

# Dale Carnegie

## 5-Minute Biographies

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



ENRICO CARUSO

### His Mother Went Barefoot To Pay For His Music Lessons

Caruso's magical voice was not merely a gift from the gods, it was the reward of long years of exhausting work—of patient practice and unflinching determination.

In the beginning, his voice was so light and thin that one teacher told him: "You can't sing. You haven't any voice at all. It sounds like the wind in the shutters."

For years, his voice cracked on high notes, and his acting was so poor that he was actually hissed during a performance. Few men have ever drunk so deeply of the heady wine of success as the immortal Caruso; yet at the very high noon of his fame, when he remembered the ordeal of those early years, he would burst into tears.

His mother died when he was fifteen, and all his life he carried her portrait with him wherever he went. She had given birth to twenty-one children. Eighteen of

them died in infancy. She was merely a peasant woman who had known little else but hardship and sorrow; yet somehow, she sensed that this one son was hallowed by the fire of genius, and no sacrifice was too great for her to make. Caruso used to say, "My mother went without shoes in order that I might sing." And he wept as he said it.

When he was only ten years old, his father took him out of school and put him to work in a factory. Every evening after work, Caruso studied music, but he was twenty-one years old before he was able to sing himself out of the factory.

In those days, he jumped at the chance to sing for his supper in a neighborhood cafe. He frequently hired himself out to warble serenades beneath some lady's window. While the lady's tone-deaf lover stood out boldly in the moonlight going through all the

gestures of admiration, Caruso, hidden in the doorway, would pour forth his soul in tones as mellow and seductive as Apollo's. Finally, when he got his first real chance to sing in opera, he was so nervous at rehearsal that his voice broke and splintered like falling glass. Again and again he tried, but every note was a disaster, at last he burst into tears and fled from the theatre.

When he actually made his debut in opera, he was tipsy. He was so tipsy that the audience drowned out his voice with hoots and catcalls. In those days he was only an understudy. One evening the tenor who sang the leading role was suddenly taken ill. Caruso was absent. Messengers were sent dashing through the streets to find him. Finally he was discovered in a wine shop, about three sheets to the wind. He ran as fast as he could to the theatre. When he arrived there, breathless with excitement, the heat of the stuffy dressing room and the wine of the grape were too much. Suddenly the whole world began to spin like a merry-go-round. And when Caruso walked on to the stage, pandemonium broke loose in the theatre.

At the end of that performance, he was fired. The next day he was so heartbroken, so desperate, that he made up his mind to commit suicide.

He had in his pocket only one lira—just enough to buy a bottle of wine. He had had no food all day. And just as he was drinking his wine and planning how to kill himself, the door flew open and in dashed a messenger—a messenger from the opera.

"Caruso!" he shouted. "Caruso, come! The people won't listen to that other tenor. They hissed him off the stage. They're shouting for you! For you!"

"For me!" Caruso cried. "That's silly. Why, they don't even know my name."

"Of course they don't know it," the messenger panted. "But they want you just the same. They're shouting for 'that drunkard!'"

When Enrico Caruso died, he was several times a millionaire. His phonograph records alone earned him over two million dollars. Yet he had been so seared by the poverty of his youth, that up to the end of his life he wrote down every expenditure in a little book. Regardless of whether he bought a priceless bit of old lace or carved ivory for his collections, or tipped a bellboy, he made a note of the exact amount.

He was haunted by all the superstitions of the Italian peasantry. To the day of his death, he feared the Evil Eye. He never crossed the ocean without first consulting an astrologer. He never walked under a ladder, or wore a new suit on Friday. And nothing could induce him to begin a journey or start a new undertaking on Tuesday or Friday.

He possessed the rarest and most valuable voice in the world, yet he smoked in his dressing-room while he was putting on his make-up. When people asked him if smoking wouldn't hurt his voice he merely laughed. He scoffed at dieting; and at every performance, just before he stepped on to the stage, he took a nip of whiskey and soda to clear his throat.

He had left school when he was ten, and he practically never read a book. He said to his wife: "Why should I read? I study from life itself."

Instead of reading, he spent hours over his collection of stamps and rare coins. He had an extraordinary gift for caricature, and every week he contributed a cartoon to an Italian periodical.

For years he suffered from excruciating headaches that tortured his senses and made him scream from pain. As he grew older, his astonishing vitality began to wane. He spent more and more of his time in the quiet of his study and cared less and less for the plaudits of the throng. Finally he succumbed to a brooding melancholy and spent hours poring over his newspaper clippings, cutting them out and trimming them and pasting them in his book of memories.

Perhaps the greatest and happiest moment of his life was when he first held his daughter Gloria in his arms. He said over and over again that he was only waiting for the moment when she would be big enough to run down the corridor and open the door of his studio. And one day in Italy, as Caruso stood by his piano, that very thing happened. He caught the little girl up in his arms, and with tears in his eyes, he said to his wife: "Do you remember—I was just waiting for this moment to come?"

And within a week he was dead. (Copyright, 1937)

Women Control The Chair Flatfoot—My son might have been President of the United States.

Yesman—What happened to prevent it?

Flatfoot—He got married and his wife wouldn't let him go into politics.

## NEWS FROM THE COUNTY CAPITAL

Dobson, July 5. — The Moore family moved into their new home on the Mt. Airy road last Friday. Mrs. Moore and baby, Jimmie, have returned from a visit to her mother, in Winston-Salem.

D. T. Sparger is building a home on Kapp St. which Mr. A. H. Wolfe and family expect to occupy when it is completed. Mr. Wolfe having recently been elected Supt. of the Dobson High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Colon Spoon had for week-end guests, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Tilley of Max Meadows, Va., Mr. and Mrs. George Barton of Ohio, Mrs. Lillian Selectman of Washington and Miss Vera Sawyers of Westfield.

Mrs. J. T. Threatte returned from Bennettsville, S. C. Tuesday after an extended visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brasington. She was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. C. T. Osborne, and son, Colon, and daughters, Marguerite and Nancy Ruth, who will spend sometime with Mrs. Threatte.

N. J. Martin of Salem Fork vicinity is in the Mt. Airy hospital having undergone a minor operation and his condition is satisfactory.

Mr. Clyde Wright returned to his home here Friday after 3 weeks study in his profession at State College, Raleigh.

Mrs. F. F. Riggs and Mrs. J. W. Crawford spent last Wednesday in Charlotte visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. L. Reece and Marianne

Mock spent Wednesday with Mrs. A. D. Folger in Mt. Airy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill and family and Miss Eugenia Reid spent Sunday in Ashe county with relatives.

Miss Julia Comer of Raleigh spent the 4th of July vacation at her home in Dobson.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Folger spent the week-end at Low Gap with Mrs. Folger's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Armfield.

Little Miss Eunice Folger is spending sometime in Pilot Mountain with friends.

Mr. Carl Felts of Galax, Va., spent Sunday in Dobson.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Brown, of High Point, are visiting the Russell family at the Methodist Parsonage.

Margaret Sawyer of Jacksonville, Florida, is spending sometime with her aunt, Mrs. Colon Spoon.

Booth Reid returned to his home Sunday at High Point after a brief visit to his sister, Mrs. C. W. Russell.

Lon Folger, Jr. who is with the Redman Appliance Company of Mt. Airy spent the 4th vacation in Dobson.

There's nothing rosy about the prediction that the United States will soon be full of pinks.

### Health-Wrecking Functional PAINS

Severe functional pains of menstruation, cramping spells and jangled nerves soon rob a woman of her natural, youthful freshness. PAIN lines in a woman's face too often grow into AGE lines!

Thousands of women have found it helpful to take Cardul. They say it seemed to ease their pains, and they noticed an increase in their appetites and finally a strengthened resistance to the discomfort of monthly periods.

Try Cardul. Of course if it doesn't help you, see your doctor.

### KLONDIKE GUERNSEYS COMPLETE NEW RECORDS

Four Guernseys, of Klondike Farm, owned by Thurmond Chatham, have just completed new official records which entitle them to entry in the advanced register of the American Guernsey Cattle Club it has been learned from Peterborough, New Hampshire.

These animals include three and one-half year old Klondike Gay Generous 371,163 producing 12,719.5 pounds of milk and 536.5 pounds of butterfat in Class DD, two-year-old Klondike Hope 414,795 producing 12,170.4 pounds of milk and 626.8 pounds of butterfat in class GG; two-year-old Klondike Gay Heires, 431,345, producing 10,638.8 pounds of milk and 570.5 pounds of butterfat in Class G, and two-year-old Klondike

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## Hot Weather is Here— Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cents. At drug stores. (Adv.)

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● You see an actual electric meter test prove that it makes ounces of cold on a *trickle* of electricity. Keeps foods safer, fresher, longer—makes more pounds of ice, faster—at amazing saving! Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built! Has only 3 moving parts, including the motor. Quiet, unseen, trouble-free. Protected for 5 years against service expense. Built and backed by General Motors!

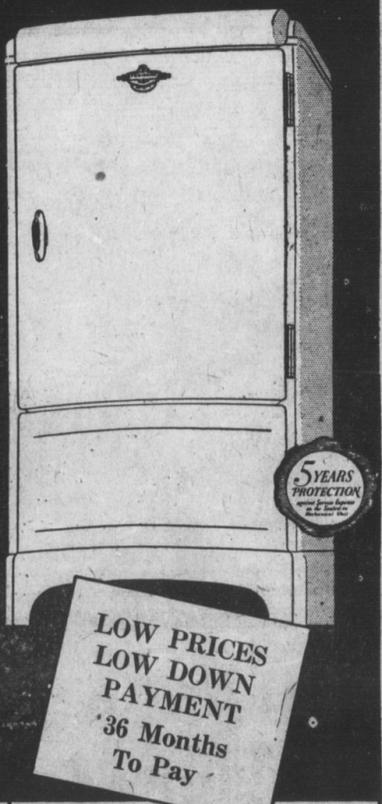
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