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**Pritchard, Horton Co.,**  
One Price Cash Shoers.

### ONE WEEK'S WHOLE-HEARTED WORK NOW WILL TELL FOR ALL TIME

To the Temperance Forces in North Carolina:

We are this morning entering upon the last week of the most momentous campaign in the history of our State.

Today victory is ours, and the enemy know it, and yet so far from quitting their activities, these next seven days will find them in the fiercest, and bitterest warfare of all the campaign thus far.

They know that we have won—and yet they hope now in one terrible cyclonic campaign, acting in the open where it will do, secretly where that plan is best, corruptly wherever money will count, by misrepresentation and lying wherever they can impose upon the ignorant—by fair means or by foul, as may best suit their purposes, and with a belated energy and ferocity in which they hope to smite our people unawares, they are going to work in desperation to reduce our majority to a point where it will be discouraging to us in the future.

Temperance men of North Carolina, they must not succeed!

I appeal to you to match your vigor against their vigor, your zeal against their zeal, your resourcefulness against their resourcefulness, and let us see to it that not one man breaks ranks on our side in this last week of the struggle.

Valiantly and nobly have the moral forces of North Carolina worked in this campaign, with rare zeal and heroism indeed—but next week will be the time for saying this.

My appeal now is for one final week of untiring, unselfish, unwavering action in behalf of our prohibition cause.

One week's whole-hearted, unrelenting effort on the part of the Temperance advocates now will settle this question for all time to come. One week's indifference and listlessness might mean twenty years more of agitation.

Seven days' effort on your part now may be worth seven years' effort hereafter.

And what I have said in this appeal applies no less to one man than to another. Because they have not been so prominent in this campaign as in some others, some whiskey advocates have even had the temerity to slander the good women of the State and the ministers of the gospel by saying that their hearts are not in this work as we have claimed. May the vigor and terrible earnestness of their work these next seven days answer that slander. Let every woman exert herself to the utmost.

Just one more week's work—it is for this that I appeal, and one week's whole-hearted work now will make it unnecessary for me to appeal to you again.

Remember, the eyes of the nation are on North Carolina. The whiskey sellers all over the country are willing to flood the State with money and with workers in the hope of so reducing our majority as to check the triumphant temperance wave in the country generally and keep the whiskey issue alive in our State.

Seven days' earnest work now will forever defeat their purpose. We must have it and every friend of temperance must do his duty.

JOHN A. OATES,  
Chairman Anti-Saloon League.

## THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY.

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last  
For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past;  
That which makes Milwaukee thirsty doesn't foam in Tennessee;  
And the lid in old Missouri is as tight-locked as can be—  
Oh, the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,  
For the mint is waving gaily, but the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky all is still,  
For the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill;  
No'th Ca'lina's stately ruler gives his soda glass a shove,  
And discusses local option with the South Ca'lina Gov.  
It is useless at the Fountain to be winkful of the eye,  
For the cocktail glass is dusty and the South is going dry.

It is water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink,  
We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink,  
When the Colonel and the Major and the Gen'l and the Jedge  
Meet to have a little nip to give their appetites an edge,  
For the eggnog now is noggles and the rye has gone awry,  
And the punch bowl holds carnations, and the South is going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels and are worn upon the head,  
Not the nightcaps that were taken when no one went to bed,  
And the breeze above the bluegrass is as solemn as is death,  
For it bears no pungent clove-tang on its odorific breath,  
And each man can walk a chalk line when the stars are in the sky;  
For the fizz glass now is fizzless and the South is going dry.

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the chestnut tree at last,  
For there's but one kind of moonshine and the olden days are past;  
Now the water wagon rumbles through the Southland on its trip,  
And it helps no one to drop off to pick up the driver's whip,  
For the mint-bed makes a pasture and the corkscrew hangeth high;  
All is still along the hillside, and the South is going dry.

bury crowd to run their matter for them and he wouldn't. The News and Observer is standing up for the men and women of the state. And some of these days we are going to build a monument to those papers that are not killing their fellow man, a monument that points to the skies and whose inscription is written in letters of gold." This sentiment was cheered heartily as was the reference to the News and Observer. And then she touched up the papers that carry liquor ads. "You can't keep them from printing them," she declared. "No, you can't, but you can keep them from coming into your home, those papers that are controlled by the whiskey people. I had almost as soon have a snake in my house and there is hardly a decent newspaper that will carry these advertisements in their columns." (Cheers.)

Mrs. Curtis said that a though Kansas is so often called bleeding Kansas, "the state of crime, cyclones and greenbugs, as people think, has nevertheless more money per capita than any other except old Maine. (Applause.) And the reason old Maine is first is because she had prohibition thirty years before Kansas did. (Applause.) Bleeding Kansas has more children in the school than any other except old Maine and it's because Maine was thirty years ahead of her in prohibition. There are fewer in jails than any other except Maine and in thirty-five of that state's jails, there is not a prisoner. (Applause.) Why, they talked about leasing the penitentiary to Oklahoma, but that state went dry September 17 and now they are thinking of renting it to Illinois, cursed by saloons and crime and whose per capita is less than any other state in the union. (Applause.)

"I said that the saloon brings anarchy. When crime is committed where do you go to find the criminal? In the saloon, not the Sunday school. When murder is done, you go to the saloon, not the church. Why, when that Catholic priest was murdered last year the order went forth to banish the anarchists for one had slain him. I got so mad at the authorities that I did not know what to do. And I said 'in the name of common sense, what are they doing, talking about the deportation of anarchists when they are harboring more anarchy in the saloons in one town than could be found in the country in a year. Destroy the saloons and you banish more anarchists in twenty-four hours than you can deport in twenty-four years. (Wild cheers.)

She took up the popular tradition that Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln spoke words of condemnation against prohibition. "Of all the mean things," she indignantly shouted, "the meanest is to lie on a dead man. I would lie on somebody who had killed people if I were going to tell an untruth." And she said both Jefferson and Lincoln had spoken words for temperance and prophesied that the intrusion of the saloon into American politics would be followed by disaster and ruin. "Let me say, you can't be a decent republican and vote for liquor. You could be a carbet bagger. 'And you could be a garbet bagger.' 'And you can't be a Jeffersonian democrat and vote for it. You can't be anything but a booze-o-crat.'" she laughingly remarked.

"And what if they had written and spoken for the saloon? Did that make it right. Haven't times changed completely since their time? Time was when every doctor who came to see you put a leech on you and bled you. They may bleed you yet but they don't use the leech," it went in a laugh.

She was funny when telling how the drinking man goes to town and "sets 'em up." The old fellow's "wife may not be able to set the table, but he wants to set 'em up," she said. "If

he is wet he goes to the saloon to get dry, and if he is dry he goes to get wet. If he has a headache he goes to the saloon to get it cured and if he has none, he goes there to get one." And thus did she pay with words and convulsed her hearers. It is impossible to follow her in them all for she said so many fine things that reached the great hearts of men. Her defense of women in politics could not have been beaten. "I read in the constitution that all men are created free and equal and in the bible that God created men and women in His image. A little lower than angels they were created and they came to earth as pure as when they left the plastic hand of God. You say you have a right to drink? No you haven't. No man has the right to debase and deface the image of His creator. (Cries of no, that's so.) Had God been willing for you to do this He would have created you in the other fellow's image." (Applause.)

And she turned the point beautifully on the men. "Suppose," she said, "the women would start a saloon and insisted upon going there and drinking to drunkenness. Suppose they went home, beat their husbands, kicked their children under the beds and act as men have done towards us. Why there would be more grass widowers in the country soon than you could find pastures for. (Applause.) You would resort to bullets, not ballots, not to elections but to dynamite, and you would go at it not next Tuesday, but now. And every man in the nation would come to your defense. I would come all the way from Texas to do it. Oh, my brother, why have you done it? Have we women no feelings, have we no love, do you think we can stand everything? We have burned the bridges behind us and we shall fight till we die. We never will give up nor rest until every saloon is banished and there is peace in this beautiful country"—and the most remarkable scene crowned the speaker's words the cheers lasting for a minute and breaking out three different times.

"But the men say that we ought not to be here, that the home is woman's sphere. The liquor men grow religious and quote St. Paul when he said 'woman should keep silent and ask her husband. Wouldn't some of us learn a lot? (Laughter) There is no such thing as woman's or man's sphere. They are hemispheres and both place like this and seea woman on the platform I tell you that there men want to see vaudeville performance unless a woman is on the stage and they'll pay \$5 to see a girl kick the lights out. (Great laughter.)

"I have rocked the cradle, devotedly, proudly. I watched my three little boys through their childhood and they were safe until you men set a trap for them to catch them, and mother as I am, I love my boys and I am going to follow them."—but she never finished for the second prolonged cheering broke out and shouts were heard all over town.

One of her most striking things was this: "I have no patience with that dogma that woman must stay at home while her children are left to the mercy of these dens of vice. There never would have been a woman on the platform if the men had protected them in their homes. (Great cheers.) A heathen woman pleaded for the Savior and if a heathen woman could do that why haven't I a right to beg for my children?" That brought uproarious applause.

She closed by an appeal to North Carolina manhood. She flattered us and did it delicately, intelligently. She found out what we want to be and accused us of being it. "I have heard that you are great fighters. On the 26th of May go to the polls and save your homes?"

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