

J. L. JAMES AND E. J. TILLMAN CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY

Editor of Laurinburg News and Private Citizen Arrested Upon a Charge of Conspiring to Defame Character of Judge Walter H. Neal—Case Grew Out of Article Published in the News.

A small-sized sensation was created here Wednesday afternoon of last week when warrants were served upon J. L. James and E. J. Tillman, charging them with entering into a conspiracy to defame the character of Judge Walter H. Neal.

The case grew out of a combination of happenings and circumstances that have been transpiring during the past few weeks.

The beginning of the matter was a foreclosure proceeding instituted by Judge Neal against a portion of the plant of the Laurinburg News, Judge Neal representing the plaintiffs in the matter, who are the Dodson Printers' Supply Co., of Atlanta, Ga.

Immediately following the seizure of that part of the News' plant involved, the paper appeared in a small form, having been printed on a job press, and in the miniature issue, without calling names, intimated that something interesting to the public would be forthcoming in the next issue. This came the following week and contained intimations of serious charges that reflected upon the character of Judge Neal. The circulation of the paper caused much talk and comment.

In the indictment against the defendants, it is charged that the two, both Mr. James and Mr. Tillman, conspired to defame the character of Judge Neal, and that Mr. James is one of the conspirators because of the fact that he assisted Mr. Tillman in assembling and publishing the charges made.

The case will be heard before Squire H. O. Covington at the court house Monday next. Judge Neal is represented by Weather- spoon & Russell, and Messrs. Tillman and James will be represented by Messrs. G. B. Patterson and Solicitor S. B. McLean, of the Robeson county bar.

Rambling Rumors.

BY "76."

SNEAD'S GROVE, July 12.
Layin'-by time.

Miss Sarah Parrish, of Bennettsville, S. C., is the guest of Mrs. P. M. Parrish.

Misses Viola Jordan and Mudd, of near Gibson, were pleasant visitors in our community last week.

Mr. J. A. Patterson, of Raeford, was a Sunday visitor in our neighborhood.

Messrs. W. P. and W. B. Snead spent last Thursday and Friday in Dillon county, S. C.

Mr. S. A. Snead and family motored up to Lake View last Thursday to attend a picnic.

Misses Mary Blue and Lucy Douglas Snead entertained with a singing last Sunday evening.

The farmers in this section, generally speaking, are complaining of a short crop of cantaloupes. Seems as if we order git at least as much for them on the local market as we did last year, if short crops have anything to do with highering or lowering the price.

TO OUR PATRONS.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bank of Wagram, held Wednesday, July 7th, 1915, instructions were issued to the undersigned Cashier that he must in the future refuse to pay all checks, the payment of which will cause the customers' account to be overdrawn.

This step was made necessary because of the growing habit of customers of this and other banks to abuse the privilege of over-drawing accounts. And, too, it is the part of good business. The rule safeguards the security and strength of the bank, and makes the institution safer, stronger and more dependable.

W. T. CRUMP,
Cashier Bank of Wagram.
Adv.

THINGS PERTAINING TO LIFE

By Harry M. North.

THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE.

You have accounted it great tragedy when men would but can not; yet I say that it is more tragic when one can but will not. Men speak eloquently and sometimes bitterly concerning those who beat up against the bars of their environment desiring to do the things which they may never do. But the tragedy of the soul that fails or goes wrong is worse than any other. Tragedies of time are not so great as eternal ones, and those of the body not so terrible as those of the soul.

To begin with, how awful it must be for the child who finds out for himself that father or mother is false. He had been used from the beginning to look upon them as embodying all virtue; no breath of suspicion has come to it. Slowly it dawns upon him that his parents are living double lives; or it may be that an angry neighbor will suddenly blurt out the terrible truth to the child, and all in a moment it sees and understands. The very earth appears to have opened beneath his feet and there is no confidence to be found anywhere now. Father is bad, and mother is a common woman. The white drawn face of the little child speaks the agony of his soul at such a discovery, and when the night comes he lies sobbing in the little bed not doing what it is represented to do.

There is again the tragedy of the wasted life. Ample powers of the body and mind, but they were all squandered upon what was selfish and worthless. Time there was to have worked out a glorious destiny, yet it was thrown away as a useless thing. Precious gifts had been bestowed in abundance, but they were left to perish as though they were of no worth at all. God-given birthrights were sold for a mess of pottage. Can you imagine the tragedy of such a soul when it comes to itself in the end and finds that heaven's best gifts are irretrievably gone. It is no use to wring the hands now and say, "Give me back my youth again."

The tragedy of the soul that goes wrong. It stood once with the light in its face and then plunged into the outer darkness. Once it walked the good road, then later turned down the left-hand way into sin. This soul was misdirected because self-directed. May be in the far-off years the eyes will be opened; but the way is long and time too short to come back and begin life over once more. This soul may repent and be saved, still the life behind it is lost. Who can tell of the horror of him who awakes for a brief moment in his coffin only to know that he is buried? Yet is this any worse than the feelings of the man who awakes in old age to realize that his life has all been in vain? Tragedy, you say? Yes, deep and full of sorrow.

Note the tragedy of the small soul—one which has not been widened by lofty thought, broad interests, noble purposes. This soul came to the estate of manhood or womanhood, yet never left childish things. There are grown people who spend their time playing with rattles and blowing bubbles for fun, who dress up and play make believe that they are human beings. This is worse than retarded physical growth, worse than deformity of body, and the pathos of it is seen in the fact that they are all unconscious of the smallness of their souls and lives. Their friends and kindred weep over them in secret places and talk in hushed voices over this grief more terrible than that of a child coming into the world having no mind.

Once more, it is tragedy to live in a spiritual world and not be able to discern the things of the spirit. What would you say of one who was on the earth yet could neither feel, hear, taste, smell nor see? Would you not declare that for all practical purposes he was dead? So it is in the spiritual realm—people have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, and they do not feel. Flash the brightest light before them, play the sweetest music unto them, tell over to them the marvelous things of the

eternal kingdom, and it is as though you had spoken to a tree, so dull and so senseless are they to moral truth. Unless they go to One who is greater than all else, let Him say to the closed senses, "Be ye opened," they will die without knowing. Is anything more tragic than to die without knowing the things which make for your eternal peace?

A little child who loses faith; a wasted life; a soul that goes wrong; the soul that should have been large but remained small instead; a spirit that is blind to its own chief good—these are things which should cause angels to weep and men to repent.

A Needed Invention.

They were coming into the city from their suburban homes in an aeroplane. Brown was reading the fifth early morning edition of a metropolitan daily. Brown observed: "I see advertised in this paper an entirely new thing. A kind of vest that 'cures every disease without the use of medicine.' The cut is a picture of a one-armed man with a waxed mustache and a bad eye, who stands in an Ajax defying the lightning position, with his hand on his hip pocket, ready to shoot any one who says the vest will not do what it is represented to do."

"The world is getting overrun with these magnetic things," remarked Jones, as he elevated the aeroplane into another current of air. And then he continued to philosophize on the subject: "They have breast-pads, knee-pads, electric soles for shoes, electric brushes, and everything else a man can think of, and the probabilities are that ere ten years around, somebody will invent an electric string that a man can tie around his finger and then go out and bid grim Death defiance. What the world needs is an electric hat, for the fellow who has been out with the boys nearly all night, and wakes up in the morning with every hair standing the wrong way and trying to pull out by the roots, and his scalp so dry that it feels like an old army blanket, and his nerves so badly shattered that he turns his cup of coffee down his left sleeve instead of down his throat. Then is when the electric hat would come in, and if anybody will invent one it will be a perfect bonanza. Just think of putting it on the head and feeling a gentle glow come into the weary stomach; a cool relief to the throbbing brow; a dewy moisture to the parched tongue, and above all a relief from that 'Feel-like-I-had-been-dragged-through-a-sewer' feeling, that always comes after—oh—oh, well, unless you have been there you never will appreciate the divine beauty of the electric hat."

"Umph! Yes; I guess so," replied Brown, who observed also that "we are nearing our stopping place"—Everything.

NEGRO HELD UP AND ROBBED.

Three White Men Accused of Crime. Happened in East Laurinburg.

Tuesday afternoon about 5:30 o'clock, as John Brown, a colored man, was coming from East Laurinburg on the track of the Seaboard to his work at the Scotland Crate Co., where he is employed at night, three white men, who are said by the negro to have been Jim West and Vernon Cannon and another unknown to him, met him and at the point of a pistol compelled him to submit to being relieved of his watch and chain. After robbing the negro the highwaymen beat him up right severely and escaped.

Officers have not been able to locate any of those suspected of the crime.

West, it is said, visited the place at which Brown is employed Monday night and tried to buy the watch from him, but could not induce the negro to sell. Cannon is a new citizen, having come here from McColl, S. C., only a few days ago.

M'NAIR MILLING CO.

A NEW ENTERPRISE

Local Corporation to Build Large Flour Mill Here—Contracts Let and Building Under Course of Construction—Will Manufacture Flour, Meal and Feed Stuff. Machinery Purchased.

BASEBALL TEAM RESTING.

Nothing Doing for Two Weeks—Teams to Be Strengthened.

The local fans and fannabells will hear with great disappointment that there will be no baseball games on the local lot for two weeks. But it will be glad news to them to know that after that time there will be baseball a plenty and of the best variety. Right now all of Scotland county is busy gathering and shipping the mammoth cantaloupe crop that lies ripening on hundreds, even thousands, acres, and nobody has time to think of the great game or anything but getting those luscious cantaloupes picked and shipped to the market.

Within two weeks the crop will be gone and the population will settle down to normal conditions and be red hot for more baseball.

In the meantime a strong team will be gotten together and the lovers of the sport will be given an opportunity of seeing some of the real article.

Red Litchfield is playing during the two weeks with Lumberton, but will return to Laurinburg when the team is reorganized. Ralph Thompson, who has been catching for the team a part of the time, has gone to Greenville, where he will play with the Greenville team.

How to Make and Keep the Road Dry.

Water, plus clay or ordinary earth, when mixed, invariably forms mud. On ordinary earth roads the rains and melting snow furnish the water and the passing traffic the mixing, and the result is muddy roads. Take away the water or prevent it from mixing with the clay or earth on the road surface and little or no mud will result. In other words, keep your road dry if you wish it to remain hard, smooth and free from mud.

Except in very sandy or arid regions, good drainage is the cardinal principle in the maintenance of earth and gravel roads. Get the water away from the road as quickly and completely as possible. Water naturally seeks the lowest level. You cannot keep the water from falling on the road, but you can assist its natural inclination to get away to a lower level. Keep the ruts filled and the road crowned with a slope towards the side ditches of from three-fourths to one inch to the foot, and the water will not collect on the road to soak in and be mixed to mud by passing traffic. Keep the side ditches clean and with frequent outlets to get the water away from the road entirely. Do not let the culverts clog up or material accumulate in the ditches and hold back pools of water to soak into and soften the foundation of your road. Water is an enemy that will run away if you will give it a chance. Do not neglect to give it every chance. It will pay and pay well.

Like most other enemies, water is not very destructive or dangerous until it collects in force. Therefore, get the water away from your road at every available opportunity and before it has time to collect in sufficient volume to be dangerous to the road, and do not invite certain disaster by making your culverts too small to care for the largest possible storm. Furthermore, build the culverts so that the water will, of necessity, flow through them and not find a way around or beneath them. Properly designed substantial wing and end walls are the fortification which protect the culvert from attack and destruction during severe storms. Do not build dry weather culverts; build them with a view of caring for and protecting the road during the worst possible storms.

Make your road dry, build it hard and compact with a crown sufficient to shed water rapidly

The McNair Milling Co. is the name of one of Laurinburg's latest enterprises. The company has recently been organized and received its charter. The incorporators are Messrs. J. F. McNair and James A. Jones, of Laurinburg, and R. L. Stevenson, of Greenville, S. C.

The company will manufacture flour, meal and feedstuffs, and the equipment they are putting in will turn out 100 barrels of flour, 100 bags of meal and 35 tons of feedstuff per day.

The contract for the building, which is now under course of construction, was let to the Barber-Paschal Lumber Co., of Maxton. The building is to be 40 by 70 feet, four stories, and is to be completed within 60 days.

The actual cost of the plant will approximate \$20,000—this, however, does not include the capital which is to be used for operating the plant.

This enterprise is one that Laurinburg has found the need of, and as soon as these enterprising citizens recognized the need, no time was lost in making the business a reality.

Mr. Stevenson will come to Laurinburg and have active control of the affairs of the company. Officers for the company have not yet been elected.

The plant will be located near the Laurinburg & Southern Railway.

The cantaloupe crop promises to be unusual in that it will be rather long drawn out. Heretofore the crop has been ripening in a rush, and before the second week of gathering came around the bulk of the crop was moving. This year the picking began early, a great many think too early; at any rate, some have been picking ten days, while others have only just begun. A good many of the earliest shipments were made before the 'lopes were ripe enough and some kick was heard. The best, most selected part of the crop is to move yet. Prices are very good. Monday only 20 cars moved from here.

There is a lively contest between the Blue's and the Red's, two departments of the Baptist Sunday school, to see which department will have in attendance the greatest number of pupils for a given time. Last Sunday the Red's won the honors by having 78 present, while the Blue's only had 58 present.

Mr. S. W. Covington has received his commission as United States Commissioner. The appointment was made some days ago. The office is a part of the legal machinery of the new Federal Court established here some months ago, the first session of which is scheduled to be held here in September.

to the side ditches, and with ample culverts and drains. To keep your road dry maintain the drainage in good condition. Drag your roads after each rain; dragging fills in the ruts, smooths the surface and maintains the crown. On a road which has been properly dragged the rain finds no place to collect and soak into and soften the surface. Unless the rain is of long duration the surface is softened but very little. As soon as the rain has ceased and the road surface dried so that the clay is not sticky, but while it is still plastic, drag the road again. Any depression or ruts which have been formed during and after the rain are thus filled, and the surface smoothed up and plastered over with a thin plaster of clay or earth which packs and becomes very hard under passing traffic. Therefore, in order to make and keep your road dry, first provide for good drainage and then maintain the good drainage by systematic dragging after each rain. Diligent attention to these points will, in general, insure an earth road fairly passable at all times and very good most of the time.