

State Library

THE

Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL. IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1907.

NO. 4

BILKINS AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Major Will Go to Washington and See the President—Some Facts About George Washington and the Presidency—Hampton Roads Needs Macadamizing.

Correspondence of the Enterprise. Jamestown, Va., May 22nd.

We air still here yit. I hev bin tryin' ter slip erway an' ride Bob up ter Washington an' stay with the Preserdint a fe wdays an' let Betsy stay here an' watch the Expositshun. But Betsy hez cut her eye-teeth er-long time ergo an' she hez red in the papers that Washington iz a purty gay town fer a grass widdower ter roam eround in. But I know I'd be awl rite. I'd put up at the White House an' put Bob in the best stall in the barn an' then I'd walk erbout an' look at the sites while the Preserdint would be sawin' up hiz firewood an' talkin' ter the people that cum ter se him every day. I wanter take Bob over ter Washington an' go out an' let him see Mt. Vernon, the house that George Washington lived in when he wuz Preserdent.

George Washington didn't hev much trouble in gittin' elected ter the offis ov Preserdint. Hit wuz new then an' not many folks wanted the job. In fack, a gude many ov them hid out in the bushes ter keep frum gittin' an' offis ter be Preserdint. Thew beleved in lettin' the "offis hunt the man." They didn't know that the feller that started that wuz playin' a game ter keep other folks out ov the way. Hit wuz jist one ov them gude old-fashioned conferdense games that they used ter wurk when the country wuz young an' in hits long dresses. Nowadays the polly-tishuns wurk other skin games on the publick an' on their feller polly-tishuns.

A feller run ter me yisterday with three playin' cards an' sed that he had a skeem ter make me rich if I'd jist bit on hiz cards a leetle bit. I tole him I wuz awlreddy rich az ereem, an' didn't hev ter wurg at tricks like that.

I hev bin sashayin' eround over erbout Newport News an' Hampton Roads. Hampton Roads needs Mc-Adamizin' mity bad, fer the water iz frum fifty ter a hundred feet deep clear across the road, an' ain't fit fer nothin' but steamboats an' sailships. They need sum gude roads speeches up here mity bad.

They air still puttin' up buildin's here an' startin' places ter sell bolona sassage an' things. Hit takes a lot ter eat fer the people that air cumin' here. A feller or two air goin' eround sellin' them little red, white an' blue rubber baloons. I am goin' ter git a few ov them an' tie them ter Bob; that will keep him frum walkin' so heavy in the sand.

If I go up ter Washington I'm goin' ter ax the Preserdint ter hev a lot ov money made up fer me so I kin bring hit home an' not hev ter work so hard in the comin' days. A lot ov new money will make a big stir in Martin's Creek Township an' folks will cum miles ter see hit. We haint never had much new money in Martin's Creek Township, fer we air sorter off the main line an' they most awlways purty nigh wear the money out before we git a chance ter see whut little cumms our way.

Truly, ZEKE BILKINS.

A Remarkable Document.

Justice Walter Lloyd Smith, who presides over the third department of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, brought with him to the dinner of the New York University Law School Alumni Association Saturday night what he said was the most remarkable document that ever came into his possession. Others who read the document, the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Ill., were disposed to agree with him. Here it is:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the water thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appertenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes of the strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without incumbrance of care.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains

of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude. I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end, that they may live over the old days again, freely and full, without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."—New York Times.

Mistaken Birds.

We are apt to think that birds build only in spring or in summer, because that is their "natural" season and because their ancestors did so. But have you never thought that perhaps the heat or the mildness of the weather may have a direct influence, and may actually invite them to build? Here is a little incident which I saw last year, and which soome to point in that direction.

The 24th of September was spring-like in temperature; a fine rain was falling, and I was afield, watching a host of small migrants, chiefly myrtle warblers and sparrows, but especially interested in the movements of some young gold-finches that were learning to feed on thistles. About a cavity in an old apple tree were four blue-birds hovering and warbling. Looking more closely, I noticed that each pair seemed trying to get possession of the hollow, as I have seen them fighting for a nesting place in spring. But, to my astonishment, one male had a straw in his bill. He went into the hollow, tarried for a while, and returned without the straw. Then the female went in and stayed for several minutes. The birds were so much interested that I went to within a few yards of them before they left. In the hollow was the foundation of a nest.

A bird called the pine siskin, which I caught one day, and which roamed about the house, found an old vireo's nest and at once took possession, pulling and picking curiously at the loose fibers as if to arrange them to a siskin's taste. I have also seen a pair of wax-wings gather nesting material when it seemed too late in the season even for them. Perhaps further study of the birds in the fine autumn weather will show that they are often led to build useless nests. It would be interesting to know how far they may sometimes carry those untimely efforts.—St. Nicholas.

A Baltimore doctor says "pie is one of the greatest enemies man has." It doesn't seem to disagree especially with Mr. George B. Cortelyou, and he has sampled a various assortment.—Washington Herald.

From Year to Year.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
So, let the way wind up the hill or down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

Our Possibilities.

How few of us realize our importance in the world's mechanism! Few, indeed, appreciate their responsibilities in the motive power of this great universe. Each one, a part of the whole and in great measure a helper or hinderer in bringing about conditions for which the good of all ages have suffered and died. Small our niche may be, but if filled with a clear head, brave hearts and willing hands who shall say we have not wrought well?

Then let us not despise the work of to-day, humble though it be, for if done cheerfully and well it is a halo of glory to the toiler, a benediction after the cares of the day.

Glorious century this! Glorious it is in many, lines that go to make a great commonwealth, and yet the crisis is at hand. Our days of material progress are also days of strenuous effort; every nerve tense in grasping for social recognition, political preference and pecuniary gain; often crushing out the best and noblest in human hearts—the real desire to lend a helping hand to those who need our help. Shall the great and noble possibilities of our lives be crowded out by sordid and material things? Shall we, too, bow down to the golden calf and rob this progressive age of its glory?

Our country is no greater than the individuals that make up its citizenship, and individuals are only truly great when they rise above self. We are safe as a nation—as individuals—when we give a part of ourselves and our means for the betterment of our fellows. Thus only we develop in us the true charity or religion that recognizes always, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.—Exchange.

God does not expect nor require more of his children than it is possible for them to do, but he does look to them to make good use of their opportunities, and he has promised to increase every seed that is sown for him, even to a hundred-fold.

Gold shines only when consecrated.