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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

Court is in Session in Martins Creek Township—Mrs. Bilkins Gets the Golf Fever and the Major Resorts to Heroic Measures—"Pole Baker" of Harnett County.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I hev bin tryin' a few cases in my justis ov the peece court lately. Some ov the offises I hold air sorter like dead wood. But my offis az magistrate iz a joy furever.

Maybe hit ain't ackordin' to Blackstone an' the other legal lites, but I deside things like sum ov the other courts, ackordin' to my noshun ov the law, an' az I hain't never broke into the legislater, I find hit a gude idea ter make my own laws in my own court. In that way I kin clear a man or find him guilty az hit suits; I kin awlso poplerize my court in a gude meny ways that I couldn't if I follered the law-books. They iz so much Latin in the law-books that I can't keep up with 'em nohow. I hev got so I cut out awl Latin an' try things under the old English common laws, or, if they don't seem ter fit the case, I give 'em one ov my home-made laws, which air guaranteed to stand eny court or eny climate.

I cum purty nigh havin' ter fine Betsy last week in my court. She hed bin foragin' eround sum an' hed seed sum sersety peepel playin' golf. She cum home with the golf fever, an' she hed a mity bad case ov hit. I wated till she got purty well run down talkin' erbout hit an' then I axed her ter deside betwixt me an' golf. Woman-like, she sed she'd hate ter give me up, but if hit hed ter cum ter that, hit mite az well be fixed up; that they wuz no pleasure in life ter be bossed by a man awl the time, an' not be erlowed eny liberties at awl. She wuz bilin' mad. I kept my temper, fer I find that there iz no use in gittin' mad at a woman. But, if you kin git a woman mad an' keep her mad long enuff she will ferget awl erbout what she wuz after an' bring up old scores so fast that she will be an eazy mark. Then the sircus begins.

Betsy kept on naggin' an' fussin' an' I seed that sumpthin' hed ter be done. Sez I, "Betsy, I kin see that your hart iz set on playin' golf. Hit is a very gude game fer them that enjoy hit, an' especially fer them people who wanter git fat. But fer fat peepel, hit iz fatal. If you were ter play golf regular you would soon weigh 300 pounds." If she hadn't bin so mad she would hev desided erginst hit at once, but she wouldn't give in.

Then I went on ter tell her that the last legislater passed a law puttin' a heavy fine on a married woman who plays golf erginst the wishes ov her husband, an' that I, bein' a magistrate, were at liberty ter fine my own wife ter the limit. That fixed her. Betsy respects the law an' iz erfrade ov hit. If she wuzent, I don't know how we'd git erlong. I'm sorry fer the other married men who hain't magistrates. Az soon az I tole her that she changed the subjeck at once an' wanted ter know what I'd like ter hev fer a Christmas present. I wuz so glad that I tole her enythin' frum a collar button up ter a new hat would satisfy me.

I met up with Ed. Harman, of

Harnett County, the other day. He iz called by sum the "Pole Baker" of Harnett. Pole Baker wuz a gude-hearted man, but he had lots ov ups an' downs. Hit iz the same way with Ed. He iz very modest an' don't like ter see hiz name in the papers, but I can't help writin' sumpthin' erbout him. I beleeve Ed. iz a purty gude feller an' means well, but he got mixed up in that Chalybeate Springs crowd ov Amalgamated yarnists an' he iz tryin' ter keep up with them. He iz one ov the few men livin' that kin tell bigger yarns than I kin without battin' an eye. Az long az Ed. stays in Harnett he will fare well. But if he ever gits ter be a sitizen ov Wake I'll git him in my court an' give him a taste ov gude old home-made law that will settle hiz hash fer the future.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Bacteriology and Kissing.

Kissing as an expression of affection no longer commands the general approval it once obtained. It exists at present as a tolerated custom, more honored, according to scientists, in the breach than in the observance. The kiss conveys bacteria from the kisser to the kissed, and vice versa, and these bacteria may be morboific. The wise mother objects, therefore, to her baby's being kissed by any chance visitor; it may mean infection with some dangerous disease. Children undergo risks enough, in all conscience, without having gratuitous maladies imposed upon them by well-meaning, but diseased, acquaintances. Not a few of the ill adults also are heir to are inflicted, it is believed, by friends excessively addicted to osculation. The bacteria on the lips of one person may be harmless to that person—being immune to that particular infection—but at the same time be deadly to another. Kissing is, therefore, highly indiscreet, unless each party to it has obtained and exhibits the duly attested certificate of a bacteriological expert. The annals of science are full, we are told, of instances of grave consequences ensuing from careless, not to say promiscuous, osculation. The kiss upon the cheek is the least dangerous, but is at times full of risk. French savants, after careful study of the whole subject, deprecate the present custom as excessively insanitary. In a recent publication they add that "it is an unpleasant custom." It is plainly and certainly unpleasant to babies to be kissed. They shrink—perhaps instinctively—from the ordeal, until their acquaintance with the friendly significance of the custom causes them to suppress their repugnance. Other persons endure it by reason of the friendly significance that custom attaches to it, but the way they turn the cheek or chin to the impetuous bus of an acquaintance shows aversion. The French savants here quoted are unaware perhaps of an alleged partiality of young lovers for what is called "an unpleasant custom," or they ignore it as an irrational and brief infatuation unworthy of the notice of philosophers. Sanitary science cannot, it is held, take account of all the perversities of the youthful intellect, but has to do with hard facts.—Baltimore Sun.

Kipling's Conversion.

Rudyard Kipling, the poet, in his American Notes, tells of a visit to a public resort in Buffalo, N. Y., with a friend. He says: "The other sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table where two young men and two very young women were sitting. It did not strike me till far in the evening that the pimply young reprobates were making the girls drunk. They gave them red wine then white, and the voices rose slightly with the maidens' cheek flushes. I watched, wishing to stay, and the youths drank till their speech thickened and their eyeballs grew watery. It was sickening to see because I knew what was going to happen. My friend eyed the group and said:

"Maybe they're children of respectable people. I hardly think, though, they'd be allowed out without any better escort than these boys. They may be Little Immoralities—in which case they would not be so hopelessly overcome with two glasses of wine.

"They may be—"
"Whatever they were they got indubitably drunk—there in that lovely hall, surrounded by the best of Buffalo society. One could do nothing except invoke the judgment of heaven on the two boys, themselves half sick with liquor. At the close of the performance the quieter maiden laughed vacantly and protested she couldn't keep her feet. The four linked arms, and staggering, flickered out into the street—drunk, gentlemen and ladies, as Davy's swine, drunk as lords! They disappeared down a side avenue, but I could hear their laughter long after they were out of sight.

"And they were all four children of sixteen and seventeen. Then, recanting previous opinions. I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back-doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately;' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows where."

Blessed Contentment.

In regard to dissatisfaction with your surroundings and position, I can only remind you, nothing so shuts us away from the enjoyment of the mercies our heavenly Father has "given us richly to enjoy" as the indulgence of a spirit of discontent. Thus I suggest, when next you feel the stirring of discontent in your heart, before it finds expression in your countenance, voice, or manner, spend a minute in counting up your blessings, and unless I am greatly mistaken, you will find they far exceed your trials, and, above all, now before it is too late, open your mind to the truth that discontent is sin, a threefold sin—"sin toward God, sin toward your friends

and associates, sin toward yourself." Sin toward God because it is written "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," and contentment does not ask the why or wherefore, no, it simply accepts his will, and thanks him for his love and care. Sin against your friends and neighbors, for it has hindered you from living in the spirit of love. Sin against yourself, for it has held you back from peace and rest, it has dimmed your eyes to the clear, bright, beautiful, and bountiful blessings that encompass you—it has dulled your ears to the loving voices that would have made your heart glad. But enough, the remedy for discontent is found in remembering all your circumstances, even the most minute are in the hands of God, and if they are environed by a "yoke" he will make his yoke easy and his burden light, if it be borne in his name and for his sake. Seek this spirit, then, in your intercourse with others, and with the world, and in charity, love, and gentleness, adorn the human side of existence with the beauty of holiness and the grace of loving self-sacrifice, and thus reveal the Christ life in God, with its halo, "godliness with contentment," and remember—

"True life grows from small to great,
Each year each day its increase lends;
Nor is it the blind force of fate
That earthly sorrow ofttime blends
With the pure work of grace the more to consecrate,
The love which ever in its sacred yearning heavenward tends."
—From "Life's Everydayness."

You need not be anxious about either happiness or unhappiness. Devote yourself in the earnest performance of duty, and happiness will comfort your heart. It will spring from the midst of anxieties and sufferings. We are traveling among mountainous words—conscience, will, duty—lofty peaks, taking their altitude, measuring their circuit, and estimating their weight. Conscience must be heeded; the will must act; duty must be done, if you would measure up to the full stature of manhood and womanhood. "Man's great actions," says Victor Hugo, "are performed in minor struggles. There are obstinate and unknown braves who defend themselves inch by inch against the fatal invasions of want and turpitude. There are noble and mysterious triumphs which no eye sees, no renown rewards, and no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment, and poverty are battlefields which have their heroes." Duty is personal. "Quit yourselves like men." You must discharge your own duty. No one else can discharge your debt. He may satisfy the creditor, do the piece of work, extend the charity, perform the services of whatever kind; but you are not discharged, you are not relieved of the obligation.—Selected.

Kind words prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in generous minds.—Locke.