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THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Friday, June 9, 1922

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

Good nature and cheerfulness are the cheapest commodities in the world, and the only things that pay ten per cent. to the borrower and lender alike. A smile costs nothing, yet it always pays big.—Ingersoll.

Conan Doyle, in his spiritual writings, avers that all cats and dogs will have a place in Heaven. But won't that be hell for the cats?

Nearly half the 7,600,000 inhabitants of Belgium are saving-bank depositors. The depositors have an average credit of 427 francs.

The logical time for advertising is in the present dull months, to boost sales, and to keep things moving. Merchants will find this to be more than true, if diligent advertising is employed to this end. It pays to advertise, etc., etc. The saying is never more true than today.

The old home of Daniel Boone in Kentucky is falling to pieces. It has withstood the elements for nearly 200 years and is slowly falling to ruin from lack of care. One room contains a large fireplace of stones still in good condition. The doors and shutters of the dwelling are hung on wrought iron hinges, but many of the windows are broken, permitting snow and rain to enter and causing the floor to decay.

An observation of Ahoskie's railroad facilities would indicate that improvement is in order, to some extent at least. More platform room is needed by local business men as a thing of mutual benefit to their own interests and the interests of the town in general. The depot platform should be enlarged—Why? Because of the inconvenience and congestion, especially in the fall, owing to the lack of capacity. This is not an untimely suggestion, for the time of action is now, before the fall rush. A petition, or other means might be resorted to start the movement. The railroad would most likely grant the request if it is shown that by doing so increased shipping would result.

What's in a name? Something and nothing. This town waits for the "getting into action," the squaring of himself to his name of "evangelist," of its chief purveyor and disseminator of salvation, the local Baptist minister. An evangelist, according to Webster, "goes out after those not already in the church, that they might be brought into the fold." It would seem that the real "evangelist," judging from the theories, facts, and fallacies expounded from the local pulpit, was more nearly personified in the former pastor than in the present one. Ahoskie furnishes ample field for any evangelistic efforts, with the possibility of rich returns from such efforts, and as yet, the element of evangelism is not present in the workings of either the local Baptist church, or its minister. There are those in Ahoskie that need to be reached, and brought into the church, and even more already in it, that need a thorough waking up, to a realization of conditions as they exist in this town today. Ahoskie's religious life is ever prone to lethargy, especially when under the direction of one not inclined to tell of the unvarnished truth, but to feed his congregation with soothing syrup from a silver spoon, rather than risk the possibility of incurring the displeasure of some well-to-do "pillar" or "influential" member. At heart, Ahoskie wants to see more evangelistic activity carried on, and it lies with the aforementioned director of the town's spiritual interests to promote, and also to engage in, more of this work.

THE OUTLET

Plant a little ad. in the Herald, and watch results sprout and grow.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

Money won't buy everything, but most of us feel that it would buy about all the things we want, anyway. What say?

Regardless of the progress the women are making, we'll wager every girl is still more interested in getting the third finger of her left hand through a ring than she is in getting her hat in the ring.

The speedometer said sixty miles an hour.

The cop said it was ninety. The natives said it was a crime. He said it was the life. His friends said it with flowers.

Every time you send to another town for an order of printing, you're boosting that town and knocking your own. Didn't know that, did you? Dollars ain't like cats—they don't come back. The Herald is at your service.

- F—rivulous,
- L—uring,
- A—dolescent.
- P—retty
- P—ainted
- E—ffeminate
- R—ouge.

We saw a garage once with the sign posted on the wall—"No smoking, please. If your life isn't worth anything, gasoline is." Which reminds us of the ill-fated fellow that struck a match to see if the gas tank was empty,—and it wasn't. He now plays a harp. Safety first.

Every girl knows the name of about 'steen or more good face powders, but there are mighty few of them in this day and time who even know what baking powders are used for, quoth an elderly citizen of this burg. Page the "elderly citizen,"—he knows whereof he speaks.

Two county commissioners from Ahoskie township. Yes, good for Ahoskie. But is it good for the county also? Both have purchased a size larger hat since the election. We hope—we hope, oh well, we hope that the voters won't have to wish they'd voted differently, that's all.

The many interests opposing the Tobacco Co-Op system is one of the strongest arguments against it. Hertford county farmers are up against it as it is, without jumping into something which cannot increase the market price of their tobacco, but only means congestion during the marketing season, broken heads, broken hearts, and broken pocket books.

A few days ago we weighed some men's dress collars. It took 19 to weigh a pound. These nineteen collars sell at 25 cents each, or \$4.75 a pound. The cotton that made these collars probably grew in Hertford county. It was milled at some N. C. cotton mill, and then sent to the north to be made into collars. The pound of cotton that left here for 15 cents a pound is now back here selling for \$4.75 per pound, a difference of \$4.60 for labor and profit. Such is profiteering.

RECRUITS WANTED FOR THE U. S. NAVY

Raleigh, N. C.—June 8.—Orders have been received by the Main Navy Recruiting Station for the state of North Carolina, to enlist men between the ages of 18 and 35 who are physically as apprentice seamen. These men are needed to fill the 6,000 vacancies in that branch of the service.

Ex-Army and Marine Corps men are eligible for enlistment in the Navy in higher ratings and men so enlisted need no go to the Naval Training Station for training.

Ex-Navy men discharged over four months ago can be reenlisted, if qualified, in the following ratings:

Torpedomen, signalmen, seamen, radiomen, carpenter's mates, shipfitters, patternmakers, painters, blacksmiths, boilermakers, coppermiths, molders, yeomen, storekeepers, aviation metalsmiths, and aviation carpenter's mates.

Apprentice seamen enlisted in North Carolina are sent to the large Naval Training Station at Hampton Roads, Va., for a course of training.

Any interested are requested to call in person or write to any of the Navy Recruiting Stations in Raleigh, Asheville, Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Wilmington, or Greenville, N. C.

FOR BETTY'S SAKE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"Well—well—well! Bruce Eliot, of all men! Back from the frozen North and looking as fit as anything!" Stephen Hastings had risen and grasped both outstretched hands of the tall, well-knit, fellow who had burst unceremoniously into his office, and now stood before him.

"Yes, I'm home at last, Steve, and you're the first old friend I've looked up and, believe me, you certainly do my eyes good!" Bruce threw his long frame, spare but husky from long months of canoe and sledge travel in the wilderness of the copper mine, into the room. "Steve drew for him and fairly beamed at his host. "Tell me all that has happened during the two years I have been away. I've had no news to amount to anything and I'm as gossip-hungry as an old woman at her sewing circle. Fire!"

So Steve tipped back in his swivel desk chair and did the best to comply with his listener's demand, while Bruce occasionally broke in with an eager question or startled exclamation of wonder or dismay. So the Carter girl had eloped in the end! A big fire had gutted the business district! Old Caleb Rich was dead!

At length, after Steve had all but exhausted his supply of news, Bruce tentatively put the question which had been on his lips since he entered the room. Yet he endeavored to endow it with the utmost casualness.

"I say, Steve, by the way, how—how is your ward, Betty Griswold?"

"Betty?" repeated Steve. "Why, I expect, Bruce, you'll find Betty much as you left her—sweet, winsome, keyed to the joy of living."

"Not—not married, then, or engaged?" Bruce didn't realize the awful anxiety in his eyes as he hung on Steve's answer, but the most indifferent observer could not have failed to notice the infinite relief which leaped to them at the other's reply. "No, indeed—neither, Bruce."

There was a moment's silence in the office. Then, quite suddenly, as if moved by some hidden impulse, Stephen leaned forward. I've half a mind to tell you something, Bruce, which concerns Betty. Being her guardian, I know her affairs pretty well. And if I am, in a way, breaking a confidence, I am doing it for Betty's sake."

Bruce was frowning, uncertain whether he wished Steve to continue, but the other allowed him no choice.

"I said that Betty is not engaged. That is true. She is not—but she has been. Wait. The fact was known only to a few, was never publicly announced. The breaking of it caused no comment."

"Well, to cut the story short, the days went by with Betty growing quieter, more subdued than was natural, almost as if she were suffering from some inner malady. Then one afternoon, so I understand, he surprised her sitting before her fireplace, her face white and drawn, a newspaper crushed in her hand."

"Questioned, she reluctantly showed him an account of the reported loss of your expedition, with you declared to be missing, swept away on an ice floe, if I remember."

Stephen paused and Bruce gripped the arms of his chair until his knuckles whitened.

Stephen nodded slowly. "Yes, I can see what you are wildly surmising. And you are right. Betty's fiance—knew her emotions could be interpreted in but one way. He comforted her as much as he could then, and when the report came through of your safety released her from the engagement. Betty loves you, Bruce."

Bruce sprang to his feet and grasped Stephen's hand. "Steve, I—I didn't dare hope. But now, if what you say is true, I must see her immediately."

An hour later Bruce entered the Griswold library, where he had been told he would find "Miss Betty." And there, in front of the fireplace where she had first read of his possible death, he found her—the girl of whom he had dreamed through the long arctic nights, whose fair face had been with him across so many miles of barren wastes.

At his entrance she rose, paled and steeled herself at the table as one who is not certain she has not seen a ghost. Bruce stood for a moment, drinking the sight of her in.

"Betty—oh, Betty! After all these months—Betty!"

And then, before either realized just how it had come about, she was in his arms.

"Bruce, why didn't you tell me before you left? I felt so desperately alone that I let myself think I cared for some one else. But I—I didn't love him. He—"

"Hush!" commanded Bruce. "That is over and as deeply buried in the past as if it had never been. All that matters is our happy future."

Two weeks after Bruce and Betty were married Bruce looked across the supper table at Betty. "Heard today, dear, that old Steve Hastings is slated for a consulship abroad. Funny he never mentioned it."

Betty looked thoughtful and toyed with her fork. Then, with eyes full of love and loyalty, she looked over at her husband. "Stephen is a splendid man, Bruce. He is the man to whom I was engaged."

Must Be Single.

"He has more money than he knows what to do with."
"Poor man. Hasn't he a wife to help him out?"

SPECIAL GROCERY BARGAINS AT MYERS & LEARY'S, AHOSKIE, N. C.

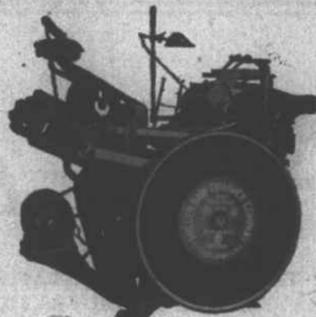
Owing to the frequent changes in wholesale prices we are unable to guarantee these prices over one week, but we sell groceries at the same close margin of profit at all times. You will never go wrong when you buy from us.

SUGAR 6 1-2 cts. by the 10 lb. lots

Quaker Oatmeal	10c
Quaker Hominy Grits	10c
Kelloggs Corn Flakes	9c
Kellogg's Post Toasties	9c
Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches by 5 pound packages	18c
Campbells Soups	10c
Campbells Beans	10c
Sliced Dried Beef, Can	9c
Yellow Cling Peaches	25c
Herring Roe, the Chowan River Brand, a can	19c
Can Shad	13c
Apricots, large cans, sweetened	19c
Pears, large cans, in syrup	19c
Delmonte Pine Apple, can	29c
Corn Beef, 25c size	18c
Corn Beef Hash, 2 lb. Cans, original price 40 to 50c now	19c
Karo Syrup, 1 1-2 lb cans	10c
Fresh Roasted Beef	23c
5c Star Soap, 3 for	10c
10c Cake Stolwerks Chocolate	5c

1 1-2 lb. select tripe, original price 40c, special	20c
Armour's Veribest Salad dressing	18c
COFFEE	
Pure Coffee, per pound	19c
Reiley's Special 1 lb. packages	23c
Temple Garden Coffee, 1 lb.	29c
Maxwell House, 1 lb. packages	39c
FLOUR	
Best Self Rising, 12 lb. Bags	55c
Best Self Rising, 24 lb. bag	\$1.10
Best Plain flour, 12 lb. bags	50c
OTHER SPECIALS	
Brookfield Creamery Butter, 1-4 lb. prints at	48c
Ivory Soap Flakes	11c
Swift's Slice Bacon, per pound	47c
Swifts Slice Bacon, 1-2 lb. pkg.	24c
Bacon in Strips, per lb.	16c
Evaporated Milk, Tall Cans	11c
Full Cream Cheese	25c
Martins Silver Saver, original price 50c, now	39c

THESE PRICES ARE STRICTLY CASH



When you see this automatic printing press in a print shop, you are assured that when you have your stationery or other printing done at that office, it is done on the best machinery money will buy, and it takes skilled printers to operate this machinery, so you get only the best to be had.

WE make no claim of being cheap printers in the sense of shaving the price down a little lower than the other fellows, because we have too much pride in maintaining our standard of good work to permit us to sacrifice that standard to mere cheapness. That is neither good for you or us. But by giving intelligent service and providing you with printing that is the best we know how to make for the purpose it is to be used, we do claim that is true economy for you to deal with us.

Hertford County Herald

Printers and Publishers

Ahoskie,

North Carolina