

The Laurinburg Exchange

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LIEUT. ALEX L. JAMES ONE OF PRESIDENTS AIDS

Laurinburg Man Honored—Is Selected As One of President Wilson's Aids for the Winter.

It will be quite interesting to the large circle of his Laurinburg friends, to know that Lieut. Alex L. James, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. James, because of his eminent fitness, has been selected as one of the aids to President Wilson for the winter.

The selection of one for this post is quite a distinction, and a great compliment to one's fitness for the discharge of the peculiar and careful duties that come with the distinction.

The aids are selected from both the army and navy branches of the services. Regarding the appointment of the aids and their duties, we clip the following from the Washington Star:

Now that the aids are selected and the White House social calendar announced, the leaders of smart and official society are busily preparing their dates, and the social secretary has come into her own; for notwithstanding there is a great war raging, this is to be a brilliant social season.

The arrangement of this social program has been pronounced by diplomats and authorities in the etiquette of precedence a masterpiece which would do honor to the most noted arbiter of court etiquette abroad, where such matters are almost questions of life and death, and where a mistake has been known to cause not only strained relations between foreign countries but has actually brought on war.

It is a trying situation which confronts official entertainers this winter, when the representatives of the countries at war are to be entertained and a distinguished company of notables asked to meet them. It is like touching a live wire, or the problem of the young lady who is granted leave to go out and swim, but warned not to go near the water.

Washington society, official and unofficial, and particularly the younger set, is always on the qui vive until the social aids for duty at the White House during the winter season have been assigned, or rather nominated, as Col. William W. Harts, chief military aid to the President, so nicely puts it. This sets the social ball rolling, and the next thing to be desired is the official calendar for the state functions, for no hostess can arrange her series of dinners, balls and receptions until she knows what the White House program is to be. An invitation from the President is considered a command, and the best-natured hostess in the world does not like to see a guest of honor snatched from her very dinner table at the last moment because of an invitation to the White House.

Col. Harts, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and superintendent of public buildings and grounds, upon whom the duty devolves of selecting the social aids who are to assist the President in entertaining his guests at the large entertainments, has left nothing to be desired in the way of picked men, fit and with all the accomplishments required in this trying position.

There will be bachelors in plenty; eleven out of the thirteen aids to act as squire of dames will assist in keeping in order the line of impatient and often weary guests who are waiting to pass before the receiving party at one of the official receptions such as the Army and Navy one, or the one to the Supreme Court, when several thousand invitations are issued. These social attaches must possess savoir faire, be good linguists, good dancers and all-round agreeable men. Several of those selected by Col. Harts are twenty-eight and under, and several more are around thirty-five, the ideal age for a bachelor.

Now, while there are thirteen aids named for duty as assistants to the President, as a matter of fact there are usually only five whose services are required; the other eight are what Col. Harts calls the "reserve force," who hold themselves in readiness to serve at the large state receptions, dinners with the President, or detailed as escort for a visiting dignitary. These thirteen men are all on duty in the different departments here, and as their services for these social affairs are seldom required until after office hours are over or in the evenings it does not interfere in any way with their routine work.

Capt. Richard P. Williams, who is the crack shot of the Marine Corps, is also in the bachelor class with Dr. Grayson and Commander Fisher. Lieut. Paul H. Bastedo and Lieut. Charles E. Battle, also from Georgia, which is Capt. Williams' state, are of the navy.

The army is represented by Lieut. Bradford C. Chynoweth, Engineer

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME BURNED

Mr. D. W. L. Smith Loses Home by Fire—Church to be Moved to Wagram—Wagram-Riverton Items.

Mr. R. L. McMillan, after spending the holidays with his mother, is leaving to complete his law course in Columbia University.

Mr. McNatt Conoley is rapidly gathering new material for a new residence on his farm near Wagram. Rumors are gathering as rapidly as the building material.

Mr. D. W. L. Smith's beautiful residence in Riverton was burned to the ground today. This occurred during the noon hour, therefore the ringing of the farm bell did not attract a crowd as rapidly as it would have done at any other hour, as those who heard it thought it the usual noon bell. Almost everything was lost except what a small band of helpers could quickly save. Mr. Smith will live with his aunt at the old Livingston homestead until he rebuilds.

Mr. E. C. Smith, of Wagram, who was successfully operated upon at Baltimore will, we are glad to learn, will be at home again about the 16th.

Your reporter interviewed Aunt Caroline Livingston, who is a very close student of affairs militant in Europe. Not quoting verbatim, I will say she is shedding no tears over the physical misfortunes of Germany's Emperor.

Wagram will soon begin the erection of a brick bank building and two or three new brick stores.

The Baptists of Spring Hill have decided to move the church to Wagram. They now have \$10,000 subscribed toward the construction of their new church.

At present I withhold the name of an enterprising business man who owns the water power and is quickly investigating the practicability of lighting Wagram and community with electricity. This enterprise should receive the staunchest support from every citizen.

We regret that some of our bachelor township road commissioners travel over the road through Riverton so seldom. Not that we wish to estrange them from the "Lost Cause" elsewhere—but primarily that they might become acquainted with a much abused road of their construction. Might we drop a slight hint? This is leap year. The above mentioned bachelors are eligible in the word's fullest meaning. Each can be found living on a most properly built and very well maintained sand clay road. Snatch them from their environments. Carry them on a tour of discovery over the Riverton road. Give them a lasting vision of romance in Riverside Park. If you are tactful you can smooth out the rough places in life—and the Riverton road.

January 11th.

Wilmington Pleased. The managers of the opera house wired the manager of the Wilmington opera house yesterday asking about the Harry Stewart Company, which is booked to play here Monday night, and received a telegram from Manager Bailey of Wilmington stating that the Harry Stewart Company gave entire satisfaction to his patrons.

Fire Saturday Night. Fire of an unknown origin Saturday night burned a passenger car and a small tool house the property of the Laurinburg & Southern Railroad.

The car was one the railroad first used as a passenger car, but which had been discarded as such. It was being used as a sleeping quarter for some of the section hands, and was located near the railroad on Middleton Heights, the tool house was close by it. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock Saturday night and had made such headway that it was impossible to save either the car or the building.

A colored man, who was sleeping in the car, was slightly burned about the face and hands. He was peacefully sleeping and doubtless would have been burned more seriously, had he not been promptly aroused by some one who discovered the blaze. The loss was a slight one.

Corps; Lieut. Gordon R. Young and Lieut. James A. Dorst of the same branch; Lieut. Alexander L. James of the cavalry, whose uniform will give a brilliant touch to the blue row; Lieut. Edwin M. Watson, "Watson from Virginia," and Lieut. John A. Baird of the coast artillery.

These young men are attached to the social staff of the President because they possess all the social accomplishments requisite to make them useful at dinner parties, balls and receptions.

THINGS PERTAINING TO LIFE

By Harry M. Neeth.

HOW DOES YOUR MONEY COME?

Did it ever give you much concern as to how you get your money? I do not mean as to the amount of it, but as to whether you are honest or dishonest in obtaining it. Is all of it clean and bright, or is some of it dripping with the blood of others or with the filth of your dishonorable doings? How many people have been made dissatisfied to afford you satisfaction? How many made poorer to make you richer?

Perhaps the law was on your side and you did nothing illegally. Still this is not the first time that unscrupulous men have had an unjust law on their side and used it. At any rate, you closed the poor man out, did you not, and turned off the widow who had no defender? And the ignorant negro who did not know one law from another, you made him smart severely. He felt that things were wrong somewhere, but he could not say just where, and no one cared enough to make you deal fairly with him. Any way, it was a common and sinful thing on your part, was it not?

Did you ever receive an extortionate rate of interest on the quiet? As the wrestlers say, "You had him on the hip." He must have some money quickly, and you alone could get it for him, and having the advantage of him you took too much interest. Of course he could have kept you from it if he had put the matter in the court, but you knew well that this was just what he did not want to do. You satisfied your conscience by saying that he needed it bad enough to pay a little extra for it, and that it was nothing more than he should have done under the circumstances, and that you might as well profit by it as for some one else to do so. Or may be you did not pay attention to a little matter like conscience. What had conscience to do with what you were doing, anyway?

As a professional man it was left for you to decide the charge. Was it governed by how much the service was worth, or by what you thought you might get out of the transaction? To what extent was your manhood involved in it? Did you tell them that you charged them more because you thought them able to pay? A fine thing came under my observation some time since. A certain wealthy man passing through a community was taken sick. He called in a physician who was in humble circumstances to wait upon him. He made him a few visits, and when asked afterward for his bill for services and expenses, rendered a statement for a matter of twenty-five dollars. The patient being surprised said, "What do you not know that I am a wealthy man and able to pay you many times more than this?" The physician answered him, "I do not care how much you are worth, my services are worth just this much, and I am charging only for them."

As a business man, how did you represent the goods? What price did you put upon them? Was it according to the real worth of the articles, or did you take advantage of the ignorance of the customer and make a little extra off of him? Do you not remember that with a confidential friend you had a laugh over the incident? About the way you outwitted the customer. But after all let me ask if it was worthy a man of honor to do such a thing? As a workman, what price did you put upon the piece of work? Did you say, "Well, they will not know any better and so I will charge them so much and so much?" How easy it is for you to justify yourself by sympathy and pity and by comparing your actions with those of other people. You claim that you need the money and must have it somehow and so persuade yourself that it is justifiable to get it any way possible, so long as it is done without detection. Then too you say that others are obtaining it in this manner and to keep up with them you must do the same. And beside this others would do you as mean a trick if they could, so you will just keep along with the rest for fear that somebody will think that you are better than they. I wish very much that you were better than they.

Let me beg you to scrutinize very closely your manner of getting money. Look back and see if you have received it unjustly in the past. Note well all the present sources of your income. Straighten up any crooked thing about it all. Better get a small amount and have it come clean.

SCOTLAND CITIZEN

MURDERED IN MARLBORO

Mr. Emerson Wright Shot to Death by Laud Quick—Shooting Occurred at Boykin Church.

Early Monday night of last week, Emerson Wright, aged 26 years, a citizen of the Gibson section of the county, was shot and so seriously wounded that he died two days later in the Hamlet Hospital without regaining consciousness.

The shooting occurred about 9 o'clock close to Boykin church, just over the State line, and about two miles from Gibson.

According to the information available, Mr. Wright and his brother, Mr. Manly Wright, were returning from Bennettsville where they had been during the day attending the usual trade day held in that town the first Monday in each month. At Boykin church they met three men, Messrs. Laud and Ed Quick and Frank Stanton, all Marlboro people. The place of meeting was a close one in the road, and in passing, the Wright brothers, necessarily passed close to the other parties. As the teams were passing, Laud Quick, it is said, cursed Smith and said: "you had better drive over us," to which Emerson Smith replied "you needn't talk so big about it."

At this time, Quick caught hold of Smith and pulled him out of his buggy and knocked him down. Smith, as soon as he could get up, returned to his buggy and started driving off. About this time three pistol shots rang out. Two of them missed their mark, the third entering the back of Emerson Smith's head.

Dr. E. A. Livingston was hurriedly called from Gibson and at once realizing the seriousness of the wound hurried the wounded man to Hamlet, where he was placed in the Hamlet Hospital for treatment. The wound was of such a serious nature that no operation was performed. Mr. Wright died Wednesday night without regaining consciousness.

The body was brought to the family home, near Gibson Thursday morning and buried in the family burying ground.

Mr. Wright, who was a son of Mr. Jim Wright, was, it is said, a young man of peaceful and quiet disposition, and the sad ending of his young life has brought much sorrow to many hearts in the county.

It is reported that two of the parties who are thought to be responsible for his death, have been placed under arrest.

Another Account of the Tragedy. Gibson, Jan. 7.—Emerson Wright, of this place, died yesterday following a wound received Monday night when he was fired on while returning home from Bennettsville. Officers are searching for Laud Quick, who, it is charged, did the shooting.

Mr. Wright went to Bennettsville Monday and was returning home Monday night. About eight o'clock two miles west of Gibson, he drove up near a buggy and told the parties that he was in a hurry to get home and would drive by them. Some one in the other buggy told him that he would kill the first one who attempted to drive by him. Mr. Wright, of course thought he was only joking with him and kept on driving. Just as he got in front of the buggy some one fired four times, the last ball hitting Mr. Wright in the back of the neck.

He was hurried to the Hamlet Hospital, at which place he died yesterday morning at 12:30 o'clock.

His remains were brought to Gibson on yesterday morning's train and were buried this morning at the Wright cemetery near his home.

Mr. Wright was from one of the best families in this section and his bereaved ones have many friends who sympathize with them in their sorrow.

First Sale.

The first sale of the year that is offered by Frank Thornton, of Fayetteville, is now on as will be noted from an advertisement in another part of this paper. Mr. Thornton uses the columns of this paper to advertise his business even though it is in Fayetteville, because of the fact that this paper goes to a great army of readers that he wants to reach, and from whom he gets a liberal patronage. He could not reach them in any way that will get him such satisfactory results, as the use of our columns.

Editors often comment on the sanctity of the modern woman's attire, but seldom close their eyes as she passes by.

If congress will pass a law for premeditated bill collectors we'll vote right and vote often or any other way.

A correspondent wants to know whether a "cheap skate" is a man or a human being. Neither one—just cheap skate.

Here's to America, land of freedom, where every man is a presidential possibility and darned few are probabilities.

ANGUS McLaurin BEFORE WASHINGTON AUDIENCE

Laurinburg Lad Before Pan American Congress—Complimented by the President's Daughter.

Master Thomas Neal recently received a letter from his aunt, Mrs. John H. Bell, who resides in the city of Washington, D. C. It appears that while the Pan American Congress was in session in that city, there was a public entertainment or exhibition given in that palatial hotel, the New Willard, showing what progress had been made in the education of the children who are born deaf and dumb.

The letter goes on to say: "Your cousin Helen and I went out yesterday evening to the New Willard to hear some of the most celebrated men and women in the world speak on the advancement made in teaching deaf mutes. Now who you suppose came rushing up to me saying 'Thomas Neal's auntie,' 'Thomas Neal's auntie', and lo and behold it was little Angus McLaurin, who was out to supper with you when I was in Laurinburg. I was delighted to see him and so pleased that he remembered me. Some of the teachers were showing to the Pan American delegates from South America what our people had achieved in that line of education. I saw Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, put her arms around the boy's neck, and when Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, whom your father will tell you is one of the great men of this day. Angus was invited to go to the stage and write his name and residence on the blackboard. This he did in a plain legible hand—Angus McLaurin, Laurinburg, North Carolina. He was then requested to announce what he had written, and when he did so, the audience cheered him. He looked so sweet and handsome. I sent to the stage for him and introduced him to your cousins Lizett and Helen Hughes."

Angus McLaurin is the son of Sheriff W. D. McLaurin, and is one of the brightest and most interesting lads that Laurinburg has produced in many years.

He is today celebrating his twelfth birthday, and his father is spending the time with him in Washington, for which place he left Tuesday evening.

Death of Mrs. Sallie Norris. (Communicated.) In East Laurinburg on January 8th at about seven o'clock p. m. Mrs. Sallie Norris departed this life, being about fifty-two years old.

Mrs. Norris was born in Marion county, South Carolina, but had lived here for about twelve years. Her last illness was not of a very long duration, being something like two weeks. Her life had counted for much here. She was a most devoted member of the East Laurinburg Methodist church. Whenever or wherever she could serve the suffering it was her joy to do so. Her friends were many, she was a most devoted mother and grandmother. She was not educated in the schools, but she had long cut at Jesus' feet and had learned of Him.

The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. B. Thompson in the East Laurinburg Methodist church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A crowded house was one of the evidences of the esteem in which she was held. After the funeral service her body was laid to rest in the city cemetery, till God shall summon it to the skies.

The church and community heartily sympathize with the sorrowing ones.

Doones-Jones. The announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Peter D. Jones, of Laurinburg, R. F. D. No. 3, to Mr. J. F. Doones, of Hamlet, which occurred Wednesday night of last week, came as an interesting surprise to their many friends.

The marriage was performed by Rev. Mr. Harold, Baptist minister of Hamlet.

Mrs. Doones is the widow of the late Peter D. Jones, and has many friends and relatives in Scotland county. Mr. Doones is a lumber manufacturer and dealer of Hamlet.

The Exchange joins their many friends in wishing for them a full measure of happiness.

Card of Thanks. The family of Mrs. Sallie Norris wishes to return thanks to all the many friends who so kindly lent aid in so many ways during her sickness and at the time of her death and burial.

The Family.