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Friday, March 28, 1913

Col. Roosevelt must be dictating his speeches for the next campaign, if one is to judge by the stillness of things. A little less talk in the past might have helped.

As the years pass, the custom of celebrating Easter becomes more general, and it is a sign that people are getting to be more in accord with the actual facts in the life of the Savior of the world.

The public is far from being totally lost when it reads, talks and thinks about the White House Baby. How one little innocent being can touch the heartstrings of a nation as great as ours!

The S. A. L. Again

From the Windsor Ledger of last week, we learn that the people of Windsor are using organized effort to induce the Seaboard Air Line to run from Lewiston there. Mr. E. W. Smith, of the engineering department has been in Windsor looking over both proposed lines from Lewiston. A committee of prominent Windsorians was chosen to boom the route and to see what the town would offer as an inducement. To be plain, the Windsor people are doing things to secure the road.

This should be interesting to Williamston people as an example if nothing more. There is a desire here for the road to build through Hamilton down this way and on to Washington. But our county people who would be most benefitted are slow. Where have we heard the word "slow" before? Somehow it belongs to us—or rather is so expressive of some of our movements. If we want the road, there must be some offering on the part of that section of Martin County which will get the benefit. The S. A. L. or any other road or concern does not consider itself bound to help us unless we show proper spirit in the matter.

We are sitting still while others are carrying off the ripest plums. Martin County needs and should have two roads. There are some good sections which are not touched by the A. C. L. and a transportation company would do good business in those sections. Then when we consider the peanut factory, another line would be the thing to successfully manage the rate question and to facilitate shipments to and from Williamston. If we want a thing the route is before us—don't let others fill it first.

Our Spring Dress

This week we have clothed ourselves anew to greet our subscribers in the opening of the spring season of 1913. Cases full of new type look good to us and we hope that all of our readers will love our appearing. We desire in this addition to our outfit to please and show forth our interest in the advancement of the town, county, State, and Nation.

The substantial support of many of our friends is making it possible for us to give a better and cleaner looking sheet each week. A paper like a person, should do credit to its friends, and we are striving to accomplish this end.

Omaha and Its Dead

The heart of the entire country is grieved at the calamity which has befallen the city of Omaha. Several days previous winds had swept over Chicago and several adjoining states, but the loss of life in Omaha is appalling. Nothing can stand before the strength of the Western tornado, and strong houses crumbled before its mighty breath. All that mortal aid can do to relieve is being done, but the children bereaved of parents, and mothers and fathers mourning for their dead cannot be comforted. The hand of affliction has been heavily laid upon the fair city. Since the settlement of the West tornadoes have wrought ruin at intervals. The natural conditions out there have made their appearance look- ed for.

"In the midst of life we are in death" but human nature fails to realize this truth to that extent that the soul is robbed of bitterness and strife. But the world will go on with the same old careless stride. Last year the sinking of the "Titanic" startled the globe, and yet travel has never decreased one jot since, and larger vessels have been launched to steam across the treacherous waters.

The Cotton Crop

There were nearly 900,000 bales of cotton raised in North Carolina last year, and over 14,000,000 in the United States. The farmers throughout the South are being urged to plant less this season. Soon the planting will begin, and every thoughtful man will see the necessity for reduced acreage. With modern means of cultivation, and the scientific building of the soil more cotton is being produced per acre than ever in the history of the staple in the South. It is well to consider the condition of things and not overplant in any crop.

Martin County farmers have learned to diversify, greatly to their advantage. The time was when our farmers planted nearly everything in cotton which brought low prices. The price now is far better but over-production would soon lower the same. The thing is to raise plenty of food-stuffs for man and beast, enough money crop to pay for extras and improvements, then the secret of living as our people should, will be solved. The Martin County farmer with plenty of bacon, juicy yams, chickens, water-ground meal, milk and butter, need not notice the stock markets of New York. He's "in clover" already.

The New Cabinet

Confidence is the biggest element in sound business. The administration of national affairs, if guided by President Woodrow Wilson and his cabinet, will gain the confidence of business men. If the political element in the Democratic party heed the advice of the President and his Cabinet it is well. To use their splendid majority for patronage, cheap politics and making the symbolic ass the dominante character of their activities, then business will be shaky and fearful.

The president has selected men for his cabinet, who, like himself, possess the characteristics of love of home and fireside, honor for women and veneration for God; despising sham, appreciating virtue and who will dare to do the right. The cabinet is composed of men known and honored in their respective commonwealths, not so much for their political participation and office holding, but for their dominant force in fighting for right principles in political, business and personal life. The mistakes of men with these characteristics cannot be very damaging to legitimate business.—Sel.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD

By NORA NAHL

"What did he ever see in her?" The question fell from the lips of a girl of twenty, fully conscious of the budding beauty of young womanhood and all it meant of power. "She hasn't apparently one redeeming feature; why, she is positively gawky."

The woman addressed, an attractive matron of about 35, turned a critical gaze after the figure of the little woman disappearing down the street, and a knowing smile curled her lips. "I will tell you," she said. "About five years ago Arthur Smith was engaged to the most beautiful girl in our set; you are too young to remember just how beautiful she was—at any rate, she completely conquered Arthur—he had eyes for no one else when she was near. At every function he was her devoted slave—every wish was anticipated and gratified—nothing was too good for her—no task too difficult to perform that would add to her comfort and happiness.

"When the Spanish-American war broke out, Ann Reynolds, now Mrs. Smith, had been studying for two years to be a trained nurse. She had one supreme gift—the gift of tenderness, and Nellie, in a woman this is not to be despised. All women do not possess it. Ann's brother and Arthur happened to be injured about the same time and were placed on beds side by side in the same southern hospital. On account of her training and her brother's illness, Ann Reynolds volunteered to go as a nurse to this hospital, and endeavor to save not only her brother's life, but to do what she could to save the lives of others who had become ill in the government service.

"About this time Arthur had written an appealing letter home, or, rather, had asked that it be written, as he was too ill to do more than express a wish, asking that his sweet-heart come to him (they had been engaged just before he left for the south), as he feared he had contracted a dangerous and contagious disease, but usually the ones we love do not consider such things as this when a life is concerned; at least, I am generous enough to think that most women would not. Well, to make a long story short, Arthur's sweetheart refused flatly to go to his bedside. It afterward came out—somehow these things always do—that she feared contracting the fever and thereby marring her beauty.

"When Ann arrived at the hospital and found that the patient in the bed next to her brother was from the same city as she, she said she worked untruly with him night after night with an intensity that probably saved his life—at least, the doctors gave her the credit—and won out with glowing words of praise from them all. When it was all over, however, and he was on the high road to health, she succumbed under the strain, and lay for weeks hovering between life and death.

"During her illness Arthur wrote a short note to his fiancée, releasing her from her engagement, and when he returned home, which did not happen for many weeks afterward, he announced his engagement to the little woman who had risked a very precious and useful life to save that of a perfect stranger. One of his old friends said afterward that in announcing the news to him he had made the remark that those few weeks in the hospital had taught him the most valuable lesson in his life—that beauty of face and form, while pleasing to the eye, were but fleeting possessions, and that as he watched the devoted and self-sacrificing little woman moving from one to the other of the sufferers, giving her service willingly and with a grace and sweetness that brightened the whole place, bringing hope and sunshine to many a homesick and despairing man, he had realized that there was something deeper, nobler and more transcendently beautiful in the world than mere physical beauty, and one which would last until death, and he finished by saying: 'And so I lost my heart, or, rather, gave it into keeping of the noble woman I had ever met, or ever expect to meet in this world.'

The speaker finished the story in a low, soft voice, and as she glanced over at the beautiful young girl opposite, she noticed a tear trickling down her cheek, and the serious look that met hers from the brown eyes told her that the recital had touched a responsive chord in her nature.

Telling the Bees.
 The custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in curious happenings. In some parts of England it has always been the habit to inform the bees whenever there is a death in the family, particularly when it is that of the master or mistress.

Some one raps upon the board supporting the hives and says: "Mourn with us. Master (or mistress) of the house is dead."

It is thought that if this duty is neglected the bees will die, and many old servants are fond of telling how the bees pine away when no one thinks to give them the sad message.—Ave Maria.

Carries Him Back.
 "I never drink coffee with cream in it."
 "Why not?"
 "It always makes me homesick."
 "I don't understand."
 "I was born on the banks of the Missouri river."
 "Yes?"
 "A cup of coffee with cream in it is just about the color of the stream I used to sport in when a boy."

SERVING A SUMMONS

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

It was just between twilight and dark that a Jersey cow, owned by farmer Hollis, jumped the field fence into the highway and sauntered down the road.

As Miss Jersey stepped slowly along enjoying the beauties of the evening an auto was coming up from the direction of Glen Head. It contained two young men and the chauffeur. It stole upon the cow unheard and hoisted her into the ditch and broke her back.

The house of farmer Hollis was only eighty rods away, but there was no going back to notify him of the accident. The cow was dead, and that settled that. It has been stated that the animal belonged to farmer Hollis. So it did in a way. In several other ways it belonged to his daughter Florence, who had petted and cared for it since its birth. It made quite a difference whose cow it was.

Next morning the hired man reported the tragedy. Miss Florence went down the road and viewed the body and wept, and then returned to the house to ask her father, who was partially an invalid:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"
 "It was an auto, I suppose?"
 "Yes."
 "And it may belong to any one of a thousand people?"
 "Of course."
 "And be fifty miles away by this time?"
 "Just so."
 "Well, there you are. What can I do about it? I don't see that anything can be done."
 "Well, I do!" was the vigorous reply from the daughter.

Half an hour later Miss Florence was on the road with her pony and cart. Two miles up the highway was a road-house at which nine out of ten autos, bound either way, might be counted on to stop. The girl drove up and called for the proprietor to come out.

"An auto about 7 o'clock" he mused at her query. "Yes, there was one. It held two young men. It went down the road, and must have passed your house."
 "And the young men—were they strangers?" was asked.

"Well, yes and no. I know that one, and he is the owner of the machine, is Burt Merriam, and the other is Steve Dayton. They were great chums at college, I believe. They had two beers here and went on."
 "And this Mr. Merriam—where does he live, please?"
 "Over at Brookdale, I understand."

She drove into Glen Head and to the office of a lawyer and told her story. The lawyer said he thought there was a case, and added:

"We might as well give the young man a chance. I'll apply for a summons, and you better drive over and serve it on him."
 Two days later Miss Florence drove over to Brookside with the legal document. After a few inquiries she located the house of the father of her victim, but only to be told that young Mr. Merriam was not at home, and might not be for several days.

Her father said it would all end in smoke and that the rich alone controlled the laws, but on the third day Miss Florence started out again to serve the summons. She was halfway to Brookside when she saw an auto coming. The pony was a little skittish of them, and she gave up the whole of the road and waited. The auto slowed down as it came up, but nevertheless the pony chose to perform. He was standing on his hind legs and making ready to bolt, and in her sudden fright the girl had lost the lines and was screaming, when a young man leaped from the machine and caught the animal by the head. He was dragged several rods before his weight told, and as Miss Florence ran to him she saw that he was hurt.

"Shoulder out of joint, I guess," he said with a smile.
 "Let me see," she replied. "You must go to a doctor as soon as you can. What a ninny I was to let Fred act up so! I can manage him now, however."
 "The plans of mice and men, you know. I was on my way to see a Mr. Hollis on a matter of business. Wish this had happened later."
 "Business with my father?"
 "Then you are Miss Hollis?"
 "Yes."
 "And the young lady who called at my home?"

"The same."
 "Was it about the cow?"
 "It was, sir."
 "I know we killed one, but I was rushing my chum to the city to catch a steamer for Europe. I only got back three hours ago. Don't go off and sue me. Don't have me arrested. Don't call me hard names. I'll come back in a day or two and settle."

The young man was as good as his word, though no better than a one-armed man. He was only too happy to hand over eighty dollars, and he laughed at the summons and said it should be treasured as a souvenir. He had to call again to see if the pony had recovered from its scare, and a third time to consult Mr. Hollis about potato bugs, and the fourth time he had the cheek to make no excuse at all.

Rather Harsh.
 The famous barytone had been giving his concert and the critic from the country was asked:
 "How was the timbre of his voice?"
 "Well," said the critic, "it seemed to me to be full of knot-holes."—Harper's Weekly.

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Election Notices!

Goose Nest Township

At a Special Session of the Board of County Commissioners of Martin County, in the Court House, Williamston, N. C. on Monday, the 24th day of March, 1913, in compliance with the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of the Session 1913, entitled an Act, "To provide good roads and a Bond issue for Goose Nest Township, Martin County;" it was ordered that an Election be held in said Township to determine said question on Tuesday the 6th day of May, 1913. At which said election, all the qualified Electors therein shall be entitled to vote. The said Election, with all incidental requirements, will be governed by the provisions of said Act.

The Election will be held at the usual voting place, or places, in said Township; and notice of same is required to be published in, "THE ENTERPRISE," a newspaper in Williamston, North Carolina, and posted in four public places in each township.
 By order of the Board.
 B. L. LONG, Chr.
 Attest: S. S. BROWN, Clerk.

Robersonville Township

At a Special Session of the Board of Commissioners of Martin County, in the Court House, Williamston, N. C., on Monday, the 24th day of March, 1913, in compliance with the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of the Session 1913, entitled an Act, "To provide good roads and a Bond issue for Robersonville Township, Martin County;" it was ordered that an election be held in said Township to determine said question on Tuesday, the 6th day of May, 1913, at which said election, all the qualified electors therein shall be entitled to vote. The said election, with all incidental requirements, will be governed by the provisions of said Act.

The election will be held at the usual voting place, or places, in said Township; and notice of same is required to be published in, "THE ENTERPRISE," a newspaper in Williamston, North Carolina, and posted in four public places in each township.
 By order of the Board.
 B. L. LONG, Chr.
 Attest: S. S. BROWN, Clerk.

Hamilton Township

At a Special Session of the Board of Commissioners of Martin County, in the Court House, Williamston, N. C., on Monday, the 24th day of March, 1913, in compliance with the provisions of an Act of the general assembly of the Session 1913, entitled an Act to provide good roads and a Bond issue for Hamilton Township, Martin County; it was ordered that an election be held in said Township to determine said question on Tuesday, the 6th day of May, 1913. At which said election, all the qualified electors therein shall be entitled to vote.—The said election, with all incidental requirements, will be governed by the provisions of said Act.
 The election will be held at the usual voting place, or places, in

said Township; and notice of same is required to be published in, "THE ENTERPRISE," a newspaper in Williamston, North Carolina, and posted in four public places in each township.
 By order of the Board.
 B. L. LONG, Chr.
 Attest: S. S. BROWN, Clerk.

Notice

Notice of the entry of a tract of vacant land in Martin County Robersonville Township lying near and adjoining the lands of J. R. Purvis, Henry Council Della Ward, John Mayo and others and described as follows:
 Beginning at J. R. Purvis corner and running a westerly course with Henry Council Della Ward and John Mayo to T. J. Taylors line, thence southerly with Taylors line to the Coburn land, thence easterly with the Coburn and Mathews lines to S. L. Andrews land, thence northwardly with Andrews and Purvis line to the beginning containing two hundred and fifty acres more or less.
 This March 7th, 1913.
 S. S. Brown Entry Taker.
 D. S. Powell, Applicant.

Notice

There is taken up at the home of Mr. J. H. Auson in Martin County Robersonville Township one Red Bull Headed Bull about 5 or 6 years old marked crap off, and 1/2 moon under left ear also one White and Red spotted Heifer 2 or 3 years old, marked crap off of right ear and split in left ear. The owner or owners of said cattle are hereby notified to reclaim said cattle or said cattle will at the expiration of this notice, be disposed of according to the law governing such cases.
 This 1st day March 1913.
 S. S. BROWN, Register.

Report of the Condition of the Bank of Martin County

Williamston, N. C., at the close of business Feb. 4, 1913

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$173,454.31
Overdrafts	4,939.60
N. C. State Bonds	1,000.00
All other stocks bonds, mtgs	2,376.00
Banking house fur. and fix'trs	1,950.00
Due from banks and bankers	21,748.92
National bank notes, etc.	4,992.45
Total	\$210,460.28
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock	\$ 15,000.00
Surplus Fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid	5,737.44
Time certificates of deposit	50,200.39
Deposits subject to check	116,279.25
Due to banks and bankers	3,243.17
Total	\$210,460.28

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss: I, C. H. Godwin, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 C. H. GODWIN, Cashier.
 Correct—Attest: J. G. Godard, J. G. Staton, W. C. Manning, Directors.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of Feb. 1913.
 Burruss A. Critcher, Notary Public

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