

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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A MISREPRESENTATION.

HOLLINGSWORTH MISQUOTES THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Refusal to Publish an Article Against Mr. Bickett, a Candidate, Where Personal Feelings were Evident, the Cause.

It is not often that the editor of the Times deems it necessary to reply to "personal flings" made at him from any quarter, but for fear that our silence may be misunderstood, we take this occasion to correct an assertion made by J. W. Hollingsworth, in an article in the Progress of this week. He states that the "editor of the Times promptly refused to publish his article." That is true. He also says that the editor stated to him "that the delegates to the county convention would come instructed for Bickett, or would vote for him for his nomination unanimously." In making this statement Mr. Hollingsworth, to say the least of it, has very grossly misrepresented us. Our reply to him, after reading the article against Mr. Bickett, was this: "Mr. Hollingsworth, I can't publish that article. First, because I think it will be unfair to Mr. Bickett, as it is right here on the eve of the Convention, and he will have no opportunity to reply. Secondly, from the way the people from the various sections of the county are talking, it looks as if that Mr. Bickett will be nominated almost unanimously." His reply was, "Well, I think so, myself." "Then" said the editor, "why do you wish to publish such stuff?" Hollingsworth replied, "Well I didn't expect you would publish it, but I thought I would give you an opportunity." Our reply to that was, "If I was publishing a Republican paper, I would jump at your article, with both feet, but in this instance I can't allow you or any other man to use my columns to satisfy your personal feelings against any one. In a subsequent conversation on the street we told Mr. Hollingsworth that our reason for refusing to publish his article was that we thought he was only fighting Mr. Bickett on personal grounds. He afterwards admitted to another gentleman in town that he would not have written the article but for the fact that he had personal feelings against Mr. Bickett. The people can take the case.

THE PRESS ON MR. BICKETT'S PROGRAMME.

The programme of Mr. Bickett, published in our last issue is attracting wide attention in every section of the State. Among other newspaper editors, we see that the Raleigh Evening Times, the Statesville Landmark and the Monroe Journal make the article the subject of leading editorials.

The Raleigh Evening Times says, "In outlining his platform, which he does in a remarkably interesting document of three newspaper columns, Mr. Bickett, of Franklin county, shows why he should be elected to the General Assembly; and the voters will doubtless agree with him and send him on to Raleigh. If Mr. Bickett is elected—and he seems to have good chances—he will be heard from in the Legislature; and when he does speak he will say something worthy of our attention."

The Monroe Journal says that Mr. Bickett's is the most original announcement of candidacy for office that has appeared in some time, and that his platform is entirely sensible and free from demagoguery. The Statesville Landmark, one of

the ablest papers in the State, devotes a column and a half in commendation of the programme, and concludes as follows: "Glory to Mr. Bickett and his programme! If some man like Mr. Bickett will get out in every county in the State with a similar programme, the fellows who want to go to Raleigh and spend sixty days drawing four dollars a day and drinking dispensary liquor will never know what struck them."

OLD CHERRY HILL.

Cherry Hill Sunday School of Years Ago.

MR. EDITOR.—A few days ago I came across the roll of teachers and scholars of old Cherry Hill Sunday school, which was located in Dunns township near Sutton a number of years ago, and while I know your space will not allow the publication of the names of all of the pupils, I would be glad if you will publish the list of teachers, number of pupils, &c. The roll shows that in 1874 there were 109 members. In looking over the list I find that 14 of the male and 11 of the female members of the school are dead. The following is a list of teachers in 1874: Dr. J. C. Fowler, superintendent; Teachers—L. B. Phillips (leader in choir), Dr. H. F. Freeman, Calvin Strickland, W. J. Brannan, Charlie Strickland, Lee Jones, Miss Lou Chamble (now Mrs. Dr. R. P. Floyd), Miss Elizabeth Strickland, Miss Susan Heart, (now Mrs. Calvin Pippin), Mrs. Mary H. Fowler. The scholars who are living are scattered all over the United States—some in Texas, some in Arkansas, and in California, and Nebraska and other States. "Old Cherry Hill" was considered one of the best Sunday Schools in this section, and everybody in the neighborhood took great interest in it. Boys and girls did not seem to go there simply to see their sweethearts (of course they saw them) but went for the purpose of learning and receiving benefit therefrom. And for years afterwards when a new Sunday school was organized, "old Cherry Hill" was referred to as having been the best and most successful school ever established in that section, and as if with one voice all would exclaim, "Let's try to have a school like the one we used to have at 'old Cherry Hill.'"

J. T. CARTER.

Funeral of Miss Cooke.

In a brief notice last week we announced the sad death of Miss Elizabeth Cooke, the only daughter, and youngest child, of Judge and Mrs. C. M. Cooke. After a short illness she died at Burlington, where she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Tisdale. Her remains were brought here last Friday evening, accompanied by her parents and brothers, and were met at the depot by a large number of sorrowing friends. The funeral services were held from the residence on Saturday conducted by Rev. H. H. Maaburn of the Baptist church, and the remains were followed to the Cemetery by a number of relatives of the family and a very large number of friends of both sexes. There were quite a number here from a distance to join in paying the last tribute of respect to the deceased.

The following were the pallbearers: T. W. Bickett, Dr. R. F. Yorbrough, T. B. Wilder, ex-Judge E. W. Timberlake, J. J. Allen, F. S. Spruill.

The editor of the Times joins with the many sympathizing friends of the bereaved in tendering most sincere sympathy.

U. D. C.

The regular meeting of the Jos. J. Davis chapter will be held at the new Masonic Hall (Bickett & Yorbrough building), on June 6th, 1906, at 5:30 p. m.

Mrs. F. S. SPRUILL, Pres.
Mrs. R. H. DAVIS, Sec'y.

GOV. TAYLOR ON POLITICS

EXPRESSIONS BOTH INTERESTING AND FULL OF TRUTH.

After the Expiration of his Second Term Gov. "Fiddling Bob" Taylor Writes His "A Politician's Valedictory."

The defeat of Senator Edward W. Carmack, who is said to be one of the most brilliant men in the upper branch of Congress, by ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor—"Fiddling Bob"—before the Democratic primaries in Tennessee has attracted attention outside of that State. Bob Taylor is the man who, as a Democrat, ran against his brother, a Republican, and his father, a Prohibitionist, and fiddled himself into the Governor's chair. This was twenty years ago. The father did not make any public speeches for his party, but the two brothers stump the State together speaking from the same platform and stopping at the same hotel. The debates were always good-natured. Alf Taylor is said to have been the better speaker of the two, but Bob carried his fiddle along, and when the votes were counted he had the most.

Bob Taylor was twice elected Governor of Tennessee. When his second term was up he had "tired of the ingratitude of official life," and decided to retire from politics. Here is his valedictory:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am about to shuffle off this mortal coil of politics and fly away to the heaven of my native mountains where I can think and dream in peace, safe from the sickening stings of unjust criticism, safe from the talons of some old political vultures, safe from the slimy kiss and keen dagger of ingratitude.

"I do not retire the somnambulist of a shattered dream, but with all the birds of hope bursting into bloom and all the bowers of the future ringing with melody, I am contented with my lot in life. Three times I have worn the laurel wreath of honor, twined by the people of my native State, and that is glory enough for me.

"To me there is nothing in this world so pathetic as a candidate. He is like a mariner without a compass, drifting on the tempest-tossed waves of uncertainty between the smiling cliffs of hope and the frowning crags of despair. He is a walking petition and a living prayer; he is the pack-horse of public sentiment, the dromedary of politics. And even if he reaches the goal of his ambition, he will soon feel the beak of the vulture in his heart, the fang of the serpent in his soul.

"I am no longer a candidate. Never again will I be inaugurated into public office. The ark of my public career now rests on the Arrarat of private life, and I stand on its peaceful summit and look down in the receding flood of politics. The dove of my destiny has brought me an olive branch from happier fields, and I go hence to labor and to love."

Read again the third paragraph of the above valedictory. Taylor saw his chance to become a Senator of the United States, and changed his tune from "I am contented with my lot in life," to "I am not contented with my lot in life." He who had flown away to the "heaven of his native mountains, safe from the slimy kiss and keen dagger of ingratitude," became once more, as of old, a walking petition and a living prayer. His prayer has been answered. But what of the man whom he has defeated? It is now his turn to "feel the beak of the vulture in his heart, the fang of the serpent in his soul." Such is politics.

Elizabeth Kingsbury Cooke.

In Burlington, N. C., at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Tisdale, just as the light of a new day was crimsoning the east, on the morning of May 25, 1906, the gentle spirit of Elizabeth Kingsbury, only daughter of Judge

Charles M. and Mrs. Bettie P. Cooke, of Louisburg, N. C., took its everlasting flight.

The shining glory of the Eastern sky was but the radiance streaming from the doors of Heaven, flung wide open to receive its blessed visitor.

It was well that, if death had to come to one so fair and young and tender, it should have come when the day was just beginning, while the happy birds were singing their morning matins, and the dew was glistening on leaf and flower. It was as she herself would have wished it. About her death there should have been no sombre trappings, no ghostly environment. As she had lived—bright and pure and sweet and winsome, so to her end should have come, as it did, amid the carol of birds, and the glory of the rising sun, and the fragrance of blossoming flowers.

She was but nineteen years old, even yet.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet;
Woodland and childhood sweet."

About the death of a young girl, just entering into the mystic realm of womanhood, there is always something infinitely pathetic; but in the death of her whose pure young life these lines are written to commemorate, there was a pathos, a boundless grief, a heart-break, beyond words to describe. No sweeter, modest, more unselfish life than hers, ever blessed the earth with the lesson of its living.

Surrounded as she was by all the refinements that tender love and inherited good breeding could bestow, her career was yet too short for her to have learned by rote what things were always best and most seemly to say and do; and yet her instinct, her intuitions were never at fault. She did and said the right things because, in the fulness of her soul, there was no room for coarse alloy.

Straightforward, candid, innocent, thinking no ill, fearing no wrong, believing no evil of any one, she went through life as unscathed a soul as ever lived in this sin-stained world.

These were about her life a fragrance that made one couple her in thought with beautiful things, with flowers, and tinted clouds, and soft sweet music. By the bare fact of living and association she ennobled every one with whom she came in contact.

In marked degree she had that power, at once so rare and so much to be desired, of winning to herself loyal, unselfish friendship, and the richest tribute that will be paid her memory is the unconsolable sorrow of her childhood and girlhood friends in Louisburg.

The devoted love and admiration of her parents for their only daughter, and of her brothers for their only sister—a love and homage that denied her nothing nor refused her any wish, was not adequate to spoil her or make her vain. She was utterly unconscious of the delicate yet potent charm of her person and her manner.

She was brought by loving reverent hands back to the childhood home that she had loved so well. It is said of her that, in that last sickness, when the scorching fever was drying up the fountains of her vitality, and death was drawing closer and closer, she wished for the kindly shelter of the old roof-tree, and for the grateful shade of the giant oaks that flung their shadows across the broad veranda and spacious lawn.

In the parlor, that was full of tender memories of her, she rested but one night, and next day was borne to the Cemetery and laid in a grave so placed that some day her mother and her father can sleep, one on either side of her, and bear her company.

The red earth of the newly made grave was hidden out of sight by the rich profusion of rare and beautiful flowers that bereaved love had sent as tokens of remembrance. Beneath billows of flowers she sleeps, and the universal mourning of the town of Louisburg attests the love and esteem in which she was held.

ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL.

EVIL OF CARD PARTIES.

THE PLACE WHERE GAMBLERS ARE FIRST INSTRUCTED.

Mothers and Fathers Should Read and Consider Well This Argument—He Presents Good Reasons in His Statement.

At a mass meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church, of this city (Portsmouth, Ohio), on a recent Sabbath afternoon, in the presence of over two hundred men, a convicted gambler and an ex-saloon keeper made the following statement, which has created a profound impression, and I herewith transmit it to your paper that it may do good in a wider sphere:

"I have been in the saloon business with a gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am now going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is near so dangerous, nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm, as the social card party in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down, everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there. While in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments and adding high social enjoyments. For my part, I never could see the difference between a piece of silver moulded in the shape of money or silver moulded in the shape of a cup or a tumbler. The principal is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the fock of cards, no matter how small is the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling.

"Perhaps you have never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener' unless he is a fool never enters a gambling hall because he knows he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets his foot inside of such a place.

When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, then the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned and counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become patrons of their business. I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your deck and wash your hands.

"The other day I overheard two ladies talking on the street. One said: 'I am going to give a card party, and I am going to the store to buy a pack of cards. Which are the best kind to get?' The other replied: 'Get the Angel Card; It has an angel on the back.'

"Think," said he, "of dragging the pure angels of Heaven into this infernal business."

After he had taken his seat another converted ex-gambler, who led the men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church the following Sabbath, arose and said: "I endorse every word which the brother before me has just uttered. I was a gambler. I learned to play cards, not at the saloon, not in my own home, but in the home of my friends who invited me to play with them and taught me how."—Gospel Messenger.

Dr. H. A. Newell.

The Times congratulates Dr. H. A. Newell, of Mapleville, upon his successful examination before the State Board of Medical Examiners this week. He was one of the successful 88 out of 182 who applied for license—47 having failed. Dr. Newell recently graduated from the Medical department of the College for Physicians and Surgeons.

Sudden Death.

The Times bears with regret of the sudden death of Mr. J. H. Hollingsworth, an industrious farmer of Cypress Creek township. A phone message brought the sad news Monday that the deceased fell from his horse and died immediately. He was near his home at the time. He leaves a wife and several children. The burial took place at Peachtree church, and was conducted by the Masons, the deceased being a member of the order.

Big Sale of Town Lots.

The auction sale of town lots which was advertised for Tuesday of this week was "pulled off" in fine shape. The lots were sold by Col. W. T. Hughes and were located on the south side of the river, fronting on Main street and Kenmore Avenue. All of the lots sold well—the lowest price paid being \$270 for a lot 66x78, and the highest \$540 for a lot 68x719. The Colonel expressed himself as well pleased and the purchasers feel that they have bargained in each and every instance. In fact some of them have already, so we learn, been offered a premium on the price they paid. All of them are desirable building lots, and the majority of them by young married and unmarried men.

Birthday Dinner at Ingleside.

On Monday Mrs. Wile Mason entertained a number of relatives, this occasion being the 77th birthday of Mr. Nat Henry Mason. Almost all branches of the family were represented, and a very pleasant day spent. After an elegant dinner served to about 25 the guests returned to the parlor, where jokes and reminiscences were enlivened by old time music by Miss Louise Strother who was principal entertainer. All voted it a delightful day and wished Mr. Mason many more like it. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Nat Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mason, Mrs. Charlie Mason and daughter, Mrs. J. O. Davis, Mrs. Alex Wilson, Miss Louise Strother, Miss Lucy and Laura Mason, W. H. Mason and wife, Misses Ormand and Meddows.

MR. BICKETT.

EDITOR TIMES: I was delighted to see the card of Mr. T. W. Bickett in your paper last week, stating that he would accept the nomination for the Legislature, as I saw in it an opportunity of voting for a man who has the interest of the people at heart. I have had occasion to know the great interest manifested by him in the efforts of the farmers to secure a good price for their cotton. He spared neither time nor money in laboring for the farmers' cause, and his big heart is right in this as well as other matters of interest to the people generally. No one can better know than myself how zealous and unselfishly he aided the farmers in 1904 and 1905, (when cotton was below 7 cents) in their efforts in restoring the staple to an increased price. He gave his services freely day and night, and I am satisfied that the voters of Franklin county will take great pleasure in supporting such an unselfish and big hearted citizen.

G. W. FEAR.

Forest fire destroyed quite a lot of timber near Alphonso Sherron's Friday.