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## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

### Another Honor Has Been Thrust Upon Him—After Consulting His Doctor He Goes to Pittsboro for Perfect Quiet—A Few Historical Facts About That Town, and What It is Doing.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I got a letter from Betsy the other day that purty nigh took my breth erway. She writ that hit hez jist bin diskivered that the last legislater appinted me ter be a magistrate in Martin's Creek township, an' that I must cum an' take the oath ov offis or forever after hold my peece. I thought at first maybe hit wuz a skeeme ter git me ter go home. But she seemed ter be tellin' hit strate an' I soon begun ter feel the responsibility restin' upon my shoulders. I tole a frend erbout hit an' he sed I couldn't axsept, az I am alreddy consteable an' hit iz erginst the law ter hold two offises at once. But I figgered hit out that the supreme court mite fix up a new deal fer my benefit.

I went ter see my doekter whut hez bin offishiatin' sinse I went ter Ashville an' tole him how things were comin' my way an' axed him if my legislative lokermotive affixy wuzzent played out enuff ter let me go home. He looked sorter hurt an' 'lowed that I would be riskin' a bad relaps—ter go home when the battle wuz awlmost one. I argyed with him that the gude news hed made me a hundred per sent better an' that I wuz likely ter fergit awl erbout my disese when I git home an' put on the dignity ov a magistrate an' git ter handin' out justis. Finally he sed that if I would go sumwhar an' stay a few days in abserlute quiet that my disese mite git better so fast that hit would be safe fer me ter go home. "Awl rite doekter," sed I, "I'll go ter the woods an' live with the birds an' groundhogs fer a week or two an' then march home like a conquerin' hero." He 'lowed that hit wouldn't do fer me ter live in the woods an' be exposed ter the wether an' git my system full ov malary. "You must go ter sum quiet town an' conveyless fer a week or so." "How would Lincolnton do?" sez I. "Too blamed quiet," sed he, "a well man couldn't live twenty-four hours there onless he wuz an ole settler an' akklimated." Then I axed erbout Charlotte. He sed, "that iz a purty quiet town, but they air lible ter fire a saloot if some extinguished furiner passes thar on the train, an' that would jar your nerves out ov jint; an hit iz purty close ter the 20th of May, too, an' they air liable ter hev a racket then." I named over Weldon, Halifax, Edenton, Plymouth, but he didn't like eny ov them fer one reason or another, mostly that they had too many trains every day. "I hev hit, sez I, Pittsboro iz the place ov awl places fer a sick man ter go an' loze himself." "Iz hit a quiet place?" axed the doekter. "Beats a graveyard," sez I, "fer in a graveyard the wind iz liable ter whistel among the tombstones. In Pittsboro you kin hear your dinner digestin'. You mite stay thar a month an' not hear a dog bark, nor a rooster crow. They don't even celebrate Christmas nor the 4th of July." "Awl rite," sed the doekter, "go to Pittsboro an' do az they do."

I bought a ticket through ter Pittsboro the same day an' landed thar the next mornin'. I found that everything wuz still on the quiet thar.

Havin' nothin' else ter do, I have bin lookin' up the history ov the town, but I hev ter turn the leaves ov the history so easy that hit iz slow wurk. The town iz situated in the 45th degree ov longitude sumwhar betwixt Moncure an' Siler City, an' though they hev had a railrode fer many years a gude meny ov them haint never rid on a train yit.

The town wuz first settled in the year 250 B. C., by a few Greeks. After while they got lonesome an' went back ter Greese, via Wilmington, bearin' their gifts. Fer erbout 4,000 years nobody lived thar onless hit wuz Injuns. In the year 275 A. D., Major H. A. London an' R. B. Lineberry landed thar an' took perseshun in the name ov Julyous Seezer, the first war King. Several other families landed later. The number ov houses in the town iz limited an' nobody kin build a new one ontill one falls down. General Cornwallis spent a nite thar durin' the revolutionary war an' he mite have bin thar yit, but Major London got ter tellin' him erbout a big hornet nest that had bin found in Charlotte an' General Cornwallis had so much curyosity ter see whut a hornet nest full ov hornet eggs looked like that he went on thar az fast az hiz army could march. Az they wuz no vagrant law then Major London just told Cornwallis that ter git him out ov the town peeceably. Cornwallis never fergive Major London fer foolin' him out ov the town, though he found the hornet nest awl rite when he got ter Charlotte.

The prinsipal industry at Pittsboro iz the manufacter ov rabbits, which air shipped North by the carload an' et by rich peeple who git tired eatin' dymond back tarrapin an' frog legs an' want a change. Before money wuz invented rabbits wuz used in place ov money at Pittsboro, a rabbit bein' the same az ten cents now.

Another ole settler thar iz J. E. Morgan, editor ov the Pittsboro Enterprise. He iz kin ter J. Peerpont Morgan, but not quite az rich. Durin' the rabbit sezon he takes rabbits in pay fer the paper, but will axsept cash in a pinch.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

### The Newspapers.

Any man can take a newspaper. It is the cheapest thing he can buy. Every time a hen clucks and has laid an egg his paper is paid for that week. It costs less than a postage stamp, less than to receive a letter. It comes to you every week, rain or shine, calm or stormy. No matter what happens it enters your door a welcome friend, full of sunshine and cheer and interest. It opens the door of the great world and puts you face to face with its people and great events. It shortens the long winter nights. It is your advisor, gossip and friend.

No man is just to his children who does not give them the local paper.

No man is good to himself who does not take newspapers.—Greenville News.

## WHAT IS IT?

### The Charlotte Observer Wants to Know "What Is Democracy?"

The esteemed Charlotte Observer has an editorial headed, "What Is Democracy?" That is a grave question to be asking just at this time, but if there is anything that gives us pleasure it is to answer questions which a friend propounds. What is Democracy? Well, that altogether depends where you are—and what you want. Out in some parts of the wild and wooly west it is a divine inspiration at the ratio of sixteen to one. It means that the government should own the railroads—fix the freight rates; capture the telegraph lines; control the water works and the band wagon. In some parts of the South this epidemic is still on. In other parts of the country democracy means that anything to get there is all right—all right—and some are of opinion that it means progression, sound money; honesty, capability—but those who believe thus are said to be traitors and other fierce things. In Esopus last summer it meant that if a man was for gold he was all right—but the American people seemed to think that democracy as she appeared just before the funeral was a corpse. And believing it to be so, it was quietly laid away in its grave—and unless some resurrectionist has sought the cadaver it still sweetly slumbers.

Now that is what democracy is today. If you want to know what democracy was before the day of adulteration in politics and food-stuffs—in the days when the immortals belonged to the party and were patriots for party's sake and not for pie; the days when Jefferson and the other lads dished out the pure and painless stufh—well we e don't know about that so much.

However, as it looks now, there are about sixteen species of democracy—each wing believing it is right—and all the time and all the time, the republican party, because of these wild dissensions and these many vagaries which have been nursed into life by true or false prophets, has an increased majority—and the only thing to do is to get the corpse out of the grave, summons a coroners jury and decide for yourself.—Everything.

### A Joke That Went Wrong.

The "hunch," which may be called a premonition, is a wonderful thing. That it exists, there is no doubt. Almost everybody has "hunches" now and then, and they usually say they "worked out." Hay Clark, a traveling man who is at the Coates House, was in a sleeper bound for Texas recently when he had a "hunch" that an accident was about to hapen. "It worried me so I dressed and went into the smoker, three cars ahead," said Clark the other night. "Fifteen minutes later a broken rail wrecked the train and the sleeper turned completely over, injuring two dozen people. I escaped without a bruise." A doctor who lives at tht hotel smiled at this. "I had a queer 'hunch' once myself," he said. "I was in Denver and was walking along a very dark street about midnight. Suddenly a 'hunch' told me to turn off the street or I would be killed by a footpad. I

pulled myself together and scoffed at it. Half a block further a man stepped out of an alley and raised an iron pipe over my head. The blow, I knew, would kill me." "What hapened?" asked Clark. "Why," replied the doctor, "the 'hunch' made good." The pipe came down on my head and knocked my brains out." The doctor slapped his sides and laughed heartily. Clark was silent a moment. Then he said: "Well, doctor, I've often wondered what was wrong with you. That explains it." The doctor di dnot join in the laugh that followed.—Kansas City Star.

### Marse Henry at Pompeii.

Pompeii, as can be seen on every hand, was what Bulwer Lytten describes it, a toy city, given over to imitation and luxury. Rome set both the example and the pace.

The excavations which have proceeded for more than a century and a half may be said now to be fairly completed. Nothing more is needed to enable the archaeologist to reconstruct the life of the ancient Roman colony—nothing else to startle the modern seeker after the truth.

The temples, the villas, the theaters, the bath, the gardens, disintegrated at last, lies gaping to the skies in heaps of variegated marble and granite, whispering their story mayhap to the moon, yet telling it plainly enough to the passer-by under the common light of day; a story of indolence and frivolity, mistaken by the semi-barbaric mind for pleasure; of gorgeous displays in public places, mysterious orgies in private feasts incalculable; vinous libation to the gods; gladiatorial combats, chariot racing, human beings fed to lions; all in mimicry of Rome, of Rome already beginning its downward course toward the fall.

Art they had to decorate the scene, within and without the peristyle pictures and statues, arches and colonades in bronze and alabaster pophyry and carrara, made luminous by Tyrian dyes and a local red we have not been able to repeat, though much of it is quite restored.—Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Meeting of Cotton Planters.

A special meeting of Wake County cotton planters was held at Metropolitan Hall Tuesday at noon, called to order by A. C. Green. Speeches were made by Governor Glenn, Col. Jno. S. Cunningham, of Person County, President of the State Association, and others.

Owing to the short notice and the busy season the attendance was not large, but reports were satisfactory. Reports of reduction from the different townships were as follows:

Holly Springs 25 per cent, St. Mary's 33 1-3 per cent, Mark's Creek 35 per cent, St. Matthew's 25 per cent, Cary 28 per cent, Wake Forest 25 per cent, Raleigh 35 per cent, Swift Creek 25 per cent, Neuse 20 per cent, Little River 20 per cent, Barton Creek 20 per cent, Middle Creek 15 per cent, New Light 15, Houses Creek 25 per cent.

It is claimed that the reduction in fertilizers used will be at least 25 per cent.

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