

PURSE STRINGS TIGHT.

UNCLE JOE'S ECONOMY LOST HIM \$5.00.

SOLD HIS NEW OVERCOAT.

His Daughter Bought One For Him Which He Sold for Less Than Actual Cost.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has lost his overcoat. He is far-sighted, economically, as well as politically, and it will not be necessary for the wily Illinois Congressman to buy another one soon if there is any way to help it. Some time last Spring, when the leaves on the trees around Washington began to take their spring verdure and it was more comfortable to carry an overcoat on the arm than to wear it, Uncle Joe lost his. He does not know where he left it but that phase of the matter is of no importance. Last winter Uncle Joe had to have a new one, and Miss Helen Cannon told her father that he had better step into a nearby store and buy one. Uncle Joe is very close. He thought his daughter, however, who is inclined that way somewhat herself, could drive a better bargain. He told her not to pay more than twenty-five dollars for the garment. She paid thirty-five. The coat was sent home, Uncle Joe tried it on and found it cost, according to his daughter, the stipulated amount—\$25. As a matter of fact, it had cost \$35. Next day Uncle Joe met a friend on the street who asked him about his new coat. Being told that it cost \$25, Uncle Joe was offered \$30 for it. He promptly accepted the offer and lost \$5 on the transaction.—Washington Dispatch.

Praying for Rain.

The recent drought has led to a lot of talk about the matter of praying, rather than pooh-poohing the idea that prayer could do any good. Just wishing for rain is the same as praying for it, the Spartanburg Journal tells us. We, however, incline to agree with Dr. L. W. Faison, who had the nerve to say in a board of health meeting in Charlotte during the water famine that he believed prayer would make God want to let it rain a whole lot sooner. "Prayer changes things." If it doesn't it may as well be cut out of human life. Hezekiah on his death-bed prayed for life and got 15 years extra. Hannah prayed for a boy, and got a whole family. Uzziah prayed for deliverance from Babylonian captivity and got his throne back. The Nineties prayed for pardon and were saved from the doom of Sodom. Elijah prayed for rain and got a freshet. The shortage of rain is no doubt connected with the shortage of prayer. We had a big crop and fruit year, last year and we thought we did it with O.R. scientific farming, O.R. deep plowing, O.R. legume crops and O.R. etc. We are the people. Our agricultural progress is all right, but we have got to have the early and the later rains and the only arm that can open the windows of heaven from the earth side is the arm of prayer.—Hickory Democrat.

[After all we are poor helpless creatures dependent upon God's mercies. We praise man's efforts but too often forget God and it is dangerous for an individual or a nation to lose sight of this fact. The Bible is filled with penalties and history is replete with incidents, that stand out as warnings.]—Local Editor.

Not Good Roads Alone.

Students of social and industrial problems have been viewing with alarm the fact that the sons of men employed in agricultural pursuits do not follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The bad roads of the country are in part responsible for this. "Why do these boys leave the farm?" is the question they ask. Bright boys may prefer to live in the city rather than on the farm for the reason that with the miserable roads found in many communities, it is removed a few miles from town is almost complete isolation from the centres of thought and activity.—Fayetteville Index.

[Good roads would no doubt prove a drawing feature to keep the boy on the farm but this is not all. Our schools do not educate boys that way. With very few exceptions the training is to live by their wits instead of their hands and hence the ranks of the "boiled shirt" fellows are full and the farms to a great extent overlooked. When the boys are taught that farming is as honorable as any other employment, that brains are as necessary to engage in it and that money can be made tilling the soil—together with good roads—the boys will be content to remain or return to the farms.]—Local Editor.

Two Extremes.

"A fashionable woman's clothes cover to large a proportion of her husband's income," says Laura Jean Libbed. And too small a proportion of her own corporosity.—Houston Post.

Well Put.

What the South wants is the immigrant who will farm, not one who will run a fruit stand.—Atlanta Journal.

FIRST AT YORKTOWN.

STARLING GUNN, OF CASWELL, FIRED FIRST CANNON.

SO READS OLD INSCRIPTION.

Another Proof of North Carolina's Primacy in Every War From the War of the Revolution to the Spanish American War.

Mr. J. H. Kerr, of Warrenton, solicitor of the Second Judicial District, has been in Raleigh this week attending the Supreme Court. Upon the occasion of a visit to his native county, Caswell, a short time ago, Mr. Kerr went out to the home of LaFayette Murray, who lives three miles from Yanceyville and who married a cousin of President Potat, of Wake Forest College. On Mr. Murray's plantation there is an old cemetery, which has been preserved in good condition since the War of the Revolution, and Mr. Murray took Mr. Kerr out to see this grave-yard to show him a monument over the grave of a man whose remarkable deed seems to have been overlooked in North Carolina. The inscription on the monument is as follows:

"Here lies the remains of Starling Gunn (then the place and time of his birth and death.) Who fired the first cannon at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington."

Mr. Kerr said that the Gunns were an old modest family who long lived in Caswell county. In the earlier days they were among the largest land owners in the county, and were connected with the Yanceys, Kerrs and other influential families and have descendants still living in the county. In those days Mr. Kerr said people were more modest than they are now, and this inscription would not have been put upon the monument unless it had been true, and it shows that Caswell county, among its other great contributions to North Carolina, produced a soldier who deserved to rank with Wyatt at Bethel, Bagley at Cardenas and the invincible North Carolinians who gave the State glory at Bethel, Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Appomattox. In addition now to the claim that North Carolina makes of being "first at Bethel, furthest to the front at Gettysburg and last at Appomattox," we can also add "First at Yorktown," which gives North Carolina primacy in every great war in which this country has been engaged from the War of the Revolution to the Spanish-American War.—Raleigh News & Observer.

Got Religion and Came Back.

The authorities at the penitentiary experienced something out of the ordinary, Friday morning when Richard Tinsley, colored, an escaped convict, walked up to the prison gate and asked admittance, stating that he desired to finish serving his sentence.

Tinsley was sent to the State's prison from Vance county on October 5, 1903 to serve a sentence of one year for larceny and receiving, and Tinsley escaped from the State farm on the first of December of the same year. Since his escape his life has been a varied one, but finally he joined the church, and since that time he determined to come back and serve out his sentence.—Raleigh Caucasian.

[The above is one type of true religion. A religion without restitution is based on shifting sands.]—Local Editor.

True.

The city fathers of Chicago want the Boy Scouts to fight the weeds in the Windy City. He will have to guess if he desires the scouts to fight against a swimming hole, a fish stream or a basket picnic, we believe there would be something doing, but weeds are beneath the scouts notice.—Houston Post.

[A boy or girl will literally exert themselves into a lather of perspiration in some diversion but will dodge work as if it was a poisonous reptile. Just her a good dose of the switch would bring the young folks to a living sense of their duty.]—Local Editor.

Wedding Color Scheme.

"Wasn't that elopement story a highly colored one?" was the father was purple with rage, the girl red with apprehension, her chum green with embarrassment, the minister white with fear, the fellow showed a distinct yellow streak, while the whole wedding party were blue at the outcome.—Baltimore American.

Once in Fifteen Years.

Thirty-five years—think of it, thirty-five years ago, when L. & M. Paint was first made known.

It then needed time to prove its durable quality. It has done it now, and its large use is the proof. Costs about \$1.60 per gallon, because you make nearly one half more, by adding 1/2 of a gallon of Linseed Oil to each gallon of paint, and you won't need to repaint for about 15 years.

Sole Agents Owens Drug Co. Write postal for "Money Saver Price List No. 60." Longman & Martinez, P. O. Box 1379, New York.

HIS OWN MEDICINE.

BUT DOES NOT RELISH THE DOSE. UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

There is No Other Marital Tie—Any Other Form Ruins The Happy Home and Shatters the Foundations of a Nation.

Upton Sinclair is one of the bright particular stars of Socialism. He is author of some books which have been widely read. His exposure of the conditions at the Chicago stock-yards of the Beef Trust, created a national sensation. But Mr. Sinclair was not content with his laurels, as a literary genius. He was eager to demonstrate the workability of his theories. Therefore, he collected a group of rare souls, of congenial temperaments, and planted a colony in Delaware, at a place called "Arden."

In this colony the choice "spirits of the inner circle of Socialism" would live the ideal life. They would prove to scoffing mankind that the Eden of old could be re-established; and that Love and Communism were the creators of this new Paradise.

Sinclair's wife is young and beautiful; her face indicates that she is voluptuous. At the time she agreed to marry Upton, her views of matrimony were the same as his. They both believed that a license and a formal ceremony were absurd.

They both believed that mutual Love and reciprocal affection desire to mate, justified the mating, without any delay, license or ceremony. But to keep the girl's respectable parents from getting "crazy" the ardent lovers consented to be married in the usual way. That was in 1900. One child, a boy, is the fruit of this union.

Into this Eden, comes the serpent in the shape of Harry Kemp. Like the young Lochinvar, he comes out of the West. He is said to be a poet—whose "works" have not been published.

Harry Kemp was the guest of Upton Sinclair at the latter's summer home. While eating Sinclair's salt, sleeping in Sinclair's beds and enjoying the blind confidence of his host, Kemp fell in love with Sinclair's wife.

These two passionate souls discovered that they were "affinities." Poor Sinclair was out of it. He had once been the soul-mate of the lady; but she had now found that he no longer satisfied the longings of her heart. Harry, Harry Kemp! He is the right man; and, that being so, she has a perfect right to discard Sinclair and mate with Kemp. That's Socialism.

Such a young wife goes away with her second "husband" clinging the first to hold the boy and to be both parents to their child.

Now, this young woman has done precisely as George Heron did. That eminent Socialist deserted the poor woman who was his wedded wife; and took up with a rich woman, Carrie Rand with whom he is still living in adultery in Italy.

But Sinclair is howling about the manner in which he has been treated by his friend and his wife. He will sue for a divorce. He may assault and batter Kemp when they meet.

Then in good time Kemp will howl, and want to beat somebody—for the woman will tire of him as she did of Sinclair, and will pass on to another man.

What the Socialists fail to recognize is this:

Two people who mutually desire to come together, may not be agreed as to parting. In that case, there is a sorely wounded heart, when the mate finds a second affinity, deserting the first.

The Heron tragedy showed the woman could be made to suffer, when the husband leaves her for a younger soulmate.

The Sinclair scandal shows how the man can be put to shame and made wretched, when the wife leaves him for a younger, lustier swain.

The old way is best. "Until death do us part!" Let the husband and wife vow the ancient vows. Then the husband never looks at every pretty face and voluptuous figure as a possible "affinity," and the wife never expects that every handsome, robust chap that she meets, may suit her better than her husband.

Where the wedded pair start on a husband does.

Some way I feel more like trusting a man who can control his temper and not have a runaway so to speak, every now and then.

No man can safely command until he has learned to obey.

"TEMPORARY SANITY."

MOST APTLY DESCRIBED BY DOROTHY MITCHELL.

JUST NATURAL VICIOUSNESS.

Should Be Curbed By Parents in the Training of Children—Many Fathers and Mothers See Their Neglect Too Late.

I do not doubt the fact that such a madly (temporary insanity) exists—both among rich and poor alike—but I believe the name is wrong; for I think it should be called what it really is—"Temporary Satanity" and instead of being an excusable disease it should be put down among the cardinal crimes and receive the punishment which it justly deserves.

It is a more serious thing to disobey the law than we sometimes think. That spirit acquired and cultivated in man to know no law; to yield to no man's will except one's own desires, regardless of anyone else's comfort, is a bad policy. There are laws made to protect every human being in this country—laws made by the best men of our country commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong, and it is bad enough to disobey one of these; but to wilfully disobey a law of nature and take the right of Divinity in our hands by destroying a human life—something that none but Divinity can give and none but Divinity should take—a being who has been given the privileges of this earthly existence by the same power who gave us ours, and thereby has as much right to enjoy it as we do, it is a crime indeed.

I have seen victims of this "Temporary insanity"; watched it in its budding years in little children. It comes in a rather mild form at first but grows with the victim. It affects them differently, but usually there is a similarity that can be easily detected.

There used to be a family who lived next door to me whose children were very much affected with it. One morning I heard such a noise and screaming that I looked out and saw a little sprite of a boy jumping up and down on the back porch and giving vent to yells that ought to come from a boy twice his size, and all of it was because his mother would not let him eat breakfast without washing his face. After a while I heard her tell him to come on then, and he immediately hushed. It was my lot to live by them several years, until the boy was beginning to be called a "big boy" and the family had to move away in order to escape disgrace and get this same boy in a different atmosphere. I have seen lots of people who believe that evil comes from without, but instead it is imbedded in the heart, and if allowed to grow it will crowd out all the good and make a demon of man.

It may be considered a rather sacrilegious thing to say in the presence of those persons who always refer to mothers as "angel mothers," but I firmly believe that a good per cent of the crimes of this country, if properly placed would be laid at the mother's door. Of course, I know that there are exceptions, and that no matter how good a woman may be, she is not perfect. She may think she is doing her child a kindness when she is doing the thing that is entirely wrong. How can one expect a person to always obey the laws of man or God when he has never known any in the home? Sooner or later the old habits will come out, and the "my will" and "my way" will be made manifest. The considering of one's own convenience, pleasure and self before all others, and that excessive temper which has never known any conquering, grows from childhood. Then who is responsible?

One of the saddest wails I ever heard from a human heart was that of a broken-hearted mother whose child had gone wrong. She called me to her side for help and sympathy, and I shall never forget the depth of her cry when she said it was all her fault; for she had always let the child have his way.

There is among my acquaintances a girl philosopher who will not allow herself to get real mad, for she says that every time she does she digs a bigger trench for more Satan to enter the next time.

Some way I feel more like trusting a man who can control his temper and not have a runaway so to speak, every now and then.

No man can safely command until he has learned to obey.

Some Things We Never See.

Odorless automobiles. Cross-legged prize fighters. Cross-eyed chorus girls. Sensible hats for women. A neighborhood without a night-blooming photograph.

Two Fools.

There has been a good deal of comment about the fool that rocks the boat. What about the one that tries to run an automobile!—Cleveland Leader.

Common Colds Must Be Taken Seriously. For unless cured they sap the vitality and lower the vital resistance to more serious infection. Protect your children and yourself by the prompt use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and not its quick and decisive results. For coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis and affections of the throat, chest and lungs it is an ever ready and valuable remedy. Helm's Drug Store.

PARTICULARLY POINTED

Paragaphs Political and Otherwise Spicily Dished Up.

DOLLY MADISON CHATS.

DISCUSSES WHAT IS TERMED "CALF LOVE." APT TO MAKE MISTAKES.

If all the convicts Governor Kitchin has pardoned support him for Senator he will be hard to beat. Even Simmons with his band of red-shirts will find it hard to combat with Kitchin's ex-convict forces. Cotton is selling cheaper than at this season last year, and still the cotton mills are closing down. Wonder why? The Democrats have taken the tariff off political lemons and are now handing them to each other free of charge. As the Democrats have raised the tax valuation of property about \$75,000,000 in this State, they should now lower the tax rate—but will they do it? The State has been running in debt about \$250,000 a year for the past few years. At that rate, how long will it take the Democrats to bankrupt the State? If the Democratic party is against protection, why did Senator Simmons refuse to vote on the cotton schedule, and, in fact, why did all of them fall off the platform? After Glenn has finished his engagements in Maine he might return home and see if he can persuade the Democratic officials to enforce the prohibition law in North Carolina. The Anti-trust Landmark says that the state-trust law in this State is either ineffective or no effort has been made to enforce it. The poor old toothless thing is down with both complaints.—Raleigh Caucasian.

Cotton continues to drop, we don't know how low it will go but we do hope the country will be able to escape the soup houses this fall.

If the Democratic party ever did anyone any good except the Democratic office holders who draw the salaries we have never heard of it.

Those Democrats who think it religious to steal votes in order to keep the Democratic party in power, will perhaps get real happy when they go to pay their taxes this fall.

Every time we hear anyone say anything about a Democratic President being elected in 1912 we begin to think of Grover Cleveland, 4 1-2 and 5 cent cotton, public soup houses, and Coxie Armies.

The Democratic party is worse than war, in a battle a fellow is liable to get killed instantly and not suffer much, but in a Democratic party he is liable to perish to death.—Yes, the Democratic party is worse than war and you know what Sherman said war was.

Since we come to think about it about forty years from now when these bonds are due the Democratic papers and politicians (if the devil is permitted to run at large that long will perhaps claim that all these bonds the Democrats have been selling for the last ten years were Fusion bonds. Now just watch 'em and see if they don't.

Governor Glenn told us during the prohibition campaign that with State prohibition crime would almost cease, the courts would dry up for lack of business, and lawyers would have to go to ploughing and taxes would be reduced. But now we find crime is on the increase, and we are told that more courts are necessary in order to clear the "blind tigers" of the charges made against them. Lawyers are getting rich and taxes are doubled.—We hope that Bobby will not prophecy again.—Clinton News-Dispatch.

What Does He Know About Them?

At a meeting of the Central Valley Christian Conference, held at Leaksville, Va., last week, Rev. J. L. Foster of North Carolina, denounced hobbles and harem skirts, big hats, and what he described as "almost invisible hose." It is all right for the big hats and the little skirts to be in the preacher's line of vision, but the "almost invisible hose"—what does he mean by the kick against that? If the women want to wear their hose almost invisible or entirely invisible we don't see how anybody can raise any objection to that way of wearing 'em.—Monroe Enquirer.

[Admitting that Rev. Foster is able to judge by observation about hobbles and harem skirts and big hats we would like to know what he or any other man knows about invisible hose. Maybe he got confused with the "drop stitch" article. They will catch the eye every time.]—Local Editor.

How it Happened.

The boy stood on the burning deck; He wouldn't run away, He got a twenty dollar check, With every Saturday. You say that riddles you abhor? I'll tell you all I know, The boy, of course, was posing for A moving picture show. Washington Herald.

A Dreadful Sight.

To H. J. Barnum of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklin's Arnica Salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed me, scarcely a scar left." Heals Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at P. A. Thompson's.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

BUDGET OF TIMELY AND TERSE TOPICS.

CRISP, POINTED INTERESTING.

What Our Shears And Paste Pot Captured of a Humorous Vein From Our Exchanges.

A Natural Question. "How long have you been married?" "This time or altogether!"—Detroit Free Press.

Could Help Her. Fussy Lady Patient—I was suffering so much doctor, that I wanted to die. Doctor—You did right to call me in, dear lady.—London Opinion.

His Plan. To dodge his creditors required Such vigilance and vim, A motor car he went and hired, And now they're dodging him!

She Stopped Him. "Jinks would have spent his fortune on himself in a year if it hadn't been for his wife." "How did she stop him?" "Spent it on herself."—Exchange.

Humorist in Straits. Beggar—Please help me to recover my child. Lady—Is your child lost? Beggar—No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.—Boston Transcript.

Proof. Kicker—Have you a cook engaged at present? Snicker—I think so; there's a man out in the kitchen every night.—Harper's Bazar.

New Use for Holes. "What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?" asked a natural history teacher. "The moth," replied a student contently. "It eats nothing but holes!"

Sure Thing. "You must testify only to what you know; no hearsay evidence." "Yes, sir." "What is your age?" "I've only hearsay evidence on that point."

Her Line. Wife—The woman who has just moved next door has been married three times, and all of her husbands were named William. Husband—You don't mean it! Quite a Bill collector, isn't she?—Exchange.

Great Expectations. "Where are you going with that goat, little boy?" "Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has just at a crate of sponges and I'm goin' down an' let him drink."—Toledo Blade.

Too Much Company. "Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid. "Yes," yawned the worthy young man. "But never before a chaperone, two small brothers and a pet bull dog." And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.—Exchange.

A Puzzle. Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—"How is your little girl?" Caller—"I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl." Small girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—"How is your little boy, either?" Caller—"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either." Small Girl—"What are yours?"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Cautious Tongue. Singing Teacher—"Now, children, give us 'Little Drops of Water' and put some spirit in it." Principal (whispering)—"Careful, sir. This is a temperance school. Say 'put some ginger in it.'"

Some Things We Are Guilty Of. "I suppose there's none of us better than we should be." "Indeed, no; I was thinking it over last night. Why, only yesterday I was guilty of killing time, murdering a tune, smothering a yawn, stealing a kiss, cutting a creditor and breaking into a perspiration."

False Alarm. Harper's Magazine resurrects this one: Dr. Brown, a dignified and somewhat portly gentleman had been commissioned to buy a shirtwaist at a bargain sale which his wife was unable to attend. The task was a novel and not wholly congenial one, but he finally got the attention of a saleswoman and made his wishes known. "What bust?" she asked. The doctor glanced around with nervous apprehension. "Why—er—I didn't hear anything."

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by All Dealers.

Foley's Kidney Remedy (Liquid) is a great medicine of proven value for both acute and chronic kidney and bladder ailments. It is especially recommended to elderly people for its wonderful tonic and reconstructive qualities, and the permanent relief and comfort it gives them. Helm's Drug Store