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WASHINGTON NEWS.

To Cut Out Military Maneuvers— Judge Baker Reinstated—Consul Davis to Be Down and Out—Presi- dent Needed a Rest—Burke Cockran Changes Hats With Himself.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

The disposition of the House Military Committee is to cut the appropriations for the transportation of Regular Army Troops to the annual maneuvers such as were held at Manassas. The committee members have all along been skeptical of the wisdom of such maneuvers when the enormous cost is taken into consideration. Occurrences around headquarters at Manassas last September have only confirmed the committee members in this view. Accordingly, from the present plans of the committee, the total appropriation for transportation of the army for the next fiscal year will be \$12,000,000, a reduction of \$3,000,000 from the appropriation under the same head for the present fiscal year. The reduction will be effective in preventing the massing of troops for such maneuvers. Then it is the intention to without any appropriation for the transportation of the National Guard.

Judge Baker, who was Judge of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, and who was removed by the President, was reinstated. It was announced at the Department of Justice that the Department made a full and fair examination into the alleged irregularities in New Mexico, and then it recommended the removal. The President immediately chopped off Judge Baker's official head. Judge Baker, very much alive descended on the President here in Washington, and in an hour's talk convinced him that the order of removal was unjust and unfair, and the President immediately ordered Judge Baker reinstated. Judge Baker, smarting under the injustice of the whole thing, after he had been exonerated, proceeded to resign.

One day not so very long ago Consul Davis, at Alexandretta, did a very foolish thing. The Sultan had a birthday festa. Consul Davis got spunky at something that happened in Alexandretta and pulled the American flag down from where it was flying over the Consulate. Of course the Turks got mad—mad as hatters. They complained about it to the State Department, and now there is one Davis out of diplomatic service, or will be just as soon as an appointee can get to Alexandretta to take the place of the unwise man.

President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation to attend the Lincoln day dinner, to be given by the Republican Club of New York on the 13th of next February. The invitation was extended by William D. Murphy, of New York, on behalf of the club. The President will deliver an address at the dinner.

President Roosevelt was mighty glad for the Christmas recess of Congress. He was nearly worn to a frazzle by the pressure of callers and business. It is said that never in the history of the White House has a President seen so many callers and listened to so many tales of woe in the same length of time as has President Roosevelt in the three weeks

that Congress has been in session. From 9.30 until 5 in the evening he has given up his time and attention to public business and has seen callers every day, except on Cabinet days. Several hundred visitors a day have been received, these representing simply those people who came to pay their respects to the President and who were after nothing. The President earns that little \$50,000 all right.

This sounds funny, but it is true. Bourke Cockran drove up to the Capitol the other day in a handsome sleigh, holding the reins over a spanking fine team, and beside him a valet. The "gentleman from New York, Mr. Cockran," wore on his head a soft brown felt hat, pulled down over his ears. The valet held in his lap a hat box. When Mr. Cockran alighted at the White House door, he pulled off the soft felt, took from the hat-box his "chimney pot," set it on his head, and in the attire of a "gentleman," entered the House doors.

Senor Ojeda, Spanish Minister, has received permission from the Spanish Government to sign the Spanish-American arbitration treaty.

Push the Good Work Along.

The Durham Morning Herald says: "The question of building the Durham and Raleigh trolley line is now up to the Raleigh and Durham Passenger and Power Company. All franchises asked for have been granted by the authorities of Durham County and city and Wake County and Raleigh.

Durham County was first to act and the franchise was granted. This was followed by the Durham Board of Aldermen and then the matter was taken up by the commissioners and aldermen on the other end of the line. The franchises are granted so that the company will have no trouble in getting their line through Raleigh, Wake County, Durham County and Durham city.

"When this matter was first made public it was stated that if the proper franchises could be secured that the line would be built, the work to begin as soon as possible, certainly not later than this spring. It was stated that the company would spend more than a half million dollars and that the line would be one of the best that could be built, giving ten cars each way each day, with a schedule of not more than an hour.

"Since the franchises have all been granted, it is now a matter entirely with the company."

KILLED HIS SON.

Alleged that George Holloway Killed His Own Son in this County.

A terrible story comes from the northern part of this county. The report is that George Holloway, a farmer living about three miles from the Falls of Neuse, recently struck his eleven year old son with a stick and the boy afterwards died.

Holloway has sold his belongings and disappeared. It seems that it was not known at first that the boy was killed.

Mr. J. E. Spence, of New Hill, is attending the Grand Lodge.

LETTER FROM BILKINS.

Mrs. Bilkins Gets Interested in John W. Lawson, but Can't Learn Much About Him—The Major Was Billed for a Sensation, but Refused to Furnish a Subject for the Funeral.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I wuz sittin' readin' the other nite an' Betsy wuz doin' likewise. She sez: "Zeke, who iz this feller John W. Lawson they air paradin' in the papers so much?"

I tole her I didn't know, fer sartin', but he seems ter be a mighty man. She sez: "But what hez he done, whar did he cum frum an' whar iz he goin'?"

"My dear, it would take ten professors with a cord ov books ter answer awl ov that. I guess he wuz once a poor barefooted boy like the balance ov us, wuz razed on a farm, an' finally drifted ter the city ov Bosting an' preceeded ter flim-flam every rich man there. I've read that he hez made several fortunes an' then lost 'em just ter show they wuz no hard feelins. He hez tried awl the get-rich-quick games exseptin' the newspaper buziness, an' he iz writin' fer the magazines now an' practisin' up ter go inter the newspaper buziness. One ov hiz tricks iz ter buy a rocky bit ov ground an' call it a mine. Then he sells stock an' pushes the price up out ov site.

John W. Lawson ain't afeard ov the Goulds, Vanderbilts nor Jno. D. Rockefeller. He tole Rockefeller that kerosene oil would cure dandruff an' got him ter put it on hiz hed till awl hiz hair cum out. Ole man Rockefeller wuz hopin' Lawson wuz tellin' the truth an' he wuz goin' ter make a few hundred milluns by formin' a trust an' get a monopoly on the hair tonic buziness. From that day ter this, Rockefeller hain't bin on speakin' terms with Lawson an' devotes most ov his time ter Sunday-school matters an' puttin' up the price ov oil for the benefit ov the poor."

Betsy lowed, "O shucks! I thought he wuz sumbody an' hed diskivered Amerika or throwed a ten dollar bill across the Mississippi River."

I seed a notis in your paper ter the effect that not many peepie hev bin blowin' out the gas an' gittin' affixiated lately. That made me think ov a time I had sum years ergo. I went up in the mountains ter see my brother Jim. I got ter a town whar I had ter change cars an' awlso stay awl nite. They hed just got a new gas outfit in the town an' everybody hed bin warned erbout the danger ov blowin' out the gas. They wuz awl exsited over the gas buziness. Sumhow they got hit inter their heads that purty soon sum feller would cum erlong an' blow out the gas an' die an' they'd get it published awl over the country. When I lit frum the cars the whole town wuz thar seein' who wuz on the train. When I started up ter the hotel they sized me up az the feller ter cumplect the sensashum an' a whole crowd follered me ter the hotel. I thought they hed curiosity bekase I wuz a stranger an' didn't git inter the gas racket fer sumtime. After supper the crowd got bigger an' bigger at the hotel. The reporter frum the nusepaper cum an' interviewed me, gittin' my history. I understood afterward that the paper hed a two-column article givin' an akount of my deth by

blowin' out the gas set up in type that nite an' nothin' ter do but put on the finishin' touches. I seed tears in the eyes ov sum ov the peepie, but I thought they hed had a deth in the family. The undertaker wuz thar an' got my length an' wate.

I wuz tired an' went up ter bed purty early. The perprieter ov the hotel went up with me. In the room he tole me that they her jist hed gas put in the hotel an' wuz mity onezy fer fear sumbody would blow out the gas. He showed me how ter turn it off. I hed seen gas fixins before. But he seemed ter think I hain't an' I reckon he felt sorry fer my family. I turned off the gas an' got inter bed. Purty soon the perprieter cum ter the door an' axed if I wuz awl rite. I tole him yes. "Did you turn out the lite or blow hit out?" sez he. "Hit iz out awl rite," sez I. Purty soon he cum back ter ax erbout it ergin. I wuz on ter the racket by this time an' concluded ter give the sensashum. So I slipped up an' turned the gas on jist a little an' then turned it off ergin. He smelt the gas this time. He called me an' sez: "Mr. Bilkin's, air you sure you turned the gas out in your room?" "No, I blowed hit out," sez I. "I reckon I know how ter put out a lite." Then he smelt the gas that I hed let escape. "For goodness sake open the door," sez he, "or you will be dead in two' minits." "Never felt better in my life," sez I. He got ter bangin' on the door an' I could tell that he wuz exsited. "Pleeze open the poor an' I'll save your life," sed the perprieter. "Let me sleep," sez I. Then he run back ter the offis an' brought the whole crowd up. They were awl exsited. "Open the door or we'll break it open," they sed. "I'll shoot the first man that cum in," sez I. "You will die in that room," sed the crowd. "That iz none ov your buzines," sed I. They hed concluded that they couldn't erford ter let me die when it cum ter the pinch. After beggin' me ter let them in, I herd them whisperin'. Purty soon they broke the lock an' then run ter git out ov the way ov my pistol. I wuz lyin' thar in bed a-laffin' fit ter kill. Direckly I got up an' looked out in the hall. They were at a safe distance peepin'. "Cum here boys," sez I, "the truble iz awl over. I wuz razed in a gas factory, an' you needn't worry erbout me, the gas iz awl rite."

By this time they began ter tumble an' went an' left me. The perprieter an' everybody else were out ov site the next mornin' an' I went on ter see brother Jim.

Yours, ZEKE BILKINS.

Have Enlarged Office.

Messrs. Cooper Bros., the well known marble men, have recently enlarged their office at their marble works on Fayetteville street. In size it is just double the floor space of the old office, and will be needed for the growing business of this popular firm.

Cooper Bros., are practical marble workers and know the business from first to last. They employ expert workmen and use good material, hence their success. About forty men are employed on marble and stone work. Some of the handsomest monuments in the South have been erected by Cooper Bros.