

## Doctors Said He Would Die

### A Friend's Advice Saves Life

I wish to speak of the wonderful cure that I have received from your noted Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder cure. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back and sides. I could not breathe without difficulty and was nearly wild with the desire to urinate. Was compelled to do so every ten minutes with the passage of pure blood with the urine. I tried all the different doctors from far and near, but they said it was no use to doctor as I would die anyway. I was at the end of my rope and was so miserable with pain and the thought that I must die that words cannot tell how I felt. One day a friend told me of the wonderful help she had received from Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. She gave me one of your pamphlets which I read and determined to try Swamp-Root. After taking half a bottle I felt better. Have now taken ten bottles and am well as I ever was, thanks to Swamp-Root. I wish to tell all suffering people that have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the best medicine on the market.

All persons doubting this statement can write to me and I will answer them directly.

Yours very truly,  
CLYDE F. CAMERER,  
Rosalie, Wash.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1909.  
VERNE TOWNE, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

Maternal Instinct.  
Mrs. Rattle—I am sure that is my baby with the pink ribbon over there.  
Mr. Cynic—How can you tell it so readily?  
Mrs. Rattle—I can recognize it by my pet puddle the nurse has with her.

THIS WILL INTEREST MOTHERS.  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, a Certain Relief for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Discomforts, and all the ills of Infancy. They break up Colic in 24 hours. They are pleasant to the taste. Children like them. They never fail. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample packet FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Feminine Reasoning.  
Stella—Her gown is just like yours.  
Bella—I don't care if hers is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

FOR COLIC AND GRIP.  
Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects obtained rapidly. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Clothes may not make the man, but a man generally owes something to his tailor.



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**Corned Beef**  
Everybody likes good corned beef.  
Everybody likes Libby's because it is good and is ready for serving as soon as taken out of the tin.  
Buy Libby's Next Time  
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Largest stock of ribbons, carbon, oil and other accessories to be found in the South. Orders filled same day received.  
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Convenient terms if desired.  
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## The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

New Turkey Offers Rare Opportunities for American Capital—A Use of the Flag That Does Not Redound to Honor of Country.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.  
Tarsus, Asia Minor.—One of the great gardens and granaries of the world is this famous Cilician plain round which bloom memories of "The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

Today it is of interest as a feature in the new life of awakened Turkey and as a rare field for the employment of American capital and the sale of American goods. The commercial opportunities of new Turkey are embodied in the situation which is found here. If the new order in the empire is to succeed there will inevitably be great changes in the life of the people.

Broadly speaking, the Asia Minor of today mirrors the times of the Bible. There has been little change in two thousand years. Upon great threshing floors, open to the sky, hand-reaped grain is threshed by oxen and flails, and winnowed by tossing it into the air. Two women may still be seen grinding at a mill. Instead of hotels the wayside khans are of the type which the beautiful Bethlehem story has made familiar to the world. About the roadside wells the herdsmen still gather their flocks, and women with jars draw the water. It is all primitive, pastoral, patriarchal. The next twenty-five years will transform the old order here, even as the like period of time has done in Japan.

Why Americans Are Favored.  
Hitherto obligations and finances have gone hand in hand in Turkey's experience with foreigners. Concessions have had diplomatic significance. Simon-pure business has been kept out of the country to make way for the promoter who is supported by the officialdom of some European government. New Turkey is tired of this. She must have money for internal development. Only by the inflow of foreign capital and modern foreign methods can the people be helped along the road which the government has planned for them. In their hour of need the officials are sincerely turning toward America for help. I have been told directly by more than one cabinet minister as well as by minor officials, that since American capitalists are not the forerunners of dangerous governmental policies, they are the most welcome in this country.

The Bagdad Railway.  
The Bagdad railway is an illustration of how business and diplomacy go hand in hand. The concession for this great highway has been secured by the Germans. It is a master stroke of policy. There is no exaggeration in declaring that this Bagdad railway is the most important bit of railway construction now under way anywhere on earth. It may be looked upon from several angles. Some persons see this line stretched from Berlin to Bagdad as a mailed fist shown in the face of India. Others regard it as an outstretched hand for the golden commerce of the far east. Others see in it only peril to the British and Russian influence in Persia.  
The ordinary business man, who does not meddle with politics, is content to note that it opens up the fertile plains of the Tigris and Euphrates to the German trader. Construction has already proceeded to Burgulu and before this winter is over it will be in operation well into the foothills of the Taurus mountains. There, engineering difficulties will hold it for a few years but the Cilician end of the line is also being built. The maps of tomorrow will not ignore this new route over the most ancient highways of the world.

But the railway is practically political. Germany says that if New Turkey increases her taxes, as she means to do, the money must be applied to the building of the Bagdad railway. Great Britain and Russia declare that the taxes may not be raised if they are to be used for any such purpose. Between the contending forces of diplomacy, poor Turkey is held at a standstill. Small wonder that she has looked favorably thus far upon the Chester railway project which is designed to open the eastern end of Asia Minor. This, however, is not yet through, for the sinuities of diplomacy at Constantinople have twined themselves about many another promising enterprise to throttle it to death.

Business and Reform.  
Apart from the question of mines and railways, and these other larger affairs which are roughly grouped as concessions, there remain smaller enterprises which offer no difficulties to the American business man. Perhaps I can best explain these by quoting a long conversation which I had with the Vah of the Vilayet of Adana—a progressive young Turk who was put in by the Reform government after the massacres to rule this troubled territory by an iron hand.

Djemal Bey is an enlightened Turk of the new order, liberal in his opinions, intensely patriotic yet sensible in the pursuit of reforms. He has required compulsory education for all children between 7 and 14 years of age. He has forbidden looting in the Coffee Houses before the middle of the afternoon and he has undertaken to close out the gambling which has become an increasing menace to the life of Turkey. I freely translate the

message which he desired me to convey to the American business men.

A Governor's Invitation.  
"This district alone needs an investment of five hundred million francs of foreign capital. We are now having drawn specifications of a vast irrigation project for this great Cilician plain. I shall be glad to let you have, and to send to any interested and responsible persons in America, detailed information such as would be necessary to make bids. Americans are familiar with irrigation work and skilled in this department of engineering; so we should be very glad to have responsible firms seek this contract and I could assure them that there will be no difficulty about the necessary government concession."

"Here in the city of Adana we need to install an electric lighting plant, a tramway system, a water system, a telephone system, and a sewage system. All these public utilities are open to foreign capital with a good return and abundant security assured."

"Not only will Adana, which has sixty thousand inhabitants, grow to a much larger city, with the advent of the Bagdad railway and the development of our agricultural and cotton industry, but to the east of us on the Cilician plain there should be another city. It is bound to come. With it will come all kinds of opportunities for capital. I should be glad if you would extend this invitation to interested Americans."

"In the way of general trade, there is an almost unlimited field here. For a few years past we have imported every year a number of modern agricultural machines, costing as high as \$15,000 a piece. These came from England, yet we know that America is the home of modern harvest machinery. Why do not your manufacturers send out agents into all this agricultural country, or secure native agents in order to promote their business?"

The governor went on to talk of the changed order which brings in the new fashions of the western style, making a market for American shoes, American collars and neckties, American clothes, American tools and many of the accessories of western life. The general commission merchant should do as thriving a business as the capitalist in these regions where once the Persians and Greeks and Romans and Crusaders and Arabs fought historic battles.

Where Americans Blush For the Flag.  
Levantines are keener to see the advantages of trading out here as Americans than are Americans themselves. There have opened in this country some schemes which Americans resident in this part of the world



Type of Train Used on Bagdad Railway.

think call for vigorous investigation by the government. The flag is flying over enterprises which are not conducted in American fashion, and which bring into disrepute the good name of the nation.

Most conspicuous among these, and of especial interest to Americans just now, because of the shipping subsidy agitation is an "American Line" of steamers which run to Mediterranean ports, flying the American flag. It certainly looks good to an American to see the Stars and Stripes flying on the stern of a vessel of some kind—until he examines the kind of vessel and the story behind it. The American Line has a fleet of nearly a dozen ships, bearing names of states. I know most about the "New Jersey," for on her I made a never-to-be-repeated voyage across the Mediterranean.

As far as I can gather from various sources, the company which owns the ships nominally has the majority of its stock in the hands of a Greek merchant of Smyrna, who went to America and became a naturalized citizen, and returned here for the purpose of getting the advantages of American citizenship. He is the nominal chief stockholder in the American Line, in an ice company and a cinematograph show, and other enterprises that are opening under the American flag. American protection releases them from all obligations to the Turkish law. By reason of the capitulations in force here every American enterprise is free from Turkish supervision and an unscrupulous person or persons, as may readily be seen, can greatly abuse the rights of American citizenship.

What the Flag Covers.

In the case of this "American Line," which is a scandal throughout the Levant, the company ostensibly secured American registration about a year ago in order to escape the Turkish law whereby its ships could be used for the transport of troops. Critics say that this is the same company that previously ran the ships, but simply under another and an American name. They fly the flag over their offices and over the ships; but I venture to say that there are not five persons in the whole outfit who could tell whether Grover Cleveland was a brand of potato or the president of the United States.

They use the American shield on

the dress uniform of the ship's officers, but they have distorted it so that the blue field is larger than the red and white stripes and instead of having the field filled with stars, there appears upon it the white Greek cross. Most of the men in the company are Greeks and thus they are flying the Greek flag in defiance of all responsibility. They escape all the taxes that they would have to pay to the Turkish government nor are they subject to inspection by any Turkish official.

Cattle in Passengers' Places.

It would be well if they were. When I went aboard the "New Jersey" she was loaded with cargo and well down to the water line. Then there were later taken on 1,500 sheep and goats, lifted aboard in bunches by their hind legs, and thrown scrambling upon the decks. These were given the space that ordinarily goes to second class and deck passengers. They were crowded in so that there was not room to walk among them. Incidentally, they were not given food or water in the 36 hours that I knew them to be aboard. Thirty-one head of cattle were also driven on to the upper deck. A car load of melons were piled high among the life boats.

Over and beyond all these, sprawling wherever they could make a space, were two hundred deck passengers, chiefly pilgrims to Mecca whose prayers and pistols made them even more picturesque than the goats. I could not find a life preserver on the boat, though I searched. As for the life boats, some of them were occupied by the pilgrims who conducted their household arrangements therein.

Passengers on the Bridge.  
The advent of a first class passenger on this line was evidently unusual. Absolutely no space is provided on deck for first class passengers but I was invited to share the captain's bridge. It is no exaggeration to state that the filth on deck was from half an inch to two inches thick. On the bridge I was often left in undisputed possession, no officer being present. A horribly dirty Greek stood at the wheel.

I could not find any sign of captain's license, pilot's license or any other official papers on the boat. In the cabin there is a handsome ikon before which burns a light. Nobody on the boat speaks English, except one mate who appeared near the end of the voyage and was able to ask to have his picture taken.

And that is the "American Line." Its use of the flag could have been made possible only by some sort of official dereliction or connivance. The government cannot too quickly take

cognizance of this shameful condition; for, unless I am sadly mistaken, the Pilmsoll mark of the boat on which I rode was far under water and one of these fine days there will be a horrible accident to the world-wide shame of the American flag.

At this critical time there is danger that such abuses of the American name may injure the future of American capital even as the infamous American railway concession in China brought the nation into a disrepute there from which it has only late been recovering. America asks nothing of Turkey except opportunity to do legitimate business, and to be good neighbors. The American government should be at pains to see that all American representatives shall be worthy of the flag that they fly.

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Another Blow at the Novelist.

Is it well to marry the woman you rescue from drowning? The New York Evening Mail asks. The suit for divorce for "incompatibility of temperament," filed at Reno by a woman whom her husband had plucked from the sea at Asbury Park six years before, intimates that it is not well. But wherefore? The reasons are triple: (1) People do not like to live in constant presence of some one to whom they are under so heavy debt. (2) Lifelong content in double harness should rest on congenial temperaments, not on some romantic stunt. (3) Such marriages are usually between the summer man and the summer girl, and therefore do not envisage life's realities.

Then Pa Grew Reflective.

The Smiths had invited a guest to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually during the meal, looked over at him once more and said: "You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curts?" "Why, no," laughed the visitor. "Why do you ask that question?" "Because," blurted out Willie, confused by a pair of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa say you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eyes on the beef."

## Types of the Christian Life

By Dr. Hugh T. Kerr, Chicago

TEXT—Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.—John 11:5

Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. Jesus loved them all. Yet he loved each of them, Martha and Mary and Lazarus. Each of them has a place in his heart. Yet they are so different. Jesus does not ask for monotony, but variety in his kingdom. The kingdom of grace is like the kingdom of nature. No two varieties are alike. In my Father's house are many mansions. One family, but many members. One home, but many hearts.

That was the revelation of God's character in the Old Testament. He was the son of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob. How different they were. Abraham—the faithful, the consecrated, the pathfinder. Isaac—the lackadaisical, the indifferent, the father of an illustrious son, the son of an illustrious father. Jacob—the Jew-crafty and cunning, yet tender-hearted and visionary, and God was the father of each and yet loved them all.

The fault with us is we want religion to level human nature at a dead uniformity, and we think Christians should all be conformed to our type, forgetting that Christ is the universal type—so universal that we may all be unlike each other and yet all be like him. It is the fault that belongs to our education. We grind all our children through the same mill. Black and white, delicate and robust, brilliant and underbred, they must all submit to the same polishing process.

It is the fault of our church system, also. We want to level down the whole congregation to our own miserable level. We think Christ has conceived in us the true conception of the saint. There is the Sunday school type and the Christian Endeavor type and the prayer meeting type. There is the elder type and the trustee type. The W. C. T. U. type and the Y. M. C. A. type. The temperance type and the missionary type. There is the Presbyterian type and the Methodist and the Baptist type. The Mary and the Martha and the Lazarus type. But the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind, and all may be included in his embracing love.

Let us remember that Jesus loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Mary the passive, Martha the active, and Lazarus the patient. Mary—satisfied to be. Martha—to do. Lazarus—to do without. Mary—the waiter. Martha—the worker. Lazarus—the watcher. Mary content to sit. Martha content to serve. Lazarus content to suffer. And Jesus loved each and he loved all.

Jesus loved Martha. That is what the record says. The active, busy serving Christian Martha. She is in the majority today and is greatly in demand. Sometimes she is apt to think she is the only one whom the Lord loves. She has much Scripture to quote in favor of her disposition and she has the authority of great men who favor the strenuous life. What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."

Martha is everywhere respected and honored today because she does things. She is the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, the church services, the missionary society, the ladies' aid. She is cooking, praying, sewing, visiting, collecting for the kingdom of God, until when night comes she falls asleep too tired to say her prayers. And Jesus loved Martha. And we must love her too. A religion that finds its joy in service and in consecrated activity is apt to be a moral power. A religion that finds God nearer in moments of sentiment or musical ecstasy, instead of in moments of moral endeavor, is extremely dangerous. Jesus loved Martha.

Jesus loved Mary. Mary—the quiet, retiring sister who sat at his feet. Mary's claim to recognition came from being willing to wait upon his words. She is like the beautiful picture through which you look into the great far beyond. She is like whispering music singing comfort into troubled hearts.

In a world of sin and turmoil Mary sat in the confidence of a beautiful trust. She was like another beautiful girl upon whose tombstone her friends carved the words: "It was easier to be good when she was with us." That was Mary's tribute. "What interests the world in Mr. Gladstone," writes John Morley, "is even more what he was than what he did." What interests the world in Jesus is not so much his beautiful teaching as his more beautiful life.

It was a hard lesson for Elijah to learn. He was the child of the storm and the tempest. He lived in reformation and revolutions. "Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before Jehovah."

My dear friends, let us not take away from the boundless power the love of God. He loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus. All with their differences. And they all loved him. Mary sits at his feet. Martha hurries to supply his wants. And Lazarus is content to glorify him with his radiant resurrection glory. With all our differences and misunderstandings and selfishness we love him and each in turn is loved by him.

## SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."

—Mrs. DEBRA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.  
The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

**I Cure Dropsy of Any Kind Curable**  
Address DR. JOHN T. PATTERSON  
Dropsy Specialist  
18 Wadwell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Settled Them.  
"I've a sight o' sons—thirteen altogether," remarked a prosperous old farmer, "and all of 'em's done me credit save the three eldest, who sowed wild oats at a pretty rapid rate, and then came home and saddled my shoulders with the harvest."  
"Well, I own I was glad to see 'em back, and I feasted 'em, and petted 'em, and set 'em on their legs again, only to see 'em skedaddle off afresh when things had slowed down, with all the cash they could lay hands on. That thereabouts sickened me, so I falled the rest of 'em together and said:

"There's ten of you left, and if any of you 'ud like to follow I'other three I won't try to stop you. But, understand this, though there may be a few more prodigal sons, there'll be no more fatted calves. I've killed the last of 'em!"

"And," continued the old man, triumphantly, "I've had trouble w' none of 'em since!"

Exactly.  
Noting that another piece of valuable china has been broken. Senator Allen asked his housekeeper how the breakage occurred, and she hastily replied:  
"It fell down and just broke itself."

"Merely an automatic brake," quietly commented the senator.

Sensitive.  
"You don't like educated Indians!"  
"Oh, yes, I like them well enough, but I always feel a sense of shame when I meet one. He knows that my ancestors cheated his ancestors out of their land, and he knows that I know he knows it."

Extravagant.  
Ada—Cholly Saphedde was in a brown study the other day, and I offered him a penny for his thoughts.  
Edith—You spendthrift! You never did know the value of money!

**To The Last Mouthful**  
one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful  
**Post Toasties**  
with cream or stewed fruit—or both.  
Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.  
Try it!  
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Sold by Grocers  
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