

THE LANCASTER NEWS

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(SEMI-WEEKLY.)



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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, Oct. 23, 1917.

So long as there's yams there's
hope.

The idea is if you think to take
two lumps of sugar, take only one.

This is an age of inventions.
Think of it—George Washington
never saw a ukelele.

At the same time the Kaiser
doesn't believe all he says about
dominating the world.

The reduction in the price of
beans has a kind of uneasy effect
upon the people who board out.

Well a shortage of candy might
enable the fellow who usually takes
a dollar box along to buy a Liberty
Bond.

Of course, we live in an age of
haste but that doesn't justify forty
miles an hour where the limit is
fifteen.

Good roads are an indication of
thrift, economy, success, prosperity,
content, happiness and many other
good things.

That Gaffney snake should be
watched. There could be nothing so
disastrous as to be bitten by a snake
right after the fair.

"Is the hunting of a still a still-
hunt?" asks the Columbia State.
Usually in the mountains of Virginia
you can hear the gun-fire.

President Wilson is having his
picture painted. If he can look
pleasant under the circumstances it
ought to be some encouragement to
the rest of us.

There are left but four more days
in which to buy your Liberty Bonds.
Time waits for no man and before
you know it will have passed. Go
now to your banker.

Of course, colors don't count for
anything but the marriage of Her-
bert Greene and Miss Della Redd
with Henry Black as witness at
Greensburg, Ind., is interesting.

According to the definition of
soda fountain drinks in a speech by
a prominent government official as
"sweetened wind," there will be lit-
tle left if they leave out the sugar.

The News and Courier objects to
hearing the term "Lieutenant-Colo-
nel So-and-So is now a full colonel,"
and says it doesn't sound nice, but
our barber remarks that it sounds
just like old times.

Old Doc Cook come to the front
again the other day when a plot to
assassinate him was unearthed. A
man who can get advertising like
that is worthy of the northpole and,

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS.

They have funny politics up in
Virginia. Mixed in it is a little re-
ligion, a little prohibition, and they
all take a hand. Recently a demo-
cratic primary was held in which
Westmoreland Davis came out vic-
tor in a three-cornered fight for
gubernatorial honors, and the two
candidates, who were admittedly
"dry," were defeated. It was a big
and interesting fight. Attorney-
General Pollard and Lieutenant-
Governor Ellyson were the defeated
candidates. Pollard was consistent-
ly dry; Ellyson was charged by Pol-
lard with having encouraged votes
against prohibition in the Virginia
capital many years ago, and Davis,
who won the battle, was shown to
have resigned the presidency of
some farmers' organization that he
might lend his efforts to the fight
against prohibition, and that his
picture was printed on circulars
written by himself and circulated
by the whiskey people. That was
in the campaign for state-wide pro-
hibition in 1914.

The primary was held the past
August. A lot of people thought the
fight was between Mr. Pollard and
Mr. Ellyson; others thought it was
between Mr. Ellyson and Mr. Davis.
There were the usual joint debates,
warm times, affidavits, et cetera.
But when the votes were counted,
Davis walked away with the nomi-
nation.

Just before the primary, a Rich-
mond minister made some remarks
about Mr. Davis that were calculated
to excite the average man, but Mr.
Davis was big enough to ignore
them, and the incident made votes
for him. A state paper, established
to encourage state-wide prohibition,
and semi-religious in its nature, the
president of the state anti-saloon
league, who controls the paper, and
others prominent in prohibition
work, came out strong for Ellyson
and asked Pollard to withdraw. In
the meantime, Mr. Davis sawed
wood, and the upshot of the scrap-
ping in the family was that Mr.
Davis was elected.

Now, one Mr. C. H. Shipman,
from Mr. Davis' home town of Lees-
burg, made the statement the other
day that "certain Virginia ministers
would not support Westmoreland
Davis for governor." Mr. Shipman,
according to the Richmond and Nor-
folk papers, founds his statement on
information given him by Rev. David
Hepburn, assistant superintendent
of the Virginia anti-saloon league.
The Leesburg man says that the as-
sistant superintendent told him that
certain pastors of Norfolk churches
had "had a conference at which
time it was stated that they did not
intend to throw away the work they
had already done in the interest of
prohibition, but were going to co-
operate in supporting the Republi-
can nominee for governor."

Mr. Westmoreland Davis, howev-
er, is likely to be the next governor
of Virginia, and if all signs fail not,
he will make a good one. While the
campaign progressed he made no
promises. He has neither friends to
reward or enemies to punish, and he
will take the reigns of the govern-
ment with his hands absolutely
untied.

Prohibition in Virginia has either
gotten into politics or politics has
gotten into prohibition. It's a funny
thing, these politics, but it's another
thing that was ever thus and will
ever be thusly. It really looks as if
the prohibition people are going to
have a party of their own and that
they're going to "rule or ruin."

Mrs. B. B. Valentine, a leading
suffrage advocate in Virginia, made
the statement in a speech we heard
that people say politics is too dirty
for women, but that she didn't be-
lieve it was dirty, and if so, the wo-
men were going to clean it up. If
that's the program Heaven speed the
day when the women are given the
ballot.

Man expects little here below and

WHERE JACKSON WAS BORN.

The State attributes the claim of
North Carolina as the birthplace of
President Jackson to the "speed
mania," the "slip of a speeding type-
writer," as 'twere, and reproduces
from the Observer "this evidence of a
penitent heart:"
"As a matter of course The Ob-
server gave Mecklenburg county a
little too much credit as the birth-
place of United States presidents,
James K. Polk was born in Meck-
lenburg and Andrew Jackson in the
adjoining county of Union. We are
in a hurry to make correction of this
slip—a slip due to typewriter speed-
ing—before the Monroe Journal and
the Monroe Enquirer have a chance
to take a whack at us. We are go-
ing to divide honors fairly with Un-
ion. She had a big enough fight be-
fore finally establishing her claim
and it was far from the intention of
The Observer to rob her of any share
of her great honor. Besides, one
resident to the county is enough,
anyway."

And, in that, the State gets the
explanation of the series of mistakes
whereby the claim has been set up
that President Jackson was born in
the Tar Heel State. The State says:
"Reading between the lines quot-
ed one can discern a deep yearning
to attribute to the ungovernable
speeding of the Tar Heel typewriter
the long series of mistakes whereby
North Carolina has been claimed as
the birthplace of President Jackson.
In the present savage state of the
North Carolina mind, it is too much
to ask The Observer to abandon in
so many words the strange preten-
sions so long set up by its consti-
tuents but the admission that type-
writer speeding is a North Carolina
affliction (we have never heard of
it elsewhere) is sufficient to account
for them.

"Typewriter speeding explains
everything in North Carolina."
It wasn't typewriter speeding
that did it. When the statement
was written, somebody had been
monkeying with the keyboard, and
the typewriter spelled it all out
wrong.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t'
make it home.
A heap o' sun and shadder, an' you
sometimes have t' roam
Afore you really 'preciate the things
yer lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with
'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any difference how
rich yer get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost,
How great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' yer, though it be the
palace of a king.
Until somehow yer soul is sort o'
wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy
or get up in a minute.
Afore it's home there's got t' be a
heap o' livin' in it;
Within the walls there's got t' be
some babies born, an' then
Right there you've got t' bring 'em
up t' women good an' men;
An' grajarily as time goes on, yer
find yer wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—
they're grown into yer heart;
The old high chairs, the playthings,
too, the little shoes they wore
Yer board; an' if yer could ye'd keep
th' thumb marks on th' door.
Ye've got t' make it home, ye've got
t' sit an' sigh
An' watch beside a loved one's bed,
an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t'
see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled
an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the
heart, an' when yer tears are
dried,
Yer find the home is dearer than it
was an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' allus at yer are the
pleasant memories
Of her that was and is no more—ye
can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years,
ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love th' things ye have
by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch
must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' you, sug-
gestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, and
trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would
get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got to love each brick and
stone frum cellar up t' dome;
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t'
make it home.
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Wounded at the Front.
"This is very limping verse," said
the editor.
"Yes," replied the poet; "you
will observe its about the wounded
in the present war."—Boston Trans-
cript.

Cross Currents.
(From Judge.)
"How long after you were married
before your wife spoke crossly to
you?"
"She yelled at me the minute I
stepped on the train."
"My goodness! What for?"
"Well, you see, I tore off about
four yards of it."

Getting Back.
(Exchange.)
Willie, your master's report of
your work is very bad. Do you
know that when Woodrow Wilson
was your age he was head of the
school?
"Yes, pa; and when he was your
age he was President of the United
States."

The Worm Turned.
(Life.)
Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded
her husband that she owned the sil-
ver, that she owned the furniture,
and so on, until poor Smith almost
wished he had married a poor girl.
The other night Mrs. Smith awoke
to hear strange noises in the lower
part of the house, and, vigorously
punching her husband in the ribs,
called:
"John, get up! There are burglars
in the house."
"Eh?" inquired Mr. Smith sleep-
ily.
"Burglars! Downstairs!" howled
Mrs. Smith.
"Burglars?" said Smith as he
turned over, "well, I don't own any-
thing."

Buncoed.
(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
First Farmer—"Say, Zeke, who
wuz that feller doin' all that laugh-
in 'cause you bought a gold brick?"
Second Farmer—"He's the city
galoot that thinks he is gittin' health-
y on the Sulphur Spring water
that he's buyin' a barrel at a lick
from my mill-pond."

BACK-FIRES.
The Popular Way.
(Spartanburg Journal.)
Our friend Craven over in Lan-
caster says something about ad-
dressing the "Old Man" of the Gaf-
ney Ledger as Mr. DeCamp. Even
Ed himself would not know what
party was mentioned if he should
be prefixed with Mister.

To Be Naturalized.
(Columbia State.)
The reports about George B. Cra-
ven, imported from Virginia and
born in North Carolina, freshly in-
stalled editor of the Lancaster News,
are so favorable that the South
Carolina Press Association will natu-
ralize him on sight.

Wrong again. What this paper
said was that "according jointly to
the Charlotte Observer and Charle-
ston Post" Andrew Jackson was born
in both States.

It Was a Special Occasion.
(Spartanburg Journal.)
The Lancaster News has a new
editor and while the announcement
of his arrival doesn't say so we pre-
sume that he reached his new home
by the horse and buggy route since
trains run over there only on special
occasions.

'Twas Ever Thus.
(Greenville Piedmont.)
Our friend Craven over in Lan-
caster says something about ad-
dressing the "Old Man" of the Gaf-
ney Ledger as Mr. DeCamp. Even
Ed himself would not know what
party was mentioned if he should
be prefixed with Mister.—Spartan-
burg Journal. Of course not. Who
ever heard of Mr. Julius Caesar, or
Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, or Mr.
William Shakespeare, or Mr. George
Washington? "Mister" is never
tacked on to the truly great like
that royal nonesuch, Ed DeCamp.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Akin to the Devil.
(Greensboro News.)
That governess who put anthrax
germs on Red Cross bandages is
more akin to the devil than she is to
Mother Eve.

Styles Change So.
(Charlotte News.)
Godiva took another ride through
the streets dressed the same way.
But nobody noticed her.

It Makes a Difference.
(Richmond, Times-Dispatch.)
Out West they are having beefless
days in the dining cars. Nobody
cares, so long as they do not have
them in the cattle cars.

Wierse and Worse.
(Rock Hill Record.)
The Record is mighty glad to see
that the Federal Court has convicted
that seditious writer on the Charle-
ston American, one Wierse by name.
He was given a fine of \$1,000 and
costs and two years in the Federal
prison at Atlanta—not any more
than he deserved. Indeed, death at
the hands of a firing squad would be
the proper dose for such men who
are trying to stir up sedition in this
country. There are plenty more
like this fellow Wierse, and we are
confident that the long arm of the
government will gather them in.
That fellow Beard of the Abbeville
Scimitar is the next one on the pro-
gram. The government has him and
he will get what is coming to him.

The Farmer and the Loan.
(Charleston News and Courier.)
The Liberty Loan figures which
have been published for South Caro-
lina indicate that thus far practically

all of the subscriptions have come
from persons who live in the towns
and cities.
This, of course, is easily under-
stood. The average farmer in South
Carolina knows absolutely nothing
about buying bonds and it has prob-
ably never occurred to a majority of
them that something was expected
of them personally in this business.
The farmers of South Carolina are
today its most prosperous citizens.
There are thousands of them who
can buy one or more Liberty Bonds
without feeling it.
If they do not do so it will be
from failure to understand the situ-
ation. The South Carolina farmer
has never been lacking in patriotism.
Let him understand today that Uncle
Sam needs his money and wants to
borrow it to buy guns and am-
munition and equipment for the sol-
diers and Uncle Sam can get it.

Not All That Way.
(Yorkville Enquirer.)
The Greenville Piedmont tells an-
other good story of the taking down
of a snob. A lady who had moved
to the city from another State sev-
eral years before, met a newly ar-
rived officer from her own town and
invited him to come and dine with
her at a time when she would have
several other "soldier guests." When
in reply to his question she told him
that the other guests were privates,
he asked her if it would not suit as
well for him to come some other
time, when there would be no priv-
ates present. Her reply was that
it would not suit her to entertain
him until he learned sense enough to
associate with his equals in a demo-
cratic country. The Piedmont
quotes Gen. Morrison as denouncing
as a cad any officer who undertakes
to set up caste distinctions in social
matters, and most heartily do we
agree with Gen. Morrison.

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AT POLIAKOFF'S

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OUR CLOTHING LINE IS LARGER THAN EVER.
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Men's Cashmere and Kersey Suits at \$8.49
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\$8.50.
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Sizes 6 to 20, price \$1.98, \$3.98, \$4.98
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patent leather at \$1.98, \$2.98, \$3.98 up to \$6.50.
Boys' and Children's Shoes, all sizes.

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Fine Poplin Cloth at 25c Yard and Up
Good Serge, black and blue at 49c, 75c and up to \$1.25
Outings, Dark and Light Colors.
Dress and Apron Gingham at 10c, 15c and up
Fancy Silks at 98c and \$1.50
Good Plaids at 10c, 15 and up
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All Wool Serge and Poplin Skirts at \$2.98, \$3.98 up
to \$6.50.
Ladies' Suits, Serge and Poplin at \$8.50, \$12.50 and up
to \$18.00.
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Ladies' Waists 69c, 98c up to \$1.98.
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at \$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.98, \$3.98, \$4.98 up to \$18.50.
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98c, \$1.49, \$2.98, \$3.98 up to \$6.50.

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