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BILKINS AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Major and Bob Are Taking in the Sights—Bob Wants to Try His Heels Against the Battleships—Buildings Still Going Up.

Correspondence of the Enterprise. Jamestown, Va., May 8, 1907.

Me an' Betsy an' Bob air havin' the biggest time you ever hearn ov. Hit would take the whole United States army an' the navy ter keep us frum selebratin'. If Betsy wuz in site awl the time hit mite be different, fer she iz grate on regulatin' her husband an' mules an' things.

I am glad ter be here. I git ter see more sites every day than I'd see in Martin Crick Township in five years.

This Expositishun iz a whopper. Hit wuz named after Capt. James Smith, who saved Pokyhontus' life several hundred years ergo; or maybe hit wuz the other way. I won't be partickular erbout history—fer I kin hear Bob brayin' ter git me ter cum an' take him out ov the liberty stable whar he iz confined. Bob iz wantin' ter go down the river towards Fort Monroe an' kick sum ov them battleships ter peeces. He never seed eny battleships before, not even in Raleigh, an' he thinks they air trespassin' on historickal ground, so ter speak.

They air still puttin' up buildin's an' gittin' things in shape. They say that awl the folks in this country an' Urope will be here betwixt now an' November, includin' the Sultin' ov Turkey an' hiz several hundred wives, an' Senator Tillman who invented the dispensary az a moral in-stitutishun.

Betsy iz powerful interested in the big water eround here—the Jeems River an' the Atlantick Ocean. I hev bin tellin' her that az soon as hit gits a little warmer we will go in surf bathin' down at Ocean View, or sum ov them other places. Betsy iz shocked ter death. I tole her we'd wear bathin' suits which kin be hired fer a quarter apiece. She sez it we'd a-brought our ole clothes erlong awl that expense mit a bin saved. I tole her that they wuz a few sharks an' alligators in the ocean an' we mite stand a chance ter lose our clothes, so if we hire bathin' suits the loss will be on the managers ov the seaside resorts. Betsy wanted ter know what the sharks an' alligators would be doin' ter us when they air tearin' off our bathing' suits. I tole her she'd hev ter guess at that, fer not even the publishers ov an almanack could figger sich things out.

Betsy keeps on a-watchin' me mity close. She sees so many purty gurls erround here an' she awlways wuz a little bit jealous. Hit iz a pity that awl married ladies don't beleeve their husbands air gentlemen, but they don't seem ter be able ter rize ter that high-water mark.

I rode Bob erround over the Expositishun Grounds yisterday an' we two inspeckted things. I could tell that Bob wuz pleezed with what he seed fer he didn't turn hiz ears back an' look mad. Bob can't talk, but he hez a thousan' ways ter show what he likes an' what he don't like. If they ever wuz or ever will be a mule that mite be eleckted Governor ov a State, that mule iz Bob. He would do mity near everythin' that the other Governors do, even could grant pardons an' look wize. But I

beleeve Bob iz gittin' like me sinse we cum ter the Expositishun—he hez seen so many sites that he don't care much fer pollyticks any more.

Me an' my friend, Major Graham Haywood, of Raleigh, uster talk pollyticks every time I'd go ter Raleigh an' when he'd cum out ter see us. My friend Haywood iz smart enuff ter run fer enythin', an' iz az poplar az a man kin git, but he iz too modest. He iz willin' ter sell hardware, but not willin' ter go out an' chase an offis. But he will be older after awhile.

Yours truly,
ZEKE BILKINS.

"Boy Wanted."

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two—sometimes only for an hour or two it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask; and then they would say to one another that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion he would look a great while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for a situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons boys were anxious to try to suit him.

"All he wants is for a fellow to run on errands; it must be easy work and sure pay,"—this was the way they talked to one another; but Mr. Peters wanted something more than a boy to run errands. John Simmons found it out, and this is the way he did it. He had been engaged that morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon at pleasant enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "which I want you to put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room—you can't miss it."

John looked doleful.

"A deep, long box! I should think it was!" he said to himself as the attic door closed after him. "It will weigh a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws and pieces of iron and broken keys and things—rubbish, the whole of it. Nothing worth touching. And it is as dark as a pocket up here and cold besides. How the wind blows in through those knot-holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything I hate it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his old rusty nails he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs three at a time, and was found lounging in the show-window an hour afterward when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the gentleman's greeting.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but old nails and things."

"Exactly. It was the nails and things that I wanted put in order. Did you do it?"

"No, sir; it was dark up there and I didn't see anything worth doing. Besides, I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told."

But he smiled pleasantly enough and at once gave John an errand to do down town; and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old man; all it needed was a little standing up for rights.

Precisely at 6 o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work; and then, to his dismay, was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions. Indeed, he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

But before noon it was taken down and Charles Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of them! He was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold!—he was sent up to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it worthy his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, grumbling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared with this message:—

"Here's all there is worth keeping in that box. The rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and he sent him to the post-office.

What do you think! By the close of the next day Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother. "He said that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the long box until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right. It is dinner time now. You may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner he went back. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this."

"This" was a \$5 gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?"

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A RALEIGH BOY'S SUCCESS.

Left Raleigh Twenty-Five Years Ago, Now a Construction Engineer at Baltimore—Made Fame and Fortune.

Wednesday Wm. H. Parker was seen at the Yarboro House, where he has been stopping with his wife, sister and small son. He will leave Friday for Franklinton to visit a sister. This is the first visit Mr. Parker has paid his native city in twenty-five years. He is now building supervisor with the firm of Morrow Bros., contractors and builders, Baltimore, Md., and is a man of wealth. His firm has just informed him of a contract signed since he has been visiting a sister at Fuquay Springs, that will cost \$1,500,000—a steel sky-scraper that will be erected at Baltimore. Mr. Parker recently finished an important piece of work, the construction of a building at Arcadia, S. C., for Millionaire Emerson, of Bromo-Selzer fame, for which he was highly complimented.

Mr. Emerson H. Parker is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parker, of this city. Mr. Parker was a well-known brave and honest citizen, of Raleigh, and who is well remembered by our older citizens. He is a self-made man, and is a member of the North Carolina Society of Baltimore.

Mr. Parker's many friends were glad to shake his hand after his long absence from the city.

All About the House.

An experienced laundress recommends washing white silk embroidery in lukewarm soapsuds. After washing, rinse in clear lukewarm water, dip in gasoline and shake dry.

To clean silver easily, dissolve three teaspoonsful of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, put in the silver, let it remain five or ten minutes, and then rinse in hot water and wipe it.

One woman who has ceased to find time to use her knitting needles for the purpose for which they were designed, always keeps one of two at hand in the kitchen to test vegetables, cakes, etc.

The scrapings of a jam pot (about one tablespoonful) if heated, will, with the addition of two teaspoonfuls of hot water and the same lemon juice, make excellent sauce for a boiled pudding.

Oilcloths should never have soap used when washing them, as the lye will destroy the colors and finish. They are greatly benefited and last much longer if a thin coat of varnish is applied once a year.

A box of powered borax should always be kept on the sink shelf. A little added to the water in which the dish towels are washed will help much to keep them clean, and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth.

There are many tricks in the use of lustre paints which the amateur must learn if she would be successful in the decoration of china, chief among them being to have the surface of the China absolutely free from dust and lint, and to shake the liquid well and often while using.

You may break, you may shatter the Tammany ring as you will, but the sight of the pie counter reunites it still!—Washington Herald.