

AN ACTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Muchly Marriell Thespian Gives Amusing Account of the Things That Happened to Him.

"Why beautiful women marry Nat Goodwin."

This is the long promised book of memoirs which the famous actor has just completed at his Santa Monica home. They are filled with flashes of wit and philosophy.

The New York American correspondent is enabled to publish in advance an excerpt from the memoirs dealing with the time when Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, wife no 3, were trying to break into English society. He tells of scenes at Jackwood, the English country estate he leased to gratify Maxine Elliott's penchant for cultivating the British aristocracy.

"During the early days at Jackwood, my English home," he says, "when I was busily engaged in hiring guests to come and partake of my board and rooms (I mean professional diners-out), I found great difficulty in securing patrons. I had plenty at my command, so far as professional friends and visiting Americans were concerned, but the fair Maxine had the English bee in her America bonnet and insisted we must try to get together some of the impetuous nobility and a few army men as guests."

Under Spell of Her Beauty.

"I knew of no one who represented these particular branches of society, and had no desire to, but, being under her hypnotic influence, I sought a woman, the wife of a friend of mine, an American mining man, who, I discovered, knew all the swag members of the Guards—one very particular one—and through her influence one of these 'sap-heads' was persuaded to visit our humble home from Saturday until Monday. He came, accompanied by one of the present Dukes of England—the father of whom, by the way, died owing me a paltry \$2,000, borrowed on the race course at Deauville, France."

They all came down this particular Saturday in conjunction with Mme. Melba and Hadden Chambers. We had a lovely time—that is, I presume they did—as Maxine insisted on my entertaining the guests between courses with my supposedly funny stories. Generally after the telling of each one, which occupied some little time, my portion of the feast was either cold, or confiscated by the butler. Very little attention was paid to me, any way, only when reciting anecdotes, and the first of every month when the bills became due.

Melba Did Not Sing.

"However, this particular evening the guests sauntered into the drawing room, expecting to hear Melba sing. She didn't even talk, and the party, in young couples of two, sauntered through the house and inspected the grounds. I, being on particularly good terms with the butler, selected him for my companion, and we quietly strolled through the upper rose terrace, discussing the matter that would appeal to the next influx of England's dilettante. By this time all my American friends were barred, as Maxine considered them extremely common."

"The butler and I were figuring out the expenses of the past month as the pale moon cast its rays over my book of memoranda, when we stopped before an open window of the drawing room to figure."

What He and The Butler Heard.

"How could you possibly have married such a vulgar little person?"

"I, being terribly self-conscious at all times," said to my butler:

"Louis, that's me that chocolate soldier is referring to; listen and we will have a warrior's opinion of a Thespian." I heard the following dialogue:

"She—Do you think him vulgar?"

"He—Not necessarily vulgar, but an awful accent."

"She—Well, no one ever accused him of an American accent. He was educated in Boston. Don't you think him rather amusing?"

"He—In what way?"

"She—By way of anecdotes and funny stories."

"He—Were those stories he told at dinner supposed to be funny?"

"She—Of course; didn't you hear the guests laugh?"

"He—Yes, so I did, but simply in a spirit of compliment. Is he supposed to be a comic man in your country?"

"She—Extremely so."

"He—Really!"

"She—And he talks remarkably well to-night?"

"He—I thought so."

Under Spell of Her Beauty.

"He—Well, maybe, but I was defensed by your beauty. I saw nothing but those beautiful eyes of yours, my dear Mrs. Goodwin, and everything else was a blank. Really, I—"

"She—Now, don't pay me silly compliments, Lord A—; it isn't necessary."

"He—I beg your pardon, but will you please tell me how you happened to marry that funny little man?"

"She—Now, don't ask me impertinent questions; one has to get married, and, really, when he talks he says something."

"He—Does he rally?"

"The butler and I quietly resumed our stroll. Some time after I met this Grenadier. I talked and said something."

(My publisher refuses to print it) Cost of Jackwood.

"Jackwood proved a lovely summer abode for me. It cost me \$50,000 to get it, \$15,000 a year to keep it up; we were there about ten or more weeks every season, and it cost me \$25,000 to get rid of it. The comic little man did one thing, however. He launched his third wife on the waves of English society, and they repaid him by stealing her from him. Did they get a bargain? I wonder!"

THE VITAL SPARK.

Chicago Doctor Says That He Has Seen It Pass From the Dying.

Chicago, Ill.,—The "fight of the vital spark" has been witnessed, according to a statement made today by Dr. Patrick S. O'Donnell, and X-ray expert, who has been following up experiments made by Dr. W. J. Kilner, of London, England.

Some time ago, using a chemicalized film sealed between two thin strips of glass, Dr. O'Donnell gave a demonstration to twenty physicians of the aura, or 'electrical radiation' of living bodies, four young women being used as subjects. The aura developed as a strong ray of light surrounding the entire form of the subjects.

Aura Disappeared as Man Died.

"Last night," said Dr. O'Donnell, "in the presence of several physicians at Mercy Hospital, I tried the experiment on a dying man. He was rapidly sinking. Suddenly the attending physician announced that the man was dead. The aura began to spread from the body, and presently disappeared. Further observation of the corpse revealed no sign of the aura."

"We do not claim that the light is the soul, or spirit. In fact, no one seems to know what it is. In my opinion, however, it is some sort of radio activity made visible by the use of the chemical screen. My experiments, however, seem to prove that it is the animating power or current of life of human beings."

Escaped With His Life

"Twenty-one years ago I faced an awful death," writes H. B. Martin, Prot Harrelson, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption, and the dreadful cough I had looked like it, sure enough. I tried everything, I could hear of, for my cough, and was under the treatment of the very best doctor in Georgetown, S. C. for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. Kings New Discovery. I did so, and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, and all bronchial affections. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at J. G. HALL'S."



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HUMAN SACRIFICE.

It Appears to Be an Ordinary Occurrence in Liberia.

Of certain aspects of Liberia Captain Braithwaite Wallis writes in the Geographical Journal: "The population of Jane is large, almost untouched by the so called civilization on the coast. It is typical of western Africa. The men have fine physiques and very black skins, and most of them plait their hair, which is worn about six inches to eight inches long. They appear to be well armed with rifles, guns, spears and swords. While in this town I saw even slaves, who were held by the leg in wooden stocks. They had been in that position for some months. One of them told me through the interpreter that he had been kept thus for two years. He was a man of poor physique, and a purchaser could not therefore be easily found for him."

"That night, while asleep in my little hut in the town, I was awakened by hearing a gentle chorus of women's voices singing some yards away. After a few minutes the chorus ceased and a single voice began, in Bando, an African song. The voice was soft and melodious, and the tune was fascinating and weird and harmonized with the wild environment to which it belonged. After a few lines the other singers joined, and the result was most attractive and beautiful, containing as it did such delicate harmony with excellent taste. During the years I have been in Africa I do not remember having heard anything quite like this singing before, and I shall never forget it. The interpreter told me the next morning that the song was to the good spirits, asking them to guard and protect the white man and his followers on their journey."

Another incident: "A few yards outside the first stockade I noticed an empty grave, the newly turned earth of which showed it had been recently dug. This grave, it appeared, had been used for the purpose of burying a man alive as a sacrifice, and I was informed in a most matter of fact way and as if the occurrence was quite an ordinary one that the unfortunate victim's body had lately been exhumed to obtain certain portions for the purpose of manufacturing fetish medicines."

THE LION'S HEAD.

Origin of Its Use as a Decoration For Fountains.

"The sun glows in the Lion," says Seneca, meaning that when the sun enters the sign of Leo at the summer solstice the highest temperature of the year is experienced. We may say, on the other hand, that the Babylonian astrologers thousands of years ago placed the king of beasts, the fiery and ferocious lion, in that part of the zodiac which the sun enters at the summer solstice.

The constellation which is called Leo bears very little resemblance to the outline of a lion. Probably the name was originally applied only to its principal star, Regulus. It is to this constellation in the zodiac that we owe the countless water spewing lions' heads which are found in ancient and modern fountains, because in the latter part of July, while the sun is still in the sign of Leo, the Nile is at its highest level.

Furthermore, the lion's head with widely open jaws is in itself very suitable for the mouth of a fountain or waterspout. This decorative motif was employed universally throughout the Greco-Roman world. Lions' heads are found used in this way at Athens, Ephesus, Olympia, Argintum and countless other places. It is not quite certain that this employment of the lion's head originated in Egypt. Curtius describes an Assyrian bas-relief from Bairan showing water streaming from a ring shaped vessel. A lion stands as if on guard on either side of the fountain.

The water clock, which was used in judicial proceedings, had the form of a lion and a name which means the guardian of the stream. Hence the idea of protection may have been the origin of the association of lions with fountains, and this custom may have originated in Asia.—Scientific American.

The Rival Roses.

Perhaps the two most famous flowers in history are associated with the Temple gardens, for, according to tradition, it was in the gardens in 1430 that the two leaders plucked the red and white roses which became the badges of the rival houses of Lancaster and York. The gardens were for centuries famous for their roses. Among their floral curiosities one finds in the accounts for 1700 an expenditure on two perimic box trees and wonders what a perimic tree is until one remembers the custom of trimming box trees in a symmetrical or "perimetric" fashion.—London Chronicle.

Beginning at the Foundation.

The progressive people of the parish were anxious to reconstruct and adorn the ancient church, and the senior warden wrote to the bishop about it.

"There are but two things to be done in St. Gregory's," wrote the bishop in reply. "Let the sexton keep it clean and the parson keep it full"—Youth's Companion.

When France Washed in Holland.

In the sixteenth century clothes were sent from all parts of France to be washed in Holland, where the water of the canals was supposed to have special cleansing properties. The cost of transport was about ten times greater in those days than at present.

A LAND OF LEISURE.

The People of Guatemala Like to Take Things Easy.

Just as Spain is the land of "mana-na," Guatemala has been called the land of "no hay." These words mean "there is none," and one hears them wherever one goes. If the people do not want to bother, declares N. O. Winter in "Guatemala and Her People of Today," that will be their invariable answer.

You might go up to a house where the yard was full of chickens, the woman engaged in making tortillas and fruit trees loaded with fruit in the yard and yet have a conversation about like the following:

"Have you any meat?"

"No hay" (pronounced eye).

"Have you any eggs?"

"No hay."

"Have you a house?"

"No hay."

In such a case the best way to do is to enter the house and hunt round for yourself and blandly order the woman to prepare whatever you chance to find. Then, if you leave a small sum of money with her on departing, she will not take any offense, but will politely thank you.

Time is the only thing with which they seem to be well supplied. It is equally hard to get anything done, for unless the party is willing to do the work requested he will find some plausible excuse. An American traveling across the country a few years ago found it necessary to have his horse shod at one of the small towns. There were three blacksmiths in the town. Of these one was sick, but had supplies, a second had no nails and the third no charcoal. As there was no lending among the craft the horse could not be shod.

A MEXICAN FIRE BRIGADE.

Leisurely Way They Fight the Flames at Matamoras.

It might be thought that such an exciting thing as a fire would startle the Mexicans out of their habitual indolence, but such is not the case. The alarm of a fire at Matamoras, Coahuila, Mexico, was given by the discharge of numerous pistols and guns, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and I hastened to the scene, thinking at first that a battle was raging.

After a long interval, during which the people watched the fire with interest, chattering among themselves meanwhile, there appeared placidly trundling along the road the Matamoras equivalent of a fire engine, a barrel rolling along the ground, drawn by a reluctant burro.

A swivel pin in each end of the keg permitted it to roll freely, and ropes attached it to the animal. Behind walked the fire brigade, a solitary peon, bearing a bucket. Arrived at the scene of the conflagration, the water of the barrel was poured into buckets and hauled to the roof of an adjacent house, whence it was fung on to the flames.

Everybody was greatly excited. The calmest thing of all was the fire, which burned steadily on till there was nothing left to consume. Then as the spectacle was over the people dispersed. Every one was satisfied except perhaps the unfortunate owner of the house that had been destroyed.

Insect Sits on Its Eggs.

Family matters in the case of insects usually mean only the depositing of eggs in suitable situations for the independent development of the offspring, the parent insects often dying before the young appear. The earwig, however, provides a remarkable exception to the general rule, for it sits upon its fifty or more eggs until they are hatched, just as a bird would do, and, moreover, if the eggs get scattered it carefully collects them together again. In the early months of the year, when digging the soil, female earwigs may frequently be found together with their batch of eggs. At the slightest sign of danger the young ones huddle close to their mother, hiding beneath her body so far as it will cover so large a family.—Strand Magazine.

Social Distinctions.

Are you born snobs, do we achieve snobbishness, or do we have snobbishness thrust upon us? If we achieve it we sometimes do it early. The other day I heard Beatrice, a little nine-year-old, expounding to a visitor of about her own age.

"No," said Beatrice impressively. "We don't play with Sarah any more. We found out that her father has only a first name job. Our papa, you know, holds a mister position."—Woman's Home Companion.

An Effective Threat.

A certain Missouri editor is ready to take a fier in high finance. He got his schooling by threatening to publish the name of the young man seen with his sweetheart's head on his shoulder if he didn't come across with a dollar on subscription. Fifty-seven young fellows slipped in and paid a dollar. The editor says he has letters from several others informing him they will hand him a dollar the next time they are in town.—Kansas City Star.

Losing Their Charm.

Vicar's Daughter—I suppose the rain kept you from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Biogg? Mrs. Biogg—Well, partly, miss; but, to speak true, wot with the rheumatiz and doin' away with the 'am and the cake afterwards, funerals ain't the jaunts they used to be for me!—London Opinion.

The change of fashions is the tax that the industry of the poor levies on the vanity of the rich.—Chamfort.

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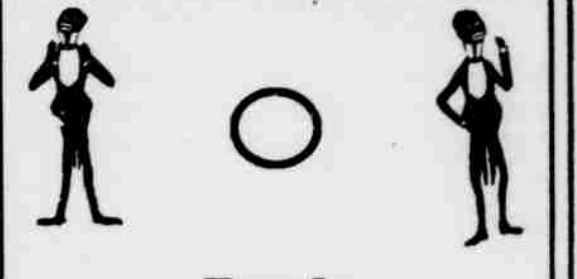
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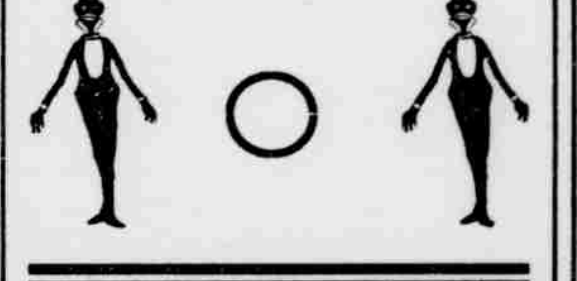
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