

THE ENTERPRISE

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 WILLIAM C. MANNING, EDITOR

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Friday, December 1, 1911

The great body of North Carolina teachers met in Raleigh Wednesday. Prominent speakers, among whom was Champ Clark, addressed the Assembly according to a splendidly arranged programme. This is the first meeting since the change of date and it is hoped that it is a pleasant one, and that much is being done for the forward movement of education in the State.

The "Thanksgiving Number" of The Orphan's Friend, issued last Friday, was indeed a gem and worthy of the great institution which it represents. No nobler work in all the world is there than that being done by the Oxford Orphanage, the pioneer of orphanages in the State. "Pure and unfeigned religion before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep themselves unspotted from the world."

Woman's Greater Victory

Gradually in the battle of life, woman is coming into her own. Politically she is making her vote felt in many Western States. In the enforced struggle for a living she has had to push elbows with men and has been asking for equal rights in the business and political world. It is the irony of fate that millions of women have to work (and for the husband or father frequently) doing a man's job with the same speed and efficiency as the man, yet receiving not half the wages given to him. This has never been unjust and never more so than now when the woman is so thoroughly equipping herself for business.

It took New York State, where the struggle for life is on a stupendous basis, to recognize the true worth of woman. A recent law provides "equal pay for equal work" without distinction of sex. This emancipation of women from the burden which has been placed on her since the world began, will be hailed with joy not only in New York but throughout the country. Because it is only a question of time when the same law will prevail all over the land. So the leaven is spreading and the woman will become freed from the old thralldom which has forced her to labor side by side with man and yet on half pay compared with her brother in the struggle. Those fifteen thousand teachers in New York deserve to be honored for the victory they won.

LEADS TO THE WHEAT
 The Most Profitable and Best of Milling Wheats
 Yields reported from our customers from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre. When grown side by side with other kinds the splendid beardless wheat yielded from five to eighteen bushels more per acre on same land and under same conditions as other standard wheats.
 Wherever grown it is surpassing all other kinds and it should be sown universally by wheat growers everywhere. Write for prices and "Wood's Crop Special" sowing information about all Seasonable Seeds.
T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

Thanksgiving



*"For the sunshine and the rain,
 For the dew and for the shower,
 For the yellow, ripened grain,
 And the golden harvest hour,
 We bless Thee, oh, our God!"*

*"For the heat and the shade,
 For the gladness and the grief,
 For the tender, sprouting blade,
 And for the nodding sheaf,
 We bless Thee, oh, our God!"*

*"For the hope and for the fear,
 For the storm and for the peace,
 For the trembling and the cheer,
 And for the glad increase,
 We bless Thee, oh, our God!"*

*"Our hands have tilled the sod,
 And the torpid seed have sown;
 Eat the quickening wafers of God,
 And the praise be His alone,
 We bless Thee, oh, our God!"*

Winnie's Thanksgiving
 By Donald Allen

"If I was a girl, I wouldn't be walking too far," said old Uncle Robert, as a girl of twenty passed him on her way down to the gate of the farm house.
 "And why not?" she asked, as she almost came to a pause.
 "Well, according to my idea, it's going to rain and snow and blow and hail, and when the storm does break she's going to be a buster."
 "I wanted to go to the postoffice to mail a letter."
 "It's three miles there and back, and if I was you I'd put it off. Maybe somebody'll be passing that you can send by. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, you know, and we are going to have the awfulest, biggest, nicest dinner anybody ever sat down to. It's in your honor, you know. There'll be a turkey, a duck and a chicken; there'll be cranberry sass, pumpkin pies, cur rant jell, sweet cider and apple dumplings; there'll be—"
 "I think I'll just walk a little ways, anyhow," said the girl, as she opened the gate and passed down the highway toward the village and the rail road depot.
 "And if you come home as wet as a hen don't say I didn't warn ye. It's going to come, and it's going to be a buster."
 Half an hour later a middle-aged woman with a motherly face and voice came out on the steps and asked:
 "Pa, do you reckon it's goin' to storm?"
 "Sure as ducks."
 "Where's Minnie?"
 "O, she's gone for a santer. I give her warning. What's she wantin' to mail a letter for? I hain't mailed a letter nor got one in twenty years, and I guess I'm about as well off as most folks. I was going to ask her but forgot it."
 "Don't you ask her a word about it," cautioned the wife as she came down to him. "I guess Minnie's got something on her mind, but it hain't none of your business."
 "Something on her mind, eh? That's funny. Didn't know that girls ever had anything on their minds except new clothes. Is that why she come visitin' us all of a sudden?"
 "None of your business! I guess my own sister's daughter can come and see me any time she takes a notion, and that without writin' ahead. What's on her mind, as high as I can make out, is about a young man. They are engaged, and they've had a falling out, and she's sorter run away from him to find out if he really cares for her."
 "And she's got scared about it and has written him a letter to tell where she is?" queried the husband.
 "Go on! It's probably a letter to her ma, though I didn't see it nor ask. I hope she didn't start for town. It's going to storm for sure, and there hain't but one house on the road where she could find shelter. Look down the road and see if you can see her."
 "Can't see hide nor hair of any girl," reported Uncle Robert after going out to the highway and taking a long look.
 An hour later, with both uncle and aunt chattering about their girl visitor, the gray afternoon had become twilight. In 15 minutes there was cold rain and lively hail, and Uncle Robert was blown into the kitchen.
 Miss Minnie had reached town and mailed her letter and started back again when the storm broke. Before it came she thought she could make out a human figure on the road ahead of her, but wasn't sure.
 The very first gust picked her up and turned her around and deposited her under a roadside tree. She remained there until the gale began to whip the branches off, and then let go her hold and ran for it.
 She hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when, as she crouched and covered her face, she was struck by a falling limb and knew no more.

It was the dim sight of the girl and the scream she uttered when hit, that sent the man who was clinging to the roadside fence back into the highway. He bent over the unconscious form and picked it up and staggered back to the fence and followed it until he saw a light and found the gate of a farmhouse.

His lusty calls for help soon brought out a man, and the senseless burden was carried into the house and received by a woman.

"I don't know who she is, but I found her in the road," explained her rescuer. "There is blood on her hair, and I think she was struck down."
 "We'll do all we can," replied the man and woman together, "but you musn't look for much. We are mighty poor folks. We hain't got no camphor nor whisky, and as for getting a doctor out from town—it can't be done tonight."

The girl was carried into the only bedroom and laid on the only bed, and when her wet clothing had been removed and she was between the sheets, the woman got a cloth and a basin of water and washed away the blood and whispered to the stranger:
 "I don't think she's bad hurt. She's just fainted away with the scare of it. When she opens her eyes I'll tell her to go to sleep, and she'll be all right in the morning."

"Do you think it's some young lady from the village?" asked the stranger of the farmer as they talked in whispers in the outer room.
 "No, I don't reckon so. I reckon it's that new girl that arrived at Turner's a few days ago. I saw her going towards the village two hours ago."

"Arrived at Turner's? Say, man, are you sure? Is it a strange girl to the neighborhood?"
 "I've heard say it was Uncle Bob's niece, and that she come from the city. What ails you, stranger? Does this storm upset you?"

It wasn't the storm. Percy Kincaid had quarreled with the girl he loved and had asked to be his wife. It was about nothing, almost, as most lovers' quarrels are, but pride on either side held off a reconciliation until the lover finally learned that Miss Minnie had gone on a journey and left no word for him.

She was going to spend Thanksgiving week in the country. Within two days she had relented; within three he was making every effort to locate her, that he might patch up a peace.
 He had succeeded. He was going to throw himself on her mercy and ask Uncle Robert for a place at his Thanksgiving table.

The storm grew fiercer as the night advanced. When another day came even the cattle could not face the storm nor man move from his door. It was Thanksgiving day. At Uncle Robert's there was a feast to be spread;



"I don't believe they'd eat a single mouthful."

at Bradley's there was hardly better than poorhouse fare.
 But the victim of the accident was no longer in bed, and the rescuer no longer cared about the weather, and the farmer folks looked at each other and smiled and whispered:
 "Even if we had turkey and cranberry sauce I don't believe they'd eat a single mouthful. They've just sorter found each other and are tickled to death."

And when at last they could make their way to Turner's, and Uncle Bob stammered and Aunt Harriet cried for joy, Miss Minnie asked in a way that was almost heartless:
 "Why do you take on so? I never had such a lovely Thanksgiving in all my life!"

Honor Belongs to Pilgrim Fathers.
 Long before the advent of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts all rituals contained expressions of gratitude to God for his mercies. In that of the Church of England special prayers were provided for the Sunday service. This service, however, must be carefully distinguished from the Thanksgiving day of the Pilgrim fathers. Failure to make this distinction has led to the groundless claim that the Pilgrim colonists were "the first to keep Thanksgiving day" in America. The service at Monhegan, on which this claim is based, was the regular Sunday service of the Church of England; and while it had an element of thanksgiving, the day can in no wise be regarded as a Thanksgiving day as that term is understood. Cotemporary evidence refutes all claim to the contrary.

TO OUR Friends and Patrons!

Again we invite you to inspect our stock of Buggies, Surries, Carts, Harness and Buggy Robes.
 Have just been to the Northern Markets where we purchased a Line of Harness and Buggy Robes, which to our minds is the most substantial lot ever brought to Williamston.
 Have also bought a big line of the Best Cart Material, which has just arrived and are now prepared to build your Carts. If interested call and see material before it is built.
 Our Buggies and Surries are being made of Highest Grade Material as well as Best Workmanship. Don't fail to call for the celebrated **Ton-Don Axle**.
 Bring us all your repair work from shovel to peanut machine

Martin County Buggy Co.
 W. L. STALLS and ASA T. CRAWFORD, Mgrs.
 Williamston - - - North Carolina

NOTICE!

Sealed Bids will be received by the Board of Town Commissioners of the Town of Williamston, N. C. on Tuesday night, Dec. 12, 1911 for rent of Stalls in City Market for year of 1912, Stalls will be offered two to each bidder, the successful bidder will be required to furnish bond for amount of rent for one year. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids
 By order of the Board Nov. 14, 1911
C. H. GODWIN, Clerk

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad
GOOD ROADS TRAIN
 equipped with models of all types of highway construction, operated by electricity will arrive in Williamston at 1:30 p. m.

Saturday Dec. 2, 1911
 Their practical working will be demonstrated and the lectures will be illustrated moving pictures. These lectures will not only be profitable, but very interesting
Your Presence is earnestly Desired



Knowledge That Comes to You

through other people's experience should be your guide. Think how you would like to be in the position of that friend or acquaintance who was burned out and ruined because he wasn't insured.

FACTS ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

are so strange they outdo fiction. Fires have started from an amazing variety of curious causes. Have us issue you a policy today and you will be protected in case you should be burned out through any of them.

K. B. CRAWFORD
 INSURANCE AGENT,
 Godard Building

Condensed statement of the condition of Bank of Robersonville
 at the close of business

September 27th, 1911

Loans and discounts	\$ 86,318.60
Due from banks	16,171.31
Overdrafts	495.24
Bkg. house, fur. & fix.	3,604.44
Cash and cash items	11,072.86
Total	\$117,662.45
Capital stock	\$ 15,000.00
Surplus and profits	10,270.53
Bills Payable	38,000.00
Deposits	53,928.94
Cashiers check	462.98
Total	\$117,662.45

4 PER CENT PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

J. C. Robertson, Pres.
 J. H. Roberson, 1st V-Pres.
 A. S. Roberson, 2d V-Pres.
 J. A. Mizell, Cashier
 J. D. Woolard, Asst. Ch'f