

# OH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK. DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

"Dodson's Liver Tonic" Will Clean Your Stagnant Liver Better Than Calomel and Can Not Sicken.

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quick-acting and it siccates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious; feel lary, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches, or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tonic. Instead of using sickening, salivating calomel, Dodson's Liver Tonic is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of energy, vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic under my personal guarantee that it will clean your stagnant liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you get your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tonic because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tonic to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist about me.

## FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

In Reply to Greenville Editor Woman Advances Argument.

The editor of the Greenville Reflector having recently commented on the fact that women can't get into their clothes feet foremost like a man, Mrs. Della Erwin Hooker writes a communication to the Reflector in which she advances arguments why women should be allowed to vote. Here is what she writes the Greenville Editor:

In today's paper you seem to rejoice in the thought that "woman can't get into their clothes feet foremost like a man." Now, how do you know that they can't? Is it necessary to be able to do that to make a good citizen? That must be a local qualification for voting. It never occurred to me before that I would have to get my citizenship feet foremost.

A true democracy, as I understand it, is a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Now the question is not what kind of clothes we wear or how we get into them, but are we women people? The Supreme Court says we are, the tax collector seems to think we are, and we are absolutely sure that we are. If our brothers, who were born of the same father and mother, are people, then surely we are.

Is it right for women to have to pay tax and have no voice in how much they pay or what it is used for?

Is it right for women to have to obey the laws they have no part in making?

A woman needs the ballot just as much as the man, and for the same reason—to protect her business. Her business is home-making and raising children, and I don't know any business that needs more protection.

How can a disfranchised mother control the food inspection, schools, or any other law under which her children have to live? Now you may say politics has nothing to do with that, but it has everything to do with it, and when the babies in the homes drink infected milk you may realize that politics is not only in the home but in the baby.

A mother may cook her food well, but if dealers are allowed to sell stale food, unclean milk, etc., she can't make the food wholesome for her family. She can open her windows to give them fresh air, so necessary to their well being, but if the air is laden with infection from contagious disease she can not protect them from these dangers. Alone she can not make things right. Who or what can, the city can do it, the town or city government that is elected by the people to take care of the interests of the people. But do all the people have a part in electing the city officials? No, only the men do. So it is the men and not the women who are responsible for the conditions under which we live and the dangers our children are subjected to. But women are held responsible for the results of those conditions. Is it right to hold women responsible for conditions that men alone create. It is simple justice to let them have a say in what those conditions shall be, and there is one simple way of doing it, and that is give them the same means that men have and let them vote! We can't do the work right if we don't have the right tool.

We do not want to take anything from the men. We just simply want to help them, and some of us are

conceited enough to think that they need us. It is just as impossible for the men to attend to everything in politics as it is for them to attend to their business at the store, office or elsewhere and then go home to do the housekeeping and attend to the children, and do justice to all.

It is reasonable to suppose that a mother will know the needs of her children better than the father, who is away all day at his business. But how can she do her duty without the ballot?

We prepare the children for the world. Why not let us help prepare the world for the children?

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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### A SILENT WORKER.

A silent worshipper of the bills Came to our home one day, With eyes that sought the beauty Which all around us lay.

The mists hung low on the mountains Beyond lay skies of blue, While near at hand the shining stream Made music clear and true.

The song birds in the treetops, The whispering of the wood, The beauty of the flowers, seemed In harmony with his mood.

The silent worshipper looked on, His soul was deeply stirred, His thoughts were far beyond the hills, He uttered not a word.

At length the spell was broken, With reverence—as it should— "Ah, there," said he, "'tis easy For people to be good!"

How well we understood the thought, So quietly expressed! For 'neath the templed dome of Heaven The troubled heart finds rest.

And the very best within us wakes, To life at Nature's call; Our hearts are filled with kindly thoughts Of peace, good will to all!

O silent worshipper of the hills, With eye for beauty given, We lift our eyes to the mountain tops And catch a glimpse of Heaven!

For back of the mist-crowned hilltops, And back of the sun-kissed sod, 'Back of the beauties of earth and sky—

Back of it all is God, —Jeanie M. Redstone in Zion's Herald.

We see where a visitor in San Francisco lost a pocketbook containing \$600 and the finder returned the book with all the money except \$595 to the hotel where the owner was staying. Finder evidently took thought that without the five owner might be penniless alone in a strange city. A pretty sentiment, we call it.

We notice that cotton itself is not as uneasy about the situation as might be considered.

John L. Sullivan's advice is to leave booze alone. John L. speaks with the authority of a man whom the prohibition laws never affected.

## FROM THE REVOLUTION TO FILIBUSTER.

Up to the time of Huerta's expulsion, there was a real revolution in Mexico. Principles were at stake. Freedom and tyranny were at grips. History hung on battles, and there was heroism in the blood that flowed.

Then came the miserable pathos of jealousy and vanity and greed among the revolutionist leaders. Having banished their own and their country's common foe, they fell to petty quarrels among themselves. The Constitutionalists, as they were termed, agreed on matters of principle. With a little conciliation and self-forgetfulness on matters of detail, they could have established a stable government that would have won recognition abroad and have brought peace and prosperity at home. Instead they succumbed to envies and vanities, and turned their country into a stage for opera-bouffes.

So long as there was civil war in Mexico, war waged around real issues and involving the cause of liberty, the United States and the other representative Government of this hemisphere hesitated to intrude. They felt and rightly so, that the Mexican people ought to have a fair chance themselves to settle a question that concerned the republic so vitally. But when the purpose of the revolution was accomplished, and its justification at an end, and the war degenerated to sordid fight for booty and personal ambition, then the United States and the other responsible governments of this hemisphere concluded that the time to end the sorry and futile scramble had come.

That is the object of the Pan-American appeal which went forward yesterday to the Mexican factional leaders, calling upon them to cease their strife and join in a council for peace and order. Whatever the response of the factional leaders, it is almost certain that the rank and file of thinking Mexicans will approve and welcome the Pan-American movement. In any event, the next few weeks should determine whether Mexican peace shall be restored from within or from without.

## MAYOR WOODARD OF ATLANTA, SAYS NEGRO GUILTLSS.

"There were only two people implicated in the death of Mary Phagan, I know the negro did not commit the deed, and am positive that 75 per cent of the people of Georgia are convinced that the man lynched Monday night committed the deed, and they are on the ground and ought to know.

"As mayor of Atlanta, I have received tons and tons of letters and petitions and requests asking that something be done for Frank, and they have all gone into the wastebasket, for like all Georgia people who are in a position to get at the truth, I know the facts.

"I know Jack Slaton, have known him for thirty years, ever since he was a young man. I have been friends with him, and while I hate to say it, I would not advise him to return to Georgia for a year—if ever."

## WARSAW MARKET OPENS.

Warsaw, Aug. 19.—Warsaw tobacco market opened yesterday with the sale of 40,000 pounds. All grades sold well. The highest price brought was 25 cents per pound, paid for a pile raised by Mr. James Usher, of Rose Hill. The prices ranged mostly from ten to twenty cents. A barbecue dinner was served by the ladies of the Baptist church after the sales.

## LESSON ON BONES.

The teacher of a class of small children recently gave a physiology lesson on the bones of the body. The time to ask question had come.

"Who will tell me what the backbone is?"

The question was a poser and no one ventured a reply.

Finally, the teacher detected a gleam of hope in Sammy's face, and smiled encouragingly at him.

"Well, Sammy?"

"The backbone is a long straight bone. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other," answered Sammy.—Harper's Monthly.

## HIS VERSION.

The small boy came home from Sunday School looking so disheveled and dusty that his mother had grave suspicions of his having been at Sunday school at all says the National Monthly. He explained his disarray by the fact that he had stopped at a neighbor's house to see some young puppies, and had climbed into a stable in order to be able to find them.

"What is the Golden Text?" inquired the parent.

"Don't worry. You'll get the blanket," was the reply.

"There's nothing like that in the Bible," declared the mother.

"Yes, there is. I guess I know the Golden Text. Our class said it over and over."

To settle her doubts the mother telephoned to the boy's teacher.

"Harry tells me that the Golden Text today was: 'Don't worry. You'll get the blanket.' What does he mean?"

With a peal of laughter the teacher explained the boy's statement, giving the text correctly: "Fear not, the Comforter shall come unto you."

On many a munition of war could be written, "Made in America."

What are the boasted Texas rangers doing to repel the Mexican invasion?

It is a war of optimism. The Russians, racing toward Siberia, express it, and even the Turks are not afraid of the allied opening of the Dardanelles.

Hokus—Flubdub seems to have a wonderful opinion of his knowledge. Pokus—I should say he has. Why, I have actually heard him attempt to argue with his son, who is in his freshman year at college.

Now they are preparing to read gas meters by photograph in New York. As if it were not bad enough to see the bills without having a picture of the outflow.

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## STAND BY YOUR TOWN.

If you think your town's the best, Tell 'em so. If you'd have her lead the rest, Help her grow.

When there's anything to do, Let the fellows count on you, You'll feel bully when you're through, Don't you know?

If you want to make a hit, Get a name, If the other fellow's it, Who's to blame? Spend the money in your town, Thus keep the prices down, Give the mail concerns a frown— That's the game.

If you're used to giving knocks, Change your style; Throw bouquets instead of rocks, For a while.

Let the other fellow roast, Shun him as you would a ghost, Meet his hammer with a boast And a smile.

When a stranger from afar Comes along, Tell him who and what you are, Make it strong.

Needn't flatter, never bluff, Tell the truth, that's enough; Join the boosters—they're the stuff, We belong.

—Exchange.

An Irish drill sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements and found great difficulty in getting a country-

man of his to halt when the command was given. After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a couple of minutes, then demanded his name.

"Fitzgerald, sor," was the reply. "Did you ever drive a donkey, Fitz?" "Yes, sor." "What did you say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa!" The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had adjarped a dozen yards or so he hawled out at the top of his lungs: "Squad halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald."

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"The professor brought back a very interesting relic." "Yes, I was just talking with her."—Buffalo Express.

## POOR MAN.

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the teacher, according to The Literary Digest.

"Yes, ma'am, almost always." "Correct," said the teacher. Turning to young Harold: "And now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?"

With but a slight pause the little fellow answered: "Woman."

In the case of Warsaw there'll be nobody home when the Germans enter.

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POOR