

# Raleigh Enterprise.

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**STILL AT JAMESTOWN.**

**Regrets That He Will Miss the Fiddlers' Convention—A New Burst of Reform in North Carolina—Would Help to Drive Old Nick Back Into South Carolina, if He Were at Home.**

Jamestown, Va., Aug. 28.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I see that they air goin' ter hev the Fiddlers' Convention at Raleigh next Monday. I am sorry I can't be thar an' hear them old-time fellers play a few jigs an' brake-downs. Hit would do me gude ter hear 'em, an' I'd love ter see Col. Will Andrews peradin' around tryin' ter see that everybody hez a gude time. But I can't be in two places at one time.

I notis in a paper that they air reformin' some more down in North Carolina. If this thing keeps up the State will be so gude by the time I start home that they won't let an old sinner like me git back into the State onless I perfess religion an' make a liberal contribushun ter the campane fund.

Acordin' ter the latest news that hez drifted into camp by freight trains an' peepie passin' through, they air goin' ter stop merchants from displayin' ladies stockin's in store windows in one ov the North Carolina towns. I fergit whether hit iz Durham er Brassfield that iz ter be purified.

Hit seems that I am awlways at the wrong place at the rite time. If I wuz at home I would join in that campane an' would saddle up Bob an' ride eround an' help chase old Nick across the State line inter South Carolina, where he originally cum frum. We can't be too careful how we manage them things. I beleve they call 'em hosery among the quality. That iz just a name got up by old Satan ter fool peepie. Hosery air very useful things, but hit iz powerful dangerous an' the Legislater orter be called an' pass a few special acks suppressin' hosery. I am in favor ov gittin' tergether fer the purpose of discussin' the hosery evil, an' ter form sum sort ov an' anti-hosery leegue, so hit will git into the party platform an' give a few polytishuns a chance ter go ter Congress.

I wuz discussin' the hosery question with Betsy sum time ergo, an' she sed hit wuz a shame fer the goody-goody peepie ter be razin sich a row erbout nothin' but a ordinary garmint worn every day in the year. I knowed then that sum fools hed got loose in the land, fer when Betsy says a thing ain't rite or iz rite, I know hit iz just that way, purvided hit ain't sumpthin' that changes my arrangemints. She iz the best an' the smartest woman in the United States.

I am fixin' ter go home soon, an' I want hit fully understood before I go home that I hev never knowed Betsy ter be wrong about anything, an' if she wuz I wouldn't speak ov hit in publick, nor in her presence, fer sich things awlways rile Betsy, an' she makes hit hot fer me. But I awlways miss Betsy when we air far apart. The only time that I wuz erway frum her long an' sorter fergot her wuz durin' ov the war. I got exsitement ernuff then an' didn't miss her so much.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

**On the Seashore.**

Correspondence to the Enterprise.

Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 21st.

Your correspondent having been enjoying the surf bathing for a week prior to the date of this letter at the two beaches adjacent to this growing city, it remained for him to cap the climax of his enjoyment when 103 orphans from the I. O. O. F.'s Home at Goldsboro, accompanied by their kind and efficient superintendent, Mr. Brinson and four lady teachers—the annual guests of the Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebecca Lodges of Wilmington, arrived. They were given a free ride on the steamer Wilmington, by its noble captain and owner, John W. Harper, to Carolina Beach, which is also owned by Capt. Harper. After surf bathing—free—and a bountiful dinner, given by the Daughters of Rebecca and Odd Fellows, whose guests the orphans were, a creditable concert was given by the orphans, which was greatly enjoyed. The day having been spent happily by all present, the return to the city was enlivened by beautiful hymns and songs, rendered by a picked choir of the orphans.

Friday night Capt. Harper gave the orphans a moonlight ride up Cape Fear River fifteen miles; then five miles up Northeast River; then down to the "Dram Tree," three miles below the city, and back, which was free, and greatly enjoyed by the large crowd, orphans and others.

Free ice cream and cake were dispensed to all aboard by the Daughters of Rebecca. The people of Wilmington did all they could to make the motherless and fatherless children have a grand time, and they succeeded.

While the attendance of guests at the Beach hotels has been splendid for the months of June and July, the month of August has not been as good on account of the Jamestown Exposition—a great many Wilmington people and outsiders having chosen August in which to attend that great show.

Great improvements are to be seen in this city, the largest being a six-story apartment house, corner Fourth and Market Streets. Several large five-story brick stores have been finished during the present year. In coming to this city, we had occasion to stop over at Fayetteville, our train on the Raleigh and Southport having reached that city four hours before the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad train. Fayetteville shows a great impetus in the building lines since the Raleigh and Southport Railroad connected it with Raleigh, the trade of which has also increased. Sewerage system is being laid and work on the new street railway has been begun at Fayetteville. The Observer has recently added a linotype machine and Brother Hale informs us that he is prospering. Mr. Garrett, a clever gentleman, is foreman of the paper. The Highsmith Hospital is a magnificent institution, and is a credit to the city. A general remodelling of stores on Hay Street has taken place. A new \$75,000.00 Missionary Baptist Church is nearing completion and

ground has been broken for a new Methodist Church. Haymount is now in the corporate limits, and is a poem of loveliness. Our homeward trip to Raleigh began Sunday, August 25th.

Yours,

P. W. MCGOWAN.

**Interesting News Notes From Eastern Wake.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

The farmers of this section are rapidly gathering in their tobacco, which is moderately good.

Mr. and Mrs. Jennie Williams and their little son, St. Elmo, who have been visiting their relatives, Mr. William Davis and family, have returned to their home at Hamlet.

Miss Annie Dodd, of Spring Hope, is spending sometime with her sister, Mrs. Ivan Jones. The young people of this section are pleased with her presence, as she is one of Spring Hope's charming belles.

The friends of Mr. Joe Peeples are deeply grieved and shocked to learn of his severe illness. He was stricken with paralysis of the brain while in Rolesville last Friday, and is in a very serious condition. He is at the home of Mr. Newton Stells. The writer sympathizes with him and his family.

Little Miss Beatrice Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Jones, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Dodd, of Spring Hope.

Miss Lillie Jones spent a few days with relatives at Bunn last week.

Dr. H. Perry, of Bunn, is at home this week with his father, Mr. William Perry and family.

S. F. L.

Raleigh, R. F. D. 7.

**The Oak and the Poplar: or Ill Weeds Grow Apace.**

"How slowly you grow," said a poplar. "When I was no bigger than a man's thumb, you were as big as his leg, but now I am as big again as you are."

"I am not to blame," said the Oak, "if there be any blame in the matter."

"You may not be to blame," said the Poplar, "but you must be very inferior to me. I was planted because your growth was so slow that our owner lost all patience."

"I did not know that," said the Oak. "But now I understand the matter. You grow fast, but do not last long. By the time you are dying, I shall be in my glory. I had rather not live so fast and live longer."

C. H. WILLIAMS.

A dispatch from New Bern says that Barbara Tatum, colored, who lives in Pamlico County, became enraged at two small negro children who were playing near her home and fired on them with a shot gun. One of the children died in four hours and the other was not expected to live. The woman is in jail.

At Wilson Sunday Howard Johnson, a negro, entered the home of Nora Mabry, a married colored woman, and asked her to sit on his lap. She refused, and he shot her so she died a few hours later. Johnson emerged from the house with the pistol in his hand and ran. He was captured after a short chase.

**A Boy's Influence.**

A colonel in a Southern camp overheard an excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and law-breaker, and when the war broke out, he was given his choice to enlist or serve a term in jail.

The colonel was about giving an order to suit his case when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said, "Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling around with another half-uttered oath, he saw a red-cheeked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, Little Piety," he said: "I didn't know you were here," and he walked away, apparently more abashed than if an officer had silenced him.

The life of this little lad—"Little Piety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the war of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow-privates, became the favorite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable ways. In his character, religion was something more than an adjective, and the nick-name the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At the reunion of his regiment, long ago, the colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanishing names of the old muster-roll, and said, at last: "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts."

"We know whom you mean," the men answered. "We shall never forget Little Piety."

The colonel repeated the story, old, but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, when the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be sent to the front "with the boys," and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle, and the after-scene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to out-grow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men, mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge, and near the head of the line, with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky, we found Little Piety.

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live-oak, by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved, 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller, a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not."

"You remember Little Piety?"

"Yes."

"And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?"

"Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado, and came out a man, and Little Piety's influence opened the way for me to do it."—Selected.

He who wants little always has enough.