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## WASHINGTON NEWS.

**The President Cuts Down the Income of Numerous Notary Publics—Assistant Secretary Loomis Receives an Honor from the French President—Count Cassini Stands Well Here.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 24.

The President has just taken cognizance of one of the very worst cases of graft in Washington. The order of the President is as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that hereafter no officer, clerk or employe in the Executive service of the Government, who is also a Notary Public, shall charge or receive any compensation whatever for performing any notarial act for an officer, clerk or employe of the Government, in his official capacity, or in any matter in which the Government is interested, or for any person when in the case of such person the act is performed during the hours of such Notary's service for the Government. Disobedience of this order shall be ground for immediate dismissal from the service."

This order of the President affects a very large number of clerks in the Government service who have been making a clear living off their notarial seals, while at the same time working for the Government. There is a Notary Public in almost every division of the Government Departments. It is a matter of record that men drawing a salary of \$1,200 a year have made considerably more than that off their notarial seals, and yet charge from 25 to 50 cents for each acknowledgement of a signature to a Government contract, and some of these notaries have used their seals as often as twenty times a day. The total foots up nicely. The President, as soon as advised of what had been going on for many years, set about having a change made. He thinks that when a clerk is drawing a salary from the United States Government, that Government is entitled to the use of the notarial seal for nothing, hence the order. There is weeping and wailing over the order, but it is a "go," so they will have to accept it.

Announcement has been made by Ambassador Jesserand that President Loubet, of France, had conferred upon Mr. Francis B. Loomis, the Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, the decoration of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest (but one) of the decorations within the power of the President of the French Republic to bestow. One of the reasons which lead to the conferring of the decoration upon Mr. Loomis was the interest aroused in France by his speech in behalf of international arbitration, delivered September last before the Interparliamentary Union. Mr. Loomis will be obliged to get permission of Congress to accept the badge.

However the American people may feel toward the Russians and the part they have been playing over beyond the blue seas, there is but one feeling toward Count Cassini. He is a gentleman and a statesman of the very best type. High-minded, pure in life, and a stranger to the intrigue which the foreign diplomat

has often deemed necessary to carry out his mission in treating with the United States, he is liked by everybody. He is most democratic in his ways, and takes a good healthy human interest in everything going. His sovereign has recognized him most handsomely for the part he has taken in this war business and the calm, judicial and dispassionate manner in which he has preserved diplomatic relations with the United States. He has decorated the Count with the very highest medal of honor of the Empire, and it is safe to say that no man in the Empire will wear it more honorably.

Pretty, pale Countess Cassini, usually so rosy and bright, feels the woes of her country keenly. She has given expression to her heart-ache by wearing black a great deal this winter, when she has seen fit to go out, but she has not been at all gay. She has been ill and, anyhow, has accepted very few invitations. In the evening she wears white with no touch of color, except it be black, and in the day-time she goes all in black. At the New Year's reception she wore black chiffon velvet, magnificent sables, and a big black velvet picture hat. She was a picture herself.

## BLOODSHED IN RUSSIA.

**Discontented Workmen Appeal to Czar and Get Bullets for Answer—Many Killed and Wounded—Disorder Growing Throughout Empire.**

For a long time, perhaps since it has been a nation, the working people of Russia have been unhappy, imposed upon and despised by the autocracy of that country.

Recently they have been goaded almost to desperation by various events—the war with Japan, the numerous reverses, the scandals, the impetency of their government, high taxes, etc. This state of affairs exists all over the country.

Last Sunday a vast crowd marched to the vicinity of the palace of the Czar in St. Petersburg. They were led by a priest. Farther Gapon, in whom they place the utmost confidence. The government had anticipated the coming and fifty thousand soldiers had been placed around the palace. Some of the soldiers refused to fire, and gave up their arms. But when the crowd refused to disperse, clamoring to get a hearing by the Czar, a volley was fired, killing and wounding 1,500, including some women and children.

The unarmed workmen retreated, but the disorder continued throughout the day and night, and the situation is but slightly changed. Many thousands of workmen marched in from outlying districts, some of them armed.

In Moscow and other large cities the spark has been kindled and has spread to the rural districts. It is revolution. But it is a question whether the populace can rally sufficiently and arm themselves. If they can, the Empire will soon run with blood.

In the meantime the world stands aghast at the sight of a ruler of a great and so-called Christian and civilized country who will answer a petition for better treatment, for justice, with a rain of bullets.

## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

**Science vs. Scripture—Mrs. Bilkins Believes in the Moon and Weather Signs.—Interview With a Weather Prophet Seems to Explode Some Theories.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Me an' Betsy wuz sittin' talkin' the other nite an' she 'lowed: "My rumatiz iz powerful bad to-nite. That iz a sine ov rain."

"I don't reckon your rumatiz hez much ter do with rain fallin'," sed I. "People hev rumatiz when they ain't no rain in site."

She 'lowed: "The moon changes termorrow an' we air likely ter hev fallin' weather then enyway, an' my rumatiz iz a gude weather sine, too."

"But the college fellers an' scientists say the moon don't hev enything ter do with the weather nor enything else. They contend that the moon iz nothin' but a big, round chunk ov ice with holes in it an' that a man frum this country would freeze ter deth before he'd git in forty miles ov the moon."

"That don't change me," sed Betsy. "I've got Scripture fer what I believe about the moon. The Scriptures say that the moon governs the tides an' seasons, an' I know that hit won't do ter plant pertaters an' things in the wrong time ov the moon, if you wanter make a good crap."

"I'm goin' ter ax Dr. Von Herrman about the moon when I go ter Raleigh Saturday an' find out whut he thinks about it."

"Tut, tut," sed Betsy. "He don't know much more about hit than I do. I'll bet he never wuz in a hundred miles ov the moon."

"Yes he does," sed I. "Them weather men an' scientists kin look at the moon with a telephone an' see jist what hit iz made ov an' see when hit iz goin' ter be in eclipse six months frum now. Sum ov them say that the moon uster be full ov mountains an' volcaners, but they hev awl burnt out an' now it iz fifty times colder than ice an' would freeze the cars often a brass monkey. They awlso say that the sun iz beginnin' ter hev cold chills an' hit will be az cold az the moon iz now in erbout five millyun years."

"Hit iz awl tommyrot," sed Betsy. "They don't know enymore about them things than a mule colt."

I went ter Raleigh Saturday an' I climbed up in the Fisher buildin' ter the government weather buro ter see Dr. Von Herrman an' ter ax him about the disputed ints. I found a preacher lookin' feller with red hair. "My name iz Bilkins," sed I. "Glad ter meet you, Mr. Bilkins;" "my name iz Von Herrman," sed he. "Whut kin I do fer you?" "Air you the weather prevaricator?" sed I. "I am Direckter ov the weather buro an' official weather prognosticator," sed he.

"Docktor," sez I. "my wife iz sorter superstishus about the moon an' things like that, an' I wanter ax you whut they iz in it."

"Your wife hez bin readin' the almanacks, haint she?" sed he.

"Yes," sed I.

"I thought so. Well, you can tell your wife that the weather iz cold or hot, wet or dry, regardless ov the moon. Hit may be warm here terday

an' below zero in Wisconsin, or hit may be rainin' in Missouri every day an' we be hevin' a drouth here at the same time. An' you kin awlso tell her that the moon hez nothin' ter do with crops."

"Hold up thar," sez I; "you air fixin' a plan ter git me put outin ov house an' home. If I go home an' tell Betsy that she will apply fer a divorce rite erway. An' you mean ter tell me that if you plant pertaters in the wrong time ov the moon they will hev a full crop ov pertaters an' not awl go ter vines, and that if you plant corn in the wrong time it will not awl be stalk an' no ears, or that cord wood split in the dark ov the moon will dry out az well az if out in the light ov the moon?"

"That iz exactly whut I mean," sed the Docktor. "The moon is a back number. Hit does not affeck crops or the weather. That is awl nonsense."

"Then you air not superstishus?" sed I. "If a rabbit would cross the rode in front of you, hit would not make you think you wuz goin' ter hev bad luck?"

"No," sed he.

"You think the earth iz shaped like an apple an' turns around on hits own axeltree every day?"

"Yes," sed the Docktor. "no mistake erbout that. The sun iz stashinary an' the world turns around once in twenty-four hours."

"Then Joshua wuz wastin' time when he cummaded the sun ter stand still?"

"Certainly," sed the Docktor, "an' the sun iz many times larger than this world."

"So I've hearn," sed I, "but I'll be doggone if I can see why the fireplace wuz made so many times bigger than the house."

"Oh! there iz a whole lot more worlds ter be lighted an' heated by the sun: millyuns ov 'em."

"Kin you prove hit?" sed I.

"Don't need eny proof," sed the Docktor. "That wuz settled long ergo."

"I reckon it wuz settled. But they iz sum powerful thin circumstantial evidendence floatin' around. I'd hate ter buy eny ov them other worlds on hearsay like we've got frum the scientists."

"Science iz wonderful," sed the Docktor. "Nothin' iz impossible ter scientists. Why, they hev perfected a plan ter enable trains ter pass each other on the same track without stoppin'."

"How iz that?" sed I. "But deal hit out gently."

"Why, they build a track on top ov each train an' when they meet one train runs over the top ov the other, so they pass each other on the same track an' don't lose a minit."

When I cum too the Docktor wuz up on top ov the buildin' measurin' how fast the wind wuz blowin' in a cyclone in Dakoter, so I yelled gude-bye ter him an' left. If I ever feel strong enuff I'm goin' ter call on him ergin.

Yours truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

A Baltimore couple wants a divorce because they can't agree how the chicken should be cooked. Many a couple would like to get into a stew over a chicken.—Wilmington (N. C.) Star.