

Hertford County Herald

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Owners

J. ROY PARKER.....Editor
JAMES S. VINSON.....Manager

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MODERN ERA DEMANDS BETTER NEWSPAPERS—

Even lay readers of newspapers nowadays recognize what the man in the business has known for some time—that modern times and persons of today demand better newspapers. It is just as true in the newspaper business as in other legitimate businesses. The public wants better newspapers, and when the demand says to the fraternity "give us better newspapers", the newspaper fellows are bound to come across with the goods.

This fact was forcibly brought to the attention of the HERALD one day this week, when a citizen from one of our nearby towns was in our office having his name entered upon the subscription books. He was not a newspaper man in any other particular that that of being a constant reader of them. This man said: "Good roads, automobiles, and other revolutionizing forces of progress have created a demand for better county weeklies; and the old way of letting matters drift and paying little attention to the newness of weekly newspapers won't go today. Publishers must give the public better newspapers if they want to succeed."

And, that man was right. The general appearance, and the news values of weekly newspapers in North Carolina have undergone a wonderful change within the last few years, and more particularly during the last two or three years. At least, where the business has prospered and the proper attention has been given to weekly newspapers, or so-called county weeklies, improvements in every department of the office have preceded that prosperity. The reverse is also true. The county weekly that has failed to advance with the times has been an object of semi-charity, an institution for which the county people subscribe because, they say, "I want to be loyal to my county paper."

That brings us to a significant statement which follows a review of the modern tendency towards fewer newspapers and more consolidations, which appears in the current issue of the Inland Printer, a trade publication which is now celebrating its fortieth anniversary. This magazine says:

"There is usually a false idea of the demands of a community for a second or third newspaper. Such demand doesn't exist. There may be a demand for a better newspaper than the one in the field, but that would only indicate the owner ought to sell out or get new blood into the business before it decays. . . . Better newspapers, not more of them, are the demand of the times."

THE HERALD AND MR. WHITLEY—

The Murfreesboro commissioner Mr. E. W. Whitley, asks the editor of this newspaper to "let him alone" publicly and argue it out privately, anent his recent statement that those seeking home demonstration work in Hertford County were mostly of the "flapper" type of women.

This newspaper has no disposition to "hop on" anybody, and it doesn't do it. But, the HERALD always champions what it believes to be right, although never claiming its belief to be law and gospel. It has an opinion, and expresses it freely. It followed its usual custom in reporting the public statement of Mr. Whitley.

The HERALD respects the opinion of Mr. Whitley, and it has a high regard for him; but, it does not follow that the newspaper shall sanction his personal beliefs and opinions about public matters. His position about demonstration work and his statement about the kind of women wanting it happens to be contrary to the newspapers' belief, and it said so. The remark was recorded and comments made because Mr. Whitley is a public official of Hertford County and the people are entitled to know his opinions when publicly expressed. The statement was made in an open meeting and was made about a question of policy in county administrative affairs, and as such it belongs to the newspapers if they elect to use it. For the information of our readers,

OFFICE CAT



COPYRIGHT 1922, BY EDGAR ALLAN HOBB.

Did you send in your dollar for the HERALD yet? I use "Yes", because I know you're going to do it sooner or later. My advice to you is, don't let it be later. October's the month, and a dollar is the price.

K-A-T

Say, brother, sister, and so on, have you taken off time to read the advertisements in this issue? It's something you want to do, for it'll save you time, worry and money when you get ready to do your shopping. The fellows who do their talking through the advertising columns of this newspaper are the stuff; and they've got the stuff you want to buy.

K-A-T

I resign. No more this "flapper" stuff for me. I knew pretty well I'd get it in the neck when I started dabbling into the affairs of woman. No Sir, Mr. Whitley, the CAT ain't going to harm nary single hair on your head. If there's anything to be said or done along this line, the Editor's got to do it. He "wished" it on me. In the first place.

K-A-T

Fact the business is, I'm for demonstration work, for the women who want it, and for Mr. Whitley. I ain't against a single one. Now, the Editor may take it upon himself to carry this thing further, but the CAT, No!

K-A-T

The truth remains, though, that we might have a little serious business here in Hertford next spring when primary time comes around. I love to think on the opportunities me and my brood will have keeping track of what's going on. Usually, however, the news hunter on this publication is pretty generous with his information. He is in close touch with me, and hands it out without coercion. I can count on him to keep me informed, as he ain't got near so much to do as I have, since he spends so much of his time riding around the county and nosing into every corner where he senses or smells news.

K-A-T

That leads me to say, or better to re-affirm once again, that "Old Farmer" is hitting them to a Queen's taste on that stuff he's been writing. Folks like it; and it seems they speak more of him than about us Cats and Kittens. Fact is, I like his stuff, too. But, he keeps his identity so well hidden under a bushel that I can't learn his name, if he ever had one other than the one which he signs to his articles.

K-A-T

The town fathers are ready to issue the mandate "hook up, brothers", meaning, of course, to the city sewer mains. Did you know, I've been for that very thing for months, now. I got to favoring that thing when the editor used to sit with the fellows who run the town government. He says he favored it, then; and, did you know, I'm right much of the same opinion. Why, there are some fellows in our town worth more money than a half dozen ordinary folks who have never become modernized to the point of disposing of their sewage through the city pipes.

K-A-T

The Editor says he was over in Winton a couple of days this week looking after the "cote news" for his paper. He must have got plenty of it, for he has already written a ream about it, and he's still at it. He just let out a whoop and informed me that he would never be able to set up all the dope in his news columns and asks that I say to you folks that the seekers after judgeships and solicitorships were there aplenty.

K-A-T

While I wrote the paragraph ahead of this one, there was a certain young lady in here who asked "When is twelve months from today?" Does the editor will state that he did butt into the deliberations of the commissioners long enough to remonstrate with Mr. Whitley when he made the statement. Like the newspaper comments he has made since that time, the editor stated very plainly that he disagreed with the Murfreesboro gentleman, and challenged his statement. It was done in a friendly spirit; and so has every other reference been since the first Monday.

anybody know. They all do, except the young lady.

K-A-T

That little incident, so simple and frivolous as it is, has laid me off for the rest of the week. I'll try to get over it in time to do some more writing next week; that is, if the young lady doesn't do what she says she'll do if I put her question in the newspaper.

K-A-T

Read the Office Cat and work your smile.

I'd rather be a little fish—
I've always envied him;
No matter what is going on
He's always in the swim.

Jim Vinson says it's easier to run up a bill that it is to run down and settle it.

The road of least resistance is all down grade—but think of coming back.

Mother—Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry? Tommy—Oh, just putting a few things away."

A man out near Winton asked his best friend the following question: "Is there such a thing as a woman who never scolds her husband?" "Yes," says he, "A widow."

Life is only half the picture; it takes death to make it complete.

"This lets me out," said the convict as he sawed his way through the last bar in his cell.

Correct this sentence: "You owe me nothing," protested the farmer; "my chickens had no business in the highway."

A visitor threw an afternoon paper into a flivver the other night relates Jim Sessions. When the owner demanded an apology the visitor explained that it was the only tin can he saw.

The girl on Main Street says that home, to her brother, is merely a filling station.

Something

Why worry and frown
While the world laughs around
And scowl and fret
Over nothing.

Just smile and be merry
And laugh away worry
Then life will be cheerful—
That's something.

Taking another whack at the subject, we wonder whether the long skirt is merely another indication that the calf is growing up.

The Shopper's Saturday Night
He toils each day from morn to setting sun;
By sweat of brow his weekly wage is won;
With wife and babe he plods his weary way,
And mingles with the crowd on Saturday.
A pair of shoes the little one has need;
A trinket for a wife who knows not greed;
A store of needed food—something to smoke—
He pays the rent and starts anew—
dead broke.

He Was A Strapping Man
"Say it with leather," runs the sign in one of our stores. The slogan arouses painful memories. That's what dad used to do when we were a boy.

The nearest some men ever come to a real thrill is when they insert a fresh chew of gum, thinks Dewey Cherry.

If Ford wishes to run, he need not wait for a crisis. It will come later.

A writer says homes are cleaner than they were a generation ago. Ah, well; they are used less.

Correct this sentence: "I don't care if we don't have no guests," declared the wife; "we are going to use the best napkins anyway."

Mangus Johnson found that hay vote worth much more than the straw vote.

"Two sparrows sat on the sidewalk in front of the postoffice spooning this morning; call the K. K. K. shouts Sleepy Newsome.

Maybe men would weep, too, says Newly Wed, if it would secure for them the things they want.

When she's sure she can get him she's sure she'd rather have some other fellow.

When a woman's ill she's sick, when a man's ill, he's mad.

Terraformative

The aviator's passenger,
He gave a joyous shout,
"For once," he cried, "you see a man
Who's glad he's down and out."

County Agent W. Kerr Scott of Alamance County reports that 175 cotton farmers recently joined the Cooperative Cotton Association.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED—MEN OR WOMEN TO take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women, and children. Eliminates darning. Salary \$75 a week full time, \$1.50 an hour spare time. Cotton, hatters, INTERNATIONAL STOCKING till-30 MILLS, Norristown, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE—175 ACRES, 50 cleared, and in high state of cultivation. Wood land well timbered. Good dwelling, 9 rooms, and two tenant houses, all in good shape. Located on Harrellsville - Glover's Road, 1 mile from Glover's X Roads. For price and terms apply to L. O. WYNN, Colerain, N. C. 7-28-23-St-pd.

FOR SALE—A HOUSE AND LOT in the town of Ahooskie. One-half cash, balance on time. *0-5-tf E.W. STOKES.

FOR SALE IN AHOSSKIE, N. C.—Several lots, including large 2 story house near colored church and two small houses in Hayesel-town. EDGAR T. SNIPES, 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 10-5-23-tf.

LOST—TAN FEMALE FOX HOUND, had collar on when left. Answers to name "Viene". Reward for information leading to her recovery. J. N. VANN & BROS.

LOST—FROM AUTOMOBILE ON road between Ahooskie and Franklin, Va., Saturday night, Oct. 6th, a tan colored hand bag containing ladies and child's clothing and other articles. Liberal reward will be paid for return to HERALD office.

FOR SALE—ONE 9-ROOM BUNGALOW, on Church street, 1-4 acre corner lot, garage and 5 good 12x20 shelters. Built in 1921. Reason for sale, owner leaving town. Apply "Real Estate, Care Herald."

Notice of Sale Under Deed of Trust

By virtue of the power and authority conferred upon me by a certain Deed of Trust, executed by Junius Deloach and wife, Sarah Deloach to P. E. Dukes, trustee, which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Hertford, in book 68, page 89, the following property will be sold at Public Auction, viz:

A lot in the town of Ahooskie, N. C., bounded on the North by the land of J. P. Brett, on the East by the lands of J. H. Jenkins, on the South by Alton Avenue and on the West by the lands of J. W. Lawrence, being a lot in a subdivision of lot by J. W. Lawrence, 125 feet by 60 feet.

PLACE OF SALE—Courthouse door.
TIME OF SALE—29th day of October, 1923.
TERMS OF SALE—Cash.
This Sept. 25, 1923.
P. E. DUKES, Trustee.

THE GREAT FOUR COUNTY FAIR

SUFFOLK VA.

5 DAYS OCT. 23-27 1923 5 NIGHTS

Extraordinary Educational and Entertainment Event

12 Shows Combined in One Big Exposition—Agriculture, Boys' Clubs, Floral, Swine, Sheep, Cattle, Horses, Poultry, Domestic Manufacture, Art and Crafts, Farm Machinery and Auto Shows.

AN AGGREGATION OF UP-TO-DATE AMUSEMENTS FOR ALL

4 Days Horse Racing, 3 Races Daily; Auto Races October 27; Old Va. Tournament Opening Day—Children Free That Day; Fireworks Every Night; 4 Brass Bands; One-Half Mile Midway, featuring WORLD AT HOME SHOWS; 6 Novel, New Hippodrome Acts; State Exhibit of Wild Game.

EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILROADS—ASK YOUR AGENT
Not A Dull Moment—COME!

