

There's many a slip 'twixt the ax and the chip.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle. Adv.

Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the fair weather of the heart—Smiles.

To prevent Malaria is far better than to cure it. In malarial countries take a dose of OXIDINE regularly one each week and save yourself from Chills and Fever and other malarial troubles. Adv.

How it Happened.

The confusion of tongues had just fallen on Babel. "We are describing a ball game," they explained.

Burdock Liver Powder.

Nature's remedy for biliousness, constipation, indigestion and all stomach diseases. A vegetable preparation, better than calomel and will not salivate. In screw top cans at 25c each. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C. Adv.

When the Egg is Laid.

Patience—The hen never counts her chickens before they are hatched. Patrice—But you must remember she does a whole lot of cackling.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Berliners Are Spenders.

The people of Berlin are becoming freer spenders and less saving, according to figures just published. The number of depositors in city savings banks has decreased 8,080 in the last year. The amount of increase in deposits for the year, which is now \$95,000, is only one-third the amount paid in interest.

Comparatively Easy.

"Snippets that managing a sailboat in a high wind is a simple matter to him."
"The average man wouldn't find it so."
"Perhaps not, but the average man has probably never tried to manage a woman like Snippets' wife."

Costs.

The justice of the peace scratched his head reflectively. "There seems to be some dispute as to the facts in this case," he said. "The law imposes a fine of \$25 for exceeding the speed limit, but I don't want to be arbitrary about it, and if you'll pay the costs I'll remit the fine."
"That's satisfactory to me," said Dawkins, taking out his wallet.
"All right," said the justice. "There's \$5 for the sheriff, \$5 for the prosecutor's attorney, \$5 for the court stenographer, \$5 for the use of the courtroom, an' my reg'lar fee o' \$10 per case. Thutty dollars, please."—Harper's Weekly.

JOYS OF SUMMER.



Wife—All flesh is grass. Hubby—I suppose that's what the lawn mower thought when it cut my foot.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonsful. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

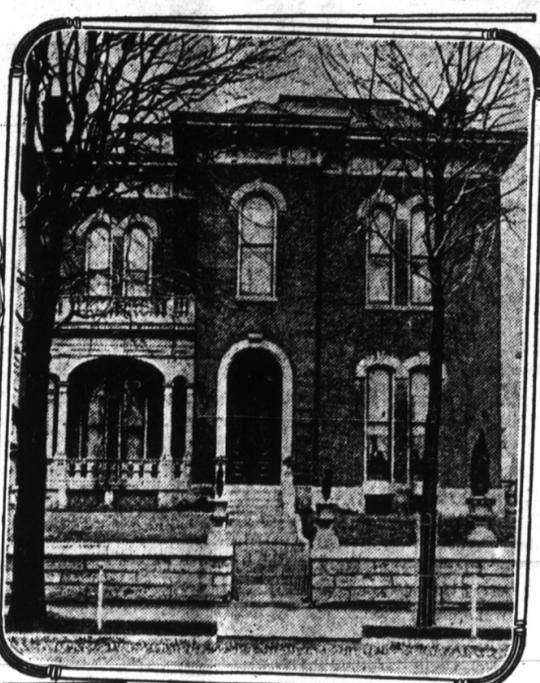
"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

"There's a reason." Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—The Hoosier Poet



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



THE RILEY RESIDENCE IN LOCKERBIE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS

HIDDEN away between two busy thoroughfares in Indianapolis is Lockerbie street. Scarce two blocks in length it resembles nothing so much as a country lane. Great elm trees line the sides and meet to form a bower of shade. It is unpaved, for its "leading resident" does not like paving, and when, several years ago, the city council insisted that it should be converted into a conventional city street with a paving of brick, he voiced his protest in a poem beginning:

Such a dear little street it is, nestled away,
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands
With the breeze,
Which in all its wide wanderings never
may meet
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie street!

That poem has long been famous and Lockerbie street remains as it always was, "nestled away from the noise of the city and heat of the day." Its "leading resident" is no less a personage than James Whitcomb Riley, recognized as the greatest of living American poets and whose name is one of the best known literary critics of the world treat with a profound respect. Here in Lockerbie street he lives, quietly, unostentatiously, in a large brick house that breathes the very spirit of comfort, but which makes no pretensions to elegance. And to this spot countless friends will end their way on Monday, October 7, to extend their congratulations and felicitations, the occasion being the poet's birthday.

This will begin what is to be known throughout literary circles as "Riley week," and which will mark the greatest ovation ever tendered an American writer. This celebration will not be confined to Indianapolis either, for nearly every city in the United States has enthusiastically taken up the idea and arranged exercises to be held during this week in honor of James Whitcomb Riley. Every one seems anxious to pay tribute to the man who has brought sunshine into thousands of lives.

Only a few months ago there was sadness in many hearts, for the word had gone forth that Mr. Riley had been stricken with an illness from which he could never recover. But today that sadness is changed to joy, for Mr. Riley has been spared to celebrate another birthday. He is not only alive, but practically as well as ever he was. He is always happy, and although he no longer strolls through the Indianapolis streets as once he did, he is still a familiar figure, and every day he takes long rides in his big touring car. He is an enthusiastic motorist and one of his principal delights is to take his friends for a spin around the city or through the country in the vicinity of Indianapolis.

In 1853, in the little country village of Greenfield—scarcely even a village in those days—there was born James Whitcomb Riley, the son of Reuben Riley, a lawyer and a man known for his fearlessness and unconventionality. The boy's mother—a Marine—was a gentle and naturally poetic woman, and it was from her that Riley inherited his ability as a rhymester.

The young lad's life, in his earlier years, was not marked by any unusual event. His was the life common to boys in small towns. Beyond this, nothing much is known—there is nothing else to know. He attended school irregularly, more often than not a truant—as he himself has pictured—barefoot, browned by summer suns, happy and care-free, listening to a voice no other boy could hear, keeping his heart open and his soul free—a heart and soul that have never grown old.

"I did not go to school very much,"

he once told an interviewer, "and when I did I was a failure in everything except reading, maybe. I liked to read. We had McGuffey's readers. But I always ran away when we were to read 'Little Nell.' I knew I couldn't read it without crying and, if I cried, the other boys would laugh at me."

To another visitor Mr. Riley said that he never had much schooling, and, continuing, he remarked: "What little I had never did me much good, I believe. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and useless thing to me. But I was always fond of reading in a random, desultory way, and took naturally to anything theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk. The first verse I ever remember writing was a four-line valentine. I was so small that I could hardly reach the top of the table, and I was painting a comic sketch on a piece of paper. I had a natural facility for drawing as well as for rhyming, and should probably have made a fair artist if I had kept at it. Well, below the sketch I was making I wrote four comic lines, and these were probably my first poetic effort."

Perhaps the child Riley studied both the picture he had drawn and the lines he had written and decided then and there that the lines were so much better than the picture that he would devote his efforts thereafter to writing. In any event, he became a poet. According to his own autobiographical sketch he was born "so long ago that he persists in never referring to the date. Citizens of his native town of Greenfield, Ind., while warmly welcoming his event were no less demonstrative some years since to 'speed the parting guest.' It seems, in fact, that as they came to know him better the more resigned were they to give him up. He was ill-starred from the very cradle, it appears. One day, while but a toddler, he climbed unseen to an open window where some potted plants were ranged, and while leaning far out to catch some dainty gilded butterfly, perchance, he lost his footing, and, with a piercing shriek, fell to the sidewalk below; and when, an instant later, the affrighted parents picked him up, he was—he was a poet!"

At the age of fifteen Riley ceased to attend school, and at the wish of his father began to study law. As may readily be understood, in view of his career, the law had no attraction for the young poet. So, after being advised by the family physician to travel, Riley seized the first opportunity that offered and, putting aside his Blackstone, fled one afternoon between twilight and sunset to return to his native town no more for a year.

Riley, as he afterward said, had no money with which to defray the expenses of a trip, and when a patent medicine "doctor" made his advent in Greenfield Riley allied himself with the traveling caravan and departed when the cavalcade pushed on to the next town. "I was with this man about a year," he said a few months ago. "His home was in Lima, Ohio, and he was a kindly old fellow. I did a good many things while in his employ—painted signs, beat the bass drum a bit and, maybe, I recited. My experience put an idea in my head—a business idea for a wonder—and the next year I went

into partnership with a young man. We organized an advertising company; we called it 'The Graphic Company.' There were five or six young fellows—all musicians as well as handy painters. We used to capture the towns with our music, then contract with some merchants and decorate the fences along the country roads with their signs."

Riley and his associates continued in this occupation three or four years. All the while the young poet was gaining a reputation here and there as a rhymester, a teller of good stories and a companionable, interesting, lovable young man.

He wrote a great deal, and much that was submitted to eastern periodicals. Their editors, however, returned these contributions as regularly as they were received. It was discouraging, especially so in the eyes of the young poet, who believed and doubtless was justified in believing—that his products were as good as those the magazines accepted and published. He did not have a name—and lack of reputation in those days was a serious handicap. Riley never ceased to contend when with his friends that this fact and this alone held him back. To prove it, he wrote the famous "Leonaline," and, with the connivance of the editor of a Kokomo (Ind.) paper, presented it to the world as an unpublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe. An elaborate story was devised, in which it was said that the poem, bearing the initials E. A. P., had been found on the fly leaf of a book. The verse was in Poe's well-known style, and its publication aroused much interest. In the end the hoax was discovered, but not until many critics had accepted the poem as "one of the best Poe had written."

For a time, he said in later life, he was hopelessly despondent. It was in this frame of mind that a letter found him and summoned him to Indianapolis. The note was from the editor of the Indianapolis Journal, and it urged Riley to accept a position on the Journal staff. At the same time a tender, encouraging note came from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. These two communications revived Riley's drooping spirits, and, leaving Anderson and Greenfield, he went to the state capital. Indianapolis gained a poet, and a few months later, in 1883, Riley's first book of verse was issued.

It was a simple little affair, bound in paper, bearing the title, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems."

Riley, as may be imagined, did not long remain in the Journal's regular employ. One after another his bound volumes began to make their appearance. Then came the poet's association with Nye on the lecture platform, followed, when that association was severed, by more poems, public readings and then many years of leisurely writing in his home in quiet little Lockerbie street. Fortune has smiled on him and his wealth has increased and his fame has grown. But he is still the same gentle, lovable man who won friends in Greenfield and Anderson and Kokomo. He has made thousands of friends during his lecture tours.

Yes, Mr. Riley's birthday is to be a glorious event, and the tributes which will be paid him during "Riley Week" are indeed well deserved.

Automatic Savings Device

The Nuremberg City Savings Bank (Städtische Sparkasse Nuernberg) a municipal institution, has installed three automatic devices for the encouragement of saving among school children. These automats, upon the deposit of a 10-pennig piece (2.38 cents) in the slot, deliver a gummed 10-pennig savings stamp. The bank furnishes without charge a savings card, 5 inches square, marked off into 20 squares, to which these stamps are to be attached. When the card is filled up, it represents the value of 2 marks (47.6 cents), and upon presentation at the bank, the depositor's account is credited with that amount. One of these automats has been placed in the corridor of the bank office at the City hall and the other two in the corridors of high-school buildings. These stamp automats cost about \$190 each.

They are installed in the hope that they may induce children to save their 10-pennig pieces rather than spend them for candy, ice cream, or other temptations, enough of which are always in evidence. If results are satisfactory, more of these automats will be installed at suitable places.—U. S. Consular Report.

Wasted Effort.

The heart that must be reached through the stomach isn't worth reaching.

SOLD OUT FOR A SONG

PRIVILEGE OF EVERY KIND ON BARGAIN COUNTER.

Cost of Living Rises but License to Prey on the People is Becoming Dirt Cheap.

In an era of high prices how dirt-cheap some things are! The cost of living rises, but the price-marks on privilege of every kind are low and the tendency is downward.

We read of sums that seem large paid annually to the police system of New York for licensing and protecting vice and crime. Yet what a beggarly valuation is \$2,000,000 or \$10,000,000 for the right to prey upon a city of 5,000,000 people, containing property assessed at eight thousand millions! We read of Mark Hanna campaign funds of \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 used to cajole or corrupt voters and carry elections. Yet what bagatelles are these when compared with the things that they bought, such as the passage of laws and the suspension of laws in a nation of 90,000,000!

We shall never know how cheaply we have been sold by the police system and the extortionate tariff system until we apply the rules of merchandizing and put prices and commodities into contrast. We are not only sold out and betrayed municipally and nationally, but we are also shamed in the knowledge that our liberties and estates have been bargained away for a song.

It has recently appeared that Standard Oil contributed \$125,000 to the Republican campaign fund in 1904 on the understanding that the money would be "gratefully received" and "appreciated." It was asked for another donation of \$150,000, which was refused. Here we have Standard Oil's idea of the market value of the favor of the United States government.

When Standard Oil declined to pay more, it is now admitted that the Steel Trust made good the deficiency. Both of these great combinations owe their lawless lives and most of the hundreds of millions that they have rolled up in a tariff-corned market to the favor of the United States government.

Daniel C. Roper, chief clerk of the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, estimates that the tariff tax averages \$120 a year for every family. Of this sum only \$16 goes into the treasury. The remaining \$104 is absorbed by the protected interests. He believes that an honest tariff levied only for public purposes would save the people nearly \$2,000,000,000 a year.

With this colossal plunder in mind, what is to be said of Standard Oil haggling over the price that it was to pay for the lion's share of the graft? What of Steel's willingness to make good the deficiency? What of the contemptible \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 raised by the system to continue in power the party that gave the United States government into its control?

If the privilege of taxing the people \$2,000,000,000 in the interest of a class were put up at auction we believe that even Standard Oil would increase its bid.

If the privilege of suspending the anti-trust law so that it might absorb its rival, Tennessee Coal and Iron, were put up at auction we believe that the Steel Trust would show even greater liberality.

Thanks to the Mark Hanna system, the prices of everything that we eat, wear and use are rising. It is only the things that should be priceless, such as right, liberty and justice, that are on the bargain counter or hawked about the streets.—St. Louis Republic.

LOOKING AHEAD



"Reserve a Lower Birth to Washington on November 5th."

No More Make-Believe. We must speak, not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning point in their moral and political development. We stand in the presence of an awakened nation, impatient of partisan make-believe.—Governor Wilson.

He Stands Alone.

Gov. Wilson, alone among the candidates, offers a sane, workable program for reducing the high cost of living.

Gov. Wilson, alone among the candidates, is pledged to uncompromising warfare on those tariff grafts and "jokers" which gather the earnings of the many into the bloated fortunes of the few.

Gov. Wilson, alone among the candidates, is trying to end the regime of government privilege, instead of trying to "regulate" and perpetuate it.

Different. Albert J. Beveridge said in Chicago of a corrupt boss: "He's very virtuous—oh, very virtuous." "A millionaire once went to him and said: 'I want to get in the senate. Will you sell me your support?' "No, sir!" the boss answered, striking himself upon the chest. "No, sir! I'm a free-born American citizen and I'll sell my support to no man." "But," said the millionaire, blandly, as he drew out his checkbook and fountain pen, "but if you won't sell me your support, perhaps you'll rent it to me for the term of this campaign?" "Now you're talking," said the boss, in a mollified tone.

A Household Remedy. Which works from outside. CHEST-TOL (Chest Ointment) will relieve quickly croup, coughs, colds, pneumonias and all affections of chest and throat. Use freely and RUB! RUB! RUB! Now sold by all medicine dealers. Should be in every home. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C. Adv.

Trial Marriages Favored. Mrs. Hoyle—What is your husband's platform? Mrs. Doyle—I think he favors the recall of marriage certificates.

Regular practicing physicians recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and administer at first sign of Chills and Fever. Adv.

Defined. "What's a 'moral victory,' pa?" "Any fight you win where the loser gets all the money."—Judge.

For SUMMER HEADACHES Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 50c, 75c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Pat's Hint. "How did the drink go, Pat?" "Foin, sorr; but faith it do be callin' for company."

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Every man has a secret hope that refuses to come out.

SUFFERED EVERYTHING

For Fourteen Years Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health."

"I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."

—Mrs. HENRY LEISBERG, 743 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet."

"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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