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## BILKINS IS THANKFUL.

**Thanksgiving is Here—Why Bilkins is Thankful—Good Wishes For All Mankind—Billy Bryan and Willie Hearst—Mr. Watson to the White House.**

Correspondence of The Enterprise.

Bilkinsville, N. C., Nov. 27th.

Well, the Thanksgiving season is here present ergin. Betsy hez got her new dress an' hez hit ready ter wear ter-morrow an' she iz mity thankful an' so am I. We air talkin' erbout attendin' church at Fuquay Springs so Betsy kin show her new dress. That iz erbout awl the pleasure the poor hard-workin' wimin git, an' them that don't wurk, too, iz ter dress up an' go ter church or sumwhar now an' then an' show their new dresses an' hats. Betsy didn't buy a new hat fer this Thanksgivin' Day, an' that iz one ov the things that I hev got ter be thankful fer. Betsy iz a jewel. If the wimin would quit buyin' new hast so often their husbands would love 'em ter death.

But we hev lots ter be thankful fer this year, and I ain't jokin'. Sum ov us hev bin mity sick an' sum hev not made very gude crops, an' others hev had troubles an' misfortunes ov awl sorts. Awl this happens every year, more or less, but hit seems that this hez bin a real on-lucky year fer many ov us. But most ov us still hev life an' hope here now an' are lookin' fer better things in the grate Beyond; purvided we don't git side-tracked too often as we journey erlong. We orter make evil side-track an' keep the strate rode ourselves an' go rite ahead. But that iz a mity hard thing ter do. I don't believe that old Nick ever sleeps any. He sits up twenty-four hours every day an' studies up little an' big games ter pull us over ter hiz way ov thinkin' an' doin'. Old Nick iz purty nigh az mean az sum ov our promernent pollytishuns an' he iz fifty times az smart. If he wuz ter come ter North Carolina in person I'll bet he'd git nomernated an' run fer the Legislature the very first campane that cum erbout. An' he would git counted in, too, an' they'd holler fer him an' call him a statesman an' a patryott. I hain't bin watchin' pollyticks awl my life fer nothin'.

I see by the papers that Mr. Billy J. Bryan an' Mr. Willie R. Hearst air both runnin' fer Presidint az usual. They may be thankful ter-morrow that the Amerikin people hain't riz in their mite an' chopped their heds off. What do they mean by disturbin' the peace an' dignity ov the country every four years? Don't they know that they air other Amerikin sitizens an' tax-payers in the country that wantar take a little perlitycal spin now an' then? They air preachin' ergin monopolies an' they air monopolizin' both sides ov the rode. Billy Bryan iz ridin' the dymakrat horse ter deth an' Willie Hearst hez got up a new horse called the "Union League," or sumpthin' that sounds pleezin' ter our ears, an' iz beatin' the air. They air settin' bad example ter the boys ov the land; they will grow up ter think that they ain't no jobs open in the country but runnin' fer Preserdent.

I see that sum ov the grate an' gude peepole ov the land air razin' cane erbout the wurd "In God We Trust" havin' bin left off ov the new

silver dollars jist turned out. I ain't existed erbout that. Nineteen out ov twenty ov them that air raisin' the rookus put in a gude deal more time takin' the name ov God in vain than they do in doin' reverence. Perfanity iz growin' at a terrible rate. Even supposed gude church members curse terribly, an' boys put in a heap more time larnin' perfanity than they put in larnin' grammar an' geography. When we think ov the dirty things that dollars are made ter do hit iz just az well that the name ov our Creator iz not printed on them any longer. I agree with the Preserdent—hit "iz a sacrilege." When they hev hed time ter think over hit awl will be pleased exsept the devil an' a few other pollytishuns.

I see by the papers that Joel Chandler Harris, ov Georgia, hez bin up ter Washington an' visited the Preserdent by invitashun, an' tole him erbout "Brer Rabbitt," "Brer Fox" an' "Brer Terrapin," an' they hed a gude time. Rite on top ov that cums the news that the Preserdent hez invited Thomas E. Watson, ov Georgia, a leadin' Populist an' a gifted lawyer, farmer, editor and author ov several widely read books, ter cum ter see him an' talk over the situashun. This hez caused talk. But I don't see no harm in hit. Frum whut I kin hear Mr. Harris iz one ov the smartest men in the world an' the Preserdent admires hiz books an' stories. The same kin be sed ov Thomas E. Watson. He hez had hiz up and downs. But he iz honest an' fergits more every day in the year than most men know, an' I'll bet a clearin' house certificate that he kin tell the Preserdent a whole lot that he don't know in erbout five minits.

But the main trouble iz that sum ov our North Carolina pollytishuns hain't gittin' invited. Maybe they will before hit iz awl over. I am lookin' every day fer the Preserdent ter invite Guvernor Glenn up thar an' try ter git him ter tell why he turned hiz back on the railrodes after what happened sum years ergo. I mite awlso menshun that he ishued me a standin' invitashun ter visit him sum time ergo an' give him a few wurd ov fatherly advice; an' I am goin' when I git gude an' ready. North Carolina hain't never bin left yit.

Az ever,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## To Preserve a Husband.

Select with care; the very young and green varieties take longer to prepare, but are often excellent when done; those too crusty take a long time to cook tender. One neither hard nor yet soft will give best satisfaction.

Do not keep in a pickle nor in hot water, for even a little while, as this toughens the fibre, retards the cooking and often spoils the result. Never prick to test for tenderness; this leaves a mark, and they are never so smooth afterward.

Even the poor varieties may be made sweet and tender by the following methods: Wrap in a mantle of charity and keep warm over a steady fire of loving, domestic devotion; garnish with patience, well sweetened with smiles, and flavored with kisses to taste. Serve with peaches and cream.—Home Department of National Magazine for November.

## Young Evangelists.

Can you who live in the civilized world fully realize that that old statement made by the prophet Isaiah centuries and centuries ago: "And a little child shall lead them," holds good among the children here in far-off Africa, where heathenism exists in its darkest phase and where few children know the real meaning of mother, father, and love? Oh, yes, it is just as true here as in all portions of the world where the light of the Gospel has shone.

I will tell you in this letter of some boys who were rescued five or six years ago from cruel slave raiders. One of them was taken from horrible cannibals, who doubtless had planned a dainty meal of his little body. Hungry, naked, and forlorn, they were taken into the tender, loving care of the missionaries, whom they soon learned to love as their friends. They were at once put into the mission school, where their minds were awakened to new ideas and thoughts, and their intellect began to unfold as a blossoming rose. They learned very rapidly, and now they are able to read, write, and spell beautifully. They also do nice work in arithmetic. These boys were early instructed in the catechism and truths of the Bible. They soon accepted our loving Saviour as their Saviour, too, and since then they have been most steadfast little Christians. They know the catechism and the Bible stories.

There are many people around and near the mission who are yet too superstitious to enter into the house of the "Foreigners' God." Therefore it is necessary to carry the Gospel to their immediate villages. Three months ago a call was made for volunteers to go to these neighboring villages to preach and to teach. These four boys arose and said: "I will go." They seemed rather small and young to enter such a work, but the missionaries, remembering the words: "And a little child shall lead them," sent them forth. Now, every morning these boys may be seen with books, charts, slates and pencils, going to the villages where many gather to hear their message, and are learning to read and write in their language. They do not receive any special compensation for this work, but they are doing all in the name of Jesus, who said: "Freely have we received, freely give."

There are many others on the mission who are as steadfast and zealous in their Christian life, and are doing similar work, but these are the youngest evangelists of our mission.

Please pray for our work here, and especially for the native Christians and evangelists, that they may be instrumental in bringing many souls into the Kingdom of Christ.—Selected.

## Some Advantages in Discontent.

Discontent is not unmixed with evil. Unwillingness to remain a slave presages an effort to gain liberty, and that effort may win. Contentment in slavery foredooms the slave to perpetual bondage.

Discontent in a state of ignorance is the first and the most essential step in the direction of the acquisition of knowledge.

Discontent while living in a state of poverty and squalor is the harbinger of industrious, persistent ef-

fort to better one's condition. Satisfied to live as brute beasts is the most formidable obstacle in the way of the heathen's enlightenment.

For the wisest and most beneficent of purposes, the Creator implanted in the nature of man a desire and a willingness to struggle for better conditions. The heathen who are satisfied with their condition are in bondage to a perverted nature. God did not make man so originally.

Unrest is man's good angel. The desire to attain to better conditions and higher and nobler stages of being is his greatest benefactor, provided that desire is not permitted to become a perverted, selfish, unholly, all-consuming ambition.

The craving for nobler attainments, and the unwillingness to rest contented on lower plains of existence are the causes that have forced men and nations onward and upward to those pinnacles of attainment which distinguish the noblest and the most brainy men; and the greatest and most intelligent nations from all that are beneath them. Confidence in God and faith in one's ability to do better and soar higher are conditions of soul for which all who know themselves to be thus possessed should give thanks continually. It distinguishes the true, progressive man from the mediocre, the drone, the sloven.—Religious Telescope.

## What One African Boy Saw.

"When I went to Delagoa Bay I went by the river. I saw many water-cows (hippopotami) when I came to Khatwan. I saw where wild elephants, tigers, objeana, and all wild animals stay. I saw where elephants had recently passed. We were all afraid of them especially at night; wolves are found too. Near by there is a lake which has many hippopotami. When they come out they are as many as your father's cattle, when they feed themselves on grass. The English do not want them shot because they are on their country. They always make noise. The river Usutu has many crocodiles, many as you can imagine."—Selected.

## Mt. Olivet.

Would that Gen. J. S. Carr could have heard the three prolonged cheers given him by our pupils when it was told them that he had written that he would gladly aid in seating our Academy. We will not be satisfied till this, the greatest benefaction known to us, with few exceptions, is honored as it merits.

The bridge across the river near Erect is nearly completed and arrangements are being made to hold a picnic when turned over. A brass band will be engaged and Hon. R. N. Page has been invited to speak. Our people are looking forward to the event with pleasure.—C. T. Siler, in Ashboro Courier.

## Record Man is Safe.

The panic, as our esteemed contemporary, the Courier, is pleased to term it, hasn't affected us. We had no money before it came, and haven't any yet.—Mocksville Record.

## Dead Easy.

Greensboro must be easy judging from the number of sharps who have lately worked that town.—Mooresville Enterprise.