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BILKINS IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Bilkins Too Suspicious—Makes a Visit to Wall Street to See the Bulls and Bears and Other Cattle—All New Yorkers Honest—Will Attend to Mr. Johnson.

New York, U. S. A.,

September 19.

Correspondence of The Enterprise.

I see by your paper that Mrs. Bilkins hes bin writin' ter you ter ax erbout me. They wuz no use ov that. I've bin writin' ter her awl the time tellin' her whut I wuz doin' an' whar I wuz at, givin' awl the partickular, az a dutiful husband orter do.

But wimin' air so hard ter pleze an' so suspicious. I guess Betsy thought they wuz sum little pints that I haint teched on. I hev bin married too long not ter know better. Why I haint et a meal but whut I tole her awl erbout whut I had ter cat an' how hit wuz cooked. In gittin' tangled up with so meny different hotels, restyrants and caffays, I sumtimes hit up erginst things that I can't tell jist whut they air, but I make my report awl the same, an' if I can't tell whut I had fer dinner in French an' Latin, I simply report ham an' eggs or cabbage an' pertaters an' let hit go at that.

The wimin' air gittin' wurse an' wurse. Hit will be so after awhile that a man will hev ter make detailed reports every time he goes erway frum home an' swear to them.

But I claim that I hev solved the mattermonial problem by gittin' erway awl summer. The man who thinks he kin stay at home an' run a picknick in three rings will git et up by the cows.

Since I writ you last I hev bin foragin' around here gittin' my bears an' blazin' the trail so I would know whar I hev bin. I went down ter Wall Street the first place ter see the bulls an' bears that I had bin readin' erbout. But awl I seed wuz people. I looked eround a while an' couldn't find any bullpens nor bear cages. I axed a perllsman whar I'd find the animals. "What animals?" sez he. I sez: "The bulls an' bears in Wall Street." He luffed an' sed: "Go ter the stock exchange an' you will find them grazin'." Buyin' stock?" he axed, an' then he luffed. "Yes, sez I, I am goin' ter buy a bull, two bears, a perllsman an' a monkey an' start a circus. He 'lowed: "You had better move erlong, old man, an' not git gay or I'll pinch ye."

I sez: "You don't know me, do you?"

He sed: "No, an' I don't hev ter git an' interduckshun ter pinch you."

Then I tole him I wuz a magistrate an' if he didn't step lite I'd ishue a writ ov hebeas corpus versus mandamus an' hev him pinched for sassin' the court.

"Whar air you frum?" he asked. "That don't matter," sez I, "you would reckonize my name if you could see hit in print."

He sez: "Ah! go on; I knowed you wuz a detective awl the time a-puttin' up a job on me. I'll see you next payday."

I don't reckon my jurisdickum goes outside ov Martin Creek Township. But I am goin' ter use hit az a bluff whenever I see fit.

I went ter the stock exchange an' found the bulls an' the bears. But they air people. The papers air us-

in' slang when they call 'em bulls an' bears. I looked at them buyin' an' sellin' bonds an' stocks a gude while. They ack more like lunyticks than men. They kept up az much racket az a dozen wimin' at a quilting party. They won't let wimin' an' children go down in the "pit," az they call the floor ov the stock exchange. When they water the stock wimin' an' children mite git drowned.

They air so meny peepke in New York that I don't know how they awl make a honest livin'. But they say they air awl honest, an' a gude meny or them perfess religion on their deth beds.

I don't see eny pig pens in New York. I guess they hev a law erginst them. If I could see a few cows grazin' an' sum pigs with their tails curled a-gruntin', I'd not feel so lonesome.

My friend Mr. Johnson hez found whar I stay an' hez called ter see me. He tuk me ter see the hypodrome last nite. Hit iz a grate show an' beets eny circus thet travels. I enjoyed hit fine. Mr. Johnson wanted ter take me ter supper after the circus an' sed we'd eat an' drink a little sumthin'. I tole him I wuz erfrade ov microbes an' wouldn't eat an' drink so late at nite. I don't think he liked hit much. Mr. Johnson iz keepin' on gude terms with me till I sell that copper mine fer a hundred thousan' an' he wants ter swap pocket books with me, then. If he don't watch sharp I'll give him knockout drops before I leave New York. I've bin a poll holder in North Carolina several times an' I kin do up any New York sharp that hez ever bin hatched.

I hinted ter Mr. Johnson that I wanter ter go ter Coney Island, but he sed he'd be busy fer a day or two. I reckon he will take me soon.

I walked up on the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday an' sit thar a long time watchin' people pass. I'll bet two millyun crossed the bridge while I wuz lookin'. Brooklyn iz a suburb ov New York an' hez more than a millyun an' a half ov people, which iz more than they claim in Durham.

I hev bin lookin' eround fer churches sinse I got here. I can't find many in the town. I reckon hit iz sort ov a Sodum on' Gomorrow. The New York people had rather play poker an' go ter prize fites than ter ga, ter church. They are not Christians; neither do they use the church for a cloak. If enybody iz religious here they won't let hit be known, fer they would be a crowd follerin' them eround an' gazin' at them awl the time.

I got ter talkin' with a feller in the park the other day. He asked me whar I wuz frum. He sez: "You hev plenty ov farms an' factories down in North Carolina, but no big cities, an' hit iz jist az well."

He axed me whut iz the biggest town in North Carolina. I tole him the Charlotte papers claim Charlotte iz the biggest. He 'lowed, "Yes, an' we hev more peepke killed in New York every day by ortermobiles than live in Charlotte."

Well, I haint time ter write more now. I am re Cooperatin' up a little so I kin go down in the subway, an' see Bishop Potter's Christian saloon, an' ter Coney Island an' other gay places. I'll tell you erbout them awl next week if I pull through.

ZEKE BILKINS.

As to "Playing the Fool."

Editor Morning Post:

An editorial paragraph in the News and Observer of the 15th inst. charges that the Prohibition Party of Ohio is "playing the fool" in not supporting the Hon. John M. Pattison, nominee of the Democratic party for governor. It does not seem to me that anyone with a correct understanding of the facts and conditions as to the campaign now on in that State would make an allegation so sweeping, so groundless and unjust. John M. Pattison (while conceded by all who know him to be personally a man of sterling worth) is the nominee of a party, that in Ohio, has been dominated by the saloon for half a century, his running mate on the ticket is president of a brewing company and his campaign largely managed by representatives of the brewry interests. Notwithstanding these facts, before it opened this "hottest campaign in its history," the Prohibition party of Ohio, through its State chairman, its official organs and prominent members, offered to endorse and support Mr. Pattison provided he would answer affirmatively this question, "are you going to make a fight against the saloons in this campaign?" Mr. Pattison persistently evaded answering this plain inquiry, whereupon the Prohibitionists nominated a Prohibitionist upon a platform that declares unequivocally "against the saloon." Now, sir, refusing to vote for a nominee who will not declare "against the saloon," who is "handcuffed to a brewer, gagged, bound and chained behind the chariot of a party that has made 'no sumptuary laws' its slogan for twenty-five years," be 'playing the fool," then in behalf of the Prohibitionists of the Buckeye State, I plead guilty to the "soft impeachment."

J. M. TEMPULETON,

Member National Pro. Com.

Cary, N. C., Sept. 16, 1905.

The Guest.

Many years ago a girl found herself suddenly denied a pleasure to which she had been looking forward for many weeks. The very morning of the excursion an unexpected relative "dropped in." The carriage, even by crowding, would not hold more than six, and some reason of necessity or courtesy made it impossible for any one to stay at home except the girl. The situation was evident from the first moment.

The girl looked round the group gathered for hasty and secret conference with stormy eyes.

"It isn't fair!" she cried. "Every single one has been before except me. Because I'm the youngest, haven't I any right?"

A guest entered the room just in time to catch the angry outburst. Clearly he had stumbled upon a "scene," but it was too late to retreat. With the charm that never failed him, he turned to the girl.

"Ah, Miss Peggy, these 'rights!' he exclaimed? "They are troublesome things, aren't they? How they do dog us all our lives! Really, the best thing I know about them is that, since they are our rights, we have the privilege of surrendering them for others." And then, after taking a book from the table, he left the room. The girl stood still; she could not

understand, but dimly she seemed to catch a glimpse of a wide country of beauty. When she came to herself, her mother was speaking:

"If only I could give you my place, dear! But I can't stay when Cousin Betty has come. You?"

The girl spoke briefly. "I'll stay," she said.

The guest went his way a day or two later, and the girl never saw him again. But all her life after, the giving up of her rights came to her as a privilege and not a burden.—Exchange.

A Young Shepherd.

"Jack," called papa, "you had better feed the sheep a little early tonight, for a heavy storm is coming!"

So little Jack ran obediently to the barn, to find, to his dismay, an empty fold, while a gate slightly ajar told that the flock of sheep and lambs had gone through the long lane to the wood-lot beyond.

"It is all my carelessness," thought the poor child. "I left that gate unfastened this morning. Oh, dear, how black that sky is! But I won't ask any one to help me. I'll just get the big umbrella and hurry as fast as I can."

The sheep, of course, knew that the storm was coming, and were huddled closely together in one corner of the woods. They knew Jack's clear call of "Ca-day! ca-day! ca-day!" and ran joyfully to him as he let down the bars, while great drops of rain began to fall.

The gentle creatures were tired with their long walk, after the winter's captivity, and when about half way home, one sheep and her lamb lay down, quite unable to go farther.

"Poor Nannie! Can't you go on? Let me help you." But in spite of Jack's coaxing, the sheep lay still.

"She'll get sick, lying here, but we can't wait. The others must go home. What shall I do?" and tears came into Jack's eyes and voice. Then a happy thought struck him. "I will just put my umbrella over Nann and her baby, and papa will come back with me to carry them home."

Mr. Action was in the barn, and started off with the wheelbarrow when his little son told him what had happened, and soon Nannic was safe with her mates in their warm pen.

Mamma looked quite anxious when she saw Jack's dripping little figure, but she gave him a hot bath and some ginger tea, and said, as she tucked him in bed: "Weren't you afraid of catching cold when you left Nann the umbrella?"

"Oh, I did not think about myself; but I couldn't let Nannie get sick, you know, mamma."—Lucy Carman, in Youth's Companion.

"When I was twenty-one years old I was a mighty intelligent fellow," with a smirk. "You young fellows, I was a fool then, just like you. A man oughtn't to be allowed to go about by himself till he is thirty, and a woman never."—Sam Jones.

The Dowager Empress of China is reported to be seriously thinking of granting the country a parliament twelve years hence. In the particular of postponing reform she appears to have taken a lesson from Czar Nicholas.—Pittsburg Times.