

Farmville Enterprise

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FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1917.

All the men in this community who don't best their wives will please pay up their subscription at once.

We met a man who was looking for good farming land in this State, and we told him where it was.

A child is a tender thing, but he can stand a considerable hickory without cracking under the strain.

This is the story of the man who went shopping and found he was broke. This is the end of the story.

The mystery of the future can be solved in the intelligence of the past and the experience of the present.

This is a good town to live in, and we are surprised that other people have so little knowledge on the subject.

What the American people need more than anything else is sober, serious thought. They have enough comic papers, joke books and girl shows.

When children get to be about fourteen years of age they begin to walk about ten feet in the air, but they come down much harder than they went up.

Notice to Tax Payers.

We desire to extend to you every possible courtesy, but it is absolutely necessary that the taxes be collected without further delay. Without discrimination or favor, on April 1st, those who have failed to pay by that date. Respectfully,
W. S. Herndon,
Tax Collector.

Business Locals!

For Barred Rock Cockerels \$1; Eggs 75c for 15; Soja Beans \$2.00, see or address W. A. White, Farmville, N. C.

White Plymouth Rock Eggs for sale—\$1.50 per setting. Prize Winner at the Farmville Community Fair.—R. F. Tugwell, Farmville, N. C. 7-1-17

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A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS

by E. ALEXANDER POWELL

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP.

SYNOPSIS.
Rupert Holmes, a lumberman of the North Woods, disappointed at becoming the father of a daughter instead of a son, abandons his wife and child to the log-jammed river. Thinking them dead, he takes himself with the lumber trust head, whose daughter he marries. But the departed wife and baby are picked up and cared for by one Dave Dawson. Twenty years later, Rupert Holmes is the lumber magnate fighting the independents around him. His daughter, Helen, unknown to him, has brought herself to his attention by several heroic acts about the camps. She takes up a fight against the trust and leads the independents in their defense against the great Amalgamated which seeks to absorb their hard-earned properties. In this Helen is assisted by Tom Dawson, a young engineer, and her foster father, Dave Dawson.

FIFTH EPISODE
The independent owners were enormously encouraged by their legal victory over the Amalgamated. Some of them believed the octopus had shot its bolt, but these reckoned without their obstinate host, Rupert Holmes. While compelled to accept the shipments of lumber offered by the independents, Holmes and his myrmidons succeeded in making things mightily unpleasant for the customer. A policy of obstruction was pursued. Where a hundred cars were ordered, only ten would be forthcoming. Where ten cars were asked, one would be furnished. This premeditated delay of shipments brought prompt protests from shippers.

Threats of cancellation became frequent. These were met with explanations of the causes of delay but the mill men wanted lumber and not explanations. Once more the independents were confronted with heavy losses through the machinations of the trust. It was in this crisis that Helen Dawson came once more to the rescue. She had asked Clancy, the railway agent at Dawsonville, for a day's leave of absence to make a visit in Big Falls. When she returned that evening she sent for Michael Morrissey, leading spirit of the independents. "Is there still trouble in securing cars?" Helen asked. "Trouble, no end," answered Morrissey. "They've got the cars all right, but they won't let 'em out. It's the old game of a crowd trying to keep the door when the right one has been closed by the law. We have half a million dollars worth of cancellations starting us in the face at this minute."

Helen smiled enigmatically and drummed a pencil between her teeth. "I was in Big Falls today," she remarked. Irrelevantly, after a pause. "I just happened to drop into the county clerk's office, and while there I thought I'd like to see a copy of the Amalgamated's charter. By the way, Mr. Morrissey, did you ever see that charter?" "No," replied Morrissey, "they never honored me with a copy." "You ought to see the original," Helen went on. "It's very interesting. I find that it provides for a railway starting at Port Jefferson, running through Big Falls and Dawsonville, and ending at Glacier Point. These are not operating under that charter, Mr. Morrissey. Their railway ends at Dawsonville."

"I knew there was something in the charter about Glacier point, but—holy St. Patrick!" shouted the Irishman, "we can make 'em put it through on the original charter, and we'll all get rich, for the best of the independent holdings are in that territory. Ay, colleen, but ye're a wonder." "But could they not wriggle out of it on the proposition that there is no traffic at present to justify the extension," pursued Helen, doubtfully. "Well," grinned Morrissey, "there's a settlement at Glacier—just a few families and some Indians—but we can throw a couple of hundred men in there, build houses and start a town that will justify a petition to the legislature."



Right where it is. I'm told of two we can get sure. It's up to you to get three more in double-quick time. Don't make any mistakes now. Be sure of your ground and then pay 'em enough to buy a house and lot. I'm sending Carruthers down on the mail train. Consult with him and then get action."

Well, human nature is the same this world over. It wasn't hard for Behrens to buy three of those halfbreed councilmen.

Then Behrens made a mistake. He tackled "Tink" McDonald and Olaf Christiansen, about as hard-fisted and at the same time thoroughly honest a pair of lumbermen as ever rode a raft. "Ye canna bribe me, ye diel!" roared "Tink," as he swung a crotchcut within an inch of Behrens' ear. "Oot w' ye noo—Ah'm a mon o' small paitience."

"Ye got a heal fen las," drawled Christiansen, as he stared at Behrens' live twenty-dollar bills. "Ay han on de vater vagon."

Morrissey and Clay, with Helen Dawson helping them every minute of the day, soon learned of the detection of the councilmen and set about to remedy the situation.

Shonts being recognized as the ring-leader of the rascals, Morrissey addressed him.

"I'm not going to threaten you fellows," said the Irishman, "but I figure that after thinking things over you'll probably decide to stick with the bunch. The people round here don't propose to lose their jobs because of any crooked councilmen betraying them into the hands of the Amalgamated. Set that through your heads, men."

The night of the council meeting there was an enormous bonfire burning outside the town hall in the middle of the main street. A big mob of lumbermen had congregated about the fire and a huge pot was bubbling in the middle of it.

"What's this, a barbecue?" demanded Shonts.

"Depends," was the laconic reply, "plenty of soup here for any good use," and he stirred the tar with a long pole.

"Shonts!" gasped St. Cyr, the halfbreed who had first taken Amalgamated money. "Here your d— a money—no tar feathers this Injun—got too d— a much sense."

Shonts was desperate. The other three purchased votes were no good to him. Besides, St. Cyr had threatened to expose the whole bribery story on the council floor for the purpose of clearing his own skirts. There was nothing for it, Shonts decided, but to resign before they could suspend him under charges.

"Mr. Mayor," shouted the Amalgamated agent, as soon as the meeting had been called to order, "I resign my position in the council."

"Obeyed," roared the president; then something happened that was unexpected. St. Cyr and the others who had taken bribes also resigned. There was no quorum.

For a moment Behrens sat stunned in the rear of the courtroom. Then realizing what had happened and that the body could not proceed to business without a quorum present, he decided to claim credit with Holmes for a remarkably astute piece of plotting.

"Good work," was Holmes' laconic telegram in reply to one sent by Behrens.

The meeting adjourned and an order for an election of councilmen was immediately posted. At once the money of the Amalgamated was put in circulation where it would do the most good. Meetings were held, some of which were addressed by the Amalgamated supporters and far larger ones addressed by Helen Dawson, Morrissey and the independent leaders.

And the night of the election Helen made a final speech that set the town afire.

As she progressed the young girl, clad in her white sweater and spotlighted by the glare from a huge fire at the foot of the hill, the gathering of rough men that they waved their hats and coats in a frenzy of excitement.

As she leaped lightly to the ground, a brawny man sang out, "Now boys, all together! Three cheers for Miss Helen, the lumbermen's friend!" and the answering roar showed how powerfully she had swung her hearers.

"She's spilled the beans, damn her," Behrens whispered to Carruthers. "There's nothing to it now. We'd better be starting out of here or they may make it hot for us after what she said about that old fool, Thomas."

Behrens was quite right in his estimate of the situation. It was all over but the shouting, or rather, the voting, for when the polls closed it was found that the independent ticket had been elected by an overwhelming majority. The passage of the resolution was now a foregone conclusion. When the new council met the following evening the town hall was packed to suffocation, while those who could not find room within crowded the doors and windows. Upon the motion of MacDonald the resolution calling upon the legislature to demand the immediate completion of the railway to Glacier Point was passed with a whoop.

"I wish to make another motion, Mr. Chairman," said MacDonald, when the council had subsided. "I move that in recognition of Miss Helen Dawson's services in advocating the self-interest of the community, the name of this town be changed from Glacier Point to Salmonburg."

"Ay has sound that motion," shouted Christiansen.

"You have heard it, motion, passed," said the mayor. "There is love with it." "Aye."

An enthusiastic and somewhat unbecomingly loud approval followed the announcement of the new name.

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