

"OLD FARMER" PROVES HIS ABSOLUTE IDENTITY

So then, Mister Editor, somebody has been jumpin' on you, sayin' that someone of your office force was writin' my letters for me. Well, now that don't make me angry one bit, for you know that I take it to be some compliment to accuse you fellows of writin' my pieces for me, but of course you all kicked worse than a Texas steer for putting you in my class and I don't blame you while we clodhoppers know we are as good as walks on God's footstool, still, we all know that the horny handed sons of toil don't have the recognition that you professional fellows does.

Now since you have had your say, I don't reckon you will object to Old Farmer's sayin' just a word or so 'bout his self, so in order that my enquirin' friends may know a little more 'bout me, I am going to tell a few facts in connection with my life in order that I may be identified, so here goes: My first work on the farm that I can remember was thinnin' out corn after the plow when it was being barred off, for in them days we uster bar off corn; my next work that I remember that I was plantin' the corn, which was done by putting shelled corn in a bag or sack with the sack swung over the shoulder, then you would dig down in the sack and get up a handful of corn and with the other hand turn a measurin' stick in the open row and drop at the end of the stick. A boy could learn the lick in a few hours and then he could plant it about as fast as he could walk; and then I rubbed cotton seed in ashes and water so that the seed could be separated for hand sowing. A drag would be run over 'bout four rows at a time which would flatten 'em down then open and 'long would come the seed sower and with a bow basket full of seed in one hand he would sow with the other. My! That basket was heavy and I remember how how tired I would get luggin' that basket up and down the row. That was before the days of the cotton planter or if any 'bout they hadn't got to our neighborhood; then I chopped out cotton and corn too for in them days we chopped out corn; then when a boy I learned how to lay off cotton and corn rows in the spring, when I got large nuff to do that sorter work and then worked 'till harvest time. I even was enrolled a member of the Farmers' Alliance, the principles of which were good, many of 'em were, but I don't think I ever attended but one meetin' for I listened to what was bein' said and I soon found that the fellers that was a runnin' the thing was after some office for they was a-talkin' more 'bout politics than 'bout anything else. One fool got up and began to talk 'bout Wall street and he thought that Wall street had a wall round it and another dunce got up with all the dignity of a school marster and all the time he was a-busin' Wall street, he was a callin' it Walter Street. He thought it was a man and he just naturally cussed him out. And then one feller with scraggly whiskers got up and said he was for free silver and I reckon he was for anything free for I had never knowed him to do an honest days work in my life. Then one feller got up and in a squeaky voice said, Mister President, and when he was recognized, he proceeded to cuss out the merchants. I knowed him too and knowed that he owed every merchant that would trust him and that right then he couldn't get credit for a chew of common tobacco. Of course he wanted all the merchants put in jail and let him handle their stores and every Friday take out 'bout a dozen or so and have a public hangin' in order that they might be "learned" somethin'. When a busted preacher got up and with a long sanctimonious whine in his voice said that he had read somewhere amongst the propheta where it was stated that "every man should set under his own vine and fig tree" and I knowed him too and I said to myself, you hypocritical ole rascal that's the trouble with you now and if you would keep yourself from under every grape arbor you got close to and under the shade of the trees whether it was a fig tree or not and work your wife's land like it ought to be, you'd be better off and I knowed that if no more grape vines and fig bushes got sot out till he sot 'em out, that there'd be mighty few figs for preservin' purposes and precious few drops of grape licker to slake a sick man's thirst in the near future and the truth was that the seed would jam nigh play out. I just sot there and listened to them jackass statesmen talk till I was 'bout to bust or cuss and while I knowed that the times were out o' joint still I knowed that it was a case of fiddlin' while Rome burned, so I just ups and coteched the president's eye and said Mister President, and he recognized me at once, and called my name right out and them fellers turned their heads

round and just fixed themselves for to hear me lift the shingles off'n the house in a regular ramgamous speech, but I simply said, "Excuse me," and he bowed his head and I got out of that place and that wound up my membership except I do recall that the financial secretary come to see me and collected fifty cents for some more dues and then I stopped for good and all. I smelt the rat! I knowed the devil was goin' to be ter pay-if that gang got in control and who could keep 'em out of control? And now I'll ask you if Old Farmer warn't right? As some feller said the devil broke loose in North Carolina and the thing got so rotten that the man in the moon had to near 'bout hold his nose when he passed over our beloved state. It actually got to the point where men walked with shot guns, nabor turned against nabor and father against son, but "Them days is gone forever."

Well if this don't qualify me as entitled to the appellation of Old Farmer, then you just come out next spring and if I am a-livin' I'll set up stakes and take my horse and plow and see if I can lay off as straight a corn or cotton row as you can.

You know the old story 'bout the boy that wrote on the blackboard, "It pays to advertise." Well when I saw them red circus posters stuck up agin the houses and fences I just naturally got ter wantin' ter go and so I told my old woman that all that foolishness 'bout church folks mus'n go to circuses was nothin' but fol-de-rol and she must just get ready and go with me for I was tired goin' by myself and leavin' her home, so she ups and says, "Old man you mustn't lead your ole woman to the devil, but I'm agwine with ye" and sure nuff she did. When we got to 'Hoskie the town was full o' folks and fellers that follow the circus was on goods boxes squeelin' 'bout what they had to sell and me and my old woman stood around and listened to them fellers. I in generally keeps my mouth shut and listens and if I follow that rule folks wont find out that I aint never seen nothin'. Pretty soon I heard a man say to his wife "let's stop here and see that feller on the goods box swaller some of them knives." We stope too but he didn't swallow a single one and we moved 'long to Mitchell's drug store and got some water and got out agin to see more of the sights and another feller was a-standin' close to Gerock's store in his shirt sleeves with his collar off and was a-goin' to it and the crowd was a-pressin' up for room, and the sun was hot and we moved on and took the gals and the old woman in Copeland's drug store and got some more ice cold soda water and then we went down to Bellamy's Ice Cream Factory and we eat all them ice cream holders we wanted and by that time the parade was a-comin' and we got out to see that and Jim he come up and we all sorter huddled up together to watch show wagons and animals go by. Presently, 'long came that thing all steamed up and a tootin' and my old woman slapped her hands and said, "Bless me, if that aint the fuss steam pianny that I ever saw," and Jim he says to her kinder lov like, "Mammy don't call it a steam piano, say caliope," so she quieted down for a while till by and by she squalled out, "Look a there at them painted mules," then Jim he edged up and says good and low, "Mammy they are not painted mules, they are zebras." So after that she kept quiet and when she saw anything that attracted her attention she would ask real low what it was. Well we went in the circus and had lots o' fun and we had a real good day of innocent pleasure, the fact is I aint seen so much fun for a whet.

I said that I wanted to say more 'bout chills this week and fully intended to do so, but when I got my HERALD out'n the mail box and saw that the Editor had been accused of writin' my letters or some of his office force, I just had to speak or bust and it was better to speak than to bust and now my piece for this week is so long that I must stop.

October 1, 1923.

OLD FARMER

Corn yields may be more surely and easily increased by the use of a good seed than in any other way. The way to select this seed is from the fields in the fall.

I have just added to my stock a nice line of WINTER UNDERWEAR For Men, Women, and Children in All Sizes. Prices are right, and you'll be surprised at the values. Come and Try Them. Also nice line of Hosiery for Every Member of the Family. See me for your Groceries. W. H. NEWSOME. Newsome's Block AHOSKIE, N. C.

MURFREESBORO NEWS

"There is rapture in— The rhythm of the brooklets' melody sweet Where peace and calm meet in a solitary retreat, Tranquil in lyric murmur soft and low, Soothing to repose in its purling flow. The musical beat in harmony replete Is a graceful lure, away from the busy street."

Mr. A. McDowell and Mr. R. C. Josey of Scotland Neck were in Murfreesboro last week and made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Day.

The Methodist Missionary Society held its monthly meeting at the church Monday afternoon with a good attendance.

Mrs. Virgie Wynn has returned home from two months stay in Atlantic City where she visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Nellie Vinson.

The chicken shower given to Chowan College was donated by the ladies of the Missionary Society instead of the Aid Society, as reported last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Chetty, Miss Doris Chetty and Mrs. J. J. Parker were in Norfolk last week.

Murfreesboro's congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Barnes on the birth, in Williams- ton Friday, September 28, of a fine son, D. C., Junior.

The Junior B. Y. P. U. gave their first social in the social room of the new church Friday evening, September 28th.

Mrs. Addie Johnson and two daughters, Misses Annie and Martha Johnson were among those from the Meherrin section who were in town Saturday.

Perry Morgan of Raleigh, secretary of the State B. Y. P. U. work gave a fine address in the church here Sunday night.

Mr. H. M. White has left to fill a position in Carrsville.

Mr. J. J. Garris of Preston, Md., has arrived to visit his sister, Mrs. Eliza Lawrence who lives not far from Murfreesboro.

Some from the town attended the talks at Chowan College given last week by Miss Warren of Raleigh, secretary of Women's Work, and Miss Mather, of Birmingham, who is connected with Y. W. A. work.

The two senior B. Y. P. U.'s of Meherrin church gave a demonstration program at both Newsoms, Va., and at Ashley's Grove Sunday evening.

Many from the town attended the annual West Chowan B. Y. P. U. convention at Mount Tabor church Saturday. The local Junior members

contributed to the program at Saturday's meeting.

The ladies of the Methodist Missionary Society are preparing to receive the district convention which will meet with them on October 11.

Receives Shower
The kitchen shower, which for some time had been planned by the ladies of the Aid Society for the basement of the new Baptist church, was given Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock and materialized in a delightful and most gratifying outcome.

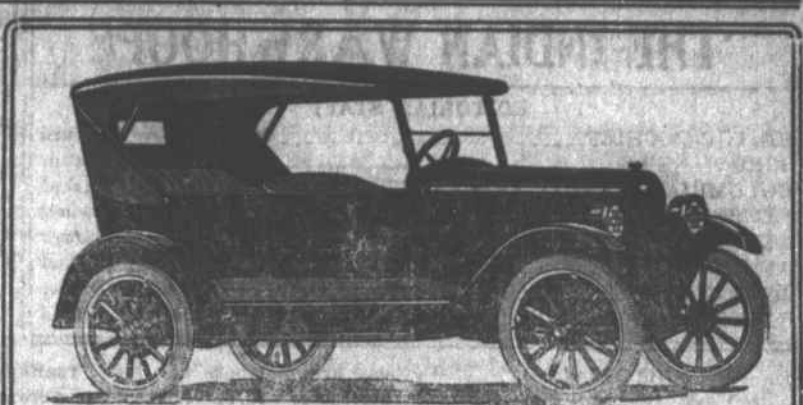
The shower, in addition to many small useful articles, was a splendid outfit consisting of a complete equipment of china, (blue willow,) glass and silverware for the serving room and enamel for the kitchen. Among the gifts, one is deserving of special mention, a handsome dining table, white enameled, a gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Deans. Several attractive gifts were made by outside friends that were greatly appreciated. Several friends from the college were present with gifts.

Mingled with the shower were pleasant social features. Mrs. R. E. Watson entertained the children with several readings. Near the close, those remaining were charmed by three duets sung by little Alton and Elton Parker, the twin boys of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parker. Most delicious fruit punch (a la Hawaiian) was served by the social committee.

WOMEN WILL LIKE THIS DEPARTMENT

"Fashion" is the name of the new weekly feature to be added to the HERALD. The first installment begins with this issue, and is prepared by Miss Lillian Merrivether, formerly with a Mississippi daily newspaper as fashion editor and for many years a resident of New York City. She is now writing especially for weekly newspapers from New York City. Information contained in her weekly notes will be right up to the minute—no "canned" stuff. Our women readers will welcome this addition to the columns of HERALD.

A farmer in Perquimans County reports a profit of \$100 from his hogs this year as a result of a feeding demonstration which he conducted in co-operation with County Agent, L. W. Anderson.



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