

THE RALEIGH ENTERPRISE.

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Thursday

BY

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A Missouri man is said to have a beard eleven feet long. We'll bet he was born in North Carolina.

There is one desirable feature about the Presidency. The President generally gets the biggest turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

If the number of consulting engineers for the Panama Canal was reduced to one, then the old thing might be pushed along.

The Shelby Star claims that it had 5,334 visitors to its office on business and otherwise during October. Must have included several lynching delegations.

The editor is still confined to his room and the office, able to eat and work a little, but unable to walk at all. Those having business with the paper will please call at the office.

There is altogether too much talk and too little work in connection with the digging of the Panama Canal. Mr. Roosevelt may find it necessary to take off a few more official heads.

There is a new clamor for the punishment of the fools who point "unloaded guns" at people. We are agreed. And while we are at it, why not say a word in favor of punishing those who deliberately kill their fellow-man?

A dispatch states that ten thousand Cossacks are marching to St. Petersburg to release the Czar, who they believe is held a prisoner by Jews. Pity it were not true. The Jews could tell the Czar more in a minute than he has learned all his life.

Old man Clark, of the Statesville Landmark, insists that we have a great many things to be thankful for this year, and we agree with him. We hope Brother Clark will enjoy continued prosperity for his excellent paper, all of which he deserves, for he is an honest and capable editor. But we do hope that he will not say that the cooking of his Thanksgiving dinner was inferior to the cooking done fifty years ago.

COURAGE AND WORK WILL WIN.

Our Home, a weekly newspaper published at Marshville by Mr. J. Z. Green, is thirteen years old.

It is a notable example of what hard work, economy and pluck can accomplish.

In 1892 Marshville was simply "a wide place in the road," a railroad crossing on the Seaboard Air Line between Rockingham and Monroe. It was known as "Beaver Dam" at that time, but was changed to Marshville in honor of Mr. J. W. Marsh, the only merchant there at that time.

Mr. Green was a poor school teacher and farmer, a young man, too. He became identified with the Populist movement. Though many of his neighbors were in the movement, the "business interests" were mostly antagonistic. But the farmers gave the paper a liberal patronage, and despite all opposition, Mr. Green climbed slowly up. In the meantime Marshville has grown, has numerous stores, offices, etc. The "business interests" now recognize Green at something like his true value, and his paper is liberally patronized in the way of advertising and job printing and the people for many miles around take the paper because it is clean, reliable, newsy. Merchants in nearby towns know that Our Home is read by many people, and they use its advertising columns.

After years of struggle, Green has achieved success where ninety-nine out of a hundred would have given up years ago.

Yes, courage, work, economy and keeping everlastingly at it will win. Green will never become a millionaire at Marshville. But he can live there and will get as much real estate when he is buried as the average millionaire occupies.

SOMETHING WRONG.

In the past twenty years there has been 131,951 murders and homicides committed in these United States. During the same time there has been but 2,286 executions.

In 1885, 1,808 murders were committed, and 108 of the murderers were executed.

In 1904, 8,482 murders were committed, and 116 of the murderers were executed. In other words, more than four times as many people were murdered last year than were murdered in 1885, and yet the number who paid the penalty with death was but eight more than in 1885.

While the population has increased rapidly, and it is to be expected that the increase in crime would correspond to some extent, yet the ratio of crime is far out of proportion to the increase in population, and the decrease in the number of executions is in still greater disproportion. Those who oppose capital punishment ought to read these figures and reflect.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Charlotte Observer never permits an opportunity to go by to take a fall out of the State Fair. It has declared time and again that the State Fair is a farce so far as its agricultural exhibits go, and that it is largely given over to fakirs and gamblers, worthless shows and the like.

We admit that the fakirs and cheap

shows have been in evidence for some years. But the agricultural, live stock and poultry exhibits have always been very good.

Charlotte has a local fair each year and the Observer praises it to the skies, even though shows, gamblers and pick-pockets are always plentiful.

There is a story from Charlotte to the effect that the agricultural part of the Charlotte Fair had a very narrow escape this year. It seems that a cow and a large pumpkin were being brought to the fair to give it something of an agricultural aspect. By some means the cow ate the pumpkin and it killed her. But some hustling was done and a three pound sweet potato and a two pound turnip were secured and the fair was pulled off in great shape.

It may not be known generally that mistletoe does not grow in the North. Most of the holly and mistletoe used there about Christmas is shipped from this State. In that particular North Carolina looms up fortunate in being able to supply the demand.

Warships become old very fast. The Massachusetts, only a few years ago an up-to-date fighting machine, is soon to go to the junk pile. The Oregon, which did such fine work during the Spanish-American War, being new then, and probably the best battleship afloat at that time, is soon to become a second-class ship, far better ones having been built.

It is said that there is water for the finest harbor on the Atlantic Coast at Cape Lookout, near Beaufort. It is deep water, too, for three warships spent a night there this week. A great coaling station will be established there when the Howland Improvement Company extends the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad there. But it is not to our credit that we waited for outsiders to find this gold mine in the ocean right at our doors.

Following Instructions.

A father going into his stable one day found his little son, with a slate and pencil in his hand, astride one of the horses.

"Why, Harry," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "the master told me to write a composition on a horse."

There are many things that President Roosevelt didn't do, that also entitles him to credit, and one of these is not appointing Jimmy Hyde, Ambassador to France. And yet Jimmy was recommended by millionaires.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

It is now proposed to establish a school for teaching girls how to shop. They ought in connection with it to establish a school for teaching the old man how to raise the money that the girls shop with.—Atlanta Journal.

Your anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; but ah! it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it if it comes.—Ian MacLaren.

OPINIONS IN A NUTSHELL

We sometimes find that what we thought was the golden rule is only so on the exposed side.—Puck.

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After a man has doctored up the bright things his smart boy says they are almost bright.—Hickory Mercury.

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Count Witte is finding it more difficult to bluff the Russian workmen than the Japanese diplomats.—New York Evening Sun.

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One good reason for giving thanks at Thanksgiving is that no presents go with the day.—New York Evening Mail.

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The Hon. John P. Poe, of Maryland, has decided that he is not a successful writer of constitutional fiction after all.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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When both Carnegie and Rockefeller begin to warn the poor against the voice of riches it operates to set us to thinking.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

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Chairman Shonts, of the Canal Commission, says that dirt will begin to fly in earnest by July next. The mud-slinging has already begun.—Puck.

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What is the meaning of this silence? Hasn't that Rhode Island man weighed the turkey he is going to send to Roosevelt yet?—Concord Patriot.

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This year (1905) will be memorable. It will be known as the year when "ex" was written before the title of boss.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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Four million gallons of whiskey were destroyed by fire in Pennsylvania the other day. This has been a great year for the Prohibitionists of that State.—Chicago News.

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Charlotte does not want to think that everybody believes she has a population of forty thousand just because nobody is disputing it.—Durham Herald.

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Depew persists in denying that the New York Central issued legislative passes. Why does he not forget the man who forged his signature to them?—New York World.

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If New York's 400 has shrunk to seventy-nine, how long will it take the exclusive set to become extinct? This sum cannot be worked by vulgar fractions.—St. Louis Democrat.

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Edwin Markham begins his newest poem, "Thou art the wind and I the lyre." Oh, well, it's the poet's privilege to lie. Don't feel bad about it, Ed.—New York Evening Mail.

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Count Witte may think he has a hard task before him in Russia, but he has never tried to enforce the prohibitory law in Kansas.—Kansas City Star.

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The voting out of the dispensary in South Carolina counties is becoming a little bit monotonous. Williamsburg is the latest county to put up the shutters.—Charlotte Chronicle.

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Philadelphia shouldn't feel altogether discouraged because it was robbed of more than \$6,000,000 on one group of contracts. It shows that not all the Philadelphians are asleep.—St. Louis Star-Chronicle.

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Uncle Joe Cannon says he has no Presidential bee in his bonnet. In corroboration of this assertion it may be pointed out that he is dropping no honeyed words on the subject.—Chicago Tribune.