

The Smithfield Herald

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BEATY & LASSITER,
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Who Are "Constituents?"

Mr. Dooly ought to write a play on "Our Constituents." He would find plenty of material in the speeches which have been made in Washington in favor of protection. The republican leaders say that the policy of "protection" must be preserved but who is protected?

The manufacturers insist upon protection but they are a small per cent of any community. A senator can secure protection for a few manufacturers in his state, but what about the rest of his constituents? They have to pay the tax.

Some of the democrats voted for a tariff on lumber—that will help Mr. Weyerhaeuser and a few timber owners—but what about the people who pay the tax? Are they not constituents also?

What percentage of the constituents in any district own iron ore? What percentage of the constituents in any district raise wool or profit by the duty on hides?

Is it not about time that somebody represented that large majority—the constituents who get no benefit out of protection, but bear the burden of all tariff taxes?

And is it not about time that these constituents looked around for representatives who will not forget them? All the voters are constituents, but most of them are unrepresented and they will remain unrepresented until they make it their business to select senators and members of congress who can not be controlled by the few constituents who demand special privileges and favors.—Bryan's Commoner.

Confusional Insanity.

Almost anybody is liable to become somewhat "confused" when he allows his passion to sweep him off his feet. Confusional insanity is another and softer name for an ungovernable temper. The recent farce called a trial in Mecklenburg county in which Biggers was given his liberty, was a shameful waste of public funds. A magistrate in ten minutes could have done the work just as well. If we are going to abolish capital punishment it would be better to do so by legislative enactment than by a solemn mockery under the form of legal procedure. Perhaps the same result would have followed a similar trial in any of our counties. Mecklenburg is not a sinner in this respect above her sisters. Our criminal law is a huge joke. The lawyers themselves are asking for a reform. In the meantime human life is cheap as dirt. Any "prominent" citizen can become a little confused any day and knock his neighbor in the head with no serious risk to his life or his liberty. The law is still all right for niggers. If a darkey kills a white man and escapes lynching he is pretty apt to dangle at the end of a rope. Only men of some influence in the community, either through money or family connection, become violently insane on account of a confusion of ideas. It is a pity that these things are true in our Southern country, so highly favored in other respects, but they are true. We would as well own up at once and be done with it, that there is more reverence for law in the North than in the South. A "prominent" citizen does not count for so much there as here. The social pull is not strong enough to pull a law-breaker out of jail. Mr. Biggers should have been put where he would not be liable to become confused again. Turning him loose on society will have a bad effect on other gentlemen who are inclined to be a law unto themselves. We did not hear the evidence but we are acquainted with the facts and we are sure that his deed deserved punishment.—Charity and Children.

When They Built It.

During a history recitation in a Washington public school the teacher put the question: "When was Rome built?" The first to answer was a youngster near the front, and his response was "At night." "At night!" repeated the astonished instructor. "How in the world did you get such an idea as that?" "Why, I've often heard my dad say that Rome wasn't built in a day," said the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

A Journey and A Carnival.

A little more than a fortnight ago a number of travelers formed a little group in Raleigh for the purpose of taking a long journey together. They were Mr. D. H. Hood, of Dunn, Mr. Hallie Hood, of Smithfield, Mr. J. H. Frizzelle, of Goldsboro, Mrs. J. H. Frizzelle, Mr. A. J. Parker, of Dunn, Mr. R. M. Phillips, of Sanford and Mr. J. M. Culbreth, of Smithfield. All except two of this company were bound for Seattle, Washington, to attend the great Epworth League Convention and to see the much-advertised Exposition. At Sanford a change was made in the party. Here Mrs. Frizzelle left the train and Mr. C. E. Vale, of Chadbourn, came aboard. His presence completed the Conference Quartette, which is composed of Mr. Vale and Mr. Parker and Mr. Frizzelle and Mr. Phillips. This quartette was under engagement to furnish some special music at the League Conference. The two Messrs. Hood were going to the far Northwest purely from motives of patriotism and love of adventure. The odd member of the company just happened to fall in with this jolly group as he was traveling to a neighboring city, some twenty-four hours distance from the starting point.

At Hamlet, the first change of cars had to be made. Then it became evident that the Seattle party was encumbered with much baggage. The woman with the hat box and the bird cage is universally pitied. But the public fails to observe that frequently husband and sons are equally handicapped with small packages. Nearly every man in the party had baggage enough certainly to justify a small trunk checked safe in the baggage car. But suit cases, hand grips and cracker-boxes were resorted to instead. The odd passenger reaped a rich reward for assisting in the removal of these parcels from one car to the other. For the cracker-boxes invariably, and sometimes the hand-grips, were packed and jammed full of eatables of astonishing variety. And soon after the wheels had rolled us clear of the town limits of the junction point one of the very fattest of those storage packages was laid wide open to the invasion of the hungry company. Besides fried chicken in abundance, there was another Methodist preacher's choice diet, corn bread baked in the oven. The latter was furnished solely, I think, by Mr. Parker. The more tender-footed members of the group, such as Hallie Hood and Mr. Vale, had brought along generous supplies of sandwiches of jelly and jam and peanut butter; and at least one individual averred that the cake he was serving had recently adorned a bridal table. Supper, breakfast and dinner for seven regularly were provided out of the cracker-boxes and hand-grips, and still the supply seemed inexhaustible. The men begged each other to eat, because the food could not be kept intact many more hours.

Between Atlanta and Chattanooga there are several tunnels, and between Chattanooga and Nashville there are more. One member of the party, whose name is withheld by request, had never passed through the eye of a needle before. The picture Mr. Vale got of himself after the train rolled into the light will be one of the most interesting novelties in the party's collection of exhibits when they get back from their journey across the continent.

The seventh member of the party stopped off at Nashville, Tenn. The time of his arrival was just a day and a half before the most remarkable event in the history of the State took place. On July 1st there was not a legalized open saloon anywhere within the borders of the commonwealth. The scenes on the streets of Nashville the night preceding the day of no saloon presented a carnival of rioting and drunkenness seldom, if ever, seen anywhere before. The whisky shops flared out in a last lurid flame of resentment, almost defiant, passion. Every door was wide open and every light was blazing at its highest power. Like blinded moths men were down in great multitudes to the bars where liquor flowed. It was said, in many instances, without money and without price. As the evening waned into the night, the streets began to be full of drunken men, reeling out of one saloon into another. And they were the young men of the community, it was observed, that participated most freely and numerously in the mad carnival. Visitors passed through the streets on the cars, or in safe conveyances, in great amazement at the things they saw. In front of some of the biggest whiskey houses were piles of kegs and jugs of liquor in transit to the rail road warehouses to be shipped out of the State. And until a very late hour delivery vans were hastening through the streets transferring packages to the residences of those citizens who were loath to see the saloon closed.

The next morning many of the aforetime whiskey shops looked as if they had been wrecked by violent means. Screens removed, broken bottles, littered floors, the fetid odor of spilled alcohol, and in the midst of the desolation the former proprietor in soiled livery of the trade, and perchance a clerk or porter sadly gathering up the remnants of anything that might possess a little value.

Thus the saloon passed; and Tennessee says it shall never revive.

J. MARVIN CULBRETH,
Nashville, Tenn., July 14, 1909.

Johnston's Biggest Rain.

The biggest rain ever known in this county as far back as the memory of the oldest citizens go fell at and near Kenly last Friday. It commenced about 3 o'clock and continued until after six with very short intervals. There were really three very heavy rains. It filled an empty pot to the depth of eight inches. Mr. Pharoah Godwin came from where his father lives after the rain and was in a pond of water nearly all the way. He could not see the road bridges at all. Mr. W. H. Edgerton came from the farm and says that water ran over the buggy axles at a flat place through which the road passed. A man living between the depot and school building had the water to run up against the weather boarding of his house about twenty inches from the ground. The water ran into a tobacco barn on the farm of J. T. Edgerton & Brother and put out the fire and floated a two gallon jug in which there was a little drinking water. It was knee deep in a barn belonging to Mr. Steven Watson and put out the fire. Some milk cows were seen passing the lumber mill and they looked as if they were wading a mill pond. Men walked around on low flat ground sometimes a foot deep in water and sometimes knee deep. It ran across the railroad between Kenly and Little river in seven or eight places being unable to go through fast enough at the water channels through the embankment. About a quarter of a mile from the river it washed the road bed out for about 400 feet leaving the tracks and ties suspended twelve to eighteen inches in places. The road here is double tracked and the new bed was washed out at the deepest place about four feet. It took two train loads of dirt and one train load of chankers from the coal waste at Rocky Mount to fill up these washes. Just north of the depot the water ran across the railroad like a river. The trains were delayed several hours and it was several days before they could go at full speed.

The atmosphere seemed full of electricity. The lightning struck at two places in cotton fields and at another place it struck a dog. The Kenly school building was damaged about a hundred dollars and lightning also struck the large seven walled six section dry kiln of the Dennis Simmons Lumber Company and set it on fire which resulted in the burning of over two hundred thousand feet of lumber besides all the wooden parts of the dry kiln itself. Several people who were using umbrellas and standing near rails of the roads were slightly shocked. The wind blew hard, tearing down fences and turning over cotton and corn. It laid by some of the crops as no more plowing can be done in some fields.

Appointments.

Rev. J. B. Willis and Rev. Eugene Olive expect to hold a meeting at Hood's Grove Baptist church beginning Monday night after the first Sunday in August.

Rev. T. B. Justice has arranged to begin a meeting at Pisgah church Monday night, July 26th.

The people of the Bethesda church neighborhood are arranging to have their revival meeting at the usual time which is to begin the fourth Sunday in July.

Rev. J. E. Hoyle and Rev. O. R. Mangum have arranged to begin a meeting at Blackman's Grove church Monday night after the second Sunday in August.

Rev. D. C. Johnson requests us to announce that he will preach at Myatt's school house first Sunday in August at 4 o'clock.

A Fine Residence.

Mr. Henry F. Edgerton is finishing his new residence which is one of the finest and best arranged in the county. Kenly leads the towns of the county in the number of fine residences and Mr. Edgerton's is the last one built. Including the baths there are thirteen rooms to the building. With its fine mantels, its variety of wall papering, its arrangement for hot water, its system of waterworks and numerous other things which make it attractive and convenient, it is one of the most desirable places we have seen. It is on Maxwell Heights which is known as a place of fine residences in the town. Mr. Edgerton is one of the best known and one of the most popular business men of the county. He and his wife have given their best thought to planning their new residence. May they live long and enjoy life at their new place is the wish of their many friends.

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makes baby nervous and fretful, and stops gain in weight.

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We have made every preparation and are now ready for the new crop. We are in better position to look after your interests than ever before. We have three large prize houses, besides our Warehouse and grading room in which to handle your tobacco. Bring us your tobacco and we will see that you get the highest market price for every pile placed on our floor. We will grade your tobacco for 75 cts per hundred and guarantee satisfaction.

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We handle the Celebrated A. G. Spalding line and the American line of Baseball Goods. Louisville Slugger Bats. See our line of Fishing Tackle.

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Haulers Wanted!!

We Can Furnish Work for 8 or 10 Log Carts to Haul Logs. Call at office, phone or write—

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OVERSEERS' REPORTS.

It is about time for Road Overseers to make their semi-annual reports. We are prepared to furnish the blanks needed. Send to The Herald Office for Report Blanks, or any other blank you need. Mail orders filled promptly.

BEATY & LASSITER,
Smithfield, N. C.

IMPROVE THE looks of your buggy by having it painted in the paint shop belonging to the Ellington Buggy Co., Smithfield. Price for painting \$5 to \$10.

Spiers Great Cash Sale

Beginning Monday,
July 5th

All Strictly Summer Goods Greatly Reduced. A discount of 10 per cent will be allowed on all goods not otherwise reduced for Cash (except spool cotton.)

Spiers Bros.