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## LETTER FROM THE FAR NORTH.

An Alaskan Missionary Tells of Some of the Strange Sights in the Land of the Snow.

While in Smithfield in the recent meeting, Rev. S. L. Morgan received a letter from his sister, Mrs. H. A. Atkins, who, with her husband, is a Baptist Missionary at Copper Center, Alaska. Through his courtesy we give it to our readers, believing it will be of general interest.

It should be noted that Mrs. Atkins describes only one of the several different races that inhabit the great interior of the country. The Eskimos inhabit the great coast territory as far south and east as the Copper River, where Mrs. Atkins is located. The Eskimos are the most numerous race, and give evidence of superior traits to the rest.

To those of our readers who care to make a further study of these interesting peoples, we commend an article in the February number of the Review of Reviews. The following statement, quoted from that article, gives a more optimistic view of the possibilities of these peoples than one would likely to form from the reading of this letter: "Officials of the Bureau of Education at Washington who have been most among the Alaskans and know them best are most enthusiastic over the possibility of these Northern races. They hold them to be far superior to the American Indians in intellect and character, and capable of a higher and more ready civilization."

The letter is as follows:

Copper Center, Alaska,

Feb. 2, 1908.

I have been so crowded with work that I cannot get letters answered promptly. We have so little day here that by the time I just get a few necessary things done, it is getting dark again. During the hottest days, which are just before and after Christmas, we have only about four hours of sun—that is from about 9 o'clock to one o'clock—while from several hours before and after these hours there is twilight, though but little of it is bright enough to read by. The sun comes up in the morning; rises about 5 degrees above the horizon and disappears in about the same part of the horizon as that from which it rises. It shines on the same side of the house all the time. Yet the nights are rarely dark, owing to the northern lights and to the fact that the moon seems hardly to set. It, unlike the sun, seems to have command of the whole heavens. It seems to have no particular place either to rise or set.

Everything up here is strange—so different from our old Southern home and country. Up this near the North Pole you may be sure it gets a little cold—often about 75 degrees below zero. When it is no more than 15 or 20 degrees below zero we feel that it is almost warm, so accustomed are we to cold. I have not seen the ground since I have been here. Everything almost is white in winter. The rabbits change their summer coat of brown for one of white. Some of the bears make a similar change. Wild animals are numerous. There are several species of bears. One, the Glacier bear, is said to be the largest bear in the world, and is very ferocious, however he is now in winter quarters.

As you know, this country is extremely rough and mountainous, yet some of the scenery is beautiful. I have a lovely view from my front door. First, just a few yards from my front gate flows the Copper River, a large navigable stream, upon which steamers are beginning to ply in summer, and which in winter is frozen solid, and is used as a highway for travelling and freighting. On beyond this river a number of miles lie the three lofty mountains—Mt. Drum, the highest, next the smoking volcano, Mt. Wrangell, whose summit is covered with ashes. It has an occasional eruption. We have had one slight earthquake since I have been here, occasioned by an eruption. The next morning I could see an unusual amount of ashes on its summit. There are some beautiful glaciers on the mountain sides in many places.

While the country is strange and interesting, the natives are much more so. They are Indians in the truest sense, and more uncivilized than those Columbus found farther south. They are wholly, or almost wholly, uncivilized and entirely unchristianized. Truly one does not have to leave America to find heathen. You would certainly realize this if you should attend an Indian funeral. There, more than elsewhere, they show their heathenism. They chant their death song in the most horrid tones, and "bow and scrape" in most inhuman ways. Such sights are enough to make a Christian's blood run cold. First they place a large piece of bark over the coffin, then when the grave is filled in they stretch a new blanket over the coffin and at a later date, stretch a tent over it or else build a shelter over it. As soon as one gets sick his friends tell him he is going to die, often fixing the time and making his coffin. Of course under such circumstances he does not often disappoint his friends.

The people are making, however, some slight advancement. The men dress almost like white men, and some of them can speak English sufficiently well to be understood. The women have made much less progress. The older ones have holes bored through their noses about the size of a telephone wire in which they formerly wore nose ornaments. Some of their houses look like an old Virginia brush pile. Some of the people live in tents, while some have right decent log cabins. The people are very dirty and "lousy." One has almost to hold his breath when in one of their best houses—the odor is so offensive. We have been very careful and have not had any "creepers" on us yet—a thing very few of the white people escape, especially at the road houses (hotels) on the trail.

Now I shall tell you of our trip from Virginia. We were five days crossing the continent. We had no delays. We stayed some days in Seattle, the most wicked city in the Union; then a week on the Pacific, where of course I was very seasick for several days, but I had abundant company. There were hundreds of passengers on board and about all had the same trouble. The water was quite rough, but we had no bad storm. Then last, but not least, I rode 103 miles on horse back on a man's (cow-boy's) saddle, sometimes astride, for there was no other way of sticking on. A side saddle is useless in some places, where one has to sit astride and cling to the saddle with both hands. You cannot imagine anything like it. In one place I rode for miles on the brink of a canyon over the edge of which one can look down thousands of feet below into what seems like a bottomless abyss. The trail over this point is about a foot or 18 inches wide. This seems alarming but it is true. In some places we rode through mud up to the horses' shoulders. You people down there in that good south land do not know what sort of country I am living in.

These natives pretty well represent man in his original state, I fancy. I believe more than ever before in the total depravity of man. Surely he was deprived from the start. Religion is almost unknown in this country. I think about all the people lay their religion on the shelf when they come here. The white man sets a very poor example to his poor Indian friends. The Indian as a rule is not a rogue, but truth is almost unknown to him. He is a professional beggar. He will often come in begging for food—"muck-muck," as he calls it—and tell me that a certain member of his family is dead (starved to death), but before he gets done I find he wants something for his "dead" child or wife to eat.

## REVIEW OF ASSOCIATION'S WORK.

Splendid Papers Read at the last Meeting. Teachers Meetings to be Discontinued.

On Saturday, February 15th, a number of teachers met and carried out the program in part. On account of very inclement weather there was not a full attendance. Still the meeting was full of interest. Two features of the program, to wit, the Public High Schools and Rural Exhibits of class work contributed mainly to the interest. Giving a passing notice of some of the subjects, Prof. R. T. Teague's paper and discussion of "Teaching English in the High Schools" was aptly made, the grammatical phase of this class of work being especially emphasized. Miss Flossie Abell's paper on the subject "High School Training Necessary for the Teachers," was unique. It is to be regretted that every teacher in the county, and every person who contemplates teaching, did not hear this paper read. Miss Ellen Eldridge on behalf of the rural school exhibit made the most complete yet seen; work from all the grades neatly arranged was very attractive, and reflected credit on her pupils in District No. 10 White, Ingrams township.

The four monthly meetings of the Association having been held as originally planned a motion was adopted that meetings be suspended for the present and that the County Superintendent of schools call the next meeting at his option. The next meeting therefore will be called, if not before, about the time of the Teachers' Institute in the summer.

Just what good the Association has accomplished no one knows. That much good has resulted, and will hereafter be seen, no one familiar with the work done will deny. Four meetings have been held at the opportune time, that is, while the public schools were in session, the object being to enable teachers to put into immediate practice the knowledge acquired at the meetings. More than twenty practical school subjects have been discussed. The leading teachers have thus been enabled to give the benefit of their experience to the younger teachers. The Association has tended, in some degree, to unify the teachers in their work. The class exhibit work has far exceeded our expectations. While we have not been able to get exhibits from all the schools, still this phase of the work has been so successful that hereafter it will be a prominent feature of our associational plans. That these meetings have been a stimulus to the school cause no one will deny.

Taking into consideration the bad weather and the great distance that many have to travel, the attendance has been good. Many wanted to attend and would have done so if they could. The original object sought was to enlist the co-operation of all the schools in the county. This object was clearly set forth in the beginning. Cards with printed programs have been faithfully mailed out. While some schools and some teachers have ignored the work and have been noted for conspicuous absence it is believed that next year all will be working together. The law makes every teacher a member of the Association and all teachers should honor the profession by complying with the law. Rejoicing over what has been accomplished, let us look forward to greater achievements next year.

J. P. CANADAY.

## Young Man Passes Away.

Jimmie, the 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Edwards, died near Earsboro, February 25, after a little over a week's sickness of pneumonia. He left father, mother, three brothers and three sisters who have the deepest sympathy of many friends and school mates. Faithful in all things and a kind and tender heart he won the love of all who knew him.

## FOR PROHIBITION IN HARNETT.

Great Enthusiasm at Big Prohibition Meeting Held at Buie's Creek by Rev. Braxton Craig.

Five hundred and more people in Harnett county have solemnly pledged themselves to do all in their power to aid in a great prohibition victory the twenty-sixth of May.

This is the news which reached the city yesterday, the information being obtained from Rev. Braxton Craig, of Chapel Hill, who has been holding a series of meetings in the Baptist church at Buie's Creek.

Mr. Craig says of the meetings that at these there were over ninety conversions, and that Rev. J. A. Campbell baptized forty as the result of the meetings, which were very largely attended.

The big temperance rally was held Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Craig made an address in behalf of prohibition. A request was made to have those stand who favored prohibition, and over five hundred people stood, pledging themselves to work for the success of prohibition till the close of the election. Mr. Craig says that it was a scene of great enthusiasm and that during it women wept and men shouted.—News and Observer 4th.

## Some Professionals in Court.

Court is in session this week and the sights to be seen in the court room are interesting to a layman whose leisure will allow him to take in the continuous performance. The sights, of course, are nothing without the characters—and the characters would furnish material to a Dickens—if a Dickens could portray the types to be seen there from day to day.

We will pass over the Judge and the lawyers. They are only requisite parts of the machine of justice. Their work is, more or less, a matter of routine. We all know their beaten path of procedure. The younger lawyers engage our attention occasionally. They have not yet learned how to wear a mask of the appearance of great learning, wisdom and dignity, without, once in a while, relapsing into naturalness and forgetting their assumed character.

The officers of the court are old familiars. We have been seeing them, or their prototypes for a generation. But still the cry of Court Crier Bizzell never ceases to cause us to marvel. We always wonder whence comes that stentorian voice.

But our attention is drawn to the professionals of the court. Look out into the court room and you see them.

The Jury retires, the Sheriff is requested to fill up the jury box with a new jury. A man, seated near the rail, coughs a dry and unnecessary cough. The Sheriff's attention is thereby directed to him. "Mr. A. step into the Jury Box." And the cougher has a job. Another old man, ostentatiously pulls out a Bandanna and wipes his bald head—and Bandanna passes into the Jury Box. Another gentleman rises suddenly, with the evident intention of retiring, he as suddenly changes his mind and sits down again, but the Sheriff has seen him—and he passes into the Jury Box. Three professional Jurors have landed their jobs. Others are left in the room. They will nibble later on and, if the Sheriff is not very careful, they too, will get in.

And then, there are the professional witnesses, men and women, whites and negroes. They have an imperfect knowledge of many matters. They have heard of many things—they know little. However, they are always ready to pass upon the "Character" of others persons, even when their own reputations are not as the shining sun. When called to the witness stand, they come with all assurance. They don't need leading questions. The lawyers have to restrain them. In their zeal, they may say

too much. Plaintiff, Defendant, Lawyers and court breathe a sigh of relief when they step down. And the prosecuting witness! How important he is! He whispers to his attorney and suggests a line of cross examination and if his advice is not adopted, and it is not, invariably, he shakes his head mournfully and predicts disaster to his cause—Professional witnesses! A score of them.

Seated within the prisoners' bar, we find another professional—a man of crimes—Ape-headed, sensuous-lipped, scarred by fights of companion convicts, his body bearing the whip marks of convict overseers, he is again in custody. Is he guilty? He admits his guilt. Are there extenuating circumstances? None. Has he served a former sentence in the penitentiary? Yes, ten years. For the same offense? Yes. He gives the information stupidly and stolidly, without a sign of emotion. "Is there anything you wish to say in your own behalf?" asks the Judge with an accent of commiseration. "Nothing," replies the prisoner.

The sentence of fifteen years falls upon ears that apparently fail to hear. It strikes upon a brain that indicates no emotion. The unblinking eyes look steadily forth into fifteen years of labor, whippings, friendlessness and death, perhaps—And the professional criminal makes place for another.

## A Center Shot.

Mr. Pou, of North Carolina, delivered a noble speech in the House of Representatives Tuesday last. It bristled with points under which the majority squirmed, and the Republican members who essayed reply for the most part evaded entirely the thrusts which had drawn the most blood. One of these was indeed so truly aimed and so sharply driven home as to defy parry or return. "The recent message of the President," declared Mr. Pou, "was from beginning to end a scathing indictment of the Republican party."

The sting of this scathing criticism lies in its absolute and self-evident truth. Mr. Roosevelt's own party is responsible for every ill which he scores so unmercifully; responsible for the bad legislation which made possible the growth of those ills; responsible for the dishonest legislation which the party enacted in exchange for campaign contributions from the beneficiaries; and that lax administration under which greed and corruption, through connivance of the government agencies, wrested to their own advantage the few laws they did not openly violate.

Admit, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Roosevelt has not overdrawn the condition of affairs, that extortion and robbery exist to the extent which he depicts, that large classes of our citizenship deserve the reprobation which he hurls at them, that nothing but heroic remedies will avert.—Norfolk Virginia Pilot.

## Called to Rest.

Monday morning, March 2, the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Peterson was made sad by the call of the Death Angel who took their little daughter. She was sick only five days with pneumonia.

Little Bessie was a sweet child only nine months old. She leaves a father, mother and little brother to mourn her departure. Her sweet little face and loving smiles will be sadly missed in the home. She was laid to rest Tuesday afternoon in the family burial ground.

Our loved one now is gone, A dear little voice is still, A place is vacant in the home That never can be filled.

A FRIEND.

The wife of Hardy Atkinson died last night at 10 o'clock after an illness of several months. She was an estimable colored woman and had the confidence and respect of all who knew her.

## WORK OF SUPERIOR COURT.

Pistol Toters and Fighters Will Help the Treasury and Build Public Roads.

Superior Court convened here Monday with Judge J. Crawford Biggs, presiding. Solicitor Armistead Jones is present to represent the State.

The following Grand Jury was drawn and empanelled: H. L. Skinner, Foreman, R. P. Parnell, Henry Crumpler, Loyd Narron, D. H. Williams, W. H. Edgerton, C. B. Waddell, C. L. Barnes, J. E. Jones, Julius Johnston, H. W. Godwin, Wm. C. Lassiter, Wm. Dixon, Jerry Capps, Rufus Langdon, B. J. Mathews, W. H. Ellis and R. H. Stephenson.

T. H. Whitley was appointed officer of the Grand Jury. After the Judge's charge to the Grand Jury the criminal docket was taken up. We note the following cases, in which fines or sentences to the roads or to the pen were imposed:

A case against Stephen Faircloth and Nancy C. Faircloth for retailing liquor without licence was taken up. Since the bill of indictment was made Stephen Faircloth has died. Nancy Faircloth plead guilty and judgment was suspended upon payment of costs.

Robert Altman was found guilty of an assault with deadly weapon. He was sentenced to jail one year to be worked on the public roads.

Arthur Williams, John Williams, Junius Williams, Shade Williams and Jim Graham were charged with an affray. John plead guilty. Jim Graham was declared not guilty. Arthur Williams was found guilty of a simple assault, while the other two were found guilty of an assault with deadly weapon. Arthur Williams was taxed with one-fourth the costs, while the other three Williams were fined \$25 each and one fourth costs each.

Alex. Stancil plead guilty of an assault with deadly weapon and was fined \$10 and costs. Jim Byrd also plead guilty to a similar offense and was commanded to pay \$25 and costs.

A fine of \$50 and costs was imposed upon Roland Barber who plead guilty to carrying concealed weapon.

Daniel Young was up for resisting an officer. He plead guilty and was fined \$20 and costs.

Loney Blalock who was charged with an attempt to commit rape was found guilty of a simple assault and fined \$50 and costs or sentenced to the road 30 days.

Robert Price was fined \$75 and costs for carrying concealed weapons; or 90 days on the roads.

James Mafae, alias James Bethea, was found guilty of an assault with deadly weapon. Two years in jail to be worked on roads.

Barnie Lee plead guilty of an assault with deadly weapon. He was fined \$25, and ordered to pay Alford Adams \$50 damage for cutting him up and to pay his doctor's bill of \$26.

Arthur Seaberry was found guilty of larceny and sentenced to jail one year to be worked on the roads.

George Wilson plead guilty of an assault to commit rape and was sent to the pen 15 years.

Moses Ingram was given three years in jail for housebreaking. During this time he will work on the roads.

Henry Spears plead guilty to the charge of house breaking and larceny and was given a jail sentence of three years to be worked on the roads.

Much interest is aroused over Congressman Webb's bill for a daily ginner's report.

Ohio Republicans have instructed for Taft. Foraker is not in it.

Ernest Page, 15 years old, killed his father in Wilson county Wednesday night. The old man was drinking and abusing his wife.