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NO. 1

LETTER FROM BILKINS.

Maj. Zeke Bilkins Introduced the President at the Opening of the Jamestown Exposition—Betsy Entertained Mrs. Roosevelt—Roosevelt Rode Bob—Major Rode Maud—The Fleets Fired a Salute in Honor of Bob and the President—The Opening a Grand Success—Bilkins Faced 250,000 in His Introductory Speech—The Big Show a Success From the Start.

Correspondence Raleigh Enterprise.
Jamestown Exposition,
May 2, 1907.

Mr. Editor:—The grate day haz cum an' the President haz arrived. I interduced him ter a crowd ov 250,000, amid the hoorrows of awl present. The President, after thankin' me fer sich a nice presentashun speech, faced the biggest crowd he ever faced since the Spanish-American War. He spoke ov the American Injuns az bein' the fust settlers. How the first colony sent out by Raleigh "disappeared," an' the success of the last colony. How the county haz advanced in prosperity since Pokeyhuntas saved John Smith's life, an' a whole lot ov other good sense.

Betsy, during the speech ov the President was standing near Mrs. Roosevelt an' waz congratulatin' her on the success of the President's great speech. After the speech the President rode Bob and I rode Maude and we traversed the whole grounds, takin' in awl pints ov interest. The President paid high tribute to the excellent qualities ov Bob, who behaved with proper respect fer the distinguished person who wuz ridin' him.

Maude carrid me with infinate pride, knowin' that the President wuz on Bob. On awl parts ov the ground we wuz hailed with deelight, an' the President expressed hiz apprehiashun at the pleasure he enjoyed from the ride. Me an' Mr. Roosevelt then took dinner at the Inside Inn, an' then parted, the President goin' aboard the Mayflower, an' he an' Mrs. Roosevelt took their departure for Washington.

Before the President an' wife left the grounds, the warships fired a salute in honor ov me, the President an' Bob.

The Big Show iz a success from the start, an' will run till November 30th. More anon.

Yours az ever,
ZEKE BILKINS.

[Maj. Bilkins has received a dispatch from the President telling him to ship the two bears caught at Raleigh by Detective Ike Rogers of the Seaboard Air Line.—Ed.]

Death of Mr. Samuel Cooper.

Mr. W. Samuel Cooper, an aged citizen of Barton's Creek Township, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. E. T. Piper, Monday morning at 8.40 o'clock. He was sixty-five years of age, and had been ill for some weeks.

He had made his home for quite a while with his only child, Mrs. E. T. Piper, his wife having died several years ago.

The funeral was conducted from the residence the following afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. J. W. Atkins, and the interment was in the family burying ground near the home.

How Johnny Was Cured.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim: "Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sittin'-room. Papa was readying, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it to-day in school. Isn't it good?" "Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!"

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you needn't try to draw; for girls can't make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said mamma, contemptuously, "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly; for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

"Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh, that's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age!"

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

"My flowers look so well! I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma.

"Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What is the matter with every-

body?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he "tipped the beam" at 168 pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly: "Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes.

He looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folk that evening when he boasted of what he could do, or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.—Our Morning Globe.

Cloud Signs.

Soft looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a light blue sky indicates fine weather.

Small, inky-looking clouds foretell rain. Light scud clouds, driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but it alone may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind toward their direction.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps or mottled patches of white, distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by a murky vapor that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain, will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual but general the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but unusual or gaudy hues, with hard, definitely outlined clouds, foretell rain and probably strong wind.

Misty clouds forming or hanging on heights show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve and become fine.—Scrap Book.

I have chosen the service of Almighty God, in whatever position he pleases to place me, as the one object of my life. To this great object I have determined to devote all my faculties of body and soul. But then neither body nor soul can be sound or healthy without innocent recreation. Innocent recreation, therefore, I will have—I take it as a matter of deliberate choice, not merely because it gratifies me, but chiefly because it is subservient to my end.—Edward M. Goulburn.

A Woman is Not a "Person."

A most amusing incident recently occurred in St. Johns, New Brunswick, where a Miss Mabel French, after passing her examination with high honors, was denied permission to practice law in the Supreme Court because according to the "Act" only "persons" were allowed to practice law, and "women were not persons"—"only men were persons."

Soon after a woman was arrested for drunkenness, and on trial pleaded "not guilty," being "a woman" and "not a person"—therefore not amenable to the law. The magistrate found the law to read "that any person found drunk was liable to fine or imprisonment; and ruled that according to the decision of the Supreme Court "women were not persons, and could not be imprisoned nor fined," so the prisoner was discharged.

As a result, the Legislature promptly passed an "Act" "designating women as persons;" so Miss French was allowed her degree in law.

But no study of woman's political progress can be just that does not take into account her rapid and enormous development in the faculty of organization, and in intelligent interest in public concerns. These are absolutely essential to the formation of a democracy, to the wise and safe exercise of the suffrage; and it is precisely in these that the phenomenal record of the woman's movement is most clear.

The strongest proof of woman's long inferiority is her lack of association; only in religious bodies was she allowed to organize; and the strongest proof of her rapid approach to equality is in the uncounted thousands who now gather together in clubs and societies of every description, charitable, reformatory, educational, social, political; and of all sizes, from the handful of the "Ladies' Literary" to the International Council of Women, which in 1899 represented through its many constituent national organizations a membership of six million. In the next Quinquennial meeting of 1904 the National Councils joining had doubled in number, but the sum of their respective memberships is not at hand.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in the May Woman's Home Companion.

Our Christ-Like God.

It is Christ who has taught us that to be God is not to be a mighty king enthroned above the reach of his creatures, but that to be God is to have more love than all besides, to be able to make greater sacrifices for the good of all, to have an infinite capacity to humble himself for others. If in Christ we find at last the real nature of God, if we may always expect such faithfulness and help from God as we have in Christ, if to be God is to be as full of love in the future as Christ has shown himself in the past, then may not existence yet be that perfect joy our instincts crave, and toward which we are slowly and doubtfully finding our way through all the darkness and distress, the shocks and fears which are needed to sift what is spiritual in us from what is unworthy?—Marcus Dods.

Faithfulness is faith in operation.