

# Raleigh Enterprise.

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## BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

**Everything on a Big Scale—Mrs. Bilkins Gets Excited for Once—Will Soon Go to Washington—A Sketch of Grover Cleveland.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.  
Jamestown, Va., June 26.

We air havin' lively times here now—big fires, an' everything iz runnin' on a big skale. They wuz several hotels burnt up at Pine Beach to-day, about fifty buildings in all being burnt. I tell you hit made a big blaze. The Inside Inn didn't burn, but sum ov the outside Inns went up in smoke.

Betsy wuz purty nigh exsited ter deth. She thought Judgment Day wuz comin'. I told her ter keep quiet, that if the whole country would git ter burnin' I would take her on Bob an' ride out inter the ocean whar the fire couldn't cum, but she wuz erfear'd that her new dress that she bought at Willow Springs would git burnt up or git wet, if we rid out in the ocean, so I couldn't passify her fer a long time.

They hain't got no "midway" at the Expersishun, but they hev got purty nigh everything else. I wish Preserdent Roosevelt would cum back down here fer a day or two; I'd like to show him the sites. He left too soon. But I reckon he hez plenty ov things ter look at up in Washington. When I go up there, which will be soon, I am goin' ter try ter git him ter saddle up his horse and cum back ter Jamestown with me. Betsy will be gone home then and we kin sorter paint things up a little bit. They ain't nothin' like havin' things jist right. I've bin sorter keepin' my eyes peeled eround here an' am gittin' holt ov the ropes now.

The longer I stay in Virginny the more I larn erbout this kentry. Az the skollars say, Virginia has a past, awlso a present an' a future. They iz awlways sumthin' doin' in Virginny. That State iz called the mother ov Preserdents. At one time they had a monopoly ov the Preserdent business. But the other monopolyes and trusts sorter combined tergether an' put Virginny out ov business. New York then tried the monopoly business an' put in Mr. Grover Cleveland. He fished an' hunted ducks an' messed up the White House more or less an' cum purty nigh puttin' the country out ov business with 5 cent cotton an' 15 cent corn. That put New York out ov the business fer sum time till she got in ergin by the assassynashun of Preserdent McKinley, an' Roosevelt went in. Billy Bryan got holt ov sum money an' bought a farm in Virginny so he could becum a son ov the "mother of Preserdents." But Billy's rabbit foot had got most too dry an' he couldn't work it.

If I kin git Betsy ter go home purty soon I'll go up an' git Preserdent Roosevelt an' we'll send a tellygram ter Billy Bryan, away out in Nebraska an' tell him ter cum an' meet us at Jamestown, so we kin talk over things in general an' the next electshun in particular. If I kin git them 2 ter ride Bob eround a little I kin tell whether Billy iz the rite man ter run or not. I wanter stand in with both ov them an' then I will git an office no matter which iz electked. I'm a bang-up pollytishun nowydays,

and I wanter git in a posishun so that when the perlitical lightnin' begins ter flash hit can't miss me. I may deside a little later ter be a dark horse candydate fer Preserdent.

Az ever,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## Catnip at the Menagerie.

People who live in the country know well the herb called catnip. We have seen it produce exactly the effect described here on a pet cat that lived in the city where it could not get the plant.

Some time ago an armful of fresh catnip was picked and taken to Lincoln Park to try its effect on the animals there. So far as is known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, so it was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it had reached the parrot's corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that drowned thought and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the African leopard. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolute savage enjoyment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor. Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two and then jumped back to his self, where he lay the very picture of contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a very young, but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this, the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned South American lion to shame. That vicious tiger and his kindly-dispositioned mate fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into her cage. They rolled about in it and played together like six-weeks-old kittens. They mewed and purred; tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Billy, the leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, licked his chops in a "that's not half-bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarreled over their allowance, and ate it every bit. —Chicago Times-Herald.

## Daily Bettering Our Best.

Some men are content if they do not fall behind their fellows; others, if they do not fall behind themselves. But there are some who are not content unless they are surpassing both others and themselves, and becoming ever better men, superior to conventional standards and to their own best attainments. Edward Bowen of Harrow was such a man. It was said of him: "The desire to make good better, and better best, was with him an instinct." "He found his happiness in habitual self-sacrifice. At all times he was insistent upon self-sacrifice, even in the smallest things. Never take the corner seat in a railway carriage when other people are in the compartment." "He did not wish to be known or remembered by men; but he wished to serve and to be loved by many friends. Above all, thought he, to serve; since to serve was the duty,—to be loved, only the reward." "I don't know how it is, sir," a boy said about him, "but if Mr. Bowen teaches a lesson, he makes you work twice as hard as other masters, but you like it twice as much, and you learn far more." It is the man who is becoming better himself who sacrifices himself. The stationary man preserves himself. And it is the man who sacrifices himself who can persuade others to sacrifice their old selves and to become better men.—Sunday School Times.

## On Fishing.

Mr. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals, has this to say about fishing:

Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, eat better, and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The writer recalls well when he was a boy a Welshman and his family in the same village plied fishing as his business. He and his boys each carried a wooden mallet, and as fast as fish were drawn in each was killed at once. Another fisherman asked why he did it. He answered: "Would you eat cows' meat that died a natural death?"

"Of course not."

"Neither would I eat a fish's meat that died a natural death."—From The Young Churchman.

A girl may say she doesn't use either powder or paint—may fool some men, but sometimes she meets the man who has had as much experience as she and knows more about blending it.—Durham Sun.

## Fourth of July Attractions at Points Along Raleigh & Southport Ry.

At Fayetteville, N. C., a grand military display, commemorating March, 1865, when General Wade Hampton, standing under the arch of the old market house, killed with his pistol a cavalrman advancing up Gillespie street. The Third Battalion of the Second Regiment, composed of the Sampson Light Infantry, the Max to Guards, the Lumber Bridge Light Infantry, and the Fayetteville Inde-

pendent Light Infantry, will attack and defend the old market house. This building stands at the intersection of two streets, and ample room is thereby afforded for the action of the companies and for spectators.

The afternoon train, due to leave Fayetteville at 2.15, will be held until 4.40, thereby giving every one ample time to view this great event, and get back to their homes in time for supper. And those wishing to do so will have ample time to reach Raleigh in time for the fire-works.

**At Fuquay, the Annual Picnic.**—The grounds and springs have been very much improved and beautified—a grand place to spend a pleasant day.

**At Raleigh.**—The white companies composing the Raleigh fire department wil give a grand exhibition of modern fire-fighting. Hose wagon races, hand-reel races, hook and ladder races, quick steaming and long distance throwing of water by the new steamer. All of these events against the record time of previous State Firemen's Tournaments. A grand and elegant display of fire-works at night.

On account of the above special occasions the Raleigh and Southport Railway will sell tickets, return limit July 5th, for one first-class fare for the round trip from any point on its line. Tickets on sale July 4, 1907.—J. A. Mills, President and General Manager.

## Parlor Car Service Between Goldsboro, Morehead City, and Beaufort, N. C.

Commencing Saturday June 1, 1907, the parlor car Vance will be operated on trains Nos. 2 and 3 between Goldsboro, Morehead City, and Beaufort.

Leave Beaufort, 7.30 a. m., Morehead City, 7.50 a. m., arriving at Goldsboro at 11.20 a. m., connecting with A. C. L. train No. 48 from the South, No. 49 from the North, and with the Southern Railway train No. 108 from the South, West and North.

Leave Goldsboro at 4.10 p. m., connecting with A. C. L. train No. 48 from the South, West and North.

The parlor car fare, in addition to the regular first-class fare, will be for distance of 75 miles or less, 25 cents, and for 76 to 98 miles, 50 cents.—H. C. Hudgins, General Passenger Agent; R. E. L. Bunch, Traffic Manager.

## CHANGE IN SCHEDULE.

### Durham & Southern Railway Company—In Effect May 5th.

This company will change its train schedule, taking effect Sunday, May 5th. Sunday trains will be discontinued. Trains will leave Junction points as follows:

No. 41—Leave Durham, 4.15 p. m.; leave Apex, 5.15 p. m.; leave Varina, 5.50 p. m.; arrive Dunn 7.00 p. m.

No. 5—Leave Durham, 7.30 a. m.; leave Apex, 9.15 a. m.; leave Varina, 10.45 a. m.; arrive Dunn, 1.00 p. m.

No. 38—Leave Dunn, 7.00 a. m.; leave Varina, 8.05 a. m.; leave Apex, 8.35 a. m.; arrive Durham, 9.35 a. m.

No. 6—Leave Dunn, 8.45 a. m.; leave Varina, 10.45 a. m.; leave Apex, 11.55 a. m.; arrive Durham, 2.15 p. m.

S. H. REAMS,  
Gen'l Passenger Agt.