

Never Before Has Ahooskie Attempted To Show Any Picture Three Days

THE BIRTH of A NATION

Will be shown Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 25th, 26th and 27th

Why? It is still the biggest picture ever made. Come on time, show starts promptly at 7:30, no extra reels. Admission 50c straight. Colored will people not be Admitted to this picture.

Old Farmer Says Dog Is A Good Pal But Needs Watching Upon Occasions

Goah! Jim will you please go out and try to stop that dog from howlin' for he's worse'n them owls and crickets, I writ 'bout last week. I have never been able to tell for the life of me, why a dog howls,—it is evidently a sort of nervousness, because he will howl at the sound of music or the blowing of a horn or steam whistle and then he will howl out in the moon light when everything is as still as death. So I've never been able to figger out whether he howls from joy or distress. If anybody knows, I would thank him if he would answer through the HERALD.

But since that howlin' dog that Jim has just stopt, caused me to say somethin' 'bout dogs, I will say before droppin' the subject that the dog is, of all animals, the most loyal and faithful, but I'm not goin' to undertake to write any tribute to or on the dog, for too many men's writ things that Old Farmer can't touch with a forty-foot pole and therefore I just ain't a-goin' to attempt to git off no dog-gone-dog-stuff, for it would be so crude and simple compared to what that feller that lived in England named George Gordon Byron wrote 'bout his Newfoundland dog when he died, and what that feller named Vest in Missouri said to a jury 'bout the dog's faithfulness, that you would be compelled to laff at my stupidity. But let me tell you that the first dog that I can remember was a large white dog with a dark spot on each side and he belonged to my daddy and lived some years after his death. His name was Dash. I recall that while I was a very little boy standing with this dog near the dining room window while breakfast was bein' served that I put out my hand towards him and he opened his mouth and grabbed it. He didn't bite or try to bite me but let me tell you that dog skeered me jam by to death and it taught me a lesson,—not to fool with a dog at the meal hour while the folks are eatin' and he is round where the meal is bein' served. If a stranger comes to your house at meal time and that dog of your is at the kitchen door, he will show more viciousness than at any other time. I've heard that it is mighty dangerous for the keeper of lions to go into the cage if any raw meat is near nuff for the beasts to smell. It seems that it rouses all the ferociousness of his nature.

One morning early,—Dash come home fatally shot in the flank. I can remember how he would whine when you come up to him and then he would lick the wound, as much as to indicate or tell you where his sufferings was. He soon died and I know that my mother had the colored boy at the home to dig a grave and bury him. And then I got the ax and a piece of board and went and driv' the board at the head of his grave. So you can see that I was a shore nuff boy.

A little later, my step-grandfather brought us boys a small brown dog and his name was Mack. He must of been killed away from home as I do not remember anythin' 'bout his death. So I suppose he left home and failed to return. Then we had a small dog that we raised from a puppy and his name was Carlo. My smaller brothers claimed that he was one of the best squirrel dogs in our community. They had then got big nuff to go huntin' with a gun. When I had my gun fever, fortune didn't smile on me and after I got over it I didn't want a gun and up to this good hour I haint owned a gun, except a long barrell'd gun that I got in a sort of a trade with a nigger and I never loaded it and which I sold at suction for 75 cents. So Carlo was the last dog that was in any way connected with my family in my boyhood days.

But you know I was just talkin' 'bout squirrels and while I don't hunt and never expect to, I still feel an interest in the wild game and would like to see it protected better'n 'tis. Man is a destructive animal. You give the average man a gun and dog and turn 'em loose in your woods and

he will kill the last squirrel in your preserve if he could,—if it 'twas one hundred. Not that he needed the squirrel, but he would just shoot 'till he'd cleaned up every vestage of 'em. No man,—even on his own land oughter be allowed to kill more'n three squirrels in one day. There oughtn't to be a deer killed in the peninsula of Hertford, Bertie and Northampton counties. You see this neck lies between Roanoke and Chowan rivers on the north and south and the Albemarle sound on the east and we could easily give all the protection needed. I just hate to see the connectin' link between the days of the Indian and now wiped out. Why not let the deer be immune from the destructive aim of the huntsman? There was a time when the buffalo in the west went in herds that would number in the thousands and when they would start on a trail it would string out over miles and miles. Now how is it? A few years ago the Government census showed that all had been killed except 53. Then our Uncle Samuel got mighty busy wantin' to herd that 53 and undertake to propagate the species which had become almost extinct, all because the destructive animal called —Man—had been allowed to kill and kill and leave 'em on the prairies to dry up or rot or furnish food for the buzzards. It will soon be the same way with our deer. Man doesn't hunt deer for the food he gets outen the beautiful fawn for he doesn't have to git food that way and he oughter be stopt and our members from the three counties oughter come 'together' at the next session of the Legislature and put an end to it. It's too late after the deer is all gone. Then the counties will 'e tryin' to git the breed back agin just like the Government is the buffalo. Not to stop it is a shame on our boasted civilization. Now I've said it and if some sportsman that wants to shed the innocent blood of a beautiful fawn wants to git mad at Old Farmer, let 'im git het up just as hot as wants. I've spoken words of soberness and truth. I'll soon be under the sod, but I want to help to the right thing while I am here.

I think a heap of what Mr. Pete Brown way outen Arkansas had to say 'bout me last week in the HERALD. Yes, Mr. Brown, I have done a little plowin' and hoe work this year and am mighty thankful that I'm able to do it. If I am not much outen the way, I think you were born in Winston and raised in Colerain, over in Bertie. I failed to see you this year in 'Hoskie. You make your annual visits to 'Hoskie like the bull bats and martins, but you didn't come this year for every time I'd go to 'Hoskie town long 'bout the time of the Big Confederate Re-Union, I'd be lookin' far you to come by and stop fur a while but your Confederate Gray was not seen, this year, I don't think, and I missed you too when I would go to town in the summer evening and hear you tell 'bout when you was with Quantrell's Guerrillas, and 'bout how bad Quantrell was treated after the Civil war and caused him to git hooked up with Jesse James' gang. Not acelin' you this summer caused me to think that you had passed over the river and was restin' under the shade of the trees as Jackson said in his dyin' moments. May many years be spared you and may they rest lightly upon you is the wish of
OLD FARMER.
October 22, 1923.

He (to himself) What a heavenly girl. I'm not half good enough for her, but I can't possibly live without her. I'll ask her to be mine as soon as ever I can get up the courage.
She (to herself) I can boss that simp. Guess I might as well pick him up. I could do worse.
So they were married.—Exchange.

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RED CROSS STILL DOING GREAT WORK

The West and Southwest can no longer boast a monopoly on tornadoes, floods, and the many other little practical jokes Mother Nature is prone to play on poor mortals. In spite of the boll weevil, shortage of rain in some sections and too much in others, the year's crop of serious disasters, in the South compares favorably with those of the most devastated areas of the country.

Figures gleaned from the annual report of disaster work of the Red Cross received today, which covers activities from June 1922 to June 1923, show that in the twelve month's period there have been fifteen serious disasters resulting from terrific storms, floods, and fires in the South, which destroyed millions of dollars in property, took a toll of many lives, and inflicted serious injury to hundreds of people.

The year has been one of almost unprecedented natural calamities for this section of the country, the report states, and has necessitated the expenditure by the organization of over \$165,500,000 in extending relief to the thousands of people deprived of food and shelter, and left destitute without warning by a freak trick of nature. Relief given, it is stated, was administered in accordance with the policy of the American Red Cross, and was in every instance based on the actual needs of the individual.

Mentioned among the more severe disasters in which the Red Cross has extended relief in the last year are the destructive fire at New Bern, N. C., December 1, which destroyed over \$2,500,000 worth of property and left 3,500 people homeless; the hail storm of August 3, 1922, which left 173 families of Anderson, S. C., in need of immediate relief; the More Haven, La., flood which inundated over 150 homes; the little town of Hamlet, Miss., which was visited by two terrific cyclones in as many months, wiping out practically the whole town; and the tornado which swept through Pinson, Tenn., devastating a large section of the city, killing twenty people, and injuring 100 others.

A Real Tall Guy

(Wisconsin State Journal)
Mr. Pickering has been pastor here for twenty-eight years, and this is the longest Baptist pastor in Wisconsin.

"Feeling Fine!"

"I was pale and thin, hardly able to go," says Mrs. Beulah Bearden, of Central, S. C. "I would suffer, when I stood on my feet, with bearing-down pains in my sides and the lower part of my body. I did not rest well and didn't want anything to eat. My color was bad and I felt miserable. A friend of mine told me of

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

and I then remembered my mother used to take it. After the first bottle I was better. I began to fleshen up and I regained my strength and good, healthy color. I am feeling fine. I took twelve bottles (of Cardui) and haven't had a bit of trouble since."

Thousands of other women have had similar experiences in the use of Cardui, which has brought relief where other medicines had failed.

If you suffer from female ailments, take Cardui. It is a woman's medicine. It may be just what you need.

At your druggist's or dealer's.

The primacy of agriculture in North Carolina was fully demonstrated at the State Fair in Raleigh last week.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of the estate of Richard O. Whitley, deceased, late of Hertford County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons holding claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Como, N. C., on or before the 25th day of October, 1924, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 25 day of October, 1923.
R. A. MAJETTE, Executor
10-26-6t estate of Richard O. Whitley

Night coughing—

exhausts you so that you are more tired in the morning than when you went to bed. Dr. King's New Discovery stops coughing by gently stimulating the mucous membranes to throw off clogging secretions. It has an agreeable taste. All druggists.



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Wholesome Cream*

We do not make any other kind. Those who have tried the Delicious Ice Cream Manufactured Right Here in Ahooskie never forget the Taste and keep on buying from this House of Quality.

If you have not got the habit of eating "The Quality Kind," give us your order, and become a regular customer.

Ahooskie Ice Cream Co.
"The Quality Kind"
Newsome's Block - - Ahooskie, N. C.

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Largest District Fair in the State
Splendid Agricultural and Stock Exhibits
Fine Horse Races
Big Free Attractions
FIREWORKS Every Night
Carnival Open Day and Night
Come - Meet Your Friends and Have a Good Time.