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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bilkins Discuss the President's Views on the Question of Children—A Poor Wife Writes to Learn How to Get Back Her Husband's Love.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Me an' Betsy wuz talkin' erbout the Preserdint cumin' ter North Carolina the other nite, an' goin' over sum ov the things he sed. I tole Betsy that he 'lowed that the finest things he seed in this State wuz the crop ov children, an' I reckoned he wuz erbout rite. We hev them everywhar. You will find them in the fine mansions an' in the log cabins, East, West, North, South. They are here in awl sizes an' purty nigh awl colors, sum az white az snow and sum az black az the ace ov spades. Gude children, bad children, helthy children an' sickly children, gude lookin' children an' ugly ones.

"Yes," sed Betsy, "hit iz mity easy fer the Preserdint ter talk. I don't reckon he hez had much care ov children on hiz shoulders. Hiz chaps awl hev two or three nurses apiece an' he don't see them twice a week. If the Preserdint had ter git up an' tote a howlin' kid two or three hours every nite like sum poor fathers an' mothers hev ter do, he wouldn't talk so permiscus. I'd give a purty ter see him prancin' eround over the White House at 3 o'clock in the mornin' tryin' ter quiet a sick baby. I'll bet he wouldn't say he wuz "dee-lighter" then.

"You air mistaken," sez I. The Preserdent iz fond ov children, horses, dogs or enythin' with life in hit. When I wuz up ter see him last summer he tole me awl erbout how lonesum he wuz when awl hiz family air away an' how much he missed the children. He sed hiz children awl took after him in bein' fond ov horses an' that when they were little he had played horse many a time an' the children did the ridin'. He sed they wuz a bushel ov fun in hit. He awlso tole me erbout how he would git out in the backyard at the White House late in the evenin' after a hard day's wurk an' romp with hiz children an' play awl sorts ov games.

Er bout this time Betsy broke in an' changed the subjick by askin' if I notised how nice Mrs. Parkers' new coat suit becum her at the Fair? I tole her no, "that I wuz watchin' fer the balloon ter go up an' didn't see a single dress the whole day." Betsy looked mad enuff ter eat me alive.

I got a letter the other day that made me put on my thinkin' cap. I'm goin' ter give you a copy ov hit, an' my answer. Hit read like this: "My Dear Mr. Bilkins:—I see that you have had a good deal of family experience, and that you write on lots of subjects. Maybe you can tell me what to do, for my heart is breaking. I have been married five years and my husband does not seem to care for me at all now. He was a devoted sweetheart, and for about a year after we were married, we were very happy. I don't know much about degrees and per cents, but I guess his love has grown cold at the rate of about twenty-five per cent each year for the past four years. I was a college graduate and was considered pretty before I married. I try my best to make my husband love me as he once did, but it appears use-

less. If you can tell me what the trouble is and suggest a remedy I will always be grateful.

"IRENE."

I am sorry "Irene" didn't send me her full name. Hit iz mity hard ter prescribe fer a pashient onless you know the full name. I awlso would be glad ter know who Joe or Jim, the hubby, iz, an' hev hiz side ov hit.

Well, Irene, you say that your husband wuz a devoted sweetheart, an' that he kept it up pretty well fer the first year after marriage. So far so gude. But sinse that he hez bin growin' cold at the rate ov twenty-five per cent per annum fer four years, which means that he iz nothin' but a hundred an' seventy-five pounds ov chills an' icebergs at the present moment. He does not love you at all. In another year he will hate you twenty-five per cent. In four years he will hate you one hundred per cent an' the jig will be up.

Irene, a college graduate order do better than that. If you held hiz love before marriage an' for a year after, you order hev ninety-five per cent, ov hit now. Hit iz your fault, I think. Probably you were too sure that you could hold your hubby's love an' quit tryin' ter keep hit after a year or so. You want use the same plans you adopted while he wuz a sweetheart. Treat him az pleasantly an' az perlutely az you did then. Go erbout hit gently, though, fer he may be a bit wild now. When he cums home ter dinner or supper, be cheerful, whether you air or not, an' look neat. Wear a rose in your hair. Let him know that you air glad ter see him, but don't throw yourself in hiz arms. Don't talk erbout enything in partickular; don't gossip; don't tell him eny ov the days' troubles. Pertend ter be perfectly satisfied. Make him beleve that he iz the smartest an' best man in the world, but don't tell him so. Every man has an idea that he can read a woman's mind in such matters an' hit iz best not ter tell him enything. Don't say enything erbout wantin' a new dress. If you get back your husband's love, he will git you awl the new dresses he can afford without your bringing up the subjeck.

Now, Irene, you may suffer frum cole feet, or you may hev other faults that I kin not foresee. But I hev given you a prescripshun that will bring back your husband's love, if you ever had hit, an' I hope the cure will be permanent.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

In how many cases the hasty temper flashes out and does its work with the precision and the pain of the swift stiletto. Singularly enough, the hasty word oftenest wounds those we love. We know the weak points in the armor of our friend; we are aware of his caprices, and are ordinarily tender and compassionate even of his vanities; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as loving. We are cold or tired or hungry. So politeness fails us, fortitudes vanishes, and we say that which we repent in sackcloth and may be forgiven, it is not forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship; there is a shadowy surface.—Harper's Bazaar.

President Roosevelt on the Negro's Obligations.

In the course of his Southern tour week before last President Roosevelt visited Tuskegee and spoke to a large audience on the duties and opportunities of the negro. In the first part of his address he referred to the duty of the white man toward the negro. Then he turned to the other side of the problem and said: "Now, let you remember, on the other hand, that no help can permanently avail you save as you yourself develop capacity for self-help. You young colored men and women educated at Tuskegee must be precept and example lead your fellows toward sober, industrious, law-abiding lives. You are in honor bound to join hands in favor of law and order and to war against all crime, and especially against all crime by men of your race; for the heaviest wrong done by the criminal is the wrong to his own race.

You must teach the people of your race that they must scrupulously observe any contract into which they in good faith enter, no matter whether it is hard to keep or not. If you save money, secure homes, and lead clean, decent, modest lives, you will win the respect of your neighbors of both races. Let each man strive to excel his fellows, only by rendering substantial service to the community in which he lives. The colored people have many difficulties to pass through but these difficulties will be surmounted if only the policy of reason and common-sense is pursued. You have made real and great progress. According to the census the colored people of this country own and pay taxes upon something like three hundred million dollars' worth of property, and have blotted out over 50 per cent of the illiteracy. What you have done in the past is an indication of what you will be able to accomplish in the future under wise leadership. Moral and industrial education is what is most needed, in order that this progress may continue. The race can not expect to get everything at once. It must learn to wait and bide its time; to prove itself worthy by showing its possession of perseverance, of thrift, of self-control. The destiny of the race is chiefly in its own hands, and must be worked out patiently and persistently along these lines:

"Remember also that the white man who can be of most use to the colored man is that colored man's neighbor. It is the Southern people themselves who must and can solve the difficulties that exist in the South. Of course, what help the people of the rest of the Union can give them must and will be gladly and cheerfully given. The hope of advancement for the colored man in the South lies in his steady, common-sense effort to improve his moral and material conditons and to work in all harmony with the white man in upbuilding the Commonwealth. The future of the people of both races living up to the spirit and letter of the laws of their several States and working out the destinies of both races, not as races, but as law-abiding citizens."

Simplicity and purity are the two wings by which man is lifted above all earthly things.—Thomas A. Kempis.

The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.
—Selected.

Distribution of Mulberry Trees.

The North Carolina Department of Agriculture will, beginning November 15, distribute among the farmers of the State 20,000 seedling white mulberry trees.

This distribution is intended to encourage the growing of silk in North Carolina, but the trees will at the same time furnish shade and food for poultry and hogs. Every farm in the State should have a mulberry tree.

The trees should be planted 12x12 feet on dry soil and cared for like peach or plum trees.

These trees will be sent by mail, postpaid, in packages of 50 and 100. Not less than 50 nor more than 100 trees will be sent to one address.

To cover cost of packing and mailing applicants must enclose one cent for each tree. Postage stamps accepted.

This is probably the last distribution of mulberry trees that will be made by the Department. Those who want them should apply at once.

Those who have not tried silk growing should send for a copy of Bulletin 181.

Address applications for mulberry trees to the undersigned.

GERALD McCARTHY,

Biologist North Carolina Department of Agriculture.

It is only as we die in the world around us and to the self-life within us that we realize the glory of this mystery. If we were more tranquil in our behaviour, quiet in our movements, self-poised, willing to wait only upon God, raising before answering, lifting up our hearts before opening our letters, seeking direction before making engagements of forming plans, we should be conscious of the rising up within us of another life than our reproducing something of the glorious life he lived once among men.—F. B. Meyer.

Christian Faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—Hawthorne.