

# Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL II.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1905.

NO. 25

## BILKINS IN NEW YORK.

### How to Swindle City and Country People - New York People Are Painfully Honest—Major Bilkins Makes Victims of a Few Sharps.

New York, Oct. 3.  
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I've always heard that hit is a gude plan ter sell gold bricks an' other green goods in the country, fer the folks air not supposed ter be rite up with awl the latest tricks ov trade.

When hit cums ter sellin' county rites, lightning rods, \$40 clocks, \$65 cookin' stoves, liniments that will cure awl diseases, patent churns an' things ov that sort the country dees-tricks air gude enuff. But if you air goin' ter go into the sale ov electric hair brushes, electric belts, hair restorers, stocks an' bonds, make rite fer the biggest city on the map. City people air made up ov country people who didn't hev enuff sense ter stay in the country an' do well. Most ov the sensible people air still in the country.

I reckon you hev seed in the papers erbout a feller gittin' up a check an' redeemin' \$350,000 worth ov securities here a few days ergo. Such a thing couldn't hev bin done in Durham or Hillsboro, N. C. Yet, a boy walked into one of the biggest banks here, planked down a check fer \$300,000 to pay a loan, which was real, gets the securities an' walked out. Hit iz mity temptatin' to me here, fer I could bunco them out ov half the money in New York, if I wuz mean enuff.

The trouble here iz that they air awl honest, an' they look fer everybody else ter be the same. These New Yorkers air painfully honest. If you go into a caffay an' order dinner an' don't feel much hungry an' leave part ov hit untouched they will try ter give you part ov your money back. One feller lacked a nickel ov givin' me enuff change an' he followed me clear ter my hotel ter make hit rite. I could fill a big book with stories erbout the unterrified honesty ov New York people. For further infermashun read the evidence in the insurance investigashun.

But while they air so meny honest, gullyable people in New York, they iz a lot ov them who will cheat you if they kin. The biggest bunco game they ever played wuz when they got Judge Alton B. Parker ter resign a judgeship that paid about \$12,000 a year ter run fer Presedent. Tamany wuz at the bottom ov hit. Then my friend Jodesevus Daniels an' Henry Bowregard Varner went up to Esopyus an' tole Alton that he wuz the real artickle an' that he could carry the United States an' half ov Mexico. He only carried two townships in the United States an' didn't git a vote in Mexico.

I hev bin tryin' ter find Ex-Judge Parker ever sinse I got here, but nobody seems ter remember whar he iz. I want to give him sum ground-floor infermashun erbout how ter git even.

Hit is so blamed easy ter bunco these New Yorkers that I am gettin' tired ov hit. The first day I got here I met a Mr. Johnson. I sized him up az a confidence man at first site. He hev tried ter bunco me in twenty different ways, but I am still a few dollars ahead ov the game. I tole him I hed a copper mine down

on my plantashun near Willow Springs an' that I wuz goin' ter sell hit fer a hundred thousand plunks. On the strength ov that he hev taken me ter awl the nice theaters an' other things, too. He insists that I sell hit, but I hev changed my mind an' want ter git up a company ter open the mine. He sed he could git hit up an' it went so far that I got awl the stock taken an' borrowed \$500 from one ov the stockholders ter pay fer a charter. As I hev no mine, I got sorry fer him an' give the money back.

I set down in Central Park an' went ter sleep, or pertended ter be. A feller tried ter pick my pockets an' I ketched him an' made him give me \$10.

A young chap dropped a big, fat pocket book on the pavement behind me the other day an' run after me an' tole me that I hed lost my pocket book. I tole him hit wuzent mine. He opened hit an' hit had a wad ov money az hig az your arm. Sez he, "we will advertize the pocket book on shares. Hit haint got less than a thousand in hit and the owner will be glad ter give a hundred dollars reward. If he never hears ov hit we will keep hit and divide the money." Then he 'lowed he'd hev ter leave the city that afternoon, bein' a travelin' man' and that if I'd give him twenty dollars fer his share I mite keep the whole thing an' git \$80, the balance ov the reward, or if the owner didn't turn up, I'd be a thousand to the gude.

Sez I, "young man, your properishun seems ter be gude. But let me see if the owners name aint on the pocket book." He handed me the pocket bood ter examine. I sez: "Now, young feller, I want you ter go down ter the Pinkerton office an' explain why you air tryin' ter defraud gude people."

He thought I wuz a Pinkerton detective then an' run like a deer. I walked on an' examined the pocket book. Hit had a dollar bill wrapped around a lot ov brown paper, just az I thought. But I froze on ter the dollar.

I may sell a few vacant lots in the suburbs or sum orange groves in Florida jist before I get out ov New York. But hit iz a shame ter take the money.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

### Hickory Grove News.

Hickory Grove, N. C., Oct. 3.  
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Mr. Miles Herndon was called home last Saturday from Newport News, Va., to see his mother, who has been sick for several weeks.

Mr. Henry Strickland, who has been very sick at Durham, is much better and is now visiting his father near this place.

Miss B. L. Pace, of Hickory Grove, is spending her time with relatives and friends at Wakefield.

Mrs. F. P. Horton, of this place, is death on snakes, but will give all the room to a lizard.

Farmers are well up picking cotton. The crop is small, and the unusually fine weather has enabled them to gather it as fast as it opened. There will not be more than two-thirds of a crop made. Much hay has been saved during the fine weather and there is more yet to get.

J. D. U.

## THE DISPENSARY EVIL.

### Rev. J. C. Masee Warms Up the G. M. I.

Rev. J. C. Masee, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle in this city, addressed the W. C. T. U., in session here Tuesday night. After paying his respects to saloons, cigarettes and other things, he took up the dispensary. He said:

"The dispensary is the subtlest foe of them all, for it dares to declare itself under Christian and moral control! Now the whiskey business is the devil's business and is under his control and all the sophistry in the world cannot change that fact. The whiskey business is a great bad business. And whoever is identified with that business is identified with a great bad institution and in the service of a bad master. The saloon is a devil in rags and filth. The dispensary is dressed up with some of the filth gone, but a devil just the same. We should give the devil his due. So we will say the best that can be said of the dispensary. It does avoid social drinking upon the dispensary premises. And the other counts in its favor are: No lewd pictures on its walls; no sales at night; not sold to minors; one drinking place under law better than many, and the fact that it is a source of public revenue.

"But the dispensary must plead guilty to some evils as well. It simply transfers the social drinking as to place from the place where sold to the open drinking counters that may be erected next door, to pool rooms, public assembly places, such as depots and stores, offices of business houses, dry goods boxes on the streets and to the brothels of the city. There are said to be a hundred drinking places in this city.

"It sells for revenue. There is simply a change of beneficiaries. What think you? We condemn the bar-keeper for taking the revenue of blood. We wrest his business from him by law and become the takers of blood money ourselves. He uses the money to improve his property; we use it to improve ours, our streets and roads; he uses it to educate his children; we use it to educate ours; he uses it to pay his taxes; we use it to pay our taxes. We denounce him as an immoral wretch and a destroyer of life. We congratulate ourselves as the conservators of public morals. Shame upon us that we have not made better moral discriminations than these

"I believe most earnestly that the Christian conscience and the whiskey business cannot long endure together. The dispensing of whiskey by public franchise inevitably gives to the part of the public consenting a whiskey conscience. For this reason the dispensary is far more damning to the moral tone of a community than the open saloon itself since it appeals to the Christian conscience to endorse and sustain it.

"But I would not be understood as saying that the dispensary is not an advance step. First, there were the reports of state superintendents, the re-advance upon the saloon. It is an advance because it is an effort to solve the problem and to leave the solution in the hands of the moral element of the State. It will be an advance, however, only so far as it

is a step towards the end, and never when it becomes an end in itself. The only ultimate ground for the Christian to occupy as to the liquor business is total prohibition.

"We cannot as Christians compromise with the devil nor with the business. Let us then lift with renewed purpose this white shield of yours once again on high in all its purity as the ideal and aim of all our lives, of all our homes, of all our cities, of our whole land, aye for Christ and our brothers in all the world."

### In and About McCullers.

A representative of the Enterprise spent a day at McCullers this week.

That is a busy community just now. The three merchants there, Messrs. R. H. Utley, A. S. Morgan and Felix Banks, are just getting in their fall stocks of goods and are ready for the trade.

The new Baptist Church there was recently completed, and only the painting of the building remains to be done.

Messrs. P. B. Farmer and N. McLaughlin, both experienced lumber men, own a large lumber plant there and are doing a fine business. They manufacture the lumber from the tree, dry, dress and prepare it ready for the building.

In the vicinity of McCullers will be found many good citizens and successful farmers. On the farms of Messrs. E. T. Banks, J. H. Franks, D. H. Stokes, T. J. Franks, A. F. Powell, S. R. Lee, T. M. Franks, J. L. Sorrell, D. H. Smith, T. J. Stephens, A. R. Tillman and D. A. Overby will be found good crops of cotton, corn, etc., notwithstanding the bad crop year. Parts of their crops will yield almost or quite a bale of cotton per acre, and the balance from eight to twelve hundred pounds of seed cotton, which is remarkable for this season. They are intelligent and hard working, and that counts more than ever in a bad crop season.

The Christian denomination is building a handsome new church at Catawba Springs, about a mile west from McCullers. The community also has an excellent High School there, Mr. Claude Council being principal. The school will last ten months in the year, and will soon tell on that already progressive neighborhood.

Mr. R. Y. Smith is the leading tobacco farmer near McCullers. He is very successful in growing the golden weed, and stands high in that section. Mr. Smith formerly lived in Granville County.

### Sidney Moring Released.

Judge Purnell made an order Monday that Sidney Moring, who has been serving a sentence in jail for implication in the operation of the "neighborhood distillery" near Cary, be allowed to take the oath of an insolvent in lieu of thirty days further imprisonment and costs in the case. Moring was one of several men of the locality who were found guilty of participation in the operation of the distillery. All the others have served their term. Moring appeared to be the most guilty of the lot. He pledges himself not to violate the revenue laws any more. The application for the release of Moring was made by Judge Winston.