

THE PAGELAND JOURNAL

Vol. 6 NO. 42

PAGELAND, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1916

\$1.00 per year

Drive Mighty Wedge Into Germans' Lines

London, July 1.—The grand offensive on the Western front, begun by the British and French on both sides of the River Somme, 60 miles north of Paris, early this morning has already resulted in a great wedge being driven into the German lines along a 16 mile front, with its sharp point penetrating nearly five miles.

At 6 o'clock the British had pushed from a short distance east of Albert as far as Montauban, more than five miles away, and had repulsed a German counterattack on that village.

Both to the north and the south a number of other villages, including Hebutern, Serre, La Boisselle and Mametz, had been swept out of German hands, some of them only after determined resistance by their defenders.

Friercourt, three miles east of Albert, still was in German possession in the early evening, but with the capture of Montauban and Mametz to the east and southeast of it and La Boisselle to the northeast, the place was nearly surrounded and its speedy surrender seemed inevitable.

Farther south the French are co-operating with the British and have taken the village of Corlu and scored other notable advances.

The entente allied drive was begun against German trenches leveled after a seven day bombardment, in which more than 1,000,000 shots daily had been fired.

The tremendous offensive which has been launched by the British army on the German front is the culmination of a five day bombardment which in the amount of ammunition expended and in the territory involved exceeds anything of the kind that has been previously known in the world war.

For weeks reports have been current in England and France that the "big push" of the British was about to commence. It was stated that England had 2,000,000 men, fully equipped and trained, in preparation for the supreme effort to break the German lines. More than 1,000,000 shells are declared to have been fired daily in the preliminary bombardment, which extended over a front 90 miles in length.

The menace of the British attack was fully appreciated in Germany, according to newspaper comments from Berlin, and the utmost confidence was expressed in the ability of the Germans to meet and crush it.

The allies are now on the offensive in practically every field of the war. The British assault comes on the heels of the great successes won by the Russians in Galicia and Bukowina, which have resulted in completely driving the Austrians from Bukowina. In the Italian front the central powers have also met with severe reverses and for several days the Italians have been steadily driving the Austrians from positions in the Trentino. The defense of Verdun by the French appears to have stiffened, and the balance of battle in that bitterly contested sector appears recently to have swayed in favor of the defenders.

The great offensive undertaken by the British officers, according to reports from the front and the comments of the military critics, is an absolutely new department in the tactics hitherto pursued by the belligerents. Contrary to the favorite tactics of the Germans, the British did not attempt a partial advance by massing their artillery at a given point on the line and following an intense bombardment by an infantry attack in serried columns.

Rural Schools Must Be Improved

From the Progressive Farmer five splendid suggestions for the betterment of rural schools are reprinted below:

1. Fit the schools to the needs of the people. In the main we are farming folks, and the great majority of us will remain so. Why, then, should not our rural school system aim first of all to fit us for the lives we are to lead and the work we are to do? By all means make the training of the farm boy and girl as liberal as possible, but at the same time let's always put fundamentals first. Latin roots may be well enough in their place, but any rural school system that gives them preference over corn and cotton roots is bad.

2. Aim at the three-teacher school. The little one-room, one-teacher school must go, because it cannot possibly be efficient. To get large schools, with better buildings, better equipped and with more and better teachers, consolidation seems the remedy. There are thousands of Southern communities that may wonderfully improve their educational facilities by combining two, three or four small, weak schools into one consolidated school with an adequate teaching force. Putting aside all preconceived notions, ask yourself sincerely whether this is not true of your own neighborhood.

3. We must have longer school terms. That there is a direct and striking relation between the length of the school term and the progress and achievement of any state is well known. Here in the South, the bitter truth is that we must continue to lag just so long as we are content to see our children getting an average of only 50 to 65 days of schooling a year. At least six months or 120 days should be the very minimum, and every community should make 160 or 180 days its ideal to aim at.

4. Better teachers, better paid. No school can be better than its teachers. If these are poorly paid, the better teachers will very naturally drift to the communities that are willing to pay for good work. Good teachers cost money, but money spent for them is the wisest investment that can be made.

5. Keep good teachers permanently. Finally, when we get good teachers, every effort should be made to keep them. The drifting teacher, wandering from school to school year after year, never becomes identified with community life, and has little real interest in community development. Provide a home and farm for the principal, pay fair wages to all teachers, and their interests will become identified with those of the community.

Yes, these changes will cost money; they will also cost time and effort. But can your money, time and effort be better expended than in a cause that will mean happier, better, fuller lives for your own boys and girls, for the boys and girls of your neighborhood—and is there any surer way of making your community permanently better for your having lived in it?

"This chicken soup seems to be rather weak," said the new boarder.

"I don't see why," replied the landlady. "I told the cook how to make it, but perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

"Or perhaps she didn't catch the chicken," suggested the new boarder.—Exchange.

UNION COUNTY NEWS

Monroe Enquirer.
Mr. A. C. Penegar, carrier on route number one from Monroe, says that crops on his route are the best they have been in three years.

It has been decided to begin the union tent meeting July 16th. It will continue two weeks. Dr. W. N. Ainsworth, of Macon, Ga., will do the preaching and Mr. I. W. Jelks will lead the singing. Two services will be held daily. Postmaster E. C. Winchester has a paper that he prizes very highly and has recently had it put under glass to preserve it. The old paper is the commission from the postal department of the Confederate States of America to Mr. Thomas D. Winchester, father of Postmaster E. C. Winchester, appointing him postmaster at Monroe. The Commission was issued from Richmond, Va., and bears the date of July 6, 1861. Mr. Thomas D. Winchester was the first postmaster at Monroe and served as United States postmaster until the Confederate States of America formed a government.

Mr. B. A. Williams and Miss Etta Griffin were married yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Griffin, two and a half miles east of Monroe. Rev. E. C. Snyder performed the marriage service. The groom is a son of Mr. W. E. L. Williams, of east Monroe township, and his home is in Sanford. He is a young man of splendid character, is energetic and has the faculty of making and keeping friends. The bride is the only daughter of her parents. She has by her splendid character and fine disposition made many friends.

We know a man who carries in his pocket a well-worn card on which is printed in bold type, "So live that you can look every man straight in the face and tell him to go to hell." Not elegant, did you say? Maybe not. If you are going to preach about it, why, go ahead; we are perfectly willing for you to do so. But after all the preaching you can do has been done, the fact remains that many a fellow who is cornered, who has been found out in his crookedness and his crime and his accuser stands before him, wishes from the bottom of his soul that he could lift his chin, look his accuser straight in the eyes and say in accents clear and with conscience clean some of the words printed on that card. Never a man went to hell who could with clear conscience say to the man who accused him of wrong doing some of the words on the little card the man referred to carries in around with him. It may not be a high standard—living up to the one set on the card—but, say, this would be a different kind of a world and that for the better if everybody lived up to that standard—and that's a fact.

Mysterious Boat In American Bay

New York, June 30.—The Trans-Atlantic Trust company of this city, which has been recognized here as an unofficial financial agent of the Austrian and German governments, announced today in a half page advertisement in the Hungarian daily, Amerikai Maigiar Nepszava, that the German submarine so frequently reported as being on the way here from Hamburg reached Baltimore Thursday morning and is now concealed somewhere nearby, presumably under the waters of Chesapeake bay.

The Old Dog and the New Trick

"This here scientific stuff an' farm management talk may be all right ter brook farmers," said Farmer Slow coach, "but they shore won't work when it comes to makin' cotton an' corn."

"Tried 'em?" inquired Farmer Hustlem.

"No," was the reply, "I ain't tried 'em, an' what's more, I don't expect to. What's the use o' me throwin' away my time an' hard work a-tryin' out some fool notions them young sap-heads down at the expeeryment station has got? Do you raly think they know anythin' about farmin'? Bet they don't know why some cotton blossoms is red an' some white, an' still they've got the nerve to try to advise us shore 'nough farmers. It makes me mad plum' through." Slow-coach fairly snorted his indignation and infinite scorn.

"How'd your oats turn out?" asked Hustlem, apparently wishing to switch the discussion to a pleasanter topic.

"Sorriest kind," grumbled the old man. "Mostly straw, an' not much o' that. Rust hit 'em, the smut hit 'em, dry weather hit 'em, an' I got what wuz left, an' that wuzn't enough to bed my ol' cow through next winter. I'm through plantin' oats; this climate's got so you jest can't make 'em."

"What kind of seed did you use asked Hustlem.

"Seed wuz good enough, I guess," replied Slow-coach. "I planted some feed oats I'd bought from Bill Barrett, an' they looked all right to me."

"Treated 'em for smut, I suppose," said Hustlem.

"Treated 'em for smut—how do you mean?" asked Slow-coach, in actual wonderment.

"Never mind; I thought you didn't," went on Hustlem. "Planted in February, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did; but what's that got to do with it?" asked Slow-coach, resentfully.

"Oh, nothin', I guess, nothin'." I just happened to remember that last year I got hold o' one of them experiment station bulletins you been cussin', an' it said that fall plantin', usin' rust proof seed an' treatin' them for smut all together could be depended on to double our oat crop, an' I didn't have any better sense than to try 'em."

"How wuz your crop?" asked Slow-coach.

"I averaged just a little over forty five bushels to the acre on twenty acres," replied Hustlem.

"Say," he asked, slyly, moving off down the road, "did you ever hear about the folly o' tryin' to teach an old dog a new trick?"—Progressive Farmer.

A large negress was a witness for the defense in an assault case.

The lawyer for the prosecution tried to get the witness tangled up in her testimony, and it happened that she soon gave him an opportunity.

"You say your name is Eliza Jones?" asked the attorney.

"Yas, suh," replied the witness. "And your age is fifty-eight?" he pursued.

"No, suh," indignantly replied Miss Jones, "mah age is—"

"Hold on a moment," said the lawyer, "didn't you tell the court a few minutes ago you were fifty-eight years old?"

"Deed ah didn't," retorted the negress. "If ah said fifty-eight ah mus' o' been thinking ob mah bust measure."

Government Closes Year With Surplus of \$78,737,810

Washington closed its fiscal year yesterday with total receipts of \$838,403,969 and total disbursements of \$759,666,159, and excess of \$78,737,810 compared with a deficit of \$59,437,560 for the year ending June 30, last. Both the income tax and internal revenue receipts in 1916 showed up far above the estimates made by Secretary McAdoo and swelled the balance. Income tax receipts amounted to \$124,867,430, compared with \$79,828,675 last year, an increase of about \$15,000,000 over the amount expected by officials. Of the total \$56,909,941 came from corporations and \$67,957,488 from individuals.

The balance in the general fund at the close of the year was \$236,879,590, including amounts to the credit of disbursing officers. The actual balance in the general fund since 1908.

In a statement analyzing the figures, Secretary McAdoo said larger internal revenue receipts for the year have been due in a great measure "to the unprecedented prosperity of the country and the vigorous enforcement of the internal revenue laws."

Customs receipts for the year Mr. McAdoo said, amounted to \$211,866,222.34 as against \$209,268,107.43 the previous year, exceeding the estimate by more than \$16,000,000.

Bombardment Most Terrible Fireworks Display in History

British Headquarters in France July 1.—Via London.—The close of the first day's offensive over the longest front the Entente Allies have attempted and the most extensive action of the war for the British, finds both the British and French consolidating their gains.

Word came back that the destruction by artillery of the first line trench was so complete that one British battalion occupied it with the loss of a single man.

The Germans in their defensive tactics in many instances left the first line trench lightly held and then shelled it when occupied by the British but the British carried on the fight to the second line.

The Germans in large force fought fiercely north of the Ancre. At Gommecourt and Beaumont-Hamel there was a terrible, complication intensity of action, with every method of destruction—like Verdun, with the Germans as defenders.

What to Do for Prickly Heat

Nearly every infant, as well as adult, suffers from prickly heat in summer. Prickly heat is an acute engorgement of sweat glands with obstruction at their outlet. This is caused by heat, either from too much clothing or by the hot weather of summer. It is a sure sign that the child has been kept too warm. Avoid heavy clothing and flannels. The clothing should be light in weight and of loose texture. The application of cool water, either by tub bath or sponging, affords relief. A sponge bath of one tablespoon of soda to a gallon of water is helpful. Ointments and salves are of little service. Powders are preferred to lotions. A powder made of equal parts of boracic acid and powdered oxide of zinc, if so desired, is splendid when dusted freely over the itching, burning surface several times a day, every hour if necessary.—Exchange

Allies Take 10,000 Prisoners

London, July 3.—All through the night the great British and French offensive which began Saturday morning in the Somme and Ancre sectors continued with intensity and there was no diminution in the battle on Sunday. Both British and French War Offices report a steady advance at certain points, but speak also of the formidable German resistance.

Fricourt, an important town, three miles east of Albert, has fallen to the British arms, while the French have taken Curly, which lies to the southeast. The fighting at the Southern end of the British line, where it is in contact with the French, is of the fiercest nature tremendous artillery actions preceding all the infantry attacks.

The French have taken 6,000 prisoners, according to the latest estimates, while the British, though reporting the capture of 3,500 later declared that the estimates were too low. Owing to the nature of the battle, it is not doubted that the casualties are very high.

Notwithstanding the terrific offensive against them in the Somme River region, the Germans have not ceased in their efforts around Verdun. They have bombarded several of the Verdun sectors and have launched infantry attacks against the French trenches. While Berlin declares that the French attacks against the famous Thiaumont work were repulsed by curtains of fire the French War Office announces that this strategic position has been recaptured by the French forces and is held by them.

Get Off the Scrap Heap

If you are forty and thinking of crawling on the scrap heap, or if you are letting the old idea possess you, causing you to feel that the best of your life is spent, you are doing yourself the injustice of a lifetime. Unless you have been a "pig-like human," over-fed and under-worked, and in other words, if you are not "forty, stout,"—the best of life is yet before you.

Even the fat man at forty is not irreparable if he is still free from the onset of degenerative diseases, such as hardening of the arteries, heart diseases, Bright's disease, etc. He may never be able to lick Jess Willard or win an athletic championship for the simple reason that he has lived short on exercise and long on appetite, but by adopting a rational plan of living—proper diet, exercise, rest, and freedom from alcoholics and other harmful indulgences—he may live yet twenty years, thirty or even to be twice his present age and keep in useful service.

To the man that is forty who has made moderation in all things his rule, life has only well begun and fame is still possible. Someone gives the following example as proof that the best things in a man's life usually comes to him after the age of forty:

"E. H. Harriman was hardly heard of before he was forty, and he began his great work, the reorganization of the Union Pacific, at fifty two. Cromwell never saw an army until he was forty-three. Grant was a clerk in a store at thirty nine. Woodrow Wilson became president of Princeton at forty-six. Sir William Osler himself would never have been heard of if he had died at forty, while Gladstone did not introduce the first Home Rule bill until he had reached something like maturity at seventy-seven."