

THE UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENTIST.

Seely Has His Picture Taken and is in the Movies.

San Diego Exposition, Sept. 5. Dear Herb:

This country out here in the Mecca for moving picture people. Not that they're Mohammedans or polygamists or anything like that—in fact I'm told that they're just about as nice a lot of folks as one could meet—and I'll say to you frankly that I've seen several of them I'd like to meet—

one to-day in particular, up on the Exposition grounds; she was a peach, but she already had a bunch of soldiers tagging after her, and while I'm an brave as the average guy, I'll bet, I never go around deliberately looking for trouble, anyway not with fellows who make a living fighting, or getting ready to fight—so I haven't met her yet.

Say, did you ever see a motion picture film in the making? It's great! One of the companies has a studio on the grounds at the San Diego Exposition and they make pictures every day. Pretty soft for the company too. You know they pay extra people from \$3 to \$5 a day. Here they just use any of the crowds that are bumping around on the grounds for their angry mobs or merry villagers, and then the director gives each one a raincheck so he can come back next day and see himself on the screen. Fine reciprocal that! Movie company saves money and the merry villagers can see themselves as others see them, and just as cheap.

Once in a while you get a real thrill. I was walking along the Prado tending to the Exposition business when I heard a scream—right out loud they do it even if they can't get that on the film—and I looked up and saw a man falling from the top of one of our beautiful buildings—Spanish Colonial type, with a dash of the Ecclesiastic in it—right onto one of our brand new walks. I rushed over indignantly, fully intending to protest against his musing up our scenery that way. I found that it was only a dummy, and the scamer was a pretty fair looking, and a harmless-looking fellow was quietly cranking his camera, and I realized that he had to make a living too—so I let him go. And the imitation cop they had with them was one of the biggest men in the world. He is yet, I guess—'cause I let him live.

A while later I was strolling along the Calle Colon, still tending to that same business, when I heard the crack of rifles close by and from a clump of orange trees there dashed some bedraggled looking Mexicans carrying ancient firelocks, right straight at me. I knew that we weren't far from the border—and I hadn't lost any Mexicans—so I nimbly stepped to a stately eucalyptus and inserted myself between its trunk and the circumambient atmosphere—on the far side—and thought of home and mother.

Then I casually glanced around the tree to see what progress they were making. They were doing pretty well, I judged, and right at their heels was a troop of United States infantry yelling to beat the band and shooting streams of smoke at the brown-skinned foe. (I thought the army used smokeless powder, didn't you?) Well, I stepped right out in the open, to encourage our brave soldier laddies by my example and cheer them on to victory! But pretty soon the whole bunch stopped their 100-yards-per-second gait, got out tobacco sacks and brown papers and proceeded to be sociable. (I thought I, a truce?) Suddenly a commanding voice said: "All Ready! Beat it back! Beginner hour! NOW!" And they did it all over again.

I turned on my heel—military fashion—and departed in haste. He is a farmer who doesn't put all of his eggs in one basket. —Pee Dee Advocate.

enterprising director of this Movie company asked the commander at Fort Rosecrans to lend him a company of regulars to chase their hired Mexicans back and forth across an imaginary borderline, and he GOT AWAY WITH IT. I guess the commander was so dumfounded at the request that he didn't have the presence of mind to tell him where to go—to get movie actors.

If you ever see that film, look for the distinguished-looking gentleman—broad of shoulder and trim of waist—dressed in civilian garb—surveying the warlike scene from a safe distance, like a regular commander. That is I. There are other Exposition sights on the film too. And, believe me, just because these moving picture people have the concession here they needn't think they can take pictures of me! Next time they've got to pay cash—no rainchecks—in advance. I'm an artist.

However, Yours for the Movies.

SCOTTY. P. S. I met that heroine. She looks all right, but she's too gregarious—she wants her director to hire that whole troop of infantry by the week.

IN LAURINBURG

The Evidence is Supplied by Local Testimony.

If the reader wants stronger proof than the following statement and experience of a resident of Laurinburg, what can it be? J. L. Elliott, Laurinburg, N. C., says: "If I had used Doan's Kidney Pills sooner I would have been spared a great deal of suffering and expense. My kidneys were so badly disordered that I suffered constantly. I was often dizzy and my back was hardly ever free from pain. Doctors' medicine did me no good and finally I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They made me well in a short time."

Prices 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills of the J. C. Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

He Always Did.

"Prince Norvall," owned by Mr. W. H. Edens, and "Gentry Dictator," owned by Mr. R. C. Leggett, two of the fastest horses in the State, were loaded on the cars today at Tarboro, where next Monday they will be entered in the races in their respective classes. Messrs. Edens and Leggett will go up Monday to attend the races and be near their favorites.

(Mr. Leggett is a Scotlander who moved to Cumberland several years ago and has made good in his new home. He always had a weakness for speedy stock, and from the above his Scottish friends will learn that the fever still has him.—Ed. EXCHANGE.)

REMEMBER YOUR LAST DOSE OF CALOMEL?

You probably recall the bad after-effects of the calomel more than the sickness you took it for. You need never again go through with being "all knocked out for a day or two by calomel." Next time your liver gets sluggish and inactive, we urge that you go to Blue's drug store for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic, a splendid vegetable liquid medicine that will start your liver as surely as calomel ever did and with none of the after-effects of calomel. It is absolutely harmless both to children and adults and demands no restriction of habit or diet.

A large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic costs only fifty cents, and the druggists who sell it guarantee it to take the place of calomel, and will refund your money if it fails in your case or if you are not satisfied.

A Tin of Business.

Capt. J. F. Bolton took a ton of honey from his bee hives last week, and has sold a lot of it. He is a farmer who doesn't put all of his eggs in one basket. —Pee Dee Advocate.

LAURINBURG MAN IN TROUBLE.

Charged With Liberating Prisoner from McCell Prison—Exciting Chase.

Rural policeman M. S. McDonald, of McCell, was in Benhestaville Tuesday afternoon and placed in jail Tom Pointer, of Laurinburg, charged with releasing a prisoner from the guard house at McCell.

Cloyd Coats, said to be from Dillon county, was serving a sentence for disorderly conduct, and was in the guard house at McCell. Saturday night it is claimed that Pointer spent some time talking with him. About the time Pointer left on a Judson motorcycle, Coats also left, the lock having been broken off. In attempting to escape Coats, not knowing where Policeman McDonald lived, went right by his house. Mr. McDonald recognized him and recaptured him.

Coats refused to tell who let him out, but all the evidence pointed to Pointer, who had disappeared. On Tuesday Pointer returned to McCell, probably to enquire what had become of his friend Coats, who did not join him as planned. Mr. McDonald got wind of his presence in town. About the same time Pointer learned that the policeman was looking for him and he remained in town but a few minutes. He left toward Tatum on his motorcycle. Henry D. Gibson happened to be on hand in hit automobile. Mr. McDonald got in with him and they started in pursuit.

About two miles this side of McCell they sighted Pointer as he turned north on the Rockingham road. By request of the rural policeman Mr. Gibson turned on the gasoline and they gave chase to the fleeing Indian.

It was a pretty race for about a mile, the auto going at least fifty miles an hour, and the motorcycle gradually gaining. But up near the home of Thomas Chavis, the motorcycle struck a sand bed and slowed down. As the case within reason of it, Mr. McDonald shot at the hind tire, popping to puncture it. He missed the tire, but Pointer turned and surrendered.

The automobile had slowed down, and Mr. McDonald thought it had almost stopped, but when he jumped out he cut four somersaults and slightly injured his shoulder. He jumped up, however, and captured his prisoner.

Pointer was given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Hugh L. McLaurin and was sent to the circuit court for trial. He denies turning Coats out.—Pee Dee Advocate.

North Carolina Commercial Schools and Business Colleges.

A report issued recently by the Federal Bureau of Education shows that there are six commercial schools and business colleges in North Carolina. The 1913 enrollment was 978 pupils. It is estimated that more than half this number completed commercial courses, and a large number are now employed in North Carolina business institutions.

In the entire nation there are 618 business colleges and commercial schools, and they accommodate 100,667 students annually. This is an average annual attendance of 260 pupils per school.

Scotchman Is Embarrassed.

Mr. Calvin McNeill, of near Manchester, is the lucky man who had the highest priced tobacco sold today on the local market. When asked if he was satisfied with his price, he answered that he had more at home and only wished that he had had it all here on the floor.—Fayetteville Observer.

Getting Around It.

"No, Willie, dear," said mama, "no more cakes tonight. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—Good Housekeeping.

NEW IDEA HOTEL.

Tipping Tabooed, No Bellboys, No Extra Charge for Wine.

The same old hotels, like the same old jokes of the clown, are familiar to all travelers. Out in Los Angeles, California, there have been some new ideas put into practice. This description of the modern hotel is worth reading:

"Tipping is tabooed at the new 264 room Hotel Stowell, 416-18 South Spring street. The new house is introducing several other innovations in hotel management.

"No bellboys will be employed at the hotel. Each of the eleven floors has a woman room clerk, Japanese janitor and a full corps of workers. The mail, keys and all other service is handled through the individual floor clerks.

"When a guest arrives he is assisted into the elevator. The clerk on the floor to which he has been assigned is notified over the telephone, and a servant is waiting to take his baggage when arrives at his floor.

"There will be no extra charge for a wife. An extra charge is made only when a room is occupied by two men. The price of each room is posted on the wall so that patrons may know that rates are the same to all. The prices of rooms with bath are from \$1.50 to \$5.00

"A printed notice is posted in each room that salaries are paid to employees and that they are forbidden to receive tips.

"The bedrooms have special equipment in the way of running ice water and a vending machine which supplies these articles for 25 cents each: tooth brush, tooth powder, cold cream, talcum powder, shaving soap and safety razor.

"Drinks are served to women in the Pompeian room. Men, unattended by women, are not permitted in the room."

Well, why not? Why tip a waiter? Why have bellboys annoy you? Why charge a man three dollars for a room and if his wife is with him charge him six dollars for the same room? Just because the hotel man has been in the habit of doing this. Why not have the vending machines so you can get what you want? And why not have running ice water? Some hotels have already done this—first one we ever saw in the Emerson in Baltimore. But this reform is something novel, and it will be interesting to see how the Los Angeles hotel comes out. From this distance it looks to us that that is the kind of a hotel we would patronize.—Everything.

Uncle Sam Washes Better Children.

The Federal Department of Labor has established a Children's Bureau to teach parents how to care for children and has just issued a booklet on "Prenatal Culture," which is for free distribution.

For some time Uncle Sam has been paying considerable attention to the improvement of hogs, chickens and livestock, as well as teaching us how to raise pumpkins and potatoes, and it is encouraging to find attention now being turned toward improving the human race.

Takes Wife No. 5.

About three weeks ago the fourth wife of Mr. Rufus Henry Pulley, divorced, decided to marry again. Yesterday Mr. Pulley also decided he was ready for another ceremony and Miss Mary Emory became his fifth wife. Deputy Clerk Virtrivius Royster performed the ceremony, and the office of the Clerk of Superior Court was the scene of the wedding. Pulley gave his age as 70 and his fifth wife's was 65. It is said that the fourth wife, who was divorced from him about ten years ago, was a Miss Emory before marriage.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Carolina College

MAXTON, N. C.,

Offers four years work in the Literary Department, two years in Academy Work. Superior advantages in Art, Piano, Voice, Expression, Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Business Course. All departments under trained specialists.

All buildings and equipment modern, new and of the best quality. Carolina College is fitted to provide every facility for broad, deep culture, careful and exact training under strong Christian influence. To send out real women beautifully and symmetrically developed in body, mind and heart, is the aim of this institution.

To those inquiring for a good school for their daughters, I beg to recommend Carolina College. Its course of study is comprehensive, its faculty efficient and worthy of the confidence and esteem of its patrons. An atmosphere of study, religion and high ideals pervades the whole institution.—Ex-Governor Thomas J. Jarvis.

It was my privilege to visit Carolina College at its recent commencement and I was pleased with the school in every particular. The Administration building is one of the best in the State, well adapted to educational purposes, while the campus, with the fine background of forest is capable of being made into "a thing of beauty and joy forever."—Rev. Dr. Thos. A. Smoot, Pastor Epworth Church, Norfolk, Va.

It pleases me to know of the thorough work done by this favored institution. President Mercer has put into it the idea of accurate scholarship and of the highest achievements in character in a land favored above many lands, it looks like this splendid school is to serve some of the great purposes of our God, and is taking rank among the best of our land.—Rev. J. N. Cole.

I know of no institution (and I am familiar with most of them) more worthy, and so field of opportunity likely to yield larger returns. I am very proud of the share I have been allowed to take in promoting the work of this great institution, and I am looking forward to large dividends in the way of great benefits to our young womanhood.—Gen. Julian S. Carr.

I have no hesitation in saying that the institution as it is now, and in its grand possibilities is a choice heritage, not only of North Carolina Methodism, but of the whole State. It is necessary only for the public to know the character of the work that is done, the ideals kept constantly in view, and the fine product turned out in the shape of educated womanhood in order that the institution may continue to grow and occupy the very largest place in our educational life.—Rev. Dr. Thos. N. Ivey, Editor Official Organ of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn.

With well equipped buildings and a carefully selected faculty, many advantages are offered, at this splendid institution, to girls seeking an education.—Rev. J. E. Underwood, Presiding Elder, New Bern District.

For Catalog address,

Rev. S. E. Mercer, President, MAXTON, N. C.

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