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## BILKINS IN WASHINGTON.

**The Major Has Reached Washington and Gives Some Hints of How He is Impressed—No Crops at the Agricultural Department—Visited the White House and Finds the President Away from Home.**

Washington, D. C., Aug. 2nd.  
Correspondence of the Enterprise.  
I got ter Washington, the capitol ov these grate United States, day before yisterday. Hit iz the purtiest town in the country not ter hev a dispensary. I hev done fell in love with the whole town, an' I aint sirpised that Billy Bryan wanted ter be Preserdent, also Tom Watson, an' several thousands ov other paterotick sitizens. Hit iz a grate place ter live in at \$50,000 a year an' git a furnished house an' \$75,000 extra fer gas bills, servants an' writin' paper. If I hed nothin' ter do I wouldn't mind bein' Preserdent a year or two ter keep time frum hangin' heavy on mv hands. They aint but one drawback fer silver men like me an' Bryan, an' that iz the gold roof on the Congresshunal Library. But we wouldn't hev faintin' spells over that long fer we would hev the gold nickel-plated.

Washington was first started by George Washington, who, whin he wanted anything would set hiz teeth together an' hatchit. George got up a big reputashun when he wuz a kid by admittin' that he cut a cherry tree down. I expeck the cherry tree never had eny cherries on hit an' the old man Washington didn't care a copper nohow.

Washington City iz located on the Potomick river five miles frum Aleckzander, Virginy, an' rite at Georgetown. The highest thing in the city iz the Washington monument. The next highest iz board an' rents. Hit iz rite at one side ov the country an' that makes hit expensive ter cum frum the far West on business. Before the day ov railrodes the patriot in the West wouldn't know which side had carried the cleckshun fer six months after hit wuz over. By the time they would git thar lookin' fer a job the offises would awl be filled an' the administrashun half over. Even now a man hes ter live East ov Chicago if he gits a show at a perlitical job.

I axed a feller ter pint out the way ter the Agricultural Department. He tole me how ter go an' sed they had the whole thing turned wrong side out a investigatin' ov hit an' they wuzent much ter see. I tole him I hed seed awl that in the papers an' awl I wanted wuz ter take a look at the crops an' see if they wuz beatin' us plain farmers. I looked till mv eyes hurt an' I haint seed eny crops yit. Must be mostly book farmin' in the Agricultural Department. They hed better plant more corn an' things an' less graft. While I am here I'm a-goin' ter reckomend that they increase the corn an' pertater akerage ov the department an' reduce the skandal akerage.

I've bin huntin' around fer the members ov Kongress an' Sinators frum North Carolina. They may be lurkin' around here, but I can't find 'em. I reckon they air down ter Atlantick City or sum ov them places whar the rich folks wurk in

summur. If I wuz in Kongress Washington would furnish enuff fun fer me, an' I'd be here awl the time tryin' ter do sumthin' fer my down-trodden constituents every day in the year.

Not bein' up much on offysial ettyket an' never havin' tackled a Preserdent, I felt sorter skittish erbout goin' ter the White House an' hev bin puttin' hit off az long az I could. I went inter a clothin' store on Pensilvany avenoo, an' axed a feller how I orter rig up an' if hit wuz K. O. ter wear one ov them forked-tail ball-room coats when makin' a plain business call on the Preserdent. He sed hit wuz not the custom ter wear evenin' suits in the mornin' nor churn hats. Sez he: "Just go like you air. Like az not you will find the Preserdent busy at wurk in hiz offis without eny coat on an' he wont expeck you ter put on eny style. What you want do iz ter march rite up ter him an' say howdy Mr. Preserdent in a perlite way, but leave the impression on hiz mind that you air jist az gude az he iz or a little better. Bein' Preserdent don't make a man too gude ter be spoken ter, an' grate riches visa versa. This thing ov bowin' the knee ter big offisials an' rich ducks iz awl foolishness."

I thanked him fer the infermashun an' advice an' started up Pensilvany avenoo ter the White House with my teeth sot tergether determined ter hev it over without delayin' ov the job. When I started inter the White House yard with awl the purty walks, grass an' flowers, I left purty brave. By the time I hed gone twenty steps my knees felt like they were havin' a chill. I seed sum detectives lookin' outin' ov the corners ov their eyes at me, but they put me down az a harmless sitizen, I reckon. When I got ter the front door ov the White House they wuz a feller standin' thar who looked like he mite be the minister frum England or France. I stopped an' sez: "Gude mornin'." He sed: "Gude mornin', whut kin I do fer you?" "I—I w—w—w—w—see the Perserdent," sez I. "I am sorry," sez he, "but the Preserdent iz at Oyster Bay to-day." Blamed if I didn't feel sorter relieved when he sed that, fer awl I wanted ter see him. "When will he be home?" sez I. "I don't know," sez he, "important business may bring him here eny day. How long will you be in the city?" sez he. "Till the Preserdent comes," sez I. "Want er leave your card?" sez he. "Haint got eny cards," sez I. "Do you mean playin' cards, or them little fellers with your name printed on them?" sez I. "The ones with your name on them," sez he.

So I tole him goodbye an' I put out down Pensilvany avenoo ergin lookin' fer a printin' offis. I'll watch the papers an' when the Preserdent cums home I'll be redy ter shove my card at him an' talk business.

While I'm waitin' I'm a-goin' ter see awl the crooks an' turns in this town, an' climb the Washington monument, an' I'll write ergin.

Az Before,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Nothing is more real than what is spiritual, as approaching nearest to the nature of all reality, namely, God Himself.—Thomas Boston.

## FRANK MOORE ARRESTED.

**Confessed That He Was Implicated in the Murder of Night Watchman Strickland; But Later Denies Everything.**

Frank Moore, white, of this city, has been in Wake County jail for two weeks on the charge of being implicated in the murder of Watchman Strickland, robbing the safe and burning the Standard Oil Plant in this city just after midnight on May 20th last.

Since the crime officers here and detectives have been making every effort to run down some clue which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the criminals. Insurance Commissioner Young has been assisting, and Detective Scott, of his department, has been busy.

Frank Moore was arrested by Detective Waterberg, of New York, and Deputy Sheriff Walters two weeks ago, and the matter was kept a secret, as the officers hoped to capture parties named by Moore as having taken part in the crime.

During the recent term of Criminal Court here, a gang of negroes who had been arrested by Detective Pittman, of the S. A. L. Railroad Company, were being tried. Frank Moore, who has a shady record, was present and suggested to Pittman that he ask, or cause the Solicitor to ask, Burke Burch, one of the accused negroes, "what he knew about the murder, robbery and burning" at the plant of the Standard Oil Company. This was Moore's undoing, and he has been watched and questioned by the detectives since. He finally told the detectives that he was near the scene of the crime and saw two or more persons board a Seaboard Air Line train bound north. Still later he is said to have made a full confession, naming Earle Jones, George Williams, white, and Burke Burch, colored, as associates. He claimed that he adn Burke Burch kept watch to prevent outside interference, while Earle Jones and George Williams went in, killed Watchman Strickland, burst open the safe and fired the building. Burch is on the chain gang in this county, Earle Jones is in jail at Norfolk and the alleged George Williams is said to be at some place unknown. Earle Jones was placed in jail at Norfolk, if the records are correct, the day before the crime was committed here, but the date may be wrong, and it may have been that he arrived in Norfolk via the Seaboard Air Line on the morning of the 20th instead of the 19th, as the police blotter there shows, and was arrested for "jumping" a train, his object being to put a good deal of distance between him and Raleigh.

Moore is said to have given the confession in the office of the State Insurance Commissioner in the presence of the officers. It was reduced to writing and sworn to by Moore. He was then quietly placed in jail.

Since going to jail Moore declares that his "confession" was false in every particular, but, of course, that will not clear him unless he can be found innocent of the crime.

Moore's father and brother, who live here, declare that Frank was at home all night, and went to Har-

den's stables to begin work at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and, of course, they may be correct in believing what they state, yet it is in conflict with Moore's confession, and he may have left the house after bedtime.

Other parties, both white and black, are suspected of complicity in the crime, and it is likely that the detectives have unearthed some of the parties who did the work, and it only remains to get the necessary proof, even though Moore's confession turns out to be imaginary as to his part in it, for some of the parties named have records black enough to make it easy to believe that they are capable of greater crimes.

## How Rockefeller Lives.

For several years Mr. Rockefeller has spent practically all of the year at one or another of his three homes—Forest Hill, a country place near Cleveland, Ohio, where he lives from May until October; his New York town house on Fifty-fourth Street, or his great estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. It is fair to judge something of a man's character from his homes—particularly when the man is one who is freed from the necessity of considering cost in building. Mr. Rockefeller's homes force several reflections on one. Certainly they show his cult of the unpretentious. No one of the three houses he occupies has any claims to rank among the notable homes of the country. They are all unpretending even to the point of being conspicuous. Not only that, they show him to have no pleasure in noble architecture, to appreciate nothing of the beauty of fine lines and decorations. Mr. Rockefeller's favorite home, the house at Forest Hill, is a monument of cheap ugliness—a great modern structure built in the first place as a sanitarium, it is amazing that any one not compelled to do so should live in its shadow. His city house is without distinction, and there has never been an appropriate mansion at Pocantico Hills. . . . The daily life on his great estates is stuciously simple. Mr. Rockefeller regulates his household as he does his business. Family and servants are trained to strict economy. There is no more gas burned than is needed, no unnecessary heating, no wasteful providing. There is nothing for display, nothing squandered in the senseless American way to prove you are rich, so rich you need not care. On every hand there is frugality and carefulness. And this frugality certainly is a welcome contrast to the wanton lavishness which on every side of us corrupts taste and destroys the sense of values. One would be inclined to like Mr. Rockefeller the better for his plain living if somehow one did not feel that here was something more than frugality—that here was parsimony—not only that, that here was parsimony made a virtue, and that one of the chief vanities of this "richest man in the world" is seeing how little he can spend on his household, as that of many another rich man is seeing how much he can spend.—McClure's Magazine.

The Fisher cigars are rapidly becoming popular.