

PEACE BEFORE SPRING?

Henry Clews Says German People Will Want It on Any Terms.

That the German people will demand peace on any terms before the year is over was the prediction made by Henry Clews in an address before the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, at the Hotel McAlpine, New York, recently. Discussing financial conditions after the war, Mr. Clews said in part:

"When the war does end, entirely new conditions will confront us and our friends the Allies will become our commercial enemies. Then will begin a scramble for trade. There is no doubt that peace will necessitate extensive readjustment. Concerns devoted to war business will be obliged to scrap considerable of their plants or prepare for other lines of work. War profits will disappear and a few lines of industry will cease entirely, but very important effects will quickly appear. Reconstruction instead of destruction will at once set loose great economic forces and the work of rebuilding and rearranging the civilized world will start with a vigor that will soon overcome all confusion and hesitancy. War has impoverished the whole world, the waste of life and of wealth has been inconceivable. All of the nations combined have incurred war expenditures of over \$300,000,000,000.

Unperceived difficulties will appear in our recovery from war, which does not mean escape from all losses, but let it be distinctly kept in mind that peace, when it does come, will find the United States elevated to preeminence industrially, commercially and financially that would have required a generation to attain. We have suddenly become the world's banker, have secured a position that will not be

surrendered, even should Great Britain recover her leadership after the war. We will still be a close second instead of a distant third or fourth, as before the war.

"The war is going to be won by mechanics instead of with highly trained soldiers. It is a machinery warfare. Therefore, in my opinion, the present warfare is not likely to hold out through another severe winter."

Plan To Build Big Fleet.

Washington, Oct. 8.—Contracts to put into immediate force the \$350,000,000 destroyer project approved by Congress, just before adjournment were made ready today to be signed by Secretary Daniels tomorrow. Preliminary contracts made with ship, boiler and engine building companies, providing for the completion of the big job in not more than eighteen months, were of a tentative nature, and some minor changes were necessary.

The plan, in a general way, is to build additional shops and shipyards at which destroyers enough to more than double the present American fleet built or building will be turned out.

Negro Rioters Found Guilty.

Jelleville, Ill., Oct. 7.—Ten of the negroes on trial here as alleged accessories in the murder of Police Detective Coppedge, of East St. Louis, last July 1, were found guilty today and the penalty of each was fixed at fourteen years imprisonment. Three negroes were acquitted.

Dave J. Kigler, a private in a motor truck company at Greenville was fatally injured when his motor truck was struck by a Southern railway engine at a grade crossing. He was a native of Petersburg, Va.

WITHIN MINE FIELD

British Seaplane Observer Tells of Day of Terror.

Forced by "Dead" Engine to Descend, He and His Pilot Ward Off Deadly Floating Machines With Their Bare Hands.

A British seaplane observer describes an adventure that befell him, during a flight over the North sea. Suddenly, when the plane had traveled through fog and haze to a height of 2,500 feet above the water, the engine stopped dead. The observer and his pilot were compelled to descend quickly, and when their plane struck the water they had no idea where they were. Through calculations they finally decided that they must be at least 50 miles from the shores of England. What was worse, it was gradually borne in upon them that they were perilously near, if not actually in, an extensive mine field.

They could not signal, for their wireless apparatus was out of commission. The heat was terrible and the sea was dead calm. At least a dozen times as the day wore on the men heard the roar of engines, but the sound always receded into the distance again, and there seemed to be no hope of rescue. Finally the wind rose and shifted the haze a little, and high up in the northwest they saw dropping toward them a birdlike machine. Nearer and nearer it came, and presently it dropped on the water beside them. It was a British seaplane from their own base. The pilot of the rescue machine steered within 20 yards of them, and his observer heaved overboard a huge vacuum flask. Then, without stopping the engine, they dived along the surface and tilted into the air again. When the men turned to the flask they found that it had floated out of reach into the midst of a school of jellyfish.

Then the long, hungry, impatient wait began again. The hours seemed to drag more heavily than before. As the tide went down dark spheroidal objects began to bob up by twos to the surface. Through their glasses the men could see scores more of them in the distance. They were deadly contact mines! The nearest pair were only half a cable's length away, and the seaplane was drifting toward them on the ebbing tide.

During the next four hours the death traps gave the men a terribly anxious time, for there were hundreds of them, and it was impossible as the plane drifted along to avoid them. Once or twice they actually had to ward off the mines with their bare hands to keep them from knocking against the machine.

Shortly after six o'clock in the evening the men—burned almost black by the sun, with parched throats and swollen tongues—heard the sound of a propeller chugging away at no very great distance. The throbbing grew louder, and at intervals the observer fired three pistol shots. Then out of the haze plowed a trim little motor launch. She crept alongside, lowered her dinghy and took the men off. Then she made fast a line to the seaplane and took it in tow. It was long after midnight when the launch reached the English shore.—Wide World Magazine.

Fencing a Continent.

Since 1891 the state of South Australia has erected 29,148 miles of vermin fences, enough to encircle the world and with the remnant build a double line of fence along the southern border of the United States. New South Wales has spent more than \$27,000,000 for rabbit extermination and has within its borders 98,000 miles of fence. Of late years, says the National Geographic Magazine, the rabbit has been paying his board. He goes to swell the total of food exports from the commonwealth. Along the country roads rabbits may be seen hanging on the fences awaiting the rabbit carts that convey them to the packing houses, to be prepared for shipment as frozen meat and hides. During 1913 Australia exported frozen rabbit and hare to the value of \$1,400,000 and skins to the value of \$3,000,000.—Youth's Companion.

To Reform Russian Calendar.

Bringing up to date of the Russian calendar will be one of the earliest reforms of the new government in Russia, although opposition is expected from the ecclesiastical quarters. Any alteration of the calendar has always been regarded as an act of impiety by a large section of the Russian people. When the Gregorian calendar was introduced in 1582 as a correction of the Julian or Roman, three countries in Europe—Russia, Sweden and England—refused to come into line with the others. It was not until 1752 that England brought the calendar up to date. Sweden followed the next year, but Russia has persisted in remaining isolated up to the present. The Julian calendar was 11 minutes 10 seconds out of reckoning each year, and the accumulation would now amount to about 13 days.—Chicago Post.

Hope Springs Eternal.

"Are the Japsons still making plans for the summer?" "Oh, yes." "If they don't hurry summer will be over before they go anywhere." "That's not to discourage the Japsons. They will certainly begin making plans for next summer."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

OF USEFULNESS AT LAST

Alarm Clock, in Its Final Moments, Proved That It Had Some Reason for Existence.

(By the loony author of "How to Make a Dollar Go Farthest or Twenty Remote Places to Send a Money Order," "Solving the High Cost of Living, or the Widow Smultz Marries the Grocer," "The Deluge, or Swigger's New Forty-Dollar Suit and Dollar and a Quarter Fountain Pen," "Mopsy MacSwusters," "The Lustrous Lamps of Laura Lafferty," "Winnie Wiggins' Wondrous Ways," etc., etc., etc.) "Meow-w-w-w-ll!" "Pss! Squak! Bzaampff! Yeeow-w-w-ll?"

Tungsten Berner rolled from his right side to his left, from his left to his northeast.

"Skeek! Yoooff! Skaaa-piff!" "Meeskaug! Pthhhh! OOOOOO!" "!!! ?? X-X!!" exclaimed Tungsten Berner as he sprang out of bed. Looking out the window he saw 20 assorted cats on the back fence, simultaneously telling each other the tragic story of their lives. Desperately seizing his Big Slam alarm clock, Tungsten hurried it with all his might and almost all his main, muttering, "Maybe you'll be of some use at last; you haven't woke me up on time for two months."

The clock hit the top of the fence, split open, and its works, like shrapnel, flew in all directions. The next morning Tungsten found 13 corpses of 13 cats on his grass-plot, sold them to a manufacturer of imported furs, and bought a regular alarm clock.—Detroit Free Press.

ABILITY ALLOWED TO WASTE

Situation Exists That is Not Flattering to the Intelligence of the World.

For some reasons it is fortunate that we do not, as a rule, appreciate how much ability is wasted in this world, remarks the Boston News and Courier. If we did our opinion of man's intelligence would not be very flattering, to say the least. On the other hand, however, it is quite probable that if we did realize something of the vast amount of ability that goes to waste we would do all we could personally to check this loss. A large part of this wastage is accounted for by the fact that there are a great many persons who unconsciously and yet most earnestly develop their weakest instead of their strongest faculties—unconsciously because they are entirely ignorant of their real possibilities, earnestly because they are trying to do their best with the limited means at their command, of course, many of these persons, willing workers though they may be, are not able to tell in what direction their talents lie because they enter into the serious business of making a living with untrained minds and try to dig success out of whatever comes to hand first. They do not take the time to decide in what direction their natural bent lies, either through lack of opportunity or failure to appreciate the necessity for doing so; consequently, they are all at sea for a while and work with only a small percentage of efficiency. If indeed, with any worthwhile results at all.

Flowers.

Food and raiment are for the body, but flowers, flowers are for both body and soul.

When my lips are palsied by great emotions—love, gladness, sorrow, death—and the words I would write come not, then I send soul-messengers—flowers.

When I look upon a rose, all nightmares of atheism vanish; when I inhale the rare perfume of violets, I bow to the Master Chemist; when my pencil tries to trace the graceful flutings of the morning glory, or my brush match the exquisite color blendings of the humble pansy, I reverently acknowledge the high hand of art.

Some day, when I am in perfect attune with the Creator-God, I know I hear melodies, strangely sweet, amongst my flowers, and songs—songs like the morning stars must have sung together at the birth of him—the Rose of Sharon.

Without flowers my body could live, but I know my soul would starve.—Will P. Snyder in Book News Monthly.

Modern Aladdin's Lamp.

Aladdin's lamp wasn't a public utility. Electricity, the servant of everyone who pushes the button, eclipses Aladdin's lamp as the sun eclipses a match, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Electricity is a Jinn, as powerful as that which awaited the call of Aladdin. It serves individuals, science, industries, cities, countries. The all powerful Jinn of the twentieth century is at call upon the plunging steamer in the midst of the blackest storm upon the bosom of the heaving ocean, beyond the equator or at the Arctic circle. Electricity propels the submarine. It is the life spark of the airplane. It draws the coal and iron from the moon's heart and performs hitherto magical feats of strength and intelligence undreamed of by Aladdin.

Silent Sagacity.

"It's kind of funny," remarked the man who was holding a job that subjected him to some criticism.

"What's funny?" "The man who's doing my job shows how to explain everything. Never shows up when there's a murder mystery on hand that really needs him."

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THE CHESTERFIELD CAMP

Government Can Get 135,000 Acres And Will Condemn 15,000 Acres.

The latest news regarding the Government encampment which comes from the War Department at Charleston is that the training camp is coming to this county and that this site which has been finally selected in this section is the best yet examined by the engineers of the United States government. The government has now secured options on one hundred and thirty five thousand acres for the training grounds.

The government desires 150,000 acres and has secured 135,000 acres at the average lease price of \$5.00 per acre, with the average sale price of \$30.00 per acre. The remaining 15,000 acres will be condemned as soon as the work starts on the camp.

The site that finds much favor with the government is near Guess, Seaboard tracks between Patrick McBea, would afford excellent transportation facilities. It has been decided to revise the original boundary line and not take in Shiloh as proposed. One boundary line crosses the Scotch road near Odell Mill, seven miles south of Chesterfield and run from there to Guess a westerly direction to McBea, perhaps near Jefferson.—Jefferson Jeffersonian.

Named As Delegates.

Governor Manning has named the following as delegates to the Southern Commercial Congress to be held in New York, October 15-17 including T. J. Kirkland, George T. Little, D. Niles, E. N. McDowell, C. Shannon, and A. J. Beattie, all Camden.

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