

# THE STATE DISPATCH.

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

VOL. V.

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NO. 4

## A Death.

On March 12th, 1912, the well known mother of Samuel Graves gave up the fleeting days of this material life for an everlasting enjoyment in the skies beyond this world of sin, where parting is no more, and joy supreme. She was a true religious woman professing faith in God while young. She joined the church at Rock Creek when only a young girl and has ever since been loyal to her church, and has been a faithful and fervent worker in the church for Christ till she became too weak to attend in person; but her prayers were ever present. She did what she could and has kept the faith, and now she has gone to be with her husband and the redeemed who had gone on before her. It was a sad privilege to witness Aunt Sallie's death, but it is pleasant to know that she was prepared to go and is now with the angels singing around God's throne. As I stood by her bed side she would often talk of her eternal home she was soon to enter, and the loved ones who had gone on before, and how soon she would bid this old sin cursed world adieu for a mansion in the sky, where trials and troubles come not, and the peace of rest abides forever. At times she would sing some of her good old songs she learned while young. One was: "I want to live with Jesus." This was her favorite song and she often sang it while at her work. She was loved by all who knew her. Leaves one son and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her death. We honor her name for the kind deeds she has done during her long and well spent life with us.

Owing to the rainy time of her burial the funeral was deferred until the second Sunday June, which will be preached by the well known Rev. J. D. Andrew in St. Pauls Church at eleven o'clock.

H. M. Neese.

## Death of Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Alex Johnson died at his home near the Fair Ground Thursday, May 30th, and was buried at Pine Hill Cemetery on the following day. Funeral service was held at the Methodist Protestant Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Davis. Mr. Johnson was a good man, having been a faithful member of the M. P. church for several years. He leaves a wife and several children, who have the sympathy of the community. The deceased was a member of the Jr. O. U. A. M. and was buried with the honors of same.

## Present Mr. Williamson Watch Fob

Monday morning the employees of Plaid Mills assembled when Mr. E. S. W. Dameron befittingly presented Mr. Walter Williamson a beautiful Masonic watch fob which was given by the employees as a token of appreciation. After the presentation speech Mr. Williamson said although he could not speak his feeling he wanted to shake the hand of each one present. It was a very touching incident and showed the high esteem Mr. Williamson was held by his employees.

## At City Fathers' Meeting.

The City Fathers met in their regular monthly meeting Monday night. It was decided to decide with the jurors in the Moser case against the town and pay the \$500.00 damage if demanded. Mr. J. L. Patillo who was thrown out of policeman's position some weeks ago was given night policeman's place, Mr. Zachary not accepting. The Pool room was put out of business, the board sitting like a set of dumb mutes when Mr. May, the Manager, made an appeal for license.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand. And Fortune's ice prefers to Virginius's land. Dryden. Who dares think one thing, and another tell. My heart detests him as the gates of hell. Homer.

## R. F. D. Carriers' Picnic.

Thursday being Decoration Day and a legal holiday the Rural Free Delivery Carriers of Alamance County with their invited guests the Postmasters and Post-office forces of the county held their annual picnic at Harden's Park. Three enthusiastic speeches were made. First by Jno. M. Cook, second by J. Zeb. Waller and third by Prof. Robertson. The speech of Postmaster Waller appears in this issue in full and will pay you to read it. The other speeches were very good more or less of an extemporaneous nature. About one thirty beneath the shade of the outspread oaks a dinner equal if not superior to the good speeches was spread and all partook in abundance. After all were filled and the fragments gathered, all were ushered to a chartered street car and carried over the entire line. At Graham an effort was made to secure refreshments but proved a failure as the crowd was rushed into the car which was leaving.

The crowd was of a jovial nature and jokes passed freely.

The occasion was full of pleasure and will linger long in the minds of all present.

Immediately after the noon hour a business session of the Association was held. The Association has twenty-three members who re-elected the old officers: W. J. Brooks, President; D. S. Hall, V-President and J. A. Lowe, Sec. & Treas.

Mr. W. A. Tinnin, carrier from Rock Creek was present and added his name to the list. Delegates were elected to the State Convention which meets at Asheville the first week in July. The delegates are: W. D. Foster, D. S. Hall and J. A. Smith of Corbett; alternates, Messrs. May of Elon College, Brannock of Altamahaw and Tinnin of Rock Creek.

## Mr. and Mrs. Vestal Entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Vestal delightfully entertained at their home Friday night in honor of his cousin, Mr. Thomas Mackie of the A. & M. College. The time was very pleasantly spent and the hour for departure came too soon. A very delicious course of refreshments was served. Those present were: Misses Mable Lea, Lalah Green, Swanie Patterson, Maud Gunter, Julia Fogleman and Mrs. Vestal; Messrs. Thomas Mackie, Geo. Isley, John R. Hoffman, Jerry Lea, J. E. Foust and B. J. Vestal.

## Costs \$6 To Bathe Senator.

Washington, June 3.—Charging that it costs \$6 to bathe a Senator in the luxurious bath rooms in the senate office building Senator John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi, today renewed the agitation for the removal of the baths to make place for public documents.

The documents now occupy all the space in an abandoned car barn and the discussion arose in connection with a provision in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill appropriating money to continue the payment of the rent for that structure.

Mr. Williams suggested that the documents should be removed to the basement of the office building, but it was stated that all the space had been appropriated.

"Let us move out the baths," said Mr. Williams. "There is no use to have the government bathe us. The establishment arouses public criticism and is of no use. It is like going through a bull pasture with a red flag which makes a bad impression on the bull. It gives the muck raker a chance to rake and the graft isn't worth while. There is no sense in it."

## Barn Burned by Lightning.

Sunday evening at eight o'clock during the rain storm lightning set fire to the barn of Mr. E. P. McClure of Green & McClure furniture firm of Graham. The barn with a large quantity of feed was burned. Lucky for Mr. McClure no stock was in the barn when it was struck. The loss is estimated at not less than \$500.

## Opera House At Park.

The new opera house at Harden Park which has been under way of erection for some weeks is nearing completion and it is hoped to have the building ready for use by the first of July. The building is 60 by 90 with an annex on left to be used for restaurants 50 by 18. The main auditorium will seat not less than six hundred. In the front of the building it a commodious stage with all the conveniences.

On each side of the stage is a dressing room.

The building when finished will add much to the Park which with its grand stand, bleachers, band stand, base ball ground equal to any in the State, well of water flowing pure and free quench the thirst, giantly oaks with outstretched wings to protect from the vertical rays of the sun, walks leading to any and all parts, and shrubbery recently planted which in the near future will be an evergreen enclosure. Surely this is a Park of beauty and a pleasant place to spend an evening's outing.

## Boys, Boys, Stop That Swinging On The Gates

Durham, N. C. May 31.—There are a few gates remaining in Durham, though the style now is to have the yard left open.

A reporter for the Sun, last evening, going home rather late, from a night's delightful work of producing this splendid issue of the paper, witnessed a scene he could not get around, because he had to pass that way.

A pair of lovers were swinging on the gate. There was a creak in the hinges but they heard it not. Many soft murmurings seemed to hinge around that gate. It's wrong to swing on the gate, boys. Swing to the girl, but give up the gate.

The parlor, with the electric light shaded to semblance the poesy of sentiment laden twilight, is decidedly more cozy and more inviting for

"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

So quit the gate. Go in the house, act like a man: show your appreciation of the grandeur of life's holiest mission. Seize your chosen one by the hand with fervent graap, tell her the beatings of your heart, rich with un-bought affection: look down into the liquid depths of her radiant filled eyes to see if your image is floating away on the waves of endearment to the deep hidden channels of the heart, and if she doops her head, cuts one eye downward, and reminds you of a one-eyed goblin spying a suspicious bug, you may know you are all right. If not you can "skoot" without further delay. But don't swing on the gate. It is damanging to the hinges. Durham Sun.

## Set Hens In His Coffin.

When Edward S. Pomeroy was buried today in the little mountain town of Buckland in a coffin that he made with his own hand a strange plea made by the old man to a doctor to save his life for two weeks came to light.

"Can't you keep me alive two weeks?" asked the ill man anxiously. "Why do you want to live just two weeks?" asked the doctor. "Well, you see," the sick man replied, "I have six hens setting in that coffin and I'd rather not disturb them until they've hatched."

But Pomeroy died yesterday and new nests were found for the hens.—New York Press.

The Socialists who tore down the American flag at their rally in New York the other day and shouted that such a rag had no place here was acting in principle. The Socialist who tried to interfere was merely moved by expediency. It is a pity that the Red Flag of Socialism is permitted to be flaunted in this land. The only flag that should be allowed to float is the Star Spangled Banner and if it is not good enough for Socialists, let them take their blood-stained, dynamite rag and go to hell with it. Yellow Jacket.

## RATTLESNAKE IN HEN'S NEST

Greenville, N. C., June 1.—Three children are dead as the result of a simple request of their mother to throw a hen off its nest, two dying from the effects of rattlesnake bites and the other being neglected long enough by the mother to fall into a tub of water and drowned. The three children died the same day and were buried in the same grave. Only the father and mother survive.

Mrs. George Adams the mother, was in the yard doing some washing when a hen, sitting on a nearby nest, squawked. Mrs. Adams told the eldest of the three children, all of whom were playing in the yard, to throw the hen off its nest. The oldest boy, aged eight, thrust his hand into the nest without looking. He drew it out quickly, declaring that the hen had pecked him.

The next oldest boy, making fun of his brother for his timidity ran his hand into the nest. He screamed almost immediately, saying that the hen bit him also.

The mother alarmed, rushed to the nest and saw the snake coiled inside. Frantically she tried to do something to aid the two boys whose hands were already swelling from the bite. The baby one year old, was unnoticed in the excitement had crawled to the wash tub. In another moment it had climbed into the tub, and when discovered was drowned.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams lived just across the Pitt county line in Craven county. Both of them are heart-broken. There are no other children.

## THREE PEOPLE KILLED IN BOILER EXPLOSION

Durham, June 1.—The explosion of a sawmill boiler near Creedmore early this morning caused the death of D. O. Pomeroy, owner of the plant, and two of his helpers. About the only thing that could be found out about the explosion was from the passengers on the Seaboard train which reached here this afternoon. From these accounts it seems that the explosion occurred soon after the men started to work. The fires in the boiler had been banked the night before and soon after the boiler was fired up this morning the boiler exploded with the fatal results to three men. It is supposed that the cause of the explosion was low water in boiler.

Mr. Pomeroy was a resident of Graham, and has a brother, J. V. Pomeroy living there at present. He was instantly killed, the body being badly mangled. One of the helpers was also killed instantly. The other was blown several hundred feet and there is no chance for him to live.

## Democracy Jubilant.

Democracy always, just before convention, grows very hilarious. It throws up its hat and hollers and says it has won. But it always falls down. It always blunders. The Republican party is now upset; it has an estrangement in its household that may be hard to settle—but watch for the November days. Democracy has a chance—but it never takes it. The Chicago convention meets first: If Roosevelt is nominated the Democrats insist in large numbers that Bryan must be put up against him—and Bryan wants it, and Bryan will have it or else throw a chill over it. Watch him. Watch the bust that Democracy is going to make next month—it will split itself wide open—and ten in four years it will yell again on its way to defeat and disaster. Democracy has been dead twenty years and the old corpse just staggers around and shouts—but it is blind and it is impotent. Yellow Jacket.

Hope of all ills that men endure The only cheap and universal cure —Cowley.

## About Senator Dixon.

Senator Joe Dixon, the T. R. campaign manager, comes of Quaker parentage and brought up to speak mildly, call no man a liar, and to be not too aggressive. The folks back home who knew Joe in his childhood wonder and wonder about him being mixed up with a more or less outspoken, fellow like Mr. T. Roosevelt.

Not long after he was first elected to Congress as a member of the Lower House, Dixon went down to his old home in North Carolina for a brief visit. One of the first people he met was a woman who had been a lifelong friend of his family. Dixon stopped to chat with her, and as she did not seem to have heard about his rise to a place in the councils of the nation, he watched his chance to let her know, casually, a few of the things he had accomplished since last they met—to let her see that he was making his mark in the big, wide world.

"Perhaps you haven't heard," said he drawing himself to his full height "that I am now a member of our National Congress?" And he got his hand all ready to receive he congratulations.

But the woman just nodded solemnly. "Yes," she said "I read about your nomination and also about your election. Well, I just can't understand it. Your father was always such a nice man. You never saw him in politics."

Pittsburg Dispatch. Washington, June 1.—Joseph M. Dixon, chairman of the national Roosevelt committee, is of the most charming men in Washington. He is full of the milk of human kindness, good humor and optimism. Mr. Roosevelt could not have selected a better man to manage his campaign.

Friends of Senator Dixon felt sorry for him in the early stages of the fight. They dodged him to keep from hearing him predict things that seemed absurd. One of the first stories that indicated that Roosevelt would get in the race was printed in The Observer just after Christmas. It was in the form of an interview with "A Western Senator" who knew what he was talking about. That Senator was none other than Joe Dixon. People laughed at him then.

Joe Dixon was born at Snow Camp, North Carolina, in 1867. His people were Quakers.

For several years after quitting school Mr. Dixon helped to operate a wool mill in Alamance county. Later, not liking the treatment that Republican received in the South, he went West. A kinsman of his Judge Woody, a native of North Carolina, and a Quaker, lived at Missoula, Montana. Mr. Dixon joined him there and pitched his tents. Soon he entered the political arena and married a Missoula girl.

Senator Dixon likes a good story, or a clever joke. He is a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist. During his fight for Roosevelt I have seen him smoke his corn-cob pipe and laugh when others of his camp were without hope. His great faith in Roosevelt and the people made him believe from the beginning that he could win. He is making a fine campaign manager. He knows the game and plays it hard. He has never lost hope.

## Burlington Defeats High Point and Wins Championship.

Amid strenuous rooting Burlington defeated the High Point High School baseball team at Greensboro Tuesday evening and thus captured the state championship. The line-up was as follows: High Point: Snow, cf.; White, c.; Welch, 3b.; Jones, 2b.; Farlow, p.; Ingram, 1b.; Hayward, rf.; Hoover, cf.; Woolen, ss. Burlington: Heritage, ss.; Morgan, 3b.; Andrews, c.; McAdams, 2b.; Sharpe, 1b.; Huffman, rf.; Story, cf.; Love, lf.; Evans, p. Score by innings: R. H. E. High Point 000 000 000—0 1 1 Burlington 000 000 020—2 6 0. Run: Morgan, Evans. Three-base hit: McAdams. Attendance, 250. Time 2:00. Umpire, Mr. Brandt.

## Serves Him Right

Wherever the people have spoken they have sat upon Doc Wilson the New Jersey school master who is dying to be President.

Doc's case is one to excite pity. He had been an aristocrat. He had wine and dined with the big guns in educational institutions. He had eaten bread with Harvey and Wall street mograntes. He had written books and snubbed the poor man—the fellow who had stooped to the vulgar thing called work. He had laughed at the initiative and referendum. He had tried to get a Carnegie pension. He had, in short made an ass of himself—and then he was by an accident made Governor of New Jersey.

Because he won out in his fight the Democrats at once commenced to talk about him as a presidential possibility.

He took the bait like a hungry bass—swam away with the hook, and changed front completely.

He ate all his spoken and written wares. He appealed to the Plain "pee-pul." He wept tears for the down trodden and oppressed.

And the people who read and the people who think failed to take him seriously. They knew he was pretending. They knew it was the same old school teacher frowning at labor. And they passed him up. That is why Clark has run away with him wherever primaries have been held. The American people have no use for a man who changes his principles only in order to secure office. That is the case of Wilson it excites supreme pity.—Yellow Jacket.

## Jurors For Special Term of Court Which Convenes June 24th.

NAME	NUMBER
Ernest E. Morrow	9
Albert M. Isley	2
W. R. Foust	4
B. M. Faucett	8
L. E. Brown	12
Joe Clayton	13
J. Berry Montgomery	6
T. D. Fogleman	12
Danl. F. Wilson	2
Jas. May	3
M. D. Winningham	12
Sam McAdams	9
W. E. McBane	8
E. G. Clarke	10
J. A. Hornaday	1
W. D. Bowman	12
J. W. Hughes	12
W. J. Huffines	4
P. Nelson	10
Lon G. Turner	6
A. K. Parrish	13
W. P. Durham	12
Eugene Kimery	1
L. W. Holt	12
Jas. W. Boland	12
G. C. Simpson	5
A. L. Davis	12
H. M. Isley	7
L. P. Sharpe	2
W. C. Crayton	8
W. J. Truitt	3
Jas. Christopher	12
Wm. A. Rich	6
P. W. Foust	8
J. Clarence Walker	6
W. L. Kenney	2
John W. Coble	2
Jas. P. Montgomery	12
W. N. Thompson	12
W. F. Lambe	8
J. W. McBane	8
J. J. Bishop	1
H. F. Bass	12
J. H. Morgan	8
J. R. McBane	8
L. E. Cole	13

## Names of Those Who Have Entered the Dispatch Contest.

NAME	NO. VOTES
Bertha May Horne	50000
Aurelia Ellington,	
Mebane, R. No. 4,	45800
Addie Ray	44000
W. J. Brooks	41400
Mary Lee Coble, R. No.1	34500
Lizzie Cheek	11100
Waller Workman	12600
Bettie Lyde May	9000
W. I. Braxton, Snow Camp,	7000
Martin L. Coble, R. 1,	4300
T. F. Matkins,	3700
Gibsonville,	
Carrie Albright,	3300
Haw River,	
Mrs. B. L. Shoffner, R. 10,	3000
J. R. King,	1100
Greensboro,	
May Carr Hall	1000
Margie Cheek	1000
Doyle Heritage	1000