

THE ROANOKE BEACON.

Published Every Friday.

Entered in the Post Office at Plymouth N. C., as second class matter.

We appeal to every reader of THE ROANOKE BEACON, to aid us in making it an acceptable and profitable medium of news to our citizens. Let Plymouth people and the public know what is going on in Plymouth. Report to us all items of news—the arrival and departure of friends, social events, deaths, serious illness, accidents, new buildings, new enterprises and improvements of whatever character, changes in business—indeed anything and everything that would be of interest to our people.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Advertisements inserted at low rates. Ordinary notices exceeding ten lines, five cents a line. Count the words, allowing eight to the line, and send money with MS, for all in excess of ten lines.

The editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents. All articles for publication must be accompanied by the full name of the writer.

Correspondents are requested not to write on but one side of the paper. All communications must be sent in by Thursday morning or they will not appear.

Address all communications to THE ROANOKE BEACON, Plymouth, N. C.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The cry is "still they come," and the victims continue to write me for sympathy. I am sorry for them, but I am amazed at their stupidity and credulity. Now here are two clever, needy women in this community who sent \$25 each to one of these fakirs and each sent him a list of twenty-five names—not subscribers—but names. The women knew very well that nobody here wanted the paper and so they begged or borrowed or made some sacrifice to get the money and went diligently to work writing letters and sending circulars to other women at other places urging them to join the scheme and get a year's employment at \$20 a month. And these last women sent \$25 each and got to work writing to a third set of women, and so it goes on and on in an endless chain, growing longer and longer and widening and branching out as it goes until, if it keeps on, it will embrace the continent and then cross the ocean and chain up all Europe. That is the principle on which all these endless chain schemes are based. Of course the chain will break sooner or later and I am pleased to learn that one of them says he will have to surrender, but that he will protect his agents. He cannot do it. His last circular tells his agents to stop working in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama, for he has pretty well covered these States with agencies and now they must work up the western and northwestern States. And so I continue to receive letters from Arkansas and Texas almost every day asking about the scheme. A poor woman writes me from Colorado, Texas, that her little children picked cotton to raise the \$25 for her invalid sister who wanted to work and to get the monthly salary. She sent the money and a list of names, for she could not get a single subscriber, and the fakir sent her a dollar and that is all she has ever received, and she asks, "Is it possible that any human being is mean enough to rob a starving woman and her children? Is it possible that Bill Arp would raise up a boy like that?" No, he cannot protect his agents. It would take Aladdin's lamp to comply with his promises. He got \$50 from these two women in this town. I don't know how many at Kings-town and Adairville. He has promised \$175 to each, which makes \$350 for one town. No doubt he has 300 agents in Georgia and it will take over \$50,000 to pay them. Then multiply that by four other States that he says he has already covered. Of course he can't pay his agents. But he pays enough to get a few credentials. One lady writes me from Milledgeville and defends him and says he has paid her so far and she believes he is an honest man. Another writes from the same county and says he won't pay her anything and will not answer her letters. It is to be hoped, however,

that he will refund the \$25 to each agent. But take another view of this wonderful scheme. There are fifty of his papers received here at this office and not one of them represents a subscriber. Our people took them out for a while, thinking they were some of these sample copies that flood the country. But they have found out better and refuse to take them out, for they do not want them and they fear that somebody will be calling for the money. Now if our county is an average there has been sent from the State to that one town from eight to ten thousand dollars and got back nothing that anybody in Georgia wants.

Another paper writes me very tartly about its scheme and advises me to let things alone that I do not understand. The publisher sends to me copies of his circulars and asserts that it is nothing like the other plan. Well it is more liberal, for it asks only \$10 to get ten subscribers and an agency and start the chain and promises \$24 a month for every five agents secured in a month. My wife had already received two letters urging her to take an agency and make \$25 a month so easy. Of course she declined, for she didn't care to beg any one to take a paper he didn't want, nor would she send her own money and a list of names and write to other women to come in the scheme.

I will not say it is a fraud, for I have reason to believe that the publisher is honest and conscientious, but the scheme is a delusion and a snare and is in very bad company. The agents can't get genuine subscribers and will send their own money and a list of names.

And here comes another scheme from another Georgia town. It says:

"Send us \$20 and we will employ you at \$20 a month for twelve months to write five letters a day and get agents to work for us and will pay \$2 extra for each agent over five in a month. Some of our agents get from ten to fifty new agents monthly and make from \$70 to \$110 a month. It will only take a few minutes every day to write the letters." That beats the original. I reckon they must have a thousand agents in Georgia getting \$20 a month. That takes \$240,000 a year to pay them. Does anybody believe that? And yet this investment company does not seem to have anything to sell, but will get you a sewing machine, a gold watch, a bike or a gun. They refer you to a long array of references.

But here is one from North Carolina, where the cherry trees grow: "Greatest money making plan of the twentieth century.

"\$5 per day made at home mailing circulars. It breaks all records and the money comes rolling in." These are the head lines of the offer. The body of the circular is too long and too fascinating to copy. It might injure Atlanta's shoe trade to spread this kind of news in your columns. A lady writing to me from Thomasville says her neighbor, a good, sensible lady, was induced by this circular to send \$3.50 to another lady, who was an endless chain agent for this North Carolina party and got a pair of shoes she could have bought at home for \$2.50 and she had to pay 45 cents express charges upon them. I have hunted for this little North Carolina town all over the map and have not found it yet. I reckon it is some little town that is yet in the woods.

I am not through with these endless chain frauds or delusions or

snafes, but will close with the most amusing little fake that has ever transpired in this region. A planter who lives in our town says that one of his tenants got a circular that came all the way from that pious country where they used to sell nutmegs made of wood and seed oats made of shoe pegs. The circular said that any one remitting a money order for \$1.79 would have sent to them a handsome set of oak finished furniture. The credulous man would not consult his landlord, but sent it, and as the circular said: "Please mention the color of the upholstery that you prefer," he wrote that he wanted green. In due time he was notified that the furniture had been shipped. So he waited about ten days and then drove in with a two-horse wagon to receive it and haul it home. On inquiring at the depot he found a little box and inside was a miniature set of furniture for a doll. The bedstead was 8 inches long and the sofa 6. On the outside of the box was 75 cents for freight. But the upholstering was green and the man smiled a sickly grin and said: "So am I!"

Now, if there is anything for which I have a particular dislike, it is a personal controversy with my fellow-man. I was forced into this one to protect my name and secure my peace, but if it shall result in protecting the dependent women of this land from the greed and tricks of strangers, I shall not regret the controversy. The government will take a hand in it after a while, but that will not refund the money. A Federal court has already got the cherry tree man in limbo.

The United States postal law declares that no newspapers shall be carried as second-class matter unless they are for legitimate subscribers

who with their own consent have paid or agree to pay the subscription price. Let the law be enforced.

BILL ARP.

P. S.—Later from the front.—Since I penned the above I have received another letter that caps the climax.

Windsboro, S. C., Jan. 2.—To Bill Arp: "I used to admire you and banked on your letters. You had my respect and confidence to that extent that I gave my daughter \$25 to send to you and get the monthly reward for writing letters. That was more than two months ago and you know the rest, you grand old fraud. I hate to think as meanly of any man as I now think of you and your son. If you were worth the powder and lead it would take to kill you I'd have you both arrested, you two-faced old hypocrite. If you ever come this way, you old sinner, what we will do for you will be plenty." Etc. etc J. D. L.

The man had better refund that \$25 or run away. B. A.

Clerk's Wise Suggestion.

"I have lately been much troubled with dyspepsia, belching and sour stomach," writes M. S. Mead, leading pharmacist of Attleboro, Mass. "I could eat hardly anything without suffering several hours. My clerk suggested I try Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which I did with most happy results. I have had no more trouble and when one can go to eating mince pie, cheese, candy and nuts after such a time, their digestion must be pretty good. I endorse Kodol Dyspepsia Cure heartily." You don't have to diet. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests your food.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Jno. A. Norman, deceased, notice is hereby given to all those having claims against said estate to present them within one year from the date hereof or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All those indebted to the said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This Jan'y. 6, 1902. C. V. NORMAN, Administrator.

Advertise what you have to sell, and get your share of the money in circulation.

Grove's

Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test for 20 years.

One Million Six Hundred Thousand bottles were sold last year.

Do you think it pays to try others?