The Laurinburg Exchange

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 3 | LAURINBURG, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914. | $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

CHECK FLASHER CAUGHT NEAR HERE SATURDAY

Young White Man Falls Over the Financial Cliff Here Saturday. Flashed a Check for $31.50 in Epstein's Department Store, and Now Lies in Jail Awaiting Criminal Court.

Walter McGirt, a young white man who says he is from Hoke county, is an inmate of Scotland county jail in default of a $300 bond, which was required of him in 'Squire S. W. Covington's court Tuesday because there was enough evidence to suspect him of being guilty of check flashing as charged in the bill of indictment.

Saturday afternoon McGirt, claiming to be James Blackburn, offered himself as a customer at Epstein's Department Store and within a short time had selected a suit of clothes which he agreed to purchase. In payment for the clothes he offered a check made payable to James Blackburn and signed by the Wagram Mercantile Co., of Wagram, for $31.50. He told Mr. Epstein, with whom he was trading, that the check was for a bale of cotton he had sold them. Mr. Epstein became suspicious, and before completing the deal called the Wagram Mercantile Co., by 'phone. He was not at first able to get the connection, and while waiting McGrit took immediate leave of the store without clothes or check. When the Wagram Mercantile Co. was finally communicated with, the information came that they knew nothing of Blackburn and had bought no cotton from him, nor issued such a check. Mr. Epstein immediately called [illegible] the trail of the [illegible] flasher and following him, located him about a mile out on the road toward Wagram. When arrested, he said in response to the questioning of the officer that his name was James Blackburn, but that he knew nothing of the forgery. He was brought to Laurinburg and placed in jail.

Tuesday morning he was given a hearing before 'Squire S. W. Covington and bound over to Superior court in the sum of $300.

McGirt took the stand in the magistrate's court and said that his name was not Blackburn, but McGirt, and that another young man, whom he named, but said he did not know, was the forger and not he.

Cut By Gin.

We were very much distressed Saturday afternoon to learn that our good friend, Mr. Louis P. Gibson, of Elmore, had suffered the misfortune to have his right hand badly lacerated by a gin saw at the Elmore Gin Company's plant.

The accident happened Tuesday of last week. Three fingers were badly lacerated and the amputation of one or more of them may be necessary.

Mr. Gibson was in the city Saturday afternoon to have the injured member dressed.

Old Colored Mammy Passes.

When death struck down Aunt Cynthia McLauchlin some two weeks ago, Scotland county lost one of its oldest citizens.

Aunt Cynthia, according to those who are in possession of the facts, was 106 years of age. She died where she had lived for many years, near Beaver Dam church in Williamson township. Her old mistress whom she served, Mrs. Polly McLauchlin, died about 15 years ago at the age of 104 years.

British ships sunk four German fighting vessels in the North Sea Saturday.

AN OPTIMIST

Thinks the Whole Matter Will Soon Be Settled and All Will Be Well.

[illegible] great deal more fuss than was necessary has been made over the pitiful condition of the poor farmer, who is holding his cotton, chewing his tobacco and laughing at the frantic efforts the politicians are making to save him. The various plans that have been put forward for the rescue of the farmer from eternal ruin, have frightened capital, and well nigh destroyed business. It is simply hysteria caused by the war. Men have lost their heads and their reason and have made direful predictions of woe and ruin. The brethren who are looking out for political jobs have been foremost in their efforts to safeguard the horny-handed tiller of the soil. The tender solicitude of these gentlemen for the aforesaid tiller has been heart-rending. They want the State to do everything, forgetting that all their lives they have preached the doctrine to these same people that the State could do nothing, and that "those are governed best who are governed least." A very astute and intelligent observer of current events, deploring the paternalism advocated by so-called leaders, writes us [illegible] some [illegible] warehouse all the cotton, salted peanuts, dried herring and all kindred commodities, all hands would be happy for a while at least. Hysteria caused by over-worked paternalism is the present trouble. Somebody is sowing a big crop of political dragon's teeth that will probably puncture tires later on."

We are glad to see bright indications of returning reason. The Mecklenburg gentlemen who wanted the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature that has already seen extra service, are now glad, no doubt, that Governor Craig had sense enough not to heed their request. We have never had any serious emergency in the cotton situation. The war that suddenly burst upon the world did demoralize the markets for a time, but Europe is spinning cotton right along and will need more this year than ever before because of the war. Soldiers chew as much tobacco as any other class, if not a little more, and so the tobacco crop will fetch a good price. Within 30 days time everything will be going on the same as if the Germans were building battleships instead of using them, and all the "plans" that have been put forth at great labor and much burning of the midnight oil, will be in the air. Cotton will not bring a high price, not on account of the war, but because the crop is the most enormous one that the South ever grew. The "buy a bale" movement for the protection of the poor men who were forced to sell, is the only feasible and needful plan for helping the farmer that we have seen. Those men who desired above all things to become benefactors of the farmers in order to command their votes on election day, have done the country much harm, and we hope before it is all over they will learn a lesson that will last a life time.—Charity and Children.

WHAT A BOY COSTS.

So you are twenty-one.

And you stand up clear-eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him, costs $25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all.

You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and grey streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you; but—

If you are what we think you are, you are worth all your cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but "Hello, son," way down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and as for the little mother, she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes. You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty years to help you up! and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you, twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fibre in you; but you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind. All hail you on the threshold!

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight; and your back debts to your father and mother. You will pay them up, won't you, boy? [illegible] AND EVERY[illegible]

[illegible] BE A MAN!

—Selected.

From Snead's Grove.

SNEAD'S GROVE, N. C., Oct. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Norton spent last Sunday in Hamlet.

Mr. Boyd Smith, of near Gibson, became a member of the W. O. W. last Friday night.

Mr. Caroline Brown and sister, Miss Mattie, of Mason Cross, visited in this section last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Irene Jackson delightfully entertained a number of her friends at a singing last Saturday evening.

Mr. Daniel C. McPhail went visiting in Moore county last Saturday, returning first of this week.

Messrs. Earl and Sidney Kelly, of Hamlet, were in this community last Saturday night.

Prof. J. A. Hornaday and Misses Mary and Lucy Snead, and Misses Bernice Hornaday and Sunie Belle Jones attended the ice cream supper at Laurel Hill last Friday night.

Mr. J. A. Patterson, of Raeford, was a Snead's Grove visitor last Sunday.

Mr. Walter Bowen, of near Maxton, spent last Sunday in our midst.

Mr. Stewart Improving.

The many friends of Mr. Dougald Stewart, Jr., will be glad to know that he is recovering from the effects of an operation which he underwent some days ago in a Baltimore hospital. Dr. McLean, who accompanied him to Baltimore, says that he stood the operation well and was very much improved when he left him. He will probably return home within two weeks.

Hope is never dead so long as visions of pumpkin pie are seen in the distance.

Joh[illegible] white[illegible] from [illegible] place: [illegible] arran[illegible] carry [illegible] for th[illegible] noon h[illegible] fire to[illegible] cell. c[illegible] excites[illegible] soon a[illegible] to blaz[illegible] zy by t[illegible] yelling [illegible] keeper, [illegible] blaze. [illegible]

Sheri[illegible] morning [illegible] him in [illegible] at Raleigh [illegible] gh.

Set Jail On Fire.

[illegible] n Alexander Carter, an aged [illegible] man, was brought here [illegible] near Hoffman Saturday and [illegible] in the county jail. Until [illegible] gements could be made to [illegible] him to the State Asylum [illegible] e Insane. Sunday after- [illegible] e lighted a match and set [illegible] the bed clothing in his [illegible] using quite a good deal of [illegible] nent for a short while. As [illegible] s the bed clothing began [illegible] the old fellow, more cra- [illegible] he stifling smoke, began [illegible] and soon brought the jail- [illegible] who extinguished the [illegible]

Br[illegible] McLaurin left Monday [illegible] with him and placed [illegible] he hospital for the insane [illegible]

There's As Sure as Death.

There [illegible] is a common saying that there are [illegible] two things that are absolutely [illegible] certain—death and tax- [illegible] es. Both of these seem to make but little [illegible] impression until they come. The tax collector is unlike death [illegible] h in a great many instances [illegible] death often coming without [illegible] previous announcement. The tax [illegible] collector, as will be seen from an [illegible] advertisement elsewhere in this issue from Sheriff McLaurin, who is announcing his last call for tax collection for the year, always gives you due notice. The Sheriff says that he must be paid and invites you to meet him as suggested in his advertisement.

A dispatch from Tokio says 100 women [illegible] pearl divers from Shima province, Japan, offered their services to the Japanese navy to clear the mines planted by the Germans [illegible] Kiao-Chow bay, China. The offer was declined by the navy, as the law prohibits the employment of women in the simple operations. These divers are accustomed to remain in the water for a long period.

MORE ABOUT THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS

The Third Amendment One of Great Importance—Out of 2,100 Bills Introduced in 1909, 1,800 Were of the Saw Dust Variety—Let Legislators Have Opportunity at Real Propositions.

Editor EXCHANGE:

During the excitement over the cotton situation we of North Carolina should not overlook the importance of the proposed amendments to our State Constitution, to be voted on in the November elections. For years we have been working for most of these amendments, and now that public sentiment has forced their submission to the people, we should by no means neglect the opportunity to ratify them at the polls. Of the ten proposed amendments, I have space to mention only a few. I regard the third as by all odds the most important of them all. This amendment provides for taking matters of local interest, such as hogs sleeping under St. John church, out of the hands of the Legislature and placing them in the hands of the county commissioners, where they should be. In 1909, of 2,100 bills introduced in the Legislature, over 1,800 were of just such a nature. From this, one can readily see the importance of this amendment. After its adoption your representative can give his time to the consideration of the bills of importance, and then we will get some sound, well digested laws on general subjects. Our general laws have of necessity been passed in a hurry [illegible] result being unsatisfactory to both law-makers and people. By all means relieve your Legislature of this troublesome and time-killing kind of legislation. Take it to your county commissioners, who are conversant with all the facts, and who are in session practically all the time, and then you will get the very best results and free your Legislature to give you a few well considered, necessary laws of State-wide application.

The first and second amendments do not change the constitution materially, as you can see from reading Clarence Poe's article in last week's EXCHANGE. If you have not already done so, get your old paper and read this article. Daily papers are full of real information on these amendments. Our people should study these explanations so as to feel absolutely safe in voting for the necessary amendments. Our Constitution has needed revision for some time.

JONATHAN PEELE.

All About a Dog.

Two Dog Tales With Different Outcomes, Both Happened Here.

Some time ago Charlie Williams, colored, who then lived in Williamson township, later moving to Marlboro county, South Carolina, sold to Pleas Pate, also colored, a hound dog for the princely sum of $12.50 (this was after the dog market went up.) Pate brought the dog home with him, but the surroundings not being suited to his peculiar dogship, he, without due and proper notice, left under the cover of night and returned to his former home. Williams, it is said, sold the dog again, this time to Robert E. Gibson, a white citizen. Gibson finding times rather dull, sold the 'possum chaser to Shell Ingram, colored. In the meanwhile Pate had missed his dog and instituted a search for this valuable animal for which he had paid the price of a half a bale of cotton and following up the chain of sales and resales he got all muddled up and couldn't figure out who the dog really belonged to. He sought legal advice from one who could figure on a problem in which a $12.50 hound that had been sold and resold so many times and had run away from one owner, would [illegible] to. As soon as [illegible] on the matter, he appealed to Squire Henry D. Gibson, of Gibson, and laying the case on this limb of the law, secured a writ of claim and delivery for the dog.

The papers were turned over to Deputy Sheriff Lamar Smith and—(wait a minute, lets see who owned him last)—the officer went to Ingram's home and by the authority vested in him and, whereas, he bore papers commanding him to take the body of one $12.50 hound into his possession and safely keep until the law doth dispose, seized the rabbit jumper and brought home with him this much sought dog of many and dissatisfied owners.

In connection with this we are reminded of another dog story in which a couple of our local sports, several of Billy Clifford's Minstrel maids and a bull pup belonging to the show figured, that is, this was the cast in a one act running comedy that was pulled off instead of a matinee Monday afternoon.

For further information ask [illegible].

"Believe Me" O. K.

Billy "Single" Clifford and his Minstrel Maids were the attraction at the local playhouse Monday night. It was a large and well pleased crowd that greeted them.

The only disappointment was in Billy himself. It was naturally expected that he would be the greatest weight in the production, but he fell short of the requirement. "Musical" Walker bore the brunt of the comedy and acquitted himself in a most pleasing manner, while Miss Helen Clark did some singing that won instant approval. The three Misses Weston were particular stars and pleased immensely, with their musical productions, both instrumental and vocal.

Cook book: "Cheaper cuts of meat while not so tender are nutritious. Try them on the meat grinder.

Benefit Night.

Manager Jordan, of the Gem Theatre, has turned his popular place over to the young ladies of the city schools again for tomorrow night. A good percentage of the receipts will be given to the fund these young ladies are raising for the purpose of beautifying the school grounds.

Remember that it's tomorrow, Friday night, and if you want to help these young ladies in this most commendable undertaking, go to the Gem. As a special inducement, Manager Jordan will begin the thrilling serial picture, "The Perils of Pauline." Don't miss it.

Orphans Coming.

Mr. C. E. Muse has received a letter from the manager of the Oxford Orphanage, stating that the class, which was to have appeared here last Thursday night and were compelled on account of sickness to call off the engagement, will appear Thursday, November 12th.