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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

The Major Takes Up a Painful Subject—Tells How a Dentist Made \$9 in Double-Quick Time—An Amusing Experience—Proves that He Lives Near Willow Springs.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I had an amuzin' espeeriense with a tooth dockter the other day. But the dentist wuz amuzed a gude deel more than I wuz before hit wuz awl over. Dentists think they air purty popular an' that they hev a pull with awl ov the best people in the country, which is true in a gude meny cases.

But I never did run after them like sum people, an' that will cum az nigh hurtin' a dentist's feelins' az anything a feller kin do ter 'em. But I hev notised that if you do anything ter hurt a dentists' feelins', he will git back at you if hit takes ten years. A dentist kin give a feller twelve months' pain jist while he iz extractting one tooth by the painless method.

The best way ter do a tooth carpenter iz ter tell him ter do hiz best ter kill you an' then memmerize a little Christian Science an' imagine that he iz killin' you. After hit iz awl over you will feel releived ter know that dyin' iz not half az bad az sum people think. Several years ergo I got a tooth carpenter ter build a bridge an' stop up sum holes in my teeth. He charged me \$9.00, and wuz only two hours an' ten minits on the job, a gude deal ov the time bein' spent in makin' out an' itemized bill, which he presented while I wuz still in the chair.

Dentists beleev in labor savin' mashesnery an' use a steam drill. If they can't find eny holes in your teeth they can soon drill a few. But I hev never heard ov one doin' that, unless business iz dull.

The dentist who did \$9.00 worth ov wurk in my mouth in two hours didn't hurt me eny worse than I've bin hurt by gittin' a graduate ov a barber skule ter shave me. But the dentist charged \$8.90 more than the barber. Yet the dentist may be liberal in church matters, or there may be other extenuative sircumstances.

Az I sed before, I hadn't bin ter call on a dentist fer a long time till the other day. He wuz perlite, but dignified. I guessed that he wuz glad ter see me. He 'lowed he could fix me up awl rite in three shakes if I'd wate till he'd repair hiz ingine. I reckon the proper name ov that woul be "the ingine ov destruckshun." After gittin' the ingin fixed up he pulled my mouth open an' gazed around awhile. Direckly he sed: "Why that tooth hez a hole in hit az big az the mammoth cave." Then he begun ter punch an' probe around in the cave with sum little iron rods an' things. I though he hed punched a hole through the top ov my hed an' that would let my hair fall in my mouth. But after I cum ter myself I remembered that most ov my hair hed bin jarred out by my brain bein' so active, an' that they wuz no danger.

After punchin' an' poundin' around fer awhile the dentist 'lowed that I order had that tooth filled long ergo; sed he could see the nerve, an' that he'd hev ter treet the tooth an' kill the nerve before hit would be fit ter fill.

"Awl rite," sez I, "go ahead an' treet the tooth az often az you want

to, but you want treet me at the same time. You may treet the tooth an' kill the nerve, but I want treet the balance ov my nerve. When you fill that tooth I'll git full, too."

He sez: "You air jokin', major, you never take anything, do you?"

I tole him no, that I quit several years before the Watt's law wuz past; but the legislature wuz so strong-headed that hit past the law enyway.

In due time the nerve in my tooth wuz killed, an' hit wuz filled. I am still due the dentist fer the job. If I get over the pain he gave me I will pay him; otherwise, I will not.

I wuz talkin' with the editur ov the Enterprise the other day. He 'lowed that he had bin down ter Willow Springs an' that the nabors awl sed I didn't live thar, or if I did, they didn't know me. I will explane. In order ter hold az meny offices az possible, I hev several different names. But my home iz on "Terrible Creek," and hit iz not far frum Willow Springs. I know John Rowland, J. H. Dupree, W. B. Temple, E. A. Howard, S. S. Puckett an' awl them old timers eround Willow Springs; awlso Dr. Smith, who cured John Rowland ov the rheumatiz erway back in 1840 by dancin' the cakewalk, John Rowland got ter laffin' an' when he quit hiz rheumatiz was gone. If they want further affidavits, I kin make em.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Rules for Table Etiquette.

One cannot give "infallible rules" for etiquette at the table. Peculiarities of custom vary in different localities and among different classes. A safe rule is to carefully observe the actions of people who are acknowledged leaders in good society, and supplement this observation by closely studying some authorized book on the subject. Most rules of etiquette are the outgrowth of the small courtesies of life due to the convenience and comfort of our associates, and the desire to please both the eye and the ear in our social intercourse. Some rules, however, are quite arbitrary, and these will be found fully set forth in any good work on the subject.

The first course served is soup; following the soup comes fish, which is eaten with a fork held in the right hand. Entrees follow the fish, which are served in covered dishes. Roast meats follow, with which are served vegetables, gravies, etc. Bread accompanies every course, and is usually part of the desert. Cheese comes with the dessert, is crumbled and eaten with a fork. Pies, puddings, cakes, ices fruits, etc., come under the heading of dessert. If one does not practice the little politenesses observed in society, at the home table, the lack of them will "show through," no matter how much we wish to appear "well bred" in company.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.—William Burleigh.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.—Cicero.

Alfred, the Knight.

"Come, Alfred, will you please help me with the dishes now?" said Mrs. Morris one evening.

Alfred hesitated. He was always so ready and willing to help her that his mother stopped with her hands full of dishes and looked at him in surprise. "What is the matter, Alfred? Don't you feel well?"

"O, yes, mother, I feel all right," answered Alfred, slowly, rising from his chair and following his mother into the kitchen. "It isn't such hard work, mother; I really don't mind doing them a bit. The reason I didn't want to is because—" and the boy stopped again.

Alfred hung his head and the red slowly mounted into his face as he replied, "I'll tell you all about it, mother. You remember last night George Nevius came here and wanted me to go round to his house with him, and I told him I couldn't?"

"Yes," said his mother. "Didn't he like that?"

"Well, not much; it made him sort of mad, and I suppose he saw me drop the towel. Anyway, he told the other fellows that I couldn't get out nights with the boys because I had to stay home and help my mother do the housework."

Mrs. Morris sighed; then as she hung the shining dishpan in its place and set away the clean dishes, she said: "I am very sorry, dear, that you have to help me. If your father had lived it would have been so different. I wonder if the boys ever heard of the knight who washed dishes and did other kinds of housework?"

"I don't know about the other boys, mother," replied Alfred, who dearly loved to hear his mother tell a story, "but I know I never did."

"It was long ago when King Arthur ruled the land. There were many enemies of the country to be driven out, and many wild beasts to be killed. So from every part of Arthur's kingdom young men came to help him and to join his Round Table. Among those who heard of the good king and wanted to go to help him was a youth named Gareth. But he was the youngest son and his parents were anxious that he should stay with them. Whenever he talked of joining the Round Table, his mother tried to persuade him to stay with her. But at last he had begged her so many times that she did give her consent. She said he could go on one condition only. The prince was to go to Arthur's hall in disguise and hire himself to work in the kitchen for his board. No one was to know his name, and he was to serve a year and a day. I suppose the mother thought her son would never go in that way. But he was braver than she knew, and soon journeyed to Camelot, the city of the king. He came to Arthur's court, and the king must have been surprised when he did not ask for a horse or for a spear, but for permission to work for his board a year and a day in the kitchen. There he found much to bear. The work was hard and the chief servant was often cross and disagreeable to him, making him work harder than the others. draw the water, cut the wood, and do the heaviest tasks of any. It must have been difficult to be always patient, but Gareth remembered that even in the kitchen he was

servng the king. After a little while his mother felt sorry because of the hard promise she had exacted from her son, and sent him arms and told him he need stay no longer among the servants."

"Well, he must have been glad of that," said Alfred. "What did he do next?"

"A maiden came to King Arthur asking him to send someone to help her sister, who was shut in her castle and watched by four terrible knights. The very worst of them all was continually begging her to marry him; but she did not want to, and yet did not know how to escape. The maiden thought Launcelot, the bravest knight and the king's dearest friend, would be the one to go, so she was very angry when she found it was Gareth. She taunting him and calling him 'kitchen knave,' all the way. She even refused to eat at the same table with him. But Gareth always answered her courteously, and to her surprise, one after another the four frightful knights fell before the sword."

"Good!" exclaimed Alfred. "What did the girl say then?"

"She was mush ashamed of all she had said; pitied and loved, and at last married Gareth. Sir Launcelot praised him for conquering the fierce knights, and praised him, too, because when he was tormented about his kitchen work he 'answered graciously.' Every time my boy helps me so willingly I am reminded of the brave knight and feel like calling him Sir Gareth. I am sure my boy will never forget his knight-hood when he has harder battles to fight."—Margaret P. Boyle, in Great Thoughts.

Chinese Treatment of Animals.

They never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous to those about it becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment, out found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into the service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally well cared for.

We met in Paris in 1869 Mr. Burlingame, who was then our minister to China. We asked him whether a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought not to be formed in China. His reply was that there was no such thing in China as cruelty to animals; the Chinese were about the kindest people in the world in their treatment of them.—George T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

Mr. Geo. W. Watts, who gave \$30,000 to build the Watts Hospital at Durham, has given \$10,000 to build an additon to the hospital.