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A GREAT INDUSTRY.

Caraleigh Phosphate Works—One of Raleigh's Manufacturing Plants that Has an Enviably Reputation and is Growing Every Year.

Fifteen carloads of the products of Caraleigh Phosphate and Fertilizer Works leave the factory every day. That means an output of ninety car-loads every week.

It means more. It means that the owners are getting a good living out of the business, that many people are employed, and that the farmers are getting first-class fertilizers.

About thirteen years ago the company was formed and the plant was established near Walnut creek, about two miles from the capitol. The Southern Railroad Company built a spur line to the factory and to the Caraleigh cotton mill. The fertilizer factory suffered a serious loss by fire a few years ago, but was rebuilt at once.

The officers are:

J. R. Chamberlain, President; Ashley Horne, Vice-President; Charles V. Albright, Secretary and Treasurer. Directors: J. R. Chamberlain, F. O. Moring, Ed Chambers Smith, Ashley Horne, S. R. Horne, J. W. Barber, A. Q. Holliday.

With those men behind it further recommendation is hardly necessary.

Within the past few months the same company has purchased a cotton seed oil mill and established a branch fertilizer factory at Wilson. Mr. F. N. Bridges is in charge there.

The Caraleigh Phosphate and Fertilizer Works manufactures fifteen brands of fertilizers, suitable for cotton tobacco, wheat and truck farming. Up-to-date machinery is used, both in the manufacture of the materials and in mixing the goods.

In order to build up a large business in a commodity like fertilizer, it is necessary to have a good article. The success of the Caraleigh Phosphate and Fertilizer Works ought to settle it that the goods are high-grade.

It is a home enterprise and does not belong to the trust, hence it ought to be patronized by North Carolina people in preference to any company in the business.

Many Wake County cotton and tobacco growers use the Caraleigh goods exclusively. This is as it should be, and we would be glad to see more of them follow the same course. We know the men who make the Caraleigh brands, and know that our farmers will not waste their money when they buy them.

The Terrors of a Snake-Dance.

The following description of a Moki Indian snake-dance appears in the March Woman's Home Companion. The writer thus describes the most dramatic part of the ceremony:

"Then came the snake-priests, who made a most dramatic entrance. Their bodies were smeared with red paint, their shins blackened and outlined with streaks of white.

"Four times they marched around the plaza, chanting their weird, plaintive music. Suddenly one of the priests dropped to his knees before the kisi, and reappeared with a rattlesnake in his mouth, holding the body midway between his teeth! This feat was performed by each man in turn in the march around the plaza,

dropping the snakes at certain points to gather fresh ones as they passed the kisi. Then a group of little half-naked lads from five to ten years of age, who were being initiated, were made to prove their bravery and courage by holding the snakes, some of which were so large that they hung to the ground as their wriggling bodies were held by grasping them just back of the head.

"At the height of the excitement, when the ground fairly heaved with snakes, that repeatedly coiled and sprang at the ankles of the dancers, and while those in the mouths of the snake-chiefs made ferocious efforts to strike, and turned themselves, twining around the necks of their captors, gasps of terror from the overwrought nerves of the women tourists awakened me from a trance of horror. Just at that moment, as if in answer to the petitions which the snakes are supposed to carry to the 'under world,' a rain-cloud swept down the valley, and a rainbow of promise unfolded like an opalescent ribbon across the wonder of an Arizona sky."

A Squirrel House Moving.

The beautiful gray squirrels in our large parks are a constant source of entertainment to children and grown-ups as well. An exchange gives this sketch of a harrowing experience in squirrel family life:

A large oak tree had become rotten with age and was cut down with considerable labor. In one of the hollow branches a squirrel family had established comfortable winter quarters, and their consternation when the blow began to fall upon the base of the trunk was pathetic. They raced back and forth in wild procession, jumping from tree to tree along the row and back again, as though fully conscious of what was going to happen. After the tree was felled, an investigation of the hollow revealed a prodigious and snugly constructed accumulation of cotton string, saw-dust, leaves, bits of wool, wisps of hay, probably taken from a nearby barn, and a quantity of nuts and acorns. Later in the day, after the workmen had gone and all was quiet, these stores were diligently removed to another tree hollow, all the members of the family assisting in the removal—a curious and interesting sight which was witnessed from several houses near.—Exchange.

Dresses for Babies.

In making dresses for children from six months of age up to five or six years more elaborate trimming and designs may be used than for baby's long clothes. Even with these short dresses, however, simplicity combined with good material will make the daintiest and prettiest dresses.

Materials for such dresses may be what the purse will allow. Wash-chiffon is a material that despite its name lends itself well to the needs of little people. It comes forty-eight inches wide, and costs but forty-five cents a yard. By making a dress the wrong way of the weave (which wears just as well as the right way), one yard will make a very plain dress, and one and a half yards will make an elaborate one for a child one year old.—March Woman's Home Companion.

A NEW EMANCIPATION.

Speech of Mr. C. M. Bernard at the Tar Heel Banquet on the 22nd.

Mr. Bernard said:

"The subject assigned me is so pregnant with thought and covers such a wide field for discussion that it is difficult to touch just the right spots in the few minutes at my disposal.

"Before the great civil war there existed in North Carolina and the South three distinct classes of citizens.

"1st. The aristocrats, who were the large land and slave owners and constituted the politicians and rulers. This was the autocratic and dominating class, whose authority and edicts in political management was as supreme as their power over the slaves on the cotton farms, rice fields and sugar plantations.

"2d. Were the merchants, tradesmen and manufacturers, a highly respectable citizen, but who dare not antagonize or stand in the way of the wealthy slave owner in his political ambition.

"3d. The white laborer who neither had the nerve or the intelligence to enter the political arena against the two other wealthier and more intelligent classes. This "caste" of Southern society and citizenship was as unbending and unyielding as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the direct outcome and result of the slave-holding custom of the South. These were the existing conditions when the war came on and at its end. Behold! old things had passed away, a new South had been born. Old barriers of 'caste' had been broken down and swept away, and brains and brawn soon forged its way to the front. The door of opportunity and hope had been flung open to every man in every walk of life, and we find ourselves again a State in this great union of States, under the broad republican principle of equality of citizenship. And many of us who sit here tonight around this festive board, the sons of slaveholding parents, who were taught that the 'Lost Cause' was a great calamity, have long since learned that it was a blessing in disguise, the greatest blessing that had ever come to our State and her people. The proclamation of Abraham Lincoln broke the shackles of four million slaves, but the result of this war did more, it broke the shackles of intolerant conditions surrounding the life and home of thousands of white men in the South and in North Carolina. And, as a direct result of these broken conditions, we see today our great State developing every branch of industry, power and prosperity. As we look abroad in this dear old State of ours today, we see the sons of the aristocrat, the sons of the merchant, the sons of the laborer, all working side by side with each other on the farm, in the shops and factories, for the upbuilding of our State. Today in North Carolina true merit wins, whether in the son of the lord of the manor or the son of the peasant. Under these changed conditions it has become possible for the sons of laborers to be the owners and managers of great industrial plants and cotton factories—the sons of that lovable old man who now lays at his home in Durham calmly waiting

the summons to eternal rest, to build up a tobacco business whose importance and magnitude has startled all Europe.

"The plow boy of Wayne became the educational governor of our State, and the obscure youth of Franklin County is now vice-president of the greatest railroad system in the South, and every day you may see the son of the aristocrat pull open the throttle of the engine at the signal of the bell cord in the hands of the son of the laborer, and in every avocation in life, as president of banks, in the pulpit, at the bar or in the stores and shops, mines or factories, it is merit and not ancestry which now wins in the great battles of life in our State.

"And last, but not least, these conditions have made it possible for the boy from the huckleberry swamps of Sampson; the apprentice printer boy from the State of Tennessee, to become United States Senators from our State, the highest office save one in this greatest country the world has ever known; and the barefoot boy from the mountains of Ashe County has twice been elected to Congress, and is this evening our honored toastmaster. All these blessings have come to us as a State and their people as a direct result through the great, broad, patriotic principles of the Republican party of the nation, which has taught us that we are one nation under one flag, whose greatest cardinal principle is the equality of citizenship."

How to Treat the Old Folks.

One reason why old people sometimes grow difficult and perverse and hard to live with as years increase is that they feel themselves of little use, and are afraid they are in the way. They need to be entertained. The cheery optimism of twenty-five is natural when the blood bounds in the veins, life is a pageant and you cannot count your friends, but to be gay at seventy-five is harder, for the lonesome years have found you out.

I would give the old lady or the old gentleman the brightest, coziest room in the house, but I would not expect him or her to stay there. Nor would I be on the alert every moment to save steps for the aged mother or father. They resent the best-meant endeavors to save them from fatigue, and don't wish to be cared for as if they were children. Also, these gentle and pleasing attentions suggest their feebleness. It takes a good deal of tact to keep old and actively inclined people, who have no longer strength to be active, in a mood of contentment and tranquility. But as we all shall, if we live so long, arrive where now they are, it is worth our while to be good to them—good and patient and jolly about it.—Mrs. Sangster, in the March Woman's Home Companion.

The prohibitionists can claim, and perhaps with truth, that it is no worse than when we had the open saloon.—Durham Herald.

One can imagine the shade of the Little Corporal standing at Oyama's elbow. A people he reckoned not have revenged his bitter retreat. And—queer changes occur on the military chessboard in a century—France is the only friend of the defeated!—Columbia State.