

# Raleigh Enterprise.

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## BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

**The Railroads and the Politicians—Bilkins Finds it Difficult to Tear Himself Away—Politicians Took Advantage of His Absence to Organize a New Party, if Certain News is True—Will Write to Col. Fairbrother.**

Jamestown, Va., Sept. 18th.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I hear that you air goin' ter hev sum more gay ole times in North Carolina this week. The pollytishuns air goin' ter reform the railrodes sum more, usin' the Supreme Court az a cloak. Ov course they ain't no pollytishuns on the Supreme Court bench. I know this much erbout hit, an' that iz awl I do know: if the railrodes hev got wurse than the pollytishuns they orter be hauled up an' be punished till they air willin' ter do better an' cry ennuff in tones ov grate mental anguish an' other toothache symptoms.

Hit seems so pleasant here that I can't git erway. When Betsy left here to go back ter Terrible Creek she thought I wuz plum ready ter go ter Washington. I thought so, too. But Bob hez tuk a fancy ter the baled hay that they feed him on here an' I may hev ter git out an' injunckshun with habeas corpus attachments before I kin git him erway frum this Exposishun an' awl the wickedness goin' on erround here. The real truth is, that I hev spent nearly awl my money an' I may hev ter hold an' eleckshun an' sell bonds before I kin git erway.

Another reason that I am stayin' close ter the shore iz that I hear that Col. Al Fairbrother hez discovered that a new party iz erbout ter be flung upon the air in North Carolina. Hit seems like every time I git out ov the State sumpthin' goes wrong. If them fellers don't know that the dymakrat party iz gude enuff fer awl purposes sumbody orter inform them. Why, fer a long time we didn't hev any churches down on Terrible Creek an' didn't pay much attention ter preachin' fer we wuz sartin' that the dymakrat party filled awl demands. But after tryin' Grover Cleveland an' five-cent cotton and fifteen-cent corn in the White House, fer a few years sum ov us got sorter skeptickal an' got ter goin' ter church now an' then. And the number of churches in Middle Creek, Panther Branch and Holly Springs Townships air still on the increase.

I got holt ov a copy of Col. Al Fairbrother's paper yesterday. Hit iz published at Greensboro, Guilford County, N. C., whar most everybody lives, accordin' ter the latest census. But Col. Fairbrother iz awl rite, regardless ov the census. I uster meet up with him sumtimes when I hauled terbacker ter Durham ter sell. He wuz runnin' ov a daily newspaper thar then called the Globe, an' hit wuz a purty warm world he wuz git-tin' out.

Col. Fairbrother sez that erbout twenty-five promernent sitizens of North Carolina held a Conference, which iz the perlitical name fer a confab, not long ergo, an' that they decided ter git up a cummittee ov one hundred promernent sitizens an' let that cummitti start a movement fer a new an' conservative party in North Carolina, a party that will not rip, rave nor run down at the heel.

Now, I ain't goin' ter jump into a new party till I kin git close ernuff ter hit ter see the color ov hits eyes. But if hit iz better than anything now playin' behind the footlights I'll take hit down on the shady side ov the barn an' look at hit an' see whut hit iz made ov.

I know one thing rite now: if they do git up a party ov that sort Governor Glenn, Congressman Pou, Will Kitchen, an' Jodeseevus Daniels will accuse every prominent man belongin' to hit ov bein' an' offis-seeker.

I hear that they hev so many ortermobiles in Greensboro that they air drivin' awl trade erway frum the town. People go to other towns ter trade instead ov riskin' their horses runnin' erway when they meet up with ortermobiles. Maybe that iz like the grate populashun story sent out a few days ergo. My private opinion iz that they hain't got over three or four ortermobiles in Greensboro an' two ov them wuz won in a guessin' contest.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

## Small Boy Drowned.

William Taylor, colored, aged ten years, a nephew of H. B. Taylor, a painter, was drowned in Walnut Creek, near the city, Sunday afternoon between five and six o'clock.

The Taylor boy and ten others about the same age went to the creek for a swim. At that point the water is quite deep. He was about to walk into the stream on a rock which was wet and slippery when he fell, his head striking the rock, and it may have produced unconsciousness. The boys were all small and were probably too much frightened to make any effort to rescue their companion. Some of them ran for help, but it came too late.

## Chicken Takes Free Ride.

On Hillsboro Street Saturday a chicken ran in front of a rapidly moving street car. The car passed over it and did not stop. When the car arrived at the end of Blount street the conductor found that the chicken had hopped upon one of the bumpers of the car and had ridden more than two miles and was uninjured.

## Dr. Perry and Miss Gentry in Collision.

News has reached here that Dr. Perry and Miss Gentry were both injured at Wakefield by a reckless negro driver a few days ago.

The negro was driving a wagon at a rapid rate of speed and met the couple who were in a buggy. He drove into the buggy, damaging it and throwing the occupants of the buggy out. The negro disappeared from the vicinity before he could be arrested.

## We Guess So.

"Hell is full of peek-a-boo waists," says a minister. We thought they had gone somewhere, for actually we haven't laid our eyes on one this year. We didn't know they had gone to hell, though. If that preacher told the truth, no wonder so many people are traveling the downward road. Peek-a-boo shirt waists are the same as a circus when it comes to drawing a crowd.—Mocksville Record.

## NEWS FROM WENDELL.

### A Chapter of Accidents More or Less Serious.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Wendell is still moving to the front; building progressing. Mr. R. B. Whitley will soon have his large four-story brick building completed. E. V. Richardson will move into his new store this week. Work is progressing on the hotel. Quite good breaks of tobacco every day.

Fodder saving is about over and the farmers have begun picking cotton in earnest. There will be several cotton buyers on the market this fall.

Wendell is having its share of accidents. Last Wednesday Mr. Charlie Hobgood's infant fell in a bowl of starch and its hands were scalded very badly. The same day a Mr. O'Neal, living just out of town, had a child to get scalded in a pan of hot water.

Last Saturday Mr. E. B. Christmas was oiling the machinery at his saw mill. A belt broke, struck him upon the feet and legs and threw him down, bruising him badly.

He is now getting on very well. Yesterday (Monday) was the worst of all. Ferny Baker, working at Morgan and Richardson's saw mill, fell on the driving belt and was carried to the drive wheel. He broke one leg, one arm, and cused the muscles on the other arm. One side of his face and head was badly bruised. He will lose an eye.

About the same time Mr. Baptist, proprietor of the planing mill, had his arm caught among the knives of a machine and it was ripped open.

George Debnam, a colored man, was trying to prevent a wayward son from leaving home, was fired upon by the son, inflicting a flesh wound through the thigh. Late in the afternoon Mr. Charles Anderson drove in with a young man from his saw-mill with two toes cut off by axe.

All are doing as well as could be expected.

W. H. HESTER.

Wendell, N. C., Sept. 17, 1907.

## Barbee-Smith.

Mr. Edgar W. Barbee and Miss Katharine M. Smith were married in this city Tuesday at noon. Rev. R. F. Bumpas performed the ceremony. Mr. Barbee is the son of Mr. Ed. B. Barbee, and Miss Smith is a daughter of Mr. Sam T. Smith.

## They Fall by the Wayside.

There appears to be some real prohibitionists in Raleigh, but the other crowd always manages to find some way of heading them off.—Durham Herald.

At Charlotte one day last week Lloyd Gribble, nine years old, climbed up forty-seven feet on a tower of the Southern Power Company, squeezed through some bars and climbed out four feet on an arm to touch an electric wire. He wanted to see what effect touching the wire would have, and he was killed.

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;  
A living sermon of the truths he taught."

## My Sacrifice.

Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,  
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake.

I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;

But here I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;

And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand  
How when I yield Thee this I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze can see  
Struggles of passions, visions of delight,

All that I have, or am, or fain would be—  
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.

It hath been met with tears, and dimmed with sighs,  
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none.

Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,  
The prayer ascendeth—"May Thy will be done!"

"Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail;  
And merge it so in Thine own will that I

May never have a wish to take it back;  
When heart and courage fail to Thee I'd fly.

So change, so purify, so like Thine own,  
Make Thou my will so graced by love divine,

I may not know or feel it as mine own,  
But recognize my will as one with Thine."

—Selected.

The statement that the President will send to Congress in December the biggest message ever transmitted to that body should not surprise anyone. The country is getting bigger all the time, why shouldn't Presidents' messages keep up?—Philadelphia Press.

If \$30,000 was really all Messrs. Rogers, Archbold, and Rockefeller can be averted to have contributed to the Harriman peace fund in 1904, some may think now that such a small advance payment for peace entitles them to delivery only on the installment plan.—St. Louis Record.

The exposure of one of the great California landgrifters came about because of his refusal to shake hands with the "dummy" who had made fraudulent entries for him. Yet we are told that the personal factor has been banished from the large affairs of modern life.—New York Evening Post.

Arrangements have been made for the bringing of a damage suit against T. Edgar Cheek, assistant teller of the Citizens' National Bank, at Durham, on account of the killing of little Ethel Horner, the three-year-old daughter of R. D. Horner, August 30th, by an automobile being driven by Mr. Cheek.