

# Raleigh Christian Advocate

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## A "PEACE" ACCORDING TO BILDAD AKERS

Very often the linotype operator comes into the editorial office to gain information concerning the meaning of certain marks intended to represent words. Sometimes the information is imparted; at other times the operator is sent back to the machine with instructions to use his best deciphering knowledge and to trust to Providence. Many of our correspondents have evidently never been to a writing school.

Occasionally, the linotype man is not after information as to the meaning of marks and scratches. He wishes, simply, in the politest manner possible, to convey the idea that the article in his hand has accidentally slipped through the editorial fingers to the keyboard of the machine instead of into the waste-basket. A mild reproof, of course, is intended by the linotype man—no suggestion that the editor does not know his business.

"You did not intend to have this published, did you?" said the linotype man through his agent, the foreman, the other day as the editor was trying to locate the psychological element in that wonderful victory at Denver in which the delegates actually "hollered" for Bryan longer than the Chicago delegates for Taft by at least one-half an hour.

The editor turned and saw about one dozen pages of writing paper, sewed end to end, with black thread. One end of the long ribbon was in the foreman's hand; the other end trailed on the floor. The chirography of Bildad Akers stood out plain. We knew the article. We knew when we gave it in as "copy." We knew what the trouble was—the strange spelling. We knew that we had been criticised for publishing the articles of Bildad Akers in their original orthography. We knew that to have done otherwise would not only have offended our old friend, but would have had the same effect as brushing the dew from the morning glory or rubbing the blush from a June peach. So without asking any questions, we simply told the foreman to "let her go" (excuse slang) just as she was "writ." So here she "goes."

### OMNYBUSS ITIMS.

Writen by Mr. Bildad Akers, a trew friend of the Ole Rolly

I hav nuthin speshul to rite jest now, but I hav jest red as how editur Ivry has axed the preechurs and laymun to rite more fer the Ole Rolly. No wun can say that enny preechur, elder, stewart, editur or enny other sarvint of the church has ever apealed to me fer help without me bustin a biler if necessary to despond. This is what this peace means. I jist want to do Ivry a favur and tone up the litterary apartments of Ole Rally a grain. Ive got sence enuff to know what an omnybuss bill is. I ginerally manages to keep up with the doins of our legislatur boddies every year. So evry reedur knows why I am ritin under the hedpeace of Omnybuss Itims. This peace is made up of all kinds of fixins jest the same as wuz that stu I et at Confearance which, as I remember, they cauled a Nu Brunsrick stu.

Well, Ivry, I do wish the preechurs and laymun would scrach their pens more fer the Advocate. It would do em a site of good in tranin em to rite proper. Ef I had not never riten so much for the papers I wud hav liked a sit of havin the stile and poppylarity I have got as a litterary scribe.

I wish you could get up a few sanktified fusses in your paper. I know evry editur likes sich. Things is too quiet like. It shows that folks is not thinkin much, and when folks is not thinkin much you may set it down that there is sum plum lazyness in the air, and then when things is so quiet like there's apt to be sum misschiff agwine on. I remember Jim Moon's wife had a passel of hefty, vigrus boys, about a duzen of em it seemed to me. I used to be over thar a sight. As long as them boys was yellin and goin on in the backyard, we knowed evrything wus jest rite, but when things got quiet like, we knowed they wus up to some meanness. Now, I don't like to have things too quiet in the "Ole Rolly's backyard." It looks like our people is lazy an aint doin much. The biggest wurk of the yeer in the ground is goin on when the March wins is blowin. Rite more, preechurs and laymun, even ef you stur up hornets. And dont furgit the wurd of the Bible out of the bundence of the hart the mouth speaketh, and it mout be said the pen riteth. When there's not much speakin and ritin there's not much in the hart, that is, as a rool. I put in these last wurd fer the bennyfit of them people which the Lord never intended for em to say much, and who is purtiest when they says the least.

But afore I drap this subject I jest want to say this: Most of the ritin there is in the Ole Rolly is did by the sirkut riders. Not as I am sayin that some cityypreechurs aint all right, but it does seem to me that the feel hans, as you call em, is doin the most wurk if you jedge by the reports that cums in.

Craps is mity fine down in these parts. Lizy was sayin to me tuther day that old Marster is mity good to chillun and cejits. I got to thinkin about the fine craps this yeer and about the political spekins and convenshuns and lections and sich like, and I sez to Lizy, Lizy, ole Marster is mity good to His peepul endurin lection yeer. What wud become of the people endurin a lection yeer with so many speekins and fussins and votins and ginerall rucuses if old Marster didnt make up fer hit all by givin good craps? The more I watch things the stronger I git in my idee of a Divine Proverdenche.

Tawkin about politicks, I didnt go to the Sharlit convenshun. They didnt elect me a delegate, and I am glad I didnt go, fer my man got beat. Yes, as my friend George Smitt sez, I am powerful glad I wasnt thar. They had regular shoutin times. Bill Baggs was thar and they say he made more fuss than enny of them. Yet Bill is the feller that says he caynt tend the pertracted meetin bekaas the fuss makes him nervus. I'm layin fer Bill at the next meetin, which will begin next Sunday cumin too weeks. I'm agwine to take the

hide offin him when he tawks about bein nervus.

Our preechur is keepin his jintis greased and the church's, too, during this sizzlin hot weather. He put up with us last Saddy nite. After supper we sot out in the yard and tawked about things in ginerall. He hapened to say why he was late comin in. It was nigh candle lite when he lit frum his buggy. He said he had jist cum frum ole Sister Buckin's whar he hadnt bin in nearly a yeer, and he thawt he awt to stay a rite smart spell. I edjed up to the preechur. Lizy had jist went in and I thawt I had a spankin chance to tawk to the preechur jist as I pleased. So, I sez bud, I want to ease myself of a few idee which cordin to my noshun, would be mity handy to preechurs. You all has got severul harises as George Smitt says in your mentle make-up.

Furst, harisy 1, when you tawk about takin a rest now and then and missin a Sunday that you have to stand up ole bruther So-and-So in your place, you hav got the idee that if you miss wun Sunday even the barrul will bust all its hoops and the waters of salvation will go to waist. Now, do you know no people aint so tuck up with a preechur but what they raly enjoy hearin sum wun else wunce in a while. The church aint so dependent on wun sarmint of no preechur. Then arter you cum back they will be so much gladder to see you. Bud, dont git the big head about the needcesity of the meetin house havin you all the time.

Secundly, harisy 2, you have got the idee that youve got to preech a long whet to a country congregation bekaas they dont heer you moren wunce a munth. Do you sumtimes preech an hour'n a half in sizzlin weather jist bekaas you think you have to tank em full ferninst the next sarmint. You never made a bigger misstake in your life in spite of what some ole galivantin complainers say. Peepul that has got enny sence look at the quality of the meat instid of the lenth of the shank. Dont fergit it.

Thurdly, Harisy 3, you was speekin of bein afeard ole Sister Buckins would not like it if you didnt stay a long time. Now a grate menny peepul lack fer the preechur to visit lack they preech—short and sweet. Sum of these peepul who air everlastinly complainin about the preechur not comin to see em would be disappointed if you was to cum. Sum preechurs who set meek and quiet like in the setting room awatin fer em to cum in awt jist to get wun square look at the face at the back-door and heer what is sed at the back-door. It would take a few kinks outer your self-consate. Now, ole Sister Buckins, I happen to know, is rarin rite now bekaas you staid so long. She was bilin sope and want to git things dun afore Sundy. Wisit your people, bud, whether they lack it or not, but dont fling away your common-sence and dont git big-bedded about your needcessity to the fambly. Now, bud, its time to go to roost. Sence weve had prairs, you may lite out to bed."

This is what I sed to my preechur. Now I must stop. Next time I may rite you a peace bout as how I cured Ab Mulligan frum dodgin the stewart jest afore Confearance. So I will stop without sinin my name at the tale eend, as this is not a letter, but a peace with my name sined at the dash board.