

# The Randolph Bulletin.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY PAPER FOR RANDOLPH COUNTY PEOPLE.

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ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



FOR SEPTEMBER.

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Now softened—suns a mellow luster shed,

The laden orchards glow with tempting red;

On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrowned,

And with the hunting horn the fields resound.

—Old September Poem

Well we should say so, and the mellow horn of Mr. Morgan will awake the morn, bidding us garner for the bins and cribs in which we labor for his royal nibs. The summer ended and the blower on, the respite over and the money gone, and Rockefeller as we drill along, bowing and hoping we are well and strong.

The seaside sojourner will quit the shore, and the summer girl will line up three or four conquests in puppy love she has around, and choose the one that is to go undrowned. The which selection from the litter born of summer madness she will then suborn with things sufficient to unlock its eyes, and hurry homeward with the gasping prize.

The busted tourist will return from France with hotel stickers stuck upon his pants, and tarred and postcarded by his friends, will reap the penalty of what he sends. They'll waltz him up and down a rail, and alternately turn him head and tail, or howsoever they may best enjoy the views in Venice or the site of Troy.

The festive calf will blithely sniff and snort, and deftly tip up where the hair is short, and in the quiet even afterglow the quail will pipe his dulcet piccolo. The bold insurgent will insurge the more, and fill the planet with his dreadful roar, and each one betting he will not be last, the autumn candidates will gallop past.

The new progressive and the Democrat, the ununsurging that are standing pat, and in the midst of them, unfaint of heart, our Mr. Bryan on the water cart, A maze of issues, and a mass of men, and lo, a gallus busting now and then, and not especially alarmed by it, the trusts desisting till the swarm has lit.

The man from Elba trying to come back, And the poor consumer in his cul-de-sac Unknowing if the quaking earth portends Death or the near approach, perhaps, of friends.

But howsoever and be it as may, the dread mosquito will have had its day, and joining Satan in its spectral growth, have made it real hell there for them both. The while the earthly remnant of it swings upon the window screen, and dying clings to that post which, though wanting mortal fire, it still holds with its face against the wire.

The sad first day of school will come to pass, And the barefoot boy will hide out in the grass, And by the time we've caught these malcontents, The Crippen chase will look like thirty cents.

Milady Fashion in her hobble

skirt will stride the pavement with the men alert to set her right side up again in case she should in time turn turtle any place. It does beat thunder what the women wear, and how they stick on other people's hair, constrict their middles and constrain their toes and what importance they attach to clothes. But bless us, are they after all to blame, or had they been in these things quite the same if Mother Eve's first thought, as we suppose, had not been necessarily of clothes? Was it to be expected in her case that with a man somewhere upon the place she never thought of anything at all but gowns, slippers, or perhaps a shawl?

But anyhow, the crawfish will have holed, And the pumpkin shown the faintest trace of gold. The sassafras will don a redder dress, And the gods will crowd around the cider press.

Or prohibition or whatever will, here is a fountain that shall serve us still, a place of resting and a steal away out of the desert and the heat of day. A place of quiet and the shade of palms, of irrigation and the soothing balms that no reformer till the poles embrace shall ever capture for a bathing place.

The hosts of labor will parade the street, which will remind us of a happy feat in arbitration from the olden days when Julius Caesar was a sort of craze. It is related of that ancient time that sweet September in the Roman clime was hot as blazes, and the union file could only march about a half a mile.

It wasn't anything at all, they say, to watch the mighty pageant get away, the music playing and the flags displayed, and see it suddenly duck for the shade. The gasping drummer with his sounding drum, the bronzed mechanics who perhaps had come a dozen squares, and in the frantic rout, age and apprentice with its tongue stuck out.

The faint impression the procession made on Roman capital for long dismayed the union leaders, when the serried ranks at times not even passed the Roman banks. And so it was when mighty Caesar came, and having found the populace aflame, he shoved September from the seventh place along to ninth, which has remained the case. He merely interchanged it with July, but when he asked them how was that for high, they fairly inundated him with smiles, and have since been doing about twenty miles.

The autumn equinox will come around, And Roosevelt, by that time eastward bound, Will aid it in the making of such storms As they may find necessary to a few reforms. And then the sun will turn still softer yet, And the bold October, having duly set His planes, and carefully put on his brake, Will see what sort of landing he can make.

## A Man of Iron Nerve.

Indomitable will and tremendous energy are never found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills, the matchless regulators, for keen brain and strong body, 25c at J. T. Underwood's next door to Bank of Randolph.

**"To make an absolutely full detailed report of the finances of the county, since the time of the last report of a finance committee, would require the undivided time and services of an expert accountant for weeks."**

—From finance Committee's report, Dec. 6, 1909.

Mr. Voter: If it would require the services of an EXPERT accountant for WEEKS to find out the county's financial condition, how long would it take YOU to find out if you should examine the books?

## Randleman Rt. 2.

Mrs. Lou York and little daughter returned home last Sunday from Greensboro where they visited friends.

Miss Lenie Spivey has returned home from Wilmington where she has been visiting friends for the last two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ferree attended meeting at Brower's last Sunday.

Miss Cora Shirly of Randleman is spending a few days with Miss Lettie Ferree.

## Seagrove Rt. 1.

D. A. Garner and mother of Dewey spent Saturday night at R. F. Garner's.

Misses Swanna and Stacy Lowdermilk spent Saturday night with the Misses Stuarts of Why Not.

Emsley Lowdermilk is on the sick list at this writing. We hope for him a speedy recovery.

Walter Beane and sister Miss Dora spent Saturday and Sunday with their sister Mrs. Gurney Brown of Asheboro.

Misses Dora Beane and Hattie Wilson entered school at Why Not Monday.

Rev. S. B. Clapp of Greensboro preached a dedication sermon at New Center Sunday to a large and attentive congregation.

Floyd Davis is very ill at this writing.

F. R. Spencer is the happiest man on this route for he has a little republican voter at his home.

C. W. Brower made a flying trip to H. H. Hancock's Sunday evening.

Miss Hassie Davis is visiting her sister M. S. J. T. Wilson.

Miss Hattie Cox was the guest of Lula McNeill recently.

## Cedar Falls.

W. C. Free of High Point is spending a few days this week with his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Free.

Rev. R. L. Melton filled his appointment at the M. E. church last Sunday.

The revival meeting at the M. P. church closed last Friday night with thirty conversions.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ferree attended preaching at Brower's Chapel Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wrenn spent Sunday in Randleman.

J. S. McAlister of Spray was in town Monday.

Miss Pattie Letterloh of Franklinville spent a few days last week with her brother J. R. Letterloh.

Grant Estlow who recently resigned his position as Supt. of the cotton mills at this place left Saturday for his home in Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Palmer of Silver Hill visited relatives near Glenola, Archdale and in Asheboro last week.

## A NEW ERA.

Not since the Civil War have the people of North Carolina entered a campaign where men could vote their free and untrammelled convictions as the present one. The old boggy issues, the reserve force of the Democrats, is now passed away, and even the blindest, most malignant Democrat, even those of "red shirts" fame will even dare allude to it, it being an insult to the intelligence of any audience to even call it up.

On the contrary, it is a campaign of issues and principles. Men can look, with calmness and reason, upon the facts on which they are to base their suffrage. What their vote means, what the issues are, what is good and needful and what is bad and harmful to the public good can be looked at with the calmness and reason and arrive at an honest decision.

This is well. Neither party, if honest, should fear the verdict of a people such as we have in North Carolina. The verdict is in accordance with the evidence presented. We say, if honest, for if a party make mistakes and errors it should be manly enough straightforward enough, honest enough with itself and the public to so admit and abide by the consequences.

The Republican party stands on its record of performances, of square dealing, of greater achievement for the public good, if continued in power. It has a record that it has a right to be proud of, and of which it is proud. On the contrary, the Democratic party has been for years simply a party of negation, of opposition to everything the other side wanted, not because it was bad, but simply because it was favored by the other side.

It is a matter of congratulation to every citizen of North Carolina that we have reached this point. The people will no longer vote from blind passion, but will now vote because they honestly believe the principles and issues they are voting for are for the good of the common weal.—Caucasian.

## It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swensen, of Watertown, Wis. "Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured it, sound and well." Infallible for Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles, 25c at J. T. Underwood's next door to Bank of Randolph.

## The General Effect of Sanitary Progress—Increased Efficiency.

From an economic standpoint, the average American child is a liability until its seventeenth year, after which time it becomes an asset. That is to say, it is necessary for the individual and the public to contribute to the physical, mental and moral development of a child until it reaches its seventeenth year. After the seventeenth year the average American child becomes self-supporting, and in addition to its own support, becomes a source of revenue for others, individuals and for the government or public. Death before seventeen means a financial loss of all that the individual and public have invested in the child; after seventeen, the longer death is delayed the greater the returns on the investment. Anything, therefore, that diminishes the probability of death before seventeen and increases the probability of life after seventeen is financially an individual and public blessing. Such a blessing is sanitary progress from a business standpoint.

Going back to the oldest reliable statistics on the duration of life in existence, we find that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life was 21.2 years; at the beginning of the nineteenth century about 30 years; at the present the average duration of life is 44 years. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century—the most active period in the growth of natural science—the average duration of life increased at the rate of 25 years per century, and between 1890 and 1900 the increase in Massachusetts was at the rate of 40 years per century. The following table summarizes present progress in the lengthening of life:

Present rate in Massachusetts	—14 years.
Present rate in Europe	—17 years.
Present rate in Prussia	—27 years.

In India, where sanitation is unknown, the average duration of life is 23 years, or what it was about 40 years ago. Just as the light of sanitary science rises nearer the meridian of perfection, so the shadow of death shortens.

## DEATH OF WM. W. SPENCER.

On August 27 William W. Spencer departed this life at the age of 80 years 3 months 20 days. His death was not altogether unexpected as he had been in poor health for sometime.

"Uncle Billy" as he was familiarly called was married twice, his first wife and two children having preceded him to the other world years ago.

He left his second wife, very feeble in health and ten children remain to mourn his loss.

In early life he joined the M. E. Church, South but later after removing to this part of the county he joined the Primitive Baptist church at Rock Hill of which he was a faithful member till death. Uncle Billy was known far and wide for his hospitality. No person was ever turned away from his home hungry, and no better friend or neighbor ever lived in this community. His hand and help were ever ready to help any just cause. May the seed he sowed here bring forth abundant fruit for those he left behind. U. T. D.

## A Randolphian In The Far West.

A special dispatch from Bonners Ferry, Idaho, Aug. 11th to the Inland Herald says:

W. W. Von Cannon of Sandpoint, Bonner County, Idaho, Republican candidate for nomination for county auditor, has made an unparalleled record as assessor and ex-officio tax collector, to which office he was elected in 1908. For the first time in the history of the Bonner, and what was formerly known as Kootenai County, has an assessment abstract been certified without a single change by the State Board of Equalization.

Mr. Von Cannon is not only sound in judgment, but also systematic and accurate in accounting and office methods. Through his competence and adaptability more than 100,000 acres of land, not accounted for by former county officials, were assessed and taxed during his first year in office. This one item alone was a great saving to Bonner County. In fact, it was large enough to pay Mr. Von Cannon's salary for more than five years.

## Experts All Indorse Him.

Official accounting experts who annually examine his work and records declare them the very best of the kind in the Northwest. This result he has attained by giving his undivided attention to all important matters pertaining to the office. He is a true servant to the people of his county, and if elected county auditor promises to continue in the same untiring way to give efficient service, to be just and equitable to all and to please the public.

Mr. Von Cannon has proven by his past record that he is thoroughly qualified, competent and reliable to fill the office to which he aspires to the very best interests of all concerned.

The W. W. Von Cannon referred to is a son of the late J. C. Vuncanon of near Ulah Randolph county, N. C. He went west some twelve years ago where he has made an enviable record. His many relatives and friends in Randolph will be glad to hear of his great success.

## THE CHATHAM RABBIT.

The fruit crop in all this section is unusually large this year and our people will do well to persevere a goodly quantity of it, especially since meat is so high. Preserves are better than meat anyway, excepting, of course, our Chatham rabbits, and we will never go back on them. As Mr. "Bob" Phillips, of the Greensboro Daily News, says, we can't go back on our raisin!"—Siler City Grit.

It's ten to one these juicy "Chatham rabbits" now famous in the markets of the world are caught in Randolph county and marketed in Siler City at half their real value.

## Gave an Order on her Grandmother.

"I want some cloth to make my dolly a dress," announced a little girl of seven as she entered a store the other day.

"How much is it?" she asked when the merchant handed her the package.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," she said. "Grandma said she would pay you when she came in tomorrow."—Ladies' Home Journal.