

MEET WITH TRAGIC END.

Five Aviators Drop to Death When Their Balloon Bursts—Expansion of Gas Under Warm Sunshine is Believed to Have Been Cause of Accident.

Leuchingen, Rheinisch Provinz, Dispatch, 10th.

Oscar Erbsloch, the German aeronaut, who won the international balloon race at St. Louis in 1907, and four companions were killed today when the dirigible balloon Erbsloch burst at a height of several hundred feet and dropped to the earth a crumpled mass.

The cause of the accident is a matter of conjecture but it is believed that the bursting of the bag was due to the expansion of gas by the warm sunshine.

The wreckage fell so heavily that the gondola was broken to bits and the motor buried in the ground. The victims were frightfully torn.

Oscar Erbsloch had made many daring and successful balloon flights. In the St. Louis aerial race when he won the international cup which had been taken the year before by Lieut. Frank P. Lahm at Paris he covered a distance of 876 miles. Starting at St. Louis he landed at Asbury Park, N. J., two miles farther from the point of ascent than his nearest competitor, M. Leblanc of France, who came down at Herbertville.

On February, 1909, Erbsloch made a remarkable balloon trip across the Alps. His balloon, the Berlin, remained in the air for thirty hours, reaching a maximum altitude of about 18,000 feet. An average temperature of about 12 degrees below zero was experienced.

According to these the start was well made. The Erbsloch rose gracefully, pushed its way through the fog to a height estimated at several hundred yards. At this altitude a series of evolutions was begun. To the onlookers the airship appeared to obey her helm perfectly. Suddenly there was a loud report and at the moment the forepart of the vessel crumbled up and the gondola was twisted about until it appeared as though standing on one end. As the gas escaped from the forward compartment the prow swayed downward. For a second the airship fluttered like a wounded bird and then fell swiftly to earth.

Erbsloch and his companions were killed the second they struck the ground. Their heads were battered in and every limb was broken.

An examination of the wreckage showed that the benzine tank had burst, tearing to shreds the rubber envelope directly above it. The destruction of this envelope caused the bow to collapse. The stern compartment was still filled with gas when it struck the ground.

The death of Erbsloch and his crew with the destruction of the balloon for which much had been hoped, following closely upon the loss of Count Zeppelin's Dentschland has caused a gloom in aviation circles.

The dirigible balloon Erbsloch, recently refitted for passenger service, was destroyed in midair today through the explosion of a benzine tank and her aviator, Oscar Erbsloch and his crew of four men dropped to their death.

The bodies of the aviators were frightfully mangled. The gondola was torn to bits and the motor buried itself beneath the surface of the ground.

The victims were men well known to all Germans interested in aerial feats and Erbsloch gained an international reputation when in 1907 at St. Louis he won the international cup in the distance race for balloons.

Her companions were Herr Toelle, a manufacturer of Barmen; two engineers, Herr Kranz and Herr Hoppe; and Herr Spicke, the motor-man.

The Erbsloch was constructed last



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year and had had a dubious career. The first time it ascended it crashed into a clump of trees and its occupants narrowly escaped injury. A few days ago during a trial flight a propeller was broken. The balloon, which was of the non-rigid type, had just been made over preparatory to the establishment of a passenger service between Elberfeld and nearby points. Today it was inflated for a final test by the crew. The ascent was made near Opladen during a fog. There were few eye witnesses to the accident.

A Word for Dad.

Exchange.

Much has been said about "Mother's day." "Wear a rose for mother" injunctions have been scattered the nation over. Poets have reeled off tributes miles in length. Historians have enshrined her memory on records that dim not with age. Orators have painted her merits in glowing terms. And none has overdrawn; none has exaggerated. She deserves it all and more, God bless her. But unfortunate oversight! Dad has rather been left in the shuffle. From the obscurity of the discord, however, a bard, whose name we do not know, jerks the hero who pays the bills, and about his much abused head wreaths this garland of tender prose poetry:

"We happened in a home the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend in letters of red, 'What is home without a mother?' Across the room was another brief, 'God bless our home.'

"Now, what's the matter with 'God bless our dad?' He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg and wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour.

"If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find and kill the burglar. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

"Dad buys the chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. 'What is home without a mother?' Yes, that is all right; but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it's a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you—you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone."

Preacher Fights Constable.

Charlotte Observer.

A double submission yesterday to the charge of affray before two Charlotte magistrates brought to light a personal encounter which created little less than a sensation in the Newell neighborhood late Monday afternoon. The principals were Rev. A. J. Crane, pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Newell and in Sharon township, and Constable D. W. Teeter of Newell. Accounts which have reached the city give the minister entirely the best of the encounter, which is said to have been brought on by abuse of the minister's son and the use of profane language to the preacher himself, following bad feeling which Mr. Teeter has entertained for the preacher for several months.

This bad feeling is said to have had its origin in certain acts of Mr. Crane in his official capacity as pastor of the Newell church, which offended Teeter. And although it is stated that fearless sermons against blind tigers and the like served to bring the matter to head, there is little doubt that the genesis of the trouble lies further back.

Mr. Teeter, it is said, met Mr. Crane's 16-year-old son Monday morning. The latter reported to his father that Teeter abused him in the vilest terms and criticized Mr. Crane's recent sermon. The young man made no defense. But Mr. Crane met Teeter at 6 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Newell postoffice and asked him about what his boy had told him. Teeter, the story goes, denied with oaths the truthfulness of young Crane's story and then cursed the preacher. The latter replied by knocking him off the porch and gave him another, whether a left or right is not known, and sent him to the ground again. A few seconds later Teeter began to curse the minister again and walked into some lefts and rights to the head and body.

Of Course Not.

Success Magazine.

"By the way, Elder Browne, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, Elder, not in church!"

Dr. Miller's Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain.

CITIZENSHIP AND HEALTH.

Responsibility for Public Health Greatest Civic Responsibility.

Laurelburg Exchange.

The essential difference between the citizen and the savage is the expression in his daily routine by the former of the principle, "No man liveth unto himself." This biblical axiom is the basis of civilization, because it expresses the relation that law defines and controls. It naturally follows that the clearer our mental perception, the more distinctly will we recognize the many and subtle bonds that unite our fortunes or our fates into a web of weal or woe. Knowledge gives acuteness of mental vision, and, therefore, it is knowledge that opens the gates of a higher civilization and gives to him who desires the opportunity to become a better citizen.

The relation of one man's property to another's is easily recognized, and is firmly established upon universally accepted principles of civil law. The relation of one man's life to another's has only within the last half century been established upon principles of natural law. But, as yet, the knowledge of these natural laws has not been widely enough disseminated to produce sufficient public sentiment to weld them into our statutes.

Man's greatest civic obligation is to the public health. This sounds like the exaggeration of an enthusiast. Nevertheless, it rests upon those primary and fundamental principles of law that for over four thousand years have been the basis of civilization. Write in tables of stone by the Supreme Judge himself, these legal principles are so comprehensive as to embrace man's every possible relation: his relation to the Court of Heaven, his relation to the court of the home, and his relation to the court of man. But note, and note carefully, that the first of the five rules governing man's relation to man is the law protecting life. First, not by haphazard, but first by Omniscent design, because it is just as fundamental to the last four of these five laws as life is fundamental to chastity, property, reputation, and neighborly comfort. Note further, that "Thou shalt not kill" carries no provisions limiting its application to the 5,000 deaths occurring annually in the United States through willful acts of commission, and excluding the 500,000 deaths annually occurring in our country by an act of passive omission. Every citizen who does not take an active and serious interest in the public health of his or her community is a partisan to this criminal destruction of life. Like Lady Macbeth dipping her bloody hands in water, we say, "Out, damned spot," but it will not out, for all the real and feigned ignorance and indifference into which we submerge our individual and public consciences.

And now, lastly, how can the conscientious citizen—this does not include everybody—discharge this obligation? He can easily inform himself, with a total amount of reading of not over ten hours, of the principal facts which will enable one to take an active and intelligent part in this work. He can be supplied, without cost, with this literature by writing the Secretary of the State Board of Health at Raleigh to place his or her name on the mailing list for the monthly bulletin. He can read articles on this subject appearing in this paper monthly. He can vote for aldermen, county commissioners and legislators who are informed in regard to this important problem.

SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY.

Spring Schedule, effective 12:01, p. m. Sunday, May 15, 1910.

Arrivals in Monroe.

- No. 40, Charlotte to Wilmington..... 5:35, A. M.
- No. 38, Birmingham to Portsmouth, 6:15, A. M.
- No. 32, Portsmouth to Birmingham, 6:45, A. M.
- No. 42, Wilmington to Charlotte..... 11:05, A. M.
- No. 52, Atlanta to Monroe, (local)..... 2:45, P. M.
- No. 44, Charlotte to Wilmington..... 2:55, P. M.
- No. 102, Rutherfordton to Monroe..... 7:55, P. M.
- No. 32, Birmingham to Portsmouth..... 8:15, P. M.
- No. 39, Wilmington to Charlotte..... 10:05, P. M.
- No. 41, Portsmouth to Birmingham..... 10:55, P. M.

Departures from Monroe.

- No. 40, Charlotte to Wilmington..... 5:40, A. M.
 - No. 38, Birmingham to Portsmouth, 6:15, A. M.
 - No. 32, Portsmouth to Birmingham, 6:50, A. M.
 - No. 103, Monroe to Rutherfordton..... 9:00, A. M.
 - No. 52, Monroe to Atlanta, (local)..... 11:05, A. M.
 - No. 46, Wilmington to Charlotte..... 11:10, A. M.
 - No. 44, Charlotte to Wilmington..... 6:00, P. M.
 - No. 32, Birmingham to Portsmouth, 8:15, P. M.
 - No. 39, Wilmington to Charlotte..... 10:05, P. M.
 - No. 41, Portsmouth to Birmingham..... 10:55, P. M.
- Nos. 38 and 41 will handle through sleepers between New York and Atlanta.
- Nos. 32 and 33 will handle through sleepers between Portsmouth and Charlotte, between New York and Birmingham; Dining Car between Hamlet and Atlanta.
- Nos. 39 and 40 will handle Pullman Drawing Room Parlor Car between Wilmington and Charlotte.

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