

For the Enterprise.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Earnest Willie—My Trip to Lancaster—And Other Things.

You really must excuse me, Mr. Editor; it was just impossible for me to give you that write up of Earnest Willie's lecture last week. But if you will give me a whole side of your paper I will try to make amends for breaking my promise.

As the readers of this paper know, I am a great admirer of Earnest Willie.—I admire anybody who has pluck and energy and perseverance and brains and a true heart,—and since meeting him and spending several days with him, I, if possible, admire him more than ever.

Lancaster people will patronize lectures. Representative citizens told me that they feared they would not; but they simply didn't know their own town. The people flocked out to hear Earnest Willie, surprising my informants, surprising Manager Bryan, and surprising me.

When I told him frankly what I had been told about Lancaster not being a lecturing town, he said: "You just wait; I'll show you and I'll show them whether I can get a crowd there or not." And he was right—he did get a crowd.

The more meeting and exchanging hardly more than a dozen words with Prof. Mann impressed me, as I remarked at the time to Mr. Upshaw and Mr. Bryan, that he was a bundle of push, pluck and energy.

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grow for him! One little black-eyed sprite remembered that I, too, love flowers, and acted accordingly—bless her sweet little self! (I say "love" flowers, for flowers and girls being akin, and the sight of one bringing up the memory of the other, "like" is not expressive enough.)

I don't think I ever saw many things more beautiful than the children of the Lancaster Graded School looked as they marched out of their rooms to the music of the piano to hear Earnest Willie make an address.

I wonder how many of you—you little girls and boys—know that little verse that you were promised a memento if you could keep it in your minds for a certain length of time?

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could relate many of them—of his sympathetic disposition and kindness of heart. Going along the street he saw an old man walking with a crutch. Stopping the old fellow he told him that after being shut in so long that when he went out he wanted to shake hands with everybody, and he would shake hands with every one who had to use a crutch.

I wonder if it would not be news to most people to be told that Bill Arp, the noted Georgia philosopher and humorist, has just been in this State lecturing? But to how many people would it be news to be told that Earnest Willie has been here?

Let's suppose there was a gifted and ambitious boy who, just as he was entering upon the threshold of young manhood, was hurt, so severely that for many years he was confined to his bed, suffering much of the time as no one without unlimited pluck and power of endurance could suffer and live;

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of his entertainments—the very same in every respect that other people gladly pay to attend; and suppose there is one man in the audience that greets him—only one man in all that great crowd—a pretended friend of that other young man—who refuses to be entertained, who sits glum and sour looking, with his face drawn out to an unmeasurable length, as if his last relation were dead and he himself were in jail—to see whom was as if a wet blanket were thrown over one; and not satisfied with this, and with talking in his own town, suppose he were to go to a neighboring town where that young man was billed to speak, and on the next day he was to speak, and were to go around telling people that he had been disappointed in the entertainment he attended, and all that kind of thing, thereby hurting that young man in his business—suppose a man were to do this, I say, what would you think of him? Could you find words to express your opinion of such ungrateful, unfriendly, uncharitable conduct?

I came home by way of Kershaw, where I stopped to "stake in" the latter part of the District Conference. Sunday morning I attended Sunday school at the Baptist church—a Sunday school that the members of that church have every reason to be proud of; then went to the Methodist church to hear Dr. John O. Wilson, editor of the Christian Advocate, preach.

Not counting the sight of the man with the immeasurable face, only one little thing occurred while I was gone that I cannot look back to with pleasure, and it is too small a thing to mention, and I wouldn't mention it if it were not for the opportunity it gives me to tell a little joke at my own expense.

Just after the services were over at the Methodist church it began to rain. There are reasons why I should not get wet if it can be helped, and there was a reason why I could not wait till the rain was over,—it was one o'clock, and a good dinner was ready for me at my cousin's across the street,—so I turned to a young person of the female persuasion standing near me and asked her to lend me her umbrella for just a minute, and promised to send it back at once.

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ebony-hued "son Thomas" who presides over the soda fountain that I couldn't pay for them. When Stratton came in—all who know Stratton know why I did it—I told him that Thomas had refused me credit for two soda drinks. "What," he said; "Thomas wouldn't credit you with ten cents? Well, I'll tell you—Thomas is a mighty good judge of human nature." And so with that girl—perhaps she, too, was a good judge of human nature!

And now— "Here's to the Enterprise—enterprising and grand; May it scatter its pages all over the land!"

That's not quite up to the J. Gordon Coogler standard, but then—I'm not a Coogler; and it'll do!

W. C. GAUTHEN, (JUNIOR), Oakhurst, S. C., May 29, 1897.

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