

Shakespeare Lived Too Soon.

"Shakespeare said, 'Throw physics to the dogs,'" said the man who loves to quote.

"Yes," said the man with the speckled vest, "but if Shakespeare were living today he would write it 'canned meat.'"—Indianapolis Star.

The scenery along the straight and narrow path is less attractive than that bordering on the broad road leading elsewhere.—Chicago News.

The Best Exercise. Uncle—So, you go to school now. Tommy—Yes, sir.

Uncle—And what part of the exercises do you like best? Tommy—Why the exercise we get at recess.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Just before poor old Dooly died, he made his wife promise that she would not marry again."

"Poor old chap—he always was kind to his fellow men."—Tit Bits.

Pointed Paragraphs. Some spinsters advance step by step until they finally become stepmothers.

Women ought to make satisfactory angels because they are so fond of "harping."

One idea of strong will power is that of a man who can fast until he starves to death.

Fools brag where wise men only admit.

Errors About the White House. To the Editor: I noticed somewhere recently—I would not say positively that it was in your columns—an article on the White House which contained several mis-statements.

In the first place it was stated that the White House was first occupied in 1800, and that its first occupant was President Madison.

The fact is, its first occupant was President Adams, who took up his residence there in 1800.

The original mansion was begun in 1792. In 1814 it was burned by the British and rebuilt in 1818.

Another error in the article referred to was the statement that ready-prepared paint is used on the White House to make it beautifully white.

I noticed this especially because I have used considerable paint myself, and wondered that "canned" paint should be used on such an important building, when all painters know that pure white lead and linseed oil make the best paint.

It so happened also that I knew white lead and linseed oil—a not ready-mixed paint—were used on the White House, because I had just read a booklet published by a firm of ready-mixed paint manufacturers, who also manufacture pure white lead.

In that book the manufacturers admitted that for the White House nothing but the best and purest of paint could be used, and said that their pure white lead had been selected.

Above all people those who attempt to write on historical subjects should give us facts, even if it is only a date or a statement about wood, or brick, or paint, or other building material. Yours for truth, L.

A TALK TO WIVES. Now ladies, woman is apt to surround any action with married life with sentiment, it is a fact that men, as a rule, have no sentiment whatever about money.

To make a man is a daily necessity, to spend it is another necessity, unconnected with "feeling." A man does not pay out money for a harrow because he loves the hardware dealer, nor even because the hardware dealer needs the money to carry on his business, nor because he ought to give some compensation for the service when he benefits by it.

He pays for it because he wants the harrow and can't get it in any other way. It's business. Now running a household is business, and should be put on that basis, and not on sentiment. The only remedy for needless humiliations to a woman, and needless irritation to a man, is to have an allowance for necessary expenses. It can be done where there is any income at all. It depends on the man. The only remedy for a man, is to have a constant appeals that are so trying, and it spares the husband the introduction of the word "money" at home, when he is sick of hearing it and having it on his mind all day. The plan is seldom put to him in this light, however, as a convenience and burden-lifter to both, but as a favor to her—Mary Stewart Cutting, in Harper's Bazar.

Finmeanz—My, but he do love to hear himself talk, don't he? Flannagan—He do. Faith, if he had the habit of talkin' in his sleep, he'd set up all night to listen and applaud. So, 35-'06.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. No Medicine So Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide-awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating to Grape-Nuts and says: "For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up and I would vomit everything I ate and drank."

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling would start up and I would vomit everything I ate and drank."

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it."

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.'"

There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as good night's sleep, and you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. W. S. LEWIS.

Subject: The Secret of the Lord.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—President W. S. Lewis, D. D., of Morningstar College, Sioux City, Ia., is the vacation preacher in the Hanson Place M. E. Church, at home services here Sunday morning and had a good audience.

His subject was "The Secret of the Lord." The text was from Psalm xxv: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenants." Dr. Lewis said:

Words, like men, are affected by the atmosphere in which they live. In the atmosphere of the present day, one who is stiff with incurable disease, and with the right hand she toiled busily for the little ones, and buried the other about her feet. I thought that I would bring her a word of consolation, but it was I that was consoled, for in the silence and solitude of my heart God had talked to her, and her face shone with His beauty, and her eyes were bright with His glory. Her words were like oil that poured forth. She lived in the heart of the beatitudes. And once I saw a rich man whose money came easy, and who had heard the voice of God, and like a brook from the mountain he poured forth his dollars to sweeten and bless a society, and his words were like a flood of mercy through which it runs on its way to the ocean. He had learned the way of God in riches. And this is what I want to know: whether the gift of poverty or riches, sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, cloud or shine—they are but the acts of God, and out of them He allows us to weave the story of His love, and to learn the beautiful lesson of His ways to the children of men.

Could I tell it all in one word, it is this: Can you remember the days when the snow had fallen on the North and the South was beginning to drift toward the ocean? Can you remember the last of the war? One incident lingers in my memory. It was up in the Adirondack Mountains. By had gone from the home early in the sixties, whether the gift of poverty or riches, sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, cloud or shine—they are but the acts of God, and out of them He allows us to weave the story of His love, and to learn the beautiful lesson of His ways to the children of men.

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NORTH STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest Gleaned From Various Sections.

FROM MOUNTAIN TO SEASHORE.

Minor Occurrences of the Week of Interest to Tar Heels Told in Paragraphs.

Charlotte Cotton Market. These prices represent the prices paid to wagons:

Good middling . . . . . 9-34  
Strict middling . . . . . 9-34  
Middling . . . . . 9-5-8  
Good middling, tinged . . . . . 9-5-8  
Stains . . . . . 7-1-2@8-3-4

General Cotton Market. Galveston, quiet . . . . . 9-7-10  
New Orleans, quiet . . . . . 9-1-2  
Mobile, quiet . . . . . 9-1-4  
Savannah, quiet . . . . . 9-1-10  
Charleston, quiet . . . . . 9-1-8  
Norfolk, quiet . . . . . 9-3-1  
Baltimore, nominal . . . . . 9-7-8  
New York, quiet . . . . . 9-7-10  
Boston, quiet . . . . . 9-7-10  
Philadelphia, quiet . . . . . 9-7-10  
Houstons, steady . . . . . 9-5-8  
Memphis, quiet and nominal . . . . . 9-3-1  
St. Louis, dull . . . . . 9-1-2  
Louisville, firm . . . . . 10-1-2

Items of State News. The State charters the Fayetteville Street Railway, capital stock \$100,000, with power to build and operate electric railways in Fayetteville or in any town in a radius of 50 miles, also to furnish heat, light and power and build and operate factories. The stockholders are W. D. McNeill, S. A. MacIae and others.

The State superintendent of public instruction has a letter from the State superintendent of Kansas saying there is a movement in that State for a separation of whites and blacks in the public schools, and asking what was North Carolina's position in this matter. Superintendent Joyner informed him that there was the strictest separation here and this is found to the only possible course, and best for both races.

Governor Glenn makes requisition on the Governor of Virginia for John Ross, of Mecklenburg county an escaped convict, who was convicted of an assault with a deadly weapon.

A reward of \$100 is offered by the Governor for the arrest of Albert McClamrock, of Davie county, who is charged with seduction.

The State charters the Waning Bank Agency with headquarters at Tarboro, capital stock \$125,000, held by Hiram H. Jones, N. A. Kester, Andrew Geddes, A. J. Posten and Curtis E. Grayson, all of Washington, D. C., and John L. Bridgers, of Tarboro.

Railroad Hand Drowned. Weldon, Special.—A negro railroad hand, who was employed in putting down new rails on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad, was drowned in Quakey Creek, at Halifax, Saturday evening. The water was fifteen feet deep, where it had backed in from Roanoke river, and the negro, who had been in the habit of going in at low water, could not swim. Mr. George L. Stephenson fished the body from the stream and turned it over to his friends.

Thirty Years For Murderer. Goldsboro, Special.—The negro Paul Johnson gets 30 years in the penitentiary for the killing of Henry Miller in this city the first of last June. He was charged with murder in the first degree. The negro had no counsel and Judge Webb appointed ex-Judge W. S. O'Brien and M. T. Dickinson to defend him. On account of the murder and the escape and capture of the negro afterwards, the case had attracted a good deal of attention and there was a large crowd in the court house all day.

Elizabeth City, Special.—The Clay Foreman, a tug boat belonging to the Foreman-Hadley Lumber Company, was destroyed by fire. About 7:30 she was discovered to be on fire and the alarm was given. No one was aboard but the engineer. The firemen responded. Assistance was given by the dock hose. The entire tug and forward parts were destroyed.

Child Fell in Creek. Wilson, Special.—Monday night a negro child four years old fell in Contentee creek from the bridge near the light and power plant. A search for the child was begun with the result that it was found by Mr. Joe Farmer some distance down the stream, hung upon a rock, with only a few bubbles, but otherwise alive and well, and little the worse for a drop into the water of probably twenty feet.

Granite Company Reorganized. Salisbury, Special.—The Dunn Mountain Granite Company, one of Rowan's most enterprising business concerns, was reorganized here by the election of Mr. W. A. Enson, of Greensboro, as president, and C. S. Adams as secretary and treasurer. The concern, which is doing an immense granite business, is now owned largely by the president just elected.

Fell Three Stories. Richmond, Va., Special.—Nathaniel Michaelbauer, son of a Jewish rabbi who died in his pulpit here a year ago, walked out of a third-story window in the home of a lady whom he was visiting on Saturday. He was precipitated to the street below. Although he fairly landed on his head he sustained only a two-inch scalp wound, which will not result seriously.

WHY DO BOYS LEAVE THE FARM?

What is known as the urban movement, the movement of people from the farms to the cities and towns, has long been one of the recognized perils of the country. It is an ancient danger. Men of the earliest period have drifted toward the cities. Aristotle's wisest remark was, perhaps, the observation that man was born to be a citizen, that is the designation of an active citizen. That also is what civilization means—the transforming of men into citizens. It was Paul's proud boast that he was the citizen of no mean city. There is no doubt that in our civilization and in our culture the city is the centre, the heart.

It was the genial Cowper's opinion that the country was the better place, for the quaint reason that God made the country, and man made the city. It pays well even in the somewhat crowded States of the North and Middle West. The prosperity of the South to-day rests firmly upon the cotton fields and the truck gardens and the tobacco plantations. There are planters in this State that make incomes of \$12,000 a year, clear profit, upon their farms. That means that the man who can do this is rich; he is more so than the man who has a salary of \$10,000 a year in thousands of fortunes in each year's harvest. The seaboard is being transformed into a garden and is yielding independence and wealth to many thousands of planters. There is no doubt that farming is remunerative—more remunerative than it ever was.

As to hard work, the farmer has a far easier time of it than the clerk in the store or the telegraph operator. The farmer has to work in the open air, and the boys and men and girls and women in the crowded cities. The nature of the work on the farm—the grimness of it, the hours of labor in the heat, the lowly kind of work that the boy on the farm has to do—this has more to do with driving him off the farm than the hard work of the clerk in the store. But the farmer loses little by the desertion of those who are afraid of "hard work."

There is something to be said for the social disability of the boy on the farm. He is shut off from most of the pleasures of the city. It is true that he has a social circle of his own; but if he is a bit ambitious and not content to wait until he wins opportunity, this condition will chafe him. There is, also, the fact that the South has a distinct advantage over the farm-boy of the North. The farmer of the South is a tower of strength, and stands "four-square to all the winds that blow." He is second to nobody. He is the peer of the best of the farmers of the old "aristocratic" system of the South, which had its foundations on the plantation. We have inherited good, clean, honorable traditions that dignify and exalt the calling of the farmer.

The boy should not leave the farm. He should own land as soon as possible and attain independence through his own labor. There is no doubt that the farmer who does not definitely prosper, is not prospering, without independent, thrifty, prosperous farmers. The ideal condition would be one in which there were cities "crowded with culture"—Boston, Athens, Paris—surrounding the farmer, and the farmer, in turn, the metropolitan of the metropolis of wealth and fashion and art, much of its best results reflected in the homes of independent planters, constituting but the flower of our civilization.

But in the meantime, the boys are leaving the farms. Why? That is the question that L. H. Bailey, Director of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, asks in his "The Magazine of the Farmer," and he does not definitely answer. He tries to get the deserters from the ranks of the farm to answer it, but their reasons are not at all satisfactory. For instance, forty per cent of them "quit" the farm because it does not pay