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BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

The Latest Fad in North Carolina—The Major Will Give John Barley Corn and the Railroads a Few Well Directed Blows—Wants More Work and Less Play at Washington.

Jamestown, Va., Sept. 10th.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I see that Statesville and Taylorsville have both selybrated what they call "Everybody's Day," an' that they hed a grate time, includin' plenty ov whiskey an' other refreshments, notwithstandin' the Legislater. But nobody got drunk, so far az I kin tell from this distance, or frum readin' ov the newspapers. But they only tell the funny side ov them big hollydays, and leeve the balance to the imaginashun an' the police courts.

Az I am sorter on the perlitycal highways lookin' fer perlitycal lightnin' ter strike me, I reckon I'll hev ter fall in line an' give the railrodes an' the whiskey question sum hard knocks. In North Carolina there air pollytishuns holdin' jobs by becomin' that never seed a railrode in their that never seel a railrode in their lives an' who aint drawed a sober breth in twenty years. They jest jine in with the crowd an' open up on the trale because they think hit will pay, an' mayby hit does pay. I know a whole lot ov peepie livin' in North Carolina that orter be brought here to Jamestown an' be put on exhibishun az the greatest livin' curiosities ever seed outside a circus tent. Sum ov them stand so strate that they lean backwards.

I see in the papers that the Governmint hez bin two hundred years behind the times in the matter ov printin' paper money, an' I reckon that helps ter make hit scarce. That iz one ov the reasons I wanter go ter Washington an' see if I can't git sum ov them new, fast runnin' printin' presses started ter run in the job offis where they print the paper money so hit kin be turned out faster. I hear that they hev bin usin' the oldest worn-out Washington hand-presses they could git holt ov fer printin' awl the paper money an' that a feller works on the plates ter print the money fer years at a time. When I git thar I am goin' ter take President Roosevelt out in the woods sumwhar an' tell him what I think ov sech foolishness. By usin' a Washington hand-press a feller that wants hiz job ter last a lifetime kin put in erbout six weeks a-printin' two or three \$2 bills an' then wate two weeks more fer the bills ter dry. I'm goin' ter urge Mr. Roosevelt ter put awl them old-fashioned hand-presses into the sellar ov the Treasury Department an' put salt and vinegar on them so they will rust out an' then buy sum new printin' presses that run by steam or elektrissity an' that print 20,000 \$10 bills every day in the year. If he don't listen at me an' akkt accordingly, I will cum out fer William J. Bryan, of Nebrasky, an' git him elekted an' let him move his newspaper offis ter Washington an' print money day-an' nite an' ship hit out till peepie will git tired lookin' at hit.

When I get up ter Washington they iz several things that I wanter remedy. But, ov course, I can't tell awl erbout hit before I git thar an'

look 'round an' git on ter the way they hev ov not doin' anything fer the country till we air awl dead an' in our graves. Erbout awl the members ov Congress an' the other hands do up there iz ter draw their pay an' try ter git their salaries raised. I am goin' ter tell Mr. Roosevelt an' awl the Congressmen an' Senators that I kin run up with that we plain cityzens an' taxpayers want them ter work at least two hours a day.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Wakefield News.

Correspondence Raleigh Enterprise.

Have you ever seen a negro run by steam? Dr. G. M. Bell is going to get his "nigger" (that packs cotton that comes from the gin and put in the press) to run by steam. He is almost ready now to go down on a bale. A steam-fed "nigger" does five times as much hard work as one fed on watermelons and cider. Who can doubt it?

Mr. Dennis Johnson, of Tarboro, N. C., came down some time ago and said he was going to move back home this fall (one and a half miles north of Middlesex, Nash County, N. C., where he moved from fifteen or sixteen years ago.

Mr. David Daniel, of Nash County, near Turkey Creek, speaks of moving near Wakefield or Zebulon, to get the benefit of the school here. Come on; we like good citizens.

Mrs. Penina Brantley had a light stroke of paralysis some time back, but is up now, able to walk about.

Mr. Bill Liles has sold his place here at Wakefield to Mr. Paul Jones, and is talking of building and moving to Zebulon. There are several Wakefield people going to Zebulon, according to indications and talk.

We have had a long dry season of late, until one night recently, when there came a very nice little sprinkle.

Mr. John A. Kemp was taken ill at Washington "on his way to Baltimore," and John G. Kemp, "his son," has gone to see him. Hope nothing serious is the trouble.

People have nearly finished curing tobacco now, but cotton pickers can begin to repair their weak backs, for cotton is now opening.

A protracted meeting is going on near here, at the Wakefield Central Baptist Church. May much good be done.

I believe all the sick are doing well now, except Mr. C. M. Griffin's family, three members being very unwell yet.

A Matrimonial Question.

If Mr. Nick Batchelor was to ask an old gentleman for his daughter in marriage, and the old gentleman said: "Go out into the orchard and bring to me a parcel of apples, give me half of what you bring, give the mother half of what is left and half an apple over, and to the daughter give half the remaining apples and half an apple over and keep one for yourself and not cut nor mutilate an apple in any way. If the daughter is then willing you can have her." Can Nick get his girl? How many apples must he bring to the old gentleman? TARGET SLOCUM.

Wakefield, N. C., Sept. 10, 1907.

If there is no love in the heart, there will be no liberty in the home.

Hickory Grove Items.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Mr. J. D. Underhill and son, Odie, returned yesterday from Louisburg, where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr. W. W. S. Riggsbee, of Durham, left last week for home, after spending a week with his wife and baby, Helen, who are spending the summer at Mr. J. D. Underhill's.

Dr. H. P. Underhill, of Wendell, was a visitor here Sunday. He recently moved to Wendell from Kenly, and will practice there.

Miss Lula Horton has just returned from Louisburg, where she was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Arnold.

Mr. O. W. Underhill left yesterday for a visit to Jamestown, and from there he will go to Washington, D. C., to resume his studies at Gallaudet College.

A large stock of new fall goods has just arrived at the store of Underhill & Horton.

Mr. G. W. Underhill, of this place, has gone to Wakefield, where he will take a course at the Wakefield Academy.

A prayer meeting was conducted Sunday evening at the Hickory Grove Sunday-school by Mr. G. W. Underhill and Mr. B. M. Massey.

Many friends will be glad to learn that Mrs. J. D. Underhill, who has been ill, is about well again.

Mr. J. R. Strickland, of Richmond, Va., is visiting relatives here.

Hickory Grove, N. C., Sept. 10.

Unwise, if not Unjust.

It may not be proper, but the Landmark is constrained to say that the penalty suits recently brought against the Southern by parties in Alamance County are, in its opinion, unwise if not unjust. These penalty suits are for failure of the Southern to put on the reduced rates July 1st. By agreement the reduced rates were put on August 8th, and Governor Glenn promised to use his good offices to prevent the bringing of any more penalty suits or indictments against the road. Under the circumstances it looks like persecution of the Southern and open defiance of the Federal Court, and that after the State had gained all it asked in the preliminary settlement. Judge Pritchard has cited these parties to appear before him on the 17th. What he will do or what he has the authority to do we don't know, but if he punishes somebody for contempt the sufferers will deserve little if any sympathy.—Statesville Landmark.

Stop It.

Pants are made for men not for women. Women are made for men, not for pants; when a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses, they are thinner in hot weather, thicker in cold.—People's Paper.

A Dangerous Plaything.

John Dunn, aged 14, and Fee Dunn, aged 9, colored and cousins, were playing with a pistol near the Southern Railway freight station Saturday afternoon. The pistol, of course, went off and a bullet went through the shoulder of Fee. He is at the hospital and may get well.

An Accident.

Some time ago Sam Crane had an accident. It was not a great surprise to those who knew Sam well to hear that he had met with an accident, for he was a venturesome lad, and people often shook their heads, and said, "Sam Crane will come to grief some day, if he is not more careful."

On the day that the accident happened, Sam had started off in the morning to take the train to visit his grand-parents, who lived a few miles in the country.

Now the train that Sam was to take left very early, and he had been told several times that he must make an early start in order to catch it, but somehow he paid little attention to what was said, until it was almost time for the train to leave. Then he put on his cap and rushed around to the railroad depot, just in time to see the train pulling out of the station. Making a desperate effort Sam ran toward the train in a frantic attempt to jump aboard, but before he could reach the last car of the train, he slipped on the platform, his ankle turned over under him, and when he tried to rise from the ground, he found that he had badly sprained his foot.

Fortunately a doctor was among the passengers waiting in the station for another train, and so after Sam had been carried into the waiting-room, the doctor tied up his foot in a bandage. Just then along came two girls whom Sam recognized at once. They were his cousins, and as soon as they saw Sam they came forward eagerly to ask what had happened. Sam explained to them the accident that had occurred, and they listened with sympathy.

At last, when he had finished, they asked, "How are you going to get home, Sam?"

For a moment Sam looked puzzled, for he had not thought of that problem as yet.

"I tell you what I will do," said one of the girls. "Papa is just going out for a ride in his automobile, and I will telephone him, and ask him to come and take you home."

"Oh, you are awfully kind!" exclaimed Sam.

"That's nothing, Sam," she replied. "If I were hurt, I know you'd do anything you could for me."

So in less time than it takes to tell it, Sam's cousin had called up her father on the telephone, told him Sam's difficulty, and in a short while the automobile was at the station. It did not take long to carry Sam to his home, you may be sure, and soon he was made as comfortable as his sore foot would allow.

That day Sam learned a lesson which he has never since forgotten. He always gives himself plenty of time, now, whenever he has to catch a train and it is not likely that such an accident will ever happen to him again.—Apples of Gold.

Professor Lowell says that Mars is the abode of intelligent constructive life. Did he get permission from you know where to commit himself so far? How would he like to be branded as a science fakir?—New York Sun.

The greatest thing in the world is the Church of Christ serving God and humanity.—Rev. W. T. Richardson, Ph.D.