

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD LIVES IN NORTH CAROLINA

(By Fred A. Olds.)
 Recently there was a meeting of a large number of physicians in Raleigh and these were for several hours the guests of the Central Hospital for the Insane and Epileptics, which always tries to keep closely situation and this master of all wealth had to discharge him. He owns the Cape Fear river and Wilmington; half of the British islands; Queen Victoria was his aunt; he owns 3,000 war vessels, all there are in touch with doctors and nurses. A feature of the visit to the hospital was a practical illustration of various forms of dementia. One man, big, jolly, robust, is perhaps the happiest man in the world. He most surely is the richest. He employed Rockefeller and paid him \$5,000 a year at first, increasing his pay until he reached \$150,000. Then at some critical time Mr. Rockefeller was not quite ready to meet a man in fact, except the negligible Russian fleet, which is the recognized property of a fellow-lunatic.

This super-Rockefeller is usually employed in the kitchen at the hospital, but he stopped serving long enough to meet the writer and tell of his vast wealth and possessions. He discovered Mr. Taft and made him President of these United States. When the doctors were in session at the hospital, Mr. Joseph G. Brown, one of the directors, was present. This master of most wealth said he owned a bank in Raleigh and pointing to Mr. Brown said: "I have him to manage it for me." A noted doctor after this most interesting, practical and really useful seance and demonstration, said that if he ever became insane he hoped he would be as happy as this King of Capitalists in his delusions. And indeed who could be happier? The earth is his and the fulness thereof—in his own mind.

The insane are very impressionable. They oftentimes react with amazing quickness. If you are well-mannered so are they: If you show fondness for them they react to it. They "sense" things, to use a most homely word, as little children and dogs do—a fine quality too, this. One of the inmates fancies she is a ghost and she played this star part at her home. Once she slipped away from a walking party at the hospital, went into Raleigh and called on the Governor; next went to a leading hotel, registered and spent the night, and part of the day, ate the best and with her fine manners and person was given all sorts of attention. Some ghost!

One man gave the writer a note to a State official, tied with what he said with hair from the head of the Virgin Mary. In the note he designated the official as his agent to take care of the State capitol and collect rent for the use of the building for 100 years, it being his property. These are merely samples of a thousand delusions.

FIRST WIRELESS MESSAGE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

Secretary Daniels Monday received the first wireless message to be heard around the world. It was sent from Lafayette radio station at Bordeaux, France, and read:

"This is the first wireless message to be heard around the world, and marks a milestone on the road of scientific achievement."

In a radio message of reply, the Secretary said:

"Congratulations upon the successful completion of the gigantic radio station named for that distinguished Frenchman whom all Americans honor. Designed to serve a military purpose it will now serve to bind closer the cordial relations which have always existed between France and the United States."

"On behalf of the United States, I desire to express my pleasure upon the achievement of the Lafayette radio station in transmitting the first message to be heard around the world. We are happy to recognize in this powerful signal a symbol of that force and sympathetic understanding which the voice of France shall be heard by its sister republic."

The Lafayette station is the largest in the world and has just been completed by the United States navy. It will be turned over to the French government for operation.

Middle West Leaning to Cox.

(Richmond Journal)
 Reports brought back by Capt. A. G. Quarles, of Richmond, who has been traveling extensively in the Middle West States for the last six weeks, that the Cox sentiment is setting in strong in that section of the country, to the complete displacement of the earlier Harding choice, confirm private advices received by The Evening Journal. Six months ago the Republicans could have elected a yellow dog, so pronounced was the desire for a change of Administration. This revolt was not against the President, but was the natural reaction of a tax-weary people, fed up on the war and its consequent evils. But the vast sums spent by presidential candidates, followed by the dictation of the same senatorial coteries at Chicago—where Harding was thrust upon the convention—that was responsible for the rejection of the Peace Treaty and League of Nations, served to act as an emetic with the people until they have refused to stomach the arbitrary proceedings of the leaders.

—E. M. Privette, of Wilson county, was shot in the abdomen and seriously injured, when he gave pursuit early Thursday morning to Jesse Jones, a negro, who had entered the home of T. J. Cannady, near Black Creek, escaping with a watch, rifle, wearing apparel and a sum of money. The negro was later arrested.

THE NOVELETTE.

SUBSTANTIAL ANN AND ANDY

(By Bertha S. Carney.)

Ann Vrainen had been a week now at Cousin Allie's in the city, and with each succeeding day Ann felt smaller and more awkward. Her hair had absolutely refused to "bob" at her ears, city fashion; and there were times that, despite her efforts, her tongue would slip back into the country vernacular that she had spoken for the eighteen years of her life. Substantial she felt, and, besides all this, there was the terrible name of Ann for a handicap; and as for the nicest young man who lived upstairs, how could she ever get acquainted with him if one dared not speak?

These were the thoughts that were running through the back of little Ann's head as she threw the rugs over the piazza railing and attacked them vigorously with the carpet beater. Ann had ideas of her own, and she most certainly did not want to feel that she was not "working her keep."

She made a pretty picture there in the morning sunshine, the sleeves of her pink smock rolled up to her elbows and her cheeks flushed with the exercise; and as she worked an old bit of doggerel that she had learned as a child came in her head, and she sang because the morning was so bright and the young man upstairs was so handsome—No! That wasn't what she had meant to think at all, but she kept time with the carpet beater.

"Good morning, Jenny Wren. Will you kindly stop your housewifely activities long enough to allow me to see my way down the stairs? Your great clouts of dust have blinded my eyes to everything except the comeliness of my industrious neighbor."

Ann stopped—mouth open, just as she had been about to carol forth the highest soprano note, and carpet beater raised. He was speaking to her, but he was only joking with her, for even at her most vigorous swings only a feeble trail of dust floated out on the air; but the last thing he had said—Ann's eyes sought the toes of her sensible roundtoed shoes before she looked across at him shyly.

The young man from upstairs was looking at her; and it seemed as though if he really wished to navigate the stairway in such a terrible storm of dust there was nothing to hinder his doing so. Instead, he leaned against the railing.

"This is a fine chance to get acquainted," he said. "Fate sends me out on an errand while you are on the porch; and as we are going to be such near neighbors, it's all perfectly proper. I'm Andrew Leonard, Andy suits me better; and you're Ann Vrainen. I saw your name on your trunk in the cellar; and you're not yet old enough to be called Miss Vrainen."

Ann, who wasn't old enough to be called Miss Vrainen, found herself shaking hands with Andy, who, she thought, was old enough to know better; and after that it was easy.

When she had beaten back the redness into the roses and the greenness into the grass, Ann tugged one of the rugs down from the rail, and Andy dropped on his knees and began to fold it with deft turns of his wrists.

"Where did you learn to do that?" And inquired. Andy was a gentleman, at least, even though there had been no formal introduction; and the warning voices of her staid country ancestors for the first time in her life went unheeded.

"Handy Andy," that's me," he grinned. "I lived for five years on my uncle's farm, thirty miles out." Underneath the pink smock Ann's heart gave a flutter of pure joy. Now she could own up to her eighteen years of country existence. He wouldn't care.

He didn't—for on the following Sunday Andy was helping her over the stubble and exclaiming with her over the five little pigs that had just arrived at his uncle's farm.

It was the third month of their friendship and they were on one of their frequent Sunday excursions to the farm, when Ann broached the subject of changing her name to Annette, or Marion, or any other form of Ann, as long as there was trimming enough to take away the plainness.

"Cut it out, kiddie," Andy advised. "It surely was fine to be able to boss Ann. 'I like your name fine. My grandmother's name was Ann; and just look at mine—Andy! But you don't catch me calling myself any fool name like Androclus, do you?'"

Ann laughed. How could she tell him that all the time she had been planning to change it only for him? "I like Andy for a name; it's so substantial," and then she laughed again, for was that not the very quality that three months ago she had most hated?

"That's it," Andy nodded, "a good substantial name, just like Ann. Why, I knew you could do housework like all possessed the minute I lapped the name on your trunk."

"Ann and Andy," he mused, holding her close, "a good combination. Don't you think we ought to make it a substantial one, Ann, dear?"

In his pocket dictionary he found the word "substantial" and pointed out to Ann its meaning—"actually existing; not imaginary; true; strong."

"Don't you think we could be all that—together, Ann girl?"

Ann's heart was so happy that she essayed just one feeble little word, which evidently pleased Andy.

"Gee, honey," he whispered, "that's velvet!"

Subscribe to the Public Ledger

SPARKS BIG CIRCUS COMING TO HENDERSON

Boasting of countless human and innumerable wild animals Sparks Big Three Ring Circus will come to Henderson on Monday, Sept., 13—for two exhibitions on the regular grounds. Trained wild animals predominate and two herds of performing elephants, a troupe of seals, lions and tigers—not to mention the roller skating bears, the Sparks stable of dancing horses, Woodford's posing horses and dogs and Caesar, Champion on highjumping horse of the World are among the trained animal features. Then there will be the daring Hatoka in his thrilling olido for life from the loftiest peak in the tent, to the ground, traversing a distance of 150 feet. Then too, there is Minnie Thompson, America's greatest horsewoman and Flora Bedini and Bessie Wallis, both riders of repute. Oh you! the forty clowns will all be on hand.

Will Receive Carnegie Medal.

Thursday, Dorothy Beasley, a three-year-old girl, of Milton, was rescued from the bottom of a 65-foot well, into which she had fallen, by E. B. Foote, a first-lieutenant in the aviation service during the war. He slid down a pipe through which water was pumped, pulled the child out of the water and after binding the child to him with his suspenders, climbed to the top. It was thought that the child was dead, but Foote, restoring to the methods of resuscitation learned in the army, soon restored the child to life. No bones were broken in the fall.

—It is reported from Buncombe county that between 20 and 25 of the county schools are without teachers and therefore cannot open for the fall term. The authorities state that they have been unable to secure teachers.

—A committee for the emancipation of women has recently formed in Egypt.

Indigestion

Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important. "The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

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for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which gripped and didn't give the good results. Black-Draught liver medicine is easy to take, easy to keep, inexpensive."

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IS THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN STATE

So Mrs. Poe Says After Tanlac Restores Health —Gains Thirty Pounds.

"The results I have gotten from Tanlac are so wonderful that I feel compelled to tell everybody about it," said Mrs. John Poe, 601 Third St., Pekin, Ill., "and my recovery, after fifteen years suffering, has made me the happiest woman in Illinois."

"Why, everything I ate caused me agony. Gas pressed up around my heart so I would faint, and when I recovered consciousness I would be limp as a rag. Lots of times my neighbors came in thinking I was going to die. I also suffered with rheumatism so bad I would have to sit for days at a time with my feet on a pillow in a chair, and my elbows were so stiff and painful I could hardly sleep at all and have stayed awake many a night from pain."

"My husband urged me to try Tanlac and the way it restored my health was the gladdest surprise that I ever had. Why, I have gained thirty pounds since I began taking it, my troubles have disappeared completely and I feel as splendid as when I was a girl. I just feel like I owe my life to Tanlac and I only wish I had known of it long ago."

Tanlac is sold in Oxford by Frank F. Lyon and in Stem by Stem Drug Co.

A New Melon.

(Charlotte Observer)
 The Moore County News carries information of the successful venture of Mr. Ogden Jones, a New Yorker who has made investment in the sandhills, with a new melon which is called the honey dew. It is a novelty that has come across the Ocean from the Caspian Sea country and is of Persian origin. In satisfaction of public curiosity The News says the new melon "looks like a light yellowish pumpkin, averaging about as big as a big round watermelon, has a hard surface like a watermelon, with a netting in splits something like the Rockyford cantaloupe. The skin is hard, and the melon is a keeper. It can be shipped to Europe or California and back again or kept in cold storage until Thanksgiving or Christmas, and then sent around the world some more if desired."

Remarking that while the absolute status of the honey dew melon has not yet been proven, The News says Mr. Jones has made and marketed a crop that has brought him a big return for the acreage occupied and has given to the fruit trade something that is out of the ordinary—a rival that promises to give the watermelon and the cantaloupe a hard chase for their place."

—All the larger political parties in the new republic of Szecho-Slovakia gives the women members places in their councils, including the executive and administrative bodies both central and local.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

—In Hungary the women do not vote until they are 24, and then only if they can read and write.

—Women have been granted the full rights of membership in the Ancient Order of United Workmen by the grand lodge of West Virginia.

—Miss Dorothy Cunningham, who has been appointed active head of the republican women in India, is in the road contracting business.

—Komen who have long been recognized as active factors in the field of life insurance will have a prominent part in the annual convention of the National Life Underwriters' September.

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Not the lowest priced wagons but the best and in the end the cheapest.

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