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APPOINTMENT TO BE MADE SOON

THE WILD SCRAMBLE THOUGHT TO BE ABOUT OVER.

Taft Has Made No Public Announcement But the Word Has Gone Forth and the Would-bees Are Quaking in Their Shoes—Duncan and White House Again Friendly.

Washington, D. C., April 21.—The end of the judgeship fight seems to be near at hand. Mr. Taft has not said so, but there is a prevailing impression that an appointment will be made next week. Candidates for the judicial position, and their friends as well, are under this impression, with the result that a grand rush is being made to get in a last word at the White House.

P. M. Pearsall and Larry Moore arrived today to put in a parting shot for W. W. Clark of New Bern. They have an engagement to go to the White House tomorrow. Ex-Judge W. S. O'B. Robinson also has his eyes White Housward. After debating the matter for two days he has decided to appear before the President for inspection and measurement.

When a well known State Republican heard of Judge Robinson's prospective visit he made this observation: "I wonder if the Judge is going to the White House as a Democrat or as a Republican. The last time I heard of him in active politics he was proclaiming the fact that he would not support the Republican nominee for the Presidency."

The fact became known today that Thomas Settle paid two visits to the White House yesterday. He had a lengthy interview with Mr. Taft in the afternoon, and left at night for the State. Mr. Settle will not get the judgeship, no Western man will for that matter, no even Col. J. E. Alexander. But provision is to be made for Mr. Settle and the chances are that he will succeed District Attorney Holton.

The candidates for the judgeship, who believe that the hour of solution of the contest is almost at hand are keeping the wires and mails busy. Letters and telegrams came here by the hundreds yesterday and today. Most of them were from Tar Heel lawyers, presenting the claims of their favorites.

There was little or no political significance to the telegrams, many of which came from Republicans urging the appointment of a Republican as judge of the district. The letters followed a stereotyped form, and came largely from the anti-organization Republican forces.

The transmission of these telegrams at this time was the result of a prearranged plan on the part of leading Republicans here.

They are supposed to voice the indignation of Tar Heel Republicans at the prospect of the appointment of a Democrat as judge.

Mr. Taft has promised to take no action until he has the opportunity of talking with Representative Morehead and National Committeeman Duncan. They will be in Washington the latter part of this or the early part of next week.

National Committeeman Duncan who returned to the State tonight, seems to have connected with the White House again. The fact was observed here by those who saw him that he seems to be very well pleased with the situation. Some people say that Mr. Duncan will yet have an important say in the naming of the judge. While he may lose Seawell, he is not to be ignored, according to information here.

Whom has the President in mind for appointment, you ask? No living man knows, so far as Tar Heels in Washington can ascertain.

By the process of elimination, Mr. Taft has dwindled the available material to a very limited number. Judge Connor and Frank Fuller are considered the most likely Democrats, while T. T. Hicks or Harry Skinner are most frequently mentioned among the Republicans.

Judge George H. Brown has been the most conspicuous of the candidates for several weeks, but his stock has taken quite a tumble during the past few days.

The big question at present is whether Mr. Taft will name a Democrat or a Republican. He started off with the idea of naming a Democrat, but he has been told that such ac-

tion would destroy the Republican party in the State, and it remains to be seen what effect these direful threats will have on Mr. Taft.—Thomas J. Pence in News and Observer.

Because of a Woman's Hat.

In the opera, theatre and other public places of amusement it is the universal custom for women to remove their hats; and if, as it occasionally happens, a woman fails to comply with this custom, she is at once the mark of criticism and censure by those who are near her, they estimating that it is but fair and reasonable that they should have the opportunity of seeing that for which they paid to see, no less than to hear, and she is promptly asked to remove her hat.

But in the church where people go to hear the Gospel and where they very naturally desire to see the speaker, in the majority of cases they are obliged during the entire service to look, not at the minister, but at the hat of the woman who occupies the seat in front of them.

It is not so easy a matter to induce people to attend church as it is to get them to attend the theatre; and now that the fashion of large hats has evidently come to stay, many are kept away from church, and many who do attend have the service entirely spoiled for them because of their inability to see the speaker.

The writer has attended a certain church eleven times and has never been able to see the pastor during the delivery of the sermon but twice. Recently he took it upon himself to interview a good many people who attended this church in regard to the advisability of "Hats off" during the service, and found that the majority strongly favored the idea; but there are many who do not, and who give the following and other similar reasons for their attitude in regard to the matter:

"My hair looks like a fright after taking off my hat," said one, "and I should be thinking about it all through church." "I don't see why we should be especially anxious to watch the minister while he is speaking," said another. "It is bad enough to have to take off one's hat in the theatre, and I certainly do not intend to take it off in the church," remarked a third.

Another said, "There is not much to it. Most of us are so busy looking at other people's hats that we have not much time to look at the minister," and yet another, "If our hats are such nuisances why don't the minister say something about it, and insist that women take off their hats?"

Men, as a rule, feel very much more strongly over the matter than do the women, and do not hesitate to express themselves very forcibly as not caring to go to church in order to look at the back of a woman's hat.

The church should have a strong place in the interests of every community, and for the reason that it stands for all that is highest and best in life, there should be nothing allowed to act as a hindrance to the attendance; and, without question, this matter of "Hats on" or "Hats off" is of vital interest to all concerned.

Because of a little trouble, selfishness or pride on the part of some women, the majority of church-goers should not be deprived of the privilege of seeing the minister when he is delivering the message. It greatly adds to the force and weight of his words, and it is high time that the church should awaken to the need of adjusting this difficulty by insisting, as is done in other public places, that women's hats shall be removed during the service.—Today's Magazine.

Moving Picture Entertainment.

There will be a moving picture entertainment given at Four Oaks on Tuesday night, April 27. It will be under the direction of Rev. A. D. Wilcox. The pictures shown will represent scenes in China, showing the people, their customs and their houses. Those who want to know something of one of the oldest countries in the world should avail themselves of this opportunity. Be sure to attend and you'll not regret it. Admission 25 and 15 cents. Tickets on sale at The Adams Co.

KANSAS GIANT WINS A BRIDE.

He Stands Seven Feet Six and She Four Feet ten, and 800 See Them Wed.

Pottstown, Pa., April 17.—Over 800 people tonight witnessed a unique nuptial event in the Opera House, when Oscar Krause, the Kansas giant, seven feet six inches in his stockings, married Miss Annie Bradford, of Spring City, who is four feet ten.

Krause captured his bride by liberal advertising. He wanted to settle down on his farm, near Ottawa, in the Cyclone State, and Miss Bradford spied the "ad." Correspondence was opened up, photographs were exchanged, and as it was a case of "Barkis is willin'," a bargain was struck.

Several weeks ago the giant arrived in Spring City, and after hiking around a good deal, had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Bradford, and, as tonight's sequel proved, neither one was disappointed in the other.

Squire William Edelman, almost 70 years old, a widower, who last summer won the good opinion of the women by saying that "the Merry Widow hats" were the prettiest things he ever saw them wear, tied the nuptial knot that joined the giant and the bride.

FOUND STARVING IN WOODS.

Man Lived on Tree Bark in Cheat Mountains for Several Weeks.

Cumberland, Md., April 17.—Richard Goff, fifty-two years old, employed by the Kingwood Lumber Co., was found today starving in a cleft of rocks along the Cheat River in Preston county, W. Va., near Trowbridge Ferry. He left Caddell, W. Va., in March, and it is supposed he was rendered unconscious by his companions and robbed.

For a month Goff ate the bark of elm and birch trees and secured drinking water from sugar trees, which he tapped with a penknife.

Frank Menefee and Frank Stewart, while walking through the woods, came upon him. Goff acted like a wild man and tried to escape. He had been sleeping on ledges of rock for a month.

He weighed 195 pounds when in his normal condition and is now only a shadow as a result of exposure and starvation. He was fortunately clothed in heavy apparel of a woodsman, which doubtless saved him from freezing. Goff says he has a sister in Kansas. He can tell little about his two companions, with whom he left Caddell, or how he got to the secluded spot where he was found.

DOG DIES SAVING FAMILY.

Its Barks Give the Alarm of Fire. Animal Is Burned to Death.

Jackson, Mich., April 17.—The family dog saved the lives of Joseph Sinkbinder, his wife, and their two children, when their home, three miles south of the city, was burned.

By persistent barking, the animal aroused Mr. and Mrs. Sinkbinder, who found the room where their children slept, a mass of flames. The children were rescued, Mrs. Sinkbinder being painfully burned in the effort, but the dog was burned to death.

A Hearty Laugh.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Tit for Tat.

He—Bah! What is woman? A rag, a bone and a hank of hair! She—And man? A jag, a drone or a tank of air!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Longest Telegraph Line in World.

The longest telegraph line in the world, above ground, and without a break, has been completed in Australia. Its total length is something over 6000 miles.—Ex.

HAVE SIX TOES ON EACH FOOT

MEMBERS OF COMMUNITY REMARKABLE FOR PECULIARITY.

Freak of Nature in Families Which Intermarry—Several Traditions as to How It Originated.

Bangor, Me., April 3.—On the line between Lincoln and Sagadahoc counties is a settlement of thrifty farming folks who have a peculiarity which is but little known outside. It is not visible, and a stranger might go there year in and year out without ever discovering that they were any different from ordinary people in a farming community. They are peculiar for the number of people in the settlement who have six toes on each foot, one more than they really ought to have, and one more on each foot than they are entitled to.

The six-toe belt lies partly in the town of Dresden, in Lincoln county, and partly on Woolwich, in Sagadahoc county. Just how many people there are who have more than their share of toes in that vicinity would be hard to say, but there is quite a number, and the way in which they came by them is a mystery in the first place, although there are a number of traditions as to how it happened.

Like many country districts, the people have been born, brought up, settled on farms in the vicinity and married into each other's families until time has produced a number of six-toed people in a comparatively small place.

The settlement is an ordinary country place, in which is a store or two, a postoffice and a garage hall, which serves as a meeting-place for all social occasions which are held in the homes of the people of the vicinity.

Rather than being a benefit to them, the extra toe is somewhat of an affliction in a number of ways, especially in getting shoes to fit them, for no shoemaker has yet ventured to manufacture a special line of boots for six-toed people. So much of a bother has this been to some of the people that they have submitted to surgical treatment and had the offensive sixth member removed, that they might wear shoes much the same as any other people.

At a time, several years ago, when it was all the rage to wear the extreme pointed toed shoes, these people were in a sorry plight. To crowd six toes into a shoe with a capacity for three, but in which vain man often crowded five, was too much for these people. They were fairly ostracized from being in the fashionable swim by the freak of nature which put them out of the running. Being people of sound senses, they submitted to the inevitable and waited until their five-toed brethren had become crippled by the freak styles, and then they were in the swim again with broad-toed shoes.

How it happened that this colony of six-toed people settled in this place is hard to explain. Tradition has it that some man of several generations ago settled in that vicinity and, while at work in the woods, split a toe with an axe, and, instead of adhering, the two parts separated and in the course of time as the generations passed the sixth toe made its appearance in a more perfect form. This theory does not find many ready believers among the people there, who have given up accounting for it.

The sixth toe is an off-shoot from the little toe of the ordinary foot. It is perfect in shape, although it is not always in alignment with the other five toes of the foot. For this reason it is troublesome and becomes more troublesome as the people advance in years.—Washington Herald.

Boy Drowned Last Sunday.

About two o'clock Sunday afternoon, April 18th, Jennings Thompson, the nine year old son of Mr. Charles E. Thompson, of Pine Level, was drowned in a canal in Moccasin swamp about half a mile from town. He could not swim. He went to the place with several other boys and was the first to undress and get into the water.

He—"That's no reason. I heard you say you didn't like to be kissed."—Boston Transcript.

TWINS BRING TRAGEDIES.

On Hearing the News the Mother-in-law Falls Dead and the Father Commits Suicide.

Pittsburg, April 10.—The announcement that he was the father of twins was too much for William Hedinger, aged 55 years, a farmer living near Bouquet, Westmoreland county. It was also too much for Mrs. Hedinger's mother, and all because of the arrival of the twins both Hedinger and his mother-in-law are dead.

The twins arrived last Tuesday and Mrs. Martha Smith, the mother of Mrs. Hedinger was present. She was extremely happy when the first of the babies, a bouncing boy, arrived. When the nurses told her that there was also a little girl, Mrs. Smith became greatly excited. Within an hour she was dead of heart disease, brought on by the excitement.

When Mr. Hedinger heard of the arrival of the twins he, too, became greatly excited. With a large family already, he bemoaned the arrival of two additional members. When he learned that the news had caused the death of his mother-in-law, Hedinger went to the barn and shot himself, dying instantly.

HE TOOK HIMSELF TO JAIL.

Deputy Sheriff Serves the Papers and Starts Sentence.

Raleigh, N. C., April 15.—Henry Edwards, a Richmond county deputy sheriff, brought himself to the penitentiary today, and, presenting his commitment papers to the warden, began serving a 14-months' sentence for manslaughter.

In his capacity as deputy sheriff, Edwards was sent to arrest a desperate white man. Edwards called on him to halt as he started to leave the house, and when the desperado refused Edwards drew his pistol, and, firing, inflicted a wound which caused his death.

After sentence was imposed by the Judge today, Edwards told the Court that he considered the verdict unjust, but added he had made it a rule of his life to obey the law, and he requested that the commitment papers be given to him for service on himself.

No More White Flour.

From the standpoint of the housewife, the most noticeable effect of the comparatively recent pure food legislation is the change in the appearance of flour. It is no longer of that pure, unsullied whiteness to which she has been accustomed all her life. Instead it is to be of a golden color.

Secretary Wilson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has placed a ban upon the familiar white flour which is known as bleached flour, and, therefore, the flour mills are discontinuing the manufacture of the white product.

Food specialists, who have been trying their reforms for a long time, have at last met with success, it seems. They claim that the ordinary white flour is lacking in proper nutrition, is indigestible and is injurious to the teeth. In addition to this it is bleached. Moreover, it is claimed, the golden flour contains the real wheat kernels which, although they discolor the flour, afford the largest amount of nourishment.

The government's pure food expert, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, claims, among a great many other things on this question, that extensive bleaching of flour is indulged in by manufacturers in order to make an inferior flour resemble one of fine grade, and that, if the bleaching process is omitted, a large percentage of the flour now sold as first class would be given its proper rating. This question has been agitated for a long time by food specialists, and the Department of Agriculture has at last taken the matter into its own hands and instituted the reform.—Washington Herald.

Very Distant.

"Are you related to Barney O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child—Barney was th' s'vinteenth."—Everybody's Magazine.

A HUNDRED MILLIONS A YEAR.

Interest and Commission Charges That Must Be Paid to Keep Brokers' Offices Open.

For all of the exchanges in the United States the amount of money tied up, in speculation will not average less than \$800,000,000. A five per cent. interest charge against this amount costs the patrons of the brokers the tidy annual sum of \$40,000,000. We have already determined that the annual expense of maintaining the brokerage and commission houses is \$70,000,000 for New York City and \$100,000,000 for the United States; therefore we find that the banks increase the load which our speculative friends must shoulder to the picturesque total of \$140,000,000—and we have not yet paid our brokers a penny of profits.

If the operating expense of the speculative game in New York City alone be placed at \$70,000,000, it will be conservative to increase the amount to \$100,000,000 for the entire United States. Boston has an active Stock Exchange and more than two hundred recognized firms. Philadelphia has as many more. Baltimore supports seventy-seven stockbrokers. Chicago has its own Stock Exchange, but its importance is overshadowed by the vast transactions in grain on its famous Board of Trade. LaSalle Street is the Wall Street of the metropolis of the Middle West, and in and about it are the offices of hundreds of brokers, many of whom do an enormous speculative business. Hundreds of millions are wagered by the public on the fluctuations of wheat and corn, and an unceasing toll in the form of commissions pours into the hands of those brokers who are members of the Board.

There is no escape from the conclusion, my speculative friend, that you and your fellows who dabble in stocks, wheat, corn, cotton, coffee, and other securities and staples, must first pay to your brokers a sum not less than \$100,000,000 each year so that they may keep their offices open. Who else is to pay it? Deny that perquisite to them and you will find their houses closed. You always have paid it, you are now paying it, and you will continue to pay the costs of the Wall and LaSalle Street games as long as they continue. The only satisfaction you have is that your money keeps an army of probably 80,000 at "work" in the useless employment of soliciting, recording, and executing your gambling orders.—Frederick Upham Adams, in the May Everybody's.

ALL ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT.

How and When the Delicacy Was Introduced to America.

Many persons, says the Nashville American, now enjoy grapefruit and appreciate its value as a healthful fruit who a few years ago did not know of its existence, and whose knowledge of it now is limited. For these this information is not wholly without interest:

The grapefruit, or shaddock, is a native of China and was first brought to the West Indies in 1810 by an Englishman, Captain Shaddock, for whom the fruit was named; the date of its first introduction into this country has not been recorded, but it was regarded at first as of no value as a fruit, being regarded more as a curiosity and used as an ornament.

It is of the orange family, but its bitter taste was objectionable; this has been modified by cultivation, so that it has, in recent years, come into general use as a valuable dessert fruit, especially for eating in the morning. It is now extensively grown in Florida and California, as well as in the West Indies and all tropical countries, being somewhat more tenacious than the orange.

It grows on a tree much larger than the orange, but in much the same manner as its sister fruit; sometimes singly and at others two or three fruits in a cluster. The name grapefruit was, however, not derived from that, but from the fancied resemblance in flavor of the fruit to the grape. The fruit is also known as the pomelo, pumelo and pompelmos.

The power to comfort others does not come from consoling yourself.—Chicago Tribune.