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IEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things, Some of Which You Knew and Some You Don't Know—Condensed for Quick Reading.

"Well, I completed twenty years service as a rural letter carrier today, August 1," remarked John W. Miller, carrier on York No. 6, last Tuesday. "While twenty years is a long time those years have passed rather quickly." Mr. Miller was born on the same route—No. 6—during all of his twenty years of service and his many friends, and patrons on the route are quite willing to testify to his faithfulness and efficiency.

Copying the Club Rolls.

Walker R. Latimer, former clerk in the office of the clerk of the court for York county and a well known cotton buyer of Yorkville, has been employed by the York County Democratic Executive committee, to make a duplicate copy of the thirty-one club rolls of York county, which copy is required by the rules of the party. Mr. Latimer is devoting his spare time and evenings to the task. "I expect to complete it in two weeks and probably less—all dependent upon the amount of time that I am able to devote to the job," he said the other evening. There are 6,375 names on the rolls and Mr. Latimer will make copies of the name, address, age and occupation of each voter.

Trying to Worry 'Em.

"Some of the cotton buyers in the county," remarked a prominent farmer the other day, who is a member of the South Carolina Cooperative Cotton Growers association, "are trying to worry we farmers who have signed a cooperative contract and doing what they can to make some of us dissatisfied. Among other things they are telling that the association will pay out all the profits to officials and that furthermore the five-year cotton contract we have signed has many loopholes in it. Of course this propaganda is all bunk put out by some of the buyers who are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall. A well known farmer figured it out the other day that there are about forty buyers in York county and that their annual commissions from the crop of York county total about \$100,000. Wherever I hear farmers repeating the pessimistic dope that is being put out by some of the buyers I tell them that it won't be a bit worse for association officials to get this good graft than it is to give it to the buyers. And I believe that as a result of the Cooperative Marketing association of all the farmers, whether they are members or not, are going to get more money for their cotton in future than they did in the past. The buyers are fully aware of the fact also, whether they will admit it or not."

Learn a Little.

1. Why does dry wood burn more easily than green? The dry wood's pores are filled with air, which helps combustion. The green wood's pores are filled with moisture, which tends to put out the fire.

2. Who was the first writer of a history of England? When did he live? Where buried? Venerable Bede, a Saxon monk, who wrote his history in Latin; 672-735; Durham cathedral.

3. What did demokratia (democracy) mean in ancient Greece? It meant the class rule of the "demoi" or plebeian class, the propertyless majority, but its aim was only to dominate and control the upper classes, not to supplant them.

4. To what president of the United States is attributed the following statement: "I would rather be beaten in the right than succeed in the wrong?" James A. Garfield.

5. Give five synonyms for saltatory. Leaping, jumping, skipping, hopping, dancing.

6. Who was the first Roman who marched against Rome with a Roman army? Sulla. In the civil war, S. B. C., with Marius, he marched with his army, took Rome, expelled the Marians, and later as dictator issued the first proscription issued by Roman authority.

7. Who first used the term "Sick man of Europe" in speaking of Turkey? Nicholas I, czar of Russia.

8. To what author can the following quotation be traced: "A lurch in the hand is worth two in the bush?" Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

9. What is Illinois' nickname? Alabama? Kentucky? Illinois is called the prairie state, Alabama the Cotton State, Kentucky, the Blue Grass State.

10. In what state is Roosevelt dam located? Arizona.

Tale of a Dog.

"Mistah, did you see ennyfing ob a tall, po' dawg pass dis way de last few minutes?"

The speaker was a long, lean, lank negro, about thirty years of age, and his look of anxiety won my attention. He had an old, tattered hat, and his clothes were in the last agony of raggedness. His north cheek was flat and drawn tight against his teeth, caused no doubt by the dig of tobacco on the south side, which bulged out the

skin until he appeared to be holding a billiard ball in his mouth. He appeared to be very much in a hurry, and as I did not at once reply, he started off. "Hold on, Uncle; what sort of a dog have you lost?"

"Isa not foot 'im, boss, he's lost me, en dat foot dawg will run his blamed self ter def, 'vided he don't fin' me. He's a powful tall, hongry lookin' pup, en hes one yeah cut clost offen his head. He's got a mon-sous long tail, en it sorter kinder leans jest a little bit soufwest, you know. He's de bes' possum dawg in South Carolina, boss."

"Well, I suppose he will turn up all right, Uncle, if you'll let him alone."

"'Eae not doin' nuthin' to 'im boss, 'It's him wot's doin' de debbliment. I was er standin down by de drug sto' talkin' to a cullud pussion wen some boys dey cum 'long an' low is dat my dawg. I tole 'em he wus. Den dey tole me for why didn't I give 'im mo' to eat en I 'lowed as how grub wus too high fer to feed dawgs much. Den one ob de boys axed me ob de dawg wus lazy; and I tole 'im he sho' wus, but he could tree possums all right. Den he says if I would rub him wid 'high-life' it would make him de swift-est dawg in Yorkville. I tole 'im I didn't know what dat was, en he said he'd git me some of 'd try it en den heckern' it ter de people wot had dawgs wot wus lazy. I tole de boy dat wus all right, and he went to the drug sto' on fotch out a little bottle of de 'dawg-mover,' as he called it. De stuff smelt powful funky, but he said it wus de bes' in de mawket. I den called ole Jack up, an' we po'red a little on his back. He didn't seemter min' it at first an' laid on his back. Inner 'bout er minnit he jump up right quick, sorter turn his head sideways, like he heard a rabbit jump, en den heah without sayin' ere word he jump 'bout seben feet straight up en hit de grot. I call 'im Jack—heah Jack, but he nebber seemter hear me. He run 'tween a gent'leman's legs, en frowned 'im down, en de man swoah powful loud en er p'liceman 'rested 'im. Jack kep' on er goin' eh I kep er follerin', but he got erway, en 'Eae lookin' fer 'im. Dat medicine is all right, 's'pose, but I don't want no mo' ob it. Gosh, dar goes Jack now—heah Jack—heah Jack—you dod blamed ole fool!"

Jack had just passed a side street, going by like a flash and five or six other dogs in hot pursuit. The negro also left at full speed, and I was alone.

CARES FOR CRIPPLED SON

Farmer Before Dying Urges Other Children to be Good to Him.

What is declared to be the tenderest human document that ever turned up in the Leigh County courthouse, at Allentown, Pa., was revealed with the probating of the will of Bennelive Wambold, an Upper Milford farmer, who died a few days before. He leaves an estate of about \$20,000 and there are four sons and four daughters who eventually are to share alike. One of the sons, Charles, thirty years old, is crippled. The father's will is in the shape of the following letter.

"To my sons and daughters—The making of a will is a serious duty to any parent, and more especially when one of the children is incapacitated from taking care of himself and providing for his own sustenance through no fault of his own.

"In making my will I provide for the maintenance of your unfortunate brother Charles; and my reason for writing this letter is to enjoin upon each one of you the duty of taking care of Charles among yourselves, so that he will, at all times, have his home with one of you.

"It is believed that my estate will be sufficiently large for the comfortable maintenance of Charles during his life, and not necessitate his being placed in a charitable institution if the money is disposed with prudence and in the spirit that each one of you should manifest to your brother's welfare.

"I sincerely trust that, on account of Charles's condition, you will each feel your obligation and responsibility to care for Charles in the same spirit as each one of you were cared for by your parents when you were unable to care for yourselves and provide for your needs.

"This letter will be found only after my death, and I hope you will respect my memory by complying with my earnest plea for your brother's happiness."

The entire estate, after payment of funeral expenses and tombstone, goes in trust for the cripple, and two sons are to act as trustees and executors without compensation.

The famous Ferris wheel of Paris is being torn down to make way for a more profitable investment. The axle of the structure alone weighs 72,000 pounds and is set at a distance of 164 feet from the ground. It was built in 1900, at the time of the Paris exhibition, from plans of Ferris, an American engineer.

A nest of six petrified eggs was discovered near Montefano, Washington, recently, when a workman blasted away part of a hillside. One egg, when broken, disclosed the color and formation of the yolk. The eggs are about the size of duck eggs.

Mrs. Mary Emery, of Cincinnati, O., will spend \$5,000,000 building a model city to be controlled and directed in the interests of its residents.

A \$3,000,000 temple is to be erected at St. Anne de Beupre, Quebec, to replace the one destroyed. A monastery costing \$500,000 will also be built for the Redemptorist fathers.

FILBERT PICNIC

Candidates for State Offices Present Their Claims for Suffrage.

MOST OF THE APPLAUSE FOR BLEASE

Crowd Estimated at Between 2,500 and 3,000 heard Speeches of Candidates for Governor—Rain Broke up Meeting in the Afternoon—Meeting Was Orderly and All Candidates Accorded Respectful Hearing—Audience Largest to Greet the Candidates So Far.

(By a Staff Correspondent.)

Filbert, Aug. 2.—Candidates for state offices spoke to a crowd of people variously estimated at from 4,000 to 5,000 people in Pursley's Grove here today. It is estimated that between 2,500 and 3,000 heard the speeches of the candidates for governor especially, while the remainder having little interest in the political aspect of the occasion devoted their day to mingling with friends and acquaintances. Rain fell at 3:15 o'clock while Mrs. Bessie Rogers Drake, a candidate for state superintendent of education was speaking and brought the meeting to a close. Because of the rain candidates for commissioner of agriculture, attorney general, comptroller general and secretary of state did not have opportunity to address the voters, although Messrs. James C. Dozier and W. Banks Dove, candidates for secretary of state did introduce themselves while the rain fell. Promoters of the picnic who had a rain insurance policy for \$150 did not collect their insurance despite the fact that it rained. The policy covered the hours between 8 a. m. and 2 p. m., and since it did not rain until more than an hour later they were out of luck. However sales of refreshments—mostly cold drinks and fruits at the several stands on the grounds were good, and the revenue was at least sufficient to cover all expenses.

Big Jolly Crowd.

It was a big, jolly, good natured crowd. They came from every section of York county. There were many people present from Cleveland, Gaston and Mecklenburg counties in North Carolina and quite a number from Chester, Lancaster, Richland, Greenville and perhaps other South Carolina counties.

There was not the slightest semblance of disorder. Each candidate was given a respectful hearing and the voters who heard the speakers were liberal with their applause. The lion's share of it went to Former Governor Blease, however who was vociferously applauded both when he began his speech and when he concluded. There was scattering applause for Thos. G. McLeod of Bishopville when he concluded his speech and there was considerable applause for George K. Laney of Chesterfield. Mr. Laney was presented with a basket of flowers brought to the stand by a son of W. M. McConnell of Yorkville.

Large Stand for Speakers.

The speaker's stand was a large one, erected deep down in Pursley's Grove. It was large enough to accommodate all of the speakers comfortably, the members of the Tirzah band who furnished the music for the occasion and a half dozen newspaper reporters representing various state papers. The newspaper men were united in their praise of Chairman Pursley for his thoughtfulness in providing them with chairs and tables. A recess was taken at 1 o'clock after the candidates for adjutant and inspector general, governor and lieutenant governor had spoken in order that all might have dinner. Most of the candidates ate dinner at the spread in Pursley's yard. The grove was dotted with dinner parties. There was plenty of it of great variety—a characteristic Filbert picnic dinner.

Meeting Opened With Prayer.

The meeting at Filbert was called to order about 10 o'clock by John A. Marion of Yorkville, county Democratic chairman and was opened with prayer by Rev. N. A. Henrick, pastor of Clover and Union Baptist churches. Thos. B. Marshall and Robert E. Craig, candidates for adjutant and inspector general opened the meeting and consumed their time lambasting each other relative to their war records. A lively little tilt ensued between the two before Capt. Craig concluded his speech and some of the audience took it to mean the forerunner of other personal scraps that were to follow. In this opinion, however, they were mistaken because while some of the other candidates did take a fling at one another they were rather tame flings. Thos. B. Marshall, the first speaker told of his long military experience in the National Guard and spoke of his service in the late World war. He said that a number of York county military officers including Col. Spratt and Lieut. Mack of Fort Mill and Col. Lindsay McFadden of Rock Hill would gladly recommend him to any of the voters who might inquire about him.

Capt. Robert E. Craig of Columbia, who followed Lieut. Marshall said his opponent had intimated that some of the officers of the 118th Infantry, 30th Division in which regiment he (Craig) served, were against him. The speaker suggested that any of the voters interested should inquire of the men who served under Col. McFadden as to who Craig was. Capt. Craig re-

cited his experience in the National Guard extending over a period of twenty years and spoke of Co. L, 118th Infantry which he commanded in the World war. He was the son of a Confederate soldier but he was running for the office of adjutant general on his man. Two York men—Sergeant Campbell and Jake Robinson, he said, had served in the World war under him and would vouch for him.

He read a letter from his former Major, James H. Howell of Waynesville, N. C., under whom he served in France endorsing his candidacy for adjutant and inspector general. He said he also had letters from Major Mahon of Greenville and Col. McCully of Anderson.

"Read the letter you have from Major Mahon," interrupted Lieut. Marshall, his opponent.

"I haven't got 'em with me," returned Craig.

Then turning his fire on Lieut. Marshall Capt. Craig said that the latter was trying to make the impression that he had fought on the Hindenburg line in France.

"Neither Marshall nor myself fought with the Thirtieth in breaking the Hindenburg line," he said. "I can prove we did not and that both of us had been retired on account of wounds before the fighting on the Hindenburg line."

In concluding the little spat Capt. Craig said he intended to publish a number of letters for the information of the voters before the campaign was concluded.

Candidates for Governor.

Former Lieut. Governor Thos. G. McLeod of Bishopville, was the first of the six candidates for governor to address the voters. There were a few hand claps as he began his speech. He was given close attention through his speech. He was glad to welcome so many folks, he said, especially women, since he had always been a ladies' man and during the past twenty years had been under good control. He reviewed his personal history as a farmer, representative in the lower house, state senator and lieutenant governor. For the past several years, he said, he had been devoting his services to the public welfare.

He realized, he said, that there were two great powers entrusted to the governor of South Carolina—the pardoning power and the power to recommend legislation. Any governor, he said, owed it to the people to be careful in the use of those powers. While the governor can recommend legislation, he can neither increase nor decrease the burden of taxes.

While some might think that taxes are high in this section of the state the burden of taxation under the present system was on the people of the low country who have only their farming interests on which to depend while in the Piedmont section agricultural interests are supplemented by textile interests. So far as York county is concerned, however, there is no denying the fact that the great majority of the taxes paid by the people of the county are paid for local purposes and especially for roads and schools. He favors economy in state affairs and abolition of all useless offices but he is confident that the high tax rate under which the people of the state labor at present is because of the obsolete tax system. North Carolina, he said, has a system under which no direct levy is made on personally or really and he thought it well for South Carolina to adopt a similar system. Under the present system, he said, 30 per cent. of the taxes are on farm property, 18 per cent. town property, 9 per cent. on factories, about 3 1-2 per cent. on banks and 11 per cent. on railroads. Luxuries have not been bearing their part.

Despite distressing times he was inclined to turn a hopeful eye to the future. Educational progress had been great in the past quarter of a century. He paid taxes to support four graded schools and patronized only one but he did not begrudge a dollar of it. He would not reduce appropriations for the support of the asylum nor for the Confederate soldiers.

He pled for enforcement of the prohibition laws and for the enforcement of all laws in this day when "we are living in the backwash of the World war." Verdicts of juries should be upheld at a time like this, he said, and it is the duty of every man and woman to try and help create an atmosphere for law enforcement. You'll be told I'm tracking around, he said in conclusion. Don't you believe it. I'm not making vain promises. I'm not saying I'm going to be governor. But I am running past those who are running. And if I am elected your governor I will be governor of all the people without respect to class or calling.

Applause for Blease.

Considerable applause greeted Cole L. Blease, the second gubernatorial speaker and one enthusiastic supporter yelled as Mr. Blease rose to speak: "There he comes; there he comes." The former governor said that he felt like he was speaking at home when he spoke at Filbert and he came today with a message to his York county friends that he had found no man in the state who had supported him in the past who was not supporting him now while many others have joined the Blease band.

I was your governor for four years, said Mr. Blease and tried to conduct the office for the best interests of the

TALKING IT OVER

Sidelights on the Big Political Picnic at Famous Filbert.

VILLAGE IS DESERVING OF PRAISE

Evidence of Friction Among Some of the Candidates—Women Voters Were Especially Interested in Women Candidates—Political Interest Expected to Increase Now That Piedmont Section Has Been Reached—Newspaper Men Appreciative of Thoughtfulness.

While crowds at Filbert picnic in by-gone days have been larger perhaps than that present Wednesday, never was there a more orderly crowd there and never were all arrangements connected with the picnic more thorough. "I have been all over the state with the campaign party," said Telegraph Operator Simpson of Union, expert telegrapher traveling with the party, "and while I have no interest except to wire the dope the newspaper reporters send out, I want to say that all of us are appreciative of the efforts of Chairman Pursley and his committee in looking out both for the speakers and the representatives of the press. At no other meeting have those in charge been as thoughtful of the newspaper lads as at Filbert where we were provided with tables and chairs as well as the finest picnic dinner that I have had for years. I am sure that all of the boys inserted a paragraph in their stories telling the folks of the state about Filbert hospitality which was certainly abundant."

Some of the voters expressed regret that Senator George K. Laney was the last of the candidates for governor to speak. The crowd had begun to grow restless and hungry and a good many had moved away when his time came to speak. His was one of the most forceful and clear-cut speeches made at Filbert and he made a good impression upon his hearers. He gave the idea that he was not only honest and sincere in what he had to say; but that there was nothing of the theatrical in his make-up and that he was a man vitally interested in the welfare of his people and because of his long legislative experience and training thoroughly competent to steer the ship of state if the people see fit to elect him pilot.

People at Filbert Wednesday appeared to be in a thoughtful mood and noisy demonstrations were conspicuous by their absence. Former Governor Blease was by long odds the favorite. All the candidates admitted that as well as the newspaper men. Even John T. Duncan said: "You have heard your favorite, now let's talk business awhile." But while the greater number of voters who heard the candidates seemed to favor the former governor, they were inclined to listen with respectful interest to the other gubernatorial candidates. John T. Duncan was the only man to be heckled a little and there was no little of it that Mr. Duncan was not inclined to pay any attention to it. There was talk of a plan early in the morning to howl Duncan down but cooler heads prevailed and no such attempt was made.

According to a gentleman who has been with the campaign party over the state, there is no love lost between Mrs. Bessie Rogers Drake and Mrs. E. B. Wallace, the two women candidates for superintendent of education. They manage to speak to each other and that is about all. It is said to be very amusing to the four male candidates, who being men understand, and are not surprised. Both Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Wallace are working hard among the voters at every meeting place and some of the newspaper boys would not be surprised to see one of the ladies in a second race with Superintendent Swearingen who will unquestionably be in a second race with one of his five opponents. Both Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Wallace are delightful ladies of charming manner. Mrs. Drake is rather portly and Mrs. Wallace is of considerable proportions. Yet on her card Mrs. Wallace describes herself as "the little woman." Particularly keen were the women voters to hear the speeches of Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Drake Wednesday afternoon and it was a pity that the rain interfered and cut short their talks. Both are good speakers and their presence as candidates for state offices marks an epoch in the political history of the family are on the campaign with her including her father, Mr. Rogers of Bennettsville and her two manly little sons.

J. H. Hope of Union, former superintendent of education of Union county is leading the attack on State Superintendent Swearingen. Hope charges that Swearingen stood for the new text book adoption that costs the parents too unnecessary expense and that Swearingen is at loggerheads with the legislature. And Swearingen is hitting back at Hope mostly, apparently having the idea that Hope is his strongest opponent. It's hard to tell, however, according to those who have been with the party.

The candidates and the newspaper men are agreed that the campaign has

just begun to warm up this week, since the Piedmont counties are being covered. The big end of the vote is in the Piedmont—York, Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson and other big counties and in the next ten days the candidates expect to see more folks than they have seen in the thirty-two counties visited up to the time they came to Filbert. "As the Piedmont goes so goes the state," is the saying now. And it is true to a large extent.

Newspaper men with the campaign party Wednesday were: Carl D. Welmer of the Charleston News and Courier and the Greenville News; Edward McDowell of the Greenville Piedmont; J. Irby Koon of the Columbia State and Lane L. Bonner of the Charleston American and Columbia Record. It was the first trip to Filbert of several of them and they were loud in their praise of the hospitality of the Filbert folks. All of them enjoyed the picnic dinner especially Carl Welmer who said that the boarding house landlady at whose home he lives in Charleston never did serve such chicken. Mr. Welmer had the opportunity to sample every piece in a chicken and did his best. The atmosphere under the shadow of King's Mountain, he explained is so separate and distinct from that of Charleston that his appetite was sufficiently whetted to do full justice to the chicken. Seeing that there was so much left he suggested that it might be well for Ed McDowell to wrap up a little in a copy of the Piedmont to carry along; who explained that just for the time being he was too heavy for light work.

Filbert picnic promoters thought the Yorkville boys did them a rather bum trick in staging a game of baseball at Yorkville on Wednesday afternoon when the Filbert people had made arrangements for a game at Filbert. However, the rain interfered with the attendance at both places. The picnic promoters managed to break even at least despite the fact that they did not collect rain insurance.

It was a big old day for Filbert, taken all in all—a day of pleasure and profit to all and Filbert retains its reputation for hospitality and courtesy to visitors. —J. D. G.

TOO MUCH FOR CROW

Mother Hen Gave Black Marauder a Good Beating.

A mother hen belonging to George Walls, a farmer living along the Georgetown-Rehoboth Beach, near Lewis, Delaware, has proved that the chicken is a better fighter than old Jim Crow. A day or two ago a hen of the common barnyard variety, while piloting thirteen fluffy youngsters through a wheat stubble, saw a big black crow pounce on one of her little ones and attempt to fly off with it for supper.

The mother then saw the per of her progeny and leaped in the air, reaching the black kidnapper and belaboring him so severely that he was obliged to drop the chick and fly into a high altitude for safety. Several automobilists who witnessed the battle declare the hen never showed the white feather for a moment nor hesitated in attacking the greatest foe of the chicken family.

They were, however, amazed at the ferocity with which she countered on the black marauder, and the crow himself was evidently taken by surprise at the violence of his assailant, for he winged away at top flight to the nearest woods, leaving two or three neck feathers behind as testimony of the prowess of the mother hen.

In such encounters the crow is considered almost equal to two barnyard fowls under ordinary conditions, but a mother hen evidently is the better fighter of the two when the lives of her brood are at stake and need her defense.

Paying For Sand.—James B. Duke, the Southern Power magnate, has lately been in Shelby and the editor of the Cleveland Star had an interesting talk with him. In view of the recent announcement concerning the campaign plans regarding the development of a fertilizer plant at Mountain Island, the following will be of interest:

"Mr. W. S. Lee, one of Mr. Duke's right hand men, has returned from his third trip to Germany, where he studied fertilizers. The three million dollar power plant which Mr. Duke is building at Mt. Holly will manufacture commercial fertilizer in concentrated form, and Mr. Duke is giving his attention to the "filler" which is freighted uselessly about the country, hoping to get the farmers to stop paying freight on river sand which has no plant food value.

An 8-2-2 sack of fertilizer has about 24 pounds of plant food. The other 176 pounds is useless. On the other hand it is costly because the freight on the sand is high. Mr. Duke says he would be satisfied with a profit on his fertilizer equal to the saving in the freight on the filler. It may take years for a farmer to get out of the habit of buying a filler; but the concentrated forms are no doubt cheaper and more successful."—Gastonia Gazette.

Don't Marry But be Faithful.

Their skin is a dark, light brownish red and the magnificent play of their muscles beneath it as they bear heavy burdens would offer a study which any sculptor might travel far to make.

Their curiosity when they saw a white man for the first time was as keen as might be expected and they approached him with frank fearlessness, having had few experiences with enemies and therefore being practically without thought that anyone could desire to do them harm.

Their family devotion is extraordinary, but extends only to the immediate members of a group centered around a couple which has mated. There are no marriage ceremonies, but when a pair has mated the association is invariably exclusive and for life.

These people never have developed any intoxicating drink, although they have at hand fruits whose juices would ferment; they do not utilize for drinking purposes extracts of the coffee bean although coffee trees grow wild throughout their territory.

The bright vegetable colors with which they fantastically paint themselves seem to be laid on without the slightest symbolism, although among most savage tribes some symbolism governs all such bodily decoration.

Not only are they without religion, not even regarding the sun as a god or having developed any animal fetiches, but they also are without superstitions.

STRANGE TRIBE

Believes Most Beautiful Woman is She Who is Most Mutilated.

THEY LIVE IN SOUTH AMERICA

Have no Religion Whatever and Know Nothing of Outside World—Visited by Christian Missionary First Time This Year.

There is a tribe of natives in Brazil which has standards of beauty so different from ours that it regards as loveliest that woman's face which has been most grotesquely mutilated, writes Edward Marshall.

Its standards of morals are so different from ours that although neither male nor female of its species ever wears clothing of any sort, not even a scrap, and although during the rainy season dozens of families live herded in closely interwoven trees without privacy, immorality and particularly marital unfaithfulness are unknown among the people.

Their innocence of the knowledge of the outside world is so complete that a white visitor could describe a locomotive only by saying that it was a horse of steel with a belly of fire.

They never have had any religion whatsoever and never have set up a single idol nor have they, till this year, ever been visited by a Christian missionary.

Their staple article of diet is fish, taken from the river, and they never have devised a net or a fish hook. They get their fish by shooting them with arrows sped from bows and feathered with the gorgeous plumage of the innumerable tropical birds which abound throughout their wonderfully rich homeland.

This amazing tribe lives much more than a thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard, in a wonderfully rich section of the great South American Republic which never has been visited by any white man so far as is known, except the Rev. F. C. Glass, a missionary of the Evangelical Church of South America.

Thirty Years Among Savages.

Mr. Glass is an Englishman and has just returned to his home country after thirty years of work in South America, where recently his English-born wife died after spending with him in the far regions which they chose the whole of their married life. He has brought back to England for education the six children born to them in South America.

So constant has been this white man's exposure to the sun and weather during his long and self-sacrificing service that his complexion is that of an Indian—dark, apparently of Caucasian blood.

The country which is marked by the astonishing peculiarities which I have mentioned is so far up the great River Araguaca that it took Mr. Glass two months to drift down in a canoe to the east coast from which he embarked for England.

In all he has traveled 25,000 miles in the wilds of Brazil and most of this traveling has been in that part of the interior which is practically unknown to other white men and which is inhabited, he says, by about 400 native tribes, many of which are as primitive as those to which I have referred.

The tribal name of this particular people is Carapa and they are peaceable and kindly, scarcely seeming to know fear or the sentiment of hostility.

Their country is filled with marvelous mineral wealth which never has been tapped and its possibilities as cattle-raising territory are, the missionary (who seems to be a very practical person) thinks unlimited.

Despite the terrible facial mutilation of the women which is about the only "decorative" custom that they seem to have, the Carapas are physically magnificent, and in their naked grace, their discoverer believes, are unparalleled.

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The bright vegetable colors with which they fantastically paint themselves seem to be laid on without the slightest symbolism, although among most savage tribes some symbolism governs all such bodily decoration.

Not only are they without religion, not even regarding the sun as a god or having developed any animal fetiches, but they also are without superstitions.

(Continued on Page Three).