

WON'T WORK FOR NETTLES.

Publisher of Advocate Refuses to Sign Wage Scale.

The Spartanburg Typographical Union will "rat" the shop of the Spartanburg Printing Company, which prints the Southern Christian Advocate and is conducted by Rev. S. A. Nettles. This was agreed on at a meeting of the union held last Friday night, when it was decided that the publisher of the Advocate should sign the wage scale, agreeing to pay a given salary to each man for a special task.

This Mr. Nettles refused to do and stated to a reporter for the Journal Saturday morning that he was not operating a union chop, but an open shop, but that he always gave preference to union labor. He stated that he did not want to tie himself up by signing the wage scale, but stated he did offer that, if the union would guarantee to keep him a man who could set 40,000 ems a day, which is a fairly good amount, considering the copy and conditions, he would sign the agreement to pay this man \$25 per week. The union refused to guarantee Mr. Nettles service of this kind and he refused to sign the scale.

The trouble arose over a new employe who was working for Mr. Nettles. He was being paid \$10 a week, which Mr. Nettles said was more than he was worth. The scale price is \$16 per week. The union has declared that since Mr. Nettles refused to sign the scale that he is operating an unfair shop and that when this decree is taken by the union, then all real union men walk out of the shop. It is understood, however, that a man is still working for Mr. Nettles who holds a card. Mr. Nettles stated Saturday morning that only one man left him and that everything was moving along smoothly and he scarcely missed the man. He only employed two.

J. B. Felmet, president of the union, stated that the matter had been reported to the international headquarters of the union and he expected the national officers would order a strike at this shop until all differences are settled.

This is the second time that Mr. Nettles has experienced trouble with the union. The union men say Mr. Nettles is hard to get on with and expects too much of them, and Mr. Nettles said the union men did not "tote fair" with him.

He says he is willing to pay the maximum price for a minimum amount of work, but, according to the printers, his ideas of "maximum" and "minimum" are, to say the least, a bit hazy.—Spartanburg Journal.

Another Calf.

Ex. Gov. Gillett, of California, at a dinner in San Francisco recently was praising the gift of repartee which most women possess.

"Against this quick-wittedness," he said, "we men are powerless. Even when the logic and common sense of a situation are on our side, a woman will, with some flash of speech, put us to shame—rout us entirely."

"As an instance, a man whom I knew was very much displeased because his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. He concocted a little scheme to make a telling expression of his disapproval, and hid in the hall one day when his better half was getting ready to make some calls.

Just as the obnoxious puffs were being adjusted he darted into his wife's room.

"Emmeline!" he exclaimed, in a voice of stern reproach, "why under the heavens do you put the hair of another woman—possibly a dead one—on your head?"

"Why," answered his wife, "do you wear the skin of another calf—surely a dead one—on your hands?"—Judge.

Wrong Man Was Found and Held.

Chester, June 8.—W. E. Perry, who shot to death Langdon L. Booser at the Wylie Cotton mills in March, 1905, and who was thought to be a captive at McAllister, Okla., through the instrumentality of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gardner, who were his neighbors while he resided here, has proved out to be another case of mistaken identity. There is a \$1,000 reward out for the capture of Perry and the hunt for him all over the country has caused a great deal of inconvenience for the local authorities in the big trips that have been taken from time to time only to discover that the wrong man was being held. This time made about the 15th.

However, so positive was D. L. Booser, the father of the dead young man, that he went to Columbia about 10 days ago and secured requisition papers from the governor and, at his own expense, sent Chief of Police Derrick, of Ridge Springs, who was well acquainted with Perry, to see if the suspect was the wanted man. After making a thorough investigation of the case, Chief Derrick reported that the wrong man had been captured.

DIET AND INTELLECT.

Keeping Body and Mind in Fit Condition—Some Great Eaters.

Spare living and hard thinking were thought to be almost synonymous terms and to some extent experience seems to have borne out the truth of this dictum. Many men, and for the matter of that women, have done their best brain work when insufficiently fed and clad, and the remark applies especially to inventors. It used to be thought that fasting purified the spirit and made the intellect clearer.

This view, however, as have many of the old time ideas, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, has been relegated to the limbo of exploded notions, and it is held now that while fasting may purify the spirit the effect that it has on the intellect is not altogether of a satisfactory nature.

Undoubtedly overeating has an injurious effect on the mental powers, but on the other hand fasting does not strengthen them. Overeating has a tendency to cloud mental agility, but perhaps fasting attenuates the faculties of the mind. The old axiom that "what's one man's meat is another man's poison" holds good with reference to mind as to the body. The amount of food necessary to keep body or mind in fit condition varies with the individual, and of course no hard and fast rule can be laid down. The quality of the food requisite to insure a healthy state of body or mind is dependent upon such a large number of circumstances that it would be absurd to dogmatize on this point.

Some of the giants of literature or of other branches in which conspicuous intellect has shone have been also trenchermen of no mean powers. Walter Scott, Goethe, Luther, Charles V., Dr. Johnson were all big eaters. The great lexicographer, as was his wont, discoursed to Boswell sapiently and weightily on the subject of eating and according to his faithful biographer carried precept into practice with an unflinching and vigorous regularity. So much so that in polite society at least he must have been regarded as a glutton.

Napoleon ate very fast, a habit which caused him much suffering and may have been at any rate partly responsible for his end. The Little Corporal's table manners were as bad as those of Johnson, for he was frequently in such a hurry to get done that he would use his fingers in place of fork or spoon. His tastes in food were catholic, but he had an especial liking for Italian macaroni and Parmesan cheese and highly esteemed the red mullet of the Mediterranean.

He must have been the despair of his cook, as he took his meals at any time of the day or night. At night food was always kept ready for him. He evinced a great predilection for ices, which together with coffee with cream chocolate and champagne, he would consume at a late hour.

Many great men have suffered from indigestion due to some extent no doubt to errors of diet. The influence which indigestion has exerted on the course of events cannot be computed. Battles have been lost, crimes committed and the pen has been imbued with venom and deadly satire mainly owing to the fact that great men, like ordinary mortals, have possessed weak stomachs and have indulged not wisely but too well in the pleasures of the table.

Weds Son's Widow.

Zanesville, O., June 6.—John C. Baird, 63 years old, is now the husband of the widow of his son, Mrs. Mary H. Baird, aged 36. The laws of Ohio do not prohibit such a marriage, and Baird says: "We can see no harm in it. I always liked my son's wife, and since his death the affection has ripened into love." Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Baird has any children.

Frank A. Bryer, a wealthy former legislator of Massachusetts, has been vainly trying to change the law of that State in order to wed his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Katherine Bryer, under similar conditions.

The Massachusetts law now prohibits the union.

Score was Tied.

The Detroit Free Press credits this one to "Mayor Easterbrooks, of Pawtucket."

"England and Germany, spending all their cash on ornaments, remind one of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt.

"Mr. Spratt, you know, one told his friends that he would attend a certain 'smoker,' and Mrs. Spratt told hers very firmly that he would not. Well, a non-partisan acquaintance, the evening of the smoker in question, dropped in at the Spratts to see who had won out.

"The visitor found Spratt and his wife fast asleep in the chairs at the dining room table. Spratt, you see, had put sleeping powder in Mrs. Spratt's coffee, so that he might slip away, and she had put sleeping powder in his to prevent him from doing so."

GIANT "ESCAPE" CAPTURED.

Big Bill Surratt to be Returned to South Carolina.

Washington, June 6.—Six feet, seven inches tall, with a weight of about 200 pounds, William X. Surratt, alias William Broadus, colored, 40 years old, manslayer and ex-convict, and believed to be the tallest prisoner ever taken in custody by the Washington police department, will leave this city in care of Sheriff John Coyle for Gaffney, S. C.

Beside the giant prisoner, Coyle, who is but five feet, five inches tall and weighs not more than 150 pounds, looks like a midget, but the diminutive sheriff is armed with handcuffs and a six-shooter, automatic revolver, and he declares that if he does not deliver the prisoner safely at Gaffney he is willing to admit incapability of holding his office.

Detective Sergt. James Springman, one of the smallest men in stature in the central office, arrested Surratt Saturday afternoon in 7th street, between P and Q streets, when the giant was armed with a razor. When Springman, alone and without any help in sight, calmly walked up to the towering man and placed him under arrest he gave a decisive reply to the queries as to whether policemen earn their money, demonstrate bravery, etc.

Springman hailed a passing auto and in the machine the prisoner was conveyed to police headquarters. There the razor was found in his pocket. He was disarmed and charged with carrying concealed weapons in order that he might be held until word could be sent to the South Carolina authorities. Sheriff Coyle arrived yesterday and will leave with the prisoner as soon as the proper papers arrive.

Nine years ago, Surratt, in a dispute over 10 cents after a game of craps, drew a knife and stabbed Ridge Hale, also colored, to death. Hale was cut in thirty places. Surratt was sentenced to five years, but after being in jail a year he sawed his shackles with a file and escaped. He has been living in Washington eight, working as a hod carrier. Since he arrived here he married and has two children.

Do Not Make Good Our Claims.

It is pretty hard to convince the average Northern farmer that we can grow over 200 bushels of corn on an acre, when the average yield is less than twenty bushels. The South will never be in the corn belt until we make a better average yield than twenty bushels per acre. Some of our people are fond of boasting of the fertility of our crops but those who know our crop yields per acre do not believe our soils fertile. Likewise, we talk much of the forage we can grow, but our claims are discounted by the fact that we buy feeds for livestock. We boast of our ability to grow two and three forage crops per year, but discredit ourselves by failing to grow even one. It is true that we can grow two or three crops a year on the same land, but this truth is no value as long as we buy hay and pay the heavy transportation charges from the Northern States.—Progressive Farmer.

Removes a Nickel from Boy's Throat.

Dr. H. R. Black performed an unusual and rather delicate operation in the Spartanburg hospital Tuesday, removing a nickel which had become lodged in the esophagus, or gullet, of a child.

The three-year-old son of L. K. Kirby, of Union, put a five-cent piece into his mouth a week ago Monday and by accident swallowed the coin. It stuck when about half way down the gullet, and all attempts to dislodge it had been futile up to Tuesday.

The child suffered intensely and was unable to eat anything but soup and other liquid foods.

Dr. Black administered an anesthetic and while the boy was under the influence of the ether thrust a long instrument down his throat and extracted the nickel.

The child was at once relieved and was able to return home to Union.—Spartanburg Herald.

A Modern Test.

Rather long was the journey, and the passengers, from talking cabbages and other matters of vital interest, had got on the subject of lies.

"Yes," repeated the man in the corner, "I don't think the test of the cherry tree proved that George Washington wasn't a liar."

"Well, perhaps you'll devise a better one?" chorused the other passengers.

"All right," said the man in the corner. "Supposing now, that George Washington was standing on a stormy night at the door of a restaurant, and the waiter had rushed up to him with a beautiful new silk umbrella with an ivory handle and no name on it."

Then the train entered the tunnel.

WOMEN AT MONTE CARLO.

Sit Seriously and Solemnly at Tables and Watch Others.

Naturally a woman going to the gaming table is interested in her fellow-women. If she has never been there before she looks instinctively for their horns, hoofs, and even tails, in fond remembrance of Sunday-school literature on gambling. But she gets a great surprise, for she might almost fancy herself, so far as dress and appearance go, enjoying a pleasant Sunday afternoon in a non-conformist chapel in the provinces, says the London Chronicle.

Women sit as seriously at the tables as they might do at their prayers. And after studying them pretty closely for nearly two months, I am inclined to say that if gambling is at the root of male human nature, it is also at the branch, bud and blossom of the female!

Women have wonderful luck. While men work out elaborate "systems," and sit frowning over figures the mysteries of which would take a very Napoleon of finance to elucidate, and then play—and lose, women simply plunk their money on the number they are "sure is going to win," and they do win!

It is not at all an uncommon thing to see a woman sitting against the wall, her husband by her side waiting to put pieces on at her command. While he trots to and from the tables, telling her what numbers turned up last, fussing and fuming, and worrying what to do next, she calmly surveys the figures she has jotted down, gives him another "piece" at the psychological moment to put on, and her big velvet embroidered bag grows wider in circumference every hour. The five-franc pieces are even heavier and clumsier to carry than our crown piece. But she is so thoroughly used to it in quantities she does not mind it all, but says: "The heavier the better!"

These ladies play with a sang froid, an indifference as to whether they lose or win, which is only equalled by their menkind. I have seen one of the Vanderbilts lose a fortune in an hour without seeming to notice it. And I have seen a man whose stake of 100 francs won him over \$3,000 the next moment have to be tapped on the shoulder by the croupier to pick up his winnings. He had forgot that he had a stake on! Good luck and bad alike are taken as calmly as a lake receives rain.

It is scarcely in human nature, perhaps, to know when to stop gambling after one has once begun, and hence all the sad tales of the broken banks of those who have been to Monte Carlo.

The game of roulette itself is perfectly fair and open and above-board. You know what you may lose and what you may win to a half penny, which can scarcely be said of any perfectly respectable business transaction. Anything of a shadowy or questionable nature in the Casino is due to the human beings in it, not the games played; and I am sorry to say that when there is anything wrong it is generally a case of "cheerchez la femme."

The officials at the door have instructions to be very particular as to the men they will allow to enter. Even a Duke would not dare to ask for a card of admission while wearing a flannel shirt and collar, for instance. But, judging from the frowns of some women, one would fancy that in their case anyone can pass the portals.

This is the more strange when one notices that women win where men lose, and, as I have said, are mostly at the root of any evils that arise. There are women by the side of whom it is dangerous to play. They will pick up your winnings under your very nose, and then brazenly declare to the croupier they are theirs. This happens not very frequently, but sometimes twice or thrice in a day. The croupier generally pays both parties. There are women, also, who make a practice of sitting by men and asking for a piece of their winnings. They must be well known to the croupiers at least. It is a pity the porters cannot leave their posts to look at the tables now and then, to get to know those persons.

ONE MYRTLE HAWKINS.

Girl Found in Jacksonville Refuses to Return.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 8.—Myrtle Hawkins, the cashier at a local restaurant, was photographed to-day, it is said, and the picture will be sent to Hendersonville, N. C., for use by the courts there in connection with the Myrtle Hawkins murder trial now in progress. The Hawkins girl here says that she formerly lived in Hendersonville, N. C., but declined to return with a detective to that place to-day. The detective has made no statement as to whether or not he believes the cashier is the same young woman for whose supposed death the seven defendants are now being tried for murder at Hendersonville, N. C.

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