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## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

**He is Basking in the Sunshine at Asheville—How a Modern Battlefield Looks—A Dinner at the Flattery Mark Hotel—How Mr. Vanderbilt Wasted His Money.**

Asheville, N. C.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I am here an' am having the time ov my life. I tried ter git George Vanderbilt ter cum an' take dinner with me at the Flattery Mark Hotel, but he iz in Yurope, Asha or sum-where furin'.

Az I rid up on the cars I couldn't enjoy the mountain scenery, which iz sed ter be the grandist on earth, fer wishin' Betsy wuz erlong. She never seed anything that would scare her an' I thought maybe the mountins would be big enuff ter make her gentle while lookin' at them.

I wouldn't like ter farm on them mountins. They hev ter chain themselves ter a tree at the top an' wurk down an' then climb up the chain an' go down in a balloon. Hit orter be erginst the law ter clear land on them mountins an' spoil their buty. There iz plenty ov more level land on this earth ter farm on.

They haint hardly got through fitin' the last campane on the licker question here yit. The streets an' avernoos air covered with hard names, cuss-wurds, hymbooks, statisticks, corkscrews, beer bottles, whiskey bottles, dispensary argymints, campane lies, an' awl the other utensils ov modern religion an' modern wickedness.

The dry folks say that they would hev beat the stuffin' out ov the wet fellers if the prohobishunists had stood by them. The Prohobishunists say that they air tired buyin' dispensary gold bricks. Histry is repeatin' ov hitself. My party wont run on hits own flatfarm an' hes run in the ground. Years ergo hit stole the Greenback flatfarm an' the Greenback fellers scratched awl the green paint off their backs an' wouldn't stand by us. A little later my party stole the platform ov the silver party an' the silver men awl changed ter goldbugs. In 1896 we stole the Populist platform an' run with hit at the rate ov a mile a minit. The Populists disbanded ter keep frum votin' with us an' when we tried ter jack 'em up they proved an' allyby. Last year we stole the Republican flatfarm an' borrowed one ov their cast-off candydates, Judge Parker, an' we got beat erbout two millun or two hundred millun, I forget which. Lastly we stole the Prohobishun flatfarm an' hev driv part ov them ter drink an' the ballance ov them hide out on electshun day ter keep frum votin' with us. I see by the papers that we stole the Socialist party flatfarm in Chicago an' elected a mayor the other day—Mayor Dunne. I guess that means that we will git awl ov their flatfarm in 1908 an' will waste awl our strength tryin' ter git them ter help us vote on their flatfarm. I'm gittin' oneasy erbout my reelectshun az constable ov Martin Creek township onless I kin import sum voters.

Asheville iz surrounded by high mountins an millionaires. They hev got the mountins propped up so they wont fall on the town. The Fattery Mark hotel iz built rite on top ov a little mountain in the center ov the

town. That makes the rates high. I wanted ter invite George Vanderbilt ter take dinner with me at the hotel, hopin' thet he would insist on payin' the bill; but he wuz out ov town. I got holt ov a bill ov fare an' it stirred up my currysosity so I concluded ter chance a meal enyhow, az hit wouldn't cost more than the price ov a bale ov cotton. Meals air served at the Flattery Mark a Law cart, de rigger buggy, ontra autermobile, an' eade clone a dollar a bite. I felt sorter ticklish when I sot down in the dinin' room but tried not ter show my agitashun. Everybody looked at me mity hard. I guess they thought I mite be a Prinse in disgize.

A water with a ballroom outfit on waltzed up an' handed me a card with a lot ov scrambled French, German, Japanese an' Russian printed on hit. So far as I knowed hit mite be the constertushion ov the United States in seventeen languages. "Awl rite, water," sez I, "you kin trot out the grub, I cum in under the grandaddy claws." He bowed an' grinned an' sez: "What iz that, boss?" "Bring on my dinner," sez I, "I don't hev ter read an' explain the constertushion an' translate a whole lot ov furin' language before votin' or eatin'." He laffed sum more an' made another bow. I wanter say that it afterwards cost me a quarter fer every time he bowed. But he called me "Judge" awl the time.

The dinner wuz purty gude after awl. But hit didn't taste like hit looked on the card. The pertaters, cabbage, beens, turnip greens, pork, chicken, pickles an' a dozen other things weren't nothin' but plain Buncombe county grub, cooked different an' seasoned with a few highfalutin' furin' compeleashuns. If I could git board thar at \$6 a month I'd move ter Asheville.

After I got through eatin' an' settled a tip ter the water without issuin' bonds, I axed him if George Vanderbilt hed cum home yit. "No, he iz still in Yurope," sed the water. "Iz he a friend ov yours?" "Yes," sed I. "I once saved hiz life." "My!" sed the water, "I'll bet he give you awl the money you wanted." "Never even thanked me," sed I. "You air jokin' boss," sed the water. "How did you save hiz life?" "Hit wuz this way," sed I, "Bill Jones, a hard nut down in my township wuz drunk an' railin' ergin millyunares. He sed he wuz goin' out an' kill the last one ov 'em. 'Don't kill George Vanderbilt,' sez I, 'fer he iz a sitizen ov North Carolina.' He sez: 'Zeke, I'll do whatever you say,' so George escaped."

I went out an' looked eround George Vanderbilt's home at Biltmore. He built hit fer hiz bride at a cost ov five millyun dollars an' then made a park eround hit ov several thousand akers finer nor Central Park in New York or Pullen Park in Raleigh, an' hiz wife wont live there half the time. I guess she leckturs him every day erbout wastin' that money. If he hadn't built hit she would hev made his life miserable. You can't pleeze wimin' no way you fix hit. I reckon she wanted him ter put the money inter face powder or sumptin' like that. Jist imagin' how much sashay powder five millyun dollars would buy in carload lots.

Ashville iz a health resort awl the year. Rich folks go thar in the

spring fer spring fever, in the summer ter keep cool, an' in the fall fer hay fever an' malary. In the winter the consumptives cum here ter git strong an' grow lungs. The Audomon sersiety makes 'em sign a pledge not ter becum prize fitters after they air cured. If a feller stays too long he will hev too many lungs an' will hev ter git some ov 'em cut out.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

## THE WAITER LOST A TIP.

**Gave the Guest He Was Serving Just the Opening for an Escape.**

At one of the Kansas City hotels where the colored waiters give especially good service, but always expect adequate remuneration for the same from the guests, a waiter was especially officious the other day in serving a man from whom he expected a liberal tip, relates the Journal. When the meal had been served and he was standing off at one side, eagerly looking for an opportunity to be of service, he said to the guest:

"Didn't yo' have a brothah heah last week, sah?"

"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."

"Well," continued the waiter, "thet was a gem'man heah at mah table what looked ve'y much like you, and he was so well pleased with the service that he gave me 50 cents when he left."

The guest had by this time finished his meal, and as he arose he said to the expectant servitor:

"Come to think of it, Sam, that was my brother that was here, and I guess he paid you for the whole family. He may be back again in a week or two."

## THE STURDY LITTLE JAP.

**Although Small in Statue He Gives the Impression of Being Very Hardy**

Little! The idea that Japan is a land of little people is at the best a half-truth, and therefore doubly misleading. The average Jap we see in Europe gives no fair idea of the physique of his people. He nearly always belngs to the professional classes. Now, the professional and prosperous Jap is, one must admit, as a rule small and of apparently little stamina. He gives one the same impression as does the Paris boulevardier of having frittered away his manhood on worthless things. But he no more reresents the average man of his people than does the boulevardier represent the French peasant, says the London Mail.

The average Japanese man, while not tall, gives one the impression of being probably the hardiest man on earth. He lives perpetually in the open air and on the simplest food. His home consists of paper screens, which never shut out the air wholly, and are always open a great part of the day.

He is hardy because he has been inured to the most extreme discomfort since infancy. He does not know what comfort is. His home has practically no furniture. Matting, bedding (no bed) and a tray for food supply his wants. In a land cold beyond belief over a large part of the year, he never has a coal fire, but warms himself over a box holding a few fragments of burning charcoal.

## HE WOULD TAKE NO RISKS.

**Wanted to Make Sure of Spending His Own Money Himself.**

"In the west," said Mr. William Sturgis, of Cheyenne, Wyo., according to the Washington Post, "the people take very slowly to the notion that government should busy itself in the endeavor to regulate public morals.

"For that reason, although we have a pretty stiff anti-gambling law, the statute is of little potency, and the boys gather in the old familiar centers to bet their coin against faro, roulette, hazard or poker.

"Not long ago one of my clients, of the cowboy tribe, who had deposited \$1,000 with me, made a trip to town, and for several days got me to let him have \$100 per diem. I thought he was trying his luck at faro, and finally, when he had spent just half his capital, I advised him that the writing of checks was getting monotonous and that if he meant to keep on playing to withdraw the remaining \$500 in a lump, so that he need not 'bother to hunt for me.' At the same time I advised him in strong terms to stop then and there and take no chance in losing the money he had acquired through months of patient toil on the plains. He heard me through with the utmost patience, taking no apparent heed of my rebuke, and then said: 'I know what you say is true, judge; but supposing I should die right sudden and get no chance to spend that other \$500?'"

## Special Meeting of County Commissioners.

The board of county commissioners met Thursday in special session, with all members present.

Mr. L. H. Smith, who was elected road supervisor of Middle Creek township, stated to the board that in view of the fact that he has accepted another position he declined the position. Mr. W. F. Stuart was elected in his place.

The following order regarding exemptions from road duty was made:

"In view of the fact that the new road law prescribes that every man in the county between the ages of 21 and 45 years of age except residents of incorporated towns, are liable for road duty and in view of the fact that a man can secure an exemption from said road duty by paying to the county treasurer \$2.50, it is therefore ordered that the treasurer is instructed to receive said amount and issue an exemption up to or including May 5, 1905, at sunset, after which time the board will enforce the law to the letter."

It was ordered that treasurer be instructed to make the proper advertisement for the sale of the Wake County bonds authorized by the act of the General Assembly of 1905, sealed bids to be presented and opened on June 5, 1905, at 12 o'clock. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

It was ordered that the treasurer be instructed to invest the surplus in his hands belonging to the Raleigh Township school bonds sinking fund in North Carolina 4 per cent bonds.

Aim high, but aim at something definite.