

**CO-OPERATIVE MARKET-
ING OF TOBACCO**

To the Editor:
Replying to the article of Mr. H. C. Bragaw defending co-operative marketing of tobacco, I agree with Bragaw that the farmers welcome criticism of the plan—they should at any rate. I feel sure too that there are certain (prejudiced) people who don't care for the other side to be exposed, or discussed; their minds are closed as to which is the better plan, and if anybody disagrees with them, they are bad actors—Mr. Sapiro said as much when he referred to the warehousemen of Rocky Mount, Greenville, Wilson and Kinston. They are "wolves" and everything else that grabs at the farmer's throats, sucking the very life out of its prey. In order to live in harmony with the co-operative association, one must believe the teachings of their leaders; you have no right to think for yourself.

Personally speaking, my mind is open to conviction. That which will help the farmer, will naturally help me. His success is my success! And so is his failure my failure. It is with this thought ever in mind that I ask the farmer to consider carefully this plan of co-operative marketing. He should go into it thoroughly—just as he would any other proposition involving thousands of dollars; possibly the savings of a life-time. He should bear in mind that it is lots easier to lose a fortune (whether large or small), than it is to listen to some one "telling him how to make one. It is better to be safe than sorry—so why not get a good lawyer and get his advice? Have him look over the 5-year contract? which you are asked to sign, and let him advise you one way or the other. It will be too late to get a lawyer after you have placed your name on the dotted line.

The Tobacco Growers' Co-Operative Association have attorneys employed, good ones too—they draw up these contracts, for the protection of whom. It's only right that the farmers employ counsel for their protection. Ask your attorney "where will the association get the money to pay the members for their tobacco?" Will they borrow on the crop itself or will the members, individually and collectively be responsible for that loan? We know that no one is going to make a loan of one million or one hundred million dollars to any association, or their officers, without some mighty good security. Who's going to furnish the security? Is the dear farmer who signs a 4-year contract, turning his tobacco crop over (without security) to the association, amounting to thousands of dollars—going to become responsible also for the loan of these millions of dollars, the interest thereon, and the other expenses, "overhead" and otherwise, salaries of their officers, stenographers, bookkeepers and things too numerous to mention? Sure! Somebody has to pay it, Mr. Bragaw says, "the officers of this association have told the farmers, whose interest they have sought to enlist in this movement—that through and by this organization we will be enabled to secure the money to do these things." It appears to me that they have sought not only the interest of the farmer, but his principal too.

Mr. Bragaw flatters me when he infers that I am paid to persuade the dear farmer not to sign. And asks who pays it. For Mr. Bragaw's information, and any one else interested—I wish to say that I am one person writing on the subject—who receives no pay. I am interested for one reason, and one only—it's simply this: I want the farmer to be absolutely sure he is right before jumping into a 5-year proposition, where-in he might lose his all. It is possible, you'll admit. If the farmer is sure it's what he wants, and the size load he feels that he can carry, then let him sign. But he should get in touch with his fellow farmers in the peanut section of North Carolina and Virginia, those who belong to the Peanut Growers' Association. Ask them what they think of it now. What benefits have they received, if any. What has the cost been to them as members, and what would they give to get out of the 7-year contract which they signed. And it wouldn't be bad to write the merchants over in that section, and ask them what the pooling of the crop (peanut) has done to them in a business way—and what effect it has had on collections.

The Co-Operative Growers' Association invite criticism, so it's up to the farmers, prospective members, to look into the plan from every angle—and to be sure that it is the right thing to go into. If you find it is a good thing as you have been told, and that your fortune lies just ahead of you—and that it can only be secured by becoming a member of the "co-ops" then go to it.—L. A. SHIRLEY, Raleigh, N. C., in the News and Observer.

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THE FOX AND THE SANDMAN STORY

FOX SPOILS THE FUN

WHEN Toby Dog and Ikey Drake were tired of living in the barnyard they did not know that Mr. Fox was going to spoil all their fun, or they would not have set up housekeeping in a hut by the river close to the woods. Ikey Drake said he was tired of having all of his relatives quacking after him every time he went anywhere, and Mr. Dog said he was tired of sleeping with both eyes open at night to watch for the farmer, when in the daytime he was always chained up. So one night off they tramped to live in a hut by the river, and all went well until Mr. Dog growled over having so many worms for food instead of "a nice ham bone or something."

Ikey Drake began to quack loudly that bones were too hard to digest and that Mr. Dog would find his health much better if he made a diet of things such as he ate.

It was just then that Mr. Fox, strolling by in the woods, heard the noise and came that way to see what was going on. When he saw fat Ikey Drake he forgot all about Toby, only that he was a young dog and might be fooled if necessary. He wanted Ikey very much for a dinner some night, so he set his wits at work to find a way. The next day Ikey went swimming on the pond and Mr. Fox, who was watching in the woods, strolled along to the hut and said:

"Ah, I see I have a neighbor. Mr. Dog! I do not live far from here, and you and I ought to have some fun hunting. Do you like chasing rabbits?"

"Rabbits?" repeated Toby, his ears sticking straight up. "I love nothing better. Show me one and see."

Mr. Fox knew just where to take Toby Dog, and it was not long before he was running through the woods

after poor Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Fox, knowing that Toby would be busy for some time, ran back to the hut to wait for Ikey Drake.

Now it happened that Ikey had met all his family on the pond, and because they were afraid he would leave them again followed him back to the hut, in spite of all poor Ikey could do to get rid of them.

Mr. Fox, who was hiding inside, could hardly keep still, he was so anxious to pounce upon them. His eyes sparkled as Ikey and his family came nearer, but to his surprise, he heard Ikey telling them, "You better go home; old Mr. Fox might be around."

"He will get you, too, Ikey," said one plump duck. "Why don't you run?"

"I am not afraid of Mr. Fox," pretended Ikey, strutting toward the hut, "but if you will all start for home I'll come along soon. There, what did I tell you?" he said, pointing to the tip of Mr. Fox's nose sticking through where the boards were broken.

Of course, Ikey Drake thought it was Toby Dog's nose, and he laughed as his family turned to run; but he soon changed it to a loud "Quack!" and ran, for Mr. Fox, thinking all the plump ducks would get away, came running out after them. But, luckily, he got only a few tall feathers and the ducks swam safely home.

When Toby Dog missed Mr. Fox he began to think of poor Ikey, and away he ran for the hut by the river, to find only the tall feathers of poor Ikey strewn by the water side. Sadly he went back to the farm, and he made up his mind on the way to watch over Ikey's family from now on, to make up for leaving poor Ikey to his sad fate, for, of course, he was sure Mr. Fox had caught him and carried him off to his den. But the first ones he saw when he reached the barnyard were Ikey Drake and his family.

"Did you chase Mr. Fox?" they all asked, for Toby Dog looked very warm from running.

"He won't bother you any more," said Toby. But he never told Ikey how Mr. Fox had got him to go hunting, and then had run back to catch Ikey Drake. However, he kept his word, for Mr. Fox did not bother them any more.

Toby Dog slept none that night, and when Mr. Fox came skulking around he was after him with a bound, and by the way he acted Mr. Fox knew that if he wanted to live he had better keep away from that farm.

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**ENCHANTING MILLINERY
CROWNS THE BRIDAL CORTEGE**



THE hearts of the bride, her maids and milliners are all set a-flutter when the momentous question of headwear for her attendants comes up. They all know that the success of a beautiful pageant depends upon its crowning glory, and each maid prays for a becoming hat—one that will do all that a hat can do for fair faces. The genius of milliners glows in the creation of lovely things for great occasions that call for the picturesque and leave their fancy unhampered. They revel in airy materials, graceful shapes, beautiful colors and make the most of such opportunities.

In the group of hats shown here, maids will find cause for rejoicing. They reveal the fine hand of the artist who knows how to take advantage of the mode and manipulate it to suit the occasion, and to insure becomingness. They are a flattering lot and include the beloved lace hat and a brown malines model which fashion smiles upon. When this year's bridesmaid's hat is not in a pale color or white, it is because it is running after one of two new favorites—beige and wood brown. The pretty model at the lower right in the picture is a triumph of brown and silver in which brown

malines veils a soft braid crown and silver lace brim, and brown grapes droop from a chou of silver lace.

The white hat at the right with facing of chiffon makes a pretty background for various flower trimmings set on the brim. It is shown with a collar of silver-edged ribbon and a wreath of little fruits and flowers. Small round beads set around the crown repeat whatever color is shown for the collar and facing. Bead and ribbon trimming of a different sort provide the only color on the hat with brim of lilies-of-the-valley posed over a transparent underbrim. Hair braid, silver tinsel, and georgette make the hat at the upper right, with the soft crown and floppy brim dear to the hearts of bridesmaids. Grapes in silver and a color dangle from the brim. Organdie appeals to the designer of bridesmaid's hats and is used to make large flowers that are posed on the brims of lace or other transparent hats, and silver ribbon is immensely effective with them.

Julia Bottomley
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Indigestion

Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important. "The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

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for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which griped and didn't give the good results. Black-Draught liver medicine is easy to take, easy to keep, inexpensive.

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You should encourage your children to eat plenty of ice cream. It is just as healthful as meat or eggs—and is a wonderful relief on a hot sultry day. Eating between meals is not harmful if the food is ice cream. The kiddies need that "extra-bite" to reinforce their ever-necessary reserve of energy. Be sure of sanitation. Send your your-orders to

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