

Dale Carnegie

5-Minute Biographies

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."



Three Little Words—"Can You Cook?" Led Him to the Ends of the Earth

Martin Johnson, who photographed thousands of lions in the wilds of Africa, killed only two. He told me that during twenty months of his last stay in Africa, he saw more lions than he had ever seen before; yet he never fired a gun once. In fact, he didn't even carry a gun.

Some African explorers like to come back and tell about their blood-curdling experiences; but Martin Johnson believed that he or any other man who really knows the wild animals of Africa can walk from Cairo to the Cape armed with nothing more deadly than a bamboo walking stick and never suffer any harm.

Martin Johnson started roaming the world when he was fourteen years old. His father was a jewel-

er in Independence, Kansas, and when Martin was a boy he used to unpack the crates that came from the far-flung corners of the compass. He was fascinated by the strange colorful names on the labels—Paris, Geneva, Barcelona, Budapest—and he determined to put the dust of those towns under his heel. So one day he ran away, tramped over the United States and finally shipped on a cattle boat to Europe. Landing in the old world, he worked at anything he could find, but he couldn't always find work. He went hungry in Brussels; in Brest, he stood gazing across the Atlantic, discouraged, and homesick; and in London, he had to sleep in packing boxes. In order to get back to America and Kansas he hid himself as a stowaway in the life-

boat of a steamship bound for New York.

Then something happened which changed the course of his whole existence and set him out on trails of glamorous adventure. An engineer on the boat showed him a magazine containing an article by Jack London. Jack London in this article told how he intended to make a trip around the world in a little thirty-foot boat called the Snark.

As soon as Johnson arrived home in Independence, he wrote a letter to Jack London. He poured out his soul in eight feverish pages, and begged to go along on that trip. "I've already been abroad," he wrote "I started from Chicago with \$5.50 in my pocket, and when I got back, I still had twenty-five cents."

Two weeks passed—two weeks of nerve-wracking suspense. And then came a telegram from Jack London. It contained only three words—three words that changed Martin Johnson's life. "Can you cook?" the telegram inquired with telegraphic abruptness and brevity.

Could he cook? Why, he couldn't even cook rice. But he wired back precisely three words—"Just try me"—then he went out and got himself a job in the kitchen of a restaurant.

And when the Snark finally sailed across the rippling waters in San Francisco bay, and nosed across the Pacific, Martin John-

Back From Tour



NEW YORK . . . Dr. John R. Mott, religious leader and President of the World Alliance of Young Men's Christian Associations, returns from a survey tour of Europe, India and the Near East in the cause of World Christianity.

son was aboard as chief cook and bottle washer.

Almost thirty happy years have passed since then—years packed with action, for Martin Johnson sailed the seven seas and roamed over the world from the coral islands of the South Seas to the jungles of dreary, darkest Africa. He made the first pictures of cannibals ever shown in this country. He has photographed pygmies and giants, elephants and giraffes, and made pictures of all the wild life in the African veldt. He has brought back a whole Noah's Ark of fantastic creatures—brought back spools of celluloid film that have been shown upon thousands of moving picture screens. He has captured an imperishable record of a perishing wild animal life—a photographic record that your great grandchildren may enjoy generations from now, when the many wild animals of Africa no longer exist.

Martin Johnson told me that a well-fed lion that has never been molested by man will pay no attention whatever to the scent of a human being. He has driven his automobile into the midst of a bunch of fifteen lions and the lions just lay there and blinked like pussy cats. One lion even came over and started to chew the front tire. Another time he drove his car so close to a lioness that she could have reached out and touched it with her paw—but she didn't even so much as twitch a whisker.

I asked him: "Are you trying to tell me that a lion is really a good-natured beast?"

And he said: "Good heavens, no! The best way I know to commit suicide is to trust a lion. Why, you never know when he's going to become suspicious and turn on you. And there's nothing in the world more dangerous than a charging lion. It's just like having a hundred pounds of dynamite coming at you."

I asked him what he considered his narrowest escape and he said: "Oh, there have been lots of close calls. But they're all fun."

One of his closest calls was in the South Sea Islands, when he nearly ended up in a kettle of soup. That was when he was getting the first pictures of cannibals ever made.

White traders had been raiding the cannibal island, kidnaping the natives and selling them into slavery. The cannibals were hostile and suspicious—and hungry. They had already killed a number of white men and seized their goods; and after sizing up Martin Johnson, they figured that this chap from Kansas would make a nice tender pot roast for Sunday dinner. So while he busy talking to the chief and laying out the presents he had brought along dozens of cannibals began to gather out of the forest and surround. Help was miles away. He had a revolver, but he was outnumbered a hundred to one. A cold sweat of fear stood out on his forehead. His heart raced and pounded but there was nothing to do but appear calm and keep on talking. And all the time he was being crowded in by a ring of greedy cannibals licking their chops in anticipation. For the first time since he had left Independence, Kansas, Martin Johnson began to think it might not have been a bad idea if he'd gone into the jewelry business with his father.

And then, just as he the cannibals were about to rush, a miracle happened. Into the bay far below steamed a British patrol boat. The cannibals stared. They knew what that meant. Johnson stared too, hardly able to believe his own eyes. And then, with a low bow to the chief, he said "You see my ship has come for me. Glad to have met you all. Good-bye." And before anyone summoned enough courage to stop him, he made a dash for the shore.

Wasn't Warned
Mrs. Schappins—I think, Dear, that young fellow with his back to us wants to propose to his girl. We shouldn't listen. Whistle so they will know we are here. Schappins—Why should I? Nobody whistled to warn me.

YADKIN PHYSICIAN DIES AT HOSPITAL

Dr. N. W. Mackie, 38, Passes Away After Brief Illness

HUNDREDS AT FUNERAL

Yadkinville, N. C., May 26. — Dr. Nathan Walser Mackie, 38, practicing physician in Yadkinville since 1929, died at Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, Elkin, at 5:40 o'clock Friday afternoon. He had been suffering from a liver and kidney trouble, complicated by colitis. He had been a patient at the hospital since Tuesday morning.

Dr. Mackie was born in Yadkinville, a son of Nathan D. Mackie, now of Boonville, and the late Mary Hinshaw Mackie. He attended the Yadkinville schools and was graduated from Yadkinville high school, class of 1920. He entered the University of North Carolina from which he finished in 1925. From there he went to the University of Missouri Medical school at St. Louis, finishing there in the spring of 1928. He served one year as interne physician at City Memorial hospital, Winston-Salem, leaving there July 1, 1929. In September 1929 he located at Yadkinville where he has done general practice until a few months ago when his health failed, since then doing very little. He had also been in the drug store business here for three years until recently.

Dr. Mackie was a highly respected young man and considered a splendid physician. He had never married. He was a member of Mitchell's Chapel Methodist church.

He is survived by his father, Nathan D. Mackie, two brothers, Burel Mackie of Rutherford College and C. S. Mackie of Tonganoxie, Kansas, one sister, Mrs. Nora Irvin of Brooks Cross Roads.

The body of Dr. Mackie was removed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Mackie Saturday afternoon where it remained until 2:30 Sunday when it was removed to Mitchell's Chapel church for funeral service and burial. The body lay in state at the church from 3 to 4 o'clock when the funeral services were held, being conducted by Rev. Mrs. Lucy Vestal, Rev. I. L. Sharpe and the pastor, Rev. Poole. Interment followed in the church cemetery.

One of the largest crowds ever to assemble at Mitchell's Chapel was in attendance at this funeral. Scores of people did not get a view of the body before closing time of the casket. It is estimated that somewhere between 1,200 and 1,500 people were present.

Active pallbearers were: Charlie Vestal, F. D. B. Harding, Jesse W. Wooten, Weldon Joyner, C. R. Groce and W. E. Dobbins.

Honorary pallbearers were the following physicians: S. A. Bell, B. H. Harding, Hamptonville; L. S. Hall, S. L. Russell, J. G. Marler, Yadkinville; T. W. Shore, J. R. Finney, Boonville; W. G. Leak, R. E. Martin, East Bend; George C. Mackie, Wake Forest; M. A. Royal, C. L. Haywood, Elkin; Paul Johnson, A. de T. Valk, Rex Sink, S. F. Pfohl, C. O. Delaney, Winston-Salem; J. W. Davis, Frank Fleming, Statesville; and Harry Johnson, Hickory.

Flower girls were as follows: Mesdames Sallie Shugart, Kate Waynick, Joe Williams, Ruby Vestal, Anna White, Misses Blanche Mackie, Ohna Bates, Sara Holcomb, Mildred Logan, Peep Zachary, Grace Rutledge, Jettie Mae Inscore, Cornelia Mackie, and Ann Hall.

CHICKEN DISEASES TAKE HEAVY TOLL

Necessary Precautions Must Be Taken to Check Ravages of Ills; Discussion by Radio

Diseases common to chickens claim a heavy toll each year unless necessary precautions are taken to check the ravages.

The old saying "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is especially true in handling poultry.

One of the most common diseases is coccidiosis, says H. C. Gauger, poultry disease specialist at the college. When this disease strikes a flock, the grower should

take immediate steps to curb the epidemic.

A complete discussion of this disease, its symptoms and the steps necessary to drive it out of the flock, will be given in a radio talk on the Carolina Farm Features program Friday, May 7 by Mr. Gauger.

The schedule in full for the

week of May 3 follows: Thursday, "Home Demonstration Work in Perquimans County;" Friday, H. C. Gauger, "Controlling Coccidiosis;" and Saturday, 4-H Club program.

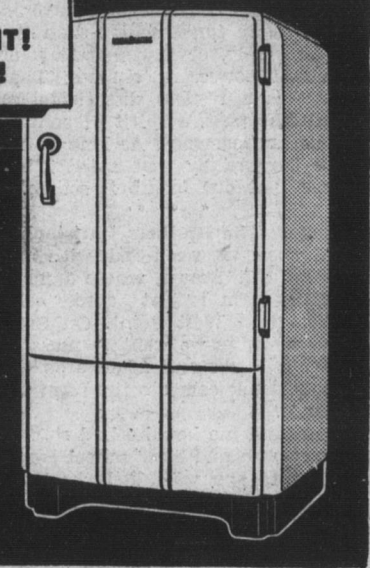
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been published in 123 languages.

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There's cool style in every line of these distinctive Nali Bee cotton frocks. Dotted Swiss, batiste, pique, shantung . . . and everyone GUARANTEED NOT TO FADE—A NEW DRESS IF IT DOES! Very inexpensive, too.

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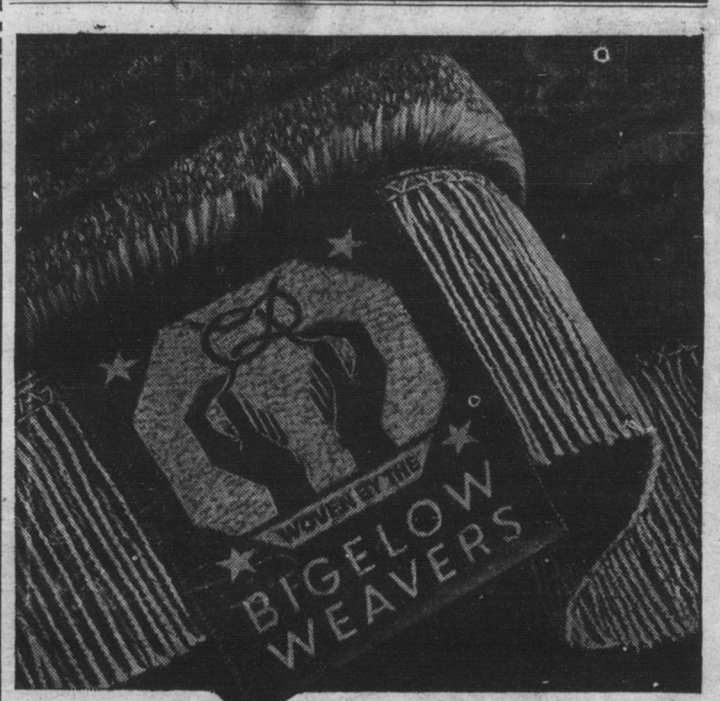
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