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AMERICAN WARSHIPS ARE NOW IN EUROPEAN WATERS

DESTROYERS TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE ALLIED FLEETS

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCE ARRIVAL

All American Warships Will Eventually be Sent Across-Admiral Sims is in Command of Flotilla Now in European Waters.

London, May 16—The admiralty today announced the arrival of American destroyers in British waters. The following announcement was given out:

"The British admiralty states that a flotilla of United States destroyers recently arrived in this country to join forces in the prosecution of the war."

Washington, May 16—When the British admiralty's announcement was received the Navy Department here officially confirmed the presence of American destroyers in the war zone, but made no other information public.

The destroyers are in command of Rear Admiral Sims, who is directing their operations in conference with the heads of the British and French navies.

Ultimately, the entire American destroyer flotilla will be sent to the war zone. The Navy Department's reasons for not announcing the presence of those already there was that it wished to complete the movement before making it public.

Attention, City Fathers

It may not be a good policy to rush work on the new Board of Town Commissioners, but it is right to call their attention to the fact that the board-walk near the home of Banker Godard is in such bad repute that for sheer shame, it is trying to hide below the surface. A large number of the citizens and by the way, they pay taxes, too, pass over this walk, and for fear of breaking through, often walk out in the mud instead of going over it. Then, too, when it rains, the water is several inches deep right over the boards. Contrast this with the very attractive and substantial brick structure over the ravine two streets below; this street is passed by a very few because of the steepness of the hill on each side. It is said that it took about \$400 of the town's money to fix this. No one objects to this, if an equal distribution of the work had been made at other places which need it most. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is the slogan of democracy everywhere, and the idea should prevail in municipalities as well as in Nations. But unfortunately, there is seemingly discrimination in the work done here on the streets. The new Board should more equally distribute repairs.

Dr. J. S. Rhodes has been in Norfolk this week on business.

Hamilton Book Club

Mrs. R. W. Salsbury delightfully entertained the Book Club at her home on Front St., Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Every member of the Club was present, and the honor guests were Misses Joyce, of Stoneville Mrs. W. T. Grimes, of Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. J. M. Carstarphen and Mrs. John Banks, of Norfolk. The meeting was a very patriotic one. The library was profusely decorated with National flags, and every member responded to roll call with some current event of the war. Mrs. Norma W. Grimes read a paper on the "American Woman" and a poem entitled, "America to England." The Misses Joyce furnished music on the piano, after which the Victrola pealed forth "The Star-Spangled Banner," when every one stood and joined in singing this glorious song. After the business and social hour, the guests were invited in the dining room which was tastefully decorated with spring flowers, the color scheme being green and white. A dainty two-course buffet luncheon was served. The meeting adjourned to meet with Mrs. B. B. Sherrod, Sr., May 24. Mrs. Norma Grimes, Cor. Secretary.

STOP THE DAILY WASTE PANTRY AND TABLE

Experts of the Department of Agriculture at Washington have estimated that if just one ounce of edible meat or fat is wasted by each of the 20,000,000 families in the United States each day it means a total waste of 1,250,000 pounds per day, or the staggering total of 465,000,000 pounds in a year, the equal of 875,000 steers or 3,000,000 hogs.

If one ounce of bread is wasted by each family each day it means the throwing away of 875,000 pounds of flour each day, or 1,500,000 barrels each year—sufficient flour with which to make 365,000,000 loaves of bread. Stated in terms of wheat it is 7,000,000 bushels.

Secretary Lucas of the North Carolina Food Conservation Commission has figured out North Carolina's part of such a waste. There are approximately 600,000 families in the State. An ounce of meat or fat and an ounce of bread wasted each day in a year's time in this State is a loss of 13,680,000 pounds of meat, the equivalent of 90,000 hogs, and 10,950,000 loaves of bread, or 210,000 bushels of wheat.

Judging by the new cars in town, the war news has not made much impression on the folks in Martin County and Williamston. Instead of being a luxury, the auto has become a business necessity these days.

NEGRO MAKES ESCAPE WITH HANDCUFFS ON

Policeman Page has Exciting Chase With John Teel, a Negro, Tuesday Afternoon—Made Escape in Swamp.

Tuesday afternoon, Chief of Police Page found several bottles of whiskey concealed near the old boiler back of the tobacco warehouse, and hiding himself he awaited the coming of the owner of the booze. Soon John Teel, the negro who was shot several years ago, and has since remained around town, was seen coming and was captured by Chief Page. Teel was handcuffed and asked what was to be done with him. Upon learning that he was to be placed in jail he requested that he be taken to his home where he could get some clothes. The way he led was along the street by the residence of Dr. Biggs, and when near the residence Teel broke away with lightning speed raced down the street, across the railroad and plunged into the thick undergrowth on Hersh place with Chief Page a close second. Five shots were fired at Teel, but he heeded them not, and Chief Page would not try to wound him sufficiently to know him over. Twilight was then over the world, and Teel escaped in the thickness of the woods, as there was no one near to assist in heading him off on the other side. Many citizens helped look for him for some time, but he could not be located.

Chief Page offered a reward of \$12.50 for his capture.

Teel is supposed to have broken into the depot and secured the booze. He is a desperate character, and should never have been allowed to remain about here in idleness, stealing and selling whiskey.

Cold Hurts Cotton

It is reported that some people are plowing up their cotton, which has been so seriously damaged by the extreme cool weather for the past week or more. Much of the corn is white, and cotton red. Last week, there was a slight frost and a little snow fell. One farmer plowed up a field of cotton and planted corn—not a bad idea, as people cannot eat cotton, and foodstuffs are the greatest needs at this time. Corn, peas and potatoes will be as much a money crop as cotton and tobacco under the present situation, and the Martin County farmer will not make a mistake if he plants for more food, when the cotton looks bad.

C. D. Carstarphen and son, C. D. Jr., went to Norfolk Monday.

WHOSE CHILD WILL IT BE, YOURS OR MINE?

The world is beautiful with flowers, birds, sunshine, the blue waters, and the bejeweled dome of heaven. There is music from the feathered choristers and the rippling waters, as they flow through the green meadows, but the sweetest note that strikes upon the heart-strings of the world, is the laughter of a little child in spring or summer, fall or winter. Dead indeed is the soul who will not respond to the music of childish lips, and no man or woman has any place in God's universe, who does not love little children. They may exist here, but they fill no niche nor bring true happiness to themselves or to others.

The child has a place in the household, in the State in the nation; by inherent right, it has the protection of civil, moral and religious laws—the whole world stands aghast when a harm is done to one of these little ones, whom the Saviour blessed thru all the ages. Still, like all law, there comes a laxity even in the protection of the helpless; men who swear to do their whole duty shut their eyes to daily, yearly violations of the law which will some time crush the heart of some mother. Whose child will it be to suffer or to endure the pain of a maimed body for life?

That question is asked because of the violation of the law governing automobiles in the town of Williamston. Any day and especially on Sundays, one can see after car going at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour up the principal streets of the town. Young boys are allowed to race cars and the older ones are not one whit more careful. There are some demanding that cars stop before entering Main Street and some of the prominent people of the town never notice them. Where are the police? Little children are on the streets, and there is not any protection for them and the average owner of an auto thinks that the world was made a special race track for him, and all things should stand back when he is seen burning wheels down on Houghton, Watts, or Main streets. Some day, the crash will come, and it may be that the laughter of some little child will be stilled forever. Whose will it be?

A Generous Offer

To boys and girls, who wish to buy canning outfits, and would like to have financial assistance. The Peoples Bank of Williamston, offers to lend the purchase price of the outfit, and wait with you until you can sell enough of your product to pay for the profit. Boys and girls this is your opportunity to own a good money-making business, where not already established. Plant the vegetables suitable for canning purposes; can these and all the fruit that would otherwise waste; help feed yourselves and the world. Turn your spare time into money. The world's greatest need is food and feed. Be a hero or heroine in youth.

Yours for all that makes the world better,

Joseph L. Holliday,
County Dem. Agt.

Buy a "Liberty Bond" through the Peoples Bank and help the country by this patriotic act. Read ad of the bank in this issue and see Cashier Godwin about it.

THE CAVALIER CONFEDERATE

On to Washington was the war cry of thousands on the field of Manassas fifty-six years ago, but, now the peaceful voices of a few, here and there, ask are you going to Washington? What a pathos, what a drama, what a tragedy, what a vision backward over the strange mysterious course of destiny.

Cavaliers, Confederates, yes, yes, go to Washington, it is yours now through the victory of peace. Behold the magnificent splendor of your Capitol with Spartan pride back it with Confederate devotion and the Nation is safe for another century. Visit the grave of Washington, the noblest Cavalier of them all, step softly with bared head with lips quivering in veneration, your noiseless tread about the tomb will echo the glory of your country in thrilling solemnity.

Tarry a little while at Alexandria on the Potomac,—the cradle of Revolutionary days, see the sombre shadows of the tragedy of Ellsworth in the early sixties, as startling, as momentous, as prophetic as the fall of Sumter. See the home of the illustrious Lee, the noblest Confederate of them all, the proud culmination of chivalric destiny—here, the ten thousand dreamers under the little white marble slabs—the silent sentry of the home of nevermore.

Take the train South and see Richmond on the James, stroll its streets in pensive mood, with your hands clasped behind you, like Napoleon on the I-Isle of the sea ever dreaming ever gazing toward his sunny France. Find your way up to a little Shrine on a little hill where Patrick Henry spoke, and you will know liberty, will never peril from the earth. With folded arms, with floating eyes look for the last time on the White House of the Southern Confederacy in awe gaze at the tomb of its occupant at Hollywood—say all is well, all is well, a brave benediction.

Now, if weary of limb and thought, rest in the shades of the monuments of war, and dream of the sunny romantic days of the Old South, the epochal rise of Dixie—the coming of McClellan on the Peninsula the thunderbolt of battle, Stonewall Jackson in the Valley—the simple sublime heroism in the shadows of the Apple tree and you will feel and know you are in both the Eden and the Gethsemane of the Confederate States of America.

Come a little further South and you will be at Petersburg—halt, look, see, trace the trenches the Verdun of American valor and endurance unsurpassed in the annals of human history.

Return home,—take the old chair by the fireside, and rejoice that you have lived again the wonderful days. Now, in serene calm listen to a few more tattoos of the twilight—then gather up the old blanket for a shroud—lie down and die—it is glorious—the Spirit will pass on to the reveille of the dawn on the other shore. Then, Ah! then, the Cavalier, the Confederate—the sweeping flame of chivalry from the days of Cromwell at Naseby to the days of Lee at Appomattox will have passed forever, the bloom and the flower of the Anglo-Saxon.

YARRELL
Williamston, N. C., C. S. A. 1861
Belton, Texas, U. S. A. 1917.

TO BUILD BRICK TOB. WAREHOUSE

A brick warehouse for the sale of leaf tobacco will be erected here before the season opens. E. G. Gurganus and W. A. James are the originators of the movement to build a co-operative warehouse and much stock has been sold. The building will be erected on that part of Houghton Street which was opened about two years ago, and will not be very far from the Farmers Warehouse. J. J. Stroud has contracted for the building and work on it will begin as soon as the material can be put on the lot. This will make the fourth warehouse in Williamston for the sale of tobacco.

D. A. R. MEETING ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON

The Gideon Lamb Chapter met in regular monthly session with Mrs. J. H. Saunders and Miss Irene Smith on Thursday afternoon, May 12th.

The meeting was called to order by the Regent, Mrs. Saunders. The program was dispensed with, and the "Williamston Auxiliary of the Red Cross," was organized with the following ten members of the Chapter: Mrs. J. H. Saunders, Mrs. John D. Biggs, Mrs. C. B. Hassell, Mrs. F. W. Hoyt, Mrs. A. R. Dunning, Mrs. John E. Pope, Mrs. J. L. Hassell, Miss Annie Lamb, Miss Irene Smith, Miss Mayo Lamb. Mrs. J. H. Saunders was appointed Chairman, Mrs. John D. Biggs, Secretary and Mrs. C. B. Hassell, Treasurer.

It was unanimously agreed to aid in Surgical Dressings, Hospital Garments, and Hospital Supplies. It is hoped and urged that all the patriotic and humane men, women and children of the community, who are able to do so, will give this Auxiliary their support, as all know that the purpose of the Red Cross is to furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of the Army and Navy in time of war, and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace. The Woman's Club has agreed to act in conjunction with the Auxiliary.

After the transaction of business, a delicious fruit salad was served by Mrs. Saunders and Miss Smith. Mrs. F. W. Hoyt will entertain the Chapter in June.

Accepted At Ft. Oglethorpe

Among the hundreds of North Carolinians, who have been accepted by the War Department for training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Williamston has three young men: Julius S. Peel, Luke Lamb and Elbert S. Peel. The two latter are among the 214 University men, who have enlisted. The spirit of the State University has sent these young men to fight for the country whose loyal sons they are, and Williamston should feel that it has sent some of its best to brave the perils of war, if need be. Julius S. Peel is enlisted from High Point, where he is in business and Elbert S. Peel from Greenville, where he is Principal of the High School there. Luke Lamb seems to have been inadvertently enlisted from Asheville, though giving his home as Williamston.