

The Human Side O' Life

AS SEEN

AND TOLD

—By Uncle Abe—"hizself"

Well, the most important thing that's happened from the Human standpoint, Mr. Editor, is this:

Estis Arrington sez he's destroyed the biggest den o' flees in this kuntry—rite her in town!

I met Estis on the street tuther day, an' sez he:

"Uncle Abe, I want you to say sumpin' 'bout flees next week, even as you air, the only man what huz the privilege of writin' about sitch things."

"Okay," sez I.

"I'm a lyre," sez Estis, "if me an' Jer'm didn't git into the biggest den o' flees that ever went into bizness."

"Whir?" sez I.

"Down in the ol' liv'y barn we've bin a-tearin' down."

Then Estis went on to tell how them hungry flees got to bitin' "Jer'm" so bad that he had to drap his tools an' run; an' seein' that "Jer'm" wuz in sitch ag'ny, Estis sez that he an' the Kirkendoll boys went to his assistance.

"Well, we got 148 flees out o' the waste hem of his pants," sez Estis, "an' by the time we got to his socks we'd lost count."

"What caused all them flees, Estis?" sez I.

"Why, Cheef's ol' dawgs, of course," sez he.

Well, Waynesville is gotten to be sum town, just look at the "Deft." dawgs! They air gotten to be so popier I look for Sam Jones an' J. C. Ross to turn their places into doghouses.

UNCLE ABE'S RAOSIN' YEER CASE

"Law or no law, the court holds the defendant wuz jesticide in slappin' the woman down fer throwin' hot raisin' yeers in his face."

This wuz Uncle Abe's judgment in the famous Raosin' Yeer Case that kum up from the Jonathan's Cr. sock-shin several years ago when Uncle Abe wuz active as a J. P.; an' Grover Davis likes very much to get a crowd around him, an' relate the story, which is true.

"Uncle Abe, Grover wuz settlin' that Raosin' yeer yarn on you agin today," sez Larnce Walker last week.

"Nex time, Larnce," sez I, "You git Grover to also tell ye, how Uncle Abe 'Judge Stackt' him."

Also git Roy France to tell ye about the case when the officers brayt a certain drunk man, krutches an' all, up the nar steps of the ol' court-hous.

Fokes, hav eny of you ever bin in the Mount'neer offis at closin' time?

Well, here's they way it is:

Tom Bridges walks out without sayin' a word. As he passes Mrs. Gwyn's desk, she sez:

"Well, is it 6 o'clock?"

"Rite on the dot," sez Tom.

Editor Russ crams his pockets full o' papers an' sez, "Lock the door."

Buster Bridges grabs the funny paper an' sez, "I got to git out o' here an' by sum groceries." (Buster's allus byin' groceries—an' it's a-tellin' on him.)

Mrs. Gwyn gits her hat an' sez, "Good nite, to you all." (She's a-tryin' to teach us sum manners.)

Uncle Abe puts up his little kyards—an' pee-lites his Seegvar.

An' Mr. Bailey, well, he makes fer the waste basket, (ye see he's a stamp collector.)

I see that Charles Ray hain't turn the water into his swimmin' hole yit—thar whir the ol' liv'y barn wuz.

Now fer the hardst part, the—

QUESCHUNS AN' ANSWERS

Waynesville, N. C., June 11.

Dear Uncle Abe:

I'm taking advantage of your answerin' questions in your column to ask you the followin' things that have puzzled me:

1. How high is up?

2. What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?

3. How far does a rabbit run in a day?

4. How long is a straight line?

Please answer these for me, as I am worried.

Puzzled Perplexed Person.
Dear P. P. Person:

No. 1. Seein' that Uncle Abe has bin down most of his life he don't no so much about the up queschuns as he duz the down wons. Engawy, I figger that up is as high up as down is down—which is a hell-of-a-distance. If this answer is not satisfack-try, ax Wiley Post, he's bin up hyer than anybody I no uv.

No. 2. It's sez that the only noiz that annoys an oyster is the noiz of an ooly catin' em raw—like Editor Ru—duz. Then the oysters on the look try to turn over in protest.

No. 3. It all depends on the size of the woods an' how bad the rabbit's skeerd. If he's 'bout 1/2 way skeerd, he juns 'bout 1/2 way into the woods, but if he's skeerd almost out uv his skin he runs all the way thru the wood an' out at the uther side. In all cases he runs on till he stops. Sooin' that you wuz razed up in a rabbit kuntry you oter a node this.

No. 4. Uncle Abe is plum spoiled at you fer usin this queschun 'bout a strate line. You oter no thar—nuthin'—nor nobody, that's strate eny more... even the strate

James Braddock Is New Boxing Champ

NEW YORK.—James J. Braddock, the man histic history almost forgot gamely struggled to the top rung of ringdom's ladder last Thursday night when, as the longest shot in the history of the game, he went the full 15 round route to take the heavy weight title from the curly head of Maxie, the playboy, Baer, in the Madison Square Bowl.

The 29-year-old Irishman, who carried the hopes of his home state of New Jersey and the fervent prayers of his wife and three kiddies, absorbed all that dapper Maxie had to offer and was always there with a stinging jab that spelled defeat for the champion.

The victory climaxed the long story of Braddock's climb to the championship, his start as a fair fighter, hard luck and the beginning of the descent from the depths from which few fighters ever rise, and then his rise to the heights of fame.

Three South Carolina Counties Without Liquor

COLUMBIA, S. C.—There are only three counties in South Carolina—Edgefield, Calhoun and Hampton—without retail liquor stores.

Applications for licenses from those counties were on file with the state tax commission, which was expected to act upon them within a few days.

The commission ruled that liquor sold at retail must be by direct transaction and could not be delivered because of the possibility of its going astray and getting into the hands of minors.

Hines air crookid.

Hazelwood, June 14.

Dear Uncle Abe:

What is the meaning of Huey Long's "Share the Wealth Club?"

Interested.

Dear Interestid:

You air not the only one interestid in Huey's Prospective Kingdom. You no when Jesus Christ wuz on earth sum uv the Discipuls wanted to no about the places they wuz agoin' to okapy... that's the way it is with Huey's Discipuls.

Well, the best Uncle Abe can git at Huey's Ledge is this: You've seen mon shear sheep I no. Now I think Long's "Shear the Wealth Club" woud rekt sumwhat the same way... whenever the sheep had accumulated a little, then the "Shear the Wealth Club" woud kum about an' hieve em—shear the wealth, ye see.

A church in Ohio operates a filling station which all members are asked to patronize. This may give some legislators the idea of imposin' a special church tax on gasoline. It is taxed for nearly everything else.

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