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HOW LIVE-AT-HOME WITHOUT A HOME?

LIVE-AT-HOME has become a familiar phase during recent weeks. The governor's slogan is being preached and practiced all over North Carolina. The term means just what it says, but Johnston County's welfare superintendent has read more into it than simply taking care of one's own by raising plenty of food and feed stuffs.

"We are hearing so much of the 'live-at-home' crusade, and we know the truth of the injunction, but how can those live at home who have no homes?"

"Before me comes a scene of the afternoon. I had gone with a field secretary from Thomasville Orphanage to Baby Haven to look over the little folks. From the bed came a complaint from Billy Kingston—eight weeks old Billy from Lenoir, who never says anything unless his feeding bottle slips from his reach—then he puts on a real Kingston campaign. Billy quelled—attention was drawn to Jimmie New Bern, a bright little tot from Craven County, who proudly gave a demonstration; he has just learned to walk.

"While several of these children are from other counties, seven boys and the 14 year old girl are from Johnston, and would like to join the 'live-at-home' crowd if they only had homes. They are bright, fine children with the same yearning for home and mother that other children have. Their mothers are dead and the Orphanages are overflowing. The field secretary held out little hope of taking any of them—not more than one or two at the most. It is probable that every one of them will make a good citizen if placed in a real Christian home. The great redeeming feature for Johnston County is its love for children, and the Welfare Officer is hoping that the right kind of homes will open to these little ones. Those who are interested in them can see them by calling at the Welfare office."

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RESPONSIBILITY FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT—

In a recent editorial in the Concord Times, the theme of which was better citizens and fewer crimes, it is suggested that local communities need not look to Congress or to Mr. Hoover to solve law enforcement problems. The writer states that under our system of government, we have no right to expect the federal authorities to do our public work, and that if we accept our own responsibility, crime will quickly diminish.

This shouldering of responsibility is what many, otherwise good citizens, shrink from. From time to time there comes to our ears rumors and even more than rumors of conditions in sections not a thousand miles away, conditions that could be remedied if men and women would accept their responsibility. We are in hearty agreement with the Concord Times' editorial which concludes as follows:

"Honest neighbors and friends in any community can get rid of lawlessness, to a large extent, by banding together and insisting upon action. Let only ten per cent of the decent people of any community organize and without delay the criminals can be routed. Let a small group of honest men in any industry get together and no gangster can organize his racket."

GIVING.

The little boy's stocking will soon be hanging beside the fireplace. Soon he will be tumbling out of bed to empty it gleefully of its treasures. And his father and mother, standing smiling near by, will know the literal fulfillment of the old assertion that "It is better to give than to receive."

It is in many ways appropriate that the anniversary of Him who was born in the stable at Bethlehem should be an occasion for giving. No other ever revealed so can do now is pray that he can get giving. No other gave so abundantly as He. But most appropriate of all is the fact that His natal day should be one when the world turns its thoughts to children. For He who said of them that "of such is the kingdom of heaven" said also:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, I verify I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—Country Gentleman.

The Way of Life

By BRUCE BARTON

HONESTY IN BUSINESS

I graduated from college when muckraking was in its greatest glory. The magazines and newspapers and reformers had filled our youthful minds with so much distressing information that we hardly knew whether the world was a safe place for us to step out into or not.

"We looked askance on all the fellows in college whose fathers had made money. To be sure, the fathers seemed decent enough old codgers when they visited us at the fraternity house. But we felt that something was dark and bad in their past somewhere.

"A business man was a being without conscience or intelligence, like a slot-machine. You gave him a nickel and he gave you a nickel's worth of goods.

"If he took your nickel and withheld the goods, then he was a successful business man.

"We know better now. In fact, I believe it could be shown that the greatest force for righteousness in the United States today is nothing more nor less than the once maligned business.

"Business is the greatest ally and promoter of Honesty. And more and more I have come to feel that Honesty is, after all, the corner-stone of all the virtues.

"Nothing has impressed me more than this: Get to the top of a big business enterprise, and nine times out of ten you will find an idealist.

"You will find a man who has long since ceased to be interested in mere money-making who is staying in business because of what he wants his business to do for his employees, his community and his country.

"I do not say that Business is perfect. Far from it.

"But I do say that the time is past when the young man who goes into business needs to feel that he is making a selfish choice—a choice that cuts him off from service to his fellow men.

"Be not slothful in business," said St. Paul, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

"Many a man, building a big business in America, has, as a by-product of his building, strengthened the character and lifted the ideals of hundreds of his associates, and helped in the regeneration of a whole community.

"And the number of such men—the idealists of BUSINESS in America—is increasing very fast.

THE DYING DRUMMER BOY.

Two or three times, in my life God in His mercy touched my heart, and twice before my conversion I was under deep conviction.

"During the American war I was surgeon in the United States Army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital, among whom were 28 who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated, some lost an arm, and others both an arm and a leg. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service, and being too young for a soldier had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and a steward wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and positively refused to take it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, 'Send the doctor to me.'

"When I came to his bedside I said, 'Young man, why do you refuse chloroform? When I found you on the battlefield you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up; but when you opened those large blue eyes I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here; but you have now lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore you

had better let me give you some.' He laid his hand on mine, and looking me in the face, said, 'Doctor, one Sunday afternoon, in the Sabbath school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then; I have been trusting Him ever since, and I know I can trust Him now. He is my strength; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg.'

"I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy. Again he looked me in the face, saying, 'Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother knelt by my side, with her arm around my neck, and said 'Charlie, I am now praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink. Your papa died a drunkard and went down to a drunkard's grave, and I promised God, if it was His will that you should grow up, that you would warn young men against the bitter cup. I am seventeen years old, but I have never tasted anything stronger than tea or coffee; and as I am in all probability about to go into the presence of God, would you send me there with brandy in my stomach?'

"The look that the boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected the boy's loyalty to His Saviour; and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wanted to see his chaplain. 'Oh, yes, sir,' came the answer.

"When Chaplain R— came he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer meetings, and taking his hand said, 'Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition.'

"'Oh, I am all right, sir,' he answered.

"The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now, if my Saviour calls me, I can go to Him in my right mind.'

"You may not die, Charlie," said the Chaplain, "but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you after you are gone?"

"Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible; in it you will find my mother's address. Please send it to her, and write a letter and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother—no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital.'

"Is there anything else that I can do for you, my lad?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes; please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sunday school, Brooklyn, N. Y., and tell him that the kind words, many prayers and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now, in my dying hour, I ask my dear Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

"Turning towards me, he said, 'Now, doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg if you will not offer me chloroform.' I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform my duty.

"While cutting through the flesh Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter was, 'O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now!' He kept his promise, and never groaned.

"That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine the words, 'Blessed Jesus, stand by me now,' kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before unless specially called; but such was my desire to see that boy. Upon my arrival there I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and been carried down to the deadhouse. 'How is Charlie Coulson, is he among the dead?' I asked.

"No, sir," answered the steward, "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe." When I came up to the bed where he lay, one of the nurses informed me that about nine o'clock two members of the U. S. Christian Commission came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They were accompanied by Chaplain R—, who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed

and offered up a fervent and soul-stirring prayer, after which they sang, while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had undergone such excruciating pain, could sing.

"Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon. 'Doctor,' he said, 'my time has come. I do not expect to see another sunrise, but thank God, I am ready to go and before I go I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew; you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die, trusting my Saviour, to the last moment of my life?' I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room. About twenty minutes later a steward, who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said, 'Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you.'

"I have just seen him," I answered, "and I cannot see him again."

"But doctor, he says he must see you once more before he dies. I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word, and let him die, but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least so far as his Jesus was concerned. When I entered the hospital I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said, 'Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew.'

"I asked him who that was. He answered, 'Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die, and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say to you, you will never forget?'

"I promised; and he said, 'Five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus to convert your soul.' These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, 'Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right.' With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep. 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

"Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson, the drummer boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform and placed in an officer's coffin with a United States flag over it.

"That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression on me. I was rich at that time, so far as money is concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt towards Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until, finally, the boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul.

"About eighteen months after my conversion I attended a prayer meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of those meetings when Christians testify to the loving kindness of their dear Saviour. After several of them had spoken, an elderly lady arose and said, 'Dear friends, this may be the last time that it

is my privilege to testify for Christ. My family physician told me yesterday that my right lung is very nearly gone, and my left lung is very much affected, so at the best I have but a short time to be with you; but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh! it is a great joy to know that I shall meet my boy with Jesus in Heaven. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but also a soldier for Christ. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation.

"When I heard this lady's testimony I could sit still no longer. I left my seat, crossed the room, and taking her by the hand, said, 'God bless you, my dear sister, your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed and his Saviour is now my Saviour.'—Selected.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS OF LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

"It was well you stopped when the red light flashed," she said as we drove along. "For an officer stood at the corner there

In charge of the traffic throng." And I smiled and said to my daughter fair

"As we waited on the spot, 'I always stop when the red light shows. Be an officer there or not.'

There she sat in thought as we drove along. And suddenly this she said: "There ought to be lights for us all through life.

The amber and green and red. What a help 'twould be if a red light flashed When danger and shame were near.

And we all might wait till the green light came To show that the road was clear."

"My dear," said I, "we have tried to light Life's road for your feet to fare, And we pray you'll stop when the red light glows, Though none of us may be there, We've tried to teach you the signs of wrong

And the way to life serene, So stop when your conscience post shows red, And go when it flashes green."

—Author Unknown.

Sunday School Convention, Micro. (Micro, Jan. 29)—The Interdenominational Sunday school convention of Micro district met at Micro Methodist church Sunday, January 26, at 2:30 o'clock. Rev.

J. H. Frizzle of Kenly gave a very inspirational lecture on "How to Teach Sunday School." Mr. J. W. Hollowell of Kenly presided over the business session. There were three superintendents present, twelve teachers, two preachers, twenty-five visitors. Mr. Hollowell made a welcome address, introducing Miss Lillian Blue, assistant-secretary and superintendent of Children's Division in Johnston county.

Mr. H. J. Corbett, superintendent of the Freewill Baptist Sunday school reported the largest enrollment, Mr. S. C. Batten, superintendent of Micro Baptist Sunday school, next largest enrollment and Mr. M. Richardson, representative from Carter's Chapel reported a large enrollment. Each one had predicted more efficient work and enrolling campaigns for this year.

The following officers were elected: R. C. Pearce, president; H. J. Corbett, vice-president; Mrs. Wiley L. Wall, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Garfield Brown, superintendent of young people's division; Mrs. C. L. Batten, superintendent Children's Division; Rev.

A. K. Creech pronounced the benediction.

YOUR BIBLE. Read it through. Believe it true. Pray it in. Live it out. Give your money. To send it about. Here and There—everywhere. Doing good in Jesus' name. —D. H. TUTTLE. (Please memorize).

Three farmers of Edgecombe county report a damage of \$5,825 from flood damage to crops and land this year.

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White goods sale. Good quality white Pajama Checks, yard— 10c. Chadwick LL Sheeting going during our White Sale, yard, 9c. 9-4 Unbleached Sheeting going during White Sale, yard— 25c. Dress Gingham and Apron Check, yard— 9c. Ladies' Rayon Bloomers. A dollar value, at— 79c. Men's good dollar value Overalls at— 79c. Hudson-Belk Co. "The Home of Better Bargains"

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