

Hertford County Herald

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1923

PRESIDENT HARDING
WHOLE- SOUL-ED MAN—

While the number of persons in this vicinity who belong to the late President's political party are few, there is none who does not feel that the Nation has lost one of its biggest and best men. There are varying degrees of greatness ascribed to the dead President, but none deny his bigness, both as the Nation's Chief and as a lovable, genial, and good American citizen.

He was a man who sought friendships. And, the universal sorrow that has pervaded the whole world since his death last Thursday is strong enough evidence of the esteem and love all persons held for him. It is plain proof of his popularity, his greatness, and his ability to make and keep friends. It has been said of him that he died trying to bring the people nearer to the government; and by his own statements that is true.

He might not have been as keen in intellect as some of his predecessors, and he might not have been as aggressive as others; but, after all, his life was rich in those things the average American covets as the essentials of life. Human emotions, love for one's neighbors, and a closely knitted friendship are some of the things typified by the late Warren G. Harding's life.

PAYING TAXES LAST
OBLIGATION OF SOME—

Several causes may be ascribed for the habit some persons have of delaying the payment of taxes until they are forced to do it or lose their possessions through sale. One of them is, of course, the leniency with which officials have annually dealt with the delinquents, granting them extensions right up until the time when another year's taxes are due.

That, however, is not the sole reason. Many of these persons have overlooked their duty to the government that provides protection and education for them. They take the business of being a first rate citizen lightly, and concern themselves but little about what is going on about them.

These are usually classed among the great number of American citizens who take but little interest in their government in any of its phases. They "let George do it." And, so when taxpaying time comes, they fail to realize that George is not in the habit of paying other people's taxes, and are brought face to face with some of the realities of government, whether they like it or not. Most people who have paid taxes at all should realize by this time that "Taxes and death are two certain things in this life."

During the Farmers' Convention last week, 797 farmers and their wives registered for rooms at the College dormitories. Over a thousand came in each day in their cars.

"Old Farmer" Is
Boosting Ahooskie

Mister Editor:

That piece I write you last week come out O. K., and you just as well know that when the carrier come along with the mail that I got out to my mail box good and quick and the first thing I looked for in the HERALD was that piece I write and sure nuff it was in there. There were a few slips but I did not know whether you could read it or not but you done pretty well and I make no complaint, after John C. Taylor says folks have been making complaint about his style of penmanship, and if the folks have complained about his handwriting what can I expect about my fist except some cussin.

The crops are looking mighty good and I am sure in hopes that we farmers will be able to help the merchants out for a sight this fall on back debts for say what you please the store-folks have been at times mighty good to us.

If nothing happens I am sure going to Ahooskie on the opening day of the tobacco market and I expect too to take along some of my primings and from its quality it ought to fetch a good price. Right here let me say that Northampton, Bertie and Hertford ought to sell every pound of tobacco on the Ahooskie market and in that way we could have a big market which would attract all the folks across the river to come here because a strong market always helps. But you folks know that some folks thinks it looks big to carry their tobacco to Rocky Mount and Wilson and then come back and claim big things after losing three or four days and hotel expenses. Phaup and them Emerson boys are hustlers and deserve the backing of us farmers.

We are curing tobacco now and Mister Editor, I invite you and Mr. Vinson, and Mr. Green and the office cat to come out and help us eat barbecue next Thursday night at the tobacco barns. Get here about nine o'clock and don't forget that office cat for I might happen to rub the hair the wrong way on that varmint's back sometime and I don't want to see him hump up his back too high. So don't fail to bring him along so I can make his acquaintance.

Last Thursday Jim cranked up our jonnyford and we went to Coleraine to the big picnic. Well, sir, when we got there and parked our car and walked up to the place where the folks go in swimming, the old woman stopped plum still when we got to the beach where all them half-naked women were strolling around and by jings she come near fainting. I suppose she was horror-struck. When she got so that she could breathe right good and easy, she said "let's get away from here, this is no place for me." Then Jim he come up good and close to his mama and he said to her for her not to say one word for if she did the folks would know that the whole kit and bilin of us was from the back woods, and that she must not let the folks know that this was the first time she had come to the outskirts of civilization. And then the old woman ups and wants to know if the women in the outskirts of civilization didn't wear any skirts and if that was the way you told you were on the edge of civilization. She carried on for a sight but after a while she got quieted. But she said that she didn't want to get so far in civilization that the modesty which her grandmother taught ceased to be a virtue. I didn't raise any fuss myself about how the gals dressed or undressed, but I believe I would like to go down there again, when the old woman aint along. I told her it was sure awful but I went one eye on 'em just the same. The old woman said on the way back home that she tried to learn something every day and that she had always felt sorry for poor old mother Eve because she knew that she felt embarrassed to be in the presence of Adam in such scant clothes and always wished Eve had had a shift of homespun dresses but if the precious old dear could drop down to Coleraine Beach one day and see what she had seen she would not have any cause for further embarrassments in the presence of Adam.

Don't forget the barbecue next Thursday night and all you Herald fellows including the cat be sure to come.
OLD FARMER.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Green and children are leaving Saturday for an absence of two weeks. Mrs. Green and children will visit their old home in Culpeper, Va., while Mr. Green, as a reserve officer of the United States Army, will attend a military training camp at Camp Meade, Md.

A bell dating back to the time of St. Patrick has been found in the ruins of Nendrum Abbey, in Ulster, Ireland.

OFFICE CAT



COPYRIGHT 1921, BY EDGAR ALLAN MOSE.

"Old Farmer" has struck a responsive chord in the mind and breast of one of Hertford County Commissioners. E. W. Whitley, Murfreesboro member of the board, wants to thank the fellow who writes incognito. "He has got this thing just about right," Mr. Whitley says.

K-A-T

"I am about to discover that you commissioners have borrowed just about half enough money to pay for these dipping vats," said Clerk John A. Northcott to the county board Monday. He had just finished reading the maze of bills for cement, lumber, services, etc., all of which were to be charged against the dipping vats. The total cost figured to the first Monday in July was \$10,800. This week probably \$750 or \$1,000 in bills were approved for the dipping vats. The cost will be around \$12,000. The commissioners have borrowed \$10,000 for the purpose of paying for them.

K-A-T

Reading the 1921 figures as lately compiled by the University bureau, it appears as if Hertford county's education is costing its citizens pretty dearly. There seems to be few counties in the State that pay more for education than does Hertford. At least, the per capita tax paid in this county put us right near the top.

K-A-T

One day last week three new citizens were added to Ahooskie's population within a period of twenty-four hours. Every now and then that very thing is duplicated, until Paul Holloman, birth registrar, is beginning to believe he has a regular job keeping track of the new ones.

K-A-T

The advertising manager of this sheet has made a special request of the writers in this column this week. He wants everyone of us to hammer away at the idea that the HERALD expects to issue a banner edition next week—addressed to the tobacco growers of Hertford, Bertie, Gates, Chowan, and Northampton counties. He says advertising rates will remain at the regular rate, despite the fact that not less than 1,000 extra copies will be mailed to the very fellows who are going to spend some money in Ahooskie during the tobacco season.



SALLY wants to chime in with a little admonition to business houses. "Advertise!" Don't stop to ask her if it pays; she says it does. In that belief she is sustained by every business house that has consistently and continuously tried it the newspaper way.

K-A-T

PATICA says he is rearing to go on this advertising proposition. "It's high time the business person began to bestir himself, herself, itself, themselves or what not if the fall business is wanted," he says. The modern rascalite, like the townsman, has already gotten into the habit of shopping by advertisements. It saves time, worry, and often times money. Remember, he is not saying the fellow who does not advertise hasn't just as fine stock of goods as the advertiser; often that is true, but the customer is saving time when he glances over the columns of advertisers and goes directly to the place where he knows he can get what he wants.

K-A-T

TOM, JR., apologizes for the conduct of sister and brother, for having taken up the readers' time with little talks on advertising. However, he wants it firmly stamped into the inside stuff of every person's cranium that he is eternally for that advertising program himself. He also urges the advertiser to get his copy in early for next week's issue.

K-A-T

I don't know what's the matter with this here reporter on the HERALD. It seems that he can't keep out of hot water. Here he is this week having to tell folks the motives that have in-

spired him to write about "Hertford County's Busiest Man." It does seem to me that he could, after years of experience, know enough about writing to frame an article to suit somebody's idea. It is by me, folks.

K-A-T

I do feel sorry for the fellow, though, for he affirms and re-affirms that he was red hot after a feature story for his last week's paper and in picking up the one he did, thought it was a corker, written in a light vein, with no malice or thought of malice. That's his business, however; I don't want to get mixed up in his trouble. I have mine.

When the people refuse to be uplifted the uplifters start another drive for funds to continue the work.

Man spends half his life cussing the old fogies and the other half worrying about the rising generation.

Movie Ad.

Georgous Pageant
5,000 People
4,000 Costumes

Scientists say we are what we eat. What a lot of people there are that eat nuts.

You Tell 'Em

The robin is dearer than all the rest; the peacock can boast of the finest frill; the yellow canary can sing the best, but the stork is the bird with the longest bill.

Automobile owners are getting so lazy that they will not even walk in their sleep any more. They call a taxi.

Cheer Up

This world is full of sunshine
This world is full of cheer
If we but tried to find it
Throughout each day and year.

There seems to be too many people interpreting the liquor laws, says Ras Wooten, and not enough observing them.

How long does a dream last? wonders Paul Dukes. It took us twenty years to find out we couldn't sing.

Correct this sentence: "Don't distress yourself about it at all," said the banker, "we'll be glad to renew it."

Say, cull, don't git gay wid me—I'm so hard I scratches de bathtub. Dat's nuttin'. I'm so hard I shaves wid a blow torch.

"You don't know your eggs!" said the rooster to the old hen as she sat down on a glass one.

Still, the knights of old who stood up for women didn't go so far as to do it in street cars.

THE TWO MIDDLE LETTERS
MAKE LIFE UNCERTAIN.

We know of a man who is so thin that he makes his living by diving in bottles and pulling out corks.

A man who complains that his wife can not take a joke forgets that she took him for better or worse.

If a woman admits that she trimmed her own hat, comments Johnnie Britton, there usually are those present who will remark later that it looks it.

What man doesn't feel weak when some lovely little girl tells him how big and strong she thinks he is?

If a man tells his wife everything, it may be that he loves her. And then it may be that he merely loves a fight.

Say It With Melody

"Our Earnest"—
"Are You Playing Fair?" You are away down there "In Yama," while I am on the "Gin 'Gin Ginny Shore."

It was "In Rosetime When We Said Goodbye," back there in "Ohio." "Oh Loveable Eyes," on this "Mystic Night" I realize that "Nobody Lied When They Said that I Cried Over You."

"I often have a dream of your 'Smiles' and wonder if you could be happy with me in a 'Jungle Bungalow' underneath a 'Hindu Moon'."

"My Sun 'God,' I'd Rather Loved You and Lost You than Never Have Loved You at All."

"Don't Forget," you promised "Over the Radiophone," to be "My Buddy."

"Do you ever see 'Georgette,' 'Mary O'Brien,' 'The Sneak,' 'Angel Child,' or 'The Dancing Fool?'"

We all seem to "Toddle Along," some to "Chicago," some to "California," some to the "Dixie Highway," others to "Argentina," or "Bamboo Bay." Some have even gone "Down Virginia Way," while "Someday," I hope to get back to "Sweet Indiana Home."

The other night at a dance while I was "Stumbling" with some fellow I had to tell him to "Keep Off My

Shoes." He sure was an "Agrava-tin' Papa."

Well, I must stop as it is "Three O'Clock in the Morning."
—"Tenement Rose."

Well, Well!

Bill gets paid for what he knows And that's the reason, we suppose, That so often we hear him say That he cannot live on such small pay.

"I've got that dope down Pat," said Mrs. Murphy, as she laid down

the bottle of castor oil.

Getting old is just a slow business of reaching the point where a giggle gives you a pain.

The biggest gatherings of farmers in Piedmont North Carolina will be held at the Branch Station Farm near Statesville on July 19. County Agent R. W. Graeber and Superintendent F. T. Meachum are in charge of the picnic.

Subscribe to the HERALD—\$1.50.

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

Everybody Invited

Miss Nannie Newsome

AHOSSKIE, N. C.

Wynn Bros.

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