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TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Very Interesting Sketch of a Trip
To The Panama-Pacific Ex-
position and Western
Canada.

By HARRY A. BIGGS
INSTALLMENT NO. VII.

Sunday, August 1st, 1915, will ever remain in my memory as a memorable day, for it was on this date that I began the trip thru that wonderland, set apart seemingly, by Almighty God, as a place particularly blest by Him, and upon which He has set a special imprint of Divinity, the Yellowstone Park, and owing to the thoughtfulness of the Congress of the United States this wonderland has been given to the citizens of this country for their enjoyment and education. August 1st, 1915, will also be a memorable day for Yellowstone Park; not however, on account of our party having begun its journey through it, but it was on that date that automobiles, for the first time in the history of the Park, were allowed to enter its well guarded precincts.

Our party did not enter the Park at the most popular entrance, Gardner, which is in the northern part, but we entered at Yellowstone Station, having come via Oregon Short Line from Salt Lake City. The customs of the Park are very interesting, when one enters the Park he has become a member of a coaching party and remains with it during the entire trip, so on the day before we reached Yellowstone Station, our party was made up and was composed of the following whom I shall always remember, and in whose careers I shall always be interested, as they were with me on this fascinating journey through this wonderful section of our country: Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Braswell, Miss Vivian Braswell, Miss Alice Bryan Braswell, of Baltimore, Miss Carrie Sherrod, of Enfield, Mr. J. W. Thomas, of Columbia, S. C., Mr. Hugh B. Bryan, of Battleboro, and I. All of the coaches are named, or numbered, and ours was known as "Lava," so it was in a "Lava" coach drawn by six white horses that we left Yellowstone Station on the date mentioned at 7:45 o'clock for the trip through the Yellowstone Park. I had read much about the Park, and of course, I was very eager to see the many mysteries of nature which are found there.

This remarkable territory lies in the northwest corner of Wyoming in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; its boundaries overlap a few miles into Montana on the north and Idaho and Montana on the west, and has an area of 8,312.5 square miles, no valley within its limits has an elevation of less than 6,000 feet, while many of the mountain peaks rises ten to fourteen thousand feet above sea level, even its valleys are as high as the mountains of North Carolina.

The first section of the Park through which one goes having entered at Yellowstone Station, is a beautiful plateau, extending ten miles along the western boundary and is known as Christmas Tree Park, the most beautifully shaped trees, just a good size for Christmas trees, are in great abundance, Government engineers have made an ideal

road way through this section, and the drive from the entrance to the Fountain Hotel, which is reached at about 12:30 is up the Madison River, past Mt. Buckley and the Cascades of Firehole river, this route was the pioneer entrance to Yellowstone Park, having been used by the early explorer, James Bridger, who discovered the Great Salt Lake, and by the Lewis and Clark expedition. Mount Burley rises from the water's edge several hundred feet on the south side of the Madison River and is one of the most beautiful scenes in the Park.

The Fountain Hotel is the first stop, where we had lunch, after which, with guides, we visited the Firehole Lake, Great Fountain Geyser and the Turquoise Spring. On the way to these places of interest, some two hundred feet from the hotel is located the Mammoth Paint Pot, which about 40x60 feet. It is of a fine, whitish substance, and is in constant agitation, it looks like some vast boiling pot of paint, or bed of mortar. There is a continuous bubbling up of mud producing sounds like a hoarsely whispered "plop-plop."

The Great Fountain Geyser is about 2,000 feet from the hotel, the formations or deposits, from this geyser, cover an area of several acres. The crater is about 30 feet in diameter, and the water, which is greatly admired, is of transparent blue. This Fountain Geyser plays at various intervals; it did not play while I was there, but I was told that in July, 1909 when playing, the water was muddy and full of rock fragments, and large pieces of rock were thrown out during the more violent eruptions. At this time loud rumblings were heard under the earth, which greatly alarmed even those most used to the strange phenomena of the geyser section.

The Turquoise Spring is about 100 feet in diameter and is remarkable for the blue, transparent water; there is a constant overflow from this spring, from a shallow channel, some two feet wide, its sides and bottom being exquisitely colored. West of the Turquoise Spring is a small spring of cold water which is remarkable as it is the only cold spring in this region of thermal waters.

A detailed account of all the geysers, springs and pools within the Park would make this paper too long, so I shall mention only the ones which appealed most strongly to me. The Morning Glory Spring, which is one of the most noted in the whole Park, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and this is on the road after we left the Fountain Hotel, enroute to Old Faithful Inn. This beautifully shaped and funnel-like crater, whose walls are delicately colored, account for the appropriate name of this spring. At the surface the diameter is 23 feet and the temperature is 100 degrees F., and the apparent depth is 29 feet. The purplish color of this spring is most exquisitely beautiful, its shadings are very delicate and pure. Artists have tried in vain to catch the remarkable beauty of this wonderful spring, but the soft, purplish beauty which is found there has never been able to be put on canvas. The most beautifully soft and exquisite purple color I ever seen is to be found in this famous spring.

At three o'clock we arrived at Old Faithful Inn, the most unique hotel the world knows; it is the most extensive log structure yet devised by man, with every convenient luxury of the modern

hotel. The rough blocks of stone which form its foundation appear as natural as when found at the base of the cliffs of the surrounding mountains. The interior is surprising for the grandeur of the natural products of the forest which are used. Massive logs tapering on each ascending balcony appear as giant trees. The stair case leading to the lookout has split logs for steps. Windows of diamond shaped panes and dainty French curtains are beautiful against the setting of rough logs. Elbows of natural branches gathered from the neighboring forests form the braces for numerous gables and frame the many balconies and stairways surrounding the office; while timbers, braced this way and that, support the high roof. The huge doors at the entrance to the lobby are beautiful, their hinges and quaint iron locks, together with the immense clock, were hand forged from bar iron. The old time fire place is a welcoming sight, the logs cracked briskly on the Sunday afternoon of our arrival which seemed very cheerful to us who had been chilled all day by the cold, brisk, August wind. The chimney, sixteen feet square at its base and made of large lava blocks, towers high through the roof four stories above. The chimney contains four large and four small fireplaces and fastened against it is the immense clock keeping mountain time. In contrast to the rough logs there appear electric candles, hardwood floors Mission furniture and gay rugs and curtains, all of which give a warm richness to the building. The center of the Inn rises eight stories high, surrounded by the look out which gives a panoramic view of the geyser basin. On this look out is a powerful search light which brilliantly illuminates Old Faithful Geyser when in action. Next week I shall continue to write of Yellowstone Park and give some descriptions of the geysers which are found in the geyser basin in the immediate section of Old Faithful Inn.

Mrs. W. S. Peel Dead

The spirit of Lula Peel took its everlasting flight on Wednesday evening, November 3rd, 1915, at 10 o'clock. For more than a year she had been a victim of an incurable disease, and for three months before death came, had not been out of her room. Patiently bearing the pain and the knowledge of the shortness of life, she met death with a Christian's fortitude and calmly breathed out her life.

She was the daughter of the late Levi Jones, and the sister of Mrs. Mc Taylor and Mrs. A. B. Ayers, of Bear Grass. Two children and a husband are left in the home, where her sweet ministrations while in health gave joy and comfort. As a friend, neighbor, wife and mother, she was true to every trust, and there are many who will miss her through the years. The funeral services were conducted in the midst of a large company of sympathetic friends and neighbors, and the interment was in the family cemetery.

A Little Child Dead

The little girl of Mr. and Mrs. Mc G. Mobley died Sunday at the home of its parents near Bear Grass. Meningitis attacked the little one, and soon it succumbed to that dread disease. For only four months it had brought joy into the home, and like the sweet flower it faded and died.

The funeral services were conducted on Tuesday, and the interment was in the Bear Grass Cemetery near the home.

Experimental P. O. Delivery

Williamston Has Through Congress-
man Small Been Selected For
This Service.

Editor Enterprise:

Under an Act of Congress the Postoffice Department is authorized to establish in one town in each Congressional District what is known as Experimental Delivery Service at postoffices of the third or second class, which are not entitled to city delivery service.

I may by way of explanation say that only towns having a population of 10,000 or postoffices having a gross reveue of \$10,000 are entitled under the general law to city delivery service. I have had the honor of selecting Williamston as the town in this District for the establishment of this experimental delivery service, if it is desired. The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General advises me that such service "will not be established at any town which is not provided with sidewalks, cross walks, street lights, street signs and house numbers. It is also required before service is established that all families proposing to patronize the service shall erect proper mail receptacles." At my request this matter has been referred to a Postoffice Inspector, who will visit Williamston for the purpose of making an investigation and determining whether the citizens desire this service, and will comply with the conditions. I take this means of acquainting your citizens with this proposed service, to the end that they may consider same and decide if they wish it established.

Very truly,
Jno. H. Small.

Suspicious Of High Prices

That the phenomenal rise of prices in many commodities has made the average producer suspicious, was demonstrated the other day as told by a railroad agent. He says that a farmer drove up with a bale of cotton, and upon inquiry stated that he had made money this year, did not owe anything and would probably bring more cotton to town that day. The agent for mere amusement, offered to give him 25 cents per pound for the cotton. The farmer told him to wait awhile. Then he evidently went down town to see if the price of cotton had not gone along with quinine, probably being more than 25 cents. Finding the market only 11 cents, he went back and offered the bale to the agent, who told him that the opportunity had passed. This is good evidence of the suspicion which prevails in the minds of many farmers, and some that are not farmers. Most people are always looking for some game to be played on them, and do not exercise any reason in viewing the matter.

Quarterly Conference

The last Quarterly Conference of the year was held in the Methodist Church Monday morning, Elder R. H. Willis presiding. Pastor Stanford made his report and the appointment of Stewards and Superintendent of Sunday School were made as is the annual custom. This closes the third year of Pastor Stanford's work here, which have been filled with splendid results both at the town and country churches.

Teachers Association.

Friday evening the Martin Co., Teachers Association met in the rooms of the Lotus Club for a discussion of Moonlight Schools. It was agreed to try to open such a school in every district of the county just as early as convenient, and the teachers pledged themselves to this noble work. All necessary literature and instructions have been secured by Supt. Manning, and the teachers have been supplied. Many volunteers can be secured for the work, and the county hopes to be able to wipe out a large per cent. of its illiteracy.

Saturday morning the sessions of the Association were continued at the High School building, and the topics discussed were both interesting and of vast import to the teachers. There was a large attendance, as every teacher is required by law to come unless providentially hindered.

Good Shows

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Within the Law" which have been presented here within a week, have re-established the reputation of the management of the Opera House for booking splendid shows. Both were presented by strong companies, five of the players being favorites in Williamston. Large crowds from Robersonville, Hamilton, Jamesville and Oak City saw "Within the Law" Wednesday night. "The White Squaw", the next attraction.

Moonlight School Lessons

The Enterprise will print the Moonlight School Lessons, beginning Nov. 19th. These will be found on the inside of the sheet, and it is hoped that every teacher and pupil in Martin County will take enough interest in same to look over them, and upon finding any person in a community unable to read and write, to render any assistance possible to help them get the lessons either at their homes or at some organized Moonlight School.

Card of Thanks.

Amid the deepest sorrow which has overshadowed our home during the illness and at the death of our beloved daughter and wife, Ollie, the loving and untiring attentions of neighbors, friends, nurse and physicians have been as a light shining through the gloom, and our hearts are filled with gratitude for even the slightest act done for our comfort. And we also wish to express our appreciation for the beautiful floral designs, which were sent in such profusion as tokens of love and esteem for our beloved dead. The memory of them all will last through the days to come.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Meadows,
Chas. Bruce Whitley.

Appreciates His Home Paper

A son of Martin County, who has made his home in a far distant state, writes as follows:

"Enclosed find \$2 for your paper for two years. It is so much like a letter from my old home, that I cannot do without it."

Letters like this give an added zest to labor, and cheer along the way, which sometimes is rough. There are many Martin County folk scattered over the country who give evidence of their love for their native heath, by their appreciation of the ENTERPRISE which is like a letter from some loved one back home.

Young Mother Passes Away

Death Lays Its Cold Hands Upon
a Sweet Young Life And
Stills it Forever

The death of the righteous is simply a closing of the eyes, a folding of the hands across the breast, for the Christian does not die, he lives with God. With these thoughts, the passing away of Ollie Meadows, beloved wife of Charles Bruce Whitley, is chronicled with that sorrow which is and always has been felt when one dies in triumphant faith. The end came at 5:43. Monday morning, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Meadows, on West Main Street. For the past two years, disease had sapped some of the strength rightfully belonging to young womanhood, but brightened by the devotion of parents and husband, she bore it all with patience. On November 4th 1895, she was born and was but a small child when she came to Williamston to live. Here she made friends with old and young and lived a life of sweetness and joy. In the home, she brought the greatest happiness by obedience and a cheerful countenance.

While but a girl, she gave her heart to God and became a member of the Baptist Church, and in all things was faithful. She was a member of the Philaetha Class and did helpful work in that line of Church life. Untimely health failed, she aided in every way she could in the service of the Church. On January 6th, 1914, she married Charles Bruce Whitley, and with him made a home near Washington. About two weeks ago, she came home and here died in the midst of those who loved her. The stricken husband and infant son, mother, father, two sisters and brother will mourn their loss always. Devotion to husband and parents characterized her daily life.

In the presence of a large number of sympathetic friends, and surrounded by earth's choicest flowers, which she loved, her body was deposited in the grave in the Baptist Cemetery at 2:30, Tuesday afternoon. Rev. W. R. Burrell, assisted by Rev. J. T. Stanford, conducted the services, the former paying a beautiful tribute to her life and character.

The active pall bearers were: C. H. Godwin, Leslie Eowden, Alonzo Hassell, J. G. Staton, John L. Rodgerson and Julian C. Anderson.

Ginner's Report.

The tabulation of the separate returns from the ginnerers for the October 18 report, shows the telegraph summary to be correct. There were 2,419 bales of cotton counting round as half bales ginned in Martin county, from the crop of 1915 prior to October 18, 1915, as compared with 1,897 bales ginned prior to October 18, 1914.

W. O. W. Growing

Roanoke Camp, Woodmen of the World, at its regular meeting Monday night, decided to have an oyster supper at one of its meetings each month during the winter. This Camp has a large membership, and is in a growing and flourishing condition. The meetings are held on the second and last Monday nights in each month, at its hall in the Mobley Building, on Main Street.