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Friday, September 9, 1921

Attaboy, Cotton!

Twenty cent cotton is another glad symptom of returning "normality".

West Virginia evidently feels herself unequal to keeping the Irish pace.

We've heard of Winter lingering in the lap of Spring but this thing of Summer's crowding herself into Fall's is the limit.

The postponement of the opening of the schools for a week has been attended with little regret in the small boy circles.

The Cabarrus county strikers have one consolation that is far from intangible—they are able to see what a pay envelope looks like again.

In other words the League of nations figure that they will let us play or not as pleases our fancy, but they won't let us stop the game.

The increasingly frequent recurrence of deaths at grade crossings would suggest the substitution of the old stop, look and listen sign with the skull and cross bones symbol.

The Supreme Council of the League of Nations is in session again at Geneva—causing quite likely considerable pained surprise among those Republican leaders who pronounced its demise months ago.

If the striking Raleigh printers are not heckling the men who've taken their jobs, why do they object so seriously to an injunction restraining them from the exercise of a procedure which they vehemently deny having adopted.

Littleton is contemplating bond issues aggregating \$140,000.00, for the installation of waterworks, sewerage, paved streets and sidewalks and improvements of the electric light plant. Incidentally this community is the largest in the State of North Carolina that can boast neither water-works nor sewerage. We lead in many things, but we lag badly there.

SENTIMENT ABOUT IRELAND

In the frank and weighty letter which General Smuts sent to Mr. De Valera before sailing for South Africa he warned the Irish leader that rejection of the British offers would at once cut off from Ireland the sympathy of the outside world. Similar messages have gone to Dublin from Australia. It is well known that the most influential Irish-Americans have been writing and cabling De Valera to the same effect. The dispatches of opposite tenor sent by the Irish remnant here, now represented by Judge Coahan and John Devoy, only served to emphasize the virtual unanimity of feeling among the sons and friends of Ireland in the United States.

The whole is striking evidence of what a great part public sentiment plays in affairs of government. This demonstrated solidarity of opinion outside Ireland is a fact—perhaps the biggest

fact—to be seriously considered by the leaders in Ireland. It must make their responsibility seem greater than ever. Nor can they overlook the way in which Lloyd George's gesture of conciliation with Ireland has solidified English sentiment behind him. This is reluctantly admitted by the querulous G. B. Shaw. It was strikingly shown in the last session of Parliament before adjourning to Oct. 18. The Prime Minister made a hopeful but cautious statement about the Irish negotiations. All parties instantly rallied in approval and support of his position. Mr. Asquith pledged him the hearty backing of the Liberals. Mr. Thomas declared that the Labor Party was in full sympathy with Lloyd George as regards his Irish policy. In the Lords there were but two dissenting voices. The Marquis of Salisbury objected, very much in the tone of The London Morning Post, to the Government's "eating dirt" by negotiating with "rebels." The Earl of Selborne affirmed that the Government's Irish policy was wholly irrational. But this only gave the Lord Chancellor, in reply, the opportunity to point out how completely the two peers mentioned were "marooned." They had no followers in Parliament and none outside it.

There appears to be no doubt that the latest reply of the Irish leaders to Lloyd George is an acceptance of his invitation to further personal conferences. That way lies at present the chief hope of settlement. Across a table, in private, negotiators are not so apt to insist upon phrases as they are when speaking in public. They can the more readily renounce the shadow in order to gain the substance. With sentiment in Ireland itself now what it is, and with the feeling of a watching world what it is known to be, the statesmen involved must be aware in advance that they will be thought both stupid and criminal if they do not come to an agreement.—New York Times.

THE PARADOX OF COTTON

A bull week on the New York stock market—"decidedly a bull week." Many thousands of business men read and study closely the market review, summary and speculation which appears regularly every Monday in the Daily News. It has been months since that summary carried anything like as clear, definite declarations, either favorable or unfavorable, as contained in the story of yesterday.

Cotton market phenomena have influenced the whole business structure profoundly. Evidently business itself has been unconscious of the power of the world-currents of cotton prices. The combination of forces throughout the continents suddenly create a demand for cotton, and business reacts at once to the tonic effect.

There will now be witnessed a conflict of forces peculiar to the cotton market itself, to the people of the region where cotton is produced. Vast quantities of it are in storage, in the hands of large holders and small holders. The cotton country banker now comes in as an active factor. He will counsel liquidation, and he is the doctor. Will this tend to glut the market and strangle the infant bull, or calf, movement?

Against the counsel of the banker, against the circumstance that many people own what was once 40 cent cotton who also owe money, and whose debts must be liquidated before merchants can realize on credits, must be placed the stabilizing influence of cotton-owner psychology. Your cotton holder is, under such conditions as have developed in the past month, a bull of the bulls. Has he been holding his stock for 20 cents? He believes now that it will go to 25 or 30, and is more than likely to fix his selling point above 20 cent. If he owes money, he will yield to pressure to sell. If he can at all manage to do so, he will pursue a policy of optimistic watchful waiting.

The smallest crop produced in 30 years. That means that thousands of men who have spent the summer sweating in the cotton fields have worked against climatic and other conditions of almost unprecedented malignity.

Expressed in pounds of cotton, nature has returned them a beggarly wage for their labor. Compared to the average year, their efforts have been futile and barren of result. And that circumstance, as soon as it is definitely known, stimulates business everywhere as nothing has been able to stimulate it for a year or more. Even the cotton producer himself who has old cotton on hand may find himself smiling because nature has frowned. The producer who has no old cotton will as a result of the great adversity suffered by the crop find himself in a more wholesome business environment that may reflect advantageously upon his own affairs.

It is a tremendously impressive exhibit of commercial and industrial paradox; but one old lesson stands out with new clearness. If the planting and marketing of the cotton crop could be intelligently controlled, the cotton planter would steadily profit, instead of rarely profiting.—New York Times.

Ruth Outwits a Bandit Gang

By JOHN RENWICK

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

"You had better get out of here, if you don't want trouble." "I've got something to tell you. If you don't want trouble yourself, you had better listen to me." "What! Threatening me, are you? Vain, or I'll quicken up that dog trot habit of yours considerably. Git!" and Martin Bayne made a run for the doorstop where his rifle lay. With a dejected air, but quite sprightly, ragged, limping Coyote Pete hastened his steps from off the Bayne domain. He had disappeared by the time the proprietor turned around ready to carry out his threat. "Why, father, wasn't that rather rude?" inquired his daughter, Ruth, stepping through the doorway. She was pretty as a picture. "Rude!" repeated the ranchman crossly. "It's the only way to treat such cattle as that. There isn't a worse offender on the range. He's been wire-tapper, raider, and is a beggar when he isn't on the verge of the delirium tremens. It's all your fault, his coming here. You encourage him by giving him a snack whenever he takes the fancy to wander by, and now he's making a regular station of it. I'll be back before midnight. Expect your company about dark, don't you?" "I think so; I hope so," replied Ruth.

Before the evening was over she expected to welcome her lover, Rodney Morse.

It must have been half an hour later when there came a timid tap at the door. Coyote Pete, his threadbare cap in his hand, stood on the step in an humble attitude.

"Why, won't you come in?" asked Ruth in her usual cheerful, generous way. "You look tired, and—perhaps hungry?" she inquired gently.

"Not this time, Miss," replied Pete. "You see your father don't welcome me very heartily, and I don't want to intrude. But you're the only critter on the range ever takes time to give me a bite when I need it, and I wanted to do you folks a good turn. Your father wouldn't listen to me after I'd tramped twenty miles to give you a warning."

"A warning?" repeated Ruth vaguely. "I understand your young man and some friends are coming through on the stage this evening."

"Why—yes," replied Ruth slowly. "Well, I overheard two half-breeds down on the Taylor place talking early this morning, planning to join two other bad characters, hide between here and the railroad, and hold up the stage coach."

In a moment Ruth became alarmed. Within a quarter of an hour she and Pete had arranged to outwit the bandits. He had been gone two hours when the horse he had gone away with came back riderless.

Instantly Ruth buckled a belt about her slender waist, sprang to the saddle and was soon on the trail. Ruth had gone about twenty miles when at a bend in the road she drew rein promptly near some high bushes. A flicker of light, like that of a match, suddenly flaring in among some heavy timbers ahead, had attracted her attention. Ruth tied the horse and began a detour of the vicinity.

Within five minutes, true daughter of the frontier that she was, she understood the situation completely. She had viewed four men smoking and reclining in a natural hide-out. It seemed that during some recent storm a large tree had been bent over and half uprooted by the force of the wind.

Ruth crept cautiously around to the spot where the top of the tree was caught. Her experienced eye told her that this, once released, would shoot back to its original position with catapult force. For nearly an hour she harked and clipped.

R-r-r-r—snap—crash! Like a stricken giant rising from the dust, the great tree at last tore from its fetters. There were shouts of dismay and frantic yells of pain as the roots sank back into place, shutting the baffled plotters into a prison. Ruth ran out into the road. The stage coach came to a stop. Her lover sprang out, and Ruth was inclosed in his loving arms. It did not take long for Ruth to explain. Crushed and subdued, the outlaws were dragged out and secured. Ruth had saved the passengers' injury and her lover the little fortune he carried with him.

They searched for Pete, and found him where the horse had thrown him. His head had struck a stone and he was unconscious. Long before the wedding the outlaws were convicted. Then Pete became the handy man about the Morse place, where his greatest satisfaction seemed to be to enjoy the loving happiness of Rodney and his froulart bride.

Benjamin Franklin Verastille. A large part of Benjamin Franklin's reputation in the mind of the layman, is due to the fact that he received a bad shock from a key at the end of a kite, and found out that lightning and electricity had something in common. As a matter of fact, he invented the harmonica, advocated daylight saving, and besides his numerous achievements as a philosopher, publicist and patriot, was the first to use bifocal lenses. He had weak eyes, and invented them for his own use at first; they were so successful that they soon became popular.

"Bravest Man on the Force"

By FREDERICK CLARKE

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The chief had sent for John Harrigan. John knew why he was summoned. He left the fire station under the disapproving looks of his companions. Nobody spoke to him; that was far harder than if they had reproached him. Reproaches are forgotten, but they had given him the stinger. The old chief turned round at his desk.

"Sit down, Harrigan," he said, glaring at him under his bushy eyebrows. There was a tense silence. Harrigan sat upon the edge of his chair, fingering his cap.

"What's this I hear about your being a coward, John?" asked the chief, yet so mildly that Harrigan took courage to glance up at him.

"They say," said Bethany mildly, "that at the fire in Whipple street last night you lung back instead of going up the ladder."

"Yes, sir," said John and began stammering out his excuses. It was his first big fire, and the sight of that flaming hell had paralyzed his limbs, although his heart was brave enough. He had only wanted someone to lead him, some word of encouragement to do heroic deeds. But alone he could not take the initiative.

"John Harrigan," said Bethany, "I've been on the force for seven and thirty years. When I was a youngster I was a coward. At my first fire I lung back. Because of that a woman died. I've never told anyone but you, Harrigan, because I've never met another coward but you, John." He continued, "go back to your company and act like a man."

The firemen received the news of his reinstatement badly. Harrigan could endure their silence. He knew that if only his chance came, he could redeem himself. But Mary Connor, his sweetheart, was told of the affair by a rival. She wrote him a curt little note of dismissal. "I don't want to marry a coward," she said. Soon he heard that she was engaged to another.

And his chance never came. That was the crown of his tragedy. He was put on detail work, set to copying documents in the sub-chief's office. He was never allowed out again.

One day he walked into Bethany's office. "Chief," he said, "I haven't had my chance. I have been doing a clerk's job. Give me my chance to show that I'm a man."

Bethany looked at him, looked under his beetling eyebrows clear into his heart. "You'll have your chance now. Report back for duty."

For a whole year he had seen nothing of Mary. Somebody told him that she was married.

His chance did come, about three months after his talk with Bethany. It was a little fire at first, but it spread swiftly, and by the time that the call came to his company, from the other end of the town, a whole block of tenement buildings was ablaze.

The hose was playing upon the fire; it might as well have been a child's squirtgun for all the effect it had. Above him—far above—he saw white faces of women at the windows. He heard their cries faintly in his ears. A ladder was being raised. Harrigan sprang forward and began to ascend. He heard shouts beneath him. The captain was ordering him down. This was not for him; he was a coward and this was no coward's work.

He swung from the ladder to the narrow coping, just out of the reach of the flames. He did not dare look down. Above him—only one story above, he saw those women's faces. Even as he looked two disappeared. They had run back into the room, seeking madly for an outlet. One, immediately above, looked down. He choked. It was Mary.

Now he had no more fear. In another moment he was on the ledge by Mary's side. He clasped her in his arms.

The voice saying—"Bravest man on the force?" He opened his eyes. He looked into the keen blue eyes beneath the thick eyebrows of Fire Chief Bellows.

Draw an Inference. "I've often heard," said Mrs. Boston, "that there isn't any money in literature, and now I'm convinced of it."

"How?" inquired the editor. "Heard?" Charles never seems to have a penny since he got acquainted with those men who make books."

New England True to Tradition. A certain Red Cross public health nurse, in New Hampshire, reports that the instruction in the Red Cross course of instruction in "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick" in her county is unprecedented. This nurse travels over a considerable area, the county being a large one, including eight towns. It is the consensus of opinion at the New England division headquarters that in this county, at least, the future of the American Red Cross is assured because of the great service performed through these classes. New England still lives up to her tradition of recognizing and sponsoring the best that education can give—Red Cross Magazine.

Financial Diagnosis. "Did the doctor know what you had?"

"He seemed to have a pretty accurate idea. He asked for \$10 and I had \$11."—Boston Transcript.

Faulty Bookkeeping. She—You interest me strangely—no man ever has before. He—You spring that on me last night. She—Oh, was that you?

Trees Loaded With Fruit. Trees loaded with fruit are bent down; the clouds when charged with fresh rain hang down near the earth; even so good men are not qualified through prosperity. Such is the natural character of the liberal—Bhartrihari.

Smelling Salts. Smelling salts can be made by placing a few lumps of ammonium carbonate in a bottle and covering them with oil of lavender. The cost, according to Experimental Science, is very slight, and the product is as good as some of the product now on sale.

The Rosemary Ginning Company Will start to Ginning Cotton Monday, September 12 Highest prices will be paid for cotton seed and seed cotton. Modern ginning machinery insuring maximum possible yield of lint cotton. Your Patronage is Invited Rosemary Ginning Company By J. J. Wade, Manager



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