

Little Old New York

(By O. G. McINTYRE)

New York, Sept. 6.—A page from the diary of a modern Sampel Peppys. Up betimes. R. Roba, the artist, inviting himself to breakfast of which I was proud and made great shift to please him. Had a pleasant walk and stopped to see my herologist and am about persuaded to wear a watch about my wrist.

A letter came by post from my father, who promises to visit me shortly from the west, and we are to see the Freeman, Carpenter, box. My wife pettish about the condition of my speech, in truth I did say before some strangers. "I done," but it was a mere slip of the tongue which worries me not a whit.

Through the town on the omnibus and the conductor carried me past my station, with mean intent I thought, and we had high words, saying to him things for which I was sorry all the day. To the Algonquin for luncheon and I did see Miss Theda Bara, the cinema play actress, and Mr. Hoppe, the English artist.

I bought Joyce Kilmer's poem to a tree on parchment and in a frame, it being the finest thing I ever read. About the town is cried mightily that prices are coming down which I hope is true.

In the evening with E. Carroll and Misses, Marcella, for the first time, new play, a fine piece, and we sat in a box. Later we walked to the Asador for frozen cream and W. Hoag, of Texas, the Governor's son, and D. Dorsey joined us. Then home and so to bed.

New York has said goodbye to the fire-horse. The last three were taken to pastures last week. An Manly symbol of breathless adventure. To see from the top of a bus, the engines swarming up Fifth Avenue, had more of thrill than a movie theater. One crisp morning three years ago the early pedestrians saw horses, three abreast two rows deep, turn into Fifth avenue from Fifty-Seventh street. A lead horse stumbled. All went down and slid on the smooth icy street for a block, then arose miraculously and were off like a flash. Such a thing could never happen on the street.

Park Row reporters who stood white as paper when the fire horse was the first but unflinching at the electrocutions of Becker, Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louis and a score of other Death House men who made strong men quail, admit that the last one they witnessed was too much. Two hardened scribes actually swooned after it was all over.

Peg Leg Kelly, a gangster, happened to be in the room through the green door on one leg. He was smoking a cigar. "It is hard work on one foot," he smiled. "You'll have to give me a little time, Cap." When he reached the chair he threw down his cigar and said, "I am ready." A few moments later he was pronounced dead. The smoke still curled upward from the cigar on the floor. It was left to die a natural death. There was not man in the room who did not leave with a firm resolve to fight for the abolishment of capital punishment.

With the first tang of Fall weather, folks are rushing back to town. The chestnut vendors are out in Union Square. Caruso has taken possession of his new quarters—an entire floor—at the Vanderbilt. Road companies are starting out on the baroque circuit. These things signify the same idea that burning leaves do in the small

Hamish MacLauren used to be a reporter on the Evening World. Then he became publicity impresario for the largest movie palace in town. He was at a little dinner party one night when he confided to a friend that his ambition was to write fiction. "But I cannot plot a story," he added. The host thought he could and said he would gamble with him on his first yarn. He would allow him a drawing account and they were to split the first story check if it arrived. Three months later MacLauren met his old friend who congratulated him for his stories have been selling as fast as he could write them. "How do you like the writing game now?" asked the friend. "It is a tough life," sighed MacLauren, "I can plot like a villain now—but darn it, I cannot write."

A group of young ladies were lighting up their first cigarette after the matinee in a Fifth Avenue oolong parlor the other afternoon. Two strangers came in and occupied an opposite table. They appeared to be old western bursters. They ordered tea and then one took a flask from his hip pocket. He started to pour out a drink when at the same time both saw the group of girls. "Let's get out of here," they said together. It seems they didn't realize a tough place they were getting into.

CHILDREN should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "cure"—VICK'S VAPORUB YOUR BODYGUARD

SOCIAL NEWS

J. D. Dawson, postmaster at Hauran, is in the city today.

J. E. Bray of Elizabeth City is a business visitor to the city today.

N. L. Godley of Ansonia was here today attending the tobacco opening.

Messrs. H. E. Quimery, W. L. Holliday and E. V. Evans of Grifton, joined in the city this morning.

Messrs. R. R. Fleming and J. S. Satterthwaite of Pactolus are in the city today.

F. G. Dupree, Jr., of Farmville was on our streets this afternoon.

Mansfield Hollingsworth has gone to Abbeville, S. C., to spend two or three weeks with his mother.

E. S. Hobgood of Farmville is here today on business.

Fiftieth Anniversary Championship Ball is To Be Celebrated

Chicago. — The fiftieth anniversary of the professional baseball championship game will be celebrated by the Old Timers Baseball Association at a banquet here October 13. The game was played between the Cincinnati Red Stockings and the Chicago White Stockings October 13, 1870, at the old Dexter Dripping Park in this city. The Cincinnati aggregation went down to defeat 16 to 3 at the hands of the Chicago team.

This game was practically the beginning of professional baseball, according to A. G. Spink, of Chicago, the secretary of the old association.

The Old Timers Baseball Association was organized about a year ago. It takes in persons who played in, or who saw the game and now has about 1,000 members. Tom Foley, manager of the old White Stockings team, is a member.

CALLED HER FAMILY TO HER BEDSIDE

Six Years Ago Thinking She Might Die, Says Texas Lady, But Now She is a Well, Strong Woman and Praises Cardui For Her Recovery.

Rocky City, Tex.—Mrs. Mary Kilman, of this place, says, "After the birth of my little girl, my side commenced to hurt me. I had to go back to bed. We called the doctor. He treated me, but I got no better. It got worse and worse until the misery was unbearable. I was in bed for three months and suffered such agony that I was just drawn up in a knot. I told my husband if he would get me a bottle of Cardui, I would try it. I commenced taking it, however, that evening I called my family about me, for I knew I could not last many days unless I had a change for

the better. That was six years ago and I am still here and am a well, strong woman, and I owe my life to Cardui. I had only taken half the bottle when I began to feel better. The misery in my side got less. I continued right on taking the Cardui until I had taken three bottles and I did not need any more for I was well and never felt better in my life. I have never had any trouble from that day to this."

Do you suffer from headache, backache, pains in sides, or other discomforts, each month? Or do you feel weak, nervous and fagged-out? If so, give Cardui, the woman's tonic, a trial.

Acid-Stomach Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 70 per cent of the population suffer from Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repelling, hoarseness, nervousness, the system eventually becomes affected. Every individual suffering in some degree or other. You see these symptoms of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who under the observation of their own doctors and who feel pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from such trouble or even if you do not feel any stomach distress, try the weak and ailing, feel tired and drained, lack pep and enthusiasm, you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on life as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy for indigestion, heartburn, belching, gas, bloating, nervousness, backache, stomach aches and cramps. See how soon such strong, clean and crisp. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vigor and vitality come back. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to please you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Accept No Substitutes for Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT Purely Vegetable Liver Medicine

For School Wear Techstyle Middies The Better Tailored Kind

FOR the college miss and for the school girl of six and upwards, the Middy is the perfect solution of the problem of "What to wear?"

Their utility and serviceableness make them as practical and economical as they are stylish and becoming.

No girl's school wardrobe is quite complete without a few Middy Suits and Middy Blouses, of both cotton and wool fabric. Of all Middies, TECHSTYLES Suits and Blouses best fulfill the exacting demands of school wear, because they are correct in design, of highest quality materials and faultlessly tailored.

The leading local stores sell TECHSTYLE Middies. If your dealer does not have them, write us.

Techstyle Middy Blouses and Suits made of Lonsdale Twill, Indian Head Cloth, Wash Satin and Tricotine in white; Beach Cloth in white, Copenhagen and French, Imperial and Storm Serge in navy, black, cream and Shepherd Plaids. Pleated skirts and fast colors. Cut generously full—deep yokes front and back—double-attached collars—deep 3-inch blouses—wide collars—full lined sleeves with close fitting cuffs—All blouses and skirts full regulation lengths—front hand-embroidered—trimmings—no cheap tape used, only best quality materials—carefully made, closely stitched.

Techstyle Manufacturing Corp., Richmond, Va.

Formal Opening Of J. L. HORNE & CO.'S

Exclusive store for men and boys' furnishing takes place next Thursday afternoon and evening from 5 to 10 P. M.

Music And Refreshments

Everybody in Greenville and Pitt County have a cordial invitation to attend this opening as guests of the firm.

JOHN. L. HORNE & COMPANY

Dickinson Ave. Greenville N. C.

ATTENTION

OUR GREAT BUYING POWER GUARANTEES THE PRICE, QUALITY AND STYLE. WE DO NOT SELL TRASH OR SECONDS. OUR MERCHANDISE IS CRISP AND NEW, DEPENDABLE AND LOW-PRICED, MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES ON EACH AND EVERY ARTICLE. BUYING SHODDY MERCHANDISE IS FALSE ECONOMY—THE BEST-COST BUT LITTLE MORE AT OUR STORE AND IS TWICE AS GOOD. IT WILL PAY YOU WELL TO DO YOUR SHOPPING HERE IN OUR BIG DEPARTMENTS. CREDIT PRIVILEGES EXTENDED.

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