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E. E. WILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908.

Use these columns for results. An advertisement in this paper will reach a good class of people.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year.

NUMBER 35.

Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Weakly Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

When blood in your body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste and impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidneys.

Weakly kidneys cause quick or unsteady nerves, and makes one feel as though the heart is pumping thick, sticky blood through veins and arteries.

It should be considered that only urinary wastes are to be traced to the kidneys. Modern science proves that nearly all the chronic diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

When you can make no mistake in detecting your kidneys. The mild, but extraordinary effort of Dr. Kilmer's Kidney Cure, stands the highest for its ability to cure the most distressing cases of kidney trouble.

Do not pick any mistake, but read the name, Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Kidney Cure, and the address, Scituate, N. Y., on every bottle.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM

It cures itching, dandruff, and restores the hair to its natural color and growth.

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A PEEP AT THE IMMIGRANTS

Some of the Requirements Before They Can Enter Our Country.

AT THE GATEWAY OF THE NATION

(Selected.)

Visitors, are you not?" asked the guard at the immigrant landing on the Battery. "Then go straight ahead."

Before us gleam the bright waters of New York bay, throbbing with life. Huge steamers, little snorting tugs, graceful white-winged schooners, barges laden with coal, the ever-crowded ferry boats, pass to the accompaniment of whistles, toots and deep-toned bells.

At our right, separated from us by iron bars, is a crowd of foreign-born citizens. Gay and laughing, they are waiting to meet their families and friends from over the seas. One young Italian, in particular, catches our fancy, his face so bright that it seems to radiate sunshine.

But soon the little government boat comes dancing over the wave and bears us all to Ellis Island. Here looms a great, red building—the gateway into America.

From a barge nearby a crowd of gaily-dressed people is hurrying through the grand entrance. We also enter and are directed to a gallery which over-looks an immense hall, the receiving room for the immigrants. This is divided into many compartments fenced by iron rails.

Here, indeed, is a trooping of the nations. Up the broad stairway from the room below pours a steady stream of humanity—Hungarians, Magyars, Poles, Slavs, Germans, Italians, French, Russian Jews—sixty-three hundred and sixteen in the record for to-day.

The women in their bright dresses and shawls and with white kerchiefs on their heads, are loaded down with enormous bundles. Almost all of their belongings are tied up in sheets or quilts and carried on their backs. One old woman struggles under what appears to be a feather-bed.

The men, some of whom seem to have stepped from the pages of an Old World romance, are even more gorgeous than the women. Here is one youth in tight leather breeches and a red shirt with brass buttons. His head is topped with a tall, fuzzy hat. Another, a piratical-looking fellow with long black hair and long, fierce mustaches, is clothed in purple velvet, and wears gold earrings.

No doubt he has a stiletto in his belt. After him comes a Jew, his hair and beard white with the frosts of many winters—a noble looking man—truly a father in Israel!

As for the children, they are many. We see one German mother with three, four, nine boys and girls—the youngest, a flaxen-haired toddler, carrying a wooden doll.

As the immigrants clamber up the stairs, we see that each one wears a paper pinned to his clothing. On this paper is a number to indicate his group and a letter to show his place in that group. An officer with a polyglot tongue is shouting, "Get your health tickets ready!"

Another uniformed official stamps the tickets with the Ellis Island stamp, and our future citizens are turned into the narrow alley ways for medical inspection, and the wedding-out of undesirables has begun. Here a keen-eyed doctor is on the watch for any sign of contagious disease, physical deformity or idiocy.

Escaping from the first physician, the people are passed on to another. With a little instrument he skillfully lifts each eyelid, dips his hands into a basin of disinfectants and quickly tries them on a towel. He is looking for trachoma, a dreaded disease of the eyes, very common among the people of Southern Europe. All suspicious cases are chalk-marked and sent to the "detention pen" in the rear for more rigid examination; the others having safely passed the gauntlet of the doctors, go forward for their final test at the registration desks.

Here the immigrant is asked some very personal questions as to the state of his finances, prospects and friends. The answers being satisfactorily given, he is sent through the gate—into America, the land of liberty and gold.

We go now into the hall marked "Temporarily Detained." A little Magyar girl of twelve or thirteen attracts our attention by her thin features and pitiful looks. Her sister has not come to meet her, and she has only one dollar and no place to go. A telegram is sent the sister. Lack of funds, however is not always a cause of detention. "Sometimes," says the matron, "when a

man is strong and capable, and appears honest, the inspectors let him pass even if he has but fifty cents, although the amount required is two dollars."

Over by a window we see an old woman, her face haggard with suspense. Her son, who sent her passage money, has not yet appeared to claim her, and she has been here three days. A place to sleep and good food are provided for such as she, but these things cannot satisfy the needs of the heart, and how after hour her strained gaze is fixed on the skyline of the city's tall buildings.

As we turn to leave, an official appears with a list of names in his hand. Immediately he is surrounded by a throng of anxious men and women. "Philomena Geraci! Michael Godowsky! Heinrich Zinn! Isadore Rosenbaum!" A graceful, lark-eyed Italian girl, a Polish lad, a fat, comfortable German, and an ancient Jew with his little grandson, some eagerly forward, and pass through the door. We follow them to another room enclosed by wire grating.

A door opens and the young Italian we had noticed on the Battery comes in. No interpreter is needed to tell why he is here. Philomena, with a cry of "Giuseppe!" rushes to the grating. The two are talking so fast and excitedly that their words fairly tip on each other's heels. We cannot understand what they say, but "the light that never was on land or sea" is shining in their eyes.

"She is his sweetheart from Naples," explains the inspector. "He has his marriage license all ready and they will enter New York this afternoon as Mr. and Mrs. Giuseppe." We do not wait to see the others claimed by their friends, but hasten on to a room where a Board of Special Inquiry is holding session. This is the last tribunal in the wedding-out process, excepting the right of appeal to the Commissioner of the Port and to Washington.

Before the desk stands a well-dressed, good-looking German youth of nineteen. He has twenty dollars and a ticket to Golden, Colorado, where a position has been secured for him with his uncle. But, as it is contrary to the contract-law to obtain work before coming to this country, he has been detained.

Occasionally we understand a phrase or two as the interpreter questions him. "Schreiben und lesen sie?" "Yes, I read and write." As the decision of this Board is not absolutely final, there is a chance that he may escape deportation.

Another German, who was offered a position by his cousin before leaving the Fatherland, is also before the Board. His wife, with the most enviable red cheeks, sits near, surrounded by her brood of six. "How much money have you?" is one of the questions.

"Drei hundert thalern," is the answer. On hearing this the good frau breaks out into a shrill torrent of low German and fumbles at the front of her dress. "One at a time," speaks the interpreter, "and you needn't show your money."

The red-cheeked lady subsides. "Would you be willing," comes the question to the husband, "to take another position if it were offered you?"

"Ja, ja," is the eager reply. "All right, let him pass," is the decision of the Board, and the little German family marches out happily.

Before we leave we look into the room where a crowd is waiting to be deported. It is a dreary lot—hardened criminals, a few who are physically and mentally defective, and a goodly number of contract laborers. Poor wretches! They have seen the promised land, but are not allowed to enter. We are glad to leave them, and again feel the salt air of the bay blowing in our faces.

On the little island beyond, silhouetted against a ruddy sunset, stands Liberty with her uplifted torch, proclaiming freedom, not only to you and me, but to the thousands from foreign lands who through our shores.

Each year they come in greater numbers, driven by persecution and hunger, attracted by the lure of wealth, and, in a lesser degree, by the love of personal liberty. These are the men who will help make our laws.

President Roosevelt struck the keynote of the immigration problem when he said, "As for immigrants we cannot have too many of the right kind, and we should have none of the wrong kind. I will go as far as any man in regard to restricting undesirable immigration. I do not think that any immigrant who will lower the standard of life among our people should be admitted."

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR.

Wonderful Development of The Electric Car in Nineteen Years.

FIRST STREET CAR RUN AT RICHMOND.

(Electric News.)

Only twenty years ago the slow moving horse-car lines carried the people of the larger cities who, for manifold reasons, did not care to walk. For those who wished to ride where the horse-car did not run large carry-alls, drawn by listless horses, served as a means of conveyance for a nominal fare.

Only twenty years have passed since the first electric car was pronounced a commercial success at Richmond, Va., but in this brief period the electric street car systems have been improved and developed until they practically reach the ends of the earth. The carry-all has been relegated to the scrap heap and the horse-car is a curiosity in one or two cities of the world.

The credit for building and operating the first street railway system in the world belongs to Frank J. Sprague, whose patents are now held by the General Electric Company, although a number of unsuccessful experiments in this line had been conducted by other men before the year 1888.

The electric railway motor was invented by Thomas Davenport, a Vermont blacksmith, in 1834, and four years later Robert Davidson, of Scotland, produced a small electric locomotive which moved at the astonishing speed of four miles per hour. Nine years later Prof. Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mass., produced a locomotive capable of carrying two passengers. In 1879 another machine was exhibited as a novelty, and the next year Thomas A. Edison constructed an electric locomotive pulling two cars and carrying several passengers. Edison's locomotive, however, was not practical for commercial use and he was too busy experimenting with the electric light to give the locomotive careful study.

The summer of 1887 a party of experimenters tried out an electric car in the streets of New York amid the hoots and jeers of the people. This machine was also more or less of a failure. Dr. Siemens in 1879 exhibited in Berlin, Germany, a small electric locomotive. For some time he conducted experiments on an electric railway with indifferent success. Through all these years the electric car was little more than the cherished dream of the numerous electrical inventors. It remained for Sprague to give to the world the first electric street railway which was commercially possible.

Since that early morning twenty years ago when the first electric car glided over the rails in the streets of Richmond, motors have been brought to such a point of perfection that electric cars are rapidly encroaching on the steam engine and threaten to take its place entirely in a few years. The principles which Sprague used in the construction of the first car and power line are about the same as in actual use to-day. He invented the overhead trolley; his motors were geared to the car wheels and his system of control was nearly the same as in the modern cars.

Miraculous, indeed, has been the growth of the street railway systems since 1888. To-day there are nearly 25,000 miles of street and electric railways in the United States, carrying more than five billions of people annually. From the tiny cars constructed according to Sprague's plans twenty years ago the cars have grown to be models of comfort and convenience. Some of the best interurban lines boast of electric cars rivaling the beauties and comforts of the Pullmans. In the middle west some of the longest electric lines maintain sleeping, dining and even cold storage, freight, express, milk and mail cars.

The trolley has extended the boundary lines of cities and stretched the residential sections of the larger cities miles out to the country. With the electric cars to which them to and from their work in the cities men and women can now live out where the air is good and where they can enjoy all the comforts of the country. As if in payment for removing the residential sections the trolley brings into the city daily thousands of country people who are only too eager to do their shopping and sight-seeing in "town." The trolley has been of material benefit to the farmer in marketing his crops and bringing his supplies and mail. It made possible the large summer resorts and parks which are a source of so much pleasure to young and old during the hot weather.

Wooden Barrels vs. Cotton Bags.

(The Cotton Journal.)

One of the strangest and most unexplained things in the South is that Southern farmers will continue to persist in buying their flour put up in wooden barrels instead of cotton bags. Go into almost any section of the South and the supply merchants will tell you that they sell from 50 to 75 per cent. more flour to their farmer customers put up in wooden barrels than in cotton sacks. The most singular feature about this peculiar condition of affairs is that the Western and Eastern people buy practically all of their flour sacked in cotton bags and that the bulk of flour put up in barrels is shipped to the Southern trade.

Even flour shipped for export is sent abroad in cotton bags. The people of the South who are dependent upon flour, and especially the cotton growers, turn their backs upon flour sacked in cotton bags and insist upon the delivery to them of flour packed in wooden barrels at an extra cost of 20 cents per barrel. Southern supply merchants claim that they would much prefer to handle flour in sacks, but that they are forced to meet the requirements and preferences to their trade. Many farmers also buy plow-lines made of sisal grass in preference to the purchase of cotton roping.

These are matters which should receive the serious attention of our people. If we turn our backs upon the use and consumption of our leading agricultural and money product, we set a poor example before the balance of the world. The Western flour manufacturers must have a poor opinion of the South when they are forced to put up flour in wooden barrels to be shipped into the territory of the cotton belt. If wooden barrels were cheaper than flour sacks made of cotton there might be some excuse for the preference of Southern farmers from a purely economic point of view, but on the contrary the use of wooden barrels is the more expensive of the two.

We need an extended campaign of education along this line. Southern people should not only demand the use of cotton wherever it is possible to be used in a practical and economic way in the South, but they should encourage its use as far as possible by all nations of the world. The demand for raw and manufactured cotton cannot be too great. With an ever increasing demand the position of the Southern cotton grower is correspondingly strengthened. The greater the demand, the better will be the prices, and the better the prices, the more profitable will be the industry to the growers in particular and the South at large.

Let every interest in the South encourage in every way possible the use of cotton, and let the South set an example which we can ask the balance of the world to follow.

Cutting Glass With Scissors.

(The Children's Tribune.)

Did you ever try to cut a piece of glass in a straight line with a pair of shears? It can be done. Get a deep pan or bowl, and fill it with water. Put your hands, the glass and the scissors completely under the water, and hold them there while you do the cutting. In this way you can cut the glass in a straight or curved line, provided it is not too thick, but you must be careful not to allow the least part of the glass or shears to come above the surface of the water. And why can this be done? The reason is that the water deadens the vibration of the glass and shears when they come in contact, and with the vibration deadened, the sharp edges of the shears make a uniform cut.

A Message to Rockefeller.

Among the congratulatory messages received by John D. Rockefeller on the recent occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday were the following lines from the pen of the Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D. D., rector of St. James' Episcopal church, Brooklyn:

"Cling to the habit of still being young; Cultivate leisure without being lazy; Garner all joys that the poets have sung; And prove every year Dr. Osler is crazy." Before becoming an Episcopalian Dr. Dowling was for twelve years Mr. Rockefeller's pastor in the Euclid Avenue Baptist church, Cleveland.

Any skin itching is a temper test, the more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Your Fall Furniture!

SEVERAL car loads of the most up-to-date and carefully selected Furniture and House Furnishing Goods are expected to arrive within the next few days, and by September 15th we will have on exhibition in the store formerly occupied by the Hancock Grocery Company the best stock of Furniture ever shown in Scotland Neck. It will pay you to see us before you buy your Fall Furniture. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD for anything you want. : : : :

Scotland Neck Furniture Company, The UP-TO-DATE FURNITURE DEALERS.

The Words of a Boy.

(Selected.)

Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston for a number of years past believes that a boy's word is worth listening to. One time complaint was made to him that a saloon was located too near a certain public school. The politicians and others interested in keeping the place open, urged him not to interfere with the resort. The school authorities desired it closed or removed.

After the mayor had listed to arguments from both sides, he said: "Well, I'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place. Send me" he said to the principal, "half a dozen of your brightest boys. I'll listen to them." The next day, half a dozen of the boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked the mayor squarely in the eye, and gave his reason:

"My school gives me a chance to be the mayor of Boston some day; the saloon can't. I think we boys ought to have all the show we can get to be mayor. That's all I know about it."

The mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then, straightening up, he said to the last speaker:

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be mayor. That saloon will have to quit business at once."

The boys gave the mayor a hearty cheer and marched out of his office. They had conquered and were consequently happy and triumphant.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

Blinks (who ordered a pancake half an hour previously)—Er—I—say, will that pancake be long? Waitress—No, sir; it'll be round. Then he waited patiently another half hour.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is best. Beware of imitations. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

"I will give you a penny if you'll promise to be good while I'm away, Johnny." "What'll you give me if I'll be good when you get back home?" "I'll give you something if you are not good then."—Houston Post.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system. E. T. Whitehead Co.

Use SKIM MILK.

(The Poultry Keeper.)

Skim milk is a food which contains muscle and flesh forming material in a form to be readily taken up and digested by the system. Milk that has been skimmed has really lost but a small amount of its value as a food, the cream consisting considerably of fat, which in itself is the least nutritious part of the milk, except to create warmth. The cheesy matter left in the milk is its most valuable part for food, and tends to produce a vigorous, healthful growth when fed to calves, pigs and chickens. If chickens were fed less corn and more skim milk it would not only be to their lasting benefit, but it would also eventually result in financial benefit to the farmer.

A specific for pain—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest, liniment ever devised. A household remedy in America for 25 years.

In some of the Austrian schools education is taught to a certain extent by the use of the phonograph, through which the pupils are made familiar with the famous speeches history.

"I have been somewhat costive, but Doan's Regents gave just the results I needed. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.

It has been frequently noted by aeronauts that the barking of a dog is always the last sound they hear from earth, and it has been discovered that this can be heard under favorable circumstances at an elevation of four miles.

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Barlock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

Only six per cent. of amputation cases result fatally at present, owing to the improvement in antiseptic surgery.

Kodak will, in a very short time, enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When you eat in the mean time the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again. Kodak digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

An Indian stream, the River Kistnah, 600 feet wide, has the longest span of telegraph wire in the world.

Many people suffer a great deal from Kidney and Bladder troubles. During the past few years much of this complaint has been made unnecessary by the use of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are anti-septic and are highly recommended for weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, inflammation of the bladder and all other annoyances due to weak kidneys. They are sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

Some of the screws made for the use of watch makers are so tiny 100,000 could be placed in an ordinary thimble.

Of Interest to Many. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. E. T. Whitehead Co.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

A. C. PETERSON.