

THE ENTERPRISE

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Friday, June 6, 1913

Roosevelt had another chance to play to the galleries in the suit for libel against the editor of The Iron Ore. He has been awful quiet since the returns last fall.

The Chamber of Commerce must be off on its annual outing—there seems to be nothing doing in their line these days. We would inform them that peanuts are growing mighty fast now the rain has come and the sun is just right for crops.

If one is standing on a street corner on a lovely Sabbath day, even in a small town like this, he will easily understand why it costs so much to live. And the women are not the only ones who dress extremely fashionable, either. The men study styles as much as the women.

The State Journal, that new light in North Carolina journalism, is asking why insurance companies should be allowed to fix any rate they choose and the people must accept or go uninsured. In the last issue, that paper has something to say on the subject and says it well, too. Railroads are not the only corporations in North Carolina that need correction. Why discriminate?

Dean of Journalism Dead

The death of Theodore B. Kingsbury at his home in Wilmington on Tuesday, removes one of the South's most gifted men. For years he edited the Wilmington Messenger, and was regarded as one of the great editors of the country. His literary attainments made him the most gifted man of letters in the State. His eighty-five years have been useful ones, spent in service among the journalists of North Carolina. The whole State suffers in his going away, and there is grief for this loss and great sympathy for those nearest to him in life and home.

Water, Water and None to Drink

The clouds have furnished an abundance of water for the past two weeks or more, but the City Fathers have taken no means to furnish water for drinking purposes in the business portion. They evidently want us to catch rain water to use. In low countries this would be the safe thing, but not at all necessary here. The new government might do well by getting on the water wagon. It is an essential to health and comfort. The hot days are coming when plenty of good water will be desired. We have a well house—ornamental, yes, but what good is it? Only a reminder of what has been, and points to what should be in this town where good water can be had for the digging or boring. It is not necessary to drive a \$2,000 well, but one of small expense would furnish plenty of cool water for the summer days. Give the people what they need most.

Feed All From Same Spoon

If Railroad men cannot be permitted to fix railroad rates, why are fire insurance men allowed to fix fire insurance rates? Are men engaged in fire insurance so

much better than men engaged in railroad business? Are they not all merely men subject to like weaknesses and passions? The fire insurance companies are collecting from the people of this State nearly \$3,500,000 a year, or about as much as the State collects from taxes and all other sources for all purposes, and there is no check on them as to what they shall collect. They have organized their business into a trust and arbitrarily fix rates, which the citizens must pay or else go uninsured. They not only collect too much, but they grossly discriminate against the people of this State in favor of the people of other States. Railroad, telegraph, telephone and express companies are subject to State control in the matter of rates, why should this business not be fed out of the same spoon? It is all right to make the railroads charge fair rates, but it will be unjust and all wrong if insurance companies are not also made to charge fair rates. Says the Merchants Journal and Commerce: "Of all detestable combinations permitted by the South, the combination of the Fire Insurance Companies heads the list. They are entrenched with a forceful lobby of influential men in each Southern State."—State Journal.

In Memoriam

In the graveyard softly sleeping,
Where the gentle flowers wave,
Lies the one we love so dearly
In her still and silent grave.

Sleep on dear Cousin,
Sleep on and take thy rest,
We love thee well,
But Jesus loved thee best.

Dear Louise, how we miss you—
Miss you more than words can tell

Every hour and day that passes,
Brings us nearer you to dwell,
Friends may think we've forgotten,

But our love for you is still.
A place is vacant in her home,
Which never can be filled.
Her Cousin,
Mamie.

Griffins Items

Robert S. Corey is very sick this week.

Miss Fannie Daniel entertained a large number of friends Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Roberson attended the commencement exercises of the Williamston High School Friday evening.

Miss Verna Roberson entertained a number of friends Saturday night and Sunday.

The refreshing showers have started the crops to growing nicely.

Theodore Corey has been ill for some time.

Yeggman at Hamilton

Monday morning, when the postoffice at Hamilton was opened by the postmistress, Mrs. Sallie Ewell, it was found that the safe had been blown open and contents gone. Dynamite had been used, and the only tools found were some from a local smith's shop. These were probably purloined to open the building with. About \$200 in cash were secured and a quantity of stamps. The safe was a new one recently purchased by Mrs. Ewell at her own expense and the loss will be felt by her. There is no clue to the robber, but it is supposed that some professional did the job and came and went Sunday night. Several years ago the office was robbed, and the yeggmen borrowed, without asking, a horse belonging to Dr. Long and left it at Oak City.

There is no use denying it. The automobile has certainly affected the front parlor lounge industry.

MOMENT OF REVENGE

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

Carlotta sat down weakly on the edge of a chair. She was pale and panting for breath.

"Derrick a make-believe, a cheat—a liar?" The words escaped her involuntarily. It was appalling, that the man she called her husband and worshipped with absolute trust and confidence for ten solid years should have betrayed her faith so grievously. The day had been oppressive and tiresome, doubtless for the very reason that Derrick had telephoned he had to run up to Milwaukee for a few hours and could not return before midnight. So she had started out for a long walk to pass away the time, had gained only three squares when Derrick himself whizzed directly past her in a runabout—and sitting beside him, one of the most beautiful creatures she had ever seen.

She could not eat, so she walked absently out on the veranda. Presently one of the city clocks near struck ten, and her husband ran lightly up the steps, whistling merrily.

"By the way," she said, "your train must have gotten in quite two hours ahead of time."

"But I didn't go after all. The funniest thing happened. I got as far as the depot, where I met Chantry—just in from St. Louis. He was in a peck of trouble, and nothing would do but I must help him out. It was a tight fix and I concluded that I must stay and help him."

Lancaster bent suddenly and looked into her face, conscious for the first time of her determined coldness.

"What's the matter, dear? Are you ill?" She walked into the house. Lancaster, his face full of bewilderment, followed her immediately. He made several attempts to speak to her, but she evaded him emphatically. At breakfast the next morning she treated him with the same unapproachable iciness.

When he had left the house for his office Carlotta went into the library. A moment later the maid brought in a telegram.

"Expect me on the 11:40 train, Billy."

William Carrington had been with his regiment in the Philippines for half a score of years, and this was his first visit home. Billy was her only brother, and Carlotta had accorded him more than usual amount of sisterly devotion. Putting aside her grievance, she set merrily to work to prepare a room for him.

She went first into Derrick's dressing room, and saw that things were in order. While she was there, a sudden thought flashed into her ingenious brain. She could never, never be guilty of a really dishonorable act, but she would make Derrick pay, in part, for his treatment of her. It was barely probable that he would recognize her brother at once, after a dozen years. But a feeling of alarm made her stop suddenly, reconsidering. Then a smile of inspiration rippled over her face; she would unload the pistol!

When Carrington came, she was sitting on the veranda, waiting to welcome him. After a little, they went up to her boudoir for a "cozy chat" over old times.

Suddenly the gate clicked, and she heard his bounding step up the stairs. Now for her revenge! She rose abruptly and went over to Billy's chair and sat down in his lap, just as she used to do in the old days.

Lancaster went first to his own room, then turned, as usual, toward his wife's boudoir.

The sight that met his gaze froze the blood in his veins; and almost instantly transformed it to lava. He backed quickly into the adjoining room and laid his hand on the revolver lying on the table. Standing where he was, he aimed three deliberate shots at the culprits; the trigger clicked flatly, and no sound issued from the empty chambers.

Billy burst out laughing.

"Why, Derrick, old man! Surely you have not forgotten—"

"By the Eternal!" ejaculated Lancaster. "You!" Decidedly "got" for once in his life, he looked toward Carlotta. She stiffened and drew back from his threatened embrace.

"Not till you have exonerated yourself—if you can!—of driving down State street at full speed with—"

"Her voice trailed to an ignominious standstill.

"So! Well, my dear, had you allowed me to finish my discourse last evening all would have been well. As I was trying to tell you, Chantry came up from St. Louis to marry a young lady who was to meet him here from Buffalo. Her train arrived half an hour after his, and it seemed that she was very much disconcerted; the old man was following—had got wind of the elopement and put detectives on Chantry's trail, and hers. His idea was to go on to the Palmer, have me meet Miss Preston and take her out to his aunt's at Woodbine. They expected to be married there at noon and—"

Carlotta swayed toward her husband. Her cheeks were crimson with the sudden flowering of roses, and her eyes glad and ashamed.

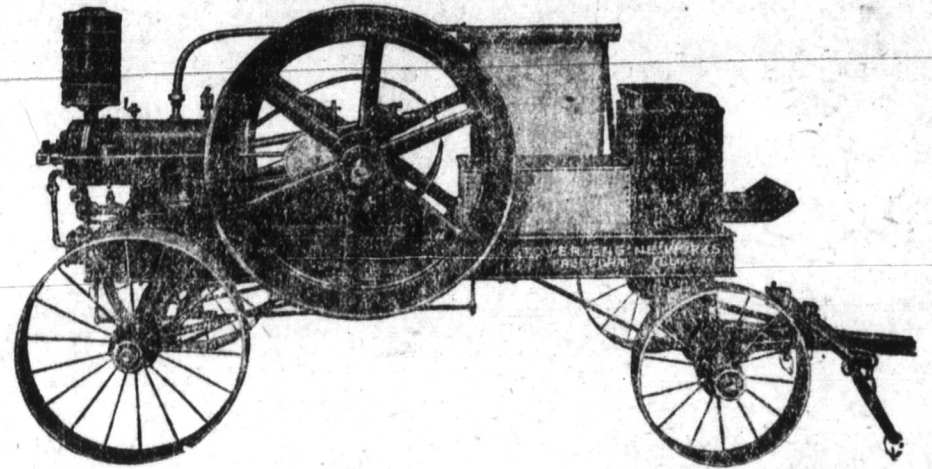
With a gesture of swift vehemence Lancaster opened his arms and Carlotta, smothering a sob of joy, collapsed limply into their eager embrace.

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Every chronic bore imagines that he is the most fascinating man in town.—Chicago News.

Auto Puncture Proof PREVENTS Tire Trouble

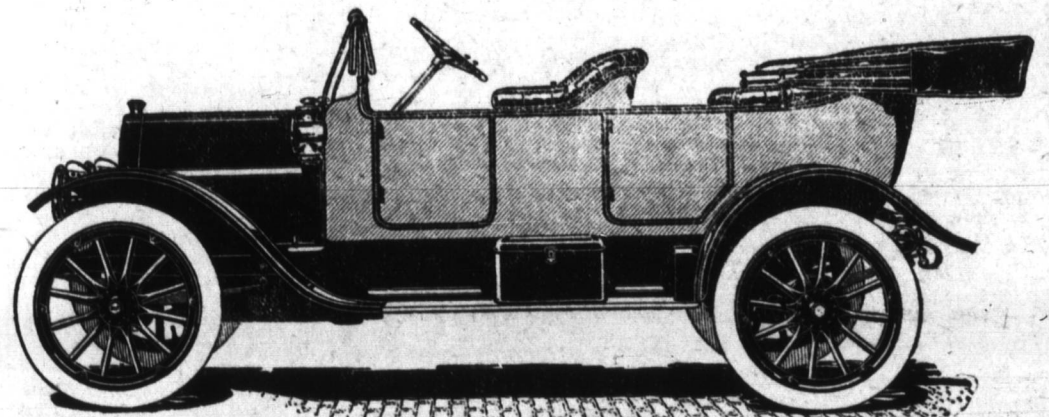
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