

DUNLAP RUMINATIONS.

(BY S. S. DUNLAP.)

Editor:—One of your readers... that we prepare and have published in the U. R. an article on, "The Nature of Human Nature."

...evidently, in looking at the world, we are seeing so much corruption... that human nature is rotten... we have heard, many times, people... that to justify certain acts, and... excuse for the doing of them.

...to justify ourselves, after... by charging human... with the crime, and of course... to the U. S. out. We are human, you... and we wanted to enjoy this, or... the other thing, and just got in... of a hurry. Of course we are... follows ourselves, but the human... nature that is in us, is causing the...

...kind of argument is about on... with that other so-called, orthodox... Adam's body sinned, and... must go to hell for it.

...this fact shows that we really... of human nature, better things... sometimes think we do. There... of human nature that is so... it's human nature, or the nature... the beast that we have evolved down... that is causing the trouble.

...we have, in fact, not yet entered... the hottest part of this battle. If there... of us left after we get through... applying the advanced methods (?) of... civilized warfare to each other, we will... probably be willing to listen to such... appeals, "conscience in business," and... will have come to our senses. Let us... hope so at least. S. S. DUNLAP.
Waxhaw, N. C.

Murders 8 to 1.

A special from New York says: Murders are proportionately eight times more frequent in the United States than in Canada, Judge Marcus... of Chicago, declared... of the close of the New York... of the law enforcement... of the American Bar Association.

Hickory Chips.

Educated fools are the biggest fools.

Bible By Radio.

The Westinghouse Company is to send out the Bible by radio from its broadcasting station in Newark, the American Bible Society announced last night. Daily extracts will be sent out beginning Sunday.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

What Our Shears and Paste Pot Captured of a Humorous Vein From Our Exchange.

A PARODY.
They met on the bridge at midnight, They will never meet again; One was an east-bound heifer, The other a west-bound train.

IN TIME OF PEACE.
Ruby: "Why don't you wear your new garters?"
Ruth: "Oh, I'm saving them for a rainy day."
YES.
Lady: What is that peculiar odor I get from that field?
Farmer: That's fertilizer.
Lady: Oh, for the land's sake.
Farmer: Yes, Lady.

UNION TO THE END.

"Phwat's become av Mike Raff erty?"
"Poor felly, he mistook an auto horn for the noon whistle, an' stopped wurk crossin' the strate."

THE THREE D'S.

Caesar's famous Veni, vidi, vici had nothing on the message of this doughboy, who recently returned from France, and telegraphed enthusiastically to the folks at home: "Deloused, demobilized, delight."

HOW ANNA WON OUT.

"Funny how things work out sometimes," said the married marine to a bunch of his buddies.
"Two years ago I was going around with Ethel and Anna, and I couldn't for the life of me tell which of the two I wanted to marry. One night I dropped into the post exchange to buy a cigar. Right on the cigar band, as large as life, it said, 'Hav-an!'"

AS SOON AS HE COULD GET READY!

A negro woman sat in her shanty door eating a pig's foot. A man came up and said, "Your husband has just been killed at the saw mill." She was silent for a moment, and then said, "You jes' wait till I finish eatin' this pig foot, an' then you's gvinner hear some hollerin'!" what is hollerin'?"

STRENUOUS.

"There's nothing the matter with you," said the physician scornfully to the effete-appearing young man. "All you need is plenty of exercise. Are you taking any at present?"
"I should say I am," retorted the gilded youth with some indignation. "I'm rolling my own cigarettes."

A LESSON TO HUSBANDS.

The man had been out in the cold all day and his feet were very chilly indeed. So he opened the cook stove oven and put his sock-feet inside.

Pretty soon there was a loud snapping noise, and his socks tightened at the toes.
Removing his feet from the hot oven and taking off his socks as rapidly as he could, the man found large white, irregular-shaped objects attached to his toes.
Ah! His corns had popped!

AN EARLY "ROW."

The couple were married and traveled to the lakes for their honeymoon. As soon as they arrived they had a meal and then took a boat out upon the lake.

COULDN'T FIND HIS KEYHOLE.

Mike had saved up a little money and when Pat came over a few years later the two brothers went into the coal business.

What is a Ouija Board?

Washington, June 5.—The U. S. Supreme Court June 7, announced it would not determine what is a ouija board.

WOMEN KIDNAPPED BY DESPERADO.



Kidnapped by a maniac and held prisoner without food or water for fifty hours was the thrilling experience of Mrs. James Jenkins (left) and Miss Gertrude McMann (right) of Omaha, Nebraska. H. E. Boyd, shown in the picture, came to their rescue but was also captured and chained to them. They were held in a shack of the kidnapper, a desperado named Gus Grimes. Boyd finally escaped and brought help to the women.

MR. BOLL WEEVIL.

Judged By Human Standards He Measures Up to and Even Surpasses Many Other Folks.

Cricket Center, June 1 1922.—Dear Ed: I seen something in your paper 'bout the weevil, from which I judge you must have a grudge vs him. I don't think you newspaper authors are givin' this foul a square deal. The way you nock him he might be president of the United States or something. Give him credit for his vertase anyway.

I know lots of men which could be million ears if they worked as hard as the bole weevil. Instead of that they nock him on 3 shifts with straight pay for overtime. You say he destroys cotton by boring wholes. Look at the wholes which men have bored in Texas and Oklahoma for no resin except to bet they are right under the Standard Oil Co's tank in China. You never heard of a bole weevil sellin any stock when he starts light house-keeping in a cotton, bole. No sir. He finances the drilling himself. He don't expect to find nothing but a place to hang pictures and a mantel to put his feed on. He's too honest to pretend anything else.

The wisest and most learned of men have only succeeded in reaching the portals of entrance to the temple of knowledge and wisdom; we, of the twentieth century can have but small conception of the great things that are yet to come.

If the critics of evolution and those who are always complaining that the world is growing worse, would "evolve" a little themselves and quit thinking of the rest of the world as being utterly depraved, we would progress by leaps and bounds.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and if we accept the theory that the human race are prone to drift downward instead of upward, why will quite naturally lower ourselves—our souls, to the level of our minds; no man can go beyond his highest thoughts.

The doctrine of an endless hell of fire and brimstone belongs to the superstition of the dark ages. God is love, and it is preposterous to think that a God who represents the highest type of love, would create myriads of human beings (whom He could not, or would not save) to be tortured with the most horrible and frightful pain imaginable, throughout a never ending eternity. Is there a human judge on earth who would glory in being accused of the crime of inflicting such punishment on any of his children, even for a short lifetime? I hardly think there is. Is not God much more merciful for sin, yes—here and hereafter, us than any human? He punishes, us but we never outside the limits of His divine love and forgiveness through all the ages of eternity.

Turkeys and Boll Weevil.

W. W. Pusser, of New Salem township, Union county, N. C., has discovered that turkeys are the best machines yet invented with which to fight the boll weevil. Mr. Pusser states that last year he had 35 or 40 turkeys on his farm and that in the fields in which the turkeys operated there were no boll weevils to be found, while in his other fields there were plenty of them. This year he will raise many more than last year. He also says that a few years ago the army worm hit a corn field and for a time it appeared as though they would ruin it, but when the turkeys learned what was going on they made a charge upon the worms and put them entirely out of business within a short time.

To Be Sure!

Some folks say that "folks down East have been hard hit by the slump," but here is what they had to eat at a blowout in Wilmington the other day: Fried crab flake, cocktail, sweet pickles, celery, salted almonds, fresh clam chowder, trout, tartar sauce, potatoes, cold tongue with potato salad, fried spring chicken, mashed potatoes, cream spinach, asparagus, butter, cantaloupe, cakes, cheese and crackers and coffee. Wonder what they eat when they don't have a slump?—Greensboro Record.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN KEY-NOTE.

Chairman Fess Says Republican Congress Has Made Good—Achievements of World Scope.

Columbus, Ohio, June 10.—Sounding the keynote of the coming Republican congressional campaign throughout the nation, Chairman of the congressional campaign committee and senatorial candidate, tonight declared that the Republican congress had made good on every one of the platform pledges of 1920, and that Republican congressional candidates will face the voters this fall on an affirmative platform. The address was made before the Buckeye Republican Club.

"This campaign will be aggressive and not defensive, because we are going before the country with a record of constructive legislation accomplished which is the greatest and most constructive ever put through by any previous congress in the history of the nation. We have nothing to hide or be ashamed of," said the congressman.

Asserting that much which congress has done has been of international significance, dealing with fundamental economic problems, both national and international he said the Republican party has decided to go before the voters with the record and undertake the task of educating them on the real meaning and significance of what has been accomplished.

"We pass this way but once and unless we develop all of our talents to their fullest extent we do both God and ourselves an injustice. The greatest philosopher may learn something of value from the humblest peasant, or from the very foulest and most degraded 'serum of the gutter'."

A man whose mind is not open to conviction on any subject is at a standstill mentally, socially and spiritually, and will remain so 'til his cramped soul is released from his material mind.

We often speak of such and such a person making a failure of life, but there is no such thing as complete failure; every man succeeds, even though he only succeeds in making himself an example for others to shun.

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Will the 200,000 Men Strike?

Aroused by the action of the United States Labor Board in cutting the wages of railroad shopmen and maintenance of way laborers, officials of eleven railway unions, including the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, June 6 authorized a nationwide strike vote, returnable on June 30. If the vote is for a strike, the strike would begin July 1, and would affect 200,000 men.

DOCTORS GAVE HIM UP TO DIE; GOES TO UNIVERSITY INSTEAD.

Strange Case of Young Man Who Declined to Check in When Johns Hopkins Experts Tell Him There Was No Help for Him—Is Living and Acquiring An Education.

By D. L. CORBITT.
Chapel Hill, June 3.—It's no cheerful thing to be told that you have only three months to live. I know, because that is what some of the best doctors in the country told me at Johns Hopkins. But the fact that it happened 11 years ago, and that I'm still alive and kicking, and well enough to be a student at the university, goes a long way to cheer me up, after all.

But I'm a little ahead of my story. The story really began one day in June, 1910, when I played my last game of baseball. I went home from the game feeling as strong and happy as any other 15-year-old boy in America. The next morning one of my fingers on my right hand was sore and stiff.

That was the beginning of a collapse which, being totally unexpected, was an all the more cruel shock. First they said I had acute rheumatism. Then I got better and went back to work—I had quit school early in order to earn money. Again I was stricken. This time one doctor said I had tuberculosis of the bone. Another said arthritis.

I was sent to Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. Now I was unable to walk even with crutches. The learned men in medicine said it was arthritis, but could give me no help.

One night after I had gone to bed one of the doctors came to me. He proceeded to tell me as gently as he could—but such news couldn't be very gentle—that they couldn't do anything for me, that I had better go home, and that the most I could hope for was about three more months of life.

Never losing heart over my condition, I sat in the house almost two years, not being able to walk. It was during these two years that my dear mother taught me to sew with my fingers, to tie tatting, crochet, and embroider as a way of amusing myself.

In September, 1913, I began to get so I could walk with crutches, and then it was that I began soliciting subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies Home Journal, and the Country Gentleman.

I decided to return to school and go as far with my education as possible, but owing to an accident it was the first of March before I was able to enter school. I asked the superintendent to try me in the sixth grade, although my promotion card was only for the fifth, and although the school year was almost over.

I completed the sixth grade that year and continued on in school until 1919, when I graduated with a class of 15 girls and one boy. This was the accomplishment of one of my greatest ambitions, but while I was obtaining that, another, a college education, was forming itself in my mind.

During my four years of high school work I had sold pens, pencils, and continued my subscription business in order to pay expenses.

When I graduated H. G. Swanson, superintendent of the high school, offered me the position of librarian of the high school, but I refused, telling him that I intended to go to the university.

I did not get to the university that year on account of illness, but I did not lose hope. I got a job as secretary to the Mayor and worked there until my opportunity came. This is my second year in the university and I am determined to stick it out. Before long I will be celebrating the twelfth anniversary of my death—that is, the death that ought to have taken place, according to those Johns Hopkins doctors.

Not Educated to Work.

The Asheville Citizen for Sunday carried a very appropriate cartoon entitled "Wanted—A Job."

It shows a high-collared, diplomaed, 1922 sport model college graduate, applying to the world for a high-salaried "position," while the employment agency only calls for such as hod carriers and harvest hands. The college man should know better than anyone else how to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves.—Charity and Children.

(Education is all right. In fact, it is essential, but without the practical, it is decidedly one-sided. There are comparatively few college graduates among the farmers, carpenters, brick masons, machinists, and other lines of employment, which are the bone and sinew of any community, the State or the nation. On the other hand, accountants, clerks, agents, chauffeurs, and even the professions, are over crowded and to whom actual work is a stranger and whose minds have been trained to live by their wits. All labor is honorable. Overall should be the mark of a young man who has something in him and who is willing to do his part in the battle of life. These over crowded ranks become especially apparent at this season with the close of schools and the young men and women graduates crowding over each other looking for an easy job. With the young women entering the field of these lighter vocations, it bids fair to be ere long a question for the young man to either roll up his sleeves, don overalls and go to work or do nothing, for about every way he will turn for a soft collared job. He will find a lady competitor.—Local Editor.

Neglected Graves.

In trips out over the county recently we noticed a number of rural cemeteries that are not receiving the care and attention they are entitled to. Fences were not in the best of repair, and gravestones, in many instances, were not in their proper positions.

In some cases relatives of the departed have moved away and cannot give the graves personal attention, but there should be enough pride left in those who are here, and who have loved ones buried in the same cemetery, to see that the entire burying ground is looked after. The season of weeds and underbrush and briars is now upon us again. It means that a few hours with the scythe or lawn mower now will save whole days of work later on. So why would it be a good idea for the citizens of each community to set aside a certain day upon which they could assemble at their nearest burying ground and put it in proper shape for the remainder of the summer months?—Reidsville Review.

(We have often been impressed with the care taken by the Moravians of their graveyards. As a denomination they are exceptional in this respect. Another noteworthy custom is the uniform headstones which mark the graves, which exemplifies the reality that in death all are equal, and so it is. If we cultivate the habit of taking care of our burial places, it is a matter of consolation to know that what we have done for the love and memory of our departed, relatives and friends will do for us after we have passed to the great beyond. If we would mark each grave simply, keep the grounds as neat as we do our front yards, how beautiful could many of our cities of the dead be made and in keeping with our towns and cities in which we feel such pride and take such an interest.—Local Editor.

Life Cheap in North Carolina.

The report of the State Prison for the past year indicates two things: First, that crime generally is on the increase in North Carolina, and, second, that life is still dirt cheap. Murder stands out as the premier crime of the state. Of the 380 men and women sent last year into the state's prison, 94 of them were convicted of murder and were sentenced from two years to life-time. The increase in the population at the prison last year was 272 net, or a gain of 30 per cent over discharges, paroles, etc., and there are today 1,052 inmates in that institution.

This is not a very satisfactory showing. There's something radically wrong when a state like North Carolina permits an increase in homicides to reach such proportions as are here shown. It ought to make the courts consider and all excretors of the law to become more alert and dutiful.—Charlotte News.

Secret of Eskimo Health.

The Eskimos are naturally one of the healthiest peoples in the world. The School of Hygiene of the Johns Hopkins university will send out an expedition to study dietetics and nutrition among the Eskimos.—Exchange.

(And yet the Eskimos are said to be the dirtiest people on earth, who seldom bathe or change their clothing. Their homes are virtually hovels, except in instances where the missionaries have brought to them some idea of civilization. When Matthew Stack, the first Moravian missionary to Greenland, and whose remains lie buried in the Moravian graveyard at Old Town, this county, first went to the Eskimo to begin his labors, he had to civilize them and taught and preached to them some 12 years before he gained a convert. As to food, the average Eskimo depends upon the fat of seals, in fact, the seal furnishes his food, clothing, fuel and light, and the fat is often eaten raw. Yet we may learn something from these residents of the frigid zone. They go to one extreme and we to another. Still, their health is said to be remarkable. We can not say the same, generally speaking.)—Local Editor.

Women to the Front.

Pennsylvania's first woman bailiff is Miss Ruth Van Valkenburg, of Wellsboro, who has been appointed to the office in the Toga County Court.

Miss Pauline M. Floyd, of Washington, D. C., is said to be the youngest woman lawyer ever admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.