

The Smithfield Herald
Published Every Friday Morning.

BEATY & LASSITER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Postoffice at Smithfield, Johnston County, N. C., as second-class Matter.

Rates of Subscription:
One Year, Cash in Advance.. \$1.00
Six Months50

IN OUR GRADED SCHOOL.

The bell taps: two hundred little folks fall in line. In, or out of time with the rhythm of a lively tune, they ascend the steps, that lead to the assembly hall. They seat themselves in quiet rows, they wait.

Another tap of the bell: they rise to a man, and twice a hundred voices swell in one chord of praise: praise of the Father of all Children. A simple hearty song from generous hearts.

The Superintendent prays: his words well up from the very depths of his soul. He knows every child, every parent, he embraces all in his devout petition. His prayer is reverent, sincere; it finds an echo in the listener's soul. A wave of supplication and of thanksgiving is wafted to the Shores Eternal, to the foot of the great White Throne. Who counts the invisible blessings, that are poured out from on high, on these who are gathered in His Name?

Silence again. This is the moment of "advice," advice ever loving, ever constructive. There is no heart more responsive than that of the child. The little ones soon love those who love them, they are unerring in their likes and their dislikes. They understand the admonition, the counsel, the advice that he gives, who sincerely loves. These may not always be followed, rules are not always obeyed. If men forget the ten great rules, the Ten Commandments, how much more the little folks, the simple rules of school? Truly, Love and Patience are well met on the Campus, in the lecture room.

Again the youthful assembly rises, and sings the songs of the dear Old South, the lyrics of this great Republic: the gay notes of "Dixie," the plaintive echoes of "Old Black Joe," the solemn rhythm of "America," and twenty other melodies dear to the Southern heart.

Taps the bell again. The strains of a lively march resound through the hall; the little feet mark time on the floor, the exit has begun.

Is there a prettier, am ore cheerful sight in our whole community?

WELLMAN'S EXPERIMENT.

Success often comes out of failure. Experiments that result disastrously sometimes pave the way that leads to victory. Walter Wellman failed in his attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean in his Airship, "America." But in this failure he has learned lessons that may prove invaluable in the development of aeronautics. Some day the Atlantic will be crossed in some heavier-than-air machine and much of the glory of its accomplishment will be due to such pioneers as Wellman. He has shown that he is a brave and daring man. His intrepidity has called forth the admiration of two continents. His failure to cross the Atlantic brings disappointment to thousands, and yet,—no one hardly expected him to succeed.

Saturday when the news was flashed from Atlantic City that "Wellman is off in his airship," men in every civilized nation on earth stood with bated breath, awaiting further intelligence of the daring aeronaut. Sunday at noon news came from him that all was well; still there was something in the "wireless" that was not very assuring. He was then off the coast of Nantucket, Mass. Then came suspense. The hours wore on, and still no news. Monday, passed and yet nothing was heard from him. Tuesday morning a "wireless" was received stating that the daring Wellman and his brave crew,—and the cat—had been rescued, several hundred miles south of

Nantucket and perhaps 400 miles east of the North Carolina coast, by the Royal Mail Steamship Trent. All the world was glad, glad that they had been saved, but sorry that the expedition had failed.

But the things learned in this daring experiment make ultimate success more certain. Out of the darkness of Wellman's failure may be seen the first gleams of the dawn that shall usher in a day of victory. In everything that makes for the betterment of mankind failures often precede success. The path over the trackless wastes of ice to the North Pole was stained with the blood of hundreds before the world received the news on that September day in 1909, that Peary had reached the goal. For the victories of science lives have been given. In mechanics, in discovery, even in religion there have been martyrs. In the battle to conquer the air many heroes have already given their lives—many mishaps and disasters have come, but the world-conquerors have not been discouraged for out of their failures must come victory.

Keeping Boys on the Farm.

There are organized in the corn belt in the Mississippi valley, from the lakes to the gulf and from Texas to Iowa, boys' corn clubs, to encourage the better farming in the corn field and to counteract the allurements of the city that draw so disastrously and so mercilessly from the bucolic population.

The Houston Post says that there are hundreds of boys in Texas who, in competitive struggle for rich prizes offered will grow 100 bushels of corn to the acre this season. This sort of thing will wed the lad to the farm, and ultimately it will wed the American farm population to the soil as the French peasant is to his patch. If that condition prevailed now, our agricultural products would be increased in quantity more than threefold.

These boy clubs give the lad interest in the farm. In the hope of gaining the prize he seeks the most virile and the most productive seed, and strives to give his patch the most intelligent and diligent tillage. He thus becomes the inveterate enemy of weeds. He sedulously reads the agricultural press, and with keen insight he discovers and absorbs the most valuable suggestions. In short, the scheme is calculated to make a farmer of the boy, a prosperous man, a good citizen, full of energy, industry, and thrift—the hope and the pillar of the State.

In Indiana a single ear of corn was sold at a fabulous price, more than \$100, perhaps, and it was cheap at that, for it was the best ear of the best crop of the State and was awarded a magnificent prize besides. After a while there will be boy clubs for the growing of wheat, of cotton, tobacco, potatoes, and other farm crops, and the resulting benefits to the American public will be incalculable.—Washington Post.

A Farmer Arrests a Pickpocket.

There was considerable excitement Wednesday morning at the Union Station in Raleigh when Mr. W. M. Pittman, of near Selma, arrested a pickpocket who had robbed him of his pocket book and something over ten dollars. Just as Mr. Pittman was walking down the car steps the man slipped his hand into his pocket for the money which the thief handed to his colleague who was with him. One of Mr. Pittman's sons, who was just behind, saw his father robbed and caught the man by his coat and called to his father for help. Mr. Pittman, turning around, seized the robber and held him fast. The man to whom the money was handed left the platform of the car on the other side of the train and disappeared in the crowd. The pickpocket who took the money from the pocket made a great effort to get away from Mr. Pittman but in vain. He was carried some distance to a policeman who took him to the mayor for trial. He was placed in the lock-up until 10 o'clock Thursday when the case was to be heard. It was an interesting sight to the great crowd in the station to see Mr. Pittman hold him and carry him forward to find a policeman.

Singing School to be Organized.

The public around Oliver's Grove church are earnestly requested to meet me at the church the first Sunday afternoon in November at half after two o'clock for the purpose of organizing a singing school. I have never taught any singing but will give five days free. Everybody invited to come.

T. B. TYNER.
Benson, R. F. D. No. 1, Oct. 19.

JESSE T. ELLINGTON.

It is not possible for me to express in words the feeling of grief which overcame me when I read the announcement of the death of Jesse T. Ellington, on the morning of the very day appointed for his burial.

I would not be true to myself if I did not give expression to the grief I feel in my heart over the death of this good man. When I say he was a good man, all who knew him, know also that I speak the simple truth; and when I said he was a good man, I laid the great, broad, everlasting foundation stone of all that is great in this world. He had a hold on the hearts of his people stronger than a chain of steel, because they knew he was a generous, big hearted, good man. Victor Hugo says that when M. Myriel, Cure of Brignolles, met Napoleon, the Emperor said, "Who is this good man?" M. Myriel replying said, "Sire, you behold a good man and I a great man. Each of us may profit by it." Napoleon was striving to leave name and fame like Caesar, or Hannibal or Alexander, while M. Myriel was striving to live the simple life of a good man. Where is the man who would exchange the fame of the latter for that of the former?

Jesse T. Ellington was about as free from insincerity as any man I have ever known. He did not believe it was ever necessary to strain the truth in order to be polite. He was blunt, direct, sincere in all that he did and said, but he had as tender a heart as ever beat in a human breast. Of course, such a man made a good soldier. It was impossible for him to hear the story of the trials and suffering of the Confederate soldier particularly without shedding tears. He was not more devoted to the Cause of the Confederacy on the day he volunteered to enter the army than he was on the day of his death. He was a man of iron nerve. I do not believe he knew the sensation of fear. Some years ago, a poor unfortunate colored man in this town became violently and dangerously insane. This colored man was a giant in size and strength. He shut himself in his hut, armed himself with an axe, and defied any one to enter. Sheriff Ellington opened the door, ordered the poor negro to put down his axe, walked to him, brought him out, and a few days thereafter took him to the Colored Asylum. I thought this very rash and risky conduct on the part of the Sheriff, and warned him of the danger to which, as I thought, he had needlessly exposed himself. "Well," he replied, "somebody had to arrest that darkey. They came after me and I thought it was just as well for me to take the risk as any one else."

Sheriff Ellington was so modest that he really did not know how to push himself. Intellectually, he was equal to any position or requirement. He would have made a fine Governor of this State. He would have filled any position with honor and credit. If he had faults, they were so trivial that they faded almost completely in the great blazing light of his splendid character.

Twice the Democrats in the House of Representatives complimented him by voting for him for Sergeant-at-Arms of that body. Had he lived I think he would have been chosen for that important position when his party shall succeed in electing a majority of the members of that body.

It has not been my purpose to write the story of his life. I simply lay a last tribute on the grave of my dead friend. He was a true man,—one

Whom the lust of office did not kill,—
Whom the spoils of office could not buy,
Who possessed opinions and a will,
Who had honour and who would not lie,
Who could stand before the demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flattery without winking.
A tall man, sun crowned, who lived above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.

EDW. W. FOU,
Smithfield, Oct. 17, 1910.

Public Speaking.

W. S. Stevens, candidate for Clerk of Superior Court, L. H. Allred, candidate for the Legislature, and O. A. Barbour, candidate for the Senate, will address the citizens of Elevation township at Elevation, Saturday night, October 22, 1910, at 7:30 o'clock. A division of time will be accorded to any Republican in Johnston county. The issues of the present campaign will be forcibly and truthfully presented. A good attendance is respectfully solicited.

Z. L. LEMAY,
Chm. Dem. Ex. Com.
ED. F. WARD, Secretary.

At all seasons of the year five o'clock in the morning is the coldest hour of the twenty-four.

OCTOBER 31ST.

NOVEMBER 5TH.



ACCIDENTS

will happen---even with such a neat housekeeper as the Malleable Girl.

The Malleable girl is not careless, but then accidents will happen. She is not worried, however, for she knows that twice the amount of water will not crack the top of her range because it is thoroughly annealed stove plate. A cake of ice can be

placed on it while the top is red-hot without in anywise affecting the casting. Should any of this water run down into the oven, it will not firecrack as cast iron would under similar conditions. Should an accident of a similar character happen to another range, it would break and firecrack into a score of pieces. You will be glad to learn of other distinctive features of this wonderful range.

DROP INTO THE STORE OF

Cotter Hardware Co.

ANY TIME FROM

October 31st to November 5th, 1910.

The Malleable Girl will Serve you with Three Minute Biscuits and Delicious Hot Coffee and Present you with a Beautiful Cook Book and a Useful Souvenir.

With Each Range purchased during this exhibit, you will receive, free a complete set of high grade cooking ware; well worth \$7.50

OCTOBER 31ST.

NOVEMBER 5TH.

A NEW \$75 TOP BUGGY

Given Away Absolutely Free by the Farmers Mercantile Company, Selma, N. C.

The Holder of Ticket Number 978 will present same on or before the first day of November, 1910, and get the Buggy or we will proceed to give the Buggy to some other customer.

Farmers Mercantile Co.,
SELMA, N. C.

P. S. Of course it is generally understood that we have the largest and most varied line of Merchandise ever brought to Johnston County and that we are selling same at the most reasonable prices. We carry anything and everything in Dry Goods and Clothing and Stoves and Ranges and Furniture and Buggies and Wagons and Groceries. We are unloading to-day a car each of American and Pittsburg Fence, and we also are receiving two cars of Flour which we will sell at prices sufficiently low to justify a trip to see us.—F. M. Co.

IN Advertising--and good business stationery is advertising--it's not so much the taste of the man producing the matter, as the consideration of what will appeal to the class of people he desires to reach. Our Printing will appeal to all in Workmanship, Quality and Taste.

NEW GOODS

We carry a Full Line of Dry Goods, including a nice selection of Dress Goods. Notions In Great Variety.

THE DOROTHY DODD SHOES For Ladies are among our large and well selected stock of shoes
Men's, Boys' and Gents' Furnishing Goods

Our Full Line of Millinery is in Charge of Miss Esther Watson, An Experienced Milliner
We carry Mattings, Rugs, Art Squares and House Furnishings. Call to see us

W. E. SMITH CO.
SELMA, N. C.