

Why Not Do Something For Richmond

At last the wheels are moving for the Fall Festival. All the heads of the main committees have been appointed. They are men who in each instance are particularly fitted for the management of the enterprise. They have been through the mill and know how to avoid the mistakes as well as to retain the successes of last year. And then will come the appointment of the heads of the sub-committees and selection of the committees themselves.

And so it is started.

As far as the promoters of the Fall Festival are concerned, all the preliminaries will soon be out of the way. The committees will ask men to help them in this work for Richmond. That will be the test. In other words after the plans are made it makes no difference how well the minds of the promoters may have worked in thinking up new and desirable features—what is needed is men who will carry them out. All the plans in the world will not make the Fall Festival a success—what it needs—what Richmond needs, is men.

Why not do something for Richmond?

The success of the Fall Festival depends on the whole town. The success of Richmond depends on everyone taking an interest in it and not letting someone else do the work.

Last year it was hard work to get some men in town interested in the Fall Festival. They spent more time in thinking up excuses than they needed to have spent in working for the Fall Festival. Some men doubted very much if it could be done. Other men did not like some of the men who were working for it. Other men were "too busy." Others said it was all foolishness. Others "were not feeling well." Still others said that Richmond had never helped them, therefore they would never help Richmond. Others thought it was the pet scheme of the Main street merchants to help themselves. Some Main street merchants said that they wouldn't work because it might help their competitors. Poor men objected to it because they said it was for rich men. Several wealthy and conservative capitalists looked askance at it because other rich men were not interested in it. Some employers said it wasted the time of their employees. Some of the employees would not work for it because they didn't like their employers. Other people thought it was simply a project of the newspapers. And so on—

The Fall Festival was a success in spite of the knockers and the gloom dispensers.

And the reason it was a success is because those men who did work, worked with their coats off. They didn't care whether they had been selected as chairmen of committees or not—they did not even care whether they were on the committees. They all planned—they all worked—for Richmond.

And here it must be said that the Fall Festival means work.

They worked with the idea of making Richmond a good live town. They took time from their own affairs and families to do something for the whole town. And there is not one of them who is not proud of it.

The wearying details—the rush—the clamor of every thing which had to be done all at the same time—that, they took as a part of the game.

But when they had finished—everyone said that it was the best thing which had been done in Richmond in the town's whole history.

Therefore there will not be the same amount of callous thick headedness to overcome this year that there was last. If the Fall Festival had not been the success it was there would have been no talk in favor of it this year.

As it is, there will be a Fall Festival in this town which will be far more successful than the one last year.

It has to be—else it were better to lie back on the prestige of last year's efforts.

But as far as that is concerned every one except the chronic pessimists is willing to grant that.

Now what has this to do with you?

Simply this:

Are you in favor of Richmond going along in a sleepy fashion every one knocking his neighbor's business and fighting over the dead carcass of trade like so many jackals? Do you want a dead town?

Or do you want a live town in which things are constantly being done. A town in which every man is trying to do something for the whole town?

If you were to vote on this tomorrow, how would you vote?

Every man who has energy enough to get to the voting place would vote for a good town.

Why not do something for Richmond?

As we said in the beginning what is most needed from now on is men who are willing to work. Men who are live wires. Men are wanted who can see before their noses far enough to realize that what is good for the town is good for everything in the town.

And no one need feel that he is not wanted.

Every man, woman and child can help.

Any man on the Fall Festival committee will be glad to tell you what you can do.

You can at least say a good word for it every place you go.

If you are one of those who make excuses, we have printed some for your use in a paragraph above.

Excuses will not be popular this year.

To sum up the whole matter:

Why not do something for Richmond?

"agement," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I don't object to seeing a young man look out for his interests. But when he applied for a cash advance in order to buy an engagement ring I must say it struck me as unbusinesslike."

"De man dat squeezes a dollar too hard," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to lose his grip on de coin an' have sore fingers besides."

In language quite succinct I have heard That the dodo is extinct— Lucky bird!

It is somewhere far away, 'Neath the prehistoric clay, In a spot which, as a rule, Can't be anything but cool. Summer hours of sultry glow Over it may come and go. He fears not from day to day What the "kiosk" may display. When the weather man gives out Something new to talk about. Poets have been known to sing That they tain would live on wing. If I had to make a choice No frail creature with a voice Counting in melodious glee Would I undertake to be. 'Midst the summer warmth and shine Is the dodo bird for mine. While beneath a sizzling sun I gaze, I'll be bound to say:—

HOME FOUND FOR CARTWRIGHT BOY

Will Live With Nathan White, a Farmer.

A young boy named Cartwright who has been a source of interest and worry to the prosecutor, judge and other circuit court officials has been found a home with Nathan White, a farmer north of the city. The boy is a ward of an orphan home. He was bound out to a man in this county and left the place. He complained against the treatment accorded him, but the court was inclined to listen to what the farmer had to say of the boy.

The Earth's Crust. The solid crust of the earth is about twenty-five miles thick, and it floats upon a denser substratum, which is fluid or at least plastic. The crust of the earth may therefore be compared to an ice floe resting on the ocean and the mountains to icebergs imbedded in it. Just as an iceberg floats with only a small proportion of its bulk above the surface of the water, so the hills as we know them are merely the tips of great mountains which are buried deep in the earth's interior.

TO CLOSE PLANT IN A SHORT TIME

Rowlett Desk Factory Will Suspend After All Orders Are Fulfilled.

IS TO BE DISPOSED OF

G. H. KNOLLENBERG STATES HE IS TO RETIRE FROM MANUFACTURING BUSINESS—SAFETY GATE PLANS.

As soon as the present orders of the Rowlett Desk company are filled the factory will be closed down, according to a statement of George H. Knollenberg, owner, this morning. Mr. Knollenberg desires to retire from the manufacturing business, having recently disposed of the Safety Gate Manufacturing company. Both industries have not been working full force for some time.

The plant has been on the market for a year or more. Just before the financial flurry of a year or so ago, a deal had practically been completed but was called off when business became affected.

Want to Retain It.

An effort will be made to keep the Rowlett Desk factory in the city as it has been a very thriving industry.

No disposition has been made of the factory building of the Safety Gate company. The new owners of the plant, who will eventually move it to Marshalltown, Iowa, have the privilege to use the building for one year and it is probable that this will be done unless the company decides to enlarge the business and establish a branch concern in this city. Because of the increased expense in shipping from Marshalltown to the east, it is probable that such a plant may be established in this city.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

Copyright, 1908, by Edwin A. Nye

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A \$250,000 SMILE.

"Smiling Joe" Barron, aged twelve years, has made \$250,000—not for himself, indeed, but for a home for sick and crippled children.

It was this way:

Some young doctors in New York city who had seen the suffering and lack in the tenement districts, where the poor poor sweeter in summer and shiver in winter, bought a cottage on the ocean and started a charity sanitarium on a small scale.

Joe Barron was their first patient. Joe's back was twisted, and his legs were crooked, and he had tuberculosis of the bone—a sad combination of ills.

But when they came to see him Joe smiled up into the faces of the doctors, and his smile went straight to their hearts.

And so they took Joe out of the hot and dirty slums, out to their cottage, which they called "Sea Breeze." And there they strapped him to a board and hung him out in the fresh air just as an Indian mother hangs her papoose.

It hurt him, but Joe smiled. And every few days those doctors with the strong arms pulled and twisted and stretched Joe's muscles so that the little fellow would sometimes cry out in pain, but no sooner did they quit trying to straighten out the kinks in his deformed body than the smile reappeared.

It was the smile that would not come off.

One day, some four years ago, President Roosevelt and his great friend Jacob Rills went to Sea Breeze. Joe didn't know the stout gentleman who looked at his twisted shape was the president, but he smiled the old sweet smile.

And impulsive Roosevelt said to Rills, "Can't we do something for this brave fellow?"

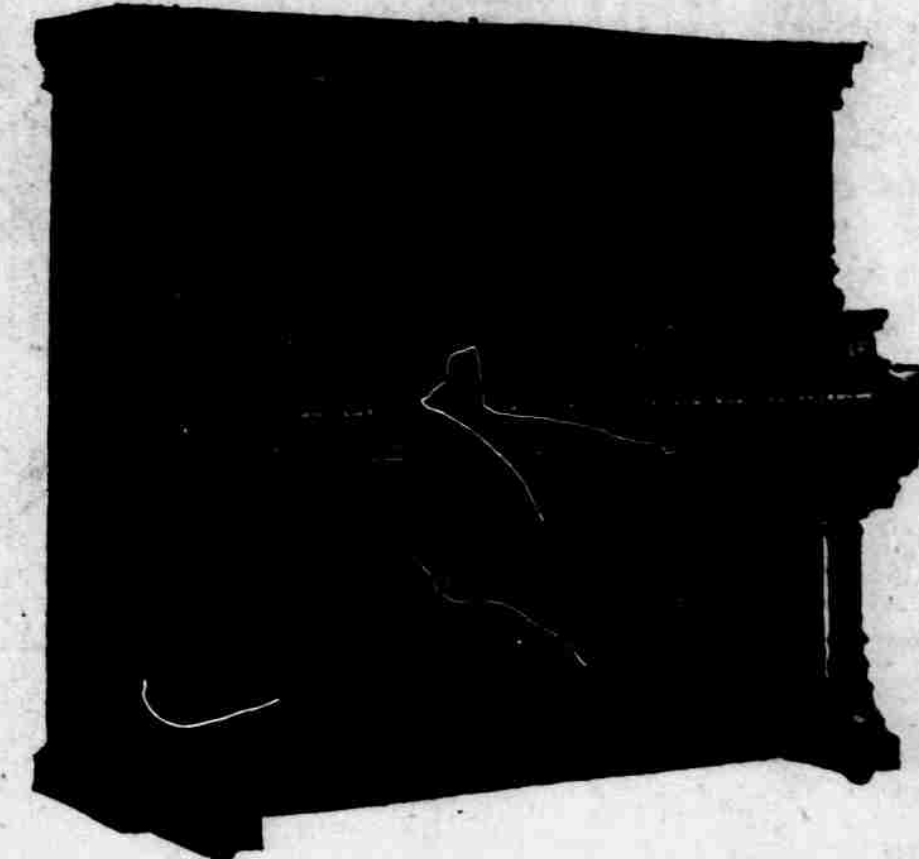
And Rills said, "I'm going to take his picture and tell the people about Joe." Perhaps you have seen that picture in the magazines and the appeal that went with it. And the money came pouring in from all over the country in large and small amounts—enough to build a \$250,000 hospital. Joe's smile did it.

Joe's back is all right now, and his

... Every Lady Enjoys Her Piano ...

You would not think of a day passing without devoting at least an hour to your music. Have you ever thought of the number of young people who have always wanted a piano but never have been in a position to buy such a high priced instrument.

Trade here, save money on your purchase, and help some worthy person to get this piano free.



The piano we will give away free of all charge will make some home happy. You surely know of some deserving young person who would appreciate owning this superb piano. Here then is your opportunity to help.

You can do your trading here for cash and get votes which you can transfer to the person you wish to have the piano.

New Lot Pretty, Stylish, Cool Kimonos

\$1.25 Persian Challie Long Kimono	\$1.00
\$1.25 Persian Lawn Long Kimono	\$1.00
\$2.00 Persian Challies, Long Kimono	\$1.50
\$2.00 Oriental Crepon Long Kimono	\$1.50
\$2.50 Oriental Crepon Long Kimono	\$1.95

"The People's Store"

THE SCRAP BOOK

A Better Place.

There was pie for dessert, and the small son of the hostess, taking advantage of the presence of company, pleaded for a second helping and got it. After he had eaten it all he showed signs of distress and was soon howling lustily and doubled up with pain.

A rather prim lady who was present said to the boy's mother: "He's got no business to yell like that. If he were my child he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted. "I don't believe, though, in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but you can turn him over."

Laughter.

Worry stalked along the road, Trouble sneaking after. Then Black Cat and Grief and Goad, Enemies to Laughter.

But old Laughter, with a shout, Rose up and attacked 'em. Put the sorry pack to rout, Walloped 'em and whacked 'em.

Laughter frolics day and night. Sometimes he's a bubble. But he hath a deal of might In a bout with Trouble.

—John Kendrick Bangs in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Liked the Treatment.

A slater who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him."

The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly, "Four awa, mon, pour awa; ye're doin' fine."

Storming the Winning Post. William IV. of England, who was bred to the sea, had no particular pre-

disposition for horse racing, but he so far interested himself in the sport as to take up his brother's stud to run out the engagement of George IV. Just previous to the first appearance of the royal stud in his name the trainer sought an interview to know what was the royal pleasure—how many horses the king would send down. How the trainer must have stared when he heard the savior king, as if giving a command for a three dollar to fire a broadside, order the whole stand, upward of 100 horses, to be let off at one shot for a single race! "Send down the whole squad," said the king. "Some of them, I suppose, will win."

Willing to Please.

A large and elegant hotel furnished on the most luxurious lines was erected at a fashionable resort. A magnificent orchestra performed every evening in the hotel dining room, but on one occasion, out of season, the house was so empty that the manager dispatched the following telegram message to the head offices of the company: "Only one guest, but orchestra of thirty. What shall I do?"

And the prompt reply came, "If guest dissatisfied, engage six more musicians!"

Mrs. Lapwing was in a high state of indignation. "I'm done with Mrs. Whilka," she said, her eyes snapping. "She got hold of a letter I wrote to my brother in which I said something about the Snuggles, and she's going around giving a garbled version of it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Beg pardon," said the hotel clerk. "But what is your name?"

"Name?" echoed the indignant guest, who had just registered. "Don't you see my signature on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."—Chicago News.

Plan for Summer Comfort

Don't add the heat of a kitchen fire to the sufficient discomfort of hot weather.

Use a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and cook in comfort.

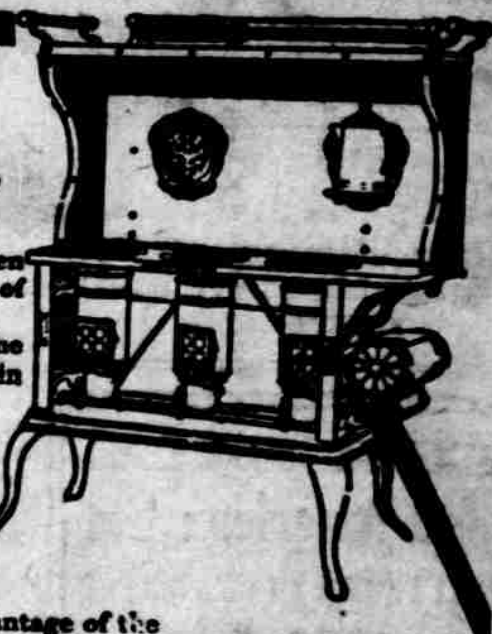
With a "New Perfection" Oil Stove the preparation of daily meals, or the big weekly "baking," is done without raising the temperature perceptibly above that of any other room in the house. Another great advantage of the

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is its handsome CABINET TOP, which gives it every convenience of the modern steel range. Has an ample top shelf for warming plates and keeping cooked food hot, drop shelves for holding small cooking utensils, and is even fitted with racks for towels. Made in three sizes and can be had with or without Cabinet Top. If at your dealer's address our nearest agency.

The Rayo Lamp

gives perfect combustion whether high or low—is therefore free from disagreeable odor and smoke. Safe, convenient, economical—the ideal light. If not at your dealer's address our nearest agency.



The Best Slogan For Richmond?

That is what the Young Men's Business Club prize for advertising Richmond. The Club offers a prize of FIVE DOLLARS for the phrase or slogan selected as the most suitable for the fight for a bigger and better town. The Contest will be open from now until 6 p. m. on the evening of July 6th. Slogans arriving before noon will be published in both papers the same day. Every one is eligible. Send in as many ideas as you have. The judges are to be announced later.

What the Club wants is something new, crisp and effective. It wants something that won't wear out because it is used permanently in the future campaign for a diamond enterprise.

Address The Slogan Contest Editor

The Man or The Machine Office

TWINKLES

Another Victim.

"What harm has Wall street ever done?" asked Farmer Brown. "It got so excited talkin' 'bout the gold standard that it got down to the store that it got seven hours a week right in the heart of the season."

Under the Mosquito Bar. "I don't sleep I sought a wink; I went up to the bar to get a drink."

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