

The Enterprise

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VOL. VI. - NO 36.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1905.

WHOLE NO. 296

DIRECTORY

Town Officers

Mayor—Joshua L. Ewell.
Commissioners—A. Anderson, N. S. Peel, W. A. Ellison, J. D. Leggett, C. H. Godwin.
Street Commissioner—J. D. Leggett.
Clerk—C. H. Godwin.
Treasurer—N. S. Peel.
Attorney—Wheeler Martin.
Chief of Police—J. H. Page.

Lodges

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

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.
B. S. LASSITER, Rector.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. E. 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 5 o'clock; Vernon 1st Sunday evening at 5 o'clock; Hamilton 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Hassells 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. Everybody cordially invited.
R. D. CARROLL, Pastor.

SKEWARKEE LODGE



No. 90, A. F. & A. M.
DIRECTOR FOR 1905.
S. S. Brown, W. M.; W. C. Manning, S. W.; Mc. G. Taylor, J. W.; T. W. Thomas, S. D.; A. F. Taylor, J. D.; S. R. Biggs, Secretary; C. D. Carstaphen, Treasurer; A. E. Whitmore and T. C. Cook, Stewards; R. W. Clary, Tiler.

STANDING COMMITTEES:

CHARITY—S. S. Brown, W. C. Manning, Mc. G. Taylor.
FINANCE—Jos. D. Biggs, W. H. Harrell, E. J. Peel.
REFERENCE—W. H. Edwards, W. M. Green, F. K. Hodges.
ASSULTUM—H. W. Stubbs, W. H. Robertson, H. D. Cook.
MARSHALL—J. H. Hatton.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office: Wheeler Martin's office.

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Francis D. Winston A. Justus Everett

WINSTON & EVERETT

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Bank Building, Williamston, N. C.

S. ATWOOD NEWELL

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WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

Special attention given to examining and making title for purchasers of timber and timber lands.

Special attention will be given to real estate exchanges. If you wish to buy or sell land I can help you. PHONE 14.

The Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to-night;
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,
Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear;
O let me stand where I stood long ago,
Free from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul,
Unto death while the years of eternity roll.

Backward, turn backward, O fast flowing stream,
Would that my life could prove only a dream!
Let me forget the black sins of the past;
Let me undo all my folly so vast;
Let me live over the life that is gone;
Bring back the dark, wasted years that are flown;
Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to night.

Back! Yes, turn backward, ye swift rolling years!
Why does your memory bring forth these hot tears?
Why comes this vision of life lost in sin?
Why am I thinking of what might have been?
Where is my home once so happy and bright;
Where is that face whose own presence was light?
Where are the children who climbed on my knee?
Back, flowing tide! Bring them once more to me!

Yet, the tide rushes on—this wild flight of the years,
And the days only deepen my sorrows and fears.
I call, but no answer comes back to me now,
Naught but an echo as weak as my vow.
For 'neath the sad cypress trees, low in the sod,
Lies the body whose soul has gone back to its God,
And out of the silence no child-voices come,
As in days long ago in my sweet, happy home.

Backward? Nay, Time rushes onward and on;
'Tis a dream that comes back of the days that are gone;
I yielded my strength when I could have been strong;
I would fly, but alas! I had lingered too long.
The bell-hound had seized me—my will was not mine,
Destruction was born in the sparkling of wine!
So, in weakness, I totter through gloom to the grave,
A sovereign in birth, but in dying—A SLAVE!

ROBERT E. GOODRICH.

Training Schools for Cheats

The conductor came through collecting tickets. A woman, dressed expensively and in good taste, offered two tickets one for herself and one for another woman, sitting in front of her. Each had a little girl with her, one about four the other about eight. The conductor looked suspiciously at the older girl several times, but said nothing and passed on.
As he passed on, the child turned to her mother, who had given him the tickets, and exclaimed: "He didn't say anything about mine, did he?"
"Hush," answered the mother, lest the conductor should overhear. Some day the little girl will lie and deceive her mother.
That is what her mother is educating her to do. Of course she has not deliberately decided to do this, but the result is as sure as though she had consciously planned to make a cheat out of her child.
This is only one species of theft. Whoever would steal in this way by not paying for a child over the free age, would steal in any other way. A public institution designed to teach deception would soon be suppressed, but some homes are engaged in just this business.—Fo ward.

No Secret About It

It is no secret, that for Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore eyes, Boils, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It didn't take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes," writes D. L. Gregory of Hope, Tex. 25c. at S. R. Biggs drug store.

ONE CAUSE OF INSANITY.

And a Remedy Recommended For its Cure.

The spread of insanity in the United States is becoming so serious that specialists of the medical profession are giving it great attention just now.

The cause?
Dr. H. O. Moyer, of Chicago, an expert in mental diseases, has advanced this theory: "There is no doubt about the cause for the increase in insanity. City life causes insanity. Poor food, poor homes, no sun, bad air, improper clothing, and worrying because they are behind in rent drive people crazy."
And the cure?
"Live in the country," says Dr. Moyer. "It is coming to the city, grinding and pinching and failing to make both ends meet, that drive people crazy. The cure for insanity is, live out of doors and laugh, even if you cannot put cash in the bank."

Ponder these words of the Chicago scientist.
Are you burning the candle at both ends?
Are you breathing foul air and neglecting the sunlight?
Are you putting all your thoughts upon business and money-getting?
Are you disturbing nature by irregularity of habits?
Are you spending in reckless dissipation or ceaseless dollar-hunting the hours that should be used for sleeping?
Are you starving your body in order that you may stuff your purse?
Are you wearing out your brain with worry?
Are you giving more heed to the exhausting demands of the golden calf than the exhilarating joys of nature?
Are you forcing yourself to carry on your shoulders more than your strength can stand?
Are you compelling your wife and children to stay in pent-up rooms, to stagnate or to fade?
Are you pinching and grinding your employes, injuring them physically and weakening them with anaemia?
If so, you are helping to fill the insane asylums and augment the ranks of degenerates. You are doing your part to destroy the human race.

Change your ways, you who are doing any of these things. Go out into the country. Fill your lungs with fresh air. Send your wives and children into the sunlight. Make your clerks and workmen go where it is green. When you feel like smiling, laugh. Banish worry from your lexicon forever.
Figures themselves show that American people must do something to change the conditions. As gathered and presented by Dr. Moyer, they establish the fact that New York's ratio is one out of every three hundred and forty persons, Boston and New England have one in every three hundred and twenty persons; Chicago has one in every four hundred.

Will you join in remedying the evil? The formula is simple: Live out of doors and laugh!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Abundant Answer.

Three Philadelphians visited Richmond, Va., and, asking as to the use and purpose of this or that building, were told in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the information; and they, tiring of the monotony of the reply pointed to a white frame building on a hill and asked whose tobacco factory it was. The old fellow replied: "Dat, sah, am no fact-ry. Dat am S'n John's 'Piscopal Church, where Marse Patric Henry done get up an ax de Lord to gib him liberty or gib him deaf." "Well uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lord give him?" "Pears to me yo' must indeed be stranvers hereabouts," he answered; "else, it strikes me yo'd know dat, in due time, de Lord gabe Marse Henry bofe."—Ex.

Sunset Cox's Toast.

In responding to a toast in New York some years ago, Sunset Cox said:

"I have no particular toast to speak, but in my emergency, I may select a subject fruitful to many a student, and especially as we are at the festive climax of our entertainment. In looking around this audience I feel like generalizing and in a nebulous way, therefore, allow me to select as a subject that of Smith (laughter.) We have two representatives of the family here to-night. Both are near to me.

And if you will look in the New York Directory, you will find 2,000 other names members of the same illustrious family. As a politician, not unuse, on the occasion sudden to cultivating the graces, I will never utter a word against the Smith family, (laughter.)

Why, in the early days of Grecian history, they were demigods and founders of states.
The only place where they were not recorded in Samuel—the chapter and verse I will not recall for I am not certain about them. But it will not hurt you to search for the verse yourself from Genesis to Revelation, (laughter.) The words are: There was no Smith in all Israel, (laughter.) Whenever the children of Israel wanted to sharpen their spears or close up the rivets in their armor, they had to go down to Tyre or Sidon, and call in the Smiths of that locality, (laughter.) The Smiths have progressed and multiplied; they are everywhere—including Canada. The Registrar-General of Great Britain says that in England and Wales there are three quarters of a million of Smiths. Oh, sir, it is a great family, (laughter.)

In the early chronicles of Norseland, it is said the Smiths were honored by being admitted to the royal presence. They drank mead with the king. I never saw a Smith in my life that would refuse to take a drink, (roars of laughter in which Pres. Smith and Prof. Goldwin Smith heartily joined.)

It mattered not what kind of a liquor. But where the Smith family predominated in any country, liberty also triumphed—commercial personal and public liberty.
The age of iron was the age of the Smith and the age of iron has always ruled, (cheers)—Ex.

"Should Women Work?"

Our contemporary, the London Chronicle, has been discussing the question, "Should Women Work?" as if women had not been doing the world's hard work since creation. A few plays the role of idle butterflies, but the great majority of them toil unceasingly and with little reward. Among savages the women do all the work, their lords exerting themselves only in the chase and in war. Progress—civilization—has consisted largely in getting man to do something for a living. Even today man's work is only "from sun to sun, while woman's work is never done." She has no "eight-hour day." A twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the care of the house and children are always "doing overtime." There is nothing more pathetic than the sight—so often seen—of the hard-working conscientious mother who literally wears her life out in unheard toil, thankless and not expecting thanks. In many families, however, the work is badly distributed, to the injury of all concerned. The mother does too much, her daughters too little. While the former shortens her days in trying to let her children "have a good time," fail to realize the benefit for body and mind of being held to moderate work. Labor has a tonic effect. It is good for the muscles, the morals, and the minds.—Baltimore Sun.

Stewards Get Rich.

The office of steward on board such a steamer as the Oceanic is worth \$10,000 a year to a good man. Tipping is a business on shipboard. Just think: Five hundred cabin passengers at \$7 each the least possible sum to bestow in fares or tips makes \$3,500 given away on every run across. That sum is distributed among about twelve attendants. Some passengers, like Morgan will give several hundred to their pets among the stewards. Others restrict themselves to the customary fees, which do not average over \$1.25 a day.
People who cross the ocean first have money to spend, and they spend it. Some men who travel by rail give the sleeping car porter twenty-five cents after riding with him three or four days. Such tipping on board the Oceanic would ruin a man's reputation.—New York Press.

IT IS NOT SONOW.

The South the Land of the Young Men.

The South has come into its own again. A few years ago we were saying that the Southerner was not and never could be a business man. Ever since the Civil War the business of the South has been carried on by Yankees, Germans Jews and scattering Scotch and English. The Jews, always alert in business, have been in the majority in the retail trade, and with Germans and Yankees, have controlled the wholesale business, the financial institutions and the manufactories. By a fallacy which time is improving the failure of the native Southerner to achieve business success was set down to inherent lack of capacity. His failure was really due to causes extrinsic and accidental. At the close of the Civil War, only the few Jewish residents of the South had much money. The Southern soldier was not discharged when sent home to convalesce from wounds and disease. Upon recovery he was again in the ranks. He did not serve three months, nine months, two years, He served four years. The larger part of the men who fought in the Southern army carried lead and disease ever after. It was this impoverished, discharged stricken, people that the outsider distanced in the race for money. Unused to commerce the Southerner not only saw the property represented by his slaves pass utterly away, and his lands ravaged and his houses burned, but he saw men alien to his region anticipate him in the dawn opportunities of a tardily returning prosperity. He became an onlooker in the land his blood had watered. Others garnered as a result of his impoverishment.

But not so now. For the young Southerner is forging to the front so fast that it now is more likely that he will crowd the strangers out than that they will seriously rival him. He has taken a leaf out of the book of his rivals, and by the tactics which have been at least a great factor in their success as any other in arriving at prosperity. The Southern tandem wedge is boring holes in the lines of the opposition. The young Southern men, often mere boys of twenty-one and twenty-two years, are running the banks, the stores, the hotels. They are exploiting great tracts of land, feeding vast forests into saw mills. They are the railroad men, the promoters, the brokers. Oil wells gush at their behest, towns arise at their command. By men under thirty the greater part of the business of the South is being done. The Northerner who thinks of emigrating to the South because he believes he can surpass the native in business capacity, will find foes worthy of his steel—keen, untiring and full of the nerve and enthusiasm of youth. The South is the new part, the young part of our domain. The West has become staid and middle aged. The young man has come to the front in the South, and with him the South comes into its own once more.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Seated Age.

The Chicago City Railway Company has had some twinges of conscience and has ordered seats for its mortormen. This leads a daily paper to moralize on it. We are all seated now.
"The farmer no longer plods his weary way; he sits on the harrow and gets his exercise shaking the lines over the horses. He used to have to go to town for his mail; now he gets his letter by rural free mail delivery. When he wants to find out what Cousin John is doing, he telephones.
"Most men used to walk to work and walk back home for lunch; now they live in apartment buildings that nestle coyly up against the elevated railroad. They would rather listen to metallic thunder than get out on their feet and do what the French call 'burning the pavement.'
So, too, the workman in the shop works at a single bench or machine. Who walks now?
The consequence is: Not taking that finest exercise, walking, we are resorting to gymnastics, calisthenics, cold baths, punching bags, and dumb-bells to make good and build up our health. All these substitutes for walking are good. They are easily overdone. But the way of the fathers, the way of "the open," when the spring flowers shoot forth their sprouts or the autumn winds shake the last leaf from the proud trees—the way of "the open" is better.—Central Advocate.

The Original is Always the Best

Imitations are cheap. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is the original Laxative Cough Syrup. It is different from all others—it is better than all others, because it cures all coughs, all colds and leaves the system stronger than before. The letter B in red is on every package. "Sold by All Dealers."

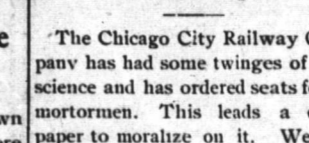
A Reuben's Experience.

New York, June 16.—Filled with woe and pondering on the wickedness of New York, Charles M. Bowers, 50 years old, and a typical farmer from Hickory, N. C., is impatiently awaiting a response to a telegram, telling of his misfortunes and requesting money to enable him to pay his hotel bill and quit the place that has been his complete undoing.
Attracted by the alluring offers of some alleged real estate men, to whom he had previously sent \$50, as a deposit to guarantee a purchase he was about to make, Mr. Bowers arrived here only to discover that the land he was to buy did not exist, and that he was out the \$50. He told his troubles to Assistant District Attorney Chadwick to-day.

Sitting on the steps of the criminal courts building, he took out his pocketbook and counted over his money. There was exactly \$450, eight fifties and five tens. Returning them to the purse he laid it beside him on the steps and began figuring on the back of an envelope.
So engrossed was he upon the wanton extravagance of the metropolitan that he forgot all about his pocketbook and, concluding his reckoning, went back to Smith & McNeil's hotel. There he discovered his loss. At once he hurried back to the criminal courts building and was sorely disappointed to find it gone.
"It's a terrible city," he said to the sergeant of police at the Elizabeth street station later; "full of thieves, and I want to get out and never see it agin."—Raleigh Post.

All old time cough syrups were designed to treat throat, lung and bronchial affections without due regard for the stomach and bowels, hence most of them produce constipation. Bee's, the original Laxative Honey and Tar, gently moves the bowels and cures all coughs, colds, croup, etc. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar is the original Laxative Cough Syrup. Look for the letter B in red on every package. "Sold by All Dealers."

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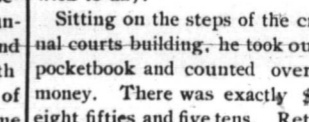
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