

Hertford County Herald

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1923.

GOVERNOR MORRISON EXPLODES ONCE AGAIN—

Getting hot under the collar has grown to be such a common thing with our Governor that his tirades no longer convey news to the populace. It is a habit with His Excellency. What glory he expects to add to his name by his guttural antics against any and all persons who are not his blind followers in every thought and action he himself is probably the only person in all the universe who believes he knows.

Even before he had finished with Maxwell, of the Corporation Commission, he fires another poisoned arrow at his administration fellow, Mitch Shipman, who happened to have had enough influence over the late General Assembly to dissuade it against enacting one of the Governor's pet measures—a Department of Commerce.

Tom Bost, of the Greensboro Daily News, attributes this latest outburst to ill health, and draws some kind of comparison between our Most High Governor and the crippled Woodrow Wilson. Bost is exceedingly generous to his late antagonist and accusers of everything bad, and we are a little afraid the people of North Carolina will not be quite so generous. In fact, it is now time for the Governor to show the other side of his nature, if he has any in his system, and extend Bost a column or two "Note of Thanks."

JUDGE KERR A FRIEND TO MAN—

Whatever else Judge Jno. H. Kerr may be, no person can say he is not every man's friend. Certainly that is the impression the editor of this newspaper has gained from observation mainly, and from acquaintance casually. One does not have to know Judge Kerr intimately to be drawn to him nor to admire the man in him. He embodies the very principles that make men love him; and, if expressions voluntarily made by numerous persons are sincere, Judge Kerr is resting securely in the knowledge that he is one official whose least concern is the making and holding of friends.

"He is the same John Kerr he was the first time I ever saw him on the courthouse square," was a handy expression for numerous persons attending superior court at Winton this week. Passing in and out among the crowds, the editor of this paper has yet to hear one derogatory sentence passed by a single person who has aught to say about him. And, there were many persons at Winton who had his name on their lips.

In his public utterances, in and out of court, Judge Kerr's one theme is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The charge made to the grand jury Monday embodied those great words of the Master of men, but, the HERALD believes there are few men who are in better position to repeat that

"Old Farmer" Is Rearing To Write

Mr. Editor:

Being that I ha'nt writ you anything for the reason that I didn't know whether you would print it or not, because I have been reading the HERALD a long time and aint loaded up on that flowery stuff that these here fellows has a overcharge of what writes.

The old woman, none of the girls and not even Jim knows that I am about to write to you for they would be standing around bothering the life out of me so I have got off to myself while the girls are off on a visit and the old woman is in the kitchen and dining room.

The times sometimes comes in a fellow's life when he just feels like his safety valve has got to blow off a little or else he will bust and you know it would never do to bust.

Last Monday morning I told Jim to get ready and crank up our old tin lize for I was going to Winton to see what the two boards were a-going to do for I had seen in the HERALD that they were going to meet and either hitch up or unhitch and Heben knows I didn't know which. The tug had come between Education and Taxation. Well, that is the only way or about the only way I can learn anything is to read my county paper and hear the big folks talk and son, unless we clodhoppers get out once in a while we will be all the time groping about in darkness.

So I ups and goes to Winton and in the first place I want you to know that I am a red hot sizzling advocate of education because this day and time ain't nothing like it was when I was a "school boy." What did I say? "School boy" aint right for there weren't no school to go to and how could I be a school boy just so? I was just a boy and not a school boy. So I am determined to fight the rest of my life for good schools and I want all the boys to be school boys and all the girls to be school girls, and that's why the old woman don't want me to expose my ignorance, but if I can get this piece writ in time I am sure going to slip it in my R. F. D., and then you can do what you please with my log school house stuff.

But listen, Mr. Editor, I got to Winton and heard the tempest in a pot. These big folks are all right, I reckon, but don't you think there is a happy middle ground about near about everything. And don't you think that there is a danger line in mighty near everything? What I mean to say is that there is always danger in extreme men and measures for the Bible says that we must be temperate in all things and that don't mean just liquor. I know you can't expect much if you don't pay much, but aint there such a thing as biting off more than you can chew, but if we will take small mouthfuls we can go right along and never get choked.

Well, that 52 cents on the \$100 worth of property looks big and is big but we are doing a heap bigger things than we used to but when it comes to jumping from 52 to 94 cents on the \$100.00 aint that some leap and don't that look like somebody's going to come might near getting choaked next year about tax paying time? Remember the Bible says "Be temperate." Yes sir, that would be more than we could chew with boll weevils threatening to chew a part of our cotton this year and next year maybe every darn boll.

I don't always agree with my friend Dr. Jess Mitchell and I don't reckon he expects me to but I think he was right this time when he faught to a compromise the increase in taxation and if he had not led the fight I am afraid the levy would have been 74 instead of 75.

I kept my mouth shut last winter when such big fellows as Jno. C. Taylor and Thad E. Vann were chewing the rag over whether the chairman of the county Board of Commissioners had the right to vote as a member and then in case of a tie to vote to break it, but I expect that my friend Jno. C. was willing the other day for Dr. Mitchell to vote twice and in fact I can just naturally see friend Taylor reach out his hand to friend Vann and with mouth to ear say in whisper-tones, "Let's allow Dr. Jess to vote twice on certain questions."

I must stop now for I can tell by the way the old woman is stepping around she will soon be out of the dining room and if she catches me with all this scribbling, she is sure going to want me to tell her what it is all about.

OLD FARMER.

admonition than Judge Kerr. If there is one thing he is, Judge Jno. Kerr is a lover of fellowman.

Egyptians of 1600 B. C. played a game of chess similar in its main points to our modern pastime.

OFFICE CAT



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The CAT has been requested by Ahoosie's Young America to start a movement to raise a fund for the erection of a memorial to that engineer on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, who sings those lonesome melodies on his engine whistle every night around the stroke of twelve. Fathers and mothers are expected to make a strenuous and stubborn kick against any such movement, for they have trouble enough getting their youngsters to sleep at night.

K-A-T

Speaking of Ahoosie's "Young America," the CAT desires also to erect a monument to the tribe that has awoken the sombulency of the peanut market by extracting countless nickels and dimes from both domestic population and the transient bunch by almost forcing them into the habit of buying their "hot roasted peanuts." Where in all the land is there another such bunch as Ahoosie has produced? If any slicker-tongued bunch of vendors can be found, trot 'em out and let's look them over. The CAT expects the peanut farmer to endorse this move.

K-A-T

"The best crop in 25 years," say those who live in and around Harrellsville; and some are farmers who say it. My observation has been that when a farmer—a real farmer—says his crop is extraordinarily good, there's no use trying to deny it. And, from other sections come the same reports of fine crops.

K-A-T

Mr. E. B. Vaughan, of Murfreesboro, believes the present condition of the cotton crop would easily justify a prediction of an average of one bale and a half to the acre, straight through, taking the good and bad. The farmer now has only one come-back and the weight-carrying word "it" plays a big part in it. "If the prices hold up."

K-A-T

D. L. Myers, local town alderman, doesn't believe Ahoosie should buy all the land between Coffield and Earleys Station for opening up streets across the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. He has said so upon several occasions at the meetings of the council. "Rocky Mount doesn't do it," he said. "Yes, but I tell you Mr. Myers, we want to make Ahoosie a better looking town than Rocky Mount; I'd hate to think we couldn't improve over its street system in the business section." That came from Councilman H. S. Basnight.

K-A-T

The CAT didn't write that to make any person believe friction existed among the councilmen. They are the pleasantest bunch you most ever saw, and if they've ever split on any question when voting time came, I don't believe the minutes will show it. They never do, despite the fact that they have to wrestle with most every kind of "problem of town administration ever dreamed of." I sez it's a pretty tolerable bunch.

K-A-T

If you are doing good work, don't worry, somebody will find it out, says John Gatling.

K-A-T

G. C. Britton says the reason two girls can't be friends is a man.

K-A-T

SALLY is rather sullen this week; she's been moping around the office for two days now. It's all because "Old Farmer" has finally edged himself into the columns of the HERALD, and, by the eternal darkness of printer's ink, "Old Farmer" has made such a hit that our SALLY is afraid she'll lose some of her glory.

K-A-T

PATICA, however, while showing slight signs of jealousy, has sought to console his sister by a line of thought that runs something like this: "Old Farmer" is probably undertaking to run counter to the CAT tribe—a bunch known for its ability to fight back. That being the case, there is the impending prospect of a friendly setto. That being the case, reader interest is due to increase, and

the whole con-sarned Cat tribe will be on the tongues of men as never before.

K-A-T

TOM, JR., is regaling himself over the prospect of a "controversy." He has it in his nature and it must be coming out, he says. The Junior Tom says he's going to welcome anything tending to arouse interest. Mind you, however, he didn't say animosity. Away with any such rot; it'll be friendly to the core.

Ahoosie Customer say the sugar barons, the coal operators and the ice men must belong to the same fraternity.

On The Local Screen

Two little flies in my office I see, I have killed one, and now there are three;
Seven little flies buzzing early and late,
I have killed six and now there are eight.

Eight little flies all impatient to dine, I have killed seven and now there are nine—million.

Hugh Harrell says genius is composed of equal parts of sweat, temperament, and headlines.

Political Notes

The Ford boom is making quite a rattle.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Senator-elect, says Gov. Simth will be the next president. Guess, the doc has got the wrong dope.

Now since the girls are wearing their dresses lower in the neck, we understand that there is to be a mass meeting of mosquitos this evening, and hymns of praise and thanksgiving will be sung.

Aren't men funny? They wear clothes that cover them from ankle bone to Adam's apple. They smoke—because they like it. They tie knots that will untie. They know what's trumps and why they played the joker. They wear B. V. D's and don't roll their socks. Aren't men funny. They're so different from women.

We have no more right to consume good cheer without creating it than to consume wealth without producing it.

Correct this sentence: "I enjoy going out with Mrs. Jones," said the wife, "because she wears so much finer clothes than mine."

Mr. Newlywed: "Oh, Jack, you left the kitchen door open and the draught closed my cook-book, and now I haven't the faintest idea what it is I'm cooking."

That chap who says there is no more co-operation in the world hasn't tried making love to a modern flapper.

Bob Mitchell says looks are often deceiving. Very few autos are over four years old.

Learn Rule One And Then Follow Fifth And Tenth

1. The cop is always right. Don't sass him.
2. Never crowd a truck to the curb.
3. Never run over a crossing cop's feet.
4. Steer around the lamp posts in the middle of the boulevard.
5. Never sass a cop.
6. Always give a woman enough room to change her mind.
7. Try to avoid running into the mounted policeman's horse.
8. When you have been given a summons, make it a point to appear. Judges appreciate this.
9. Never try to beat a fire engine to the crossing. Picking you up may delay the firemen.
10. Never sass a cop.

If a little girl comes back from a picnic reasonably clean, you know she didn't have a very good time.

Have you ever noticed that the man who pays as he goes seldom gets beyond the speed limit.

It doesn't cost so very much to start in business now. Ten dollars will buy a fairly good sucker list.

About all you can say for the groom, is that he holds a responsible position, says The Reporter.

Promises may get friends, but performance keeps them, thinks V. D. Strickland.

The boll weevil is not responsible for damages done by the red spider and wilt disease. These are still additional troubles for the cotton farmer and require different treatment, say State College workers.

NOTICE

Having this day qualified as Administrator on the Estate of Geo. W. Horton, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly and properly itemized and verified, on or before the 29th day of June, 1924, or this notice will be pleaded at bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 29th day of June, 1923.
R. C. BRIDGER, Administrator.

Soft bodied hogs sell for \$1 less and oily hogs for \$2 less than hard hogs, finds W. W. Shay. With the tremendous possibilities for corn production in North Carolina no farmer should be compelled to sell soft hogs.

Because his daughter is a member of the Hutaft Poultry Club in New Hanover, one father decided that he would put in pure bred poultry and build a modern house for handling them, says Miss Florence Jeffress, Home agent in that county.

CLEARANCE SALE

August 4th to 14th

I must make room for new goods, so am offering my **ENTIRE STOCK AT COST**

Take advantage of this opportunity to get a **Summer Hat, your Ribbons, Hose, Laces, Etc., At Cost.**

I can save you money now while goods are advancing.

Don't Forget the Dates

August 4th to 14th

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