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## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

### Great Excitement in Bilkinsville— Trying to Hold a Prohibition Election on Christmas Day and Get Ahead of Raleigh—About Two Philanthropists and What They Are Doing.

Correspondence of The Enterprise,  
Bilkinsville, N. C., Nov. 20th.

We hev grate exsitemint in Bilkinsville now. We air tryin' ter call a prohibishun electshun here ter be helt on Christmas day. We air a heap younger az a town than Raleigh an' we wanter go on reckord az bein' able ter find out that licker iz a grate evil without waitin' till we air two or three hundred years old like Raleigh hez done. If sum feller hadn't cum erlong an' a-tole Raleigh that she had better git on the water wagon I don't reckon much would hev bin sed erbout hit fer two hundred years yet.

One ov my nabors wuz at my house last nite an' we wuz talkin' erbout hit an' he 'lowed that we orter wait till we git sum new graded school buildins, gude streets an' gude roads like Raleigh did out ov the business before we cut hit out. But I tole him that I thought the best way ter fite evil wuz ter begin before the evil got so large an' strong. When Bilkinsville gits ter be a large town with sixty-three candidates fer perlismen an' lots or Aldermen we may wake up sum mornin' an' find that the game iz blocked.

We orter deal the licker evil a sollar complected blow rite now before we hev a dispensary that mite do a business ov several hundred thousands ov dollars a year an' then we'd hev ter drag the reformers erway from hit by main strength an' threats ov death az they hev ter do in Raleigh—accordin' ter the latest news frum thar. I see that one ov the millitary companies in Raleigh hez resigned, or quit, or sumptin'. I recon that company seed blood on the moon an' got nervous thinkin' hit mite be called out on the 26th ov December ter suppress the fellers in Raleigh that think the dispensary orter be run on fer the purpose ov permotin' temperance an' buildin' gude roads an' school houses, an' fer other an' sundry gude purposes when renew iz needed.

The gude people who built the dispensary thought they hed done a grate work. They managed ter git the sale ov licker out ov the hands ov the wicked bar-keepers ter sum extent. But they haint bin able ter git a single brand ov licker that wuzzent full ov fites, riots an' destruckshun. Hit will make a man gist az drunk az the mean an' sinful licker that the bars sold, an' the headaches the next mornin' air jist az painful, if not more so. The poor devil who climbs the dispensary steps does not cum out reelin'. But he can go a few steps an' take the contents ov the bottle an' hev on a three-day jag in five minits by the watch.

We must be up an' a-doin' in Bilkinsville. The harvest iz ripe an' we must call the electshun an' vote the dispensary out before hit gits here. An ounce ov prevenshun iz wurth ten pounds ov cure in a case

ov this sort. The Bilkinsville dispensary that hez not yit cum and that iz not cumin', must go.

I see that my ole friends, John D. Rockefeller an' J. P. Morgan air tryin' ter save the country, financially. They are grate. I don't know what we would do if hit wuz not fer the grate philanthrypists, I beleeve they call 'em. I am goin' ter becum a phillanthrypist myself an' write a letter ter the publick tellin' them ter draw on the bank ov Bilkinsville if they git hard up. They iz plenty ov money if we kin jist git holt ov hit.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

### One of His Little Ones—A Native and a Missionary Doctor.

I won't go! I don't want to go!" Such was the wail of a little Chinese boy while his mother was getting him ready to go see the doctor.

Little Jewel had been ailing for some time, and it was thought that a demon or evil spirit must have got inside his little body, and so caused his illness. His mother had already taken him to one Chinese doctor; now she was going to another, who was supposed to be very clever.

The home was a poor one; just one room, with a clay floor, paper windows, and a door that would blow open with each gust of wind, until a big stone was brought to keep it closed.

The day was bitterly cold, and the little boy crouched on his brick bed. The bed was like a small platform, filling up nearly half of the floor of the little room. On the front side of this little platform there was a fireplace, with flues running under the brick work to an opening in the outside wall; so when the fire was lighted, the bricks became nice and warm, and with a straw mat spread over them and then a wadded quilt tucked well underneath and over, it was rather cozy.

Little Jewel had to be dressed, so his mother first took a small towel, wrung it out of hot water, and after vigorously wiping his face and hands, left them to dry gradually. Then his hair was dressed. Now you know a Chinaman has just one nice, long pigtail down his back; but Jewel, like all small boys, and girls in Peking, had two pigtails, made out of two tufts of hair that were left growing, one on each side of his head; all the rest of his little head was shaven quite clean and bare. These little tufts were brushed and oiled and lightly plaited, then tied with a bright red cord, which helped them to stand out nice and straight, and to look very smart. Then his clothes were put on in layers; first the shabby ones, one after another, and last of all, the gayest and best, until poor little Jewel had all his wardrobe on his back!

The mother took one or two whiffs from a long tobacco pipe, drank some tea, took a fresh stick of incense, lighted it and placed it in the burner in front of the household gods, with a muttered prayer for good luck on her expedition. No one had told her of the good Lord Jesus!

Mrs. Shen had a long way to carry her little boy through the blinding dust and the crowded streets of Pe-

king, but she went bravely on till she reached the doctor's house.

"Mother, mother, I don't want to see the doctor!" wailed little Jewel.

"Don't cry, my little treasure. The doctor is a good man; he will make you better." But the mother's heart was heavy as she spoke, for she knew how much her darling had suffered already at the hands of a Chinese doctor.

While they were drinking tea and chatting pleasantly with the ladies of the house, a tall Chinaman, in flowing silk robes, came in. He was wearing a very large pair of spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and carried a well-worn book in his hand. Jewel clung to his mother in a despairing way, while the doctor asked many strange questions about open doors, evil spirits, unlucky days and so on. Such strange questions! Finally, he decided that evil spirit which was making Jewel ill must be frightened away. So, while Mrs. Shen undressed her little boy, the doctor found a dirty-looking needle, about eight inches in length, in one of his drawers. This he passed through his hair in order to oil it, and then rapidly plunged it into several parts of Jewel's little quivering and agonized body, while his mother tried to hold him and hush his piercing screams.

The poor mother carried her little burden home and tucked him up in his little waded quilt, on the bed, where he lay for days almost as if he were dead.

Some suffer terribly, after this kind of treatment, with poisoned wounds, and some die, but Jewel rallied.

One day a friend came in and told Mrs. Shen about the missionaries who had come to live in that neighborhood, and how one, a lady, was busy all day attending to sick women and children, and how she had cured quite a number of people.

"I am afraid to go there," said Mrs. Shen, "for I have heard that those foreigners do such dreadful things. Why, I am told that they even take out the eyes of young children to make medicine!"

"I am sure that isn't true, elder sister, for I have been there myself, and they all seem so kind. Besides, you need not let Jewel get out of your sight, so you have nothing to fear. The child is not getting well in spite of all that has been done for him by our Chinese doctors. Is there anything else you can do?"

Poor mother! she knew no other door of hope left open to her. Her little boy was dying! She might yet save him! Yes, she would risk it; she would go to-morrow!

"Elder sister, I give you a curtsey. I have brought my little boy, and I beseech you, out of the kindness of your heart, to make him well."

I looked up from my dispensary book, where I had been entering up my last case, and saw a dear little five-year-old boy, with very wide-awake eyes that had a terrified look in them. He was in his mother's arms. They gray eyes, brown hair, and curious dress of the lady missionary startled him at first, and when I approached him he screamed in terror, "Don't pierce me! Don't pierce me!" I showed him my empty hands, and told him to hold them fast and just listen while I talked to his mother. Soon, unfortunately, I

had to suggest medicine, and at the mention of the word Jewel wailed again. Poor darling! He had unhappy memories of horrible stuff which he had had to take. So I took a bottle of nice pink sweets out of my cupboard and let him look at them. Then he had one to taste. It was delicious!

"Now, Jewel," I said, "I have here a dose of medicine which I hope will do you good. It is not a very large dose, but it is rather nasty. If you will open your mouth wide and swallow it, I will give you another sugar ball."

And the brave little fellow took the medicine, and then, with a sugar ball in his mouth and another in his hand, he tried to say, "Thank you," very sweetly. Next day he came again with his mother, and with a beaming face, said: "The medicine you gave me yesterday made me a little better; to-day I should like a little more medicine, please."

But it was the bottle of sweets Jewel was thinking about. I imagine!

However, we became fast friends. The Chinese child found his way into the English woman's arms, and they were both happy together.—  
News from Africa.

## Chatham Tobacco.

We are pleased to note that at the recent State Fair all first premiums for different kinds of tobacco were won by Chatham County tobacco growers. Mr. D. J. Williams, of Williams township, won first premium on lemon wrappers, mahogany wrappers, shipping tobacco, bright smokers and fillers. He was also awarded a \$15 premium for the best display of bright flue-cured tobacco and a \$25 premium for the largest yield of tobacco made on one acre of land, all of these being first premiums.

Mr. W. H. Goodwin, of New Hope Township, took the first premium on tobacco cutters. The success of Messrs. Williams and Goodwin speaks well for the tobacco grown in the Eastern section of our county, and shows that our county has a seat at the "head of the table" in the quality of tobacco raised as well as in a good many other things.—  
Chatham Record.

## Major Bilkins Remarks.

Col. Zeke Bilkins, the home-made philosopher of the Raleigh Enterprise, arises and makes these few broken remarks: "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 district, an' that keeps me upstot 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."—  
Marshville Our Home.

Vice-President Fairbanks was in a railroad wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio yesterday. As yet, it has not been accurately ascertained how many persons he saved.—  
New York Sun.