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BILKINS AT HOME.

Unrest in Congress—That Special Session of the Legislature—Reform in Japan—A Brave Man in Iowa—Our Noble Governor and What He is Thinking About—His Gun is Loaded, but You Can't Tell What He Will Kill.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Bilkinville, N. C., Nov. 14th.

I see that they air havin' what they call a deadlock in Congress. I don't exactly understand awl them perlitical doin's, but I guess they air sorter twisted up sumhow an' can't git apart till they git help. If they ain't in gude working trim when I go up there, I'll ride Bob up in the Capitul an' break up the tangle in erbout ten minits. Of course Congress ain't in session much nowadays nohow an' sumpthin' exsitin' is needed.

I see they air still talkin' erbout a special session of the Legislater in our State. Ov course hit may be needed, an' ergin hit may not. Hit depends on the legislater. If sum ov them hev repented and wanter undo their meanness then I am fer hit. But if they wanter git back here an' play smash an' caucuss in the dispensary, then I'm ergin hit. A gude Legislater iz always worth havin'. But that sort hain't fashionable nowadays.

I see by the papers that they air goin' ter stop cuttin' off people's heads in Japan. I don't mind statin' that I don't mind if they do stop such foolishness till I git through with my visit over there. They mite take a noshun ter git tanked up on rice whiskey an' try ter cut my head off. If they do try that the papers will be full ov an account ov the biggest row the Japanese hev ever had.

The funniest piece I hev read lately wuz erbout a man in Iowa that married his mother-in-law. He must hev bin a brave one. I am awlways sorry when I hear a man hez killed hiz mother-in-law fer murder iz a turrible crime. But ov course I take hit fer granted that he wuz driven ter desperashun an' I feel that maybe he wuzent sich a mean man after awl. But when a man cooly an' deliberately marrys hiz mother-in-law hit iz time fer the lunttick authorities ter begin ter clean up awl the empty cages an' see that new locks air put on them, for there iz goin' ter be lots of extra room needed.

I don't hear much erbout our dear Governor nowadays. I wish the papers would keep me posted. I can't never tell whether he iz runnin' fer the Senate or fer presidin' elder ov this districkt, an' that keeps me up-sot more or less. I don't wish him any harm, but I do wish he'd settle down on what he wants an' then go after hit. The times air too panicky ter keep people stirred up an' on the ragged edge awl the time az he does. In plain Terrible Crick English I wanter see him shoot or give up his gun. He is violatin' the game laws by carryin' a great long perlitickal gun on hiz shoulder awl the time an' you can't tell whether he hez it loaded for bears or fer doves. Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

Imagine you are disliked it will make you less likeable.

OPINIONS IN A NUTSHELL.

If you don't believe there is life in Mars, go ahead and prove there is'nt.—Philadelphia Press.

Now, then, get down to business and pick out your candidate for President.—Philadelphia Press.

It seems that depositors did not take that money out of bank to make election bets with it.—New York Mail.

There was no Fusion ticket in Oyster Bay, so it was perfectly safe for Mr. Roosevelt to go home and vote.—New York World.

North Carolina has a 360-pound candidate for Congress. His announcement will carry weight.—Baltimore Sun.

Regardless of panics and politics, the chorus girl continues her conquering march through princes, belted earls and mere millionaires.—New York Mail.

But when Chancellor Day says that Mr. Roosevelt has "sent no offenders to prison" he is cruelly twitting on facts.—New York World.

There is some consolation in reflecting that the Tammany candidates, on the whole, were rather better than usual.—New York Tribune.

The present aspect of the Taft boom merely shows how fearfully and wonderfully some candidates may be made.—Washington Herald.

The talk of calling an extra session of Congress seems to have proceeded on the principle of scaring people out of their fears.—New York Tribune.

A French publicist declares that Americans are not energetic, but lucky. Well, it's no disadvantage to be lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wide-awake Washington is the only place in the whole country where the pure air of a delightful autumn is not polluted by the aroma of campaign cigars.—Washington Post.

How John Harvard and his contemporaries must look down with scorn on the attempts of their descendants to smite the Indians.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ocean freight rates are to be increased at an early date, but it is hoped that all that foreign gold will get in first.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The great drawback about a peanut diet is that after you get used to it you won't enjoy peanuts at the circus and ball games.—Washington Post.

San Francisco elected Poet Edward Robeson Taylor and Toledo re-elected Poet Brand Whitlock as mayor. The average of prose in politics, however, is not appreciably lower.—New York Mail.

The faction ignored in the Oklahoma appointments propose to "go back and raise hell in politics." That is the unalienable right of the American citizen.—New York Mail.

Mr. Roosevelt did not refer in his election statement to Mr. Burton's defeat in Cleveland. Perhaps he left that for Secretary Taft to explain.—New York World.

It is difficult to believe that Miss Geraldine Farrar is correctly quoted in the Berlin dispatches which represent her as scoring Americans as devoid of any appreciation of art. Her father, Mr. Sid Farrar, was an artist of high ability, and we at least did appreciate his work at short-stop.—New York Sun.

While banks all about in this part of the State have found it necessary to resort to clearing house certificates to tide over the present money shortage, the Statesville bank have not found this course necessary. While there is nothing wrong in the certificate lan, it is all the better if we can get on without it.—Statesville Landmark.

Advice Worth Repeating.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work seems to think that it is all right when the bartender takes in twice that much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is on the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender. Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" of poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday for nothing if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman costs you \$2 every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put into the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, baggy at the knee, and utterly bursted at the dome, for the Michigan sufferers. Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering and scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark

and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and the money it does is flung into his face like a bone to a dog. The donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not and certainly should not be grateful. It is insulting.—Robert Burdette.

A Great Mother.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him when he was only twelve:

"I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before his death a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I have been reading the published letter of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glow more quickly, than did the eyes and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar way, and said:

"Yes, sir, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."—Selected.

One hope supports me in the storm,
When flesh and spirit quail,
My Father holds me with His arm,
His promise cannot fail!

The ocean of His grace transcends
My small horizon's rim,
And there my feeble vision ends
My heart can rest in Him!

In confidence I bide the tryst,
His promise is for aye.
He guides me still, through cloud
and mist,
Unto the perfect day!
—Ernest Neal Lyon.

The Secret of Strength.

There is a very famous vine at Hampton Court, London, which has at times borne a thousand or more bunches of grapes, and the secret is that the vine sends its roots hundreds of yards through the ground to the Thames, where it gets its moisture and nourishment. Another vine, to which great interest has been attached, is situated at St. Gabriel's Mission, California, and is estimated to be the largest and oldest vine in the United States. It is 105 years of age. The stalk is five feet six inches in circumference, and is said to have borne two tons of grapes in one season. The roots are said to go down 300 to 500 feet from the stem, and it is believed that they are fed from some subterranean stream of water.

The man who is in communication with the water of his life has the secret of eternal life. He has the guarantee of "much fruit." The tree that is planted by the rivers of water must bring forth his fruit in his season. There is nothing that will as well prove the authority of a Christian experience as its productivity.—Home Herald.