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BRYAN AND BILKINS AT THE STATE FAIR.

Fair Was a Big Success—Mr. Bryan's Speech Sounded Good—Mr. Bryan Inspects Bob and is Highly Pleased—Thinks Bilkins' Trip Around the World Will be Great—The Bear Hunt Pulled Off, but Was Technical—Bruno Looked Too Large for Mr. Bryan to Tackle.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.
Bilkinville, Oct. 23.

Well, the great and only State Fair hez cum an' gone once more, an' me an' Billy Bryan did awl we could ter make hit a grand success. Mr. Bryan cum awl the way from Nebrasky fer so much per, an' I cum awl the way from Jamestown so az ter contribute ter the gayety ov nashuns.

The papers sed that the Jamestown Exposishun an' the fairs goin' on here in the State would knock the bottum out ov the State Fair. The reckords show that the newspapers in North Carolina don't know me an' Billy Bryan an' the ballance ov the State Fair managers. We air sultry members. I larned that expresshun from a Boston lady I seed at Jamestown several weeks ergo. Hit iz the grammatical way ter say "we air hot numbers."

Me an' Betsy driv into the Fair grounds sorter late, fer Betsy wuz a long time puttin' on her fixin's an' I wuz sorter puttin' on my lugs, fer I knowed Billy Bryan would be dressed up in hiz Sunday suit. I awlso put in a gude deal ov time curryin' and rubbin' Bob fer I knowed that Mr. Bryan would wanter see him, an' that wuz erbout the first thing he called fer after he made his speach an' I went and shook hands with him. I didn't talk with him any till after the speakin' for I knowed he mite git exsited an' git mixed up az ter the rite way ter mix silver in the rite way ter make hit cum out 16 ter 1 with gold. I awlso knowed that he wuz studyin' erbout that bear hunt an' I wuz afeared that he mite tell the crowd that money kin be made out ov bear skins jist az gude az hit kin out ov gold, silver or paper. Why they ain't enuff bear skins left in the country ter make money enuff ter pay fer a nite's lodgin' at the Yarbory House.

I liked Bryan's speach purty well. Hit made a feller feel gude in hiz pocket fer a short time. But that wuz awl over by the next day. He referred to the trusts an' other great instertushuns that they hev fixed up ter house our surplus cash an' give the newspapers an' the pollytishuns sumptin' ter scare the folks with an' make them sleep with one eye open every nite. Hit wuz awl very touchin'. Several people in the crowd wuz touched while the speakin' wuz goin' on. Them pickpockets air az smart az the average pollytishun.

When Mr. Bryan got ter talkin' ter me after the speach an' he inquired after Bob I tuk him out behind the grandstand where Bob wuz hitched an' interduced him ter Bob. He made a turrible terdo over him. He patted Bob on the head an' rubbed hiz neck an' sed that Bob wuz gittin' ter be the most famous mule on the continent an' that when he'd

started on hiz trip erround the world with me ridin' him he'd attrack lots ov attenshun an' hiz picture would be published in awl the grate newspapers an' maggazines az the first an' only mule that ever wuz ridden erround the world an' that ever stood in the stables ov kings and other high muckymucks, fer he understood that I am goin' ter visit awl the capitul citys ov the many countries an' spend a few days with each one ov them. Mr. Bryan's remarks wuz very touchin' and elegant an' Bob seemed ter understand that he wuz makin' personal remarks erbout him fer he looked mity proud an' sassy. If Mr. Bryan hed Bob hitched ter a plow an' would talk that way ter him he could turn ten akers ov wheat stubble in a day—that iz, if Mr. Bryan kin plow like he kin talk.

After inspectin' Bob I suggested that we slip out ov the Fair grounds at a side gate an' go ter Pullen Park an' pull off the bear hunt. Mr. Bryan 'lowed: "Awl rite, terday iz not termorrow; termorrow's sun may never rize." I thought that wuz purty gude campane literature. Maybe hit will be in the next dymakrat platform.

We went out at the north gate ov the Fair grounds an' walked erround ter the park. We first went to the cage holdin' the two small bears. They wuz in a fine humer an' set up on their haunches an' wanted ter take up a colleshun ov peanuts. We patted them on the nose an' rubbed their heds. "Pitty ter shoot them," sed Mr. Bryan. "Yes," sez I, "but you air only goin' ter kill them teknically; that iz the way President Roosevelt killed Bruno last year."

"Where iz Bruno?" sez Mr. Bryan. So I tuk him over ter hiz den on the side ov the hill. Bruno wuz canterin' erround in hiz den an' wuz lookin' fine. Mr. Bryan jist tuk on when he seed him. "Finest bear I ever seed," he 'lowed. "How much does he weight?"

"Six hundred pounds," sez I, "an' he kin run at the rate ov fifteen miles an hour. Hit iz sed that he hez killed several men."

"He iz a dangerous lookin' customer," sed Mr. Bryan.

Then I showed Mr. Bryan a sixteen-shot maggazine rifle that I had borried fer him ter shoot Bruno with an' tole him I would open the door ov the bear house an' let Bruno out so he would hev a fair chance ter escape an' that he must not fire a shot untill Bruno would get over in the penitenshary woods.

"Hold up," said Mr. Bryan, "don't turn him out! I though I wuz jist ter shoot him teknically. Why that bear iz big ernuff ter eat up everybody in two townships if he gits out an' I should miss him, an' I ain't use ter them newfangle guns."

I made out I wuz goin' ter turn him out anyway an' he 'lowed he'd go inter Raleigh an' git some jedge ter issue a restrainin' injuncshun if I didn't quit tryin' ter unlock the door ter Bruno's cage." And I could see that he looked mity pale.

"Awl rite," sez I, "you will hev ter go over in the woods an' shoot at a stump er sumptin' an' call hit a bear."

He 'lowed that would be better, an' we started.

"That bear looked erbout sixteen

times az large az he did when I first seed him when you wuz erbout ter unlock the door ov the pit," sed Mr. Bryan. "An' if you had opened the door I wuz goin' ter git away from there erbout sixteen times az fast az I cum. I hev a family at home," sed Mr. Bryan, "an' I am the main bread-winner."

So we went over in the woods an' I pointed out the big black stump President Roosevelt shot fer a bear last year. "Blaze erway," sez I ter Mr. Bryan, "an' I will sit an' digest your speach while you kill Bruno."

Mr. Bryan pushed back hiz cuffs an' begun to shoot. Hit sounded like the battle of Mannassas. When he hed shot sixteen times we went ter look at the stump. If any shot hed struck hit we failed ter find where hit went in. Mr. Bryan looked sad and disgusted.

"Cheer up, Mr. Bryan, sez I, "you air not the first man ter miss a bear. Why, you hev bin shootin' at the White House fer twelve years, an' hit iz five hundred times az big az that stump, an' you hain't touched hit. You orter take a two-year special course at a shootin' school before you start out ergin."

"Zeke, you air a grate comforter," sed Mr. Bryan sadly. "I wish you would come and spend a few days with me every four years jist after the first Tuesday in November. I always feel sorter lonesome an' let down erbout that time."

"I hev bin in pollyticks myself," sez I. "Pollyticks air jist like Gen. Sherman sed erbout war—they air hell."

We walked all the way back ter the Fair ground, slowly, takin' at least fifteen minits, an' Mr. Bryan didn't say a word. I don't reckon he wuz ever silent that long before.

Truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Rural Routes in the State.

There were 1,187 rural delivery routes in operation in North Carolina October 1st, according to a report just issued by Assistant Postmaster General Degraw. The Post-office Department has received a total of 2,418 petitions from the State, and of this number 1,128 were acted upon unfavorably. In all 34 routes have been discontinued in the State, six having been discontinued since the first of July. The number of tri-weekly routes in the State is 87. There are 69 petitions pending before the Department for the establishment of new routes.

There are more routes in operation in the fifth district than in any other in the State. Mr. W. W. Kitchin has 183 to his credit. The eighth district ranks second, with 147 routes. The seventh district has 129 routes, the ninth 115, the third 106, the first 104, the sixth 100, and the tenth 84.

The President's poor luck down in Louisiana is likely to make the trusts fear he will come home in the mood to once more give the hard-working millionaires the benefit of both barrels.—Washington Post.

A new opponent of rural free delivery has arisen. The postmaster at Mount Carmel, Conn., has become tired of distributing mail on a dally wage of 15 cents.—New York Tribune.

Simple Remedies.

First of all, sleep in a room with plenty of fresh air. Avoid tea and coffee, especially at night, and food that is rich and indigestible. I believe, however, that more insomnia is occasioned by lack of food than by over-eating. Many cases of insomnia have been cured by taking upon retiring a glass of milk and a biscuit, a slice of bread and butter, or some other light refreshment, such as has been found to agree with one. For the insomnia of brain activity, when the thoughts become uncontrollable in their persistence, it is well to get up and abandon attempting to sleep for a time. A hot bath is excellent for that kind of sleeplessness, as it helps to distribute the blood in the body. A foot-bath is also good for the same reason. A simple and sometimes very effective remedy is a cold compress placed on the forehead, bringing the ends well down behind the ears, where the large blood vessels which carry the blood to the head are situated. The cloth will keep cool longer and be more effective if some cologne is sprinkled upon it. The habit of wakefulness may have been acquired by some of the causes which have been mentioned, and the idea takes possession of the would-be sleeper that he cannot get to sleep, that the power of sleeping has left him. This alone will prevent sleep. It can be best met with a calm consideration of the subject. It is not such a dreadful matter after all if one loses sleep. Regular and prolonged sleep is not so essential to health as is popularly supposed. The lack of sleep is not half as bad for the system as the worry that one indulges in because of it. It seems heartless and unsympathetic often to say this to a person melancholy because of lack of sleep.

The many devices of occupying the mind with trivial thoughts to the exclusion of those in which one is vitally interested, is founded on sound, physiological principles; that is, the mind cannot think intently on two things at once. The counting of imaginary sheep going over an imaginary stile has been found useful. A very good way to tire out the mind and to change the current of thought at the same time is to recall a pleasant journey that one has taken, and travel through again in imagination each hour and each moment of each hour, recalling every little detail. In this way the brain is soon wearied to the sleeping point.

W. H. Marsh, a clerk in the employ of the Guilford Furniture Company, at Greensboro, was arrested Friday night charged with stealing stuff from the company. It appears that while the proprietors were out of the store Marse had taken rugs, bed springs, baby carriages and other articles by the dray load, sent them to a vacant room and stored them. When caught he was going to the room with a number of rugs. He was sent to jail in default of bond.

W. P. Gore, the blind gentleman who is likely to be Senator from Oklahoma, favors free farming utensils. Heretofore his affliction was supposed to be purely physical.—Philadelphia Ledger.