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CHIEF PAGE SHOT NEGRO

Had Tough Time With a
Desperate Negro Sun-
day Afternoon

SHOT NEGRO 3 TIMES

Negro Had Been Raising
Sand, Threatening Other
Negroes and Had Shot at
One—Chief Badly Bitten
In the Tussel

Sunday afternoon between three and four o'clock Chief of Police J. H. Page had the time of his life trying to arrest a negro desperado.

Tobe Beasley was "rising some cain" and had shot at one negro and was threatening others when Chief Page was informed. The dauntless Chief went to the scene alone, and after chasing the negro several hundred yards, captured him in a piece of woods in the edge of town. The Chief's real troubles did not begin, however, until he tried to put the bracelet on his man.

It was this way: Sunday afternoon about half past two o'clock Chief of Police Page was informed that Tobe Beasley was causing trouble at the home of Vic Rodgers. That he (Beasley), was threatening their lives, and had shot at Will Bridgers. The Chief, attired in a brand new suit, started after his man. When he got near the Rodgers' house he spied the negro running across a field, the chief immediately started in pursuit. After the negro had gotten over the fence he had to break his way through briars into piece of woods, this allowed Page to gain on him. The negro thinking to throw Page off the track hid in a ditch, but, Page wasn't to be fooled like that, for he went in the ditch right after his man. In the scuffle in the ditch the negro lost his gun and his hat, but he didn't lose his fighting qualities. It was some time before Chief Page could get his bracelet on the negro, and then, only after beating him to the ground with his gun, a small 32 Ivers Johnson.

After dragging the negro out of the woods into the road, the negro tried to break away and fell in a ditch with the Chief on him. In some unaccountable way the negro got one of Page's fingers in his mouth and tried to bite it off. In order to break the negro's hold Page had to club the negro with his gun. After dragging him a short distance the negro got the Chief's thumb in his mouth and tried to bite that off, but as before the Chief clubbed him off with his gun. A little further on the negro made another break and this time got a hold of the Chief's back. Not being able to club the negro he shot him, firing four times, the first shot missed the man, but the second, third and fourth found a mark. One shot grazing his side, one striking him near the shoulder penetrating the lung and the other hitting him in the left arm.

After dragging him some distance further, Page managed to attract the attention of some negroes who assisted him in putting the man in jail. When the man was searched at the jail two large pocket knives, both opened, were found in his pocket.

It was thought at one time that the negro would die of his wounds, but he has steadily improved and it now looks like he will get well.

The chief is to be commended

for his pluck. The question asked by many is, why didn't Page kill him outright. The chief exercised good judgment in not doing that, only protecting himself as far as necessary.

TOBE BEASLEY ESCAPES

Sometime during Wednesday night, about four o'clock according to the story told by Henry Slade, Tobe Beasley the negro that was shot by Chief Page Sunday, made his escape from the county jail. On account of his wounds, and being in a weak condition, the sheriff had secured Henry Slade to stay with the negro and nurse him. The negro's condition was such that there was no reason to fear his getting away. He had to be assisted every time he got up, and his wounds were so painful that no thought of his trying to escape entered the minds of the officers.

According to Henry Slade's story the negro was in jail at one o'clock. About this time Slade lay down to sleep, leaving the key out side on a box instead of keeping it in his trousers pocket as told by the sheriff, and when he awoke which was about day break he found that the wounded man had gone. The man is still at large and no trace of him can be found.

POSSIBILITIES OF EAST-ERN CAROLINA

Mr. N. T. Riddick Writes of His

Trip Through Western North Carolina and Tennessee

EDITOR ENTERPRISE,
Williamston, N. C.

I left Everetts Monday morning for my Western trip to Oklahoma. Having promised to give you some sketches of my trip, I will now comply by saying I am now at Dyersburg, in West Tenn. I came by way of Greensboro, Salisbury, and Asheville. We stopped in Greensboro Monday night so we would go through the mountains by daylight. The people of Eastern North Carolina, do not begin to realize their resources, and possibilities. If they would manufacture their lumber into wagons, furniture, and other finished products; and their cotton into cloth and clothing, and manufacture their tobacco into the finished goods, for smoking and chewing; and clean all their peanuts; and establish wholesale houses to handle them until they were sold by the bag to the roasters, they would build cities in the Eastern part of the state, and that would make a market right at home for their truck, fish, chickens, and eggs, and Eastern N. C. would wax rich in dollars.

One of Williamston's bright young lawyers remarked to me the other day that the community that had the most dollars, had the most cents, and the most sense too, for the cents bring the opportunities to gain the sense, and, if they would go to work and accomplish all this, that would be the greatest country I have ever seen or heard about except Oklahoma, and I have not seen that yet. Will let you hear later when I get there.

The farmers in the Eastern part of North Carolina would be truly sorry for their brother farmers in Western North Carolina if they could see what disadvantages they have to contend with. They not only have to get the lumber, stumps and brush out of the way, but they then have to get the rocks off the land, which costs more than it does to clear in the East. I saw corn growing on hillsides so steep that they could not raise watermelons there without driving stakes into

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ROBERSONVILLE NEWS ITEMS

Death of Mr. Charlie Warren---A Small Hail Storm.
Ice Cream Supper---Success of a Former Citizen---Personal Notes --- Economy.

By JOHN D. EVERETT

Tuesday, June 23, 1908.

Mr. Charlie Warren died Sunday evening. He was buried Monday afternoon at his father's near town Mr. Warren has been in bad health for some time. He was treated at the hospital at Washington, but never regained his strength. He was a young man, in the prime of life, but the all-wise One saw fit to remove him from the toils and suffering of this life. He leaves a father, mother and sister to mourn their loss. Their many friends extend to them their sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

There was a little hail here Saturday, but it did no damage. Crops are not assured yet as some people assert. The Powers that control the elements can assure the crops but all other forces are powerless. Let us humbly look to the Father of us all for a bountiful harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith of Bethel, were in town Sunday. Mr. Smith went from this community a few years ago with little education, little money, and few friends in the business world. He has prospered as a mill man. Men call him lucky, because he succeeded. If you ask him, he will tell you truly that it was hard work and sticking to his post that made his way. What he did, every boy can do, if he is willing to begin at the bottom and work his way up.

The young people of the town gave an ice cream supper last Wednesday evening at Mr. Dave Moorings. Those present out of town were: Misses Leyta Taylor, Vivian Roberson, Lydie Roberson, Ceylie Jenkins, Ora Taylor, Lillian Smith, Emma Robertson, Lillie Floyd, Addie Coburn, Lichia Coburn; and Messrs. Jim Taylor, N. C. Everett, Willie Taylor, Will Everett, Tom House and Jasper Johnson. They report a delightful time.

The writer was pleased to receive an item of interest Monday. Let all those who know something that would be of interest to the readers of the Robersonville Department just write it down and hand it in. You should not expect the writer to come to you every week and ask you for news. It would be a pleasure to ask for news if it were not often the case that he gets none.

Mr. A. L. Roebuck was in town Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Bunting went to Oak City Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wynn were in town Sunday.

Thomas Roberson spent Sunday in Scotland Neck.

Miss Mae Whitfield was ill last week, but has recovered.

Mrs. J. B. Rawls visited at Mr. M. G. Daniels last Thursday evening.

Mr. Fernando Gaines, of Washington, was here on business Monday.

Mrs. Bertie Peel of Roanoke Rapids is visiting friends in and near town.

Miss Lillie Floyd of Hamilton, spent last week with Miss Emma Robertson.

Miss Lillian Smith spent Saturday in Scotland Neck, the guest of Mrs. Woolard.

Miss Mamie Harrison, of Plymouth is visiting Mrs. Mary Andrews this week.

Mr. W. G. Jones, of Kinston was here last week looking after his brick factory.

Prof. and Mrs. Outterbridge spent last Thursday in the country

at Mr. Mac Daniels'. Little Miss Louise Reeves is spending some time with her people at Greenville.

Misses Lucy Manning and Mizell of Bethel went to Mr. Howell Warren's Monday evening.

Miss Dottie Burroughs left Saturday for Scotland Neck to visit her sister Mrs. Outterbridge.

Mrs. J. C. Andrews and children spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Mary Everett in the country.

Prof. and Mrs. Outterbridge spent last Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Justus Everett, near Palmyra.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg have gone to Burlington, where Mr. Thornburg will engage in the tobacco business.

Mr. P. H. Davenport, Mesdames Sallie Davenport and Maggie Floyd of Hamilton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Robertson Sunday.

The Sunday School is to continue through the summer instead of taking a vacation as heretofore. The children unanimously voted to continue.

Mr. J. C. Smith is in his new offices beside the drug store. Since Mr. Smith began the practice of law he has shown marked ability in his profession.

Mr. H. A. Edmondson, of Rocky Mount sends his subscription to the Enterprise. The list of names is growing longer every week. There is still room for a great many more.

Mr. Bradsher returned from his home, near Oxford Sunday. He is the clever agent for Mr. J. C. Robertson in selling the Standard Sewing Machine. It is "The Standard".

Rev. Mr. Howard, of Kinston, filled his appointment at the Christian Church Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Howard's sermons come from the heart and go to the heart of his hearers.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Roberson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Z. Morton, Miss Isabel Morton, and Georgie Morton Roberson report a very pleasant time on a fishing excursion last week.

An Element of Success.

ECONOMY.

The prodigal son came to want because of extravagance. Many people who are poor to-day are so because they have not learned to take care of what they make. It is said that any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to know how to spend it. Of course this means to spend it to the best advantage.

There are some families, every member of which works hard every year, and still they remain in poverty all their lives. Very often this is caused by reckless waste on the part of some member of the family. It may be that the father drinks, gambles, or spends unwisely. Sometimes the mother and wife, failing to value properly the little things of the home, unconsciously throws away all the surplus.

Very often parents, who have toiled hard and well, allow their children to contract habits of wastefulness and thereby wreck the ship of finance. Then, since people set such a high estimate upon wealth, it is the duty of every member of the family to practise saving until it has become the habit of life.

It is Nature's way to lose nothing. Science tells us there is nothing lost in all nature. Things

change their form, but there is no loss. Moisture may be at one time vapor, at another liquid, and then become solid. Through all these changes there is no loss.

Jesus emphasized the principle of saving after he had fed the five thousand. He said to his disciples "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Yes, it is the fragments, the little things which children must learn to save. A good many very little leaks, if they are not attended to, will sink a large vessel. It is so with wealth. Several very small drains in the form of bad habits may finally destroy it. Solomon said "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." He couples extravagance with laziness. The one prevents the making the other destroys it after it is made. In either case there is want, poverty.

It seems to me then that children should be taught to start a bank account early in life. Instead of spending their extra nickels and dimes for cold drinks, cigarettes, and other harmful objects they should systematically add to this bank account. In a few years they would have enough money to buy something of value, or take a trip or go to school.

While economy can not be too strongly emphasized, it should be differentiated from stinginess and dishonesty. Children should not be taught to value wealth so highly as to cause them to withhold from worthy causes, or to use unfair means in securing it. It is also false economy to deny themselves those things which are essential to their social standing when they can afford those things. The title "old miser" is almost as contemptible as the title, "criminal." So it is our duty to teach children how to spend as well as how to save.

A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING

Mr. A. R. Dunning, a Prominent
Young Lawyer, Leads to the
Altar One of Martin Coun-
ty's Most Attractive
Daughters.

By JOHN D. EVERETT.

Robersonville, June 25, 1908.—The Christian Church here was the scene of a beautiful and most impressive marriage this morning, when Miss Alice Grimes became the bride of Mr. A. R. Dunning.

The day was an ideal one, and all nature seemed to smile in harmony with the occasion. Every zephyr seemed to whisper softly, "It is not good for man to be alone." It was one of those rare days in June that inspired the poet to say "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune".

Every detail of the wedding was indicative of refinement, culture, and intelligence. The altar was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, and cut flowers, while from the time honored columns hung graceful festoons of evergreen, starred with snowy cape-jessamine. At the entrance to the aisles and immediately in front of the altar were arches of the same, which enhanced the general effect.

Just as the appointed time arrived Mrs. W. Z. Morton, who presided at the organ, with the skill of an artist's touch struck the first chords of bridal march from Lohengrin, and the crowd, assembled to witness the ceremony, was

hushed into a subdued silence, which seemed to say, "We are on holy ground." Then the ushers, Messrs. Harvey Roberson and Richard Jenkins passed up the aisles and took their places. Next

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MRS. GRIFFIN DIES OF BURNS

Death Relieved Young Woman Who Was Horribly Burned

BURIED FRIDAY P. M.

The Decease Was Only 19
Years Old—Interment in the
Family Burying Ground—
Services Conducted By the
Rev. Ashley Mizell

Mrs. J. T. Griffin who was fatally burned last week by the explosion of an oil can, while looking after the family washing, died Thursday afternoon the 18th, at about four o'clock. She lived for 24 hours suffering the most excruciating pain, but she bore it well. Mrs. Griffin was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Stalls, and had been married only 7 months.

Just before the fatal explosion Mrs. Griffin was laughing and talking, and was in perfect health. It is the same old story: she was trying to start the fire with kerosene oil, the oil caught fire and the explosion followed, scattering oil and fire over the unfortunate woman; it was only a few minutes before all the clothing she had on was in ashes, and her flesh was burned to a crisp. "Not a spot on her person as large as a dollar that wasn't burned," said her physician. When the physician, Dr. James S. Rhodes, arrived it was too late to do her any good. All that the physician and the family could do was done, however, but it was of no avail.

She was not a member of any church, but from her last words she seemed to be perfectly confident of her salvation.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Ashley Mizell, and the remains were laid to rest in the family burying ground.

The entire community is saddened by this awful catastrophe, and the young husband and the mother and father and only sister, have the deepest sympathy of all their friends and acquaintances.

Entire Output Sold.

Mr. Eli Gurganus returned Sunday from a trip to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Richmond. While away he sold the entire output of the Virginia-Carolina Peanut Company for this season.

The Virginia-Carolina Peanut Company has just about finished making some needed additions to its plant, and by the opening of another season will be able to turn out nearly twice as many cars as its capacity will be doubled. This company is quite an addition to the business interests of Williamston and has the best wishes of the entire community for success.

In Scotland Neck

Mrs. S. J. Everett, of Williamston, came up Monday evening to visit her mother, Mrs. M. A. Shields.

Miss Irene Smith, of Williamston, daughter of the late Alex. Smith, came up some time ago on a visit to relatives.—Commonwealth.

NO NOMINATION YET

As we go to press today the delegates to the State Convention are still voting for the nomination of a Governor. Fourteen ballots have been taken but so far there has been no material change in the vote since the first ballot.