Roanoke Rapids Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

The Herald Publishing Co., Inc.

J. T. STAINBACK . . EDITOR

Subscription $2.00 a Year in Advance

TELEPHONE 70

Entered as Second Class Matter Apr 3, 1914, at the Post Office at Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, under Act of March 3, 1879.

All communications should be addressed to the Herald Publishing Co. Persons wishing return of mss, must in all cases enclose stamps.

All cards of thanks, resolutions of respects etc., etc., will be charged fo the rate of ten cents per line. cash must accompany article in all cases ex cept where customer has a regular account No insertions made for lesh than 25 cents.

Friday, March 10, 1922

Weatherworks or waterworks?

Communism is sound says Lenin. Exclusively.

At last there is Work in the Postoffice Department.

Four more days in which to tell it to Uncle Sam's tax collectors.

When a cyclone hits as near as Wilson its a litt le too close to be comfortable.

If this weather keeps up the spring gardener's choice of crops will be limited to rice or goldfish.

A body will soon have a chance to win a famous isolation by not confessing to the murder of W. D. Taylor.

Only ten of last year's 21,000 suicides were editors—which goes to show the tribe is bothered very little with fiinancial difficulties.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Hull, Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee appears not to be entirely satisfied with the results accom plished in the first year of the Harding adminstration.

Secretary Mellon says taxpayers can pay their income taxes with Victory Notes, and if we had anv our tax payment problem would thereby be solved.

Our improved sandclay roads have been subjected to a test that, it is said, comes rarely oftener than once in a decade. They have met it by going out of business as a means of transportation, in spite of the most valiant efforts on the part of the Highway Commission's maintenance forces. Hard surfaced roads are the only permanent highways. Q. E. D.

CONGRESS IN A PANIC

The American Legion is in luck. It bade fair to become the most unpopular body in the country. But Congress has stepped forward to claim that odium for itself. People are leaving off talking about the demands of the Legion, and are saving up their amazement and reproaches for Congress. This may be inferred from the deliberate statement made by that steadfast Republican newspaper, The Boston Transcript, that "this Congress is the worst we have had for twenty years." Truly, the spectacle which it presents is pitiful. Members of the House of Representatives rush from one device or trick in behalf of the bonus to another. And throughout they make no pretense that they are actuated by ahy but the lowest political motives. They are visibly in a panic over the possibility of losing the soldier vote, and cynically treat it as if t were merely a commodity to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. All the proposals for bonus legislation, changing as they do from day to day, are frankly based upon a mixture of fear and selfishness.

Now, however, comes another panic to affright spineless Congressmen. They are finding that the matter is not so simple as they thought. Their belief was that it was all a question of votes. But now they discover that they may have to choose between votes and a campaign fund. The Republican Chairmen already organizing for this year's Congressional elections are getting some surprising replies from Republicans of standing from whom they have requested contributions. Blunt refusals are the rule. And the reason is plainly stated in such a letter as the following:

I have your peremptory request for a donation to our party. On former occasions I have always been glad to send in my check. I am a born Republican. My father ws a an Elector in Grant's second election. But I have no use for the Republican Party if they are going to pass the bonus bill.

Two of my own were in the war, and they feel keenly the insult of the bonus.

What shall it profit the Republican Party to gain a minority of the soldier vote and to lose a great body of its long-time financial supporters?

The longer the plan of deferred payment for the bonus is before the public the more severe is the condemnation poured upon it. Treasury officials, bankers, business men, skilled experts in finance unite in denouncing it as the most vicious scheme that could be devised. That it is an unscrupulous political stratagem is not denied. But it is worse than that. It is a formidable menace to sound public finance. No one can speak on this question with more authority than Senator Glass of Virginia, and his attack upon the project is unsparing. He gives his reason. This great new mass of certificates of indebtedness, if the banks could be compelled to take them, would simply pile up in their vaults as three or four billions more of frozen credits. The country has for nearly two years been struggling to free its banking and business from that great burden. And now it is proposed to help one still greater upon its back. Senator Glass also points out that the certificate plan, if it could be made to work at all, would not only lead to "unsafe banking" but produce a marked "inflation of values," burdensome to all, and perhaps ruinous to many. The conclusion which Senator Glass reaches is that the issue of billions of deferred certificates would "desperately cripple the business interests of the country," while, if the banks should refuse to take such securities that would not be liquid, the ex-service man would in the end find that they have received "a gold brick instead of a beneficence."

The pressing question is whether the Republican Party can possibly stand for such a reckless scheme. Can Secretary Mellon allow it to proceed without the most vehement protest? Can President Harding permit so great an injury to be done not only to the country but to the reputation of his party? No Republican boast has been prouder than that of caring for the true financial interests of the nation. That can never be heard again if the party adopts a measure open to such damaging criticism as that of a Democratic Senator, Carter Glass. It is industriously put about at Washington that the President will be won over to sign the bill as agreed upon by the Repuplicans of the Ways and Means Committee. This seems to us flatly incredible. It may be that the President's policy is to await developments and to hope that the bill, even if it passes to the House, will be put to death in the Senate. But if the measure comes squarely before him for action, there ought to be no possible doubt what he will do. The Republican President cannot stand by consenting when so great a danger threatens the country and when his party is starting out to run down a steep place into the sea.—New York Times.

ISN'T IT FUNNY

that the first thing a business man will do when his wife catches him kissing the maid; and starts an awful muss; and drags him into court for the Judge to look over; and tells the Judge what a soft old fool he is; and the size of his family; and of what her suspicions about him have always been; and everything—that his first thought will be to rush to the Newspaper Office and try to keep the story out of print? The next day he turns down advertising with the argument that advertising doesn't advertise.

He Knew How

There was an old greezer
And he had a lot of sense.
He started up a business
On a dollar eighty cents.

The dollar for stock
And the eighty for an ad.
Brought him three lovely dollars
In a day, by dad

Well, he bought more goods
And a little more space,
And he played that system
With a smile on his face.

The customers flocked
To his two-by-four
And soon he had to hustle
For a regular store.

Up on the square
Where the people pass
He gobbled up a corner
That was all plate glass.

He fixed up the windows
With the best that he had,
And told them all about it
In a half-page ad.

He soon had 'em coming
And he never, never quit,
And he wouldn't cut down
On his ads, one jit.

And he's kept things humping
In the town ever since,
And everybody calls him
The Merchant Prince.

Some say it's luck
But that's all bunk—
Why, he was doing business
When times were punk.

People have to purchase
And the greezer was wise—
For he knew the way to get 'em
Was to advertise.—Exchange.

Myra Dell's Fortune

By CLARISSA MACKEY

Myra Dell had lived in the big city for almost a year when she awoke to the fact she was twenty-five, unmarried, quite homeless except for the boarding-house room and with no one in particular to care about her. She had a good clerical position and was saving a little money. Occasionally she went out with some of the girls she knew. But she was very lonely—she grew tired of the small room looking out on a neat fenced-in square of back yard, weary of the daily round of duties and lonely evenings sewing or knitting if she was not reading.

"I cannot do this forever!" she cried passionately one night after she had eaten an unsavory meal at a nearby restaurant. "If I only knew where to start to change my fortunes I would begin this moment. I might change my position and not fare so well. I have no capital to start in business—" She stared at the ceiling for a while and then began to study the want columns of the evening paper for lack of anything more interesting to do. All at once a name flashed before her sight and held her interest.

"There—she can tell my fortune and advise me where to begin."

The very next evening after dinner Myra walked toward the West Twenties, where the clairvoyant's sign was propped against a front window. In the background were cheap lace curtains and everywhere lurked a mingled odor of boiling clothes, corned beef and cabbage and fried onions. The front door was open.

"Ugh!" sniffed Myra as she tiptoed across the oilcloth of the dim hall to rap on the parlor door, where another

"Not Till You Pay Me—Cheating a Poor Widder."

sign was affixed to the middle panel. "I hope she will buy some soap when she receives my fee—it really needs it here."

The door opened, half an inch—an inch—two inches, and a large, dark eye surveyed her suspiciously.

"A customer?" asked a woman's voice.

"Yes."

"Wait a minute." She disappeared and presently the door opened and discovered "Madame Sadie," gaudily attired in a red and yellow kimono with a ragged wisp of black lace draped over her gray locks.

"Come in, miss, but first I want to know if you're one of them newspaper ladies who come snoopin' around looking for stories, as they call 'em?"

"No," smiled Myra faintly. "I only came because I wanted my fortune told—"

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" hissed madame, pulling her client into the room and closing the door. "I ain't no fortune teller—I'm a respectable lady who sometimes ears a bit of extra money by reading the future, past or present." She lumbered to the window and pulled the shades down, then cautiously peered out. "Aha! I thought so—drat him, a-snoopin' around and spoiling business!"

She motioned Myra into a chair and took one opposite, dropping her head back on the cushions and closing her heavy eyes. She breathed audibly. The room was very quiet, but beyond the closed doors Myra could hear children crying and the rough voices of men. She wished she had not ventured into this unknown neighborhood alone.

Madame suddenly awoke from her trance. "Fee two dollars," she said violently.

"Oh, of course," and Myra pulled the money out of her little purse. The fortune teller snatched at the bills and tucked them away; she watched Myra's purse with greedy eyes until it vanished.

"I could give you a better fortune for five dollars, dearie," she urged.

"I will take two dollars' worth," said Myra, disgusted.

The heavy lids settled over the avid eyes. The hoarse voice droned monotonously familiar pattering talk, familiar to all who have ever attended a country fair; suddenly the mumble became distinguishable words.

"I see water—and ships—and I see uniforms—blue uniforms with gold stripes and brass buttons. Miss, you are going to meet a stranger. He is an officer—in—let me see—the navy; yes, ma'am—you'll meet him soon. You will fall in love with each other and marry—there, what girl wants a better fortune than that?" Her big eyes popped wide open, and she rolled them at Myra in a rather alarming way.

"Thank you very much," said Myra, anxious to get away. "I'll go now."

"Not till you pay me for your fortune, pretty miss."

"I paid you," said Myra quietly, although she was much afraid. She walked to the door. "Let me out, please."

"Not till you pay me—cheating a poor widder woman; you never paid me a penny, and me handing you a regular ten-dollar fortune. A naval officer, says I, with gold lace on him! What else could he be, I ask you? Who else wears blue uniforms and brass buttons and gold stripes? Who else, I ask you, miss?"

"Police officers wear 'em, Sadie, and you know it!" said a quiet voice from an open window.

Myra fairly flew across the room. "Please let me out," she begged. "I am afraid!" The window slipped up, the certains were pushed aside and a policeman entered—such a young Adonis of the force as Myra had never gazed upon.

"At it again, Sadie, eh?" said the officer grimly. "What did I tell you last time? If I catch that sign up again, if I find you doing any more crooked work, you know what it means?"

"Now, Mister Rock, you were listening at the broken pane—were you?" cried the woman.

"I certainly was—heard every word! Even the holdup afterward!"

"Then you know I gave her her money's worth—a naval officer—gold buttons and all!"

Officer Rock laughed softly, and Myra thought that a ship's officer could be no finer, look no finer nor braver than he in his blue and gold.

"Ship's officers are not the only ones that wear uniforms," he reminded her, and then he turned to Myra as if he had just noticed her, but she had been conscious of his protecting glance all the time. "You better come with me now and I'll put you on your way home."

Strange to say, Madame Sadie's fortune almost came true, for Myra did marry and next spring an officer who wore blue and gold, a young Adonis who answered to the name of John Rock. They sent Sadie a piece of wedding cake, which, being of a suspicious nature, she dared not eat.

Dread the Surgeon's Knife.

A prominent surgeon says he has found that boxers who have a reputation for gameness in the ring are like a small child asked to take castor oil when they must submit to operations. "You have seen boxers absorb terrific punishment," said the surgeon, "getting knocked down for counts time and time again, yet rising with natural instinct to receive another blow that sends them to the canvas again. These men, or the majority of them, are shy on nerves and do not feel much pain—merely a sort of shock that dulls their mind and causes them to weaken. But take the same man and show him a knife and his gameness ends to a great degree."

Selfish Extravagance.

He—Your bills are awfully heavy again this month, my dear.

She—Well, the nerve of you objecting to my bills when you know it is papa who pays them.

He—That's just it! How can I have the cheek to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of a power of sale conferred upon the undersigned by a certain Deed of Trust executed by C. H. Allen and Lugene Allen, his wife, to W. L. Long, trustee, which is recorded in book 320 at page 220, office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax County, said State, default having been made in payment of an indebtedness therein set out and thereby secured, and having been duly requested by the legal holder thereof, I will, on Wednesday, March 22, 1922, at 11:30 o'clock, A. M. in front of the Post Office in Rosemary, Halifax County, North Carolina, expose to public sale to the highest bidder for cash the following real property, to wit:

That certain tract or parcel of land in Roanoke Rapids Township, Halifax County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of George Powell, Mrs. W. H. Harrison and others, bounded as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake Mrs. W. H. Harrison's corner in George Powell's line; thence S 87 1-4 E 42 1-4 poles to a stake near a gum, J. R. Allen's corner; thence N 1 E 68 1-3 poles to a stake in an open field, J. R. Allen's corner; thence N 87 1-4 W 42 1-4 poles to Mrs Harrison's line; thence S 1 W. W. 68 1-4 poles to the beginning, containing 18 1-4 acres, more or less, and being the identical tract or parce of land conveyed to the said C. H. Allen by deed of J. J. Allen and wife, dated December 17, 1920, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax County in book 202 at page 391; reference to which is hereby made for greater certainty of description.

This the 27th day of February, 1922.

W. L. Long, trustee.

A. C. Zollicoffer, Atty.

3-3-4t a c z