

THE ENTERPRISE

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WILLIAM C. MANNING, EDITOR

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Williamston, N. C.

Friday, May 2, 1913

There is no medicine known that will cure tuberculosis, and those who patronize the firms or individuals who advertise to cure this disease not only squander their money, but throw away valuable time. Every consumption cure is worthless, and potentially dangerous.

Japan is doing a mild sort of dictation to California, which is an integral part of the United States. When Taft yielded to the demand of the Japanese government that the Panama Exposition be held at San Francisco, he gave them an entering wedge and it is good time now to dull same.

The Whole State Loses

The fire which destroyed the entire plant of the News & Observer, burned into the hearts of every Carolinian, who appreciated the work done by that great paper. The loss is not alone to Josephus Daniels but to the length and breadth of the Commonwealth. In the ashes lie the splendid result of years of hard struggle for the betterment of a State and its people. How well this work has been done, is written in the progress along all lines. North Carolina would be bereft indeed, if the fire had forever stopped the publication of the "Old Reliable."

From the ruin and wreck, it came forth the next morning and the whole people rejoiced at its coming, and it will continue to appear as the champion of every man whose rights are to be protected.

We are one among the thousands to feel deeply with Editor Daniels in his great loss, and in the supreme task before him and his assistants. But judging the future by the past, we feel assured that greater strength will be given to the paper, because it has been tried in the fire, and found not wanting.

It's Coming

We have no notion of forgetting the proposed peanut factory. The farmers throughout the county are preparing now to plant the crop for the factory to operate with this fall and winter. It is in sight, and only a few more days of good, solid work on the part of the different committees is needed to close the list of stockholders.

The committee for Williamston Township will bring in their sum of \$10,000 and the other parts of the county will do what has been asked of them. The farmers cannot fail to see what advantage such a plant here will mean to them in placing their crop at a good price. They should endeavor to raise good stuff, and take excellent care in the curing and picking. These are essential points which mean much in marketing at a good profit.

The peanut factory is coming, and coming strong. Every farmer who raises even a moderate crop should get among the list of stockholders. No better time than today or tomorrow when the committees call to get the finals in amount. Don't delay but act quickly. The factory must handle our crop this season.

What Of It?

For the prescribed number of weeks, a notice has been running in these columns. This notice should be of peculiar interest to every citizen of Williamston just at this time. Perhaps, a few of our town readers have noted this statement or rather legal announcement that an election would be held in Williamston on Tuesday, May 6th. for the purpose of choosing a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen.

We say that, perhaps, a few people have noticed this announcement, but from the general appearance of things it seems to be unworthy of mention save only as it comes from the hands of the Town Clerk. While other towns—those, too, not so large and important as ours are eagerly waging campaigns for good government, we are not even mentioning the fact that an election must be held next week. We are boasting ourselves on the progressiveness of the town, and yet there is no concern about the first essential and underlying principle which makes any place worthy the residence of a people who are a component part of a great Commonwealth—good, sound government. This is as necessary to the lives, health, prosperity and future of a people, whether in town or State, as the laws of Nature are to the globe upon which we dwell.

We are making no personal "flings" at the present government. What we want to see is a healthier tone in the administration of affairs in this town, which we desire to have among the best in all things. The main trouble here is that men are too much concerned with their own personal affairs. People have a habit of saying: "It does not concern me." Such selfishness has never builded a good thing in all the history of the world. Men have some time massed great wealth by that spirit, but what were they then in the mind of God and those people who stand for service to humanity? Selfishness is the great bane of the time. What is greed but selfishness and the latter but the former?

We invite people to come into our town—further we make plans for them to come and be one among us to help build in material things, and yet do not try to safeguard their interests while the wheels turn. It is true that dogs are wearing muzzles, several automobilists have paid up, taxes are being collected, a hog is penned occasionally and some times a poor old cow lows in the town pen and a negro gets in the clutches for blowing through his fingers. People get on the streets and talk and cut up great antics about these things, but—everybody knows what we should follow with. Why name it?

The main question is? "What will you do with your suffrage next Tuesday." Will the election be just a form, or merely a joke played upon a people who should be doing greater things? Whose business is it anyway? A lack of interest will clog the wheels of moral and material uplift. Watch it and see.

If scientists could discover a cure for the germ of "I don't care," it would take a large quantity to get us active down here in what we proudly term "God's country." It is God's country all right, but are we making the best of it?

What will you do, Mr. Voter, next Tuesday?

Ode To The Fly

Most injurious typhoid fly,
Drink with you no more will I.
When you settle on my cup,
I perchance bacteria sup;
After what I've seen today,
I would have you chased away.
I dislike those feet of thine,
What they've touched I shall decline.
Carrier of germ and spore,
Get thee hence! Return no more!
Spreader of disease, begone!
Kinly leave my food alone.

The Biggest Feature

Before very long we are all going to become more or less jubilant, if not hysterical, over the completion of the Panama canal, one of the greatest, if not the greatest feat man has ever accomplished. Some of us are going to be hilarious over the rise in value of certain real estate, some over the shipment of two codfish where one was shipped before, some because we have money enough for a luxurious excursion by water from New York to San Francisco without braving the dangers of Cape Horn, and others simply because we Americans have done the job.

And pretty nearly all of us are likely to overlook the real tremendous thing about the building of that canal. This mighty prospect lies not in the digging of the ditch, the moving of mountains or the union of Pacific and Atlantic oceans with all that that means commercially.

It has been proved that the white man can labor and live in the tropics.

This demonstration may change the whole world, for in the tropics man can produce 10 times what he can elsewhere with the same amount of labor, such is the fertility of the tropical soil and favor of the tropical climate.

The best thing Goethals and his splendid fellow-workers have done in behalf of mankind has been to open a vast garden to the white man, a garden which the black, brown or red man has been too lazy or ignorant to cultivate, a garden from which the white man has always been barred by the hand of death.—Sel.

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darkey with his arm around Mandy's waist:

"Mandy" tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy haughtily. "He's a puffed stranger to me."

Aren't you ashamed to wear such old shoes as those, and your father a shoemaker?" was the question one boy put to another. "Look here," was the retort, "your father's a dentist and your baby has only one tooth!"

Unfermented grape juice was the strongest drink served at a dinner given last week by Secretary of State and Mrs. William J. Bryan in honor of James Bryce, the retiring British Ambassador.

One hot Sunday afternoon Willie's Sunday school teacher noticed that he seemed very ill at ease. Finally she bent down to ask him what was the matter. "Why, I—I couldn't come to Sunday school on the Fourth of July," he stammered, "cause we went fishing."

It might seem funny to You, But it Don't to Us

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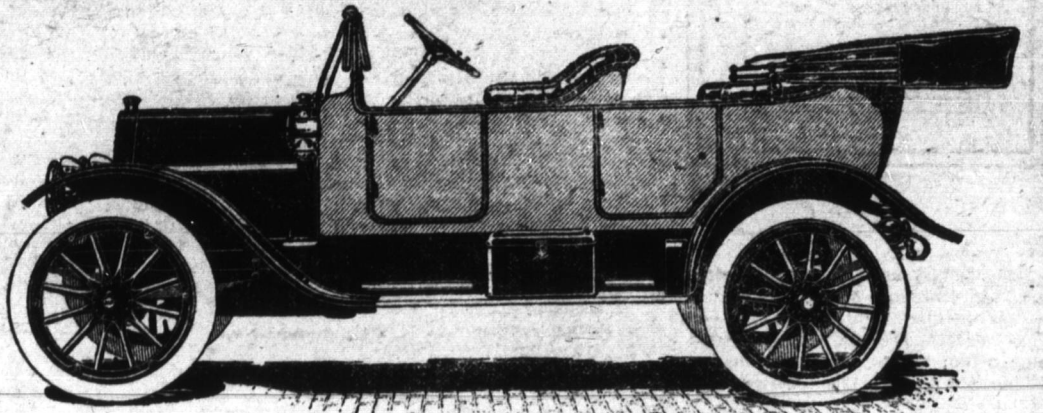
Hand made Lead and Oil Paint will not cover as much surface, or wear as well as the average High Grade ready mixed paint.



Is so far above other High Grade Paints that it stands in a class of its own.
FOR SALE BY
W. H. WILLIAMS
Williamston, N. C.

Studebaker

Studebaker "25"



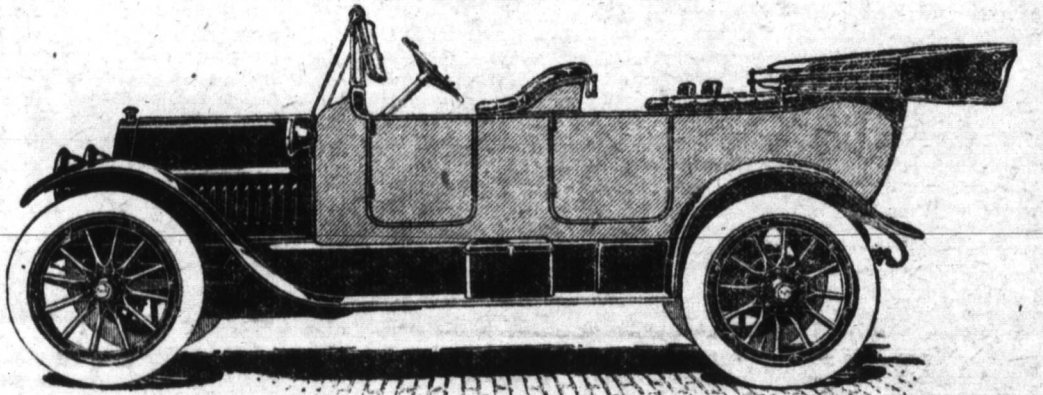
Five-passenger, four cylinder, long stroke, 3 1-2 inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 102-inch wheelbase

WITH—

30x3 1-2 inch Goodrich Tires, Demountable rims, Extra rim, Tire holder, Electric horn, Acetylene gas primer, Prest-O-Lite tank, Tire kit, Ventilating windshield, Silk mohair top, Studebaker Jiffy curtains, Deep cushions, Stewart & Clark Speedometer, Full elliptic springs, Tool box, Full set of tools.

—\$885

Studebaker "35"



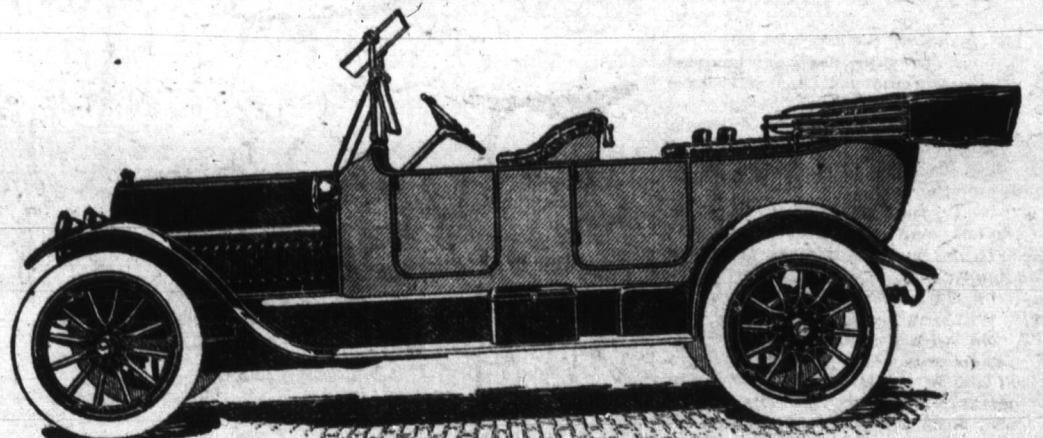
Six passenger, four cylinders, 4 1-8-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 116 inch wheelbase

WITH—

Electric self-starter, 34x4 inch Goodrich tires, Detachable, demountable rims, Extra rim, Tire holder, Electric lights, Stewart & Clark Speedometer, Three-quarter elliptic springs, Full floating rear axle, Electric horn, Silk mohair top, Studebaker Jiffy curtains, Luxurious upholstery, Deep cushions, Clear-vision ventilating windshield—rain-vision type, Full set of tools

—\$1,290

Studebaker "Six"



Six-passenger, six cylinders, 3 1-2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 121-inch wheelbase

WITH—

Electric self-starter, 34x4 inch Goodrich tires, Detachable, Demountable tires, Electric lights, Extra rim, Tire holders, Stewart & Clark Speedometer, Three-quarter elliptic springs, Full floating rear axles, Electric horn, Silk mohair top, Studebaker Jiffy curtains, Luxurious upholstery, Clear-vision ventilating windshield—rain-vision type, Special tool box, Full set of tools

—\$1,550

J. PAUL SIMPSON, Agent
Williamston, N. C.