

**The Carolina Watchman**  
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Talks on thrift and play grounds seem slightly contradictory.

Herbert Kaufman, who is conducting a weekly page in some of the papers, seems to be merely an intellectual slave driver. A man attempting to follow his advice would be in an asylum or a grave in less than twelve months.

If Mr Wilson don't sign the immigration bill before the campaign sets in, he may not have another opportunity. Mr Taft is living evidence of what can happen along these lines, with the effort of the politicians to ignore the matter to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is about time some one gets into the campaign in behalf of the common welfare. Government, like fraternal orders, should be conducted for the good it can do its members, not for oppression. Oh ye evil doers, look to your oars!

It is all very well to raise a fund to assist those who have lost their homes and property through the medium of unpreventable causes, or the manifestations of Providence, but it is an odd situation that causes men to give, practically rebuking Providence, while the authorities and the public look on the sale of widows' and orphans' homes for taxes with greedy satisfaction: the officers looking for exorbitant fees, charging 70 cents additional for 10 cents worth of service, and others, some of those who sanctimoniously give a dollar to flood sufferers, hoping they may by unjust laws secure property for a song. Great and adorable is "civilized" mankind. Is it more reprehensible for Providence to take away the homes of the poor than for the tax gatherer to sell them?

The Democratic party of Rowan County at this time finds itself in what might be called a serious situation. The people are clamoring for reforms, economy in administration and relief from burdensome taxes, the things the party is responsible for and the things it persists in doing. There seems no intention of a change, at least there are men now seeking office who have been almost life-long members of the "ring" and who are responsible as much as they can be, for the legislation that has brought about the existing state of affairs, and no matter what words may come from their lips, they have never served the people honestly and do not intend to do so now. The people are going to have improved conditions and the Democracy seems to have lost the great opportunity of being the real party of the masses. No one regrets these things more than real Democrats.

Wanted to repair sewing machines and organs. I have also opened a general repair shop at Rockwell. Bring me your watch and clock work. Will call at your home to do your machine and organ work. Phone or write to C W Harrington, Rockwell, N C Phone, Lowerstone, 3520.

## 'HUNCH' MADE GOOD

FORTUNE SMILED ON "HOBO MATT" AFTER MANY YEARS.

Satisfied That Rich Ledge of Gold Still Remained in Abandoned Mine, He Bided His Time and Struck It Rich at Last.

Romance still clings to the gold mining of the West. Even today there are fortunes made all of a sudden, dreams realized, hearts broken from hopes destroyed; tragedy, and comedy alternating in the dreams which has gold for its title.

The other day for instance, "Hobo Matt" Kelly struck it rich in the Old Bodie mine. And somewhere in California the long-neglected wife of "Hobo Matt" will receive a fat check soon in evidence of the fact.

The ghost of a mine and the ghost of a man. The only two things "Hobo Matt" believed to have remained true to his faith—his wife and the gold ledge of the Beehive days. He has won a lifetime's gamble. He will have \$100,000 in good, clean gold before his work is done.

"Hobo Matt" is known in all the mining camps of the West. When "Old Bruin" Kelly, his uncle, was winning his fame upon the Comstock and as superintendent of the Bodie mine, Mattie, his trusted messenger. He became a miner. When the Beehive was turning out its millions Matt was there. He knew every inch of those honeycombs of wealth.

He gambled in Bodie stocks and won. He spent his money as easily as he made it. He had married, but even his wife's love could not hold him from the mad delights of those feverish bonanza days.

Then Matt became "Hobo Matt." With his blanket on his back he became a wanderer. In the back of his mind was the constant thought of an undiscovered ledge of gold in the Bodie, which he meant to have one day. Even in his cups he never disclosed his secret, biding his time.

Last fall Matt decided that the time had come to go back to Bodie. He found the place once held 10,000 busy men changed into a dreary, sleepy village of 200 inhabitants. The Old Reliable was silent, the Standard company had dissolved, and J. S. Cain, mining broker, had gathered in the old Bodie properties.

When "Hobo Matt" appeared in camp and asked for the lease on the old mine he was laughed at. No one had any faith in the old wanderer. Cain turned him down.

He went to a man who had known him in his better days—Lester Bell—and told him the secret, offering to share with him if Bell could get the lease.

Bell did not have much faith, but he agreed to try in a few days. Cain gave the lease to Bell. The company's engineers had gone again into the mine and pronounced it worthless.

Then "Hobo Matt" became young again. The years dropped away from him as he shouldered his pick and shovel and went to work in the well-remembered ledges. A drift was started, and after a sleep of 40 years a ledge rich in true colors, deep in extent, was uncovered.

"Hobo Matt's" dream came true by the light of a candle in an old man's hand, far down under the surface of the white earth.

**Safety Not First.**

"Our present-day civilization" can boast of many good and wonderful things, but safety is hardly one of its blessings. The ancient seem to have moved about in a paradise of safety when we compare the simple conditions of their life with our own complex and dangerous environment. The very richness of modern life makes the world a dangerous place in which to live. The figures showing the number of deaths from violence in recent years is appalling. Last year, in the United States alone, 75,000 persons were killed in accidents of one kind or another, while nearly 2,000,000 more were injured. About 35,000 workmen were killed while at their tasks. On the railroads of the country about 10,000 persons are killed every year, and 20 times that number are injured. On the streets and roads 5,000 deaths are caused by vehicles, the automobile being responsible for half the number of victims.—St. Nicholas.

**Laid Statue of Liberty Base.**  
 Dr. H. H. King, Jr., the pioneer in skyscraper construction, died the other day. He built Madison Square garden and many other famous landmarks of New York. Most of his knowledge of the building trade he had acquired himself, being a "self-made man."

He had charge of the erection of the first big structure in the city, the Mills building. He also built the first Equitable building, put up Washington Square arch, laid the masonry base of the Statue of Liberty, and placed the statue itself in position when it arrived from France. Through these and other building operations Mr. King amassed a fortune reputed to be more than a million dollars.

**Influenced.**

"Of course you favor votes for women?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Meekton.

"But you used to."

"Yes. But Henrietta has said so little on the subject of late that I think she may have changed her mind."

**IMPOSSIBLE.**

"Do you think it safe to marry on \$25 a week?"

"My boy no amount of money can guarantee marriage to be safe."

**FEMININE FINANCE.**

Belle—What do they mean in financial talk by federal reserve?

Nell—I suppose that means when money is shy.

## ALL RACES CROWD ZANZIBAR

East African City Is Easily One of the Most Cosmopolitan Places on the Earth.

"When Zanzibar plays the fute half Africa dances," says an old Arab proverb. Zanzibar is not as important today as it was when that saying was coined, but the island city is still dominant over the trade of a vast stretch of territory. It lies just a few miles off the shores of what was, in July, 1914, German East Africa. The future name of the country and the future prosperity of Zanzibar both depend on the upshot of the little argument now being waged in Europe between Germany and the allies. Zanzibar is now a British protectorate.

It is not a beautiful town, though from over the water it has a certain exotic charm of its own. The sea is very clear and rich in tints of green and blue. The dense tropical vegetation through which the white houses of the city peep out, the vivid flares of color where more roof is covered with flowers, are more like an impressionist canvas than a city of wood and stone.

Zanzibar does not improve on closer acquaintance, though. You land on a wide quay and fight your way through a small but energetic gathering of curio peddlers, who sell carved ebony, beaten silver, trinkets of ivory, wares from Japan and native sapphires. Then you plunge into closely packed Arab and native houses, with narrow, winding streets, and a comprehensive assortment of smells.

Zanzibar has a large assortment of everything. You see a dozen varieties of fruit that you never heard of before. Natives and Europeans suffer from a long and diversified list of novel diseases. The commerce and industry of the town includes a little of everything. The people are the most varied of all.

There are consuls from half a dozen countries, as the flapping flags attest. The English are here in force, with the mixture of conventional and efficiency that distinguishes them from Jamaica to Nairobi. There is a big Indian bazaar, very crowded and very dirty. Black natives from the mainland abound, dressed in the cheap cotton put called "merican." Many of the local traders are Chinese and men of Goa. Everywhere stalks the scornful Arab, surveying the populace with a sort of melancholy contempt, as though he still lived in those great days when Zanzibar was the stronghold of an Arabian empire.

**Old-Fashioned American Women.**

Not all American women are impossible idealists, weak sentimentalists, or members of "strictly neutrality" leagues. These vociferous ladies have made such a noise that we are apt to overlook that great majority of quiet ones, the descendants of those noble women who were ever ready to suffer and offer sacrifices in the cause of right and justice, as they saw it, in the Revolution, in the War of 1812 and in the Civil war.

Some of the old women have decided it is time that they organize and take some action for the honor and safety of their country, and so a society has been formed in New York "to arouse the women of America to a full realization of the necessity for immediate preparedness for war."

"If the war is ever to come," they say "the mere instinct of self-preservation directs that women, too, should be prepared to defend American ideals of liberty, peace and honor."

That sort of sensible and patriotic talk is very refreshing amid all the flood of mushy and foolish clamor that we have been hearing from women.—Baltimore Sun.

**American Money in Spain.**

Dr. Charles W. A. Veditz, the United States commercial attaché at Paris, has returned from Spain, where he made an extended investigation into the industrial and commercial situation, particularly with regard to opportunities for the investment of American capital and the attitude of the Spanish government and business world toward American enterprises in Spain.

One of these is a proposed fast, direct, electrically operated railroad from the French frontier to Madrid to supersede the present one, which follows a roundabout route and differs in gauge from that of the other European roads.

It is announced that as a result of conferences one of the largest banks in New York is considering the possibility of establishing branch banks in Spain and also in Portugal.

**Dress Wounds With Powdered Sugar.**  
 Powdered sugar dressing for suppurating and contaminated wounds is receiving a thorough test in the German army and has proved highly satisfactory, according to Dr. F. Hercher, who reports to the Muenchener Medizinische Wochenschrift the experiences of himself and 50 other army surgeons in the use of it. He has used it in more than 1,000 cases.

Doctor Hercher says that powdered sugar makes it unnecessary to rinse out or irrigate a wound, as it causes such a profuse oozing of fluid that the wound is copiously washed from within. Its efficiency is due mainly to its stimulation of secretion, and this it dilutes and washes away the pus.

**BENEFITS OF DRAINED SOILS**

Deeper Feeding Ground Offered for Plants—Increase in Crop Yield May Be Expected.

A drained soil offers a deeper feeding ground for the plants. The roots of most cultivated crops will not go into saturated soil and will die if kept under water without air for more than a short time. The root zone is then, not the depth above the point of permanent saturation, but only that soil into which the fluctuating water-table does not rise except for periods too short to injure the plants seriously. Drainage tends to increase this depth to that of the drains, thus making a greater quantity of food available. Hence, an increase in crop yield may ordinarily be expected from the drainage of such land already under cultivation.

## LEFT IN A HURRY

BILL NYE TELLS HOW HE SAVED HIS GOOD NAME.

As an Honest, Unsophisticated Youth, Humorist Was the Victim of Heartless Trick Practiced by His Employer.

Boys should never be afraid of ashamed to do little odd jobs by which to acquire money. Too many boys are afraid, or at least seem to be embarrassed when asked to do chores, and thus earn small sums of money. In order to appreciate wealth we must earn it ourselves. That is the reason I labor. I do not need to labor. My parents are still living, and they certainly would not see me suffer for the necessities of life. But life in that way would not have the keen relish that it would if I earned the money myself.

Saving wood used to be a favorite pastime with boys twenty years ago. I remember the first money I ever earned was by saving wood. My brother and myself were to receive \$5 for saving five cords of wood. We allowed the job to stand, however, until the weather got quite warm, and then we decided to hire a foreigner to saw along the river on the glorious summer day when all nature seemed tickled and we knew that the fish would be apt to bite. So we hired the foreigner, and while he sawed, we would bet with him on various "dead sure things" until he got the wood saved, when he went away owing us 50 cents.

We had a neighbor who was very wealthy. He noticed that we boys were earning our own money, and he yearned to have his son try to do it. So he told the boy that he was going away for a few weeks and that he would give him \$2 a cord, or double price, to saw the wood. He wanted to teach the boy to earn and appreciate his money. So, when the old man went away, the boy secured a colored man to do the job at \$1 per cord, by which means the boy made \$10. This he judiciously invested in clothes, meeting his father at the train in a new summer suit and a speckled cane. The old man said he could see by the sparkle in the boy's clear, honest eyes that healthful exercise was what boys needed.

When I was a boy I frequently acquired large sums of money by carrying coal up two flights of stairs. I was a poor little fellow, and I did it to do it themselves. This money I invested from time to time in side shows and other zoological attractions.

One day I saw a coal cart back up and unload itself on the walk in such a way as to indicate that the coal would have to be manually elevated inside the building. I waited till I nearly froze to death for the owner to come along and solicit my aid. Finally he came. He smelled strong of carbolic acid, and I afterward learned that he was a physician and surgeon.

We haggled over the price for some time, as I had to carry the coal up two flights in an old waste-paper basket and it was quite a task. Finally we agreed. I proceeded with the work. About dusk I went up the last flight of stairs with the last load. My feet seemed to weigh about 15 pounds apiece and my face was very somber.

In the gloaming I saw my employer. He was writing a prescription by the dim, uncertain light. He told me to put the last basketful in the little closet off the hall and then come and get my pay. I took the coal into the closet, but I do not know what I did with it. As I opened the door and stepped in, a tall skeleton got down off the wall and embraced me like a prodigal son. It fell on my neck and draped itself all over me. Its glittering phalanges entered the bosom of my gingham shirt and rested lightly on the pit of my stomach. I could feel the pelvic bone in the small of my back. The room was dark, but I did not light the gas. Whether it was the skeleton of a lady or gentleman I never knew; but I thought for the sake of my good name, I would not remain. My good name and a strong yearning for home were all that I had at that time.

So I went home. Afterward, I learned that this physician got all his coal carried upstairs for nothing this way, and he had tried to get rooms two flights further up in the building, so that the boys would have further to fall when they made their escape. —From "Bill Nye's Red Book."

**Bill the Cat, Save Birds.**

Mrs. Eugene J. Carrigan of Put-in-Bay, O., would save song birds from cats by attaching a small bell to a ribbon or string tied around the female neck. The bell, she explains, would give the bird warning of the cat's approach and enable it to get away.

"I have two pet cats," says Mrs. Carrigan, "and last summer I knew they caught and killed several hundred birds. They would ignore a mouse any time to get a bird, and the prettier the latter the better they seemed to like it.

Mrs. Carrigan will endeavor to start a nationwide movement in behalf of birds by inducing owners of cats to employ the bell as a means of giving warning when attack is contemplated by cats.

**Great Project feasible.**

Italian engineers have reported entirely feasible a proposed tunnel from Venice to the island of Lido, which will be two miles long and in places 27 feet beneath the sea.

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## PRINCE WAS HIS CHAUFFEUR

German Soldier Describes Queer Experience He Had Recently at the Front.

The following excerpt from the letter of a field artilleryman from a suburb of Cologne, telling his wife of his ride with the crown prince on the western front, is going the rounds of the German press:

"I started for H. at noon today. There was not a wagon in sight. I was very tired from loading casks and dragging boxes around, and if I had not had two letters for H. from comrades and thus was obliged to go there, I should have turned back.

"Then an auto hove in sight! I planted myself in the middle of the road, spread out my arms, and the machine stopped. On the right side of the forward seat sat the chauffeur and on his left a major. A man covered with gallions from top to bottom opened the door, and I took a seat inside.

"The chauffeur said: 'Well, comrade, where do you want to go?' I said: 'As far as H.' The chauffeur laughed and said, 'All right!' Then he looked around again and smiled at me once more. He apparently was glad that I was pleased. The ride was a fast one. I pulled my cap down over my ears, and the chauffeur looked around again and laughed. I thought, 'Does he know me? But how does he dare smile at me while the major is seated beside him? He certainly is merry.'

"As I caught a glimpse of H. I half-turn around and say: 'May I ask to be let out?' Then I noticed for the first time that the man who sits back of me is an imperial chauffeur. Then he said to the driver: 'The gentlemen would like to get out,' and whispered to me at the same time that the man ahead who is guiding the auto and who has smiled at me so often is a high superior officer.

"Thunder and lightning! I said to myself: 'Jump out quickly and stand at attention, not before the major, but before the chauffeur,' who then said to me: 'Well, comrade, dost thou know who has carried thee?' I said: 'No.' 'I am the Crown Prince.' He laughed again, nodded, put his hand to his cap, and the auto was gone."

**Time by Wireless.**

Chronometers in the offices of the port captains at Cristobal and Balboa, in the Canal Zone, are corrected every day at noon, to correspond with the official chronometer in the United States naval observatory at Washington. Standard time is sent by wire from Washington to Key West. The service is a current too slight to permit of ordinary electric relaying; therefore the receiving operator at that station transmits the signals through an ordinary telegraph key as he hears them through his receiver from the antennae—an arrangement that causes an average error of about two-tenths of a second. Eventually the Darien station will have a transmitting clock that will send the signals exactly as they come from Key West. The knowledge of exact time is of the greatest importance to the navigating officers of ships that visit canal ports. In making observations to determine longitude at sea, an inaccuracy of a second in time means an error of a quarter of a nautical mile in position. The service received at the Darien station is a part of that furnished to ships at sea through the radio stations at Key West and other places.—Youth's Companion.

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**Japanese in the Philippines.**  
 For some months it has been known that a powerful Japanese syndicate, says the Kobe Chronicle, has been casting longing eyes on several large sugar estates in the Philippines, and particularly on the one owned by the Dominican order of friars in the fruitful province of Laguna; and for the last few weeks it has been known to many that negotiations concerning the latter were drawing to a close, and that there was every probability of the property of the Dominican order of friars going over to Japanese ownership. Two days ago (says the Manila correspondent of the North China Daily News under date of February 12) we learned that the sale had been completed, the transfer taking place at midnight on February 7, when the personal representative of the Japanese syndicate, Mr. K. Hada, took charge of the estate. On the following morning the heads of the various departments were notified that the services were no longer required, and their places were immediately taken by Japanese who were all in readiness.

**Scotch Co-operative Stores.**  
 Wholesale and retail co-operative societies in the East of Scotland have made marked progress during the last year in spite of the war. An increase in the sales of all branches of the co-operative store trade has been noted. The total sales of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale society for 1915 amounted to \$56,812,450, an increase of \$9,720,620 over those of the previous year, and the membership was increased by 2,947 persons.

The Dunfermline Co-operative society reported a dividend of 31 cents on the pound paid in 1915. The largest part of the membership is composed of persons of the working class.

**DIFFERENT.**  
 "He's different to most men."  
 "That so?"  
 "Yes. He doesn't think he'd care to have a billiard table in his own home."

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