

Farmville Enterprise
FARMVILLE, N. C.

G. ALEX ROUSE, Owner & Mgr.

EVA HORTON SHACKLEFORD
Society Editor

Published by —
THE ROUSE PRINTERY

Subscription Price:
One Year \$1.50 — Six Months 75c.

ADVERTISING RATES:
Display (Minimum) 30c Per Inch.
Readers, Per Line.....5c
All Legal advs. 5c a line per week.

Published weekly and entered as
Second Class Mail Matter at the
Postoffice at Farmville, N. C., under
Act of March 3rd, 1879.

ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE

COPYRIGHT 1931
BY THE AUTHOR

SIXTH INSTALMENT

RADIO ADVERTISING

We wonder if everybody is as tired of listening to advertising over the radio as we are. We wonder if the people who are paying for radio advertising are getting their money's worth out of it. But at the same time we wonder how we could get many of the really wonderful programs that we hear over our radio if advertisers didn't pay for it.

Somebody has to pay for radio broadcasting. That goes without saying. Some broadcasting is paid for by political and other propagandists, and most of that sort of stuff we have listened to is pretty dreary.

In Russia we understand people cannot hear anything but propaganda through their radio sets. In France the government owns all the radio stations but leases time on the air to advertisers who, we understand, do not make any very successful attempts at entertaining. In England there is a fairly liberal system of government control of broadcasting. Only one company is licensed to broadcast and it operates all of the stations in the British Isles. It gets its revenue from an annual tax of ten shillings, or about \$2.50 on each receiving set. You cannot have a receiving set in England without paying this tax. The government collects the money and divides it with the broadcasting company which develops and puts on its own programs of entertainment and education, but there is always a government censor listening in and there is a decided limitation of free expression of ideas and opinions over the radio.

The last thing we want in America is any kind of government censorship. Freedom of speech and of the press is one of the fundamental principles of our democracy. There is always a bureaucratic clique in Washington which would like to control not only all radio broadcasting but the newspapers and all public speakers as well. The worst thing that could happen to American liberty would be to let government or any part of the government prescribe what people may think or say.

Probably on the whole our American system of letting advertisers pay for our entertainment is the best. We certainly get better entertainment over the radio than they do anywhere else, from all reports, just as we have better newspapers in America because our newspaper advertisers make them possible. But we do wish these broadcasting advertisers would use a little more restraint and a great many fewer words in telling us about the merits of their wares.

THOSE EUROPEAN DEBTS

The principal impression which the international financial conference makes upon us that the United States is for the first time since the war taking the part in international affairs which our country's position as the world's wealthiest and most prosperous nation demands of us. It is announced from Washington that in officially representing the United States in the Conference on International Debts our Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, and our Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, will take no part in the political aspects of the European situation.

It is very difficult to see how they can keep out of it. International debts are necessarily involved in politics. When a nation owes money the method whereby that debt is to be paid has to be decided in the long run by the politicians of that nation, precisely as the method of paying the interest on town or school district bonds and amortizing the principal has to be determined in the long run by the politicians of the town or the school district.

International debts are just like all other public debts, in that the promises of politicians to pay them are not always based upon the ability of the town, county, state or nation to pay. That seems to be Germany's case. She owes more than she can pay, but she has given very good evidence of desire and willingness to pay. All reports from Germany are that the people there are working harder and longer hours than anywhere else in the world and are paying on next to nothing in the effort to pay the heavy taxes which the nation requires. Even doing the best they can the country cannot meet its obligations. The old-fashioned way of meeting a situation like that was for the creditor nations to send an army into the country to take possession of it. The modern way is for all of the nations to whom Germany owes money to get together, as they are doing in London, and try to figure a way out, based upon Germany's proved and actual ability to pay, just as in private business a committee of creditors might work out a plan to enable a debtor to meet his obligations gradually.

THE RUMBLE

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon.

A few miles out Bobby becomes tearful at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk to about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach Denver, after passing through Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis, Peter and Rowena have many tiffs on the way while Carter keeps wiring Bobby to return to New York. The morning after they reach Denver, Peter and Rowena discover Bobby has deserted them and returned to New York by train. They are faced with the impossible condition of continuing their trip without a chaperon.

Rowena suggests to Peter that they make a "companionate" marriage. They are married and go to Cheyenne, where their actions, when they ask for rooms on separate floors, arouses the suspicions of the hotel clerk. They finally succeed in getting rooms, but not without exciting the laughter of the hotel loungers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Although Peter was furiously angry, highly humiliated, and blaming Rowena for everything, he was kind at heart and could not resist the plaintive pathos in her voice, usually so crisp and cool.

"Good night," Rowena," he said, more pleasantly than she had any right to expect. "Don't worry. Everything'll be all right."

After a sleepless night Peter was down in the lobby at an unbelievably early hour. But early as it was, he did not precede the interested smiles and stares of the day staff which had replaced the night workers, clerks, telephone operators and elevator boys.

Even at that unreasonable hour there were loungers in the lobby. And each and every one of them, and even the head waitress smiling in the door of the dining room, knew all about the young New Yorkers married the day before in Denver who demanded rooms on separate floors. Confusion stung his face with burning red.

He went upstairs, walked up to Rowena's room and knocked sharply. "Yes, who?" called Rowena in a bright voice that had obviously been schooled to register good nature in the face of adversity.

"Me," he answered surlily. "Chuck your things into your bag and let's get out of here."

"How about breakfast?"

"The hell with breakfast."

"O. K. by me," called Rowena, in the maddening voice of one who has stoutly enjoined ones inner soul to smiles and sweetness. And indeed even in her sleep Rowena had been reminding herself that she must be very patient with Peter for a few days, as he was apt to be just the least bit in the world cross about the state of affairs.

Within an hour they were hurling the dust of Cheyenne from the wheels of the roadster and as soon as the last outpost of the city lay buried in the past Peter pulled off to the side of the road and drew up to a grinding stop. Then he turned to Rowena and his was not the look of a newly married man.

"Well, you see what fools we made of ourselves," he began. "I hope you're satisfied."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Rowena humbly. "I feel just wretchedly about everything. But I couldn't possibly foresee such awful complications, now could I, Peter? What experience have I had with husbands and hotel registers and such monstrosities?"

"We'll just have to make the best of a suite or adjoining rooms hereafter," said Peter more kindly. "It's this demanding separate floors that makes them give us the raspberry."

"But we can't have connecting rooms, Peter," protested Rowena unhappily. "We just can't. We have to be terribly careful about things like that or we can't get it annulled. Don't you see, Peter, if we stay in adjoining rooms clear across the country, nobody in the world is going to believe we—we really did—stay in adjoining rooms."

"Then we'll have to get a divorce instead of an annulment. I am not going to make a fool of myself like that again."

"But we can't get a divorce in New York," protested Rowena. "I wrote a story about that once—I know how the laws are. One of us would have to go to Reno or Paris to get it and it would take every cent of money we can save on the whole trip to pay for the divorce. And what good would that be to anybody."

"I'll give you grounds to get it right in New York," said Peter grimly. "I'm desperate."

"That's like you, Peter," said Rowena impatiently. "Thinking only of yourself as usual. Well, don't you

get a divorce in New York. I'm not going to be made a fool of there before all my friends."

"What do you mean, made a fool of?" Peter demanded.

"Why, having everybody think I'm so no-good I can't hang on to a husband for two months! No, if it comes to that, I'll give your grounds."

"You'll what?"

"Give you grounds for a divorce?"

"What grounds?"

"The same grounds you so magnanimously offered me."

"Rowena, are you crazy? A woman can't do a thing like that. Why, it—it would ruin you. You're crazy!"

"Oh, I am? Well, let me tell you one thing, Mr. Peter Blande! I'd rather have my friends think I stepped out on you two months after our marriage than that I couldn't keep you from stepping out on me. It's

and drove it securely into a crevice among the rocks.

Rowena, suddenly aroused from her exhausted sleep, had started up in terror at sight and sound of the torrential river bearing down upon them. Prompted by an innate impulse she struggled quickly up to the seat of the rumble, intending to jump, but the car was flung violently from beneath her and cheated of her insecure foothold she fell headlong, face downward, in the icy water.

Peter, stunned by the unexpected onslaught of water, was started to action at sight of Rowena whipped helpless against the rocks by the irresistible flood.

"You little fool, what did you jump for?" he shouted, but even as he spoke he was out of the car and in less than a moment had her firmly in his arm. Slowly he drew her back



Rowena opened the door of the car and sprang out!

think for a minute that I'm going to much more flattering, I assure you!"

"You would, Rowena; I honestly believe you would. You're just that dumb," said Peter. "However, let's not fight over getting the divorce today. The thing to agree on now is that we've got to put up with rooms adjoining or en suite and say no more about separate floors."

"If you're too proud to ask for separate floors, I'll do it," said Rowena.

"I'd rather be embarrassed before a strange hotel clerk than be the laughing stock of my own friends."

"Yes, that would do me a lot of good, wouldn't it?" demanded Peter. To have my wife sail up to the desk and register for me and ask for rooms on separate floors. Oh, yes, that would make everything fine and dandy."

"I'm not your wife," stormed Rowena.

"I'm—I just happen to be married to you—by accident. A—a sort of detour."

"Worse luck," growled Peter.

Rowena opened the door and sprang out.

"What are you going to do? Walk to Yellowstone?"

"I am going," said Rowena coldly, "to retire in peace to my rumble seat."

"Rowena, I ask you, don't be any more ridiculous than usual," he pleaded. "How's it going to look—only two of us in a roadster and you riding in the rumble seat in this boiling hot sun?"

"I'm above worrying about how things look," said Rowena. "I'd rather be bounced and bruised and blistered in the rumble seat than insulted in—in the lap of luxury."

She raised the umbrella with the vicious little click of the snap, adjusted the cushions about her slender body, and rode in the rumble in solemn grandeur, leaving Peter to fume futilely alone in front.

It was about the hour of sunset when a sudden shadow blackened the west, a sudden cool breeze touched their faces.

"They must be having showers in the mountains," said Peter.

But Rowena, deep in a painful sleep of complete exhaustion, did not answer.

It was more than showers they were having in the mountains—it was cloudbursts, one after the other in torrential downpour, and in less time than it took for the cooling breeze to sweep down the plain with refreshment for their tired faces, every dry creek bed and parched arroyo that led from the hot mountains to the burning plains was flooded with rushing water from the heights.

He guided the little roadster along the yellow mesa road toward another narrow rocky gorge through which they had been passing at intervals all day long. The roar in his ears grew louder, closer. Suddenly it sounded ominous and threatening. Peter looked to the west and was amazed to see a solid wall of water nearly as high as the car sweeping down the little canyon.

Instinctively his foot pressed the accelerator. The roaring wall of water was close but the arroyo itself was closer, a scant few feet away, and in a few minutes the crushing river would render it impassable for cars. The car leaped forward down the steep slope into the arroyo. But the hungry water, as if jealous of this boldness, roared down upon them. The car swung powerless beneath its hand, slid away from the road and the river tossed it lightly down stream

until they had the support of the car behind them against the cold pressure of the water.

"—didn't!" she shouted as soon as she recovered her breath. "Fell!"

"Sorry!" roared Peter regretfully. "My fault! Shouldn't have tried it!—No good racing a river!"

"Cheer!!" comforted Rowena loudly. "You nearly made it!"

Other cars pulled up beside the their willing assistance in getting Peter and Rowena safely up on shore. And Peter, against the advice of the tourists and the frightened orders of Rowena, went immediately back to the car for their bags.

"All the clothes we've got," he explained cheerfully. "They're important."

Fortunately the bags were not yet soaked through and except for a few articles on top the contents were dry. Rowena and Peter, soaking wet, hurriedly got out dry clothes and then paused abruptly, regarding both the crowd and each other with timorous hesitancy.

"I'll have my tent up in a jiffy," said a big red faced Kansas farmer with loud kindliness. "River'll be down by morning, but we'll all have to pitch camp here tonight. Give me a hand there, youngster."

And before he had finished announcing his kind intentions he had raised a diminutive tent and extended his hospitality to the dripping pair.

"Key to the city, lady and gent," he said with a great laugh.

Peter made a hasty motion to Rowena who slipped quickly inside and dropped the flap.

"Your wife, I take it," said the red faced Kansan, with a puzzled air.

"Yes," said Peter. "But, the tent isn't so very big, and we're both so terribly wet, and besides, I want to have another look at the car. I don't want it carried off down the canyon."

"Don't you worry about that car brother. That there car is put for keeps. At least till the river goes down."

Other cars pulled up and their occupants joined the enforced camp on the river bank. They put up tents and staked out claims here and there. Children were set to gathering stones and sticks for a fireplace.

All together they ate impromptu supper on the plains, sitting in a cluster of friendly groups about the fire, and afterwards as the darkness fell and the stars lit the black sky over the black prairie, they gathered closer and talked. Some sang, and the men smoked. And presently by twos or by families they crept away to their separate camps for the night.

"Here's an old mattress you can use," said the Kansas farmer, tossing it across to Peter. "We've got another one. It's not very big but you're not a very big family."

(Continued Next Week)

Sends, but Cuts Glass.

An American steel company, making all grades of electric tool steels, announces that it has produced an alloy chisel steel which can be made so hard that it will cut glass, yet may be bent by being hammered over the edge of an anvil.

Fisherman's Luck.

A monster trout weighing ninety-three pounds was landed by a Belfast angler the other day. The fish, an ordinary brown trout, is the largest trout caught in Ulster within the memory of the oldest Waltonian by sea and line.

ODD—BUT TRUE



PROF. GLUCK OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, HAS SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANTED THE LARYNX AND VOCAL CORDS FROM A MAN JUST DEAD TO A LIVING MAN. THE OPERATION ALLOWS FOR THE TUNING UP OR DOWN OF ANY VOICE, REGARDLESS OF SEX, TO ANY DESIRED PITCH

THE SOUND MOTION PICTURE FILM IS GOOD FOR 50 TO 60 DAYS USE, WHEREAS THE SILENT FILMS LAST FROM 90 TO 100 DAYS



LIZZIE BORN BORN 1801 DIED 1928

DR. FRANCIS PEARSE, LONDON, ENGLAND, BURIED HIS OLD AUTOMOBILE TO PREVENT IT FALLING INTO "UNKINDLY HANDS"



DAMAGE AMOUNTING TO \$25,000 WAS CAUSED BY FIRE TO AN ASBESTOS FACTORY IN CHICAGO, ILL.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Pitt County, made in the case of the Town of Farmville, against Dennis Dupree, Walter Hart and Blaney Joyner, the undersigned Commissioner will on Monday, August 10th, 1931, at 12 o'clock Noon, at the courthouse door in the Town of Greenville, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

1st Tract: Lying and being in the Town of Farmville on the west side of Main street, and beginning at the northeast corner of Bettie Joyner's lot and runs 100 feet in a westerly direction along said Bettie Joyner's line; thence at right angles, in a northerly direction and parallel to Main street 30 feet, thence at right angles in an easterly direction 100 feet to Main street, thence along Main street in a southerly direction 30 feet to the point of beginning.

2d Tract: One lot on the west side of Main street in the Town of Farmville, N. C., Pitt County, beginning at the S. E. corner of A. L. Joyner's lot and runs with said A. L. Joyner's line a westerly direction 90 feet, thence in a southerly direction parallel with Main street 16 feet to J. P. Taylor's line, thence with said J. P. Taylor's line in an easterly direction 90 feet to Main street, thence with Main street in a northerly direction 16 feet to the beginning. The lot above described being the same lot conveyed by G. E. Moore and wife to D. C. Blount, by deed recorded in Book U-9, page 592 of the Pitt County Registry.

3d Tract: Being one other lot on Main street in the Town of Farmville. 4th Tract: Being one other lot on Main street in the Town of Farmville. This property being sold to satisfy tax liens against the same. This the 8th day of July, 1931. JOHN HILL PAYLOR, Commr.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Austin Porter, deceased, late of Pitt County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned, at the law offices of John Hill Paylor, attorney, on or before the 18th day of July, 1932, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 14th day of July, 1931.

LILLIE ALSTON, Admrx. Estate Austin Porter. V. E. Fountain, Attorney. John Hill Paylor, Attorney.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to creditors of the said Barrett-Dail Motor Company, that the said partnership of Barrett-Dail Motor Company has been dissolved by mutual consent. That the said T. M. Dail will not be responsible for any further obligations of the said Barrett-Dail Motor Company, and that the said H. L. Barrett will not be responsible for any further obligations of the said Barrett-Dail Motor Company. All obligations of the garage formerly operated by Barrett-Dail Motor Company are to be paid by the said T. M. Dail, and all obligations of the filling station formerly operated by Barrett-Dail Motor Company are to be paid by the said H. L. Barrett.

T. M. DAIL, H. L. BARRETT, John Hill Paylor, Attorney.

Great Care Taken of Silk. Silk is the most costly of all fibers, and in the raw state represents a value so great as to be guarded in its transportation like a shipment of bullion. It is shipped from coast to coast in special, solid express trains, under strong guard, the shipments ranging in value from \$5,000.000 to \$25,000.000

E. T. Dickinson, M. D.

Office with Dr. P. E. Jones, Saturdays; One to Three o'clock Electrical Surgery of the HEAD, NECK AND THROAT

Correctly Fitted Glasses

To relieve Headaches, Eye strains and to give Clear Vision, see Drs. J. H. and V. H. Mewborn Optometrists KINSTON, N. C.

Save Your Eyes

NO MORE RATS OR MICE AFTER YOU USE HUMBUG

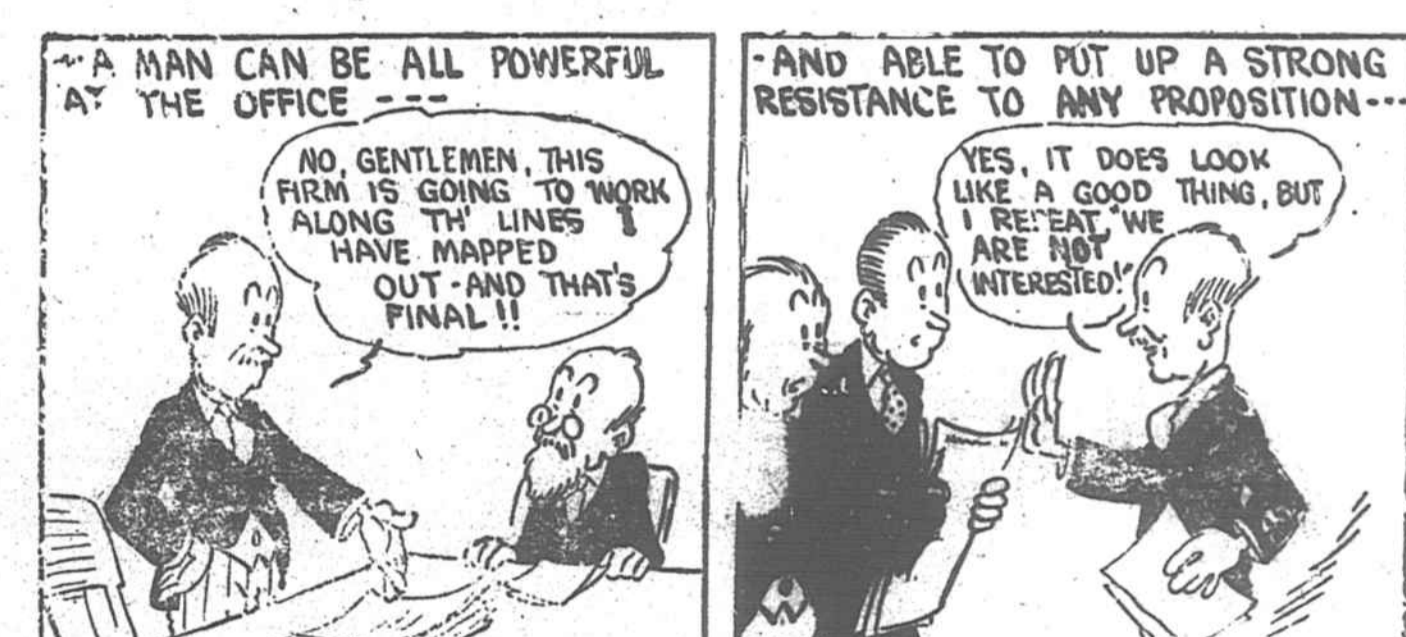
It's a sure rudent killer. Try a package and prove it. Rats killed with HUMBUG leave no smell. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Guaranteed. 50c for large box, and it is ready to use just the way you get it. Don't take our word for this. Try a package and if you are not more than satisfied we will refund your money. Sold and guaranteed by all dealers.

666

LIQUID OR TABLETS Relieves a Headache or Neuralgia in 30 minutes, checks a Cold the first day, and checks Malaria in three days. 666 Salve for Baby's Cold.

NO newspaper can succeed without advertising, therefore we solicit the patronage of our readers for those who by their advertising help to make this paper possible.

WHY IS IT?



BUT BE ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS WHEN HE GETS HOME TO LITTLE FOUR YEAR OLD WILLIE ????



WELL, HERE FOR GOSH SAKES GO GET YOURSELF A LOLLY POP!!!!