# THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. XIII. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1902. NO. 1.


## CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Blanton.
President of Council—W. E. Anderson.
Town Council—By Committees.
Finance—W. P. Gilliam, O. T. Wicker and E. L. Morris.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, N. B. Davidson and S. L. Krambert.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, A. E. Cralle and N. B. Davidson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Erambert.
Light—O. T. Wicker, E. L. Morris and N. B. Davidson.
Street—J. R. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Salaries—E. L. Erambert, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Bonds—H. E. Wall, O. T. Wicker and W. P. Gilliam.
Opera House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Erambert and A. E. Cralle.
Fire—N. B. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and J. R. Martin.
Poor—E. L. Erambert, A. E. Cralle and W. E. Anderson.
Water—A. E. Cralle, E. L. Erambert and J. R. Martin.
Safety—E. L. Morris, O. T. Wicker and N. B. Davidson.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—P. H. C. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—Leslie Fogus and J. E. Ligon.
Supt. Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—G. M. Robeson.
Street Commissioner—J. S. Hart.


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MICROSCOPICAL DIAGNOSTICIAN
—AND—
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.
OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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SOUTHSIDE EXAMINER BUILDING,
(Opposite Presbyterian Church.)
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WHITE & CO.,
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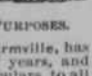
Iron and Wire Fencings 
FOR CEMETERY AND OTHER PURPOSES.
CAPT. S. W. PAULETT, Farmville, has been my Agent for a number of years, and will furnish estimates and particulars to all who apply.

EXTRACT OF VANILLA
Is frequently adulterated. WE WILL GIVE IT TO YOU PURE—made direct from the bean. Pure ground spices.
H. C. CRUTE, Druggist.


TAKE NOTICE!

This is to certify that I have lost or had stolen certificate No. 319, dated March 31, 1901, for one share of the Farmville Building and Trust Co.'s stock, and I shall ask for value of said certificate after advertising in the Farmville Herald for four issues, of said paper. If any one has said certificate please present same to me or J. R. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer of Farmville Building and Trust Co. GEO. W. SCOTT.
Sept. 4th, 1902. sep 12—4t.

POSTED!

All persons are warned not to hunt or trespass on my land. The law will be rigidly enforced.
sep 12—4t. A. T. McDANALD.


Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.
Cures all stomach troubles
... & Co., Chicago
... Anderson Drug ...


## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

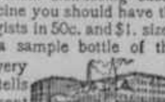
**How To Find Out.**

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

**What to Do.**

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.


KIDNEY DISEASES
are the most fatal of all diseases.
FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Is a Guaranteed Remedy
or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the *best* for Kidney and Bladder troubles.
PRICE 50c. and $1.00.
Sold by H. C. CRUTE.

NEW FLOUR!
We wish to inform our customers we have commenced grinding
NEW WHEAT
and judging from the quality of the grain, it will enable us to give you as good or BETTER FLOUR than we have ever been able to make.
We are also making a nice article of
BOLTED MEAL,
made from the BEST WHITE CORN, far superior to the Western meal made from inferior corn and offered on this market.
Buy the Farmville Mills
Flour and Meal, which we guarantee to give satisfaction. Thanking you for your patronage,
THE FARMVILLE MILLS.

Admiral Schley,
A Pure, unadulterated Rye Whiskey. The Best for medicinal purposes. I have not the largest stock, but claim the BEST of the well-known brands.
Premium Club
has no superior.
Richmond Club
has few equals.
Bear in mind that my stock is the BEST kept in Farmville since the days of Richardson Bros. FULL MEASURES guaranteed.
C. H. BLISS.

E. C. Wiltse
Sells nothing but what's guaranteed to be exactly as represented.
You Can Rely
on what you buy when it's
SILVER,
CUT GLASS,
WATCHES,
or JEWELRY
of hi[m]
That's worth everything

E. W. Grove
signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day


## SO MUCH—SO LITTLE!

["So much to do, so little done!"—Cecil Rhodes].

Is there no debt that thou dost owe
To lighten other's care or woe?
Is there no comfort thou canst give
To help another creature live?
Hast thou no Peace thou canst bestow
And let a sadder being know?

Oh, Fellow Pilgrim, stop awhile
To give a helpful, loving smile.
Thy life is not thine own to live,
As thou hast gained so must thou give!
But, give not only of thy wealth,
Give, too, a little—of thyself.

Oh, do not answer thus to me:
"I've greater cares that first must be."
Thou canst not live this way for, Friend,
What will confront thee at the end
Since there is little comfort stored
For those who live to merely—hoard.

Oh, Soul so stultified, and mean,
What bit of love canst thou then glean?
With not one voice to intercede
And help thee, in thy pressing need?
Look then to it. Aye, count the cost
Of precious, helpful moments—lost.

So much to do, So little—done!
It is not strange the World's unwon.
So little done by you, and me,
So little love with Charity.

—Lawrence Frederic Deutzman, in N. Y. Observer.

## THE CLUBBY GIRL

"I AM afraid I am not a bit clubby," said the girl who thought she was up to date. "I suppose the whole trouble is that I am not in the running. I'm dead and I don't know it. So Oleander says, and what Oleander says goes. Oleander is a new woman.

"It was at the Comb and Brush club that I met her. Ethel was there and she said:

"'Wouldn't you like to meet Oleander Vining Hook, dear?'

"'Do you mean the Oleander Hook?' I asked.

"'Yes, Oleander Hook, who writes things. You see, the Comb and Brush girls are so used to genius they don't mind it a bit.'

"'I have worshiped her verses for years,' I said, 'those dear, tender dew-droppy litle things that have the very scent of apple blossoms in them. Most decidedly I should like to meet her. I shall consider this somewhat aimless afternoon well spent.'

"'Well, here she comes,' gurgled Ethel.

"I looked up and saw a sporty-looking blonde, with hay-colored hair coming over, taking long strides and with a sort of 'varsity droop to her shoulders. She leaned forward from the waist up, and a gun-metal cigarette case dangled from her belt.

"She had a tight tailor skirt with a crease down the front and hip pockets. A scarlet waistcoat showed beneath a jaunty little mess jacket, and her watch fob was of leather. Then she had a stock tie with a horseshoe pin and a flaring Panama hat like a man's.

"She came over with a broad grin, and gave my hand a grip, then slowly pumped it right and left. It was most disconcerting."

"'Well, you old beggar,' she said, 'you don't mean to say you've forgotten me?'

"I confess I was somewhat stunned by the mode of address, and then it was that I reflected that after all this was probably the proper thing. Staying away from club life makes one a fossil!

"I was quite sure I had never met her, though, for her dewdrop poem had made such an impression on me that I'd have recollected.

"'I hardly think,' I began, smiling weakly, while Ethel looked at us in astonishment, 'that is, I am quite sure I've never met you, but I've read you with much pleasure.'

"'Oh, break it off, break it off, short, you beggar,' she said; 'you know very well we were on the same commitee in the Electric club.'

"'Now I am sure you are mistaken,' I said, pleasantly, trying to ignore her fad for addressing me as a beggar; 'I never belonged to the Electric.'

"'Then it was the Thursday P. M. club. What?'

"'Nor to that,' I said.

"'Oh, come! you're pulling my leg,' she said.

"She certainly is a breezy girl, Oleander is. I didn't know what to say, so I just smiled.

"'You were chairman of the reception committee of the Thursday P. M. club, or I'll pay for the dinner,' she said.

"'Never belonged to it,' I repeated. I was getting a little tired.

"'Then the Do It To-Day club. That is it. I'm twisted. It was the Do It To-day.'

"'Never heard of the club,' I said.

"She stared at me as if she thought that I was lying.

"'The fact is, Miss Hook, I've never belonged to any woman's club,' I said. 'I once belonged to a dinner club, but there were as many men as women in it. Prof. Volt, the electrician, was president. It was quite a prosy, scientific sort of a—"

"'Did you belong to that tough club?' she asked.

"Ethel broke in here to avoid trouble.

"'Oh, how nice! Tell me about it,' she said.

"'It was a beastly tough crowd,' went on Oleander; 'that was where I met you. Beastly tough. A lot of the worst bounders I ever was up against.'

"'I suppose it must have been if you—' I began.

"'Were there, I suppose you are going to say,' she ejaculated.

"'No, I wasn't going to say it,' I replied. 'I always endeavor to avoid being rude.'

"Really she seemed a most unpleasant person. There was nothing dew-droppy about her except her freshness.

"'You girls both wrote for the Triumvirate,' said Ethel, to break the silence. 'Didn't you?'

"'Yes, that's why they had to lower the price,' said Oleander. 'Old Spacer told me that, when I asked him why they'd gone and done it. "We can't get 20 cents for it if we continue to print your stuff," he said. Queer old bird, Spacer was.'

"'I don't think we appreciated him,' I said, trying to give a gentler turn to the conversation. 'When he was gone I realized that I had learned a lot of things from him.'

"'Did, eh? Well, I taught him a few,' said Oleander, glibly.

"'He seemed to be quite well informed, as men go,' I said.

"'Well, you ought to know,' said Oleander.

"By this time I had begun to suspect that Oleander's manner was simply an unpleasant pose, so I turned my back to her and picked up a magazine.

"She gave a sort of horse laugh and went off chuckling in a most horrible way.

"'Odd sort of person, isn't she?' I said to Ethel.

"'Oh, she's always like that,' said Ethel. 'She's such fun! She's the wittiest girl in the club and as quick as a flash.'

"'Well, she's too speedy for me,' said I, 'and if you've any more like her, just keep them off. I can't quite assimilate that buoyant personality of hers.'

"About a month after Ethel sent me two tickets for the Comb and Brush club's vaudeville performance.

"'I can't be there,' she wrote; 'I'm going to Florida, but I want you to go and am sending you these tickets with my compliments and much love.'

"But I thought of Oleander Hook and weakly capitulated by deciding I wouldn't go. I'd have to cut her, and Oleander seemed so explosive there was no knowing what might happen.

"But that day in came Mrs. Fairfax, a cousin of Ethel's, and I told her I wasn't going and asked her if she didn't want the tickets.

"'But you must come,' she said. 'It's going to be such fun.'

"So I went with Mrs. Fairfax. In the distance as we entered I saw Oleander. She had on another doggy looking gown and a derby hat. Fancy! in the evening! She fastened her gaze on me, but I looked through her.

"She kept coming nearer and nearer, smiling broadly at me, but I just didn't see her. Then she sat down near me and began to talk loud to another girl. I paid no attention whatever to her.

"Finally she leaned over and plucked me by the sleeve. I know it's a Shakespearean sort of expression, but that's just what she did. She caught the sleeve between her finger and thumb and gave it a little tug just as a fox terrier would do with its teeth.

"I looked around and coldly confronted her, grinning broadly.

"'Oh, I said, 'Miss Hook, I believe, isn't it?'

"'That's just who it is,' began the dreadful girl, 'you didn't see me, did you?'

"'Yes, I saw you,' I said.

"'Well, you didn't know me then,' she blurted.

"'You—er—had a different hat on, I believe, when I met you,' I said, eying the derby.

"'Do you always know people by their hats?' she said.

"'Not always; only sometimes,' I replied.

"Mrs. Fairfax came to the rescue here.

"'Isn't it a delightful evening!' she said.

"'I suppose it is,' I said. 'But I'm so easily scared.'

"'Terrible thing to have such a shy disposition,' said Oleander.

"'You're not troubled that way, Miss Hook,' I remarked.

"'Oh, I'm all right,' she said. 'I'm on earth and don't you forget it.'

"'You'll not let me forget it, I fear,' I said.

"'I'd hate to be a dead on,' said Oleander.

"'I wish I could share your views,' I remarked.

"'Oh, be clubby,' she said. 'Life is too short to chew the rag. Let us go to the trapeze, Lady Jane.'

"I moved out of Miss Hook's aura. Her relentness gaze followed me. I felt and I knew that she was saying things.

"About three weeks after I got a note written on the heavy paper of the Comb and Brush club with the odd emblems of the association engraved on top. The writing looked as though it had been done with a match dipped in stove polish. It said:

Dear Lady Jane: We're $1 to the bad on our vaudeville show and I guess it's about up to you as your name isn't down among the purchasers and you must have crawled in under the tent. But it won't do, old girl! Just drop that high and mighty touch-me-not air of yours long enough to cough up $2! And be quick about it. See? Faithfully yours, OLEANDER HOOK,
Treasurer the Comb and Brush.

—N. Y. Sun.

**Proof Sufficient.**

"Why," said the man who was trying to sell me a horse, "a woman can drive him!"

Of course I laughed scornfully at this preposterous claim.

"I mean what I say," the man persisted. "Look! When I pull on the right-hand rein he turns promptly to the left, and when I pull on the left-hand rein he turns promptly to the right; and if I drop the rein and shriek 'Whoa!' in a terror-stricken voice, he moves off gently in the very middle of the road."

Now, here was ocular demonstration. Besides, the man seemed an honest fellow.—National Tribune.

**What She Feared.**

"You look worried to-night, William," said the rural editor's wife. "Anything wrong?"

"Well, rather," replied the local molder of public opinions. "An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and nearly punched the life out of our person."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the power behind the press. "I hope he didn't stop his paper."—Chicago Daily News.

**Without an Occupation.**

"Goin' fishin'?"

"No; the fish jerk the line so, it always wakes me up."

"Plowin'?"

"Can't. I've just joined the church an' can't tackle a mule without swearing."

"Well, what have you got in sight, then?"

"Nuthin' 'tall. Done lost my spectacles."—Atlanta Constitution.


**La Grippe Cough**
cured with Dr. Davids Cough Syrup of pure Pine, Tar, Horehound and Wild Cherry. Best on earth for cough's colds, cramp, consumption Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

## LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS.

**The Letter He Wrote for a Dying Soldier Boy and one to a Bereaved Mother.**

As a part of the last Memorial day services in Broadway Methodist church, ex-President J. H. Martin, of Moore's Hill college, delivered his lecture on "Abraham Lincoln." In simple, forceful sentences he portrayed Lincoln the man and president. He told with eloquence the story of Lincoln's early life and struggles; of his achievements as a lawyer; of his historical debates with Douglas and of his dramatic political career, with its tragic ending, says the Indianapolis Journal.

"No story of Lincoln," he said, "would be complete without some mention of his tender, sympathetic nature. A man of great physical strength and moral courage, as well as firmness of will, he had all the gentleness of a woman.

"His heart and sympathies were always with the common soldier. It was Gen. Butler, I believe, who gave an account of the president's visit to a hospital. As he passed from ward to ward, stopping long enough to speak a word of cheer and comfort to each poor fellow as he lay on his little cot, he finally came to a boy who was evidently dying.

"Mr. Lincoln sat down by his side, and asked the dying boy if there was anything he could do for him. 'I wish you would write to my mother,' was the feeble answer. And the president wrote it down, signing his own name.

"When he read the letter to the boy, and came to the closing sentence: 'This letter is written by Abraham Lincoln,' the poor fellow looked up, and said: 'Why, is this our president?'

"Mr. Lincoln answered: 'Yes, and now that you know who I am, is there anything more I can do for you?' The dying boy answered: 'Nothing more, unless you hold my hand and see me through.'

"And so the great president sat by that humble cot, and with big tears rolling down his face he held the trembling hand of that dying boy until the spark of life had fled.

"Search the annals of history and you will nowhere find a more beautiful, tender utterance than his letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, who had given five sons to her country. This letter was written in November, 1864, at a time when the angel of death had visited almost every household in a

MR. LINCOLN SAT DOWN BY HIS SIDE.

stricken land, and it was even then hovering over the president himself. It begins:

"'My Dear Mrs. Bixby: I have been shown in the files of the war department that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming.

"'And yet I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic which they died to save. I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father may soothe the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours in having laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.'

"The peerless glory of Abraham Lincoln lies in the fact that beyond all other men he could read the thoughts and enter into the feelings and sympathies of the common people, and in his own great sad heart he carried the burdens and sorrows of his countrymen until he wrought out the nation's freedom and sealed it with his blood."

**Coming in Large Doses.**

John Allen, of Tupelo, relates this as his first experience in a battle during the civil war:

"A neighbor and I were behind a rail fence. All of a sudden he said to me: 'What do I care about territorial rights? I am a heap more use at home than I am here.' He started to get out and go home when a Yankee shell burst in front of him, tearing up the ground.

"'John,' he says, 'what chance have we got? There was enough stuff in that shell to kill 40 men and they just fired it at you and me.'"—N. Y. World.

**It Sounds Better.**

"Is Cholly really looking for a job?"

"Oh, dear, no. He's looking for an opportunity to consent to accept a position."—Chicago Post.

**Cause and Effect.**

"The way those people flaunt their money fairly makes me ill."

"Sour grapes always did have that effect."—Brooklyn Life.


I have reduced in price my line of summer wash goods. Now is the time to get a bargain. I want to close them out. Come and look over them, you will find some very pretty styles left.
W. P. Richardson.


## THE TREATING HABIT.

**Editor of "The Bricklayer and Mason" Makes Some Pointed Comments on the Subject.**

The editor of the Bricklayer and Mason, the official organ of the International Union of America, in a recent number had an admirable and interesting editorial on the treating habit from which we cull the following:

The treating habit is nonsensical. The only defense offered for it is that it is the means of bringing together convivial spirits; that it makes for good fellowship. Does it? Not always. How often do we see two men meet who are on the best of terms, and feel so good toward each other that they invite each other to "come and have a drink." The drink is returned, and again returned, and so on until sober friends become drunken enemies. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half the rows that land principals in hospitals and morgues, and jails and scaffolds, begin over the "social glass." And yet there are those who insist that the habit is based upon good fellowship, or at least makes for it. On the contrary, were the habit to be tabooed, good fellowship, of the kind that is really good, would gain immeasurably; and public morals would be vastly improved.

Oftentimes a man who is accustomed to a glass "for his stomach's sake" proceeds, when he feels the need for it, to have a drink, as he calls it. Once inside the saloon, he meets Jones, and because of the singular ethics of this good fellowship, he feels in duty bound to invite Jones to participate. And Jones returns the compliment, and the drink. At this juncture, either recognizes an acquaintance, and the circle of good fellowship enlarges. Then the new-comer, rather than be considered "small," or just to show that he is as good a fellow as either, proposes a third drink. And the third drink is taken. A story is told; then the bartender, who has overheard it with such interest that he at once deems his customers "mighty good fellows," sets up the drinks "on the house." So jovial and generous a bartender appeals to the trio, and then another drink.

So the first to enter, who felt the need for a drink—that is, one drink—emerges from the saloon more or less affected, and finds that he has taken more than is good "for his stomach's sake." Quite often the little party, now a jolly, not to say hilarious one, and increased in number by one, two or more additions in the shape of those "good fellows" who are always found about such places, have found seats at a table, and they remain until the lights are put out, and very generally until they too are subjected to the same treatment. So it is in this way that a man drinks more than he would were he at liberty to drink alone, and according to his personal desires, not according to a tyrannical code of so-called "good fellowship."

It is a mistake to suppose that the invitation to drink always implies good fellowship, for quite often the one who invites does not do so much because of any good feeling, as from a desire to avoid the appearance of meanness.

Viewed in any light, the treating habit is one of the worst of habits. It makes men drunkards against their will. When men shall have gotten from under its tyranny, there will be but one class that will regret—the saloon keeper; thousands of homes will be gladdened, and good fellowship will recover its dignity, and cease to be barroom burlesque.

## ITEMS.

Four saloons have been closed at Atlantic, Ia., by injunction.

In one Pennsylvania county in a single year $17,000,000 was spent for liquor, and it was estimated that $11,000,000 of the amount came from workingmen.—Brethren Evangelist.

A petition signed by 44 saloonkeepers has been presented to the city council of Kenosha, Wis., asking for an ordinance making it a criminal offense for any saloon to serve free lunch.

After confirming a class of 500 children at St. Anne's Catholic church in Chicago, recently, Bishop Muldoon administered the pledge of total abstinence, with a warning to the children to avoid liquor all through their lives.

At a repast following a meeting of 300 job printers and smaller publishers in Philadelphia, recently, there were no intoxicating beverages. There had been quite a debate regarding the question in the committee on arrangements. The son of a white ribboner helped to decide against the "flowing bowl."—Pennsylvania Bulletin.

**Temperance Move Among Strikers.**

The anthracite coal miners' strike in Hazleton, Pa., began its second week with some features novel to strikes, but worthy of notice and emulation by all labor bodies. President Mitchell has requested that all mine-workers shun the saloons. Rev. James V. Hussie followed this by asking all parish members to take a total abstinence oath to cover the period of the strike. The oath was administered at the Catholic church in two most impressive services, one in the morning, the second at vespers. It is to be hoped that this initiative will be followed up, that the men can be made to see the truth and virtue of the total abstinence principle and be won to lifelong enlistment.—Union Signal.


Wall Paper in greatest variety, both in prices and styles of print, at Doyne's.

**You Know What You are Taking**
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50 cents.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Our line of footwear for ladies and children is complete.
Fleming & Clark.


## HAD LOTS OF NERVE.

**Thrilling Experience of a Youthful Stowaway.**

**Came to America in the Boiler of a Donkey Engine—Found a Friend and Was Permitted to Stay.**

Rivaling the tales of mythical fortune hunters is the experience of a little Austrian stowaway in one of the boilers of the Umbria, upon its recent arrival in New York. After the lad, who is 16 years old, had traveled 15,000 miles in quest of America, he at last was placed in the hands of a friend who promised to care for him.

The boy's name is Bozo Gacino, and he comes from Dalmatia, a province of Austria. His wanderings began more than a year ago, when his father, a small farmer, gave him 100 florins and told him to go to America. With great glee the little Austrian left the village of Sebenico, for he and his elder brothers quarreled continually, and he had a friend in America whom he longed to join. After spending 30 of his florins, he reached Triest, the seaport, where he fell in with an obliging fellow, who, for the remaining 70 florins, agreed to embark Bozo for America. Bozo gave up his florins, and the stranger disappeared, leaving a discouraged little lad to return to Dalmatia.

Gacino's father then apprenticed him to a druggist, but the boy soon wearied of long hours and small wages, and ran away to Triest, where he hid in a steamship bound for Egypt. At Alexandria he stowed away in the Fabyan and reached Liverpool a week later. Then he crawled into the hold of the Cunard Saxonia. Upon reaching New York last spring he was deported, after he had obtained a fleeting glance of the busy harbor. When he was taken back to Liverpool he evaded the English immigration officials, and for 20 days lived off crusts found in the gutters, but always kept a weather eye open for an America-bound vessel.

SENTRY ORDERED BOZO BELOW.

June 13, just before the Umbria sailed, he crept upon the deck, looking for a hiding place. A lantern was flashed in his face, and the sentry, believing he was one of the cabin boys, ordered him below. Without realizing his danger the boy crawled into a boiler which furnishes steam to the "donkey" engine. This boiler was not used throughout the voyage, or the boy would have been burned to death. Friendly stokers discovered his presence, but instead of disclosing his secret, they fed him during the voyage.

Thursday, however, McKechan, the refrigerator engineer, climbed on top of the boiler and proceeded to hang up some of his washing to dry. Just as the engineer was preparing to descend he was startled to see a head bob up out of the opening in the top of the boiler and then disappear again. McKechan crawled over to the manhole and peered into the darkness inside the boiler. He could dimly discern the outlines of a person, and he shouted to him to come out.

Receiving no response the engineer attempted to reach inside and seize the boy's clothing, but he was severely bitten for his pains. The engineer, convinced that something was wrong, went to Chief Engineer Hardy. After a struggle and some tight squeezing past the tubes they managed to get their prisoner up to the manhole entrance, and he was pulled out.

All laughed when they saw the supposed lunatic. He was locked up in the steamship's hospital and when the vessel reached port a vigorous search for the bold lad's friend was made. He was found in Harlem and signed papers which permitted the young Dalmatian to remain in the United States.

**Little of Brain Is Used.**

Much of the larger portions of a brain is composed of white matter—that is, of nerve fibers—which has nothing whatever to do with real brain work and which only carries messages, says an exchange. Again, if research is to be trusted, it is only the brain cells of a very limited (probably the frontal) region which have to do with the highest mental operations. When, therefore, we talk about the size of head and brain and the weight of the brain, we should clearly understand that only an infinitesimal fraction of the three pounds' weight or so of an ordinary brain can be reckoned as representing brain cells—that are the agents of our nervous governance. Practically the brain cells (of the cerebrum of great brain at least) bear no larger proportion to the brain's mass than the rind of a Dutch cheese does to the eatable portion.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