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**WASHINGTON NEWS.**

**The Hawaiian Prince Did Not Enjoy His Visit—One of the Vanderbilts to Get an Appointment—The Japanese Prince and His Suite—Civil Service Gets a Jolt.**

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.  
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Kananalanaole is coming back, and so is Mrs. Queen Lil Dominis. Prince Cupid did so many things, and was permitted to cut so small a figure in a social way in Washington, that he went back to Hawaii in disgust, and said he wasn't coming back to Washington. We didn't feel a bit bad when he said he wouldn't play on our cellar door any more, but if he will behave, and not get pouty he may come back and welcome.

Cornelius Vanderbilt will be first secretary of the United States Embassy in Berlin. The President will make the appointment it is said to reward Mr. Vanderbilt for his services to the Republican party in the campaign. Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife, who was a Miss Wilson, have lived much in Germany and are great friends of the Emperor, by whom they were entertained and who visited them on their yacht, so that the appointment will be a good one in that respect at least.

Before leaving Washington, Prince Fushimi, the representative of the Japanese Emperor, sent to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Hay, each, a gift from the Mikado, in the form of a large teak-wood chest mounted in solid silver and of great value as pieces of artistic workmanship.

The chests were eight feet in length, three feet wide, and about 18 inches tall. While the outsides were comparatively plain, the interiors were intricate mazes of drawers, boxes and small compartments of every conceivable size and shape, and each bearing some precious treasure from the rich storehouses of Japan.

Silks, embroideries, fans, carvings and other articles representing the most artistic workmanship of his countrymen were within. Sandal wood, cedar and teak-woods, with inlayings of mother-of-pearl and metals, combined with different kinds of sweet odored woods entered into the ornamentation of the tops of all the receptacles in the chests.

The presentation to both Mrs. Roosevelt, who was absent from the White House, in New York, and to Mrs. Hay was accompanied by notes of courtesy from the Prince.

Here's where Civil Service gets another jolt. Col. John B. Brownlow, who was recently dismissed from the service of the Government by Postmaster-General Wynne, the recommendation for the dismissal having been made by the late Postmaster-General Payne, brought the fact of his dismissal to the attention of the Civil Service Commission. Colonel Brownlow declared that his severance from his Government position was in violation of the Civil Service Rules, and so protested. In reply to his protest, Colonel Brownlow received the following from Gen. John C. Black, President of the Civil Service Commission:

"In reply you are informed that where a removal is made for any cause other than one merely political or religious, which, in the opinion of the officer making the removal,

will promote the efficiency of the service, the commission has no authority to interfere further than to see that the procedure required by the rule is observed."

This is exactly what has always been held against the Civil Service Commission, that it is an expensive piece of Governmental machinery, to be used when convenient to keep people in Government service or to help them out, just as the wheels are ordered forward or reversed. The President of the Civil Service Commission says in just a few words as it can be stated that if those in government employ have neither religion or politics, there is nothing that the Civil Service Commission can do to protect them; that outside of those two fruitful sources of kicks and knockouts, the Civil Service Commission has no jurisdiction.

Secretary of the Navy Morton, is the crack tennis player of the Cabinet, and one of the best men with the racket in Washington. The President has formally challenged him to a series of contests, and the White House tennis court, which it is said cost \$2,000, has been "done over" for the Autumn games. New drains have been put in and the surface made as smooth as a billiard table.

**"Checkers" and "Wattsine" are Two New Substitutes for Sowpaw.**

In the trial of a well known case here before Judge Justice at the last term of court, a witness said that after a certain occurrence he went down street in another town and got a bottle of "checkers." This puzzled the court greatly until it came out that this was a special brand of sowpaw put up to be sold in prohibition towns as medicine. This stuff is put up by a liquor concern in Winston, and we see it stated that the State Chemist has made an analysis of it and found 32.60 per cent alcohol. It is said that whiskey contains from 40 to 45 per cent alcohol, and it can well be imagined that the man with a thirst could do very well on "checkers." The same crowd from Albemarle that brought the first news of "checkers" over here, also said that another famous substitute for sowpaw in another town was known as "Wattsine," being named in honor of the author of the Watts bill.—Monroe Journal.

**The Tarantula.**

Tarantulas are plentiful in the rough broken country in the southern part of California. They are repulsive looking creatures, with fat, hairy bodies, over-plentiful wiry legs and cruel poison mandibles. They stay in their burrows during the dry season, but as soon as the rains begin they sally forth. The tarantula constructs a very skillful burrow and nest in the ground. It has a cover so nicely fitted that it can scarcely be detected from the surrounding soil. The cover opens and shuts upon a hinge, and on the inside are holes, into which the occupant thrusts his mandibles and thus "holds his fort" against intruders.

Lodge swapped a Democrat into the Governorship of Massachusetts to get a Legislature that would return him to the Senate. What a beautiful wooden-clock peddler he would have made.—Macon Telegraph.

**LETTER FROM BILKINS.**

**Christmas Brings on a Good Deal of Talk — Mrs. Bilkin's Not Hard to Please, But an Expensive Present is Always in Style — The Major Gives in, But They Can't Agree on the Kind of Furs as a Present.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Me an' Betsy wuz a talkin' over matters the other nite an' she brought up the question ov Christmas. I knowed whut wuz a comin'; she wanted ter find out whut I wuz goin' ter give her fer a Christmas presint. Owin' ter the course cotton is pursuin' towards the zero mark, I felt that she orter spread hit on sorter lite this time. But wimin and childrun sorter fergit awl erbout sich things when they air a lookin' fer presints. She lowed: "Zeke, dear, air you goin' ter give me a presint this year when Christmas cums eround?" "Ov course I am," sez I. "Tell me whut you want, my dear, an' I'll git it or bust a trace." "Oh, I don't want much," sed Betsy, "just sum little trinklit ter show that you haint fergot me." "Name the medisin," sed I. "You deserve a presint that will cost a millyun dollars," sez I, "but I can't afford it, owin' ter the perpendicularity ov cotton. But jist give me a hint an' I'll do the rest." Betsy lowed that I cumplained erbout the cost ov her trip ter Fuka Springs last summer and she hed purty nigh made up her mind not ter expeck eny presint this year. But az you hev bin eleckted consterable an' the President may cum ter see us, I wanter be fixed up sorter dignified. Would a set ov furs be too much?"

"Bless your life, Betsy, you deserve awl the furs betwixt here an' the North Pole. But it will take forty bales ov cotton ter buy furs that air eny gude. But if you hev sot your heart on furs, I'll try ter git 'em. I'll see if I kin sell my cotton an' the farm an' part ov the stock an' buy 'em. Mite az well live while we air a livin' an' then go ter the poor house fer the balance ov the time. What color do you want, black furs, blue furs, red, green, or yaller? Do you want mule furs, cow furs, hog furs or rabbit furs?"

"There you go now. I knowed it," sed Betsy. "You can't talk over a little Christmas presint without gittin' riled or gay; one or the other. I'll pick the color ter match my cupleckshun. Who ever herd ov hog furs or mule furs?"

"Can't prove hit by me," sez I. I wanted ter know an' thought maybe we could kill our own furs rite here on the farm an' they would cost less. I believe in rasin' home supplies."

Well, the long an' the short ov hit iz that the Christmas presint ain't no nearer settled now than hit wuz a week ergo. I guess we will hev ter refer the whole thing ter The Hague fer settlemint.

ZEKE BILKINS.

**Poison for Cholera Victims.**

"Some years ago I found myself in the city of Buenos Ayres at a time when the cholera was raging in that capital," said a traveler.

"It happened that as I walked along a public thoroughfare one day while the plague was at its height I saw a man fall to the ground, and I

surmised that he had been stricken with the dread disease. Before reaching him I noticed a policeman approach the unfortunate and administer a drink to him from a bottle which I had no doubt contained a restorative or some kind of medicine. At the same time the policeman blew his whistle for an ambulance.

The vehicle came very quickly and yet before it arrived the man was dead, and it was a corpse that was removed. I remarked to the officer that the medicine had been of no avail. "Certainly not, senor," he answered; "it was not medicine I gave him, but a deadly poison. That is the way we have to do now to check the spread of cholera. Besides, the man would soon have died anyway."

"I never experienced a deeper feeling of horror in my life and looked on the policeman in the light of a murderer. Yet he doubtless regarded what he had done as in the nature of a disagreeable necessity, and, politely bidding me adios, went his way."—Washington Post.

**A Singular Coincidence.**

One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1889 Mrs. K., a Northern woman, said to her husband: "I don't know why it is, but all the afternoon I have been thinking of our old friend, Emma, is Natchez, Miss. We have not heard from her for several years. I believe that I will write to her." She did so. The letter was mailed that evening. It would reach Natchez on the next Tuesday. On Tuesday morning Mrs. K. received a letter from Emma, dated Sunday afternoon, commencing: "My dear Mrs. K., I don't know why it is, but I have been thinking of you all the afternoon and concluded that I would write to you. It has been several years since I have heard from you." Hence these two ladies, one in the far South, the other in central Illinois, were thinking of each other, writing in almost the same language and evidently at the same moment.

**A Ramble in Russia.**

In the farming districts of Russia it costs 38 cents to hire a horse for one day and 34 cents to hire a man.

A lieutenant in the Russian army is paid about \$200 a year, a captain about \$300 and a major \$450. Kuropatkin is getting \$100,000.

The Russian customs law imposes a fine of two-thirds the regular duty on imported goods the quality of which has been misrepresented.

A gold collar with a medal of Notre Dame des Dunes has been sent to the Czar of Russia by the fishwives who presented a golden fish to the Czarina four years ago and promised to pray that a son might be born to her.

When the present Czar was Czaro-witz he was attacked by a fanatic in Otsu, Japan, and two jinrikisha men assisted in rescuing him from his assailant. They have received a pension from Russia ever since. This year it was forwarded to them as usual, much to their surprise.

**The Judge at Repartee.**

"Did you ever try any of our whiskey, judge?" asked the dealer.

"No," replied the judge, "but I tried a man to-day who had."—Judge.