

THE VENEER OF THE YEARS

BY WALTER GREEP.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY OF OLD

"Say children, what are you doing?" she asked.

Samantha began trying to make an excuse. "Oh, we were just—"

"Dancing,"

"Well, no just playing. Does the noise bother you, mother?"

"Yes, Samantha, you know it did. And I am sorry you disobeyed your father. You know what he told you about dancing."

"Yes, I know," said Samantha snappishly; "but I am tired of being bossed around just like I was a little child. I am getting old enough to know how to give parties and have fun without father's direction. He is just an old fool, that's what he is!" Her eyes flashed.

"Wait, Samantha, don't speak so disrespectfully of your father. I won't allow it." Then to the guests: "My young friends, I am sorry I interrupted your pleasure, but there must be no more dancing here tonight. Understand?"

"Yes, we understand!" said Samantha angrily.

As her mother left the room and disappeared down the walk toward Devondale, she turned to her guests: "I am sorry we had to make a scene," she said, "but I am determined that the old folks shan't spoil all our fun. We will not dance any more, as I have promised, but we will play the old-fashioned games which will furnish just as much pleasure."

The years had added another trait to her character. She had acquired enough "polish" to allow her to disobey and affront her parents and spurn their counsel.

The games were entered into with zest. All present joined heartily in the old play, "Skip-to-my-Lou," and romped until they were breathless. Then some of them joined hands and danced around in a circle, singing:

"Oh, don't you want to go,
Oh, don't you want to go
Way down in Alabama where
the orange blossoms grow;
Where the boys reap and mow,
And the girls knit and sew,
We'll rally round the canebrake
and calse the buffalo."

At last they grew tired of this and started a quieter game called, "Pleased or Displeased?" in which one had to satisfy the wishes of the displeased person. It fell to Oscar's lot to be the servitor and to Bill, who possessed a propensity for joking, to be the displeased one. "What will please you then?" Bill, knowing what would please Oscar, if it did not him, and seeing an opportunity to play a joke, said, "For you to kiss Samantha." Then he laughed a loud laugh.

But it was not such a joke with Oscar. It was up to him to please Bill and he was determined to do so. So he went over to Samantha and put his arm around her. She again said "no" when she meant "yes," but to no avail. He drowned her protestations in resounding smack that set all the crowd to roaring with laughter.

Just then Samantha's father entered the room. He saw her leaning in Oscar's arms, stood still and stared.

"Samantha, what does this mean?" he asked angrily. She did not answer. Then turning to Oscar, he said:

"Brown, come out in the yard with me. I want a word with you."

Oscar followed obediently.

When they reached the terrace below the lawn he said, "Brown, I've forbade you coming here and you insist on doing so. Samantha has become so she will lie for you or do most anything else since you helped her across the creek that night. And now I find you kissing her! You certainly are making progress. Brown, you see that road down there. You take it and I don't want to see you back here again." With that he lifted Oscar's coat-tail and delivered a lusty kick into the first available part of his pants.

This accomplished, he turned and went back into the house where he found Samantha weeping. The guests had departed in hot haste without the customary good-byes, anticipating his return from Oscar's execution in no good humor.

"Samantha, what caused you to disobey me in such a manner?" he asked sternly as he entered.

She looked up at him, her brown eyes flashing fire. What made you spoil our party so meanly?" she asked in reply.

"Answer me! Why did you allow them to dance?"

"We didn't dance!"

"Don't say that. Your mother came straight to Mr. Matthews' and told me you were dancing, and that you were impertinent enough to defy her in the presence of your visitors. Samantha, I demand of you to tell me why you allowed them to dance."

This time it was Eve who laid it onto Adam. She said, "Oh, it was just some of Oscar's doings. He almost forced us to."

"So I thought. It was that ignorant scoundrel and you invited him after my forbidding you, did you? Now, Samantha, he said firmly, pointing into her face, 'I don't ever want to see you with that boy again, neither do I want him here. And above all, don't ever disobey me again as you did tonight. Good-night.'"

She made him no reply but broke down sobbing. She fled to her room where she undid her hair and let it fall loosely over her shoulders, so that the trickling tear-drops glittered brightly in each lock of brownish-gold. She turned out the light and tried to sleep but she could not. Over and over in her mind her father's stern words kept ringing and the thought of her humiliation at the party was forced upon her. "The mean old bear," she kept repeating. But in after years she lived to see the day when she bitterly regretted these words.

(To be continued)

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM

(By J. M. Johnson)

There has been a tremendous amount of life sacrificed by all the belligerent nations in the war, billions of dollars worth of property laid waste and billions of dollars in war debts accumulated that will have to be paid, principally by the consumer and producer, which our pur children will never live to see paid. And yet some of our representatives have been fighting in a partisan spirit the very thing our sons have been fighting for—a League to enforce peace throughout the whole world, which is in keeping with true Americans can who have nourished the Monroe Doctrine since the birth of the nation. Now through this League this doctrine is about to be extended to the whole world, protecting the weaker nations and strengthening the stronger as well. Then for partisan reason a low, pro-German breed of cur, who is not fit to represent the dominions of hell, let alone the heart and soul of America, dares assail the most humane principles ever incorporated in any treaty or pact. God hates a man like that and the devil would put a guard around him; he should be sent below with the Kaiser. I am sure our boys who have answered their country's call, will never vote for such a class, who would send them back to the trenches for the satisfaction of war-producers who make their profits from human blood. Such men fighting against this measure, in the very spirit of all rational patriotic citizens, is one of the most disgraceful, cowardly and low-breed acts mentionable. Despite the opposition of such the measure of the League of Nations, as adopted by the international peace conference, will be ratified by our nation as one of the greatest blessings of all time; that wars may be settled by arbitration and conciliation and that the sacrifice of human blood, murder, rapine and the devastation of property may cease and all things that make war hideous.

Let us urge our representatives to ratify the League, then our sons won't have to be called from their homes, to defend our country, sacrificing their lives on the altar, everytime we have a little misunderstanding, or cry like a yelping cur, or curse the president of the United States because he won't make the other fellow do the fighting; or put in the exemption claim. "Non compo," "Non Compore sand."

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SULPHUR SPRINGS

Farmers are all about done sowing oats and are breaking land for corn, and those who have wet land are laying tile and trying to get their crop into the ground earlier than usual.

I see some farmers who have been raising large crops of tobacco the expense of feed crops are buying corn at \$1.70, per bushel and hay at \$1.40, per hundred. It reminds me of the one crop system that has been so disastrous to the southern farmer where they raise all cotton and buy everything else. Boy you had better raise more corn and less tobacco.

Mrs. Ollie Gabbert gave a birthday dinner Sunday in honor of her father, Mr. Albert Cox, it was Mr. Cox's 62nd birthday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Tarvin Baker and Rev. Wallace the Methodist pastor on the Dundee Circuit, and if you don't believe it was some dinner ask the preacher, he knows.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gabbert paid a flying visit to their son, Otis Gabbert, at Marvins Chapel Sunday.

Rev. Wallace filled his regular appointment at Marvins Chapel Sunday and organized a Sunday school.

G. H. & ST. L. R. R. TIME TABLE

No. 113 due at Ellimitch 8:32 p. m.
No. 110 due at Ellimitch 7:30 a. m.
No. 112 Lv. Ellimitch 3:40 p. m.
Ar. Irvington 5:35 p. m.
Lv. Irvington 5:56 p. m.
Ar. Louisville 7:49 p. m.
No. 111 Lv. Louisville 8:35 a. m.
Ar. Irvington 10:06 a. m.
Lv. Irvington 10:40 a. m.
Ar. Ellimitch 1:04 p. m.

M. H. & E. R. R. TIME TABLE

South Bound, No. 115—
Due at Hartford 9:05 a. m.
North Bound, No. 114—
Due at Hartford 6:45 p. m.
(Both "Mixed" Trains.)

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