

# THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XIX.

FRANKLIN, N. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.

NUMBER 14.

### AN INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTY.

A Financier concluded once  
In hearts, in hopes that he'd contr'  
The market in this wise;  
So down he hied to Cupid's house  
One day in Lover's Block,  
Decided that he'd offer him  
Control of all the stock.

Now, Cupid listened to the  
Without a word, until  
His visitor had finished, when  
He said: "I fear you will  
Not find it possible to form  
Your trust around these parts—  
T is cash upon delivery, and  
There is no trust in hearts."  
—William Wallace Whitelock; in Puck.

## THE GRATITUDE OF JACK ALLEN.

By W. R. ROSE.

There was a low rap at the outer door of the dingy office. The old lawyer looked up from his littered desk. "Come in," he said and bent again over his work.

The door was pushed open and a man entered. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five, small, but well built, and with remarkably keen gray eyes. A glance from those keen eyes settled for a moment on the old lawyer, then roamed swiftly about the room, taking in with one comprehensive sweep the venerable bookcases, the ancient steel engravings, the discolored walls, and then back to the old lawyer again.

"Good day," the stranger said.

The lawyer looked up with a quick nod.

"Take a chair, sir."

He looked hard at the newcomer. Strangers were a rarity in Joyville. And this was a somewhat interesting stranger.

"You have a moment's leisure?" the younger man half inquired.

"Several moments," the old lawyer answered. "Time is one of the cheapest of commodities in Joyville. How can I serve you?"

The stranger took off his hat and pushing back his coat, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

"I have come to you," he answered, "for a little information."

"Information is another of our cheapest commodities," said the old lawyer with a grim little smile. "Propound your interrogations."

The stranger laughed.

"I am in the habit of paying for what I want," he said. "Does this interfere with Joyville precedents?"

"It does," the old lawyer replied. "However, they are not infallible precedents—though rarely set aside."

The stranger drew a little closer.

"How does the world use you, Abel Garner?" he asked.

The old lawyer stared at him.

"I make no complaint," he said. "The world presumably uses me as well as I deserve. It at least gives me bread."

"And butter?"

"All the butter that's good for me, no doubt."

"And times?"

"I am usually smiling."

"Is legal work a handler of dough. Are practitioners here with the slang of the law?"

"I only so to grasp your means."

"The lawyer's eyes grew brighter.

"Abel Garner," he slowly said. "In your debt a good many lawyers."

"You are the man," the stranger said. "I meant to pay you for something always present in the meantime interest in accumulating."

"Naturally gratifying to feel the abilities of a creditor," said the old lawyer. "But I fear I would be playing a part which I have no right to fill. Your indebtedness to me certainly is not on my books."

"The debt was incurred many years ago. No doubt you canceled it as worthless."

"Perhaps I did," said the old man. "But the fact has escaped my memory. Can you recall the amount?"

The stranger shook his head.

"There was no amount specified," he answered.

"This may account for the fact that it is not on my books," said the old man. "Am I to understand that it is a debt of sentiment?"

"Of gratitude," the stranger responded.

The old man stared hard at the stranger.

"I cannot make you out," he said. "You are not only a stranger to me, but to Joyville customs as well. Such long memories, in such a remarkable con-

nection, are quite unknown to our little town."

"Is it as dull as it was in the earlier days?" the stranger asked.

"The town? I think so."

"And as narrow and bigoted?"

"Well, yes."

"Pity you stayed here, Abel Garner."

"No doubt. At the same time you should remember you are aspersing my loyalty to the village of my choice."

"Yes. But this does not worry me. I looked about the town before I came to you. It has changed very little in the past 20 years."

"You lived here, then?"

"Not through choice."

"Lived here 20 years ago?"

"Yes."

Again the old lawyer shook his head.

"You are a puzzle I can't make out," he said. "Twenty years ago you were a mere boy."

"A boy of fifteen. You were a staid member of the bar of 45. I remember looking up to you in a double sense."

"No doubt," said the old lawyer, "you have a story to tell. May I suggest that you have aroused my curiosity?"

The stranger leaned back in his chair.

"There is a story," he said. "Are you kept from some other engagement because of my loquacity?"

"You have engaged my time, as I take it," said the old man. "Go ahead."

"On one condition," said the stranger and he suddenly smiled; "you will promptly let me know when the retainer expires."

The lawyer laughed.

"Give me credit," he said. "for still possessing a keen sense of humor. According to Joyville precedents your retainer—as you call it—would hold me for say ten years at least."

"Very well," said the stranger. "And now to business." The word seemed to arouse him. His keen eyes snapped. "I am a business man," he added.

"And yet not quite dead to sentiment," suggested the lawyer.

"I admit it is unbusinesslike. But I indulge in it rarely. Now tell me, is there anything of unusual interest to engage the languid attention of Joyville?"

"Yes," said the old lawyer.

"I admit it, Mr. Allen," said the stranger. "Things happen in Joyville and I looked earnestly at the old man. "And now may I, as your adviser, of course, ask why you have done this generous thing for our town?"

"You will know in good time," the visitor replied. "There is a story to be told first." He paused and drew a long breath. "Let your memory go back twenty years, Abel Garner. Do you remember a boy here in Joyville who was called Jack Allen? Think hard."

The old man's face grew troubled.

"I recall him," he said.

"Tell me about him."

"He was an unhappy lad, as I remember him, the stepson of a worthless fellow who made him a vagabond. His mother was dead; his home was a hovel."

"What more do you remember?"

"My attention was called to him at a time when the village was greatly excited over the frequency of incendiary fires. The boy was pointed out to me as a suspicious and dangerous character."

"No doubt he looked it."

"He was ragged and dirty, and I fancied he looked hungry, too."

"Go on."

"The old man's gaze grew still more troubled."

"He was arrested not long after that and charged with setting fire to the barn of a villager. The proof against him was strong. The feeling against him was intense. Even his drunken stepfather testified against him."

"And you?"

"I—well, I was younger then and more sympathetic, perhaps. The boy

was down and every man's hand seemed raised against him. I offered myself in his defense."

"Go on."

"I called on the boy and questioned him. At first he was sullen and would not answer. No doubt he took me for a new enemy. I had hard work to win his confidence. Finally he told me his story. It was pitiful."

"Then you asked him if he was guilty of this particular crime?"

"Yes."

"And your eyes were fixed on his as you waited for his answer?"

"Yes."

"And he met your gaze with a steady look as he told you he was innocent?"

"Yes."

"You laid your hand upon his shoulder. What did you say to him, Abel Garner?"

"I said, I believe you, John Allen."

"And what did the boy do?"

"He burst into tears."

"Why should he do that?"

"I think it must have been because so few persons had ever spoken kindly to him."

"No doubt. And then, Abel Garner?"

"I went into court with him and did my best to clear him. I was younger then and more enthusiastic. It was the boy and I against the village. I muddled the witnesses, I proved the drunken father a liar, and I did what I could to arouse sympathy for my client. I thank God that I won the court over. A long term in prison would have crushed the lad body and soul. He was freed—but on one condition. He was to leave Joyville at once and never return. I did what I could. I found clothes for him and a few dollars and I saw him on the train bound for the great city. I remember that he cried again as I bade him goodbye. Poor lad."

The visitor slowly nodded.

"Abel Garner," he said, "will you say again, 'John Allen, I believe you.'"

The old man's troubled look deepened, but he did as the stranger desired.

"John Allen, I believe you."

The stranger faintly smiled.

"There is still something familiar about your voice." He paused a moment. "Those were the sweetest words I had ever heard, Abel Garner."

"You!"

"Yes, old friend. I was that unhappy boy. Do you understand now what I mean when I spoke of a debt?"

The old man was quite dazed. He stared at the stranger dumbly.

"And you have prospered?" he finally asked.

"Yes."

"You are really Jack Allen?"

"I was. I added the name to which I had a right—my father's name. Give me your hand, Abel Garner. You are a friend."

The old man's hand was extended. Jack Allen's hand was clasped in it.

"The following year," said the stranger, "the boy was a brilliant student in school. After he one day passed school. The man made a good impression on the general and put the lessons, so as to advantage. After that,"

"But which is the one surely. Show me master called up and looked the picture fully came toward the visitor."

"Are you the same?"

"Yes, sir," said the stranger. "Well, my good general, here is a keeping my place with the Prussian railway car he improved by pattern some extent after the

### "BLACK HAND" SOCIETY.

#### A BRANCH OF THE MAFIA CREATES REIGN OF TERROR.

Strikes Fear into Many Italian Residents—Death is Threatened if Blackmail Be Refused—More Than Forty Letters Demanding Large Sums.

There are now more than 40 letters in the hands of the police department written by agents of the "Black Hand" society, demanding blackmail from as many Italian residents in the city. For weeks the detective department has been at work trying to uproot this new band of criminals, who are supposed to be closely allied with the Mafia.

Emboldened by the success which met their earlier efforts the members of the "Black Hand" have become more daring of late and have created a reign of terror among those Italians who are known to have money. It is owing to the similarity of its methods that the police believe that "La Mana Negra" or "Black Hand" is an adjunct of the Mafia, and it is upon this theory that they are working. They are encountering the same difficulty in discovering evidence against this new organization that they have always found in connection with the older one.

The first case the police were called upon to handle was that of Gaetano Riggio, a grocer, who was threatened with death unless he complied with the demands of the society. They asked for \$500. The best laid plans of the department went for naught, for the blackmailers were too adroit to be caught in the nets prepared for them.

While the Mafia is said to owe its origin to a political cause and is now an instrument of vengeance, the "Black Hand" makes no such claims and is plainly and simply a blackmailing organization, using threats as its lever to work its victims.

The complaint of the police is that the victims of the band refuse to cooperate with them in their efforts to hunt down the persecutors. This reluctance is ascribed to fear. Several instances are known where the recipients of these letters have submitted to the demand rather than invoke the displeasure of the dreaded society and place their lives in peril.

Although death is always threatened as a consequence of a refusal to pay the levy, the police are skeptical as to the readiness of the "Black Hand" to go so far.

They admit the possibility of error, however, for in several cases it has been shown that supposed Mafia victims have previous to their death received blackmail letters.

again, for often these brigands make mistakes and single out a man for whom their threats have no terrors. These men immediately come to us and tell us of the threats made. Thereafter they are not annoyed by any more threatening letters.

"What makes it hard for us is that even the boldest sometimes fear to turn over to us the letters they receive. They have no fear of the threats, but they do fear to turn over the letters."

"These Italian societies never select an American for a victim. For the average American the dread Mafia has no terrors, but the mysterious secrecy of these organizations is a terror in itself to the timid Italian. If I could only induce them to turn over to the police department all the information they have I have no doubt that the 'Black Hand' would be stamped out in short order."—New York World.

### PNEUMONIA AND OVERHEATING.

#### Ventilation and Moderate Warmth Diminish Danger of Disease.

While science is trying to determine the most probable cause or causes of that dread disease pneumonia, it is not for the layman dogmatically to assert that this or that condition of thing may be held responsible for making the malady epidemic. Yet as science generally attributes a marked increase in pneumonia to sudden and extreme variations in temperature, perhaps the layman may say that overheated houses, offices, factories, stores, theatres, etc., produce a condition favorable to the spread of this exceedingly dangerous affection.

Nothing but a constitution of iron could stand without injury the changes in temperature to which the average city dweller is subjected in this day of steam heat, foul air and poor ventilation. To step from a house or office heated to 80 degrees, or higher, into an outside temperature of from 20 degrees all the way down to zero, and sometimes below, must subject the entire body, and especially the respiratory organs, to a most severe and menacing strain.

The same danger may come from heating with stoves when a single room is kept at a much higher temperature than other parts of the house, so that even moving about inside is favorable to temperature changes which may pave the way for pneumonia.

Thus it is that the disease carries off the poor as well as the rich, but does not number among its victims many who either are careful not to get overheated or who cannot afford very high temperatures in their homes.

Last week pneumonia in a single day the same

### A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

#### AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. ROBERT MACDONALD.

Subject: "Christians Outside the Church"—Many a Man is Losing His Soul Because He Cannot Believe in Jonah and the Whale—Harmful Prejudices.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the Washington Avenue Baptist Church Sunday morning, the pastor, the Rev. Robert MacDonald, delivered the last of the series of sermons on "Christians Outside the Church," the special subject being, "Reasons Why Those Outside the Church Stay Outside." The text was from I Corinthians, xi:22: "What? despise ye the Church of Christ?" Mr. MacDonald said:

No church has power to take a man to Heaven beyond the power he has himself to gain entrance there. And whether or not he has the necessary ability depends upon whether or not he is taking up his cross and following in the steps of Jesus Christ. Heaven is a state of blessedness rather than a locality beyond the stars, and must come to us before we can go to it. Whatever else is implied in following Jesus church membership is included. Jesus commanded baptism. To illustrate His meaning He Himself was baptized in the Jordan. His reason was "for so it became us to fulfill all righteousness." If He, the perfect man, thought it necessary to fulfill all righteousness, think not for a moment that any one of His imperfect followers can be excused. Paul in Romans shows baptism to be the likeness of Christ's death and resurrection. If we have been united with Him in the likeness of His resurrection, all denominations make baptism the door of entrance to the church. At Pentecost 3000 were added through baptism in a single day. Then there is "the Lord's Supper." "This is My body which was broken for you," is the Redeemer's word. The apostle to the Church of Corinth commends its perpetuation as a memorial to their Lord. Baptism and "the Lord's Supper" are then very significant and belong to the Christian Church. Not to join the church is to despise these helps to the cultivation of the spiritual life so full of sacred meaning. All Christians should embrace both as precious memorials of the Saviour's death. To embrace these is to join the church. To neglect them is to despise the church. Worse than that. To neglect them is to disobey your Lord, whom you profess to serve. Even further, it is to show disregard for your Lord's dying request, "This do in remembrance of Me."

You would submit to much inconvenience to comply with the dying wish of an earthly friend. But your Lord's dying request is ignored. How can you expect to grow spiritually? How can you ever hope to hear God say, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Instead of pleasing your Lord, you offend Him. You never thought it was so serious a matter before, did you? Sleep not this night until you possess as well as profess the Lord Jesus: Be an out and out Christian. Sympathize with and come into that organization that is perpetuating these sacred rites. Keep not isolated from the one organization that God has set up for the redemption of the world.

Now for these reasons you stay out and feel justified in so doing.

thus prejudicing the world before whom we should stand in a good light that we may do it good.

Your reason for remaining out of the church may be that of Biblical or doctrinal difficulty. Many a man is losing his soul, not because he cannot believe in Christ, but because he cannot believe in Jonah and the whale. More than one man has said were it not for the "Garden of Eden" and the "Deluge" he would accept Jesus as Saviour. I know a man who has lost his religious fervor because he could not reconcile the doctrine of election with the freedom of the human will and the universality of God's grace. And another whose religious activities have been paralyzed because he could not reconcile the possibility of punishment of sin with the all mercy, all love of God. Many such asinine questions are killing men's enthusiasm for the work of the Lord. If those inside of the church are influenced thus, we need not wonder that Christians outside of the church question so foolishly. Those same men never think of questioning what the president and officers of the club, or Masonic order, or Odd Fellows organization to which they belong believe about the world, whether it is round or flat, or whether Jesus created in six days or in 6000 years, or whether the earth revolves around the sun or the sun around the earth, or whether heaven and hell are states of existence or fixed bodies. The reason you give for not demanding information about these questions of the secular association, yet asking it of the church, is that these are not handled on these questions, while the church is. That is where you are wrong. The church is not builded on the integrity of the story of Jonah and the whale, nor belief in the Garden of Eden, nor even in the inimitability of the Scriptures, but on Jesus Christ and Him crucified. But you ask, "Do not your members believe in these questions?" I do not know. I am sure I would not be surprised to find many who do not. Will we not expel them? Yes, if we find them as indolent and good for nothing religiously as you are remain out of the church because of these questions. But if they love Jesus Christ with all their hearts, mind and strength, and if that love inspires them towards righteousness in private life and make them eager for the salvation of men, we would as soon think of relinquishing our charter as a Christian church as to expel such choice souls as are they.

But a fourth reason you ignore the church of Christ is because of dislike of certain members of the church. Else of its minister. This last reason is more prevalent than you have any idea of, and until human nature is more sanctified than at present people will separate themselves from the church for this reason. But if one church falls you here is there no other church, no other minister where you can worship at peace with God and man? Your duty is to find such and go there; if not of your own denominational order, then of some other, rather than despise the church universal and refuse it your support. There is a large difference between being at odds with some special church and holding aloof from all churches because not in harmony with that one. If you cannot walk in sympathy with some one you are at fault if you do not walk in sympathy with some other. In Brooklyn no one is forced to keep isolated from all churches because he cannot live in harmony with some one church. If you cannot conscientiously enter one, I repeat it, you are at fault for not entering some other. As for this church, if you will permit me to say it, it has been during these last six years a veritable haven of refuge for those kinds of people. We have rented more pews to and baptized more people from other denominations than from our own denominational faith and training. There are two pictures. You will understand the more pleasing to gaze upon the person absenting himself from the church.

### AS DESCRIBED BY A VICTIM.

Jolting back and forward,  
At each shambling stride,  
Bounding hither, thither,  
In your sagged rider,  
Jerking, sliding, slipping,  
Bobbing to and fro,  
Oscillating wildly,  
Gasping as you go,  
Tettering, cussing,  
Bouncing up and down,  
Grunting, growling, grinning  
Like a circus clown,  
Frantically jumping,  
Lauding with a thump,  
Wriggling, twisting, churning  
On the horrid hump;  
Rolling, pitching, tossing,  
Grim, uncouthly, slumped,  
Lurching, tumbling, bumping,  
Getting blue and black  
Yet with desperation  
(Clinging to the tough,  
Grin, uncouthly, slumped,  
Raw-boned, ugly, rough,  
Awkward, clumsy, homely,  
Scraggy, gawky, hulking,  
Huge, grotesque, fantastic,  
Rugged, stoaching, skulking,  
Ill proportioned, baggard,  
Gaunt, ungainly mammal—  
Bless me, this is frightful,  
Riding on a camel!

—Chicago Tribune.

### JUST FOR FUN



"He's a mercenary wretch." "What makes you think so?" "He married Miss Goldie Rox, and I was trying to get her myself."—Chicago Post.

Fuddy—I never consider it safe to judge by surface indications. Duddy—No; you can't tell by the skin what is inside the sausage.—Boston Transcript.

Charlie—Mother, what does transparent mean? Mother—That is something you can look through. Charlie—Oh, I see, you mean a keyhole.—Brooklyn Life.

Softleigh—I've—er—got a cold in me head, or something, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Well, if you have anything there it must be a cold.—Chicago Daily News.

"Phyllis is the meanest kind of a gossip." "What makes you think so?" "Because she never tells you anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—The King.

Long—What, you owe \$10,000? Doesn't it worry you? Short—Not in the least. It's another \$10,000 I'd like to owe, but I can't. That's what worries me.—Chicago News.

"Grace, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?" "I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."—Boston Christian Register.

Miss Passay—R'ly, I don't believe in a woman marrying her first love. Oh, don't!