



## RAGSON TATTERS Says

Folks, I perceive, said the High-brow, after witnessing his first ball game, that in this sport success can only be attained by perfect co-operation among the players, each subordinating his own individuality to that of the organization of which he is a part.

You may be right at that, remarked the Lowbrow, but the main thing is teamwork.

Said the puddle duck to the little white hen, "I've not sold an egg since I don't know when; yet I feel quite sure the eggs I lay are as good as a hen's egg any old day." Said the little white hen to the puddle duck, "You think perhaps you are out of luck. Your eggs are as good, I'll freely admit and larger, too, by quite a bit. But my dear Mrs. Duck, I'll give you a tip, the whole fault lies with your salesmanship. You produce your egg without a quack to your swimming pool you waddle back, I tell the world, to let it know, so I cackle around for an hour or so. There's a good demand for the eggs I lay, for I make my advertising pay."

The telescopes have located a comet near the sun. However, if it expects anything much in the way of publicity, it had better come out into the open.

Little drums and little horns and little ones to play them, little folks to make a noise until you cannot sleep. Sticky bits of bread and jam and dirty hands to lay them on the chairs and window panes, and little kids to creep to your bed when morning comes and wake you with their clamor, little dingy toes to stub; and little feet to roam everywhere they shouldn't—you may keep your saw and hammer; give me these, and only these, and I can build a home.

Little folks who ride your knee and tug at your suspenders, chuckling at the sight of you, if one of them should break; gleeful lips of any age, in all their kinds and genders, little elfs who come to you with stings or stomachache. Little forms that you must take upon your lap and sing to, ruffled little girls and boys to bother you and tease; little, glad-some beings for a dad to be a king to—flats are built of wood and stones but homes are built of these.

The nights are getting cooler, a crispness in the air bespeaks the pair will clash in fierce antipathy, coming winter, soon now a famous semi-yearly bout, in which the coal-man, we predict, will knock the ice-man out.

A kiss is a peculiar thing. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing. The young man has to steal it. The old man has to buy it. The baby's right. The lover's privilege. The hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith. To a married woman, hope. To an old maid, faith, hope and charity.

Once upon a time there was a young man who lived in the year 1924 A. D.

He had never worn a pearl gray hat with a brim turned down all the way around.

He never aspired to play polo and had never fallen off a horse.

He had never danced and was always in bed by 9 o'clock.

He had never stood nonchalantly leaning on a cane, with one hand fastened carelessly in his belt.

He had never attended the races and had never smoked a cigarette.

He was an Eskimo and had never heard of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales.

We saw a real "dirt farmer" yesterday. He climbed out of a Ford in front of "grocery row" and shook a regular June dustcloud out of his clothes.

It is not generally known, says Windy Wolf, "That the whole of my life has been a struggle against debt. Few boys enter manhood under such a handicap as I carried. I lost a million dollars to a woman, the unfortunate outcome of the prize fight between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett. The fellow I lost it to was nine years old. I was only seven. It was not until I moved away from that town at the age of eleven, that I was allowed to think about anything else except owing all that money."

### OPPOSE CHILD LABOR BAN.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 23. — In a speech to bankers in this city, Perry Burrus attacked the federal child labor amendment as an infringement on states' rights and a denial of parental authority.

Mr. Burrus drew a fearsome picture of what will happen to civilization if this amendment is approved. Mr. Burrus is a cotton mill owner and is a large employer of child labor.

## A "CHEERFUL CRIPPLE" REFUSES TO DIE HAS SERVED 50,000 CUSTOMERS

Upton G. Wilson, of Rockingham County, Was "Feeling Fine" When There Appeared To Be No Chance For His Recovery—Is Widely Known As "The Cheerful Cripple"

(From Mecklenburg Times)  
To establish and maintain a successful mail order subscription agency and to gain and hold thousands of customers through fair dealings and courteous treatment is an accomplishment of which a man, strong of limb and sound of body, might well boast. But for this and more to be accomplished by a young man, spending his life in bed, is rather remarkable.

The story of the success of Upton G. Wilson, "Cheerful Cripple," of Madison, N. C., dates back through a number of years and shows how mere grit and stick-to-itiveness won a victory well worth re-



cording. A severed spinal cord with total paralysis below the ninth vertebra has not been sufficient to place Mr. Wilson in the discard. Instead, he has proved by his splendid fight for success, happiness and even life itself, that though a man may be down he is never out until he himself admits it.

### "Feeling Fine" He Says

In the early evening of July 24, 1912, without any warning whatever, Mr. Wilson was shot through the spine and lungs by a cowardly negro, whom he had just discharged for intoxication and disorderly conduct. Paralysis of that part of the body below the wound instantly resulted. Double pneumonia quickly developed and for weeks life hung by a thread, but during all this time and later when his life was despaired of, he never lost courage. When asked how he felt he always replied, "I am feeling fine." He still feels that way.

From the first, surgeons pronounced his case hopeless and after seven weeks in a hospital sent him home to die. But immediately upon reaching home the young man showed the stuff he was made of by beginning to get better, and three months later entered a hospital to go under the surgeon's knife, for prior to this time, he had been too ill for an operation. After careful examination doctors and surgeons again decided that he was too nearly dead to be operated on. Back home again on Christmas Eve he went to try to get strong enough to go through the ordeal of having his broken back mended. After three months more of waiting during which time he gradually gained strength, he underwent a major operation. The shattered vertebra was taken care of, and the spinal cord, dead two inches below the injury, was wrapped with a gold wire and put back into position. But while the operation eventually made him more comfortable, it proved conclusively that he could never walk again.

### Readjustments Necessary

Followed months of mental readjustments as Mr. Wilson began to realize that he must spend his life in bed. Finally the "little blue devils," which crept often to his bedside when he first began to cast about for employment suitable for a man whose lower limbs and more than half his back were without any sense of feeling or motion whatever, were conquered and the "Cheerful Cripple" emerged ready to meet life with a smile. He won his appellation honestly and retains it fairly.

As soon as his strength would permit he began doing something. At first he took a correspondence course in cartooning, for which he had a natural bent, but soon found this too taxing. He must do something else. It chanced that this next something was the soliciting of magazine subscriptions. At first he sold subscriptions for but two or three publications. Results were so gratifying that he widened his activities and eventually began issuing little cata-

logs offering all of the better known magazine. As a result of careful management, his business has shown consistent growth. He has served more than 50,000 customers and issues from 5,000 to 10,000 catalogs annually.

Through his work as a subscription agent, Mr. Wilson has become known to thousands of people in all parts of the South as the "Cheerful Cripple," and his name is a synonym for fair and honest dealing. He makes it a practice to please his customers regardless of the time and trouble necessary to do so, and places all orders within 24 hours after they are received. His service now covers

every periodical in America.

### Selling Chewing Tobacco

At one time Mr. Wilson was very much interested in selling plug tobacco and made many friends among chewers of the weed through his mail order plug tobacco business. He bought the tobacco at wholesale prices and retained it by mail cheaper than it could be bought in the stores. However, this business soon grew too heavy for him to personally supervise and so he decided to devote more time and attention to his magazine business. Through the mails he has made as active a canvass as any traveling agent, and has been rewarded with many special prizes and cash bonuses for securing subscription. His picture has appeared in several publications, especially the Saturday Evening Post, as one of the banner agents.

Today he is a successful, cheerful business man, with an outlook on life that is the envy of his friends. Folks like to visit him. Strangers passing through town often stop by for a chat. Friends and strangers alike admire his courage and resourcefulness.

In addition to conducting a subscription agency, Wilson does quite a bit of writing. He is local correspondent for a number of out-of-town papers and occasionally writes feature articles for the newspapers he represents. These usually are of a humorous trend and are widely read and commented upon.

More than a year ago Mr. Wilson was sworn in as justice of the peace for his township. Since that time he has tried some interesting cases of minor importance and has united in marriage quite a number of couples of fond young lovers. He performs the wedding ceremony with all the ease and dignity of a member of the clergy.

### Takes Then As They Come

If he happens to be sitting up when the prospective bride and groom arrive, he proceeds with the ceremony from his wheelchair; but if, as is usually the case, he is lying in bed, he has no difficulty in making the twain one.

Mr. Wilson is a baseball fan and radio enthusiast. During the summer he usually manages to see one or more ball games a week. He watches from the car in which he rides and follows the game closely. In winter he turns to radio for entertainment and relaxation. Sunday night sermons are his delight.

"The Cheerful Cripple" lives his life. He radiates good cheer and optimism. He is a church worker, often leads in community betterment enterprises, and takes a keen interest in local, state and national affairs. In fact, with the exception that he lives it from bed, he lives a normal, useful life.

He is a confirmed nature lover and never tires of watching the wonders the changing seasons bring. Birds are his especial hobby. Stories which he has written of the feathered friends have attracted favorable comment. About his home are large numbers of any kind of birds. Even the shy thicket-loving cardinal

nests each year in a spot he can see from his window.

Mr. Wilson's latest venture is delivering public addresses from his wheelchair. He has made a number of public appearances, at which he has always held the close attention of his hearers. So far, he has confined himself to speaking at his local high school auditorium. He has also written one very interesting play which has been successfully produced.

On the left side of his bed is his desk at which he works assiduously when lying on the left side. On the other side is his rolling table on which his radio and telephone are within easy reach. Within reach, also, is his little typewriter table which is often in use. Members of the family are awakened many mornings by the click of the typewriter as he writes letters for the early mail or prepares a news article.

A few years ago when there was a keenly felt need for a pastor's home in his community, Mr. Wilson convinced his neighbors that the thing to do was to build one. But there was no funds. Soon a building committee was selected with Mr. Wilson as secretary. Immediately he issued circular letters to the Sunday schools in the State with the request that they send one dollar as a contribution for building the home. With less than \$1,000 secured in this way, but still enough for a nucleus, the church members began operations and the parsonage completed in a short time, was housing the pastor and his family in less than six months from the date its chief builder made others of the congregation realize that the pastor must have a home among his people. Prior to this time the pastor had resided in a town some miles away and consequently had been unable to fulfill all of a pastor's duties.

To the young men and boys around him, Mr. Wilson is both pal and adviser; to the older people he is trusted friend; but to all with whom he comes in contact, he is the personification of truth and optimism.

It should be remembered that Upton G. Wilson is much more physically helpless than is the average paralytic. If he sits in a chair or car he must be lifted into it and then must brace himself with hands and arms in order to hold his body in position. Neither his legs nor feet are of any use whatever to him so far as moving himself around is concerned. He is unable to turn himself in bed without assistance and is forced to lie on an air cushion to prevent the congestion that would otherwise naturally cause more serious affliction.

He is most comfortable while lying in bed and does his best work there. He was twenty-three years old when injured and still retains his youth.

"The Cheerful Cripple" is never pessimistic. Warm-hearted, courageous, friendly, he greets the world with a smile and is living proof that life can be usefully and happily lived even though it has to be lived within the limited confines of bed and wheelchair.

"The union label signifies the application in industrial life of rules which every good citizen supplies in individual life, cleanliness, honesty and care for the young. It stands always for the facts of today, but never for a tradition of yesterday."—Samuel Compers.

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