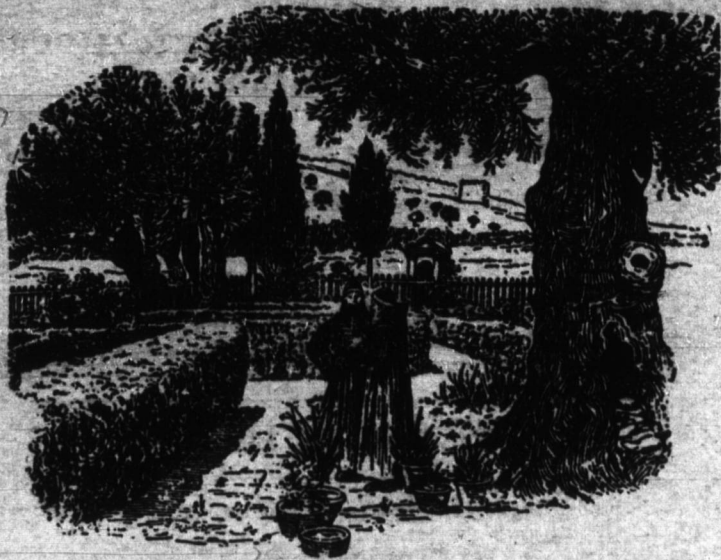


# THE ENTERPRISE.

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THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



## EASTER DAY

**H**AS Christ risen from the dead? If not, then the history of nineteen centuries is an insoluble problem, the Christian Church is a gigantic imposture, the creed of Christianity is a house built on sand, the hope of the Christian soul is a fond imagination. The grip of sin has not been loosened, death is still the king of terrors, this present world is our master, innocence has suffered her irrevocable defeat, injustice is seated on the throne forever. The meek and the lowly, the holy and the faithful have been despised; the priests and the Pharisees, the tyrants and the traitors have conquered. And the most beneficent and most radiant vision that ever visited the human soul is only a mirage.

"Eat, drink and die, for we are souls bereaved.  
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope  
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,  
And almost believeless, that had most believed.  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
As of the unjust, also of the just—  
Yea, of that Just One, too!  
It is the one sad gospel that is true—  
Christ is not risen."

Once a year this question demands an answer, once a week it stands at the door, every day as we live and work, and suffer and trust it. It is in the background of our minds. We may go to a distant land for the answer to the tomb in Joseph's garden, said to have been open and empty on Easter morning. We may constitute a court of law to decide the question, and take the evidence of the holy women, of the eleven apostles of Christ, of Jewish enemies and a host of other disciples. We can appeal to the tradition of the church unbroken through the centuries and sealed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We can cite the facts of history, the conversion of Saint Paul, the faith of the martyrs, and the miracle of Pentecost many times repeated. But this means a long journey and much reading and intricate argument.

Can we not change the form of the question, and ask it again—not has Christ risen? but is Christ alive? Let us turn from the centuries and take the date of this morning's letter; let us forget Palestine and be content with our own land; let us close the books and look at life. Let the scholar come from his cloistered seclusion and the toiler from his workshop, and the mourner from his shadow, and meet where all are equal on the common platform of contemporary



fact and human experience. Were one dropped from Mars upon this earth, could he discover that a certain person called Christ had once lived, and now was living, and was likely to live forever?

Come first to the church—it matters not whether it be St. Peter's at Rome, or "Mount Zion" Chapel of Browning's poem. It is a place of worship, where the human soul making its journey from one world to the next in the midst of the sad mystery of life, unburdened itself of care and sorrow. So many hundreds or so many thousands are calling from the depths of their need unto God, whom no man hath seen or ever can see, and they are beseeching His mercy and His help through whom? Through Christ Jesus our Lord.

They lift up their voices in a song of victory between the battle of last

that which was never printed—Jesus Christ.

Once more let us visit a characteristic building of our modern city. It is an orphanage, and at its back door in some quiet street where none can see, children of misery in rags, in squalor, marked with wounds, friendless, ill-used, hopeless, are being received. Within this friendly place are comfort, healing, teaching, training, peace and gladness. From the front door in a public place children are coming out to enter on the duties of life, healthy, intelligent, self-reliant and self-respecting. It is the



utilization of the waste products of society; it is the most practical philanthropy that ever has been invented; it is the redemption of the chief woe of life, the sorrow of the children. And the founder of this home of joy is the friend of little children.

Better than all the manuscripts, and all the theologies and all the histories are those three evidences of the living Christ. Here is the living Christ, whom no grave on earth and no throne in heaven can hold.

"Though dead, not dead;  
Not gone, though fled;  
Not lost, though vanished.  
In the great gospel and true creed,  
He is yet risen indeed;  
Christ is yet risen."

—Jan MacLaren, in Youth's Companion.

## CHRIST IS RISEN.



WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

week and the coming battle of this week, unto whom? Unto Him who is loving us and hath washed us from our sins.

The crowd pours through the door, but they are other people than when they entered. That beaten man has straightened himself, that widow has peace upon her face, that outcast has obtained a glimpse of hope—Christ is alive.

Come again to this other building which rivals a church. Within cool wards, fragrant with flowers and adorned with pictures, the sick are lying. They are poor people, who can pay nothing for this kindness. Some of them have been useless people, who have deserved nothing from society; some of them are incurable people, of whom nothing can be made. Yet the finest science and the most skillful physicians and the most faithful women are waiting on them.

Why have they not been left to perish, as paganism would have left them? Why should this immense trouble be taken with them who can be no gain to any one? There is another Physician present whom no one sees; there is another Hand caring for the sick which no one feels; there was a Name on the subscription

**Easter Novelties.**  
All sorts and conditions of rabbits of apparently every age, from the tiniest bunny to the full-grown size with large startled eyes and long-pointed ears; chickens, roosters, ducks and pigeons come in the form of boxes, to be filled with dainty bonbons when the head is removed. One very novel candy box which gives no suggestion of the goodies within is a miniature well of cardboard papered to imitate wood, the top covered in a most realistic manner with ragged moss, and the tiny oaken bucket hung from a silken cord. The top of the box opens to reveal dozens of tiny candy eggs of every color and flavor, and when closed a small pompous rooster fastened to the lid keeps guard over the good things within.

**EASTER EGGS.**  
Humpty Dumpty has country cousins. Who come to the city in spring by dozens; they make such a brilliant show in town. You'd think that a rainbow had tumbled down—  
Blue and yellow and pink and green,  
The gayest gowns that ever were seen,  
Purple and gold, and oh such style,  
They are all the rage for a little while;  
But their visit is short, for no one stays  
After the Easter holidays.

## Easter

The fairest lilacs of the dell  
In prettiness beauty away and sweet,  
Their sacred joy to tell.

White lilies rosin, trembling, blush  
With faintest sweetest, pleasant flush,  
And woo the look and thought  
From dawn till dawn's parting.

To sing their gayest choral song,  
Their voices of ecstasy wild, strong,  
From dawn till dawn's parting.

With fond responsive chime and swing  
Sweet bells of far St. Louis ring,  
Glad, delivery tidings bring.

The wild March zephyr, of blue and gold,  
The lightness of winds of spring unfold,  
The story wondrous, old—

That Jesus, Master, is not dead,  
But from his scented, rock-hewn bed,  
He hath in beauty fled

Back to his gentle mother's breast,  
Once more to be in rapture pressed,  
Rapturously to rest.

Back, back to whistling, low and clear,  
Excellent words of hope and cheer,  
Dispelling gloom and fear.

Into the care of those who weep  
O'er dear ones in deep graves asleep,  
Where lengthening shadows creep.

Are, back to lovingly repeat  
His gospel lessons grand and sweet  
Of charity complete.

To bid of sin and strife farewell,  
Of Easter happiness and peace  
A thousandfold increase.

KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

## EASTER.

With heart aflame and eyes in which  
Yet glowed the wonder of a vision bright,  
In eager haste she sped to comfort bring  
To those who sorrowed for their Lord and King.

"He is not dead," she cried, her voice  
A thrill with rapturous ecstasy  
"Our Lord is risen, empty is the tomb;  
Our Lord is risen, past the night of gloom."

But they, too jealous of their grief  
And blinding tears, believed her not. To them  
The story of the Resurrection Morn  
Seemed but an idle tale in fancy born.

They needs must see and touch and hear  
Before their doubting hearts could certain be  
That He for whom they mourned in anguish sore  
Had triumphed over death forevermore.

O Faith that seeing not, believes,  
How dear to Him who died and rose again!  
His gift to us was Life, now grant we pray  
Our gift to Him be Faith, in Easter Day.  
—Josephine Robinson, in the Home Magazine.

## EASTER CLOTHES.

Alas, the time  
Is drawing near,  
And we won't have  
A suit, we fear,  
In which to join  
The glad parade  
Of those who'd put  
Us in the shade  
By showing off  
The clothes they wear  
With studied, sup-  
ercilious air.  
The Easter time  
Doth wring the heart  
Of poor folk who  
Dislike to part  
With all they have  
To trim their backs,  
When each of them  
Some comfort lacks—  
Some comfort that  
He needs, you know,  
And's not put on  
For empty show.  
Ye gods, what fools  
These mortals be,  
Both great and small,  
And you and me!  
Appearances  
We must maintain  
At any cost  
And any pain.  
That's why we'll sate  
And pry around  
Until some sort  
Of way is found  
To deck ourselves  
In brave attire  
And be right there  
To hear the choir  
Sing Easter hymns  
In rhythmic flow,  
While quivering at  
The tale below.

—Paul Cook, in Birmingham Age-Herald.



All that springeth from the sod  
Tendeth upwards unto God,  
All that cometh from the skies  
Urging it anon to rise.

Welcome, then, Time's thrashing pain,  
And the furrows where each grain,  
Like a Samson, blossom-shorn,  
Waits the resurrection morn.

## "THE HAPPY SNOBS."



—Timely cartoon by Gordon Nye, in the New York Evening Journal.

## IMMIGRANTS IN CANADA FEEL PINCH OF POVERTY

Public Subscriptions Necessary to Keep From Starvation Thousands  
Deluded Into Moving Thither—Unfortunates Huddled in a  
Tar-Paper Reservation Derisively Called Shacktown

Washington, D. C.—With brazen effrontery some officials high in authority in Canada are placing advertisements in many newspapers throughout the United States urging upon American farmers the "advantages and opportunities" of that bleak region as contrasted with this country. If the latest reports that have come from the Dominion are trustworthy, these advertisements are likely to cause as much distress and loss as do the seductively worded circulars sent out by the "gold brick" merchants in the financial centres.

A competent observer, Mr. Edward Porritt, has written a letter to the press which effectually takes the rosy bloom of prosperity off "Our Lady of the Snows," and it is here condensed in the hope that it may reach the eye of any American farmer who has been deluded into even thinking of emigrating thither.

Mr. Porritt writes: Since the depressing began in October last there has been a growing feeling in the Dominion, and especially in Ontario—a feeling that is not bounded by party lines—that until there is some well manifested uplift in trade, the Government should go a little easier on its immigration propaganda.

This feeling is stronger in Toronto than in any other large city. Its existence there is due to the fact that during five or six recent weeks public subscriptions were necessary to maintain or to assist some 750 families—3700 people in all, who are domiciled in what has been known all over Canada as Shacktown. This is a region just beyond the municipal boundaries of Toronto in which these families, who are almost all newcomers from the Old Country, built themselves shanties—many of them mere tar paper constructions—because they could not pay the high rents which in recent times have been demanded within the city limits of Toronto. These unfortunate people, being thus outside the city limits, had no claim on the city institutions which care for the poor, and they might have been left to face the hard times of the present winter without regular or systematic help had it not been for the Globe, which appealed to people all over the province on behalf of these unfortunates and associated the churches in the work of organized relief.

### Relief in Toronto.

There was a ready and generous response to the appeal of the Globe. Two hundred men and women of Toronto—all volunteers—became associated in the work of distributing the relief that was provided out of the fund, which rapidly ran up to about \$20,000. None of the unfortunate newcomers were left destitute. There were soon funds in hand or in sight to see them through to the end of March. But it was not thought that the problem of Shacktown will then be at an end, for there are 3000 or 4000 unemployed living within the city limits. There was unprecedented distress among the people living in the cheaper boarding house district of the city—distress so serious and widespread that the Rev. R. J. Moore, rec-

tor of St. Margaret's Church, made a special appeal to the city authorities to organize some method of relief in addition to those afforded by the House of Industry and the other regular institutions maintained by the municipality. A large proportion of these unemployed within the city limits were also newcomers from England or Scotland, and there was much doubt whether with times as they are there would be work for all the unemployed of Toronto and Shacktown when spring opens, and something like normal conditions are restored.

Other Ontario cities have been maintaining numbers of unemployed this winter. Chatham has had a burden of this kind. About 100 families, including 300 children, arrived there from England between August and the end of the immigration season of 1907. Of the men of these families, seventy-five have been out of work all winter. The condition of these people was brought to the attention of the Government at the end of January by a petition to the Department of the Interior from the City Council, the Board of Trade and the Associated Charities of Chatham, in which it was stated that unpaid rents were accumulating; landlords were growing impatient; that \$2200 had been paid out in aid by the city, and that unless there were some immediate aid from the Dominion Government most of the newcomers would be homeless and starving.

### Surplus of Labor.

There is thus a surplus of labor in Ontario cities besides the large surplus in Toronto and Shacktown. The Globe, which showed great energy and resourcefulness in coping with the situation in Shacktown, pointed out that in 1907 Canada received 277,000 immigrants, and that this unprecedentedly large influx followed an incoming of 215,000 immigrants in 1906.

Mr. Porritt states that when the Shipping Federation of Montreal met recently to settle the basis of longshoremen's pay for the coming navigation season, it was decided to reduce wages both at Montreal and Quebec. These reductions were made because it was the conviction of the Shipping Federation that there is to be less business at the two ports than there was in the navigation season of 1907. In the lumber camps this season also wages are fifteen or twenty per cent. less than they were in the season of 1906-7. Early in November last, when recruiting began, the old rates were offered. Just as soon, however, as it was realized that men were more eager to go into the camps than in 1906-7, wages were reduced, and moreover, the season's cut will be smaller than that of any season for three or four years back.

The Trade Union Congress of Canada early in the winter sent a representative to England to make labor conditions in the Dominion understood there, and to endeavor to stay some of the immigration from that country and Scotland. His mission, however, apparently had little success, for the expectation at Halifax is that the season of 1908 will make a new record for the port.

## ABRUZZI WINS KING'S ASSENT TO WED MISS ELKINS.

Rome.—Having overcome all the objections of the Italian monarch to his marriage with Miss Katharine Elkins, the Duke of the Abruzzi decided to have the announcement of his betrothal made.

The engagement is now perfectly satisfactory, and Miss Elkins will be welcomed by the King and Queen and the royal family.

The Duke has had an audience with

the Queen Mother, the King and the Queen. About the entrance of the palace there was a gathering that cheered the Duke as he entered.

When he left, he was smiling and there has been a complete change of front on the part of the Roman newspapers, which has amused the English and American colonies.

Miss Elkins is termed a majestic beauty, worthy of the high honor.