

**THE ENTERPRISE**

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**THE ENTERPRISE,**  
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Friday, August 29, 1913

**Do Your Selling**

Several weeks ago, we advised against selling cotton for future delivery, as some farmers have a habit of doing to their regret later on. This is an age of speculators—the world has seen nothing to equal it. It is an era of "get-rich-quick," and the easiest way about it to buy something for nothing and sell at a big profit. Often, very often, the men who made the commodity are the ones who get less out of it. This is so frequently true of the tobacco crop grown right here in our own fertile county. Many farmers have an uneasy feeling just as soon as their crops are cured and in the barns. They fear that prices will slump, and when a speculator comes around, they sell for much less than the weed would bring if they sold directly on the floors of the warehouses. There might be some times when a man could not conveniently grade and care for his crop, but this should not be. The man who raises the weed should have a good place to store it, and know how to properly handle same before offering it for sale. The best plan is to place it on the home market, and receive the full price for every pound. The men who go about to purchase the weed in the bulk expect to realize a handsome sum, and usually do. But why not let the farmer get the benefit of his own labors? The question is with him. More than any other class in the South, is the farmer the master of his own fate.

**The Farmers' Meeting**

Farmers will do well to attend the Farmers' Meeting on Thursday, September 4th. This promises to be the best meeting our county ever enjoyed. In addition to the lectures and charts, there will be moving pictures to illustrate and show many valuable points. Lay aside the work of the day and come and get new ideas and prepare your mind for next year's work.

**The Farmers and the Banks**

We urge farmers to acquire the banking habit. If you have never had an account with your local banker, go to him and tell him of your desire to open an account with him, to make your deposits as you get the money and to draw the money out through your checks. Ask him to explain to you the rules of his bank and his banking methods. You want to make out your deposit slips exactly as other depositors do. You ought to know something about the principles of banking. They are few and not difficult to understand. It helps a man to save to have a bank account. It educates him and his boys, and his wife and daughters, too, in business habits. If you have a bank account and are businesslike in your transactions, you establish a reputation as a business man as well as a farmer; then, when you want to borrow money to purchase fertilizers or to make improvements, or to buy stock, you can go to your banker, tell him of your proposed transactions and ask that he let

you have the money that you will need. Tell him when you think you can pay it, and he will make the loan upon terms and conditions to meet your necessities.

Home and Farm believes that the farmer has an unused credit, due to the property he owns. Credit follows capital or property like its shadow. A merchant or manufacturer having several thousand dollars invested in his business has no difficulty in securing bank accommodation, because his property is a good security for what he borrows.

The farmer's property is a better security, if he handles it properly, and if he is sagacious in his conduct of business affairs.

The trouble is the farmer himself discredits his own property by neglect, or he fails to avail himself of his own opportunity, because he is not thoroughly familiar with business practices.

The farmer in the South needs to know more about business if he is going to get the best results from his labor and if he is going to market his crops with the best returns.

Let the farmer, then come to a good understanding with his local banker. Let him be free with them and frank with them. Let them understand each other, and we will have a little co-operative society of banker, merchant and farmer, which must be the foundation of all co-operation.—Home & Farm.

**Embroidery Club**

Mrs. Kader Crawford was hostess to the Club on Tuesday afternoon at her home on Smithwick Street. Added to the number of members of the Club, were eight honor guests, but some of these were unavoidably detained at home. Sixteen were present, however, and fully enjoyed the hours with the hostess. After work bags were closed and books exchanged, delicious refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. A. R. Dunning on September 9th.

**To go to Alabama**

Rev. Horace H. Settle, who closed his pastorate at the Christian Church here on Sunday, will leave for Aniston, Ala., soon, where he has accepted the pastorate of the church in that city. During his pastorate here, he has made many friends, and is a young man of fine parts, deeply spiritual and zealous for his Master's cause. The congregation here regret his departure, but wish for him years of usefulness in the ministry.

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**TECUMSEH BY PROXY**

By WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

Tom Lansing and Lucie Bell were strolling around the equestrian statue of grand old "Tecumseh" Sherman, in the moonlight of May. Near them towered the granite facade of the treasury, yonder twinkled the lights of the White House.

"Sit there," he said. For with his handkerchief he had switched away the dust from a block of stone where stood, in real bronze, one of the soldiers that, at quadrangle corners, guard the "Leader to the Sea."

As he seated himself beside her he said:

"When Sherman was leading his legion through Georgia a handsome young captain of a cavalry regiment had a remarkable episode. A cavalry brigade had captured the town of Roswell, on the Chattahoochee, at the extreme left of the army, and Roswell was simply a town of cotton and wool-an factories. The exigencies of war demanded the burning of the factories and they were committed to the flames, but what disposition to make of the thousand or more pretty girls of the confederate looms became a serious question. Gallant old Tecumseh was equal to the occasion, however. He ordered a regiment of bold sabreurs to the front and directed that each trooper and officer should take a pretty maid upon an improvised pillow, behind him on his steed.

"The girl that rode with her arms about the waist of the handsome young captain was the prettiest one of the thousand, and they were nearly all remarkably pretty southern girls who were patriotically working to clothe the soldiers of the south. Moreover, she was of a good family



Each Took a Pretty Maid.

of Georgia and had held some sort of official position in one of the factories of Roswell.

"Of course. Don't you know I was born in Marietta?" questioned Lucie Bell.

"Yes, I know," returned Tom Lansing. "But this was many years before you were born."

"A young woman who stood at the gate to the beautiful grounds I told you of, watching with amused face the passing regiment of double riders, when she saw the young captain and his charge, rushed screaming between 'right and joy, toward them, and then something happened. The captain's horse plunged and reared, and the young officer adroitly lifted the maiden to the ground and to the arms of her cousin, the young woman who had come from the gate. But other of the horses taking, contagiously, the fright, plunged against him, and rider and horse fell among rough-shod hoofs.

"Quickly the spot was cleared, but the young captain was taken up, unconscious, and by direction of the two girls was borne to the grand house among the trees and roses.

The young captain happened to be known and loved by General Sherman, who sent his own staff surgeon to attend the injured officer.

"There were days of anxiety for those about the young captain. He was long unconscious and then followed a fever. The left arm, with which he had so gallantly saved the girl from among the trampling horses, was broken and cut, but youth and a good constitution triumphed at last, and shortly after Sherman had started on his march to the sea, Capt. Tom Lansing and Lucie Gill, his bride, the girl he had brought from Roswell behind him, and who had nursed him through his fight with death, had arrived at Lansing's home, in autumn, on the shady banks of the river Des Plaines."

"Tom Lansing!" Lucie almost screamed. "Why that's your name! And Lucie Gill—that's my name—Lucie Gill Bell. My father had a cousin named Lucie Gill whom he loved so much that he named me for her, but he died when I was a baby and of course never told me of her history."

"She was my mother. I am the only son and youngest of five children."

"Then you and I are kin."

"Yes, but very far removed, I am thankful."

"I don't see why you are so exultant about the distance of our relationship. I'm just as good—as you are, Tom Lansing."

"A thousand times better, little girl. But I am glad we are not near of kin because I want you to be my wife."

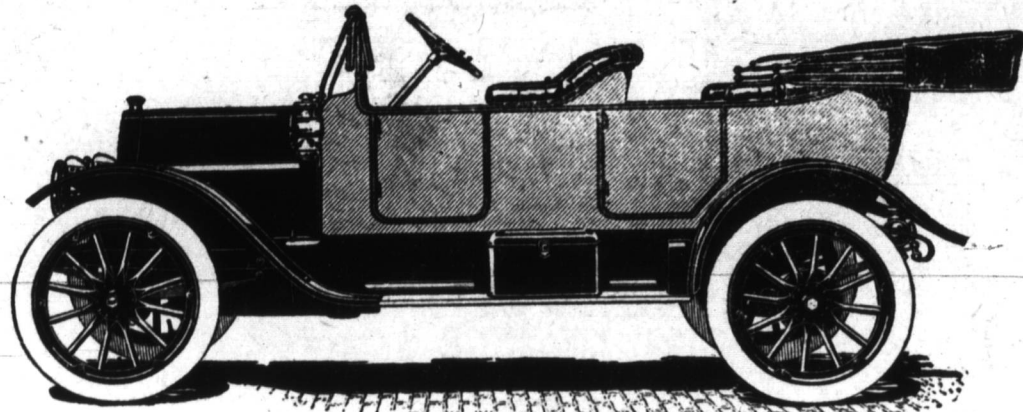
"Lift me up," she said, "until I can kiss the bronze lips of that old invader."

"Can't do that," he said, "but I will be old Tecumseh's proxy for once."

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*Studebaker*

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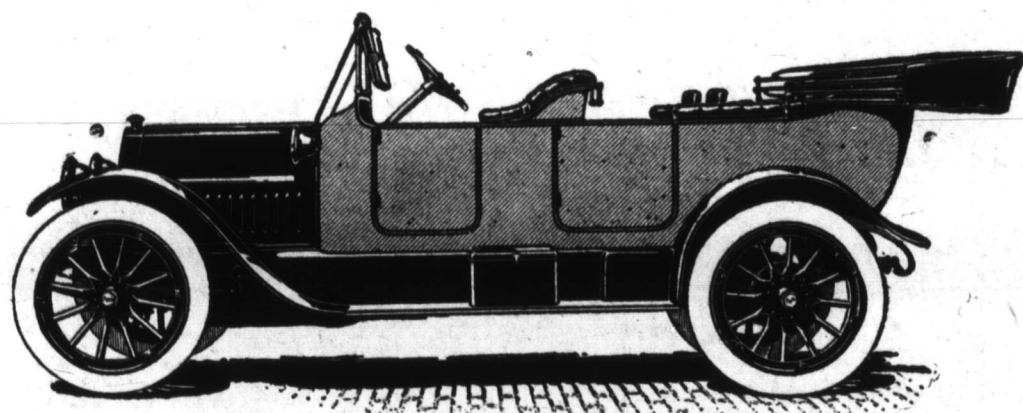


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