

Now if the coal profiteers would only strike.

The Filipinos evidently believe that it pays to knock on Wood.

We'll have more prohibition in this country when we have less of it on the front page.

Of course if the nuts bolt the old parties our Henry may get chance to run after all.

Two to four inches of snow in Ashe this week increases the respect and veneration we have always felt for the Halifax climate.

The Armistice Day celebration for the county will be held this year in Roanoke Rapids, so get ready to do your part toward making it a success.

"President for tax cut if warranted"—newspaper item. Cal needn't worry about how the country regards his stand on that proposition.

The best argument for the abolition of grade crossings are these whopping big verdicts they've been handing out against the railroads lately.

It looks like the Klan victory in Oklahoma, and if it isn't the most disastrous bit of free advertising that State has ever received, we miss our bet.

**ARMISTICE DAY.**

At the instance of the, shall we say now dormant, Chamber of Commerce last fall a local post of the American Legion was formed by the ex-service men of the community and arrangements were effected to have the 1923 Armistice Day celebration for the county pulled off at Roanoke Rapids. Though the Chamber as an entity is not functioning at present the obligation nevertheless remains upon its members and the progressive minded citizens of the community to put their shoulders to the wheel and help the local post make the celebration this year one of the biggest that has ever been held in the county.

To stand by the ex-service men of the local post is an obligation that cannot be and should not be avoided, and our duty to the community in which we live to make the celebration one of which we can feel proud is no less apparent. The community has plenty of local pride and numerous citizens able and willing to give their time and energy to making the affair a success. It is simply a matter of organization and co-operation and it should be attended to without delay.

**Travels of Mr. Moses.**

Senator Moses, that humorous and independent mossback, Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee, reports his political and sociological observations, made in a journey in ten States; which ten he fails to mention. He finds a strong opinion, especially among business men, in favor of the renomination of Mr. Coolidge, who, however, will not have a majori-

**"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS..."**



ty of the delegates when the Republican National Convention meets. That is a prophecy which may or may not come true. Its truth depends mainly upon Mr. Coolidge's course in the eight months or so before the convention assembles; especially on his relations with Congress.

The other candidates mentioned by Mr. Moses are scarcely formidable, for there is small chance of union among them. Senator Wadsworth is not a candidate against Mr. Coolidge. Mr. La Follette, a perennial, never gains anything by his candidacies. Governor Lowden's purposes with the Illinois delegation are scarcely those of a seeker for the nomination. There are sporadic blotches of Hiram Johnsonism in various parts of the country; but it seems to regard himself and to be regarded in his own State as the Great Betrayed. "Governor Pinchot," Mr. Moses tells us with affecting solemnity, "is a candidate, and a most serious one." Mr. Pinchot is, perhaps, a little too serious, rapidly contemplating his acknowledged virtues and merits in this cynical world of sin and politicians. He may be subject to disappointments in a State where not all Republicans are worthy of so generous a hero. Mr. Moses encourages him. Governor Dixon, of Montana "declared him to be a candidate in his speech before the Chamber of Commerce of his State." It will be remembered that even Senator Pepper and Senator Reed have heard a "rumor" of his Presidential ambition.

What is most interesting to the sociologist in Mr. Moses' account of his travels is his impression that "there are more men for Henry Ford wholeheartedly than for any other man in the country. His support is not rganized." If he takes the Farmer-Labor nomination, he will raise Cain with the Republican Party, and the election may have to be made by the House of Representatives. All this is speculation that has been made before, an ancient guess. But if, as others have said before Senator Moses, Mr. Ford is "the most popular man in the country," what can keep him from nomination for President, nomination not by a third but by a major party? As Artemus Ward would put it, Mr. Ford has no principles. He is in the automobile business. If the manufacturer of chicken-killers is regarded by multitudes of Americans as the supreme evidence of statesmanship and qualification for the Presidency; if millions of Americans are in such a state of primitive culture that they regard him as a potent magician on land, on water and in the air, the fact ought to be made known and registered authoritatively. There has been much complaint about intelligence tests. The vote for Mr. Ford for President would be a remarkable and an authentic intelligence test.—The New York Times.

**FARM NOTES FOR HALIFAX COUNTY**

By W. O. DAVIS, County Agent, Welton, N. C.

On account of rush of Fair work we were unable to prepare news notes for Saturday, October 13th.

The team sent from Halifax County Pig Clubs to the State Fair this week showed well by winning 1st place in Pig Club Demonstration, and also sweepstakes in demonstrations of boy's club work for the State at large. This prize was a silver loving cup. Members of this team were Frank Taylor, Percy Crawley, Charlie Liles, and Wilbert Williams. All of these are members of the Aurelian Springs Pig Club and are members of Aurelian Springs school.

This is the season for selecting seed corn. Seed corn should be selected in the field and not in the barn just before planting time as most farmers do it. Seed corn should also come from stalks where the fodder has not been pulled. Select ears from stalks producing two good average size ears under average conditions. Note the position of the ears on the stalk, amount of shuck, how the shuck covers the tip of the ear, and the length of the shank. Allow these ears to thoroughly mature on the stalk and then store in a place protected from rats. If you can do no better sack the corn and hang it by ropes from rafters of the barn until you have time to go over it carefully shucking it out and selecting best ears for seed. If you want more detailed information or want help in selecting seed corn see or write me.

Mrs. John Myrick of Littleton R. F. D. sent an exhibit of Rose Comb brown leghorns to State Fair winning three first place and two seconds.

It is not too late yet to get in oats to help out a short corn crop, nor too late for oats and vetch to help out a short hay crop.

**THE HOODOO TABLE**

By LILLIAN M. ROYCE

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CHARLES HENRY, emerging from the kitchen of the Elite restaurant, nearly dropped his tray. The Hendersons, the ideal couple whom he was always quoting to his fiancée, Estelle, as an example of happy married life, were quarreling!

His experiment had worked only too well. He was convinced now that the little table for two in the corner exerted a mysterious influence over the patrons who occupied it. Ever since its installation, two days before, the married couples who sat there had argued bitterly all through luncheon.

This extra table had been placed before a single window at the back, looking out upon a row of small shops. It was to be used during the noon rush and had been assigned to Charles Henry in addition to his other duties.

The first day, Monday, Charles was sadly puzzled. No matter how good the food he brought, or how good service he gave, every married couple who occupied that little table went through a certain routine. The wife would glance out of the window, say something to her husband, and the war would be on. She was not always the victor, but in most cases she won out and would exit with a triumphant air, followed by a scowling husband who almost always neglected to leave a tip.

Mr. Henderson, coming in with his business partner, enjoying his luncheon, and leaving a liberal tip, caused the only bright spot in an otherwise gloomy noon.

Tuesday a young couple who had been there once or twice before spled the little table and sat down. Charles was interested to see what effect being placed at the little table would have upon this pair of turtle doves, and when he returned with their orders both were too busy arguing to do justice to the meal. The young husband appeared very much upset and had rather a frightened look. It was plain Mrs. Newlywed had won the day. No tip.

This was getting serious. As soon as Charles found an opportunity after the luncheon customers had gone, he sat down at the table, which was the only way one could look down into the street; but the afternoon sun was shining and only a row of prosaic awnings met his searching gaze. Whatever it was, he thought, it only affected the married couples, for he remembered when a young man and woman, clerks in a near-by office and obviously only friends, had sat there.

The girl had begun a lively conversation, but happening to look out of the window, became so absorbed that the young man had said jokingly: "I'm here, you know!" She had smiled at that and resumed the conversation, but her eyes would stray to the window. The young man had looked out and remarked: "Well, of course I cannot hope to compete with a—." Here Charles was called by another customer, and missed the words that might have explained everything. The man had given Charles a liberal tip, and the two had gone out, still on most friendly terms.

Charles had decided that he would go through that back street after work that night, but he was late, and a street car just passing, he swung aboard. Time enough to investigate later.

And this was Wednesday noon. Mr. Henderson had come in with his wife and Charles had deliberately led them to the mysterious table. Would the spell work on a devoted couple like the middle-aged Hendersons, who never quarreled and, indeed, never argued, even about the orders, and always seemed to appreciate both the food and Charles' devoted service? It most certainly would and had! As Charles came through the swinging door, he saw Mr. Henderson, red-faced and angry, arguing with his wife, who sat, white but determined, looking longingly out the window. Neither ate a great deal, and they soon left. For the first time in years no tip lay beside Mr. Henderson's plate. Something must be done. The extra table made more work, and with no tips and the mysterious effect upon his patrons Charles was becoming

alarmed.

That night being his night off he called on Estelle and told her of the hoodoo table and the spell it cast. He suggested that she come in the next day with her sister and perhaps she could solve the mystery.

"If you succeed," he said rashly, "I'll make you a present of anything you wish."

Thursday the two girls came early and seated themselves at the little table. When Charles brought their orders he said: "Have you discovered anything?"

On the pretense of having the window opened Estelle rose from her chair and Charles sat for a moment in her place. The awnings across the street were up now and, looking down where Estelle directed, Charles saw a window filled with attractive hats. In the center, below the name "Madame Elise," was a large placard: "BARGAINS IN IMPORTED-MILLINERY."

"And the present?" faltered Charles, but alas, he already knew too well what the answer would be.

"Why, one of madame's hats, of course," chirped Estelle, and the hoodoo table had added another male victim, this time a single one, to its list of victims.

**BILLY RESCUES**

By MOLLIE MATHER

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

I KNOW this story does not place Billy in a very good light, but there is a saying that "the end justifies the means." He is my chum's fiance and whenever any of the girls want a favor we feel free to ask Billy.

Judith Warrington, my chum, is not the least bit jealous, because she knows she couldn't have reason. Billy Blair is honest and true. Judith herself is a dear, and we made her home our headquarters. You could drop in at any time and find a welcome from Judith and her father.

Judith just remembers her mother, who died when Judith was a little thing. But the picture of her that hangs in Mr. Warrington's library makes you feel sorry all over again that such a sweet mother might not have lived to bring up her daughter.

Of course one of us ever thought Mr. Warrington would think of taking another wife—especially after all the years. But as mother says, you never can tell. And even when Judith's father began inviting Elanor Forest to Judith's parties, we never for a moment supposed he could have a personal in-

terest.

Elanor Forest was delightful to me until my cousin Rolf, who lives with us, got to taking her around. Rolf said I was jealous, but he changed his opinion when Elanor turned her attention to Burns Holden. Then when she was introduced to Mr. Warrington at the club where Burns Holden plays golf, and Burns told her boastfully how rich Mr. Warrington was, Elanor looked up innocent as peaches and asked, as if she was interested on Judith's account—"And he never married, did he Mr. Holden, after Judith's mother died?"

"No," Burns assured her, "Mr. Warrington is still a widower." I wasn't a bit surprised when I saw Mr. Warrington teaching Elanor to play golf. But Judith was surprised. And when her father spent his evenings seated at Elanor's side in the garden, apart from others, and drove her alone to her stopping place, Judith could not contradict the people who insisted that Mr. Warrington was serious in his attentions—Elanor had told them so.

"Think," Judith said to me sorrowfully, "of that insincere—oh, of that girl in my dear mother's place."

I couldn't think of it—it made me angry. And Elanor already was wearing the triumphant air of the victor. We talked it over with Billy one evening when Elanor had gone to Cedar Point for two weeks, and Mr. Warrington was driving out there every other night.

"That man," said Billy determinedly, "should be rescued. She's dangling Holden in the offing, in case the richer one eludes her purpose."

"Oh, dear," remarked Judith again. "I can't help seeing right into my poor father's disappointed future."

"Disappointed is mild," said Billy, "make it tormented future. Elanor is an inevitable flirt."

Suddenly he turned and looked up at Judith. "Dear," Billy asked, "how much do you trust me? Enough to spare me at Cedar Point for a week, and allow me to mingle there with the fair?"

There was an odd expression in Billy's eyes—sympathy, perhaps anger. But Judith was not engaged to him without reason. "I'll spare you, Billy," she replied, unquestioning.

"I'd like to drive out to Cedar with you, Mr. Warrington," Billy said one night. "I've a confession to make regarding a young woman to whom you may later hear I have been attentive. I do not want you to think me disloyal to Judith. Elanor Forest is accustomed to much masculine attention, and so when we drove to the city club, or danced at Winden Point it was at her own suggestion, and with Judith's consent. Burns Holden, I think, is the

more favored among Elanor's admirers."

"Elanor Forest?" Mr. Warrington interrupted brusquely. "Is there not some mistake? Elanor Forest, who has been our guest here?"

You could tell from the words and the astonished tone that Elanor had told Judith's father a different story.

"We will see her together, if you drive me with you to Cedar, Mr. Warrington," Billy answered quietly.

I think it dawned on Elanor's elderly lover then that Billy's confession had its purpose. Silently he motioned toward his waiting car and the two drove on to Cedar. Judith and I sat until very late awaiting their return.

"It seems terribly unkind," said the tender heart of Judith, "to steal a march on one like that."

"Better than have that mercenary, deceitful person steal your father's happiness," I answered. "The car drove in just as Judith and I had decided to retire. Billy came first."

"It's all right," he said, "our friend did not await my introduction. She burned her bridges behind her."

"So you two were acquainted all the time," she greeted. "Mr. Holden has just told me of Mr. Blair's engagement to your daughter, Mr. Warrington."

Then the little lady saw the disillusionment in Mr. Warrington's stern gaze. "Mr. Holden and I," she added boldly, "are very good friends."

When we went down to the library Judith's father was standing before the lovely portrait of her mother—and I could not help but think there was relief and peace in the smile he gave us.

**Dressy Crepe Overblouse**



Silk crepe, in two colors, started this dressy overblouse on its bright career and new style features contributed to its triumph. They appear in the narrow sleeves and treatment of ornamental slits and embroidery which elaborates the design.



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