

# THE ENTERPRISE

VOL XVI. NO. 51

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1915

\$1.00 a Year in Advance

## TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Very Interesting Sketch of a Trip To The Panama-Pacific Expedition and Western Canada.

BY HARRY A. BIGGS

I trust those who have honored me by reading these brief descriptions of the places of interest in the West which our party visited, will pardon my writing in such detail of the scenic wonders of Colorado, but as I said when I began, this section has a subtle charm for me, and a description of the trip would be sadly out of keeping were I to omit any portion of the wonders of nature which are found there.

Just before taking leave of Colorado Springs, we took the Crystal Park Drive, and many of us thought we had seen so much around this interesting spot, that this drive would be commonplace and we would suffer from ennui; however, if any one suffered, it was certainly from a different source—some did suffer from fright, and I believe there was no person who took this drive for the first time that morning, who did not consider it the most thrilling automobile ride he had ever experienced. Our party got into the machine at the Antlers Hotel, and went peacefully and quietly along the thoroughfares of the town, passing the first capitol of Colorado, a small, one-story, wooden house, sadly out of repair, which served this wonderful state as a capitol in the early days, until we reached a gate about three miles from the hotel. This gate was swung open, our tickets taken, and we started to the Crystal Park. The road is the most perfect natural road upon which I have ever ridden, and in the beginning, as the car slipped quietly around the winding path one feels no danger, and thinks he is going out for an ordinary spin, perhaps, up and around mountains like one finds around Asheville, N. C., but as the road leads, the car proceeds, and one soon realizes that he has started on an entirely different journey. The road has been cut around the mountain side, and in some places it seems almost an impossibility to make the turns, so sharp they are. Even at the beginning the scene is one of enchanting beauty—the brilliant colorings of the many hues on the side of the mountain, the strangely and picturesquely shaped trees, and the floating clouds in the blue sky make a very beautiful view. As the car proceeds one rises at a rate of four feet every hundred yards, and soon the road around the mountain becomes so steep, and the corners so sharp, that in order for the car to make the turns many of the larger ones have to be put on a turn table, and when this is done about half of the car is suspended out into the air, with a chasm, in some places 5,000 feet deep, as the only thing which the car could fall should it lose balance; this experience is somewhat harrowing. On many of these turns at this height one sees the clouds below, and if he were not sure where he was he would imagine himself looking out into the ocean, for the clouds give the effect of the rolling billows. No one acknowledged when he reached the top that he had been at all alarmed, but there were many whose somewhat pallid faces and glar-

ing eyes told a different story. The top of the mountain is called the Crystal Park, and is at a height of about twelve thousand feet, and from it a view of the surrounding country, which is magnificent, can be had. I was told that we saw seven hundred thousand acres of land; I do not know this, but it certainly offered a splendid opportunity to view the natural wonders and beauty of this far famed country and again one was reminded of the ocean, for just as far as the eye could penetrate, one could see the smoky clouds which so often resemble the waves of the sea. The trip consumed 4 hours, and was the most thrilling and exciting automobile trips I ever expect to take, for if one were to tell me that a trip would excel the Crystal Park Drive I should refuse to go.

With this automobile ride which had eclipsed all others I had ever taken, with the memories of the beauties of Pike's Peak, the wonders of Cripple Creek, and the other famous places around Colorado Springs, I reluctantly boarded the train for my departure, leaving all this splendor behind.

The afternoon was spent in passing through the Rockies, and these mountains whose peaks rise to such wonderful heights offer to the traveler the most sublime mountain views to be found within the United States. At Canyon City, a few miles west of Colorado Springs, open observation cars were attached to the rear of the train so that we might have an unobstructed view while passing through the wonderful scenery of the "Royal Gorge" in the canyon of the Arkansas river. This is the mightiest chasm traversed by steel rails in the world, with walls of solid granite rising 2,600 feet above the track, and so narrow that in some places the track is suspended above the stream. The Arkansas river is one of the longest in the world, two thousand miles in length, and the canyon which it has formed in the state of Colorado is one of the most sublime freaks of nature that my eyes ever beheld, and I thank the God of my mortal circumstances that it has been my fortune once to see this grand handiwork of the Creator of the universe. No canvas or camera has ever caught the grandeur of the canyon. Geologists claim that it must have taken 10,000 years for the river to wear its way from the top of the mountain to its present bed. I have no sufficient words at my command to describe the wonderful magnificent, awe inspiring beauty of the canyon.

The side of the mountain contains colors which are divine; crimson shading into the softest brown, old gold fading into violet. Looking up at this marvelous work of nature one readily realizes the strength and greatness of God's work, the durability, the everlastingness of it, and his mind thinks of the unborn thousands who will view this mighty chasm, fashioned by the hands of the Divine Creator, when his poor mortal body shall have crumbled into dust. Seeing this grandeur rising to such magnificent height and being inspired by its beauty, one forgets the mighty force of the river just at hand which has caused this. The river, just by the side of the track, goes rushing on, gradually wearing its way deeper into the bosom of the earth.

In the evening about 9 o'clock the train was parked at Salida, Colorado for the night, and the most wonderful and gorgeous

moonlight added beauty to this marvelous sight. In the morning we resumed the journey through the mountains by day.

The last spot at which we stopped in this wonderfully God blest state was Glenwood Springs a resort hotel, famed throughout the country for its sulphur water and famous baths. This is a favorite resort of Roosevelt when he is hunting in the Rocky Mountains. I swam in water which came into the pool boiling hot from the side of the mountain, but was cooled to body heat and while splashing in the water, in the splendid light of God's sunshine, I looked to the top of the surrounding mountains and saw them capped with snow; hot water, splendid sunshine and snow all at one time, and in August, a wonderfully interesting world this is.

For me to say farewell to Colorado brought a tinge of sadness. Of course, I hope to again see its beauties and wonders, but the uncertainty of life makes this doubtful, but my mind shall always turn with happy thoughts to the pleasures which that state offered me, and with a happiness mingled with sadness, when I contemplate that I may never again enjoy the natural beauty, which the all wise Creator has designed with master hand of a skilled artist for the enjoyment of mankind, also the creature of his handiwork.

### The Most Neglected.

It really seems that the hen is the most neglected, when her real value is considered, of anything on the farm. Doubtless, too, she will show her appreciation of care sooner than any creature.

She gets around, sings a ca-ca-a-a morning and night.

Now, Brother Farmer, if we will get out around our chicken yards, barn yards, etc., and sow her plenty of rye, oats, wheat and rape she will give us eggs, eggs and more eggs. Of course, some sharp grit, shell and an occasional ration of grain will gain additional appreciation from her. Do you know that we can arrange a covered grain hopper, a grit and shell hopper, and fill these once a week or two weeks, and the work is done this far; she will need fresh water also.

If we will do these simple things, we shall have eggs the year round for our tables and quite a number to sell. With the proper care the hen is simply an egg machine, and will do her work every day. These few practically inexpensive things done, will mean more to Martin County than you may think. Thousands of dollars are lost each year right in the county by not looking after the poultry.

Let's begin now to sow these crops, and make preparation for the best egg crop Martin County has ever had. The small towns the county cannot get eggs for table use a greater part of the year. Of course, in early spring when nature gives the hen green food we have eggs and they are always cheap. The thing which we want to do, is to have them all the year round, have plenty for home use and some to spare.

When the cold weather comes on take some of the boars that may be going to waste about the farm, over cracks in the chicken house. Keep them warm and they will do the rest.

Jos. L. Holliday,  
County Agt.

All Halloween's is near and pumpkins are in demand.

### Another Veteran Gone

John D. Williams, who was born Oct. 19th, 1834, died August 17th, 1915, making his life on this earth eighty years and 10 months.

While a young man he married Miss Mary Jones, who survived him at his death. They were blessed with nine children of whom six are still living. Just after Mr. Williams was married, he and his wife joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Jamesville. Since that time they have been faithful members, attending almost every service possible.

When the Civil War began, Mr. Williams was twenty-seven years old. After North Carolina left the Union, he joined the 17th Regiment, Co. E, under Captain Swain. There he fought four years for the Confederate cause. He was wounded once in the leg.

He had been in ill health for several years before his death. He seemed to be perfectly willing to go, and welcomed death as the fruition of eternal hopes. He with other old Confederate soldiers, has served his time honorably here, and has passed into the Great Beyond to await the Resurrection Morn.

Fannie M. Williams.

### War Tax On Domestic Wines

Owing to the fact that there was no market for the Scuppernon grapes in Martin County this year, many who owned vines made the crop into wine. It was not generally known that there was a war tax of eight cents per gallon, and there have been many inquiries about the matter of taxation. At the beginning of the war, when the government taxed a large number of things, this small tax was put on domestic wines. However, it does not apply to wines made for personal use, but only when such wine is sold in packages of two and one-half gallons, or more, the State prohibition law forbidding the sale of less than that quantity. With the eight cents added to the cost of a gallon, there is still a good profit in the wine, if care is taken to properly clarify it. Scuppernon wine is the best of all wines made in the county.

### Lost Favorite Horse

Saturday night, J. G. Godard lost a valuable horse, which he had owned for some time. The horse was sick for several days, and Dr. Thigpen, of Greenville, Veterinary Surgeon, was called here Friday night. He at once pronounced the animal suffering with lockjaw. Examination proved that a nail had been stuck in one foot, and so the cause. Though the horse was almost in extremis, Dr. Thigpen tried antitetanus serum, which when used in time, is generally effective, but the disease had gone too far, and Saturday night, the animal was chloroformed. Mr. Godard had a grave prepared in the back of his field, and Sunday the horse was interred.

### Hurt At Mill

Monday, while at work in a sawmill at Gold Point, Thrower Taylor had the misfortune to have his knee cut. He was taken to Robersonville, and physicians found that the patella had been cut and no doubt, the leg will always be stiff. Mr. Taylor is the son of Mr. Ferdinand Taylor, is a splendid young man, and has many friends through the county, who will regret to hear of his misfortune.

## CRUSHED TO DEATH UNDER WHEELS OF A LOG TRAIN

### IS HORRIBLY MANGLED

While Attempting to Sand the Rails Mr. Paul Smithwick Falls in Front of a Log Engine And is Run Over And Gushed To Death.

One of the saddest deaths which has happened here in years, was that of Mr. Paul Smithwick, who died at 2 o'clock on Wednesday from injuries received from being run over by the log train of the Williamston Cooperage Company, which operates in Core-nine Swamp on the Bertie side of the Roanoke River, opposite the Company's plant. Mr. Smithwick had been superintendent of the logging force for more than a year, and Wednesday motored in from his home five miles in the country and put his force to work. The force was one and a half miles back in the swamp where the dampness was heavy and the rails on the track were slippery, and impeded the progress of the engine with the log trucks. Mr. Smithwick perceiving this hindrance to the work ordered one of the workmen to sand the track, and the man refusing, he jumped out with the bucket of sand and attempted to get on the front of the engine to conveniently sand the track. The engine was moving slowly, but he failed to secure a safe hold and fell on the track, and one wheel went over his thighs crushing both. As soon as possible first aid to the injured was given and Dr. Rhodes was hurriedly summoned.

P. F. Apfel, manager of the Cooperage Co., with the help of others who went into the woods placed the injured man on a truck as comfortably as possible under the circumstances, and brought him out to the camps and across the river where he was put on a stretcher and carried to the home of his uncle, S. S. Hadley on Main Street.

All the physicians in the town with Dr. J. E. Smithwick, of Jamesville, and Dr. Julian M. Baker, of Tarboro, exhausted medical skill to try to bring about a reaction, so they could perform necessary operation, but without avail. There was never a beat of the pulse, though the wounded man was conscious and talked intelligently until a few minutes before death came. When his wife came in he very calmly allayed her fears by saying that only a thigh was crushed, though he realized his condition, and asked Mr. Asa Manning to pray for him before he was brought from the woods. A few minutes past 2 o'clock death came and his body was prepared for burial and was taken to his home in the country.

Paul Smithwick was the son of Mrs. Mary Smithwick, and was born in Martin county 30-years ago. Since coming to years of maturity, he had labored industriously and had made a comfortable home for himself and wife. He was a trusted employe, and was known as an honest, upright citizen, a devoted husband and son and was highly respected by all who knew him. For several years he had been a member of the Methodist church at Holy Spring, being a steward of the same.

This is the second man killed by this engine, both accidents

occurring at the same place. The first victim was a colored man.

Yesterday at 2 o'clock, the funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. J. T. Stanford of the Methodist church, and the interment was in the cemetery where the body of his little babe rests.

There is much sympathy felt for the bereaved wife, mother and the two sisters.

### The Christian Convention

The Annual Convention of the Christian Church, which met at Pantego on Monday of last week, closed the following Wednesday, and selected Charlotte as the convention city for next year. W. C. Manning, of Williamston, vice-president, in the absence of the president, called the convention to order.

While the representation was not as large as usual, the reports from ministers and delegates all showed a healthy growth, and the spirit of optimism prevailed both in the work of the congregations and organized missionary activity. The Church is one of the most progressive religious organizations in the State of North Carolina, and many of its largest churches are situated in this eastern section.

Rev. J. R. Tingle, who was four years pastor of the Williamston Church, preached the opening sermon on the theme of "Working," and the large congregation listened with unusual interest to his words. Among the attractive speakers were Mrs. Ford, a missionary from South America, Dr. F. M. Raines, of Cincinnati, and Dr. George W. Muckley, of Kansas City, Mo.

The nominating committee reported active officers of the Executive Board as follows: W. C. Manning, of Williamston, president; Rev. C. W. Howard, of Kinston, vice president; Paul A. Hodges, of Kinston, recording secretary, L. J. Chapman, of Grifton, treasurer; C. C. Ware, formerly of Greenwood, S. C. was called as corresponding secretary and registrar of Atlantic Christian College.

### 20th Century Club

The Twentieth Century Club held its regular meeting on Oct. 14th with Mrs. S. R. Biggs, Jr. After the usual business was disposed of Mrs. Wheeler Martin Jr. acting as President in the absence of the President, the program for the afternoon was rendered as following:

Roll Call—Quotations from Bryant.

Sketch of William Cullen Bryant—Mrs. Martin, Jr.

Thanatopsis—Mrs. Staton.

Selection (Little Women), Alcott—Mrs. Cone.

Current Events—Miss Annie Lamb.

Besides the regular members a number of visitors were specially invited. At the close of a very enjoyable afternoon, a delicious salad was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. R. P. Badham of Edenton; sister of the hostess.

### Robersonville Item

Rev. Robert W. Stanfill, of Ohio, is engaged in a series of church services at the Christian Church at Robersonville. He uses Bible charts in presenting some of his subjects which makes them very plain and impressive.