

## IT LOOKS LIKE BRYAN AGAIN.

Indications Point to His Nomination At Denver.—He Has Strong Hold on The South and West.

Washington, Feb. 22.—Just as the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker by the Democrats in 1904 was foreshadowed months before the convention the nomination of William J. Bryan is indicated now.

Though there is determined opposition to him in the East, west of the Allegheny mountains no other candidate than Mr. Bryan is being seriously considered. Personally he is deeply impressed with the belief that this is "his year." He thinks he will be elected. In Indiana Democrats and Republicans alike are coming to regard it as almost a probability that he may get the 15 electoral votes of that always-doubtful State. This in itself has been sufficient to make Mr. Bryan resolute in his determination to run again.

Singularly enough, many of those who are supporting Mr. Bryan do not think he has the ghost of a chance. They cannot get over the impression that he will never be able to carry New York. But, also, singularly enough, none of these men has been able to make any headway in promoting any other candidate.

The South really is for Mr. Bryan. Whatever may be said by the politicians, there are few public men in the South who will come out openly and oppose the election of Bryan delegates. This is due to the popularity of Mr. Bryan with the masses of the Southern voters, especially in the rural districts. The instant a Southern Representative in Congress opposes Mr. Bryan he renders his renomination doubtful.

Mr. Bryan has spent four busy years impressing the Democratic voters of the country, and especially of the South. When he was not lecturing to them and appearing in their churches at celebrations of various kinds and addressing their Legislatures, he was writing letters from abroad. He is the only Democrat of Presidential size now known to the Democrats of the South and West—Baltimore Sun.

## An Editor's Candid Statement as to His Personal Habits.

The News is heartily in favor of State prohibition. In making this statement we may as well go a step further and say that we are not, and never have been, a total abstainer. The writer has always taken a drink whenever he wanted one—and could get it—and doesn't care a rap who knows it. He frequently goes for months without tasting whiskey and on the other hand some times sits down with congenial friends and imbibes a quart with the greatest complacency. Hours thus spent are very delightful but we are free to confess that "there is a difference in the morning." Constituted as we are, being "hale fellow well met," ready always to "weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice," to be dry with those that are dry and to drink with those that are wet, we feel that, personally, prohibition is the thing for us. We also believe that there are thousands of other men similarly constituted. If whiskey is easily get-at-able they will drink it, and if not get-at-able they won't go to any great trouble to get it. We are all better off without it, so let's "let 'er go."—Lincolnton News.

## Keep Open House.

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c at Hood Bros. drug store.

## Polenta News.

Mr. Ed Boyett, of Smithfield, spent Sunday in this neighborhood.

Mr. S. W. Booker is recovering from a severe cold and sore throat.

Mr. A. L. Coats and Miss Ella Price will be married tonight, (Wednesday.) Particulars in our next.

Mr. W. H. Coats has bought a small farm near Mt. Moriah in Wake county, and will move to it soon.

Glad to hear of the improvement of Mr. John Sanders. We hope for his speedy restoration to health.

Rev. Mr. Souders, the pastor, preached a fine sermon at Oakland last Sunday to a good sized congregation.

The matrimonial fever does not abate. It is rumored that other couples will bow at Cupid's shrine at no distant day.

D. V. Sanders, one of our best colored men, is quite ill with pneumonia. He is well thought of by the white people, who wish for his recovery.

Regular communication of Polenta Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Saturday of next week at 10 a. m. Let every member take notice and be present.

Mr. Ruffin Barber is getting ready to build a nice four room cottage. He is now having the lumber sawed, and will commence building during the summer.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Babe Johnson which died Sunday last, was buried Monday at the family burying ground at Mr. D. T. Wood's. The parents have the deep sympathy of the people of this section.

Mr. Simon Turner, of Wake county, came down and spent Saturday with Messrs. D. T. and G. B. Smith. Mr. Turner and Squire Smith enjoyed a bird hunt during the day, and brought in quite a number of birds.

After an illness of two weeks, we are pleased to see Mr. Fred Hilliard back on his route No. 1 R. F. D. from Clayton. There is no better or more accommodating carrier in the state than Fred Hilliard. The people on the route are pleased with his work.

The people are not talking much about prohibition yet. Occasionally we hear the matter mooted. If this township is to be carried for temperance, morality and the homes of the people, a good deal of hard work must be done. The people must be shown that evil, and evil only, is the result of the whiskey traffic. There are those who would like to see the white banner of temperance trail in the dust, and they are wide awake and at work, using every device and argument at their command to check the onward march of the reform forces. However there are those in this section who are true champions of the cause of truth and right, and will ever stand against the ruinous work of the grog-shop and its allies. Which shall it be—factories, schools, churches, sobriety and prosperity, or grog-shops, drunkenness, crime, debauchery, poverty and ruin? The church people have it in their power to say which it shall be.

Polenta, Feb. 26. TYPO.

## Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters says: "It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This alternative tonic is sold under guarantee at Hood Bros. drug store, 50c.

Six of a party of merry-makers were killed and three terribly hurt Saturday night when a train struck their wagon at West Nyack, N. Y. They were returning home from a dance.

## KILLED BY TRAIN NEAR ELM CITY

Fred Oliver, of Pine Level, Lies Down on Railroad Track and Pays the Penalty With His Life.

Mr. Fred B. Oliver, of Pine Level, was killed Saturday afternoon, one mile north of Elm City, by southbound passenger train No. 89. For several years the drink habit has been growing on him and of late it has seemed to have had right much its own way with him. Last week he was drinking heavily at Pine Level. He left there to go to Rocky Mount, but was put off of the train at Elm City Friday night, so we are informed, and placed in the lock-up for being drunk.

Saturday he started on foot in the direction of Rocky Mount. At the place where he was killed the road is double-tracked. It seems that he was lying between the two tracks with his head on, or very near the rail. The engineer saw him apparently asleep, but was unable to stop his train before striking him. The top and back part of his head was knocked off and beside this there was no other bruise on him except one on his face. He was killed instantly. The remains were buried in the Oliver graveyard, near Pine Level, Sunday afternoon. A large number of people witnessed the sad burial.

He was the eldest son of the late J. U. Oliver, Register of Deeds of Johnston County for two terms, and a nephew of Mr. D. B. Oliver. A few years ago he was married to Miss Beatrice Massey, a daughter of Mr. D. T. Massey. He was partly reared in Smithfield and was well known here. But for his drinking habits he could have been one of our leading citizens. Sad, sad is the end of this young man, and it is with the deepest regret and sympathy we record his death.

## LAPPED LIQUOR FROM GUTTER.

Sad Mishap Falls to the Lot of John House, Colored, Who Drops Jug of Whiskey in Front of Jordan's.

Modern history has furnished few tragedies of deeper and darker hue than one which took place in front of Jordan's on the square Sunday morning about 4 o'clock. Officers Orr and Merritt were bringing John House, colored, to the city lock-up, having found him near the trestle on Graham street with more than the legal amount of liquor on his person, say nothing of that on the outside of which he was. When this stage of the journey had been reached, the string broke, which encircled a pasteboard box containing a two-gallon jug crammed full to the stopper. This dropped from out John's desperate but entebled clutches and fell with a heart rendering crash to the gutter. Shattered into fragments was the vessel, while forth from what had been its interior flowed a liquid of potential odor, which assailed the nostrils of pedestrians afar. Swiftly, remorselessly, inevitably flowed down the gutter of North Tryon all that remained of many a hard earned quarter and the centre of a thousand fond hopes and pleasurable anticipations.

"This is too much," groaned the bereaved ducky, reeling out of the arms of the officers, "I cannot stand it."

Down into the gutter he flung himself in an agony of desperation and an utter abandon. Feverishly he lapped and gulped down the liquor, such of it as he could stop before it had gone beyond his reach forever. He rose to his feet once, but dropped down again. Finally the officers pulled him to his feet and sadly he walked away.—Charlotte Observer.

Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee, head of the Episcopal church in Washington City, died of pneumonia Saturday morning. He passed away uttering the words, "Holy, Holy, Holy." He was 65 years of age.

## LOOKER ON CONTINUES HIS STORY

Tells of Iron Oxide and the Imaginary Future of the Town and the Country Generally.

"Yes," he continued, in answer to my look of amazement, "iron oxide, as the professions term it, but in order to show you how it was responsible for my good fortune, it will be necessary to relate quite a story.

"The water-works had at last been completed and after the epidemic of fever, that scourged the town about that time, had passed, it seemed that Peace and Prosperity had again put Smithfield on their visiting list. The government was out of debt but the bond-holders were bankrupt. The system developed a great patronage. Every woman in the place took water. The greatest rivalry sprang up over lawns and gardens. Oceans of water was consumed. The individual users' requirements were priced according to the story of the meters, and the first quarter's business caused one to wonder how the old Smithfield had managed to have health, cleanliness, lawns and early vegetables without a water system.

"The town had placed hydrants all about the streets for purposes of fire protection and the Humane Society had installed fountains on the condition that water should be furnished without cost. It had been claimed by the modernists that the cost of these public necessities would be offset by the profit derived from the individual users and this claim was substantiated by the results of the first quarter's business.

"But the tide soon changed. The enthusiasm gradually died. It was discovered that daily-sprinkled lawns were great extravagances and some slow-paying consumers even declared that their meters recorded more water than had passed through them. Slowly but steadily the revenues fell. As the town's supply was considered to be without cost, the economical people began to draw their supplies from the street hydrants and fountains. This continued for a time, but the appalling condition of the Town Treasury soon put a stop to it; locks were placed on the hydrants and the water was cut off from the fountains.

"In answer to the complaint of a mass meeting of indignant citizens, the Town Treasurer reported that, although the water system had really been a gift to the town, it was impossible to operate it at a profit and THAT A DOUBLING OF TAXES WAS NECESSARY TO MEET THE DEFICIT!

"The electric light plant was dismantled, as the unit system of electric storage had made it possible for individuals to generate their lights cheaper, and several other economies were introduced in the effort to avoid more taxes.

"For several years the struggle continued. The old stand-pipe stood full of water but the locked hydrants and sealed meters checked its outflow. The fountains became filled with dust and finally were made to serve as gigantic flower jars, blooming with roses. Occasionally a fire would occur, when a hydrant would be unlocked and a feeble stream thrown upon the flames. The little used system of stand-pipes, mains, laterals and hydrants, holding a water naturally highly mineralized, had accumulated a prodigious quantity of rust and this rust, when the current was occasionally turned on, retarded its flow and converted the occasion of a fire into a carnival of merriment. It was ludicrous to witness the efforts of the firemen and it would have even made Ed Boyett laugh to have seen the houses and men when the fire had been extinguished. The firemen looked like Indians of the old copper type, while the buildings looked as if they had been liberally sprayed with bronze paint. Finally, having suffered a small fire and a generous spraying of

his Colonial Mansion—Ex-Governor Sanders declared that he preferred fire to iron-rust, being unable to secure iron-rust insurance, and warned the firemen never again to respond to an alarm from his premises.

"About this time a practical method of utilizing and storing solar energy was perfected and the cheap power problem now being solved, it became possible for each house to have its own pumping plant. The town at last purchased several of these plants, as well as several improved Chemical Extinguishers, and abandoned the old water works system.

"In the meantime, Smithfield had grown into a city. This growth had been occasioned by the natural increase in population, coupled with an unprecedented era of prosperity that followed the Roosevelt Panic of 1908. Following the dismemberment of the Tobacco Trust, the prices of tobacco soared and in 1920, over forty million pounds were sold on the Smithfield market. Cotton advanced to the long dreamed of price of 25 cents.

"As the population increased the resources of the town increased and remunerative contracts on the progressive royalty basis were made regarding franchises for Elevated Stations for the Air Ship and Aeroplane Routes, Garbage and Crematories, Trolley Lines, Sight-seeing Automobile Lines, Theatres, Swimming Pools, and many other enterprises of a public utility nature. The country at large was prosperous and it was but natural that Smithfield should share this prosperity.

"And I flatter myself," continued Mr. Holmes, "that I have been a humble instrument in the upbuilding of the city. From my early years I had been a hard student and a close observer. I had paid special attention to chemistry, and when the opportunity came for my knowledge to help me, it did not fail me.

"I had long before observed the wonderful health properties in iron, and, when the town abandoned its primitive water-works, the idea occurred to me that here was a veritable mine of liquid iron, combined with other properties, and equipped with pumps, a settling tank and distributing pipe-lines ready for use. I bought it at my own price. My cautious experiments justified my most sanguine dreams.

"I patented a Chill Preventer, Health Tonic, Hair Invigorator, Pills, and a Universal Panacea and built a Laboratory and Sanitarium. In connection with my Sanitarium I have the most complete system of Hot Mineral Baths in the country. I utilized the by-products arising from the manufacture of my medicines, in the making of paints, and Holmes' Metallic Paints are known around the earth.

"I have been more or less successful in other lines, but my success originated in the paint and medicine business. I simply profited out of the ruin of others. My good fortune was simply the misfortune of others. And, looking at the matter from a view-point of experience, and conversant with all the facts, I know now that their misfortune was the result of a mistake in burdening their town with a great debt for public improvements at a time when the population did not justify the expenditure and in a period of transition when old methods were rapidly becoming obsolete and the new were not fully developed.

"I kicked then, but I am not kicking now," remarked president Holmes, as he reached forth to light his cigar.

With the scratch of the match, Lawke. The fathers were still talking, deliberating, groping for the light in their discussion of a truly perplexing proposition. Across the aisle, I could see Frank Holmes—he was lighting a cigar.

As I went down the steps, I thought I heard the "honk" of an air ship as a shooting star trailed across the sky.

## A SHOT GUN DID THE WORK.

Henry Sasser Ended His Life, Leaving a Whiskey Jug and Two Empty Bottles to Tell the Sad Story.

Mr. Henry Sasser, who lived four miles North of Selma, killed himself last week. He was a tenant on the land of Mr. Clem Brown, and had been living in the neighborhood for some time, having lived two years with Mr. Kader Creech. He was a son of Mr. Thomas H. Sasser, who was killed by a train at Smithfield a year or two ago.

Henry Sasser, it is said, was a clever man when sober, but when drinking, he was fussy and disagreeable. It is said that he was cruel to his wife, and about three weeks ago knocked her and the child she had in her arms, out of the house. After this she went to live with her people. He had been living alone since her departure and was drinking a great deal and seemed to be in great trouble.

Thursday of last week he said he was going to feed his stock, eat his supper and then kill himself, but on one paid any special attention to what he said as he had threatened taking his life before. Since he had not been seen for a day or two, Sunday morning Mr. Clem Brown, with another man, went to see about him. When they reached the house they looked in at the window and saw him lying on the floor. They made their way into the house and their eyes were greeted with a horrible sight. It seems that Sasser went to bed and later with an old muzzle-loading double-barrel gun had shot himself in the right temple. His brains were scattered somewhat, but most of them had run out and under his head. A whiskey jug was at his feet and two empty bottles were on the floor near him. Dr. A. H. Rose, the County Coroner, was notified and an inquest was held Sunday afternoon. Messrs C. F. Kirby, W. M. Grantham, W. T. Kirby, L. D. Debbam, T. H. Whitley and E. G. Richardson composed the jury, whose verdict was that he committed suicide.

He was buried Monday. The life he had lived and the manner of his tragic death at his own hands is causing considerable comment throughout that section.

## General News.

One person was killed and fifteen injured in a trolley car accident at Cambridge, Ohio, Sunday.

William H. Taft is gaining strength in his contest for the Republican nomination, but the other candidates are also becoming more active.

Charles Riegel, aged 17 years, committed suicide at Tamaqua, Pa., Sunday by hanging. It is alleged that he ended his life because he had been reprimanded.

Mrs. Augusta Strey, 73 years old, committed suicide Saturday at Cleveland, Ohio, by setting fire to her clothing. The aged woman considered herself a burden upon her grandson, with whom she was living. He had lost his position and has a large family to support. Mrs. Strey arose early and, going noiselessly to the street, poured kerosene upon her clothing and applied a match. Her body was found later by a policeman.

Father Leo Heinrichs was shot and killed Sunday at Denver, by Alio Giuseppe, an avowed anarchist and priest-hater, while the priest was administering the sacrament at early mass in St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church. Kneeling at the altar rail between two women, Giuseppe pressed the muzzle of a revolver against the body of the priest, after receiving from him the consecrated water, and shot Father Leo through the heart. Exclaiming "My God! My God!" Father Leo fell prone in front of the altar and died.