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ASSOCIATION

Friday, June 23, 1922

Postoffice rows have been daily, weekly, and monthly occurrences over the state of North Carolina during the past year.

The attention of taxpayers and citizens generally is called to the detailed report of the finances of the county which appears in this week's issue of the Herald.

Now that we have been properly "attended to" by Editor Saunders of the Elizabeth City Independent and delivered unto the Aulander Advance for further punishment if same should be necessary;

The American public leaps nimbly from one great crisis to another and public sentiment and interest is slow and difficult to awaken.

Agricultural colleges in 45 States are giving courses in agricultural economics and allied subjects this year.

New York City last year paid \$100,000 for their supply of "frog legs."

A NEW \$10,000,000 TUBERCULOSIS DEMONSTRATION

A substantial part of the income of \$1,000,000 for the next few years has been set aside by the Milbank Fund of New York to demonstrate in several districts how tuberculosis can be controlled in American communities.

The Milbank Fund was established by Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, of New York City. The president of the Board of Trustees is Edward W. Sheldon, president of the United States Trust Company, New York, and the treasurer is Albert G. Milbank of the firm of Masten & Nichols.

The demonstration to be conducted is in the nature of a memorial to Mrs. Anderson. The Milbank Fund proposes to initiate a series of demonstrations based upon the successful Health and Tuberculosis Demonstration, conducted for the last five years by the National Tuberculosis Association.

Immediately following the announcement, Dr. L. B. McBrayer, Director of the North Carolina Tuberculosis Association, obtained an interview with Mr. Kingsbury with a view to securing an allotment for a demonstration in North Carolina.

If our death-rate can be cut in half with the resources at our command, can we not entirely eliminate tuberculosis when every one becomes sufficiently interested.

WILDCAT PARSON ORDERED ARRESTED

Following is an account of the doings of one Rev. Charles J. Weilberg, in our neighboring county of Northampton, as appearing in the Raleigh News and Observer.

Acting on the complaint of D. P. Dellinger, Conway, Northampton county, State Insurance Commissioner on Saturday, ordered the arrest of the Rev. Charles J. Weilberg, pastor of one of the churches in that community, on a charge of peddling blue sky stock without a license.

Lists of accredited companies and salesmen carry neither the name of the wild cat preacher nor the Black Panther Oil Company. Neither has any business in North Carolina, but this fact gets Dellinger nothing of his \$4,100 back.

Dazzled by the promise of 100 per cent dividends and disarmed by the ministerial earnestness and apparent honesty of the preacher, Dellinger bought a lot of Black Panther stock several months ago.

Dividends failed to show up on schedule. Letters explained that the officers were away, and a meeting could not be held to declare a dividend.

Going to the preacher-salesman for counsel and comfort, Dellinger was told that nothing could be done about it. The fleeced citizen got more and more desperate, and Saturday wrote Mr. Wade the situation, concluding with the plea, "For God's sake help me get even with him."

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REFORMING JIMMY

By LILY WANDEL

Alvina had fallen in love with Jimmie O'Toole and the whole town held its breath.

"She'll fall out of love as quickly as she came in, Jimmy'll see to that," prophesied her younger brother, George.

"It's an awful disgrace," wailed her sister Marie. "The very idea! We, of the best old family in the county, the aristocratic Moreheads—and Jimmy O'Toole, the black sheep of even such a family as the O'Toole's! Besides, he's younger than she!"

"Utterly incomprehensible to me," declared the mother gravely. "Alvina has been so conventional, almost too much, and so very particular."

The door opened and the family looked somewhat embarrassed as a slim young woman, her refined, sweet features fairly shining with happiness, came into the room.

"Oh, you've been discussing me; don't deny it," she laughed.

"My dear, the whole town is discussing you!" her sister deplored.

"I don't care. Neither does Jimmie!" with defiant, good humor.

"Oh, Jimmie O'Toole, he's used to notoriety."

If Alvina winced no one noticed except her mother. "My dear," said the latter gently, "I am very much concerned about you. Jimmie O'Toole has not the best of reputations and I cannot see how such a marriage will bring you any happiness."

"May I add a word?" asked the brother and, without waiting for permission, "you'll never marry him, because Jimmie isn't the sticking kind. He's flattered at present that he has been able to bowl over the most conservative girl in town."

Alvina's quick eye went from one to the other. "You all have forgotten one thing—that we love each other. There's another thing, too, I'm going to reform Jimmie."

Things went along beautifully for a week or two, Alvina glowing with happiness, the town and her family still skeptical. Then one evening Jimmie missed an engagement and Alvina waited in vain.

It was George who brought the bad news. "Well, Jimmie's fallen off—I knew it," with a grim laugh.

"Of course, I did, too," came Alvina's surprising reply; "he is no angel—it's difficult to break bad habits all at once. I've been quite prepared for one or two slipbacks!"

The family only sighed. The next day Jimmie appeared repentant, full of new promises.

There were several more slipbacks and Alvina's face became slightly drawn and anxious.

Jimmie's calls became less frequent and the family felt that the end of Alvina's love affair was near, while Alvina herself grew pale and pinched-looking.

It happened one evening when Alvina waited with growing nervousness for Jimmie. They were to hear a lecture on thought-control, and he had promised faithfully to be there at seven-thirty. Alvina waited, her nervousness fanned by the family's remarks. The clock struck eight, eight-thirty, and no Jimmy in sight. At nine o'clock Alvina burst into tears and went to her room, locking the door.

"I think she is writing him a letter—breaking the engagement," remarked her mother to the other two. "Poor child, and she loved him so much!"

The next morning a different Alvina came down to breakfast. Not a trace of nervousness, anxiousness or hurry in her manner.

After an hour's shopping she called up Jimmie and asked him to take her for lunch.

"Jimmie," Alvina was saying at a tucked-away table in a tea room, "I've given up reforming you!"

"That means good-by, I guess," he deducted with a sigh, high relieved, half unhappy. "Not that I blame you, Alvina, you've been an angel and I'm not good enough to buckle your shoes. But I want to say this much, dear, that all you've done has not been entirely for nothing. There always was a remnant of self-respect in me, a love and admiration for the fine things of life."

"Jimmie O'Toole," interrupted Alvina smilingly, "I've given up reforming you, but not loving you! I've been a prude and a poke and I expected the impossible of you. Look here," she unwrapped a bundle, "all the newest sporting magazines," and bringing a shining article from her bag, "a cigarette case! And here," she drew from her purse two tickets, "for a musical comedy tonight! Now what do you say?"

Jimmie did not touch the things before him, but took Alvina's slim fingers in his brown hands, and his voice when he spoke was husky and low. "That you are the finest woman I know, that I love you too much ever to give you up and that I will make no more promises in the future. This partnership will be a fifty-fifty proposition, because I've grown to like some of your books and ideas."

She smiled at him through her tears and whispered, "Nothing really counts, except that we love each other!"

Must Have Been Pretty Bad. Police Inspector—Describe the missing ladies to me, will you, sir? Jackson—Well, one of them was pretty, but the other—looked like an accident going somewhere to happen.—London Answers.

By virtue of the power and authority given by a certain deed of trust executed by S. M. Ried and wife Emma Ried on the 3rd day of June, 1920 to John A. Shaw, Trustee which is recorded in book 68, page 104 in office of Register of Deeds for Hertford County, default of payment having been made on debt secured thereby, the following property will be sold at public auction viz:

That lot or parcel of land in the town of Winton, N. C., and bounded as follows: Beginning at point on the east south side of Main street in the town of Winton at or near the present corporate limits and running one hundred yards at right angles to said Main Street, in a southeast direction from Main street to a point five yards parallel to main street towards Crovan river; thence one hundred yards back to Main street; thence twenty-five yards up Main street to string point or first station; it being a lot one hundred yards by twenty-five yards in the town of Winton whereon said S. M. Ried and wife now reside, and being same land described in deed from J. S. Mitchell and wife to S. M. Ried, dated Oct. 17th, 1905, which deed is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Hertford county in book 26, page 425 and referred to for more particular description.

Place of sale, Court house door, Winton, N. C.

Date of Sale—July 17, 1922.

Terms of Sale—Cash.

Hour of sale—12 o'clock M.

This the 12th day of June, 1922.

JNO. A. SHAW, Trustee.

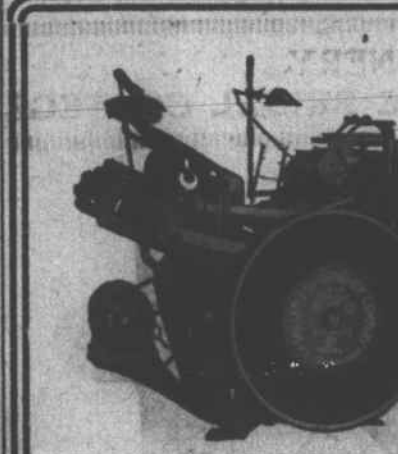
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Table listing grocery items and prices: Sugar 6 1/2c, Quaker Oatmeal 10c, Campbell's Soups 10c, etc.

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WE make no claim of being cheap printers in the sense of shaving the price down a little lower than the other fellows, because we have too much pride in maintaining our standard of good work to permit us to sacrifice that standard to mere cheapness.

Hertford County Herald Printers and Publishers Ahoskie, - - - - - North Carolina