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The Norfolk Ledger Dispatch is of fering premiums to the best looking women who enter the contest for Bathing Beauties at the resorts near Norfolk. Of course this means pictures of women about half clothed displayed in the paper. We admit that anything is admissible in present-day society yet it would not seem exactly prudent to fill the youthful mind with anything that dulls the modesty of woman.

Of course those who go to the resorts become perfectly accustomed to the naked people but the reader of the Ledger who do not go to the beach do not get that glimpse of apparent "don't care" that is constantly exhibited at the beach.

The Ledger of course knows what gives popularity and they are giving attention for readers everywhere and the popularity of the paper, not parading questionable "art" for any other purpose than to minimize them is not always best.

STORIES OF GREAT INDIANS
 By Elmo Scott Watson.

CAPTAIN JACK, THE MARTYR OF THE MODOCS

THEY were preparing to hang Captain Jack (Kintpuash), the Modoc chief. There was a harsh clanking of iron as he rose to speak for himself to his people. "Let me die like a man, not like a dog," he said. "I am not afraid to die, but I am ashamed to go this way, with my hands tied behind my back."

As he stood on the scaffold at Fort Vesuvius, Ore., a zealous minister tried to comfort him. "You must not be afraid to die," he said. "You are going to a beautiful land where you will never want for anything." "No," replied Jack, "this country right here is good enough for me. You say the other is a true place and I suppose you want to go there. I'll give you 25 ponies if you will take my pony. I don't want to go right now." The minister declined.

Captain Jack's death marked the end of a war that had cost the United States more than half a million dollars and 500 lives, white and red. Who was most responsible? No man can say. Captain Jack and his warriors, aided by General Wintony and Doctor Hovey, were commissioners, who had been sent to the Indian camp under a flag of truce. Twenty years before a young man named Ken Wright had been killed, nearly 50 Modocs under a white flag and had become a popular hero for the deed. Among these was Captain Jack's father.

Captain Jack was hanged, but other Modocs with better records went free because they deserted him and joined the whites in hunting him down. At Fort Klamath he had protested at the plot to hang the peace commissioners. Then some of his warriors placed a spear's point on his head, a shovel about his shoulders and threw him to the ground. "Forward," they yelled at him. "You are not a Modoc. You will not die with a shovel's handle. We will give the shovel that trouble!" Springing back he had shouted: "I will do your cowardly work even though it cost me my life and the lives of all my people."

The white man's history records Captain Jack only as a treacherous fugitive. Had he been a white man perhaps it would have pronounced him a martyr. Forced into an act which he abhorred, waging a war which he knew was hopeless; betrayed by his own men; walking in chains to the Indians' most disgraceful death; a small wonder that he cried bitterly: "What chance for justice does the Indian have with you white men and your white man's law? None!"

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the authority conferred in me by a "Deed of Trust" executed to me by J. H. Reddick and wife, on the 14th day of Dec. 1916, and duly recorded in the Register of Deeds' office in Martin County, in Book M-1 Page 564 to secure the payment of a certain bond bearing even date therewith and the stipulations in said Deed of Trust not having been complied with, I shall expose at public auction for cash, on Monday the 28th day of August 1922 at 12 M. at the courthouse in Martin County, the following property:

Adjoining the lands of W. A. Cherry, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, and the Sandy Ridge Road, viz: Beginning on the North side of the Railroad 65 feet from the center of said railroad and running Northeastwardly along the Sandy Ridge Road 100 yards, thence an Easterly course parallel with the railroad 100 yards, thence a Southerly course 100 yards within 65 feet of the center of the said railroad, thence a Westerly course 150 yards to the beginning, containing 3 acres more or less. It being a part of the T. C. Reddick and wife, and A. Anderson, J. W. Anderson and W. H. Crawford and their wives.
 W. C. MANNING, Trustee.
 This July 27, 1922.



The FAT MAN has promised the Editor that he will make this corner the brightest and happiest again in the whole paper. The FAT MAN is glad to have his readers send him bits of humor, burlesque and clever paragraphs—those things that put everyone in high, good humor and leave one all chuckling inside. The never, the better, and he will pay at the rate of one dollar a piece for them when suitable for his corner. Unusable contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by addressed stamped envelope. The FAT MAN, Editorial Dept. National Pictorial News, Washington, D. C.

I love to watch the rooster crow, He's like so many men I know Who brag and bluster, rant and shout And beat their manly chests without The first darn thing to brag about.—S. C. Physician Bulletin.

I went to Church last Sunday and not until they started to push the collection box—did I realize I didn't have a cent with me. So when the man pushed the plate under my nose I whispered, "I never give to missions."
 "All right," he whispered back, "reach in and take some out. This collection is for heathens."—Kablegram.

Two jugs were returning home at 7 ter an all night spree.
 "Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?"
 "Not often; she throws pretty straight."—Stone Cutter Journal.

Rev. H. G. Cook announced that he would preach on the subject of "Liars" and asked his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark. The next night he said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight. How many read the chapter I suggested?" A hundred hands went up. "You are the very persons I want to talk to," he said, "there isn't any eventeenth chapter of Mark."—Charlotte Observer.

The saxophone player has an ill wind that blows nobody good.—Exchange.

A magazine writer says the dog fills an empty space in a man's life. This is especially true of the hot-dog.—Locomotive Engineers.

She: "Dick, were you going to kiss me when you puckered your lips?"
 He: "No. There was some grit in my teeth. I was trying to get it out."

She: "For goodness sake swallow it. You sure do need some!"

"Sixteen ladies wish to make speeches before your committee. Shall I admit them separately?"
 "No. Admit them in a bunch and they can all talk at once."—Penny Paragraphs.

There was a young negroess named Lena,
 Who worked with a vacuum cleaner,
 But she got in the way
 Of the suction one day,
 And since then nobody has seen her.—Capper's Weekly.

"Don't you find it rather lonely here," asked Cholly, "with nobody to talk to?"
 "Yes," replied the girl with a bored look in her eyes, "and it's getting worse every minute."

WANTS

ONE FIVE ROOM FLAT WITH Bath for rent. Apply at Enterprise office. J25tn

LOST
 South Bend Nickel Plated Watch, open face, no second hand. Finder return to Enterprise office and receive reward. A11t

WANTED: To rent three furnished rooms for light house keeping by small family. Address "H" care The Enterprise.

LOST: Between Williamston and Washington one 30-30 Winchester Rifle. Short barrel. \$5.00 reward for its return.
 JOHN S. WHITLEY, Williamston, N. C. Route 3.

FOR SALE
 Two story house conveniently arranged, has lights and water. House nearly new. Price right, terms easy.
 W. C. MANNING

FOUND: ONE BLACK MALE YBAR ling with swallow fork under each ear. Call at T S Hadley's and post costs and damages and get same.

JUST RECEIVED A CAR LOAD of Kiln dried Ceiling, any grade, prices right. See Daniel at Staton's Planing Mill. J214t

LOST: Between Williamston and Daniels and Staton's Mill Sunday, July 23 a single breasted light checked Society Brand coat. If found return to N. P. Daniels and receive reward. J2

Just received a car load of Kiln dried ceiling, any grade and prices cheap. See Daniel at Staton's Planing Mill. J2

HEMSTITCHING and piecing attachment; fits any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price \$2. Personal check 10c extra. Marsh Bros. Wilming ton, Ohio.

We saw a fellow the other day who had soured one th world, an awful sight.

Keep Cool



By buying one of those Kool Suits from \$12.50 up. We have a large stock of clothing of all kinds, and to move them quick we have greatly reduced the price. It will surely pay you to come in and let us show you some good bargains.

Harrison Bros. & Company

COME AND SEE IS ALL WE ASK



How The Master Driver Became Master Tire Builder

IN 1903, driving the "999" racing car, Barney Oldfield started his career of victories that later earned him the title of "Master Driver of The World." To overcome the tire weaknesses that made racing difficult and dangerous, he studied tires—specified materials—supervised construction.

American tires that have ever taken first place in the French Grand Prix. They have won for three consecutive years in the 500-mile Indianapolis Sweepstakes. So far in 1922, Oldfields have lowered four World's Records and seven track records.

Today, Barney Oldfield is known as the "Master Tire Builder." Starting with the crude tires which carried the "999" one mile in sixty seconds, Oldfield gradually developed his famous Cords—a set of which covered 500 miles at eighty-eight miles an hour without a change.

The Wichita Test Run gave evidence of Oldfield superiority in touring—when a set of four Cords covered 34,525 miles over rutted, frozen, winter roads—a performance attested by the Mayor of Wichita.

In three years Oldfield tires have won every important race on American speedways. They are the only

See your dealer and get a set of these rugged tires that Barney Oldfield has developed and perfected through a lifetime of practical tire experience. Their performance will convince you that they are "The Most Trustworthy Tires Built."



Martin County Farmers

Mass Meeting

Wednesday, Aug. 9

All members of the Tobacco Growers Association are urgently requested to attend this meeting and every tobacco farmer in the county is especially invited to attend and hear Mr. R. J. Weeks, of Kentucky, on the subject of Cooperation.

This will close the campaign for the season, and all farmers who have not as yet decided to stand with us, and for his brother farmer rather than for the fat speculator will be asked to sign.

Those who are members will be requested to designate the place at which they wish to deliver their crop.

THIS IS OUR AD AND YOU READ IT—LET US PUT YOUR AD HERE,
 AND YOUR CUSTOMERS WILL READ IT. THE-EN-
 TERPRISE ALWAYS GETS RESULTS