

Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905.

NO. 26

BILKINS IN BOSTON.

**Historical and Other Information
About the "Hub"—Fanuel Hall—
Boston's Two Famous Citizens—
Zeke Will Come Home for the Fair.**

Boston, Mass., Oct. 10.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I landed in Boston three days ergo frum a boat. I wuz seasick when I got here an' I don't expeck ter git over hit soon. This town iz too blamed exsitin' fer a helth resort. The streets air too crooked fer comfort, an' a gude meny ov the peepel air crooked, too. Thomas W. Lawson iz the only man here that claims ter be honest, an' he hez bin confessin' hiz sins at the rate ov two hundred a month fer several years. He con- ducts the confeshun departmint in one ov the magazines.

I didn't wanter cum here on a steamboat, but it wuz the cheapest. I hed stayed in New York till my cash wuz gittin' low. Mr. Johnson tole me he could go down on Wall Street an' scalp a ticket agent an' git a ticket fer half price. I tole him I didn't wanter git mixed up in a thing like that. I reckon he wuz tryin' ter bunco me ergin.

Boston iz the biggest town in Mass- achusetts an' iz located four miles frum Gunter's Siding on the Boston and Maine Railrode. The first tea party ever held in this country wuz held in Boston. Hit wound up in a row with the Brittish that lasted eight years. The prinsiple business in Boston iz the manufacture ov shoes, pocket books and rubber goods. Most ov the shoes made in this country are made in Boston and towns close by. And the shoemakers do not go barefooted, which iz another campane lie nailed.

The biggest attractshun in Boston iz Fannewell Hall. Hit looks like Jim Smith's ole barn. But hit iz historick, awfully historick, an' that iz whut counts in Boston. Two or three hundred years ergo awl the town meetins' wuz held in Fannewell Hall, an' they air yit. If they want ter pass a law ter move awl pig pens outside ov the city limits they ring the bell at the hall, an' awl the peepel turn out ter the meetin' an' hold their breth till they find out what iz on the docket.

Plymouth Rock, the place whar the pilgrims landed, iz not far frum Boston. If you haint got blue blood in your veins you can't git a look at the rock. Most ov the pilgrims settled in Boston an' planted family trees. They trace their family history back ter Noah, who wuz captiu ov a ship called the "Ark." An ole made at my boardin' house wuz tellin' me erbout her family history yesterday. I tole her I could trace my family history back erway behind Noah, az I am a direck descendant ov Adam. She sed she wouldn't go back further than Noah, fer Adam had never repudiated that transack- shun in fruit which caused so much talk at the time. I beleeve that Adam regretted hit an' worried over hit till hit shortened hiz days several hundred years, though he wuz too proud ter admit hit.

Boston iz full ov ole mades, pub- lic libraries, fine schools an' baked beans. Baked beans air hard ter beat. I got sum seed an' am going ter try ter raise sum baked beans next year.

Notwithstandin' (which iz one ov the shortest wurds in use here) that Boston iz a grate seat ov learnin' an' culture, the city hez never per- duced but two men who becum real famous. They air W. L. Douglas and John L. Sullivan. Both are too well known to need an interduck- shun. Mr. Sullivan's handwork has made him famous an' the footwork ov Mr. Douglas has given him a rep- utashun frum one side ov the coun- try to the tother. He iz now Govern- or ov Massachusetts an' Sullivan can be any time he iz ready.

Boston hez perduced two ov three poets, but the folks here change the subject when thet iz menshuned.

Az I promised President Roosevelt to meet him at the Fair, I will soon hev ter start home an' begin life over ergin. My wife writes that I must cum home, an' I see no way out ov hit, unless I skip the country.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Letter From Garner.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

No mayor's court here for sev- eral days. The people of the town are law abiding.

Street Commissioner W. L. Brooks is now looking to the inter- est of the streets and having those fixed all right.

Garfield, the son of Mr. Mathias Jones, who lives at the Falls of Neuse, was buried at 'Squire J. D. Johnson's yesterday.

Mrs. Hawkins Britt, who has been seriously ill for several days, con- tinues to improve.

The farmers have had very fine weather to gather in their crops, and as crops are so short, they are al- most gathered.

C. H. W.

Garner, N. C., October 11.

The Insurance Scandal.

The New York investigation of the insurance companies grows in im- portance as it proceeds. Having shown up the gross misdoings of the Equitable and the New York Life it took up the Mutual Life of New York last week. That is probably the worst in the lot. It was shown that President McCurdy receives \$150,000 per year and members of his family about three times that sum!

It has also been shown that the in- surance companies have divided the United States into legislative dis- tricts, each district being assigned to a certain company—that company looking after insurance legislation in its district. This throws a consider- able light upon the activity of insur- ance agents as legislative candidates. We should beware how we elect them, lest they represent the insur- ance companies instead of the peo- ple. Put this in your mind and watch the situation.

The Comptroller of Missouri has declared that the New York Life must either restore the \$150,000 ap- propriated to the Republican party or cease to do business in that State. We should like to see the North Carolina Commissioner take the same- strong position.

By the way, Mr. Roosevelt has said nothing on this subject. We hope he will declare himself at Raleigh. If not, his exalted place in public con- fidence is likely to be seriously im- paired.

Farmers in Japan.

All through the bright spring days and the early summer, Yoshi, her sister and mother, have been very busy preparing the ground and put- ting in the crops. Usually they have had a stronger hand to help, but this terrible war has taken away father and brother.

Bravely, even gladly, were they sent to fight for native land and home.

When the spring sunshine fell bright and warm over the rice field one little corner was prepared and in it the seed was sown. While it was springing up the wider field was made ready, the mother and sister digging up and turning the heavy, clinging soil, and then flooding the whole with water.

Meanwhile the young plants in the corner were growing, and when they were large enough to transplant, Yoshi could help!

With a cheap blue cotton kimono carefully tucked up, and a blue and white towel around her head, Yoshi worked hour after hour in the mud up to her knees, putting the tiny rice plants in rows in the black mud. After that was done the meddlesome weeds had to be watched and cleared out again and again.

Then there are other fields where no water can be obtained, and there was planted wheat or barley in drills, so that as it begins to ripen beans or other vegetables could be put in.

You see, their farms are what American boys and girls would call garden patches, so they have learn- ed to make the most of them. They raise three or even four crops in one season. Of course on such small farms machinery could not be used even if they had money to buy, so all the work is done by hand. The barley is carefully cut with a sickle and every head saved.

It is then hung up to dry, and later is pulled through rows of wooden teeth, the grain falling on to mat- ting.—Mary Pike Spencer.

A Narrow Escape.

The yellow fever was raging in the city of Vera Cruz that year, and one of the large West Indian liners which arrived on a certain day was obliged to anchor off in the harbor. A small boat, known as a dinghy, floated astern, and in this an active young colored boy of about fifteen was busily at work washing off the seats. The boat lurched over with a sudden dip as the boy bore his weight on one of the thwarts, and Pedro heard a warning shout from the steamer's deck just in time to give one terrified glance around, and to hear a noise he knew only too well.

Without an instant's hesitation, he jumped overboard from the opposite side of the boat. For as he looked he caught sight of the jaws of a great shark which, spying this tempting morsel of a plump little darkey boy, had leaped toward the careened boat with open mouth. So vigorous was the shark's leap that as Pedro went over on one side of the boat the shark flopped in on the other. Not being used to these surroundings, and missing his prey, he floundered around until his head bore down the gunwhale, and he slid from the careening boat into the sea again be- fore the people on the steamer could fling a harpoon at him. Almost as

he disappeared poor Pedro's head popped up on the opposite side of the boat, and in a terrible fright he clambered into the dinghy again, as thoroughly scared a young darkey as ever had a narrow escape.

Had he not thus saved himself from the man-eater, help from the steamer would have been necessary, and even then it is more than prob- able that the boy would not have been saved. This is a remarkable instance of the ferocity of a shark seeking his prey out of the water.—H. A. Johnson in August St. Nich- olas.

The Painter and the Prince.

Of Theodore Watts-Dunton, the poet and critic, whose engagement has been announced, a publisher said the other day:

"At the time of the completion of Mr. Watts-Dunton's novel of 'Ayl- win,' I was in London, and I called on him to talk about the book's Ameri- can rights.

"Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swin- burne received me together—they have lived together for many years—and, though we came to no agree- ment about the American rights of 'Alywin,' we had a most interesting conversation about men of letters.

"Mr. Watts-Dunton told me a story of Rossetti.

"Rossetti, as he sat at work in his big house in Chelsea one day, was visited by a certain African prince.

"The painter showed the prince a number of his pictures, and the lat- ter, much pleased, said:

"Paint for me, sir, a portrait of my father."

"Is your father in London?" Ros- setti asked.

"No. He is in a better place than London," said the prince. "He is in heaven. He has been dead for twenty years."

"Have you a photograph, or any- thing of that sort," said Rossetti, "that I can copy?"

"No," said the prince. "There is no likeness of my father extant."

"Then, of course, I can't paint him, for I never saw him," said the other.

"But the prince pointed from one to another of the splendid pictures in the room.

"Did you ever see," he said, "the subjects of these pictures? Did you ever see Mary Magdalen, or Circe, or John the Baptist?"

"No," said Rossetti.

"Yet you have painted them well. You have painted Mary Magdalen particularly well. Therefore," said the prince, "I am sure you are quite competent to paint my father. Paint him, sir. I'll take no denial."

"Rossetti, at a loss what else to do, made a picture of an African chief, and a week later the prince called to take it away with him.

"He studied it on the easel a long time. Then, with a pensive smile, he said:

"So that is my father. Ah, how he has changed!"—Exchange.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never know yourself to say anything gloomy.—L. M. Child.