THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XVII. FARMVILLE, VA. FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907. NO. 34

TOWN DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Blanton.
Treasurer and Clerk of Council—H. E. Barrow.
Town Council—By Committee.
Finance—H. E. Wall, H. E. Barrow, W. E. Anderson.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, Walker Scott, W. M. Duvall.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, H. E. Wall, Walker Scott.
Cemetery—W. C. Faliwell, E. L. Brambert, W. H. Duvall.
Water—W. M. Duvall, J. R. Martin, W. T. Little.
Sewer—J. R. Martin, W. E. Anderson, E. L. Brambert.
Market—E. L. Brambert, W. E. Anderson, H. E. Barrow.
Lamps—H. E. Wall, W. C. Faliwell, J. R. Martin.
Town House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Brambert, A. T. Dupuy.
Police—W. T. Dupuy, Walker Scott, J. R. Martin.
Street—E. L. Brambert, W. E. Anderson, H. E. Barrow.
Sidewalk—H. E. Barrow, W. C. Faliwell, H. E. Wall.
Safety—Walker Scott, E. L. Brambert, W. M. Duvall.
Town Clerk—Jas. E. Garland.
Town Treasurer—R. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—C. H. C. Rice.
Town Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—Leslie Fugins, E. D. Lipscomb and J. W. Foster.
Chief Fire Department—C. M. Robson.
Street Commissioner—H. A. Tucker.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. George J. Hundley.
Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—Jno. Atkins.
Deputy Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—
Treasurer—W. H. Ewing.
Commissioner of Revenue—E. J. Carter.
Sheriff—T. H. Dickinson.
Commonwealth's Attorney—A. D. Watkins.
Coroner—Dr. J. R. Spencer.
Board of Supervisors—Farmville District, L. J. Fraser; Buffalo District, R. Lee Prince; Hampden District, E. L. Dupuy, Chairman; Lockett District, W. H. Hubbard; Leigh District, A. A. Hamlin.

HENRY E. LEE, Crewe, Va. J. TAYLOR THOMPSON, Farmville, Va.

Lee & Thompson

Attorneys at Law

FARMVILLE AND CREWE, VA.

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THE ONE TALENT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Explains a Well Known Parable.

Some New Meanings of an Old Text. The Modern Application of the Story of the Unfaithful Servant.

[Copyright, 1907, by Louis Klopsch.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., [illegible] 17.—In dealing in a new and strikingly personal way with the parable of the talents the preacher shows how it applies to men of means and influence in every position in life today. The text is Luke viii, 18, "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have."

It is amazing how the addition of one little word may change the whole meaning of a sentence. For a long time I could not understand the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. Christ in his wonderful way had been telling the parable of the man who went into the far country after he had delivered unto his servants his goods. The story is almost identical with the history of your own life.

For years and years you were a slave to business. You kept up a brave front, but for nearly a quarter of a century you were trembling upon the brink of bankruptcy. The children were young and had to be supported and educated. Your business had not yet been well established. The business world was eyeing you askance. You had to buy your goods on long credit and therefore pay higher for them than if you had the ready cash. The result: It was grind, work, economize. But after a time the financial condition made a turn for the better. Two of your boys finished their schooling and were able to support themselves. One of your daughters married. With the lessening of expenses at home there came a marvelous growth at the store. Instead of living upon the "narrow lane of difficulty" you moved into Easy street. One night you came home and after dinner you said to your wife: "My dear, I have fought the battle of life and won it. It is time for us to take a wedding trip. We did not go very far when we were married. We were too poor. Let us next spring start upon a trip around the world." "Oh, John," she said, "can you afford it?" "Yes," you answered. "And I think we can take our youngest daughter along. She is all we have left at home."

At once you began to make preparations. Your wife planned for the care of the house. You made the arrangements at the store. You called in one employee and said, "Harry, you will take care of this department." You called in another and said, "Joe, you take charge of that department." To another man you gave one task and to another a different responsibility. Then you set sail. With your wife and daughter you were away from home nearly a year. When you returned you called your various employees to render an account of their stewardship. You rewarded each man according as he had fulfilled the trust committed to his charge. Such is the modern parallel of the parable of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew.

Now, when the good man of this parable found out that there was one who had failed to fulfill his trust he says, "Take therefore the talent from him and give it unto him who hath ten talents, for unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have an abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." "Strange," I used to say when I read these words. "How can anything be taken away from a man who has nothing?" Can nothing come from nothing? Yet here in this parable of Matthew we read, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." "I cannot understand these words," I used to say; "I cannot understand them."

But some time ago I had a strange illumination of the meaning of this chapter. Just as you enter a dark room and go to the window and lift the green shade and a flood of sunlight pours in, so I had a windowful of gospel light poured upon these words. One day while reading the expression as found in Luke I came upon the one word "seemeth." Then I read the conclusion of the parable in Matthew in conjunction with my text in Luke, and I found that the two verses meant practically the same. This is the way I read the two verses: "Take heed therefore how you hear, for whosoever hath to him shall be given and whosoever hath not from him shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." "Oh," I exclaimed, "I see it! When a man is untrue to the trust God has given to him, he may seem to have wealth and happiness, he may seem to be blessed with joys which are denied the children of God, but there shall come a time when he shall stand before all men stripped of his false assumptions." To pretend to have does not prove that we have. That word "seemeth" is the pivotal word of my sermonic theme. I want to prove to you that no man can eternally possess anything that is good and true and pure unless he possesses them through his fidelity and consecration to Jesus Christ. When a man has gifts and talents given to him that therewith he may do effective service for Christ and he uses them for his own advantage or does not use them at all, he will be called to account at the bar of God. Then God will say, "Take away even that which he seemeth to have."

The most absurd assumption, in the first place, of a worldly wise man is to suppose the gold, or the land, or the railroad stocks, or the Montana copper mines, of which he has control for a few years are his and his alone. They are no more his than the talent which the master gave to his unfaithful servant in the parable was his. They are no more his than the money which you give to a Wall street broker to buy for you some Pennsylvania railroad stock is his. They are no more his than the tree growing in my fruit yard belongs to the robins who come there each year to build their nests in it. They are no more his than the waters which flow down from the Adirondack mountains and work their way past the Highlands and cool themselves under the shadows of the Palisades belong to the men who live on an estate which rims the banks of the Hudson.

I might feast my eyes upon that water if I would on a moonlight night. I might launch my skiff into those waters and with powerful stroke fill the blades of my oars with its treasures so that when those drops fall back into the bosom of the stream they look like a beautiful collection of sparkling gems. But I could not control it or change its course. If I tried to change the current of the Hudson river those who live below me would rise up in wrathful protest and cry: "Stop! Stop! That river belongs to us as much as to you. You can use those waters to irrigate your gardens and fields if you will, but after your flowers and corn and grain have drunk their fill you must let those waters flow back into the river again. You must not change the onward flow which will bring those waters to us. You can use the river as it creeps past your land, but then that river belongs to us and not to you." So with the great river of gold. The worldly wise rich man may say, "This land is mine, these rivers are mine, this endless system of railroad tracks is mine, these newspapers and these office buildings are mine." "No," answers God, "not thine, but mine. I give thee the use of them for a little while as the employer gave the talents to the servants in the parable. But soon I shall take them back again." "All?" "Yes, all. Then I shall demand an account of thy stewardship." Do you not see what I am driving at? The rich man may seem to own his land, but he does not. He is a trustee and a trustee alone. Soon at the brink of the grave that trusteeship shall be taken away.

Yet, to hear some worldly wise men talk, you would suppose that when they are taking an inventory of God's money they are taking an inventory of their own gold, which they could keep forever. They seem to act like a selfish dog. After you have fed your Scotch collie all he can eat what does he do? He takes the bones that are left and carries them out into the garden and there digs a big hole. Then he puts those bones into that hole and covers them up. Then he looks at the place a minute and seems to say: "Ah, I am very prudent! No trouble can entrap me. Some day I will get hungry when my master may be visiting or dead. Then I will be independent of all my surroundings. I will go to yonder brook and find water to drink. I will come here and dig up these bones and have a glorious feast. Therefore I shall never die, because I have lots to drink and lots to eat." Thus with the worldly wise man. He does not look upon his lands and gold as God's, but as his own. He goes and digs his holes and buries in them his goods. Then his actions seem to say: "I will live forever. I am independent of all my surroundings."

When I see this cringing, crawling, unfaithful servant of the parable being deprived of his one talent, which he has hidden in his bank vaults, as a dog hides a bone, I cannot shut my ears to the false assumption of virtue with which this unfaithful servant tried to assail his master's character. He seems to say: "Master, I know what a tyrant thou art. I know how unrelenting and bitter thou wouldst be if I made one mistake in my investments. I knew that if I made a poor purchase and lost any of the capital thou wouldst never cease to hound me and that thou wouldst demand all thy gold back or my life's blood. And so, on account of the fear of making a mistake, I did nothing. Here thou hast the money that is thine." What happened? With one mighty grip the master tore into shreds the black garment of hypocrisy which covered that craven heart. With one denunciatory verbal blow he silenced those lying lips. He tore away all the unfaithful servant's pretenses to virtue when he said: "Hypocrite and falsifier thou art. Thou hast not only proved recreant to the talent I gave thee, but thou art now trying to cover that guilt with perjury and lies. Thou art doing as most unfaithful servants and evildoers do. When they are convicted of wrongdoing they try to lay the blame at some one else's door." Oh, my friends, are you and I taking that course? When we think of our unused talents, when our consciences tell us that God intended us to use the gifts that are lying idle, what is our answer? Is our excuse that other men prevent us or that God is a hard master in requiring us to work?

Then, again, there are men who would make their inactivity appear as true kindness. How often do we see the unfaithful servants of life with an assumed expression of virtue upon their countenances? They are saying: "I know people say I am selfish. I know people say that I am mean. But what can I do? I wish that I might be able to help others. But if I help them I will only do them an injury. It is better for every man to learn to help himself rather than to be helped by his brothers. The easiest way to make a well man a cripple is to give him a crutch. The easiest way to make a lame man well is to take away his crutch and compel him to use his weak limb. I am my neighbor's friend and God's disciple, although people know it not."

My brother, when you try to defend your sinful, selfish actions by putting the blame of your sins upon others, do you honestly mean that you are telling the truth? No, you know you are not. Like the unfaithful servant in the parable, you are trying to cover up your tiger claws with sheep's wool. You are trying to shield your own sins with a tissue of lies. People admire the strong wing on which the eagle soars, but a great preacher took a different view of its flight. "Do you see," he said, "yonder eagle, how it mounts? Does it care for the ethereal blue or aspire to commune with the stars of the heavens? Not a whit. Such airy considerations have no weight with the bird. And yet you will not wonder that it soars when you remember that it thus obtains a broader range of vision and so becomes the more able to provide for its nest. The bird mounts toward heaven, but it always keeps its eyes upon the outlook for its prey. It soars that it may dash downward with full swoop upon the object of its desires." So with some saints men. With their honeyed words they seem to be mounting toward the heavenly blue. They pretend to be living an unselfish life. But they are not mounting thus toward heaven to live nearer to God. They are mounting thus in order that they may have wider range for their depredations. They assume the white, spotless robes of virtue, but their hearts are as black and as craven as the unfaithful servant of the parable.

But not only does the worldly wise man incur loss of property when his Lord comes and reckons with him. He loses the society and eternal companionship of those dear to him. He seems to assume that, no matter how selfishly he may live or what sins he may commit, he shall be able to live forever with the same kind of good people with whom he has associated on earth. He seems to think, because the Master of the parable has let him work side by side with his faithful servants here for a time, that when he comes back he will still let faithful servants live side by side with him. Now, this is not to be. Not only did the Master take away from his unfaithful servant his talent and tear away his hypocritical pretenses to virtue, but the Master also debarred that unfaithful servant forevermore associating with those who had been faithful to their trusts.

If you turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, you will find that Jesus taught this fact beyond all peradventure. After Christ had told the parable of the unfaithful servant with the dramatic power of a true orator he suddenly changed his illustration into the scene of a courtroom. Here is the open court of the east. Here are the multitudes of all ages assembled. There is the throne upon which God will sit as the Divine Judge, who shall pass upon each mortal life. After each servant has given an account of his stewardship the Divine Judge will pronounce the sentence. Listen to the awful ring of those words: "And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left." Oh, yes; there will be an awful separation some day! The faithful servants must be separated from the bad. That means, "If I do not render a good account of my stewardship, God will separate me in eternity from living with those who have been faithful to their trust."

Oh, unfaithful servants, ye pretend to believe that your mother, your wife, your daughter, your son, belongs to you? If you do not render a true account of your stewardship, God will just as surely take them away from you as some day he will take away your money and shatter your hypocritical pretenses to virtue. Someday God shall send his death angel into your home. You may bar and bolt the front door, but the death angel will come right in. He will not bitter much in the dining room or the parlor. He will ascend the staircase and stop at this bedroom and that. He will look into one bedroom and there find your old mother reading her Bible. He will approach her gentle form and tap her upon the shoulder and say: "Come, child of God. Come! By thy humbled face I know thou hast been faithful to thy trust." Then he will find your daughter upon her knees. He will say to her: "Come, daughter. Jesus is waiting." He will call thy Christian father. He will stop a minute as he hears your dear wife pray, "O God, save me and save my dear husband, that we may dwell together with thee in paradise." Why will yonder angel be weeping? Thou knowest or ought to know. Unless thou dost repent and make a right rendering of thy stewardship thy family circle after death will never be reunited. You may say your loved ones belong to you, but your presumption may be based upon false premises. Your Christian loved ones belong to you if you are faithful to your divine trust as they are faithful. If thou art not faithful, then they do not belong to you. They shall not belong to you any more than your gold after death will belong to you. "And he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats," "For whosoever hath to him shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Remember this is not my parable, but Christ's. You alone must apply the lesson of this parable in order to realize the eternal destiny of your soul. May the Holy Spirit help you to realize it in Christ's way, and then you will give up your indolent lives and go to work for him who has endowed you with the talents for which you will have to give account.

RESULTS TELL

There Can Be No Doubt About the Results in Farmville.

Results tell the tale.
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What better proof can be had?

William P. Wright, the well-known retired farmer, living at the edge of Farmville, Va., says: "My motto is 'praise the bridge that carries you safe over,' and acting accordingly I can certainly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for they cured me of backache which had troubled me for eight months. At times the pain was so severe that I could not stoop without feeling it, and in the mornings I was so lame and sore I could hardly get up. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be just what I needed for they helped me from the first dose and in a very short time the lameness and pain in my back disappeared. My advice to all sufferers from backache is, go to H. C. Crute's drug store and get Doan's Kidney Pills, and you will not be disappointed in the results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Tetter Cured.

A lady customer of ours had suffered with tetter for two or three years. It got so bad on her hands that she could not attend to her household duties. One box of Chamberlain's Salve cured her. Chamberlain's medicines give splendid satisfaction in this community.—M. H. Rodney & Co., Almond, Ala. Chamberlain's medicines are for sale by the Winston Drug Co.

Gossip of Gotham

Rockefeller and Other Millionaires Annoyed by Quarrymen Along the Hudson—Remarkable Increase in Population of City—Heiress Joins the Bachelor Maid Class.

NEW YORK.—John D. Rockefeller is willing to pay $1,000,000 to obtain surcease from an annoyance that has been wearing on his nerves several months. Having been cured of his indigestion, he finds that both his health and his enjoyment of his extensive Pocantico estate at Tarrytown are being seriously affected by shocks from blasting at Hook mountain on the westerly side of the Hudson river.

In their eagerness to get out as much rock as possible before they are prohibited by law, quarrymen have been shaking up the entire countryside in the vicinity of Nyack by the violence of their blasts. Residents of the east bank of the river, three miles away, suffer as greatly from the shocks as do people near by because the rock stratum which emerges on the west bank in Hook mountain underlies the river and forms the foundation for much of the land on the Tarrytown side.

The entire colony of wealthy men whose properties extend from Ossining to Dobbs Ferry is complaining of the miniature earthquakes that rock their houses, break panes of glass, and throw vases and other objects to the floor. Night does not bring relief, as the company which operates the quarry, is working day and night shifts.

The house of Mr. Rockefeller and his son, John D., Jr., situated on small hills back of Tarrytown, are both sensitive to the tremors sent across the river from the badly rent mountain. When the blasts are particularly heavy the Rockefeller houses shake perceptibly. In some of the rooms plaster has been knocked from the walls.

The senior Rockefeller told a friend recently that the pleasure of living in his Pocantico home had been almost completely destroyed by the blasting. For this reason the Rockefellers have not spent as much time there this season as is their custom.

"If it were not for the splendid golf links I have there," Mr. Rockefeller is quoted as saying, "we would close up the place until a stop was put to the terrible work in progress on the other side of the river. I never was a nervous man, but those terrific blasts rather set me on edge. It is a shame that they are not stopped at once."

CITY GAINS OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE A DAY.

According to the New Year's custom, Father Knickerbocker has been taking account of stock and finds occasion to congratulate himself that in 1906 his City of Gotham has broken all records for growth. Its total increase in population has been 375,000, or more than 1,000 new inhabitants for every day in the year.

The floating population—visitors and others whose stay is temporary, whose homes are the hotels and lodging-houses and whose presence gives the air of bustle and rapid life to the shopping district and the Great White Way—is estimated at 150,000 to 200,000. To the city and its suburbs during the year has come an increase of $500,000,000 in real estate values—a trifle, to be sure, but nearly three times the property valuation of the entire state of Nevada in 1904, nearly equal to that of Arizona and Wyoming combined, far greater than that of New Mexico, Idaho or Utah, and about equal to the entire property valuation of South Dakota in that year.

For the year's work on rapid transit projects the total outlay has been $300,000,000, and the work under way will cost $1,000,000,000 by the time it is completed. Just to keep in touch with things the old genuine man in the powdered wig has broken another record—that for telephone installations. Within a radius of about 35 miles of the city hall there are now in service 789,000 telephones, so that New York has in service more phones than London and the ten other largest cities of Great Britain combined; more than France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland combined, and more than are to be found in the 20 largest cities in Germany. New installations in the territory in and near New York for the year numbered 67,000, or nearly 200 a day.

HEIRESS CHOSES TO BE BACHELOR MAID.

Miss Alice Lewisohn, the daughter of the late Leonard Lewisohn and heiress to $2,000,000, is the latest of New York's rich young women to join the bachelor maid class. Miss Lewisohn has rented the house at No. 46 West Fifty-second street, and it is understood she is to make it her home.

The young woman has shown an independence that is characteristic of her family, and her present move to set up an establishment of her own, is no surprise to those who are acquainted with her.

It was Miss Lewisohn who became part backer of the recent production of Browning's "Pippa Passes" at the Majestic theater. This did not become known at the time. Under the name of Leonora Leich she appeared in the cast, playing the role of Phene. She was recognized by many of her society friends in the front of the house and then the story became public.

Miss Lewisohn hastened to deny the report that she had any intention of following the stage. She explained that she had appeared in amateur theatricals several times and welcomed the opportunity offered by Mrs. L. Moyne to play Phene, as she always had been interested in the study of Browning.

Miss Lewisohn is a sister of Jesse, Fred and Adolph Lewisohn. She is about 23 years old and the idol of her three brothers. She has devoted a great deal of her time to settlement work on the East side.

SIMPLICITY IN HOMES IS NOW THE STYLE.

Simplicity in the decoration of homes is now the present fashion and when one enters the mansion of a nabob in anticipation of feasting his eyes upon rare tapestries and beautifully carved and upholstered furniture and wondrous works of art he is usually doomed to disappointment. The present fad for having rooms so bare and empty that they look almost unfurnished is a physical result brought about by a condition that has manifested itself before in different forms.

Gothamites are nervous, hurried and crowded; and for that reason they have finally realized the importance of having their homes as restful in effect and as homelike as possible. Less than a decade ago the average New York millionaire's home was an institution to look at more than a place in which to dwell in comfort. These same persons now want to have a feeling of repose, at least when they get to their homes. They have gradually learned that the restful influence of a room is the result of its furnishing and decoration.

Ten years ago the average New York drawing room was packed with furniture and bric-a-brac such as to make a person who was already nervous more fidgety. At that time there was not a chair or a sofa that was not decorated with either a finger or a draper. The finger was thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair, while the draper was usually festooned in graceful curves. Then pictures covered the walls with no regard to homogeneity in color or subject, and apparently meant to match, if possible, so far as size is concerned. Then there was the terrible mantel lambrequins that looked not unlike a bathrobe and many other such decorations that were as old and just about as graceful as Mary Jane's top-knot.

Now these fussy rooms have gone and it is not uncommon to see but a half-dozen mission chairs, a buffet and table of the same type and a few simple decorations to match in the dining-rooms of some of the swellest Fifth Avenue homes. Of course, the furniture is rich and costly, but it gives the rooms that sweet charm suggestive of the simple life.

NEW SKYSCRAPER HOSTELRY PLANNED.

Plans are now being prepared for what will be, when erected, one of the highest hotels in the world. The building will be in Herald Square and will rise 20 stories above ground. It will be connected with the McAdoo tunnel terminal. It will occupy a plot 200 by 400 in Broadway, covering the block front between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets. There will be a large central court in the Broadway end, also one in the rear, about the center of the block, which will open upon a driveway, and three courts each in Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, which will start from the third floor.

Remarkable Rescue.

That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fedora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c. and $1.00 at White & Co's. drug store. Trial bottle free.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles by White & Co., druggists 50c.

What a girl likes about being a girl is that she isn't a man.

WHAT MAKES FOR SUCCESS

Retired Business Man Gives His Son Some Pointers—Get Good Men to Work for You and Pay Them Well—Character Counts.

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON,
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE ROAD," ETC.

Young J. C. Witherspoon, son of the boss, fought his own on the road for two years actually earning his living by selling goods. One day while at Portland, Ore., he received a telegram telling him to come home, that his father was very sick. He went back at once to Chicago. He found his father stricken with paralysis and unable ever to return to his office work; yet the old gentleman's mind was as clear and active as ever.

One evening the father and son sat together on the front porch of their home. They were alone.

"John, my boy," began the father, "I'm proud of your record. You have made yourself so far all that your mother and I have hoped for from you. Nowadays so many sons of well-to-do parents are no account. Yes, my son, we are proud of you.

"They tell me I'll never be back at my post again, but I chuckle every time they tell me this, because I know I will be, and for a good many years to come—in you. That's why we are so proud of you. But let me tell you something: You'll have to hustle to keep up the speed your old dad did."

Youth Learns Wisdom.

When young John was growing up he had always sought to dodge a talk from the governor. But after he had spent a few years of running the point of his plow into live roots as he broke new ground in business he began to learn that the old gentleman could teach him something. In time he hung upon every chance he had to listen to the business wisdom of his father. Experience teaches. The bald head knows more than the one that still has fuzz clinging to its temples. So this evening the son listened with eager ear to his father.

"Yes, son, work will do more toward putting you ahead than anything else. When apples are ripe a breeze may once in awhile knock one off, but if you want to fill your basket you must climb the tree and shake the limb.

"Not only must you work hard, but you must keep on working hard. Stay-with-it wins. You can't split a sappy hickory log with a toy hatchet at one stroke; but if you keep on swinging a big ax you'll lay her open.

"You must have to put in a few wedges, too, and maul on them. And you'll find that one light lick with a maul on a small wedge will do more splitting than a dozen hard blows with an ax. Diplomacy will often do a thing easy. When I was a boy I went squirrel hunting one day with a fellow named Jim Hudson. The log treed a squirrel. The squirrel was in a hollow. Do you suppose Jim cut down that tree. No. He got a few dry leaves; put them at the bottom of the hollow; lit them with a match and smoked the squirrel out.

Industry That Wins.

"It's all right to smoke out squirrels, but if you must chop a tree, chop her. Jim was a lazy fellow and would have walked seven miles for a piece of punk and a flint rather than chop down that tree in half the time. Some men depend upon an occasional brilliant dash to keep them up; but the man who gets there is the man who keeps on making the sparks fly.

"Never slacken in your integrity. Character counts. You'll never profit off of one transaction with a man. The one-bill getters on the road are no good to a firm; and these one-bill firms don't last long. One of our old customers told me the last time I was at the store that he liked to buy goods from our firm because he knew the stuff we shipped would be up to sample.

"Another thing, don't want it all. No man can get ahead by what he does alone, and he can't get others to do it for him unless he pays them well. The most successful firm I know is a wholesale shoe house. Every time the head of that firm gets hold of a good hustler he asks him to take stock in that house. They began this long ago, and if I had had my way about it I would have begun this long ago in our house. Don't think people will work for you just because they like you. They like the jingle of silver in their pockets better.

Sobriety an Essential.

"Keep on keeping sober, son. The plans a man makes when a high-ball makes him pipe dream, he does not often put into the shop when the high-ball quits work. You can get drunk on whims, too, as easily as you can on high-balls. Do well the thing you have to do instead of dreaming of something else. You can't dig potatoes and pluck peaches at the same time. Besides, an Irish potato will look better to you than a peach if you have planted and plowed them well yourself. The successful man in the shoe business sees beauty in an old shoe that has worn well. I once heard a man say: 'I got out the prettiest raft of saw logs this season I ever did.' I knew he was a successful man.

"And when you get anything, son, pray keep it. There's no use of being a money bee one day and a housefly the next. Too many people make honey for others to devour. A man who works hard is entitled to first fill.

"Yes, sir; people like to deal with concerns that treat their men right," concluded the railroad man.

* * * * *

"Well this conversation all seems very strange to me, gentlemen, and very familiar," began the hat salesman. "Strange because of a coincidence; familiar because last night I had a dream which I will tell you.

Salesman's Dream.

"I dreamed that two men came into my room and said, 'Young man, we have come here to ask you to do a very strange thing.' 'Well, what is it?' I asked. 'We each wish to give you half a million dollars which you shall use in the way that will do the most good. I myself have given away many millions of dollars. I have endowed a few colleges and I have given money to build a library in every community where they have asked for it. Still, the newspapers say that I am a hard man.'

"'And I,' spoke up the other strange visitor, 'have given away many millions of dollars for education and yet these same newspapers say that it is 'tainted money.' Now, what we wish you to do is to take this million dollars—here it is—and do with it that thing which you decide will accomplish the greatest good.' Without saying another word, the two strange visitors left my room and closed the door, leaving the million in two thousand dollar bills upon my table.

"This is a strange situation for a poor hustler like me to be in," I thought, "but here the money is left with me. What shall I do with it? I can't build any libraries or endow any universities—that's a cinch—because my two strange visitors have tried this and are still roasted by the newspapers. I don't exactly believe it would be right to them or fair to the people to whom I gave it if I stood down on the street corner and handed out a hundred or thousand to everyone who came along until it was all gone. I'll start a big hat factory,' said I, 'and I'm going to start it on this basis:

"'Instead of building a factory in a smoky city on a dusty, murky street, I'll go out to a suburban town and build it where I can have grass and trees around it. I shall keep it clean and hang beautiful pictures on the walls that will inspire my workmen. I shall build a hospital and a library and a clubhouse, and homes for my workmen. I shall see, too, that my workers are made happy by having something uplifting to do during their hours of leisure. I do not see why some of them may not be students and others teachers. I do not see why they should not organize an orchestra and a choral society, or the young women study music and learn to paint, and do other pleasant things during the hours that they might otherwise waste. And I dreamed that all this could be done very easily.

"'It seems to me,' I thought, 'that I would not be giving my workers their full and just dues when I did nothing more than pay them their weekly wages. I will,' I resolved 'pay myself a reasonable interest, four per cent., upon my million dollars. Then I will take the rest of the earnings and divide it. I will take half because my capital is worth something—capital being accumulated labor—and the other half I will distribute among those who worked for me in proportion to what each one has earned.'

His Vision Realized.

"My dream did not end here, for just before I awoke, with the sun shining in my face, I saw a little colony that I had built after I had been running my factory for ten years. My business had grown so great that I had built addition after addition to my plant. My workers all had good, comfortable homes; they dressed well; were contented, intelligent, progressive and some of them were accomplished. The children skipping ropes in our little park were clean and happy. A few of the very old men, who had grown too old to work sat on benches looking at the little ones and speaking with gratitude of the pensions that made them comfortable. Ivy vines grew over the brick walls of my factory and big sleek horses pulled heavy loads of cases toward the freight houses."

While this one man had told his dream all those who sat around the table looked straight at him, listening intently. For a moment after he had quit speaking, all were quiet until the hat manufacturer said to his salesman, "Well, let us hope that your dream may come true! It's made of the right stuff!"

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Kaiser's Shooting Hut.

The kaiser sometimes when out hunting leads the simple life. He has a primitive shooting hut near Sylthehmen. This hut is constructed of plain fir boards, covered with bark, and hidden away in a green wood. A magnificent set of antlers towers over the entrance, while the furniture consists of a deal table and chairs, with a few hooks in the wall for overcoats. In this secluded retreat the kaiser, the kaiserin and the Princess Victoria Louise regale themselves with potatoes, which they roast for themselves in the embers of the wood fire of dry fir branches.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns, etc., by White & Co., druggists. 25c.

It is frequently easier to be sure you are right than it is to go ahead.

People usually have the blues after skimming the milk of human kindness.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c. at White & Co's. drug store.

An optimist is a person who is looked upon as a horrible example by the pessimist.

It would be easier to understand why men like to smoke if it was against the law.