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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

The Major Writes on Sundry Questions—Mrs. Bilkins Organized a Burglar Scare and Caused Lots of Trouble—Mr. Bilkins Tries the Virtues of a Famous Home Remedy Prefers the Disease Rather Than the Cure.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Wimin air a lot ov trubel, an' still I reckon they air a lot ov comfort, too. Betsy cum purty nigh runnin' me distrackted one nite last week, an' awl erbout nothin', too. She hed bin readin' erbout burglars an' hiehway robbers till she begun ter think that we couldn't git through another nite without havin' the house robbed an' awl ov us killed. Betsy waked me up punchin' me in the ribs an' whispered that they wuz a burglar in the house a-stealin' everythin' downstairs. "You air dreamin'," sed I. She 'lowed: "No I ain't: I herd him walkin' plain az day." "Well I'd ruther let 'em carry off a few things than ter go down thar an' git assassinated," sed I.

"My lands," sed Betsy, "didn't I allers hear you talkin' erbout what you'd do if burglars ever cum foolin' eround? Now here you air a-tryin' ter crawfish You air a purty consterable and justis ov the peece ter lie in bed an' let 'em take everythin' in the house. I'll git the poker an' go down an' clean 'em up myself."

Betsy hed touched a tinder spot when she menshuned my bein' an' of-fiser ov the law. In the curmoshun I hed clean fergot that. "Awl rite," sez I, sorter cam-like, "you jist go ter sleep an' keep frum gittin' scared; I'll git my pistle an' if they iz eny burglars downstairs they'll soon look like a pepper-box lid." I got my pants on in a jiffy an' started ter put on my shoes an' dropped one ov 'em on the floor. Hit made a noize loud enuff ter wake the nabors. Betsy 'lowed: "You'll scare 'em awl erway." Ter awl intints an' purposes I wuz tryin' ter keep quiet theoret-tickally, but secretly I didn't care how much racket that shoe made. At last I go my shoes on an' started fer the door leadin' etr the stairs. Betsy sed she wuz goin' with me an' die with me. "Go back," sez I, "one ov us iz enuff ter be sackerfised on the alter ov duty." I could tell by this time that Betsy wuz gittin' scared rite. Cold chills were sorter chasin' up an' down my soynall col- lum. But I couldn't erford ter back out. We went slippin' erlong ter the hed ov the stairs an' stopped ter listen. Everything wuz quiet. I tried ter git Betsy ter go back. Sez I, out loud: "If they iz enybody in this house they will soon think that Togo hez made a midnite attack with hiz warships an' torpedo boats, fer my pistle will shoot six miles." I thought that would make the enemy retreat if he wuz up ter hiz busi- ness. But I couldn't hear enybody gittin' out. By this time my teeth wuz rattlin' tergether an' my back- bone felt like sixteen feet ov the North Pole. I felt sorter sea-sick an' wished I hed a lemon ter suck. If Betsy hadn't bin rite with me I would hev gone back an' reported nothin' doin'. By this time we wuz half way down-stairs. Them burg- lars, if they wuz eny thar, seemed ter me ter be erbout ten feet high

an' armed with Gatlin' guns. By this time my knees wuz bumpin' tergeth- er an' I felt a chokin' sensashun like a man dyin' frum soontanyus cumbustshun. After listenin' an' hearin' nothin', I sed purty loud: "If thar iz enyone in my house I com- mand you in the name ov Guvernor Glenn an' the ballance ov the State ov North Carolina ter disperse forth- with or you or they will git the full penalty az made an' purvided." Awl at once a cat begun ter howl. "Th-a-t i-z th-e bur-g-lar," sed Betsy; an' I knowed hit wuz, too. Hit wuz a stray cat, an' I reckon we hed shut hit up before we went ter bed an' hit couldn't git out an' hed made the noise Betsy sed she herd.

But that hain't the worst trubel Betsy hez got me into sinse I writ you last. I got up the other mornin' with one ov the worst cases ov rheumatiz you ever red ov. I couldn't sit up nor lie down. I didn't think hit would last long fer hit cum on so bad rite at once I knowed the rheumatiz couldn't keep up that lick long. "Why don't you try the bee- sting cure?" sed Betsy; "hit will cure you, the papers sa", an' you will never hev hit ergin." "I've red that, too," sed I, "an' I'll bet sum polly- tishun got that up ter beat the other candydate." "No hit iz true," sed Betsy; "I've red hit lots ov times. Hit will be sorter paineful fer a lit- tle while, but thet beats sufferin' fer years."

"How do you wurk hit?" sez I. "Do you go an' stand in front ov the bee-hives an' ax the bees ter cum an' sting you, or do you hev ter punch 'em with a stick an' take what they give you till you git tired?"

"Land sakes I don't know how hit iz wurked," sez Betsy; "but we kin if others kin. Take off your shirt so they kin git at your shoulder an' we will try the remedy."

I agreed, fer I wuz sufferin' turri- ble. Betsy put on her bonnet an' tied a hankercheef eround part ov her face an' put on sum thick gloves. We marched out ter whar the bees air. I felt worse than I ever did when I wuz goin' ter hev a tooth pulled or when I wuz reddy ter git married. I hed put a sheet over my rite shoulder and kept the left one bare so the bees wouldn't treat one shoulder fer rheumatiz an' the other fer newmony or sumthin' else like sum ov the other docktors. The bees were goin' out ov the boxes an' cum- in' back ergin like they never got tired. "Bees may know how ter dock- tor hives," sed I, "but I'll be blamed if they kin cure a stubborn diseese like rheumatiz."

"Try 'em anyhow," sed Betsy. "Hit won't cost enything if hit don't cure you. Git down on your knees an' turn your left shoulder ter the hive like a smart boy." "Awl rite," sed I, "but remember that my blood will be upon your hed if they kill me."

"Nonsense," sed Betsy, "a few bee stings never killed enybody." I fol- lered the direckshuns an' got down on my knees. A few old lazy bees were sittin' eround the little doors ter the hive an' they sorter bowed up their backs an' looked at me az if surprized at the way I wuz aektin'. "I'm the first pashunt these bees ever hed," sez I, "an' I'll bet they give me an' overdose." One ov 'em went back inter the hive an' tole sum more bees

an' several more cum out an' looked at me in a sollum manner.

Betsy wuz huntin' fer a stick ter stir 'em up. Sez I: "Do the bees take your temperatur, look at your tongue or feel your pulse ter see whut the truble iz?"

"You keep quiet an' don't spring eny foolishness," sed Betsy; "bees don't purtend ter cure enything but rheumatizum, an' they guess that folks know whut iz the matter when they call fer physick." "Now cum- pose yourself," continued Betsy, "an' you will soon be a well man."

She begun ter beat on the side ov the hive with the stick an' the bees begun ter boil out lookin' az mad az wet hens. I reckon one ov them pintoed out my bare shoulder, fer er- bout a hatful ov 'em lit on hit an' I soon thought that sumbody wuz shootin' red-hot needles into my shoulder with a Mouser riffel. I jumped up an' run fer the house, yellin': "Take 'em off, take 'em off, they air killin' me." Betsy run an' knocked 'em off of me with her apron an' tuk me in the house. You never seed sich a shoulder az I had in an hour. Hit swelled ter kill, an' hit iz sore yit. But the rheumatiz took a hike an' left fer parts un- known. I'm still debatin' whether the medisun ain't worse than the diseese.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

The Tribute of Suffering.

It is those whom we love most upon whom we lay the heaviest bur- dens. We do not turn to strangers or nutried acquaintances when we would lean hard on some one in a crisis of life. We tax most those whom we trust most. And what is true of our relations with each other is true of the Father's relations with His children. He does not send stress and burdens to weaklings. "God must love you very much to trust you with such suffering," said one to a friend whose burden seemed un- bearable. But God does for us what we cannot do for each other; with the suffering He sends the strength to bear it. Every fresh burden is proof of His love, of His confidence in us, of His plans for our refining. Every new test brings with it more than enough of His strength to meet it triumphantly. And as we look back at our past experiences, we see now the reason for rejoicing in every such experience. Could we order our lives better?—Sunday-school Times.

King Oscar has had a good chance to see how capable Crown Prince Gustaf is of governing the kingdom, but he doesn't show any inclination to stand aside permanently and let the young man have the job.—Boston Globe.

The Beef Trust officials who are on the way to Europe must have taken steerage passage. Men who have been losing money at the rate Mr. Garfield says the Beef Trust has could hardly afford to travel first- class.—Kansas City Journal.

A Chicago woman shot and killed her husband to keep him at home. And yet, unless she took the precau- tion to provide herself with a cold- storage plant, her plans mav slightly interfere with the rules of the Chica- go Health Department.—Augusta Chronicle.

QUESTIONS ABOUT "PASS TOTERS."

Some Nuts That Are Up to the News and Observer to Crack.

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

I just want space enough to ask a few questions about passes and "pass toters." The News and Observer has been indulging in a lot of wild and reckless talk about the use of passes by railroad directors, and has been particularly exercised over the "tot- ing" of a pass by J. Elwood Cox, of High Point. That paper has alleged that Mr. Cox was influenced to give testimony in favor of the railroads before the Senate committee on rate regulation, by his railroad pass. It has not, however, been charged that Mr. Cox was in possession of a pass in violation of law.

All this reminds me of a story I have heard concerning the way the business manager of the News and Observer, Mr. W. H. Bagley, who is a brother-in-law of the editor, attach- ed himself to passes that are good over the Atlantic Coast Line, the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway, which said passes he uses freely for the benefit of the News and Observer. Mr. Bagley, so the story goes, secured those passes by virtue of a directorship which he holds with the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, an appointment he received at the hands of Governor Aycock, while that road was under the control of the State.

Now, did Mr. Daniels, the editor of the News and Observer ask for that appointment for Mr. Bagley in order that his paper might get the benefit of the passes?

And after he had been using the passes about a year was it not found, upon investigation, that Mr. Bagley was not a stockholder (as required by law) in the road of which he was a director?

When this discovery was made did not some person borrow a few shares of stock for Mr. Bagley and cause them to be transferred to him on the books of the company in order to cure the defect and thus qualify him as a director?

And is not Mr. Bagley still a di- rector in the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad on the strength of borrowed stock, and still using the passes obtained from that source for the service of the News and Obser- ver and for the benefit of Mr. Jose- phus Daniels?

Was Mr. Bagley made a director in that road in order that the influence of passes might close the mouth of the News and Observer while the investigation of charges against the management of that road was going on?

If not, then why was it done?

Were there not enough bona fide stockholders to occupy all the direc- torships?

If the editor of the News and Ob- server was not influenced in favor of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad management by the passes obtained for his business manager, why should he charge Mr. Cox with being influenced by the pass he holds? Is the integrity of the News and Ob- server, or its editor, of a higher de- gree than that of other mortals?

And lastly, what do people who live in glass houses want to be throw- ing stones for?

J. M.
Greensboro, N. C., May 30.