

THE LANCASTER NEWS
 Lancaster, S. C.
 (SEMI-WEEKLY.)



"My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

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The News is not responsible for the
 views of Correspondents.

Short and rational articles on
 topics of general interest will be
 gladly received.

Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1917.

You've Met Him.

Beware the man who is half shot,
 He is a pest, by jing;
 For he can talk an awful lot
 And never say a thing.
 —Luke McLuke.

Beware the man with gobs of gall,
 The self-sufficient pup
 Who seems to think he knows it all,
 But doesn't know straight up,
 —Nebraska State Journal.

Beware the man who turns the knob
 And drifts into your den,
 And spoils an hour of your good
 time
 Ere he drifts out again.
 —Houston Post.

Beware the man who flatters you,
 Then slyly makes his drive,
 Dogon the scamp, it makes you blue,
 To know he got your five.

Negligence and waste are more
 harmful than crime.

While our soldiers train and
 fight, the men women and children
 at home must work and save to feed
 and clothe them.

While our boys face the enemy on
 the battle front every word that ex-
 presses doubt as to the righteousness
 of their cause is a bullet in the back.

It appears from a recent com-
 munication by Mrs. Annie Iredell
 Rembert, field secretary of the South
 Carolina Sanatorium and executive
 secretary of the South Carolina
 Anti-Tuberculosis Association, that
 plans are being perfected for the
 care and treatment of soldiers de-
 veloping tuberculosis in the camps.

The movement for the conserva-
 tion and steady marketing of food
 supplies may be greatly aided by
 the banks. Among other things Mr.
 Hoover, Food Administrator, recom-
 mends that banks encourage cat-
 tle raising by loans to cattle people
 at a rate of interest not to exceed 7
 per cent.

A press dispatch from London
 September 7, states that the Ger-
 mans on the day before made an air
 attack on American hospitals and
 that one officer of the medical corps
 was killed and three others wound-
 ed.

The Panama Canal, which was
 opened to traffic August 15, 1914,
 and has since been stopped several
 times by land slides, is now in fine
 shape and has not been interrupted
 in its traffic since September 7,
 1916.

The sentiment in favor of the
 government commandeering the
 neutral vessels now tied up in
 United States ports appears to be
 growing. High authorities in inter-
 national law, Mr. Frederic R. Cou-
 dert and Prof. Ellory C. Stowell,
 say that the legality of commandeering
 the first officers' training camp, at
 Fort Benjamin Harrison, will leave
 immediately.

ing these ships can not be question-
 ed. The advantage of taking over
 these ships would be great in the
 present shortage in transportation
 facilities, but of course due compen-
 sation would be rendered the neutral.

Geo. D. Brown, State Mill Super-
 visor, who is working to get more
 mill schools under the operation of
 the compulsory school law, in a let-
 ter to the mill presidents and su-
 perintendents, published in the Col-
 umbia Record of the 9th, makes
 the interesting statement that the
 mill operatives are heartily in favor
 of compulsory school attendance
 where they impose it upon them-
 selves and where there are adequate
 school facilities.

THE FUNNY PARAGRAPHER.

The stock in trade of the usual
 witty paragrapher largely consists in
 the use of the pun, and it is fash-
 ionable these days to decorate the first
 column with such wit.

South Carolina's greatest jurist,
 Chief Justice Henry McIver, despise
 a pun, unless it contained, as it
 rarely does, some sense or logic. He
 would have been greatly shocked if
 he had been asked such a silly ques-
 tion as, "What foolish guy put pa
 and ma in pajamas? Didn't he know
 that crowding them in would pro-
 duce a jam?"

It has been said of punning
 that it is the lowest form of wit.
 This is true, especially when the re-
 lation of ideas is very slight and in-
 significant, consisting merely of
 sound or spelling and involving no
 sense, sentiment or argument. For
 recent example in a prominent pa-
 per hits: "There is too much 'I' in
 LaFollette." Now since three "Is"
 do not make hell although two of
 them belong there, and since "Fol"
 comes mighty near but does not
 quite spell fool, o being nothing, the
 best to be done under all the cir-
 cumstances is to say "La! the folly
 in LaFollette, and "let" the end of
 it be."

The fact is, no matter how well
 the pun is meant the punishment is
 well deserved. Punny paragraphs
 are generally puny, rarely pun-
 gent and too often pungled. A pun
 without punto is punk.

We make not the slightest claim
 to the extraordinary genius requir-
 ed of the witty paragrapher and as
 the line is always busy we ring off.

**HAMPTON GOATS, EDGEFIELD
 TURKEYS AND AN AUTO-
 MOBILIST.**

Judge Ernest Moore, who has
 been recently holding court in
 Hampton county, tells of a peculiar
 kind of goat they have down there.
 They call it the stiff-legged goat.

Whenever these goats are start-
 led by a sudden noise, as the ex-
 plosion of a gun or the tooting of an
 automobile horn, they shiver a mo-
 ment, turn over on their backs and
 hold up their legs as if stiff in death.
 On one occasion an automobilist
 suddenly encountered a flock of
 these goats in the road and blew his
 horn to frighten them away, when
 suddenly the goats turned over
 about the machine with legs up
 stiff in the air. The automobilist
 shocked at the havoc he had
 wrought, drove up to the owner's
 house to settle the damage, and
 when he and the owner arrived on
 the scene to assess damages the
 goats had disappeared.

Jones said, this story is about
 equal to the story of Governor Shep-
 ard about Edgefield turkeys. Once
 a nephew visited an aunt in Edge-
 field and finding a good supply of
 brandy cherries stored in the closet
 of the room assigned to him, boun-
 tifully helped himself during the
 night to the delicious bounce, but
 not liking the cherries he threw
 them out of the window, and was
 soon dead asleep. The next morn-
 ing the busy aunt discovered her
 flock of turkeys lying stiff as death
 under the window of the young
 man's room. In order to save some-
 thing from the wreck of her flock,
 she had the turkeys carefully pick-
 ed and the bodies thrown over the

be the largest of the kind ever sent
 from the United States to France.

pasture fence. That evening the
 turkeys all came up, quarrelling and
 fighting among themselves, every
 gobble knowing that he was at
 home but regarding every other
 gobble as an utter stranger.

Lazenby said he had no knowl-
 edge as to the intemperate habits of
 turkeys as brandy cherries never had
 gone to waste at his house, and that
 Lancaster goats were not only lim-
 ber-legged, but would butt off the
 head light of an automobile, but he
 did know something of the prompt-
 ness and liberality of automobilists
 in settling damages when they do in-
 jury on the road. On one occasion
 an automobilist was spinning along
 the road by a woods when a dog
 came out of the woods and attempt-
 ed to cross in front of the fast mov-
 ing car, and was run over and killed.
 The autoist stopped a moment and
 just then a hunter came out of the
 woods with his gun in hand. The
 autoist promptly offered to pay
 damages. The hunter declined to
 receive any pay, but the autoist un-
 willing to be outdone in generosity,
 pulled out a ten dollar bill and be-
 gged the hunter to accept at least
 that much for the loss of his fine
 bird dog, which the hunter accepted
 smilingly. The autoist drove on
 happy in the thought that justice
 had been done, and the hunter went
 up to the dog and looking down at
 it said: "I wonder who owns that
 old houn' dog."

A TIME FOR WAR.

There is a time as now when war
 is necessary. The principle of good
 can not surrender to the principle of
 evil without a struggle. No people
 should delight in a war of selfish
 aggression, but a war against evil
 doers for justice, liberty and hu-
 manity, is righteous. War is the
 school master of erring nations.

"To everything there is a season
 and a time to every purpose under
 the heavens * * * a time to love and
 a time to hate; a time to war and
 a time of peace." Ec. 3:1-8.

"For there fell down many slain
 because the war was of God." 1
 Chron. 5:22.

"And there was war" in heaven:
 Michael and his angels fought
 against the dragon." Rev. 12:7.

"With good advice make war."
 Pro. 20:18.

"Scatter thou the people that de-
 light in war." Ps. 12:7.

"Though an host should encamp
 against me, my heart shall not fear;
 though war should rise against me
 in this will I be confident. Ps.
 27:3.

Plain Talk From Mr. Bryan.

"Before our nation enters a war
 it is perfectly proper to discuss the
 wisdom of going to war, but the dis-
 cussion is closed when congress
 acts. After that one should be
 permitted to cloak attacks upon this
 government or aid the enemy under
 the claim that he is exercising free-
 dom of speech.

"No sympathy, therefore, will be
 wasted upon those who have been
 arrested for unpatriotic utterances.
 They abuse free speech, and this ap-
 plies to attacks upon the allies as
 well as to attacks upon the United
 States. We can no more allow our
 allies to be crushed than we can af-
 ford to be crushed ourselves. The
 defeat of our allies would throw the
 whole burden of the war upon us.
 We must stand together and fight it
 through. There are only two sides
 to a war. Every American must be
 on the side of the United States."

Since we entered the war no
 words have better expressed the first
 duty of an American citizen than
 those which are quoted from an ar-
 ticle in The Commoner written by
 William J. Bryan. Creditable to his
 political vision, his common sense
 and his patriotism, they may furnish
 light to some doubting souls bewil-
 dered by mocking voices and trait-
 orous suggestions of sedition.—New
 York World.

The Polish question is also to be dis-
 cussed during his visit, it is stated.

LIES NAILED.

We sometimes hear it stated that
 this is the rich man's war and the
 poor man's fight. Here is what
 Senator John Sharp Williams says
 about it:

"A Senator wants to persuade us
 that it is the rich man's war and the
 poor man's fight. I heard all that
 gammon and demogogy in the South
 after the Civil War. It was a lie
 then as it is now. I am getting very
 tired of somebody saying it is a
 Wall Street war. It is a lie. Wall
 Street and the money power of the
 capitalists did not sink the Lusitania
 and send to the judgment of
 God those men, women and children
 unshriven. Wall Street did not sink
 the Arabic. Wall Street did not
 sink the Sussex. Wall Street did not
 sink the Algonquin with the Ameri-
 can flag on her main staff."

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Mr. F. B. Fishburne of Columbia,
 is declared to be the champion of the
 South as a checker player. Mr.
 Fishburne is not only a great
 checker player but he is also a very
 clever gentleman. Now if Mr. Fish-
 burne would turn some of his com-
 bination facilities to chess, the
 greatest of all games, he would no
 doubt soon rank as a master. It is
 a mystery to us why Mr. Fishburne
 prefers the simple game of checkers
 to the royal game of chess. For
 fascination, beauty, variety and in-
 tricacy of play and combination
 chess has no equal. But the trouble
 is both checkers and chess kill a lot
 of useful time because of their fas-
 cination to devotees. However, "all
 work and no play makes Jack a
 dull boy."

The Two Mirages.

For nearly three years two men
 companions in the Arctic, argued
 as to whether the Germans had taken
 Paris. Meanwhile they had de-
 termined to what will be the satisfac-
 tion of the world the fact that
 there is no Crocker Land; that in-
 stead of a great country of green
 hills northwest of Cape Thomas
 Hubbard there is only polar ice—
 and illusion. The layers of air at
 various densities played upon the
 magic light of the north, long de-
 ceived the MacMillan party, just as
 they had fooled the great admiral
 who first saw this vapor continent.
 The two great mockeries fade to-
 gether. "Finally," says a man
 from the Arctic, telling of the end
 of nature's phantasm, "when the
 sun shifted it was no longer there."
 So, beneath the sun of civilization,
 the kultur land with which the
 phantasm makers of Prussia deli-
 ghted and deceived their people
 passes from sight. It is no longer
 there and in its place is the barren
 waste of poverty and death and
 shame.

ADVICE WORTH WHILE.

Save when you are young to spend
 while you are old.
 Do not marry until you are able
 to support a wife.
 Keep yourself innocent if you
 would be happy.
 Keep good company or none.
 If your hands can not be usefully
 employed, attend to the cultivation
 of your mind.
 Always speak the truth.
 Make few promises and keep
 them.
 Live up to your engagements.
 Keep your own secrets if you have
 any.
 When you speak to a person look
 him in the face.
 Good company and good conver-
 sation are the very sinews of virtue.
 Your character can not be essen-
 tially injured except by your own
 acts.
 If any one speaks evil of you, let
 your life be such that none will be-
 lieve him.
 Ever live (misfortune excepted)
 within your income.
 Make no haste to be rich if you
 would prosper.
 Small and steady gains give com-
 petency and tranquility of mind.
 Don't borrow trouble.
 Never borrow anything if you can
 possibly avoid it.
 Earn money before you spend it.
 Avoid temptation through fear
 you may not withstand it.
 Never play at any game of chance.
 Do not run into debt unless you
 see plainly a way to get out again.
 Speak evil of no one.
 Be just before you are generous.
 —Exchange.

The First National Bank

We want your banking business, no mat-
 ter how small. We are prepared to extend
 you every accommodation consistent with
 sound banking. Should you wish to send
 money out of town, we will attend to it for
 you. We furnish you storage in our fire-
 proof vault, absolutely free of charge, for
 your valuable papers.

We also have a writing desk equipped
 with writing material and stationery espe-
 cially set apart in our banking room for our
 customers.

Deposit your savings with us and pay all
 your bills by check, thereby having a re-
 ceipt for all money paid. We do the book-
 keeping for you.

We accept your checks on outside points
 on deposit without charge.

We pay you four per cent interest on
 Certificates of Deposit, compounded quar-
 terly.

The First National Bank

LANCASTER, S. C.
 CHAS. D. JONES, President.
 E. M. CROXTON, V. Pres. and Cashier.

ECONOMY IN BALING COTTON

Charlotte Observer.

The war seems to be doing for
 cotton what newspaper discussion
 for many years in the past has failed
 to do. It is bringing about a reform
 in the manner of packing the bales
 and in preventing waste. Economy
 in freights is another factor
 that is aiding the reform, which is
 taking the direction of the smaller
 and more tightly packed bale. The
 pressure and the argument is com-
 ing out of New England, as is learn-
 ed through the Boston correspond-
 ence of The Philadelphia Public
 Ledger, which we find quoted in The
 Charleston News and Courier. The
 contention is that American cotton
 should be baled as tightly as is the
 cotton from other lands. It is stat-
 ed in the correspondence quoted
 that a bale of American cotton oc-
 cupies nearly twice as much space as
 a bale of Egyptian cotton of the
 same weight and fully three times
 as much as a bale of Chinese cotton.
 It is figured that proper compress-
 ing of American cotton would bring
 about a saving of not less than 15-
 000 freight cars in the handling of
 cotton in the United States. It is
 further figured that "if the plan of
 economizing tonnage by increasing
 the density of the American cot-
 ton bale could be put into operation
 in a few months, based upon annual
 exports of only six million bales, it
 would result in a saving of not less
 than one million dead-weight tons
 a year of shipping."

The significant statement is made
 that this "is nearly a third as much
 tonnage as the shipping board hopes
 to be able to construct in the next
 18 months. The calculations is that
 it would render available for use
 for other purposes from 15 to 20
 ships at 5,000 dead weight tons
 each." A dead weight ton is worth
 \$200, so it is argued, these ships
 would be worth a sum far in excess
 of that needed to re-equip sufficient
 compresses at important points in
 the South that handle cotton desti-
 ned for foreign countries. The News
 and Courier itself argues that it is
 obviously to the advantage of the
 South that cotton shall be handled
 in a manner which would illustrate
 a proper recognition of its value. If
 the present method of packing cot-
 ton renders the cost of transporta-
 tion excessive the South can be sure
 that in the long run it is playing
 this additional freight. Opinion in
 the North seems to be strong that
 with the proper effort headway in
 the reform of baling cotton can be
 made in the near future. It is to
 the interest of the South to aid in
 this undertaking. Even more than
 the manufacturers the cotton grow-
 er stands to profit from any reform
 which will render easier and cheap-
 er the cost of transporting cotton or
 warehousing it until it can be mark-
 eted to advantage.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

God give us men! a time like this de-
 mands

Strong minds, great hearts, true
 faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does
 not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office can-
 not buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a
 will;
 Men who have honor; men who
 will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a dema-
 gogue
 And damn his treacherous flatter-
 ies without winking;
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live
 above the fog
 In public duty and in private think-
 ing.
 For while the rabble with their
 thudworn creeds,
 Their large professions and their lit-
 tle deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom
 weeps,
 Wrong rules the land and waiting
 Justice sleeps.
 —J. G. Holland.

THE ROOKIE.

(By William Herschell.)

He was just a long, lean country
 gink,
 From away out West where the hop-
 toads wink;
 He was six feet two in his stockin'
 feet,
 But he kep' gettin' thinner the more
 he'd eat.
 Yet he was as brave as he was thin;
 When the war broke out he got right
 in.
 Unhitched the plow, put the mule
 away,
 An' then the old folks heard him
 say:

Refrain.

Good-by ma! Good-by paw!
 Good-by mule, with yer old he-haw!
 I may not know what the war's
 about
 But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find
 out!
 An' O, my sweetheart, don't you
 fear,
 I'll bring you a king for a souvenir!
 I'll get you a Turk, an' a kaiser, too.
 An' that's about all one feller could
 do.

One pair of socks was his only load.
 When he struck fer town by the old
 dirt road,
 He went right down to the public
 square
 An' fell in line with the soldiers
 tere.
 The sergeant put him in a uniform,
 His gal knit mits fer to keep him
 warm.
 They drilled him late, they drilled
 him lon;
 Then he marched away to his fare-
 well song:
 (Refrain.)