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WRIGHT MEETS TEST.

FLIES AEROPLANE FORTY-TWO MILES AN HOUR.

Thousands See Spectacular Cross-Country Flight. Carrying Lieutenant Foulis With Him, the Great Aviator Sails Ten Miles, Starting at Fort Myer, in 14 Minutes and 42 Seconds.

Washington, July 30.—Orville Wright this evening attained the zenith of hard-earned success. In a 10-mile cross-country flight in the famous aeroplane built by himself and his elder brother, Wilbur, and accompanied by Lieut. Benjamin D. Foulis, an intrepid officer of the Army Signal Corps, he not only surpassed the speed requirements of his contract with the United States government, but accomplished the most difficult and daring flight ever planned for a heavier-than-air flying machine. Incidentally, he broke all speed records over a measured course and established beyond dispute the practicability of the aeroplane in time of peace and war.

Wright's speed was more than 42 miles an hour. He made the 10-mile flight in 14 minutes and 42 seconds, including the more than 20 seconds required for the turn beyond the line at Shuter Hill, the southern end of the course. He attained a height in crossing the valley of Fourmile Run of nearly 500 feet, and the average altitude of his practically level course was about 200 feet.

A terrific wind and rainstorm early in the afternoon seemed providentially provided to clear and quiet the atmospheric conditions in preparation for the flight, which was delayed only by the failure of the army field telegraph line to Shuter Hill, depended upon the communication between the two ends of the course. It was still out of commission when Orville Wright, seizing the moment of the best weather conditions he had yet had for the speed test, had the machine placed on the starting rail and gave the motor a final test.

The engine worked perfectly, and the crowd seemed to realize that an epoch-making moment was at hand. They pressed forward against the lines which held them back, breathless, intense, eagerly watching every movement of the aviator and his machine. The Signal Corps men hoisted the great weight in the starting-derrick which gives the machine its initial impulse. Orville Wright inspected personally every detail of preparation, while his brother, Wilbur, walked about nervously, himself inspecting each minute particular of the mechanism upon whose fidelity depended his brother's life. Miss Katherine Wright, the devoted sister, made little concealment of her excitement and anxiety. Indeed, she was one of the group which crowded so close to the machine as the crucial moment drew near, that Wilbur was compelled to ask the members to step back.

Lieutenant Foulis, lithe, wiry, brown as a berry, in his khaki uniform and leggings, at a sign from Orville Wright, climbed into the passenger's seat beside the motor. Wilbur Wright and Charley Taylor, the Wright's mechanic, took their places at the propellers. Orville turned on the spark of the motor as they turned the blades around. The motor picked up the impetus and Orville turned on full speed. For the first time the propellers of the aeroplane were whirling at their maximum capacity.

The smooth and even song of the engine aroused the crowd to excited cheering. Wilbur took his place at the right tip of the planes, and Orville clambered into his seat beside Foulis. He gripped the levers, and, nodding to his brother, slipped the cable which released the starting weight. The aeroplane shot down the track, rose before it reached the end and skimmed over the surface of the ground for 100 feet or more.

As if drawn by invisible powers the white-winged man-bird rose, higher and higher, reached the end of the field, turned at a slight angle and came about, facing the madly cheering multitude.

Hats and handkerchiefs were waving, automobile horns were tooting, some over-wrought spectators even

wept as the great creature turned again southward at the starting tower, and everybody in the crowd seemed intent upon giving her and her daring passengers a "god speed" on their perilous trip.

Climbing up, as it were, on the air, mounting higher and higher, Orville brought the machine at great speed once again fully round the field, then with a short turn he swept about almost over the heads of the closely banked spectators and started straight southward over the center of the drill field.

"They're off!" a thousand voices shouted as one.

Like a giant bird, circling the sky until it marks its prey and then darting straight for its objective, this man-bird swept unswerving down its course. The revolving propellers encouraged an illusion of swift-winged bird flight.

Unwavering, it kept its course straight to the south, and it seemed to be rising ever higher as it passed over the diverse and heavily wooded country in the distance. Smaller and smaller it grew, until it became a mere speck against the pearl sky above the horizon.

Those who had glasses saw the aeroplane turn, first to the left, then to the right, above Shuter Hill.

Suddenly the speck was lost to view, and as the seconds passed a silence grew upon the crowd, a silence that spoke of deep concern. Wilbur Wright, standing with level glasses beside his sister, strained his gaze in an effort to catch sight of the aeroplane when it should rise again above the sky line. Seconds seemed minutes, and as the interval became seemingly alarming great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow and his agitation was evident.

Suddenly the speck came in sight again over the distant hill. A cry swept over the watching crowd. "There is it!" everybody said, and the sigh of relief was plainly audible.

Onward the machine came, growing with the seconds, and seemingly swerved from its course by a westerly breeze. It grew and grew until almost every detail of it was visible. Soon the aerial navigators were home again over the drill grounds, flying very low. Orville steered straight across the field, and at a height of about 20 feet swung round again to the southward and landed easily far down the field. The task was done, and in triumph.—Baltimore American.

LITTLE DOG SHOTS MASTER.

Claws at Gun Stock and Fills Him With Birdshot.

New York, July 30.—Joseph Talobarian did not know that his shotgun was loaded yesterday when he made ready to clean it in his home at Concord, S. I. He laid it across a chair and then went into another room.

His little dog jumped up on the chair and began to look about. She did not know it was loaded either, and began clawing around the gun-stock.

Just as her master came back through the door the dog set off the gun. All this afternoon a surgeon was picking birdshot out of Talobarian's abdomen.

Lightning Plays Havoc.

Memphis, Tenn., July 31.—One of the worst electric storms in years visited Memphis this evening, killing one, seriously burning two, slightly burning another, shocking a score of others, and throwing the city's entire residence district into darkness.

Several churches, many houses, and street cars were struck by lightning.

STATE NEWS.

Albemarle, Stanly county, voted \$67,000 bonds last week for water, lights, sewerage and schools.

On Sunday afternoon, July 18, "Uncle" Park Smitherman was baptized in the Yadkin river at Shoals, his age being 80 years. "Uncle" Perk has always attended church services, but not until the above date had he united with any church. A large crowd witnessed the baptismal ceremony and the scene was indeed impressive.—Statesville Landmark.

The longest pipe line in the world is that which extends from the Oklahoma oil wells to New York harbor.

MEXICAN EARTHQUAKE.

THOUSANDS STARVE IN QUAKE DISTRICT.

All Crops are Blighted in the Stricken District. Large Area in Mexico Filled with Great Fissures in the Earth, and Ground So Hot, It Blisters the Feet of Those Who Walk on it—Farmers Flee the Country.

Mexico City, Aug. 2.—Starvation stares many thousands of people in the face throughout the State of Guerrero and north of there, between this city and Acapulco, as the earthquake ruined the fields as well as the cities and homes of the people of the devastated region.

Many of the farmers have fled from the country, or at least from their own firesides, terrorized by the calamity, and the people are wandering aimlessly about the country or huddling up in the open spaces in the large cities and praying in terror against a repetition of the quakes.

A peculiar feature of the earthquake disturbance was that it seems to have killed most of the growing crops. Geologists and soil experts are unable to account for the fact that vegetables and field crops of all kinds have dried up since the shocks began to be felt, and it is hardly possible to find a green, thriving field of grain or vegetables throughout the affected region.

Natives report great fissures in the earth in many places, and declare that the ground is so hot that it blisters their feet to walk upon it for any length of time. The heat has sapped the moisture from the ground in many places, and the result is that the crops are destroyed as if some terrible sun-blight had swept down upon them simultaneously.

Many believe that the crust of the earth is very thin, because of the fact that earthquakes have been numerous in that section in the past year, and that the action of the same disturbing element in the bowels of the earth that has caused the quakes has killed the vegetation. Even large trees are said to be withering as if they would die.

This blight of the vegetation of the country occurs in its worst form only in patches, but it is felt throughout the entire stricken section in a more or less severe manner.

HAS WHOOPING COUGH AT 75.

Aged Woman Says She is Glad She Escaped It So Long.

Middletown, N. Y., July 31.—Mrs. D. M. Wade, of Montgomery, this county, at the age of 75 years is having her first attack of whooping-cough, and although it is a severe one, she is happy in the thought that she has escaped the infantile disease so long.

Friends who call to see her are reminded by Mrs. Wade that her afflictions are an indication that she is to enjoy many more years of life.

Depends on Dog's Testimony.

A spotted white dog is today locked up in the Cobb county jail near here with an entry on the police blotter that he is a "material witness" in an assault case and is to remain a prisoner indefinitely. In the eyes of the law, at least, this imprisonment contains no element of jest, for the life of a negro prisoner depends in part upon the dog.

The animal is believed to be the one which accompanied a negro who assaulted Mrs. Ezy Brown near Vinings station recently. Willard Webb, a negro, is in jail in Atlanta charged with the attack. The dog will confront his alleged master at the trial next month, his blind faithfulness being relied upon to give true testimony. Mrs. Brown already has identified the dog.—Atlanta, Ga., Dispatch, 28th.

Terrible Flood Drowns 1000 in Manchuria.

Tokio, July 31.—News has reached here of a terrible flood in the province of Chang Chun, Manchuria. In the city of Kirin, situated at the head of steam navigation on the river Sungari, 1,000 people have been drowned and 7,000 houses submerged. Water still rising.

COTTON CROP ONLY 71.9

GOVERNMENT REPORT SHOWING CONDITIONS JULY 25.

Comparative Report of Same Date of Previous Years Makes the Lowest Showing in Years—Last Year the Condition on Same Date Was 83.

Washington, August 2.—The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture estimates, from the reports of the correspondents and agents of the bureau, that the average condition of the cotton crop on July 25, 1909, was 71.9 per cent of a normal as compared with 74.6 on June 25, 1909, 83.0 on July 25, 1908, 75.0 on July 25, 1907, 82.9 on July 25, 1906, and 80.6 the average of the past ten years on July 25.

Comparisons of conditions by states follow:

| States. | July 25, 1909. | July 25, 1908. |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Virginia | 71 | 90 |
| North Carolina | 71 | 89 |
| South Carolina | 76 | 84 |
| Georgia | 78 | 85 |
| Florida | 84 | 85 |
| Alabama | 68 | 85 |
| Mississippi | 64 | 86 |
| Louisiana | 58 | 83 |
| Texas | 70 | 82 |
| Arkansas | 76 | 86 |
| Tennessee | 80 | 88 |
| Missouri | 85 | 88 |
| Oklahoma | 79 | 66 |
| United States | 71.9 | 83.0 |

At His Key For Fifty Years.

Reading, Pa., July 31.—In 1864, when Mahlon Boyer, then a telegraph operator for the Reading Railway, left his key and sponder to participate in the civil war, he one day received the following letter from the late E. M. Clymer, president of the East Penn Railroad:

As you have always been a faithful boy, and being the only support of your dear mother, your wages of \$40 per month will be given to her, the same as if you were in the office.

Forty-five years have slipped around, and Mr. Boyer has been a most faithful boy ever since, and today he is still handling the telegraph key for the Reading Company in this city, one of the oldest operators in active service though only 64 years old today.

A Remarkable Family.

Mr. C. M. Ray has just returned from Burnsville, Yancey county, his native place, where he attended the recent unveiling of the monument to Capt. Ottaway Burns, the revolutionary privateer, for whom the town is named.

It took Mr. Ray a long time to visit around amongst his kinsfolk. He has eleven brothers and sisters living in Yancey and two brothers in Buncombe, with himself, making a family of fourteen children. He has 167 nephews and nieces, grand-nephews and grand-nieces. His oldest brother is 67 years of age and out of this large family connection there have been only five deaths in 67 years.

Mr. Ray has an aunt, Mrs. Nancy Gardner, living at the age of 98 years. Mr. Gardner spoke twice in Charlotte and made many friends here. The venerable Mrs. Gardner has an old colored slave living with her, Polly Gardner, at the advanced age of 104 years.—Charlotte News.

MADE ADVERTISING PAY.

Big Manufacturers to Tell How They Gained Fortunes by It.

Louisville, July 31.—Advertising, its necessity in the conduct of every big business and its legitimate place in American commerce, will be discussed in all its phases at the fifth annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, which meet here August 25, 26 and 27.

"I am spending \$2,000,000 a year in advertising," says Frank Van Camp, of Indianapolis, "in order to create and stimulate a demand for something people haven't bought very largely before. I spent \$100,000 in a week in Greater New York, and before the week was over I had to

cut out advertising and give day-and-night orders to my factories."

That is why Mr. Van Camp is qualified to speak on "Advertising, What It Is and Its Effect on the Consumer."

Hugh Chalmers was getting \$72,000 a year as advertising and sales manager of the National Cash Register Company, when he left that job to take the presidency of the Chalmers-Detroit Company. "I didn't know anything about automobiles, but I did know something about advertising," explained Chalmers, naively. He developed an idea for a new type of car, spent the modest sum of \$28,000 in a week to let the country know about it—and sold 984 machines as a result.

What he thinks of advertising will be told under the title: "Advertising and Salesmanship."

The big business men of the country, who have come to know the necessity of wise expenditures in advertising, will meet with the convention along with the "ad" writers and the agency men.

EIGHTY FOOT SEA SERPENT.

Captain Serensen Did Not Go Near, but Says He is Conservative.

New York, July 30.—This time the sea serpent appears off Cape Hatteras, six feet around the body, eighty feet long and armed with fangs like sickles, he went slashing through the waves, hard by the Norwegian steamship Simon Dumois, which arrived here from Nipe, Cuba, yesterday.

Captain Serensen says he did not get near enough to make actual measurements or to count the fangs, but he is sure his estimate is conservative.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Brains and Avoirdupois.

Cy Sulloway is the biggest man in congress—that is, if one takes count physically. Morris Shepard of Texas is one of the smallest—that is, if he is measured on the same lines. They were sitting together at one of the Pennsylvania avenue hotels the other night.

"Morris," said the New Hampshire giant, "why don't you grow? You talk to me about the whales the south produces in avoirdupois. Pity you don't send some of them up here. Look at you. Why, I could slather a dime's worth of butter over you and swallow you!"

"And should you," replied Shepard, "as Alexander Stephens once replied to the same suggestion from Butler, you would have more brains in your stomach than you have in your head."—Ex.

ONLY SEVEN DOLLARS LEFT.

Man Once Dropped \$100,000 in a Church Collection Box.

New York, July 29.—John Hall Deane, realty lawyer, who for some years represented the late Charles T. Birney in his real estate deals, and who once had the credit of dropping \$100,000 in the collection plate at the Calvary Baptist church, testified in supplementary proceedings today that his only asset now is \$7 in cash in his pocket, and that there are judgments aggregating \$500,000 outstanding against him.

When to Stop Advertising.

Will a merchant who is wise ever cease to advertise?

Yes—when the trees grow upside down;

When the beggar wears a crown;

When ice cream forms on the sun;

When the sparrow weighs a ton;

When gold dollars get too cheap;

When women secrets keep;

When a fish forgets to swim;

When Satan sings a hymn;

When girls go back on gum;

When no politician schemes;

When mince pie makes pleasant dreams;

When its fun to break a tooth;

When all lawyers tell the truth;

When the drummer has no brass—

When these things shall come to pass

Then the man that's wise will neglect to advertise.—Ex.

OPENING HERE TUESDAY

THE FIRST TOBACCO SALES QUITE A SUCCESS.

Considering the Weather and The Common Grades Offered The Smithfield Tobacco Market Has Started Off Well. Strong Corps of Buyers Here to Help Push Things Along.

The opening sales on the Smithfield Tobacco market this week have been quite a success considering everything. The rains Sunday afternoon, Monday, and then again Tuesday kept quite a lot of tobacco off the market at this time. So much rain put it in very high order and a large number of farmers did not bring any for the opening, because they knew that it was not in the best condition for the best prices.

Considering the quality of tobacco offered—first primings and lugs—the prices were good, fully as good as were expected. We learn that the prices were up to what they were last year on the opening sales. All of our warehouses, three in number, have had pretty fair breaks for the past three days.

For several years, ever since the market was established here, Smithfield has been the leading market in Johnston county. With the excellent facilities for handling and rehandling tobacco, with three of the very best warehouses in any small town, managed by men who know the tobacco business and by men who are financially interested in Smithfield, with one of the strongest corps of buyers on any market—Smithfield expects to hold the lead in this county. The town is centrally located and those who have been selling their tobacco here for the past several years at satisfactory prices will hardly pass Smithfield by this year. We are confident that our men will give the farmers as high prices for the golden weed as can be had anywhere.

The American Tobacco Company is again represented on this market this year by Mr. M. A. Allen, than whom there is no popular buyer on any market. He knows his business and has stood as faithfully by the farmers as he possibly could under his buying orders. The Imperial Co. has a strong representative here in Mr. W. T. Barber, who has represented this great foreign concern on this market for the past several years. Like Mr. Allen, he is a popular buyer and does what he can every time. Mr. Tom Ragsdale has been with the market since it first opened. He is buying again this year for several independent concerns, both at home and abroad, and buys a good deal of the golden weed. With his large steam drying plant he is prepared to handle tobacco in all kinds of weather. In addition to the buyers above mentioned Skinner & Patterson buy largely and thus help to keep the prices up to the highest standard possible. Taking it all in all, Smithfield cannot be beaten this year as a tobacco market.

Eight killed in explosion. Buildings wrecked while student is experimenting with engine.

Minneapolis, July 31.—Eight persons were killed and a disastrous fire was started by a gasoline explosion in a five-story building occupied by F. J. Wendelick & Co., at St. Paul, late this afternoon.

A university student named McAuley, was experimenting with an engine he had invented when it blew up, and the brick structure came crashing down upon him, scattering bricks in every direction for hundreds of feet.

\$300,000,000 IN WHEAT.

Minnesota's Estimated Yield Worth Double Last Year's.

Minneapolis, July 30.—The Northwestern Miller, the acknowledged authority on wheat, estimates the wheat yield of Minnesota and the two Dakotas at 235,000,000 bushels.

The wheat will bring \$300,000,000 at present prices, \$165,000,000 more than last year's yield.

More than \$300,000 worth of birds

were imported into this country during the year 1908. They were largely parrots and canaries.