

PUSSYFOOTING



YOU NEED NOT FAIL

When Edmund Carter Whitney was born on Castle Street in Boston, where Brigham's creamery now stands, he was the thirteenth child. The family was exceedingly poor. Eddie, as he was called, was practically given away. A man named Symms in Lancaster, Mass., "took" Eddie and started him as a farmer out of him. Beginning pitifully for a chance at some rest of clerical life Symms took Eddie to the town's Savings Bank and got him a job as errand boy. In his spare time he helped the Chief of the Fire Department, the Postmaster and the Board of Selectmen. On summer mornings he drove a milk wagon after first milking Symms's cows. When Eddie was 18 years old he was holding down seven jobs and his total earnings were \$11 a week. Out of this he sent \$10 a week to his mother. He clothed himself on the remaining \$1 a week, or \$52 a year and bought books. He was educated at the knees of Mrs. Symms, but when he was twenty-four years old he had worked his way through college. Returning to Lancaster and reentering the Bank, he proposed and devised new methods of banking, which increased the bank's deposits nearly a million dollars. Before he was thirty he was Treasurer of the Bank, Chief of the Fire Department, a deacon in the church, leader of Republican politics in Lancaster and engaged to be married to the belle of Nashua, N. H. He reorganized the bank, rebuilt



it, was made Treasurer of the Marlborough Savings Bank and appointed State Bank Examiner. A few years later, when he was the sole support of the *Springfield* and his own family in Boston, he moved to Boston and organized the Lincoln National Bank, the largest in the city. He became its head and the Governor of Massachusetts appointed him Brigadier-General. His home in Nashua, N. H., was show places, and when he retired at 61 he was reputedly a happy and successful man.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN

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I wish to advise my patients and the public generally that after the 1st of September my business will be on Cash basis when work is completed.
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NOTICE
We are glad to announce to our customers and friends that we have first class line of barbers and are in better shape to serve our customers than we have ever been. A trial is all we ask. Thanking you for your patronage. We are yours to serve,
STEGALL BROS.

One successful cooperative project in a community generally puts new life in that community, as witness the success of the Mooresville Cooperative Creamery in Iredell County and its good influence in the surrounding community, say dairy extension workers of State College.

Wheeler the Champion Family Man



Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Mont., Vice Presidential candidate, is the champion family man of the six candidates of the three big parties. Here are the six big planets in his life—Mrs. Wheeler, Francis, Richard, Edward, Elizabeth, and John.

POISE

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Man, University of Illinois.

THE man who sold me my ticket at the Grand Central station was wrinkleless and placid in his appearance. He came into the office just as I arrived, and relieved the clerk who had previously been there. He removed his coat deliberately and hung it up without haste or agitation, straightening the collar and smoothing out the wrinkles in the sleeves. He adjusted his tie carefully and brushed back his hair, speaking to a fellow clerk in the meantime, all the while oblivious of the gathering line behind me.

When he was ready to wait on me, he went at the job without haste or agitation. He confirmed my reservation calmly; he made out my ticket slowly; he consulted all sorts of tables and guides with a deliberation that revealed the fact that he was not influenced by the passage of time. He was unmoved by the irritation of the woman behind me who wanted to catch the six fifteen train.

When he finally had everything looked up and written in and pasted together and calculated and the ticket slipped into its outer clothing, twenty minutes had passed. The man had poise; he had self-control; he knew that the line behind me would keep up all day and all night and he was not going to allow a little thing like that to worry him. If the woman did not get the six fifteen train there was another going later.

"Rain Padre"



For 25 years Father Jerome S. Ricard has sent out daily weather reports to the farmers near the Santa Clara (Calif.) University. Now the Knights of Columbus are conducting a campaign to erect a new observatory for him.



SEABOARD AIR LINE BY

Effective July 13, 1924 Louisburg, N. C.
Trains Daily Except Sunday
Leave 8:30 A. M.
No. 330 11:50 A. M.
No. 312 5:00 P. M.
No. 334
Trains Daily Except Sunday
Arrive 10:15 A. M.
No. 331 3:20 P. M.
No. 311 6:45 P. M.
No. 335
For information regarding rates and schedules apply to
L. L. JOYNER, Agent,
Louisburg, N. C.
JOHN T. WEST, D. P. A.,
Raleigh, N. C.

Making Dust Fly



Mrs. Nathan Robinson, wife of the former Texas governor, is at the polls to the same office and public enough votes in the primaries to enter the fall campaign. She is making the dust fly in her race for the governorship.

Arch Killer



Police of Hanover, Germany, believe Frits Haarman has murdered more than fifty, although he admits but twenty-two victims lured to his modest residence and murdered. Craving notoriety seems to be his only reason.

Poem by Uncle John

There's many a smooth promoter of the get-rich-quick concern,—which wouldn't be "promotin'" if the stock wuth a dern,—O, there ain't honest money that is any kin missed, than the dollar that costs a man to head the sucker list!

When a feller gets to dreamin' of the life on easy street, he buck the game that promise to put him on his feet. He puts the "dotted line" in front of him, the pencil in his fist,—the eye is easy swallered, so, he head the sucker list!

I've done a heap of prayin' that the time would come to pass, when brains would stop the idiot from blowin' out the gas,—but I've wondered more here lately—if a well-directed fist to the point of anaesthesia—wouldn't end the sucker list?

They lay it on the good old stork—there may be nothin' in it—but they say the old bird brings around a sucker every minnit! I ain't believin' all I hear—I don't pretend to know, but Judgin' from the suckers caught, I half believe it's so!



One of life's inconsistencies is that the people who argue against strengthening the national defense at home are the very ones who advocate aggressive entrance into the affairs of Europe.

FOLKS IN OUR TOWN



By Edward McCullough
AUTOCASTER