

# The Tarboroan Southerner.

State Librarian

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett

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ESTABLISHED 1822

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By order of the Democratic Judicial Executive Committee, the Democratic Convention for the 4th Judicial District of North Carolina is hereby called to meet at Rocky Mt. N. C. on July 7th 1910 at 11 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Judge and Solicitor and of transacting such other and further business as may properly come before it.

R. A. P. COOLEY, H. A. GILLIAM, For the Democratic Judicial Executive Committee, 4th District N. C. Tarboro, N. C. June 14th 1910.

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## BROOKIN ABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES.

### THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

Matthew 13:24-43.—June 25.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father."—V. 43.

HERE we have introduced by another "Kingdom" parable a great prophecy. Our study of a week ago showed various classes of hearers of the truth. To-day's study ignores all except the "good ground" hearers, which should be and his Apostles sowed none but good seed, but that after the Apostles had fallen asleep in death, the great Adversary, Satan, over-sowed the wheat field with tare seed, darnel. We are told that such spite-work is not uncommon in the Orient. The "darnel" seed is very different from the wheat, but the growing stalks look very much alike, and even when headed the resemblance is close, except to the expert, until the heads ripen, then the head of the wheat becomes heavy, while the darnel being light stands upright. Only the expert can discern the wheat from the tare while growing.

The Master gave this parable to illustrate how error would be brought into the church by Satan, and that the children produced by the error would in many respects resemble or counterfeit those produced by the truth. It was impossible for the Adversary to corrupt the seed of truth which Jesus and the Apostles sowed; neither was he allowed to interfere with the sowing of it, but he was permitted to overgrow it in the field and, if possible, to choke the wheat, and in a general way to deceive the outside world respecting the true character of the wheat—the children of the Kingdom.

We are to have in mind the Almighty power of God by which he could hinder Satan and prevent the accomplishment of his plans at any and all times. We are to remember that the Divine Plan of the Ages permits many things which God does not approve, but in his Word condemn. We are to remember that the Divine Plan spans several ages and that only the finished work will fully display the Divine Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power. We are to remember that, in the present time, God permits the wrath of demons and men to oppose his purposes, but only so far as he can and eventually will overrule these to his own glory and for the good of all in harmony with himself.

The parable represents the servants as asking whether or not the "tares" should be gathered out from the "wheat," and thus the enemy's work be destroyed. The answer is, No, because in so doing there would be such commotion in the wheat field as to disturb all of the wheat—so intimately were the true and the false associated—their roots intermingling in society, in the home, etc. Instead the Master declared that both should be allowed to grow together throughout the age until the "harvest" time at the end of the age; then the "reapers" should be instructed concerning the gathering together and the separating of the two classes. The wheat would then be gathered into the barn and the tares would be bundled for burning, to the end that none of the bad seed might affect the future crop.

At the special request of the disciples the Master interpreted this parable also. Jesus himself was the sower of the good seed of the kingdom message. Satan was the sower of the crop of seed of false doctrines and deception. The "harvest" time will be the end of this age, just before the inauguration of the new age of Christ's Millennial Kingdom. The wheat class will be those counted fit to be associated with Christ in the glory of his Millennial Kingdom, and the gathering into the "barn" or garner represents the resurrection change which this wheat class will experience. The Apostle explains this, saying, "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown an animal (earthly) body; it is raised a spiritual (heavenly) body." This is the resurrection of the dead—the first resurrection.—I Cor. 15:43, 44; Rev. 20:6.

The tare class is represented as being gathered out of the kingdom (V. 41), in the sense that the church at the present time is God's kingdom in embryo—in a state of progressive development or preparation for the glory and work of the future. All of the kingdom class are fully consecrated to God and by him begotten of the spirit with a view to their becoming Divine, spirit beings in the resurrection. Others who are not thus spirit-begotten have no right to class themselves with the "wheat" nor to consider themselves heirs of the kingdom. Their presence in the Church of Christ is out of order. They have been permitted to commingle with the wheat for centuries, but with the end of the age the dispensational change will come incidental to the inauguration of the Millennium.

It would be a mistake to suppose that there are to be thieves and murderers of the baser sort among these offenders, but they include some whom the Apostle describes as doing the works of the flesh and the devil; namely, anger, malice, hatred, envy, strife. However, many "tares" are fine people of generous disposition, but not "New Creatures" in Christ Jesus. They are blame-worthy not because of not being spirit-begotten, but because they are in the nominal church and posing as Christians. They are offensive in this sense in the Master's sight. Nor are they entirely to be blamed for thinking themselves Christians. They have been encouraged so to think and act by preachers and teachers, many of whom, like themselves, have no knowledge of the Kingdom nor of the spirit-begetting power which initiates into membership in it. The gathering of these into "bundles"—into lodges, societies, churches, sects, parties—will especially be an evidence of the "harvest" work in progress. The true are exhorted to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, and that they come not into bondage to sects and parties. They are to avoid membership in "bundles," but stand in the full fellowship of all who are of the true "wheat" class.

The casting of these bundles into the furnace will mean their destruction; but we are not to understand the furnace to be a literal one, nor the fire which will consume the tares to be a literal fire. The fire with which this age will end will be great "time of trouble" foretold in the Scriptures as preceding and introducing the Millennial Kingdom—"A time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." (Dan. 12:1.) "In that time of trouble the delusions which now make the tares think themselves to be the true "church" will all be dissolved—they will all be reduced to their proper plane—the earthly plane—and recognize themselves as merely of the earth, earthly, and not in any sense members of the called-out, spirit-begotten, elect church.

Hearken now to the Master's words respecting the consummation of the Church's hope in the end of this age. He says, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." Not every one has the hearing ear, but this is the Lord's message to those who have the proper attitude of heart—to all who have the ability to understand spiritual things. Let such understand that with the close of this age the Lord's saintly ones, irrespective of the earthly church systems, will be associated with the Redeemer in the glory of his Millennial Kingdom and will shine forth as the sun for the blessing and enlightenment and uplifting of the human family.

## COPENHAGEN

(By Gaston Lichtenstein.)

The steamship trip from Kiel to Korsor, Denmark, was a pleasing variation from the short railroad rides, taken hitherto. By glancing at a map, it will be seen that the distance between the two ports means several hours on a steamer. As the day was clear and bright, both Kiel Bay and the Baltic presented their most attractive appearances. A breeze not stiff enough to disturb the smoothness of the sea, tempered the sun's heat. During the early part of the voyage, a flock of sea birds followed the boat. Passengers would throw out bits of bread in order to watch the gulls swoop down after the food.

While this performance was taking place, a small Finnish boy claimed my attention. Some one said that he could speak five, or more languages. His parents and a gentleman friend formed a party of four, bound for a Scandinavian tour. I remember distinctly a remark made by him, in perfect English, when he hazarded a reason why the birds did not catch the bits which were being thrown to them but allowed the bread to fall into the water before attempting to touch it. He thought the gulls wanted the food softened first.

The child of Finland serves to bring before my readers the fact that many thousands of Europeans can speak other languages besides their native tongue. We, in the South, seldom hear anything else spoken except English and do not notice the ignorance and extent of foreign languages such as

German, French, and Spanish. But people who live in small countries frequently come in contact with strangers; thus, the continual listening to another tongue naturally stimulates the desire to be able to converse with foreigners.

A Dane, returning to Copenhagen for the first time in years (so he said) was my table companion at dinner. He had been living in Antwerp, I think. The number of tables was insufficient, for, after all the seats had been taken, passengers still entered the dining-room. The late comers must enjoy glimpses at the fortunate ones. My companion arose and politely offered his seat to a lady. His graceful speech was delivered in French, a language familiar to the Belgians, and if he inwardly wished her to refuse, his manner did not show it. However there was some good acting. She declined to take advantage of his kindness and, I am glad to add our meal progressed with little interruption. A couple directly opposite to me, had opened a large bottle of champagne. I could not conceive of their consuming such a quantity and wished vainly why. When I felt the table, the contents were by no means exhausted but my wish was unfulfilled.

Among the passengers was a typical Britisher of the better class. His manner showed the satisfaction for which natives of the "tight little island" are noted. An impressive young American, who succeeded in engaging the Englishman in an animated conversation from his talk that he was an animated conversation, talked loud

enough for me to hear him. I glanced over at the Dane, and being bound inwardly myself, I became interested in what he had to say. He was evidently one of the many American correspondents abroad and good fortune had smiled upon him in that he was about to witness an epochal event in Norwegian affairs, the coronation of King Haakon.

As the afternoon wore on, our boat hovered in sight of the little city of Korsor. We soon entered the harbor and "tied up" near the railway station. Before boarding the train, however, the passengers went through a perfunctory custom-house examination. Most of us being in offensive travelers, the officers were lenient. They see so many people, during the course of a year, that it is apparently easy for them to fix up those who have to pass their eyes (I) eyes.

The Danish train, which was to carry us across the island of Zealand, was made up of a single locomotive and a few old-fashioned coaches. As the compartments of these coaches were so built that interior communication was impossible from the inside, steps had been fastened alongside of each car to permit the conductor to pass back and forth. I have stated in a former chapter that six persons may be comfortably accommodated in a compartment.

Not knowing what snag I might strike on account of my inability to speak Danish, I rounded up (to use a cowboy expression) the Flemish party of four and the obliging gentlemen from Antwerp. We six occupied the same compartment and my companions were very shortly called upon to perform a service for me. When the conductor came around to gather up the tickets, I handed him my own and those of my companions. He would have the intelligence to extract simply the one entitling me to a ride from Korsor to Copenhagen. In spite of the fact that it was the top coupon and that explicit information was printed thereon in his own language, he proceeded to tear off another. I hastily acquainted my fellow travelers with the circumstance and they stopped the official in time. Their friendship saved me some worry, to say nothing of the loss of a ticket.

Picture a train of the description above, running between Tarboro and Rocky Mount and think how it would look to you for any one of the men to run along a foot-board and suddenly stick his head into your compartment. Of course the railway official who has never been accustomed to anything different, may not see the oddity of his situation. How he enjoys his job, is a mystery to me. In summer the position is not so bad but in winter, oh my! Afterwards I could not help calling attention to the ridiculous appearance of the conductor as he asked for our tickets, and my hearty laughter caused me to forget much of the irritation afforded on account of the official's apathy.

Copenhagen, a city with MORE than a million inhabitants and possessing many attractions for the tourist is situated on both sides of a narrow strait that separates the large island of Zealand from Amager. The railroad trip of sixty-six miles, from Korsor to the capital of Denmark, requires somewhat over two hours and, together with the five hours' voyage from Kiel to the small Danish port, my journey to Copenhagen occupied the best part of the day.

The sun was, therefore well past the meridian when I stopped on the Railway Station into the life of the metropolis. Fortunately, this northern latitude on June 15th, the day of my arrival enjoys considerable light up to a late hour, which circumstance enabled me to devote most of my limited time to sightseeing UNTIL I WAS WORN OUT. It did not take long for me to obtain quarters in a hotel and thereby hang a tale.

While walking out of the Railway Station, I was approached by a fellow who, may have thought me an easy mark for he at once offered his services as a guide. He said that he had piloted Marshall Field, Talmage and other well known Americans, and would show me the city. Now I did not know one street from another but I knew that, as a general proposition, it is best to let absolute strangers alone. The guide showed me his badge, and followed me, persistently offering the knowledge that he imparted, as we walked along because my ears and eyes were wide open; and, evidence of his reliability continuing to accumulate, I determined to let him select a hotel for me.

A few minutes' walk brought us before quite a large structure, which was to be my headquarters. We entered and arrangements were made by the guide, who carried on a conversation with the hotel man in a tongue, unintelligible so far as I was concerned. What passed between them could have been some dark plot but their conference resulted in my being assigned to a satisfactory room. I paid my benefactor two kroner (about fifty four cents) for his services and dismissed him. It turned out the next day as the hotel and, judging from his manner he was given a commission for directing strangers through. My bill amounted to so little that (probationists please pardon) his percentage would have bought hardly more than a

glass of beer.

An automatic elevator for the convenience of the patrons interested me exceedingly. I experienced the same delight, as a child playing with a toy while testing the capabilities of the apparatus. No boy was necessary to run the car. A guest had to do was to press buttons and the elevator did the rest. He might ascend, or descend to any floor by following the posted directions. The set of ropes were sufficient to support the weight of those who would "contain your" journals."

Perhaps some readers are wondering what became of my companions on the train. The gentleman from Antwerp met his sister at the depot, and as he had already imposed on the good nature of the others, I bade them adieu. The adopted Belgian had been a "forward student," I would be able to offer an explanation of the extraordinary statements emanating from him; but he was good company, in spite of his ignorance of geography and other subjects.

The streets of the old section of Copenhagen are irregular. A magnificent boulevard intended for several blocks and then the stranger is apt to walk into a narrow, crooked street. The inhabitants of three or more decades have been modernizing the city and in certain respects have been remarkably successful. When one considers that the population has tripled within a single generation, the inconspicuous appearance of a town in transition, from old style to new will be readily appreciated.

My initial evening was spent on the attractive boulevard, the first section of which is called Vestergade Passage. Its continuation is a westerly direction bears the name of Vestergade. The eastern extremity of the Vestergade Passage leads into Broad Street (City Hall Square). Those who understand a little German, will notice the similarity of some Danish words to their equivalents in the vocabulary of the language of the Fatherland. In this connection, RAADHUS recalls the German, Rathaus, the Saxo-Saxon word "raod" is related to the Teutonic Raia and the Scandinavian Raia.

A short walk from City Hall Square, along Vestergade Passage brings the pedestrian opposite to the Main Railway Station. It was at this point that the writer was first introduced to the life of Copenhagen and his impression was decidedly pleasing. From the street level, a big outdoor pleasure resort, which consists of the population, "boating" and resident through slightly during the warm months of the year, somewhat on the plan of the summer parks in and about our large cities.

Chance directed me to a small confectionary store; there was nothing unusual about the store, but my going to a confectionary store, for another reason. Not even the fact of my young lady being employed therein (to say nothing of the proprietor's wife), would have caused me to reflect on my observation and reflections in Danish beauty.

The shop was modest in its pretensions. While in Hamburg, I entered a similar establishment, where a jiving couple directed the traffic. Having asked for a cup of coffee, the waiter was told to take a seat at a table and wait until he could be prepared. On a this certain separated me from the couple who stood in the front of the store where everybody could observe the performance. Therefore the writer feels he is privileged to mention what occurred. At frequent intervals, amiable, unobtrusive through the place, my brother Simon would probably have said "Oh, slush! The ladies will pardon me for betraying their sex but all the aggression was on the part of the woman. If being so wrapped up in her head that she forgot her surroundings, then I am a sign of happiness, then this wife was participating the bliss of matrimony."

To return to Copenhagen. The proprietor could not speak English and the American tourist could not converse in Danish. There was only one thing to do, resorting to the sign language. Ask him two questions: 1st, Spis (the Danish for "eat") then Parles-vous Francais? (If that failed to "bring forth" proper reply) then Parles-vous Francais? These two usually successful in starting some sort of conversation. My new acquaintance proved to be a native of Switzerland and being from Basle, he was able to speak German. We talked for quite a while as it was a real delight to find some one to whom I could convey my thoughts. I wanted information and necessary complied me to use German. Normally it would be impossible for anything, approaching Frenchy German and French, to emanate from Yours Respectfully.

Another shop that attracted my attention on the Vestergade was what may be termed a meat market, but if the filling stalls and surround the shop, one is entitled to such an application, the Danish establishment deserves another name. What people are apt to be clean. Nevertheless many Americans, who know this do not make the least effort to smelt the meat market conditions around our meat markets. Although their influence, properly directed

would help considerably they seem satisfied to take chances for their future well being. If the seasons of the stalls do not realize the advantage of keeping their sections in satisfactory shape, ordinances should be passed and ENFORCED towards accomplishing this end. After the butchers have lived for a time under the changed conditions, they will thank the authorities for compelling them to adopt sanitary measures.

Imagine a shop, scrupulously clean! Without any smelt! You will then form some idea of the place I visited in Copenhagen. Order and neat investigation falls to the dust close where the horse has left his refuse. The butcher could speak a little English and I was impressed to the extent of praising the extreme cleanliness of the place and of receiving from the Dane a printed price list of his wares, which booklet is now in my possession. In addition to meats, he sold fruits and vegetables, making all together a respectable list of offerings for discriminating housewives.

The next day, Sunday was quiet. But, my readers must not think that the Danes stayed at home. Summer in Scandinavia is too short for Copenhageners to spend their one day of relaxation in the city. During the morning I saw a long line of children marching by and asked what it meant. A gentleman answered that the joyful throng was on its way to the country. Each child carried a Danish flag. This array of banners naturally caused me to modify my opinion on the care of the children in instilling patriotism into the young minds.

Sunday afternoon, I proceeded on the next stage of my journey but returned to the Danish metropolis on July 7th. My second stay in the city, like the first happened to fall on Saturday and Sunday. It was not necessary to secure the services of a guide, in order to find a place to lodge. I chose a hotel, somewhat better located, and called forth.

Several years ago, in the United States, there was a bicycle craze. Almost every family apparently owned a wheel; thousands of households could boast of two, three, four; even more, because not only father and mother but also son and daughter had to be provided for. In those days, (if Mr. Dooley will pardon me for substituting "bicycles" for "piano" in reproducing one of his pearls of wisdom) the only difference between the very poor and the pauper was that the very poor possessed a bicycle.

When the craze reached Copenhagen, I am unable to say, by 1904 however, the violence of the wave had long since passed in America. Therefore, the extraordinary amount of cycling in the Danish city greatly surprised me, as it was an entirely unexpected sight. The magnificent boulevards are excellent courses for wheels and the citizens did not fail to demonstrate their appreciation of this fact.

Perhaps the most distinct feature that impressed me during my Saturday evening ramble, was the Copenhageners' desire to spend "after business hours" in one of the numerous cafes. Readers will recall St. Pauli in Hamburg, whether the burgers flocked slightly. The Germans have a habit of sitting long but I can cite an authority who states that the Danes will spend an APPROPRIATE long time in a pleasure resort. My diary tells me that, after retiring, I could hear music coming from the nearby cafes.

Mabel McKinley's Anona, that had such a run in this country, was one of the selections wafted into my ears. At a St. Pauli beer garden, in Hamburg I also heard the same number. Why the European bands preferred Anona to other more musical American compositions, I shall not attempt to explain.

My hotel was across the square from the City Hall. Between the bell ringing in the tower, every quarter of an hour, and the excitement in the street below, I could sleep impossible. Chimes played at twelve. On the exact hour, there were four different pitched rings, sounded four times, followed by a bell of another tone striking the tower. The well lighted boulevard, Vestergade Passage, was alive with pedestrians and equipages. Perhaps the nightly throng presented more animation than the daylight crowd. From my window, I could obtain a magnificent view. In spite of the bells in the Raadhuis tower, sleep finally gained the upper hand.

Sunday morning, July 8th, was sunny, and as I walked to the Railway Station, the quietness about me contrasted sharply with the life of the night before. A respectable train, with commencing coaches, carried quite a number of passengers out of the city. I was bound for Korsor, on my way to Kiel. But the readers of these experiences are more interested in my progress northward, so I shall begin a new chapter touching upon the incidents connected with my next stop.

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