

In the Name of God We Will Set Up Our Banners.

Thoughts of the Re-union.

Along the Pennsylvania avenue, where marched the armies of Grant and Sherman in 1865, what is left of the army of Lee and the Confederacy paraded to-day. It was the parade of the first Confederate re-union held north of the Potomac, and the first time the Union Veterans ever marched with the men they fought fifty odd years ago. Somehow I felt that Lee, Longstreet and Jackson, looked down in benediction upon the scenes in the streets of the National Capitol to-day, and that the ghosts of Kershaw, Forrest, Stewart and Pickett were with their old comrades. And so it is well that veterans of the Blue marched with veterans of the Gray. If reunions are held it is to revive memories, to strengthen comradeship, to answer roll calls that grow shorter each year. It was a thrilling contrast, in line this morning, of now and fifty years ago; enfeebled men, some of them on their last march; the bands played the old tunes and the new. How the music stirred me and those about me! How it quickened the footsteps of aged men who passed in review. How memories crowded one upon the other and marched us out of the present into the long ago.

Again I saw Pickett charge up the rocky sides of Gettysburg; I pictured Stonewall Jackson as he fell that bloody night at Chancellorsville; and Longstreet, as he fell from his horse badly wounded at the Wilderness; and Lee's farewell address to his broken army at Appomattox. One might see Stewart and Forrest as they led their courageous cavalymen into charges that no latter-day warriors will ever excel. Longstreet, Gordon, Bee, and Bartow, Sidney Johnson, Hill and Hampton and Butler—they all marched before us as though they were in life to-day.

No southern city could have given the survivors of the Confederate armies a more touching greeting than they received to-day. The flag of the United States fluttered beside the "Stars and Bars" and told the story of what was and what is—one flag, one country, one people that's all. But above all, bringing a lump into the throat and a queer tingle into the body, were the airs that the bands played. "The Stars and Stripes Forever," with its plea to laggard feet, "Swanee River," with its call to sentimental thoughts; "Old Black Joe," bringing memories of "darkies" and ante-bellum days; "My Old Kentucky Home," with its dreams of content; "Carry me Back to Ole Virginia," forcing pictures of Bull Run, Manassas, Petersburg and Richmond; "The Girl I Left Behind," one of the camp-fire songs of the 60's; "Maryland, My Maryland," with its martial swing; and "Dixie"—"Dixie" under the spell of which men went bravely to their death and died with a blessing on their lips more than half a century ago.

Happy to Hear Dixie. The "Old Confeds" swelled happily from the ranks to-day when "Dixie" was played—because, no matter at what point along the avenue it was heard, the throngs on the sidewalks cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and heartbeats were faster. Yes, Washington gave us a warm reception. No organization received greater applause, none deserved more.

Here was the contrast of which I have written—the indissoluble link of love for country and a cause whatever that cause be, that ties together American hearts, and that reaches out across the years in the hand-shake of understanding. When Lincoln was asked how he would regard the prodigal south after the war he said: "I shall treat them just as though they had never been away." That is the way the government of to-day and the Capitol of our country treated us at this re-union. So the vision comes again, and somehow I feel that Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan and Meade looked down approvingly to-day from the land of the last roll call, and with them, bearing through the blue and gray of heaven, Lee and Jackson and Pickett and Longstreet—and others who led us on in the "sixties," joined in the benediction of their former foes. And now, as it is all over, and the handiwork of Providence has been revealed in the passing of years, and while war is upon the young men of this generation, I am glad that we came to Washington in 1917 instead of when we battled for the Capitol of this government a half century ago. Many things that I witnessed were both touching and amusing. "The Lone Star Band" that came from Texas had a stuffed rabbit, hung high on a pole, as their mascot; and as they marched along where President Wilson stood, a Confederate and a federal veteran, one from Texas and the other from Maine, marched side-by-side, each holding their old battle-flags, full

of bullet holes, the "Stars and Stripes," and the "Stars and Bars," and as they reached the President's stand at the peace movement, they dipped their flags together and proclaimed with a loud voice, saying, "We are wearing the two flags together, President Wilson. It is now, 'One God, one flag, one country, and one people.' Together let us sweetly live, together let us die." That was the grandest sentiment that I heard while in Washington; and I could see that the President was deeply moved. We will go to France or anywhere you want to send us." This became a favorite cry. "Call on us if the boys can't do it." One other thing that attracted the President's attention, was an old Confed from Texas, with a white piece of cloth and carried it as though it was a flag, with this inscription in large red letters: "Damn a man who ain't fer his country right or wrong."

J. Russell Wright.
Seneca, S. C.

Where Does Music Come In?

Thousands of music workers in the United States are finding their heads filled with many entirely new thoughts and speculations as to what relation their life-work may have with the astounding world war which is eclipsing all other human interests. What is my job—my bit? Where does music come in? Am I playing the part of a weakling or am I really doing a great and noble service in this era of cosmic crisis? Grave and important questions, these—deserving serious consideration.

It is a significant thing that the immortal leaders of men, even those who have had no practical knowledge of music, have been firm in the conviction that the power of music is so deep, so vital, so human, so necessary, that nothing can take its place. There are fine pictures of John Milton and Oliver Cromwell. Sometime when you are in Washington go to the Corcoran Gallery and see the original. Here is England's famous warlord of other days listening to England's great epic poet, Milton, who was an enthusiastic musician. Britain's man of iron, sword in hand, listens to the playing of Milton with the same seriousness with which he might have led his troops into battle. Cromwell believed firmly in the importance of music as did Napoleon, Bismark and Gladstone. He went out of his way to show his appreciation of it. The Hon. Arthur Balfour, late on a great mission to this country, is an experienced and accomplished musician who spends much of his spare time at the art. It would be easy to make a list of a dozen of our strongest American business men who have not merely given fortunes to music but who give their valuable time to the practice of the art because they find in the power of music something so uplifting, so ennobling, so invigorating, so refreshing, that nothing can take its place.

The sun has long since gone down on the day when the man of affairs looked upon music as an effeminate pastime worthy only of sickly boarding-school girls. Charles Schwab, Andrew Carnegie, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Henry H. Flagler, Col. Henry Higginson and other men whose fortunes total hundreds of millions are never too busy to keep them from getting a little music into their daily lives.

Do away with music, flowers, poetry, color, design and we would find ourselves living in a miserable prison from which only death would give us a welcome liberation. Music is one of the great things which make life worth while. Yesterday the "man in the street" thought it immaterial, ephemeral, a toy of the idle. Now it is known to be one of the invaluable elements of existence.

So, in this day, when all civilization is on the vortex of the pit of fire, blood, steel and death, music is one of the things which help us in keeping our soul equilibrium. We must have it and we must have it in unstinted measure, whether it be the music of the harmonica in the trenches or the music of the grand symphony orchestra in the concert hall.

Lord Derby, whose name will be immortally associated with enlistments in England, has come out in the strongest terms advocating the need for entertainments and amusements of all kinds in war times to offset the sin of pessimism. Music is now being looked upon by all the warring countries in Europe as the torch of a newer and higher liberty, freeing the souls of men from the greatest grief which has ever come to the human race.—The Etude.

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IS THIS "YOUNG MAN'S AGE?"

Golden Period of Achievement Comes When Man Is Well Past Forty Years of Age, It Is Claimed.

"Our times are frequently called the age of the young men. But when one looks back to the revolutionary era of our country, from 1775 to 1825, and considers the striking youthfulness of the leaders of America the appellation does not appear exactly to fit," said a New York man in a recent interview. "Nor do the men now in their twenties and thirties push the men of the forties and fifties hard enough to prove that this is pre-eminently the young man's age. Unless men of forty are considered young, this scarcely is a young man's age."

"The youngsters under thirty receive an undue degree of attention from the professions and business. A notion prevails that the latest graduate from college, technical school or university is more desirable than the man who has had post-graduate courses in life's college of experience. Best sellers, movies and magazine articles about business foster the notion. Consequently, a distressingly large number of men from twenty-five to thirty expect to be the bosses of big businesses or corresponding professions or technical vocations by the time they are thirty-five."

"Many will, if they work hard and prove to possess capacity, occupy positions of responsibility. But scarcely at thirty-five. The golden age of achievement really comes in most cases 15 years later. In fact, the present age is the age of the mature man. In literature the success today is not the man of thirty. Irvin Cobb would almost universally be considered a success in literature, but Cobb is forty-one and has not reached the fullness of his power. George Ade is fifty-one, Tarkington forty-eight, Frank Cobb, a chief writer of editorial, forty-eight. The success achieved through development of talent, hard work and sacrifice is reserved for the mature."

SEA MOSS MAKES GOOD FOOD

Made Into "Laver Bread," It Is Found on Sale in All Welsh Markets Near the Coast.

The sea moss on the Irish coast, called by some "sloak," is really laver. In Ireland it is called "Sloucaun" (with the "c" hard), and "Slouc" for brevity. In Ireland, as in England, it is prepared by washing, to get rid of sand, etc., and then boiling.

When boiled, a little butter or bacon fat is added and a dash of lemon juice completes the preparation. It is eaten with fish, and by some with mutton instead of jelly.

In Wales a great deal of laver is used, mostly in the form of "laver bread," says the London Chronicle. The boiled laver is mixed with a proportion of oatmeal and shaped into round cakes.

"Laver bread," or "lava bread," as it seems to be pronounced, is on sale in all the Welsh markets anywhere conveniently near the coast.

Good Night.

There are two brothers in Indianapolis whose names are not John and Richard Jones, but might be. Richard owns a grocery store and his telephone listing follows directly under the listing of John's residence. This conversation took place the other day between Mrs. John Jones and a voice on the wire:
"Hello, is this Jones?"
"Yes."
"Have you got any soap?"
"Why, yes, I guess I've got a little. Why?"
"Why, I want to buy some. What do you think?"
"I've only got one cake. Who is this, anyway?"
"Isn't this Jones' grocery?"
"No."
"Good night!"—Indianapolis News.

New Use for Motorcycles.

That new uses for motorcycles are still being discovered is shown by the fact that a Californian with a big lawn to care for drives his mower with the aid of his powered cycle. After several unsuccessful attempts he devised satisfactory means of attaching the grass cutter to the front forks of his machine, and now he asserts that he can trim the lawn in about one-tenth the time formerly required. The only consideration that limits his speed apparently is the fact that the mower must be oiled frequently.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Discontent.

A certain discontent with the immediate job is one of the most common of human failings. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of us are conscious of it at intervals, or more or less continuously. There are times, and with some it is practically all the time, when we would like to do something else, be something else or be somewhere else. The grass on the other side of the road looks greener; the other fellow's job looks easier and more desirable.—Providence Journal.

Making Fire With Ice.

Take a smooth, clear, curving piece of ice, one not too thick, and hold it in the rays of the sun so that it will bring the light to a sharp focus just as will a lens in a reading glass. The ice will not last long enough to burn a piece of paper, but if the focus rests on a speck of gun cotton it will cause combustion and a flame will result. Arctic explorers have built fires often with this expedient when matches were absent and flint and rock not handy.

Now that the Red Cross and the Liberty Bonds Plans

have been carried out it is up to us to help Hoover with his plans for conservation of our food.

We have just received an assortment of Enamel Ware that is a delight to the housekeeper's eye, and are going at moderate prices.

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Mrs. McAlister, of Greenville, Makes Interesting Statement—Daughter Aided Much.

TROUBLES GONE, HER DAUGHTER "IS BACK AT WORK NOW," SHE SAYS.

"Tanlac is a good medicine, and I am glad to say I think it as good or better than any other remedy I have ever used," declared Mrs. J. T. McAlister, of No. 9 Bryant St., Brandon, Greenville, in a statement she gave June 2nd. "My daughter took Tanlac because she was suffering from a badly weakened condition, and she was so sick she was just obliged to be out of bed. Her appetite had left her and she didn't eat anything at all hardly. All the time she complained of pains in her side and of headaches. But the Tanlac soon had her strong and well and she went back to work and is working regularly now. It gave her a good appetite and built up her entire system. Her strength increased rapidly after she began taking Tanlac, and now she never complains of those pains in her side nor of headaches."

Tanlac, the Master Medicine, is sold by Edgefield, Penn & Holstein, Cold Springs, H Ernest Quarles, Edgefield, R F D No 2, J. H. Reel.

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How To Give Quinine To Children.
FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

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Will Surely Stop That Cough.

Why Should My Boy Study Music.

There rarely seems to be any doubt upon the part of parents about desirability of the daughter having music lessons. With the boy, however, the case seems different. Really, the boy needs his music even more than the girl. If the father or the mother is in doubt, perhaps these answers to the question may help. "Why should my boy study music?"

Because music is refining in its influence.
Because music will elevate his ideals.
Because music will develop his mind better than any other study.
Because music will teach him the need for patience and persistence in effort.
Because music will make him methodical in his efforts.
Because music will make him socially eligible to very desirable society in which ignorance of music is considered a lack of culture.—The Etude.

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