THE ENTERPRISE

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Advertising Rates Application

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Friday, May 24, 1912

Clean up and prevent flies and the diseases they spread in hot weather.

One by one the candidates come out. This is the year when more family history will be written than at any previous time. The presidential candidates—some of them—are surely making history and it will not stand as wholesome reading.

The death of Hon. Richard Battle at the age of sventy-seven years fills the State with sorrow. A Christian and gentlemen has been removed from us, but his splendid services to his State will be remembered and will work out for the good of the people. He gave of his intellect and money for the uplift of humanity and died at Rex Hospital an institution which he had helped largely. To such men as Richard H. Battle the State owes her greatness.

Some people will rave again because the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames has unveiled a tablet to the memory of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. There are those who desire to rob the State of what is hers, beginning with the days of trial when we were trying to throw off the British yoke down to the period when North Carolina fought the bravest battles in the Civil War. But we are holding to our pages in history and will continue to do so.

No Sign of Popularity

It now seems that Mr. Roosevelt has whipped President Taft in almost every fight and that Taft will enter the Chicago Convention a defeated man.

This does not show, however, that Roosevelt is so popular with his party as more than one million Republicans in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts Illinois and Ohio did not think enough of the Brawl and the Brawlers to even go to the primaries and express their preference. And while Roosevelt beat Taft, it is not because the former is loved more but because the latter is loved less.

The Baltimore Convention will name the next President.

A Correction

We are glad to correct an error in the last issue of this paper. The error in question was the statement that F. L. Gladstone gave a barbecue at Hamilton on the 10th, to which a number of Williamston people were invited. Such a statement seems to have been an error as we have received a letter from a prominent citizen of Hamilton stating that "the barbecue and all necessary trimmings were given by the boys of Hamilton and Oak City." We are glad to make this correction as it takes nothing from the well-known generosity of our friend, F. L. Gladstone, for he had a goodly share in it and we can give credit to the others of that section who, alike, are noted for hospitality and the ability to serve a dinner fit for a king and his retinue. But we were informed that Mr. Gladstone gave the dinner and that he had followed the custom for several years choosing the 10th as an auspicious occasion. There is one thing that we especially deplore about the matter—we were not there to enjoy the good things provided by our friends.

Col. W. G. Lamb for Delegate

The desire of Col. W. G. Lamb to be chosen as delegate to the Democratic Convention at Baltimore from the First District, is meeting the approval of friends throughout the district. When Cleveland was nominated for the first and second terms, Col. Lamb was a delegate to both conventions and now that the prospects for Democratic victory are bright, he wishes to be allowed the privilege of helping name the winner.

Col. Lamb's fidelity to Democratic principles no man can dispute without merting the condemnation of those who know his life and character. For years he has been giving of his best to help the cause of Democracy, asking nothing except the post of duty where the fight waged fiercest. He is chairman of the Board of Elections of North Carolina and none are more alert than he when the principles of his party are menaced.

Col. Lamb deserves the honor for which he is asking and no man in the district could better fill the position of delegate to the convention, which is to be one of the most important in the history of the party. We need men to represent us that will stand for the best and demand the best. Col. Lamb meets the requirements as set forth in the letter of Ex-Gov. T. J. Jarvis which we published last week. We believe that he would hold the success of the party high above the success of any individual. We think Col. Lamb merits the position he desires and we hope that the Democrats of the First District will appreciate his fitness and choose him as delegate to the Baltimore Convention.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR LIVER WITH CALOMEL

Dodson's Liver-Tone Persuades It to Work Naturally and Safely—No Rastriction of Habits or Diet

If you have a sick horse, you cannot make him work by beating him, and if you try it you are liable to ruin him forever. It's the same way with your liver. When it becomes torpid and sluggish, you can take calomel and whip it into action, but the calomel will leave your body weaker and sicker than ever. Calomel is a very powerful chemical made from mercury.

A perfect substitute for calomel, that has all of its medicinal properties with none of its dangerous and uncertain follow-ups, is Dodson's Liver Tone.

Saunders & Fowden drug store sells Dodson's Liver-Tone with the guarantee that if you don't find it a perfect substitute for calomel, this store will give you your money back. Dodson's Liver-Tone is a true tonic for the liver, purely vegetable, and with such a pleasant taste that it is no trouble to get children to take it. It is absolutely impossible for it to do anyone any harm, because it simply persuades the liver to do what it ought to do—no more, and no less.

Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Prop. Riverside Drug Co., Greenville, S. C. writes recently, "I have been a practicing physician and druggist for over 35 years and have sold and administered many kidney medicines but none to equel Foley Kidney Pills. They are superior to any I ever used and give the quickest permanent relief." Saunders & Fowden.

Senator Lorimer is permitted to hold his seat in the Senate. Of course, the "interests" and those Senators who are in touch with the same, stood by him.

H. A. Waggoner, Alvon, W. Va., says that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is the best medicine for coughs and colds he has ever known. He says: "Every man and woman tells me it is the best they have ever used and whoever has used it once, always comes back for it again." There are no opiates in Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it is safest for children. Saunders & Fowden.

IN MEMORIAM

Down, down, down, on the floor of the sea, two miles under the outlaw bergs, lies the Titanic, a splendid mausoleum, of steel and brass, in whose shattered hold rests as fair a company of good knights and brave ladies as ever smilled in the face of death. Soldier and sailor and merchant prince—playactor and journalist—idler and drudge—peasant and nobleman—Saxon and Norman—Latin and Celt—Slav and Jew—strangers in motherhood wrought into brotherhood—equal at last in the glory of their end.

There was Stead, whom kings loved, but who himself loved the helpless more. There was Millet, whose paint throbbed with the songs of souls. And Harris, who climbed back and gave his place to a woman. There was Butt, the fighting man; and Straus of the open purse, with his wife, (and no queen was ever greater, for out of courage sprang all real nobility).

And there were a thousand more and none were less than these. Swart peasants of a hundred tribes—children of moil and need—slaves of the stockhole—potwashers—room stewards—barmen and barbers; when and where before was there woven so mighty a memory with such strange and varied strands of caste!

They told us that the world was drunk—mad with the wine that weakens—that the ancient stock of Sparta and the Macedonian hills was gone—that the red blood which coursed in Winkelreid and Rienzi and the Old Guard and Lawrence and Hale, was no more; but they were wrong—the breed of heroes will never perish.

So long as yesterday shall illuminate her tablets with the splendor of martyrdom—so long as history shall remember valorous emprise—so long as the purple tide of nobility shall scorn the grave and leap the generations—so long as sacrifice shall quicken pulse and redden heart, the hour will never call in vain for the man.

Straight from the dimmest ages, through evolution and revolution, down from the hills and up from the plains and out on the seas, the answer has always rung.

There is no cause for grief. Save your sorrow for infamy; weep at failure; moan over treason; but shed no tears for the lost of the Titanic.

They are already of the immortal few whom eternity has kissed. They wear the accolade of fame; their names are deathless.

The human hour is but one beat of Time's fleet wings. Millions on millions, we pour from out the mother-womb, and millions on millions we sink back to the dust of our making, without one lasting footprint in our track, or one enduring thought to mark our passing through.

The longest life is as a mote when measured with the unborn dawns. What is a day—what is a decade to the hoary stars? Existence was a paltry price to pay to fall with the hundred at Thermopylae, to fight in "the thin, red line" at Balaklava, or to perish midst the handful at the Alamo.

Those who are gone have bathed their souls in the Golden River; their children ever after shall be crowned with pride.

To rear grand temples, to cut lithe marbles, to heat drab words, to found strong creeds, to heal sore wounds, to build majestic cities, to conquer deserts, to hew down mountains—these are splendid things; but to endow posterity with higher standards of manhood is to take kinship with the gods.

So long as there are men to cry "women and children first"—so long as fear is crouched under the heel of duty—so long the laurel bursts into blossom on the fields of peril—so long as humble bandsmen stand upon a sinking deck and, with the billows swirling against their breasts, go home to the Master, with never a quavering note, the Almighty is with us—there is hope for all and for all time.—Herbert Kaufman.

Notice of Sale

Under and by virtue of a judgement of the Superior Court of Martin County in the Special Proceedings therein pending entitled, "A. R. Dunning, Administrator of Jerry Bryant, deceased, against E. D. Bryant, Cornelius Bryant, et als, heirs at-law," it being a proceeding to sell land for assets, the undersigned, will on Monday the 3d day of June, 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door of Martin County at Williamston, N. C., offer for public sale, to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

Situate in Goose Nest Township, adjoining the lands of T. H. Pritchard, W. T. Sills, H. H. Moore and others, and beginning in the public road at the Iron Mine Spring Branch, thence up said branch with T. H. Pritchard's and Moore's lines to a gum in the long pocosin, a corner, thence a straight line back to the public road to a point where a line along said road to the beginning, will contain 100 acres in the tract, and being the same premises conveyed to Jerry Bryant, by H. H. Moore and wife, by deed of record in book OOO at page 80 Martin County Public Registry.

This 29th day of April 1912.

A. R. DUNNING, Com.

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio "We find," he writes, "that Dr King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made." Excellent for stomach liver or kidney troubles. 25 cts at Saunders & Fowden.