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WHOLE NO. 2261

WASHINGTON LETTER.

BY CHAS. A. EDWARDS.

February 3, 1904.

The state of New Jersey has been looked upon and is one of the pivotal states in the campaign of this year. It is one of the states that the democracy must carry in order to win the election. The leaders of the party here in the national capital have had their eyes on that state for some time and have been watching developments over there. They realize, as does every man who has any political knowledge of the situation in that state, that the democratic party of the state of New Jersey has been singularly unfortunate during the past six years from the fact that it has had at its head as executive an assistant republican in the person of William B. Gourley, of Paterson. Gourley wilfully and deliberately misrepresented the sentiment of the party at the meeting of the democratic national committee at this city on January 15th, by declaring himself and his state for Cleveland for President when he knew that New Jersey would have none of Cleveland, or any man or plan in the least tainted with Clevelandism. And to make his action the more abhorrent to the democrats of New Jersey, Gourley was the only member of the National Committee, who publicly declared himself for Cleveland's candidacy. In an interview published in the Newark News of January 15th, Gourley, not content with betraying the party in his own state, paid his respects in characteristic style to the great democracy of the South, which has always been loyal and true to the principles of Jefferson and Jackson in the following terms:

"The southern states will go democratic even if the national ticket is headed by a mangy yellow dog." The malicious vilification of his own party in the so-called was due to the fact that he was well aware that that section of the country despises democrats of his ilk so thoroughly that if any are permitted to exist they are never heard of beyond the confines of their own political tomb. He knew also that Mr. Cleveland is held at his true value by the loyal and valiant democracy of the South. Hence his petty slander of that section.

William B. Gourley is the man who has made the laughing stock, a by-word and a reproach of the New Jersey democracy since 1898 by turning over the machinery of the state to the republicans and their trust managers, of whom he is said to be, and believed to be, the paid tool.

This is the same man who, in 1902, prevented the Democrat's Congressional Committee from assisting Mr. William Hughes, the democratic candidate, financially, in order to carry his own district, but despite the fact that Gourley told Chairman Griggs of the Democratic National Committee, not to give Hughes a cent, and who, on that account did not receive a cent, he, nevertheless, was triumphantly elected on his own merits. Gourley lives in Paterson, in the same town and district as Congressman Hughes and the semblance of a congressional committee in this district which he assumes to control, hardly raised its hand to assist in the election of Mr. Hughes; but on the contrary, this committee headquarters were closed practically during the entire campaign.

Gourley is the same man who, during the congressional campaign of 1902, and while posing as chairman of the democratic state central committee refused to permit the space in the street cars of Paterson, already paid for by a regular advertiser, to be used for Congressman Hughes' benefit when donated to him by a friend as a campaign contribution.

Gourley has never done anything for the good of the party. The democracy of New Jersey under his alleged leadership, has become

so thoroughly demoralized as almost to lose hope. He has no organization among the party, and such organization as he inherited from his predecessor has been debauched into a mere machine to keep real democrats out of office. He is the hired attorney of the corporations whose chief aim in New Jersey is to control both parties and debauch the electorate. Gourley's chief claim to fame is the shameful fact that, by unscrupulous use of the money of the corporations which employ his services he has elected sheriffs in Passaic county who would assist him in devious ways to protect his pet corporations and prevent the courts dealing too seriously with them. Gourley has never been known to predict a victory for his party or any of its candidates since he assumed control of its machinery. He would look upon a democratic victory as a public and a private misfortune.

The real democracy of New Jersey has borne with Gourley up to the limit, and his attempts to deliver them to the Cleveland-Olney movement, coupled with his insulting reference to the South, sounded his political death knell in the Garden State. He will soon receive such a humiliating lesson as few public men have been called upon to bear, and he will deserve all he gets. Gourley is a fitting champion of Cleveland for his highest ideal and deepest hope is to destroy the party which he so falsely claims to lead. I prefer to throw bouquets rather than bricks in this correspondence, but if I have to hurl the latter I know how to hit a bullseye.

Several weeks ago I wrote a paragraph in this letter about the Hon. Jesse Overstreet of Indiana, and accused him of doing the very thing which Mr. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow had inveighed against in his report that of members of Congress asking for an increase in some country Post Office and placing some favorite in the office to draw the increase as a salary. I was given this information by a man here in whom I had confidence or I would never have used it. Since it was published I have seen and talked with Mr. Overstreet and he assures me on his word of honor that the act attributed to him is not true, and that he never has made request for an increase for any post office outside of his district in all the history of his legislative life. I have known Mr. Overstreet here for the past seven years and when he tells me that I have been misinformed and have accused him wrongfully, and knowing him to be an honorable gentleman, the only thing for an honest man to do is to retract the accusation, to be sorry for the spread of the misinformation and regret that he has done any man an injustice. I am playing politics in writing these letters, but I never will impose a lie on the readers of them if I know it. This is the first instance in a year that any man has said to me that I either misquoted him or accused him wrongfully. I am sincerely sorry that it has occurred and I hope that every paper which published the statement about Mr. Overstreet will do me the favor and him the justice to publish this retraction.

The late speech of the Hon. William J. Bryan, in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, in which he outlined his position on the next democratic platform and advocated the ratification and reaffirmation of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, thereby making the money issue again the leading issue in the campaign or at least one of the leading issues, has attracted much attention here among the leaders of the party in Congress.

A careful poll of the democrats in Congress fails to reveal any considerable number of them who agree with Mr. Bryan. More than nine tenths of them are opposed to making the money issue prominent in the platform or even mentioning it at all. They say that the money issue

for the present is a closed issue. That the influx of gold to this country on account of the new gold strikes in the Klondike and other places, the failure of crops in the other countries and the money dumped into circulation on account of the late Spanish-American war has proved conclusively the democratic contention in those two platforms:—that there was not enough metallic money in circulation to do the business of the country on, that this increase of the gold has supplied the place of the silver for which they contended, that the consequence was that they contended it would be, viz.—prosperity.

This refusal to agree with Mr. Bryan in his idea of what the next platform should be has attracted wide spread attention here to the recent interview with Hon. William Randolph Hearst published in the Chicago Tribune of January 19. In that interview Mr. Hearst outlined what he believed to be the vital issues of the next campaign and he struck a note of sympathy in the minds and hearts of the majority of the democratic leaders when he said: "The main issue of the party of the people is to attend to the business before the people."

"In this country of sudden trust development the dominating issue—made so by the trusts themselves—is the trust issue."

Those two sentences struck the majority of the democratic leaders here on the very essence of good sense, and when they were accompanied by an exhaustive outline of the conditions that exist and the issues that should grow out of those conditions, the interview, in its entirety, made a comprehensive democratic platform of live issues upon which party could go before the people and win. That is the way in which his interview, which in reality is a national platform, struck the majority of the leaders of the party here in the national capital, and I have talked to the most of them personally about it. They want a man for the nominee who stands for something definite in the shape of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy and who not only is aggressive but progressive. Therefore, they are contrasting his wide open aggressive and progressive democratic policy with the Fabian and hide and seek politics of some others who have been mentioned for the democratic nomination, and he is daily growing in the estimation of many who a few months ago, were inclined to give his candidacy the "hoarse hoot." The Hearst movement is a serious factor in the democratic presidential equation and is now so recognized here in Washington.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Unquestioned for Constipation.

Mr. A. R. Kane, a prominent druggist of Baxter Springs, Kansas, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are, in my judgment, the most superior preparation of anything in use to day for constipation. They are sure in action and with no tendency to nauseate or gripe. For sale by S. R. Biggs."

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A Big Pick-up by Fortunate Young People

"Money saved is money made," and on this basis the splendid sum of \$25,000 was made last year by the 558 boys and girls from all over the South who attended the Ga.-Ala. Business College, at Macon, Ga.

Their total expenses were just that much less than if they had attended any other college and in addition to this they saved at least one third the time required elsewhere. All who completed were placed in good positions at about double the salaries they were getting before, and fully a thousand more could have been placed if they had been qualified.

We are requested to invite all who wish to achieve success in life, no matter how limited their means or education, to write at once for full particulars to President E. L. Martin, Macon, Ga.

EVERETTS

The Misses Coffield were in Everetts shopping yesterday.

The farmers are selling and exchanging lots of cotton seed at this point now.

There has been more extreme cold weather this winter than for many past.

Uncle Tom went out sleigh riding recently and came back with a skinned nose.

D. D. Clark has had a force pump settled in front of his place of business. This is a needed improvement.

Examine the material and workmanship in our carts, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. Holiday & Harrison.

Mr. E. O. Burroughs has bought the interest of Henry Harrison in the shop and mill business formerly run by Holiday & Harrison.

The farmers are a unit in diminishing the acreage in tobacco this year. This is the step that should have been taken last season. However, it is not too late to apply the remedy.

Better Than Gold

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. S. R. Biggs and all druggists.

WILLIAMS

Rev. G. F. Smith, the Presiding Elder of our district, preached at Holly Springs Sunday afternoon to a very large congregation.

Staton Lilley died at his home in this township on Wednesday, January 20th, aged 57 years. He leaves a wife and three children. He was a member at Holly Springs Church at the time of his death.

There was a social gathering at the home of Ed. Daniels, on Wednesday night, January 20th, and the following young men and women took part: Misses Lottie and Emma Andrews, Lucy Riddick, Mary Manning, Annie Green, Katie Lanier, Fannie Bell Manning, Mrs. James Lanier; Messrs Robert Lanier, Samuel Andrews, Roy Andrews, Henry Manning, Ben Riddick, Lawrence Riddick, John Manning, Sam Hopkins, Ben Hopkins, Sam Jones, Dode Thomas, Tom Riddick.

Another Case of Rheumatism Cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm

The efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the relief of rheumatism is being demonstrated daily. Parker Triplett, of Grigsby, Va., says that Chamberlain's Pain Balm gave him permanent relief from rheumatism in the back when everything else failed, and he would not be without it. For sale by S. R. Biggs.

Prompt Payment

Washington, N. C., Jan. 27. H. Susman, Gen'l Agt., The Eastern Life Ins. Co. Gentlemen:

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your check for \$500.00 in full payment of Policy No 734 on the life of the late Edward S. Sadler, whose Policy was dated October 20th, 1903. And we can safely say that no Company doing business in the State of North Carolina could be more prompt in paying its death claims than the EASTERN LIFE.

Assuring you of our good wishes and our faith in your Company, we remain, Yours very sincerely, E. R. Mixon & Co. Assignees.

THE ART OF FALLING.

Easy to Avoid Serious Injury if You Know the Trick.

"The story that a man fell 200 feet the other day and didn't hurt himself is amusing," said the director of a gymnasium; "but, cutting all foolishness out, there was more than a grain of truth in it. What I mean is that a man who knows how to fall can fall a considerable distance without getting anything more than a bruise or two."

"The trouble is that the average man doesn't know anything about falling easily. Now, one of the first things that a gymnast or one who performs anywhere above the ground must learn is just how to avoid serious injury in falls. "Nearly every gymnast tumbles sooner or later; but, if you will think it over, the number of professional and amateur performers hurt in a year is comparatively small. The reason for that is that they have learned not only how to avoid falling, but how to protect themselves when the fall does come."

"Just as an example, I had a fall from a height of about twenty feet the other day, and I got right up from the floor practically unharmed, although I confess that it shook me up a good deal more than I liked. In falling, however, I relaxed my muscles and, as the athletes say, 'folded' my head into my chest. I struck on the uppermost part of my back, just below the neck. When anybody is falling, that is the part of the body on which to fall."

"I am not a particularly heavy man, but I am fairly well protected by my muscles. Those on the back of my neck were a sufficient cushion. With that to help me the fall was not so terrifying. "Now, the reason why the ordinary man is so easily hurt in a fall is that he thinks he must 'steel' himself to the ordeal, as it were. He comes down, sprawling out, with his arms and legs rigid. Nine times out of ten he either breaks a limb or severely sprains a muscle. That is the wrong way to fall. "If you want to see the right way take a few lessons from your cat. If she is a good, healthy cat, with a good training, she never jumps or falls as if she was trying to break a leg."

"Let me sum all of this up by saying that, to be a really good athlete, one must know how to relax his muscles as well as distend them. Try a fall and see if I'm not right."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Value of English Votes.

According to an English election agent's statement, there are some men occupying positions of very little consequence whose votes are nevertheless of enormous value to any political party. In the big manufacturing towns there are always some local characters who go in very hotly for the pursuit of politics and have considerable influence over the political opinions of their friends. The votes of such men are worth working hard for, because their support means the votes of quite a large following. In one town in the north of England there is a bricklayer whose support is stated to be worth at least a hundred votes to his party.—London Tatler.

One Sentence.

The quickness and felicity of Hon. William M. Evarts in the line of repartee are pleasantly illustrated by President Timothy Dwight in a story from "Memories of Yale Life and Men."

On one occasion, writes President Dwight, at one of our Yale commencement dinners I had the duty, as the presiding officer, of introducing the speakers. In performing this duty with reference to Mr. Evarts I said in allusion to the well known length of his sentences in public address:

"Mr. Evarts will now give us a single sentence."

He rose and instantly replied: "It will be a life sentence."

His Apprehension.

"Tunked if that 'ere hired man o' mine ain't the most worthless, shuckless, triflin' critter on 'er top o' sod!" growled honest Farmer Bentover savagely. "Why, ram him, he read last week that the length of the day on earth is increasin' owin' to the constantly augmented size of the world 'beuz of the deposits of meteors and such like on it, and ever since, even though the article plainly stated that the change is so slight that it takes about ten million years to add half a second to the length of a day, rummed if he ain't been complainin' 'dismally about the prospect of his havin' to work longer for the same pay!"—Puck.

How She Felt. Mrs. Black—Sam Johnson done left his wife 'bout six months ago. Mr. Black—Do she think he am nebba comin' back? "Waal, she jest beginnin' to hab hopes."—Smart Set.

A MUSICAL COMEDY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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The night was still and sultry, blinding of rain. In the east a low moon swung blood red above the hills. Its rays crimsoned a path across the sluggish and silent waters of the Black river. Upon a slight rise some distance from its western bank Colonel Prentice of the Ninth Mississippi, C. S. A., gazed longingly at the dim, misty lights of Tuscaloosa far back upon the opposite shore. The body of the young man was neatly incased in a new gray uniform, and the soul of the colonel was with the Confederate cause, but the heart of him was within the Union lines, and he was sorely distracted, for the Federal troops held Tuscaloosa, and Tuscaloosa held many northern officers and the person of Miss Betty Taylor, and, further, Miss Betty held the affections of Colonel Prentice. Now, Randolph Prentice had fought the oppressors and bested them and had been defeated by them. He hated them right heartily as abolitionists, and he admired them beyond expression as gallant foes. Therefore he mis-



"AN AD-DOOH—MUSIC" HE DRAWLED.

trusted his abilities in the way of levelling. A man who fights generally and chivalrously is not, as a rule, excessively brutal or unkindly tongued in the presence of ladies. Presently the colonel stamped his booted foot and swore beneath his breath. The quiet air carried sound far and clear, and to his ears there came faint strains of music, the hum of a guitar and an enormous baritone raised in song. Then the colonel retired with in the grove of trees to reappear shortly with two of his men. They cautiously embarked in a small flatboat which had been concealed by a clump of undergrowth. The obliging moon had retreated behind a cloud bank.

In the parlor of the Taylor mansion the lights were low—even candles were dear in the south toward the close of the war—but their dim rays could not conceal the beauty of two girls who sat lovingly upon a sofa, each with an arm about the other. Though they were sisters, one was dark and mischievous—the younger, Alice Taylor—while the other was tall and fair and serious. Both were very good for a soldier man to look upon. To them came a song from the night without. Dick Amys, captain of the Nineteenth Ohio, and Lieutenant Henry were of a mind that no time more than the present was auspicious for the wooing of a maid or two. The guitar buzzed resonantly under the deft fingers of the captain and their harmonized voices warbled a melting serenade. Simultaneously the four eyes of them were steadfastly observant of the vine twined parlor easement. They were expectant of an invitation to enter. This was not their first duet beneath the window. Indeed, it is to be suspected that Miss Alice was in no way averse to the conquest of the north-bloodlessly and by units.

Three gray shadows stole up behind the two. Colonel Prentice held up a warning hand and paused, listening with hardly ravished ears to the concluding bars of "The Blue Juniata." He nodded in appreciation of an excellent rendering, but when the song came to an end and a pleased murmur floated through the easement the heart of the Confederate was hardened. "Gentlemen—hm!" he observed softly. "Could Ah persuade yeh to repeat the effort?" The gentlemen with one accord wheeled and gazed with interest into the muzzles of a couple of navy revolvers. Prentice recognized Captain Amys.

"Ah ad-dooh—music," he drawled. "Prentice!" "Yo' humble servant, sub!" "How many men have you, confound you?" "Several, gentlemen—a subducent humbuh. Ah repeat, can I persuade yeh?" "You can!" replied Lieutenant Henry promptly. They obliged him amore. "Ve' fair," commented the colonel when they had finished. "And once moah, if yeh please."

"Randolph, I'll be even with you for this!" Amys threatened hotly. "Oh, sing something else if yeh prefer," indifferently. They sang.

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