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## OFF TO WASHINGTON.

**Bilkins Will Soon Call Upon the President—Mrs. Bilkins Has Returned to Bilkinsville—The Trust Question Again—Something About Mark Twain.**

Jamestown, Va., August 21st.  
Correspondence of the Enterprise.  
I am now ready ter go ter Washington. Betsy hez gone home an' I hope the railrode commisshun won't throw the train off the track an' hurt her, fer she iz one ov the finest ladies in the land. Jist az soon az she found that I wuz goin' ter buy her a new dress in Washington sure enuff she agreed ter go home. I'll try ter git Mrs. Roosevelt ter go out shoppin' with me an' pick out sumptin' nice that won't cost a fortune. Awl the ladies that live erlong Terrible Creek will be cumin' ter see us an' inspect Betsy's new dress, I reckon. Not every North Carolina lady kin own a dress that wuz picked out by the "first lady" in the land. When I git back ter Bilkinsville an' ride Bob up ter our gate I'll bet that Betsy will meet me with one ov them gude old-time kisses an' she'll boo-hoo a little, too.

I think I will hurry back ter North Carolina an' run fer sum offis, fer I know that if that new dress pleezes Betsy she will brag on me till every lady in Wake County will think that I am one ov the nicest men in the county, an' they will awl make their husbands an' brothers vote fer me. I know they will be a big crowd at our church every Sunday fer the next few weeks ter see Betsy's new dress.

I hev writ ter Mr. John D. Rockefeller ter meet me at Washington so we kin talk over this trust business with the President. If Mr. Rockefeller will tell me that he iz willin' ter reduce the price ov lamp oil an' will give me hiz hand on hit, I'll sign a request that the next Congress let up on him fer awhile. But I am still ov the opinion that we hev a heap o' other things ter contend with that cum higher than the lamp oil that we use, an' they air things we can't do without very handy. But the pollytishuns hev sot out ter git in offis by 'fightin' the oil trust, an' the railrodes an' the die iz cast, az the skollars say.

The fight betwixt the horse an' the mule, and the ortermorebill iz gittin' red hot. The fellers that think that the horse ain't in it with the ortermorebill will wake up sum time an' they will be surprized. I wouldn't swap Bob fer a train load ov ortermorebills a mile long. I hev bin studyin' ortermorebills sinse I cum here, an' I hev concluded that awl they air fit fer iz ter scare horses an' burn gasoleen.

I see that my old friend, Mark Twain, iz havin' a big time over in London. I hev read sum ov Mark Twain's writin', but I never seed him. If he keeps on writin' fer the papers he will git laffed at.

Mark uster live on the Mississippi River an' had sum sort ov a job on one ov the steamboats that run up an' down the river. They wuzzen very big steamboats in them days, an' Mark would be so funny an' git awl the passengers ter laffin' so that the boats would hev ter stop. After awhile they discharged Mark an' he concluded ter take up writin' fer a livin'. He hez writ a gude deal fer

the newspapers an' printed sum books an' awl the world hez laffed at hiz funny sayin's an' stories. He hez made an' lost a fortune or two an' still people air willin' ter pay him ter make them laff an' fergit their troubles.

Funny peepole air gude things. But hit iz jist like other things in life—they run ter extremes. Sum peepole air so funny that they keep awl the world laffin', an' sum air so solemn an' sour that they give you the blues when you see them comin' half a mile off. The sour ones orter be shot an' the funny ones orter hev the elixer ov life poured down their throats so they would live ter be a thousand years old, or else the funny ones orter be relieved frum payin' poll-tax an' the sour, crabbit ones be double taxed.

Yours az ever,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## Farmers' Rally.

On Saturday, August 31st, a grand rally will be held at Cary. It will be a school and basket picnic. Prof. J. B. Carlyle, of Wake Forest; Mr. C. C. Moore, of Charlotte, and Prof. E. L. Middleton, will be among the speakers.

A great time is expected and the public is invited.

## Affairs in Wake County.

The writer had the pleasure of spending a short time with Mr. H. A. Patterson on Rural Route No. 2 from Apex this week and visited the vicinity.

Mr. Patterson is one of the comparatively young farmers in the county, and is making a success of it. His cotton and corn this season, unfavorable as it has been, is splendid, and he has a comfortable home and boards in the same place. The neighborhood is a good one, and the people are industrious and well-to-do.

Between McCullers and Holly Springs the crops are magnificent, for this season. The people have evidently worked hard, and they will reap a nice reward this fall. There is no better section of country in the State.

Judge Lindsey, of Colorado, says the vote of a woman can be bought for \$15. In the old days, when Wolcott ran politics in that State, the regular price was \$2 for a vote. Everything seems to have gone up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Georgia will be as dry as a bone—legally—after January 1st. This means that the thirsty ones down there will appeal to a well-known variety of the "unwritten law" in order to obtain their usual supply of liquid rations.—Washington Herald.

Oklahoma Republicans denounced the new Constitution and pledged themselves to remedy its defects. Here is betting that they will not be given a chance—this year. Oklahoma is Democratic, unless the prohibition issue founders the donkey.—Dallas Herald.

If our courts are anxious to extend the New York epidemic of attacks on women and children to Philadelphia, they are going the right way about it whenever they fail to inflict the maximum penalty upon the perpetrator of the most hateful of crimes.—Philadelphia North American.

## Miss Harriet's Corners.

Round the restaurant table sat an agreeable little company, composed of some gentlemen, a lady and a girl with charming face and vivacious ways. Meal and conversation were proceeding pleasantly, until—the waiter upset a cup of chocolate in the girl's lap!

After an interval, during which chairs were thrust back, napkins flourished and exclamation launched, the frightened waiter doing his best to repair damages, the flurry subsided somewhat and the party re-seated itself.

"My dear Harriet," cried the lady ruefully, "your pretty suit is ruined!" "Oh, there are more in the shops," was the gay rejoinder.

The waiter, having got a smile from the heroine of the accident, went off in a dazed condition. The gentlemen were staring silently.

"Now, look here, Miss Harriet," began the man with white hair, recovering first, "tell us how you did it!"

"Did what?" mischievously.

"Kept your equanimity, when most women would have—well, no matter! I was looking right at you when it happened, and the corners of your mouth went back instantly in a smile, and—"

"Oh, did you notice that?" asked the girl, suddenly interested. Then she checked herself, coloring. But the others scented a story and insisted, until Miss Harriet yielded, laughing.

"Well, since Mr. Pierce is so discerning—but, really, there's nothing to tell, you know. I had a new hat sent home once, the night before Easter. I was to sing in church, and that hat was the prettiest thing! Oh, don't be frightened"—she laughed merrily—"I won't describe it. In fact, I never got very familiar with it anyhow; for, when I left my room a moment, my puppy found it and had a personal interview with it.

"No, I didn't shake the puppy—he was a dear. I just dropped into a chair and contemplated the ruins.

"But presently I caught sight of my face in the dressing table mirror, and—I forgot even the ruins! I was so shocked that I said right out, 'Is that you, Harriet Corey?' Why, it was the most woe-begone, forbidding countenance—my mouth made a perfect capital U, turned upside down.

"It came to me that that was how I probably looked whenever things went wrong.

"Well, I experimented immediately. I made the corners of my mouth move back up, and I decided that a presentable face was better than an Easter hat. And I concluded right there that when things went wrong I'd at least see that the corners of my mouth stayed up.

"Really, you've no idea," she finished, ingenuously, "how it helps when horrid things happen. You just can't feel cross and blue if you keep your corners right."

Miss Harriet, absorbed in her narrative, had been unaware of admiring eyes. Now her cheeks began to redden.

"It's better than controlling corners in wheat!" murmured Mr. Pierce.—The Youth's Companion.

Be "generous to a fault," if you will, but don't be unduly lenient with grave faults.

## Our Unconscious Ministrations.

Some years ago, at the time of the sudden death of a beloved minister, among the messages which reached the family was one mailed from a railway train, unsigned, undated, and bearing but four words: "My friend, my friend!"

Whether the cry came from one who had been personally ministered to, or whether the service had been rendered through some sermon or printed word, no one ever knew. It was enough that in some way the servant of God had delivered his message to the needy soul.

The incident is typical of one of the most beautiful phases of life—the unconscious ministry of human souls to each other. A little while ago a farmer's wife, burdened and discontented, chanced to visit, with a friend, a home for incurables in a nearby city. Among the patients there was a youth of twenty, totally paralyzed, so that he could move nothing but his eyes. They were wonderful eyes, clear, blue and happy, with an eager light of recognition for old friends and greeting for new ones.

The farmer's wife had no son of her own, but she carried home with her the memory of that prisoned youth with his clear, happy eyes.

This is not a story. She never saw him again—she never even wrote to him, for writing did not come easily to her unwonted fingers. But she did not complain over her life as she had before. Her tasks were heavy, and she had little pleasure, and, it seemed to her, little appreciation. But after that time, when bitter words sprang to her lips, they often died unspoken, and her eyes softened with pity; between her and her hard, gray days a vision lingered—the vision of a crippled boy with heaven's peace in his eyes.

There are few lives that do not know such ministry. Men in temptation have been strengthened by the memory of some woman who had stood faithfully in a hard place through heroic years. Women pressed by worldly duties hide in their hearts a shrine hallowed by some humble, unsuspecting saint—an old servant's room, perhaps, or a simple country farm-house, known in the far-off years, where one walked who carried the fragrance of prayer in her garments.

Is there not comfort here for humble souls who feel themselves doing little for the world's great need? Their lives are God's messages. In ways they cannot know their comfort and their healing will go forth to those who need them. God's messages cannot be lost nor go astray.—Youth's Companion.

A Missouri "chautauqua" is closing up and going out of business because it has proved unprofitable. If this is significant of a tendency it will soon cease to pay to be a defeated candidate for the Presidency.—New York Tribune.

The Hungarian Government has undertaken the task of making the country's hordes of gypsies settle down to work. If it succeeds, will it send over a delegation and take our hoboes in hand?—Boston Transcript.

God's covenant is simply His integrity.