

## THE RALEIGH ENTERPRISE.

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Thursday

BY

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Office of publication, Law Building, 331 Fayetteville Street.

Subscription Price: One Year, in advance, \$1.00.

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Entered as second-class matter May 12 1904, at the postoffice at Raleigh, N. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



The beef trust is still bull of the woods.

Bigelow is the name of the banker who made Milwaukee famous.

If a white man really was hung in South Carolina it was because he didn't vote with the Tillman regime.

The peach crop may have been ruined by the recent frost. But we will not believe it until later in the year.

Judge Moore did the Solomon act here the other day, but without offering to cut the aldermanic child in halves.

Many boys start out in life with beautiful prospects and visions of a useful career and wind up as members of a crank nine.

The Czar of Russia has made a deal with Mr. Charles M. Schwab, of America, to build a number of battleships. The Czar may not see his finish, but we see it.

Some people seem to think that the Governor of this State has more influence as Governor than he had when a private citizen. But that is a debatable question.

The alleged lynchers at Lancaster, S. C., were released, the magistrate declaring that there was no evidence against them. However, no witnesses were examined. More fake justice.

Yes, this is a big country. Plenty of work going on. In Colorado they are digging trains and things out of two feet of snow. In North Carolina we are busy picking strawberries.

It seems that it was all a mistake about a white man being hung in South Carolina. We thought it was too good to be true. But there is no doubt but that some of them should be hung.

Dr. Keller, the prescription writer, has been driven out of Charlotte. But, according to the latest crop reports, there has been no reduction in the prescription acreage in that miniature Babylon.

### THE MICROBE AGE.

For some years we have been passing through the microbe and parasite age. On every side we are beset with molecules, microbes, bacteria, germs and a long list of varmint, most of them too small to be visible to the naked eye, and they are too hideous in appearance for description when viewed through a powerful magnifying glass. They are so destructive to human life that, as the Irishman remarked, "it is a wonder that we live from the cradle to the grave."

According to some learned doctors those awful things are to be found in all the food we eat and all that we drink. The very atmosphere we breathe is thoroughly impregnated with death in every form. Butter-milk, a most palatable and refreshing drink, and the only one that one may take in every locality without fear and trembling, contains 97,000,000 bacteria to the pint by actual count. A dried prune contains a whole menagerie. A boiled ham, weighing a few pounds, contains enough of these varmint to kill a thousand people. Milk is full of tuberculosis. The wonder is that our ancestors, who knew nothing of the horrors besetting them fore and aft, were able to pull through at all.

But we will get out of this some time. In the near future the learned doctors will tell us that microbes, bacteria and germs are healthy, and they will raise them and inject them into the arms of people with hypodermics. Fads, fancies and fakes are constantly changing. For four thousand years bathing has been considered essential to health. Only the other day a professor whose name is known throughout the world, declared that the human race is deteriorating and attributed it to the senseless habit of bathing.

### DEATH OF GENERAL LEE.

In the death of General Fitzhugh Lee, which occurred last Saturday after a brief illness, the country has sustained a great loss.

General Fitzhugh Lee was not the equal of Gen. Robert E. Lee in any particular, yet he was a great soldier, a great citizen. He made an enviable record in the Civil War, and later as a statesman. As the representative of the United States in Cuba prior to the Spanish-American War under two administrations, General Lee won the applause of the entire country. When war had been declared he asked to be appointed a Brigadier General, and was in the thickest of the fight, brief though it was. Like General Joe Wheeler, he fought through the Civil War, but surrendered all enmity at Appomattox, became a citizen of the United States and died a soldier of the United States.

A mining company has purchased the old Bechtler mine near Rutherfordton and will work it with improved machinery. The owner of this mine coined gold into money by special permission from the government from 1830 to 1860. The "Bechtler dollars" are at a premium now in coin collecting circles. A mica and kaolin mine is owned by an Indianapolis company in the same locality, the kaolin being of an exceedingly fine quality.

The Democrats are still making threats against the trusts and the Republican administration is "prosecuting" and "investigating" them, but as far as we can see the trusts are having a perpetual picnic.

There is an old saying about the increased number of people who will call upon the Master in time of danger or trouble. Bryan and Parker can't speak a dozen words without saying something about Thomas Jefferson.

An old darkey tried to commit suicide at Asheville a few days ago, failed, and has been sentenced to two years in the pen. If he had tried to take the life of some other person the chances are that some namby pamby jury would have acquitted him.

Out in the State of Indiana where they ought to know better, they have a law that prohibits a boy from having a cigarette or cigarette paper in his possession. The manufacturers must have secured the passage of that law to boom their business.

The peach and strawberry crops are both mysteries. Only a few days ago it was reported that the trucking and berry interests in Eastern Carolina had been injured 50 per cent. Now news comes that the berry shipments total about \$100,000 per day.

### Learning a Boy's Age.

While the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse, and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family.

With grave incredulity he was saying: "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake."

The boy was positive; but to make sure, "Ma!" he called, "ain't I just nine years old?"

"Yes, son."

After a time he ventured: "Say mister, what made you think I was more than nine years old?"

"Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."—New York Tribune.

### The Kind That Succeeds.

A story of David Graham Phillips is told in The Editor. When he was a young man he applied for work on a Cincinnati paper.

"What can you do?" said the editor.

"I can try anything," replied the young man.

Thinking to rid himself of further importunities for assignment, the editor said:

"Well, write an article on bread."

It was a trying moment for the youngster, but he never flinched. All that night he collected material, and the next day reported to the surprised editor with a bright and newsy article on "The Bakeries of Cincinnati."

The young reporter was immediately engaged.

"The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions, whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice!"—Emerson.

### CREAM OF THE PRESS.

College commencements are almost ripe, and the earth will soon be under new management.—Puck.

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John W. Gates wants to know where all the blamed wheat in evidence at present came from, anyway.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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President Roosevelt bagged three bears, but Secretary Taft was not as lucky with the horribilis ursus asphaltus.—New York Telegram.

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His delay in joining the main Russian squadron may earn for Admiral Nebogatoff the sobriquet of Nevergethereovitch.—Baltimore Sun.

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Secretary Hay is recovering his health. Incidentally, he is spreading the glad story of the "big stick" through foreign lands.—Atlanta Journal.

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Who would ever have thought that Colorado was big enough to hold President Roosevelt and Gen. Sherman Bell at one time?—Chicago Journal.

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It does not seem a square deal annually to fasten on Thomas Jefferson the sins of omission and commission of the Democratic party.—Syracuse Herald.

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It seems the fight in Goldsboro was between a gambler on the one side and a Sunday-school superintendent with a gun in his pocket on the other.—Durham Herald.

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Having been obliged to have his valet arrested, the Czar is now confronted with the servant problem along with his other difficulties.—Washington Star.

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After trying to buy up all the wheat in America once or twice more Mr. Gates will probably appreciate that this is a pretty fair-sized country.—Chicago News.

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The poor young man who buys the large solitaire on the instalment plan is equalled in foolishness only by the sweet young girl who wears it.—Ohio State Journal.

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The man who thinks it is a crime to play cards, but considers it all right to carry a pistol and shoot a man, appears to be warped in his morality.—Wilmington Star.

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Many a man sets out for Immortality and reaches Oblivion; but he may find the road more pleasant and he may be just as happy when he reaches his destination.—Puck.

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Trust-busting has found its way into the South. The people of North Carolina propose to pitch in and knock the tar out of the turpentine octopus.—Kansas City Journal.

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One of the first things the Japanese conquerors did in Manchuria was to apply vigorous sanitary measures, a thing which in itself marks the Japanese nation as among the highly civilized peoples.—Seattle Times.

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"When John D. Astorfeller started in life he worked in a country store and was glad to sleep under the counter." "And now?" He's so troubled with insomnia that he'd be glad to sleep anywhere.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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If Wall-eyed Science keeps on she will determine that the cabbage snake will cure appendicitis. But under the State law if a man carried around with him a cabbage snake and a tape worm he would have to take out license for a menagerie.—Everything.