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GERMANY						

Aycock Makes The Speech of The Campaign.

Ex-Governor Charles B. Aycock spoke for prohibition at Fayetteville on Sunday before last. His speech was the most eloquent of the campaign. From the News and Observer we copy a part, as follows: "I do not think," began the Governor, "that in the course of my life as a public speaker, I have ever been quite so well gratified as at this introduction by my good friend, I have known him long and loved him well." That here and there throughout the State he had made friends like that was, said he, a reward that to have made him count himself the happiest of happy men. He came ever to Fayetteville with increasing delight. He had spoken at the Fair Ground, at the old Town Hall, on the streets and in the Court House, always to a people who gave him close attention and who—whether agreeing with him or not—wished him God speed in whatsoever he was attempting. After all, he declared, after all the things for which he had spoken, for business and political ends, for education, for industrial development—the end for which he was speaking now was the greatest end that he had ever advocated. It is all those things combined. It is for the general uplift of mankind. "I am not here," he said, "to instruct this people, not to lay down for you what you shall do or think. This is a people that thinks for itself, that does what it thinks good. I am here to tell you how it strikes me and to point out to you why this question seems good to me." But, whatever the result, he wanted to say that he should have no word of abuse for the people who differed with him. Primarily he was a Democrat—in the broader sense as well as politically—in the sense that he believed that each man should have given him the fullest opportunity of doing and being what God Almighty intended him to be and do. "They talk about 'Liberty.' I'm a 'hard shell' Baptist and I've only gotten one degree from it so far. Personal Liberty: it gives me pause, but it did

not give me pause enough to keep me from voting for prohibition in 1881—nor pause enough to keep me from voting for it now—nor you, if you think about it." The first vote he had cast was for Jarvis and Hancock in 1881; the second was in the prohibition election the following year. "And," said he, "I was awful lonesome when I voted."

The Remembered and Forgotten.

Referring to the old fight for State prohibition the ex-Governor said that that was a day of anxiety, of bitterness. Men thought strongly on this question. Two thirds to three fourths of the white people were opposed to limiting the sale or manufacture of liquor. When a man voted for prohibition they told him that his career was ended. "Well," said he, "they had a prohibition convention in 1881, and there presided over it a brave, bold, grand, golden hearted man, a citizen of Fayetteville—a man not afraid of man nor devil. They came to him and said, 'If you preside at that convention your career will be ended.' He presided, and they said his career was ended. He was a lawyer in the practice, ambitious to be judge. And they said that this liberty-loving people would never elect a man to be judge who stood for prohibition. What was the result? The people turned around and they said that there was the sort of man who ought to be elected judge. And they nominated him and elected him. He rode the districts of the State from one end to the other, and he was so faithful, so true and so brave that they put him on the Supreme Court bench and kept him there until he was retired by the mutations of politics and then they made him Dean of the Department of Law at the State University—James C. MacRae.

There was another man in that day who had been made Governor of the State. He was a statesman who knew statesmanship—calm, judicious, hopeful, strong. He recognized that two-thirds of the people were opposed to this measure, and yet, he went up and down the State making speeches in its favor. "Did it ruin him?" cried the speaker; we made him Minister to Brazil, United States Senator. He lives

today, loved and honored, his gray head known as a crown of glory found in righteousness.

We had as United States Senator a man who had fought his way up without schooling. They said to him, "If you stand for this nonsense, it will be the last of you." "All right," said he, and what did they do? They made him justice of the Supreme Court, and then chief justice and kept him there until he died—Augustus S. Merriam.

There was a young man in Wilson county who had been his explainer, whose father worked as a carpenter day by day at his bench. He had an ambition to be a lawyer and he worked and worked until he became one, and had gotten started in the practice of the law and was getting to be known as a strong man who had ambition. And men who honored him came to him and said, "You keep quiet." And he replied, "No! This is a question of the uplift or downcast of childhood and womanhood, and I will stand where manhood is." They voted down prohibition by 3 or 4 to 1. And what happened then? They nominated him for the Legislature—and that is one of the finest things about our people, that they do now and then do a fine thing like that; but afterwards they told him he ought to come off the ticket, and he did, but he didn't abate a jot! Then they nominated him again—and they elected him. He hadn't changed. The people hadn't changed either. They put him on the bench, and afterwards on the Supreme Court bench, and he sits there today, fit to be a Federal Supreme Court Judge—Henry Groves Connor of Wilson.

The Best Half of Zeb Vance.

"There isn't any danger in being a man!" flashed the Governor and, making the contrast with the names cited, asked, "What has become of the anti-prohibition leaders of those days? There is not of all that army but one man who has not been forgotten. There was one man who never shall be, whom the people loved then as they love his memory now because of what he did for them in the days of '61-'65, so that he could do anything and say anything without fear of losing his hold on the affections of his people. That was Zeb Vance. But although he was against prohibition he told the truth about it. "Do you remember," asked the ex-Governor, "what Vance said when Dr. Abernethy asked him to vote for prohibition?" "My God, Abernethy," said he, "my heart's with you, but my stomach's against you!" "We had the best part of Zeb Vance," exclaimed the speaker. "We had his heart and you liquor people had his stomach!"

Why a Prohibitionist?

Prohibition was not now unpopular, said he, but you couldn't make a hero out of a man who fought it. You can't make a hero out of a man who is on the wrong side. It is only because he is on the right side and stands up for it. "Why am I a prohibitionist? Not to take any right away from you, but to see that you don't take my rights away from me." It was not, said he, to find out whether another man wanted liquor sold, but whether he wanted it sold. He was not voting anybody's rights, but if he had any rights in the premises it was the anti-prohibitionists who were trying to vote away his rights. The retort is that when you force a bar room on me you take away my liberty. "I am not voting for you," I am voting for me."

What does prohibition mean? It means a people calmly, judiciously sacrificing their appetite upon the altar of their children's uplift. "This people like liquor," said the Governor—"I will say 'we' like liquor. Suppose we do. That is the test. It wouldn't cost anything to give up something we didn't want. It would not be worth anything. It would give no power, no grace. How does a people become great? By gratifying their passions and appetites? Nay, but by sacrificing them.

Point out to the boys who are going to make this a greater, a stronger people, and you will see them willing to forego their appetites and their passions for the privilege of enjoying the glory of tomorrow. As with the individual, so with all boys and girls; as with them the State. No State ever grew great, said he, except through the willing sacrifice of appetite.

Answering the argument that prohibition does not prohibit, and that as much whiskey will be bought and drunk under prohibitive laws as under license, Governor Aycock declared that—admitting that statement for the sake of argument—the question in his mind resolved itself into this: that if he should be walking along the street and heard the scream of a wife beaten by a drunken husband, he would know if he had voted against liquor that he would not be responsible for that woman's pain, and that if he had voted for it, he would carry the scream to bed with him that night.

The argument that the poor man could not get whiskey under prohibition and the rich one could order it, was based, said he, upon the supposed envy of the poor for the rich. Every man desired to be rich. It was natural, a laudable ambition. "You may not get rich," said he, "but in twenty-five years your children will change places

with those of the rich man who tampers with liquor and by example encourages his children to tamper with it. Your children will be rich, his poor."

There were squeamish folks, said he, who did not want to vote liquor out of Wilmington and out of Salisbury. Cumberland was carried by 1,300 votes, but what of the liquor that Wilmington sells in Cumberland, what of the liquid damnation that the Fayetteville negroes bring in their grips from Dunn with which to cause the killing of Fayetteville policemen?

It was Huxley who said: "I have liberty to do right; I will thank any man to take away my right to do wrong."

"It takes a little compulsion to make me do right," said Governor Aycock; "how about you?"

He took up the argument that liquor runs the schools, that it builds up towns and cities. How about the prosperity of Fayetteville, the quadrupling of its bank deposits, its factories, its industries—all achieved under prohibition?

"What do we raise taxes out of? Accumulated labor. Who accumulated? The drinker! Who has land, money? Is it the man so sudden that when his brain tells him to put his hand here it goes there? Nay, it is the clear headed men, the men who are quick, whose hand and brain work in harmony and sympathy together."

How about Cumberland's schools? He had been called the educational Governor, and yet he had rather this matter be settled right, if it came to the worst, if every school house had to close its doors.

Prosperity, said he, lessens instead of increases taxes. Suppose doing away with liquor did cost something. The more it costs the better it is. The man who grows to middle age without lines in his face, has not filled his place in the world. If you want comfort and solace you must go to one who has suffered. A burden? A burden makes stronger and better men and women. Let us pay the cost—cost in present sacrifice, in labor; in everything that is good there is contemplated a price. Young men have made it up in their heads to do great things—to be lawyers.

How do they do it? Rush into a court house and try a case as it was never tried before! Not so. By a denial of every species of intemperance, passion and appetite until, at length, they have paid the full price of being good lawyers. A girl wishes to be great in music and art. How does she do it? By days and nights of toil, privation and sacrifice, until she has learned to strike the chord or make the picture on the canvass that shall cause the great heart of humanity to respond to her inspiration. If you preach the gospel, you must pray for power before you get it. "I don't care what it costs to make strong, true men and women. It is worth anything it costs you—don't you believe it!"

Death Was on His Heels.

Jesse P. Morris of Skippers, Va., had a close call in the spring of 1906. He says: "An attack of pneumonia left me so weak and weak that such a fearful cough that my friends declared consumption had me and death was on my heels. Then I was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It helped me immediately, and after taking two and a half bottles I was a well man again. I found out that New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and lung disease in all the world." Sold under guarantee at English Drug Co.'s, 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Reginald—Would you love me just the same if I were poor? Alice—What's the use of imagining such distressing things? I love you too much even to be willing to imagine you in poverty.—Somerville Journal.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen: In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything and ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use a little occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906." Sold by English Drug Co.

The average maiden lady isn't satisfied to look younger than she is; she wants to act younger than she looks.

Receives Congratulations. You will soon receive the congratulations of your friends upon your improved appearance if you will take Foley's Kidney Remedy, as it tones up the system and imparts new life and vigor. Foley's Kidney Remedy cures backache, nervous exhaustion and all forms of kidney and bladder troubles. Commence taking it today. English Drug Company.

That hacking cough continues Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened. Take Scott's Emulsion. It builds up and strengthens your entire system. It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest. ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

Local Items of Interest

Mr. R. L. Davis, a well known temperance lecturer, and for some time organizer of anti-saloon leagues, will address the people on the subject of prohibition in the court house in Monroe next Friday, the 13th, at 11 o'clock and at 8 o'clock.

The boys of this county are prominent in the work of organizing farmers' unions. Mr. R. W. Scott is organizing Stanley, Vance and David McNeely are at work in Lee and Moore counties, and S. R. Bivens is organizing Iredell. There may be others.

Last week's Journal, telling of the burning of the Griffin livery stable at Marshville, had hardly gotten off the press before another fire was reported in that town. This time it was the cotton platform, which caught fire, supposedly from an engine, late Tuesday afternoon and burned over about thirty bales of cotton. Fortunately the fire was put out before much damage was done.

The Cheraw lady, says the Jefferson Citizen, who gently tapped her husband on the shoulder at the social the other night and said, "Love, it is growing late, I think we had better go home," is the same one who, after getting home, shook the rolling pin under his nose and said: "You infamous old snaggle tooth devil, if you ever look at that mean, hateful, calico face, mackerel-eyed old thing you had your eye glued on tonight, I'll bust your cocoon wide open for you!"

Mr. Geo. S. Lee put a small ad. in The Journal special column three weeks ago, offering for sale a lot of second hand barbed wire. Though it ran but one week, he quickly sold all he had and is still having calls for more. One ad. sold a hundred bushels of cotton seed for Mr. T. J. W. Broom week before last. These little ads. bring together the people who have something to sell and those who want to buy that particular thing. If you want to sell or buy anything, a small ad. in the special notice column will do the work. People read that column just like they do the news columns of the paper.

While at work on his plantation just outside of the incorporated limits of Jefferson, Mr. W. R. Fletcher discovered, after burning a pile of brush on some land that he was clearing, that the brush heap contained the bodies of two children. Upon investigation it developed that the remains were the bodies of the two children of Joe Cunningham, colored, who lives on Mr. John Lowry's place. It seems that the two boys of Joe Cunningham, who were about 10 and 12 years of age, were bad to run away from home, and the supposition is that on Thursday of the week before they ran away from home and becoming cold, crawled into this place of refuge to escape from the sleet and snow that was falling at that time, and were frozen to death.

The Pineville correspondent of the Charlotte News says that the old church yard of Hebron Methodist church, where the dead of that vicinity have long slumbered, was quite a scene of activity and attraction several days last week. Old Hebron had been purchased by a party who expects to build a residence on the site and cultivate the lands adjacent, and the bodies in the church yard were exhumed and taken to other points for interment. Among the number were those of Mrs. Cooper and Miss Sallie Cooper, whose coffins had decayed and whose bodies had crumbled to dust, but whose hair was in a perfect state of preservation and was coiled in a luxuriant mass as silken and smooth as it was in life.

Dr. L. O. Howard says the Mexican boll weevil, which causes the loss of millions of dollars in cotton every year and which first crossed the Rio Grande about 1894, is still advancing, having now reached Arkansas and Oklahoma on the north and the Mississippi Valley on the east. It has shown itself extraordinarily adaptable to changes of soil, temperature and moisture. At present, Dr. Howard says, it seems that the further spread of the insect cannot be stopped, but as soon as the conservative methods of the cotton growers shall be changed and the advice which entomological experts have been giving for years past followed out in practice, "the boll weevil will cease to be a pest of the first rank, and the cultivation of cotton can be carried on almost as successful in its presence as it was in its absence."

I hear very little political talk. Not much interest being taken in the coming election. I suppose, after the nominations are made and the campaign opens, it will be different. We are not troubled with agitators in the South as in the North and West. The Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, Opportunist, Revolutionist are busy doing campaign work "year in and year out" in the West. You hear them on the corners of the streets in Chicago and all the cities and towns in the West. Each thinks he has discovered the most perfect and equitable solution of the many problems agitating mankind. Many of them are crazy, for they pretend to have a divinely appointed mission in this world to enforce their own notions and reconstruct society by violent methods.

The earth is a bounty of nature due to no man's virtue or labor, and yet it is about to be monopolized by a few. The masses are controlled by the classes; the many have become subject to the few. The protective tariff robs the poor,

THE BEAUTIFUL EAST COAST.

Mr. Laney Describes the Paradise of Flowers, Fruits and Vegetables—The Seminoles Come to Town.

I thank you for your kind invitation to write again, and fear that you may consider me a trifle over-enthusiastic in regard to the east coast of Florida, but will endeavor to make no rash statements.

Anyone contemplating selecting a new home, would do well to inspect this section of the country for himself; consider its products, profits in horticulture and agriculture, its general climate, in fact its general desirability for a permanent home. No better place can be found, but you cannot get something for nothing here, any more than you can in "Union, sweet Union," as the Charlotte Observer use to say.

The country is timbered. It will cost from \$20 to \$40 per acre to clear pine land; from \$50 to \$75 to clear hammock, and from \$12 to \$20 per acre to thoroughly prepare muck or prairie land for cultivation.

Florida abounds in beautiful lakes, and excellent lands surround these lakes and border the rivers suitable for vegetable raising. Many people are employed on these farms, and hundreds can be seen constantly busy at the packing houses sorting and packing for shipment. Celery often pays the planter \$1,000 per acre above expenses, lettuce \$800 and tomatoes \$500. At any time of the year one can see tomatoes, beans, peas, cabbage, egg plant and other vegetables in all stages of growth, but the fancy prices are obtained during the winter months when there is no competition. The orange growers and truckers have been receiving very low prices for their products the past winter, however. The cry from the North has been "panic, hard times."

The east coast has the reputation of having the finest bodies of water for sailing and boating in the United States. The Halifax, Indian and Banana rivers, Lake Worth and Hiscayne Bay form an almost continuous inland waterway from St. Augustine to Miami, a distance of over 300 miles. All along the route there is an undulating sea of green crested palmettos; live oak, draped with sponges, hanging moss; whispering pines, with tangled underbrush and interlacing vines.

The song of the surf is constantly in one's ears and clouds of duck, crane, snipe, pelican, heron are flying in all directions. The waters are alive with fish: tarpon, jewfish, drum, channel bass, sea trout, sailer's choice, red snappers, and myriads of mullet.

Jacksonville, Ormond, St. Augustine, Daytona, Mayport, Rockledge, Palm Beach and Miami are the principal winter resorts on the east coast. From each of these places, along the water's edge, are smooth, hard shell roads, and the scenery is beautiful and full of interest because of its variety.

Last spring I saw quite a number of Seminole Indians at Ft. Lauderdale. They had "struck camp" on the outskirts of the village to "spend a week with the white brother." They live by fishing and hunting in the Everglades, selling hides, plumes, game, etc. I saw several magnificent specimens of manhood walking along the streets with no clothing on save an ordinary shirt. It made me think of a trip I made through Arkansas. A few years ago I was in Hoxie, Ark. I heard a terrible commotion over at the southern side of the town and saw men and women and children running in several directions. One big, long, lank fellow came running by me and I asked him, "What's the matter over there?" He replied, "Aw, nuthin'! It's Sister Sal's birthday; she's eighteen to-day and we are tryin' to ketch her to put a dress on her." I thought when I saw the Indians in their shirts that the authorities should catch them and put some clothing on them, or run them back into the Everglades.

Come down next winter, escape the cold weather and dwell in sunshine and balmy breezes. It is a rare and beautiful sight, that of blossoms and ripe fruit on the same tree. It is a veritable paradise to the lover of flowers; all the familiar kinds, and rare exotics from all the isles of the sea, are blooming in the open air all the year.

The square piano is old fashioned and it looks as though the square man was getting to be also.

An Invidious Danger. One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of trouble, as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. English Drug Co.

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The earth is a bounty of nature due to no man's virtue or labor, and yet it is about to be monopolized by a few. The masses are controlled by the classes; the many have become subject to the few. The protective tariff robs the poor,

Confidence

when eating, that your food is of highest wholesomeness—that it has nothing in it that can injure or distress you—makes the repast doubly comfortable and satisfactory. This supreme confidence you have when the food is raised with

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

There can be no comforting confidence when eating alum baking powder. Chemists say that more or less of the alum powder in unchanged alum or alum salts remains in the food.

and poverty is the enemy of civilization and the barrier to progress. Notwithstanding all this, the weight of argument and the merits of the question are clearly on the side of the optimist. The people are waking up to their interests. There is an increasing demand for fair play.

Bourke Cochran said that practically all legislation in this country was controlled by five men—Rockefeller, Morgan, Hill, Harrison and Armour. Perhaps so, but such practice breeds popular revolt, and Drs. Bryan & Co. will shortly apply the proper remedy for the disease.

C. W. LANEY.
"Fairland," March 29, '08.

"One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin." When a rooster finds a big fat worm he calls all the hens in the farm yard to come and share it. A similar trait of human nature is to be observed when a man discovers something exceptionally good—he wants all his friends and neighbors to share the benefits of his discovery. This is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. This explains why people who have been cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy write letters to the manufacturers for publication, that others similarly ailing may also use it and obtain relief. Behind every one of these letters is a warm-hearted wish of the writer to be of use to some one else. This remedy is for sale by Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Sillicious—What is your view of matrimony? Cynicus—My view is one of those that distance lends enchantment to.

Affords Perfect Security. Foley's Honey and Tar affords perfect security from pneumonia and consumption as it cures the most obstinate coughs and colds. We have never known a single instance of a cold resulting in pneumonia after Foley's Honey and Tar had been taken. English Drug Company.

Nell—Mr. Saphedde says he'd like to be a monk. Belle—In a monastery or at the roof?

The kidneys are delicate and sensitive organs and are very likely at any time to get out of order. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. Sold by English Drug Company.

The square piano is old fashioned and it looks as though the square man was getting to be also.

An Invidious Danger. One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of trouble, as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. English Drug Co.

Sunday night at Wauington when Miss Smith, daughter of M. B. Smith, started to pull down a swinging lamp, it fell and exploded at her feet, setting her skirts on fire and burning her fatally. Her mother, trying to rescue her daughter, was also burned so badly that she too may die.

HANCOCK BROS. & CO'S.

Chip

PLUG TOBACCO

is one of the biggest plugs of standard grade flue cured tobacco ever sold for 10c. It goes further and lasts longer in the going than any other brand made. A man who knows of this brand never goes around with a "chip" on his shoulder, he keeps it in his mouth. It makes friends, and makes them always glad to see you.

Demand Chip, and don't stand for substitution. Manufactured by a strictly independent firm.

HANCOCK BROS. & CO., Lynchburg, Va.

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