

EDITORIAL.

The fine of twenty-nine millions imposed on the Standard Oil Trust by Judge Landis at Chicago has caused an abundance of talk. Everybody is interested in it. Even old man John D. Rockefeller, who has always felt a contempt for the public, has had something to say on the subject. As might have been expected, the old man is nettled and prophesies doleful things. He says a great calamity is coming on the country unless this thing is stopped. He sees the country in revolution and blood first and in the poor house afterward. He thinks because his outlaw concern that has left a record of crime and ruin in its wake is being brought to law, all the legitimate business interests of the country will be ruined, and like all of his class he talks about innocent investors and widows and orphans. The old man is really pitiable. With all his millions he sees the day when he cannot do as he wishes, and the curtailment of his own vicious policies he mistakes to be the ruin of the country. It is now in order for all the two by four capitalists of the country to take up the calamity wail.

Judge Landis, who has achieved so much reputation by fining the Standard fraud the full limit of the law, has not had his head turned by the applause. This goes to show that he imposed the fine because he thought it was his duty and not for the purpose of drawing attention and applause to himself. Some one having proposed that he run for Governor of Illinois, Judge Landis said:

"If you hear of any one talking of me for Governor or President, hit him on the head with a base ball bat."

Commenting on this the Statesville landmark says:

"Whenever a judge or any public official makes himself conspicuous in the performance of his duty, it is the custom now to propose to run him for some higher office. Public officials should do their duty at all times without hope of any special reward, for that is what they are in public place to do. Sometimes a public official performs a specially notable act, where a weaker one would have let things go along without giving trouble. In such cases applause is proper by way of encouragement, and occasionally it may be proper to advance one who shows by his conduct that he is fitted for the duties of a higher sphere. But the suggestion that every man who may attract attention in the line of duty should have a bigger job is tiresome."

When the rotten oil concern was brought to book after its thirty-five years of crime, the credit of the achievement was due to a woman more than to any one else. We have thought for years that if Miss Tarbell's articles didn't bear fruit, it would show that the American people were the most supine fools on earth. But the fruit has been borne and is now ripening. Of Miss Tarbell the News and Observer says:

"When she began to write and expose the Standard Oil trust years ago, at first the trust magnates laughed at the stories of the old maid written to make bread, and many folks did not take her statements seriously. But she continued to write and to write facts with

marked ability and power, and she gave facts that proved she knew the inside of the trust. Her statements convinced the American people that the oil trust was a law-breaker of the first magnitude, and it was her investigations that made possible the recent conviction. When the Standard Oil trust is compelled to go out of business (and its time will surely come if the administration does not fall down) the one person who will deserve the most credit is Miss Ida M. Tarbell."

The crime wave that has been sweeping over certain sections of New York city for the past few weeks, in which the most unprovoked, mysterious and useless crimes have been committed without the police being at all able to cope with the situation, has puzzled the country. Murders and outrages were committed without apparent cause. Some have been trying to find a cause in the hot weather and a peculiar psychological condition resulting in these districts, but nothing definite in this line has been demonstrated. It was much worse than the Atlanta riots, at which the country justly pointed the finger of scorn, yet no logical reason can be given for its existence as in the case of Atlanta. Cardinal Gibbons, a well known official of the Catholic church, has proposed a remedy for these crimes, which ought to be applied to crime at all times all over the country. He says:

"I would suggest that penalties be imposed that will commensurate with the crime. The principal preventive to such sentences being imposed and carried out lies in the fact that able and influential lawyers lend themselves to the defense of the criminals and the crime, and through astuteness secure in a majority of cases either acquittal or a nominal fine."

It is as clear as anything can be that something is wrong with the administration of justice in our criminal courts. The fault is not in the law: it's in the method of applying it. The crusty shell of obsolete precedent and the grasp of foolish technicalities has got to be broken before we shall see anything better.

THE ANSONIAN, which is in the thick of the fight for prohibition in Anson, which is to be settled on the 31st, says:

"Money and money alone has kept saloons and distilleries in Wadesboro for a long time. This money has been contributed by the men engaged in the whiskey business and those who profit by the existence here of such business. Now they propose to continue the business, sanctioned as they say, by the votes of the best people of the county and yet they are dragging in every negro possible. We are reliably informed that, at a meeting held Saturday night in the office of a would-be leader of the Democratic party, that gentleman proposed to canvass the county in support of the saloon ticket if he was sufficiently compensated. A prominent citizen present subscribed \$500, while saloon men present put up like sums. Now where do you vote?"

Stick it in your hat that some of these same self-appointed leaders will be out asking honest men to vote for them later on.

The Strenuous Life Killing the Men of Chicago.

The strenuous life is killing the men of Chicago at a tremendous rate, while the women of the city are increasing their longevity by the simple life, says Health Commissioner Evans in a report. He declares that a few centuries will see Chicago an Adamless Eden. Dr. Evans makes the startling statement that during the last seven months of 1907, in Chicago about 12,000 men succumbed, as compared to 6,000 women. He says that in the last year the ratio of difference in the death rate between men and women has been 30 against less than 10 per cent. twenty years ago.

The cause for this is attributed by Commissioner Evans to the strenuous life. Contributory causes are the quick lunch, constant exposure, and carelessness.

Eczema. For the good of those suffering with eczema or other such trouble, I wish to say, my wife had something of that kind and after using the doctors' remedies for some time concluded to try Chamberlain's Salve, and it proved to be better than anything she had tried. For sale by English Drug Company.

A man isn't necessarily a thief because he hooks his wife's dress.

Those who have stomach trouble, no matter how slight, should give every possible help to the digestive organs, so that the food may be digested with the least effort. This may be done by taking something that contains natural digestive properties—something like Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Kodol is a preparation of vegetable acids and contains the very same juices found in a healthy stomach. It digests what you eat. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.



"There's Never a Law of God or Man Runs North of Fifty-three."

The hero's fight to recover his property and his efforts to win the woman he loves from a powerful, unscrupulous and favored rival make that brilliant story of the Klondike

The Spoilers

By Rex E. Beach

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT



THE SPOILERS

By Rex E. Beach

Illustrated by Grant and Copyrighted

This story of "the hunger for gold dugged out of the hills, and the blinding hunger of man for woman and for woman's love," being a vivid picture of the Klondike before the reign of law.

DON'T MISS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

A New Orleans woman was thin.

Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food.

She took Scott's Emulsion.

Result:

She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

THE early voyagers to the New World were fond of taking back some of the Indians and other wonderful things of the new land to exhibit when they returned to Europe. About fifty years ago a missionary who had been to China returned to this country and while making a canvass as is now customary with missionaries who are seeking additional support, he carried with him a live Chinaman, the first ever seen in these parts. Of course the people flocked in unusual crowds to see the wonderful man with long hair and flowing shirt. The missionary visited Pleasant Grove, in this county, with his Chinaman. The other day Dr. Gribble, who is 76, and Uncle John Simpson, who is 67, were talking about this visit, which was their first glimpse of a Chinaman. Uncle John said he walked seven miles to see that Pigtail.

AFTER the close of the great war it was nothing unusual to see men about their daily efforts to make bread, with arms, legs or eyes missing. As time went on the number gradually decreased, as one by one, the maimed, the halt and the blind gave up the unequal struggle for bread and lay down in their last sleep. Even after all these years there are some of them left—old men, tottering with age as well as wounds. Any policy at any time that leaves such things in its wake must be a fearful mistake on the part of somebody. The penalty of war is heavy and the most of it falls on those who had least to do with bringing it about.

BUT have you noticed of late years that there is a new and fast growing crop of empty sleeves and legs to be seen all about us, and that for the past few years the number has been rapidly increasing? Young men they are, strong and vigorous and ready to battle with the world before, in the twinkling of an eye, a hand, an arm or a leg, if indeed not both, was clipped off or mashed to pulp. And to say nothing of the full lives that are snuffed out almost as frequently as an arm or a leg is clipped off. Isn't it possible that a policy that demands so much blood and suffering as to leave in its wake the appearance of a bloody war, is a mistake somewhere? These arms and legs and lives are the victims that we daily throw to the Juggernaut of railroad greed and carelessness and public negligence. The conduct of the railroads is a necessary work of modern conditions, but does any body believe that it is right to allow that work to be so dangerous that the men who are called to take their lives in their hands every time they go to their work, to say nothing of the danger to the traveling public? While the railroads are run as they are, a man had better go to sea in a rotten tub if he is looking for safety or enlist in some war than to try to earn his bread by working on a railroad. The public ought to awake to this fact. It is folly to say that it can't be helped. It can't be till an effort is made, and no effort will ever, or ever has been made, till the public forced it. Of course, there is now some spasmodic effort, but the daily slaughter by the railroad, will never stop till railroad owners are made responsible in other ways than a mere civil suit after the victims are buried. It is strange that the American people will tolerate almost any evil of any magnitude under the complacent belief that it can't be helped when nobody has tried to help it.

A WAXHAW post has gotten gay at the expense of the town's leisurely gentlemen and bursted out as follows:

"Monroe takes in washing, And so does Mineral Springs; Everybody works in Waxhaw, But a few old things."

MR. CLARENCE H. POE, editor of the Progressive Farmer, has just returned from a six weeks' trip through the South and says:

"The South is growing an unusually large crop of corn, more attention than ever before is being given to forage crops and stock raising, and in every State the farmer is a more powerful influence today than he has been since the palmiest days of the Farmers' Alliance."

No one who keeps his eyes open at all can fail to have seen for the past few years that farmers are commanding a big premium, not only in the South, but all over the country. This is due to two things. One is that the farmer is learning his business better than ever before, which, coupled with the better times, is bringing the occupation to a business footing like a successful man, whatever occupation he is in. With the demonstration that farming not only offers a good field for men to make comfortable livings, but means of making surplus cash with which to capitalize banks and other ventures requiring money, the farmer is recorded a respect and an admiration which he could not command when his business was synonymous with calamity. The other reason is that the country as a whole is learning the importance of the economic position that the farmer sustains to the whole nation, and a great many first class publications are finding him a fine subject of continual discussion. It is to be noticed that the new position of the farmer, in which he is accorded unstinted respect and admiration, has come as a result of merit. He hasn't lifted himself by his own boot straps, neither by the ruin of some one else.

It is not worth while to discuss at this late day the merits or demerits of the farmers' alliance, but in this connection it is not out of place to say that it was foredoomed to failure for many reasons, the chief of which was that its aims could not command the respect of the country. It was not a constructive force, it didn't stand for improvement, it didn't stand for merit, but sought by the mere dictum of strength and organization to force class legislation, to work its own will regardless of the rights of others. This paper believes that the good sense, the strong consciences and the religion of the men and women who live on the farms are the only real safe forces in mass in our body politic, and that the ultimate safety of the country and its institutions rests there. The fact that these men were goaded by hard times and designing men to go far ahead as they did with the alliance movement, shows what the less stable and more shiftless part of the population that live in the towns may do in times of stress and excitement. The duty, therefore, that rests upon this class of our people to study and exercise the qualities of good citizenship is doubled. The farmer will be the man of the hour for many years. Prosperous on his own hills, free from the anxieties and cares that oppress much of the other people of the land, he has time to be thoughtful, to be free from the clash of interests and prejudices and hostilities that are driving the masses and the classes (for want of a better term) apart in the busy and rushing haunts of men. He must be the calm, the dignified, the just man, the strong man, who will be called upon by

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

Scarlet Fever—Listen to Your Doctor.

Turn to Job 13:4, 5, and read: "But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. Oh that ye should altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom."

Way back more than 1,500 years before Christ, we see that the people were troubled with tongues of no value. And now we find the same conditions existing again down here 2,000 years after Christ. Our physicians of value have dug and delved for modern information, subjecting themselves to years of scientific research, having the benefit of the experience of these 3,500 years, at a large expenditure of money as well as valuable time, that they might be able to serve the people of their generation in an up-to-date manner; and especially so when an awful malady swoops down upon us like the one above referred to, which is becoming so prevalent in Union county and Monroe.

Our doctors tell us that if this contagion does not abate before cold weather, that the death rate will be appalling. Now to all who would be wise after the order of Job's physicians (13:4, 5), we must say, in the name of humanity, hold your peace and be wise.

Let us not say that our children are not having scarlet fever. Let us not say that my children had this so-called scarlet fever and other people's children are no better to have it than mine, and then go and spread the disease till cold weather is upon us, making ourselves a party to the destruction of our own children and our neighbors' children; but let us listen to our physicians and officers of the law, and save ourselves trouble and our children trouble and death, by adhering most scrupulously to the instructions of our doctors and the quarantine regulations.

Remedy for Diarrhoea. Never known to fail. "I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance. I feel that I can say too much for the best remedy of the kind in the world.—S. J. Welsh, Spring Grove, York county, Pa. This remedy is for sale by English Drug Company.

Nathan Tharpe, a mail carrier from Trap Hill to Elkin, attempted to kill himself with laudanum the other day, but heroic efforts stopped him just before he finished his journey into the great beyond.

John Riha, a prominent dealer of Vining, Ia., says: "I have been selling DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for about a year and they give better satisfaction than any pill I ever sold. There are a dozen people here who have used them and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. I have used them myself with fine results." Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Actions of a father speak louder than words to his son.

"Regular as the Sun" is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by English Drug Company. 25c.

COW BELLS, CORN TASSELS.

J. C. McNeill in Charlotte Observer.

THE family and its guests had eaten the choice watermelon Sunday afternoon and had resumed their seats on the shady veranda, when Bill, the little negro who hangs about on Sunday to earn his dinner by tending the stables, appeared to view.

"Wut you reckin?" said he. "Dat white rooster dat ain't been seed fer three days, guess what he been? He fell off his roos, en de bottom do' was shet, en he couldn't git out er de hen house?"

At that moment the unhappy fowl trotted up to the trough and began drinking. He had been cock of the walk so long that he paid no heed at all when the younger red rooster came sidling toward him, stopping every few minutes to sift the sand idly with his bill and do a little aimless scratching.

"I believe he's going to buck him," said a small boy on the steps, delighted.

The boy was right. The red rooster had been feeling pretty lusty for some weeks and had been keeping a narrow watch on his superior with a view to an attack upon him. His reign of three days, while the gray was in duress, had been so sweet and his observation of the gray's present weakness was so confident that he decided to set to at once.

Nothing like a fight was troubling the old gray's head, still at the trough, when the red knocked him off his feet. In a moment the gray had recovered himself and both were in order of battle—bills at the ground, eyes on guard, wings and legs ready for the slam. The gray's astonishment amounted almost to terror; but, of course, since he hadn't run since he'd whipped his old man, he wouldn't run now. He had no advantages but prestige and spurs. He was hungry and weak, with no leisure for dining.

"He hasn't a fair chance!" exclaimed the old people.

"Ah, young blood will tell!" happily applauded the others.

"It isn't fair," the old folks repeated, "and we're not going to have it. The younger one will eventually whip, of course, but he must do it on his mettle."

They put Bill to parting the fighters. They told him to catch the gray rooster and coop him, where he could be fed and watched until he regained his own. But Bill ran him until he was faint and others went to his aid, but the old drumsticks was at large when the chase was abandoned. Nor was it long before the flam-fam of smiting wings was heard again.

Bill had done more to beat the old gray than his antagonist. He was panting heavily, and all he did was to avoid. Because he was not strong enough to use his spurs, he dodged under, thus giving the red cock, who had no spurs but nibs, the opportunity to bite his comb. The few hens on the yard paid no heed. The combatants moved about the carpenter's bench, slowly rounded the ash barrel, took a flop or two under the honey-suckle vine, passed under a corner of the house, and gained ground sideways toward the front yard.

By this time the gray's comb was black with blood; the red's courage had mounted high; the fight was evidently about won. Presently the old rooster ran into a clump of roses for refuge and rest, and there the red attacked him, got a strong hold on his comb, and pushed him until he howled and squaled with the pain of it. When at last he had broken from his sorry asylum and had started away in open defeat, he cried out at every step, for the young red champion had kept his hold.

That dusk the poor old deposed king stood at a distance while the new champion stood proudly at the foot of the ladder and said gay things to the hens as he showed them up. He dared not venture forward until his former subjects were seated to suit them; then he hopped cautiously to the limbs and chose one on the lonesome side, whence he could dimly see the red rascal coddled among his favorite hens. Nor was it less pathetic next morning, when the red rooster started for the range, chuckling and crowing and munching his hens. The pride of these fickle fools in whatever little gallantry he showed them was conspicuous. They had no eye at all for their former guide, who stalked their trail drearily and alone.

But the old gray was picking up grubs and grasshoppers and sipping dew. All the forenoon he held his distance, would stop when his rival stopped, retreat when his rival made at him, but identified himself with his flock.

After noon the grubs and hoppers had somewhat revived his spirits. He dogged the crowd a little closer, and waked the other fellow's curiosity and suspicion. When the red made an angry rush for him to run him away, he even stood his ground and exchanged two or three broadsides before his comb got into trouble. The hens began to scrutinize him, wondering.

"Whirle chuckle-squab!" said one to another.

That means, "What's he up to?"

"Ku-wan, ku-wan, tea cau," the other replied—"you may search me."

This was the last I saw for a week. I was wondering, like the chickens themselves, what that

dominick hero had purposed in his heart: whether he intended to break the record and be one boss rooster that wouldn't stay whipped, or whether he was just jealous and malicious.

When I came back a week later I was looking about the curtilage and was surprised to see the red rooster creeping about, in separation from his kind; no less surprised to find the old gray at the other extreme of the range, standing broad-breasted and brave amid the whole stock of hens.

"Jis' spiced all the time," said Bill, heartily glad of the outcome, "dat dat white rooster wa'n't at de quittin' time yit. You can't whip 'em till der time come to git whipped. Seem lak I could hear dat 'ar white rooster sayin' to himef, 'He think he got my tag, but let 'im wait till I gether my strenth again! no, sah, I ain't studyin' him!'"

"How'd it happen, Bill?"

"They kep' on doin' jis' lak you seed 'em, dat white rooster gittin' sassy en sassy, till 'way yistiddy mornin' he up en slap a spur in him. Since den dat red un think he wait till his time come."

Next Sunday at melon time there was not a heart but was glad to see the upshot red rooster sneaking about the thin edges and snatching a meagre seed when he could.

They Have All Learned to be Men, but Not Swaggering Nor Foppish Young Men.

Aberdeen, N. C., May 14, 1907. Prof. Preston Lewis Gray, Birmingham School, Mebane, N. C.—Dear Mr. Gray: Having been a patron of yours, it gives me pleasure to attest to the quality of the boys of my acquaintance that have had the fortune to be moulded by the influence of your excellent school. Instead of the swaggering, cigarette smoking, foppish young men we too often see coming from some of our State schools, I am pleased to note that all your students that have come within the scope of my acquaintance, are clean, strong and healthy boys with modest but manly determination to excel in the things that the business world is now demanding. They have learned their books well; but above that, they have learned to be men. I am already counting the time that must elapse before my younger boy can enter Biingham.—J. McN. Johnson, Attorney.

Had An Awful Time

but Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured him. It is with pleasure that I give you this unsolicited testimonial. About a year ago when I had a severe case of measles I got caught out in a hard rain and the measles settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time and had it not been for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not have possibly lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy I am now strong and well. I have written the above through simple gratitude and I shall always speak a good word for this remedy.—Sam H. Gwin, Concord, Ga. For sale by English Drug Company.

A Chatham county farmer shipped a flock of sheep to Richmond a few days ago in which there were 360 of the wool bearing animals. Doubtless he got a good sum for them.

Endorsed by the County.

"The most popular remedy in Otsego county, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and publisher of the Otsego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y., "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It is proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds, making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for lung and throat diseases." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker, by English Drug Co. Price 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Turning the hose on himself—the man who changes his stockings inside out and wears them another week.—Norristown Times.

"We never repent of eating too little," was one of the ten rules of life of Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States, and the rule applies to every one without exception during this hot weather, because it is hard for food, even in small quantities, to be digested when the blood is at high temperature. At this season we should eat sparingly and properly. We should also help the stomach as much as possible by the use of a little Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which will rest the stomach by digesting the food itself. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.

Borings for oil and coal are being made along the Pee Dee river in Richmond county. Soft coal was found sometime ago. The late E. B. C. Hambley of Whitney fame, had options on 20,000 acres, but these have now lapsed.

For An Impaired Appetite.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz of Detroit, Mich., says: "I have restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." Price 25c. Samples free. For sale by English Drug Company.

Mrs. Walker, wife of Hon. Platt D. Walker, supreme court judge, died in Charlotte last week.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolic Wash-Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by S. J. Welsh and C. N. Simpson, Jr.