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G. A. ROUSE, Editor.

VOL. IV

FARMVILLE, PITT COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 5, 1914

NO. 41

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WHAT BUTLER SAID

It Created Trouble for the Gra-
cious Founder of the 18th
Society.

By THEODORE FLATAU.
The marchioness of Bultgate
started the society. She gave it its
name: The Junior Association for
the Protection of Animal Pets.

As she proudly and rightly said to
suffy-haired, suffy-minded little
Mrs. Pinkhampton, as they walked
upstairs to join the first meeting of
the committee, in the marchioness'
drawing-room: "This is my eight-
eenth society, dear!"

"How awfully clever of you!" an-
swered Mrs. Pinkhampton admir-
ingly.

"Um! My eighteenth! And I
only started doing them about a year
ago. It is rather good, isn't it?"

"I think you're frightfully clever!
How on earth do you do it? I should
worry myself to death with one."

"Ah! That is the first thing; never
worry! You see, I am always
president—the committee always
meet here, and I always make an
awful fuss and ask why no work has
been done. Then they all look
ashamed and—there you are!"

"But does that seem sincere
and—"

Lady Bultgate stopped abruptly
upon the stairs.

"You do not seem to remember
that I am animated by purely Chris-
tian motives." She went on
up the stairs again. "Sincere? Good
heavens! In the case of this J. A.
C. A. P.—aren't they admirable in-
stances?—I'm not only sincere, but in-
terested and—"

She paused, opened her
mouth and cried—"

room and cried—"

General Alderleigh—aged eighty-
four—bowed and said:

"Yah yah! . . . Eh, eh?"

"Hear, hear!" echoed Mrs. Gen-
eral—younger by four years.

"How do you do? Everyone
here?" said Lady Bultgate. "Now,
supposing we begin work—earnestly
and with enthusiasm."

"Yah, yah!" remarked the general.
"Enthusiasm—eh, eh?"

"Hang it!" said Lieut. Freddy
Mastering, surreptitiously tangoing
with little Miss Aphrodite Saunders
in the alcove. "Come on!"

The bishop of Park lane cleared
his throat, stood up and cleared his
throat again.

"My dear friends, fellow commit-
teemen, er—and ladies—"

"Once more into the breach,"
whispered "Ditto" Saunders to Fred-
dy.

"I—er—I beg your pardon?"
asked the bishop.

"Yah, yah!" murmured the gen-
eral. "Er—er—that is, order, or-
der!"

The bishop closed his eyes against
any further interruption.

"We have met together in a good
cause—a noble cause—the protection
of pat animals—"

NOTICE.

This is to notify my friends
and former patrons in Farmville
and vicinity that I will be in the
community several days, begin-
ning Monday March 16th, for the
purpose of collecting the bal-
ance of the accounts which
were made while Dr. Moseley
and myself were associated. We
want to get these accounts set-
tled and off our books, as it is no
small trouble to keep two sets of
books. You will receive notice
in writing of the amount of your
account together with date on
which you may expect us to call
for settlement. Please have the
money ready as I want to get
through with the matter as soon
as possible. I am giving you lib-
eral time in which to provide
for our coming, so, therefore, be
ready.

Dr. C. C. JOYNER,
Norfolk, Va.
This Feb. 25, 1914

"Pat who?" asked Mrs. Pink-
hampton, giggling.

"Pat—animal—ahem!" said the
bishop with dignity. "In giving a
few opening words I have little to
say, though we none of us must for-
get the—er—genius and enthusiasm
of our gracious president, the mar-
chioness. Ahem!" And he opened
his eyes, bowed, and smiled at
Lady Bultgate.

Lady Bultgate did not appear
to be pleased. She showed her teeth
in what is called a smile, and took
the opportunity to break into the
bishop's oration.

"Thank you! That is very kind
of you all! Now—"

"Ahem!" said the bishop wan-
tingly.

"Now," went on the president,
"let us really get down to serious
work."

"Yah, yah—eh?" said the general.
The bishop got down heavily, soun-
dly, sulkily.

"Quite!" answered Lady Bult-
gate. "First of all, I should like you
to settle a most important point: The
name! I propose the Junior Associa-
tion for the Protection of Animal
Pets!"

"Ahem! Why Junior?" asked
the bishop, grumpily, almost pain-
fully.

"Yah, yah! Why Junior—ah-
eh?"

"Well, I was really thinking of
the initials—J. A. P. A. P. They're
so sweet! Take the J. away and
what have you?"

"A. P. A. P." suggested Freddy
brilliantly.

The president glared at him with-
eringly; the bishop smiled.

Mrs. General awoke out of her
afternoon nap with a start.

"Too much time wasted on pet-
s in my opinion," she said sternly.

"Ahem! I do not consider that
one's personal attention and care is
always—er—er—" the bishop put in.
"A servant!"

"A servant!" cried Lady Bult-
gate, horror-stricken. "A servant
would forget them, a servant would
neglect them. If one left—"

The butler knocked at the door,
and came toward the president.

"Go away, Trebble. . . . I—"
"My lady!"

"Go away! Immediately! Do not
disturb me! . . . If one left one's
pets to a servant they would suffer
from cold and hunger quite apart
from whatever spiritual unhappiness
they might have to endure. Possibly
they would die from the terrible ill-
treatment to which they were sub-
jected. I do not think—"

"Yah, yah!" exclaimed the gen-
eral sleepily.

"I do not believe that one should
train animals to love one, and then
cast them out, as it were."

"I was reading in the papers about
the cruelty in training animals," be-
gan Mrs. General, "and to be quite
candid and truthful—"

"Let me assure you," said Lady
Bultgate warmly, "I never—"

"Please, milady!" gasped her
maid, bursting into the room.

"Please—"

"Leave the room at once, Randall!
At once!"

"But please, my lady, I—"

"Pardon me! . . . Leave the
room! How dare you! At once!
Leave the . . . Ah! I was saying,
I never allow any of my servants to
touch my pets: my canary, my par-
rot, my blue Persian, and my white
West Highlander. Never under any
circumstances. I feed them, I tend
them, I keep them clean and happy
and healthy. I—"

The door was thrown open, and

WILLING TO EAT IT.

A school teacher sends this one:
"My little pupils are always bring-
ing me some present in the morning.
One brings a big orange, another
presents a bag of sweets, a third
gives me a picture his brother drew.
But the other day I had a birthday.
None of my pupils knew about it but
one, and he brought me a wonderful
cake frosted in six different colors.
I was overwhelmed; especially as he
was one of the naughtiest boys in
school."

"Dear child," I said, "I thank you
for your remembrance. It was very
sweet of you to remember my birth-
day, and I shall treasure this gift.
But it would be a much better birth-
day present if you would promise
me to be a good boy for the rest of
the term. Won't you do that?"

"Yes, mam!" he said seriously.
"I'll promise. Shall I take the cake
back and eat it myself?"

With a scream of fear and excitement
Tina, the president's ten-year-old
daughter, burst into the room.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried.
"Quickly! There's a fire—"

With one accord the committee ad-
vanced and scrambled and struggled
and tumbled down the stairs.

Trebble, the butler, met them in
the hall.

"What is it? Where is it?" asked
Lady Bultgate.

"The fire is here, my lady," he
said. "It occurred in cook's bed-
room."

"Thank heavens! . . . There!"
he cried, turning to the committee.
"That is the sort of thing that might
happen to your pets if you interested
them in others. Now, wait a minute
and—"

But if I might—
"Tell us, Trebble!"

"Yah, yah!" gasped the general,
covering his breath.

"Well, my lady, the truth is—I
your ladyship's pardon!—the
fire wasn't very well, 'aving ad-
ding for the last twenty-four
hours, an' got angry an' got out of
stage. An' the canary being, as I
told say, feeble and indisposed,
it did not defend itself, and was
killed to death. Hat that moment,
my lady, the cat, being very 'angry,
came along, ups with the parrot
'is mouth, and was about to
munch 'is pangs of starvation when
dorg—'s ain't been fed, since
dneady, my lady, and I dared
give 'im anything against your
ship's border—well, 'e come
up, my lady, and belted after the
cat, being very desprate,
offs too, my lady. Into the cook's
room they bolted, an' upset the hot
oil! And then," Trebble went on,
and at having such an audience,
refusing to notice Lady Bult-
gate's frantic signs, "and then the
rocker caught afire, the dorg caught
the cat, and, in a twinklin' of the
eye, took 'is life. An' the flames
was so fierce that we could healy
recoyve what you might say was the
children of the dorg."

The committee of the Junior As-
sociation for the Protection of Ani-
mal Pets has not met together since.
Freddy and Ditto still form the
J. A. P. P., but it is restricted to a
membership of two; for the time
being, anyhow.

Lady Bultgate has gone in for the
tango.

The bishop is the leading light in
the Triple B—the Society for the
Suppression of Societies.—London
Queen.

IN THE MATTER OF TRUTH

Little Dissertation by Southern Jew
That Is Liable to Raise
an Argument.

A southern man related the other
day that a friend was a student in
a northern university, and that when
one day a fellow student applied, in
a casual way, the epithet of "liar" to
him, the southerner promptly
knocked down the youth who had
been so imprudent in the use of
words. The incident caused astonish-
ment among the students who did
not understand the southern notion
of this particular term.

"But are southerners really superior
creatures? For be it from me to say
that they are not—but the important
question is whether or not there be
such a thing as a southern liar."

Every man holding a public office
swears an oath to obey the Constitu-
tion and laws, and, if he be an execu-
tive officer, to enforce the laws.

There are communities where cer-
tain laws are openly and impudently
violated—directly under the eye of
the officer of the law. Were the state
to name one of these officers and say,
"John Doe, you break your oath of
office daily; you are a liar and per-
juror," "John Doe" would proceed
to take summary revenge on the
state, and a large part of the public
would applaud him. Yet that same
part of the public would be perfectly
well aware that "John Doe" is liar
and perjurer.

It is, after all, a worse thing to be
called a liar than to be called—Co-
lumbia State.

HAD MUCH SAME CHICKEN

In London they tell of a certain
distinguished statesman who is an
optimist on all points save marriage.

One afternoon this statesman was
proceeding along a country road
when he saw a cottager eating his
supper alone in the road before his
dwelling.

"Why, Henry," asked the states-
man, "why are you eating out here
alone?"

"Well, sir, er—" the man stam-
mered, "the—er—chimney smokes."

"That's too bad," said the states-
man, his philanthropic sentiments at
once being aroused. "I'll have it
fixed for you. Let's have a look at
it."

And before the cottager could stay
him the statesman proceeded to en-
ter the cottage. As soon as he had
opened the door a broomstick fell
upon his shoulders and a woman's
voice shrieked:

"Back here again, are you, you old
rascal! Clear out with you, or I'll—"

The statesman retired precipitate-
ly. The cottager sat in the road
shaking his head in sorrow and em-
barassment. The statesman bent
over him and laid his hand in kindly
fashion on his arm.

"Never mind, Henry," said he,
consolingly, "my chimney smokes
sometimes, too."—Harper's Maga-
zine.

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ton and Norfolk. Connects for
all points North and West.

6:06 P. M. Daily except Sun-
day, for Washington and inter-
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