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## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

**What Has Become of the Rate Fight?—Politicians and Their Winning Ways—History as Discussed in the Bilkins Home—Bilkins on the President's Message—A New Field for the Government—Mr. Bryan and Perpetual Motion.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Bilkinsville, Dec. 10.

I am tryin' ter find out whut hez becom ov the rate fite. Them pollytishuns must hev seed a ghost or sumphthin', fer they hev cooled down a whole lot lately.

Pollytishuns air a plum site, anyhow. They air always holdin' up sumphthin' powerful gude fer us ter gaze at. But hit iz mostly fer show. We go to bed and dream over whut they promise an' wake up the next mornin' with the dadblamdest head-ak ov disappointment you ever read ov. If I wuz az rich az Rocky feller I'd hire awl them pollytishuns ter keep quiet fer 12 months. By that time confydence would be restored. I am a mity strong dymakrat. But I hev made up my mind that I won't never vote fer another dadgasted pollytishun who cums out promisin' ter save the country. Whut we want iz pollytishuns who will go erlong an' smooth over the ruff places an' not promise ter turn the country upside down every two or 4 years. I uster be a rantankerist pollytishun. I am now a conservyive—so conservyive I won't git exsited every time a feller cums erlong with a new skeem ter save the country. The country don't need savin' nohow; all hit needs iz the present laws properly an' akually enforced.

I hev bin livin' on Terrible Creek a gude many days an' weeks, an' I hain't never seed the pollytishuns az nervus an' exsited az they air rite now. They hev sumphthin' up their sleeves that we plain peepel hain't got onto yit. Hit iz sum bunko game ov course. I hev bin thinkin' I would talk hit over with Mrs. Bilkins. But she purty nigh awlways gits mad when I bring up anything perlytical and hit generally ends in a perlytical row. Only the other nite I wuz tryin' ter think who diskivered America erbout four hundred years ago an' hit had slipped my mind az slick az a button. I asked Betsy if she reckereckted the name ov the gentleman. She lowed: "Why, whut hez cum over you, Zeke? Can't you think ov the name ov that flop-year-ed, knock-need, cross-eyed Spanish crank, Christofer Columbus?" I seed that war mite be declared at any time, and I thanked her an' sed that I knowed hit wuz Mr. Columbus or George Washington, but I couldn't be sartin rite at the time. Wimmin never fergit skandals like that or any other sort.

I hev bin readin' a few chapters ov President Roosevelt's message. Hit iz a purty gude dockumint considerin' that hit wuz gotten up by a man who iz supposed ter hev a job. I don't see how he happened ter think ov awl them things he writ erbout, an' still find time ter be Preserdint. I'll bet he puts in a big bill fer overtime.

I see that a big docktor livin' out in Kentucky wants the National Gov-

ernmint ter take holt ov the health ov the peepel an' run hit az part ov the Governmint. What will they git up next? Governmint ownership or control of the railroads, the telly-graffs an' the banks, an' now they will hev hit in the platform ter run the health ov the country, too. That will be pie fer my frend, William J. Bryan. He will work that health business into a plank fer hiz platform an' they ain't nary navy nor standin' army in the world big ernuff ter keep him frum runnin'. He hez mastered the art ov perpetual moshun. Hit won't be long till everything will be done by the Governmint. If you air a farmer the Governmint will send a man ter feed your horses every mornin' an' another ter milk yer cows. Then they will be a farmin' expert, probably the editer ov sum agricultural paper, who hez graduated in farmin', who will cum erbout sunup every mornin' an' issue a bulletin, tellin' you whut to do durin' ov the day: how ter plow, whut ter plant an' how hit orter be done. Then he will dash on in hiz ortemobill and tell awl the famers the same on hiz beat. Then durin' the day another man will cum erlong ter see if you air carryin' out instruckshuns. This syentifick farmin' under Governmint control an' regulashun iz grate. I expekt ter live ter see the day that I'll dig my pertaters chaperoned by a Governmint inspektek appointed by William J. Bryan; that iz, if William J. kin ever git the consent ov hiz mind ter run fer Preserdint, an' if the peepel ever git worked up ter the point to elect h'm Preserdint.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

**How Old Must I Be?**

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, and I always shall. But you have not told me how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she murmured; "but tell me what I want to know," and she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half-guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be His—Selected.

The man who has only flowers in the garden of his life does not need to build a wall about it.—Ram's Horn.

Dehorn the calves early, as soon as they are taken away from the cows.

**"Play Ball."**

(Reprinted from Manufacturers' Record November 21, 1907.)

Keep cool; don't get excited; don't imagine that present monetary conditions are more than short-lived; don't talk panic; don't think panic; create an atmosphere of faith and optimism wherever you go. Some people lost confidence and that injured credit, and people who ought to be ashamed of such action drew currency out of banks and locked it up. That can't last. Idle money soon burns a hole in your pocket and gets out. Men want their money to work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays and holidays included. They want interest or income from it. Don't imagine that idle money is going to stay idle. It will soon be coming back into the banks, just as soon as its owners come to their senses and realize that they have been more hysterical than a woman who yells because a poor little mouse happens in her room. The whole scare would be laughable if it were not so serious in its consequences. It's like a nervous man who wakes up suddenly in the night and trembles with fear until he stops to realize that a banging shutter or snow sliding off the roof made the great noise. Then his nerves soon quiet down and he goes peacefully to sleep. The country's nerves were on edge, and everybody was under a little tension because some of our public men, believing that there was a thief in a big crowd, concluded that they would try to kill him by shelling the whole crowd with grape and canister and take the chance of hitting the thief. Some were hurt and a few killed, while dodging cannon balls of this kind had kept the crowd, which included the great American public, so busy that naturally any sudden noise even of a banging shutter started them to running.

In olden cow-boy days, when a vast herd of cattle on the plains became panic-stricken in a great thunder-storm at night or from any other cause, thousands of frightened, maddened animals would rush headlong at a terrific pace. Such a stampede must be checked, or hundreds would be trampled to death or be lost, and so the cowboys, riding as none but cowboys can, and risking life in the danger of being trampled to death, would endeavor to turn the leaders and gradually swing the mighty host into a circle. Round and round the cattle would go until finally, tired out by this "swinging around the circle," they quieted down and went peacefully to sleep, apparently wondering why in the world they had been so scared. The American public got scared, started on a wild, mad stampede, and but for the splendid "rounding-up" work by cowboys Morgan, Rockefeller, Stillman, and others, the crowd would have rushed headlong to destruction.

Now that the stampede is over, now that the injury of shelling a whole crowd in order to hit one possible thief has been realized, the American people can resume business operations, get over their scare and do a little thinking. There are just as many people in the United States as there were a month ago, and possibly a few babies more, just as many miles of railroad, just as many bales of cotton and bushels of grain except what Europe had taken

and paid for in gold, just as many people to feed and clothe and house. Some of them may eat a little less, or wear their old clothes a little longer, but this sad condition will the sooner be righted by a return of sanity. Stop now for a minute and think. Do you see any fewer people in the street-cars or on the steam cars, do you see any fewer people moving up and down the streets, do you note any sudden disappearance of any larger number of the 85,000,000 people whose wants and activities will keep us busy even if somewhat less than during the strenuous rush of late years, which has been overtaxing night and day nearly every productive enterprise in? These people don't stand still. They are trading one with the other; they are producing something and consuming something; they are making necessary constant enlargements of all our transportation facilities; they are buying and selling; they are sowing and reaping; they are mining and manufacturing, and any idea that the business world is coming to an end and that we must sit around with our thumbs in our mouths and wonder how soon the undertaker will be ready for us is unworthy of men. Dumb beasts in a wild stampede may be excused for their panicky condition when affrighted, but surely men—men who have any backbone and gray matter—are not going to follow their example. On the contrary, they are going to settle down to business, and if grazing is not quite as good on the new prairie as it was on the old, they are going to hustle so hard for their share that they will keep their sides bulging with fatness even if their timid or lazy neighbors refuse to eat. In other words, quit your fears; go to work; if you have any friends who were foolish enough to lose confidence and draw money out of bank, ridicule their folly out of them; take the demagogue or agitator against legitimate business nearest to you by the back of the neck and duck him in a mill-pond until he solemnly swears to be as active in building up business interests as he has been in tearing them down, or in the absence of such promise leave him there, and then go ahead and in the great drama of business life act well your part; there all the honor lies. "Play ball."

In speaking of the great revival under Evan Roberts, Dr. Cynddylan Jones says: "To work up a revival is to try to save the world by mechanics. The heaven-sent man draws down a revival, saves men by dynamics. The gospel of mechanics is a cumbersome, costly machine, the gospel of dynamics—power from on high, without machinery and guarantees—goes straight to the heart, and accomplishes that for which it is sent. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the dynamic of God unto salvation. And to-day the dynamic is working. Is it a marvel that there are explosions?" This is beautifully expressed, and it is as true as it is beautiful.

Remember when a thing does not waste it gathers; and there is one thing more important than action, and that is growth. Every day brings its own secret, and the surprise of the coming coming hour is often its keenest joy.—Madame Swetchine.