

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
Poet Laureate of Hoosier State Died Saturday Following Stroke of Paralysis.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 4.—James Whitcombs Riley, the Indiana poet, is dead.

Death was due to a stroke of paralysis.

Riley, born of the Middle West, sang the joys, sorrows, fancies and humors of its folk, largely in its own dialect. The world was so touched by his inspiration and the realism of his homely symbols that he was one of the few, that, devoting their lives to poetry, gained a fortune.

Riley was peculiarly sensitive as to the advance of age and evaded inquiries as to the date of his birth but the most accurate information available indicates that he was born in 1848.

"Should you ask his age," one of his friends said, "he would answer 'This side of forty,' and leave you to guess which side."

The poet was the son of Reuben A. Riley, a lawyer and political speaker of Greenfield, Ind. The boy could not be brought to the dull routine of school days, but he was wise in the lore of streams and fields. His mother, who was Elizabeth Marine before her marriage, was a writer of verse and Riley in later life attributed some of his impracticality to her.

Instead of preparing for the practice of law, as his father wished, the son turned itinerant sign painter. For ten years he roved through the Ohio Valley, painting signs on fences. He had the trick of the brush and pencil and cleverly drew sketches illustrating the virtues of merchandise. He was naturally musical and shone as a fiddler in the villages at which his party stopped at night. He played for dances and at concerts in country hotels. He wrote rhymes, which sometimes found their way into country newspapers.

He led this cheerful, free and easy life late in the '70s, then he took employment as a reporter on a newspaper at Anderson, Ind. In 1877, for the purpose, as he said, of proving that he could write poetry of value, he perpetrated the Poe hoax which for years was a literary sensation. He wrote a poem in the style of Edgar Allan Poe, to which he gave the characteristic title of "Leonanie," and it was offered to the public as a hitherto unpublished product of the genius of Poe. One of the stanzas was: "Leonanie—angels named her,

And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white.
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight and her eyes of bloomy
Moonglow and they brought her to
me

In the solemn night.

In some quarters the poem was accepted as genuine; in others it was denounced as a fraud. After the controversy had waged for months Riley confessed.

In the early '80s he began writing verses in "Hoosier" dialect for the old Indianapolis Journal. He sent some of his poems to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and they received his praise. A volume was published and "the Hoosier poet" began to win a public. He was an excellent reader of his own dialect verses and for the following fifteen years, or until 1899, he made tours of the country, appearing in public with great success both alone and in association with the humorist, Bill Nye, who was his intimate friend.

Publication of books of poems year after year brought Riley a fortune and wide recognition of his literary genius and not only in the genre form. Many of his poems are of imaginative fantasy of gently philosophy.

In 1902 he received the degree of master of arts from Yale University and in 1904 the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of doctor of letters. Indiana University conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on him in 1907.

In July, 1911, the poet presented to the city of Indianapolis property valued at \$75,000 for a site for a public library and school administration building.

Riley never married, but he was a lover of children, whose spirit he divined so intimately, and of family life. Many of the last years of his life he spent quietly at his home in a secluded section of Indianapolis.

Do You Know That

Intelligent motherhood conserves the nation's best crop?

Heavy eating like heavy drinking shortens life!

The registration of sickness is even more important than the registration of deaths?

The U. S. Public Health Service cooperates with state and local authorities to improve rural sanitation?

Many severe cold ends in tuberculosis?

Sedentary habits shorten life?

Neglected adenoids and defective teeth in childhood menace adult health?

A low infant mortality rate indicates high community intelligence?

Members of the North Carolina National Guard who are employees of the Durham Hosiery Mill will lose nothing financially if called to the border, as the mill authorities issued a statement last week declaring they would pay these men the difference between their salaries in civil life and their pay as soldiers. This applies only to employees who are members of the guard and not to those who may enlist for services. The Carrs own five hosiery mills in four cities and many of their employees are members of the guard. Half the members of the Durham company are employed at the hosiery mill.

No. 666

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVERS. Five or six doses will break any case and makes them to a tonic the Fever with no nervousness. It acts on the Liver better than Colored and does not grip or strain. No

The Moderate Drinker.

The moderate drinker is never well, hardly ever—visibly intoxicated. He does not stagger about, nor draw a crowd on the streets, insult people, or otherwise make a bestial exhibition of himself; nothing so low as that, of course. Oh, yes, once or twice a year perhaps, at an anniversary, or seeing a friend off, he may talk a trifling thick, say things he is heartily ashamed of when reminded of them, and be a trifling wobbly on his pins, but surely no worse than that. The little he takes "certainly cannot hurt." He is almost always a congenial man, a good fellow, one of a coterie that have from youth been comrades. It is such a moderate drinker who oftentimes has the sadly diminished life expectancy after forty. Take two-score such: one drops out of the circle from acute indigestion, according to the death certificate; another a year or two afterward from Bright's disease; another soon after from a liver gone wrong; and then one most unexpected from pneumonia—"so strong he seemed, and so florid of face." Queer, how those funerals come on so soon, one after another, among men every one of whom, you would think, should have been good for at least threescore and ten. At fifty few of that once considerable company remain, and after each funeral the survivors get together and, while sympathetically recounting the bonhomie and the virtues of the deceased, take all, most fervently, a few rounds of the good old stuff to his memory. Odd, is it not, that in such circumstances alcohol is never suspected to be the underlying cause of those premature deaths; that it has made the body susceptible to, has predisposed it to, those fatal diseases? This alcohol does by disorganizing the body's natural defenses.

Apropos of these observations are data collected by forty-three American life insurance companies, covering an experience of twenty-five years, as follows: Individuals who took two glasses of beer or a glass of whisky or an equivalent amount of alcohol in any form, each day, showed a mortality 18 per cent higher than the average of the group. The mortality among those who had indulged in occasional excesses previous to their application for life insurance was 50 per cent higher than the average—which means a loss of four years to each life. Men who acknowledged the habit of indulging somewhat freely, but who were still considered acceptable for insurance, showed a mortality 86 per cent higher than the average.

But it's not altogether her fault. She wasn't trained right. She is a parlor ornament and not a thrifty wife. She can't manage. She can't plan. She can't save. She can just be sweet; but sweetness never runs a home. It's good for dessert, but a home is made of beef-steak and potatoes and pies and puddings that "touch the spot," and the old saying is as true now as ever, that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and lucky the woman who has found it out.

Don't spoil your daughter in the raising. Teach her to look upon housekeeping as an art—a science, worthy of a place in the school curriculum, and absolutely essential to the comfort and well-being of a home. If the wife is a woman, she will be a lady, but she can be a lady and only a big doll—Exchange.

Heroes in Black.

"White folks, we'll bring 'em to you." That is what one of the two negroes, who, risking their lives, put out in a small boat from the Gaston county side of the Catawba river last Monday to rescue those who had gone down stream when the Southern railway bridge near Belmont broke Sunday afternoon, and who for hours had been clinging to the trees whose tops were above the water. They made good, those negroes did. To save the lives of strangers they risked their own. In years to come, when the great July flood of 1916 is spoken of by the peaceful firesides along the Catawba, the story of the daring and the bravery of these two colored men will be told. "White folks, we'll bring 'em to you." In the years to come if there should arise strife or misunderstanding between the two races in this country, let the story be told about the great flood in the Catawba river, how when hundreds of people, powerless to help, lined the banks of the stream swollen by raging waters perhaps to a greater degree than at any other time in all the centuries, and heard the plaintive, pleading call for help from men away out in the stream, and who all through the fearful night had been clinging to tree tops, and two brave and stalwart colored men, strangers to the distressed ones, got into a boat and as with strong hands upon oars they pulled away from shore one of them called to the crowd on the land, "White folks, we'll bring 'em back to you." On the red fields where graves are made and honor won, there has not been a braver deed than was that of the man who said, "White folks, we'll bring 'em back to you" and his companion in heroism.

Ice cream can not be made from milk. To make ice cream requires not less than three or three and one-half parts of cream to one part of milk. The proportion of cream and milk that can be used depends upon the richness of them; that is, upon the milk fat that they contain.

Inspection will be made soon and places where ice cream is made or sold must be clean and in a sanitary condition.

As yet no prosecutions have been made of the ice cream dealers, but they have been given ample opportunity to comply with the law, and in the future violations will have to be reported to the courts.

W. M. ALLEN,
Food and Oil Chemist.

Similar Cases Being Published in Each Issue.

The following case is but one of many occurring daily in Laurinburg. It is an easy matter to verify it. You cannot ask for better proof.

Mrs. R. N. Grubbs, E. Church St., Laurinburg, says: "For several weeks I was in such bad shape I could hardly get around. The kidney secretions were unnatural and my nerves were a wreck. My head ached and I had awful diary spells. These ailments made my health all run down and nothing seemed to do me any good. Three boxes of Dean's Kidney Pills removed the trouble."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Dean's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Grubbs had. Foster-Milburn Co., Proprietary, Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System. The old fashioned general strengthening tonic, O'DONOVAN'S FASTER-LESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, strengthens the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. No

Just a Lady.

Somewhere in the suburbs of New York live a man and wife, happily married, with one child. The husband has a job that brings a fairly good income and the wife keeps the house and takes care of the baby. Both are well bred. He was a southern gentleman; she is the daughter of well-to-do parents, went to boarding school, is handsome and accomplished. She learned everything a girl should know but the one essential thing, how to make a home. Her mother had her maid. The daughter's clothes were always ready and her mending done. Her youthful years were spent in having a good time and learning the art of being a lady.

She married. Now she must run a home. She doesn't know how. Her husband gives her \$125 a month for the house. Because she never learned to cook and can't afford a cook they must take their dinners out. Therefore Mr. Husband comes home, takes care of the baby while Mrs. Wife rushes half a mile to a boarding house, eats her dinner in a hurry and rushes back; then he hurries half a mile to the boarding house and gets his fat dinner. Her generous allowance is gone when the month is up and it has brought no satisfaction. They have no "homey" meals together; they blame the baby—they ought to blame her mother.

Had this wife been brought up to be a woman instead of just a lady, she would take 30 dollars they spend every month for boarding house dinners and get two meals a day for two that would make the boarding house dinners look like a 10-cent lunch. But she doesn't know how. She doesn't study her job. She can't save her energy. The time and efforts spent to get to the boarding house and back, the dressing, the annoyance and the worry would more than get the meal, and a better one, and clear it away. She doesn't want to be merely a lady, she would rather be a woman; now it's too late—she's spoiled.

But it's not altogether her fault. She wasn't trained right. She is a parlor ornament and not a thrifty wife. She can't manage. She can't plan. She can't save. She can just be sweet; but sweetness never runs a home. It's good for dessert, but a home is made of beef-steak and potatoes and pies and puddings that "touch the spot," and the old saying is as true now as ever, that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and lucky the woman who has found it out.

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Notice to Ice Cream Dealers.

The Department of Agriculture whose duty it is to enforce the State food laws has spent a good deal of time in effort to cause the ice cream dealers of the State to know the requirements of the law, and how to comply with them.

If your product is not standard ice cream, then you must show to your customers by placard in your place of business or by tag or label on the freezer or package that the product you sell is not ice cream but a compound ice cream or something sold as a substitute for ice cream, provided for by the ice cream regulation.

The regulation provides for the sale of products that are not standard ice cream. If the regulation is not complied with the officials will take it to mean that you are selling your product as ice cream.

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THE LAURINBURG MCKINNON.

FISK
Non-Skids
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than the plain tread styles of several other standard makers. When you buy a Fisk Non-Skid you get the best tire on the market for a price that is reasonable and right—the mileage returns this year are better than ever.

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3 x 30 . .	10.40	4½ x 35 . .	31.20
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HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Cardel, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my legs.

The doctor set me for a while, but I was soon forced to bed again. After that, I seemed to do me any good. I had pains so weak I could not stand, I had to give up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardel, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I had pains so weak I could not stand, I had to give up in despair.

Now, I am all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardel, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of wonderful success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardel for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it.

Begins taking Cardel today.

With this variety of designs, either galvanized or tin-plate painted red or green, you can find just the right style of Cortright Metal Shingles for your building. Look for trade-mark "Cortright" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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THE PROGRESSIVE RAILWAY ON THE SOUTH

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Trains Leaving Laurinburg

No. 19—8:25 A. M. Local for Hamlet, Charlotte and all intermediate points—Through Sleeper Wilmington to Charlotte. Open for passengers at Wilmington at 10 P. M.

No. 18—7:27 P. M. Local for Hamlet, Charlotte, and all intermediate points,—Connecting at Hamlet for all points North, South and Southwest. Pullman Parlor Car Wilmington to Charlotte.

Through Daily Pullman Service Wilmington to Atlanta. All Steel Cars. On Friday Through Sleeper.

No. 20—8:35 P. M. Local for Wilmington and all intermediate points,—Through Sleeper Charlotte to Wilmington. Passengers may remain in Sleeper until 7 A. M.

No. 14—9:07 A. M. Local for Wilmington and all intermediate points,—Pullman Parlor Car Charlotte to Wilmington. Through Daily Pullman Service Atlanta to Wilmington. All Steel Cars. Through Sleeper from Birmingham Saturday.

For additional information, as to rates, schedules, or reservations, call on local agent or write the undersigned.

J. Watson, Agent