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by  
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Life and love are both uncertain. But people continue to take chances in both games.

Next Monday, May 20th, will be the biggest day Raleigh has witnessed in some years.

Col. Marion Butler and Col. Spencer B. Adams are talking about each other at a rapid rate.

They are asking who will be candidates for President. Why, North Carolina can supply 100,000 candidates.

A parlour game called "The road to the White House," has been invented. Doubtless Col. William J. Bryan will become an enthusiastic player.

Speaking of the talk of a third term for Mr. Roosevelt, he has done pretty well to get two terms, considering that he started life as a cowboy.

An exchange remarks that the Greensboro ladies who were swindled by a palmist might go to another palmist and find out what became of the first one.

When the battleship Kansas is completed, the United States will have more first-class battleships than any other nation except England, tonnage and capacity for fighting being the basis of the estimate. Germany will be the next in relative strength.

Col. Hoke Smith, of Atlanta, Ga., has returned from a visit to Washington. He says he didn't remark while there that President Roosevelt is the greatest living American. Mr. Roosevelt probably didn't say that Mr. Smith was that sort, either, so we do not think that a row is necessary.

A fakir who claimed to represent a Chicago house and was taking orders for goods at greatly reduced prices, collecting a part of the purchase price in advance, which was the last of the transaction, so far as the victim was concerned, was arrested at Warrenton Saturday night. He gave the name of A. J. Cook.

**OUR DUMB ANIMALS.**

"Our Dumb Animals" is the name of one of the most useful and most interesting publications in this country. It is published at Boston by Mr. Geo. T. Angell, who has made a life study of the manner in which so many people mistreat dumb animals.

A recent editorial squib in that magazine was as follows:

"Refuse to ride in any cab, herd or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why."

The word "docked" used in this connection refers to the too common habit of some people who clip and shorten the tails of horses—their only means of defense against flies and other pests in the summer.

It is very wrong, and it makes the horse appear at a disadvantage in the eyes of most sensible people. It is only the dudes and dudenes who care to clip the tail of a horse—to give them a nobby appearance. Every State, or every town, ought to have an ordinance against the practice, for it is only in cities and towns that it is practiced, farmers, as a rule, being too sensible. It is both silly and inhumane.

**THE EPILEPTIC COLONY.**

A separate institution for the treatment of epileptics will be established on a portion of the Grimes land near this city, and near the Central Hospital for Insane.

Between \$200,000 and \$300,000 will be spent on the buildings and grounds. The buildings will be of brick and after modern designs. Heretofore epileptics have been treated at the asylums for the insane, but this plan of separation has been deemed advisable.

The buildings will probably be completed this year. The State, of course, will furnish the money.

**BUSINESS WORRY.**

Our Home, one of the brightest weeklies in the State, published at Marshville, gets off the following sensible article.

"Not many years ago a man in this county was said to have declared that it was his highest ambition to leave an estate worth a hundred thousand dollars. He's dead. Business cares killed him and he didn't leave as much property as he wanted to leave. He died in the prime of life—or what, no doubt, would have been his prime if he had taken time to enjoy comfort and ease. There are young men in this county—that is, comparatively young men—whose heads are getting white from business worry. Some of them haven't made enough yet to retire from business. In fact, some of them possess very little property, but the money craze has them firmly in its grasp just the same. They can't enjoy a great sermon, they can't enjoy reading. They don't know how to get pleasure from their natural surroundings. The little things of nature have no charms for them. Their minds, hearts and souls are centered on money-getting. They'll probably die by the time, or soon after, they reach middle life. If men indulge an excessive appetite for money it will kill them just as it will kill them to indulge an excessive appetite for whiskey."

It was an English actress, not an American, who suppressed news of her marriage through fear that she would be accused of seeking to advertise herself.—New York World.

**The House of Mourning.**

The Saviour taught that they that mourn are blessed. They shall be comforted. Others have as much cause to mourn; but sorrow is unpleasant, and they put it away. This is a busy age, and we have no time for sorrow. This is a joyous optimistic age; we have no toleration of grief. Our mothers read sad stories, our fathers sang sad songs; but now the minor key is avoided in music and even in novels. It is strange that with all our light-heartedness we hold to the fashion of wearing mourning for the dead—a fashion that can hardly be regarded as in good taste or altogether consistent with the Christian faith.

It is not wholesome to shut ourselves away from the world's sorrow. We should at least know something of that burden He bore who carried the load of human woe. If there is no grief in our repentance, there can be no joy in our pardon. Where there is no mourning there is no comforting. He was a true philosopher who said: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." If we help others bear their sorrows, our own will be lighter when they come. The comfort we find for others waits for us.

**Government Whitewash.**

About every year we have published the recipe for what is known as Government whitewash, or the whitewash recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture. For the benefit of our readers who wish to use whitewash freely—and they cannot use it too freely—about their barns, stables, and hog-pens, as well as their houses and fences, we publish it again, as follows:

Slake half a bushel of lime in boiling water, covering to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid, and add a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, one-half pound Spanish whiting, and one pound glue dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hung over a slow fire in a glue pot. To this mixture add five gallons of hot water, stir well and let stand for several days covered from dust. It is better applied hot.

**I Think I Can.**

To think you can do a thing is almost victory. To think you cannot do it means defeat. You are as the saying goes whipped at the start. "I can't" never did anything. "I can" is almost omnipotent. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith. "You can't do it," said one young man to another. He was a failure while the other was bringing things to pass—doing the very things that his friend said he could not do. I was getting up my first lot of samples to go on the road, when the proprietor called my attention to some goods that had been on hand for some time because other salesmen had not "pushed" sales, and said do you think you can sell these. I replied in the affirmative. My employer then said, "I wish you would take samples, for a map generally does what he thinks he can do, but he is defeated at the beginning if he thinks he can not do a thing." "According to your faith, so shall it be unto you." This I know is a free translation but why may it not apply since we can not separate our religion from any phase of our life. The same faith that saves gives success in life. There is but one kind of faith: I believe; I think I can. The trust is in Christ in the one instance, and in self in the other. If so much can be accomplished by faith in self, where is our faith in Christ?

Dugli has purchased a fine lot of singing canaries and cages. If this is what your wife wants, see them.

**OPINIONS IN A NUTSHELL.**

Secretary Taft is what you might call a 52-inch all around man.—New York Mail.

Does the apparent imminency of Taft portend the actual emnency of Roosevelt?—Philadelphia Record.

The more fun you could have spending money, the more you don't know where to get it.—New York Press.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon "just smiles" when his boom for President is mentioned. Other people just laugh.—Baltimore Sun.

Naturally, all the newspapers will claim some of the credit for hurrying the Spanish stork up a little.—Washington Post.

The man who didn't know it was going to happen that way is a scarce article in Baltimore just now.—Washington Herald.

Hereafter, the Drug Trust promises to be good after the manner of General Sheridan's good Indians.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Democrtic victory in Baltimore is as surprising as the coup by which the Dutch captured Holland.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To some of the third-term shouters another term for Roosevelt is not so important as another term for themselves.—Washington Post.

Ian Maclaren was neither a warrior nor a politician, but the mourning for him is deep, sincere and world-wide.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

John L. Sullivan has met Taft and announces that he is "for him." This may be the foundation of a Corpulent Conspirators' Club.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If we were to listen to the friends of the many candidates for Governor we would think that the conventions were nearly on us.—Durham Herald.

Tom Johnson's red automobile once made a furore in Ohio politics, but it never had the seating capacity of the Taft band-wagon.—New York Tribune.

"When may we expect tariff revision?" asks the Birmingham Age-Herald. Not yet, but as the stork remarked to King Alfonso.—Washington Herald.

Poet Laureate Alfred Austin's spring poem has just been given to the press. Perhaps that is all that spring has been waiting for.—Washington Herald.

The Hon. Champ Clark has not had a single answer to his generous offer to take the Democratic nomination for President if nobody else would.—New York Sun.

Life in Ohio ought to satisfy the most strenuous of politicians. They do not even indulge in constructive recesses between fights out there.—Washington Post.

Speaker Cannon likes a joke as well as the next man, and so he isn't interfering with his friends who are booming him for the Presidency.—Philadelphia Press.

The way letters are found in the White House office just when they are needed shows that Mr. Leop is not only the most faithful, but the most careful of secretaries.—New York Sun.