

The Enterprise

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VOL. VI. - NO 48.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 308

DIRECTORY

Town Officers
Mayor—R. F. Godwin.
Commissioners—A. A. Anderson, N. S. Feil, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin.
Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett.
Clerk—C. H. Godwin.
Treasurer—N. S. Feil.
Attorney—Wheeler Martin.
Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

Showarkee Lodge, No. 90, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights.
Rosewood Camp, No. 107, Woodmen of the World. Regular meeting every 2nd and 4th Friday nights.

Church of the Advent

Services on the second and fifth Sundays of the month, morning and evening, and on the Saturdays (5 p. m.) before, and on Mondays (9 a. m.) after said Sundays of the month. All are cordially invited.
R. S. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. K. Rose, the Methodist Pastor, has the following appointments:
Every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and night at 7 o'clock respectively, except the second Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Holy Springs 3rd Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 3 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday morning and night; Hassell 2nd Sunday at 5 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

Baptist Church

Preaching on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30. J. D. Biggs, Superintendent.
The pastor preaches at Hamilton on the 3rd Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and at Riddick's Grove on Saturday before every 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., and on the 1st Sunday at 3 p. m., Slade School House on the 2nd Sunday at 3 p. m., and the Biggs' School House on the 4th Sunday at 3 p. m. Every body cordially invited.
R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE

No. 90, A. F. & A. M.
DIRECTORY FOR 1905.
S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. E. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstarphen, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clay, Tiler.
STANDING COMMITTEES:
CHARITY—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc. G. Taylor.
FINANCE—J. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, R. J. Post.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges.
ASTLEY—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.
MARSHALL—J. H. Hutton.

Professional Cards.

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DENTIST
OFFICE—MAIN STREET.
PHONE 9
I will be in Plymouth the first week in each month.
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Phone No. 20
DR. J. PREBLER PROCTOR
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Mobley Building
9:00 to 10:30 a. m.; 5 to 5 p. m.
PHONE 12
BURROUS A. CRITCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office: Wheeler Martin's office.
Phone, 23.
WILLIAMSTON, N. C.
Francis D. Winston, S. Justus Reverett
WINSTON & EVERETT
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Bank Building, Williamston, N. C.
S. ATWOOD NEWELL
LAWYER
Office up stairs in New Bank Building, left hand side, top of steps.
WILLIAMSTON, N. C.
Practice wherever services are desired. Special attention given to examining and making title for purchasers of timber and timber land.
Social attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land, call on me.

HOW SHE BUTT IN

For years Mrs. Admington had wanted a telephone in the house, but her husband had not seen his way clear to having one till recently. It was a day of joy and triumph for the little lady when, finally, the instrument was fastened to the wall over the Admington's front stair landing. It was on a circuit with other phones and when the bell rang in one house it rang in ten others. The Admingtons, like every family on the line had a certain number of rings for their own particular call, but it took them some time to get over being startled when any other number was sounded.

The morning after the phone was installed Mrs. Admington started to put it to most practical use, that of ordering dinner from the market. She was thinking how pleasant it was just to ring a bell and tell the grocer what to send.

She took down the receiver and put it to her ear, but was somewhat vexed to hear a man's voice and discover that the line was busy.

"I'll have to wait, and I'm in such a hurry," she pouted, but, remembering an errand in another part of the house, she busied herself for a few minutes. Her next try at the 'ph' no longer found the line still busy. She sat in a little chair for a minute that seemed ten and then went to the phone again, saying to herself:

"These people must be through talking by this time."

But they were not, and as Mrs. Admington took down the receiver for the third time to call up central she heard the emphatic declaration of a very decided young woman:

"Well, I don't care. I'm going to marry him anyway."
"But how long did you say you have known him?" he was asking the young woman.

"Why, I've known him only two weeks," was the reply, "but I've seen him an awful lot in that time."
"Well, don't you think two weeks a pretty short acquaintance to marry on?" urged the man.

"It would be in most cases," admitted the young woman, "but with us it's different. He's awfully nice, and he likes me, and I like him, and he doesn't want to wait. He doesn't believe in long engagements, and neither do I."

"Why, you're a simpleton," was Mrs. Admington's mental comment as she shifted from one foot to the other and moved a little nearer to the phone just as the man's voice was asking:

"Am I willing to give you time to get ready? A woman can't be married conveniently on a day's notice. Won't he give you a month or six weeks for that?"

"No," was the answer. "He's going away within a month, and he wants to be married so I can go with him."
"Well, I don't want you to think me too much of a meddler," came back the voice of the man. "I only want to suggest things that seem to be for your good. Now, you say you've known this man two weeks. Are you sure you will care for him at the end of two months? Wouldn't it be well to wait that long and see?"

"Made for the madhouse," muttered Mrs. Admington to herself, losing all patience.

"And how old did you say he was?" resumed the man.

"Forty."
"And you are twenty?"
"Well, I'll be twenty-one in a couple of months."
"And how old are his children?"
"The boy is fifteen and the girl only ten," spoke up the young lady.

THE LOVE CHASE

"There's the church!" cried Monica. "Where?" said Jack, a little indifferently.

"There! Can't you see the spire just peeping up through the trees? Put your head out of the window."
"No, thank you. I might get a spark or something in my eye."
Monica sighed deeply. "I think you might try," she protested.

"I am trying. I've been trying ever since we left Baker street. I am bound to admit, however, that up to the present—"
"That'll do. If I'd known you weren't going to play the game I—"
Jack rose hastily, took off his straw hat and thrust his head out of the window.

"Can you see it?" asked Monica.
"No. Oh, yes! Quite reminds me of—"
"Damn!" He flung himself back into the seat, and dropped in a pocket for his handkerchief.

"Don't say it's a spark!" pleaded Monica.
"I shall call it something worse than that in a minute."
"I'm so sorry! It was my fault. Let me see if I can get it out."
She sat down beside him, took the handkerchief, wetted one corner and screwed it into a point.

"Now open your eye. Is it at the top or the bottom?"
"I dunno. It's hurting most considerably, wherever it is."
"Poor boy! Try to keep quite still. Look down."
"I am looking down. Don't keep on jabbing like that."
"I am not jabbing, Jack. It's no use getting in a temper about it. I'm doing my best."

"Better leave it alone and let it come out by itself."
"Then it may go on hurting you all day. Keep still a moment! I see it!"
"Look out!"
"Get 'im! It's only a tiny little speck, after all."
"You wouldn't think it so tiny if it had been in your eye, I'll bet."
"I expect not. Hallo! Here we are!"
"That's a new porter," whispered Monica, as they descended the steps.

"Very likely. They don't generally keep them at stations like this for five years, you know."
"Five years isn't so very long."
"Isn't it?" Jack's tone was significant. Monica said nothing.

"I wonder if any one will remember us?" said Monica.
"I hope not."
"Oh, I don't know! Only we used to be so brightly—what? You call it?"
"I didn't know you objected so strongly to being in love."
"I don't, I mean, I didn't. No, I don't."
They were outside the village now, and a few minutes would bring them to the lane that led to the wood of many memories. Monica stopped, and looked her husband squarely in the face.

"Before we go any further," she began, "I should like—"
"A drink? We've passed all the pubs."
"I shan't go. I shall go back to the station and take the next train to town. I was a fool over to come. I might have known that a man like you—"
"It's no use struggling," said Jack. And he kissed her.

Half way up the lane they came to a cottage. Five years ago, they had been wont to take tea at that cottage. The old lady who made the tea was still making it, and they stayed there for quite an hour.

"Doesn't this remind you," whispered Monica.
"It's the very same blend," said Jack, peering into his cup with a sentimental eye.

Monica's heart sank. There was nothing left for it now but the wood. "Perhaps we are making a mistake, after all," she observed. Her eyes were very wide open, for she was looking down a flickering glade that led to a dell. It was in that dell that the primroses used to grow. Incidentally, too, Jack had proposed to her there.

"Let's chance it," he suggested, and began to make a way for her through the brambles.

They wandered about the wood for rather more than an hour. Here was the curious little knoll that Monica had called her throne; there the ditch that Jack had fallen into because he would look at Monica instead of where he was going. Today he was picking his way with the utmost care.

HOW THE OYSTER SLEEPS.

On His Left Side, but Which is His Left Side?

"Why does an oyster sleep and live on his left side?" asked a man who is interested in the question of oyster culture, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, I suppose we will have to put the question to nature, and nature has her own way of answering questions. I have been fooling around in the oyster waters of Louisiana and Mississippi for a good many years, and I am in a position to say that the oyster always remains on his left side. By this I mean that this is the natural position of the oyster. I may remark parenthetically that this is one of the difficulties oyster culturists have to deal with, for in rebedding oysters and bunching them, an oyster is occasionally thrown upon his right side and wedged so that he can't turn over. He simply swivels away, and dies by degrees."

"Put upon his right side and forced to remain upon his right side the oyster cannot live. Of course, there is an explanation of this peculiarity. The right hand part of the oyster shell is put in its natural position, that is, on its left side. It requires but a small amount of physical energy to open and raise the right hand section of the shell when the oyster wants to feed. Reverse the position and put the oyster on the right hand side, and we find an extremely difficult problem from the oyster's standpoint. In order to open the shell for feeding processes it is necessary for the oyster to raise, not only the weight of the left hand section of the shell, but its own weight."

"We can readily understand the difficulty and even the impossibility of this task, if we know anything at all about the architecture of the oyster shell and the nature and constitution of the oyster. So, if we reverse the natural position of the oyster, put him on his right hand side and wedge him in so he can't turn over we simply smother and starve him to death. Of course, I am just theorizing about this thing. There may be some other explanation of the left-handed life of the oyster, but from my experience I am inclined to think the explanation given a reasonable one."

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WOMEN AS AERONAUTS.

French Women Are Conspicuous in Aerial Contests.

Ballooning is becoming quite a women's pastime. No fewer than seven women have been going in for an aerial contest. Five of them were passengers in balloons competing for the navigation prize. In this contest the aeronauts have each to name a locality before starting as their probable destination. The balloonist coming to earth nearest to the point chosen by him is the winner. The five feminine passengers in question were Madame Polytip, Madame de la Riviere, d'Orgeron and Mlle. de Castillon de Saint-Victor.

After these ladies had started from the Aero Club grounds at St. Cloud, the spot where M. Santos-Dumont won the Deutsch prize, the Duchesse d'Uzes and Madame Lemaire both went up, the former in the Sirius of 1,000 meters, captained by the Due d'Uzes and the latter in the Aero Club No. 3 of 1,200 cubic meters, with M. Lemaire and two other gentlemen on board. The duchess and Madame Lemaire were both trying for the "Lady Aeronaut's Challenge Cup," presented by a sporting weekly and carried off last year by Madame Savalle.

The trophy goes to the lady covering the longest distance in one balloon journey in the year. Madame Savalle's record in 1902 was 253 miles, from Paris to Neu Breisach in Germany. Eight balloons, all told, of the ordinary spherical shape, went up in the two present contests. M. Santos-Dumont sailing over in his navigable airship from Neuilly to see them start. The Duchesse d'Uzes, after traveling all night, only landed in the plain of Sologno, near Orleans, and has not, therefore, won the cup. Madame Lemaire got no farther than St. Ouen, a northern suburb of Paris. As the cup is to become finally the property of the holder, if her record remains unbroken for a year, Madame Savalle, who accomplished her trip to Neu Breisach on July 1, 1902, stands a good chance of keeping the trophy.

To the Santos-Dumont No. 9 has fallen the honor of being the first airship to be steered by a feminine hand. The distinction of being the first woman navigator of the air has been secured by Mlle. De Costa, a young country-woman of Santo-Dumont. The owner of the airship relinquished his post, at the wheel, Mlle. de Costa clambered up in the car and the balloon rose with the lady alone on board. The guide rope was, it is true, held by mechanics down below, but Mlle. de Costa took the wheel and safely put the vessel through one or two simple evolutions. This proved, the airship conveyed the lady from Bagatelle to the Polo Club grounds, where Mlle. de Costa alighted, naturally rather proud of herself, and was congratulated by her friends. A well-known actress of light comedy, who as long ago as two years began begging and imploring M. Santos-Dumont to take her up in one of his airships, is now nashing her teeth with envy.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

Fortunes in Songs.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte have explained the apparent drop in the value of the copyright of the Savoy operas. The subject recalls that the sale rights of popular songs are also assets of more value than one would imagine. For instance, the copyright of Mascheroni's "For All Eternity" sold for £2,240, "Anchored Good-bye," £402; "Ma Curly-Headed Baby," £800; "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed," £640. Even piano forte studies possess a valuable copyright, Mr. Oscar Berlinger's series, written for the benefit of musical students, fetching the large sum of £2,200. What songs like "Nazareth," "The Lost Chord," "Tommy Atkins," and "Soldiers of the Queen" have realized in their time is only known to the musical publishers; but the profits must have been immense. The copyright of "Helen on the Beach," purchased by the publisher for a trifle, proved a small gold mine, 50,000 copies being sold in nine months. "Nancy Lee" is responsible for a sale of over 250,000, and, like "Charley's Aunt," is still running.—Men and Women.

Is the Toothless Age Coming?

As civilization advances human teeth are deteriorating. There appears to be no doubt about that. The statement is amply confirmed by dentists and physicians. Dentistry has reached the dignity of a scientific trade, and yet it does not seem to have induced the preservation or the formation of better teeth. One would think that the dentists would be the last ones to worry about the deterioration of human teeth. If there were no decadent or defective teeth the dental chairs would be vacant. But whether the apprehension which the dentists profess to feel over the decline of the American molar is merely a manifestation of professional zeal or not, the fact that they agree upon the point is interesting and significant.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Untrammelled Girl of Today.

In former generations we were told that girls kicked over the traces because they were curbed in too tightly. Now not even a ribbon holds them, and they are galloping on at a pace which leaves chaperons and mothers breathlessly behind, and each girl seems to be becoming a law unto herself, only occasionally hampered by some big fence, which will probably be jumped if the temptation is great enough, and if there is reasonable possibility of her being able to crawl back unprovoked.

Milk for School Children.

The Chicago Board of Education has proposed to furnish pasteurized milk at a penny a bottle for the pupils in every public school as a solution of the impure water problem.

Genealogy.

First Hen—He's great on genealogy.

Second Hen—Yes, he claims his mother's mother was the goose that laid the golden egg.

Rough on Him.

He (enthusiastically)—At your command I will dare anything. I will seek out the realms of the boreal pole— See (rubbing her cheek)—Don't you think, dearest, you had better seek out the realms of some barber pole?

A Boarder's Idea.

First Boarder—What do you think of the butter?

Second Boarder—A pretty strong proposition.

She'd Have to Get Up.

Mrs. Newpaw—I don't know what to do to get Mary Ann up in the morning. I've tried the alarm clock, but it's of no use.

Mr. Newpaw—Let the baby sleep in her room.

Extensive.

Father—And do you think he loves you much?

Daughter—Much! Why, papa, he says he loves the very land I automobile over.

It Depends.

Yeast—Whenever some new territory is opened up there is always a rush for the place, is there not?

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" Hamilton 20 "
For other points in Eastern Carolina see "Central" where a phone will be found for use of non-subscribers.

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