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In Line

The vote on Tuesday in Cross Roads Township place that section in the progressive line with Robersonville and Williamston Townships in the county. It was an easy victory for the advocates, who worked, however, as those who work to win. The people will never have cause to regret their vote. It means progress, closer relationship between friends and neighbors, time saved and a modern way of keeping intact the highways necessary to carry on the business of the section. It will mean better farms, more improved homes, and better schools. Cross Roads has done well and the future promises fair for its people.

The Largest Market

"Suffolk is the largest peanut market in the world and business is increasing rapidly every year."

The above is from The Peanut Grower, a new publication devoted to the peanut industry, and issued monthly at the peanut mart of the world. No one doubts the assertion, at least, in Martin County, for a great part of Suffolk's immense business is made possible by our people who are not wise enough to manufacture their product at home.

Williamston is the largest peanut market (for the farmers' product) in the world for the large variety of the nuts, and yet there is not a factory here. And why? Just simply because we must help build Suffolk—at least, that is the attitude assumed by some people. Yes, Suffolk can grow while Williamston bleeds to give it life. But for North Carolina, the Old Dominion would shrink up like a toy balloon after the circus has left town. We are indeed a goodly land, and perhaps so because we are such free distributors of our wealth. For is it not written that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver?

To New York by Auto

Saturday night about twelve o'clock, a Studebaker and a Cadillac car passed through here en route to New York from Washington. J. P. Simpson met them three miles in the country and piloted them as far as the Mobley mill on the Hamilton Road. From where they went via Scotland Neck taking the splendid Halifax Road to Richmond. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowers, Jos. F. Tayloe, Dr. John Blount and others.

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ENDING OF SEA FEUD

By J. C. PLUMMER.

"Let him go. To hades with his bloomin' knife. Let the dago loose," and Tom Bradd struggled to free himself from the grasp of two brawny sailors who held him. Mr. Buck, the lean, sinewy mate, had his arms interlaced about Nicola's waist, utterly unmindful of the cruel looking stiletto shaking in the powerful Italian's hand. Captain Newton advanced to the main hatch, his long, patriarchal beard falling to his waistband.

"Stop it, gall darn ye, stop it," he thundered. "I'm short handed now, and I won't have any man killing on this here hooker. Batten down your feelin's, you two fellers, till you get to Rio Grande, and then you can chop each other into bits and devil take what's left, but there's to be no choppi' on the Apollo."

The two sailors released Bradd, who recommenced the work he had stopped to fight Nicola, and the Italian, finding himself free from the mate's hold, walked dignifiedly forward and went below. The crisis had been passed, temporarily at least.

What begun the feud between the men no one knew. It existed when they shipped in New York and they had spat hate at each other during the voyage, but this was the first time an actual collision had been threatened.

"It's only put off," remarked old Ned, oracularly; "blood'll fly yet."

There were several days of bright sunshine, calm sea and cloudless sky, and on one of these mornings the mate ordered Nicola to some duty on the fore-topgallant yard. The Italian looped a line about his neck and gripping a marline spike in his teeth climbed the weather rigging. Just as he swung himself over the top he lost his hold and fell like a plummet into the sea.

"Man overboard," yelled O'Neill, who was at the wheel, and he flung a life buoy over the rail.

The skipper was on deck in one jump.

"Heave her to," he shouted. "Braces," came sharp and curt from the mate, and the men hurried to obey, casting glances aft.

"He's a goner," exclaimed Mr. Buck.

"No, there he is," said sharp-eyed O'Neill, pointing over the lee quarter, and there, sure enough, was a black speck, the head of Nicola. He was swimming, but slowly and laboriously.

The brig had been brought to and the boat ready, when a cry came from the poop.

"Hi, hi! Shark, see him!"

Abeam was the triangular fin of a shark cutting the water as it made a straight course for Nicola.

"It's all up," muttered the mate; "nothing can save him now."

There was a splash, and to our astonishment Bradd had leaped overboard and was swimming fiercely. He lay a course which must bring him between the shark and Nicola.

Having laid a right angled course Bradd gained on the shark, which was swimming in a straight line for the Italian and was a cable's length ahead of the fish when he reached a line with the slowly swimming Nicola, and then he seemed seized with convulsions. He splashed the water with his hands and legs, reminding one of the actions of a duck which has reached a pond after a long, dry land journey. His motions were so violent that the sea frothed about him, and the shark was evidently as surprised at these evolutions as was the crew of the Apollo. Obviously they were not to his taste, for he darted off in an opposite direction. By this time the boat had been lowered and in a half hour both men were aboard the brig.

"I didn't think you were that big a fool to risk your life for a dago who's hungry to put a knife in you," remarked Ned, reproachfully.

"Risk!" exclaimed Bradd; "there wasn't any. If you'd been in the Indian ocean you'd know the shark is the biggest coward that swims and any man can scare 'em off who makes a big splutter in the water, and then I hate the bloody things and I'll balk 'em of a meal any day."

Not a word had Nicola spoken to anyone since he had been brought on board, but now he came out of the forecabin and approached Bradd. He held out to him the stiletto with the hilt toward his enemy.

"Keep your bloomin' knife," said Bradd, and the broad, freckled face broke into a smile.

In that most monotonous and very dirty Brazilian town, Rio Grande, do Sul, two very drunken men walked arm and arm down towards the quay. One sang a coxer song in a deep bass and the other in a screechy tenor a barcarole. They were Bradd and Nicola, and the sea feud was at an end.

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Rabbit Wrecks Railroad Motor.

General Roadmaster A. A. Miller of the Iron Mountain system was recently taken to the company's hospital in St. Louis suffering from a compound fracture of the left arm, cuts on his jaw and ear and internal injuries. He was riding on a railway motor car near Knobel, Ark., when a rabbit, leaping across the track, was caught in the wheels of the car. The car was derailed. Three other men on the car also were injured.

Plan to Reduce Cost of Living. Milwaukee working girls are organizing co-operative buying clubs to reduce the cost of living.

RUSSIAN JOAN OF ARC

By BESSIE R. HOOVER.

Dmitri Pretzoff had been notified that he must serve in the czar's army. This news came like a thunderbolt to his mother, Anna Pretzoff, who is my distant kinswoman, and who has cared for me ever since the awful night at Priblov ten years ago, when my parents were both killed.

It seemed as if Dmitri could not be spared, for his mother's little holding had to be cared for; and Anna Pretzoff and myself could never do all the work, though I was twenty years old and strong for a girl.

The day came when Dmitri was to go; but like a stroke out of a clear sky, a strange sickness fell upon him that very morning as he started on his way to Svelk, where the recruiting officer was stationed.

Dmitri was very sick, so sick that he seemed near death. Of course he could not go to Svelk that day, but that only put off his going a little longer.

Then a quick resolve came to me, and with it a daring plan, that though I was only a peasant girl, I formed in a moment's time.

Fired with an unreasoning zeal of adventure, I slipped up to the loft where Dmitri's best clothes lay ready for him on a cot. I hastily put them on, and they were a good fit, for I was about his height, and large and strong for a girl. Then I quickly clipped my hair in the fashion of the peasant men, and went down stairs.

Calling Anna Pretzoff into the kitchen, I told her of my determination to take Dmitri's place, march away with the troops, and when there was no longer any fear of them coming back for Dmitri, I would explain all and come home.

At the recruiting station all went as it should, and I was soon marching, shoulder to shoulder between two stalwart peasant soldiers, who took my presence as a matter of course.

On the third day my name was called as we stopped for dinner beside a little stream.

"Dmitri Pretzoff, a letter." I had almost forgotten my new name.

The letter had been written by kinswoman, and said that I must come home at once, for Dmitri was dead.

Dead! Dmitri, my old playmate; the man I was going to marry sometime! I had not thought that Dmitri would die.

The old scenes and the familiar faces that had faded so quickly from my careless mind, that the strange events of the last three days had seemed to obliterate, came back, and I was homesick with a dull, physical pain. After all, I was only a woman, and Dmitri had been more to me than I had been conscious of. I must go home and care for his mother.

That night I got a permit to visit the commanding officer's tent. He was alone and I told my errand briefly.

"I am a girl," I said, "I took the place of Dmitri Pretzoff, who was too sick to come—now he is dead. May I go back and take care of his mother?"

The officer was astonished, then nonplussed, and above all he was displeased to think that such a trick had been played.

"Did you do this for love of country?" he questioned.

"No," I answered, "I went to seek adventure," then I hung my head, for the part that I was playing did not seem so heroic as it had at home; all of a sudden I saw that I was really an impostor.

But I was a woman, very tired, almost sick, and the officer had compassion on me, for he wrote a pass and gave me money enough to get back home on.

And some way the papers got hold of the story and dilated on it as papers will, and it went all over the world that I was a second "Joan of Arc," when I was only a foolish and ignorant girl.

I started home, still in my uniform, with my knapsack strapped across my shoulders and the precious pass signed by the commanding officer, in my pocket.

Leaving the train at the little station at Svelk, I tramped disconsolately through the fields towards my kinswoman's holding.

A peasant was working in the field, a strong young fellow, I could tell by the lusty strokes of his mattock. It must be Jan Covens, I thought, helping because of Dmitri's death.

"Ho, Jan," I called, glad to speak to one of my own people again.

But it was not Jan that turned toward me at the sound of my voice—it was Dmitri. Then I supposed that I must be delirious from overstrain, and that the man I saw before me was only a phantom.

But no, it was Dmitri, who welcomed me back as one from the dead; for his mother had never told him of my taking his place, but had led him to believe that I had wandered away, no one knew where.

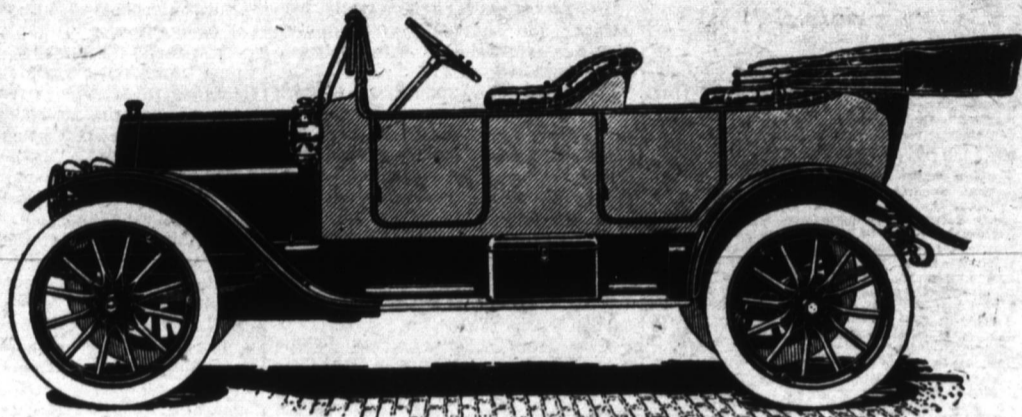
Not till long after Dmitri and I were married, did Anna Pretzoff tell me the whole truth about the strange sickness of her son. When the day had come for him to join the army she drugged him with tea made from a poisonous herb. He drank this liquid during the morning meal, and shortly after became insensible. Later she had written that he was dead, thinking that the news would bring me home.

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After fortune has smiled on a man he can afford to laugh and grow fat.

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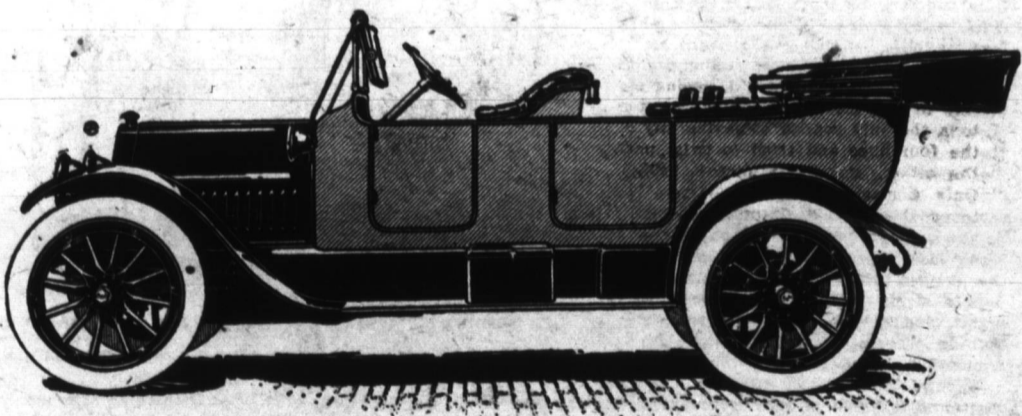
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