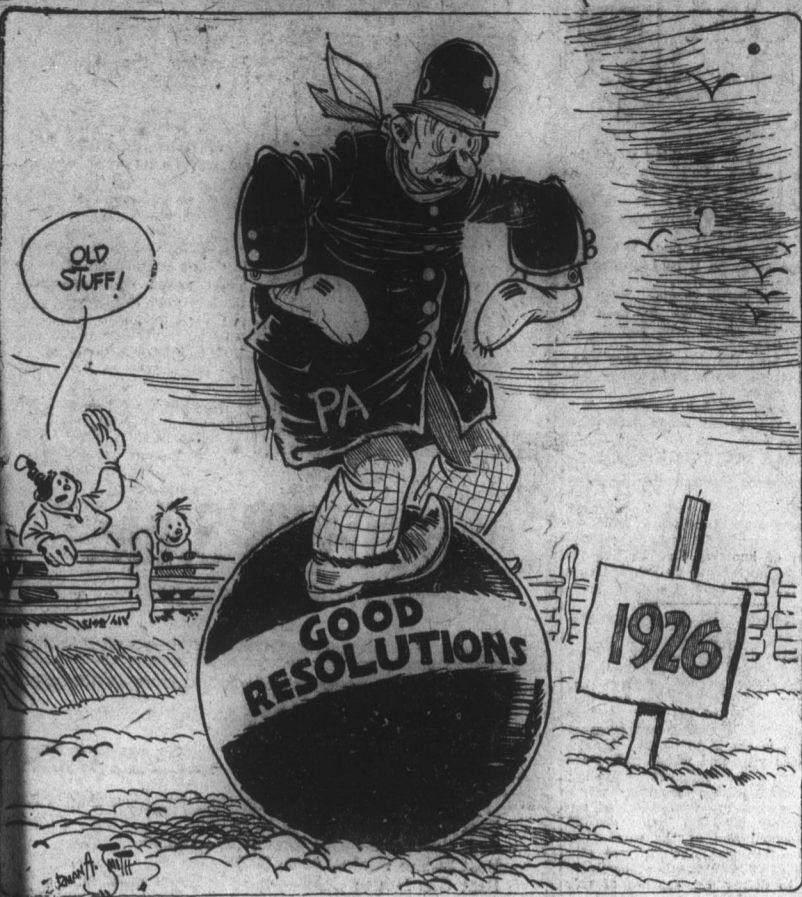


His Annual Stunt



Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

By CHARLES F. STEWART NEA Service writer

Washington, Jan. 4.—Some day a book will be written entitled, "The American Alien—or, Passing the Human Buck." The author will be an ocean steamship company official.

The book will deal with how to get rid of passengers that no country will allow to land. As a problem, this is no cinch.

A passenger boards a ship and arrives, in due course of time, at his destination. But the immigration authorities at the port look him over and decide he can't enter.

The steamship company then must take him back to the starting point. But the authorities at this port say, "We don't want him, either—he can't come in here."

Result: He's on the steamship company's hands, scheduled for a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep—for an indefinite period, and at the steamship company's expense!

A man comes to this country from Russia, lives here a while, and smuggled himself on board ship. Arriving at Liverpool, the British authorities ask for his papers. He hasn't any—so they pack him back to America.

At Ellis Island he can't prove he'd been here before, so the authorities return him to England.

The British authorities say, "What you here again?"—and send him to America on the same ship. He's due to be shifted from one ship to another until he can be palmed off on some country.

HOW DUMB'S A DUMBBELL?

New York Mirror.

He's so dumb he thinks an actor eats his role.

He's so dumb he thinks the cat-of-nine tails has kittens.

He's so dumb he thinks Budapest is an insect.

He's so dumb he thinks Golden Gate is the entrance to the Rockefeller estate.

He's so dumb he thinks dog days are canine holidays.

He's so dumb he thinks Panama is a hat store.

He's so dumb he thinks C. O. D. means Collect O' Dad.

STINGIEST PERSON.

New York Daily Mirror.

The stingiest person I know is a woman who comes to my house every Christmas Eve to wrap her parcels so that she can use my holly wrapping paper.

The stingiest person I know is a man who takes just enough money to the store to get a suit of cheap clothes, so they cannot persuade him to get a more expensive suit.

A Chip Off the Old Block.

"Spike dear," said the burglar's wife, "I want you to punish Junior. I entertained the Ladies Shopping Society this afternoon, and he and that McGary boy stole all the ice cream and cake I had for refreshments."

"At's too bad, babe," sympathized her husband. "Youse oughta had 'em locked up."

"They were," was the tearful response. "but what good did I do me with the house full of old burglar tools."

The Aggie Mr. Doty.

New Orleans Times-Picayune.

L. H. Doty, Jr., was injured in an automobile accident when he was run down. He was standing beside the car in which he was riding.

FARMER SHARPLY DEFENDS CO-OPS

Replies to Folger's Attack by Saying Folger is Contract-Breakers' Lawyer.

Washington, Jan. 4.—A strong answer to a letter to Senator Overman from John F. Folger, Mount Airy attorney, who depicted the failure of the tobacco growers' co-operative marketing association, was received by Senator Overman today from W. L. Seal, farmer of Mount Airy.

Seal is a contented co-operative farmer and his letter is a strong answer to Folger, who he called a lawyer for "contract breakers." Folger's letter was given wide publicity.

"Mr. Folger says that he is speaking for the farmers of this county and for all the farmers of the Piedmont section," writes Mr. Seal. "He seems to have a wide circle of clients, the contract breakers, but he is not speaking for the farmers, but against their best interests."

"He states that the present association is unsatisfactory and that 95 per cent of the members have found it detrimental and are dissatisfied and disgusted. I know that this is not true of my section and do not think it true of this county. In my school district we have what is called a local, and meet at our school house to discuss association matters. Every man in our district is a member, but save one, and every member is satisfied and loyal and will sign a contract for the next five years. I know three other districts near ours that feel the same way toward our association."

"He says that the members of the association have been tried severely and have lost heart and hope; it is true that tobacco farmers have suffered for the past 25 years, with the exception of two or three years during the war. It is also true that we will continue to suffer far more than we have unless we have sense enough to organize and stay organized."

What is true just now of tobacco farmers is true of all one crop farmers over the United States. We have all fallen upon hard times on account of a one-crop system and extravagance in the buying of automobiles, of land at inflated prices, and of hundreds of things that we could well do without. These are the causes of our present suffering—not co-operative marketing."

Mr. Seal states that in his county farmers of the association are in much better financial shape than those outside the association. They have not given so many mortgages as are able to secure cheaper credit through the credit corporation for Surry county in order to pay cash for supplies and fertilizers.

He charges that Mr. Folger's information comes only from his contract-breaking clients. He states that the 60 suits brought in Surry county, out of co-operative membership of 2,000. Mr. Folger represented "at least 50 of these, and has lost every suit save one, and the judge shawled the jury out in open court for relieving this one of his contract."

Mr. Seal declared that from his observations the kicking farmers in this association "were either former-warehouse pets, or have been simple enough to fall for the false and fraudulent warehouse propaganda that has been floated like a cloud of poison gas over our section."

Now It's Short-Skirt Flu.

A new disease known as "short-skirt flu" is ranging in London, England. The victim suffers with chills which are often followed by rheumatism in the knee and hip joints. The sufferers are all women who wear the fashionable scanty skirts in spite of the winter weather.

Doctors claim that this year's styles expose women to illness more than ever. They advise wearing warm knickers with the short flowing skirts.

Wife—I hear that Mrs. De Koltay is going to Paris for her gown.

Hub—Judging from her appearance the last time I saw her, she must have left her clothes somewhere.

DINNER STORIES

Bill—Why did you take up chemistry?

Jack—I thought I could learn how to make home brew.

He—I wish I could revise the alphabet.

She—What would you do?

He—I'd put U and I nearer.

Daughter—Just think, mother, a poor worm provided the silk for my dress.

Mother—I'm shocked, daughter, that you should speak of your father so disrespectfully.

Peggy—Does your husband talk in his sleep?

Polly—No, and it's very exasperating, he only smiles.

Wife—You shouldn't punish Bobby. What makes you think he took it? It might have been me.

Husband—No, there was some left.

Nothing Doing.

One Monday afternoon two friends were walking down a back street and beheld a newly hung wash.

One man, always ready for fun, said: "There's a couple of shirts that would fit me."

"Yot bet," the other said, and laughingly added: "let's come down tonight and get some clothes."

They both were astonished and embarrassed when a sheet moved and a woman who was behind it stepped out and said, "I think you'd better not."

The Morning After.

Once a man cursed himself on the morning after. Now he curses his bootlegger and the dregs.

Postman Was Peeved.

The village postman, being an inveterate gossip, could never resist reading the postcards entrusted to him to deliver, and then communicating his knowledge to others.

The local doctor was well aware of this, and one day, in writing to a friend who lived in the same district, he added:

"I would tell you more, only I know the postman will read it."

He then posted the card. It was duly collected, taken to the post office and sent out for delivery.

The postman stamped up to the house with the card and knocked at the door, and, to the surprise of the elderly woman who answered it, exclaimed angrily:

"Just tell the doctor he's tellin' 'em. I don't read 'em."

The stockbroker was very ill, and at times delirious. In one of his lucid moments he asked the nurse what the last reading had shown his temperature to be.

"One hunder and one," replied the nurse.

"Good," said the patient. "When it gets to 101 1-2, sell."

Mrs. Gragg—I suppose you know I'm singing in the church choir now?

Patent Friend—No, I didn't.

Mr. Bragg—But surely your brother Tom told you I had joined the choir?

Patent Friend—Oh, yes, he told me that.

"Do you think steel stocks will go up or down?" asked the inquisitive one.

"Yes," was the stockbroker's answer. "I think they will. They rarely stand still, and they can't go sideways!"

Beggar (accosting gentleman on street)—I've seen better days, sir.

Gent—Sorry, but I've no time to discuss the weather.

"Papa," asked little Willie, "why do they call it the mother tongue?"

"Well," answered father (who first makes sure mother isn't around) "just see who uses it the most."

OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS



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