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in a
Name?"**

When you refer to pianos, there's a great deal in the name. The Steiff Piano has become a synonym for merit, and the name is a sufficient guarantee on which to purchase.

If you will get acquainted with the manufacturer of the Artistic Steiff, note its quality, tone, workmanship and durability, when you buy, yours will be a Chas. M. Steiff Piano.

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You may not know why so many people prefer to have us fill their prescriptions and attend to their drug wants. You just give us a trial and see if we can't always be depended on to give you the best of everything in the drug line at reasonable prices. Just come in and see how well we are prepared to serve you. We invite a comparison and solicit your wants.

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**PLUMBING
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We all make mistakes, but a mistake in selecting your plumber often proves fatal. Don't make that mistake, but let me do your work. I'll absolutely guarantee your job to be put in a perfectly sanitary manner.

P. M. PETTIT

114 East Market St., Phone 509
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COUNTERFEITING

FORMER REIDSVILLIAN AN
IMPORTANT WITNESS.

**Henry E. Thomas Assists in
Working Up a Big Case
For the Government.**

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 9.—Mr. H. E. Thomas, of the United States secret service, whose home is in Charlotte, will leave on Tuesday, October 12, for Louisville, where he will appear as one of the principal witnesses in the trial of John C. Roberts, of New York, who is charged with the manufacture of \$1,000,000 in counterfeit \$100 Mexican paper currency.

The case was worked up by Thomas and another secret service man assigned to the job, and the first intimation of this gigantic attempt to unload one million dollars worth of valueless paper on the Mexican people was secured through the attempt of Marion Roberts, a brother of the above mentioned J. C. Roberts, and said to be somewhat daffy, to dispose of about \$15,000 of the paper to a Louisville broker, who reported the matter to the authorities, resulting in the arrest of the two brothers and others implicated.

The plot of Roberts, it is said, included a trip to Mexico, where he was once employed as an engineer, and where he had gained information that he thought opened the way for this piece of "high finance" which he had so carefully mapped out. Roberts proposed to dispose of the million dollars of counterfeit bills in Mexico and then leave the country. It is represented that Roberts told the printer who aided in the preparation of the bills, that they were shares of stock in a Mexican venture in which he was interested.

This is said to be the biggest haul that secret service men have made in many years, they having seized the entire million dollars of the fake money issue, following the slip made by Roberts' brother in offering a part of the notes for sale in Louisville.

**Will Miles Starts a Tobacco Market
at Mebane.**

A recent dispatch from Mebane says: The Mebane tobacco market was launched Tuesday by its opening sale, to express it mildly, it was a great success in every respect. The Mebane Tobacco Warehouse Company, composed of the business men of the town Mebane, built a large, well-arranged, modern warehouse and was fortunate in getting Mr. W. M. Miles as proprietor. Mr. Miles has had 22 years experience in the warehouse business; 11 years with the Watt's warehouse, Reidsville, and the past 11 years with the Acree's warehouse, Danville, Va., and was considered one of the most popular warehousemen in Danville.

When Mr. Don Gwynn, of Danville, the prince of auctioneers, sold the first pile of the weed, there had been 75 wagon loads of tobacco put on the floor. Several visiting warehousemen from Durham, Burlington and other towns were on the sale and congratulated Mr. Miles on his opening sale.

Money Comes in Bunches
to A. A. Chisholm, of Treadwell, N. Y., now. His reason is well worth reading: "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation, nervousness, and general debility," he writes. "I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition, grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old-time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infallible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c at W. S. Allen's and Fetzer & Tucker's.

Mother's Joy is the greatest preparation for croup and pneumonia that has ever been put before the people.

**ITS
HIGH
TIME**

YOUR LAUNDRY work will be done to your entire satisfaction if the STAR Laundry does it. There was a time when we could count the customers we had on the fingers of one hand. Now the bookkeeper has all he can do to keep track of them. Why this success? Echo answers: Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, etc., done up like new and delivered when promised.

STAR LAUNDRY

DANVILLE, VA.
J. S. HUTCHERSON, Agt., Reidsville.

John Robinson's Circus.

Mr. William M. Dale, advertising manager of the John Robinson Shows, in charge of advertising car No. 1, was here last Thursday arranging for the coming of the famous and popular tented amusement aggregation, which will exhibit at Reidsville Thursday, Oct. 21. As a result of Mr. Dale's advent together with a small army of bill-posters and lithograph hangers the town and country for miles around are illumined with gorgeous colored paper conveying the pleasing intelligence that the John Robinson Shows will give two performances, afternoon and night, on the date above mentioned. And of course there will be the big spectacular free street parade in the morning before the afternoon performance.

The Shamokin (Pa.) Daily News of June 14, 1909, where the show exhibited says this:

"The parade was the biggest, brightest and best that ever passed through the streets of Shamokin. The horses were fat and sleek some great big ones and some little tiny ones, and all to be admired. Three bands furnished exceptionally fine music and the gold-decorated wagons and dazzling costumes of the performers, the big herds of elephants and camels all went to make the pageant a delight to every one of the hundreds of happy spectators."

"A large audience attended this afternoon performance and came away delighted with the entertainment. There is an abundance of merry-making clothes, while each and every act is worthy of individual commendation, some being of such novel and extraordinary character as to deserve special mention, among which are the riding seals. These wonderful aquatic creatures perform a series of marvelous acts. They actually ride on bareback horses, play ball, juggle and balance various objects while riding on the back of fleet horses. This may seem incredible, yet nevertheless may be witnessed at each performance."

"Among the many feature acts that deserve more than passing comment is that of the Three Castellos in their horseback riding. The American Hercules, the strong man, Warren Lincoln Travis, whose phenomenal feats, showing the wonderful muscular power of the human frame, both astonish and amaze the beholders. The elephants which dance, waltz and perform various feats subject to the master mind of their trainer were pronounced to be the best performing herd ever seen in this section. An admirable feature was the six horse act. The riding, driving and managing of six horses by Gordon Orton is a most wonderful display of equestrian daring. In fact, every act presented was of the highest order of excellence and skill after its kind."

"The menagerie was one of the largest and most comprehensive in its makeup ever brought into this section. Taken as a whole, the John Robinson Show is recognized as one of the greatest shows that has ever visited the State and such is the unanimous verdict heard from many of the thousands who flocked into the city to see it."

Fighting Night Riders.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 11.—Fight the devil with his own fire is the method Gov. Wilson is advising the independent growers of tobacco in Kentucky to adopt in their struggles against the night riders. Piles of letters are stacked in his desk, the Gov. says, from growers who ask whether they must pool their tobacco or will be afforded protection by the militia if they do not.

Organize liberty leagues and kill the nocturnal invaders is the advice of the Governor given in a statement. He says no man should pool his tobacco unless he wants to, and that he will pardon any man who resorts to arms to protect his home.

That bloodshed will follow is the general belief, for the situation is tense. The crisis will be reached within the next few days. It is asserted that Gov. Wilson could not have rendered a more valuable service to the Tobacco Trust. He says in part in the statement:

"You will remember that I have made public addresses to our people asking them to defend their homes and assured them that if they did defend their homes and were careful not to make a mistake and kill an innocent person, but simply necessary defense of their lives, liberty and property, they would not need any lawyer. I have never withdrawn that proclamation."

"It is my most serious conviction of my duty. It was made with full knowledge of its serious character and it is my set purpose to keep the faith under that proclamation."

"Why should not self respecting free Kentuckians form a liberty or freedom pool, a thousand times more serious and earnest than any pool for money profit, and why should they not fight for their liberties when the law is behind them and their State government is with them?"

It's a Top Notch Doer.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs and cures colds and grippe. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "I cured me of lung trouble pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by W. S. Allen and Fetzer & Tucker.

The pleasant purgative effect experienced by all who use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the healthy condition of the body and mind which they create, makes one feel joyful.—Sold by G. W. Brittain.

THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

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[The Cook expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass., and was ready to start on July 3, 1907. Dr. Cook and Rudolph Franke were put ashore at Annotok, Greenland, with ample stores and during the winter made preparations for the polar dash. On Feb. 19, 1908, the main expedition started for the pole with eleven men, 100 dogs and eleven heavily loaded sleds. Going a little north of west, the party on March 13 reached the northern end of Heiberg Island. Here the expedition divided, six men returning. The real race to the pole now began. On March 15 twenty-six miles were made and the next day twenty-one. Then two more of the men returned, leaving only two young Eskimos to accompany Dr. Cook, with two loaded sledges and twenty-six dogs. On March 21 sixteen miles were covered, twenty-nine miles on the 22d, twenty-two the following day and afterward for several days an average of seventeen or eighteen. Near the northern edge of Grant Land a great open lead was encountered, which was crossed with some peril on the young ice. Some days later after a severe storm the ice split open under the igloo, and Dr. Cook in his sleeping bag sank into the crevice, being dragged to safety by the young Eskimos. The advance was halted by storms, in one of which the dogs were buried and in another the men themselves. To the west a new land, named Bradley Land by Cook, was sighted, extending from 83 degrees 20 minutes to 83 degrees 41 minutes and close to the one hundred and second meridian. Dr. Cook's own account of his dash from Bradley Land to the pole is given below.]

OVER the newly discovered coast lines was written Bradley Land, in honor of John H. Bradley, the benefactor of the expedition. As we passed north of this land there was nothing substantial upon which to fix the eye.

There was at no time a perfectly clear horizon, but the weather was good enough to permit frequent nautical observations.

Thus day after day the marches were forced, the incidents and the positions were recorded, but the adventures were promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort. The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight. For a number of nights it made grim faces at us in its setting. A teasing mist, drawn as a curtain over the northern sea at midnight, had given



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

curious advantages for celestial stargazing; setting into this haze, we were unable to determine sharply the advent of the midnight sun.

Now the great bulk was drawn out egg shaped, with horizontal lines drawn through it. Again it was pressed into a basin with flaming fires, burning behind a curtain of frosts; blue at other times, it appeared like a huge vase, and it required very little imagination to see purple and violet flowers.

The change was often like magic, but the last display was invariably a face-distorted faces of men or animals were made to suit our fancy.

We had therefore followed the sun's northward advance—from its first peep at midday above the south ice of the polar gateway to its sweep of the northern ice at midnight. From the end of the polar night late in February to the first of the double days and midnight suns we had forced a trail through darkness, blood hardening temperature and over leg breaking irregularities of an unknown world of ice to an area 200 miles from the pole.

Now we had the sun unmistakably at midnight, and its new glory was quite an incentive to our life of shivers. Observations on April 8 placed camp at latitude 86 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 94 degrees 2 minutes. In spite of what seemed like long marches we had advanced only 106 miles in nine days. Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift ice was throwing us to the east with sufficient force to give us some anxiety, but with eyes closed to danger and hardships the double days of fatigue and glitter quickly followed one another.

The temperature, ranging between 36 and 40 degrees below zero F., kept persistently near the freezing point of mercury, and, though the perpetual sun gave light and color to the cheerless wastes, we were not impressed with any appreciable sense of warmth.

**Bradley Land Passed—Steam
From Frozen Seas—Half the
Food Allowance Used—Mad-
dening Effect of Polar Glit-
ter—Despair of Ahwelah,
"Beyond Is Impossible"**

Indeed, the sunbeams seemed to make the frost of the air pierce with a more painful sting.

There was a weird play of orgies, seemingly most impressive at this time—clouds of steam rose from the frozen seas. In marching over the golden glitter snow scalds the face, while the nose is bleached with frost.

In camp a grip of the knife left painful burns from cold metal. To the frozen finger the water was hot. With wine spirits the fire was lighted, while oil delighted the stomach. In dreams heaven was hot, the other place was cold.

All nature was false. We seemed to be nearing the chilled flame of a new hades. In our hard life there was nothing genuinely warm. The congenial appearances were all deception, but death offered only cold comfort. There was no advantage in suicide.

We should have enjoyed this curious experience, but with endless bodily discomforts, combined in aching muscles and an overbearing languor, there could be no real joys from the glories of nature. The pleasure was reserved for a later retrospect.

We now changed our working hours from day to night, beginning usually at 10 and ending at 7. The big marches and prolonged hours of travel with which fortune favored us earlier were no longer possible. Weather conditions were more important in determining the day's run than the hands of the chronometers.

When the storms threatened the start was delayed, and in strong blows the march was shortened, but in one way or another we usually found a few hours in each turn of the dial during which a march could be forced between winds. It mattered little whether we traveled night or day—all hours and all days were alike to us—for we had no accustomed time of rest, no Sundays, no holidays, no landmarks or mileposts to pass. To advance and expend the energy accumulated during one sleep at the cost of our pound of pemican was the one sole aim in life.

The observations of April 11 gave latitude 87 degrees 20 minutes, longitude 95 minutes 19 seconds. The pack disturbance of Bradley Land was less and less noted in the northward movement. The fields became heavier, larger and less crevassed.

We had now passed the highest reaches of all our predecessors and had gained the inspiration of the farthest north for ourselves. The time was at hand, however, to consider seriously the necessity of an early return.

Nearly half of the food allowance had been used. In the long marches supplies had been more liberally used than anticipated, and now our dog teams were much reduced in numbers. A hard necessity had forced the cruel law of the survival of the fittest, for the less useful dogs were fed to the steady working survivors. Owing to the food limits and the advancing season we could not prudently continue the outward march a fortnight longer.

We had dragged ourselves 300 miles over the polar sea in twenty-four days, including delays and detours, this gave an average of nearly thirteen miles daily on an air line in our course. There remained an unknown line of 100 miles before our ambitions could be satisfied. The same average speed would take us to the pole in thirteen days. There were food and fuel enough to risk this adventure.

In the diary of the succeeding days' doings there appear numerous tabulations of work and observations. In the new cracks the thickness of the ice was measured. The water was examined for life. Atmospheric, surface water and ice temperatures were taken, the barometer was noted, the cloud formations, weather conditions and ice drifts were tabulated.

I watched daily for possible signs of dangerous failure in strength, for serious disability now meant a fatal termination.

A disabled man could neither continue nor return, but every examination gave another reason to push human endurance to the limit of the strand of every fiber and cell. The hard work which followed, under an occasional burst of burning sunbeams, brought intense thirst.

Forcing the habit of the camel, we managed to take enough water before starting to keep sufficient liquid in the veins for the day's march, but it was difficult to await the melting of the ice at camping time.

In two sittings—evening and morning—each took an average of three quarts of water daily. This included the tea and also the luxury of an occasional soup. There was water about everywhere in heaps, but it was in crystals, and before the thirst could be quenched several ounces of precious fuel, which had been carried thousands of miles, must be used. And still this water, so expensive and so necessary to us, ultimately became the greatest bane to comfort. It escaped through the pores of the skin, saturated the boots, forced a band of ice under the knee and a belt of frost about the waist, while the face was

nearly always incased in a mask of icicles from the breath—a necessary part of our hard lot in life, and we learned to take the torture philosophically.

From the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth parallel we passed for two days over old ice without pressure lines or hummocks. There was no discernible line of demarcation for the fields, and it was quite impossible to determine if we were on land or sea ice. The barometer indicated no elevation, but the ice had the hard, waving surface of glacial ice, with only superficial crevasses. The water obtained from this was not salty, but all of the upper surface of the ice of the polar sea makes similar water. The nautical observations did not seem to indicate a drift, but nevertheless the combined tabulations do not warrant the positive assertion of either land or sea for this area.

The ice gave a cheering prospect. A plain of purple and blue ran in easy undulations to the limits of vision



DR. COOK IN ARCTIC COSTUME.

without the usual barriers of uplifted blocks. Over it a direct air line course was possible. Progress, however, was quite as difficult as over the irregular pack. The snow was crusted with large crystals. An increased friction reduced the speed, while the surface, too hard for snowshoes, was also too weak to give a secure footing. The loneliness, the monotony, the hardship of steady, unrelieved travel were now keenly felt.

It is not often that man's horsepower is put to the test as ours was. We were compelled to develop a working energy to the limit of animal capacity. Day after day we had pushed along at the same steady pace over plains of frost and under a mental desert.

As the eye opened at the end of an icy slumber the fire was lighted little by little, the stomach was filled with liquids and solids, mostly cold—enough to last for the day, for there could be no halt or waste of fuel for midday feeding. We next got into harness and peed off the day's pull under the lash of duty. We worked until standing became impossible—longer in light winds, shorter in strong winds, but always until the feet became numb and heavy.

Then came the arduous task of building a snow house. In this the eyes, no longer able to wink, closed, but soon the empty stomach complained, and it was filled up again—not with things that pleased the palate, only hard fuel to feed the inner fires, while the ear sought the soft side of ice to dispel fatigue; no pleasure in mental recreation, nothing to arouse the soul from its icy inclosure.

To eat, to sleep, to press one foot ahead of the other, was our steady vocation, like the horse to the cart, but we had not his advantage of an agreeable climate and a comfortable stable at night.

Words and pictures cannot adequately describe the maddening influence of this sameness of polar glitter, combined with bitter winds, extreme cold and an overworked body. To me there was always the inspiration of anticipation of the outcome of ultimate success, but for my young savage companions it was a torment almost beyond endurance. Their weariness was made evident by a lax use of the whip and an indifferent urging of the dogs. They were, however, brave and faithful to the bitter end, seldom allowing selfish ambitions or uncontrollable passions seriously to interfere with the main effort of the expedition.

On the morning of April 13 a strain of agitating torment reached a breaking point. For days there had been a steady cutting wind from the west which drove despair to its lowest reaches.

No torment could be worse than that never ceasing rush of icy air. Ahwelah bent over his sled and refused to move.

His dogs turned and looked inquiringly. I walked over and stood by his side. Erukshuk came near and stood motionless, staring blankly at the southern side. Large tears fell from Ahwelah's eyes and pined a little frost of sadness in the line of his own shadow for several minutes. Not a word was uttered, but I knew that each felt that the time had come to free the fetters of human passions. Slowly Ahwelah said, "Ume sing pa—oo-ab-tonie to-doria" ("It is well to die—beyond is impossible").

**MOST
ANY OLD
COMPANY**

Looks good in Prosperous times; but when the great Conflagrations come, destroying millions in a night, None but the Best Can stand the Test.

That's my kind, after studying the business for 21 years.

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