

GLENN, BORN FIGHTER

NORTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER.

Has Become Widely Known as Result of War With Railroad Company—Called "Too Democratic" by His Enemies.

New York.—That Robert B. Glenn, governor of North Carolina, had the backbone to stick through a fight to the finish did not surprise those who knew him down in the Tar Heel state. Whatever his faults, a dislike for fighting had never been one of them.

When once he took the stand, right or wrong, that he would force the Southern railway to obey the new state law limiting the passenger rate to 2½ cents a mile, only strangers, political adversaries and corporation followers foretold any outcome but victory, at least temporary, over the railroad interests and the federal courts.

Glenn had fought to get the Democratic nomination for governor. In 1905, forcing the support of the party politicians by appealing directly to the voters in a campaign covering every corner of North Carolina, and then he had pressed his case against the Republican nominee so energetically that he carried the state by its full Democratic plurality, barely less than 50,000, although in recent years there has been a tendency toward Republicanism, by reason of the growing manufacturing interests.

Besides, nearly everybody in the state had heard his promise after the election.

"I have an ambition," he had said, "to show North Carolina that a governor can do something besides pardon criminals."

With this assurance, and knowing his fighting instincts, people around him were expecting "something to drop" at the first opportunity. That opportunity came when the Southern railway refused to obey the rate law. Because of it, whether his side is good or bad, his arguments sound or faulty, Glenn of North Carolina has



GOV. R. B. GLENN.
(North Carolina Executive Who Won Rate Fight with Railroad.)

come to be one of the most talked about men in the United States.

Long before Glenn got to be governor, he learned how to fight. As he grew older, however, his combative instincts were limited to the courtroom and the campaign. In both he has been rarely a loser.

Incidentally, he served his present foe, the Southern railway, as an assistant division counsel less than five years ago. He also represented the Western Union Telegraph company and other corporations. It was no secret at the time of his election, that the Southern and the rest of the corporations rejoiced over his success. They thought he was on their side.

Gov. Glenn was born in Rockingham county, on Aug. 11, 1854. His father, a farmer, well-to-do and sprung from an old family, was killed in the civil war. His mother, who was a woman of both culture and common sense, mortgaged the farm to send her son to college.

He attended a high school at Leakeville and went to Davidson college. After that he took the law course at the University of Virginia.

From the time of his marriage to Miss Nina Deaderick in Knoxville, Tenn., on Jan. 8, 1878, Mr. Glenn practiced law in Winston-Salem, N. C.

Glenn was elected to the state legislature in 1881. That was his first trial at politics, and he has been at it continuously ever since. His term as solicitor, an officer who corresponds to district attorney in New York, except that several counties are covered, was in 1886. He was a Grover Cleveland elector in 1884 and 1892, and Mr. Cleveland appointed him a United States district attorney.

A side interest, meanwhile, was the state militia, and Glenn helped to build the Winston-Salem riflemen, holding commissions as captain and major between 1890 and 1893.

Even his bitterest enemies call him honest. That he has enemies has been attributed to his extreme democratic manner. "Too little dignity," one used in referring to him.

Always clean-shaven, almost bald, weighing slightly less than 200 pounds, and standing just under six feet, Glenn is the picture of sociability, almost jollity. He talks well, and seems to like people, though he had the reputation of neither entertaining nor being entertained before he was governor. He has no hobbies in the way of diversions, unless long walks may be catalogued.

THE LADY OF POPPIES

Words by E. Higginson

Music by E. Stahl



THE LAY OF THE HEN.

Six Hundred Eggs Are Due from a Small Fowl.

"How many eggs is a hen wound up to lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose?" said the man who has investigated. "No idea, eh? Well, sir, a good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular breed, but just hen—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what Nature has fitted a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gives her eight years to do it in," says a writer in Browning's Magazine.

"The first year of her egg-producing life a hen lays only 20 eggs, but in the three succeeding years she rolls up the score of 370. This leaves only 230 that she must give that many cackles for in the remaining years that she must stand on duty in that line, and she divides the task among those four years so that in the eighth year she lays only 20 eggs again—the number she started in with. Then she has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and delusive—this time as the summer-boarder spring chicken.

"And speaking of eggs, there is a lot about them, familiar as they are to everybody, that people don't suspect. Now, here's an egg that would be a rooster if it was hatched. Wrinkled eggs hold roosters in embryo. A proplastic hen licks in the egg with a smooth-end shell.

"There is water a-plenty in an egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer. So long as you can keep air out of your egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The insidious oxygen is bound to find its way through an egg-shell's pores, and the only way to save that egg is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the instant you give an egg fresh air that instant you ruin its health."

Football Fame.

An Italian, whose name is of no consequence, has climbed to the summit of one of the three highest peaks of the Mont Blanc range, called the Dame Anglaise. This peak is 11,499 feet high, and the last 1,000 feet of the ascent was over a smooth and practically perpendicular rock. It required 12 hours to make it, and when done the man of midreached energy and enterprise actually thought he had achieved fame. But, after all, what sort of fame is it? The man had risked his life to accomplish what? To be able to say he had climbed to a spot on the mountains that no other person ever did! It is the sort of fame gained by the youth who fired the Ephesian dome. It will be remembered as an act from which no useful consequences can flow and in which

there was recklessly imperiled in order that a fool might cry out, "I did it!" In the feat there was no contribution to science, to morals or to the general knowledge of the world.

Thought Brakeman Steered.

The little girl had become well acquainted with automobiles long before she had ridden in a railroad train, and she had even attempted to help her father steer on the family's automobile trips. When she clambered on the steam cars for the first time she was much excited and her questions fairly tumbled over themselves. Finally she noticed the brakeman turning the wheel between the two cars. She watched him approvingly for a few minutes and then as he suddenly left the wheel she grasped her father in alarm.

"Tell him to go back, papa; he must go back," she shouted. Papa looked at her in amazement. "Who must go back, Dorothy?" he asked. "Why, the man who steers," she said breathlessly. "He's left the wheel and we'll run off the track."

OLD-TIME LETTER WRITERS.

Soared to Wonderful Heights in Talking of Plain Facts.

Another wonderful thing about the letter writers, especially the female letter writers, of this engaging period, is the wealth of hyperbole in which they rioted. Nothing is told in plain terms. Tropes, metaphors and similes adorn every page, and the supreme elegance of the language is rivaled only by the elusiveness of the idea, which is lost in an eddy of words. Marriage is always alluded to as the "hymeneal touch," or the "hymeneal chain," or "hymeneal emancipation from parental care." When Mrs. Montagu writes to Mr. Gilbert West, that "miracle of the Moral World," to console with his gout, she laments that his "writing hand, first dedicated to the Muses, then with mature judgment consecrated to the Nymphs of Solyma, should be led captive by the cruel foe." If Mr. West chanced not to know who or what the Nymphs of Solyma were, he had the intelligent pleasure of finding out. Miss Seward describes Mrs. Tighe's sprightly charms as "Aonian inspiration added to the genius of Venus," and speaks of the elderly "ladies of Langollen" as "in all but the voluptuous sense, Arcturians of its bowers." Duelling is to her "the murderous punctilio of Luciferian honor." A Scotch gentleman who writes verse is "a Cambrian Orpheus," a Lichfield gentleman who sketches is "our Lichfield Claude," and a budding clerical writer is "our young sacerdotal Marcellus." When the "Swan" wished to apprise Scott of Dr. Darwin's death, it never occurred to her to write, as we in this dull age should do: "Dr. Darwin died last night," or,

"Poor Dr. Darwin died last night." She wrote: "A bright luminary in this neighborhood recently shot from his sphere with awful and deplorable suddenness," thus pricking Sir Walter's imagination to the wonderpoint before descending to facts.—Harper's.

BASED FAITH ON QUANTITY.

Quality Here Was Evidently Out of the Question.

Dr. J. Allen Smith, of Seattle, advises the young not to marry until the present era of high prices is in some way bettered. Discussing high prices the other day, Dr. Smith said: "One gets for one's money now the same value that the man got from the druggist."

"Give me, sir," said this man, bitterly, "ten pounds of your fly poison." "Ten pounds?" said the druggist. "That is rather a large order, isn't it?" "Yes, I know it is," said the man; "but you see, I liked that half pound I bought here yesterday extremely well. I gave it to a fly, and he seemed to relish it at first, but toward evening it made him quite ill. I propose to keep up the treatment for a week, for I think that in the end I may manage to kill him."

Ether a Festive Drink in Russia.

The habit of ether drinking is extremely prevalent in some parts of Russia, as of East Prussia, and all the efforts of the authorities to combat the evil have hitherto been almost fruitless.

An idea of the extent to which the habit prevails may be gathered from reports given in the Russian newspapers of a recent accident which occurred at a place called Trossno. Ether is drunk by farmers on festive occasions, when it appears to be consumed in painful. A farmer celebrating his son's wedding in the fullness of his hospitality got in two pails of ether. During the process of decanting the ether into bottles a violent explosion took place, by which six children were killed and one adult was dangerously and 14 others more or less severely injured.—Family Doctor.

Tough Cat.

An instance of the remarkable vitality possessed by the cat has just been demonstrated at Herbling, Eng. A very fine cross-bred Persian mysteriously disappeared from its home, and 16 days later was found in an open field secured in a rabbit trap. Notwithstanding the animal's long and painful confinement, and exposure to the heavy rains, it was still alive. It was, however, reduced to a mere skeleton and was unable to walk, but under proper treatment it is recovering. That the cat had been in the trap all the time is beyond question, as otherwise it would have returned home to a kitten which it was suckling at the date of its disappearance.

THE VALUE OF APPRECIATION.

Few Realize the Worth of Appropriate Words of Praise.

Has it ever struck you what a sweeter life lies in a few words of appreciation and encouragement? How few of us take the trouble to stop a few minutes and praise a servant for work well done, or even pause to tell our nearest and dearest how we appreciate all the daily services which we have apparently never noticed. When our friends die we hasten to send beautiful flowers as a last appreciation of our love for them. But would it not be better if we had helped them by a little praise when they were working, or if we had cheered them in the dark days when they were troubled and suffering? Only a few words of appreciation! The cost is nothing, but the recompense is beyond price. Let the husband tell his wife how much he prizes her love for him, and the wife tell her husband how truly she recognizes all his care for her, and the mother should reveal in words how much she values her children's affection, while the child who says to his mother, "Thank you for all your love to me," has rewarded her far beyond knowledge or understanding.

HE FOUND THE DONKEY.

Imbecile Developed a Real Trait of Sherlock Holmes.

The usual group was gathered around "The New York Store" talking of Dick Mullins' lost donkey. Every one had been looking for it, without success since it had strayed out of the pasture lot a day or two before. Jim Thompson, a lanky individual, regarded as more or less of an imbecile by the townsmen, finally spoke up: "I think I could find your donkey." "How can you find him, Jim," asked the owner, "when the best men in town ain't been able to get a trace of him?" "Waal," rejoined Jim, "I kin try, can't I? How much is it worth to ye?" The owner "allowed" it was worth a dollar. All right," said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than an hour, leading the missing donkey by a rope halter. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mullins, as he paid over the dollar, "how in the world did ye find him so quick, Jim?" "Waal," returned Jim, "I thought to myself, 'now, if I was a jackass where would I go?' And so I went there, and he had."

Wooden Flywheel.

After an accident to the flywheel in a large European electric station the superintendent designed and had constructed a flywheel of wood which has a diameter of 65 feet and a rim width of ten feet. The thickness of the rim is about 12 inches and it is made up of 44 thicknesses of beech planks with staggered joints. The boards were

glued together and then painted. The inside consists of a double wheel, the 24 spokes of which are fastened to two hubs. Spokes and hubs are operated at 76 revolutions a minute, which corresponds to a peripheral speed at the rim of 139 feet a second.

Quiet Speaking.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of quiet speaking. Quiet, gentle dignity can accomplish a great deal, and when face to face with those who possess this calm, self-reliant manner of speaking we can not fail to realize its tremendous importance. It is a delight and a pleasure to hear a voice perfectly cultured and sympathetic—a voice that rings with kindness. It is an advantage, a valuable asset in both the social and business world.

Divisions of Labor.

Hostess—John, Miss Skreemer and Mr. Borall are both there. How are we going to manage them? Host—Both at the same time, Maria. You get Miss Skreemer at the piano, and while she's singing I'll take Borall and a lot of fellows over to the far corner of the room and have him unload all his stories on us at once.

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