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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

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North, 13



I was several Sundays after the holiday, and the classes in the mission school, where there was "standing room only" a month before, showed many vacancies. There was even a face missing from the group clustered about the earnest little teacher with the pretty gray eyes, whose class was the most popular in the school. The earnest little teacher quickly singled out one of the pigtailed German maidens from the admiring dozen before her.

"How is this, Lizzie? Elsie is not here to-day."

"My sister could not come, teacher. She had no penny," responded the pudgy faced Lizzie with Teutonic candor.

"Why, my dear, that is no reason. We want Elsie much more than the penny."

"But, teacher, she had her arm twisted 'n' she did cry. My brother, Yakie, he did twist her arm and take her penny," and then encouraged by the shocked look on her teacher's face, Lizzie became eloquent. "That Yakie was so bad. He would take my penny off me, too, but I did run. An' he takes money from little Yonnie's bank an' even ten cents what my sister did earn. An' he loaf's by saloons, an' efery night my mudder does cry 'cause he was so sassy."

The mother scowled, but quite undaunted the little Lizzie put in her tribute to the absent hero. "Yakie was so strong my mother dassen't whip him no more. He likes not that Sunday-school. He says he will break up the show."

The superintendent's face brightened. "The show?" he exclaimed. "The entertainment at the mission next Thursday evening?"

"Nefer mind," interrupted the mother, "dot Yakie vill do nodings. He joost talks. He iss afraid't from dose policemen already."

Apparently the superintendent's call was without results, but he was a man of resources and was far from feeling discouraged.

For the next few evenings he was busy with preparations for the entertainment, but he had by no means forgotten the Boldter case. It was to be a free performance, one of a series planned to bring a little pleasure into the dull and sordid life of the surrounding neighborhood. The thriving mission was situated in a district inhabited by the respectable poor, mostly foreigners, the class whose morals suffer more than any other from a lack of proper amusements. There was not a theatre, a concert or lecture hall within miles of this district. Little wonder the natives turned from their squalid homes to the attractions of the saloon or dance hall. So thought the superintendent, who believed there was as much missionary work in elevating amusements as in prayer meetings. The little chapel was all too small in which to carry out his far reaching plans, and he longed for a people's palace where the young folks of the district might benefit by club rooms, gymnasium—yes, and a dance hall.

He heard from Jakie again before the entertainment took place. The older boys who assisted him in his preparations frankly informed him that there was a plot on foot to "break up the show." Jakie Boldter was coming. Jakie was a fighter. He classed the superintendent as a counter jumper and the other officers as dudes "wot he could throw down wit one hand—de whole gang to onct." Still the young man went on with his work, only taking the precaution to engage a policeman to intimidate marauders who might seek to disturb the peace of the occasion from the outside.

On the ventful night the chapel was crowded to the doors with pupils, parents and friends. The program was a well arranged one, consisting of music and reciting, a phonograph and a short lecture with views from a stereopticon. There was not too much effort at instruction, neither was there anything childish, nor calculated to especially appeal to undeveloped tastes.

All went well—the program was carried out without a break, until finally the room was darkened for the stereopticon exhibition.

The extinguishing of the lights was evidently the signal for the entrance of three or four husky young fellows who persistently elbowed their way into the crowd standing near the door. They came in quietly enough, the guard outside not suspecting their intention of creating a disturbance. But no sooner had the lecturer begun talking than there was an outbreak of hisses, shrill whistling and stamping of feet. Then came boisterous guffaws and audible remarks intended to be facetious, but by no means to be mistaken as complimentary either to the audience or the entertainers.

Indignant bystanders tried to shame the offenders into silence. Naturally this made matters worse. It was impossible to lay hands on the rowdies in the darkness and amid the dense throng. Then came scuffling and shuffling sounds—evidently a rough and tumble wrestling match was on the marauders' sideshow program. The audience surged toward the door, chairs were overturned, children cried and there was a call for "lights."

Someone touched the button and the room was aglow with electricity. An odd scene presented itself. The crowd, seeing no cause for alarm, scattered from the doorway, disclosing the young superintendent in the act of bringing two low browed craniums together with a crack which shook the stereopticon apparatus; then with a sharp push the owners of craniums were

thrust from the door into the arms of the policeman who had been summoned to the rescue. And right behind the superintendent was another of the "rustlers" trying to slink through the open door. But the young man with the steel blue eye and square jaw was too quick for him. Grasping the youth by the collar he gave him a hasty sideward turn and walked him rapidly to a side door that led to an inner room. The spectators saw the door open and close. Those near by heard the key turn in the lock. They wondered that the superintendent wasn't afraid of such a fierce rascal as Jake Boldter. Would he try to hold him until the patrol came, or would he give him a little Sunday-school talk and let him go?

Then the lights were turned out and the show proceeded peacefully to a close.

On the other side of the locked door stood Jakie Boldter, sullen and red faced. The superintendent looked at him for a moment with a quizzical and even amused expression. Then he spoke and very pleasantly, too.

"I wanted you to see our gymnasium, Jacob. This is the boys' club room. You know we sent you an invitation to become a member of the club. I know you are interested in athletics. Here is the punching bag, there are the Indian clubs and here are some gloves. I suppose you could give us all a few pointers about boxing. Want to put on the gloves?"

Jakie looked at the gloves, then rather critically at the figure of the superintendent. He was a burly fellow, himself, bulky of neck and brawny of chest, with a stocky figure and huge hands. A poor showing, thought Jakie, did the slender figure make beside his own, though even he could appreciate the young man's good proportions and quick movements.

Here was a chance to show off his prowess. Surely the superintendent was "easy" to offer him this opportunity of working off his prejudice against "de Sunday-school dudes." He slowly drew on the "gloves."

Then with a glare calculated to strike terror to the heart of any right minded mission worker, he drawled: "Yer can't do a ting ter me, mister. Say, yer ain't goin' to squeal nor call de copper if I do ye up, are yer?"

His opponent, who had shaken off coat and vest, pulled on the other pair of gloves and was looking recklessly happy for a man that expected to be "done up." He laughingly shook his head.

"And no squealing on your side, either, my lad. If the folks out there hear you give a yell they'll know I'm whipping you. Understand? And the door's locked."

For answer, the stocky youth pirouetted forward with a zizzag, tiptoe movement that he had picked up in some saloon prize ring as "de real thing." The older man remained on guard, easily parrying the boy's clumsy thrusts, just giving him time to follow him up, when he would nimbly dodge the angry jabs within an inch of his smiling countenance.

Then when the boy, furious at the thought that the other was playing with him, rushed on, head downward, buttering ram fashion, it was the man's turn. Once more he dodged, but this time his fist came in contact with the lowered head.

It was a hard hit, but the boy was not too stunned to hear the superintendent's words as he talked on, calmly, steadily, while blows rained upon him from every side.

"There, Jacob, there's one for disturbing the show, and here's another for your general opposition to mission work. Here's an easy one for calling me a dude and counter jumper. Look out, now, for a good one for the poor mother that has to support you."

It was a hard blow, but the lad was quickly straightened up by a hit from the other side. Then the rapid, even tones went on. "There's one for the sisters you've bullied and teased, and this for the little brothers you've set so fine an example. And take this for the good jobs you've thrown up, and this—why, what's the matter, Jacob? Are you tired?"

Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the affair, the boy was a comical spectacle. Too weak to defend himself longer, his short arms were thrust out helplessly, one eye was closed, his tow hair bristled in all directions and he wheezed and sputtered for breath. The man pushed him into a chair and soothingly patted his shoulder.

"I see you've got grit, Jacob. You took it like a man. But you're not built for a prize fighter, my lad. This isn't

**SHE DID NICELY.**

**But Remember That a Too Careful Wife is Apt to Need Assistance.**

"Everything is ready. My trunk is packed, sent to the station and is checked through. Didn't I do nicely?"

"That's good management that is."

This was the conversation between a certain West End man and his wife yesterday afternoon. The wife was about to go on a Western trip, and expected to leave on the 11.40 train last night for Buffalo. Her husband had secured a pass for her and she was happy. At dinner that night the question of readiness for the trip again became the topic of discussion.

"Have you got your money and pass all right?" inquired the husband.

"Oh, yes," answered the wife, fumbling in her pocketbook. "I placed it in this compartment. Why, what has become of it? My goodness, it isn't here," and she turned pale with apprehension. "Whatever did I do with it?"

"Look in your bureau drawers," suggested the husband.

This was done and every other possible hiding place was searched, but without success.

"I believe I placed it in my trunk," said the excited wife, almost in tears. "I'm almost sure I did. Whatever will I do?"

"Have you your trunk check?"

"Yes. But the trunk has gone to Buffalo."

"Maybe it hasn't gone yet. Give me your check and trunk key and I'll see if I can find it." Saying which, the disgusted husband hurried to the baggage room at the Union Station, where luck favored him. The trunk was still there. After some little difficulty he opened the trunk and found the missing pass stowed carefully away in one of the numerous boxes in the upper part of the trunk. From that time on until the train left for Buffalo the husband kept watch of the pass. A too careful wife is apt to need assistance.

—Albany Journal.

When Sunday-school was dismissed the earnest little teacher laid a detaining hand on the arm of the superintendent.

"Something must be done," she began, "about Jakie Boldter."

"Jakie Boldter?" repeated the superintendent. "Not one of our 'bolters,' is he?"

But the teacher's expression was more serious than ever. "No," she continued, "he is just the brother of two of my little girls—a rough, bullying boy of sixteen, who won't work and is trying to earn the name of toughest boy in the neighborhood. If he only had a father! But the mother is a widow and a weak, helpless sort of person, though very industrious and deserving. And they are poor. I have been to see them and talked with the boy. I don't think he is vicious, but he goes in bad company, and his great ambition is to be a fighter. But I can't have him abusing those little girls. Something must be done." And after a pause for breath, she told him about the twisted arm.

The superintendent was an energetic young man with keen blue eyes and a square, determined face. The Boldter case appealed to him. He gave a glance of assurance into the anxious gray eyes.

"Give me the address," he said. "I'd like to meet Jacob."

The superintendent was a man of action and a few minutes later was ascending the stairs to the Boldter apartment in a nearby tenement. But he was disappointed in his expectation of seeing the recreant youth, for Jakie was "on the street," as the overworked mother explained. There were four others at home, however, ready to confirm the little teacher's report, and the young man went straight to the point, urging the woman to let outsiders take a hand in the reformation of her boy. If she would enter a complaint, he would see that the lad got nothing worse than a taste of the juvenile court and a term of probation that might be of lasting benefit to him.

But the poor woman was ignorant and suspicious. Her Jakie might be sent away from her to some reformatory or perhaps locked up in the workhouse. She needed his help. No, he wasn't much help, but some day he would "get a chob dot he likes. He was a good boy mit dose machines, but de foreman was pooty cross mit Jakie. He did always haf words mit dose foremans and den he quits work already. But Jakie was not so bad as some boys—oh, no."

A towheaded urchin in the background, taking courage from his mother's defense of the black sheep, spoke up with evident pride: "Our Jakie can fight. He's awful strong. He's going to be a prize fighter!"

And one of the maidens, anxious to add her mite to the family honors, piped in: "Yes, Jakie can do up peoples. He said if dose Sunday-school people come here he would t'row dem out yes!"

## FROM ORCHIDS TO SNOW.

Two Places in the World Where Three Zones Are Represented.

There are two places in the world where a person can pass through the tropical, sub-tropical and temperate zones inside of an hour. Hawaii is one and Darjeeling, in northeastern India, is another.

In both these places the trick is done by climbing up the high mountains.

In Hawaii the traveler starts with the warm breath of the Pacific fanning him amid the smell of palm trees. He passes by great clusters of tropical fruit, and as he mounts the trees change until he is in the kind of scenery that may be found in the southern United States.

Still he climbs, and soon he notices that it is much cooler and that the character of the scene has changed to one that reminds him of the temperate zone, with fields in which potatoes and other northern vegetables are growing.

In Darjeeling the change is still more wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, sombre tropical pass, full of mighty palms and hung with orchids and other jungle growth.

After a while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees.

Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars, and beyond stand the white, grim, snowclad, frozen mountain peaks like arctic icebergs on land.

In less than two hours a traveler can ascend from orchids through jungles to tea plantations, and thence to a climate of northern roses and violets.—New York Sun.

## The Difference.

Show me two men with unlighted cigarettes and, if I may watch them for a minute, I can tell you correctly whether the one who has the match is from Philadelphia, Boston or New York.

The speaker was a person of some observation and his friend naturally asked:

"How can you tell?"

"In this way," said the Observant Man: "If the man is a Philadelphian he will strike the match, hold it for his friend to get a light, then take a light himself and throw the match away. If he is a Bostonian he will light his own cigarette first, then hold the match for his friend, and after that throw it away. If he is a New Yorker, however, he will strike the match, light his own cigarette and throw the match away."—Philadelphia Press.

## More German Consuls.

Germany will increase its consular corps, especially in the United States.

## Mrs. M. A. Decatur.

Mrs. M. A. Decatur, mother of J. W. Thompson, manager of the Postal Telegraph Company, in San Diego, Cal., is in receipt of a sample jar of butter made in 1858.

Fifty years ago Mrs. Decatur's home was on a Nebraska farm near Decatur. Among other natural advantages of the farm was a never failing spring, the cool shallow of which made an ideal place for the storage of milk and butter. At various times small jars of butter that were placed in the spring mysteriously disappeared, and the Indians, who were numerous at that time, were credited with having appropriated them. The mystery was solved, however, when a large jar of butter became imbedded in the sandy bottom of the spring, and in spite of all efforts to recover it sank from sight and was given up for lost.

Time passed, the homestead was given into other hands, and the spring fell into disuse.

A few days ago a party of hunters discovered on the old farm the rim of a buried jar, which they fondly hoped might be a "pot of gold," but which proved when unearthed to be the long lost jar of butter. When exposed to the air the jar crumbled to dust, but the butter remained intact. Although covered with a green mold, the main body of the butter was of the original color and consistency.

A small piece was sent to Mrs. Decatur, while the large part has been placed in cold storage, and no doubt will find its way to the St. Louis Exposition as the oldest butter in the world.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Seventeen persons in 100 in the State of New York live to be over seventy years of age.