

HE WANTS TO RID THE WORLD OF CATS

But Tabby, Asking Another Chance, Thinks Sayre a "Crank"

By ROY. J. GIBBONS

Chicago, Jan. 2. — Rockwell Sayre, wealthy Chicago banker and real estate owner, planned to rid the world of cats by 1925.

He set himself to this task more than 15 years ago.

Sayre, a bird-lover, hates cats for two reasons.

They kill vast numbers of song birds and they spread disease to children and grownups, too, he declares.

Now that 1925 is here, Sayre finds all the cats aren't gone as he had originally planned. Looking over his lists he discovered only 7,000,000 have been dispatched since he launched his anti-Tabby campaign.

That leaves a world feline population estimated at something around 900,000,000 and this number times nine gives the total of proverbial cat lives that still sing their song of hate in his ears.

Rewards Champ Killer
But Sayre is undaunted. He has spent plenty of money getting rid of 7,000,000 cats. He now announces he is willing to spend more until the last meow is sounded.

In past year Sayre has deluged the country with piles of literature urging everyone to help make the world catless by 1925.

Every Christmas he gave away cash rewards to the country's champion cat killers. His schedule of prices was 10 cents each for the first 100 cats killed. To the person killing the largest number he gave a bonus of \$5 plus the head tax.

In some of his many pamphlets he offered \$100 to the person killing the last cat on earth. But the other day six live cats sang seven hours on Sayre's back fence.

"The cats aren't gone yet," he says. "So we'll continue the rewards each Christmas until they are."

Thinks They're Filthy
The person winning Sayre's cat-killing award this year, he as-



sorts, is Thorne K. Shear, Kingston, N. Y.

"This man got one of my pamphlets and was converted to a proper cat-hating viewpoint," explains the country's chief cat-hater. "In one week he killed 22."

Sayre has been the target of attacks by humane societies and officials of animal protective associations. They've never had him arrested, though, and when their attacks become too bitter Sayre does a simple thing.

"I simply go out and concert them," he says. "One humane society officer came out to see me several years. He was fighting mad. But I talked with him and now he is a cat-killer himself."

To become eligible for any of Sayre's rewards it isn't necessary to present the corpus delicti on his doorstep. He takes your word for it providing a statement is sent bearing the signatures of two citizens other than the cat-

killer.
Sayre thinks it is "toadying to depravity" to keep a cat around the house.
"They're filthy useless things," says Sayre. "I missed my good ones they would all be gone by 1925. But in another 10 years I promise you won't see another cat."
Meow!

By PUSSY CAT
Rockwell Sayre, wealthy Chicago, wants the world rid of cats. "They're filthy useless things," says he. "Tabby Tabby" is his slogan.

Well, he's had his say. I'm entitled to mine. So, here's the cat's meow.
For in these fifteen years Sayre has been doing in subtraction. He offered prizes for folks who subtract felines from their lives. And there far, some 7,000,000 of us, he boasts, have mowed our last meow.

But—our ranks are still swelled to the total of close to 900,000,000. What the answer?
Simple enough. While Sayre knows something about subtraction, we aren't so dumb in addition.

Cat's Side
It's only fair that I ask the world to consider, well, the friendly feline before siding with Sayre. Picture a cozy front room, an open fireplace is burning. Think of the heat that would go to waste if a dozing tabby were not there to soak it up.

Consider the ribbon counter girl. Where would her job be if the sales on plaid ribbon for pretty pussy's person were suddenly shut off?

He to the kitchen, or the pantry, where scraps of food tempt mischievous mice? Imagine said mice running haphazard, with no tabby to frighten them away. Have you no heart for the women folks?

Be sympathetic with the slinger of slang. Would you rob him of such expressions as the "cat's pajamas," the cat's "whiskers," and "the kitten's overall?"

Think of the old shoes that he



ground every home. What would you do with them all if it weren't for cats on the back fence?

And last, but not least—the world is howling for harmony. And yet Sayre would still the choir (usually too close) harmony that is furnished gratis by the meowing midnight marauders.

Forever and a day you will let every dog have his night?
Nights for Cats.
You will go on and on, letting every dog have his day—why not let every cat have his night?

I have made my case. It's now up to the great jury—the people, for beyond the above, the defense has nothing to say except—
MEOW!
P. S.—I'll lay any mouse in the

morning.
The oil mill floor was covered with the nut cotton seed and Johnston was wearing boots. The men are always warned before being employed at the mill not to go near the conveyor, except being extremely careful.

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IN SUPERIOR COURT
Only two cases were disposed of in Thursday's session of Superior Court in the case of Herman Nowbern against R. L. Hinton, the plaintiff was awarded \$5,714 with interest since 1920. Mr. Nowbern sought to recover about twice the sum he received from the defendant. In 1920, he purchased land from Mr. Hinton which was later found to be partly owned by heirs of the defendant.
The other case disposed of Thursday was that in which L. M. Walker, colored, was plaintiff against Josephine Collins, Walker recovered \$156 from the defendant in settlement over a land rental dispute.
In two cases tried Wednesday in which Catherine W. Brown, colored, was the defendant and Tidewater Bank & Trust Company of Norfolk the plaintiff, the latter was awarded \$600.00.

BIG FIRE RAGING IN CORONADA NATIONAL FOREST
Tucson, Ariz., Jan. 2.—A forest fire was raging in the Catalina mountains tonight with the Rangers battling the flames. The

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mountains are in the Coronada National Forest.
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Drink Water If
Kidneys Bother
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if Back Pains or Bladder
is Irritated

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too-much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaker; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the clammor is often gassy and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.
To help neutralize these irritating acids; to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.
Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

Operation Not
Successful

"16 years ago I was operated for appendicitis and later operated again for gall stones. Neither did me any good and I suffered all kinds of torture since. Five years ago I took May's Wonderful Remedy and have felt no symptoms or pain since. All stomach sufferers should take it." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the enterrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded at all druggists.
adv.

AFTER 50 YEARS, THEY LOOK ALIKE!



Here is proof of the theory that persons living years in intimate companionship eventually grow to look alike. Just notice the striking resemblance between Andrew J. Smith and wife of Port Huron, Mich. They have been married 50 years. Both deny they ever did—or ever will—look alike.

NEGRO LEGLESS AFTER ACCIDENT

Edenton, Jan. 2. — McKinley Johnston, colored man, 26 years old, had the misfortune to get his leg caught in the machinery at the mill Wednesday morning at three o'clock, and now he is left legless.
It so happened that Johnston a new man at the mill, of two nights' experience was walking between the cars in the oil mill, when he with three others came by an open conveyor, left so because it was necessary to have open access to the room from the

conveyor.
Johnston and three mates came down the boxes, and just as they were along side the conveyor Johnston's foot slipped and his left leg was thrown into the machinery, grinding it off above the knee.
One of his fellowmen ran away with horror, while another with

more presence of mind sprang through the door, and cut off the motor. It was too late to save his leg, however, and Johnston had to have the strangling bits of flesh and bones cut off by Drs. Williams and Powell Wednesday.

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