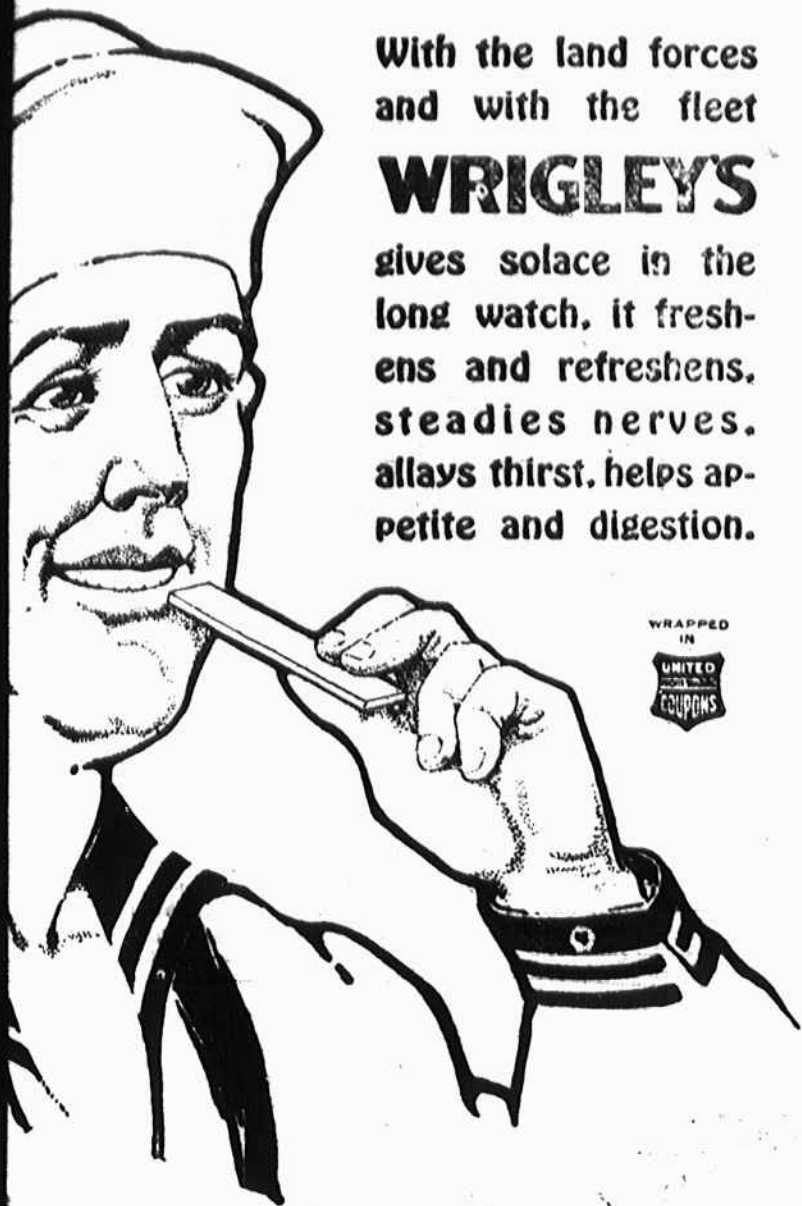


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The Flavor Lasts



COL. DICKERT DEAD

Author of "Dickert's History of Kershaw's Brigade."
Newberry, Oct. 7.—As the result of an attack, Col. D. Augustus Dickert, of Newberry county's most prominent citizens, died suddenly at his home in this city yesterday morning, after a long illness having lasted for only one hour.
Colonel Dickert had been in bad health for a number of years, the result of a stroke of paralysis. He suffered from Bright's disease and kidney trouble, the latter being the immediate cause of his death. He spent the streets of Newberry late in the afternoon with his friends, which time his health appeared to be good as usual, and it was therefore quite a shock to the people of Newberry when it was announced this morning that death had come to him in a few hours.
Colonel Dickert was well known as a writer of history and a close student of all public affairs; as well as one of the bravest officers of the Confederacy and a leader in the redemption of South Carolina from radical rule in 1876. He served throughout the duration of the War Between the States with distinction, enlisting as private in Company H, Third South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Bri-

gade, at the outbreak of hostilities. He won rapid promotion during the war, being made captain of his company after the disablement of Capt. George S. Swygert in the battle of Chickamauga. He later commanded the Third regiment, during the latter part of the conflict.
Colonel Dickert received wounds in the battle of Savage Station, Fredericksburg, Wilderness and Knoxville. As evidence of the many hard battles in which Company H was engaged during the war it may be stated that only two men of the original enrollment went through the four years' struggle without receiving wounds.
Colonel Dickert's record in reconstruction days was equally as illustrious as that made by him during the war, he being one of the leaders of the famous Ku Klux Klan. He was largely instrumental in redeeming the state from radical rule, and his acts of valor during that period are well known to the people of South Carolina.
Although Colonel Dickert received only a few months schooling in the early days of his life, by perseverance and study he became one of the best read men of his time, and wrote several histories and a number of historical stories for magazines and periodicals, which are often quoted as authority on the questions of that day.

His best known work is "Dickert's History of Kershaw's Brigade," which has been recognized by students of history as one of the best stories of the war from the standpoint of a private. He also wrote a large number of historical narratives which have been extensively published.
Colonel Dickert was 73 years of age at the time of his death, having been born in 1844 in the lower section of Newberry county. He was the son of A. G. Dickert and Mary Dickert, of Fairfield county. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Katie Cromer, of Newberry county. After the death of his first wife he was married to Mrs. Alice Coleman, of Fairfield county, who, with three children—Capt. Roland Dickert, of Columbia; Mrs. Gussie Wells, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Lucile, of Newberry—survive him. He is also survived by two stepchildren—Mrs. W. H. Sailer, of Newberry, and Martha Coleman, of Camden, S. C.—and two brothers, Chas. P. Dickert, of Live Oak, Fla., and Hope A. Dickert, of Columbia.
The death of Colonel Dickert removes from Newberry one of her most illustrious sons—a man beloved by all who knew him. He was a man who knew no fear, strong in his convictions and possessing the courage to make known his convictions at any and all times. Many stories of his manhood and courage have been recounted, but they were always told by someone who knew the facts—and not by Colonel Dickert, for he was a man who was retired in his disposition and who never sought glory for himself in narrating his many deeds of heroism. He always took an active interest in all public affairs and did much towards the upbuilding of the community and state in which he lived.

THREE AMERICAN VESSELS SUNK

German Raiders Operating in South Pacific Ocean.

Washington, Oct. 4.—Two German commerce raiders, manned by the crew of the famous Zeppelin, which it now develops, stranded on Mopela Island in the Southern Pacific, after roaming the seas for seven months preying upon American and Allied shipping are operating somewhere in the south seas, according to a report received tonight at the Navy Department from the commander of the naval station at Tutuila, Samoa Islands.
The dispatch, transmitting the story of Capt. Hador Smith, of the American schooner C. Slade, one of the Zeppeliner's victims, was sent on September 29, several weeks after the new raiders left Mopela Island, where they had been captured by the Germans. The first put to sea on August 21, and the other on September 25, and it was probably the operations which led to recent reports of raiders in the Pacific.
Before coming to grief on August 21, the Zeppeliner had added the American schooners A. B. Johnson, Manilla and Slade to the list of at least twelve Allied vessels which she sank this year in the South Atlantic ocean. In the long period from last March, while she was last heard from, the raider probably sent down other craft encountered in passing through the Atlantic, around Cape Horn and across the Pacific to the French group of the Society Islands, of which Mopela is one.
The dispatch from the naval officer did not indicate the size of the raiders and nothing is known of them, as one was unnamed, while the French schooner Lutèce is not listed in available shipping records.

CUPID'S NEW WEAPON

By LOIS CRAYTON.

All day he had watched her on the trail as the horses wound around high, rocky cliffs, across tracts of shale and through deep valleys. Hedgeman, the leader, who knew the country well, went ahead; then came the venture-some spirits, ready to take risks of slides and places on narrow ledges, where pieces of rock might have fallen away since the last ranger passed on his lonely patrol.
But the mountain ponies were sure-footed—too sure-footed, for they went close to the edge sometimes. The horse the girl rode insisted on walking as far away from the cliff as possible. The man kept his eye on the girl. Most of the time her left foot was dangling over space, but she gave no sign that she was afraid.
When night came they camped in a valley, and after supper most of the weary souls crawled into bed. A few still lingered, however, around the great fire. The man and the girl sat apart talking.
"You are not afraid of anything, are you?" he said.
She laughed. "Goodness, yes—spiders and mice, measles and burglars."
"I doubt it!"
"What did I do to make you think I was—brave?"
"Most girls would have screamed or fainted when that horse went so close to the edge."
"And I kept quiet. That was only the instinct of self-preservation. I didn't want to scare him."
"That isn't true, I'm afraid. I insist on giving you the palm of courage."
"And I insist that I am as much of a coward as anybody."
"What are you afraid of, then?"
"I told you—burglars for one thing."
"And?"
"You for another."
"Me?"
"Yes. You insist on dragging my fallings out into daylight and analyzing them. I suppose you'll soon discover that I'm fond of vegetable soup and hate to use semicolons, and that incidentally these riding boots have rubbed my stockings into tatters."
"I'd forgotten. You must be dead tired." He got up instantly and helped her to her feet. "Go to bed now and be fresh for new worlds tomorrow."
He pressed her hand warmly and was gone.
They were together a great deal after that; they rode side by side when possible, sat together at meals, and had splendid campfire talks. He insisted on calling her brave as each day brought new risks which she took without flinching.
The trip came to an end; the man took train for Seattle, the girl went east, and the party scattered in all directions.
The girl's family had not come home from Canada and she undertook the opening of the townhouse.
She had long, quiet evenings alone after busy days, and she lived over her wonderful time in the mountains. There were camera views to go over, some of the man. "He's so different from most men," she mused, "so big. He's been all over the world, he says. I suppose he builds bridges and tunnels mountains and constructs dams and aqueducts, for he would never be content to spend his time doing little things."
One evening, after looking through her travel book again, she decided to go to bed. Hulda, the cook, had gone to her room on the third floor, and she was alone. She made a round of the rooms, fastened windows, snapping on locks and turning out lights.
Then she returned to the library to switch off the table light before going upstairs.
And there stood a man with a black mask over his face and an automatic ready for action.
"Oh!" said the girl, standing quite still.
"Keep quiet," said the intruder, "and I won't hurt you."
And the girl kept very quiet; in truth, she slipped in a heap to the floor, for she had fainted.
"I'm a fool!" A man's voice was the first thing she heard when her senses came back. She was on a couch and Hulda was rubbing her face and hands. She thought she knew the voice.
The girl sat up. "You!" she cried.
"Yes, I!" said the man grimly, the man with whom she had traveled over 300 miles of mountains.
"And here I've been thinking you did big, wonderful things to help the world, and you're a—a—"
"A burglar? No, I'm not really. Listen. I just got back from the West today—this evening—and I couldn't go to sleep until I had located your house. It was too late to come in, but I just wanted to know where you lived. When I was passing I saw a man working at the side window, so I got the corner policeman and we nabbed him. Then I thought of something, just a fool notion of mine to test your courage further, for I didn't believe you when you said you were afraid of burglars. You know what it was. I played burglar. Forgive me!"
"And I played baby," she said, ashamed.
"You are adorable, and I love you," said the man.
"Then it's all right," sighed the girl happily, "but it's the first time I ever knew Cupid to use a gun."
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HELD FOR YOUTH'S DEATH

Two Columbians Accused by Richland Coroner's Jury.

Columbia, Oct. 7.—The coroner's jury, sitting tonight on the death of Claude Lenwood Shaw, aged twelve, who was killed here late last night in an automobile accident at Shandon, a Columbia suburb, recommended that Dr. J. L. Hanahan, dentist and K. C. Hardin, superintendent of the phosphate plant of the Royster Guano Company, this city, "be held for manslaughter." Lane Shaw, brother of the dead youth, alleged in his testimony that the automobile, driven by Dr. Hanahan hit a wagon which they had just hitched beside the curbing near their home, overturned it and threw Lenwood Shaw completely over the body of the vehicle under the car. He was dragged for a considerable distance, he swore. Another car, driver unknown, hit Dr. Hanahan's automobile, ran over his brother's leg, backed off and disappeared, stated Shaw.
Lane Shaw and T. F. Aughtrey, a white chauffeur, who saw part of the accident, swore that both automobiles were traveling at between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour and alleged that Dr. Hanahan "appeared to be either drunk or had taken some kind of drugs; he staggered." Corroborative testimony as to the dentist's alleged physical condition also was given by Policeman Jones, of the Columbia department. It was brought out in the testimony that the maximum traffic speed allowed in the part of the city where the accident occurred is fifteen miles an hour.
The police for several hours after the automobile accident happened, looked for an unknown automobile driver. M. P. Cramer, city jailer, testified that Mr. Hardin appeared at the police station this morning and identified a channel bumper of an automobile which was found at the scene of the accident as belonging to his car. Mr. Cramer alleged Mr. Hardin told him that "he heard a crash at the scene of the accident last night but didn't know what happened."
The coroner's physician stated that wounds in the side and the back of

the youth caused his death, in his opinion. Both bones in his left leg, he testified, had been broken. He gave as his opinion, on question from the coroner, that a shock caused by the fracture following the major injuries might hasten death. The boy died on the way to the hospital shortly after the accident.

Much Liquor Destroyed.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 7.—Over a thousand gallons of whiskey seized, several thousand gallons of beer destroyed, more than two hundred arrests made, indictments entered, convictions secured, fines, amounting to thousands of dollars, assessed, and approximately 20 stills destroyed, spells the activity of the state constabulary during the past year, according to reports made to the office of Governor Manning by T. J. Smyrl, chief state constable. At the prevalent retail price of whiskey more than \$5,000 worth of it has been destroyed within the period covered by the reports.

This is Interesting.

Henry Hyatt, a well-known farmer of the Landsford section, was in the city a few days ago and made the following statement to Samuel Friedhelm: "That he declared to pick a bale of cotton and while doing so to count the number of bolls that it took to make it. That he picked 110,000 bolls, and that each lock of cotton (four to the boll) had eight seed to the lock or 32 to the boll, and for the bale of cotton, 3,520,000 seed to the bale. Mr. Hyatt's experience in doing this may seem to some to be a little peculiar, but it certainly is interesting and gives something for thought."
Rock Hill Record.

A Gaffney negro and his son were arrested Tuesday for selling whiskey. They had a slick scheme. They would not sell a man unless the man agreed to sell back a drink to them. In this way the purchaser would also become a violator of the law himself. They would sell a pint say, and buy back a drink for a specified small sum. They were arrested on the charge of having five gallons stored on the premises.

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