

The Smithfield Herald.

Price One Dollar Per Year

"TRUE TO OURSELVES, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR GOD."

Single Copies Five Cents

VOL. 28.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1909.

NO. 16

BOY SLAYS HIS OWN FATHER.

H. F. Crawford Was Beating His Wife When Herman, the 14-Year Old Son, Came Up and Struck Him With an Axe. Boy in Smithfield Jail.

Early last Monday morning Mr. H. F. Crawford, of Beulah township, was killed by his fourteen year old son, Herman. He was forty eight years old and moved from Wayne county near Pikeville eight years ago. He bought a good farm near Little river in the neighborhood of Mr. J. S. Starling and the Eli Godwin place and had paid for it. The story as told by the boy Herman was as follows:

Monday morning a brother of Herman, who is two years younger, came down stairs from where the boys slept, ahead of Herman. When Herman came down Mr. Crawford began cursing the boys for not coming sooner and asked Herman why he let his brother beat him getting up. The mother took the part of the boys and asked her husband to quit cursing. He then caught her by the head but she got loose from him and rushed into the porch. Here he caught her again by the head and hair and dragged her out into the yard bruising her arms on the steps as she went across them. In the yard he stood over her beating and choking her until she called to her son for help. Mr. Crawford stated that he would be "cock of the walk" if he had to kill somebody to control things. About this time Herman caught up an axe and struck his father on the back of his head and killed him.

Dr. Robert Noble, of Selma, was appointed special coroner for the case by Mr. W. S. Stevens. He with a jury held an inquest with the result that the boy was brought to Smithfield jail. The axe with which the killing was done is here in keeping of the Sheriff and on it can be seen blood and gray hairs from the head of Mr. Crawford. He had one son and one daughter married. The affair is a very sad one. It is not claimed that he was drinking.

Up to Date Roller Mill at Smithfield.

The Roller Mill at Smithfield has been operating under its new management very successfully since February 1. It will be remembered that the Neusse Milling Company was organized two or three years ago with a large number of parties throughout Johnston county as its stockholders. The high ideal of the president and directors was attained when they equipped the plant with the latest improved machinery. Who also employed skilled workmen and an efficient miller and manager to install this machinery, that nothing would be lacking to make the mill turn out as good product as could be manufactured anywhere. The mill when completed proved a perfect success and its product was unsurpassed, but the cost was phenomenal, largely surpassing the expectations of the stockholders. An enormous debt was found hanging over it and no funds in sight to meet the obligations already contracted, hence nothing could be done toward maintaining and operating the plant. The stockholders were called time and time again with the view to effecting plans by which the debt could be paid and the valuable mill set to work. It seemed however, that sufficient funds could not be raised to clear the debt and operate the plant. It therefore became necessary (which was the last resort) to throw the mill into the hands of a receiver. The plant was sold by the receiver, the highest bidder being the present management, the "Smithfield Roller Mill Co." This corporation readily financed the plant and has been milling a fine family flour since. This flour has been sold far and wide throughout Johnston and other counties and is growing in popularity. The mill being fitted with the latest improved machinery is equipped to turn out a patent flour as pretty as can be found anywhere, but in manufacturing this patent flour it is necessary to produce also about twenty five per cent dark flour which is not salable. This will also take away the healthful portion of the flour that is needed to supply the proper nourishment to the human system. The most popular flour has proven to be that which is not quite so white but contains every

element conducive to health. This is the grade that the Smithfield Roller Mill is manufacturing.

The public is invited to visit the mill and see for themselves the modern system of manufacturing fine flour. The wheat is thoroughly cleaned and screened before reaching the rollers which convinces the visitor that nothing but pure clean wheat enters into the flour. The mill is offering the highest market price for wheat. It will also mill wheat into this excellent flour for toll or exchange for other products, anyway to accommodate. Fine mill stones have been also fitted. Fine meal will be ground on toll as done by other mills. This mill offers an opportunity to the planters of Johnston and adjoining counties that they have not had heretofore. They can raise their own wheat, have it milled into fine flour right at home and thus save the high freight rates paid on getting their wheat to market as well as paying the high freight rates on flour shipped to them from other points.

MUST BE EXAMINED TO WED.

New Law in The State of Washington Effective.

Seattle, Wash., June 11.—The new State law providing that applicants for marriage licenses must undergo medical examination, except where the woman is 45 years old, went into effect yesterday.

Ten couples appeared at the license clerk's office with physicians' certificates, and two couples, when informed of the new law, said they would go to British Columbia to marry.

County officials declare the law will result in many Americans marrying in Canada.

Christian Duty to Kiss the Minister, He to Wash Her Feet.

Asserting that his wife belonged to a certain Wilmington church, one of the rules of which is that the female members of the congregation must kiss the minister whenever they meet him and allow him to wash their feet, a negro man appeared at Justice Borneman's office yesterday morning and asked him if he could do anything to aid him in redeeming his better-half.

The justice sent for the woman and she obeyed the summons and upon entering the magistrate's office inquired what he wanted of her. The justice related the story told him by the husband. The woman declared that her husband was right in his statement and that she not only kissed the preacher whenever she got an opportunity and allowed him to wash her feet, but expected to keep it up, her husband's objections to the contrary notwithstanding. With that statement and with a defiant air she left the office.—Wilmington Star.

GETS HIS A. B. AT FOURTEEN.

Norbel Weiner Is Graduated From Tufts With Cum Laude.

Boston, June 16.—Norbel Weiner, of Medford, was graduated from Tufts College today with the degree of A. B., cum laude. Were it not for the fact that Weiner is only a boy fourteen years old and that he took the regular four-year course in three, there would be nothing startling in the announcement. He is undoubtedly the boy prodigy of the country.

He could repeat the alphabet at the age of eleven months, could read and write at three, and at the age of eight was fitted for college in mathematics, philosophy, modern languages, and the sciences.

When Weiner entered Tufts in the autumn of 1906 he had gone further in chemistry and philosophy than the average senior. He was required to take several entrance examinations, mathematics among them, in which he was found to be far in advance of the freshman class. So, as a freshman, he did upper class work in the theory of equations and in determinants, while in philosophy it was found necessary to place him in a class by himself.

In the autumn he will enter the Harvard graduate school, where he will elect work in higher mathematics. The boy is a son of Prof. Leo Weiner, of Harvard.

311 GOOD goods, quick delivery.

SNAKE IN BEER KILLS EIGHT.

Bridge Inspector Tells Remarkable Story of Deaths of Chesapeake and Ohio Laborers.

Richmond, Va., June 13.—Joseph M. Staten, bridge inspector for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, who has just returned from an inspection tour of the line in the State of West Virginia, tells of the remarkable death of eight laborers on the Piney Creek branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio, near the town of Raleigh, following a night of revelry, in which a barrel of beer played a prominent part.

According to Staten, the men purchased a full barrel of the beer, set it up in their shack in the mountains, and proceeded to drink it. Later the entire eight were discovered lying about on the beds and on the floor, dead.

The barrel was taken into the yard and the beer allowed to escape. A large rattlesnake was found on the bottom of the barrel after all the beer had been drawn off.

It is presumed that the snake, in his death agony, injected enough of his poison into the beer to kill the men who drank it.

Crop Outlook is Poor.

Wilson, N. C., June 16.—Many of the big farmers (and the little ones, too) of Wilson county are despondent over the prospects of their crops. Owing to the continued rain cotton and tobacco is very much damaged, and in some sections the tobacco crops have been abandoned. On light lands the fertilizers have been washed away and the weed has turned almost as yellow as saffron. Corn is not so much damaged in Wilson county, but a gentleman who came from New Bern yesterday says that it is lying low in the fields along the route of the Norfolk and Southern road. The outlook is gloomy indeed—the farmers having genuine cases of the blues.—News and Observer.

Many Earthquake Victims in France.

From 75 to 100 dead and 100 injured is tonight's estimated total casualties as the result of the earthquake which devastated several towns and villages in the southernmost part of France, particularly in the departments of Hérault and Bouches-Du-Rhône.

Great suffering is reported from the remotest places, owing to a lack of bread and the necessities of life before the arrival of assistance. The casualties may be greatly increased, as the ruins have not yet been entirely searched. According to advices received here a number of the wounded are still imprisoned in the ruins and soldiers are working desperately to rescue them.

Survivors are sleeping in tents, and the streets are impassable. In many places they have been torn up and are encumbered with masses of rocks. Houses, public buildings and churches were crumbled.—Marseilles Dispatch, 12th.

THE CHICKENS WERE COSTLY.

New Yorker Sentenced to Life Term and Ten Years for Theft.

New York, June 12.—Charles H. Chaffee is in the Onondaga County jail tonight waiting to be taken to Auburn prison to serve a life term and ten years more for the theft of \$17 worth of chickens. Judge Ross, in the County Court, today sentenced him to hard labor in the Auburn prison for the rest of his natural life.

Judge Ross had no alternative in imposing the life sentence, as the law makes that imperative in the case of a fourth conviction of an offender. While Chaffee might, after serving a part of his term under the law, ask for his liberty from the board of pardons, the fact that he has half of a twenty-year term unexpired will bar him that privilege.

As it stands now, he must serve his life and ten years more.

Quiet has been restored at Meadville, Miss., where two men were killed and three seriously injured in a street fight.

Walking in front of a steam roller at Chicago to warn pedestrians, Peter Zuaino fell and was crushed to death Tuesday.

FELL 3,500 FEET AND LIVES.

Aviator Drops With Aeroplane Turning Somersaults.

Berwyn, Neb., June 15.—A local inventor dropped 3,500 feet in a crippled aeroplane here today.

The amateur aviator was U. Sorenson, a blacksmith, who in view of several hundred townsmen made the ascent in a balloon and then attempted a descent in an aeroplane that he had constructed after several months of labor.

When he cut the aeroplane loose he found the rudder had worked loose and he was unable to guide the machine. It began to descend at a terrific speed, turning over and over as it dropped. The inventor clung to the craft and when it struck the ground he was in a sitting posture.

The aeroplane was demolished, but Sorenson, although knocked senseless and sustaining numerous bruises, was soon revived, not seriously worse off for his experience.

The Book Noah Wrote.

Many great and wonderful gifts have been bestowed upon the world, and though men use these things constantly, rely upon them, place implicit confidence in them, turning to them constantly as to a tried and faithful friend, they frequently do not know the names of the man or woman whose life work they have serenely appropriated as their own.

This is singularly true of Noah Webster and his dictionary. We all have the fat old book in our homes; we all consult it; we regard it as the ultimatum where words are concerned, yet few there are among us who even know the author's name, and if called upon suddenly, would very likely give the answer a bright little woman made not long ago.

"The dictionary man? Why, of course, I know all about him! He was Daniel Webster, the great statesman!"

Well, Daniel Webster didn't write the Dictionary. Noah Webster did, though, and so well did he do his work that the old book is regarded today as first aid to the ignorant, even if over half a century has gone by since the date of the publication.

It was in Hartford, Connecticut, that Noah Webster was born, on October 10, 1758. His father was a man who stood well among his neighbors. He was a farmer, and justice of the peace, and claimed descent from John Webster, who was one of the first settlers of Hartford. He had evidently been what the Scotch call a "man o' parts," for it seems that he was a member of the Colonial Council from its formation, and later on he was Governor of Connecticut.

The mother of Noah was a descendant of that sturdy William Bradford, who was the second Governor of Plymouth Colony.

Coming from such ancestry, it is not to be wondered that the small boy Noah was about as determined a little chap as could be found anywhere around and about. Fortunately for him and for all who knew him, he was usually determined about matters that were decidedly worth while. Among other things that he announced he wanted and meant to have was an education. At the present day that would be a thing easily obtained. But in the time of Noah Webster it was very hard to get either good books or good instructions.

His mother taught the boy, and the father taught him, and he was sent to the village school. And as he studied at all sorts of times and places, and read everything he could find, by the time he was sixteen he was ready to enter Yale.

The big-eyed boy started to college in 1774 with hopes so high they were limitless, and ambitions that words could not adequately express. And all of these things were doomed to bitter disappointment.

War was in the very air then, and two years later Noah's days at college came to an abrupt end, for war had become a terrible reality.

All New England was thrown into confusion when General Burgoyne came a-marching down from Canada. Noah Webster was but a lad of nineteen at that time, but he promptly offered his services to his country. By a right strange coincidence, he was placed in the company of which his father was captain, and the sturdy old officer marched into battle at Saratoga with every son he had

marching at his heels! They did not stay at his heels, though, for in that terrible struggle on each side of Captain Webster stood one of his own boys, fighting shoulder to shoulder with him.

When the war at last ended, the country was so ruined, the people so impoverished, that it seemed a wild and impossible dream to even hope that prosperity could ever come again.

The Websters shared the fate of every one else around them. They were utterly penniless, their home a wreck, and they had neither servants nor horses with which to work the devastated farm.

"This is all I have, my son. Take it, and begin life for yourself," Captain Webster said to Noah, soon after their return home. At the same moment he gave the young man four dollars.

It seems very little at first—just four dollars—but when a youth has a sound body, and a sound mind and soul in that same body, he is not to be counted poor, even if his pockets are empty. Noah Webster had a good education, and he also had another good thing—he knew how to make use of what he possessed.

He at once opened a small school, studying law at all spare moments. He never lost a minute, and at the end of two years, when he presented himself for examination, the lawyers who questioned him complimented him highly on his ability, and all united in prophesying a brilliant future for him.

For the next few years Noah Webster found the question of living a very vital one. To know law is one thing; to earn bread and butter by the practical application of this knowledge is quite another matter.

After trying in vain to earn a living with his profession, Mr. Webster gave up in despair, and opened a school. And it was then that he began what proved to be his great life work, proving that often what seems a hindrance to us and a failure, in the end may lead to wonderful success. He had felt deeply the need of good text books in his own youth, and he now determined to write some himself.

The first book he compiled had the formidable title: "First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language," which was speedily followed by the second and third parts. The set consisted of a Spelling Book, a Grammar, and a book of readings.

These text-books were well received, and gradually they found their way into every school and college in this country. And so enormous were the sales that during the twenty years he spent compiling his great Dictionary, Webster's family lived comfortably upon the royalties of his works.

Between 1782 and 1847, twenty-four million copies of these school books were sold.

Mr. Webster's life work was his Dictionary. From the time he was a tiny child he had had a passion for words, and used to trot about with his pockets stuffed full of papers covered with long lists of words. During the years he worked on the Dictionary he examined twenty different languages, taking from each its most important words.

The great Dictionary was an assured success, even before its publication, and though others have been compiled, none have ever been able to take the place with the American people of "Webster's."

Noah Webster was a quiet man, yet one of great strength of character. It is said of him that he was never known to use a profane or impure word, and that he never allowed scandal or coarse stories to be told in his presence.

He was a man of the simplest habits, sincere and honest to a degree far beyond that of other men. "He had but one character, and that was known and read of all men," a friend said of him the day he died.

His eighty-fifth year found him as active mentally as he had been at twenty-five. He died in 1843, being busy up to within a few days of his death.—Harriet Hobson Dougherty in Kind Words.

Thousands are sick every year with some form of Bowel Complaint. Thousands are cured by taking Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. Warranted to give satisfaction by Hood Bros.

Ring 311 for all your table needs.

SLAVONIA USED "C. Q. D." CALL.

Wireless Feat Saved Passengers and Crew of Wrecked Steamer Slavonia—Princess Irene's Ready Response.

Punta Delgada, Azores Island, June 12.—Wireless telegraph played a prominent part in the saving of the crew and passengers of the Cunard Line steamer Slavonia now a total wreck two miles southwest of Flores Island. The wireless feat of the steamer Republic was equalled if not excelled. The steamer Princess Irene was 180 miles away when the thrilling call "C. Q. D." was picked up. Immediately upon receipt of the message of distress the operator flashed back his answer and learned the location of the stricken ship. The Princess Irene then hastened at full speed to the rescue, and every soul on board the Slavonia was saved.

It was shortly before the midnight of Wednesday, June 9, that the wireless distress signal was received on board the Princess Irene. The operator answered and immediately got a message in reply saying the Slavonia was ashore, and asking the Princess Irene to come to her assistance.

At this time the Princess Irene was 180 miles distance from the Slavonia. Her course was at once changed, and she went ahead at full speed 15 knots an hour, to the designated location, two miles southwest of Flores Island.

The Princess Irene arrived alongside the Slavonia Thursday afternoon. It was arranged that she should take on board the cabin passengers of the Cunard Liner and work to that end was at once begun. All Thursday night was taken up with the transfer, and the 110 passengers, men, women and children, were on board by day light. The transfer was made without a single accident.

Early Friday morning the Princess Irene left the Slavonia for Gibraltar.

In the meantime the wireless calls for help sent out by the Slavonia had been heard by the Hamburg-American line steamer Batavia, which also hastened to the scene of the wreck. The intermediate and steerage passengers of the Slavonia were transferred, also without accident, to this vessel.

There remained on board the Slavonia only the members of the crew, but according to the latest intelligence received here, the entire ship's company left the wreck and went ashore at Velas, on the island of Flores, some time on Friday morning. At that time the Slavonia was full of water and she was a total wreck.

The Slavonia was slowly feeling her way about two miles south of Flores Island, when she suddenly grounded. All efforts to back off proved fruitless and a call for help was immediately sent out.

WAS SON OF SIAMESE TWIN.

Jesse Bunker Killed By Lightning in North Carolina.

Winston-Salem, N. C., June 11.—Jesse Bunker, a deaf-mute and youngest son of Chang, one of the famous Siamese twins, was killed by lightning today in his tobacco barn in Surry county.

He and his son and a workman took shelter in the barn from a rain-storm. Bunker's hat and shoes were torn to pieces, but the body was not bruised or mutilated. The son and workman were knocked senseless and remained in that condition for an hour or more.

Bunker was 48 years old and prosperous. He was intelligent and entertaining, and enjoyed conversing with his friends through the medium of pencil and paper. The famous twins, it will be recalled, married Virginia women. The sons of the Siamese have all been well-to-do. The peculiar inheritance of deafness was an affliction that added an additional strangeness to the family. The mute was bright and quick to wit, though in each branch of the family there seems to have been more or less a freak of nature. The older boys of the Chang family have spread out into other sections.

The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on Mr. J. P. Caldwell, editor of the Charlotte Observer, by Erskine College, Greenwood, S. C., this week.