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BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

Resting on His "Ores"—The Office-Hunting Craze—Talking Panics—Mr. Brewer and His Start in Life—Major Bilkins Was Born Without a Name.

Jamestown, Va., August 5th.
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I am restin' on my oars here watchin' the assault with intent ter git offis on the railrodes in my native State. Sumtimes I am proud that I wuz born an' razed in North Carolina an' then ergin I ain't. This iz one ov them times. If this offis-huntin' craze gits much worse down in my State the millishy will hev ter be called out. Next thing you know sum feller will be advocatin' ter put the farmers awl in jail fer wantin' fifteen cents a pound fer cotton. I see that sum judge out West hez fined the Standard Oil Company \$30,000,000. I don't know whut he iz runnin' fer.

Injunckshuns an' restrainin' orders air the order ov the day. Every feller that gits an offis bee in hiz hat iz doin' sumpthin' ter save the country by yellin' fer reform ov sum sort. By next summer the cotton speculators in New York will be gittin' out injunckshuns ter keep the farmers frum plantin' more than a half crop so they kin put up prices.

I see by sum ov the papers that times air so gude that a whole lot ov peopple air sittin' eround talkin' erbout panicks an' tryin' ter wurk them up. Billy Bryan, ov Nebraska, will hev ter git a hump on himself ov he will git behind the persession.

I think we need a gude roads campane worse than anythin' else. In the bringin' up ov new issues they hev got sich a lot ov them that I don't know hardly which side I am on. If I run fer anythin' next time I am goin' ter drop awl these new-fangled things an' make my fite on the good rodes issue. That iz sumpthin' that awl the voters kin unite on an' stay united.

I see that Mr. Justis Brewer of the United States Supreme Court started out in life with 65 cents. They air makin' a grate ter-do over that. Of course Mr. Brewer iz a gude deal richer than I am; but he had a heap bigger capital than I started with. Accordin' ter the official records I started in life without a cent ov money ter my name, an' I couldn't even afford ter sport a name for several months after I wuz born. But I begun the battle ov life bravely, not even ownin' a suit ov clothes. Fer a long time I had a dress an' hit wuz erbout twice az long az I wuz. I wuz several years old when I got my first piece of money, a silver ten-cent piece. If I ever meet up with Mr. Associate Justis Brewer an' git a chance ter swap a little histery with him, I will give him sumpthin' ter think erbout in the way ov startin' out poor. When I go ter Washington I'll hunt him up an' I will make him feel like fifteen cents.

Az ever,
ZEKE BILKINS.

"Taft will revolve around the globe," says a newspaper headline. Scientific men will await with interest the results of such action on the part of two spherical bodies.—Springfield Union.

SEVERE STORM.

Probably \$6,000 Damage by Hail in This County Friday.

The hail-storm that visited a portion of the county Friday afternoon was quite severe and the damage to growing crops will reach several thousand dollars.

The path of the storm was through a portion of Panther Branch, St. Mary's and Raleigh Townships. The barn of Mr. Earl Buffalo in St. Mary's Township was blown down during the storm. His buggy and the buggy of Mr. Bryan Harrison, who was visiting there that day, were both smashed when the barn blew down.

The farms of Messrs. Willam Buffalo and Burt Wilder just south of the city suffered much damage from the hail. Their growing crops were almost ruined over a large strip of land. Other farms suffered more or less. Cotton and tobacco were badly damaged on a number of farms.

FOR KIDNAPPING.

Joe H. Baker, of Raleigh, Arrested.

Mr. Joseph H. Baker, a stenographer employed by Mr. Charles E. Johnson, the cotton buyer, was arrested here last Friday on the charge of kidnapping a sixteen-year-old girl at Haw River, a daughter of Mr. Chas. Bevers.

It seems that Mr. Baker visited Haw River a few days ago and when he left to return to this city the girl accompanied him to Durham. They got off the train at West Durham and took an electric car for the city. A telegram had been sent there and an officer found them on the car. The girl was sent back to Haw River and Baker later came to Raleigh. A warrant was sent here and Baker was arrested by a deputy sheriff and was kept over-night, but was later released.

Baker claims that the girl wanted to come to Durham and that he paid her way on the train, but that there was no elopement on foot.

Worry.

Worry is one of the most fatal of transgressions. It is a sin against, not one organ of the body, but against the body as a whole. It is a demon whose pressure is felt upon the heart, and there is not a capillary in any gland or tissue which does not shrink under the glance of its gloomy eyes. A man who worries is slowly draining the spring of life. He not only stunts himself, but he makes it hard for others to grow and blossom. Depression is a vice, and like all vices it must be dealt with firmly and with rigor. What is the effect of your presence in your home? Does your look fall like a sunbeam or a shadow across the breakfast table? Does your conversation lie like a summer sky or a patch of midnight across the family life? Upon what subjects do you speak with the largest freedom and keenest relish—your aches and failures, or the things which are beautiful and fine and high? For your own sake and for the sake of others, you ought to bring your soul into a jubilant mood. All Christian virtues grow best under a sky filled

with sun, and the man or woman who persists in being gloomy and sour and moody will have his home filled at last with weeds and brambles and briars.—Exchange.

"So' Keep."

The judge was not a religious man; neither was he strictly irreligious. His old parents were "praying people," and while he had reverence for real piety and things sacred, he had personally little need, he thought, for religion. Prayer was an attitude of mind that he could not assume; an experience in his helpful, prosperous life that he had never known and could not understand. The nearest to real worship he ever came was in loving—the divine-human affection which he lavished upon his only child, a little boy. And the mother, too, had a similar feeling about religion.

The little boy had been all of his third summer with his grand-parents on the farm. The judge had been abroad. The first night of his return he carried the little boy up to his crib. As they started the child began to say, "So' keep! So' keep, fader, so' keep!"

"What?" asked the judge, puzzled and yet laughing.

"So' keep! So' keep! So' keep, fader!"

"I don't understand, my dear. What is 'so' keep?'"

"Oh, he means he wants to say his prayers," broke in the mother. "That is his name for 'Now I lay me.' Grandma taught it to him this summer."

The judge knelt by the tiny white crib, and back, like an echo across the years, he heard from his own baby's lips:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

By mere chance, maybe because the words ended the first verse, the child had taken "soul to keep" for the name of the prayer.

The words clung to the judge. "So' keep! So' keep, fader!" repeated themselves over and over to him through the day. It was a new name for prayer, new and strangely vital. "Soul keep," he mused. "Does prayer mean that? Does it mean anything—more than petition, than thanksgiving; more than a mere audience with God to make known our needs? Do I indeed to pray that God may keep my soul?"

Again and again the little lips had said, "So' keep, fader." The words somehow began to repeat themselves over at night in a way that brought quiet and rest. Throughout the day he heard them when they took on the form of a little white figure kneeling beside a little white crib. The judge insensibly began to fall back upon the words. They were a kind of strength to him. Yet he did not pray.

But one night the little boy lay breathing heavily. A strange fearful light was on his wasted face. It was nearing 12 o'clock, and the doctor, watch in one hand and his other on the tiny wrist, was silent.

The judge was silent, too, and the mother. Death walks with silent feet. It was silent in the room. Suddenly the city clocks began to strike

the hour. The doctor bent lower. The child stirred, closed his unseeing eyes, then opened them again and saw his father. The fearful light was gone, and turning with a sigh, he murmured, "So' keep fader!" and fell into a quiet sleep.

The doctor's tense face relaxed. "He will live," he said. The mother wept, but the judge went out and prayed.—Youth's Companion.

A True Incident.

A gentleman living in the country had a large sum of money paid to him, and before depositing it in the bank, was obliged to go from home, leaving his wife and little daughter without a protector.

Some time during the night his wife was awakened with a feeling that some one was in the house. She listened and could hear footsteps moving about. The noise also aroused the little daughter. With child-like trust she said, "Mamma, won't God take care of us now papa is away?" Her faith seemed to strengthen the mother, who yielded to her entreaties to pray that they might be kept safely. She arose from her bed, and, kneeling beside it, poured fourth a fervent supplication to the Heavenly Father to shield them from all harm, after which they again retired.

Upon going downstairs in the morning, they found everything as it should be; nothing had been disturbed.

About two years later the father was sent for to visit a man who had formerly been in his employ, and who then was lying on his death-bed.

He confessed that upon the night in question, he had entered the house for the purpose of robbery, knowing that the gentleman had received the money, and had gone away from home, leaving his home unprotected, but upon hearing the prayer of the wife, his conscience was smitten, and he dared not carry out his evil intentions.

It was that prayer alone that prevented him from possible murder, which he would have committed, had it been necessary for him to do so in order to secure the money.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Boston firm recently offered a prize for the best definition of what constitutes success. A Kansas woman was awarded the prize, and this was her answer:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

If Vice-President Fairbanks were only in a position to marry the girl whom he rescued, or helped to rescue, there would be no doubts as to the gallantry which he displayed on the occasion.—New York Sun.