

## WEIGHT OF COTTON

CHARLESTON EXCHANGE SENDS OUT CIRCULAR.

Farmers Requested to Pack All Cotton in Standard Size and Uniform Weight Bales.

For the information of farmers and ginners the Charleston Cotton Exchange has had printed and is distributing resolutions on the standard weight and measurements of a bale of cotton, in accord with the leading exchanges of the country. The resolution, which is in the form of a circular letter, follows:

"Charleston, S. C., June 6, 1913.  
"To the Cotton Planters and Ginners:  
"We earnestly beg your attention to the following important matters that are of vital concern to your interest, and we urge you to act in accordance therewith, promptly and favorably.

"Whereas, serious loss to the producers of cotton in the cotton growing sections of the South has been caused by irregular packages, inferior and insufficient covering and careless handling; and

"Whereas, it is understood that the Congress of the United States is contemplating investigation and possible legislation with the object of improving conditions; and

"Whereas, it is to the interest and saving of a large amount of money to our cotton producers to adopt better methods for the packing, baling and size and weight of a bale of cotton; and

"Whereas, at a general conference of cotton interests held at New Orleans, March 5, 1913, representing the cotton exchanges, compass associations, railroads and steamship lines of the North and South Atlantic and Gulf ports, have adopted resolutions that a standard gin box be 27 inches by 54 inches, that the standard weight per bale be approximately 500 pounds, and furthermore that if any bale does not show the density of 22 1/2 pounds per cubic foot for each bale, if not repressed to the said required density, shall pay an extra freight of 50 cents per bale, and that any bale of larger measurement that cannot be pressed to a minimum of 22 1/2 pounds per cubic foot, shall pay an extra freight of \$1 per bale. That this penalty be assessed as soon as possible after the bale leaves the gin. It is

Resolved, That this Exchange deems it advisable and proper to urge upon the cotton ginners and producers of the State importance of having a standard gin box 27 inches by 54 inches, and a standard weight per bale of 500 pounds approximately, and that the same be arranged for in time for the coming cotton crop, 1913-1914, thereby making a saving to them of the penalty hereinbefore stated, that will be fixed upon cotton of greater measurement.

"Further Resolved, That the newspapers of this city be furnished with a copy of the foregoing preambles and resolutions and urged to bring the said matters to the earnest attention of the parties concerned therein and impress upon them the advantage to be derived therefrom.

"Respectfully,  
"Charleston Cotton Exchange"

Felder a Slick Article.

Whatever may be our private opinion of the gentleman, we are compelled to admit that it is beginning to be apparent to the innocent bystanders of whom there are a few still left in Atlanta, that Colonel Thomas H. Felder is either innocent of the charges brought against him, or that he is shrewder than the gang who brought the charges.

Whether from superior virtue or superior wit, Col. Felder is beginning to get visibly the best of it. This doesn't merely mean that he can out-cuss and out-write detective Chief Langford. It is more than talk. The gong has sounded at the end of the first round and Mr. Felder has retired to his corner with the points in his favor.

The first one Mr. Felder put over was the affidavit from the Gentry boy saying that the stenographic report of the dictagraph conversation had been tampered with, and that part of it had been faked, as Felder charged.

The next thing he put over was in calling the bluff of the police department which had talked about arresting him for attempted bribery. They planned the arrest it is said, but lost their nerve at the critical moment.

And the last thing he put over was when the grand jury formally returned a no bill against him, clearing him for the charges made by Detective Lanford that Mr. Felder carried a pistol and had tried to draw it on him.

Bishop W. A. Candler of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South charges that Andrew Carnegie's donation of one million dollars to Vanderbilt university at Nashville has a very large string tied to it. The Bishop says it is a scheme on the part of Carnegie to get control of the University and put his own tag on it. The Bishop is more than half right.

## GUESTS AT A SUICIDE

THEY GRAVELY SMOKED AS HE FIRED FATAL SHOT.

Six Chinamen Sat Around and Saw One of Their Number Take His Own Life.

Arrested at Atlantic City, N. J., for murder Wednesday six Chinamen sedately shook their heads and said calmly that not by the Rising Sun had they any hand in the death by bullet wound in the head of Ho Why laundry proprietor.

But this was transcendently true—they had been the guests of privilege at Ho Why's suicide party. They had as by the honorable custom ordained in the writings of Confucius sat and watched their brother kill himself—"honorably," they said, shot himself in the head and "honorably" die.

There are other, older Chinese methods that he might have used. There was the exit of the silken cord and there was the noble method of the golden disc. They were amused at the police chief of Atlantic City and his detectives standing around him, had never heard of the method of the golden disc. One took a thin disc of gold and placed it on his tongue. A swift intake of breath and the disc slipped swiftly back and closed his windpipe and that was the end, a most honorable end, much used by mandarins.

Ho Why had been in this country twenty years. He had done much over the wash tubs—twenty years of hard work. He had sent much money to China to the glorification of his ancestors, the aid of his relatives and the support of the revolution. But he had coughed a great deal, he had become woefully thin and he knew that his revered ancestors awaited his coming. And also he had been a failure, he had no son.

Ho Why had carefully drawn the curtains of his shop window facing on the street. The friends greeted him with smiles and went into the rear room. Ho Why acted as host at a formal but pleasant dinner—a dinner in which the pink tinted dishes of Anhwei were complemented by chopsticks of ivory.

After they had feasted Ho Why arose and laid down his fan. He went to a little cabinet in the rear of the room. And when he turned from it he bowed, holding now the revolver of the shining barrel.

His friends were lighting pipes with long thick bamboo stems and the silver bowls. They watched him serenely as he placed himself quietly upon a stool.

Ho Why put the revolver muzzle against his right temple. His friends removed the pipe stems from their lips expectantly. The shot was fired. His friends watched him sink in death, looked at one another, nodded, puffed again and then Su Nan got up and caught Ho Why's corpse as it should fall to the floor.

Patrolman Marshall smashed his way in from the street and arrested the guests of the "suicide party," but when the six Chinamen had quietly explained they were released.

Stopped the Nonsense.

The New York World says "Just as the New Jersey bosses discovered that they were dealing with a new kind of governor in Woodrow Wilson, so Wall street discovers that it is dealing with a new kind of President. For years the government's established policy in the matter of financial depression has been simple and fatal. Washington waited until the panic had begun, until confidence and credit were undermined, and then turned the United States treasury over to Wall street, while the stock gamblers salvaged what they could from the wreck. The Wilson policy is to suppress the panic at the start and not at the finish.

Nothing could have been more timely than Secretary McAdoo's announcement that he was prepared to issue \$500,000,000 in emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland act. Wall street recovered immediately from its hysteria and its bankers, with characteristic patriotism, began to denounce the secretary for his "absurd offer". The fact is now pointed out with a wealth of detail that there is plenty of currency in circulation and that no emergency currency is necessary, but forty-eight hours before Wall street was pointing out with an equal wealth of detail that one of the disturbing elements in the situation was the necessity that would exist in a few weeks for immense sums of money to move the crops.

The truth is that there was plenty of money all the time, and except for the condition of the European money market, there was no reason whatever for Wall street's attack of nerves. Proving it is the most important service that the treasury has rendered by its offer of emergency currency. Wall street's hysteria was rapidly inoculating the entire country, and the Wilson administration has stopped the nonsense before it became serious. All of which goes to prove that "Wall street has a master in the White House at last, and it is beginning to know its master's voice," as The Columbia Record says.

That emergency currency knocked out Wall Street on the first round.

## FIGHT WITH DEATH

THE GRIM REAPER BAFFLED BY SENATOR TILLMAN.

He Tells for the Benefit of Others What He Did to Regain in Part His Health.

Some few weeks ago The Times and Democrat "said Editor E. H. Aull of the Newberry and News says he met Senator Tillman on the train recently and he was much pleased to find him "as strong and vigorous as he was, both physically and mentally. His mind is strong and vigorous and there is much of the old time fire and snap about the eye. All the talk about his mind being weak is unkind and besides unfounded. He can't eat the big meals that he once could; but otherwise seems entirely well." In commenting on the above the Columbia Record says:

Death, the universal conqueror, has had some notable contests and many notable victims, but seldom has he been baffled and held at bay in a contest fought out before the public eye and on a world arena so conspicuous as in the case of Senator Tillman. No doubt the senior South Carolinian's fight against the grim monster after he had called and given the word to go on the last dread journey will go down in the medical records as one of the most notable in the professional records.

Three years ago Senator Tillman was stricken, and for weeks lay helpless in the shadow of death, as a writer in the New York Sunday Sun writes: "His friends and family lost hope. His colleagues expected to be summoned to his funeral. The newspapers prepared their obituary sketches, making ready for what seemed the inevitable. This was back in 1910.

But the senator refused to yield. The same grim determination that marked his political career led him to make another fight. And he won again, as he had won so many times when the odds against him were not so great."

"The methods by which the veteran senator waged and won his fight were original and heroic, in keeping with his always resourceful and strenuous career. He won by a system of physical exercise in aid of nature that is simple but has proven marvellously effective in his case. And in the process he has not only got rid of the dangerous fatty matter that accumulates with age, but he has gained thirty pounds of good hard muscle.

"The senator is back in Washington the chairman of a powerful senate committee able to walk ten miles a day and not only do hard work, but his mind in some respects is clearer and truer in its processes than ever before. 'I didn't mean to let paralysis kill me,' the senator is quoted as saying. 'I proposed to get well and stay here a few years longer.'

He did both by a simple plan of physical culture, the rules for which he gives as follows:

"1. Before getting up in the morning, take the head off the pillow and stretch out straight. Begin by kicking backward with one foot and then the other, fifteen times each. Putting this a other movements, where counting is required, I draw in the breath to the limit and hold it while the movement is on, from ten to fifteen times.

"2. Put the heels upon the bed with the knees drawn up, then throw the knees apart as far as they can be carried, repeating twenty times.

"3. Throw first one foot and then the other toward the headboard, keeping the knee joints as straight as you can.

"4. While still lying on the back, kick out with both feet as wide apart as you can and do the kicking with emphasis, so as to strain the muscles on the calf and soles of the feet. Elevate both feet at once toward the headboard and then the spine as much as possible by using the abdominal muscles to pull up the lower extremities three times. If the hands are placed under the small part of the back and the arms are used as a lever to help elevate the legs and feet it is much more effective. If in an iron bed this can be facilitated by grasping the railing above the head with the hands and pulling up the legs and feet by the use of the muscles of the back and belly. This is very fine for reducing the paunch as it substitutes muscle for fat and hardens the obdormen.

"5. Fasten the feet under something and pull the trunk up to a sitting posture, drop back and repeat for four or five times. This is very straining at first and one ought to go about it cautiously until the muscles have become accustomed to the strain.

"6. Throw the head back with the feet on the bed and lift the body clear so that the shoulders do not touch. This will form an arch. Repeat four or five times. This is enough in bed in the morning.

"7. Take a cold bath and rub down briskly, unless you do not like cold water or have not the facilities to do it. Put on underwear and take a light pair of dumbbells (3 1-2 pounds), to give momentum to the movements. Begin to exercise the other muscles which have not yet



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## KILLED YOUNG DOCTOR

THEN TURNS PISTOL ON HERSELF AND FIRES

Young Widow Goes to a Young Doctor's Office Shoots Him and Then Shoots Herself.

At Savannah, Ga., Dr. Guy O. Brinkley, a prominent young physician of that city, was shot and killed Monday afternoon by Mrs. Eugene H. Whisnant, formerly Miss Katie Kittles, who then turned her weapon, a 32-calibre Colt automatic revolver on herself, falling dead across the dead body of Dr. Brinkley, with a bullet in her brain.

The young woman, who was a widow, went to the office of Dr. Brinkley, accompanied by a woman companion whose name has not been ascertained. Mrs. Whisnant and the doctor went into the private office and the other woman remained in the outer office, leaving hastily when the shooting began.

A few minutes after Dr. Brinkley and Mrs. Whisnant entered the office, the firing began and the door opened and Dr. Brinkley rushed out, followed by Mrs. Whisnant, who was steadily firing upon him. Dr. Brinkley called to a maid servant to get the police and the woman ran for help.

Meantime Mrs. Whisnant pursued the doctor to the porch and back into the office, firing upon him all the time. Her sixth shot entered the physician's heart, causing death. Without a moment's delay the woman turned upon herself and fired a bullet into her temple causing instant death.

Dr. Brinkley was a Virginian coming to Savannah from Suffolk, several years ago. He was unmarried, and was prominent in business and social circles at Savannah.

His slayer was about 27 or 28 years old, slim, with dark, brown eyes and hair. She was married to Whisnant in Charlotte, N. C., in 1906, while he was ill with typhoid fever, from which he afterward died. Since then she has made her home with her mother.

## Saved from Watery Grave

Emile DuBonnnet and Welby Jourdan, two aeronauts, who were participating in a long distance balloon race from Paris, two miles south of Ventnor, on the south coast of the Isle of Wight.

## Shock Was Wide Spread

Dispatches from various points in southeastern Europe indicate that the earthquake reported from South tried on the charge of murder.

## RAMMED BY A STEAMER

CAPTAIN AND FIVE MEN GO DOWN WITH BOAT.

Eight Survivors of the Ill-Fated Schooner is Picked Up by the Steamer.

Capt. John Andrew Doggett, of Portland, Maine, and five members of the crew of the Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner Olympic, were down with their craft when she was rammed off Sable Island by a dense fog early Thursday by the Warren Line steamer Sagamore.

The Sagamore arrived at Boston quarantine from Liverpool Thursday night, with eight survivors of the schooner. The Olympic, aboard which all but men on watch were asleep in their bunks, was pierced abreast of the main mast and foundered within a few minutes.

There was barely time for eight men to climb her fore rigging and thus gain safety on the deck of the steamer. The other members of the crew, including Capt. Doggett, who was holding sternly to the edge of the sea that the captain shall be the last to leave his ship, were awaiting their turn to scale the ropes when the schooner went under.

One of Capt. Doggett's sons, Frank was among the eight saved. His other son, John, went to his death with his father.

## Women Burned to Death

Eighty girls were burned to death by villagers enraged at the importation of cheap girl labor to work on a sugar estate in the district of Pskov, southern Russia. They were fastened asleep, which was then set on fire by the enraged villagers, while the inmates were asleep.

## Effort to Cross the Ocean

Count Zeppelin and his technical staff at Friedrichshafen are convinced that the modern dirigible airship can cross the Atlantic, says a Berlin dispatch to the London Express, "and it is probable that a voyage from Germany to New York will be undertaken this summer."

The more we see of President Wilson the prouder we are that we supported him for the place a year before he was nominated at Baltimore.

In all the Republican Presidents Wall Street had friends who were ready to do its bidding, but in President Wilson it has a master, who will make it behave itself.