

COMO NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Taylor were in Franklin Wednesday.

Mrs. H. McD. Spiers returned from Norfolk Thursday where she has been with her husband who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Christophers hospital.

Mr. Clapp of Charlotte, N. C. spent Thursday night in Como.

G. C. Hill and Miss Lucile Duckworth were in Winton Thursday.

H. L. Miller of Winton was a business visitor here Thursday.

H. J. Vann and Miss Josephine Vann were in Franklin Thursday.

J. B. Worrell and Miss Florrie Ferguson have returned from Suffolk where they attended the district conference last week.

H. J. Vann spent Friday in Norfolk.

J. A. Campbell of Murfreesboro was the guest of T. E. Vann Sunday afternoon.

D. B. Spiers and R. O. Hill spent Monday in Norfolk.

Mrs. J. H. Barnes and son, J. B. Barnes, spent the week-end in South Quay with Mrs. Barnes' sister, Mrs. Phillip Jones.

J. B. Starnes was in Murfreesboro Monday night.

Miss Magie Hardee left Saturday for Raleigh where she will spend several days with her father, who is sick in Rex Hospital, before going on to her home in Benson, N. C.

Miss Margaret Majette returned to Norfolk Monday after a visit of several days here with her mother, Mrs. Blanch Majette.

Miss Myrtle Williams left Monday for her home in Angier, N. C.

The local election held Saturday resulted in all of the school districts of Maney's Neck Township uniting with the Como School.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Taylor on May 11th—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hill, William Hill, Misses Kate Gillam and Virginia Hill spent Tuesday in Norfolk shopping.

Miss Eddie Mae Vann returned to her home here Tuesday from Pittsboro where she has been teaching.

Last Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 10:30 o'clock, Miss Kate Gillam charmingly entertained the school faculty, high school pupils, and her music class at a party in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Taylor. After many interesting games refreshments consisting of ice tea, olive and pimento sandwiches, salted peanuts and mints were served. Those partaking of Miss Gillam's hospitality were: Misses Marjorie Bowles, Susan Barnes, Jane Howell, Gertrude Brett, Kate Howell, Lottie Moore, Rachel and Virginia Hill, Williams, and Hardee. Messrs. Granville Railey, J. B. Barnes, James Moore, William and Ferral Hill.

The Como school finals which took place Thursday and Friday, were unusually good. Thursday evening was given over to the little tots of the primary room, and the grammar grade which was very creditably done and showed fine training. Friday morning the six members of the tenth grade read their theses. The medal given was awarded to Jarvis Barnes, followed by a very able address by Rev. Mr. Larkin, pastor of the M. E. church of Murfreesboro. Friday evening the high school pupils gave several beautiful pantomimes followed by a play "Brother Josiah" in which all did their parts well.

Mothers' Day was observed at Buckhorn church Sunday by a very appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. E. N. Gardner on "Honoring Our Parents." Mr. P. W. Majette and Miss Myrtle Williams very charmingly sang several appropriate selections of special music.

Mrs. Margaret Howell was very delightfully surprised Sunday on returning from church. She found that her children, George and Jane Howell with a friend, Miss Kate Gillam had provided and prepared for her a very dainty and appetizing five course birthday dinner. The table, an old mahogany chippendale, that had been in Mrs. Howell's family for more than a century, was beautiful in its decorations of hand made lace, white roses, and white candles in old silver scones. The invited guests were Mrs. J. B. Darden of Newsoms, Va., Mrs. J. D. Hart of Boykins, Mrs. Gatale Hill, Mrs. J. C. Taylor and Mr. W. M. Howell. The surprise to Mrs. Howell was complete as the birthday calendar had been moved up several days that her son, George Howell of Franklin, Va., might take part in it.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Margaret Virginia Majette, sponsor for the Como High School basket-ball team, entertained the team with several of their friends at a tea at the home of her mother, Mrs. Joseph G. Majette. Miss Majette was assisted in receiving her guests by her mother, Miss Mary Winborne and Mrs. Jethro Barnes Majette. Among those invited were, Team Captain, Jarvis Barnes, Miss Rachel Hill, James Edward Moore, Miss Gertrude Brett, Glenn Bittle, Miss Susan Barr, J. Ed-

The Reform of Sullivan

By PETER DURANT

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Sullivan sat up, stretched himself, and looked about him. At first he did not know where he was. Then he began to remember. He had hit Titusburg, where someone had told him there was the chance of a job on the new trolley line. The story had been untrue, but that had not distressed Sullivan in the least. It was some years since he had had a job, and he was thinking of retiring.

A man was a fool who worked in fine weather, when one could sleep by the roadside and bum from house to house. Sullivan, in rags; Sullivan, the perpetual hobo, would have felt a king but for one thing.

He wanted a drink. He wanted it with all the need of the habitual drinker whose parched throat and aching nerves are tormenting him into gratification of an inveterate habit.

Sullivan felt in his pockets. There was the fifty-cent piece someone had given him—a woman, it had been. He had pitched her a pathetic story about tramping to the bedside of a dying child. Sullivan was an adept in his line. Sullivan grinned. He got up, smoothed down his rags and staggered to the likeliest looking blind tiger.

He went in at the back door and accosted the proprietor. "Say, gimme a glass of the real stuff," he demanded.

"Sure!" answered the proprietor, and in a few moments Sullivan was lifting a glass of whisky to his lips. He drained it, and it stung like living fire.

"Say, that's the goods!" said Sullivan, smacking his lips. Something strange about the proprietor attracted his attention. The man had a foreign, rather Spanish air, and—why did he limp? He had a club foot. Sullivan felt vaguely that something was wrong.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Nix," said the other, waving the fifty cents away. "No charge for whisky in this burg."

Sullivan took his opportunity to decamp. No doubt the guy had gone plumb crazy, but he knew when to make his getaway. The liquor was still scorching his insides.

"Gosh, that was good!" said Sullivan, staggering to the next place that looked like business.

The proprietor of this was a little, wisened man, and, strangely enough, he limped, though his shoes appeared to be of a pair. "Say, gimme a glass of whisky," said Sullivan.

"Sure!" said the proprietor, setting down a glass of amber-colored fluid.

Sullivan drained it. Talk about burning! It felt like liquid fire. Sullivan smacked his lips.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Nix," said the other. "No charge for whisky in this burg."

"Say—" began Sullivan, and paused. Something was wrong. "Say, what's the price of soft drinks in this burg, then?" he asked.

The other laughed. "Can't get 'em," he answered. "Say, where you come from that you don't know we're under prohibition."

"Under what?" yelled Sullivan.

"Prohibition—and we're enforcing it, too," replied the other. "Nothing but whisky sold here. Ya can't get a soft drink for love or money."

"Say, do the folks here drink nothing but whisky?" Sullivan demanded.

"Sure they don't. We're a prohibition town, we are. You must ha' been asleep, stranger."

Sullivan staggered out, ruminating. He was undoubtedly thirsty. And, now that soft drinks were unobtainable, he had a terrible aching for one—a cup of tea, a glass of—yes, water! The despised fluid which he had not tasted since he was a boy. He remembered the old oaken bucket—the longing grew to be unbearable.

Sullivan went up to a nice, homely looking place with a soda fountain. "Whisky frappe" he read. "Whisky sundaes with crushed juniper." He staggered up to the marble slab where a dozen young men and girls were imbibing yellow liquids through straws.

"Say, gimme a glass of soda," he pleaded, spinning his fifty cents.

"Hey, git out of here, you bum!" shouted the proprietor, while the crowd tittered. He advanced with threatening gestures. Sullivan noticed that he limped. "Say, this is a prohibition town, this is! Think you can buy soft drinks in Hellsburg?"

Sullivan opened his eyes and sat up. He was lying where he had fallen, under a tree on the outskirts of Titusburg. He was conscious of a burning, unappeasable thirst. For a few minutes he did not know where he was, so vivid had been the dream.

Then, remembering, he rose to his feet with a groan, gripping his fifty-cent piece. Across the street was a soda fountain. Sullivan went in.

"Gimme a raspberry phosphate, please, mister," he said to the attendant.

Aerial bombs when going through the air have a sound totally different from shells fired from cannons.

ward Railey, Miss Marjorie Bowles, Reuben Edwards, Miss Kate Howell, Granville Railey, Miss Hannah Picot, Harvey Picot, Miss Jane Howell, Edwin Cooke, Miss Mary Winborne. The tea by Miss Majette, was the closing event of the commencement of our school and was one of the smartest social affairs of the season.

SAYS RADIO HAS USEFUL FUTURE

Electrical Genius Believes Wireless Waves Pass Through Earth as Well as Air.

By DR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ Chief Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company

Radio messages that course through the earth and through water as well as the air are a well founded possibility in the light of recent and unusual performances of lower power radio apparatus in transmitting messages to surprising distances.

These possibilities are not difficult



DR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

of belief. In fact, I believe that under certain conditions it will be easier for wireless waves to pass through the ground than through the air. Submarines already have sent radio messages successfully while submerged, a primary substantiation of the theory which looks to the conquering of another element in addition to ether.

If radiations through the earth do



One of the Antenna Towers of WGYY, Radio Broadcasting Station of General Electric Company.

Electrical Hired Man Does a Lot for a Cent

If the cost of electric current is 10 cents per kilowatt hour, which is an average rate, then 1 cent's worth of electricity on the farm will do these things:

- Shell eight bushels of corn.
- Cut 200 pounds of fodder.
- Cut 200 pounds of ensilage.
- Thresh one bushel of barley.
- Separate sixty gallons of milk.
- Churn thirty-three pounds of butter.
- Stuff 200 pounds of sausage.
- Groom two horses.
- Lift 100 gallons of water 100 feet.
- In the farmhouse the same value of electric current will do the following chores:
- Operate a six pound flatiron fifteen minutes.
- Clean 450 square feet of carpet with an electric vacuum cleaner.
- Run an electric sewing machine two hours.
- Run a twelve-inch electric fan two hours.
- Keep a heating pad hot two or three hours.
- Run a buffer and grinder an hour and a quarter.
- Run an electric clothes washer full of washing.
- Operate a 16 candlepower Mazda lamp five hours.

take place, however, they will be wholly in accord with accepted electrical laws. This is due to the circumstance that the sending antennae and the receiving set were both connected to the ground and that the earth in such a case would act as a return circuit for the current.

Too Big to Realize

It is difficult to look into the future of radio, for it is such a big thing. Developments in the past have been so unusual and so unexpected. Only those who have studied it most thoroughly can safely talk of its development.

One thing is certain, however. Uninterrupted communication throughout the world is now a reality because of radio. There can hardly be a time when any place will be out of communication with the rest of the world. In case of a disaster, when ordinary communication is out of, messages can still be sent out by radio.

Expeditions in distant lands, in places where wires have never been stretched, can keep in constant communication with the world through the radio. Communication at sea, of course, holds great possibilities, too.

It is not likely that the radio will ever replace the ordinary telephone. Radio messages cannot be directed so that they will pass merely from one individual to another. Radio is too general. It goes out over large areas. Others—not everybody, but some—could hear the message as well as the person for whom it was intended.

However, toll messages might be transmitted by radio from city to city. A telephone subscriber might talk by wire with the central station in his own city and the message might then be put on the wireless and transmitted to another city and then delivered by wire telephone to the person concerned.

The Greatest Field

Radio's most notable field of service to most people will undoubtedly be broadcasting. In this manner it can be of service to many people everywhere. Speakers can address the nation at large, as President Harding did in his inaugural address; lecturers can speak to larger audiences; college professors may be heard by people who cannot take the regular courses. People might receive some aspects of college training without leaving their homes.

Ministers can preach to persons not present at church. Public information is already being sent out by radio.

Radio has a vast future. Obviously we are very far from having reached the limit in its development.

We Know Your Wants

---&---

WANT YOUR BUSINESS

We solicit your patronage and the privilege of showing you how we can serve your best interests. Then we will not have to solicit any more—you will be the one of those patrons who enjoy a service that years of experience has built to a high standard of excellence.

May we serve you?

BANK OF AHOSKIE

SIMPLY SUPERIOR SERVICE

Ahoskie, N. C.

THE SUPERIOR CHEVROLET

For Economical Transportation the CHEVROLET epitomizes the progress of industry to date along the line of maximum economy consistent with all latest improvements in mechanical design

PRICES DELIVERED

SUPERIOR Two passenger Roadster.....	\$581.22
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Touring.....	596.82
SUPERIOR Two passenger Utility Coupe.....	758.57
SUPERIOR Four passenger Sedanette.....	935.92
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Sedan.....	946.32

Time payments by month can be had by paying one-third Cash.

Let me demonstrate a New Model.

W. M. ELEY,

Agent - - - Winton, N. C.

Just One Taste

of "The Quality Kind" Ice Cream and you will be convinced that the best Ice Cream you ever ate was made right here in Ahoskie by the Ahoskie Ice Cream Co.

With our new plant now in operation, we are in position to fill all orders on short notice.

Let Us Serve You

Ahoskie Ice Cream Co.

"The Quality Kind"

Newsome's Block - - - Ahoskie, N. C.

COMMENCEMENT

Powellville Graded School

PROGRAMS GIVEN BY PRIMARY GRADES

AND MUSICAL STUDENTS

TUESDAY EVENING, EIGHT O'CLOCK

MAY 8, 1923

- Song 1st and 2nd Grades
- Piano Solo Helen Ray Holloman
- "Choosing The May Queen" 1st and 2nd Grades
- Instrumental Duet Irene Parker and Burnice Tripp
- "Little Men" 3rd and 4th Grades
- Piano Solo J. C. Holoman
- Butterfly Song Evelyn Phelps
- Burnice Tripp and J. E. Wynne
- Piano Solo Rosa Lee Earley
- May Song 3rd and 4th Grades
- "Flower Party" 1st and 2nd Grades

Announcements

Wednesday Morning, 11:00 O'Clock, Commencement Address By Rev. C. C. Smith

Wednesday Evening, 8:00 O'Clock

- "Beautiful Belles and Dudes" 5th and 6th Grades
- "Manner's Class" 5th and 6th Grades
- "Spring Garland" 7th Grade
- "A Bunch of Roses" High School Pupils

SUBSCRIBE TO THE HERALD ONE YEAR - - - \$1.50