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 (Strictly Cash in Advance)
 1 year \$1.50
 6 months 80c
 3 months 45c

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NEED OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY

The largest part of our education comes by reading, and yet we do not have the material to read. It is true that a small number of ladies in most towns associate themselves in book clubs. Such clubs are good and educational, but they seem to extend far less than to the select which are in the minority. The club members will each buy a book and rotate it, making it possible for each member to read twelve books for the price of one. This is when the clubs are composed of twelve members. It will also be found that most members of the book club are the better educated people of the town or the community, hence no young education it does not reach.

Some plan should be set in motion that will reach all the people. By recent inquiry we find there are many who have very few books, no magazines or newspapers. We have a number of splendid girls who are unfortunately to the extent that they do not feel able to subscribe to magazines and newspapers, and have no reading matter. This means the dull and dreary. A good library would afford and promote opportunities which would help to educate them unconsciously and at the same time they would derive much pleasure from it.

There are families in Williamston who own magazines and papers in large quantities. They fail to realize the value of them. There are families with bright boys and girls who have very little good reading matter. Some of them have a few books, but they are mostly cheap advertising journals.

A serious injustice is being done to the public and Sunday schools by the remaining from such boys and girls. In a grade results when they are unable to finish their proper work. The work of proper training in the educational phase. Many schools have no teachers' library. The teachers are not required to make back with their own. A public library should contain reference books for their study, a library for the study of Christian history and biographies and other wholesome literature as well as books provided for the boys and girls. We can't afford a public library at this time we should buy a few good books to take it or send it to the homes of those who are less fortunate. The habit of our race is to waste and then they ask us to save and not waste.

COLUMBUS OF TODAY

By Richard Lloyd Jones
 A Montanese recently called from the city to become re-located in the hope that he might drift across the north pole.

When he was, you wonder, Mr. Jones, why did you go to the north pole and what were you doing there but a lot of cold weather. It was a lonely place, why go again?

Columbus was jeered when he sailed against the whole world's disbelief to set out to find new seas. To his own amazement he found new shores. Even when he returned to tell his tale was men declared the venture interesting but what's the use? The new found land was so far away no one would ever go there.

Recently some mountain climbers seeking to set foot on the "roof of the world" ascended the unexplored altitudes of Mt. Everest. High up in the Himalayas they found vast plateaus rich in soil with forests and lakes and masses such as found in the northern part of American states. These were not little pocket spots in the mountains but a vast region that we measure Minnesota and Montana.

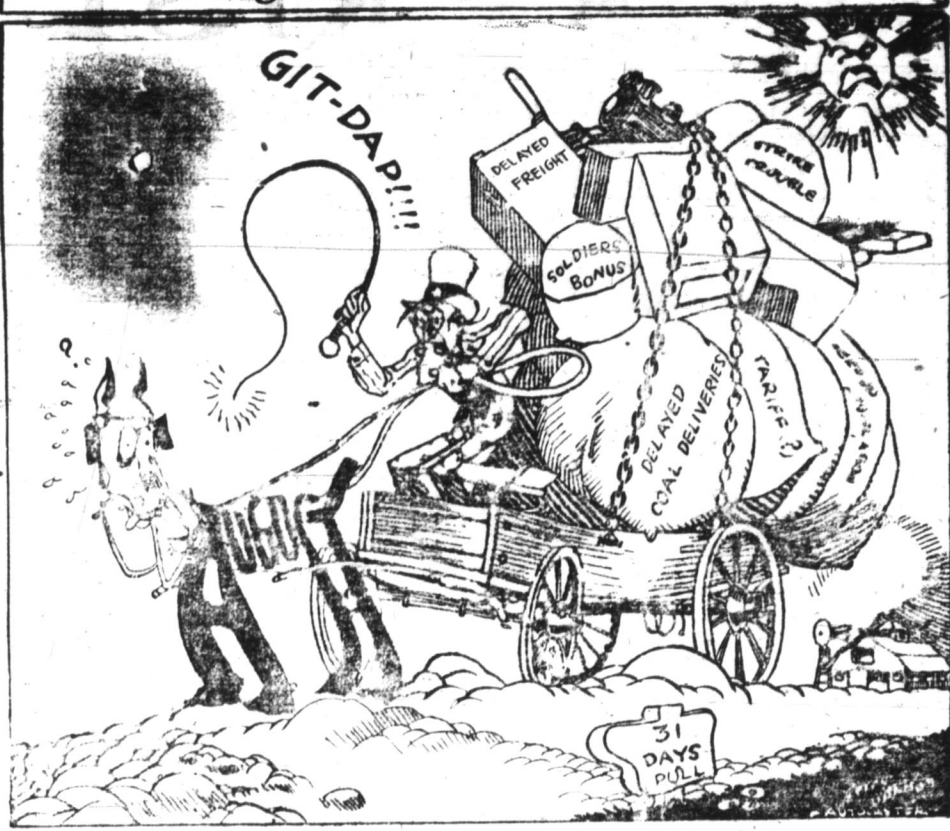
But what's the use of it all? We can't get there. Mile high precipices prevent.

The legislature of New York came within two or three votes of refusing to grant the Delaware and Hudson company the right to build a railroad because it would scare the horses. But it was the railroad and not the horse that made possible this great nation of homogeneous people more than three thousand miles long.

They jeered at Fulton's boat. "It moves!" they cried. To their amazement, it moved up river. When the first steel ship was launched foolish folks went down to see it sink. The crowd saw only the iron hull; they knew iron sinks. The inventor saw the air in the iron hull; he knew air would float.

The world today is full of out of the way places which tomorrow will be as much a part of the busy world as the shores Columbus found. Aeroplanes will lift us into the Himalayas and the Montanas of the Himalayas. Rich farms will be there, towns, colleges, cities like Billings

A Big Load For The Old Horse



The FAT MAN has promised the Editor that he will make this corner the brightest and happiest spot in the whole paper. The FAT MAN is glad to have a reader send him bits of humor, interesting news, or suggestions. These things that put everyone to rights, good humor and leave no one with a chip on his shoulder. The editor will be glad to accept at the rate of one dollar a year for them when a suitable for his corner. Suitable contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped envelope. The FAT MAN, Editorial Dept., National Editorial Service, Washington, D.C.

Colored Revivalist: "Look what de Lawd's done fo' you, bredder. Gib him a portion of all you huz. Gib him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"
 Congregation: "Amen! Glory to de Lawd! Gib him no! Gib him a twentieth!"—Evansville Journal.

"I am sending you a thousand kisses," wrote the husband to his young wife who was spending her first vacation away from him.
 Two days later he received the following telegram: "Kisses received. Lanlard refuses to accept any of them on account."
 Upon the husband suddenly woke up and sent her a check.

A tramp knocked at a farmer's door and called for something to eat.
 "Are you a Christian?" asked the good hearted countryman.
 "Look at the holes worn in the knees of my pants. What do they prove?"
 The farmers wife promptly brought out the food, and the tramp turned to go.
 "Well! well!" asked the farmer. "What made those holes in the back of your pants?"
 "Backsliding," replied the tramp as he hurried on.

Radio is an amusing toy. Wonderful, we say. We wisely predict the time when it will carry music from a great operatic center to even the most isolated and humble cabin homes. We talk wisely of its educational powers. These are near enough to be calculable. It is going to carry conversation around the whole world. It is going to print news in the parlor. Radio is going to give all nations on etongue.
 Now scientists talk of sending heat waves that will modify inhospitable climates. These heat waves will make possible not merely Montanas but whole Australia where Amundsen is going and where Shackleton has been.

It is a wonderful world we live in. The laboratory is the mighty missionary. And there is many a Columbus serving a vaster future by beating pathways into the pathless regions of today.

In the Superior Court
 North Carolina, Martin County
 To the creditors of the Peoples Bank.
 Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Martin County, signed by George W. Connor, Judge, on the 8th day of July 1922, notice is hereby given to all creditors of said bank, to file and make due proof of their respective claims against the Peoples Bank with J. G. Staton, receiver, within sixty (60) days from the day hereof.
 This the 12th day of July 1922.
 J. G. TATON, Receiver.

DR. P. B. CONE
 DENTIST
 Office over Farmers & Merchants Bank
 Office Phone No. 9

There was once a spirit fanatic Had a radio set in his attic; He talked to the spooks— To princes and dukes— And then he discovered —'twas static!—W. G. G.

The old darky had served his master well the whole year 'round, and near Christmas his boss came up to him and said: "Uncle, you have been a faithful helper to me, and now I want to give you something for Christmas—something that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a gallon of good whiskey?"
 "Whiskey," replied the old fellow, scratching his head. "Ah, burris wood."

A canner, exceedingly clever,
 One morning remarked to his neighbor:
 A canner can can,
 Anything that he can;
 But a canner can't can a can, can he?
 —Charlotte Observer.

Traveling man: "Some terando that was we had last night. Do any damage to your new barn?"
 Farmer: "Dunno. Ain't found the darn thing yet."

NOTICE OF SALE

In the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of North Carolina.

In the matter of W. A. Roberson and Company, of Robersonville, Martin County—Bankrupts.
 Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the authority conferred by an order signed by Collin H. Harding, Referee, and approved by his Honor, H. G. Connor, Judge, the undersigned trustee, will, on Saturday, the 19th day of August, 1922, at two o'clock P. M., on the street in the town of Robersonville, Martin County, N. C., and in front of the W. A. Roberson and Company store building, situate on the west side of said street, offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the stock of goods, wares and merchandise owned by the bankrupt firm of W. A. Roberson and Company, and consisting of dry goods, notions, hosiery, brown cottons, thread, shoes, boots, hats, shirts, overalls, clothing, laces, ribbons, hardware, including nails, horse collars, plows, plow casting and supplies, and other general merchandise located in said store.

Any person wishing to look over the goods may do so by application to the undersigned any day on or before the sale day.
 J. C. SMITH, Trustee.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT PHONE SUBSCRIBERS

Unless your telephone bill is paid by the tenth of each month, in the future, service will be discontinued and a charge of \$1.00 will be made to re-connect.
 WILLIAMSTON TELEPHONE CO.

BILLY SUNDAY'S "EVE"



Mary Agnes Vitchevstein is a 14-year-old girl evangelist of Pittsburgh, Pa. Her sermons are delivered with all the two-fisted punning of Billy Sunday's gymnastic gyrations. She was recently invited to preach in New York.

STORIES OF GREAT INDIANS

By Elmo Scott Watson
 Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union
CHIEF NACHE CURES HIS WIFE'S JEALOUSY

"YOU are jealous of your sister. That is bad," said Natche, chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, to the elder of his two wives one day. "I will cure you." So he threw a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and shot her through the knees. Marital troubles of that sort seemed to run in Natche's family. An army officer who visited old Cochise, his father, in 1873 in the Dragoon mountains, Arizona, noticed that the chief's hand was badly burned in two circular holes. He asked about them and Cochise explained that they had been made by his younger wife, who was jealous of the older. She had hit him so hardly that he had to squiggle the wound.

Because Cochise's son was constantly leading his playmates into trouble he was given the name Natche, which means "indiscreet," or "meddlesome," a prophetic name. When old Cochise died and the chieftainship passed on to Natche he more than upheld the traditions of his family.

He first made his name known in 1884 when he led his Chiricahua warriors on devastating raids all over the Southwest. This band was known as "Geronimo's band," although, as a matter of fact, Natche was the real chief and Geronimo merely a warrior leader of considerable renown. For five years they went their bloody way. Then, in 1886, Geronimo was finally cornered and forced to surrender to General Miles.

Natche did not surrender until a day later. He felt that it was appropriate for him, son of the great Cochise and first chief of the Chiricahua, to be the last to lay down arms and cease fighting the white man whom he and his fathers had fought for two centuries.

When the hostile Chiricahua were finally settled at Fort Sill as prisoners of war they looked to Natche as their leader. "He was a most forceful and reliable man, a proud and self-respecting chieftain," was Gen. Hugh Scott's tribute to him. Natche became a member of the Indian police force and proved to be a faithful officer. Like Geronimo, he accepted Christianity and thereafter always signed his name "Christian Natche." He was signing it when he cured his wife of jealousy!

After years of pleading, the Chiricahua finally were allowed to return to Arizona, and in 1913 Natche had the satisfaction of leading his people back to their ancestral homes. They settled on the Mescalero reservation.

Punchettes

It may be trite to say that farming is the most necessary and one of the most honorable occupations in the world. The world will always be indebted to the farmer. Without him it would be impossible to progress in any line. The farmer has not always considered his position in the dignified way he should. In fact, it is only in recent years that he has been made to realize the scientific side of his work. Prior to that time he was really a trespasser on the soil; he was a robber; an ingrate. He scratched the soil; he mutilated it; he robbed it of its producing power. Any farmer who does not give back to the soil a proportionate part of that which he takes from it is an embezzler, not only of God's Providence, but also of Nature's bounty.

The farmer did not have the right attitude toward his own son. He worked him because he was his son. That was unfair and dishonest. He should have considered his son a partner and shareholder in the labors, responsibilities, liabilities, assets and profits of the farm. He



should have rendered an account to his son, paid him a just compensation, and given him an honest and equitable share in the profits of the farm.
 The farmer has not always made the farm attractive to his son. You can't keep a boy at home if you give him a pine knot fire by which to read when the world offers him electric lights, a library, and a reading lamp. The farmer must bring the pleasures, amusements, books, magazines, and attractive things into his home and upon his own farm if he expects to keep his boy and make a great agriculturist out of him.
 The parcel post, the rural mail delivery, the automobile, the paved

highway, and other conveniences, are for the purpose of enabling the farmer to bring the attractions of the world into his own little country home, into his own desolated farmhouse, and to his own fireside. If he will seize the opportunity, fill his table with magazines, papers, and good books, bring in the music box, and the wireless radio and thus make his home attractive, bright, cheerful magnetic, and fascinating, he will keep his boys and girls around him.

This is the day of the farm if the farmer will only realize it. This is the hour when the farm ought to be the most attractive spot in the country; this is the moment when the farmhouse ought to ring with music, and the barnyard ought to be the convention hall of agricultural and political activity. The farmer should make his son the leader in that convention and teach him how to mould public opinion and direct legislation.

Let the farmer learn how to be generous and kind to his children and to keep them in the atmosphere of agricultural purity, peace and prosperity.

poem by UNCLE JOHN

This life we live is irksome, no matter where we be; the road is lined with boulders, an' breakers crown the sea. But we musn't get discouraged an' declare that life's a cheat, for the prospects ain't so cheerin' when a feller gets cold feet.

COLD FEET
 The man that proves a winner, is the man that trims his sails, and steers his craft, unerrin' amid the storms or gales,—the hard knocks don't dismay him, which he squares his chin to meet, and his symptoms don't betray him—he never gets cold feet!

There ain't no road to glory, but what's best with thorns, and it's purty hard to travel, if you're pestered some with corns. So, to make yer failure certain, wear yer pants out on the seat,—it's a sign that allers tells me that a feller's got cold feet. . . .

I like to greet the feller that can laugh at clouds an' cares—that squares hisself in trouble, with his fists as well as prayers. . . . One that earns a benediction, that is mighty soft an' sweet, He's blessed the world he lived in, and — he never got cold feet!

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

The Great August Sale

To make room for our fall stock of goods, which will soon be coming in, we have surely cut the prices on goods to the very bottom.

If you are looking for some extra good bargains it will pay you to visit our store. We have lots of goods to be moved during August and we hope you will come in and look them over even if you do not wish to buy. Then you can see and tell your friends what good bargains we are giving.

Harrison Bros. & Company

COME AND SEE IS ALL WE ASK