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THE FIRST TRIP ON THE RALEIGH AND PAMLICO R. R.

It may be said, without the least disparagement to the other sections of Wake county, all of which to be sure are good, that the fairest of them all is that around Wakefield, which is now traversed by Raleigh's newest railway, namely, the Raleigh & Pamlico Sound. It was my good fortune to be the first newspaper man to take a journey over the then partially completed Raleigh & Pamlico Sound, at that time known as the Raleigh & Cape Fear, and on Thursday of this week there was another bit of good luck in being the pioneer to traverse the Raleigh & Pamlico Sound route.

The morning was foggy and cool and the mist hung low as I made my way to Pamlico Junction, two miles north of the city.

The first thing noticed was a great opening, bordered by masonry, under the lofty track of the Seaboard Air Line and the road-builders were constructing through this a new highway which means safety, taking the place of the extremely dangerous grade crossing at Pamlico Junction. Pamlico Junction is marked by a modest little station and I was very warmly greeted there by H. M. Robinson, the new chief engineer of the road, and who really has all the duties and responsibilities of superintendent, which to be sure he is well able to assume, fifteen years of thorough experience with the Southern Railway having well fitted him for all his duties. There was his car bearing on its side the name "Suffolk & Carolina" and there was a string of other cars, box and flat, bearing the names of other roads which form part of the great system of which the Raleigh & Pamlico Sound has now become so important a factor, for example the Norfolk & Southern, the Suffolk & Carolina, the Atlantic & North Carolina, etc.

Link in Great System.
I do not care how much of a traveler one has been, there is always a sensation in thus going over a new line of being a pioneer, and as you swing around the curves in the new country, the forest gives place to fertile fields and as you look ahead and see the "Blazed Trail" which the busy workers have made ahead, you feel in spite of yourself something like an up-to-date Daniel Boone, exploring a new country. The inception of this railway is due to two Raleigh men, Edward Barbee and Claude Barbee, and they certainly were not only seeing ahead, but were doing their city and their state as well a great service. They constructed and carried on things as far as they could. Unfortunately they could not get many people here to see what they saw and so realizing that they were doing the best thing possible under the circumstances they sold to the new company, which, to be sure, is pushing the work and which has millions where they had thousands. And now this line, so modestly begun in a private way, has become a link in a great system, which takes in northeastern North Carolina and divides everything with the Atlantic Coast Line and which will meet every move of the latter in the way of development and extension, a syndicate which has taken over the Atlantic & North Carolina Railway, the Newbern,

Pamlico & Oriental, the Roper railways, the Suffolk & Carolina, the Norfolk & Southern and other minor lines, and which has bought from a lumberman a billion feet of standing timber, not to speak of other billions which it has in other ways secured. It is a short hundred miles from Raleigh to good water at Washington and two thousand or more laborers are hustling every day to finish this fair stretch, which from end to end traverses a section rich in timber, and good farming lands, and which gives Raleigh a new outlet and inlet too. The company is building 200 miles of good line in all. Next summer a Raleigh man can take a car on this line, go to a point opposite LaGrange, there be transferred, car and all to a line connecting with the Atlantic & North Carolina and be whisked to Morehead City and Beaufort, or he can go through to Norfolk via Washington, Edenton, Elizabeth City, etc., and make the time about as quickly as it is now done over other lines. Raleigh will be three hours or thereabouts from steamboats at Washington.

Bridges Are Few.
From Raleigh to Chocowinity, which is on Chocowinity Bay on Pamlico River, is a trifle below Washington and the broad river will be bridges there, the distance to Washington being three miles. Above Washington, this stream is the Tar; below, it is the Pamlico. It is strange but true that in this hundred miles the line crosses only Crabtree Creek, two miles north of Raleigh, then the Neuse river, six miles out, and just above where Crabtree enters it, then the Little river, and there are no more streams. In other words the road runs on a ridge between the Neuse and Tar river. The bridge across the Neuse is surprisingly short—being a steel construction 150 feet long, and the stream looks but little larger than Crabtree. Little river is a small affair, say half the size of Crabtree, but lies in such a valley that the road crosses it on a trestle three-quarters of a mile long and forty feet high and this is now being filled in, it requiring 100,000 cubic yards of earth for the fill. There are other trestles on the line but these will all be filled. Some of the grades are as much as one and one-quarter percent but these will be reduced so that the maximum shall not exceed one per cent. In order to effect this there will have to be about a mile of grading in all, Mr. Robinson says, and the steel bridge across Crabtree will have to be raised three or four feet. The road runs really very straight. A railway is divided into what are known as residences, these being division under the care of a resident engineer. These residences are, with their engineers as follows: Raleigh to Zebulon, P. C. Cothran; from Zebulon to the 37th mile post, A. Snider; from the 37th to the 50th, J. T. Erwin; from the 50th to the 61st, J. O. Jocelyn; from the 61st to the 74th, George W. Davis; from the 74th to the 100th, at Chocowinity, J. B. Holt; from Chocowinity to Washington, D. P. Packard. Then from Chocowinity to Vanceboro, R. A. Colvin; from Vanceboro

to New Bern, A. L. Clark, and from Farmville to Snow Hill, no resident engineer as yet, and to Mackey's Ferry, E. G. Poss.
But to return to our trip out from Raleigh after this station survey of the railway situation. As we left the station a little after six o'clock in the morning, we first observed a force of graders building a 2,000 foot siding at the junction. This led me to ask Mr. Robinson a question in regard to the coming into Raleigh of the road and he said that this work would begin Monday, the survey having been made, the right of way having been secured, all the way to the station which is a couple of blocks north of Hillsboro street on West street and that the stakes had been set, so that the line is perfectly plain. It makes a sweeping curve out from the Seaboard Air Line coming up Pigeon House branch and so into the city, through the fields north of Glenwood and through that property. It seems that the road will not be able to get into the Union passenger station but will have its own depot, something like four blocks away. Pamlico Junction is only two miles from Raleigh but the cost of transferring cars from a road here to that road is certainly great. Mr. Robinson showed me vouchers which set forth that it ranged from \$9 to \$11.20. In one case it cost \$9 to get 2,100 pounds of firwood transferred, then it was learned that while firwood could be delivered on the cars at the end of the road, say at Wendell or Zebulon, at \$1.50 per cord and could be hauled over to Raleigh by rail. It is small wonder then that the company will push its line into the city and be rid of such exorbitant charges as these.

Some Clever Engineering.
The road runs along through the attractive farm of Mr. Lindsay, by the Holding dairy, where many fine cattle were standing in the grove, past a new brick yard owned and operated by the Raleigh Brick Co., then across Crabtree and down the latter stream through the flats of Marsh creek, past Johnson & Johnson's new brick yards, crosses the road to Millburn, at which point is located Mr. Boushall's lumber mills. Not far beyond this there is a very clever piece of engineering. Crabtree Creek made a horseshoe curve and J. M. Turner, then the engineer of the road, took the bold step of making the creek straight and thus saved two crossings and got a good grade. The creek takes very kindly to its new channel and the old one looks very queer. Not far beyond Neuse river another force of men was met, laying new rail and coming from the end of the road towards Raleigh, taking up the old rail which was bought second-hand and which is 60 pounds to the yard and replacing it with new 60-pound rail. The old will be used for siding. The road runs along the Neuse a little ways and then swings out into a country which becomes more and more attractive, in which there is a great deal of original forest and much old field pines, many of the latter trees being twenty years or more in age and as straight as arrows, very fine timber in fact. The land grows lighter in color and there is every sign of its being just the right soil for tobacco and so around the farm houses there are set tobacco barns and fields of cut tobacco show here and there. The corn looked very well. The first station out from Raleigh is Knightingale, eight miles away and the station building is painted a

deep green, this being the color of the railway buildings. As we go further logs begin to border the right of way and one cannot but think that if all this timber, a lot of which would have to be burned to get it out of the way, since it cannot be given away where it is, were here in Raleigh how much comfort it would bring next winter. The first station of importance is Wendell, which is eighty feet lower than Raleigh, being 285 feet above sea level. This place is due north of Clayton and thirteen miles away. It is a young town and is growing, and the principal building in it is the school house, where the flag floats in the breeze, the building being full of children and having four teachers, a very fine example of what a local school tax will do, coupled with consolidation of districts, and plenty of public spirit. It is no wonder that the first thing any Wendell citizen will show you is the school house. To a man, they are proud of it. The next thing they point out is that the land south of the road has been bought by J. P. Whitley, who built the cotton mill at Selma, and that he is going to build a cotton mill at Wendell, and so he is. He has already put in a saw mill and is getting ready to make brick and so he can do the building himself. He will also have a mill town with store, etc. Wendell is a place with a future. It is all laid out into town lots and the situation is excellent.

The Postal Line.
Great piles of rail line the track and there are no end of ties, of cypress, long-leaf pine and white oak. Mr. Robinson declares that the pine is the best of all and that it will last twenty-five years while eight is the life of the white oak ties. Long-leaf pines begin to appear along the track and just beyond the present end of the road the forest of them begins which extends all the way to Washington. Cans are noticed piled high with telegraph poles. They are for the Postal Telegraph Company, which is pushing its line as fast as the road builds. The Raleigh Telephone system is down as far as Wendell.

Zebulon is just beginning, but Mr. Robinson said that would be a place of note on the line. Building lots are sold, and to be sold, and the railway is interested in the future of this town. A depot is under construction. The timber is simply splendid and the land shows its goodness most plainly. Tobacco barns stand thick and on buildings here and there are seen the advertisements of the Wilson Tobacco Warehouse. Raleigh will have to strike in to get this trade. By the first of next March the line will be in operation to Wilson and Raleigh people may feel very sure that hustling town will advertise for all it is worth. Old towns like Raleigh must not think for an instant that new ones like Wilson are not formidable competitors. Never was there a greater mistake than this. Mr. Robinson remarked that last week he rode horseback all the way from Zebulon to Chocowinity. It was his first tour through that country and it impressed him greatly. We left the car at Zebulon and walked to the end of the line, rail-head being about a mile beyond Zebulon, and the right-of-way stretching out beyond through the woods and fields. The grading is under way about three and a half miles the other side of Zebulon and the grading force coming from Wilson towards Raleigh is about eight miles this side of Wilson, so the two forces are about 15 miles apart. All the graders are Italians. We talked with the gang three and a half miles from Zebulon, thirty-nine in number, or rather I should say we talked with the boss, who is Dominico

Faxon. He understands enough English to bring in a dollar a day or more than the other men get, their wages being \$1.50. Dominick as they call him said that in his own country the wages would not exceed 60 cents per day for railway work. He said the men lived for \$5 per month. If they get sick the railway physician looks after him. They are stout fellows, very dark, and dressed like ordinary Americans and they talk very little. One of them who was addressed as Paolo was driving a pair of mules to a big iron scoop, and he sat there so erect and so fearless of eye that one could not but hark back a couple of thousand years ago and think of some ancestor of this dark-browed fellow thus riding a chariot on some Roman holiday. The mules and their new Italian friend seem to get along very well indeed, for when I asked Dominick what he thought of it he said "Mule all right." It did not take but a few minutes to find out that the Italian has no love for the negro. Mr. Robinson said this was a fact. We went over to the place where the Italians lived; a big, old-fashioned farm house vacated by the people who had lived there probably three quarters of a century and with things tumbling down. Once the place had been very trim with all necessary out-buildings, but now the grounds are littered with beer kegs, and here and there in the yard among the shrubbery are those funny little ovens which the Italians build and on which they cook. They make wonderfully good bread and they can do almost anything with vegetables. Only they and the French have such a knack on these two things. We had brought down to them on our train 10 kegs of beer, and Dominick smiled very broadly when Mr. Robinson told them the beer had come. They cannot get the wine they love so they take the beer which goes to them twice a week. The woods thereabouts are full of the wild bullock and the Italians gather these and eat them joyfully, but strange to say they do not take kindly to the scurpion. Now Wendell, Zebulon, and that part of the country abound in scurpions, the biggest and the finest imaginable, as Mr. Robinson and myself discovered when we went to the hospitable home of Mr. Sidney Chamblee, who invited us to eat scurpions, which we lost no time in doing. He went out to the vine, and remarking that he had been sick for a day or two and didn't want to eat grapes, but did eat nevertheless, but presently he sat down, saying that as long as he stood up he was bound to eat. While we ate we talked with him to get his view of the railroad. He said he was very glad it had come and was very glad to see passenger trains put on the but seemed to be afraid it would make labor scarce. He admitted that it had raised the price of all sorts of things the farmer had to sell, saying that two or three years ago eggs were from 8 cents to 10 cents a dozen and now were 20 and that other things were doubled in that line, meanwhile in his yard turkeys walked around in fine yard, getting ready to come to Raleigh for Thanksgiving. Mr. Chamblee remarked that labor was greatly needed through the country and indeed this is the complaint everywhere in town and country too. I told him that a cotton mill man had told me a few days ago, that not a mill in Raleigh was fully manned for lack of enough labor. Negroes are very scarce in the country, that is on the farm, they having gone to lumber mills, tobacco factories, railroads, etc., where there is employment for them in mass. They like aggregation and not segregation; in other words to be together and not separated. We found that this was the reason why the places where the Italians now live had been vacated—the farmers could not get hands to work. Here and there in the cotton field we saw the farmer, his wife and children, advancing through a cotton field like a line of skimmers, picking as they went. It cannot be said in the country that "Everybody works but father" for he has to hustle these days. We saw him frequently at work Thursday.

Mention has been made of the Ital-

COMING THEATRICAL EVENTS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

and it must be remarked that they have nothing to do with anybody. They certainly work hard and to some purpose, and there are perhaps a thousand of them between Raleigh and Washington. They stay in their camp or at work and none of them come here or go to Wilson. Mr. Robinson said that the negro labor was the best of all, the Italians next and convicts last. The road employed 100 convicts but dropped them September 1. They had been employed for over a year. They cost \$1.25 and then the price was advanced to \$1.50. J. G. White & Co. have the contract for all the grading of this line, including the branch lines enumerated above. This is a New York firm which does work all over the country, being one of the most noted ones in the business. I asked Mr. Robinson when the road would be opened regularly for business say to Zebulon and he said certainly by January. It is going to take a year to finish it through to Washington. At Zebulon a steam shovel is at work, in charge of two young men, residents of that part of the county and they certainly make things lively. The great shovel never stops. With the clanking accompaniment of the clattering chains it sticks its nose into the banks, tears up a mouthful, sweeps out over the ditches and opens its jaw and with a rush there falls out a yard of earth, which is later carried away and dumped into the great fill across Little river, where there is eight months work ahead. These country boys do three times as much work with this shovel as experts have done before them. The shovel, by the way, belongs to the Norfolk & Southern. From Raleigh to Wilson is 48.2 miles and all this section is being graded by Italians. The section from Wilson to Chocowinity is covered with laborers, some Italians and some negroes, but in separate gangs. It is said that the road will be to Wilson by March if the winter is at all open. Overhead bridges are being built for the county roads. The general construction is to be a good class. The road means a great deal to Raleigh and I cannot but think that relatively very few people here realize this fact. In many ways it is important. It opens the best part of Wake—traverses a little corner of Johnson, cuts through Nash and Wilson, and so on. It will put Raleigh in touch with new markets, new people and new influences. In every way then the completion of this road or even the opening to Raleigh of any considerable section of it is something to be greeted with genuine pleasure.

Mr. Clarence O. Haines, the president, is a very purposeful man and his vigor is manifesting itself in many ways. The headquarters of the road are at Raleigh and here the shops ought to be, the location being natural for them. Wilson is already making an endeavor to secure these shops and it is certain that town will make an offer of site, think that relatively very few people here realize this fact. Such a chance is offered but once. Will the opportunity be grasped or will it not? These things very seldom come unsought. Raleigh need not think that because it is Raleigh it can secure things.

F. A. OLDS.

FAIR WEEK ATTRACTIONS.
Manager Hall has been diligent in his efforts to bring to the Academy strong attractions for fair week. There has been booked "Miss Bo Peep," "It Happened in Nordland," and "The County Chairman." All these bookings will have two night stands here during the fair, except "It Happened in Nordland."

The "Little Duchess," the play that will make merry here Monday night, was well received in Asheville. The Citizen prints the following criticism of the production:

"It was indeed a packed audience which greeted 'The Little Duchess' at the Grand Opera House last night. Was it the name of the opera that induced the crowd to go, or the magic name of Countess Olga von Hartzfeldt? It was the two coupled together—a real live countess in the title role (common enough on the continent, but quite a novelty on this side of the herring pond). To say that everybody was satisfied is saying far too little; 'delighted' is a much better word, and it fits the case to a nicety. Being a musical comedy, we did not expect a plot—and we did not get one—but we got everything else that was good and satisfying. Catchy songs, gorgeous costumes, chic girls, good music, splendid scenery—what more could you ask?"

To take the characters individually we must, of course, accord the honors of the evening to the countess. She caught the audience from the very beginning and held it right through in jest or sentiment. She covers a wide area of the art which she proved to the audience in her two songs, distinctly apart, "A Dip in the Sea," and "Back to the City." As an impersonator she has few equals; liken her to Vesta Tilly (who could easily be taken for her twin sister). In form, speech and manner, you find an artiste of the first water. She is not beautiful—but she is fascinating to a high degree; she has not a great voice—but she sings in an artistic manner, sweet and tender. Her voice is rather inclined to be metallic above soprano E, but it is a common failing, and is not to her discredit. Her enunciation is all that could be desired, her broad A's being rather more fascinating than damaging. Altogether the countess is a charming little lady and we look forward with pleasure to her return.

"Mr. Robert Lett, as the bathing master, may be classed as one of the best comedians seen here for some seasons, and his "Oh, Promise Me" was one of the hits of the evening. Mr. Irving Brooks, as the fencing master, had a part exactly suited to him, and it may be truthfully said that without him the show would be shorn of more than half of its fun. He is a clever comedian and well deserved the rounds of applause which were accorded him. Mr. Eugene O'Brien, as the American lawyer, had a small part, but what little he had to do he did well. A sweet and taking voice, and a pleasing manner are a combination you find in very few.

"The chorus did a lot of hard work and added in no small measure to the success of the evening. The opening chorus in the second act could be considerably strengthened, and so add more lustre to a decisively good production. Later, however, the girls warmed up and everything went with a swing and dash right to the finale."
(Other theatrical notices in 1st Section.)

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1906

MILTON & SARGENT ABORN Will Present the Charming Comedienne **COUNTESS OLGA VON HATZFELDT**
In the Great Girlical Soiree of Laughter and Song

"THE LITTLE DUTCHES"

With the Original New York Casino Production and a Selected Company including **ROBERT LETT** and Ten other Comedians with a Beauty Chorus.

The Gorgeous "Sadie" Girls, The Charming "Fencing" Girls, The Fascinating "Chloe" Girls, the Dainty "Bathing" Girls,
A FEAST OF MIRTH, MUSIC AND BEAUTY.