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G. A. ROUSE, Editor.

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TO FARMERS OF THIS COUNTRY

Look out for the seed fakir! He has for the past few weeks been operating in the central part of the State, and has deceived and defrauded farmer after farmer, selling them ordinary seeds from \$4.00 to \$6.00 per bushel that were not worth more than from \$1.00 to 1.50 per bushel.

Keep your eye on the fellow who comes to your house with his new kind of seed for spring or fall sowing seed that makes miraculous yields. Ask him to show his license to sell seed in North Carolina. If he cannot show the receipt of the Commissioner of Agriculture for money paid for such a license, get his name and address and send them to us at once and we'll make an effort to get in touch with him. It will pay you to write the State Department of Agriculture before buying seeds from these seed peddlers.

Last year these seed fakirs did much damage in Wilkes and other counties in that section and finally the farmers cried out against their dirty business, but the cry reached us too late to do them any good—it was a case of locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

We have just received a complaint that these fakirs are in the

spring sowing at ridiculously high prices, and we are after them, but they may get you before we can get them. Therefore be on the look out for them.—W. A. Graham, Commissioner, of Agriculture.

TWO KINDS OF DRUNKS

There are two kinds of drunks a drunk from imbibing too much barley corn, which makes a fellow a fool for the time being, but leaves him when sober a good citizen and a gentleman.

The other kind of drunk is that of some fellow, who elevated to some position of trust, becomes so inflated with his own self importance that he too is drunk, drunk from a swelling of the head and an enlargement of the "egg." This fellow drunk all the time is a fool all the time, is a fool all the time. If he happens to be serving the public he is over-bearing, bull dozing and insulting, especially if he knows his days of preferment are over. Such a fellow is to be pitied. He can't help it. He wants to pose as a fellow of importance, a big fellow, but he, not knowing how, makes a mess of it, and about the only way out for him is to bluster. This, being the only thing in his cranium he knows how to do, he does it to a "T". The public in dealing with such a fellow always has to run the risk of being browbeaten, bulldozed and "insulted." But the thinking man lets him roar, snort and cavort. His capers are amusing. No harm ever results, and soon such fellows are relegated to the ranks of the forgotten. But he will never get sober, hasn't got sense enough. A drunken man who gets sober recovers the use of his brains, but the other fellow, having no brains, never "sobers up." Poor chap.—Nashville Graphic.

MOTORED TO THE POORHOUSE

Over the hills to the poorhouse I am setting a sizzling pace; I've mortgaged the home for an auto, and I'm playing her straight and for place. There are others who will help in the running, but I'm holding my own, you bet—

I can see the roof of the county farm, and I'm going to get there yet.

Of course, I couldn't afford it—

There are very few who can— But the family whined about it, said I wasn't a man.

If I didn't get six cylinders, a tonneau, some tires and plugs

And go out and speed on the highways with the automobile bugs.

The girls had to hire a "shuffer,"

a lantern-jawed son-of-gun,

And when sonny goes out for a

joy ride I'm sorry he hasn't one.

For whenever he hits a lamp

post, or sends the old car in

the ditch,

I cough up some more spondulix

to fatten the bloated rich.

Whoopee! Clear the way, for

I'm coming—just passed by a

bunch of my friends,

All bent in the same direction,

where the road of the scorching

ends.

It's the place of a drunken sailor

at the helm of a rudderless ship

Over the hills to the poorhouse,

I'm hitting a beluva clip.

—Houston Texas Chronicle.

DEATH OF MR. ANDREW JONES.

The hearts of his host of relatives and friends throughout Pitt and Greene counties were touched with grief Sunday morning

when news was received of the death of Mr. Andrew Jones, one of Greene county's most prosperous farmers.

For several days he had been confined to his home with chills and malaria, and about 9:15 Sunday morning he breathed his last. He had been a sufferer of asthma for past few years, which had weakened his physical condition to the extent of his being able to survive from the attack of chills and malaria.

His body was placed in the old Edwin Pridden burial ground in Olds township, Greene county, Monday afternoon in the presence of a large concourse of grief stricken relatives and sorrowing neighbors and friends, Rev. F. B. McCall conducting the funeral services.

Mr. Jones was in his fifty-second year. He was a good husband and a fine neighbor and citizen. He was a successful farmer, leaving a large estate in addition to \$12,000 life insurance.

He is survived by his wife and eight children, four boys and four girls, three brothers and three sisters.

To the widow and relatives the Enterprise joins their host of friends in extending deepest sympathy.

Information Lacking. A photograph in Harper's has the legend "Tehuelchee Drinking Mate in the Bay of Their Toldo," without telling us what "Bay" means.—Exchange.

MR. JESSE STARKY ATTEMPS SUICIDE

Greenville, Feb. 16.—At an early hour this morning Mr. Jesse Starkey made an unsuccessful attempt of taking his own life with the aid of a razor in his room at the Rives House on Third street, cutting his throat to quite a depth in two places that necessitated the physician taking several stitches.

For more than a week Starkey had been feeling unwell, and his friends had noticed the peculiarities of his speech and actions but not once thought that he would undertake such an act as committing suicide.

Several years ago Mr. Starkey made a similar attempt to take his life as that of this morning, but like the wound of today they were not deep enough to result seriously.

Reports are to the effect that his injuries are not very dangerous and that he will soon be out again.

Now is The Time for It.

Some wise person has sent out the advice to drag the roads during the winter months while they are wet and not wait for summer as is usually done. Winter road dragging is almost entirely unknown in most localities.

Proper time will make a great difference in their condition and at the same time reduce the cost of their upkeep. The papers ought to promulgate this idea as much as possible before the spring rains set in. The majority of patriotic citizens and all horses and mules would be glad to see it broadcasted and followed up.—Exchange.

MR. L. D. EAGLES KILLED IN RUN-AWAY.

Mr. L. D. Eagles, of near Falkland, was the victim of a serious accident Tuesday morning which an hour later resulted in his death. He was driving a pair of mules along the public roads, when they in some manner became frightened and dashed off, throwing Mr. Eagles out with much force.

Mr. Eagles was a successful farmer, an excellent citizen and neighbor, having accumulated much of this world's goods.

He leaves a wife and several children to whom the sympathy of all is extended.

The remains were buried in the Lang grave yard near Fountain Wednesday afternoon in the presence of a host of sorrowing relatives and friends. He was forty-two years of age.

Egotistical Englishman.

The inordinate egotism of the English race is exemplified by the continually increasing output of portraits. In all the principal exhibitions they monopolize an unduly large proportion of the wall space, and of recent years they have overflowed into exhibitions exclusively reserved for this branch of art.—The Consulour.

DEATH OF MRS. EMMA ALLEN.

It has become my painful duty to write a cousin's obituary, and at the request of her people I will attempt it. I feel too unorthodox to write the life and death as pure and beautiful character both spiritual and mental life she has led.

On Sunday morning Feb. 15th, 1914, just as the golden sun was rising in a horizon of light, the angel of death entered the home of Mrs. G. Allen, of near Farmville, and claimed for his own the spirit of his beloved wife and companion, and although all that skilled physicians and loving hands could do to prolong her stay with us and ease her suffering, it was of no avail, the Lord claimed her His own, and called her home above where sorrow, sickness and death are and feared no more, but all light and love.

The deceased, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Vick, near Farmville Pitt County, North Carolina, she leaves a sad heart broken husband, father, mother, four brothers and sisters, to mourn their loss. They mourn not as those with grief, for we all believe that she has gone to that happy abode where all is love.

Her death to her heart broken and bereaved parents weep not.

Sad and lonely is the household, Pale in death there love one lies.

She has left her earthly Mansion For a Mansion in the skies.

Oh! father and mother in your home today;

From whence dear ones have gone, Where joy once reigned sits silence cold—

Dear ones have a home above. Hid in thy bosom she lies, heeds not the songs of the birds,

Beauty of the blossoms or skies,

Over her grave the green grass, soon will loving creep,

Out among the daisies and clover,

Written by a Cousin.

ALARM CLOCK IN THE MIND

Explanation of the Power Many Possess of—Always Knowing the Time to a Minute.

Did you ever know a person who could always tell the time to a minute without seeing a timepiece? That there are such people is a known scientific fact. The latest theory in regard to the power of those whose minds count out the hours and minutes is given by a French psychologist.

Time is measured in the subconscious mind by heart throbs. The heart beats for the most part with great uniformity and ticks off the seconds as regularly as a clock.

It is in sleeping hours rather than in waking that the mind works out the problem best. It is no unusual feat to say to your mind at night, "Call me at 6:30," and you will waken and wonder why, until you recall that you planned to get up at just that time.

"This alarm clock in the mind can be trained," the psychologist goes on to say, "to be much more accurate than the buzzer on the table, which sometimes fails to awaken us in the morning because we have heard it too often."

The writer says nothing as to whether those who are in love will waken earlier because of their quickened heart throbs, or whether those who are depressed and whose heart beats lag will be late in reaching the office.

SURE CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA

I read with interest all the letters I see in your excellent paper in reference to hog cholera. Having suffered dreadfully in property interests, owing to this terrible disease among my hogs, I sought out a simple remedy which has acted like a charm for me, and I send it herein, hoping some of my brother farmers may be benefitted thereby. To one pint of kerosene oil put a half pint of spirits of turpentine and two ounces of gum camphor. Shake this up together until the camphor is dissolved, then pour the mixture over your shattered corn, stirring it up so that some will get on all of it, then throw it out to the hogs.

I found that my hogs would eat this in preference to corn without it and I have never had a case since I commenced this remedy.

I had several sick hogs with cholera when I commenced giving them the above, all but one recovered in less than a week. I had a very fine sow sick at the time and had given her a dose by making it into a ball of dough and shoving it down her throat, she being too sick to eat. The next morning I gave my son a ball of this dough and told him to take one of the hands and go

evening before, and if she was alive to put it down her throat. He soon came back and said: "Pa, if you want me to catch that old sow I'll need more help than you gave me, for she's wild as a buck." In a few moments she came in a trot and commenced feeding with the other hogs.

I have great faith in this simple remedy, and advise brother farmers to try it. It costs but a trifle.—R. A. Penick, Richmond Dispatch.

Why is Living High.

The story of the adventures of a head of cabbage in New York is told by the New York Press. It cast much illumination upon the much discussed high cost of living. The cabbage is raised by a Connecticut. The comparatively small farmer will send 1800 to 2000 heads of cabbage to New York. For one head gets a cent and a half. Then the head goes to the commission merchant. He lives on Riverside Drive and pays \$2,000 a year for his apartment and keeps an automobile. He spends \$7,000 a year to live. Next the cabbage is sent to the wholesaler. He lives on West End Avenue. He pays \$1,800 for his apartment and keeps an automobile. His living expenses are \$6,000 a year. He sends the cabbage to the jobber who lives in an apartment which costs him \$1,500 a year—on Broadway, keeps an automobile and spends \$5,000 a year. From him the cabbage goes to the retailer, who lives in a \$700 apartment on a side street, has a corner store for which he pays \$125 a month rent, keeps two delivery wagons at a cost of \$140 a month, and spends \$2,500 a year on his living. Finally the cabbage gets to the consumer. He lives in an apartment for which he pays \$40 a month. He rides in the trolley car or the subway, he spends all he can make or a little more to live, and he pays 13 cents for that head of cabbage.

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Then—? "One man has ruined himself over me, one has shot himself and another has gone to Africa. I only need one mad enough to marry me now."—Los Angeles Herald.