

MUST MAKE STANDARD BALE.

Ginners Who Fail to Adjust Their Boxes to Proper Size Will Cause Loss of \$1.00 per Bale.

A Washington dispatch says that the penalty of \$1 a bale on each bale of cotton which does not conform to the standard 27 x 54 inch size, will be assessed by the railroads and steamship companies beginning September 1st.

Notice of this penalty was given six months ago, and hearings have since been held by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, of which Representative Adamson of Georgia is chairman, with the view to securing an agreement among all parties as to the size and density of cotton bales.

Despite all this advertising, some persons only awoke today to the fact that the penalty would be exacted. Congressmen from cotton-growing States were urged by telegraph to take the matter up with the Secretary of Agriculture and the Interstate Commerce Commission, to see if something could not be done to avert this penalty.

After looking into the matter further, several Senators who originally agreed to join the delegation changed their minds. They believe the uniform bale is a good thing. They say it is a comparatively simple matter for ginners to change their gin boxes to conform to the new regulations, that the ginners had ample notice and could have easily met the requirements of the transportation companies. A great many gins did so, but those who did not will cause a loss to the farmers on the bales ginned and baled in the old way of \$1 per bale.

A Clock That Talks.

Pathfinder.
Six-thirty, six-thirty, six-thirty; time to get up; get up, can't you; get up, you miserable lazybones; get up before I souse you with a wet washrag; get up, GET UP!! That's the way the new patent French phonographic alarm clock rouses you out in the morning. No more pestiferous ding-a-linging of a measly little tin alarm clock, but a call in a human voice, in plain words, more or less polite, does the business.

Of course even this new device does not make you get up; all it can do is to tell you the time and apply a few appropriate remarks to you, and then if you waste the beautiful hours of the morning in the slothful vice of lying abed, you may do so. The clock will do its part, but not yours. So don't buy one with the idea that it will do impossibilities.

Phonographic alarm clocks are not a new thing. It is simple enough matter to apply the talking machine principle to a clock.

The mechanism is ingenious but simple. It provides for the calling of the time every quarter hour day and night. If you wake up in the night and are curious to know what time it is, all you have to do is to press a button by your bedside and the clock will promptly tell you the nearest quarter hour: for example, "two-fifteen."

The phonographic record is made in the form of an endless belt or band. The tiny grooves which cause the voice vibrations run parallel, lengthwise round this belt, and there are 48 of these grooves side by side—namely one for each quarter hour of the 12 hours. A reproducing needle follows the grooves, just as in an ordinary talking machine.

As each groove runs clear round the band, the clock will continue to call the time, or anything else that is recorded, until 45 minutes have elapsed or until you shut it up by touching a button. The clock talks at present 35 languages and is learning more—all that is necessary to make it talk another language being to substitute the corresponding belt. When the belt is worn out a new one can be inserted or if you get tired being called in your own language you can choose a variety of others. All that is needed to make the scheme perfect would be an attachment which after calling you a reasonable number of times would either let the bed down and dump you out or which would reach out and seize you bodily and dress you.

Same Stumbling Block.

Harper's Magazine.
A prominent Boston attorney tells of an American tourist halting from the West who was out sightseeing in London. They took him aboard the old battleship Victory, which was Lord Nelson's flag ship in several of his most famous naval triumphs. An English sailor escorted the American over the vessel, and, coming to a brass tablet on the deck, he said, as he reverently raised his hat: "Ere, sir, is the spot where Lord Nelson fell."
"Oh, is it?" replied the Westerner, blankly. "Well, that ain't, nothin'; I nearly tripped on the blame thing myself."

Reason Enough.

"Teacher, one of the boys wanted me to hook school and go to the ball game today, but I wouldn't."
"Good boy, Bobby, why not?"
"Cause he only had one ticket."

Don't Let Baby Suffer With Eczema and Skin Eruptions.

Babies need a perfect skin covering. Skin eruptions cause them not only intense suffering, but hinder their growth. Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment can be relied on for relief and permanent cure of suffering babies whose skin eruptions have made their life miserable. "Our baby was afflicted with breaking out of the skin all over the face and scalp. Doctors and skin specialists failed to help. We tried Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment and were overjoyed to see baby completely cured before one box was used," writes Mrs. Strubler, Dubuque, Iowa. 50c., at English Drug Co.'s.—Pfeiffer Chemical Company, St. Louis, Mo. and Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

Read North Carolina Where This Says South Carolina.

The following article from the Columbia State doesn't miss the mark for North Carolina far:

Why was J. B. Harter, the brave chief of police of Allendale, assaulted, as he sat quietly talking to a minister of the Gospel last Sunday afternoon, and then shot to death?

Some one will reply that the cause of the homicide was the old grudge that the slayer bore him and that may be true, but another cause lay behind it.

Such tragedies do not occur in England or in France, or in Maine or Massachusetts. They are rare in this country outside of the Southern States and they are rare, for that matter, in some Southern States—as Virginia.

Let us have your attention, Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones—what caused the killing of Harter may cause you to bite the dust. You fancy you are safe, that no man is your enemy, yet you may be shot down at any moment.

Harter was shot and killed because, in South Carolina, human life is rated low. Thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow citizens and neighbors vaguely think that it is right to carry a pistol and with it settle a quarrel. They do not expect to kill a man nor wish to kill one, but the thought of it does not shock or appall them. If it did, they would not arm themselves with man-killing weapons day by day and night by night. Without putting the idea into words, they believe that, somehow or other, if they kill a man, they will "get off."

They have seen many another saved by a shrewd lawyer, though the evidence against the criminal was damning. They have seen, too, convicted murderers escape after a few months or years in jail—they observe that sympathy, after a time, is usually with the slayer, the widow and the children of the fatherless being forgotten.

That, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown and you other South Carolinians, is why your lives are in danger. You may be in a railroad car reading a newspaper and be shot by some man you have never seen. You may walk the streets of your village and be shot in a quarrel with which you have nothing to do. In that case, sympathy will be with the slayer, because he didn't mean to kill you—but your children, nevertheless, will be made orphans.

Your lives are in danger because man-killing is not regarded as dangerous in this State. Men are not afraid to carry and draw "guns," because they do not expect to be hanged when they have killed.

Were a battle to be fought in South Carolina tomorrow and five hundred men to be killed in it, we should regard it a great and bloody battle. Yet in our little State every year five hundred men are slain in fights.

You can count pretty safely on ten or fifteen men being murdered in your county in the next 12 months. Don't deceive yourself that because you are sober, orderly and discreet, you can't be one of the victims. The wrong man not less often than the right one dies with his boots on.

Occasionally, the man slain will be a prominent and wealthy citizen, a lawyer or banker or editor, but those cases will be exceptional. The gun practice seldom takes place in a Pullman car, in a first-class hotel or in the fashionable residence street of a city.

Ninety-nine in a hundred of the men claimed by the concealed pistol are those whose duties call them to work in the shops and in the fields. It is the honest, industrious man who can't afford to pay fifty cents extra for a seat in a Pullman chair who is most likely to be shot by a ruffian in a day coach.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, this South Carolina of yours will not be safe to live in until your juries convict man slayers and until their verdicts are allowed to stand and, though you may escape the hip-pocket pistol, your boys who are growing up may not escape it.

Perhaps you will dismiss the subject lightly and forget it when you have read this article, but do so, scores and hundreds of men are slain in your little State by their fellows every year and tomorrow your neighbor may be shot to death. Or, if it be yourself, after a few weeks or months, who, except your widow and orphaned children, will care?

Just Naturally Disappeared.

Lippincott's.
Mrs. Flint came for a visit to her sister's home and her little niece, Charlotte, was delighted to see her.

"What became of the black kitten that you had when I was here before, dear?" asked Mrs. Flint.

"Why, don't you know?" asked Charlotte, much surprised.

"I haven't heard a word," replied the aunt. "Was it poisoned?"

"No, ma'am."
"Drowned?"
"Oh, no."
"Stolen?"
"No, indeed."
"Hurt in any way?"
"No, ma'am."
"Well," said Mrs. Flint, "I can't guess, dear. What became of him?"

"He grew into a cat," said the little girl.

MONROE DRUGGIST DESERVES PRAISE.

The English Drug Company deserves praise from Monroe people for introducing here the simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture, known as Adler-ka. This simple German remedy first became famous by curing appendicitis and it has now been discovered that JUST A SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY. Its quick action is a big surprise to people.

—Adv.

Successful.

First Surgeon—I hear your last patient died. Wasn't the operation a success?

Second Surgeon—Oh, yes. He paid me before I operated.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

II.—Mail Order Vs. Home Trading

By Henry Herbert Huff

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"Back again, Mr. Business Man!"

"Glad to see you. Have a chair. Do you know I'm anxious to learn how advertising is going to fix those mail order houses."

"Pardon me, but I do not like your expression. The mail order house has as much right to do business as Brown, your competitor across the street. You cannot hope to have it exterminated by law, boycott or other unfair means. The only way to solve this problem is to meet its prices. You can do this on a cash basis, and that is the only sensible way to sell. Be so busy telling the public about your store, your goods and your prices that the mail order houses do not appear to trouble you in the least. Quote the mail order houses' prices beside yours to show that you mean business. Do not attack their integrity. They are not all frauds, as some merchants would represent them to be."

"But people should be loyal to their home merchants!"

"Very true, but this argument has been abused. Stories of the patron who got 'cheated' of the dollar that did so much in the community before it was sent away, the theory of paying taxes, etc., are all so weak or lacking in logic as to be an injury to our cause. If you are to pull customers from the catalogue houses, it will be with proof that you sell equally low, not by satire or abuse. They are to be won, not forced. Then, too, many merchants who are selling too high or are inexperienced and not in the least fitted for their business, dealers who gossip, are unfriendly and unaccommodating or who cheat or mistreat their patrons all claim the support of the community on the loyalty to home industries plea. To do so is to seek charity, not business. Even charity covers no such sins. Now, honestly, do you expect patronage merely because you are a merchant in this town?"

"What grounds, then, should I take in asking patronage?"

"Put it thus: 'You buy where you can buy cheapest, and I will do the same. Remember, when making comparisons with catalogue prices, to add something for transportation, the delay, the trouble and expense of ordering, and the like. If I can furnish you the goods equally low, considering these advantages, buy of me, because it will help to build up the town. That is all I ask.' To what one thing do the catalogue houses owe their growth?"

"I must confess it is good advertising."

"Yes; their whole existence is due to it. They cannot live without it. They are unnatural institutions—could never have started if local merchants had realized the possibilities of advertising. But it is not too late to use against them this very instrument that has been their making. And that is the only successful way to combat the mail order evil—advertise."

THE IDLER.

Merchants Journal.

During a period of five months four young men, who constantly associate with each other in leisure and in work hours, have never exchanged a single important idea. Their time away from their tasks is spent in discussing the most trifling frivolities, incidents of no importance or concern, most of which should never have taken place.

These young men, each of them under the age of thirty, are preparing themselves for the "Ancient and Honorable Order of Failures." These young men have no concern about the more serious purpose of life. The ideas of great men do not interest them. Subjects which improve the mind are to them of no concern. They are preparing themselves for nothing except "leisure." The only thing of importance is six o'clock and the pay envelope.

These young men, like thousands of others of their kind, are drawing a shadow over their eyes to shut out the light of their future opportunities. They are blind to the things of great concern and do not understand or attempt to know the meaning of the higher type of individual. The wasted days, months and years of these young men have written the story of their own makeup. It is evident in every movement and gesture. Their limitations have become physical, and they are, day by day, distinguishing themselves as "pigmies" in the race of life.

Around billiard parlors and hotel lobbies we find this class, commonly referred to as "loafers." Peculiar, as it may seem, these men seldom, if ever, actually engage in a game of billiards. They have little or no concern about the science of the game, yet they assume a degree of intense interest. The seats they occupy cost them nothing; electric fans and lights are furnished free, and there is always someone who has time to listen to what they have to say.

These men—or loafers, as they are called—are beggars! They beg a place to sit; they beg the heat that keeps them warm—and the man who has once become a beggar has robbed himself of all positiveness and force, and can never become an emphatic personality. These men always have "prospects." They are looking for a position and will have a "definite answer tomorrow." The years pass on, as they always do, and these characters come listlessly around with the same old story—but each day appears again with "prospects," ever and always. The act of going out and "nailing something down" before the week's end is a thing undreamed. It is not a part of their plan, or their scheme.

In the evening of life these men get in the way of others who are doing useful work, ask silly and childish questions, assume an air of importance, talk learnedly on subjects of which they know nothing, borrow a little money now and then, and consume the time of others in explaining how they have been oppressed and why they have never had an opportunity.

These men have no enemies, no

particular friends. They have never done anything in particular and have no particular ideas. They consume the same amount of air that useful men require, talk considerably more, eat equally as much, are always conspicuous about public places, and are the most prominent figures at fires, street fights and local parades.

These men are always busy; they haven't time to study or to think—they are so "busily employed" that they haven't the time to keep themselves informed on any important thing! As the days pass on these men are more and more convinced that their failure is the result of a world-wide conspiracy, when in reality the trouble has been that of every man who always intends to but never gets around to it.

If you are not first and foremost a man and accuse the community of a vast conspiracy of jealousy, you are a mere pigmy, a sponge, and o'clock and the pay envelope, you have not won your fight because you have failed to fit yourself to the job.

The Deacon's Mistake.

"Sister Henderson," said Deacon Hyphers severely, "you should shun even the appearance of evil."

"Why, Deacon, what do you mean?" asked Sister Henderson.

"I observed that on your sideboard you have several cut-glass decanters, and each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"Well, now, Deacon, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I just filled them halfway with some floor stain and furniture polish, just for appearances."

"That's why I am cautioning you, Sister," replied the Deacon. "Feeling a trifle faint I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."

How He Knew.

"You cruel boy," said the fashionably dressed young woman to the youth whom she found robbing a bird's nest. "Why do you take those eggs? Think of the poor mother bird when she comes back and—"

"That's all right, Miss," answered the boy, "the mother bird is dead."

"How do you know that?"
"I see her on your hat."

Plenty of Cases.

Lippincott's.
The real estate man was looking over the house.

"This is the parlor, sir?" he asked of old man Thomas.

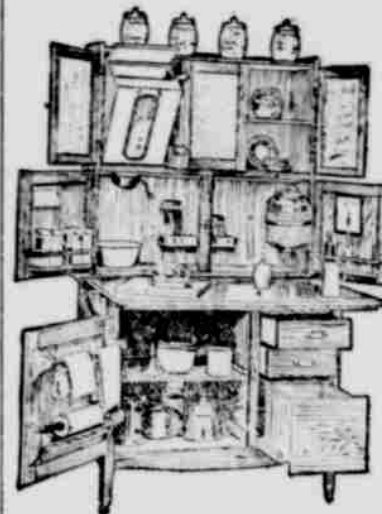
"Well, I call it the court room," replied the old gentleman.

"The court room!" said the agent in surprise. "What do you mean?"
"Well," exclaimed Thomas, with a knowing smile, "I've got seven daughters, you know."

What Did Mother Say?

"I would like to see a nice fat goose," said a customer to a small boy as she entered a poultry shop.
"All right," said the small boy, "mother will be down in a minute."

Quit Racing Around the Kitchen.



How many times do you race around the kitchen each meal getting things you ought to have right at your finger's end? How many unnecessary steps do you take? Wouldn't you like to have the pantry and cupboard and table all brought together?

The McDougall Kitchen Cabinet

combines the three in one.

Come in and see the latest styles of cabinets and all kinds of house furnishings. We are making satisfied customers every business day of the year. We have the goods and can prove our statement.

T. P. DILLON.

The Old Reliable Grocery Store

is still doing business in a satisfactory manner to the people of Monroe and surrounding county. We always try to please by giving you good groceries at right prices and buying all your produce at the best market price.

M. WALLER

New City Ordinance.

The Board of Aldermen of the City of Monroe do ordain:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any owner, keeper or lessee of any pool room, billiard room or any other like place of amusement to place screens, stained glass or other obstructions so as to obstruct the view from the adjacent street.

Sec. 2. That any person violating Section 1 of this ordinance, or any person who fails or refuses to remove said screens, stained glass or other obstruction after being requested to do so by the Chief of Police of the City of Monroe, shall upon conviction be fined not exceeding ten dollars.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall be in force from and after the date of its adoption.

Adopted September 1st, 1913.
J. D. McRAE, Mayor.
P. H. Johnson, City Clerk.

Hoss-Power.

They call me a one-hoss feller, And maybe the charge is true; But one hoss is better than nothing; How much of a hoss are you?

The New Depositor

is assured direct, personal attention and service at this bank.

The safety and protection of his money is fully provided for. We furnish him with deposit slips, bank and check books and keep the record of his account without charge. He is also entitled to our best advice in his financial affairs and the extent of prudent, conservative bank management, to material assistance in the upbuilding of his business.

We shall be glad to have YOU open an account with us NOW and avail yourself of these advantages.

Farmers & Merchants Bank.

CAPITAL \$60,000.00.
SURPLUS \$12,000.00.

M. K. LEE, President J. L. EVERETT, Vice President.
C. B. ADAMS, Cashier.

First Carload this Season

We have just received a car load of the best and cleanest lot of stock we have ever shipped to Monroe.

Some fine pairs of Matched Mules, clean limbed and sound as a dollar; fat young blocky Brood Mares, single and in pairs.

This is a mixed load, and no matter what you want you are sure to find it. Trade has already begun, so come early while they last.

Every horse, mare or mule is absolutely straight and clean. Don't fail to see them.

FOWLER & LEE
Sale, Exchange and Feed Stables.

Handing out checks



on the first of the month is a much more dignified method of paying bills than counting out the money. Much quicker, too, and there is no possibility of paying out too much. MORAL: OPEN AN ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK AND REAP ALL THESE and OTHER ADVANTAGES.

Savings, Loan & Trust Company

R. B. Redwine, President.
S. O. Blair, Vice-President.

H. B. Clark, Cashier.
I. H. Blair, Assistant Cashier.