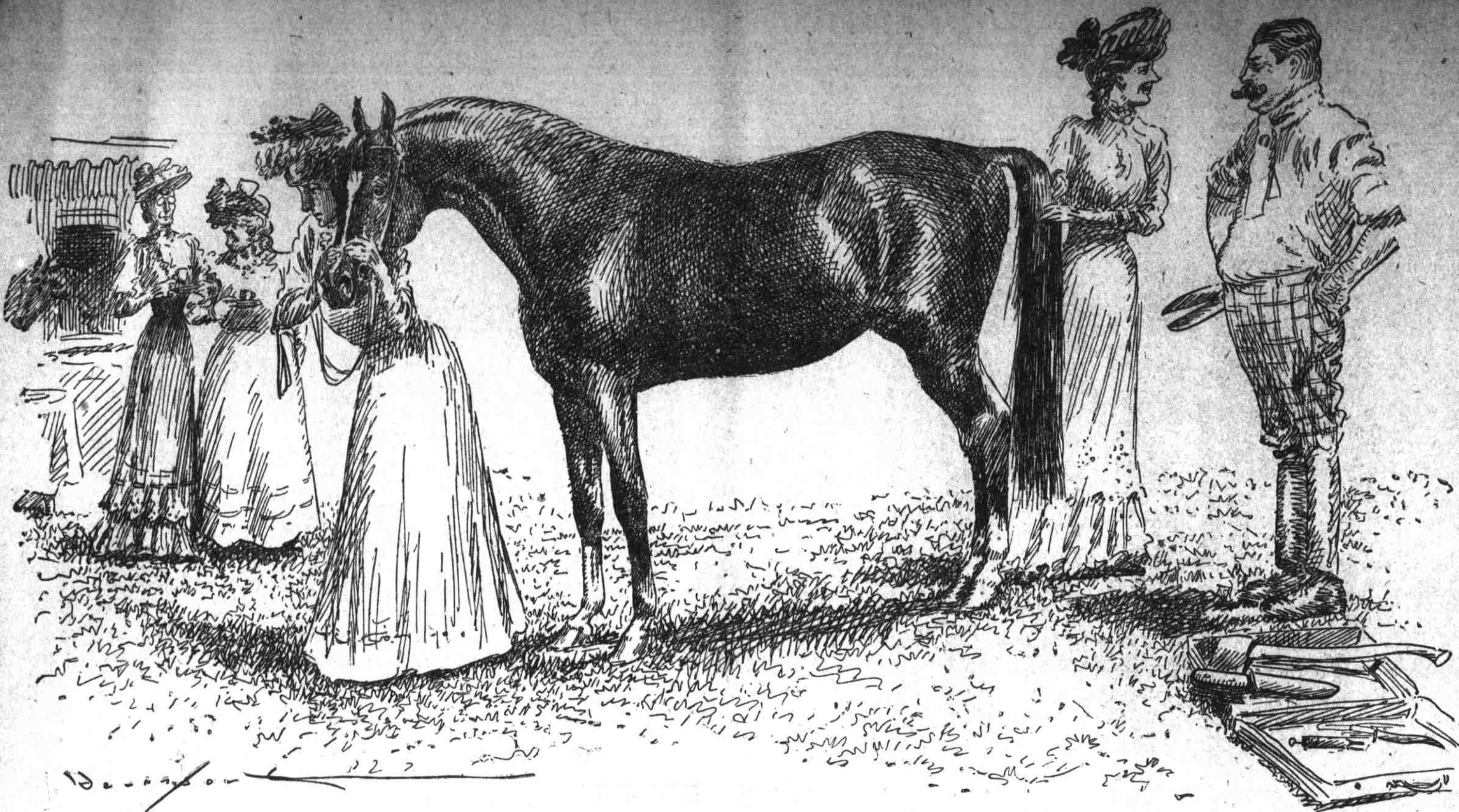


# DAVEPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE.

## XII. WOMEN CAN PUT AN END TO HORSE DOCKING.

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I have never seen women docking horses. For that matter, I have never seen men docking horses. I never want to. Probably no woman has ever docked a horse or stood by while it was done.

But women could put a stop to the brutal practice if they chose to do so. They have remedied many an abuse that men had failed to put a stop to. Woman's influence over man is certainly great enough to confer this boon on suffering horses.

The docking of a horse puts him in line for more trouble than anything

that could be done to him. All this suffering and agony in his later days could be stopped to-morrow if the women of the country would say so. I believe they could do this by as simple a thing as refusing to ride behind a docked horse.

But will women refuse to do this? I have drawn this picture to arouse them. Of course they don't really cut off horses' tails. But what is the difference—as far as the horse is concerned—between chopping off his tail and preventing its being done?

Women are doing so much good as humanitarians that it seems only just to appeal to them to use their great power to have anti-docking laws passed in

every state in the Union. Women have had them passed in some states. Why not make a clean sweep of it?

If a docked horse only knew that women could save others of his race from the suffering he has gone through, how the horse would try to please the woman! But on the other hand, horses are docked with women's consent.

I doubt if they realize just what this means. If my picture, the last in this series of articles, is a brutal one, I can only say that it would give me much greater pleasure to draw a picture showing women rushing to the relief of the tortured horse and driving the hired veterinarian from his brutal work.

### Trubbles of Becky Ann

By Ethel Thomas.

Well, as I was a sayin' when I landed in Newberry, I waded precisely 93 pounds, and when I left I waded just a hundred and only staid there a week. There ain't no tellin' where I'd ha' kicked the beam at if I'd ha' staid a month, for I seen that mitey ni everybody down there was fatter than they used to be, and I allers woud be in the fashion and tag along with the majority if it happened to gite me.

Now there's J. M. Davis, the superintendent of the Newberry Cotton Mill, jest as fat as butter, when we lived down there six year ago, he was jest a common size tall slender man. He was only a weaver boss then tho, and I reckon that gittin a fatter job made him fatten up.

I know there's something in that fur there's Wiley Koon, the second boss—he ha'nt been histed up no hier, and he ha'nt got no bigger. A Mr. Hardman is boss now.

And there's Will Thomas, still a weavin and in spite of the good witties that his wife cooks on that tile stove, his stummick still leans agin his backbone fur support.

And John Shirley is prectically like he was six year ago—jest as good lookin', no older and no bigger. If I was them bachelor gals, one ain't allowed to call 'em old maids (any more), I'd send Cupid after that man so rapid he'd have to surrender or git out. There he is workin' hard and savin' money and sayin' bi his actions that he ha'nt got no earthly use fur petticoates of no description. It's a shame fur a good husband to be ruinin and goin to seed in the bachelor state. Won time there was a bachelor gal who went threw the world with hi head and indifferent hart, groudy scornin awl advances of the tother sex, and refusin the honor of bein perished to Jeth bi any who axed the favor. But after a while she cotch a glimpse of the fortieth sine post loomin up close bi, and bewant it was old age, roomaticks, newralgy and lonesumness, and she got skeered. With a horrid she looked back over her misapent life—beginn to think of what mite ha' been, and to wish that it had been, and to wonder if it was yet too late.

Won evenin way after sundown, when twilight shadders was a stealin over hill and dale—when the whippore-will, nite hawk and hoot-owl, was tunin up their musical apparatus—this gal went way out in the lonesum woods and prade with awl the clearence horns of despair, that the Lord woud send her a husband.

"Lord send him, and send him quick," she pleaded.

"Who-who, who-who-o." Realizin that beggers must not be choise, and bein in a big hurry any how, she answered:

"Any body will do, deer Lord, jest so as he wares britches."

John Shirley, take warnin; git a move on you. Sum day old age will cum along and give you a dose of roomaticks, gout, pleisy, and other things, and you'll wish the awl forty to hear the soft wails of them pei-

troubles that you have been a scornin, the gentle foot step of a number four, and will wish in vain fur a soft female woman's hand to rub you with arnky salve and narve and bone liniment, and to apply mustered plaster to the place that hurts.

I've been old age and lonesumness wobbilin along hand in hand, and it's enuff to melt a hart of stone to see how miserable they air together.

But tawk about people fattenin—there's Professor Wright, the book-keeper of that same mill, and law sakes, I woudn't a node him if I had seen him any where else. He used to be so slim and strate that I thought he wore a lace jacket, and now he is a grate big, fat, soft and musiny lookin man.

I shore did miss Mr. T. J. McCarry who was president and general manager when we lived there. When he died the mill people lost a mitey good friend; but they do say that Mr. Zach Wright, who is in his place, is as good as he can be and can't be beet bi none. I had the pleasure of meetin' Mr. Wright and he made a mitey favorable compression on me and I air awful hart to fule.

Every fourth Sunday nite, Mr. Wright gets sum big hifalutin D. D. There's the grandest lecture I ever hearn on the three churches on the mill hill. It's a union service and ever body goes and enjoys it. I hearn the A. R. P. preacher fum up town, but I can't remember his name. He made the grandest lecture I ever hearn on Christian character. It was grand, thrillin and sole faspirin, and made many harts long to reach a higher plane of livin.

The lecturer was made in the Methodist church and I will say here that it is the finest church I ever seen on a mill hill, and I ha'nt seen many no where that was as fine.

I went to see mi old friend Mrs. Tom Harman, who is a charmin yun wiler, the third or fourth wife of the late Thomas Herman, who was sum kind of a insurance man.

Me and W. M. Thomas and wife accepted a inviter to see Mr. Smith's new nite and we shore had a nite. There's two Dr. Smiths at Newberry, but this won is a fizickin doctor and mitey popler. He shore has got a lovely wife and sum sweet children.

The other Dr. Smith—Dr. Van Smith—is a medicine and pill mixer. Me and Jeems ustler paternize him. Jeems thinks there aint no body like Dr. Van Smith, and I guess there aint. Won day I was up town and wantid to get sum buttns and threw a mitey and not allers herd that a place I went in the drug store, lookin fur 'em. Dr. Smith didn't keep buttns but he axed me if I node what went "around a buttin."

I told him I allers rapped the thread around 'em when I sewed 'em on. He sed he allers herd that a ally gote went round "a buttin."

Jeemie Burns, whose mother lives in Wadesboro, is runnin a groser store in Newberry and gettin rich in reel estate.

We used to trade a heap with O.

Klettner and James Minnaugh and found them both doin a hustlin bizness at the same old stands. I seen our old friend Tom Wicker and his pa and ma. We used to live close to 'em and shore thought a site of 'em.

I found the editor of The Herald and News was also fat—like mitey ni everybody else. I've hearn that to make a long tail short, you have to cut it off, and I reckon I'd better not let this narrative get too lengthy or the editor mite amputate it. So I'll hurry on.

I didn't intend to go back bi Sausberry, but Jeems sed that he cudn't meet me at Wadesboro, and I had to, I left Newberry at 10:30 a. m., August 2, goin' bi way of Columby.

Soon as I got outen Newberry, I noticed that the craps was better than I had seen any where on my travels. The rode was good too and I cud actilly rite and read what I writ. Prosperity was the first stoppin place, and was won place that had a comporatate name. Everythin around there looked mitey prosperiferous. Won thing that got bi me was, I seen a buggy settin up on top of a bi house rite straddle of the comb. How it got there I shore more than I can comprehend. O've hearn tell of folks ridin a hirs horse, but sumbody down there must ha' rid a bi buggy.

The scenery along the way was jest grand and dignificant. Sumtimes we was in a deep cut with hi walls on each side, and sumtimes on a bi plunage and lookin' deep down into dangerous precipices and ravines.

There's lots of wood land in that country too—great oak forrests and pine thickets—the home of many a fethered songster.

Have hearn of swamps and red how desepers and criminals often hid in 'em. A grate dark dismal lookin place that made the creeps crawl up and down mi spinil column. It was hevy timbered with big trees and talek under growth, and where the water went a standin the ground looked mitey soft and treacherous.

At won place I seen a little foot path zigzaggin into the misterius interior of that orful lookin place and I wonderid if sumwhere in them endavours depths, a blind tiger was a hidin.

It was the lonesumest lookin place I ever seen; not a single leaf trembled in the breeze that wasn't there—not a bird dit I see. Wasn't silence, deep, dark and orful, except the thunderin of the transe which seemed stangely out of place and made won want to hold their breath.

Hope was jest won of them little three sided closet stations but I reckon it hopes to be bigger sum day.

I saw large fields of corn along there that had been under water still swampy.

Peak is a little place and a church in the distance with a tall peak, must ha' giv it the name.

At Aisten we crossed Broad river, a grate wide sleepy and lazy muddy stream. Cud hardly tell which way it was a runin. People change kyars at Aisten, fur Spartanburg and Asheville.

We passed two more little places, Wallacerville and Little River, before we got to Columby. There was more purty woods and pine thicket and off to the rite at intervalls, we cud ketch a glimpse of Broad river. But I must go back a little.

Soon after leavin Newberry, a couple of fellows got to tawkin on the

seat rite behind me, and in corse as I went deaf, I cudn't help hearin their converse, and I larn a hole lot. Won of 'em was a widdier, fifty in looks and twenty in feelin, and he was a relatun sum of his recent exploits with the fare sex. He told how a few daze before he had tuck a gal to a picknick, and after he got her he sed, another won he liked better and he tuck her home, and didn't no "how in the Diner and Tom Wawker" the won he carrid got back. I tell you it made mi blud bile to hear him, and I'd ha' giv a hole lot fur a chance to teach him a lessin—and I got the chance.

The other man got often the kyars at Pomaria, and purty soon mi frisky widdier got up and went after a drink of watter; as he passed me he tipped his hat and giv me a interested look.

As he cum back I sorter drapped mi head and rooled up mi lize at him in a coekittish way, blushed and smiled. He stoped, pulled of his hat and axed if I woud share mi seat with him.

"Why certain, and thank you too," sez I, with another blush and a killin smile, makin room fur him. I was lonesum and a long waze fum home and I hope that everybody will jedge me accordin. Let them at aint gilty throw the first rock, and be pertickler how they take aim, or they mite accidentally smash their own winders.

Ketchin hold of his britches in a dainty way and pullin 'em up a little as he set down so as to show his purty red silk socks, the widdier placed himself beside me, givin me a side waze look of inkwiry which I returned with interest.

On a fine gilt edge kyard, he writ his name and a dress: "J. T. B. Atlanta, Ga. Dealer in Reel Estate."

I tore a leaf outen mi memorandy book and writ mi name this way: "B. Annie Jones, Norwood, N. C."

That's the way we got interduced and it's as good a way as any, fur we weren't long in gittin acquainted.

"B. Annie Jones," he red. Then turnin to me he sorter laffed and axed:

"Had you ruther be Annie Jones than be Annie sumbody else?"

"That's jest accordin," I answered. Sez he: "May I be so impertinent as to ax if you air a maid, wife or widdier?"

"Why in corse you may, and thank you fur your interest." I returned with the sweetest smile I had in the shop. Then while I was waitin fur him to ax me, I grappled bi the him ax me, I grappled bi the throat, fung her outen the winder and let her on the tother side of Little River which was jest a crossin, tellin her to stay there till I got revenge on this male man fur foolin her.

Then I placed mi handkercher over mi face in sich a way that I cud stick mi finger in mi lize and make the tears cum, and let won of mi hands drap on the seat rite side of him.

"Oh, mi deer, do forgive me, I'm sorry I axed the question. But you no it's dangeris fur a fellers peace of mind, sumtimes, to be in the presence of a unusual charmin woman and not no where she stands. I no pre-

sactly how to sympathy with you fur

I have lost a companion too. Mi hart jest akes to find another congenial mate, and longs to pore out its wealth of affection at the feet of won who would reciprokate the feelin," he faltered.

"Me too," I murmured. "When I think how happy me and mi deer husband used to be and then realize that it is awl over mi hart mitey ni brakes. How hansom he was as he sot on the plazer and red the papers while I churned; and how purty his orburn hare was as the summer breezes kissed him when he swung in the hammock, while I drawed watter and wattered the cows and hogs. Oh, I miss him so much and you make me think of him more than any one I ever seen." I simpered, slidin mi hand along till it touched his. He grabbed it and squeezed it, sayin "Deer little woman, earth has no sorerer that heven can not heal. It will awl be rite in the sweet bi and bi."

"That's awl so," I answered, "but that aint much consolation to a lone widdier that is in good helth, and needin sumbody in the present world to manage his bizness. What use has a lone widdier with lots of property and no sense about managin it?" I axed.

"Ah! You are welthy, then?—and awl alone? About how much do you own?"

I thought of the three razer-back hogs—the crippled won ide horse, and the holler horn cow, and answered:

"I don't no prezactly, but I guess it's about—er, well—sumthin less than fifty thousand dollars, maybe."

"You deer little woman; no wonder you feel the need of a help mate. If I was not afraid you woud think me too fast, I woud ax you to take pity on mi lonesumness and let us travl the rest of lize jurney hand in hand," squeezin mi hand with emphasis.

"Thank you fur the compliment," sez I. "Do you raly mean it?" Fur if you air in earnest I woud be blegid to say yes, you air so much like mi deer departed." I stammered, squeezin back.

"Bless your little hart! But I never cud set on the plazer or any where else and let this little hand do the work. Darlin, Oh, I wish we was outen this blasted kyar and where I cud—"

"Now what air you sayin that fur? I reckon you mean this blessed kyar, fur if it had'n been fur it, when woud we a met?" I interrupted.

"Yes, Dearest; and when may I claime mi little bride?" he axed.

"I'll have to study a little," sez I gettin a little nervis.

"What's the use in waitin, baby? I need you and you need me. We can have the not tie soon as we get to Columby, and I could go rite on home with you and settle your bizness fur you and then take you rite on to Atlanta," he pleaded. I begun to git skeered.

"Law sakes, we orter no a little more about each other first; we air same as perfect strangers," sez I, and I seen that we was mitey ni to Columby.

"Oh, I declare we air plum to our stoppin place—we air in the city!" I exclaimed. "I never was in this place before."

"Then I claime the pleasure of takin you to ride and showin you our sites," he sed eagerly.

"Oh thank you air, but I don't stop here but about two ours or sich a matter and I'd be skeered to go ridin fur fear I'd git left."

"Well, what difference woud that make? You belong to me!" he sed. "Well, I'll think about it," I smiled, as we got outen the kyar and went into the biggest and purtiest waitin room I ever seen—and Oh! Joy, I seen that there was a private room awl curtained off fur the ladies and I drawed a long breath of relief, fur I node I cud get in there and mi widdier woudn't dare to foller, and in there I strate way went, dodgin him as he was a getting a drink of watter.

Threw the curtains I could see him lookin around sorter mistified and uneasy like, and node it woudn't be long till he spioned mi where about. I sot down in the remotest corner I cud find and trije to read, "By the Eternal." Wonce in awhile I woud peep outen them curtains and see that pesky thing pacin up and down, with big grins of perspiration roolin down his face in grate drops of sweat. I reckon a our had past, and I seen a little gal part the curtains and cum in totin a grate big bunch of purty white roses. She looked around and axed:

"Is there a lady in here bi the name of Mrs. Anna Phillippe?"

There was severil ladies in there and they awl begun to look round at each other, questioninly. No won spoke. I red on. Purty soon she spide me settin there of to won else, and she cum to me and axed:

"And you? The Won? If so please say so and take these so I'll get a dollar fur deliverin 'em." Holdin out the flowers. I suddenly got curridigis, took the flowers and found a little note in among 'em. "Stop a minit till I read this, little gal," she lullin it out and readin it. It was lile:

"Dearest, why are you treatin me so cruel? You are nearly killin me. Piese cum out and let me have a few words with you before you trane leave. Have you mi hart simply to trample it beneath your feet? Pity me and explain your conduct, if you have any pity in your hart."

Yours only, J. T. B.—

On the back of the note I writ: "Will be out in a few moments, as sure as I love you."

And then I settled down comfortable to mi readin. And law! the glimpse I had of that man, his face awl lit up with hope agin, mitey ni giv me palpitation of the hart. Sez I to myself: "If I ever git back home to Jeems agin, and git out of this corse, ever pesky old widdier can fool ever dunces of a woman in the universe, fur awl I keer, and I wont say a word. Well, after while a old black mammy cum in there and sed mi mane was out there and I rize with mi hart in mi throte, grabbed mi rosule and umbril, and rushed out. Rite in the arms of the widdier, and mitey ni upst him.

He held mi hands and axed:

"Didn't you say you woud be out to see me jest as sure as you loved me? And why didn't you cum?"

"Cuzas I didn't love you," I answered, lookin him strate in the face. Sez I: "Old feller, as you sow so shall you reap. You air jest now reapin the harvest that you sowed the other day at that picknick. I hope when I tell you that I've got a mar wote, a cowpen full of sich of you, that you will feel as bad as that pore critter did that you treated so shameful."

With his lize a bulgin, he turned me loose and blased:

"I'll see that your man nose of the "Do," I answered. "It would tickle Jeems mitey ni to deth. I shall take pleasure in tellin him myself. And if you want to tell him too, jest go to Norwood, N. C., and ax fur Jeems, and I'll insure you to git a warm reception," and I boned to him polite and left him standin there.

When I got home I did tell Jeems awl about it and he sed he didn't find but won fault of the peresedins—I orter a gone drivin with the dunces and seen the site of Columby; there bi derivin sum benefit frum the acquaintance.

BECKY ANN JONES.

Nicknames of Presidents.

Washington Herald.

The calling of President Roosevelt "Teddy" in popular speech is only carrying out a practice in regard to many of the Chief Executives of our country. Many of them were known by nicknames. "The Father of His Country" was the most familiar name applied to George Washington, though he was also called by the classically minded of his day "America's Faloux."

"The Cincinnati of the West," "Atlas of America," "Flow-er of the Forest" and "Savior of His Country," "Lovely Georgius" was an appellation applied to him in decision by the British soldiery. President Adams was called "The Sage of Monticello." President Monroe was "The Last Cooked Hat." J. Q. Adams was "The Old Man Eloquent," Jackson was "Old Hickory" and "Hero of New Orleans." Van Buren was "The Little Wizard" and "King Martin the First." Tyler was "Young Hickory" and "The Accidentally President." Taylor was "Old Rough and Ready," "Old Zach" and "Old Buena Vista." Fillmore was "The American Louis Philippe." Later presidents up to Theodore Roosevelt seemed to have escaped nicknames, although Grover Cleveland after his first term—was dubbed by Dana "The Stuffed Prophet."

Piano Acts as Burglar Alarm.

Felham Dispatch to The New York Press.

Because a clumsy burglar stumbled and sprawled over the keyboard of a piano in the parlor of Dr. Wick Smith, a rich contractor, early today the burglar and a "pal" were compelled to abandon booty valued at several thousand dollars which they had packed in bundles ready to carry away.

Quite recently Smith bought the piano. He bought it solely for its harmony producing qualities and had no idea it would serve as a burglar alarm. Several silver articles of bric-a-brac were placed on top of the piano, and evidently in reaching for these one of the burglars fell, his hands striking the keys. A loud, discordant rumble disturbed the quiet of the house and aroused the whole family.

Smith seized his revolver and ran down stairs in time to see two men speeding down a path in the front yard. He fired several shots at them but the bullets went wild. Near the piano afterward the contractor found the bundles of valuables the men had intended to carry away, but which they abandoned in their haste to escape when the piano proclaimed their presence.

Experienced—"I met your friend Dubley to-day." "Yes? I haven't seen him for a long time. I suppose he's getting as bad as ever." "Oh, no! He's quite an adept at it now." Philadelphia Press.