

How's This? WRIGHT IN CHARGE OF EMPIRE LIFE'S AFFAIRS

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any information that can be given by any person who can identify the man or men who, we believe, have known F. J. Wright for the last 15 years, and believe him personally to be the man who has been secretly able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NAT. BANK OF COMMERCE.

Hall's Cuticle Care is taken internally, acting upon the blood and minute surfaces of the system. It is a safe, non-irritating, non-toxic drug. Take Hall's Family Pill for constipation.

No Trouble to Remove Superfluous Hair

TROUBLE TIPS.

It is an easy matter to rid the skin of objectionable hair on fuzz, if you will use the same method with a little vaseline and a little powder, dabbing it on hairy surfaces and in a minute the hairs are gone. This method of banishing hairy growth is painless and does not harm the skin, but to avoid disappointment be certain to get real date (Advt.)

Have you bought your supply of Paints, Stains and Varnishes at Tripod Paint Co.'s Fire Sale now going on at 3 S. Broad St.

HOW WE QUIT TOBACCO

This veteran S. B. Lamphere was addicted to the excess use of tobacco and wanted to quit but never knew what to do to help him. He learned of a book that tells about tobacco habit and how to conquer it and wrote to the author for a copy of this book on tobacco habit, smoking and chewing. He got it free, postpaid, by writing to Edward J. Wright, 100 Broadway, New York City. You will be surprised and pleased. Look for "Cutter Herbs, Smoker Herbs, Nicotene, Nicotene, Nicotene, Nicotene" and other advantages if you quit your smoking (Continued—Advt.)

OFFICE WORKERS

Your work is the very kind that wears out eyes. No use suffering with eye strain when proper fitted glasses are at hand. We fit glasses that are comfortable and satisfactory and moderate in price. A. K. Hawley, Optician, 14 Whitehall St., New

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WRIGHT

Wright's

The Evening Story

The Cup

(Copyright, 1915, by W. Werner.)

The cup had just been placed in the center of Mr. Blake's window.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the cup had obviously only just arrived. It had been unpacked specially by Mr. Blake, and Lord Morton's gift to the club had been played a tremendous part, so that all who passed up and down the high street could look and long.

The news soon spread through the little town. The cup had "arrived at last," and the men, who had been in the pub, together with their friends, were thronging the window of the stationer's shop. "What a splendid cup!" "Well, Lord Morton has really done you all a good turn, I suppose." "It's a bit of all right." These were the ejaculations of the crowd.

Mr. Augustus Pearson, head salesman of the tobacco shop, which supplied footwear for all the villages around Morton-on-the-Wash, had been in the cup and had within ten minutes of time been up the shop. He affected a quite disregard of the news, while at the same time his heart was throbbling through him.

Augustus Pearson meant to win the cup, and he was doing irregular in his ways, which might have determined to do some thing which would achieve the Victoria cross.

Augustus was a leading member of the rifle club, but he was not the most popular member. "He's a bit of a 'tall head,' so the people said. He thought too much of himself; his life was a continual effort to be strenuous with Augustus Pearson.

At the same time he was somebody in the town, and he was not generally liked, but he still had a positive, though it was determined to maintain and even to improve.

Augustus Pearson exulted out of his boot emporium and scolded down the High street. His duties for the day were over, and he had been working with great care, and he was now a young gentleman at large.

The cup was shown to the brilliantly lit window of that shop he stopped, and, hoping that Blakes' shop had closed, he took the little octagonal box in front of the plate-glass window.

Finally the cup was a desirable trophy for anyone. It stood a foot and a half high. It was obviously, so Mr. Alexander said, "a solid silver cup, and the four riflemen in 'solid silver' which supported it upon the plinth were a decided incentive to patriotism and to the rifle club.

Lord Morton had certainly fulfilled every promise, and Augustus Pearson, though he was not congenitally courageous, still upon a benevolent patrion and an excellent opportunity.

Mr. Pearson turned into the shop, and said to Miss Blake if the London evening papers had arrived, or not. He knew perfectly well that the London evening papers had not arrived, but he was determined to receive them, and he felt it his duty to say something of the sort.

"Oh, Mr. Pearson," said Miss Blake, "surely you are going to win this trophy. His lordship's butler brought it this afternoon, and, talking with him, he told me you were going to win."

Mr. Pearson twirled his mustache and looked kindly at Miss Blake, who was smiling. "I have heard of your name," he said, "of course. Miss Blake, sport is sport."

Miss Blake nodded. "It is, indeed," she answered. "I'm so glad you're with us, Miss Blake," he continued. "What do you say about winning the cup is, of course, of course, on—well, on the knees of the gods, you may say."

"Indeed, you're right," answered the lady who presided over the stationers shop. "Indeed, it must be so. But if I can't win, I'll be a good defender."

"Mr. Pearson, will win it," replied Mr. Pearson.

As he was framing a pretty speech a short, thick-set man burst into the shop, and asked for a box for a number of boxes of paper and envelope.

"Hullo, Gussie," the man said to the immaculate Mr. Pearson. "What about to-morrow?"

"That remains to be seen," said Miss Blake. "Here's your packet of note paper and envelope."

"Well, I'll say good-night," said Augustus Pearson, and left the shop, followed to the door by the newcomer.

The lights were dimming, and the lights in the few shops in the High street did not illuminate the place, so that the shadows were sufficient to make it plain to the casual spectator that Mr. Pearson and Mr. Augustus Pearson, and without a word dived down a side street, and into a small public house known as "The Riffle." They sat down together in the old leather upholstered chairs, and a showy girl brought them each a pint of beer.

"Now, then, Gussie," said Mr. Pearson, "about tomorrow. What's it worth to me?"

"I'll tell you what it's worth to you," Pearson answered, "provided, of course, that I win the cup—it's worth a couple of thousand dollars."

"That's all very well," Jarvis replied.

"And, you know, Gussie, I'd be glad to have you as my partner in the triumph, but I don't see quite how it's to be done. Waddington's a better shot than you, and I place you third in the competition, and third you will only win half. So I don't see how—"

"Well, I'll tell you what it's worth to you," Pearson replied. "That's why I'm talking to you now. You're chosen as a match-makor, and I'll be your best man."

"Yes, and the best men will be marking for the competition."

"Very well, then, what I want to know is, how are you going to earn that two quid?" Mr. Pearson replied.

"In this way," answered Mr. Pearson. "For mark you, I don't know who's the whitewash, and I'll place you over the target. You're chosen to mark down the score as the bullet hit the target. There's a lot of money in it, and you must stand in the competition for the cup."

"Of course it does," Jarvis replied. "But what a silly juggling you are, Gussie. You see, I don't know who's the whitewash, and I'll place you over the target. You're chosen to mark down the score as the bullet hit the target. There's a lot of money in it, and you must stand in the competition for the cup."

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SINGING EVANGELIST DOFFS COAT TO WORK



Charles M. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander, who arrived Tuesday to lead the music at the great five weeks' revival, which begins Sunday.

"Glad to See Your Georgia Sunshine," Says Singing Revivalist—"We're Going to Give Atlanta Some Great Music This Year."

Charles M. Alexander, the singing evangelist, arrived in Atlanta as noon Tuesday, drove to the Majestic hotel, and literally and figuratively shucked his coat.

The coat was a tremendous, flensed affair which had been being fitted to him for the last week, and it was with a smile of relief that Mr. Alexander shed it and basked in the Georgia sun.

And for his signature coat, Mr. Alexander declared it would be off until the finish of the five weeks' revival, which Dr. J. W. Chapman begins Sunday at the new armament next the University Club on Peachtree street.

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Even when the Russians don't win, the attack of the enemy fails.

It gave Andrew Carnegie great joy to give away over three hundred millions. The poor fellow probably saved a hundred thousand or so from the wreckage.

The Rising Price of Foodstuffs,
A Lesson to Southern Farmers.

The remarkable advance in the price of wheat now upwards of a dollar and sixty cents a bushel, indicates the extraordinary value which foodstuffs of every kind will attain. Corn, oats, meat, vegetables and all such staples are affected by the enormous foreign demand. So long as the war continues, and for long seasons afterward, Europe will depend largely on American supplies. Its own means of subsistence are broken adrift, its ploughshares beaten into swords, and its producers engaged in the red work of destruction. The United States, as the one great nation at peace, is called upon to serve the needs of a desperate and famished world.

No wonder, then, that the price of grain is increasing, or that the price of other food commodities will advance. The situation is important to all parts of the country, but especially so to the South. The natural resources of this section are capable of yielding in abundance all the products which are in world-wide and ever-growing demand. The farmers of this section can, if they will, profit immeasurably from present conditions and ensuing developments.

They can raise wheat as easily as the West can raise it. They can raise corn and oats and live stock. They can make the South a vast storehouse of the world, and build their fortunes secure for years to come. But if they fail to grasp this opportunity, and stake their hopes on cotton alone, they will not only lose the golden chance of selling foodstuffs at high prices, but they will face the disastrous need of buying them at high prices.

Georgia's cotton crop lacked some thirty-seven million dollars of paying the State's bill for food imports, at a time when the cotton market was favorable. How much greater the deficit would be at a time when the price of cotton is unusually low and the price of food unusually high. Every farmer should plant at least enough food crops this year to supply his own needs and project his immediate interests. If he raises a surplus, all the better; for, the world is waiting as his customer.

It is comforting to know that Texas will not add any more prairies to the cotton area.

Not that we know anything about baseball, but we believe that Chicago will win the pennant again and Ty Cobb will continue to boost the chances of Brooklyn.

Making Sure of Prosperity.

The campaign to increase Georgia's output of foodstuffs moves prosperously forward. In many counties, notably those in the southern part of the State, definite preparations to this end are under way, and are supported by merchants, bankers and railway officials as well as by the farmers directly concerned. The merchants agree to handle home-grown products in preference to those from distant regions, if the former are up to market standards. The bankers intend to aid those farmers who reduce their cotton acreage and who cultivate at least enough food crops to supply their own needs. The railroads are establishing market bureaus with a view to connecting the producers of foodstuffs with centers of demand.

As a result, thousands of acres that once were given over to cotton are being prepared for grain, hay, vegetables and kindred staples.

Especially interesting is the incentive thus given to truck farming. In a group of South Georgia counties, including Glynn, Pierce, Bacon, Coffee, Dooly, Crisp, Ben Hill, Colquitt and Macon, the farmers are planning to raise early vegetables for Eastern markets. Among these crops will be tomatoes, asparagus, beans and others of the kind. In one district, three thousand acres will be devoted to cantaloupes, from which producers derived last season an average profit of one hundred dollars an acre. Records show that profits are far more remunerative than cotton.

The Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic railroad is doing praiseworthy work in assisting the farmers along its lines to dispose of their surplus of food crops. The road announces its readiness to supply the needed information as to methods of packing and marketing their products and also to establish, wherever possible, business relationships between producers and buyers. If the plans thus begun are carried duly forward throughout the State, Georgia will have the most prosperous year in its history.

In Europe it seems to be an instance of there being as many soldiers outside of the armies as were ever killed or wounded in them.

Mexico is a bit out of date. As long as fighting has lasted there, the government hasn't put an embargo on wheat or threatened a neutral drift.

Ex-President Roosevelt continues to talk about himself and the canal just as if considerable history hadn't been made since that distant period.

Avert an Extra Session

Congress has been in session almost continuously for nearly two years. It has done splendid and useful work, correcting old evils, creating new opportunities, re-establishing the nation's affairs on a basis of security and freedom. But the time is at hand when Congress ought to adjourn, and give the country a season of political repose. The program of reform is finished. The pledges of the Democratic party have been redeemed. True, other tasks are yet to be performed, but they can safely wait a while. The pressing need is for quietude and rest.

There is only one contingency, it seems, that may lead to the calling of an extra session at the close of the present Congress on March the fourth, and that is the possibility of defeat for the pending Ship Purchase bill. If that important measure fails to pass or is so delayed as to prevent the enactment of the wading appropriation bills, an extra session will be unavoidable. The need of ships to serve America's foreign commerce is imperative. For the lack of such ships, the United States is losing unexampled opportunities to build up its overseas trade, and our producers, especially the growers of foodstuffs and cotton, are in danger of losing millions of money. An adequate merchant marine must be established as speedily as possible, and it cannot be established except through the action of the Government. The Ship Purchase bill is the one means to that end. If this measure is enacted by the present Congress in time for the appropriation bills to go through, an extra session will be unnecessary; if not, an extra session will be inevitable.

It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that the Democrats of the Senate will find a way to press the shipping legislation to a prompt and fortunate end.

The opponents of the bill will be held responsible, and rightly so, if an extra session becomes necessary.

The people are weary of Republican filibusters and of all other schemes to obstruct this sorely needed measure.

The country knows that in urging the prompt passage of the Ship Purchase, the Administration is working for two important ends—first, the relief of American commerce, and second the avoidance of an extra session of Congress; and in each instance the public's welfare is seriously concerned. Whoever opposes this wise and patriotic effort opposes the interests of the people.

Everybody is doing it—talking prosperity.

All this talk about the price of bread going up is another argument for diversified farming.

The Tide Has Turned.

"The tide has turned, and each day records a marked improvement in the general situation."

The weight of these words lies in the fact that they were spoken by James A. Farrel, president of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Farrel is not a whistling optimist, but a keen observer and analyst of economic conditions, particularly as they are reflected in the great industry of which he is the head. The steel trade is aptly termed "the barometer of business." Its steady and rapid improvement indicates a far-reaching revival of industrial activities.

Mr. Farrel is impressed especially by two factors that are making for prosperity: the United States is the only nation now in a position to assume the role of the world's banker; and the United States is the granary of Europe. Our finance is sound, and our products are eagerly sought by a hungry world. Day by day we are accumulating a favorable balance of trade. Day by day our industries are gathering fresh courage and strength and are entering upon new opportunities. By every omen and every natural circumstance, the year 1915 should be one of the most prosperous in the history of American business.

It is up to Uncle Sam to put on the flag. "None genuinely neutral without the signature, U. S."

The President on the Shipping Bill.

"Do you know that the ocean freight rates have gone up in some instances to ten times their ordinary cost? And that the farmers of the United States, those who raise grain and those who raise cotton—these things that are absolutely necessary to the world, as well as to ourselves—cannot get any profit out of the great prices that they are willing to pay for these things on the other side of the sea, because the whole profit is eaten up by the extortionate charges of ocean carriage?" In the midst of this the Democrats purpose a temporary measure of relief in a shipping bill. The merchants and the farmers of this country must have ships to carry their goods, and just at the present moment there is no other way of getting them than through the instrumentalities that are now in the shipping bill. And I hear it said in Washington on all hands that the Republicans in the United States mean to enough to make the passage of the bill impossible.

"These self-syled friends of business—these men who say the Democratic party does not know what to do for business, are saying that the Democrats shall do nothing for business. I challenge them to show their rights to stand in the way of the release of American products to the rest of the world. Who commissioned them, a minority, a lessening minority? For they will be in a greater minority in the next session than in this. You know it is the peculiarity of that great body that it has rules of procedure which make it possible for a minority to defy the nation, to do what it pleases and not to seek redress to the suffering which needs them more than it ever needed them before. Their credentials as friends of business and friends of America will be baldly discredited if they succeed.—From President Wilson's Jackson Day Speech."

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Very truly yours,

H. M. WOOD, Clerk.

Atlanta, Feb. 8, 1915.

Editor The Journal:

We have noticed your editorial regarding "Pale Sales," and desire to congratulate you upon the stand you have taken. We believe the good merchants of Atlanta will appreciate what you have done, and we are sure if your advice is taken, it will benefit the city.

With kind regards. Very truly yours,

Geo. Wm. ORB, Sec-Treas.

Atlanta, Feb. 8, 1915.

Editor The Journal:

To the Comptroller: T. Wm. J. O. Mills and T. J. Higgins, who will constitute the committee on public works from the board of county commissioners, request me to write to you and thank you in their name for your kind expression in recent editorial on the subject of cages for the convicts. These commissioners desire to thank you especially for the manner in which you have handled the subject. We believe that such innovations or applications of other good judgment of those selected under the law by the people to administer the affairs of the county in such manner as to fit them seem most expedient and we trust you will do your best to see that they are adopted. If adopted by them, and all others connected with the county affairs will be administered with the same care and attention as the convicts have been. The unfortunate confined and the taxpayers and citizens of this county who have elected them as their agents in the transaction of their business.

Very truly yours,

W. S. BYCK, Chairman Board of Directors.

Atlanta Retail Merchants' Association.

Atlanta, Feb. 8, 1915.

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Editor The Journal:

We have personally thank you for the very able editorial in yesterday's afternoon's Journal, that you published under the heading "Don't Get Stung." The article was very much to the point and we sincerely hope that it will be of benefit, not only to the legitimate dealer, but to the amateur who wants to know not only this departure, if adopted by them, and all others connected with the county affairs will be administered with the same care and attention as the convicts have been. The unfortunate confined and the taxpayers and citizens of this county who have elected them as their agents in the transaction of their business.

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Shakespeare Says—

You, whate'er thou art, say not art in thy mind, what I call to thee, so, for I will show, that no reason for't. Then come to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liv'st in thy throat, that is, not in thy heart. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou uses him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.

—Twelfth Night.

(The Journal welcomes short letters on seasonal subjects; but long epistles are a weariness to the flesh. In no circumstances communicate.)

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