

Having Fun With a Thousand Dollars

Last Christmas, John D. Rockefeller sent Mr. Conwell a check for one thousand dollars. And this is what he did with it: "When I opened the envelope and found it, I said to myself: 'Here's a thousand dollars that I hadn't expected at all. How can I have the most fun with it?' Well, I went over to the dean of Temple University and asked him for the names of six boys who had been forced to drop out for lack of money; I gave a hundred to each, and they were able to finish the year. Then I thought of a poor, old widow out on the edge of the city, who had been sick and was not able to pay even the pitiful little rent for her tiny cottage. So I rode out there and paid her rent for two years in advance—\$200 a year—and took the receipt and gave it to her as a Christmas gift. Talk about satisfaction! Why I sang all the way back home. You asked me whether money can help to make old age happy, and I tell you with all my heart that it can—provided you don't hold on to it for your children to quarrel about after you are dead, or covet and scheme for even before you are dead! What a fool a man is to leave a great fortune to his children. Of the 4,403 millionaires whose lives I have studied, 3,708 began life without a dollar. Some statistics compiled years ago in Massachusetts show that not one rich man's son out of 11 ever died rich. The money you hoard impoverishes you, but the money you give away—it blesses old age like a cool shade of a tree."—Russell H. Conwell, in the American Magazine.

Another Candidate for Meanest Man

Charged with using the mails to defraud, Martin Gross, of New York City, is awaiting trial in the Federal courts. Complaints received by police and postal authorities from relatives and friends of soldiers killed in the war caused an investigation and the arrest of Gross.

The complaints alleged that following the publication of the list of the soldier dead small C. O. D. packages were sent to the dead soldier's address. The charge collected was \$2.08. When opened they were found to contain a small black ribbon with a medal, on which was inscribed, "In memory of—." The value of the medal was about ten cents. The \$2.08 was remitted to the sender.

Was Very Weak

"After the birth of my baby I had a back-set," writes Mrs. Mattie Crosswhite, of Glade Spring, Va. "I was very ill; thought I was going to die. I was so weak I couldn't raise my head to get a drink of water. I took . . . medicine, yet I didn't get any better. I was constipated and very weak, getting worse and worse. I sent for Cardui."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I found after one bottle of Cardui I was improving," adds Mrs. Crosswhite. "Six bottles of Cardui and . . . I was cured. . . . I can say they were a God-send to me. I believe I would have died, had it not been for Cardui." Cardui has been found beneficial in many thousands of other cases of womanly troubles. If you feel the need of a good, strengthening tonic, why not try Cardui? It may be just what you need.

All Druggists

WHEN I WAS WEAK.

When I was weak, Full of capers and up for fun, And there wasn't one in the parish like me, And dear! How my two bare feet could run.

When I was weak, Fetch or follow by me to get, You'd wonder far on either hand, But that and all you'd never get, Eyes on the hole in your own Townsend, When I was weak.

Ah! Sharp the tip is the tongue that's old, And white the laugh when the lips fall in— It's the young to laugh and the aged to scold, The old to pray and the young to sin, And I was weak.

And ye want to go out to the dance, avie, As if ye have nothin' else to do? And me the poor old man on a stick, And once I could step on the floor like you.

When I was weak! —Patrick McGill: "Mourner" (McBride).

HERE'S HUNTER'S EASY CHAIR

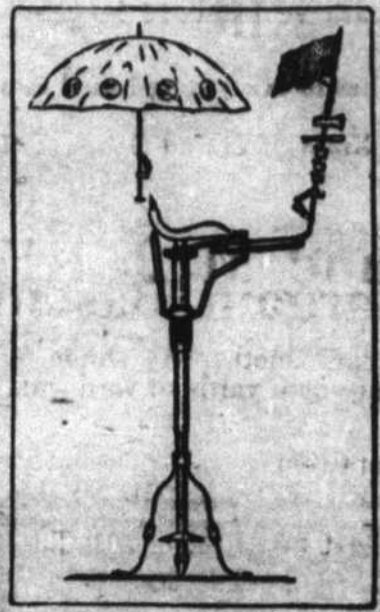
Surely the Last Word in Luxury for Those Who Feel They Must Kill Something.

When the tired business man seeks relaxation he wants to be comfortable. If on a hunting trip, he feels just that way.

For his special and luxurious benefit is a "hunting chair," newly patented by John Gaj of Detroit. It affords ease and repose while waiting for birds or other game to come along and get within gunshot.

The seat is supported by a hollow cylindrical standard, the parts of which are screwed together for setting up the affair. Inside of the standard is a strong-coiled spring, and at its top, beneath the seat, is a cap provided with ball-bearings, the arrangement giving resiliency and at the same time enabling the hunter to turn readily in any direction.

The back of the seat supports over his head an umbrella, in which are a



Hunting "de Luxe."

number of circular windows through which he can look out in any direction.

A bracket extending forward between the hunter's legs supports in front of him a vertical rod to which are attached a spy-glass, an electric searchlight for night use and several tooth-horns of different types (actuated by the pressing of buttons) for luring animals within range.

Carried on the same rod are a hook for his coat and a light writing desk, with a pouch for writing materials.

Thus seated at ease, and elevated high in the air so as to survey a wide extent of surroundings, the hunter, protected from the ardent rays of the sun by the umbrella, can occupy himself comfortably with a book or with his correspondence while waiting for something to come along and be killed. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Observe Will's Odd Provisions.

A choir boy stood on his head at Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, Eng., recently while parts of a will were read. The will was that of Edward Wilkes, a Seventeenth century London merchant, who left almshouses and lands to the town with the stipulation that each year the boating of the bounds should be observed in the rising generation. Beer and jam rolls were formerly provided for the boys, who now receive money.

Chicken Has Four Legs.

An Ontario reader, says the Montreal Family Herald, has a chicken with four legs. The two extra legs are immediately behind the two normal legs. The chick does not use its two extra legs. They are perfectly formed with feet. At the time of writing our reader says the chick was one week old and was doing well.

Choked With Its Own Tongue.

A chicken in New Brunswick suffocated itself with its tongue. The bird swallowed a long piece of string on which there was a loop. The loop caught under the bird's tongue, drawing it up as the string went down the throat, thus causing suffocation.

Value of Copper in Street.

In analyses of streets that had been exposed to the air more than 30 years, those which had resisted rust were found to contain more than 0.1 per cent of copper, but specimens having less copper were badly oxidized.

Oats Spouted in Man's Ear.

Wild oats which got stuck to the drum of a man's ear were found to be sprouting, says a Saskatchewan reader.

Some Grand Old Men

Tennyson was 83 when he wrote his putting-out-to-sea poem. So crates started to learn music at the age of 60. Cato at 80 took up the study of Greek, and Plutarch at 80 began to study Latin. Dr. Johnson began to teach Dutch at the age of 60. Chaucer began work on his Canterbury Tales, his most important life work, after he had passed his 54th birthday. At the age of 90 John Adams was still in possession of his intellectual powers. In the very height of his eloquence John Wesley was at his best in the pulpit at 88 years of age. When an old man of 80 lang winters, Michael Angelo painted the greatest single picture that has been put on canvas since the world began, and three years later he was still making the sky and sunshine glorious with his brush. Gen. Von Moltke commanded the victorious army that entered the gates of Paris when he 70 and still in active service of his country. Joseph Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle at his best about the time he was celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday. Victor Hugo gave the world his best novels when he was from 75 to 80 years of age; George Bancroft was writing deathless history after he was 80; Tennyson composed "Crossing the Bar" at 83; and Goethe wrote the most wonderful section of Faust at the age of 80. Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand and Voltaire were all giving out ideas at 80. At 80 William Gladstone conducted his greatest campaign and at 83 he was still master of Great Britain.—Presbyterian Standard.

Dr. R. J. LOVILL

PHYSICIAN

Office over F. D. Holcomb Hardware Store. Phone 348

Parents Rallied Alone on Prayer, Boy Dead

Fayetteville, Nov. 16.—A grand jury investigation of the death of the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Carroll, who live about three miles south of here, whose parents resorted to prayer instead of calling a physician when the child became ill, is recommended by a Cumberland county coroner's jury, following an inquest held at the request of Dr. E. W. Larkin, county health officer. The jury's finding is that the boy's parents neglected to call a doctor and trusted solely in prayer and that the child died of diphtheria. The coroner's jury did not pass on the much debated question as to whether or not it constitutes neglect to rely solely on the Giver of all gifts, but passes that question on to the grand jury, for an investigation if the latter body "deems it necessary." As to whether there was plain neglect the evidence before the jury is silent, but there are hints of such.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll are said to be followers of the Holiness religion. The lad's mother testified at the inquest that he grew sick on Friday, that she nursed him and that he got better, as she thought, until Monday, when he became worse. On Monday, she said, Rev. Albert Lester, Rev. Jerome Hodges, Mrs. Bertie Baumgardner, Mrs. Dawkins, Mr. Carroll and herself prayed incessantly for about two hours.

Dr. W. C. Verdery testified that he was called to the house Tuesday morning but that when he reached there the child had just died. He diagnosed the case as probable diphtheria, but refused to sign a death certificate. He at once notified Dr. Larkin, who requested Dr. R. A. Allkood, the county coroner, to hold the inquest.

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But there are other qualities that are desirable in gasoline besides the "pep" that proper volatility assures. There must be sturdy pulling power for heavy grades, combined with big mileage per gallon. The motor fuel must burn up so completely that there is practically no half-burned residue to foul the moving parts of the motor and dilute the lubricating oil.

These properties of a well balanced motor fuel are all possessed by "Standard" Motor Gasoline. It is an improved article which leads other gasolines in every important quality that makes for efficient and economical operation.

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