

The Lexington Dispatch, a paper of great enterprise and energy, has tackled the road question in its county. Some time ago the Dispatch sent, at its own expense, a delegation of its farmers to Charlotte to spend the day and view the good roads of Mecklenburg. The Dispatch does not say so, but the great interest in road improvement in Davidson comes from the efforts of that paper. It says: "The growth of sentiment for good roads in Davidson county is truly amazing. The Dispatch has never seen such a demonstration for anything in this county. A trip into the country will convince any man that the farmers are determined to put an end to their mud tax and to build decent highways over which they can haul their products to market, or on which they can travel with ease if only for pleasure. People are stirred up as they have never been on a public question before. Let's just simply get right down to it, gentlemen, map out a campaign, adopt our plans, vote bonds, select good men to co-operate with the county commissioners in spending the money to the best advantage, and build good roads in Davidson county. There isn't but one way to go at it, and that is the right way, and now is the time. There ought to be a preliminary meeting of representative farmers and business men in the court house, and committees appointed to take up the various phases of the work. The merchants of Lexington and Thomasville, the Farmers Union, and farmers from every section ought to meet and agree on something, and then pitch in for a good roads campaign. Meanwhile let every citizen do something to advance the cause."

Under such stimulation Davidson is bound to improve her roads. Why shouldn't she? There is no reason on earth why any live, progressive county like Davidson or Union could not have the best roads if the people would only decide that they wanted them.

The legislature passed a bill permitting the road commissioners of Monroe township to call an election on a bond issue of \$25,000 for the extension of the road work in this township. This bill was introduced at the instance of a number of leading citizens of Monroe township, who want to see the work of permanent road improvement go on faster than it will ever be possible without the modern method of bonds. Another bill, introduced by Representative McNeely, and passed, provides that an election may be held for the whole county on the question of a \$200,000 bond issue, that in case it passes, the chain gang shall become a county institution, the county commissioners shall have charge of the work, that the money shall be spent in each township proportionately to the amount of tax paid by each, and that free labor shall be abolished. It is discretionary with the commissioners when either of these elections shall be held, and neither will ever be unless the citizens get interested and take the initiative.

The city of Raleigh is enjoying a municipal campaign that outlines anything in local politics in the State in many years. The belligerents are roughly divided into tax payers and tax eaters. The tax eaters have been in control of the city government for a long time, and it is pretty well understood that no town could have been worse governed. Things had come to the point that a citizens' league, composed of many of the leading men of the city, was organized some months ago for the purpose of trying to reform the city government. Among the leaders in the movement are Joseph Daniels, H. H. Battle, Jas. H. Pou, J. W. Bailey, Joseph G. Brown and others well known. So hot has the fight become, that the chief of police has been suspended, and Jas. H. Pou declared in a speech yesterday that it had now become a question of who was going to the penitentiary. The primary is in progress today, and it is expected that the old office holding ring will be put out of business.

The discussion of the tariff bill, designated by Democratic speakers as the "pillage of humanity," goes merrily on in the House. Chairman Payne, who as head of the ways and means committee is nominally responsible for the bill, opened up days ago in a nine hours' speech, and Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, replied with a five hours' talk. Since then the small guns have been popping at random, and after a section the bill will be taken up section by section. When the committee was having hearings everybody was on hand for something except the consumers, and when the bill became a law everybody will be protected except the consumers. That is what protection is for.

Crazy Snake, an Indian chief of Oklahoma, went up to see Mr. Taft inaugurated, went home and organized a band of Indians and negro half breeds and outlaws, and began

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In the great work of benevolence there should be no compulsion, but willingness to do good to all men, even beyond their requests. If impressed into service, give and do more than asked; go over the line of duty in everything, give the running over measure in everything. Live the life of loving and abundant service. Love must come from the richness of one's own heart, not because of the loveliness of the object. We must love the unlovely. Don't be too ready to contend for rights, nor all you have a right to. Love due neighbors should reach your enemies. The best way and only way to make the rugged pathway of duty smooth is to render willingly more than duty requires. Instead of looking at the compulsory services and life's inevitables as burdensome duties, view them as privileges and opportunities to be abundantly used, then life will be happy. Rejoice that you are able to bear the weak, that you have strength to carry them. This is far better than being borne by others. Who of us has travelled the first mile? How many answer the compulsion of duty? Some think it smart to get excused from service; others perform duty in a perfunctory and unenthusiastic manner that goes so far and no farther. Most people walk the mile of compulsion slowly and grumble every step of the way. In every life there is the mile of compulsion; we must go one mile. Slow or fast, we must go. Some go under protest, others rebel. Paul kicked against the pricks, but he had to go his mile. The weariness of the compulsion of duty is awful. Submit to the unreasonable demands of life, rather than make war in your heart. The lowest slave is the one who does duty. He is an unprofitable servant—unprofitable to self, employer, society. The man who does his work without enthusiasm and interest of employer at heart, is unprofitable. Such service makes the man inferior; yet the world is full of such people.

A man of fine parts who had given years of service to his firm, said to the manager: "I have served you faithfully for fifteen years, yet my salary has never been increased one dollar, nor a more responsible position given me." "Nor ever will be," replied the manager. "Have I not served you faithfully?" he asked in amazement. "Have I not performed my duty in every particular?" "Precisely," said the employer, "and for that reason you are unprofitable to me. You have never taken the least interest in improving the business, in devising labor saving methods, or methods by which the profits of the business or its scope be increased. So far as your work is concerned, the business is no better off than it was when you entered our office. You have earned your salary precisely—nothing more."

He had travelled the first mile finely, but unprofitably. This is the answer of the business world. What will be God's answer to such a request? Few reach the end of the first

mile. Travelling the first mile is going to church once a week to ease conscience, giving to keep from being called stingy, or even with your neighbor. It is trying to get to heaven as cheaply as possible. We ought to ask ourselves about the second mile. How few enter it! This is the mile of voluntary service. In it are life's sweetest joys and its greatest usefulness. Not many willingly travel this mile. Willing work never kills, never worries. It is the unwilling that presses us down. In life's services work has but little value until it passes the first mile, because there is no heart in it. It is the compulsion of duty. The reason men fail is because they linger in the first mile. The wage earner stays in his first place because he has never entered the second mile. He loses his place for the same reason. Dives never got to the second mile. What an opportunity he had at his own gate! Cain did not. He asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was his brother's murderer. Lot did not. He went into Sodom and remained there till the angel led him out for the sake of the man who travelled the second mile. The rich fool did not reach the second mile, neither did the rich young ruler, but Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, David and others travelled it gladly. Esther did when she said, "If I perish, I perish." Paul joyfully went the whole way. The Nazarine went through the second mile. He was poor that we might be rich, hungry that we might be satisfied, weary that we might rest, died our death that we might live his life.

Colonel Alexander Hoagland, the "newsboy's friend," travelled this mile for forty years and saved multitudes of these little ones. The second mile is the test of our religion, its commendation. It shows the world whether we have religion or not, and what sort it is. The second mile says give little more than is asked in everything. Not to give more is to fail to grow. Going the second mile broadens the vision, expands the life and enlarges the influence. It banishes bitterness and develops fellowship and friendship. At the St. Louis Fair in the auditorium, Helen Keller said: "All these halls of machinery, power and art are the achievements of the strength of man when his arm is free and his spirit unbound. Yet in the midst of this material achievement, the presence of this convention is proof that on his triumphant way man has not forgotten his weaker brother." The voice of Miss Sullivan, her teacher, not being strong enough to make every one hear, President Francis stepped forward and in louder tones repeated, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." There were still in the audience the deaf and dumb who could not hear. Then Alvin Cope, standing on a high platform, repeated, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." Still there were three little Miss Kellers, blind, deaf and dumb, who could not hear or see, then the friends with the pressure of hand, repeated again, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." Those to whom Miss Keller pays this tribute are the men and women who are travelling the second mile. Those who speed along in their bright way never forget their weaker brothers. It is the extra mile that counts in every department of life. This is the walk that wins men. Going the first mile counts but little, for you are compelled to go that; it is the second mile that impresses men and tells the story of your heart.

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steps behind and turning saw the boy, who asked: "Mister, are you there?" "Yes, sir, I'm there," said the man. "Well, I'll be there," and he was, the next Sunday. Papers and books and music are the first mile—you must have them, can't run a school without them. But the love and tenderness of the superintendent was the thing that won; it was the second mile. We try to bribe boys and men with the first mile and fail. Let us all go to the second mile and we shall win. The first mile of law compels, but the second mile of love wins the last and redeems the life. God for four thousand years travelled the law, but when he clothed himself in the flesh and planted the cross as the post to mark the beginning of the extra mile of redeeming love he won. When he went the extra mile to seek and to save us, he won our love and service. So let us go the second mile and we shall win the lost back to God, and the world will be glad with us that we are travelling the extra mile.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN? Thackeray's Definition Commended to the Consideration of Those Prompt to Claim the Title. Perhaps no word in the English language is so abused as the word gentleman. In the famous Cooper trial at Nashville it figured much; the claim most urgently put forward for the defendants was that they were gentlemen, aristocrats, blue-bloods, of the best blood of the South, and other such arrant nonsense. It is usually the case that he who has least claim to the title of gentleman is the first to make claim and is the most insistent in his demand that he is a gentleman. Your true gentleman doesn't have to make the claim. It isn't necessary, if you are a true gentleman, to tell folks about it. They will know it and the character will be recognized. All this is preliminary to submitting some apt and timely remarks from the Danville, Va., Bee on this subject. Says the Bee: "In England the term is given a specific or technical meaning as applicable to those of noble birth, but even there many men have been broad enough to assert the right of others than those favored by circumstances of birth to this term. As far back as Geoffrey Chaucer character and conduct were regarded as the true basis for ascribing the term gentleman, and Tennyson, England's loved laureate, himself elevated to the peerage by his queen for his merits as man and literature, declared that 'Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.'" And yet there are those in this democratic country whose rank is not recognized and where titles of nobility are forbidden, who show a tendency at times many to regard the accident of birth or the fortuitous inheritance of successful acquirement of wealth as being the criterion of the gentleman. The term is too good and useful a one to be abused, and yet if the definition of Thackeray, that prince of English novelists and a cultured and kindly gentleman himself, is to be accepted, how few of us in this day and generation may plume ourselves upon being gentlemen and sustain the claim with justice. Thackeray says, and we commend his definition to all: "What is it to be a gentleman? It is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow citizens, and the love of your friends; to suffer evil with constancy; and through good or evil to maintain truth always. Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities and how we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be."

COLLECTING A DEBT. An Effective Method, but One Fraught With Embarrassment. "I met Mrs. Dwight on the train going into town this morning," casually remarked Fulton at the dinner table. "She had forgotten her purse, so she borrowed a dollar from me." Mrs. Fulton, laughingly suggested that she was afraid it would be some time before her husband saw his dollar again. "Our neighbor has rather a poor memory in some ways," she added. "Oh, she'll pay me all right. You know, I often see her on the train." "I'm glad you're so helpful," said Mrs. Fulton, with a skeptical smile, for she had had experiences of her own in lending Mrs. Dwight loans of coffee and cups of butter that had never found their way back to her kitchen. A few evenings later she asked her husband if he had met Mrs. Dwight again. "Yes; twice."

"Well?" "I think you are right about the shortness of her memory, for, though she chatted very pleasantly, she didn't mention the dollar."

"I guess you'll have to charge it to profit and loss."

"I won't give it up quite so soon, though I may have to go into bankruptcy yet on account of loaning my surplus without interest."

The weeks went by, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton continued to joke from time to time about the absent dollar, and one evening, after having ridden all the way out from town in the same seat with Mrs. Dwight, Fulton admitted, with exaggerated mournfulness, that he was beginning to feel very much discouraged about ever regaining his dollar.

"Does it make you feel bad, papa?" asked his little girl, who always listened to the conversation with grave attention.

"Of course it does, Hilda. A dollar is a whole lot of money. How would you like to lose the dollar you have in your bank?"

"I s'pose it would make me most sick," she answered. And her parents, exchanging amused glances, said nothing.

When Fulton sat down at the dinner table the next night he asked, as he saw a shining silver piece at his plate, "What's this?" "Your dollar," answered Hilda triumphantly. "I went to Mrs. Dwight's house today, and the door was open, so I just thought I'd go in and ask her if she'd 'lively forgot your dollar, but she wasn't around anywhere. But it didn't matter, for I found your dollar on the desk. I s'pose she kept forgetting to bring it home, so I just took it myself for you, papa."

"My country!" exclaimed the astonished father ungratefully. "What shall I do?" "What can you do but return it and explain?" said Mrs. Fulton, who was laughing almost hysterically. "What a thing it is to have a serious minded daughter!" We say without hesitation that DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequalled for weak kidneys, backache, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary disorders. They are anti-septic and act promptly in all cases of weak back, backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains. Accept no substitute. We sell and recommend them. English Drug Company. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package. English Drug Co.

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European plan. Catering a Specialty. Now open for business. Meals served on quick notice, cooked to order. Private dining room for ladies. Open from 5 a. m. to 1 p. m. H. K. Hough, Manager.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY. Trains arrive at Monroe as follows: No. 40 at 5:20 a. m.—From Charlotte. No. 38 at 5:30 a. m.—From Atlanta and local points. No. 33 at 9:05 a. m.—From New York, Washington, Portsmouth, Raleigh, Hamlet and local stations. No. 45 at 10:50 a. m.—From Wilmington and local points. No. 52 at 5:45 p. m.—From Atlanta and local points. No. 44 at 5:50 p. m.—From Charlotte. No. 132 at 7:30 p. m.—From Rutherfordton, Charlotte and local points. No. 32 at 7:45 p. m.—From Birmingham, Atlanta and local points.

Departure. No. 38 at 5:35 a. m.—For Hamlet, Raleigh, Richmond, Washington and all points North. No. 33 at 9:10 a. m.—For Atlanta, Birmingham and all points West. No. 133 at 9:15 a. m.—For Charlotte, Rutherfordton and local points. No. 53 at 10:55 a. m.—Local for Atlanta. No. 45 at 10:55 a. m.—Local for Charlotte. No. 44 at 5:55 p. m.—Local for Wilmington and intermediate stations. No. 132 at 7:30 p. m.—For Hamlet, Portsmouth, Richmond, Washington and all points North. No. 41 at 10:30 p. m.—For Atlanta. No. 39 at 10:35 p. m.—For Charlotte.

Connections are made at Hamlet with all through trains for points North and South, which are composed of Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches. For information, time tables, reservations, or Seaboard descriptive literature, apply to C. S. COMPTON, Ticket Agent, or address C. H. GATTIS, T. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

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The First Mile is the Travel of Compulsion, the Result of the Law, and Even of Duty; the Second Mile is the Expression of Generosity, of Manhood, of Brotherly Kindness and Christianity.

Rev. C. A. G. Thomas preached Sunday morning from the text, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain," and the discourse was an unusually strong and beautiful exposition of the real doctrines of Christ. He said in part: "The law of retaliation is the law of the brute. The law of non-resistance, generosity and love is the law for the citizen of God's kingdom. The one is the law which the average selfish man uses, the other is the law for the Christian. If you retaliate you are living the life of the animal—not that of the Christian. If you are living the law of love and liberty, you are revealing the religion of the Lord. The fruit reveals the tree. The practice of walking the extra mile is called 'the religion of the second mile.' If every professor would travel this mile it would revolutionize the world and make the church the most popular body in the world. Pentecostal power would come upon the church and every member would be happy. The image of the text tells the story. In the olden days a traveller in a strange country, meeting one who knew the way and going in an opposite direction, could compel him to turn about and guide him. The law made it obligatory for the man who knew the way to lay down his burden and go with the stranger. However important and imperative his mission, he must turn and go one mile with the stranger. Then he could stop and go back. He could not be compelled to go farther. The first mile was law, the second love, the first mile compulsion, the second choice, the first mile inevitable, the second privilege, the first mile irresistible, the second opportunity, the first necessity, the second loving consideration for our fellow being.

In the great work of benevolence there should be no compulsion, but willingness to do good to all men, even beyond their requests. If impressed into service, give and do more than asked; go over the line of duty in everything, give the running over measure in everything. Live the life of loving and abundant service. Love must come from the richness of one's own heart, not because of the loveliness of the object. We must love the unlovely. Don't be too ready to contend for rights, nor all you have a right to. Love due neighbors should reach your enemies. The best way and only way to make the rugged pathway of duty smooth is to render willingly more than duty requires. Instead of looking at the compulsory services and life's inevitables as burdensome duties, view them as privileges and opportunities to be abundantly used, then life will be happy. Rejoice that you are able to bear the weak, that you have strength to carry them. This is far better than being borne by others. Who of us has travelled the first mile? How many answer the compulsion of duty? Some think it smart to get excused from service; others perform duty in a perfunctory and unenthusiastic manner that goes so far and no farther. Most people walk the mile of compulsion slowly and grumble every step of the way. In every life there is the mile of compulsion; we must go one mile. Slow or fast, we must go. Some go under protest, others rebel. Paul kicked against the pricks, but he had to go his mile. The weariness of the compulsion of duty is awful. Submit to the unreasonable demands of life, rather than make war in your heart. The lowest slave is the one who does duty. He is an unprofitable servant—unprofitable to self, employer, society. The man who does his work without enthusiasm and interest of employer at heart, is unprofitable. Such service makes the man inferior; yet the world is full of such people.

A man of fine parts who had given years of service to his firm, said to the manager: "I have served you faithfully for fifteen years, yet my salary has never been increased one dollar, nor a more responsible position given me." "Nor ever will be," replied the manager. "Have I not served you faithfully?" he asked in amazement. "Have I not performed my duty in every particular?" "Precisely," said the employer, "and for that reason you are unprofitable to me. You have never taken the least interest in improving the business, in devising labor saving methods, or methods by which the profits of the business or its scope be increased. So far as your work is concerned, the business is no better off than it was when you entered our office. You have earned your salary precisely—nothing more."

He had travelled the first mile finely, but unprofitably. This is the answer of the business world. What will be God's answer to such a request? Few reach the end of the first

mile. Travelling the first mile is going to church once a week to ease conscience, giving to keep from being called stingy, or even with your neighbor. It is trying to get to heaven as cheaply as possible. We ought to ask ourselves about the second mile. How few enter it! This is the mile of voluntary service. In it are life's sweetest joys and its greatest usefulness. Not many willingly travel this mile. Willing work never kills, never worries. It is the unwilling that presses us down. In life's services work has but little value until it passes the first mile, because there is no heart in it. It is the compulsion of duty. The reason men fail is because they linger in the first mile. The wage earner stays in his first place because he has never entered the second mile. He loses his place for the same reason. Dives never got to the second mile. What an opportunity he had at his own gate! Cain did not. He asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He was his brother's murderer. Lot did not. He went into Sodom and remained there till the angel led him out for the sake of the man who travelled the second mile. The rich fool did not reach the second mile, neither did the rich young ruler, but Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, David and others travelled it gladly. Esther did when she said, "If I perish, I perish." Paul joyfully went the whole way. The Nazarine went through the second mile. He was poor that we might be rich, hungry that we might be satisfied, weary that we might rest, died our death that we might live his life.

Colonel Alexander Hoagland, the "newsboy's friend," travelled this mile for forty years and saved multitudes of these little ones. The second mile is the test of our religion, its commendation. It shows the world whether we have religion or not, and what sort it is. The second mile says give little more than is asked in everything. Not to give more is to fail to grow. Going the second mile broadens the vision, expands the life and enlarges the influence. It banishes bitterness and develops fellowship and friendship. At the St. Louis Fair in the auditorium, Helen Keller said: "All these halls of machinery, power and art are the achievements of the strength of man when his arm is free and his spirit unbound. Yet in the midst of this material achievement, the presence of this convention is proof that on his triumphant way man has not forgotten his weaker brother." The voice of Miss Sullivan, her teacher, not being strong enough to make every one hear, President Francis stepped forward and in louder tones repeated, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." There were still in the audience the deaf and dumb who could not hear. Then Alvin Cope, standing on a high platform, repeated, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." Still there were three little Miss Kellers, blind, deaf and dumb, who could not hear or see, then the friends with the pressure of hand, repeated again, "On his triumphant way, man has not forgotten his weaker brother." Those to whom Miss Keller pays this tribute are the men and women who are travelling the second mile. Those who speed along in their bright way never forget their weaker brothers. It is the extra mile that counts in every department of life. This is the walk that wins men. Going the first mile counts but little, for you are compelled to go that; it is the second mile that impresses men and tells the story of your heart.

A Sunday school superintendent asked a boy to go to Sunday school. "No," said the boy. "But we have pretty pictures and interesting papers." "No," answered the boy. "There are also good books and fine singing." "No," replied the boy. With kind and tender words the superintendent turned away disappointed. Presently he heard foot-

steps behind and turning saw the boy, who asked: "Mister, are you there?" "Yes, sir, I'm there," said the man. "Well, I'll be there," and he was, the next Sunday. Papers and books and music are the first mile—you must have them, can't run a school without them. But the love and tenderness of the superintendent was the thing that won; it was the second mile. We try to bribe boys and men with the first mile and fail. Let us all go to the second mile and we shall win the lost back to God, and the world will be glad with us that we are travelling the extra mile.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN? Thackeray's Definition Commended to the Consideration of Those Prompt to Claim the Title. Perhaps no word in the English language is so abused as the word gentleman. In the famous Cooper trial at Nashville it figured much; the claim most urgently put forward for the defendants was that they were gentlemen, aristocrats, blue-bloods, of the best blood of the South, and other such arrant nonsense. It is usually the case that he who has least claim to the title of gentleman is the first to make claim and is the most insistent in his demand that he is a gentleman. Your true gentleman doesn't have to make the claim. It isn't necessary, if you are a true gentleman, to tell folks about it. They will know it and the character will be recognized. All this is preliminary to submitting some apt and timely remarks from the Danville, Va., Bee on this subject. Says the Bee: "In England the term is given a specific or technical meaning as applicable to those of noble birth, but even there many men have been broad enough to assert the right of others than those favored by circumstances of birth to this term. As far back as Geoffrey Chaucer character and conduct were regarded as the true basis for ascribing the term gentleman, and Tennyson, England's loved laureate, himself elevated to the peerage by his queen for his merits as man and literature, declared that 'Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.'" And yet there are those in this democratic country whose rank is not recognized and where titles of nobility are forbidden, who show a tendency at times many to regard the accident of birth or the fortuitous inheritance of successful acquirement of wealth as being the criterion of the gentleman. The term is too good and useful a one to be abused, and yet if the definition of Thackeray, that prince of English novelists and a cultured and kindly gentleman himself, is to be accepted, how few of us in this day and generation may plume ourselves upon being gentlemen and sustain the claim with justice. Thackeray says, and we commend his definition to all: "What is it to be a gentleman? It is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow citizens, and the love of your friends; to suffer evil with constancy; and through good or evil to maintain truth always. Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities and how we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be."

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