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Friday, May 23, 1913

The pardoning power of North Carolina seems to continue. Gov. Craig has a soft heart, too.

The new Chief of Police is seeing that the back lots in the business section are cleaned up. Right move in the right direction. Keep the ball rolling.

The Sunday News and Observer looked good to us. It had a streak of that pretty pokeberry juice, which heralded the fact that the printing was done in its own quarters and by its own press. Editor Daniels and his force are to be congratulated upon the mighty energy which has restored the "Old Reliable" to former appearance.

Peanuts are coming up, where is the factory? Don't let us forget that its whistle must be heard this winter. It is the salvation of the farmers of Martin county. That or failure to secure living prices for our world famed crop of the succulent nuts.

Dr. John E. White, of Atlanta, has decided that J. P. Morgan had as much religion as conditions permitted. It is taken for granted that the learned preacher is the one to judge, but when and by whom was he appointed? He may be just getting in line for Rockefeller when the oil magnate returns to dust. If a man, has as much religion as he can possibly get in that sphere of life in which a higher power has placed him, where does the blame rest? The Doctor might answer that, and whether Morgan went to heaven.

Befitting Honors

Monday, the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Josephus Daniels, was the guest of Washington, the town in which he was born. "Little" Washington did the honors gracefully and heartily, and we rejoice that our neighbor can claim the Secretary as her very own. It was a great and good day for the city on the Pamlico, and the heart of every citizen must have throbbed with unusual joy.

Secretary Daniels in a speech before the citizens, took for his theme: "The Love of Home is the Seed of Patriotism," emphasizing the world-accepted truth that the mother is the builder of character in the home. His words were a loving tribute to his parents and the place of his nativity.

Anti-Progressive Spirit

The vote for good roads in Williams Township was a disappointment to those who work along progressive lines. It was thought that the measure would win out until election day, when the anti-marshalled their forces and voted to keep the old road tax on as heretofore.

It is regrettable that of the four townships voting for good roads, only one won out—that of Robersonville. It should not be if Martin County wants to rank with the best in the State. It is difficult to make some people see things in the light of progress. But the end is not yet and good roads will come because it is reasonable and just that they should.

If your eyes are blindfolded a kiss from a homely girl is just as sweet as one from a pretty girl.

ADVICE ABOUT A GIRL

By ADELE CRAMER.

The young man who seemed very much at home in the easy chair leaned over and deliberately pulled a hair from the back of the fat poodle that was asleep on the rug. He leaned back smiling in great contentment over the result of his feat and spoke through the canine din. "I had a particular reason for calling tonight," he announced.

The pretty girl turned over a book on the table to conceal her nervousness. "Oh, did you?" she asked with elaborate carelessness. "How could you be so mean to poor old Fido?"

"He needs exercise," explained the young man. "Nothing like exercise to take off fat—I'll bet he hasn't chased around that way in a year before! As I was saying, I wanted to see you particularly, Emeline. I wanted to ask you about something."

"I am sure," answered the pretty girl with great kindness, "that any advice I can give you I will gladly—"

"That's just it!" he declared eagerly. "I want your advice!"

"Oh!" said the pretty girl shortly. She seemed disappointed. "I think after all it is sort of foolish to ask advice, don't you? People ask it and then never take it!"

"Not me," persisted the young man. "And I don't know anyone whose advice I'd rather rely on than yours, Emeline. I wanted to ask you about—er—well, about a girl!"

"Oh!" said the pretty girl again. She swallowed hard. "Of course I'm interested in any friend of yours, Harold. But—"

"She's a dandy girl!" insisted the young man. He smiled reminiscently and the young woman took hold of her chair arms hard. She had the general air of a dynamite bomb that is about to explode, but he did not notice it.

"In fact," he went on, "I don't know another girl who is such an all around success in every way as she is! I'll have to tell you about her so you can understand the case."

"Please do!" said the young woman in appropriately rapturous tones—between her teeth.

"She is better than just pretty," explained the young man. "Because there is intelligence in her face and



"She's a Dandy Girl."

expression and all that. And she can do everything—outdoors as well as in, and she is always cheerful and she has such a way of looking at a fellow—"

"Goodness!" said the pretty girl with tremendous rallery. "I never heard of such a paragon! If you can find a girl like that you ought to grab her, quick, before the grand rush begins! For there aren't many like her!"

"That's what I think," the young man agreed. "I've thought so all along, just to myself, you know. I've been sure, but I didn't realize it until lately."

"I'm terribly interested, of course," said the pretty girl, stifling one corner of a delicate yawn, "but what was it you wanted my advice about? I have to get up early tomorrow, Harold, and I can't sit up much later this evening. My advice would be to marry her tomorrow before the crowd begins to fight for her."

"Good!" said the young man. "That's my idea exactly. Only I'm afraid to tell her about it. You see, she's such a wonder that it's absolutely insanity for me to fancy that she'd look at me. Honest! I haven't the nerve!"

"Nonsense!" said the young woman. "She's probably crazy to get married. These popular girls usually are. They have no resources within themselves and can't imagine anything else to fill their lives! When there are so many other things so vastly superior to mere matrimony! I can't understand their point of view!"

"She wouldn't look at me," he repeated.

"I wouldn't be so sure," said the young woman cynically.

"Why, you just said so, yourself!" declared the young man. "Said matrimony was a back-number and—hang it, it's you I'm talking about."

The young woman sat looking at him with a bewildered pink creeping over her face. "O-o-oh!" she gasped under her breath. Then she smiled at him. "I—er—wouldn't be too certain of that, Harold," she murmured. "Now tell it to me from the beginning again. I believe I didn't quite understand!"

Chicago Daily News.
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TO THE HILL "KENTRY"

By HENRY C. WOOD.

"Lor! Lor! Jabez," mumbled the old woman, the wagon wheels creaking a fitting accompaniment to her high, shrill voice, "I'm skeered weuns won't never git ter the hill kentry. Hit seems a powerful long way off."

A man and woman, both past the middle age, plodded wearily along in the dust and heat, the woman near the rear of the wagon, the man at the horse's head.

"We-uns 'll get thar all right, mother," answered her husband, encouragingly, after a little space of silence, "by ter-morrow we-uns ought ter see the blue hills onct mo' by noon ter-morrow."

The spent horse staggered to the side of the road, and began to nibble at a small patch of green under the shade of a protecting bush.

The man waited.

"That's right, Baldy—eat all you-uns kin," he said, kindly. "Hit's a right smart journey, yit, but we-uns 'll git thar, mother, don't ye fret," he added, confidently.

The horse, somewhat refreshed by the mouthful or two of green grass, started again on its slow journey down the white stretch of dusty road.

In the afternoon they reached a city that lay in the path of their journey.

The noise and movement confused the old couple—the sight of many strange faces struck them with a mighty sense of loneliness and solitude—the country and the hills they sought were as familiar friends, but the hurrying crowds seemed pitiless and apart from them. There was a certain friendliness in nature that was altogether lacking in the busy haunts of man.

Besides, to these two, the city was symbolical of all that was evil, and cruel, and callous. Was it not a city—possibly this very one—that had swallowed in its insatiable maw an innocent girl that this old couple had cherished and called daughter?

Little wonder that they now looked about them with awe and dread, and were eager to quit the hot, noisy streets and reach the open fields once more.

The man chirruped a kindly note of encouragement to the worn-out horse. In response the faithful animal quickened its slow pace for a few steps, and then suddenly went down on the hard stones of the street to rise no more.

In helpless apathy the couple stopped, bewildered and dazed, then as the full enormity of the disaster dawned on the woman's mind, she flung herself down on her knees, and tried vainly to lift the head of the dying animal into her lap, calling entreatingly:

"Baldy! Baldy! you-uns ain't-a-goin' ter leave we-uns here? The hill kentry ain't but a little piece off—jes' ter-morrow. Can't ye take we-uns only thar—jes' thar?"

"No, mother, he's at the end of his journey a'ready," said the man, gently, as he bent to undo the patched and mended harness from the motionless animal. As he spoke he brushed his hand furtively across his weather-beaten face.

A crowd of the curious and idle began to gather, some with fippant jests at the forlorn plight of the two travelers, others touched with pity at the tragic qualities of the scene.

The old woman arose and looked helplessly from one face to another, understanding only that each one was strange, and that the hill "kentry" was yet far away.

"We-uns kem from Injiana," she said, in her slow, drawing tones, as the crowd pressed nearer. "My son, Jim, lives thar—him an' his wife an' ten children. We-uns went out thar'er live, but Jim's wife, she warn't willin', an' so we-uns started back ter the hill kentry, whence we-uns kem. Jim, though, he warn't to blame.

"Lor, strangers, we-uns hope none o' you-uns 'll ever know what hit is 'er be in trouble like this, an' ole, an' 'po'."

Her simple story seemed suddenly to arouse a wave of sympathy that swept over the motley crowd. One rawny young workman, with the memory of a mother's love still fresh in his heart, took off his hat, and dropping into it a liberal offering, passed the hat from one to another, while a shower of silver and bills fell into it, as if by a magician's skill.

Even a poor creature of the streets, with haggard face and sin-haunted eyes, cast her last coin among the others, then pressed her way through the crowd to see the ones who might be more wretched than she.

The two women looked into each other's eyes—the one pair brimming over with new-born gratitude—the other dim with awakened conscience, and then the younger woman threw herself down at the dusty, tired feet of the slder, and kissing the wrinkled hand, cried out:

"Mother, take me back to the hill country with you!"

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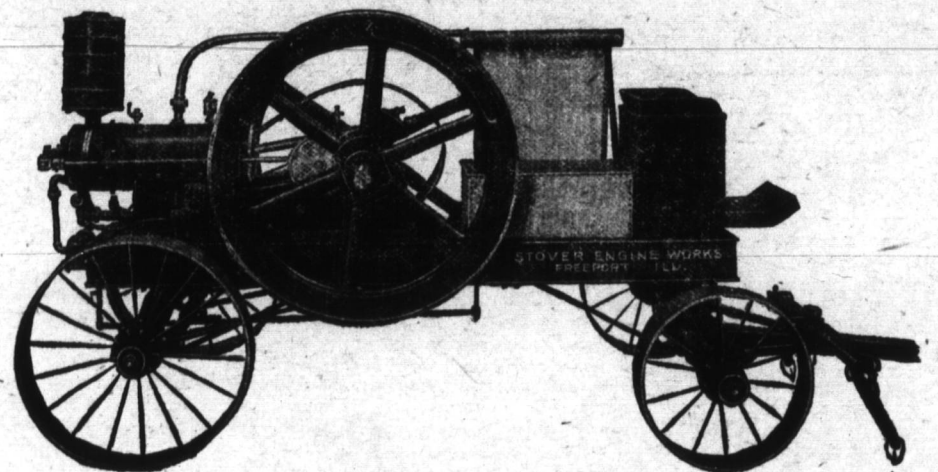
Stage Life Today.
"You say you are an actress?"
"Yes."

"And what experience have you had as an actress?"
"Well, I testified in the Wombak trial, and again in the great trunk mystery case."

Of Two Liars.
"How did you choose between the two?"
"The one I rejected said I would be an angel when I die, and the one I accepted says I am an angel now."

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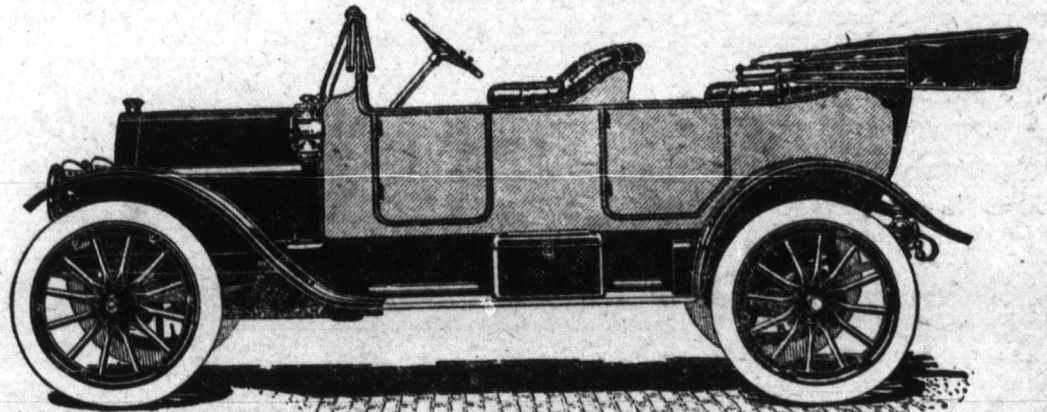
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