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## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

### The President's Populistic Message— Thrilling Story of Butler's Oil Well Discovery — Another Senatorial Candidate.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I see by the papers that President Roosevelt has issued a regular Populist message to Congress. He has sent out Populist Bryan and Jodesevus Daniels both put together.

Hit is funny how the Populists do grow. I have always been a rock-ribbed dynamocrat, died in the wool and warranted not to rip, rave nor run down at the heel, and am now holding several offices issued by my party. But I'll be blamed if I don't feel like a Populist and acknowledge one and the time. Hit is so fashionable. If the Populist chairman hadn't swapped the party off several years ago for a little Bryan hot air, I'll be blasted if he wouldn't have had ten million voters now and the balance of them saying "Go hit boots, we don't care if you do."

In 1896 we made a trade with the Populists. We either bought them or they bought us, and we run Bryan and Watson for President and Vice-President—that is, hit was Watson in sum deestricks and Sewell in sum. And they called Bryan a Populist ever since, and the balance of us the same. Now Roosevelt has come out on the Populist platform and is howling calamity, and Jodesevus Daniels and the big fellers are repeating c-a-l-a-m-i-t-y after him, and the original Populists are standing off watching the fun. We uster call them anarkists, long-haired cranks, calamity howlers and disturbers of the peace, and now we are putting up a bigger howl than they ever did and members of both parties are guilty.

I'm a-going to issue a prockler-mashun or message to Congress myself one of these days and blame it if I don't make hit nine-tenths Populist and the other tenth Whig. We are into hit and we mite as well fit hit out on that line.

Betsy was a-readin' in the paper the other nite about ex-Senator Butler a-findin' sixteen oil wells out in the Injun Territory. She up and axed me if I reckoned Mr. Butler was a huntin' for oil wells when he found them, and she also wanted to know how he happened to find just sixteen, no more, no less, and how hit happened that the Standard Oil Company is payin' him 50 cents a gallon for oil and selling hit at 15 cents retail.

I tole Betsy that this was the tenth wonder of the world, the other nine havin' been discovered a long time ago. Mr. Butler has been gettin' uncomfortably rich for a long time, ever since 1896, in fact, and he has done sumpthin' to kill time. He first made a fortune speculatin' in gold mines and other things. Then he issued a bulletin sayin' that he was makin' \$75,000 a year practisin' law in Washington. Then he made \$7,000,000 by takin' a lawsuit for sum Injuns out West. So he was just amusin' himself when he found sixteen oil wells. When he started to the Injun Territory he was undecided what he would find. At first he thought he would buy sixteen 20,000-acre farms in the West, but he didn't fancy farmin'. Then he thought he would discover sixteen

cheese mines and issue a bulletin tellin' that he was diggin' out forty car-loads of cream cheese daily. But that didn't sound rechershee. Then he figgered on findin' sixteen silver mines and one gold mine and in a bunch that would spout up the stuff already coined at the rate of a million a day. But that might put the government out of business. So he took another nap and located sixteen oil wells just to spite ole John Rockefeller. Now Mr. Butler says that the Standard Oil Company has built two pipe lines to his oil wells and is buildin' another and takin' the stuff away at 50 cents a gallon. They must adulterate the oil a lot or they couldn't sell hit at 15 cents a gallon.

I came to a halt and looked up and found that Betsy had been asleep for nearly half an hour, which I could tell by the way she snored, and still she don't know the thrillin' story of how Butler found the sixteen oil wells. But I am goin' to get Tom Dixon to dramatize the hole thing and put hit on the stage for the benefit of posterity.

I see that sum new candydates are bobbin' up for the U. S. Senate to succeed Simmons. I have got a strong noshun to come out myself. I have done as much for the party as most of them. But the main pint is, I need the job. Hit will beat farmin' or kep'in' store or lawyerin' and I reckon they is a gude many pickins on the side. But hit is a matter that oughter be wayed carefully and I will do like the rest of them—consult myself before makin' any announcement. I will also examine my perlitical goosebone and see what hit says.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

### The Witty American.

Mr. Chauncey Depew's name as a raconteur is world-wide. Here is one of his stories:

"I went into a hotel in Georgia," said Mr. Depew on one occasion, "and said to the clerk, 'Where shall I autograph?'"

"Autograph?" said the clerk.  
"Yes, sign my name you know."  
"Oh! right here!"

"I signed my name in the register. A little while later came some Georgia 'crackers.' One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, with a smile.

"Certainly," said one Georgia 'cracker,' beaming. "Mine's rye. What's yours, fellows?"

### A Lincoln Comparison.

When Lincoln was practicing at the bar, the opposing lawyer in a certain case had delivered a speech for the prosecution which was conspicuous for its exhibition of the man's conceit. When he was through, Lincoln, who was attorney for the defense, rose slowly to his feet, and with that quiet dignity and droll wit for which he was so noted, addressed the court as follows:

"Your honor, my colleague, who has just delivered this brilliant exhibition of oratory, reminds me of a little flat-bottom steamboat that way back in the 50's used to pull up and down the Mississippi. It had a five-foot boiler and an eleven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

## IDLEWILD FARMERS' CLUB.

(Reported for The Enterprise.)

Thanksgiving night a meeting extraordinary of the club took place. The supper was spread on the floor of I. Hoe's barn loft, and was entirely an impromptu affair. But the piece de resistance of the evening was the initiation of Assistant Postmaster Leonard, whose application had been hanging fire for weeks. After ascertaining that he had abolished the use of automobiles in his family and had substituted a steam rock crusher, and was opposed to a dispensary, and had tendered the initiation fee, he was led out into the cow yard, blindfolded and shoeless, and began his weary journey to the Heights of Excellence—of which there are about six two-horse loads piled up for ceremonial occasions. After butting against every cow in the yard and being put astride the red bull for a race with Fate, the easy path was spread for him, and after he had walked therein to our satisfaction, it was evident that a barrel of disinfectant was necessary for purification purposes.

He was now helped to the Heights of Excellence, being bare-legged, where he was asked to bray like a jackass and crow like a game-cock. Now every beast in the farmer's yard hates a jackass, and recognizing the candidate by his voice as a first-class specimen, the goat made a charge on him from the rear, the game-cock from the front attacking his bare legs, the bull dog had to be held back, the cows and the bull rattled their chains in frantic endeavor to get at him, the members of the club hooted and yelled and the candidate rolled down into the freshest part of the heap, and swore he'd ask the President to send troops to squelch a rebellion, for wasn't he a part of the government? He was then rescued from the fracas and, bound with a plow line, led across the farm to his home in Raleigh and turned over to his hired man. What transpired afterward we know not, but it is known that he slept on the seats of a disabled auto, and next morning went to the office resolved on suicide, but after writing his will he reconsidered the matter, saying: "I don't want to spend an eternity in hades with those infernal Idlewild Farmers." I. HOE, Secretary.

To show that Idlewild is getting into the tide of prosperity, it is only necessary to state that three new buildings of the better class are now near completion, while four others have been completed in the past three months, these ranging in cost from \$5,000 to \$900 each.

Any person having money to invest in real estate, can scarce find better investment than in both improved or vacant lots. For further information call on Capt. L. W. Smith.

A surprise was sprung on our citizens last Sunday morning in the discovery of a splendid water-power that had developed on John Jones Boulevard—named in honor of the city tax collector of Raleigh, he being a large property holder in Idlewild and a candidate for re-election. During Saturday night a heavy rainfall had occurred, and as

the boulevard is a natural outlet for about all the water on the hill it took that course to reach Potlicker Branch. The water occupied about all the street, and left it in such corrugated shape that it had the appearance of a minute mountain range intersected with deep canons. A project is on foot to dam the street—in fact, it has been dammed, and that, too, in no uncertain terms, by every teamster that has traversed it in the last six months. Let the good work go on.

The next candidate for the honors of membership in the Farmers' Club will be Isaac Seligson, a millionaire merchant of Raleigh, and C. P. Snuggs, a contractor, who can contract anything from a bad cold or bad habit to a palatial residence.

### Wants a Remedy.

One of the best things the next Legislature could do would be to take from the statute books some of the laws now contained therein. We have many very excellent laws and some very needless ones and the latter should be repealed. It is easy to see that disrespect for one law breeds contempt for all law. There can be little doubt of the fact that we have too many laws and every Legislature naturally increases the number. Of course, new conditions are constantly arising and these necessitate new laws, but we hope the next Legislature will confine new laws to the minimum. We also hope that the next Legislature will take action to have provision made for the care of all the insane people now in the State, no matter how much it costs. This trouble about inadequate space at the State hospitals is constantly arising and we believe the condition complained of should be remedied once for all.—Winston Daily Sentinel.

### Think For Yourself.

Having the ability to think and the moral stamina to stick to one's convictions, regardless of popularity, are elements of greatness to which can be attributed the world's intellectual, political and material progress. It makes us much more tolerant of opponents, more liberal and more conservative. Fanaticism and narrowness produce prejudice and intolerance, and intolerance is close akin to lawlessness. If your neighbor differs from you honestly and intelligently on any subject, you owe it to him to respect his opinions—if you are an intelligent gentleman yourself. Comparatively speaking, man's knowledge is, after all, too limited for him to make himself a fool over one little creed or opinion. The more intelligent a man is the less liable he is to show intolerance towards an opponent. The most highly educated people are, therefore, the most conservative people.—Our Home.

### Lack of Foresight.

Ed. M. Westmoreland sees now the great mistake he made in closing out his grocery store. A gentleman arrived at his house last Friday night who could have attended to the store in a few years.—Thomasville News.