

An Author-Publisher

By ANDREW C. EWING

Leslie Robinson was the son of a publisher. His father said to him one day when the boy was much elated at being made editor of the high school banner: "My boy, don't get the literary fever. A great many catch it, and only those recover in whom the literary parasites find nothing to feed on. I fear you have just enough talent for writing to make you uncomfortable all your life."

Alas, the young are not so constituted as to take the advice of the old. Perhaps this is best as it is. It is not success that brings happiness; it is striving for success. But in literary work for all but one in a million there are constant disappointments. Young Robinson was so unfortunate, according to his father's idea, when he went to college as to be made editor of the university magazine. His essays received the highest marks. He was unconscious of the fact that the reason they took high rank was because those with which they competed were of no value as literary productions.

Mr. Robinson, Sr., died while his son was in college. The publishing business, by the late owner's injunction, was to be carried on, till Leslie was graduated, by the junior partner, after which the son was to manage the interests he had inherited. He proved to have business capacity and soon became the brains of the establishment.

Perhaps if Leslie Robinson had appreciated his business talents he might have lost his desire for literary eminence. He considered himself rather born to literature than to business. Finding time to manage a publishing house and scribble, at the same time he did both. He sent articles to the magazines, and they were always accepted. They were good articles, so that it was not necessary for Mr. Robinson to ask how much their acceptance was due to their merit and how much to their having been offered by the head of the publishing house of Robinson & Co.

After while Mr. Robinson brought out a novel. It was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. Robinson scorned to publish it himself. He said that the test of a good book is that a business man will risk his money on it. It cost several thousand dollars to get out an edition of a book, and unless the article was of sufficient merit to insure a return it would not find a publisher. He was still young in the business or he would have known that the higher the type the less the profit. The poet Browning would have starved had he been forced to live on the income he derived from his poems.

Robinson published several books, one after another. He did not succeed in becoming well known as an author, but had no difficulty in securing publishers for what he wrote. By and by the publishers began to ask him to give them his books for publication. This was a long step to the front. Leslie was very proud of himself. Those associated with him in business asked him why if his books were valuable to other publishers they were not valuable to him. He replied that to publish his own works would make it appear that he could not get any other house to take the risk of doing so.

Robinson married a girl with a good deal of horse sense. It did not require a long time for her to see that her husband was an excellent business man. She knew that persons are apt not to value what they are born to and are easily puffed up with a little success at what they do indifferently well. One day she had the temerity to tell her husband that he was naturally fitted for business—indeed, it was his natural vocation.

A dispute arose between them which ended in an agreement that the next novel offered by him should be under an assumed name. Robinson winced at this suggestion made by his wife, for he knew the value of a name, but he admitted that if his novel had not sufficient merit to find a publisher without his name it could not be a literary gem. At any rate, he was willing to abide by the test.

His work was sent first to the publisher who had thus far put out all his books. Within a week it was returned with a printed "unavailable" card. "This was a great fall for his literary pride. For the next six months he continued to send his work to his brother publishers. Most of them kept it a long while. He thought this meant that they were making up their minds. It was not this, but that they were too busy to examine it. At the end of the six months it had gone the rounds.

The day it came back from the last publisher Robinson saw a novel advertised by one of his brother publishers, the author of which had stood trial for murder. It appalled him that this man could find a publisher and he could not. As a last resort he tried his own firm. Sending his manuscript to himself, on its arrival he turned it over to his chief reader, who sent it back to him with the following report: "The author says all he has to say remarkably well. But he has nothing to say."

One who knows why Leslie Robinson stopped writing except his wife. Friends tell him that a genius was wasted when he went into business, but he argues his shoulders and says that authorship does not pay pennies. Mrs. Robinson looks solemn and says nothing.

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W. G. BOYD.

WHEN HER BACK ACHES.

A Woman Finds All Her Energy And Ambition Slipping Away.

New Bern women know how the aches and pains that often come when the kidneys fail make life a burden. Backache, hip pains, headaches, dizzy spells, distressing urinary troubles, are frequent indications of weak kidneys and should be checked in time. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. They attack kidney diseases by striking at the cause.

Can New Bern sufferers desire stronger proof than this Kingston woman's word?

Mrs. W. J. Moore, 602 Chestnut st., Kingston, N. C., says: "I suffered for months from lame and aching back and I was annoyed by head aches and dizzy spells. I used two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and they rid me of the pains and aches and other ailments. I can now rest well and I feel so much better that I am glad to give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

It Was Highly Prized as a Wonderful Money Saver.

When Miss Ann Pickett dropped in on her neighbor, Mrs. Spicer, and found her moping over the fragments of a gilt vase Miss Ann sympathized generously. "It must have been rather a costly vase," she said, looking admiringly at the pieces.

"No, it only cost six bits," Mrs. Spicer acknowledged. "Tain't that I feel so bad about."

"Maybe it was a gift that you prized because of associations?"

Mrs. Spicer shook her head. "Jim and I bought it over in Tompkinsville a long time ago. I prized it because it was such a saving to the family. The first year we had it I kept it on the front shelf for a general ornament. Then when Jim's birthday came and I hadn't anything else handy to give I gave him the vase for his own. Next Christmas, instead of paying out good money to buy something new, he gave it back to me for a Christmas present. Then I gave it to Jim junior on his birthday, and he gave it to Sue Belle on hers."

"The next spring all the kinsfolks got up a birthday party for old Aunt Sallie Spicer, and we took her the vase. After she'd kept it a good bit she gave it to Jim's sister Jane for a wedding present, and afterward Jane gave it to me and Jim when we had our china wedding. I was countin' on givin' it to Jim again on his next birthday, and now here it is smashed to flinders."

"I tell you, Miss Ann, it most makes me cry to think of losing such a useful family article—so near Jim's birthday too!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

WORK OF EARTHWORMS.

These Humble Burrowers Are Great Aids to the Farmer.

The humble earthworm is one of man's best friends. The farmer and the gardener could not spare him. Dr. J. Newton Friend tells about him in Science Progress. From Dr. Friend's observations it appears that worms aerate the soil in a variety of ways. In burrowing through the soil the worms render it more porous and permeable to gases, not merely by virtue of the air spaces formed, but by reason of the fact that the soil is thus continually kept in gentle motion. Again, the soil passing through the bodies of worms is excreted in a finer condition, being ground by attrition through the intestines. Darwin estimated that no fewer than fifteen tons of soil annually pass through the bodies of worms for every acre.

Further, worms breathe in oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, and the latter gas, as is well known, readily dissolves in water, forming an acid solution which will render alkaline earths and metallic oxides—iron—soluble. Worms materially aid in producing soluble salts of iron in the soil where other agencies—a few dilute mineral acids—fail. The iron is eventually given on back to the soil in a more soluble condition and presumably in one which can be directly absorbed by plant roots.

SPECIAL SUNDAY TRAINS TO THE SEASHORE via NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD

Beaufort and Morehead City, N. C. Ready for Summer Visitors.

Beginning Sunday, June 8th, special Sunday trains will be run from Washington via Vanceboro and New Bern to Morehead City and Beaufort, every Sunday.

Sunday Schedule.

Lv. Washington	7:10 a. m.
" Chocowinity	7:22 a. m.
" Frederic	7:27 a. m.
" Bragaw	7:40 a. m.
" Vanceboro	7:56 "
" Erul	8:09 "
" Aakin	8:14 "
" Bridgeton	8:23 "
" New Bern	8:50 "
" Riverdale	9:19 "
" Croatan	9:24 "
" Havelock	9:38 "
" Newport	9:55 "
Ar. Morehead City	10:17 "
" Atlantic Hotel	10:20 "
" Beaufort	10:35 "

Returning special train will leave Beaufort 6:00 p. m., Atlantic Hotel 6:15 p. m., Morehead City Station 6:20 p. m., Arrive New Bern 7:45 p. m., arrive Washington 9:20 p. m.

Very Cheap Sunday excursion and Week end fares. Apply to any Ticket Agent for particulars.

H. S. LEARD.

General Passenger Agent.

CHIC AND CHARMING.

Delightful Confection in Black and White.



FRENCH MODEL OF CHIFFON AND SATIN.

Black and white were never more popular in the costume world than they are this summer. And the stately fashionable silhouette of the pictured black and white gown is beautifully preserved.

The materials used are satin-in-black for the all underskirt and bloused bodice and white chiffon for the crossed over fichu and the tunic. The Balkan sash is of black chiffon with ends of white satin and ornaments of braid in both tones.

SONG TO MISS WILSON.

Miss Nevin, Aunt of Mr. Sayre, Writes Verses to Prospective Bride.

Miss Blanche Nevin, the sculptor, has composed a song of welcome to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the president, who is to become the bride of Miss Nevin's nephew, Francis Bowes Sayre, which was recently given out for publication. It is as follows:

Fling the door open; swing the gate wide. Welcome the entering feet of the bride. Eager the groom on the threshold stands, Holding his arms and his outstretched hands.

Blessed are you who true love win. Jessie, come in, come in!

In heat of summer, in winter's cold. This roof shall shelter yours or old. Come weal, come woe, whatever betide, Pain to palm and side by side Into the house of your true love's kin, Jessie, come in, come in!

Sweet pink clover bloom over the grass. Welcome the lover here with his lass. Pride of the golden hair and eyes. Shine with the luminous hue of the skies. Blessed are you who true love win. Jessie, come in, come in!

It was at Miss Nevin's home that Miss Jessie Wilson met Mr. Sayre, and following a recent visit there of the pair the engagement was announced.

When She Motors.

All kinds of fashions this year have their origin in the far east. Now we have the Bedouin motor cap, which is slightly modified to suit western



THE BEDOUIN AUTO CAP.

tastes, but the chief characteristics of the old piece of headgear are clearly seen.

The puffed crown is of bright green silk and the brim of gray straw. About the crown is a band of black velvet dotted with green silk roses. The veil is of white washable chiffon cloth.

A Good Suggestion.

When you go on your summer trip have four or five pieces of mat or straw board cut the size of the inside of your trunk so that they will slip in easily. Wrap dresses in tissue paper and tie to these boards with tape. You can pack or unpack and nothing need be disturbed until it is ready to be worn. You may almost live in a trunk with such an arrangement.

To Launder Handkerchiefs.

A sheet of glass large enough to hold two handkerchiefs on each side in a convenient article to put in the trunk. It can be easily exposed to light and air and iron handkerchiefs better than a windowpane or mirror.

A Man With Ambitions

By M. QUAD

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It was a hot day, and Abe Shreter sat on a chair under the awning of Skinner's grocery with his feet on the head of a barrel and his head nodding with drowsiness. Colonel Harper, who had come into town and left his mule along on his way to the drug store and halted to say:

"That yo', Abe? I declar' to goodness but I didn't know yo' at first sight. Powerful hot day in town."

"Bless me, kurnel, bless me!" exclaimed Abe in reply as he slowly lowered his legs to give the colonel the benefit of the barrel. "I was jest a-thinking about yo', kurnel—jest a-thinking and a-pondering. How's co'n a-getting on this weather?"

"Ought to be a little mo' rain, meb-be, but co'n isn't looking 'tall bad."

"And mebbe hold their own, I reckon to consider?"

"Jest about hold their own, Abe?"

"That's good, kurnel! I can't hold my own I'm still glad to see other folks do it. Things are looking up a bit for me, however. These yere Pike county scandalizers seem to have got tired of throwing me down and jumping on my head, and mebbe I'll get a chance to draw a long breath. Dawg-gone folks who ain't willing for other folks to get along! Has Pike county ever extended her hand to help me climb up?"

"Reckon not, Abe?"

"No, suh; no, suh, 'cept by one solitary human being, whose name is Kurnel Harper."

"When the wald ended I run for office same as all the rest. They owed me an office for having laid down my life for my country, but what was my reward? Kurnel Harper, I reckon yo' can remember that I was knocked out '—hasted twenty feet high—snowed under till yo' couldn't see the top of my hat. That's the way Pike county encouraged me to grab hold with both hands and climb to the top."

"Yes, I remember about that; dug the colonel as he watched a dog rolling over and over in the dusty street."

"Then I turned to law," continued Abe as he hitched the chair over to get a brace for his feet on a post of the veranda. "Kurnel Harper, nobody on the face of this big earth will ever know how I pinched and saved and starved and worked to get that law business down to a fine point."

"Waal, I got to be a lawyer. Then what? I wanted practice. I finally got a case and went into court with it, but the pecky jury was lying in ambush to throw me down. Yes, suh, had the puibliest, ncest; cleanest case yo' ever heard tell of, and that jury was bound by law and evidence to bring in a verdict for me, but I got the cold flop instead. They brought my client in guilty of stealing a hawg when he was thirty miles away at the time at the bedside of his dying mother. Do yo' call that encouraging a young man, kurnel? Was that giving me a show to climb up?"

"Can't skassy call it that, Abe, but if I remember right they found fresh pork in yo' client's house."

"They found meat there, of co'se, but was it the meat of that yere hawg or some other? They sever stopped to consider, kurnel—jest threw the verdict sign me in order to crush me out. Same way in the second case and the third and fo' th. No matter how many witnesses I had or how plain I made my case, no Pike county jury would find for me. How many times have yo' to flap a young man, Kurnel Harper, to kill off his ambition and take the fight out of him?"

"'Bout fo' times, I reckon."

"Jest about fo' times, kurnel. After that fo' th flop I realized that Pike county was agin me as a lawyer, and I went into politics. There I was flopped ag'in. I took to the lecture platform, and how many times did I lecture? Jest once, kurnel. Then came the flop."

"But yo' won't have to go to work, will yo', Abe?" queried the colonel, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"Never in this world, kurnel; never in this world. That's what Pike county wants to drive me into, but she shall never succeed. I've got ideas, sub-ideas. I've got a scheme for putting mo' water in whisky and thus doubling production. I've invented a bar! with fo' bungholes instead of two. I've got a horsehoe with a spring to it to help start the horse off. I've got a scheme to do away with all doorknobs and save \$30,000,000 a year. I've got a scheme to make all forks with two tines only and thus save every household \$10 a year. I've got fo'ty different good things to work on, Kurnel Harper, and I'm telling yo' I'll see the day I can buy and sell this crowd that's trying to keep me down. I'll do it for shore, kurnel—do it for shore."

"I reckon yo' will, Abe. Leastwise, I never saw yo' so stirred up befo', What yo' got in yo' throat to make yo' gasp and gurgle that way?"

"Can't yo' understand, kurnel?"

"Not skassy. Haven't swallowed me of these pesky hostiles, have yo'?"

"No; it's not hostiles. It's a half an hour over my regular time, kurnel, and I've got a thirst to use. No; I don't mind stepping around with yo' for a nip, being yo' are a man who don't like to nip alone and have had the goodness to ask me. Just lead the way, kurnel, and I'll be along 'xactly late—same as if I sort of overtook yo' by accident, yo' know."

NEAR DEATH BY SMOTHERING

But Husband, With Aid of Cardui, Effects Her Deliverance.

Draper, N. C.—Mrs. Helen Dalton, of this place, says: "I suffered for years, with pains in my left side, and would often almost smother to death."

Medicines pitched me up for awhile but then I would get worse again. Finally, my husband decided he wanted me to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, so he bought me a bottle and I began using it. It did me more good than all the medicines I had taken."

I have induced many of my friends to try Cardui, and they all say they have been benefited by its use. "There never has been, and never will be, a medicine to compare with Cardui. I believe it is a good medicine for all womanly troubles."

For over 50 years, Cardui has been relieving woman's sufferings and building weak women up to health and strength.

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Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. R. G. 128

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(Quotations Furnished by Coast Line Meat Market.)

Sept. 8
Chickens, grown, pair..... 75 to 85c
Chickens, half grown, pair..... 60 to 70c
Ducks, per pair..... 60 to 80c
Eggs, dozen..... 20c
Hams, country smoked..... 20c
Beeswax, pound..... 25c
Wool, pound..... 11 to 16c
Hogs, dressed, pound..... 10 to 11c
Beef, dressed, pound..... 8 to 9c

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BIRTH OF A WING.

Evolution of the Dragon Fly From Its Ugly Aquatic Pupa.

A wonderful spectacle is presented by the sudden apparition of an insect's wing at the completion of its metamorphosis. The transformation of the grub into the butterfly, though familiar, is none the less amazing, but the evolution of the active and gossamer winged dragon fly from its ugly and sluggish aquatic pupa is still more impressive.

Early on a May morning the pupa emerges from its cocoon at the bottom of a ditch, swims on its back by paddling with its long haired paws to the stem of an aquatic plant and climbs up out of the water. Then, after a momentary pause, the skin suddenly bursts open, and the perfect insect appears with closely folded wings, which soon unfold and assume their final form.

The older naturalists believed that the insect "swallowed air," with which the wings were inflated. In reality the air is absorbed in the digestive organs, causing an increased blood pressure, which mechanically expands the wings. The presence of dew is also necessary; hence the first flight is always made at dawn.

This spectacle of the birth of a wing may be observed in dragon flies reared in an aquarium, the atmosphere of which should be moistened with an atomizer when the pupa rises to the surface.—Scientific American.

Repertes.

At a dinner party at which several distinguished medical men, including Sir William Gill, were present the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of quackery, and Sir William expressed his conviction that a certain amount of it was essential to success in practice, adding, "It is an example of the old saying, 'Populus vult decipi'—people like to be deceived." "Quite so," said the host. "Now, can any one present give an English equivalent to that?" "Nothing easier," remarked a well known Manchester physician. "The public likes to be gulled."—London Mail.

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The Pony and Vehicle which are to be given away to the Contestant having the greater number of votes have arrived already.

Now Is The Time For Every Contestant

to get busy. Urge your friends and relatives to but their furniture and pay accounts now, that they may thus assist you in winning this great prize.

REMEMBER

We are giving two votes instead of one on all cash purchases and payments on accounts.

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To Friends & Customers

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Lots of Paint	\$ 1,000.00
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