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**BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.**

**The Bilkins Family is Taking a Rest—Mrs. Bilkins Gets News of a "Clover Party" and the Major is Looking for New Trouble.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Jamestown, Va., June 18th.

Me an' Betsy an' Bob air sorter restin' on our ores now. Betsy hez bin goin' eround shoppin' so much that she iz plum tired ter deth. She hez bought so much trash ov one sort an' another that I'll hev ter charter a box-car ter take hit awl home when we start. Betsy 'lows that if we had a one-horse wagon we could hitch Bob to hit an' go home that way. But we hain't got the wagon, an' we hain't goin' home yit; that iz, me an' Bob air not. We air goin' ter Washington ter see Mr. Roosevelt. Hit iz a nice show here, but an' ole farmer like me soon gits tired ov ramblin' eround here. Ov course if Betsy would go home me an' Bob could git up a picnic or two an' paint things red.

I am havin' new trouble with Betsy. She got holt ov a paper sumhow whar it sed that sum ov the serciety folks down in North Carolina had bin havin' a "Clover Party." That got her awi upstot. Betsy don't put on many frills if she iz let alone. But she is mighty apt ter git exsited when she hears ov anything new. She wanted ter know rite off how ter hold a "clover party," an' 'lowed she wuz goin' ter git up one before the clover iz mowed. Hits beats awl how she wants ter take up everything ov that sort an' pracktis hit. I tole her ter keep rite still an' I'd write ter the editor of sum farmin' paper an' find out how ter run a clover party. So far az I could figger out, the closest guess I could make wuz a hay ride, which sum people in town air always crazy erbout. So far az I am concerned I git ernuff hay-ridin' when I mow the grass in my medder down on Terrible Creek an' the creek gits up and overflows hit before hit iz quite cured. When hit dries hit ain't worth fifty cents a load and iz az dusty az it kin be. When Bob eats dusty hay he coughs like he had hoopin' cough or bronkeetus.

I know that clover party business iz goin' ter be the last ov me, if I live ter git home. If I git up ter Washington I'm goin' ter ax Mr. Roosevelt ter issue orders ferbidin' the holdin' ov clover parties in ten thousands miles ov Bilkinsville. That will put a stop ter hit in my naborhood.

When I writ ter you last I tole you erbout Betsy wantin' ter go in surf bathin'. She hain't got satisfied yit. A woman hez a powerful lot ov curiosity. But I don't beleve she iz goin' ter take the risk ov gittin' swallered up by them whales or ov gittin' et up by sharks that weigh a ton.

Well, I'll hev ter close fer this time an' go up ter the liberty stable an' see if Bob iz farin' comfortable.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Oyster Bay will now wake up, sit up, take notice, and become again the "summer capital." It is understood that Oyster Bay greatly favors a "second elective term" for its most distinguished citizen.—New York World.

**The Hawks and Its Ravages Among Poultry—How I get Rid of Them.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I see an article in Progressive Farmer of March 7, 1907, from "Rustic," in which he says, "according to the authorities, there are seven or eight species of resident hawks in the State, and of these there is but one that can be considered at all as an enemy, and even then evidence is light."

I also have an article from Mr. C. S. Brimley, in the same paper, in which he says, "Only a few of these do any harm at all."

I will say in the outset, I was passing by a house in Sampson County. The lady saw me, met me at the gate and said: "There are two Frog hawks (butts of wings red), catching my chickens and carrying off as many as four chickens per day. I will give you that hen and chickens (chickens numbered eighteen, larger than partridges and fine), if you will kill them two hawks. I said: "I'll do it." I hitched my horse went to the branch, commenced calling, they came, I killed both of them, and picked them up and carried them to the house. She says: "I will catch the chickens for you." She said they always eat her chickens. I went to Mr. R. O. Berry's, in Wayne County. He said: "The Bluedarter don't bother my chickens; it is the Frog hawk (red shouldered) that eats my chickens. Last year I had 400 hatched and they ate up the last one of them." I killed thirteen that day.

Mrs. E. F. Hicks, of Wayne, sent for me. She wrote me that the hawks were eating all her profits; that she raised chickens to get her spending money and that the hawks were carrying off as many as eight per day. I went, hunted one day, and killed fifteen hawks. She said they never carried off another chicken in the whole year.

I traveled through South Carolina and Georgia and several counties in North Carolina. I have killed near 5,000 hawks and if you will give me space I will give a short description of the various kinds of chicken hawks—and what I will say regarding the depredations by hawks will be from personal observation, backed by the very best authority. I will now take up the various kinds of chicken hawks (I will not speak of any other):

There are six different hawks classed with the Bluedarter, which are described as follows:

1. Of which a small hawk, a little larger than the sparrow hawk, long-tail, speckled breast, with brownish back, wings a little rounded at the points.
  2. The same size and description as the above, except it has a red and white speckled breast, with back blue or purple; never trouble chickens they cannot carry away.
  3. A size larger than Nos. 1 and 2; color and shape like No. 1.
  4. Is the same size of No. 3, with back, tail, wings, and shape like No. 3.
  5. Is still larger than Nos. 3 and 4, with heavy body to size, long tail, brown back, brown and white speckled breast.
  6. Is the same size of No. 5, except they have red and white speckled breast, with blue or purple back.
- Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 will catch any

kind of chicken from the time they are hatched to the old hen, and are extremely bad for catching birds, young turkeys, ducks, etc. All the above described hawks have long, slim talons, and as sharp at the point as a needle, with an extra joint in the middle toe.

7. The Red-shouldered hawk has brown or red breast, dark brown back, the butts of the wings touched with red, somewhat short tail, white and dark streaks across it, and is claimed by a great many persons to be the worst hawk after chickens.

8. Is about the same size and somewhat shaped like No. 7, black and white speckled breast, with longer tail than No. 7, but not exactly the color of that of No. 7, with back somewhat on the brown order.

9. Is very much like No. 8, but has a trimmer body, long tail, with light purple streaks across it and dark bars between brown and nearly white speckled breast, wings sharp at points, and is one of the worst hawks for catching chickens, young turkeys, etc.

10. Is a hawk about the size of Nos. 3 and 4, with a very short tail, short legs, strong, sharp talons, blue or purple back, whitish-looking breast, wing sharp at points, makes a long, keen whistle, and is one of the worst for catching young chickens.

11. Is a very large hawk, back brown, tail red on top, breast white and brown splotches, and is very bad for catching chickens from the time they are hatched until they are old, also young turkeys, goslings, ducks, partridges and other birds.

All the above-described hawks are bad for catching and destroying poultry and birds, and the reason Mr. Fermaw and "Rustic" take up for and excuse them from doing damage is because they are not conversant with the habits of the hawks.

In answer to some inquiries I see in the papers—How to get rid of the hawks?—will say use Draughon's Hawk Collar and the shotgun.

H. H. DRAUGHON.

R. F. D. No. 6, Dunn, N. C.

**The Bad Son; or Children Are Not Always Blessings.**

"I wish I was a man," said a naughty little boy. "Why do you wish so?" said his father. "Because, then I should have a house of my own and servants and children, and all, to do as I pleased with." "How do you know you should have a house?" said the father. "Why don't all men have houses?" "Oh no, very few men own houses, and naughty children seldom have anything to buy houses with when they grow up. And why should you wish to have children? Do you think it is any pleasure to me to be your father?" The boy was silent; he knew he was naughty and disobedient. "You mean to have your children all good ones, I suppose," said the father? "Yes," said the boy. "But suppose they should be bad in spite of all your pains, what would you do then?" The boy gave no answer. "You would prefer to be without any children would you not?" said the father. "I think I should," said the boy, "and I begin to see that I must either resolve to become a better boy, or never expect you to love me."

C. H. WILLIAMS.

**A MAGIC CITY.**

**Wendell, the Game Little Town on the Raleigh & Pamlico Road, and the Builders of It.**

If you go out on the Norfolk & Southern Railroad from Raleigh, the road formerly known as the Raleigh & Pamlico, now a part of the system named above, you will see several new but enterprising villages and towns. About fifteen miles from Raleigh you will run into Wendell, one of the game little towns that is clamoring for recognition, and, is getting it. A year ago there was no town there, now you will think that you are hard by a city and may look for street cars and boot-blacks. Wendell already has two churches, a splendid school building and a bank. Mr. R. B. Whitley is President of the bank, M. C. Todd is cashier. It has ample capital for present and further demands, and can get more if needed.

Lumber is being placed to build a twenty-room hotel in addition to one there already, which is conducted by Mr. G. W. Ferrall, who also runs the livery stable.

Mr. R. B. Whitley has just started to build a large and handsome brick building, which will be the home of a bank, a drug store, and several offices.

Moss & Baptist are conducting a large veneering plant which will probably prove profitable.

Branch & Cook conduct a general repair and wood-working shop; also do blacksmith work. Mr. Cook came from Granville County, Mr. Branch was raised near Raleigh.

Mr. R. B. Whitley does a large business in general merchandise and is a moving spirit in everything going on. He was raised near Wendell.

Honeycutt & Johnson were both raised in Wake County. The firm does a good business in dry goods, groceries and other goods.

Dr. J. T. Allen conducts a very neat drug store and has a good medical practice.

The Wendell Supply Co. handles a general stock, including hardware and glass-ware. This company will soon erect a handsome brick store. The company in addition to merchandise of a general nature, handles buggies, wagons, horses and mules, etc.

Mr. E. V. Richardson, a Wake County man, conducts a large general merchandise business.

W. J. C. Richardson, who was raised near Wendell, but who lived in Johnson County a number of years, has moved back to Wendell. He handles dry goods and groceries.

The residences in Wendell are all new and nicely painted. A number of them would do credit to a larger town.

The town is situated in a good farming locality mostly sandy, but productive soil, and the citizens of that section are intelligent and thrifty.

Within five miles of Wendell there are sixteen sawmills in operation, some of them being very large mills. There is much valuable timber, especially pine, and it is being turned into lumber rapidly.

What shall it profit us to regulate the railroads, bust the trusts and exterminate the grafters, if the weather man be permitted to run amuck?—Washington Herald.