

The Casting Out of Jimmy Myers

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Copyright, 1923, by the McCluhan Co.

IT SEEMED a cruel thing to do, but we had to do it. For ours is ordinarily a quiet office. We have never had a libel suit. We have had fewer fights than most newspaper offices have, and while it hardly can be said that we strive to please, still in the main we try to get on with the people, and tell them as much truth as they are entitled to for ten cents a week. Naturally, we do our best to get up a sprightly paper, and in that the Myers boy had our idea exactly. He was industrious; more than that, he tried with all his might to exercise his best judgment, and no one could say that he was careless; yet everyone around the office admitted that he was unlucky.

We took him from the college at the edge of town. He had been running the college paper for a year, and knew the merchants around town fairly well; and, since he was equipped as far as education went, he seemed to be a likely sort of a boy for reporter and advertising solicitor.

One of the first things that happened to him was a mistake in an item about the opera house. He said that a syndicate had taken a lien on it. What he meant was a lease, and as he got the item from a man who didn't know the difference, and as the boy stuck to it that the man had said lien, and not lease, we did not charge that up to him. A few days later he wrote for a town photographer a paid local article, claiming some one who was going abroad the county peddling picture frames and taking orders for enlarged pictures. That was not so bad, but it turned out that the peddler was a woman, and she came with a rawhide and camped in the office for two days waiting for Jimmy, while he came in and out of the back door, stuck his copy on the hook by stealth, and traveled only in the alleys to get his news. One could hardly say that he was to blame for that, either, as the photographer who paid for the item didn't say the peddler was a woman, and the boy was not a clairvoyant.

One dull day he wrote a piece about a gang who played poker at night in Red Martin's room. Jimmy said he wasn't afraid of Red Martin, and he wasn't. The item was popular enough, and led to a raid on the place, which disclosed our best advertiser sitting in the game. To suppress his name meant our shame before the town; to print it meant his—at our expense. It was embarrassing, but it wasn't exactly the boy's fault. It was just one of those unfortunate circumstances that come up in life. However, the advertiser aforesaid began to hate the boy.

He must have been used to injustice all his life, for there was a vertical line between his eyes that marked trouble. The line deepened as he went further and further into the newspaper business; for, generally speaking, a person who is unlucky has less to fear handling dynamite than he has writing local items on a country paper.

A few days after the raid on the poker room Jimmy, who had acquired a particularly legible hand, wrote: "The hem of her skirt was trimmed with pink crushed roses," and he was in no way to blame for the fact that the printer accidentally put an "h" for a "k" in skirt, though the woman's husband chased Jimmy into a culvert under Main street and kept him there most of the afternoon, while the cheering crowd informed the injured husband whenever Jimmy tried to get out of either end of his prison.

The printer that made the mistake bought Jimmy a new suit of clothes, we managed to print an apology that cooled the husband's wrath, and for ten days, or perhaps two weeks, the boy's life was one round of joy. Everything was done promptly, accurately and with remarkable intelligence. He whistled at his work and stacked up more copy than the printers could set up in type.

He told us in confidence that he never felt festive and gay that something didn't happen. He was not in the building that evening when the paper went to press, but after it was printed and the carriers had left the office he came in singing: "She's My Sweetheart, I'm Her Beau," and sat down to read the paper.

Suddenly the smile on his face withered as with frost, and he handed the paper across the table to the book-keeper, who read this item:

Die—Mrs. Lillian Gilsey.
Prepare for the hot weather, my good woman. There is only one way now; get a gasoline stove of Hurley & Co., and you need not fear any future heat.

And it wasn't Jimmy's fault. The foreman had merely misplaced a head line, but that explanation did not satisfy the bereaved family.

Jimmy was beginning to acquire a reputation as a joker. People refused to believe that such things just happened. They did not happen before Mr. James Myers came to the paper—why should they begin with his coming and continue during his engagement? Thus reasoned the comforters of the Gilseys, and those interested in our downfall. The next day the "Statesman" wrote a burning editorial denouncing us "for an utter lack of all sense of common decency" that permitted us "to violate the sacredest

feeling known to the human heart for the sake of getting a ribald laugh from the unthinking." We were two weeks explaining that the error was not the boy's fault.

The summer wore away and the dog days came. The Democratic state campaign was about to open in our town, and orators and statesmen assembled from all over the Missouri valley. There was a lack of flags at the dry goods stores. The Fourth of July celebration had taken all the stock. The only materials available were some red bunting, some white bunting, and some blue bunting with stars upon it. With this bunting the committee on reception covered the speakers' stand, wrapping the canopy under which the orators stood in the solid colors and the star-spangled blue. It was beautiful to see, and the pride of the window-dresser of the Golden Eagle Clothing store. But the old soldiers who walked by nudged one another and smiled.

About noon of the day of the speaking the city clerk, who wore the little bronze button of the G. A. R., asked Jimmy if he didn't want someone to take care of the Democratic meeting. Jimmy, who hated politics, was running his legs off to get the names of the visitors, and was glad to have the help. He turned in the contributed copy without reading it, as he had done with the city clerk's articles many times before, and this is what greeted his horrified eyes when he read the paper:

"Under the Stars and Bars"
Democracy Opens Its State Campaign
Under the Rebel Emblem Today
A Fitting Token
Reasonable Utterances Have a Proper Setting

And then followed half a column of most violent abuse of the Democrats who had charge of the affair. Jimmy did not appear on the street that night, but the next morning, when he came down, the office was crowded with indignant Democrats "stopping the paper."

Jimmy had a peculiar knack of getting up little stories of the town—not exactly news stories, but little odd bits that made people smile without rancor when they saw their names in the quaintly turned items. One day he wrote up a story of a little boy whose mother asked him where he got a dollar that he was flourishing on his return with his father from a visit in Kansas City. The little boy's answer was that his father gave it to him for calling him uncle when any ladies were around. It was merrily spun, and knowing that it would not make John Luck, the boy's father, mad, we printed it, and Jimmy put at the head of it a foolish little verse of Kipling's. Miss Larrabee, at the bottom of her society column, announced the engagement of two prominent young people in town. The Saturday paper was unusually readable. But when Jimmy came in after the paper was out he found Miss Larrabee in tears, and the foreman leaning over the counter laughing so that he couldn't speak. It wasn't Jimmy's fault. The foreman had done it—by the mere transposition of a little brass rule separating the society news from Jimmy's story with the Kipling verse at the head of it. The rule tacked the Kipling verse onto Miss Larrabee's article announcing the engagement. Here is the way it read:

"This marriage, which will take place at St. Andrew's church, will unite two of the most popular people in town and two of the best-known families in the state.

"And this is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight falls,
While the monkeys are walking together,
Holding each other's tails!"
Now, Jimmy was no more to blame than Miss Larrabee, and many people thought, and think to this day, that Miss Larrabee did it—and did it on purpose. But for all that it cast clouds over the moon of Jimmy's comeliness, and it was nearly a year before he regained his merry heart.

But as the months rolled by he became calm, and when Governor Antrobus died, Jimmy got up a remarkably good story of his life and achievements, and though there was no family left to the dear old man to buy extra copies, all the old settlers—who are the hardest people in the world to please—bought extra copies for their scrapbooks. We were proud of Jimmy, and assigned him to write up the funeral. That was to be a "day of triumph in Capua." There being no relatives to interfere, the lodges of the town—and the governor was known as a "Jiner"—had vied with one another to make the funeral the greatest rooster-feather show ever given in the state. The whole town turned out, and the foreman of our office, and everyone in the back room who could be spared was at the governor's funeral. We put a tramp printer on to make up the paper, and told Jimmy to call by the undertaker's for a paid local which the undertaker had written for the paper that day.

Jimmy's face was beaming as he snuggled up to his desk at three o'clock that afternoon. He said he had a great story. Trusting the foreman to read the proof, Jimmy rushed out to get from a United States senator who was attending the funeral an interview on the sugar scandal, for the Kansas City Star.

The rest of us did not get back from the cemetery until the carriers had left the office, and this is what we found:

"The solemn moan of the organ had scarcely died away, like a quivering sob upon the fragrant air, when the mournful procession of citizens began filing past the flower-laden bier to view the calm face of their beloved friend and honored townsman. In the grief-

stricken hush that followed might be heard the stifled grief of some old comrade as he paused for the last time before the coffin.

"At this particular time we desire to call the attention of our readers to the admirable work done by our bustling young undertaker, J. B. Morgan. He has been in the city but a short time, yet by his efficient work and careful attention to duty, he has built up an enviable reputation and an excellent custom among the best families of the city. All work done with neatness and dispatch. We strive to please.

"When the last sad mourner had filed out, the pall-bearers took up their sorrowful task, and slowly, as the band played the 'Dead March in Saul,' the great throng assembled in the street viewed the mortal remains of Governor Antrobus start on their last journey."

Of course it wasn't Jimmy's fault. The "rising young undertaker" had paid the tramp printer, who made up the forms, five dollars to work his paid local into the funeral notice. But after that—Jimmy had to go. Public sentiment would no longer stand him as a reporter on the paper, and we gave him a good letter and sent him onward and upward. He took his dismissal decently enough. He realized that his luck was against him; he knew that we had borne with him in all patience.

The day that he left he was instructing the new man in the ways of the town. Rev. Frank Milligan came in with a church notice. Jimmy took the notice and began marking it for the printer. As the door behind him opened and closed, Jimmy, with his head still in his work, called across the room to the new man: "That was old Milligan that just went out—beware of him. He will load you up with truck about himself. He rings in sermons; trots around with church social notices that ought to be paid for, and tries to get them in free; likes to be referred to as doctor; slips in mean items about his congregation; if you don't watch him; and insists on talking religion Saturday morning when you are too busy to spit. More than that, he has an awful breath—cut him out; he will make life a burden if you don't—and if you do he will go to the old man with it, and say you are not treating him right."

There was a rattling and a scratching on the wire partition between Jimmy and the door. Jimmy looked up from his work and saw the sprightly little figure of Parson Milligan coming over the railing like a monkey. He had not gone out of the door—a printer had come in when it opened and shut. And then Jimmy took his last flying trip out of the back door of the office, down the alley, "toward the sunset's purple rim." It was not his fault. He was only telling the truth—where it would do the most good.

—Mr. J. G. Prevatt of R. 3, Lumberton, has purchased a farm in Wake county and expects to move to the farm with his family next week.

—The county commissioners, the county board of education and the county road board are holding regular monthly meeting here today.

—Mr. R. T. Sanderson brought to The Robesonian office Saturday a second crop apple that would have been "some" apple had the frost not caught it. It was of the early variety.

MISS ELIZABETH KELLY HEADS TEACHERS ASSEMBLY

News and Observer, 2nd.
The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly came to the end of its thirteenth and greatest session with a lecture by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, last night after the Assembly had elected Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of Raleigh, president; Fred Archer, of Greensboro, vice-president; and had given a vote of endorsement to the selection of Jule B. Warren, of Raleigh, as secretary. Mr. Warren's term runs until July 1923.

After a spirited fight on the floor of the Assembly at the afternoon business session, the teachers reaffirmed their belief in Thanksgiving week as the time for the annual meeting when they overwhelmingly voted down a proposal to hold the meeting in Raleigh December 27-29, 1923 and immediately afterwards rejected a similar proposal asking the executive committee to consider another time for the meeting.

Messrs. J. D. and J. H. McArthur of Wakuila were Lumberton visitors Friday.

Mrs. C. C. Michael and Mrs. W. T. Sledge and small daughter, Miss Frances, of Fairmont, were among the visitors in town Friday.

Mr. Walter Baxley of R. 1, St. Pauls, was a Lumberton visitor Friday.

Mr. J. W. Sinclair and brother, Master Duncan Sinclair, of R. 5 from Maxton, were among the visitors in town Friday.

Mr. W. G. Britt of Parkton was a Lumberton visitor Friday.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have qualified as executors of the estate of Z. T. McMILLAN, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate are directed to present the same, duly itemized and verified to the undersigned executors on or before the 31st day of December, 1923, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

D. T. McMILLAN and CLAYTON ROSS, Executors of Z. T. McMILLAN, deceased. Johnson & Johnson, Attorneys for the Executors. 12-4-23 Mon.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE
Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain Mortgage Deed executed by A. G. Garris to R. E. Brisson, dated Nov. 15th, 1919, recorded in the office of Register of Deeds, Robeson County, in Book No. 46, Page No. 240, (default having been made in the payment of the debt secured thereby), the undersigned mortgagee will, on Monday the first day of January 1924, at twelve o'clock, M. in front of the Court House door, in the town of Lumberton, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit:

In Parkton Township, Robeson County, North Carolina:
Lying on the south-west of Little Cole Camp Creek and including the place where Newton's saw mill was located—beginning at a pine stump in the road, oak pointers, Henry Williams' corner in or near Cowan Deane, formerly Moushew's line; run thence with that line N. 60 W. 15.75 chains to a light-wood stump near where the mill was located; thence N. 30 W. 19.18 (7) chains to a maple tree; the run of Little Cole Camp; thence down the run with the various courses thereof about 20 chains to a stake in gum pointers Henry Williams' corner; thence with said Williams' line S. 43 W. 11.69 chains to the beginning, containing 28 acres, more or less, being the same tract of land conveyed by Paul R. Capelle, trustee, to R. E. Brisson by deed dated Sept. 11th, 1919, and recorded in Book 4-5 pages 403, Robeson County Registry, and by the said R. E. Brisson conveyed to A. J. Garris by deed dated Oct. 8th, 1919, but not recorded.

Dated this, the first day of December 1923.
R. E. BRISSON, Mortgagee.
McLenn, Varner, McLenn & Stacy, Attorneys. 12-4-23 Mon.

The U. D. C. will meet with Miss Flora Neal McMILLAN Thursday afternoon at 3:30. A large attendance is desired.

Mr. W. L. Jenkins of Columbia, S. C., spent yesterday here with his mother, Mrs. Daisy W. Jenkins. Messrs. J. P. and S. C. Watson of Tatum, S. C., also spent yesterday here at the home of Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. W. B. Crumpton and two children, Corrie Ellen and Will, returned Saturday from Bennettsville, S. C., where they spent a few days visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. D. B. Fletcher.

Mr. W. G. Nance of Proctorville is a Lumberton visitor today.

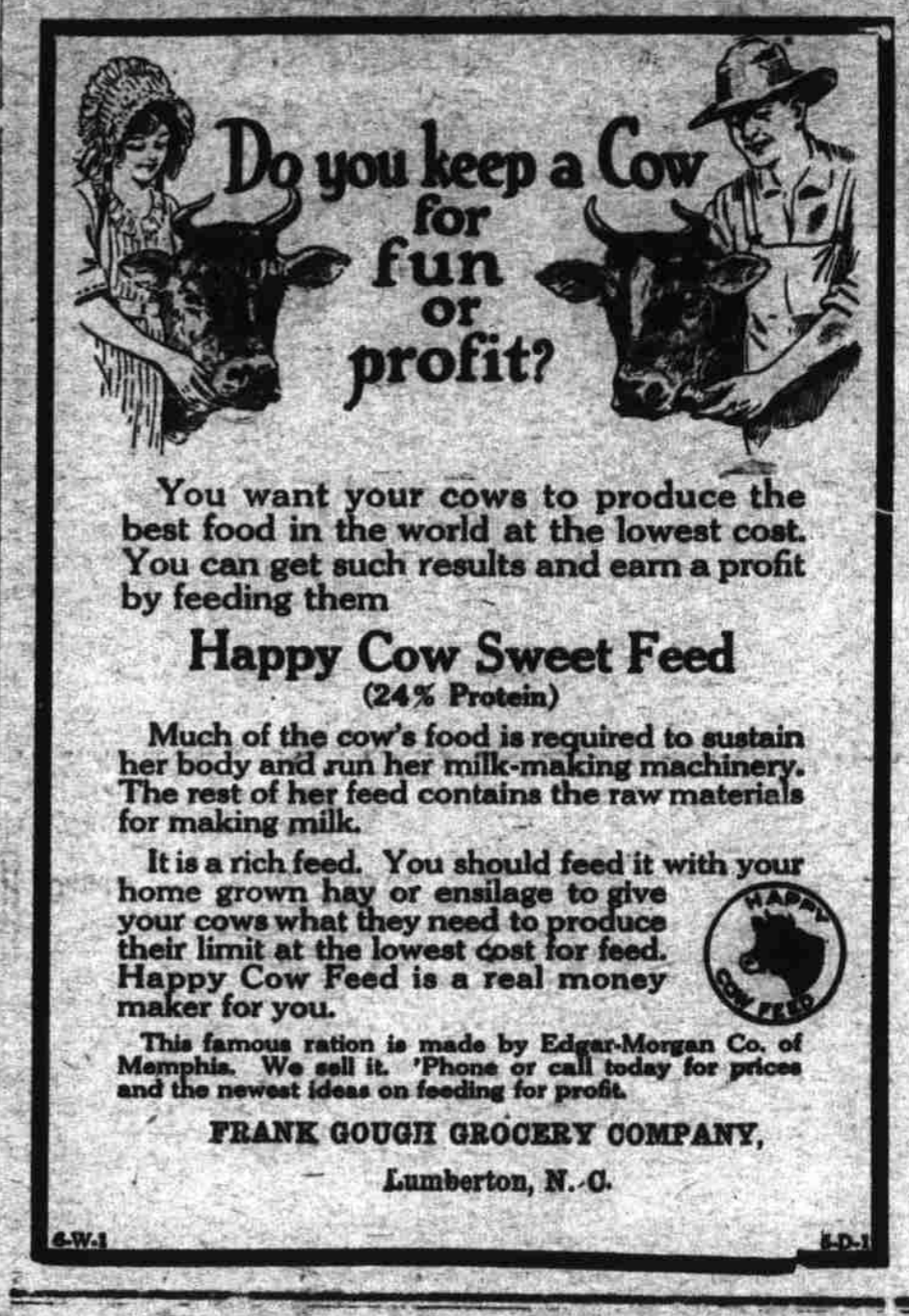
Put in your winter evenings studying the farm business. Write the agricultural extension service at Raleigh for a list of available bulletins. They are free for the asking.

Miss Mary Entwistle of Rockingham and guests, Miss Dorothy Jones of New York, and Miss Pat Ashcraft of Monroe and Messrs. William Harry Entwistle, Walter Scales and James Garrett of Rockingham spent yesterday afternoon here, guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Beam, Eighth and Walnut streets.

Mrs. A. E. White is expected home this afternoon from Marion, S. C., where she went Saturday morning to visit friends.

Miss Jane Carmichael of Washington spent the week-end here, guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McLeah, Chestnut street.

The scrub bull has been tried, convicted and sentenced by the progressive dairymen of North Carolina. His days are numbered in those herds whose owners wish to make money from their cows.



Do you keep a Cow for fun or profit?

You want your cows to produce the best food in the world at the lowest cost. You can get such results and earn a profit by feeding them

Happy Cow Sweet Feed (24% Protein)

Much of the cow's food is required to sustain her body and run her milk-making machinery. The rest of her feed contains the raw materials for making milk.

It is a rich feed. You should feed it with your home grown hay or ensilage to give your cows what they need to produce their limit at the lowest cost for feed. Happy Cow Feed is a real money maker for you.

This famous ration is made by Edgar-Morgan Co. of Memphis. We sell it. Phone or call today for prices and the newest ideas on feeding for profit.

FRANK GOUGH GROCERY COMPANY,
Lumberton, N. C.

BUY YOUR GAS AND OIL

from

R. G. CASHWELL

ON ELIZABETHTOWN ROAD NEAR ICE PLANT.

We also carry a good line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Candies a Specialty. GIVE US A TRIAL.

"Keep The Faith"

In these perilous times it is fine to have faith in your customers, and to have that faith returned in good measure. It speaks well for both sides. We have faith that our customers will, as in the past, make a living and be able to pay their debts. We will, as we have for TEN YEARS, do our best to aid them so that their various business may be carried on with a minimum expense thru the wise use of cash money. Before the war our deposits were less than \$10,000.00 and today they are over \$158,000.00.

Our customers have never failed to pay their notes in full, not even in 1920 when prices were deflated. We have faith in the future of this Southland, faith in the Good Old North State, faith in Robeson County, faith in Pembroke Township, faith in the town of Pembroke, and will back this faith to our limit, realizing always that we shall be guided by the banking laws of our State, and that the interests of our depositors are ever first in our minds.

We invite the business of all our friends and neighbors, and will assure to all the best of treatment, and offer to all a good safe place to keep your surplus funds, and shall extend aid to our patrons as needed.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION NOV. 17th, 1923.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$129,155.56
Furniture and Fixtures	1,621.38
Cash on hand and in banks	38,335.04
Real Estate	2,000.00
U. S. Treas. Certificates	10,000.00
Stocks and Bonds	668.70
	\$181,780.68
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$10,000.00
Undivided Profits Net	4,380.62
Combined Deposits	158,287.15
Due War Finance Corporation	9,112.91
	\$181,780.68

The Bank of Pembroke,
Pembroke, N. C.

R. H. LIVERMORE, President, E. M. PAUL, Cashier,
A. M. BREECE, Vice President.

\$500.00 A YEAR MORE

FOR THE AVERAGE SOUTHERN FARMER

This is The Progressive Farmer's Fighting Slogan—Every Issue tells you how to get it!

Remember The Progressive Farmer comes Weekly — 52 Big Issues Every Year.

OUR SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER

With THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER ENABLES YOU TO HAVE THIS

GREAT SOUTHERN WEEKLY

At little cost, and it will surely help you to make more money.

YOUR OWN COUNTY NEWSPAPER

THE ROBESONIAN

and

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

Each for One Year for ONLY \$2.50.

Fill in Coupon below and enclose \$2.50 check or money order.

THE ROBESONIAN,
Lumberton, N. C.

Enclosed find \$2.50, for which send me for a full year each THE ROBESONIAN and THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

Name

P. O.

Route Box State