

The Stanly Enterprise is still pegging away at Bryan.

Our town people should get their premises in good sanitary condition.

Help elevate the man who elevates himself by his personal conduct.

The taxable property of some people will greatly shrink in value when the list takers get busy next month.

The most of us preach: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and when it comes down to practice we find it different. We forget the other fellow's interest.

People lose their heads campaign year sometimes. We should always remember that the safety of this great country lies in the fact that free men are allowed to think and act as their judgements direct.

The Montgomerian will enthusiastically support whoever the Democrats nominate in Charlotte. There is no use in kicking if your choice doesn't get the place. Let the majority rule.

After July 1st, presidential postoffices in this State will remit surplus money to Raleigh instead of New York, as heretofore. The fourth-class offices have been remitting to Raleigh for some time. January 1st there were 114 presidential offices in North Carolina.

Every county in North Carolina that has been building good roads for any length of time is found today in the front rank of prosperity and contentment. Wherever the people shoulder this great work enlightenment and progress are as sure to follow as dawn follows dark.

Poverty may keep a boy down for a time; but if he is the true metal he will rise. Jay Gould was a poverty-stricken surveyor, George W. Childs was a book-seller's errand boy at a salary of four dollars a month. John Wamaker started business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week, Andrew Johnson was a tailor's apprentice boy, and learned to read after he was married. James A. Garfield was a poor widow's son, and as a barefoot boy drove mules on the toepath of an Ohio canal.—Ex.

A contemporary wonders what Jefferson would say if he were to appear again on terra firma. It is doubtful that he would say anything for a while. He would be lost in thought. An automobile would cause him considerable surprise and an express train at full speed would surprise him more than anything he saw in Europe, while the Atlantic cable, the telephone and the Muarettia crossing the Atlantic in five days, would complete his astonishment; that is provided he is not familiar from observation, with the little things that take place on earth.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Here's the way a South Carolina man announced himself for office: "To the good people of Edgewood: The wind bloweth where it listeth and no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, but I am not that kind of a cat. I am a Ben Tillman cat; and if elected county commissioner I propose to reform, beautify, adorn, reanimate, rejuvenate and rehabilitate Edgewood county from the water to the top of the rock. I am a laboring man and haul wood, and if not elected I can haul on. Could say more but am a man of few words and full of trouble."

Our worthy county commissioners are going to build a new county home. It will be a brick building and will cost about five thousand dollars. Work will commence on the building in a few weeks.

Troy, Tex., May 18, 1908.

Editor The Montgomerian:

I see in The Montgomerian of the 14th that you request all the old Montgomery county folks who live out of the state to write some for your paper. It was my good fortune to be born and reared in the good old county of Montgomery, and a few words from me might be of some interest to quite a number of your readers. I have been in this the "Lone Star" state about seventeen years, and I find it to be a great state with almost numberless resources. It is first of all the states in the production of cattle and cotton, and the oil production bids fair to become an industry that will soon surpass that of any other state.

This is a large state, and does things on a large scale. The churches of different denominations raise more money for the different objects than almost anywhere in the world. The railroads have more rolling stock, better and bigger engines, more passenger traffic, and greater mileage than in any other state. There are more Democrats out here than in any other state, and yet there are enough Republicans, Populists and Prohibitionists to make a good-size state of themselves. We have the most costly state capitol in the United States, and it is not an uncommon thing to see court-houses in sparsely settled counties, costing one hundred thousand dollars.

We are not entirely free from the political grafter here, and when you do see a Texan who will steal, he is sure to be one on a gigantic scale. There are not many petty rogues here, cattle theft being now one of the almost lost arts. Small crimes and divers misdemeanors go almost unnoticed, but a determined mob wreaks merciless vengeance on the rape fiend or high-way robber.

Senator Bailey was recently elected a delegate at large to the Denver Convention to assist in the nomination of W. J. Bryan, whom he could hardly swallow in 1896. His (Bailey's) strong personality and the many political "pulls" which he had with many of the leaders of his party, together with his magnetism as an orator of unusual force, and the constant strenuous efforts of himself and friends, landed him, but by a majority which was disappointing to his friends, who claimed that it would be a landslide for the senator. Mr. Bailey's popularity is fast waning, and from the present outlook, the present term in the United States Senate will terminate his public career, and he will go out of notice. A strong man courageous in debate, powerful in oratory, unrelenting and merciless in his denunciations of his opponents, and a living example of "it might have been," but the common people say he got too thick with H. Clay Pierce, the oil magnate.

When these lines are read you will probably be estimating the majority in old North Carolina against saloons. I hope it will be a good healthy majority, which will surely mean a good healthy state of affairs generally. After all the talk about prohibition ruining a town or county or state, it must indeed be a man of contracted information who would for one moment believe such stuff. Such arguments are no longer intended, by their promoters, for intelligent people; they are thrown out for the weak and unwary. The Democratic party is in an overwhelming ascendancy in Texas, and has been slow to take up the prohibition fight, knowing the sharp sting of internal strife, but is now in a red hot campaign for ten per cent of the last party vote to be presented to the executive committee in the form of petitions that a clause may be put on the primary ballot of the party, asking for submission of a constitutional amendment providing for state-wide prohibition. There seems to be no doubt that this plan will carry by a large majority, and if so this, the largest and most mixed in population of states will be on the highway to prohibition. The Democratic party is alone responsible for the initiative move in the matter of state prohibition, but there are and have long been other forces, moral and political, pressing toward the move. It is wonderful how this sentiment is growing all over the South, and the North, and the East and West; but why should it be a strange thing? Rather it should have been a paramount issue, and settled long ago. The trouble has been that the forces of the dominant political parties, have been divided, and both bidding for the whiskey vote, with which to carry elections, and the carrying of elections seemed to be the main object of their existence. I am glad that things are getting better all over the land, and that the moral forces

of both and all parties are beginning to demand something besides carrying the election. No party should live on past laurels, however well earned, unless it bestows present living service. The people are tired of playing and scheming at politics. They want service, and they will demand it more and more, and the people, with enlightened consciences, will be supreme in governing themselves.

I shall be glad to hear from a great many old Montgomerians, wherever they may be, through the columns of your valuable paper, and promise to write again sometime in the near future.

Very truly,
J. T. Jordan.

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S PROSPERITY.

He Farms Now for a Business and not for a Living.

Review of Reviews for May.

If the American farmers went out of business this year he could clean up thirty thousand million dollars. And he would have to sell his farm on credit; for there is not enough money in the whole world to pay half his price. Talk of the money-mad trusts! They might have reason to be mad if they owned the farms instead of their watered stock. When we remember that the American farmer earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil, and enough in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the Steel Trust off the industrial map, the story of the trusts seems like "the short and simple annals of the poor."

One American harvest would buy the kingdom of Belgium king and all; two would buy Italy; three would buy Austria-Hungary; and five at a spot-cash price, would take Russia from the Czar.

Talk of swollen fortunes! With the setting of every sun the money-box of the American farmer bulges with the weight of twenty-four new millions. Only the most athletic imagination can conceive of such a torrent of wealth.

Place your finger on the pulse of your wrist, and count the heart beats, one—two—three—four. With every four of those quick throbs, day and night, a thousand dollars clatters into the gold-bin of the American farmer.

How incomprehensible it would seem to Pericles, who saw Greece in her Golden Age, if he could know that the yearly revenue of his country is no more than one day's pay for the men who till the soil of this infant Republic.

Or, how it would amaze a resurrected Christopher Columbus if he were told that the revenue of Spain and Portugal are not nearly as much as the earnings of the American farmer's hen!

Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise known as agricultural exports) have brought him enough in foreign money since 1892 to enable him if he wished to settle the railroad problem once for all by buying every foot of railroad in the U. S.

Such is our New Farmer,—a man for whom there is no name in a y language. He is as far above the famer of the story-book as a 1908 touring car is above a jinrikisha. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earning of a work-day. Even this is less of an expense than it seems for he borrows the money from himself, out of his own bank, and spends the bulk of the tax money around his own properties.

Farming for a business, not for a living,—this is the motto of the new farmer. He is a commercialist,—a man of the twentieth century. He works as hard as the old farmer did, but in a higher way. He uses the four M's—mind, money, machinery and muscle; but as little of the latter as possible.

Neither is he a Robinso Crusoe of the soil, as the old farmer was. His hermit days are over; he is a man among men. The railway, the trolley, the automobile, and the buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite.

A Kansas Girl's Advice.

A Lincoln County girl writes this advice: Why do young men do so much loafing? Go to work. Push ahead! I am but a young girl, but I clothe myself and have money in the bank. I lay up more money every year than any young man within three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. I advise all girls to cut clear of loafing boys. Stand by the boy who works, and never put your arm through the handle of a jug.—Kansas City Star.

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

Pleasant Evening Reveries—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Old people have faults, like children, but they have no mothers to forgive them.

Supplement what the children learn at school with reading lessons at home. Reading aloud is good, will improve the reading of the reader, and give information to members of the home circle who may be obliged to work with their hands in the evening.

When tempted to criticize the food on the home table, remember the adage that silence is golden. Criticism is never so exasperating to the house-keeper as at the table, where, in spite of hard work and worry, things will occasionally appear that are not as she had planned.

A TOAST TO GENTLEMEN.

The following toast to gentlemen is handed in by a lady contributor:

Bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, waken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property, and out-manuever us in everything. This world is a dreary world without them. In fact, I may say without their prospect of successful contradiction, that without them this world 'd be much of a world anyhow. We love them, and the dear things can't help it; we control them, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means "matchless." They are most agreeable as visitors, handy at state fairs, and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for womens' rights, and not very brilliant as a member of the press, but if our father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, now we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the poet: We'll lie for 'em, We'll cry for 'em, And if we could we'd fly for 'em; We'd anything but die for 'em.

STARTING IN LIFE.

You are soon to leave and break away from all the tender ties of home, and go out to seek your fortune in the world. Let us whisper a few words of counsel. We suppose you wish to be rich; most people do. We don't think riches desirable. We should be sorry to have inherited wealth. But a competence is very desirable, is indispensable. Well, the way to get it is by forethot to plan, industry to execute, and prudence to keep the earnings of your work. Get what you honestly earn but never take more. Money is by no means the best thing in life. You are in this world to become a good man, a wise man, a just man, an affectionate man, a religious man. Work for your manhood as much as for money; take as much pains to get, and as much to keep it. Keep clear of voice, especially intemperance, gambling and licentiousness. These three ruin thousands of young men every year. Be not gloomy, sour and stiff. Cheerfulness, gayety, liveliness and mirthfulness belong to your period of life. You will find little real pleasure in anything your conscience forbids. As you have opportunity, cultivate your mind and forethought, prudence and industry will help you here as much as in getting money. And now would you prolong the sunshine of life forever? We must say to you there is no real happiness in life without religion. It is a restraint from doing wrong, an encouragement to do right, and a great comfort at all times of life. And finally, remember, though absent from the sight of the dear ones at home you will ever live in their hearts; and their highest earthly wish will be that you may prove yourself a noble man.

THE COMFORT OF BEING A BOY

There is a comfort to be a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is something astonishing how slow he can go on an errand, perhaps he couldn't explain to himself why, when he is sent to the neighbor's for yeast he stops to stone frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can't hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys; that two will be a great deal slower about doing anything than one. Boys have a power of helping

each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy will soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place he is to do all the errands, and go to the store, post-office, and carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes and rotate in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning care wheels" along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and biding his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so he could economize his legs, and do his errands with grater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of the methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure and business.

TROY MARKET.

Corrected Each Week by D. E. Pemberton & Son.

Table with market prices for Cotton, Corn, Flour, Peas, Oats, Onions, Potatoes, etc.

Report of The Condition of Bank of Mt. Gilead,

at Mt. Gilead in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business May 14 1908.

Table with financial data for Bank of Mt. Gilead, including Resources and Liabilities.

Report of the Condition of Bank of Montgomery

at Troy, in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business, May 14 1908.

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Advertisement for TROY SUPPLY CO. featuring 'You Need' and 'OUR LINE' of shoes. Includes images of shoes and text describing the quality and comfort of their Oxfords.

Advertisement for THE MONTGOMERIAN VOTING CONTEST. Includes details about the contest, rules governing the contest, and a coupon for voters to use.