

News As Reported In The Enterprise Forty Years Ago

MAY 19, 1911

Williamston gladly welcomes to the legal fraternity Mr. Edward Bond, of Edenton, who has recently passed the State Board. Mr. Bond is the son of Honorable William Bond, of Edenton, and a brother of William Bond, Jr., of Plymouth, two lawyers of recognized talent and ability in the eastern part of North Carolina. Mr. Bond is an alumnus of the University and a member of the D. K. E. Fraternity, and his presence in Williamston will add much to the young manhood of the community.

Augustus Williams, who lives about three miles from Robersonville, reports that there have been between four and five hundred rats killed at his home for the past

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forty-five days. He estimates that they have destroyed ten barrels of corn for him this year.

J. C. Andrews, of Robersonville, received the sad news Tuesday that his son, Jasper, who is a student at the A. & M. College is very ill in the hospital. His many friends hope that he will soon be in school again.

The new Board of Trustees of the Robersonville Graded School met Monday night. They are R. E. Grimes, Chairman, J. L. Roberson, Secretary, J. H. Roberson, Jr., Treasurer.

Miss Bettie Roberson is visiting Miss Selma Everett near Gold Point.

Mrs. D. R. Roberson and daughter, Lizzie, of Robersonville, spent Wednesday in Greenville. Mrs. Ida Parker, of near Oak Grove, is visiting Mrs. J. E. Congleton in Robersonville.

A. E. Smith, of Robersonville, is making great improvements in his home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bailey, of Bear Grass, spent Sunday in the country.

Conoho Farm has been recently purchased by J. G. Staton for \$4,500.

Among the things to be noted under the present town adminis-

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Black Lace Negligee, Little Lie Pleases Dying Woman

By BILLY ROSE

The other day I got the following letter from a lady who is convalescing in a Montreal hospital:

Dear Mr. Rose:

Three weeks ago I was operated on for a leg infection, and since then I've been taking it easy, a little too sick to leave the hospital and a little so well to keep from wandering the fidgets. Consequently, I've been something of a busybody, hovering around rooms and corridors and passing the time of day with other patients. During my wheelchair travels I happened to come across a story which you might like to use in your column.

It has to do with a black lace negligee that I got for Christmas a couple of years ago—one of those lovely bits of peck-whoop that every woman adores. Unfortunately, however, I'm more the pajama type, and so ever since I got it it's been packed away in a bureau drawer.



Billy Rose

When I was rushed to the hospital last month, my sister stuffed everything that looked like bed-appeal into a valise and brought it around to my room, and sure enough, on top was the negligee, and sure enough again, it went right back into a bureau, this time a white one.

RECENTLY, HOWEVER, I finally got to use the negligee, and the way it happened was like this. A few doors down the corridor from me there was a Mrs. Benoise who was suffering from a disease with a long Latin name that I can't remember, but what I do remember is that I mounted to was a creeping paralysis which had started at her feet, worked its way up to her abdomen and was steadily moving toward the heart. And as if that weren't enough trouble, shortly after the woman had checked into the hospital her husband had been badly hurt in an auto crash—he had driven his car head-on into a truck which was parked without lights.

Last week when the paralysis got up to within inches of Mrs. Benoise's heart the doctors decided to let the couple see each other for that would probably be the last time. I was in Mrs. Benoise's room when they told her about the visit, but instead of peeping her up it seemed to make her more miserable than ever. When I asked her what was the matter, she said it was probably silly but she knew she looked a sight and she hated for her husband to see her in hospital clothes with her hair and face not fixed.

I had a talk with the nurse, and with the permission of the doctor we brushed back Mrs. Benoise's hair and put some make-up on her face, and for a final touch I got out my black lace negligee and slit it up the back so we could put it on her without having to move her around. And I'm not exaggerating when I say that when the dying woman saw herself in a mirror she looked happy for the first time in weeks.

OF COURSE, we all skeddaddled when her husband was wheeled in, his head bandaged and most of his body in a cast. And a couple of hours later the doctor came and told me that Mrs. Benoise wanted to thank me for the use of the negligee. Well, she could hardly talk, she was that excited. Her husband, it seemed, had complimented her on how lovely she looked and told her that as soon as he got out of the hospital he was going to buy her a dozen negligees like the one she was wearing. And just before they wheeled him out he promised her that he would be around the next morning, and asked her to please wear the negligee again.

He didn't get back, however, because that night Mrs. Benoise died, and everything considered I guess it was just as well.

Yesterday, when the doctor came in to see me, we got to talking about Mrs. Benoise.

"I'm glad I finally found some use for that silly negligee," I said. "At least Mr. Benoise will always remember how pretty his wife looked the last time he saw her."

"I hate to disappoint you," the doctor said, "but Mr. Benoise couldn't see her. He lost his sight in that car smash-up, and before I brought him into his wife's room I carefully briefed him on her make-up and how she looked in your negligee."

Anyway, that's the way it happened, Mr. Rose, and perhaps if you shuffle the facts around a bit it might make a story.

Sincerely,
Charlotte Ferguson.

tration are the working of a split log drag by Street Commissioner J. D. Biggs and Constable White, and the appointment of S. A. Newell to be Attorney General to look after the legal business of the town.

Mrs. Frank Britton, who lives near Skewark Church, accidentally swallowed some carbolic acid Monday. She was sick and Mr. Britton gave her a dose of medicine as he thought out of the pro-

per bottle, but it proved to be poison. Drs. York and Saunders were summoned and applied remedies to counteract the effect.

Friends of Mrs. Jesse T. Price will be glad to learn that she has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to visit relatives in the country this week.

Mrs. Morrison Betha and children and Miss Mollie Betha arrived here Tuesday afternoon and are occupying the Rectory on

Haughton Street. Burke Haywood Knight, who will graduate at the University of North Carolina this year, has won a scholarship in the Department of Chemistry there.

Robert H. Salsbury, of Hassell, was a pleasant visitor Monday. He was in town on business connected with a land sale.

Henry Clark and Miss Gertrude Whitehead, of Scotland Neck, were the guests of Miss Della Lanier on Sunday.

Misses Mac Bennett and Eva Wolfe went to Edenton Thursday. Norman Burroughs, of Everetts, was in town Monday.

Miss Euzelia Riddick left from her home in Wainstonburg, after spending a few weeks with Mrs. J. B. Barnhill in Everetts.

Miss Fannie Woolard, of Everetts, left Monday for Battleboro to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. George Harrison.

Mrs. Lucy Williams, of Washington, was the guest of Dr. John Williams in Everetts this week.

J. T. Barnhill, of Everetts, left from Richmond Monday to purchase a pair of horses.

Mrs. Ed James, of Robersonville, is visiting Mrs. M. F. James in Everetts this week.

A. S. Coffield was in Everetts Tuesday.

L. H. Bailey, of Everetts, was in town Sunday night.

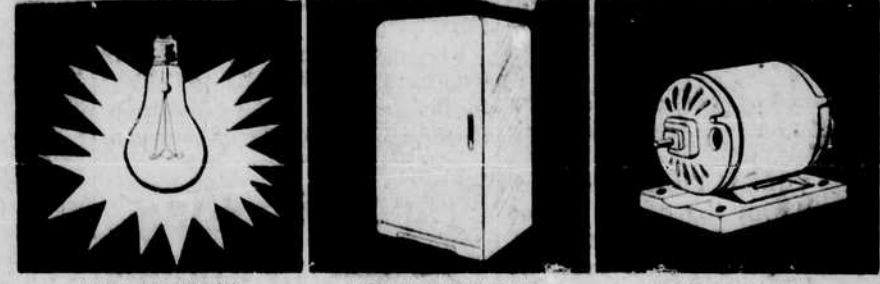
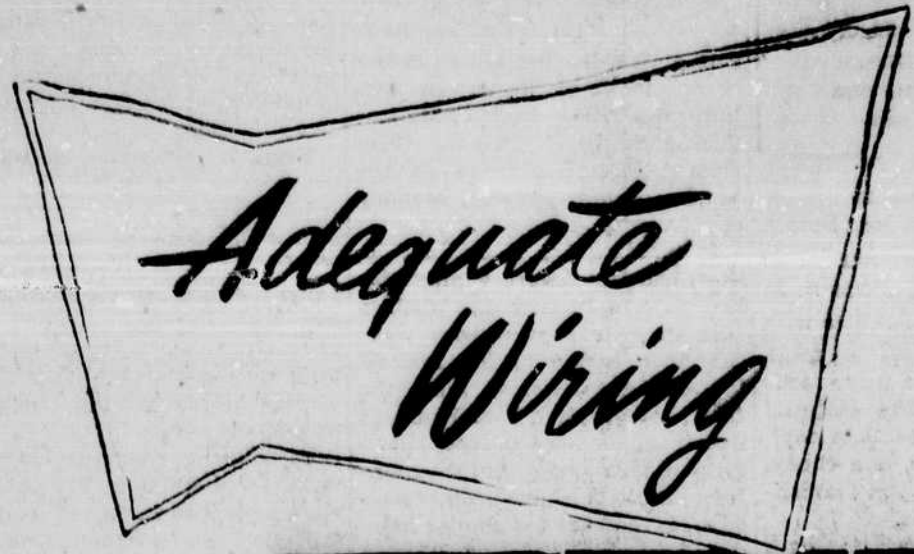
C. A. Askew, of Jamesville, was a visitor in Everetts Tuesday.

History reveals that most wars start in spring. Housecleaning must have something to do with this.

Visitor: "Poor fellow. I suppose you were tempted and fell?" Convict: "Yus, lidy — tempted by a andhag, an' fell over a perishin dog!"

Remember, girls, you keep him the same way you got him. It's better to drive slowly than to be driven that way.

An unwelcome guest is one of the best things going. A self-made man can't blame it on his wife.



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