

Goldsboro Semi-Weekly Argus.

\$1.00 a Year.

"This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;

No soothing strains of Maia's son
Shall lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

\$1.00 a Year

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MR. WEIL IN PALESTINE

New Reason Why the Whale Retained Jonah For Three Days.

He Visits Jaffa, Bethlehem, the Plain
of Sharon and Jerusalem, and
Writes Most Interestingly
of All He Saw.

Dear "Joe Argus":

Jaffa lies upon the open sea; it has no harbor, and it is only under unfavorable conditions that a small vessel can effect a landing. Our captain gives us little encouragement to count for a certainty on making the port; in fact, the week before our arrival a steamer sailed the coast for some days, and finally had to give it up, without landing its passengers. All steamers, even in landing, have to anchor about two miles away and convey the passengers in small boats, which have to make a passage between ledges of rocks that jut out of the water and which cannot be seen in a high sea. It is no wonder that the whale found it difficult to discharge Jonah without stranding itself and had to wait three days for a favorable opportunity. By the way, the unique adventure of the prophet brings to my mind that he must have, in a manner, anticipated the cigar-shaped submerged sea vessels.

We were very fortunate, however, in respect to landing. The morning of our arrival the sea was very calm and we reached the landing stage without any incident—only that we were made to pay what we considered an extravagant price for the short trip from our steamer to the town. How could we have expected otherwise, as we were literally in the hands of the Philistines. A later experience of mine demonstrated this fact even more plainly. It was when I engaged a carriage for a few hours' drive. The driver of the conveyance named his price, to which I agreed; but one of the guides accompanying us insisted that he should charge a greater amount—undoubtedly so he could get the overplus. It was only after I threatened to leave the carriage that he agreed to the terms first made.

We start out to see the sights of the city, which are few. We visited the house of Simon the Tanner, which is nothing more than a large vaulted room, built of stone. A deep well with a stone curb is just outside the door. This is quite much worn by constant use in drawing the water. Simon probably tanned with it. But if this is really the original house, I can't see how he could have shown much hospitality to such a distinguished guest as St. Peter, whom he is supposed to have entertained here.

Jaffa is not a very large town, and I should highly recommend a bond issue for street improvements, for the streets are very dirty and have no drainage; however, it may be possible that the inhabitants prefer the streets to match their own appearance, in which event no changes are necessary.

The gardens and environs of Jaffa are noted for the prolific growth of oranges. We take a drive alongside some of these gardens. The road is lined by cactus hedges. It is, indeed, a beautiful sight to see these large orange groves, laden with fruit to their utmost capacity. The fruit is of excellent quality; they are more juicy and of a finer flavor than any other oranges.

We are now in the Plain of Sharon. The country looks so enticing that we conclude to ride through it as far as the time at our disposal allows us. This part of Palestine is the best and most highly cultivated land; it stretches from the sea to the foothills of Judea a distance of some fifteen miles, and is probably some forty miles long. The principal crops are grasses, wheat, oats, Indian corn, and occasionally you see orange and olive trees. The mode of cultivation is rather primitive, as in the case of most Eastern countries. There are a great many flowers growing wild, mostly poppies and other varieties, such as are grown in the United States. I looked in vain for the Rose of Sharon. Our guide later told me that the rose of Sharon is in reality not a rose, but more on the order of a peony. About two miles north of Jaffa we approach two hills perfectly cone shaped and probably seventy-five feet high, an unusual sight in a perfectly level plain. Our guide tells us that Napoleon, when invading this country, threw up these mounds and planted his artillery here, and in this manner bombarded and conquered the city, which was impossible for him to do with his fleet.

It was somewhere near this place that the massacre of Jaffa occurred. This was in the last year of the eighteenth century, after Napoleon's disastrous Egyptian campaign. No doubt many of my readers have read how this cruel Corsican murdered 4,000 Albanian soldiers in cold blood. These had surrendered Jaffa on condition that their lives should be spared, which condition had been acceded to. The only excuse the Emperor could give for this act was that he could not spare a sufficient force of men and provisions to guard and take care of them.

A little further inland we see what appears to us a settlement of modern stone houses, surrounded by orchards. As we drive up we find the lands are better tilled and the whole surroundings more like a German village which it really is. I find it a settlement from Wurtemberg (my own native country). They belong to a sect of Adventists (a devout religious sect) who acquired a strip of land from the Turkish government. They erected substantial dwelling houses, a church, a first-class school, where, with German thoroughness, Latin, English and other languages are taught, as well as higher mathematics; an excellent education may be obtained. We stopped at the inn of this colony for lunch, which we had served in the open under the shade of a tree, and we enjoyed it, along with some imported German beer. Our landlady was rather uncommunicative and our guide had to supply us with all the information we eagerly sought—and he was not a very excellent English scholar, though otherwise well informed. It happened he brought his mail along unopened. As he opened one of his letters he remarked, "Here is a letter I just received from America." It was a letter from a lady of Wilmington, N. C., a Mrs. Latimer, who thanked him for a commission he executed for her so satisfactorily. He had guided her and a party of friends a few years before through Palestine.

In asking as to the object of the colonists we learned that unlike the Americans, they did not come here for the purpose of making money and repelling the idea. They had a hard struggle to maintain themselves, their sole purpose was to reclaim the land and make it fit for the expected day of jubilee. The Jews from all parts of the world, they say, are to return to Palestine, and there is to issue out of the Holy Land a new divine impulse, which is to be the regeneration and salvation of the world.

We would like to have gone further into the Plain of Sharon, but our limited time forbade; so we returned to Jaffa and our steamer, to be ready to take the train next morning for Jerusalem. We were fortunate in making our steamer, also another good land trip the next day. We further played in luck in securing good accommodations in Jerusalem. There is, practically speaking, but one good hotel in the city, and that was filled with an excursion from the steamship Arabic, but these excursionists came back just as we got ready to take the train. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is fifty-three miles by a narrow gauge railroad, and it takes about four and one-half hours to make the trip. Yet the time passed almost too quickly. The first stopping place was Lydda, which lies about midway in the Plain of Sharon. It is an uninteresting, small village of mud-daubed farmhouses. From this point we can plainly see in the sunlight the greyish looking Hills of Judea.

We stop at Ramleh next. This lies just at the foot of the mountains, and is a place of importance mainly on account of its historical memories, for it was here that Samuel judged the people when they demanded a king. It was the northern border of the land of the Philistines, who caused so much trouble to the children of Israel. To the west is a little Arab village, which was Ekron in the Old Testament times. Several miles to the north is the Hill of Gezer with its ruins of the ancient city, which was presented to Solomon's Egyptian wife as a dowry by her father. Nearby was the town of Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. It was in this valley that the Philistines held the Ark before they returned it to the Israelites. As we go a little higher up the mountain our guides point out, high in the rocks, a grotto called Samson's Cavern.

As we wind our way around a tortuous route, following the once fertile watercourses, we come to the station called "Bitter," which was at one time strongly fortified, and is the place where the Jews made their last stand against the Roman legions under Titus, where seventy thousand of them were slain after a siege of three years. Our train is besieged by a large number of children, who offer flowers and oranges for sale and will not be refused. A gallant Turk who traveled in our car made a considerable purchase of both and presented them to the ladies of our party. We regretted that we could not make ourselves understood, as he looked intelligent and might have given us some valuable information about the country and habits of the people.

As we ascend, the country gets more and more barren and the habitations fewer. It seems inconceivable how anyone can make his existence by tilling the soil here; by nature it should be rich, as the soil has been fertilized by the blood of people for the last thirty centuries—and who knows how many more? Men have killed each other here in the name of all the gods. Here war has been waged in the name of the Assyrian, Philistine, and Egyptian deities; none less in the name of the Great Jehovah and the gentle Nazarene; and for a thousand years in the name of Allah. This soil has been drenched with the blood of millions of men and women for religion's sake, and yet it is still sterile; perhaps it still rests under the curse.

We are anxious to get a sight of Jerusalem, but our train does not emerge from mountain gorges until we are fairly on top of the plateau. My heart beats a little faster as our train stops and across the Valley of Hinnom we catch sight of the Citadel of Zion.

Jerusalem proper is not a large city, as people would naturally imagine it to be. The present city wall, which is said to cover even a larger area than in the days of King David, hardly covers as much ground as Goldsboro, as the circumference of the wall measures but about two and a half miles. A good part of the modern city, or the new Jerusalem, if this term does not sound irreverent, lies outside the walls. To describe the city within the limits of a letter would be difficult. I will therefore only give a short sketch.

As we approach it from the station we are but a short distance from the Jaffa Gate, which we enter, crossing the Valley of Hinnom and over the dam of the Pool of Hezekiah. We pass by the Tower of David as we enter the gate, which forms a corner of Zion (the upper part of the city). This is at present occupied by a garrison of Turkish soldiers and much of the remainder is known as the Armenian quarter. The other parts of the city are occupied by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. In point of numbers the Jews are in the ascendancy. The entire population of the city is estimated at 80,000. The streets are very narrow and dirty. The principal business street, on which most of the shops are situated, is called David Street. This is about twelve feet wide, and most of the other streets are narrower. With the exception of an open plaza near the Jaffa Gate no team can drive through the city. The houses are generally low with flat roofs, but many of them go far into the ground, no doubt to lower former habitations, for it is conceded that much of the ancient city lay some forty feet or more below the present foundations.

The poverty and squalor to be found here is heartrending. Notwithstanding the fact that a great deal of money is being sent here from all parts of the world to be distributed among the poor, it either misses its proper aim, else the people are too indigent, perhaps both. In walking through these narrow lanes called streets one has to be very careful to keep from falling or stumbling; they are terraced at irregular intervals, and on account of their crowded condition one can see only a little distance ahead; besides, you often have to halt to make room for donkeys and camels, which with their loads fill up the entire width.

Arriving in the city on Friday evening our first visit was to the walling wall of the Jews, as this was our only opportunity to witness the prayers and ceremonies which occur every Friday evening. Quite a large number of them gather here to bemoan the destruction of the Temple and the Jewish commonwealth and pray for their restoration. This wall forms part of the Temple enclosure, but is on the outside of it and within the city. The orthodox Jews never come within the Temple area for fear they may tread on the spot where the Holy of Holies was located.

There are so many interesting places that carry one's thoughts back to Bible history to be seen in and around Jerusalem that we have to employ the short time we have here to the best advantage in sightseeing and only try to see such as appeals to us as most interesting.

We visit the Temple area. It is located in the southwestern part of the city. Two of its outer walls form part of the city walls. This area covers thirty-six acres and is paved with large flagstones. Near the center of this space is a raised plateau which is reached by flights of stone stairs and covers nearly one-fourth of the Temple area. In the center of this space and supposed to be on the spot where Solomon's Temple stood, stands the Mosque of Omar. It is an octagonal building, with a large dome in the center, rising to a height of 115 feet. The interior, with its variegated colored marble columns, its beautiful tiling, its exquisite stained glass windows, its bronze hand-made railing, its costly Oriental rugs covering the floor, combined, make it a masterpiece

of beauty. In the centre of the mosque is the main feature of interest. It is said to be the rock on which Abraham was to have offered Isaac as a sacrifice and which David purchased from the Jebusites, used by him as a threshing floor, and later where the Ark of the Covenant is said to have rested in the Holy of Holies in the Temple. It is the rock on which the Mohammedans claim the Prophet of Allah was last prayers and where he went to Heaven. The rock was about to follow him, but was held down by the Angel Gabriel. They also have many more sacred traditions connected with this rock. Underneath the Temple area, which we reach by stone stairway, are immense vaulted passages and spaces, the floor of which lies some thirty feet below the upper pavement. These spaces are capable of quartering a good sized army, and were probably formerly used for the purpose. On the northwest corner the Fortress of Antonia used to stand, and is where many hard-fought battles occurred. As you go up a flight of steps to the top of the wall you get a fine view of the Mount of Olives, which is divided from the city by the Valley of Kedron and Jehoshaphat. The crest of this mountain is now occupied by a Russian Hospice, on which also stands a high tower; from its top one can overlook practically the whole of Palestine, from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, as well as the Mountains of Moab. Jerusalem itself lies about 150 feet below the Mount of Olives, near the foot of which is the Garden of Gethsemane, which was the object of a later visit by us.

We visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is reached by some narrow streets. It stands at the end of a small open square, in which are always found a squad of Turkish guards, which are largely increased on holidays to keep peace, as there are frequent scraps between the various sects of Latins, Greeks, Syrians, Copts and Armenians, each of which owns its particular shrine and regards the others as intruders. You can see here pilgrims from all over the world, and one has to take his turn to be guided through the church and have the various spots of interest explained. The site of this church is supposed to have been the real Calvary, but General Gordon located it outside the city walls and the topography and locations coincides nearer with the description as given in the Gospels.

We tried to visit the tombs of the kings, but could get no admittance from the Turkish guards. In the Via Dolorosa, another narrow street, our guide points out where the house of Pilate stood. The Tower of David, to which I have alluded before, is on a conspicuous place; part of the foundation walls of this tower, as also a good part of Zion, are conceded to be the original foundation built by King David. The stones are large and massive; they stand upwards to the wall.

The Germans are building a magnificent church in Zion, which is nearing completion; it was started some years ago after Emperor William's pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

On the outside and immediately surrounding the walls are numerous graveyards, where undoubtedly tombs are built, one on top of another, to a considerable depth for many centuries. On the day of resurrection, as seen by the Prophet Ezekiel, there will, indeed, be "an exceeding great army" around Jerusalem.

Across the Valley of Jehoshaphat three conspicuous mausoleums are to be seen, namely those of Absalom, St. James and Zachariah. A little higher up, near the Garden of Gethsemane, is the tomb of the Virgin Mary. On the other side of the city we visit some tombs cut out of solid rock, which, however, are empty now, and supposed to be the tombs of the prophets. This, however, lacks authenticity.

Jericho and the Jordan are in our itinerary. We make an early start, for this trip is a hard one to make. Our caravan consists of about a dozen carriages drawn by three horses each, and but three persons are allotted to each carriage. We are accompanied by two dragomans, one in front and one in the rear of the carriages. They are traveling arsenals; each carries a gun, several pistols and bowie knives. This precaution is taken because there are at times robberies committed in this country. The road is not a very bad, one but for the fact that it constantly leads up and down steep hills and its final destination on the banks of the Jordan lies about 3,800 feet below Jerusalem and some 1,300 feet below sea level. We pass the Garden of Gethsemane, over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. Thence we go down to the valley which marks the boundary line between Judah, Benjamin and another tribe which I have forgotten. Here is also a spring of water from which Jesus and his disciples drank; it is the only water-lifting, its exquisite stained glass windows, its bronze hand-made railing, its costly Oriental rugs covering the floor, combined, make it a masterpiece

ed. The whole country looks desolate and uninhabited, scarcely a tree is to be seen and rarely any spot of land that is cultivated. There are signs, however, that many years ago these hillsides were in cultivation, there being traces of terraces on the mountain slopes.

We finally reach the site of ancient Jericho, on which stands some poorly built mud-houses and a few hotels which are patronized by tourists. Some German archaeologists are now engaged in excavating; they claim to have uncovered some of the ancient city walls. Close by is Elisba's Fountain, and up a rugged mountain is the wilderness where Christ is supposed to have been tempted by the Devil. We drive over the Plain of Jericho, a barren country which has all the appearance of once having been very fertile land and known as the "land flowing with milk and honey," and soon are on the edge of the Dead Sea. You see no signs of life except a few vendors of souvenirs inhabiting a hut. The waters are bitter and salty, containing a large amount of chloride of magnesium; in solution one-fourth is said to be solid matter, and no living animal is ever found in this sea. About two miles further up we strike the ford of the river Jordan. Many events, according to Bible history, have taken place here. The Israelites are supposed to have crossed the river here, so also the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Here is where the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist took place. Here also Simon the Leper is supposed to have been cured. This place is daily visited by pilgrims of various nationalities. For a novelty our party took a canoe ride a short distance up stream. The current here is very swift and the water quite muddy with red clay. Across the Jordan are the Mountains of Moab. These mountains appear considerably higher than those of Judea, and it was from the former Moses was permitted to see Palestine, whose soil he was not permitted to tread.

After a night's stay in the Tavern of Jericho we hastened back to Jerusalem. On our way we visited what was pointed out to us as the house of Martha and Mary, also the tomb of Lazarus and the Church of the Lord's Prayer at Mount Olivet. This derives its name because the Lord's Prayer is engraved in marble tablets in all known languages.

We also visit the Garden of Gethsemane, a beautifully kept garden, in size about one acre, surrounded by a stone wall. In this garden Christ walked the night before the crucifixion. On the outside of the wall I saw quite a lot of beggars, sitting against the wall with palms outstretched for alms. Their appearance was abhorrent. As I approached them I saw some were almost blind, others without fingers, still other without ears, and hardly any noses. I was prevented from laying some small coins in their hands by some of my companions who called me back peremptorily, saying "They are lepers." I did not realize until then that these unfortunate people were suffering from this loathsome and incurable disease.

Our next trip was to Bethlehem, only some sixteen miles east of the city over a very good road. We visited the place of Christ's nativity, a large basilica built over the place and to reach it you descend a stairway. It is claimed that the place is authentic. Bethlehem is quite a thriving village; it is celebrated for the manufacture of many articles, souvenirs of Olive wood, many artistic articles carved of shell, and other trinkets. The Bethlehem women are noted for their beauty, a reputation justly earned. Bethlehem, as well as its neighboring country, is associated with many historic events. Just below the village is the valley where the romance of Ruth took place. Here is where David was born, as well as Joab and others of his generals. On the opposite side of the road is pointed out the birthplace of King Saul. The mausoleum or tomb of Rachel stands against the road about halfway from Jerusalem. Near this place many battles were fought between the Israelites and the Philistines.

We have but one day left to visit some of the charitable institutions outside the city. Fortunately I met a man at our hotel (who hailed from my native town in Germany, in fact, was born in my parental home) whose father I knew well. He had charge of a large hospital and volunteered to be our guide. We found quite a number of institutions splendidly conducted; we visited several technical schools, some art schools, training schools, hospitals, and old people's homes. All of them are supported by donations sent here from all parts of the world, and all are deserving institutions. It is a pity that more of the inhabitants of the walled city could not be placed in such institutions—what a lot of suffering could be obviated!

I understand there are several large Jewish agricultural colonies started not far away which are getting along fairly well; yet I consider the Zionist movement criminal, since it has for its purpose the settling of poor Jews

in Palestine on barren soil, especially while many of them already here are living entirely on charity and many almost starving.

We leave early next day for Jaffa, where our steamer awaits us. I regret that our time was so limited in Palestine, as there are other places of interest I should like to have visited.

I fear this letter is too long and tedious to read, but as it will be the last I shall write of my trip, your patient readers will probably feel relieved.

Yours very truly,
HENRY WEIL.

AN ESTIMATE.

Editor Argus:

The writer and numbers of others who have children at school and to whom our splendid graded schools are a source of pride and dear to our hearts, deeply deplore the loss to our schools of such teachers as Miss Florence Mayerberg, who held the chair of history and who has resigned to go to Wilson for increased salary. The question of compensation has its weight with preachers, politicians, professional men and people in all classes of society, and no one can attach any blame to Miss Mayerberg for her action in this regard. If she is worth the additional income to Wilson, she is certainly worth that much to Goldsboro, her home, where her talents are known and should be appreciated in a substantial way. The public schools of Goldsboro have enjoyed an enviable reputation, which has been due largely to the personnel of its faculty. Numbers of them have been sought after and obtained by other towns for the mere pittance of a few dollars increase in salary. The public school teachers of Wayne county are not given sufficient remuneration for their services. If the public school fund is not sufficient to pay our teachers, let us vote for additional taxes and keep the excellent material we have at home.

This is not the only instance that home talent has failed of proper appreciation. In addition to the fitness of Miss Mayerberg for the position, by reason of her studious habits and a mind well stored with historical facts and figures and being well versed in the legends and Greek mythology, her sunny and sweet disposition, even temperament and affable manner mark her deportment in the school room—desirable qualities, which are worthy of emulation and which cannot fail to leave a favorable impression on the minds of the pupils with whom she comes in contact.

A PARENT.

Goldsboro, N. C., August 2, 1909.

Funeral Services of Dr. Swindell.

New Bern Journal.

All that was mortal of the late Rev. F. D. Swindell were brought to this city yesterday morning and tenderly carried to Centenary Church until afternoon, when they were borne to Cedar Grove Cemetery for interment.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the casket with the remains of Dr. Swindell were carried into the auditorium, the following ministers being in the funeral processions: Revs. R. C. Beaman, B. F. Bumpass, P. E. and E. H. Davis, Goldsboro; G. F. Smith, Wilson; J. H. McCracken, Beaufort; H. W. Battle, Kinston; these ministers taking seats on the pulpit platform. A male choir of seven sang during the services, the hymns selected.

Rev. McCracken made the prayer, and Scriptural lessons were read by Revs. Smith and Davis. Dr. Bumpass spoke of having joined the conference twenty-eight years ago, at the same time with the deceased. A simple but touching eulogy was pronounced. Dr. Battle, of the Kinston Baptist Church, spoke most feelingly of his love for deceased brother. Twenty years of acquaintance had only made the affections stronger and deeper. Both speakers and congregation felt the impressive exercises.

The floral offerings were beautiful, the designs being quite large, many of them. Friends from near towns were present.

AND THE YEARS ROLL ON.

Forty-Fifth Anniversary of the Battle of the Crater.

Petersburg, Va., July 30.—Today is the forty-fifth anniversary of the battle of the Crater, in which memorable event General Mahone's division made itself famous by saving Petersburg and capturing 1,300 Federal prisoners.

COL. A. C. DAVIS DELIVERED ADDRESS AT MASONIC PICNIC

Spoke to Twenty-Five Hundred People at Abokite Thursday.

Col. A. C. Davis was the speaker at the regular annual picnic of the Masons of Bertie, Hertford and Northampton counties, held at Abokite Thursday. He spoke to twenty-five hundred people.

DEMOCRATS SHIRKED

Could Have Blocked the Bill Had All of Them Been Present

The Present Outlook Is That the President Will Have the Bill Before
End of Week—Aldrich in
Battle to Stay.

Washington, D. C., August 1.—It is predicted tonight that Congress will complete its work on the tariff this week and that President Taft will sign the bill before Saturday night. There will be some debate in the Senate, of course, but nothing like a filibuster. Southerners are very mad about the action of the conferees in putting cotton bagging on the dutiable list, but there is little promise of a change. It is estimated that seven Western Republican senators will vote against the bill, but there will be enough to pass it.

Five Democrats, Bartlett, of Nevada; Craig, of Alabama; Hitchcock, of Nebraska; Hobson, of Alabama; Russell, of Texas, and Wlesse, of Wisconsin, were not here to vote last night. Brunsard and Estopinal, of Louisiana, voted with the Republicans. The majority was but twelve. Had all of the Democrats been present and voted one way the report would have been rejected. Three Republicans were absent.

The agony is still on; Congress refuses to adjourn and let the weary statesmen return to their homes and loved ones, their dear broken fences and their remunerative law offices. (Most congressmen are lawyers.) There is wailing and gnashing of teeth, if not weeping, in many a political camp. In some hearts, like those of LaFollette, Gore, Tillman, Chambliss and Beveridge, lurks a longing for the lecture platform. These peculiarly fortunate representatives of the people say: "I love my constituents, and my job, but oh, my chataqua!"

The pain, simple Aldrich, with the sturdy gait—the walk like the ox—who never worries about such common things as dollars, constituents and glory, is in the battle to stay. He fights every inch of ground, leaving no stone unturned to further his interests—whatever those interests be. It is said here that while others faint from the heat and fall by the wayside in the thick of conflict, the man from Rhode Island fattens and revels as the fur flies. If President Taft outdoes Mr. Aldrich he must use the big stick; it will not be by cleverness, cunning, industry, or superior generalship.

EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO.

A Thousand Square Miles Devasted by
Seismic Shock and Tidal Wave.

City of Mexico, July 31.—Reports today from every quarter of the 1,000 square miles of territory in Southern Mexico which was devastated by earthquake and tidal wave yesterday bring greswome details of the disaster and the death list is growing with rapidity. Some estimates place the death list at 300. More shocks were felt today.

The government today began giving aid in the stricken quarter. Whole villages along the Pacific coast from Oaxaca to Acapulco were demolished. Families were buried in the debris. Many dead and wounded are pitted with the dying in the debris-cluttered streets. Those who were unscathed have taken to the fields lacking clothing and food. The suffering is intense.

The first quake occurred at four o'clock in the morning and the victims were swept from sleep to death, not knowing what had wrought their doom.

PYTHIAN ORPHANAGE TRUSTEES.

To Meet in Durham August 5 to Settle Location of Site for Home.

The trustees of the Pythian Orphanage will meet in Durham on August 5 at six o'clock to decide definitely on the selection of a site for the home. The committee is composed of the following: George L. Hackney, Asheville, N. C., chairman; Rev. F. R. Law, Charlotte, N. C.; G. Herbert Smith, Crony, N. C.; Thomas H. Webb, Duke, N. C., and J. D. Pridgen, Durham, N. C.

The New Jersey man who attached a photograph to his lawn mower reached the limit and the police pulled him on the spot.

Dr. Elliot has told us what to read and he has also devised a new religion for us, and he should now take a few days off. He needs a long rest.