

FUN AND FANCY COLUMN, JOCKS AND OTHER SLANG

No Fool, No Fun, the Biggest One Has Not Begun

Have you heard about the kind-hearted old lady? She heard a lot of kids talking about shooting craps, whereupon she said to 'em, "Little boys, don't you know you shouldn't shoot craps? Thy poor little things love life as much as you do!"—Ex.

More Repairs

"Mary, have you cemented the handle on to the water-jug, which you dropped yesterday?"
"I started to, mum, but I dropped the cement bottle."

"Did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"
"Yes-m, I seen it."

"You should mind you grammar. You mean you saw it."

"No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't seen me saw it."

There's Life Yet.

When a man has spent his last red cent,
The world looks blue, you bet,
But show him a dollar, and you can hear him holler,
There is life in the old man yet.

Reassurance Needed.

Jack: "You sold me a car about a week ago."
Irvin: "Yes, sir. How do you like it?"

Jack: "I want you to repeat everything you said about the car again. I'm getting discouraged."

Getting Nervous

A lawyer was conducting a case in court, wherein one of the witnesses, a burly negro, confessed to being engaged in a crap game. Immediately the lawyer said: "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"What's dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.
"Address the jury, sir," thundered the lawyer, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah!" cried the witness uneasily. "Fust thing I know this genman gwine to ask me how to drink a ham sandwich."

Economy Plus

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find his wife had passed away. He leaped from bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.
"Mary," he called downstairs to the cook. "Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning!"

Power of Suggestion

Aunt Mandy kept her house spotless, consequently poor Sambo was constantly being nagged about his untidy habits.

One day Sambo came home to find that Mandy had presented him twins. He viewed this as something of a calamity and said rather mournfully: "Mandy, I've done cautioned you time an' again to let dat ole Gold Dust stuff alone, now, ah reckons you'll listen to me some heahaftah."

Some people are afraid of automobiles; some people are afraid of airplanes, and some people are afraid of the dentist.

It's That Time O'Year

Perkins: "Say—What's the matter with Bill Timpkins these days?"
Johnson: "Didn't you hear? He was stung by a rattler."

Perkins: "Migosh—a rattlesnake."
Johnson: "No. Used Car."

His Business Judgment

A man who had imbibed freely—but not wisely, staggered into a woman's exchange and stood swaying while the matron in charge came forward to serve him.

"Is 'ish Woman's 'Xchange?" he asked, squinting one eye and looking her over.

"Yes," she replied, "Is there something I can do for you?"

"And 'ish you th' woman?" he asked.

"Yes; yes," she said.
"Zen I guess I'll keep Mary," he said, turning to stagger from the place.

Yes, Yes, Indeed

Knutt: "Do you know that seven-teen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were needed to make billiard balls last year?"
Dum Dan: "My, oh my—and isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?"

And He Meant It.

"Is my wife forward?" asked the middle-aged man of the conductor who entered the club car on the Pennay Limited.
"She wasn't to me, Sir," politely replied the conductor.

First Aid Inefficiency

It was at the scene of an automobile accident; an elderly old lady in one of the first cars to be stopped by the debris of the smash-up, leaned from her car as a very much battered old man, with a hastily arranged bandage around his ankle, hobbled by.

"Oh my," she said, "Did you hurt your ankle?"

"No, lady," replied the man, "I lost both eyes. This bandage slipped down."

Yes—Oh, Yes

"I went down to Atlantic City the other week—and oh, boy—you should see the Volstead bathing girls there."

"Watchman, Volstead' bathing girls?"

"They're 100 per cent dry."

Then He Shot Her

Critic: "Ah-h—the plot thickens."
She: "A stirring scene—don't you think?"

Back to the Office

Boss: "No one can sit quiet and produce profits."
Easy Mike: "I don't know soir—how about the hen?"

One Better

Giddy Gal: "We have a wooden-legged man in our town."
Kidder: "That's nothing—a June bride up in our town has a cedar chest."

Blonde Bes Opines

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine—because I've got the cellar locked up."

Year For Good Behavior.

Willie Miller's boy, Sam, who has been serving a five year sentence for pig stealin', got a year off for good behavior, and I was just remarkin' what a comfort it must be to raise a good boy like that.—Ex.

Critics Take Issue

With Speech Purists
Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has taken occasion to criticize our contemporary fashions in pronunciation, says the London Daily Telegraph.

Like most of those who are masters of a subject, he has no liking for pedants and purists. Sir Johnston prefers the familiar sound of "often" without the "t," and our usual "agen" to the precision of "again." A long vowel sound in the "my" of "my lords" he considers an invention of the modern public speaker—who is perhaps imitating the linked sweetness long drawn out of the modern toastmaster—and he calls it "perfectly intolerable."

If we go back earlier than the Nineteenth century we fall into manifold trouble. Johnston, who prided himself on his correctness, always said "heard" for "heard," as the illiterate do still. When Boswell challenged him to be had, to be sure, a reason. If the word were pronounced in the usual way, he explained, there would be an exception to the rule as to the pronunciation of "ear," and he "thought it better not to have that exception."

But we may suspect that the reason was invented after he found himself criticized—and that he was in fact following the common Litchfield pronunciation.

Creatures That Man

Is Unable to Tame

A wolf can be tamed. Even the big savage timber wolf, if caught young, becomes as passive as a dog. But that queer wolf-like animal known as the Tasmanian devil refuses to respond to treatment. It is always wild and savage, and usually dies if kept in captivity. It is one of the ugliest creatures alive. The great cats, such as the lion and tiger, can be tamed; so can the South African lynx and the South American panther.

But the black jaguar, one of the most dangerous of wild beasts, always remains savage and treacherous, and even when caught as a kitten refuses to have anything to do with mankind. The ordinary leopard can be tamed if caught young enough, but is liable to revert suddenly to savagery, and the same may be said of the bobcat, the North American lynx.

Another North American animal which has an evil reputation is the wolverene. It is dreaded by the trapper, for it will force its way into a quantity and destroy the stores.

Beethoven's Triumph

One of the most pathetic cases of deafness was that of Beethoven. Why should it have happened that he who lived supremely in the world of sound, the very breath of whose life was made up of sweet chords and entrancing melody, should have been deprived of the sense of hearing? Unconscious even of the storm of applause evoked by his playing, he was on one occasion turned round by a singer that he might see the waving hats and handkerchiefs of his enthusiastic audience. Yet the victory of mind over matter was clearly evidenced in the case of Beethoven, for some of his most sublime compositions were created after his sense of hearing was hopelessly destroyed and the world heard with delight the exquisite harmony that only in imagination could enter his own somber realm of silence.—Exchange.

Low Country

Some flat lands are beautiful, though Ruskin says not—the flatness of Holland, where a barge with rich red color seems to come sailing into the flowering fields; where a windmill or a dyke takes all the wind of the huge sky; where brimming rivers are pearl gray, and the roofs of the close little towns are red, and the lucid horizon line is broken by, instead of mountains, such things as a cow feeding or a broad-breasted woman towing a barge, from the clean deck of which a child sings, a little dog barks.—Alice Meynell.

Long Hours of Toil

A century ago (or in the so-called good old days) Amasa Whitney operated a factory in Winchester, Mass., and, according to the American Outlook, he had sixteen rules and regulations, the first of which was: "The mill will be put in operation ten minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year. The gates will be shut ten minutes past sunset from the 20th of March to the 20th of September; at thirty minutes past eight from the 20th of September to the 26th of March; Saturday at sunset."

Good Business Idea

It was before the day of tin lizzles, and one Kentucky merchant sold lots of buggy harness to farmers who paid up once a year.

One day his clerk sold a set of buggy harness and did not charge it promptly. When he did start to charge the harness he had forgotten to whom to charge it.

"Charge every man on the books with a set of harness and when they raise a kick, take the harness from their account," the boss told him.

There were 180 names on the books, and but two kicked.—Good Hardware.

Question?

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

Court Tells Mother to

Relinquish Daughter

New York.—Mrs. Grace Gillin, 528 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, promised in Flatbush police court to relinquish all claim to her daughter, Mary, aged eighteen, and was released on suspended sentence on a charge of disorderly conduct, which had been brought against her by Mrs. Agnes O'Malley Naetzker, 2925 Regent place, to whom Mary Gillin is secretary and companion.

Mary Gillin, it was explained, had been taken from an orphan asylum by Mrs. Naetzker's mother, whose home was in Kew Gardens, and became greatly attached to the daughter of her benefactress. After her marriage, Mrs. Naetzker had the girl share her home.

Mrs. Gillin, it was said, called at Mrs. Naetzker's home and became so threatening that her daughter returned to her to prevent recurrence of such a scene. Miss Gillin said, however, that her mother got drunk and abused her, and she fled at last to Mrs. Naetzker's home.

Mrs. Gillin called there, it was said, and was so menacing in speech and demeanor that Mrs. Naetzker ran out on the fire escape and called for help. A policeman arrested Mrs. Gillin.

Ugly Looking Towns

Try Beauty Methods

Washington.—Beauty is overtaking the drab American village, according to observations of the Department of Agriculture in a current study of village planning and its benefits.

Although nearly 27,000,000 persons live in American villages and a farming population of 30,000,000 largely depends upon them for business, educational and social purposes, the department found they are "usually unattractive and often very ugly," suffering by comparison in this respect with those of other countries. The start that is being made toward improvement and beautification has proved in every case, it was said, a material asset as well as an esthetic one.

Pointing out that "as the farmer's chief point of contact with outside interests, the village can make a big contribution to the happiness of farm life," the department asserted that an attractive village with good streets and convenient approaches and recreation spots was "an important influence in stabilizing farm life and counteracting the attractions of the cities for the young people of the farm."

Curiosity Seekers Impede

Work of Archeologists

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Pits excavated by archeologists near here in the site of what they assert they believe was the earliest human habitations on North America have been trampled by curiosity seekers until operations of the archeologists must be transferred to other places. The archeologists, in the employ of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, believe they are finding art facts indicating this vicinity was settled by Mongol tribes before the time of the Indians. Twenty skulls, a quantity of skeletal remains and numerous stone implements have been removed from the excavation to the museum.

Freaks of Lightning

It is frequently said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This is not so. Only a few days ago two houses near Brentwood, Essex, England, were struck for the second time within a few months.

Mr. W. Larkins, the well-known steeplejack, was once called upon to repair a house in Sussex that had actually been struck by lightning on three separate occasions.

He found, on investigation, that the building stood on a subsoil of ironstone, such as is found in many parts of the weald of Sussex. This substance is, of course, a splendid conductor of electricity. Hence the partiality of the lightning for the house in question.

POE SAYS OUTLOOK

FOR STATE IS BRIGHT

A special from Asheville says:—The general business and agricultural outlook in the State is good although Spring was slightly backward, but the people as a whole have great hopes, declared Dr. Clarence Poe, of Raleigh, editor of the Progressive Farmer and president of the Progressive Farmer Company, who is in the city for a business meeting with associates.
Dr. Poe is accompanied by his sons, Charles Aycock Poe and William D. Poe. They are guests at the Manor. A. W. McAllister, of Greensboro, president of the Pilot Life Insurance Company, also accompanied Dr. Poe to Asheville and will remain for about ten days. Dr. Poe and his sons will be here for several days.
Devoo Paints and Varnishes, at Massey Bros.

To My Friends and Farmers of this Community:

This is to notify one and all that I am no longer connected with the Co-operative Tobacco Association, and, therefore I appeal to each and every one to come to Zebulon and bring his tobacco to the CENTER BRICK WAREHOUSE, where you will find J. A. Wells and myself ready at all times to work for your interest.

There will be many question asked why I am not with the Co-operative Association. I have many and various reasons for not being connected with the Association the coming year.

I have just returned from Norfolk, where I attended a meeting of The Tobacco Association of the United States, which met June 25, 26 and 27th, and have been assured by all the Old Line Companies and many Independent buyers that Zebulon will have a full representative of these companies on the Zebulon market this season.

We will have practically a new set of buyers, representing the Old Line Companies and many Independent buyers.

I want to thank all my old friends for past favors and will appreciate any thing they can do for me in the coming season.

My sixteen years' experience in the tobacco line qualifies me to give you all value receive.

Mr. J. A. Wells, as you all know, has been connected for about 15 years on the Auction floors of this market, and he and myself both can be counted on to do our best to get you the best price for your tobacco. You will find us both at CENTER BRICK WAREHOUSE when the season opens, ready to do our part for you.

If you will give us a chance at your tobacco, we will please you in every way. If we fail to please you, tell us; not your friends.

Yours for good prices this year,

R. M. SANFORD.

Wanted—

Everybody in Zebulon and vicinity to bring their weak or run-down Battery

— to —

Griffin Battery Company
for Rebuilding and Recharging

Griffin Battery Co.

Surgeon Claims Cancer Can be Cured

"Cancer is a great human menace. It is increasing by leaps and bounds. If anything, it is increasing more rapidly in the United States than it is in the British Isles. Of those now living in the British Isles, 5,000,000 are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. In the United States the doomed number is 10,000,000 and might easily rise to 15,000,000 or 20,000,000."

This remarkable statement is made by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lano, Bart., one of the world's most eminent surgeons and dietitians, in an article appearing in the June 20 issue of the Dearborn Independent.

According to Sir Arbuthnot, cancer is not caused by the bacillus that scientists have so long sought and not yet found, but rather by poisons created in the body by the food that is eaten. It is a filth disease, and its prevention is accomplished by keeping the digestive tract thoroughly drained of its accumulations.

Continuing the Doctor says: "What we should do then, if we would avoid

cancer, is to eat whole-wheat bread and raw fruits, and vegetables, shunning all meat, first that we may be better nourished, second that we may more easily eliminate waste products and thus adequately drain the house in which our cells live. Whoever foregoes white bread will perform a great service for himself. It is deadly."

It is a difficult task to change the food habits of a nation or to induce the people to take sufficient exercise each day. Sir Arbuthnot says, however, that "whoever will correct his diet to a reasonable extent, take reasonable exercise and keep his digestive tract absolutely clean, need have no fear of cancer."

Four sides of almost any hexagonal nut can be gripped with a new adjustable, closed end wrench.

Experimenters in New South Wales are trying to develop a type of flax that will resist drought.

For touring motorists there has been invented a bath tub to be set into the floor of a car and covered with a lid when idle.

Nails for packing cases have been invented in Europe that have spiral grooves in their sides to hold them in wood effectively.

FOR DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE SATISKY'S Department Store UNDERSELLS THEM ALL