

FOR YOUR UNCLE SAM



PRESBYTERIANS ENJOY SPECIAL SERVICE.

Instead of the regular prayer meeting on Wednesday evening last, the Presbyterian congregation enjoyed a delightful study of Japan. The meeting was held at the manse and the principal speaker was the pastor, Rev. N. N. Fleming, Jr., who told of the progress of Japan, her ambitions and the necessity for her Christianization. A number of interesting curios from Japan were exhibited by Mrs. Sarah Hassell, who has two sons laboring in the mission fields there.

CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY.

Master Roscos Fields entertained a number of his friends Saturday evening at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fields, on Church st., in honor of his fourteenth birthday.

As the guests arrived they were welcomed by the host and invited into the living room where delicious fruit punch was served by Misses Evelyn Horton and Sarah Humphrey from a crystal bowl surrounded by flickering candles.

A number of merry games were played and a flower contest enjoyed; Miss Rachel Monk and Master Shepard Smith winning the reward, a box of sweets.

At ten o'clock the guests went into the dining room. The white frosted birthday cake decorated with red candles formed the centerpiece for the table and bon bon dishes held mints and salted nuts. An ice course with cake was served.

A number of valuable gifts attested to the popularity of the young host.

OVERSTUFFED LIVING

"Don't pity the poor; rather have pity on the rich," said a local physician the other day. "Name one person who starved to death and I will name a hundred who ate themselves to death."

In the days of our forefathers men were keen of mind, active of body and rugged of honesty.

They ate simple food and not too much of it.

The generation of today is not to be compared with that of one hundred years ago, even though the average length of life is longer. This is attributed to better care of the young and increased knowledge regarding disease prevention, control and cure.

Any physician will go the same testimony as the one referred to above. We do not measure up physically to those of a generation ago because there is too much to eat and too much of it is eaten.

It is true that we have made wonderful forward strides in the past century. But they are no greater than the opportunities warranted. And they never originated in the brains of gourmands.

The fact can't be denied that we are literally eating ourselves to death, slowly but surely. We eat as our fancy dictates and we eat the wrong food to excess.

If we really knew the proportion of the population that is afflicted with the ill coming from over-indulgence in the wrong kind of food, the figures would be staggering.

The child that is stuffed and pampered from the time it begins to eat solid food will not develop a normal

mind or body. The system cannot properly assimilate the over-abundance of stuff that it is permitted to eat. Mental deficiency and bodily ailments are the inevitable results.

"We may eat ourselves to death if we prefer, when we become our own masters, and that is purely our own affair."

But we have no right to stuff a child beyond capacity that is injurious to a body not yet matured.

The child knows no better but we do, or should.

A Pitt county farmer entered a local hardware store this week, and exhibited an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he declared had been laid by one of his own hens.

The dealer examined it with the rest, and, then said, "Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you a dollar you haven't," said the farmer.

"Right," replied the merchant, and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg beater.

A certain young lady would like to know if that doctor who said the historic produces indigestion was speaking from personal experience.

The editor says that there is plenty of room in his cash register for good eagles to nest. Have you paid your subscription?

Man, have to give some meat credit for bringing home the bacon. If you didn't give some of them credit they couldn't get the bacon to bring home.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

RAILROADS AND SOMEDAY.

SEMI-FLYING MACHINE. HEARING THE ATOM. HER AFRICAN BLOOD.

President Coolidge will ask lower railroad freight rates and suggest that the roads cut costs by the difference by practicing economy.

That is not the railroad idea, however. President Coolidge will find that railroad management and railroad wishes are a department of our Government, although not listed as such in the Constitution.

The voters, when less prosperous times make thinking necessary, will decide to have a government running the railroads, instead of railroads running the government.

This is not said unkindly, or by an agent of bolshevism. The writer has a few thousand shares of railroad stock, a few hundred thousand in railroad bonds. But it is desirable for railroad men to realize that it is not going to be midsummer for ever.

There is cold weather coming. Admirers of the late Theodore Roosevelt will be interested in the statement made by the authority of the family, that a newcomer from the mysterious realms of the future is expected in the Longworth family.

Mrs. Longworth was Miss Alice Roosevelt. Those who have read Gaitor's Remedy know that the possession of the father is handed down through the daughter, not through the son. The new little Roosevelt-Longworth may prove to be the reincarnation of Theodore. It will be interesting to see how his little teeth develop.

Monsteyr, Egan, eighty-four years old, has invented the zero car, and the French government will build a sample "zero line."

The car, 7 feet high, 7 feet wide and 40 feet long, is suspended below a cable forty-two feet in the

air, slung from poles by a special car carries 100 passengers and the speed is fifty miles an hour.

Most interesting of all, the car, hanging below the steel cable, is driven along as a flying machine is driven. A powerful propeller, nine feet in diameter, worked by electric current taken from the cable overhead, pushes the car.

With power enough, and a big propeller, the car might as easily go 100 miles an hour as 50 miles. Then "New York to Chicago above the railroad, in 9 hours, for \$9."

Dr. Mary Walker cared little about fashion, but the latest news from Paris would interest her.

The new "dress" is to be more like trousers than dress, a sort of slit skirt. Politics, athletics and common sense will finally do away with the cumbersome skirt. That impediment was all right in the harem, where it was born. It's all wrong on the public street, collecting germs, preventing free movement.

A lawsuit raising interesting questions is coming. A young man named Rhineland, whose people for several generations have not worked for a living and are, therefore, called "aristocrats," married a young woman with negro blood.

Her people have always worked hard, therefore she is no aristocrat. The young man, annoyed by public sneers at his father, was throwing stones through his window, now sees for amusement of his marriage, saying he was deceived as to his bride's race. She told him nothing about the negro blood.

If the young woman in the lawsuits, the question of her constitutional rights might be taken to the United States Supreme Court. New York State legalizes marriages between Germans and whites. The young woman in this case is nearly white. A man in New York could not get a divorce on the ground that the wife had deceived him about a British or Celtic strain of blood. What will the Supreme Court say about a few drops of colored blood?

Atoms of iron, so small that you wouldn't notice ten thousand of them in the corner of your eye, make a roaring noise as they rush to a magnet held near them.

Scientists of the General Electric Company have perfected a device that makes the roaring sound audible. If that's possible, may we not some day hear voices of our distant relations on neighboring planets? It isn't impossible. Nothing is impossible that men can imagine.

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