

The Better Way.

"Do you know," said Green as he overhauled Davidson on the street the other evening, "that the wheat crop is going to be short this year?"

"Yes, and it's going to make hard times," was the reply.

"You bet it is. And they say the hay crop is short."

"Yes."

"And the potato bugs are eating up the vines."

"Yes."

"And that Panama Canal is going to cost fifty million dollars more than they thought for."

"I see."

"I tell you, Davidson, this country is on the verge. Yes, sir, right on the verge."

"Yes, I think so myself."

"There will probably be another earthquake soon."

"Shouldn't a bit wonder."

"Followed by a terrible war with Japan."

"Yes."

"And bankrupts will be as thick as flies around a sugar barrel, and we shall all go to the dogs."

"I can't dispute it."

"Yes, sir, go right to the dogs; but, say, Davidson."

"Yes."

"The druggist on the corner here gives the biggest glass of soda water in town for a nickel. Let's go in and have a cooler to get through the day on."

Joe Kerr.

Horse Sense.

There is a firm in Washington whose business requires the use of a large number of delivery wagons. In each wagon, on the back rest of the driver's seat, there are painted these words, "Be good to your horse." Far from being maudlin, this sentiment deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Wise and humane at all times, it will, during the next two or three months, have a meaning more weighty than at any other season of the year.

This motto is hidden from the world, yet always faces the man to whom it appeals as he climbs into his seat and takes the reins in hand. The strength of the little sentence lies in its moral character. An agent of the Humane Society can hold up a brutal driver, and a policeman can haul him before the courts. Such a course is likely to provoke a desire for revenge, and it is only too probable that this desire will be wreaked on the inoffensive animal under conditions of time and place known neither to the friend of the beast nor to the upholder of the law. But these few words will plead to the most heartless, and serve as a needed check to heedlessness or a passing fit of temper.

The automobile has doubtless come to stay, but the horse has not departed. On the hot asphalt, in the paddock, or down the last stretch on derby day he counts. And in every case the force of the injunction on the back of the delivery wagon seat will have its application.

The merciful man is merciful to his beast.—Washington Post.

The Parade.

Too much cannot be said of the mighty Haag Railroad Shows' parade which takes place daily on the public streets for everybody and is one mile in length and introducing features never attempted by any other show for their street pageant. No parade is complete without a callope and Mr. Haag has spared no pains or expense in this everlasting feature of the parade. Not only have the Haag shows one of the finest callopes in the world, but have been fortunate enough to secure the service of Sigmor Lamont, who is considered the premier of callope players and will not only gladden the hearts of the children but everybody as well with his up-to-date selection. They will exhibit in this city on August 31st.

A Lack of Confidence.

A minister, frequently away from home, was in the habit of getting some one to stay with his wife and small daughter in his absence. Once, however, he went so unexpectedly and hurriedly that he had no time to make such provision for them. The wife was very brave until night came, when her courage began to fail. After exhausting every reasonable excuse for staying up, she put the child to bed with the injunction to pray especially for God's protection during father's absence. "Yes, mother, we will do that tonight," said the girl, but the next time we will make better arrangements."—The Delineator.

Well Protected.

Eva, scarcely three years old, was walking with her papa near the edge of a sidewalk where some horses were tied. All at once she let go his hand and, slipping around to the safe side of him, took hold of that hand, saying, "Don't be 'fraid (afraid) papa, I'll take care of you."—The Delineator.

The new tariff measure begins its existence without a single sincere friend.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Ten Demands.

A Chicago man who has a large number of employes under him has posted up in the various departments of his establishment cards which bear the above caption and the following terse rules. These make it very plain what he expects and what he does not expect of those who draw salaries from him:

Rule I.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.

Rule III.—Give me more than I the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Rule II.—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule IV.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule V.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employe who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII.—It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule X.—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting speck out of rotten apples.—Mail Order Journal.

Woman at the Telephone.

"Halloo, halloo!" shouted the fire man on the engine house end of the telephone, in answer to a long ring.

"Halloo!" came back in feminine tones. "Is this the fire station?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, I want to inform you that my yard runs right up to the walk that runs along the side of the Cummingses' walk next door."

"I guess you've got the wrong number, ma'am."

"You said this was the fire station, didn't you?"

"Yes; but"—

"Well, I want to say that I'm trying very hard to raise a respectable yardful of grass and have lately planted grass seed as far as the Cummingses' walk. Then, besides the grass seed, I had it all tidied up and made ready for planting bulbs, an'—"

"I say, ma'am, you are mistaken in the telephone number. This"—

"Isn't this the fire station?"

"It is; but"—

"Very well. Now, I want to say further that however careless our neighbors, the Cummingses, are with their garden, we are very, very much the other way. In fact, a pretty lawn, adorned with a variety of flowers, is what I and my husband are looking for next season, and we want our yard to appear as well clear up to the Cummingses' side as it is possible to have it. Why, I shouldn't any more allow a person to step on my grass seed or"—

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, what has this to do with the fire station?"

"Oh, well, I want to inform you that our house is No. 200 School street and that the Cummingses' house next door is afire. Now, don't let your firemen trample"—

But the fireman had dropped the receiver.—Tit-Bits.

Misplaced Sympathy.

A traveler passing through a mountain district in northern Pennsylvania last summer came across a lad of sixteen cultivating a patch of miserable potatoes. He remarked upon their unpromising appearance, and expressed pity for any one that had to dig a living out of such soil.

"I don't need no pity," said the boy, resentfully.

The traveler hastened to soothe his wounded pride. But in the offended tone of one who has been misjudged, the boy added: "I ain't as poor as you think. I'm only workin' here. I don't own this place."—Everybody's Magazine.

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows:

Send us your job work.

The Fly at the Bar.

The extermination of malaria and yellow fever by the control of the breeding-places of mosquitoes was a great triumph of sanitary administration. The house-fly presents universal opportunity for a still greater triumph, says Theodore Dreiser in the Delineator for September. The Merchants' Association of New York City, in its bulletins of 1908 and 1909, presents incontrovertible evidence against the house-fly—evidence that every mother and teachers of mothers should have, and which may be got by applying to the association.

The house-fly has been condemned by a court from which there is no appeal. Health and bacteriological experts all over the country have pronounced the verdict "guilty." Whereas the fly was once considered a scavenger sent in hot weather to eat up the germs that abound, it is now considered a filthy insect. Bred in manure, it drinks from cess-pools and dines in privy vaults. It eats the suntuum on the sidewalk and revels in the garbage-pail. It hovers over the baby's diaper and is greedy of the dressings from a discharging wound. It is a germ-carrier. It brings typhoid fever, diarrhoea, dysentery and tuberculosis to the very gateway of the human body. After its repast of filth it crawls over your freshly-frosted cake, swims in your lemonade, cleans its feet on the bread brought in a sealed paper bag. Direct from the neighboring privy it crawls over the sweet lips of your sleeping baby or settles on the sterilized nipple of its nursing bottle. The fly that you fish out of your baby's milk, milk for which you have paid fifteen cents a quart, may have been feeding on the excrement of a patient recovering from diarrhoea or typhoid fever. The flies on the fruit you buy at that street corner for your children may have last fed on the sputum of a consumptive. As many as six million six hundred thousand bacteria have been found on a single fly. Yet the house-fly is tolerated everywhere.

Milk and hot weather are blamed for the great number of infant deaths from diarrhoea or "summer complaint." A careful study of the seasonal prevalence of flies by means of daily counts from fly-cages made in different parts of New York City by the Merchants' Association shows that flies were active in large numbers only in the comparatively few hot weeks of summer, while the health statistics showed that these were the very weeks when an abnormal number of cases of typhoid fever and diarrhoea were contracted. These diseases rose with the rise in prevalence of flies and fell with the decrease in the numbers of flies trapped. When we consider that one fly, laying one hundred and twenty eggs at a time will have a progeny of sextillions at the end of the season and that milk is the best germ-culture known, it is easy to see the fly's part in spreading intestinal diseases.

Screen all doors and windows as soon as the fly season sets in, especially the kitchen, dining room and nursery. Wire netting is more serviceable, but cotton netting at three cents a square yard keeps the flies out. Keep flies away from your baby. Keep flies off your food and milk. Do not buy food exposed for sale un-screened. Don't forget that the breeding place of flies is in nearby filth. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor. If there is a nuisance in the neighborhood, report it at once to the health department and demand abatement.

Doctrine of Election.

"I heard a Presbyterian preacher tell a good story the other day," said a travelling man. "He had been preaching a series of interesting sermons and he told his congregation to go to the old darkies who were reared by good Presbyterian families if they wanted to know the doctrines of their church. Once, when I was not quite certain about the meaning of 'election,' I called on an old negro man and asked him if he belonged to the church."

"Yes, sir, boss, I's a church member."

"How long have you been one?" I asked.

"'Gwine on forty year now, sir."

"What church?"

"Presbyterian."

"What do the Presbyterians mean by election?"

"'Yas, sir. Well, boss, you know dat de election is gwine on all de time?"

"Going on all the time?"

"'Yas, sir. De Lawd an' Satan is votin' all day an' 'night, an' people votes when its deyev' time. When yo' time comes you vote—an' de way dat makes two to one on de Lawd's side, but ef you vote wid de devil, den it makes two to one on de devil's side, an' fur you it's all over; de devil 's sho' gut you."

"'Yas, sir, marster, dat's de way it looks to me."—Charlotte Observer.

Religious Tolerance.

A subscriber writes to a newspaper of this State to say: "You are siding with Jones in the conflict that is fronting the people of the State. That is your privilege; you are a free man; your paper is free, and you at liberty to do as you like. But to support a man that is not in sympathy with me and the cause I advocate is just a little too much for me. You will stop my paper and oblige," etc.

Anyone in reading this letter would be apt to think that the writer had had "just a little too much." We may say that the Jones referred to is the Rev. Dr. Howard Lee Jones, a follower of Christ and a man called to minister to others. There was a time in South Carolina when wearers of the cloth received some respect. Not so today. Prohibition has been forced into politics and men have undertaken to arrogate to themselves the functions of Deity.

The Rev. Dr. Jones has suffered in no wise by the attacks of narrow-minded men. Some have lowered themselves in the base remarks which they have made concerning him. Unable to answer his logic, and put to flight when endeavoring to combat him under the rules of debate, they have sought to wound him by senseless and emotional appeals.

The men who cast their ballots today can now understand what it is all about. A vote for prohibition means a vote, apparently, for mental slavery. Men are no longer to be allowed to think. They are to follow like a flock of sheep. We have a new Inquisition, and it is none the less terrible than that of the Spaniards. If our reason rebel then shall we be forced to do what other men think is right. We shall not be permitted to proclaim a farce a farce, but shall be forced to change the "a" to an "o."

So let it be. Our Columbia contemporary has answered its subscriber as he deserved. A decent newspaper is a "little too much" for its lost reader, and perhaps there are some men in South Carolina who "are a little too much" for the rest of us.—News and Courier.

Fully Occupied.

"Now, my dear sir," earnestly began the suave stranger, with the upturned cigar and unauthenticated diamond, according to Puck, "these handsomely engraved bonds of the Consolidated Mexican Milkweed Rubber Company, which are positively guaranteed to return a 69 per cent. semi-annual dividend, and —"

"I don't really 'spose you can do much dealing in 'em around here, Mr. Slicksmith," frankly interrupted the landlord of the tavern at Skeedee Corners. "You see, the only man in the community who might otherwise take an interest in your glittering proposition has been for some time engaged in the payment of an election bet wherein he was solemnly sworn to roll a peanut eight miles by means of a toothpick, which, speaking in round numbers, will be likely to keep him so busy till along about the later part of next May that he won't have time to make a fool of himself in any other way. Looks considerable like rain, off to the south'r'd, don't it?"

Our New Husband.

Elizabeth's father had died when she was a tiny baby, and for four years she had ruled her mother, and every one with whom she came in contact. Much to her surprise she was one day introduced to a "new papa." She looked him over carefully, then, after much coaxing, she climbed upon his knee and listened as he told her of the many nice things he would do for her mother and her, finally asking whether she would love him just a little. She looked him squarely in the eye and said: "Yes, if you do all you promise. I may like you, but I tell you now if you try to be boss around here we just won't have you for our husband!"—The Delineator.

Love's Laws.

Be sure your right then lose your head.

A ring on the hand is worth two at the door.

The fool and his money are soon married.

A little debutante is a dangerous thing.

Proposals make cowards of us all. There's no fool like a bold fool.

The longest way round is the sweetest way home.

One good kiss deserves another.

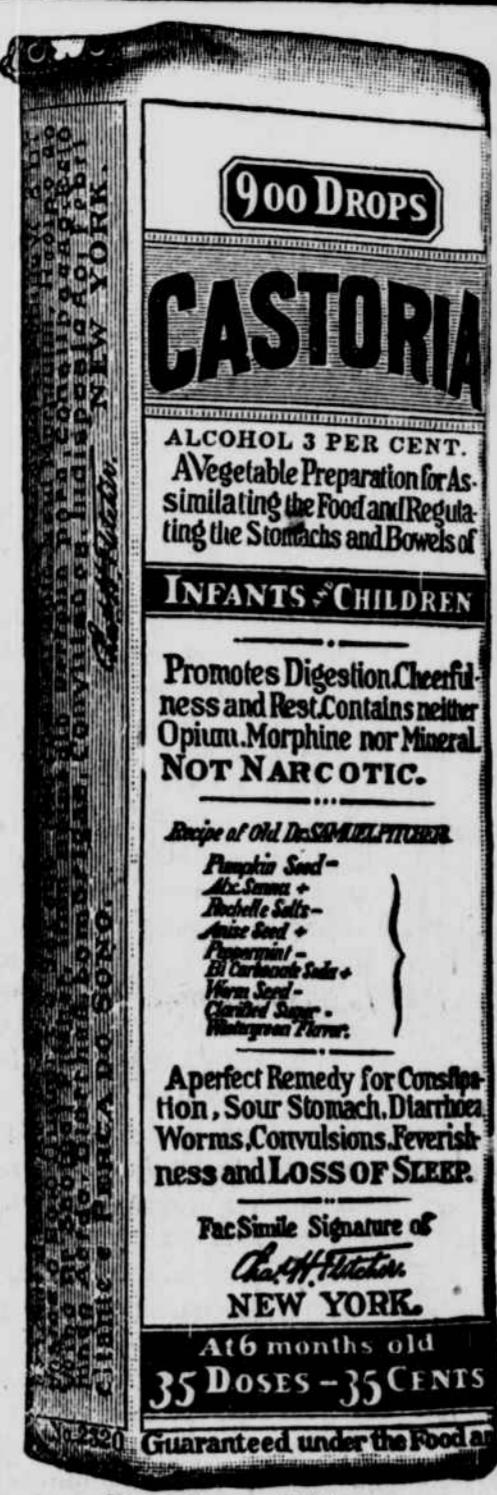
'Tis love that makes the man come round.

Kisses speak louder than words. He loves best whose love lasts.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't hold hands.

The woman who deliberates is won. Where there's a will there's a wedding.—Carolyn Wells, in Broadway Magazine.

The President has taken to boxing. He had to do something to support the impression that he is continuing the Roosevelt policies.—Philadelphia Record.



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NOTICE!

If you have farm property in Sumter or Clarendon County which you wish to sell this season, you should list it now, in order that it may be inspected and properly advertised for the fall business. I have a number of prospective buyers for well improved property, and if your prices are right, we should be able to do some business.

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