

MESSENGER BOY CLIMBS HIGH.

Part of Boyhood Spent in Columbia. Not Educated But Ambitious.

A New York dispatch says: To be a messenger boy at 11 and a master of finance at 21 outfitions the wildest flights of the late Horatio Alger, who threw an impressive but impossible glamour around the struggles of the "Ragged Dick" heroes who came to the metropolis to do and to dare.

But a young man who spent part of his boyhood days in Columbia, S. C., has turned the trick. He is Geo. F. Breen and just a few days ago he arrived at man's estate, although in appearance he is still a boy.

Today he is the junior member of the firm of James O'Brien & Co., stock brokers.

Just ten years ago young Breen came to New York. He was 11 years of age, but he was full of boyhood enthusiasm and ready to grapple with life in the busiest mart in the world. At first he was bewildered, for he was alone and he had \$3.20 in his pocket—all that stood between him and begging, but Breen is not the type to beg.

Starts as Messenger Boy. He had only a smattering of book knowledge and after going from place to place to secure any kind of work that was offered he finally secured a position as messenger boy in the firm of Hayden, Stone & Co.

The busy life of the street—and those undercurrent stories of fabulous fortunes made overnight—thrilled him and fired his imagination. He lived at a home for self-supporting boys on Tenth street and he saved his money. He soon learned that to win success it was necessary to create an atmosphere of success and so his savings went toward replenishing his wardrobe, and in this way, coupled with his alertness, he attracted the attention of his employers.

He was induced to go to a Y. M. C. A. night school and here he began polishing up his education. He was soon taken into the office in a clerical position, but he didn't remain long.

Made Private Secretary. James Phillips, Jr., a big financier, singled him out and took him into his office and later made him his private secretary. It was under this financier's shrewd tutoring that he began to learn the maze of intricacies that one must know of high finance before one can be successful in Wall street.

Once Phillips was called to Europe and he left his affairs in charge of young Breen. There were days of darkness in Wall street—and houses were going to the wall with every ominous click of the ticker. Breen faced such a situation for his employer and by several shrewd and well-thought-out moves saved the financial life of his chief. This was the test that showed his mettle.

O'Brien Reaches New York. In 1915 James O'Brien came to New York. He was the son of a prominent family in Montreal and was starting out to make his way in the world. He was interested in mines and worked as a miner in Arizona and Alaska, learning the business from the ground up. His rise, too, was spectacular and in casting about for some one to help him share the burdens and responsibilities he was attracted to young Breen—then in the first flush of his prosperity. He went after him and he placed him in his office and made him a junior member of the firm.

Thus at 21 Breen becomes, through his association with O'Brien, one of the youngest financial giants in New York. During the past year he has more than trebled his fortune.

He has been so busy making money that he has not had time for the finer sentiments and so it is that he is single.

Neither Smokes Nor Drinks. He is a well-set-up young man with a clear eye and a firm hand-grasp. He does not smoke and he does not drink and he declares that he never will.

"In my few short years in Wall street," he says, "I have seen good, strong, clean-cut young men start out drinking a cocktail before lunch. They came back to their offices full of what Broadway is pleased to call 'pep.' Soon they were requiring two cocktails and later they would disappear. Weeks later they would return to the streets to borrow a little small change from old-time friends."

"It was the strain that did it. Perhaps some people can take a drink and let it alone, I do not know, but I do not believe they can do it in Wall street."

Spent a While in Columbia. Breen was born in Toledo, O., but his father was of a roving disposition and he saw a great deal of the country. His father went through the South, living at Meridian for two years and going from there to New Orleans, Knoxville, Columbia, S. C., and winding up at Asheville, N. C., for three years. Then he came to the middle west and worked in Colum-

bus, Ohio., Dayton, Charleston, W. Va., and Clarksburg, W. Va., and by this time young Breen decided to cut away for himself and so he came to New York.

"I would not advise any man to go into Wall street," says Breen, "unless as a prime requisite he has a strong constitution. Secondly, he must be willing to start in as a messenger boy. There is no royal road to success in the street, in my opinion, save over the lowly paths that are trod by the humbled messenger."

"The messenger, who is a keen observer, learns things for himself that it would take others years to teach him."

HUNTED BY POSSE, SHOT.

Slayer of Marlboro Rural Policeman Fatally Wounded While Resisting.

Bennettsville, Sept. 29.—Henry Lewis, the negro who shot and killed Rural Policeman E. J. Alsbrooks a few days ago, died in the jail here this afternoon as the result of wounds received while resisting arrest this morning. Sheriff Patterson received word last night that Lewis was in this county and immediately summoned a posse to arrest him. For a time he eluded the officers, although it was known in a general way the section of the county he was in.

The bloodhounds were brought here from Columbia early this morning, and additional information was received by the sheriff and the officers in pursuit of the negro's whereabouts and he was finally traced to a swamp. The swamp was surrounded and three of the party, Dr. J. A. Woodley, Mr. Marlboro Hamer, and Mr. Edgar David, Jr., were at the head of a branch when the negro came out.

He was ordered to throw up his hands and surrender, and instead of doing so he commenced firing, shooting a thirty-eight calibre pistol three times when a ball from one of the party shot the fingers off his right hand, causing him to turn loose his gun.

After this Lewis ran about one hundred yards and got into a ditch where he was overtaken and brought to Bennettsville. It was found that two balls had passed entirely through his body and from the nature of the wound it was evident that it was inflicted by an automatic which was fired by Dr. Woodley. After reaching Bennettsville medical aid was summoned and Drs. May and Jordan did everything that could be done, but the wounds were fatal.

Rewards in the amount of \$300 had been offered for the arrest and delivery of Lewis, and those who took part in the arrest unanimously asked that the rewards be collected and presented to the family of the late rural policeman.

See those 25c Fountain Pens at The Herald Book Store.

WAR'S LATEST GHOSTS.

(Continued from page 2, column 2.)

in sheer weariness, they assented, and he went and found the book.

"He was a man deeply interested in the occult, and from time to time he was able to gather further details in sleep, so that when the teller of his story met him, the invention was nearly complete. He was utterly confident of its practical success. Apart from the details of his invention gained in sleep, he became familiar with the plots of the Germans, and that they were trying to wrest his invention from him in sleep. He also said that, before they took this despicable means of gaining knowledge for nothing, they had tried to steal his model, and there had been two attempts on his life.

"His chief enemy was a well-known and highly placed woman in London society, who, unsuspected, spied for her government in circles where she moved without shadow of suspicion resting on her. But in sleep, she waged many an astral fight to wrest secrets which would have been of infinite value to those who employed her, from the unwary sleeper. A—B— had innumerable encounters with this emissary, but the utter futility of trying to explain the intangible to persons in power is too well known for him to lay himself open to the charge of being a meddling lunatic; though he knew, as did many other psychically inclined people, that she was a spy of the worst type, he held his peace. It is difficult to arrest an astral spy who hovers nebulously above Portsmouth, or above those prohibited areas where the foreigner is forbidden to penetrate.

"All this happened a couple of years ago. In August, 1914, the war broke out. Very recently some officers returning from Germany told of reading while there of a marvelous invention useful in war for Zepelins and submarines, and proceeded to describe what seemed to be the jealously guarded invention of our hero.

"Did they wrest his secret from him in sleep after all?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Worn Out?

No doubt you are, if you suffer from any of the numerous ailments to which all women are subject. Headache, back-ache, sideache, nervousness, weak, tired feeling, are some of the symptoms, and you must rid yourself of them in order to feel well. Thousands of women, who have been benefited by this remedy, urge you to

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SATURDAY, October 7th

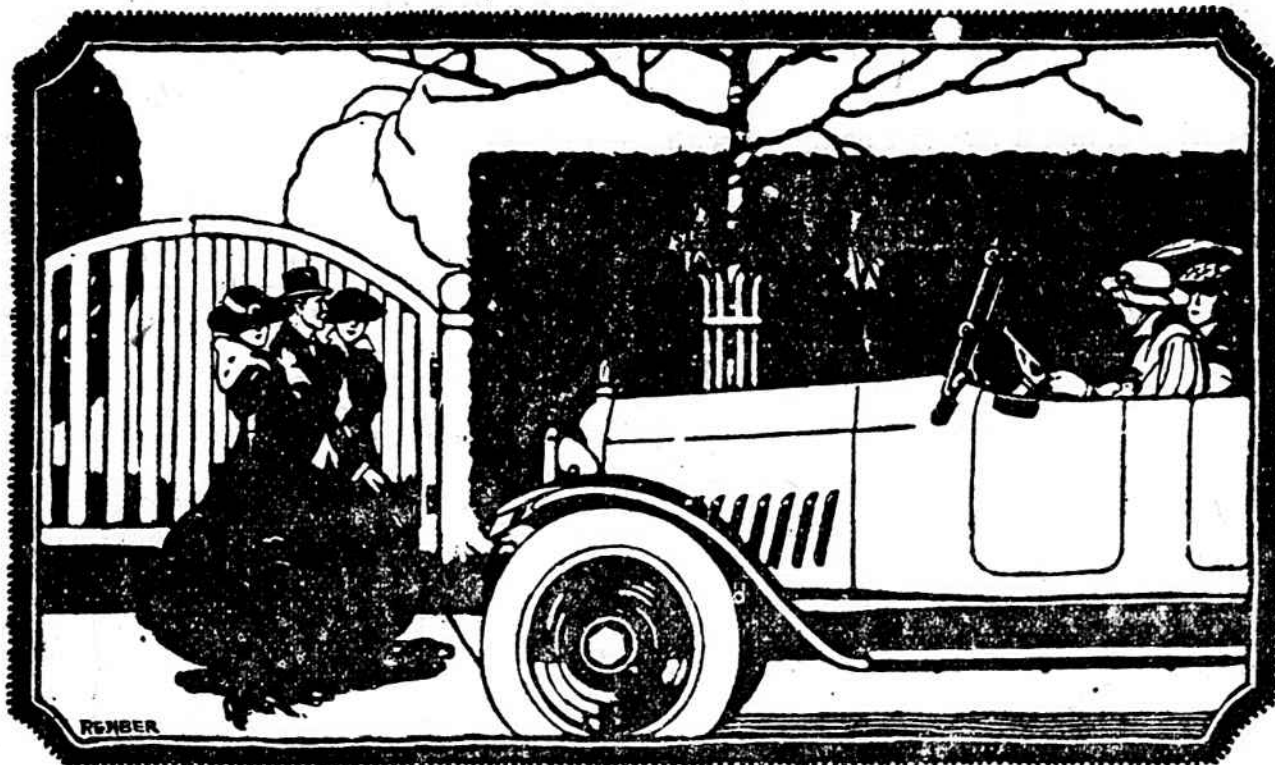
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