

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1919.

"JUST LET IT GO."

Did you ever hear that expression? Doubtless you hear it almost daily. It is a common expression in Gastonia as it is at the country cross roads, in the biggest city—everywhere.

Did you ever stop to think what is wrapped up in those words—what a vast significance there is in them?

In the first place the very utterance of these words presupposes, that something has been undertaken, started, inquired for or is being sought after. And why? Because the thing, whatever it was, was wanted by the person seeking it. Why was it wanted? Because, forsooth, it was deemed worth while either in a material sense or in ministering to the desires, either physical, mental or spiritual, of the seeker.

And why the words, "Just let it go?"

Impatience, indecision, vacillation, laziness and other qualities so common—and so regrettable—in our present-day life are wrapped up in this seemingly harmless expression. The seeker is not willing to take the time to get what he wants; is not willing, perhaps to forego some passing pleasure that would have to be sacrificed in order to attain the object sought; or perhaps he is not willing to put forth the effort, either physical or mental, to get what he started after. Its use indicates lack of purpose, an absence of ambition, a failure to realize a sense of personal responsibility.

What if Simo Patino had said, "Just let it go," when the silver mining business went to the bad in South America a few years ago? Here is his story from the pen of Richard Spillane, the well-known writer on business and business men, taken from a recent issue of The Philadelphia Public Ledger. After reading this one could be morally certain that Patino was the type of man who never used such an expression. He had determination and was willing to pay the price. If the world had more men of the same force of character, in business, in church and in State, the world would be much better off.

Here is the story as told by Spillane: Simon Patino, is the Rockefeller of the southern continent. Mr. Patino is the tin king of the world. His home is at Oruro, Bolivia.

Patino was a storekeeper in a little town in the Andes less than thirty years ago. His wife assisted him as a good wife should and, as he prospered, he bought jewels for her, she having a great love for such things. Then came bad times. The silver mines, upon which the little mountain town existed, closed down, for silver was at a discount and, here in America, men like William Jennings Bryan were thinking or saying that mankind should not be crucified upon a cross of gold.

Patino had to do something or go broke. His business was drying up. He held council with his good wife. He told another metal in the mountains which the world must have. That was tin. If he could get a little money he could buy vast deposits of tin.

"Take my jewels," said Senora Patino. Reluctantly he did. He bought old and abandoned tin mines. For years he slaved and had a desperate time, for his ore had to be transported on the backs of animals to Antofagasta before it could be shipped away and he could not get pay until delivery was made in Europe and America. Often he was near bankruptcy, but he never stopped. People laughed at him, pleaded with him, told him he was foolish, but he had faith in tin. Then, as the years went on and the price of tin advanced, prosperity began to dawn. When it did he bought more and more mountain territory which he knew contained tin, and when prosperity started it increased.

Today the shipments of Patino's tin make up a considerable part of the large exports of Antofagasta. He is building

an immense plant fronting on New York bay. He has establishments in various parts of Europe. His wealth is immense. Incidentally, Senora Patino has jewels galore.

Years ago Patino came to America with his family. He brought with him not only his own immediate household, but all his relatives. All the ladies had maids. All the children had nurses. All the boys had tutors. All the men had valets. From the ship that landed him in New York Patino went to the Knickerbocker, which had just been completed. He asked to see some rooms. When apartments were shown to him he said they were very nice and he would take them, but he would like to see some more. He saw some more. "Excellent," he said. "I want these. Show me some more." The astonished hotelman showed all the rooms on one floor and when Patino took all of them he got the shock of his life. "Let me see some more," said the Bolivian. He was taken to the floor above. He engaged all the rooms on that floor. "I think that will do," he said. Then he went to the ship and brought back his party. But that was only the beginning. When the ladies wanted to shop it required all the taxis in the immediate neighborhood to accommodate them. When they swooped down on Albean's, Lord & Taylor's, Stern's, Wampanoet's, Macy's, McCreary's and such places they were in captures and the clerks were startled. They shopped until they had everything their fancies craved. One day Senor Patino got a telegram calling him to Mexico. He ordered a special train. Later he got word that the project calling him to Mexico was held up. He asked the railroad people to hold the special train with steam up until he was ready to depart. It was thirty days before he got the final word. Then it was not necessary for him to go. He paid for the holding of the train the thirty days. Money! He has oodles of it. His wealth is estimated at from \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000. And when he travels he takes his family and relatives with him, as he did on his first big trip. All his success he ascribes to his wife.

He has a great marble mansion in Oruro. The architect did nobly in carrying out Patino's orders, but not until near the time of completion did he discover that he had provided no stairway from the first to the second floor.

Today the ships of Simon Patino sail the seas and he provides the world with a large part of the tin it uses. His refineries are on three continents.

He employs thousands of men. But he is the same kindly, generous, energetic man as he was in the days when he and his good wife tended store in a little mountain town in the Andes.

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PROFESSOR SAVES JOB AND HEALTH BY TAKING PEPSINOL

Digestion Upset by Shock, He Brooded and Became Despondent

ONE DOSE BROUGHT "PEP"

For many years Elbert Ramsey had followed the teaching profession. Many times his thoughts had wandered to the outside, active world of business and many times he had laid his plans to embark upon the voyage which he believed would bring him to wealth and power.

Each time, however, his departure was deferred. For fourteen years in succession the little college in which he held the chair of mathematics increased his salary. The increase was small, true, but it was enough to enable him to lay aside a little more each year, toward the day when he would enter the business maelstrom and just with his fellows.

A little girl was born to him and his wife Martha. She filled their home with brightness. Forever he lavished all his affection. In turn he was her hero. To him she listened when he came from his classroom. Apparently forgetful of her mother, her thoughts were only of "Daddy" when he appeared.

He started her games. He got as much enjoyment from her play as did she. He was the one who read her "Bedtime stories." He was more her big brother than her father.

It was a home of happiness for Elbert Ramsey. He thought only of the present and of his family—of what he was going to do for his little daughter and his wife

when he entered the business arena.

But suddenly all was changed. Elbert Ramsey fell ill. For years he had stuck too closely to his books. He had neglected to take exercise. He had failed to get the portion of sunlight and air which should have been his. His illness was not apparent at first, but nevertheless he was sick. He felt a strangeness growing up between himself and the rest of the world. His love for his family did not diminish, but he lost the power of expressing it.

He was irritable in the classroom—increasingly so. He sharply reprimanded without cause the son of the newly elected president of the college. The father called upon Prof. Ramsey and protested gently. Ramsey hotly replied and after a bitter quarrel tendered his resignation. It was accepted.

Ramsey regretted his action the moment it was taken, but pride prevented his admitting his error and apologizing. He boasted to his wife that now he was through with the college forever and could do as he had planned to do for many years.

That night Ramsey slept but fitfully and arose the next morning a nervous wreck. A sense of depression shadowed him. He was unable to read, he was unable to play with his little girl. He was unable to concentrate his thoughts. So it continued. Day after day he sat brooding, only occasionally stirring from the house. On one brief ramble which he took into the town he met an old college mate and fellow professor, who was amazed at the change in Ramsey's appearance.

He stopped Ramsey, though the latter would have passed him by.

"Good heavens, old fellow, what's the matter?" he asked.

Ramsey mumbled a reply and started to walk on, but his fellow professor grabbed him by the arm and swung him about.

"Let me see your tongue," was the demand that Ramsey, puzzled but obedient, obeyed.

"Aha! I thought so!" was the exclamation. "Take Pepsinol."

"What?" ejaculated Ramsey.

"Take Pepsinol. Go right into the drugstore here and get a bottle of Pepsinol. Go home and take a dose. That will fix you up. I'll be over to see you tomorrow."

Ramsey, almost in a daze, obeyed. He took the Pepsinol when he retired, expecting another sleepless night. He awoke in the morning refreshed. Shortly after he arose his bowels were gently moved. He was once more able to concentrate his thoughts. A dull headache and pain in the eyes which he had had for many days disappeared.

After a hearty breakfast he played for some time with his daughter, the first time in two weeks. He chatted cheerfully with his wife, who had bravely tried to cheer her husband in his despondency, a despondency she was unable to explain.

A long walk in the open air followed, then luncheon and when Ramsey's fellow professor appeared he received a hearty greeting, much different from that of the day before.

"How goes it?" he asked.

"Fine, Charles," Ramsey replied. "But what is this Pepsinol?"

"That, old chap, is a gentle laxative tonic. I could tell that was exactly what you needed. Your digestive apparatus was completely upset and your nerves shot to pieces.

"I knew that Pepsinol would fix you up as it did my brother after he broke down from overwork. Pepsinol is a strengthener as well as a laxative. Your digestive organs were put on the road to normal and your nerves were strengthened. You needed a reconstructive medicine, not a destructive. Pepsinol was the one necessary. If it had not been for Pepsinol you would have been seriously ill in a short time."

"Well, my nightmare is over," said Ramsey. "and I want to thank you and Pepsinol."

That evening Ramsey called on the president of the college, made a handsome apology and returned to his work the next day. He has never considered leaving there since.

Continue Pepsinol is made only by The Pepsin Medicine Co., Memphis, Tenn., and is in strict accordance with the Medical Standards of the United States Pharmacopoeia. To be convenient for everybody and yet to prevent substitutes being sold for Pepsinol, we have appointed a special "Pepsinol Agent" in each section of Gastonia downtown.

Look for the "Pepsinol Agent" in your locality.

SAYS HE'D SUFFERED SINCE HIS BOYHOOD

Declares He Can Hardly Realize How Miserable He Was Before Taulac Ended His Troubles.

"I feel so fine and well now I can hardly realize how miserable I was before I started taking Taulac," said J. F. Meleher, of 319 West Ninth street, Houston, Tex.

"I had a weak stomach ever since I was a child," he continued, "and had to be particular about everything I would eat, for the least little thing would upset me and cause me no end of suffering. My system seemed to be full of malaria and I would come down with fever every year. I could hardly sleep for nervousness, was constipated and would feel so tired, worn out and drowsy all day long that I wasn't fit for a thing."

"I took plenty of medicine, but it did me no good. Finally I tried a bottle of Taulac and found I was improving on it. Since taking Taulac I can eat most anything I want and have no trouble digesting my food; my nerves are steady and I sleep like a log at night. I am stronger and better than I have been in a long time and I never get tired, no matter how hard I work. Taulac is a great medicine and I can't praise it enough for the good it has done me."

All Druggists Sell Taulac.

TO BUY PURE BRED ANIMALS.

Special to The Daily Gazette.

WEST RALEIGH, Oct. 18.—Mr. George Evans, sheep extension worker of the agricultural extension service, has just returned from a trip to the farms of pure bred sheep breeders in different sections of the country where he purchased 140 grade ewes and 40 pure bred rams and ewes at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100 per head.

This is one of the largest orders for sheep that has ever been placed by North Carolina farmers at any one time. Mr. Evans had orders for several more, but, because of the great demand for better sheep by farmers all over the country, he was unable to secure the animals desired at the prices which he was commissioned to pay.

This purchase demonstrates the growing popularity of pure bred sheep in the State, says Mr. R. S. Curtis, and is an indication of the growth of North Carolina as a better livestock state.

Mr. J. W. Sloss, Beef Cattle Field Agent, is also away on a trip at this time, trying to buy a carload of pure bred milking Shorthorn cattle for farmers in the western section of the State. Most of the orders have been given by men of Ashe and Buncombe counties.

The longer it takes the world to settle down, the longer it will take for it to settle up.—Boston Transcript.

COMING! THURSDAY AND FRIDAY "THE UNPARDONABLE SIN"



The Story of a Turrit Captain Promotion in the Navy... Those who qualify for promotion... March 1899 A. F. Nelson... In April 1907 he was rated Chief Turrit Captain. His pay today is \$132.75 per month.

A man's life - among men!

Reel them off—"Rio", Gibraltar, Ceylon, Yokohama—all the great ports of the world—are they only places on the map to you—see they parts where you've got sailing in from the high seas with every eye along the shore turned admiringly on your big ship—your ship! Every ocean has a United States ship sailing for some port worth seeing.

If you've any call in you for a full life—join, and color all your years ahead with memories of things worth seeing—with knowledge worth having—with an inexhaustible fund of sea tales and adventures picked up ashore and afloat that will make you a well-known man in any company.

World—sure, and a man's work it is, among men. They're well, rather, with a bunch of men who know how to play. These comrades of yours carry in their ears the sounds of great world cities, of booming guns, of swashing seas—sounds you will never die away.

And when you come home, you'll face life ashore with level eyes—for Uncle Sam trains in self-reliance as well as self-respect. The Navy builds straight men—no mollycoddlers.

Enlist for two years. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Four weeks holidays with pay each year. Shore leave to see inland sights at ports visited. Men always learning. Good food and first uniform outfit free. Pay begins the day you enlist. Get full information from your nearest recruiting station. If you do not know where the nearest recruiting station is, ask your Postmaster. Hickox.

Shove off! - Join the U. S. Navy

THE UNITED STATES RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION ANNOUNCES

The inauguration of sleeping car line between Charlotte and Richmond via Southern Railroad.

Leaving Charlotte on train No. 12 at 6:00 p. m., arriving Richmond 7:10 a. m. and leaving Richmond train No. 11 at 11:00 p. m., arriving Charlotte 10:50 a. m.

For further information see Local Ticket Agents. 25c10

Subscribe To The Gastonia Daily Gazette.

Advertisement for Camel Cigarettes. Features large stylized text 'Camel CIGARETTES', a pack of cigarettes, and promotional text: '18 cents a package', 'If you want to know what rare and unusual enjoyment Camels provide smoke them in comparison with any cigarette in the world at any price!', 'CAMELS are a cigarette revelation any way you consider them!', 'Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos makes them so irresistibly appetizing!', 'You'll realize pretty quick, too, that among the many reasons you smoke Camels is their freedom from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor!', 'Once you know Camels you won't take much stock in premiums, coupons or gifts! You'll prefer Camel quality!', 'R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.'

MOUNTED POLICE DISPERSING CROWDS IN M'KEESPORT, PA.



Mounted troopers of the Pennsylvania state police... dispersing in the streets of McKeesport, Pa., where thousands of steel workers struck.