizzard entered an endorsement on his papers opposing his promotion on the ground that he was a Jew. This brought about the Presidential reprimand of the officer.

Don't Be A Sooner.

The best thing to do about fads—moral, religious, social and political—is to keep your shirt on and refrain from throwing up your hat with a yell of common sense and experience. Don't be a fan for anything till you absolutely know that it is equally as good as baseball.—Wilmington Star. [The prohibition election in Maine caught many prohibition enthusiasts. Even the Raleigh, N. C. News & Observer, got out its "poke-berry juice" to celebrate a victory that was not, while ex-Governor Glenn, who made prohibition speeches in Maine, was so enthused at the first announcement that Maine would stay in the dry column, that he prophesied that the whole U. S. would soon be on the "water wagon." Those who rejoiced like Paddy and the bull, had their laugh first, regrettable as the result in Maine may seem.]—Local Editor.

The Twig Was Already Bent.

There's a dear wee pink l'il baby on this train. A few minutes ago an elderly man stopped to peek-a-boo at it. "A fine youngster," he said to its demure mother. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man." "Yes," smiles the young mamma, "but I'm afraid it will be a bit difficult." "Pshaw!" says he, "as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." "I know it," agreed mamma, "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

Common Colds Must Be Taken Seriously.

For unless cured they sap the vitality and lower the vital resistance to more serious infection. Protect your children and yourself by the prompt use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and not its quacks and decisive results. For coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis and affections of the throat, chest and lungs it is an ever ready and valuable remedy. Helm's Drug Store.

Much Need to "Go Slow."

In a sermon Sunday night Rev. Dr. Hulton pastor of the First Baptist church of Charlotte, is thus quoted by the Charlotte Observer: "Why this business depression over the country? Is it caused by a change in the monetary standards? No, fortunately, we have had none of that since the days of the wild-eyed Bryan. Is it the tinkering with the tariff? Let me warn you Southern people in passing that you had better be careful what your Congressmen do at the next session of Congress, or else some of you who own cotton mill stock may be offering it for sale at 25 cents on the dollar." In these remarks the revered doctor entered the domain of politics and he will more likely hear something. In the south people don't usually relish the advice of preachers on political questions.—Statesville Landmark.

No More "Stripes" for Convicts.

After next January convicts convicted of a misdemeanor will not wear the regulation stripes, this being a State law. Those convicted of a felony will continue to be thus garbed. Instead of the striped clothes the misdemeanors will wear a uniform made of cloth resembling suits worn by the troops in the Spanish war. The idea is that there will be less disgrace in wearing suits without stripes.

A Dreadful Sight

to H. J. Barnum of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklin's Arnica Salve and wrote: "it has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at P. A. Thompson's.

Not a Word of Scandal.

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spough, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "she told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at P. A. Thompson's.

Now Growing Worse and The End is Not in Sight.

When the Republicans turned over the reins of the government in North Carolina, the State was out of debt and a surplus of \$200,000 was in the treasury. The Democrats have been in control of every department of the government for a number of years and the State is in debt over \$300,000, with not a cent in the treasury with which to pay the indebtedness. The last Legislature undertook to wipe out the treasury deficit by raising the people's taxes. The people will, therefore, pay an average of 30 per cent more taxes to meet the extravagance of this good government (?) crowd. And what have the people received for this increase in taxation? Absolutely nothing except the unalloyed pleasure (?) of seeing the salaries of Democratic office-holders increased. The people's money has been carelessly and recklessly handed and the end is not in sight.—Hickory Times Mercury.

How Money Talks

A dollar and a penny once happened to be together in the same pocket, and the dollar began to put on airs. "I am a big gun," said the dollar, and you are nobody. I am white and bright, and you are only a dull mud-colored little Indian. I am religious, for I am all the time saying 'In God we trust' and you are only a pagan. I am a patriot, for on one side I have the American eagle and on the other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I am Heaven-minded, for I have stars to think about and you don't have anything. I am precious, for I am nice, bright silver and everybody wants me; but you are the base copper and nobody cares a snap for you." "That may all be so," said the poor little penny. "You may be more patriotic than I am and more religious than I am and more patriot than you are, but you are nobody." "I am a big gun," said the dollar, and you are nobody. I am white and bright, and you are only a dull mud-colored little Indian. I am religious, for I am all the time saying 'In God we trust' and you are only a pagan. I am a patriot, for on one side I have the American eagle and on the other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I am Heaven-minded, for I have stars to think about and you don't have anything. I am precious, for I am nice, bright silver and everybody wants me; but you are the base copper and nobody cares a snap for you." "That may all be so," said the poor little penny. "You may be more patriotic than I am and more religious than I am and more patriot than you are, but you are nobody."—Lions Republican.

Well Answered.

The Wilmington Star asks: "What has become of the old-fashioned gentleman who put woman on a pedestal and stood by with his hat in his hand?" The new woman came along, called him an old fool, and it hurt his feelings. He is waiting to stand by again when the farce is ended.—Greensboro News. When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by All Dealers.

How Money Talks

A dollar and a penny once happened to be together in the same pocket, and the dollar began to put on airs. "I am a big gun," said the dollar, and you are nobody. I am white and bright, and you are only a dull mud-colored little Indian. I am religious, for I am all the time saying 'In God we trust' and you are only a pagan. I am a patriot, for on one side I have the American eagle and on the other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I am Heaven-minded, for I have stars to think about and you don't have anything. I am precious, for I am nice, bright silver and everybody wants me; but you are the base copper and nobody cares a snap for you." "That may all be so," said the poor little penny. "You may be more patriotic than I am and more religious than I am and more patriot than you are, but you are nobody." "I am a big gun," said the dollar, and you are nobody. I am white and bright, and you are only a dull mud-colored little Indian. I am religious, for I am all the time saying 'In God we trust' and you are only a pagan. I am a patriot, for on one side I have the American eagle and on the other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I am Heaven-minded, for I have stars to think about and you don't have anything. I am precious, for I am nice, bright silver and everybody wants me; but you are the base copper and nobody cares a snap for you." "That may all be so," said the poor little penny. "You may be more patriotic than I am and more religious than I am and more patriot than you are, but you are nobody."—Lions Republican.

Well Answered.

The Wilmington Star asks: "What has become of the old-fashioned gentleman who put woman on a pedestal and stood by with his hat in his hand?" The new woman came along, called him an old fool, and it hurt his feelings. He is waiting to stand by again when the farce is ended.—Greensboro News. When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by All Dealers.