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BILKINS IN NEW YORK.

The Major Lands Safely in the Big City and Makes a Fair Start—Is Going to Have Fun With the Confidence Men—Worked the Hotel for a Ground Floor Room, Which He Calls His Fire Escape—Particulars Later.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

New York, N. Y., Sept. 12.

I got here Monday an' hev bin tryin' ter pull myself tergether; that iz, I reckon I am here. This town iz so blasted big that I hain't sartin erbout nothin' enymore. But ter the best ov my knowledge, skill an' ability, I beleve I am here an' in my rite mind.

New York iz lockated on sum sort ov a island jist acrost frum Jersey City an' iz erbout ten miles frum Newark, N. J., an' the same distance frum Coney Island. Two rivers run rite by the town, one on each side. They hev railroads on the streets, overhead an' underneath, an' hit looks ter me like a man iz liable ter git killed here several times a day. But I hev seed a gude meny ole people floatin' eround here an' I reckon a gude meny ov them live frum the cradle ter the grave here jist like they do down in North Carliny.

I got off the train in Jersey City an' axed a railrode offishual in uniform ter tell me the nighest cut ter New York. He tole me ter foller the crowd, az thar wuz stacks ov other people gettin' off the train. I pushed erlong an' we got into a fine lookin' house an' sot down on sum benches. Direckly the house begun ter move off slowly. I yelled, "Earthquake, by Jimmy!" an' begun ter look fer a place ter git out. Sum folks laffed and sed hit wuzent an earthquake, but a ferry, which wuz takin' us acrost the river. I went ter the winder an' looked out an' we wuz purty nigh half acrost the river. Hit looked like the whole face ov the earth wuz covered with steamboats an' awl sorts ov ships, an' I could see the city ov New York close by. In fack, they wuzent nothin' but houses eny way I looked, an' it seemed ter me that they wuz enuff ov them ter shelter everybody in the world. Direckly the ferry stopped an' I follered the crowd ergin, an' soon got out on an open street paved with rock, an' they wuz erbout a millyun carriages lined up an' the drivers wuz yellin', "Take you ter any part ov the city," an' "Cab, cab; want a cab?" They call carriages cabs in New York, that iz, sum ov them, fer they hev different kinds. On a cab the driver sits on top ov hit an' drives, an' the passenger does the ridin' an' payin'. Three or four ov them drivers got holt ov my haversack an' tried ter take me enyhow. I warned them that deth wuz lurkin' in the air an' tole them that I wuz a bad man frum one ov the dark corners ov Wake County. That scared 'em pale.

After things sorter quieted down I axed a feller if he could tell me whar ter find a gude hotel or boardin' house whar they give more attenthun ter the grub than ter the cash register. He named over several hotels, an' one ov them wuz called the Brunswick. "That iz whar you git Brunswick stew, iz it?" sez I. He sed that wuz the place. I tole him I'd think over hit a few days.

Erbout that time a fine lookin' fel-

ler wearin' diamonds cum up ter me an' shook hands. "You hev the advantage ov me," sez I. "Johnson iz my name," sez he; "I uster see you eround Raleigh when I lived thar. How have you been, Mr. Bilkins?" sez he. "Fine az frog hair," sez I. "Cum up ter see the big city?" sez he. "Yes, I found a copper mine on my place sum time ergo an' I am up here ter sell hit fer a hundred thousand dollars." "You air lucky," sez he, "an' I wanter make hit pleasant fer you. I am awlways glad ter see my North Carolina frends in the city. I hev bin here five years. Whar air you goin' ter stop?" sez he. I tole him I didn't know, but fer him ter be sure an' look me up. He sed he would, an' I knowed hit wuz so. I had hearn ov them confarence fellers afore. A feller got erquainted with me on the train frum Princeton ter New York an' I knowed he had tole hiz partner, "Mr. Johnson," who I wuz, but I didn't let on. I can't help likin' them confarence fellers, they air so clever. Before he left, "Mr. Johnson" sed he would cum eround an' take me ter the theater sum nite. I tole him I'd rather go ter theaters than eat. If "Mr. Johnson" don't watch he will be sorry he ever met me, or my name ain't Bilkins.

I mosyed up street a little ways an' got rite under one of them elevated railrodes with trains a runnin' every two minutes. I climbed upstairs ter the depot an' got on the first one that cum erlong an' rode till I thought I got the worth ov my nickel. Then I got off an' found a hotel. I sined my name an' the clerk axed me what priced room I wanted. I tole him ter give me the best he had fer a dollar a day. He called a boy an' sed take the gentleman ter 890 "sky." We went ter a hole in the wall an' stepped into a sort ov box consarn an' another boy turned a little wheel. We shot up at the rate ov two miles a seckond, an' hit took my breath. Direckly the car stopped an' we got out an' went into a room. Hit looked purty nice, an' I wuz satisfied till I opened the winder an' looked out. Blamed if hit wuzent a mile down ter the ground. Sez I ter myself, "if they hev a fire hit will take fifty ladders an' four balloons ter git out ov here." I picked up my haversack an' hunted the stairs. After walkin' downstairs erbout an' hour I got ter the offis. "Whut did you put me in the 80th story fer?" I axed the clerk. He sed the cheaper rooms air awl at the top an' if I wanted rooms low down the price would be high up. "Can't you put me down in the cellar?" sez I. He 'lowed they wuz no rooms in the cellar, but sed he could give me a small room on the first floor. "Show hit ter me," sez I. The boy took me to hit an' I desided hit would do. But hit iz so small I hev ter go outside ter sneeze when my hay fever gits bad. The buty ov hit iz that I kin slide out easy if the hotel gits afre. These New Yorkers will hev ter git up early in the mornin' if they loze your Uncle Zeke. A room on the ground floor iz the best fire escape ever made.

I hain't had time ter forage eround much, but I hope ter be able ter tell a few facks erbout this town in my next letter.

Az before,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Subscribe to the Enterprise.

LETTER FROM MRS. BILKINS.

She is Anxious to Find Her Husband and Tells What She is Doing at Fuquay.

Deer Mr. Editor:—Kin yu tell me how I kin git on the track ov my husband, Zeke Bilkins?

He maid hiz disappearance frum these diggins sum time ergo, and altho' I've hearn frum him off an' on hez bin silent so long I'm afear'd sum o' them gals up in Washington or Baltymore hez cut me out.

I shore do miss him, an' I'm goin' ter tell yu the trooth. I think a sight o' that bald hed an' them grey chin-whiskers, an' it woudn't be good fer no young upstart ter rope in my companyun.

Me an' Zeke hez pulled two long in dubble harness ter think ov makin' enny changes. I think he treeted me rele mean ter slip off an' levee me settin' back hear at Fuquay "barkin' at the tree," so ter speak, an' him a travlin' over the kuntry a seemin' ov sites.

There's a plenty ov sites rite hear ef he only keered ter look at 'em.

Thar's a little Mrs. Sunshine Johnson with three little Johnson's, an' me an' her is quite good frends. She calls her husband "Sunshine," but Black Shadder or thunder cloud would suit him a sight better. Talk about "onery critters," but he is the oneriest I ever see! He'd spile the temper ov an ark angel. He grumbles at this, that and tuther till my dander rizes ter sich a pich I kin hardly refrane frum turnin' him down and givin' him a ole fashion tannin' like sum ov them Bible riters ment when they sed "spair the rod and raiz young-uns fer the penitenshury," er wurd's ter that effeck.

I culd do it too, for he only ways about 130 pounds, and I tip the beam at 247½.

But now I'm like the preecher goin' inter de tales and loozin' the thred ov my discoarse. I like Fuquay fine. Hit air a stilish summer resort. There iz lots ov people, and they seam ter fatten on biskits maid up with bakin' powder.

Give me gude ole fashion sody an' buttermilk like me and Zeke is used ter. I tell you theze nice cule mornin's I git real home sick fer a bach ov my biskits, spred with butter made frum Sukey's milk. Add ter that sum juicy North Carolina ham an' sum straned hunney, an' Zeke a-settin' facin me, lissenin' ter me runnin' my jaw, an' yu have the finest pickeher in the lan', tu my way ov thinkin'.

Now this hear Fuquay water iz in great demand; sum times the rane kivers the spring over, an' then they all sez that thare roomaticks an' uther alements iz cumin' back an' go ter wishin' fer a drink ov cool spring water.

I tell 'em I've got sum in my rume ez fine fer awl alements ez kin be maid, so I treet's 'em all out ov my wash picher where I jest poared sum Iron Bitters (I spelt that off the bottle) ter make it taist minerally. It air shorely maid whether it iz fine er not, an' they awl goes erway feelin' better; so like the poet, I say, "Whar iggerunce is bliss it's folly ter bee wize," if you no what that means.

Thar is two stoars and a post-offis hear, an' we kin git awl we kin pay

fer, an' a hole bunnel o' gossup chunked in free ov charge.

We no all erbout the yung lady who kicked her feller, an' everybody else's bizness.

By the way, like awl young peepul, he cum ter me with his trubbul, an' I consoled him ez much ez I could an' not fergit my companyun, Zeke. I felt like takin' him on my nee an' sayin': "Thar, thar, honey, I'll git her fer yu ef I kin." But thinkin' ov Zeke, I refraned.

He's got it bad, fer he maid up the most poetical rime:

"O how sweet, an' yit how bitter,
Ter luv a gal an' then not git her."

Thare iz a house party frum Rolly out hear, an' I wish yu cood see the goin's on. Them gals jist runs wild. They ware thare Sunday clothes every day an' thare Ester soots on Sunday. The men look jist like they jumped out ov bed, an' I'd be ashamed ter go before folks in them white costooms; they make me blush, an' if my Zeke shood cum out ov our rume like that I'd march him back ter bed an' tell him that costoom goes rite erlong with a dost ov Sasspriller or blue mass.

I prefur men in black; it makes 'em look a little whiter, and the good Lord knows they need help erlong that line.

They tell me you air a bachler, Mister Editor, an' if you air, I hope you'll hurry an' find a girl to smooth your ruff, rocky rode. I'm a beleever in marriage, myself.

Think it an oner ter be a bachler, Mr. Editor?

If I didn't have Zeke, I'd be tempted nixt Leep Year ter try my luck. But I hope, awlso, that ef you git one (a gal, I meen) she won't treet yu like the gal I've menshuned treeted hr feller.

I'd ruther yu woudn't try it at awl, tho' sum sez "'Tis better tu a luv'd and lost than never tu a luv'd." How erbout that, Mr. Editor?

Now I reckon I'd better cloze, or I'll be like Zeke sez, "Wound up so tite I woudn't run down in eight days."

Let me no whar Zeke iz, ef sum ov yu kin, pleeze; I'm poorly, and hongry fer a site ov him; but don't tell him, he's spilt enuff now.

Yourn trooly,

BETSY BILKINS.

By hand, in haste.

Garner News.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Three cases before the mayor. Fined \$2.50 each and cost.

Mrs. Cassie Brooks is spending a few weeks in Durham with her daughter, Mrs. T. D. Pace.

Miss Callie Ford spent Saturday and Sunday visiting her brother at Clayton.

Rev. D. H. Tuttle, of Fayetteville, gave a very nice lecture at the Methodist church of Garner last Thursday evening.

J. N. N. Smith, township constable, now holds several offices. He continues as officer of the township; he is also chief-of-police, police sergeant, captain and patrolman, lamp lighter and health examiner. Look-out, Uncle Zeke.

C. H. W.

Garner, N. C., Sept. 13.