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Friday, January 20, 1933

Give The Owner a Chance

It will probably be a mistake to stop land tax sales. Yet where sales are made, the county should protect owners against sales below reasonable values. If the county sells a \$1,000 home for \$50 taxes, let the county buy it in and hold the property until a thousand dollar sale is secured for the benefit of the owner, with the latter having the privilege of repaying the actual taxes and a fair interest and reasonable cost for carrying charges.

In every case the owner should be protected against the land shark, who is ready to take advantage of the fellow who is unable to meet his obligations and grab at property worth thousands of dollars for a measly pittance.

Give the owner a chance—first chance.

We Need Them—They Need Us

Let the United States hold the Philippine Islands and treat her people right. We will need them when Japan begins bombarding San Francisco.

And even if the Philippines can not do us much good, we can do them a lot of good, if we will. They need us.

Bars of Divorce Too Low Already

We are a bit disappointed in Senator Carl Bailey for his trying to make divorce easier. The bars to divorce have been lowered already until many people have lost the proper respect for the marriage vows. If divorce is made much easier it won't be long before many marriages will be based on impulse and passion, and men and women will feel as free as the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air.

There is already too much laxness in the marriage vows.

A Simple Yet Important Lesson

Dallas Eagan, of California, who has been sentenced to be hung on February 17 for murder, may have done more good in the world than he thinks. While he says that society will be better off when he is gone and that he himself will perhaps be better off when he enters into eternity, where crime can't be committed, yet he has left to the world some words of truth that may make it better.

He says "There is only one end to the path of crime, and I am there—waiting for the gallows. Crime takes it toll and anybody's a fool who thinks otherwise."

"If all the homes, all the schools, all the churches, and every man who loves his brother would teach this simple statement of a man who is gazing in the dark beyond as a result of his misdeeds, and who is willing to face it with the bare facts of truth, it would no doubt save many crimes of every description. If we could take enough time to teach the commandments of God to the children of Israel, and add to them the purity of the life of Christ, we would not be so much in fear of the murderer, the robber, nor the lying tongue. We would not fear so much the loss of virtue and the loss of purity of life.

Now, young Eagan knows of a truth that the wages of sin is death, and that as we sow, so shall we reap. He sums it all up in the short sentence—"there is only one end to the path of crime . . . and anybody's a fool who thinks otherwise."

Schooling the Legislative Boys

It certainly looks foolish to elect men to membership in legislative bodies and then have to school them in the science of their duties. Yet, that is just what we are doing in our North Carolina Legislature. There are teachers who stand before their classes and tell the idols of the people how to address the chair—Mr. Speaker or Mr. President, depending upon their location whether in the north or the south end of the capitol. They also instruct them in other things that are useful to green lawmakers.

Now when these boys learn how to make laws, they should make good, sound laws, laws that will do a lot of good and not cost so much.

As a matter of economy we think these boys should have purchased a little pocket manual at their own expense and studied the questions before they asked for votes to send them to do work they have to be schooled in at State expense.

Recognition for the Peanut?

The Pathfinder

At last "peanut politics" is with us in reality. Our government at Washington has fixed it so that growers of the humble "goober" may store their crop and let it be held as collateral for one of those government loans—thus allowing time to market the crop, instead of having it "dumped" on the market.

People ought to be eating more peanuts, a lot more peanuts—but they just aren't! The whistle of the peanut vendor, which erstwhile was heard echoing through a happy and like a call to the feast, is now almost silent—and that appetizing smell is replaced by other odors not so good. The crunch, crunch, crunch of the peanut shells as people ate these plebeian nuts in public, in the presence of fellow-beings whose mouths had to water without being satisfied, is now also a thing of the past.

The "peanut gallery" of the theatre which used to be the real temple of the dramatic elect, has gone the way of the dodo. The movies fixed the business of the peanut gallery, for how could the gallery gods be permitted to munch peanuts when white hot love scenes were being depicted on the screen or when some popular hero like Doug Fairbanks was making one of his breath taking leaps for life?

No, the peanut has lost caste; it has almost been placed in the class of the "untouchables." Even those ladies who used to spread a little trace of peanut butter on those little bird-bits of bread and pass them around as "refreshments" at their afternoon teas are now using other smears for their lilliputian sandwiches.

Quite a lot of peanuts are still used in making candy, but most of these come by the shipload from China or Spain, because they are cheaper. And then the whole market for candy is shot. Women simply will not eat anything that is "fattening"—at least not until plumpness comes into fashion.

Where can the humble peanut go for social recognition and profitable merchandising which it must have? Uncle Sam has arranged this loan in the hope of relieving the financial embarrassment of Mr. Goober—but even then we cannot see a very promising future for this worthy American product, unless more energetic measures are taken to restore it to popular favor.

Twins

Philadelphia Record.

A clever writer might make an interesting story about the twin girls born in Hampton, Va., in different years.

One sister was born ten minutes before 1932 ended. The second was born five minutes after 1933 began. The difference of 15 minutes will probably color their entire lives.

For the first five or six years, the difference won't matter. Then the first little girl will come into her own. She will boast about her priority. A "year" older, she will lord it over the second.

This will last through school, through the first gay parties, and until probably 1858. When that time comes, the first girl will not be quite so anxious to claim an extra-year. She wanted to be eight while the other was seven—but she will not want to be 26 when the other is 25. She will compose learned arguments, proving that she is not, really, a year older. And the younger will have her revenge. "Sue," she will say—if Sue is the name—"is older than I am."

If a novelist could make a story of this, a psychologist could build an essay about it, demonstrating the profound effect of the calendar on our daily lives.

Tell Them, Brother

The December term of Davie County Superior court convened at Mocksville, Monday morning at nine o'clock, took an hour or so for dinner each day, adjourned in the evening around five o'clock and finally quit business for the term Wednesday afternoon after trying a few civil cases. And yet there are many, especially those wanting a job as judge or solicitor, who rear up on their hind legs and say that our judges are over worked, our court dockets are crowded, they can't get cases tried and we need more judicial districts with a new supply of judges and solicitors when half the time the scheduled courts last less than a week as in the case of the Davie court.—Union Republican.

Real Estate Values

The average deflation in real estate values is 30 per cent less than the decrease in stock prices an authority told the Wilmington Exchange club the other day. The loss in values of homes, he added, is even less than the general decline in other real estate.

"When workmen get their jobs back and vacant home are again occupied," the speaker continued, "the price of homes will rise and we shall know beyond all doubt that the safest and most valuable dollar we ever spent was the dollar we invested in that little spot of earth called home."

More of his facts are interesting. After every depression, he said, the value of homes has advanced to a higher level than it ever reached before and the security and stability of the home have remained unshaken through them all. During the last three years less than one new house has been built for every ten marriages, or less than one new house for every ten new homes created. The average demand is about one new house for every two marriages.

"There never was a time," the speaker argued "when it was more important to you to hold on to your home, to keep up the payments on your home loan, than right now."—New Bern Sun-Journal.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned trustee by the Poplar Point Baptist church (colored), dated 15th day of April, A. D. 1932, to secure a certain bond of even date therewith, and the stipulations not having been complied with, and at the request of the holder of said bond, the undersigned trustee will, on the 20th day of January, 1933, at 12 o'clock noon, in front of the

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To Whom It May Concern:

I have concluded to write lovingly a short sketch of the trouble that occurred at Smithwick's Creek that has caused so much distress among the churches composing the Kehukee Association.

When the trouble first arose at Smithwick's Creek, the church invited Elders Sylvester Hassell, J. C. Moore, and R. H. Pittman to sit with them in conference and to investigate the charges against Elder W. B. Harrington, that he was preaching unsound doctrine. After an investigation, and after hearing the charges, these ministers recommended that the church bear with Elder Harrington and not make him an offender for a word, and also advised Elder Harrington to cease using unscriptural expressions that were objectionable to the brethren. At the next meeting of the church, only two weeks having passed, the minority faction insisted on a division, which was contrary to the advice of the ministers above mentioned. The church had agreed to abide by the decision of those ministers and noncompliance should constitute disorder.

The Minority Faction, without consulting the church, held a conference at a private home and passed a resolution to take their names off the church book, then in the hands of the regular clerk (P. E. Getsinger) and enroll themselves in a new book. They selected for themselves a new clerk and selected a different Sunday for their meetings. IN PURSUING THAT COURSE, THEY AUTOMATICALLY EXCLUDED THEMSELVES FROM THE CHURCH.

I attended the Skewarke Union, held with the church at the Falls of Tar River, in May, 1928. When the conference was organized and messengers from member churches called for, the Elders who were conducting the business accepted the Minority Faction and rejected the Majority Faction. I asked them by what authority they did. They asked me if I was taking sides with Harrington. I told them I was not, but that their course was against our Articles of Faith, Rules of Decorum, and the Scriptures. I told them that Elder William Gray, who held his name at Morrattock, where I held mine, once took exception to some of the rulings of the church conference. He took the church book and cried out, "All who are for Billie Gray, follow me." Charles Blount was clerk of the church. He called out and said, "Brethren, all who are for Jesus Christ, stay with us and do not follow Billie Gray." That divided the church. Both sides were represented by letter and messengers at the next Association. But the Association refused either letter or direction. I asked the right to interfere in the troubles of an individual church. I said, "Brethren, if the Association acted right then, you are acting wrong now in taking sides in the trouble at Smithwick's Creek." They told me to say no more about it and said, "What we have done, we have done." I replied, "Yes; and without authority."

When the Association met the first Sunday in October, I was there. They followed the action of the Union and accepted the Minority. I lovingly warned them not to pursue that course and made the same statement I had made at the Union. They told me to say no more about Billie Gray and then proceeded, without further inquiry or explanation (except from a biased Elder) to recognize the Minority.

Elder Sylvester Hassell wrote me, inviting me to go with him to Smithwick's Creek on the 4th Sunday in May, 1928. Among other things, he said, "You are the oldest ordained minister in the Kehukee Association, and I am next oldest." He expressed the hope that we could be successful in settling the trouble between the two factions. I was not at home and did not go. He wrote me later that he was there on Saturday and preached with all the power that the Good Lord gave him, and that he begged them all to get together, confess their faults, and forgive one another as God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven us. He said the church approved, and he had 500 copies made of the original Articles of Faith upon which the church was organized on November 19, 1803. He wrote me that it was agreed in conference that all who were willing to accept those Articles of Faith were to say "Aye," and that about 75 of the Majority Faction, accepted them, but that the Minority would not all answer, saying "We have been advised not to have anything to do with the Conference." The Minority Faction, on the advice of Elder B. S. Cowin, held another conference that day and divided the church.

At the sitting of the Association, the church at Smithwick's Creek handed me a petition and asked me to present it, kindly asking the Association to reconsider its former action and let the trouble go back to the church for settlement. Elder Cowin made a motion to not even read the petition, and Elder Denson joined him in that disorder. I then offered to read our Rules of Decorum, compiled by Elders Burkett, Biggs, and Hassell to show them that they were in disorder. Elder Clifton, who held his membership with me at Morrattock, was there and said that faction told him to tell me how well they loved me, but that if I went to Smithwick's Creek to preach for the majority they were going to do all they could to sink me. They have not failed to spread the news far and near by only telling part of the truth in an effort to injure me. They even said I was not a member of the church and that I and the Majority had gone off with Harrington, which they know is false.

Elder Clifton, without warning, chose a time when only nine members were present, including his own family,

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courthouse door of Martin County, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described land:

What is known as the Poplar Point Baptist Church, colored, located on the river road from Williamston to Hamilton, adjoining said road, lands of Dr. Thigpen, and M. D. Wilson, containing one (1) acre, more or less, and being same lot upon which is being built a new church.

This 20th day of December, 1932. B. A. CRITCHER, Trustee.

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