

THE SANFORD EXPRESS.

Volume XXVII

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Number 35

STEIN BROTHERS Sanford's Biggest Store

The New Models for Spring

Spring's here, so are our classy spring suits. We are sure one will be your suit in short order if you'll stop in for a look. Never mind your age. We've the dignified proposition for the middle-of-the-road man or snappy cuts for young fellows who want ginger in a suit. The fabrics this season are the best ever. Splendid suits from \$7.50 to \$25.00. Boys' suits from \$1.75 to \$10.00. We also have other signs of spring in our choice Hats, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery and other Toggery.

STEIN BROTHERS.

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS and TAILORS

The next best thing to being prosperous is to appear prosperous

It is of vital importance to you that the depository of your funds not only appears to be, but is, prosperous. That is gaining ground. That it has sufficient Capital and Surplus for all contingent and legitimate needs. That it is able to repay you your money on demand. We have a large Capital and Surplus. We are prosperous as well as progressive and experienced. We pay over to you in money any deposit or just demand as cheerfully as the same was received. And we solicit the business of all desiring the services of a concern conducted along these lines.

The Bank of Sanford, Sanford, N. C.

"Whoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The chief result of experience is clearness of vision in discerning the fertile soil on which to sow the seed of today's harvest and to secure tomorrow's bestowment. The wise planting of pennies and dollars is a savings account where the growth is certain, is making a virtue, or necessity. Planting therefore becomes not merely an economic virtue but the "symbol and instrument" of a man's independence. We offer the security and convenience of this bank for your acceptance.

Banking Loan and Trust Company

CORTRIGHT LIGHTNING-PROOF ROOFING

It is not only lightning-proof but fire-proof and storm-proof, too. CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES last as long as the building and never need repairs. Just the thing for town or country buildings, because they meet every condition of comfort, beauty and security.

For Sale by
WILKINS RICKS CO., Sanford, N. C., or A. J. SHAN, Jonesboro, N. C.

CONGRESS IN EXTRA SESSION.

First Democratic Revision of Tariff Since August, 1894—President Wilson Delivers His Own Message.

For the first time in eighteen years Congress assembled Monday with both its branches under control of the Democrats, and with a Democratic president to cooperate in shaping its policies, and to approve its acts. The tariff law to be passed by the special session that opened will be the first general Democratic revision of the revenue laws since the act of August 27, 1894, known to history as the "Wilson-Gorman law," and which President Cleveland allowed to become a law without his signature.

A complete revision of the tariff laws; modification of the nation's currency system; proposals for Philippine independence, for repeal of the Panama Canal free-toll provision, and for the immediate construction of government owned railways in Alaska, are the chief problems confronting the first session of the Sixty-third Congress. Summoned by President Wilson for the express purpose of revising the tariff, the new Congress faces extreme pressure from many quarters for early action on the other subjects named. Whether any of these, other than the tariff, will be taken up during the special session depends upon the progress made with the tariff revision, and the success that may attend preliminary work upon a general currency reform bill.

The fight for Democratic tariff revision began in Congress Tuesday. Conferences and party plans, which have held the stage for weeks past, gave way to the first open steps for passage of the new tariff bill.

President Wilson's personally delivered message, calling upon his party assistants in both houses to speedily enact the party's pledges of tariff revision, was followed by a caucus of Democratic house members, which will continue for several days and in which Democrats will attempt to settle their differences and agree upon support of the Underwood bill.

The Democratic tariff revision bill was completed Friday night with the exception of a final decision upon sugar. From beginning to end it is modeled in accord with the ideas of President Wilson, with wools, meats and many other foodstuffs and clothing materials on the free list; with low duties upon all agricultural products and foodstuffs that are not free; and with the tariff on chemicals and steel and other commercial products cut far below the present protective rates.

The Late J. Pierpont Morgan.

The remains of J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier, who died in Rome Monday, March 31. It is expected that the funeral will be held in St. George's church, New York city, on the 14th. The interment will be at Hartford, Conn. Mr. Morgan is survived by his wife, two daughters and a son—Mrs. Satterlee, Miss Annie Morgan and J. P. Morgan, Jr. Mrs. Satterlee was with her husband when he died. The others were at home.

Unlike the majority of successful men, Mr. Morgan was not born in poverty. His father, Junius Spencer Morgan, was a wealthy man and the son was started in the banking business as soon as he finished his education. J. Pierpont Morgan was born at Hartford, Conn., April 17, 1837, and was near 75 years old at the time of his death. His wealth is variously estimated at \$75,000,000 to \$90,000,000. He was prominent as a member of the Episcopal Church, was a vestryman of St. George's, in New York, and the principal supporter of its charities. The boys of the church were his special care and he helped establish a church club to keep them off the street and provided the funds to start a trade school to teach them useful occupations. He also established, at a cost of \$500,000, the New York Trade School, which is a similar institution on a larger scale. Mr. Morgan's charities are estimated to have totaled more than \$5,000,000, and it is probable that the full total was very much greater. Few even of his larger gifts were publicly announced, and many of his private charities were known only to a select

circle of his most intimate friends.

Mr. Morgan is survived by two children, J. P. Morgan, Jr., and Mrs. Herbert Satterlee.

Separate Shipments on Liquor Are Now Kept.

The Southern Express began April 1 to keep separate books on all liquor shipments but examination of the ledgers shows nothing radical in the law.

This was done as a compliance with the search and seizure law that passed the last General Assembly. It is made a law so that the express companies may not aid, either by accident or by design, the violation of the whiskey laws. The officials of the company have instructed their employees to observe both the letter and spirit of the law.

The opening of the new books created a deal of curiosity, but it is a simple matter. The section which provides for this separate book tells the whole purport of the law.

All express companies, railroad companies, or other transportation companies doing business in this State are requested hereby to keep a separate book in which shall be entered immediately upon receipt thereof the name of the person to whom the liquor is shipped, the amount and kind received, and the date when received, the date when delivered and by whom delivered, and to whom delivered, after which the consignee shall be required to sign his name, or, if he cannot write, shall make his mark in the presence of a witness before such liquor is delivered to such consignee, and which said book shall be open for inspection to any officer or citizen of the State, county, or municipality and time during business hours of the company, and said book shall constitute prima facie evidence of the facts therein and will be admissible in any of the courts of this State. Any express company, railroad company or other transportation company violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor: Provided, upon the filing of a certificate signed by a reputable physician or two reputable citizens, that the consignee is unable, by reason of sickness or mental infirmity, to appear in person, then the said company is authorized to deliver any package to the agent of said consignee and the agent shall sign the name of the consignee and his own name, and the certificate shall be filed on record.

Accepts the Advice of His Can-

did Friends.

Stataville Landmark. The following unique announcement appeared in the Sanford Express last week: At the earnest solicitation of many friends, I have decided not to be a candidate for postmaster. J. U. GUNTER

If Mr. Gunter had left out that little word "not" his announcement would have been in the usual form. Nearly all candidates become candidates "at the earnest solicitation of their friends," to hear the candidates' tell it. Sometimes their friends, if they were candid, could tell a different story. So far as The Landmark knows this is the first time on record where a candidate has publicly stated that he will not be a candidate because his friends have asked him not to be a candidate.

The friends of aspirants for office would often do them a good turn by giving them the advice Mr. Gunter says he has received from his friends. But usually it is embarrassing to discourage the aspiration of a candidate; one is likely to have his motives impugned and to make an enemy out of a friend; and so we often allow our friends to go on and spend time and money in a hopeless race when the part of a true friend would have been to say "No."

Whatever turns by Mr. Gunter's private feelings, he has accepted the advice of his candid friends. Convinced that public business would be expedited by the practice, President Wilson has decided to set aside two hours each week for "heart-to-heart" talks with the newspaper correspondents. One hour will be devoted each Tuesday morning and the other hour will be given over to the same purpose Thursday at termoons. The President will discuss administration policies and sketch his official program, much of the matter discussed necessarily being in confidence and solely for the guidance of the writers.

A Card.

On Sunday March 30th, while returning from Cool Springs Church where they had attended and directed the services of Mrs. Gilmore there, the car of J. D. Andrews & Co., which was later picked up and returned to Messrs. Andrews & Co. by Mr. C. E. Campbell who was duly rewarded, Messrs. Andrews & Co. wish to thank whom they are pleased to speak of as "Hon. Scotchman."

THE GREAT STORM.

Story told by an Eye Witness—A Night Straight Out of Heaven.

The hurricane which swept over some of the Western and Middle Western States on March 23, killing more than two hundred people, injuring probably twice as many more, destroying many million dollars' worth of property, and leaving thousands of people homeless, was too large for anybody to attempt to describe in full even in a dozen newspaper articles, but some of the fragmentary stories told by eye witnesses suffice to convey a fairly good impression of what the storm was like.

I had stepped out on the back platform for a breath of air. It was about five o'clock, maybe a little before, and I noticed a peculiar light in the sky. If you have ever read South Sea Island stories you will know that an uncanny, yellow glare seems to precede a hurricane. Well, there was that light in the sky when I noticed it first. But there was something else that seemed far more terrible to me at the moment.

I don't know that I can describe it, except to say that at first I thought some one behind me had whispered. It was a whisper—but a whisper of voices we are not supposed to hear in this world. It was sibilant, strange, and general and sounded like the peculiar, sizzling hiss that one hears when a train rounds a curve. But there was a strange lower back of it. I don't know why it affected me in the manner it did. But, somehow, it was a forecast—a threat of frightful things to come.

All the time the sound grew and I noticed that the queer cloud in the sky was growing larger. It was black, and cone shaped, with the small end toward the earth. Then I knew what was going to happen I was fascinated. A moment before there had been light, clear and white, with just a gentle wind to ruffle the few clouds in the sky. Now all was changed.

The gentle whistle had grown to a roar and strange mutterings filled the air. Then, all of a sudden, I saw that the high cloud had enveloped everything. For a moment my heart seemed to be drawn from me as if by a powerful bellows. My face was peppered with flying gravel—there was a terrific roar, a shuddering of the earth and a shud-dering of the earth and a trail not fifty feet behind us.

For a moment I could not catch my breath. My face was stung with the sand and gravel that had been hurled against me. I went inside the car.

The wind crossed the track and swept on in a northeasterly direction, as near as I could tell. By that time we were near Rals ton, Neb., which is within twenty-five or thirty miles of Omaha. I got up the track I could see the lights of the town. I wanted to hide from the sight but curiosity dominated me. There was one man there, William Coon, of Lincoln, and we were soon joined by other passengers.

Not a man of us said a word. Fascinated, we watched that lit-tle group of houses where human beings were waiting unknowingly for the hand of Providence to strike them. I felt like crying out a warning to them, but the vacuum following the storm stole my breath again and my reason finally got the better of my impulse.

One shattering crash, a whirlpool of flying wood, shingles, and with a roar of triumph that was nothing short of demoniacal, the storm swept on. We looked again. From the chaos of swirling boards and debris there emerged now and then a house-top while buildings went rolling along the ground as if impelled by some force within them. Boxes on sidings, hurled through the air, split open with sickening crashes and ejected their merchandise. One of these cars, was hurled through the air to land in an open field. There followed a menacing sight, for with an unearthly screech the sides of the car fell apart and a number of men, railroad sections hands, fell out. Some of them moved. Some

others who had come were torn to shreds. The engineer stopped the train and we rushed over to the village. There was hardly a house standing in the way it was built. Every man in every stage of life who were men, women, children, some of whom would never come again started up at us. One man was running halfway through the side of a frame building. He was mangled when we reached him, but soon died. So struck with the horror of the thing were the survivors that they could do nothing for each other or for themselves. We gathered the living together, the whole and broken, and placed them on the train.

Every woman on the train weeded as fast as she could to render help to the crushed and fear-stricken survivors. At the next town whole factories collapsed and their walls fell in as if some giant were playing dominoes with them. We could hear the screams of the injured and dying workmen and their families as their houses fell about them. We stopped here and picked up many of the injured. I don't know whether or not we got them all.

But we were to get a real heart-sickness when we reached Omaha. A lurid glare was in the sky. We could hear huge walls sighing into chaotic heaps of bricks. I would hate to have to remember for the rest of my life the horrible details of that night in Omaha.

I saw one man's head split open with a brick. One little girl—but I'd rather not tell that. There were many more of a similar character. Omaha was burning. Hotels, hospitals, and homes were crowded. Every man was mad and every woman hysterical. It was a night straight out from Hades, and I never want another one like it. I am trying to forget it.

Mr. Phillips and the Little Girl.

Greenboro News.

Of the many tender messages and eloquent tributes that have come to me as printer, editor, citizen and Christian which the day brought, no one was sweeter or more beautifully pictured the noble spirit which has gone than did the words of a little girl of 12 summers. A few months ago Mr. Phillips was a member of a dinner party at a home in the city which is blessed by the presence of a bright charming little miss. The heart of this little girl soon warmed to "Colonel Bob" and while the older members of the party gave themselves to the more serious subjects, Mr. Phillips drew back to a seclusion corner and with the little girl safely enthroned upon his knee spent one of the hours which brought him the keenest enjoyment of life. He told of his own childhood, stories of his days on the farm, and of his dogs and kittens, of the birds and the many beautiful things. In turn the little girl found an attentive listener when she told of her own joys and described in her childlike manner the games and animals which she liked best. The little girl and the big warm hearted man parted that night as firm friends.

Yesterday morning the parents of this household spoke of his death. The little girl who had felt the influence of his genial disposition and noble character burst into tears. "Oh, he was the big, fine man who talked about nice, beautiful things all the time," she said; as she wiped back her tears. In that sentence this little girl had given expression to a wonderful sweet tribute. In an hour's company she came to know "Bob" Phillips as the man who thought and talked of nice things, and as the man who had planted in her mind the desire to think and talk of the joys of life. If he could not say good he did not speak. Men daily associated with him could not recall the time when he, by act or word, had given expression to an ugly thought; they knew him only as a comforter, a man who had the knack of giving voice to words which drove out bitterness, lightened sorrow and buoyed dejection.

The committee appointed by Colonel Ashley Horne to select a design for a monument to the women of the Confederacy, to be erected in Raleigh, has selected the design by Augustus Lukeman of New York, representing a grandmother with an open volume in her lap reading to her grandson, who is kneeling at her knee, of the heroic deeds of his ancestors. The bas relief will show the contrast between the Confederate soldiers going to war, and returning. The monument which will cost \$10,000, will be completed in 12 months. Mr. Lukeman recently erected a magnificent equestrian statue of Kit Carson in Colorado.

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"Come-a-running"
and get a
Galvanized Wash Tub.
29c 39c 49c 59c
Size-0 Size-1 Size-2 Size-3
Heavy Galvanized Iron Wash Tub—four 30c
front legs. The smallest size usually sold for
up to \$7.00 for the largest size. We will
sell these at unusually low bargain prices:

Hurry up and get your Tub
"Remember"
Our entire Stock of Hardware, Farm Implements,
Stoves, etc., is being closed out at unusually low
prices. Selection is still good, but step lively and
get some of the big values.

E. D. Nall Co.

SANFORD, N. C.

This Space Belongs to
Lee County Cotton Oil Co.

REPAIR WORK.

We are now prepared to take care of your repair work of all kinds of machinery promptly, and to supply your wants in all kinds of machine supplies. Have a carload of boilers and engines on the way. When in need of anything in this line call on us before making your purchase.

THE MOFFITT IRON WORKS CO.

AT COST

We are going out of the Undertaking Business for profit. We offer our customers Undertaking and Supplies AT COST. Do not take our word for it. Ask to see the bill. HEARSE FURNISHED FREE.

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Watch Bargains.

We have just received a lot of Waltham Watches that we will run at the following prices while they last. 18 size 7 J. Waltham in nice screwback and bezel case for \$5.00 or in reliable 10 year gold filled case for \$8.00. We have never before been able to buy Waltham watches so we could sell them at the above prices. These watches have our personal guarantee and we are backed by the manufacturer. We also have a lot of watches that have been left with us for repairs and they will be sold for charges of repair. Now is your chance.

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