

England Deluged Of Late Days
By American Slang Language

Judges Of Slang Contest Decide So. Origin Of Slang Talked.

Literary Digest. American slang predominates in England. This awful conclusion is reached by judges of a slang contest set by the Manchester Guardian.

tionary after dictionary, is being forgotten" so the Guardian observes "and our language having been purified of its own seven devils, has had the unfortunate resultant emptiness filled by seven even more terrible devils from overseas."

"From the lists submitted by our readers, at any rate, it is clear that American slang predominates. Incredible as it may seem, no one quoted any of the good old slang phrases, perhaps because they are no longer known. Not merely that, but it would seem that people have even forgotten that once there was a war. The phrases so familiar from 1914 to 1919, 'getting the wind up,' 'a blighty,' and even that strange phrase which goes back perhaps to the mists of antiquity 'going west,' were never mentioned. 'Windy' indeed got a mention, as did the time-honored 'kick the bucket' and 'off the deep end,' and one competitor remembered 'fed up,' which perhaps has passed out of the stage of slang and become ordinary speech.

"On the other hand, there were a variety of Americanisms culled for the most part, one suspects, from a close study of film captions. Many of these are familiar,

and some even doubtfully of American origin, like 'tightwad,' 'lounge lizard,' 'bone-head,' 'tea hound,' and 'hitting the hay' (undoubtedly expressive). 'Snow again, baby, I get your drift,' was submitted by a number of competitors, while a majority regrettably favored 'slobbered' a bitful, but only one mentioned 'wangle,' 'scrounge,' and 'blotto.'

"On the other hand, some of the phrases approach the incomprehensible. If 'split-and-rub' might suggest a celluloid collar, and if one might hazard a guess that 'joining the 'cellos' is a refinement on 'crossing the river.' It is a little difficult to guess in a moment that 'get your diaphragm buzzin' means 'fall to and eat,' that 'throw a gage to the sobbies' means 'be sentimental,' that 'move your dogs means 'move your legs,' that 'he shakes a mean hoof' is a compliment to a male partner's dancing, and that 'soup and fish' means a 'dinner jacket' rather than a lounge suit."

In the opinion of the judges "very few competitors gave six phrases which could fairly be called expressive," but the prize went to the following collection:

- A pain in the neck. To get away with it. To let in on the ground floor. Bats in the belfry. To bump off. To spill the beans.

Some American Journal might offer a prize for a determination of what was American and what English in the list. That America speaks another sort of English from certain North Country sections of the motherland may be seen from the two following lists that entered the contest. Explain them who can:

It's all owing to they brettins up. Tha knows no weeler.

Put that dur in tole, my lad (meaning close the door).

Tha're a coddlythumpin' meaning in the Huddersfield district one who takes all and gives nothing).

The weights may be right. But we will have them sheep weighed again.

The great sammy oven, tha'r fit for nowt only a good hiding.

Yer allus slobbering abart summat.

He was slobbered up to the wide. Don't sluther about, wench.

Why don't yer purra jerk in it, surrey?

Does the old girl still chew the cud at yer?

I can wangle the iron I'll do it on him.

Some further comments are interesting:

"A schoolboy's list showed that some English slang still fights a last-ditch battle in places from which slang might be supposed to be carefully barred.

Off your rocker. A screw loose. An upper story to let. Bats in your belfry. A bee in your bonnet. Up the pole.

"Most of our competitors obliged by giving translations of their pet phrases, otherwise one would have never suspected that 'a covered wagon' meant 'an elderly rotund female who apes the youthful flapper,' or that 'a wooden kimono' meant a coffin, or that 'couduroy patch' means a match (though the sender did not specify what sort of match).

"But no explanation was given of 'lamp that bozo,' at which, of course, one might make a guess, or 'all to the cream-puff,' or 'quit stall on the low-corners,' or 'he sure knows his onions,' or 'the mosquito's which, for all one knows, may be equivalent to 'the snake's hips.'"

Gas Forces Woman To Sleep In Chair

"Nights I sat up in a chair. I had stomach gas so bad. I took Adierka and nothing I eat hurts me now. I sleep fine."—Mrs. Glenn Butler.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Beginning on a stake on the East side of Second street, Northwest corner of Lot No. 84, and runs North 84 1-2 East 150 feet to a stake in Beam's line; thence with his line North 5 1-2 West 100 feet to a stake; thence South 84 1-2 West 150 feet to a stake on East side of Second street; thence South 5 1-2 East 100 feet to the beginning.

Being Lots Nos. 90, 91, 92 and 93, shown by plat recorded in Book of Plats No. 1 at page 62 in the office of Register of Deeds of Cleveland county, North Carolina, reference to which plats is hereby made for further identification and description of said lots.

This sale is made on account of default in the payment of the indebtedness secured by the said deed of trust.

This 6th day of March, 1929. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DURHAM, North Carolina, Trustee.

W. S. Lockhart, Attorney, Durham, N. C.

WHISKEY BUYER AND HIS PORTION OF LAW VIOLATION

Writer Talks Frankly In His Story About "Hooch" Over America.

"The Saturday Evening Post" has many million readers. It is doubtful how many of them have read the serial "Hooch," by Charles Francis Coe, writes Wm. Hale Herrick in The New York Herald-Tribune. It is the story of the relations between bootleggers and a venal police captain. That the crash of the latter alliance is true to fact is fully and vividly illustrated by the recent shooting of seven in Chicago; it is in the story the policeman shares in the holocaust of his criminal pals.

But the most significant and important point of the whole story is brought out at the end in the issue of February 2. Barr, a retired police captain who had resisted the lure of criminal gain, is visited by a neighbor, Carter, on the morning the papers recorded the sawed-off shotgun slaughter. Carter is outraged by the gang murders and police venality. Barr seems little impressed. Then Carter brings out a flask of whiskey. Barr quietly says: "Carter, you're a pretty good sort of fellow—a good, steady, home man, running your own business . . . all told, a pretty good sort of an average, dependable American. Of course, it's none of my business, but as far as American law is concerned you are just as much of a criminal to sit there and shake that whiskey in my face as you would be if it was a pistol."

Carter laughed cynically. "That, of course, is ridiculous," he said. "There's nothing criminal in having a little drink around. The crime starts with these bootleggers and bribed police officials. They're the ones that cause the trouble." Barr laughed, and there was genuine mirth in his voice.

Barr then asks why Carter thinks these men were murdered, and Carter makes the obvious answer—a fight over the division of the spoils among men so drunk with power and money as to stop at nothing.

"Just a minute," Bar interrupted in a friendly way. "Not quite so fast, Carter. Let's get at the facts a little more . . . I know there's corruption in the police force. Plenty of it, I know why these fellows kill one another, too. There's only one reason for it."

"Talk all you like about criminals and the way they fight over the spoils. All that don't mean a thing. What are the spoils? The crux of the situation is right in that bottle you hold in your hand, Carter. There'd be no bribery, there'd be no corruption, there'd be no murders, if fellows like you bought no whiskey!"

"I don't want to moralize. But the only thing these men fight over and steal about is the money you pay for whiskey. It's your dollar that bribes and murders. You stop paying it and they'll stop fighting. You stop buying liquor and they'll stop bribing and taking bribes! Any way you look at it, Carter, that's the only source of all these rum killings. To save my soul, I can't see where these bribed officials are any more criminal than you are. And when I say you, Carter, I mean every man in America who buys a bottle of booze."

Honor to this writer, Charles Francis Coe, he makes Barr state vividly the basic fact that is ignored by all who saddle these crimes on the eighteenth amendment and by many who write and talk in favor of prohibition.

A day or two ago the papers recorded the twenty-year sentence of a "fence." The parallel is pretty close between the thief and the fence, on the one hand, and the booze seller and the booze buyer on the other. All four are criminals.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by deed of trust by H. C. Ponder and wife, Kathleen Ponder, to the First National Bank of Durham, N. C., Trustee, dated April 1st, 1928, and recorded in Book No. 150, page 181, Cleveland county registry, the First National Bank of Durham, North Carolina, will on

April 20th, 1929, at 12:00 O'clock M. at the Court House in Cleveland county, sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder the following described property:

Beginning on a stake on the East side of Second street, Northwest corner of Lot No. 84, and runs North 84 1-2 East 150 feet to a stake in Beam's line; thence with his line North 5 1-2 West 100 feet to a stake; thence South 84 1-2 West 150 feet to a stake on East side of Second street; thence South 5 1-2 East 100 feet to the beginning.

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This 6th day of March, 1929. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DURHAM, North Carolina, Trustee.

W. S. Lockhart, Attorney, Durham, N. C.

SAYS BEING FIFTY ISN'T BAD AT ALL

It Is Such A Nice Change From Being Young, Declares Dorothy Canfield.

New York.—"One of the many things which nobody—especially the poets—ever tells you about being middle-aged is that it is such a nice change from being young. Honestly, I mean it. Why not admit it?"

With this bright outlook as a text, Dorothy Canfield, beloved American novelist who was born in Lawrence, Kas., fifty years ago, tells her public in the American Magazine that "I am Fifty and It Doesn't Hurt a Bit." It is her chief argument that each new age is a relief from the last and that a change comes just at the time persons get tired of doing the things that belonged to their former stations in life.

"When you are too old to play with dolls and spin tops," continues Miss Canfield, "weren't you, just between ourselves, getting a little tired of dolls and tops? I was. A decree from on high permitting me to remain always at the doll-playing age would not have been received with any joy on my part as I approached adolescence. And yet no child ever more passionately loved play than I. But being human, I could have enough even of a good thing. I'd had all I really craved of hide-and-peek and tag. Now I wanted to see what it would be like to go to parties and have beaux."

"Before the days of dentists and oculists, hygiene and well-balanced diet, the period between 20 and 30—a time of superabundant physical vigor—was the only one that was comparatively pleasant. Before that period, you were a dependent. After it, if you were a man, you had a toothache; falling eyes made you lag behind the rest of the tribe in hunting; rheumatism stiffened your sword arm; and you began to suffer internally from unspeakably bad food. If a woman, you were pretty well worn out with much badly-cared-for children; not to speak of having lost many of your teeth, much of your hair and just about all your interest in life from lack of physical vitality."

"Now, of course, a reasonable amount of physical vitality is rather necessary for the enjoyment of life. Nobody in my youth gave me any idea that in middle-age I could still be quite natural playing tennis, riding horseback, skating and mountain climbing. It is true that I don't engage in sports as ferociously as I did when I was 20 and for a good reason. I don't need to and don't care to. At 20 I was like nearly everybody else of that age, frightfully uncertain most of the time, of deservng to be in the world at all, and frightfully anxious to prove my worth to myself in the only way youth knows—by beating somebody else at something. Like most of my contemporaries, I was not really enjoying what I did, but uneasily seeking in everything an opportunity to justify myself to myself.

"Here are the pleasures of middle age which, nobody breathes a word to you beforehand: The deliciousness of outgrowing that neurogia of youthful pain at being surpassed in anything. The serenity of pleasure taken in other people's accomplishments unspooled by the aching comparison of them with your own.

"The steady, continued change in human personalities explains, perhaps, why middle-aged people do not noticeably fear death more than they ever did—in fact in most cases, vastly less. And as to the alarm about dullness and loneliness and misery of old age, experience has taught us, whether we will or no, something which takes the edge from that fear. Having arrived at an age which seemed to me at twenty as forlorn as 80 does to me now and perceiving that a change of tastes and desires has gone along with a change in age, I cannot help guessing that if I continue to yield myself naturally to the rhythm of the years, I shall find the inner time-table making as close and accurate connection for me then as now."

Miss Canfield, in private life is Mrs. John Redwood Fisher, of Arlington, Vermont.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as administrator of the estate of John H. Garver, deceased, late of Cleveland county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Lawndale, N. C., on or before March 18, 1930, on his notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This March 18, 1929. A. A. GARVER, Administrator of John H. Garver. Jno. P. Mull, Atty.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Bert H. Hamrick, deceased, late of Cleveland county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Boiling Springs, N. C. on or before the 15th day of March, 1930, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 15th day of March, 1929. W. C. HAMRICK, Admr. Quinn, Hamrick & Harris, Attys.

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TORTURING PAINS

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"I endured this over and over again. Every time the pains were worse than before."

"I was in despair because nothing helped me. I tried several remedies, but I continued to suffer. "One day, I read about Cardui. Other women told how they had gotten strong and well after taking it. I have often been thankful for that day, for after I had taken Cardui for awhile, I felt like a different human being."

"It did not seem possible, but I did not suffer the old, torturing pains, and I really felt well. I can heartily recommend Cardui, for I know how much I improved after I took it. Since then, I have taken it several times when I have needed a tonic, and I have always been benefited. It is a wonderful help. All good druggists sell Cardui. Try it for your troubles. NC-199



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Tickets good going and returning on all regular trains date of sale and within final limit except (Crescent Limited) Tickets good in pullman sleeping cars upon payment of proper charges.

Easter time in Washington offers many attractions and this is a wonderful time to visit our Nation's Capital. Cherry Blossom Time Potomac Park.

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