

TOKIO IS ENRAGED OVER ABE'S DEATH

15,000 March to Foreign Office and Demand Action.

THEY WOULD FIGHT CHINA.

Score of Agitators Decry Japanese Diplomacy and Declare It Always Ends in Failure.

Tokio, Sept. 7.—The assassination of Moriarty Abe, director of the political bureau of the Japanese foreign office, has inflamed the masses and today a dramatic chapter in the history of the new Japan was written. Fifteen thousand persons gathered in mass-meeting in Hybla Park calling for military action against China. A majority of these marched to the foreign office and clamored for admission.

The speakers denounced the emptiness of Japan's diplomacy in connection with the California land question and China and insisted that the insult to the Japanese flag at Nanking should be wiped out. The manifestation was clearly an explosion of popular resentment against the ministry in its treatment of the California and Chinese questions.

DECY JAPANESE DIPLOMACY.

Profiting by the lesson of the riots which followed the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan, the government reduced the risk of violence today by refusing to allow a single soldier or policeman at the scene. The manifestations, many of whom were students, were orderly during the early part of the proceedings. A score of agitators, including a girl, decry Japanese diplomacy and declared that it had never contributed to the upbuilding of the empire and had always ended in failure. The incidents in China were declared to be unbearable.

Suddenly the cry to march on the foreign office was raised and there was a general stampede, many persons barely escaping being crushed. The crowds surged through the streets headed by the gesticulating leaders and reached the foreign office to find that the high iron gates were locked.

HOLD LONG PARLEY.

Scores of the demonstrators pounded on the gates and called for them to be opened, but in vain. The under officials refused. A delegation was appointed, the members of which climbed the gates, and then ensued a long parley.

Meanwhile the crowd was cheerful but determined. It showered compliments on a beautiful geisha girl struggling by in a rickshaw, but angrily stoned a photographer seeking to take snapshots of the chief delegate, who, having returned, mounted the portals to report progress. Perched unsteadily on the pickets he made a fantastic picture, and in a harsh harangue declared that the committee demanded either the dispatch of troops or the retirement of the foreign minister.

"We told the officials," he shouted, "that the voice of the people speaks, that the agitation will never end until our demands are granted."

HOWLS OF DERISION.

The demonstration continued for five hours, the delegates emerging periodically to pacify the crowd. Finally, when the discussion ended, they reported that Baron Makino had promised to receive them September 15. This was greeted with howls of derision, and a thousand marched to the foreign minister's residence, three miles distant. Police, however, prevented their near approach.

Another mass-meeting was called for Sunday night at the Young Men's Christian Association hall.

The delegation which visited the home of Baron Makino tonight was received by the Baroness, who regretted the absence of her husband. She served tea and food to the delegates. Outside the crowd built fires for warmth.

At midnight they marched to the heavily guarded residence of the Premier, Count Yamamoto and spent the night in the rain.

A second mass-meeting was held as arranged, and at its conclusion a great crowd proceeded to the foreign office. Windows were smashed and the gates of the foreign office, the tramway cars and the automobiles were stoned. Part of the tramway service had to be suspended.

There is considerable feeling in the army over the killing of Japanese at Nanking as well as over the ill-treatment of two Japanese officials at Hankow.

Will Act Cautiously.

London, Sept. 7.—The Tokio correspondent of The Daily Telegraph says:

"The Japanese government evidently is determined to act cautiously but a great reinforcement of the fleet in Chinese waters is considered certain, and it is not improbable that some strategic point may be occupied."

"Any support which the Chinese Southerners had in Japan, however, has been completely forfeited by the exhibition of pusillanimity and corruption on the part of the Southern leaders and any Japanese action now taken will therefore be totally unrelated to previous sympathy with the South."

Miraculous Man.

Exchange. Sunday school teacher—The feeding of the multitude with the loaves and fishes was a miracle. Can you name another miracle, Willie?

Small Willie—I guess my Uncle Henry is a miracle.

Sunday school teacher—Indeed! Why do you think so?

Small Willie—Well, mamma says all he does is loaf and fishes.

What the Nation Thinks of Wilson's Mexican Policy.

Atlanta Journal.

One of the most interesting and helpful results of President Wilson's special address to Congress on the Mexican situation is the responsive ring of approval it has brought from thinking men in every party and in every section of the country. If Huerta ever had reason to doubt that the administration was speaking for the entire American people, he is now convinced of his error, for every voice of public opinion that commands respect has united in earnest commendation of the course the President is pursuing.

Thus The New York Tribune, as stanch a spokesman of Republican politics as could be found, declares that the nation must "approve and support the dignified, benevolent and resolute policy which was put forward in the President's message."

The Sun affirms that "the attitude of the administration, so manifestly inspired by lofty ideals of duty and of method, represents exactly the attitude of our Congress and, generally, of the American people."

The Herald speaks with insight as well as enthusiasm: "No more striking evidence of the truism that in the United States political opinion 'stops at the border,' could be asked or given than that furnished by the reception accorded by Congress to President Wilson's Mexico address. Republican senators and representatives, as strongly as those of the President's own party, gave unequivocal approval of the efforts the executive department has made to promote peace in our neighboring republic, and of the policy to be pursued in the immediate future."

The Evening Post remarks that the President "has absolutely united the country behind him. Scarcely a single partisan or prejudiced voice is raised against the general attitude. This is the more remarkable in that the President's plea, while strongly insisting upon the national dignity and the duty laid upon the United States, is all for peace, all for friendship with Mexico, all for non-intervention, all for the most resolute denial of any selfish purpose in our attempts to bring about a peaceful settlement."

The Boston Transcript is confident that Mexico and the world are now convinced "that the voice of the President in this crisis is the voice of the nation;" and The Springfield Republican declares that the course Mr. Wilson advises "is the only one to pursue and the American people will show their patriotism to the best advantage by solidly supporting him."

The Chicago Tribune says, "The President's action is based on the deepest and broadest foundations of American international policy, foundations sometimes ignored but always ignored at cost." The Chicago Inter Ocean counsels the American people "to stand firmly with their President in seeking such a triumph of moral force and pressure as most clearly distinguished from physical arguments of any kind."

And the San Antonio Express, speaking from the first-hand experience of one on the troublous Southern border, observes: "Congress cheered the President; we who know conditions in Mexico, we who are more capable of judging because of our proximity to and our familiarity with the affairs of the neighboring republic, congratulate him on his wisdom and strength."

Active Cheese.

Exchange. A young woman went to a grocery store and asked the polite clerk if he had some good cheese.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "I have some lovely cheese."

"It is not correct to call cheese 'lovely,'" she said.

"How is that?" he inquired.

"Because, 'lovely' should be used to qualify only something that is alive."

"Well," retorted the clerk, "I'll stick to 'lovely.'"

Things the Farmer is Learning.

Houston Post.

Lincoln never said a truer thing than this: "Population must increase rapidly, more rapidly than in former times, and ere long the most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil."

In this Mr. Lincoln was a prophet, for even now we are trying to increase crop yields on smaller areas. The small farm is taking the place, in the ambitions of the people, of the large farm. This is true progress and means a great deal for agriculture. We have learned that intensive agriculture is more in harmony with the progress of agricultural development than extensive agriculture. Students of agricultural conditions the world over tell us that the small farms in all countries are those that contribute most to the country's prosperity.

Then there is another feature of small farms that may be considered favorable to the country's prosperity. Liebig said that it is not the land itself that constitutes the farmer's wealth, but it is in the constituents of the soil, which serve for the nutrition of plants, that this wealth truly consists. This is fundamentally true. Wealth does not consist of many acres if these acres lack in fertility. Land lacking in fertility is a liability which bears heavily on the owner. Food for plants is just as necessary as food for animals. Neither can flourish without it. The prosperity of a country depends upon the fertility of the land. If the land loses its power to produce all industrial institutions languish. The success of a people and community depends on the success of agriculture, commerce and traffic. Commerce and traffic depend upon the success of agriculture. Agriculture then is the foundation upon which rests all business. It should be then the business of governments, individuals and institutions, to contribute to the upbuilding of agriculture. While all are ready to concede this truth, agriculture is receiving less aid and encouragement than any of our institutions. This is a shortsighted policy practiced more in America than in any of the progressive nations.

There is hunger for land—land on which to grow the things necessary to the sustenance of the human family. But in the wild search for land only the fertile land is sought—land capable of producing those crops needed for sustenance. The searchers for land turn their backs on those lands depleted of their fertility. There should be no such lands. But there are. Here is where the crime of soil mining shows a dark page in our history and here is an instance where history will not repeat itself. We have learned a lesson from the past that will glorify the future—a lesson which has cost our nation many millions of dollars. The American farmer has been living upon the principal of his investment instead of the interest, and whatever measure of apparent prosperity he has had has been taken from his capital stock.

Prof. Hopkins says that the boastful statement sometimes made, that "the American landowner has become a scientific farmer, is as erroneous as it is optimistic. That he continues to decrease the fertility of his soil is proof to the fact that he is not applying scientific methods in the management of his soil and the cultivation of crops." But he is learning the fundamental truth that there is no need of depleting a soil fertility in the production of crops. He is learning, too, that the productive power of land depends upon the power of the land to feed crops. He is learning that to permanently maintain the soil's fertility he must restore to the soil the plant food required in crop production. This is progress and that, too, of a character that will make this nation the greatest agricultural nation of the world.

Ambiguous.

Judge.

Fred—"How would you like me for your husband?"

Ethel—"Oh, I should like nothing better."

Fred—"Er—ahem! Good evening."

A Justified Kick.

At a recent social session in Mount Holly, Surrogate, Joseph Hunt of that place told of an incident which convincingly demonstrated that some kicks are eminently justified, says The Philadelphia Telegraph.

In a certain section of Jersey, so ran the story of the Surrogate, there is a village grocery store, where, besides salt and prunes, everything may be purchased from a collar for a pet rhinoceros to a sprocket wheel for a pianola. Together with this the grocery store is the local postoffice.

A few days ago a farmer entered the store with something on his mind and after taking a fresh chew of tobacco to fortify himself, he leisurely approached the counter.

"Look here, David," he complained, "I ain't kickin' none, but I ain't ther some way that ye kin kind o' separate yer grocery bizness an' yer postoffice bizness that they won't mix quite so much?"

"There you go complainin' again, Joshua!" responded the grocery man.

"What's achin' you this time?"

"No hard feelin's, David," rejoined Uncle Josh, "but t'other day I got some postage stamps here jes' arter Jaked Smith got two gallons o' oil, an' every derned one o' them tasted o' kerosene."

Finally Fell Off.

Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Don't you think man is greatly influenced by his environment?"

"Not always. I once knew a man who drove a sprinkling cart for nine years and died of acute alcoholism."

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A Puzzled Celt.

A class in a certain art school was recently startled by the sudden appearance in its midst of a ragged Irishman, who, with tears in his eyes, begged for enough money to get him a "bite."

The first impulse of the presiding genius was to request him to move on, but his picturesqueness suggested that he should be given a chance to earn his supper by sitting as a model.

"Sit down," said the instructor, kindly. "If you permit these ladies to paint you, we will pay you a shilling. What do you say?"

"Av o'll let 'm wha-at?" replied the beggar, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Paint you—paint you. It won't take very long."

"Bedad, Oi want th' shillin' bad enough," he returned, after a moment's reflection. "An' Oi'll be very glad t' let th' young ladies paint me, av y'e'll tell me how'll Oi get th' paint arf me afterwar-nds!"

Back in Town.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Ever hear from your summer girl nowadays?"

"Queer thing about that summer girl. She lives here. When I met her here in town she didn't know me, and we've started another flirtation."

Hadn't Noticed It.

Chicago Tribune.

"Mandy, what did your husband say about the scenery of New York city and its environs?"

"Nothing; all he talked about was the awfulness of the styles of dress the women wore."

Despondency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers.

THE HOUSE IN HAPPINESS SQUARE.

There's a house that stands in Happiness Square.

On a little hill just above, And it's built of brick that is solid and strong.

Joined fast by the mortar of love.

Wee windows smile with their glad, bright eyes,

That glow with the warmth within, And the walls are white as God's daylight,

That knows not sorrow or sin.

But it isn't a mansion great or grand, Though its treasure is wealth untold, For if walls are bare, white love lives there

Which nobody gets for gold.

And kings may dwell in their marble halls

And palaces rich and rare, But there isn't a home in the whole wide world

Like the house in Happiness Square.

Oh, Happiness Square isn't hard to find,

If only you know the way! And the little house waits, with open gates,

To welcome you there—today.

And to those who love, and to those who know,

They may find its counterpart In the tender clasp of a good man's arms,

Or the warmth of a woman's heart! —Hazel Phillips Hanshaw.

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THE WINNER AND THE LOSER

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is an average man;

Not built on any particular plan, Not blessed with any peculiar luck; Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"—

He knows, and answers "No" or "Yes;"

When set at a task the rest can't do, He buckles in till he puts it through.

Three things he's learned; that the man who tries

Finds favor in his employer's eyes;

That it pays to know more than one thing well;

That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits, till one fine day

There's a better job with bigger pay, And the men who shirked whenever they could

Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks, Who uses his hand, his head, his eyes;

The man who wins is the man who tries.

—Anonymous.

THE MAN WHO FAILS.

The man who fails is the sort of a chap

Who is always looking around for a snap;

Who neglects his work to regard the clock;

Who never misses a chance to knock.

He is grouchy and slow when work begins,

When it's time to quit he jokes and grins;

He's always as busy as busy can be, When he thinks the boss is around to see.

He believes that a "pull" is the only way

By which he can ever draw bigger pay;

And he sulks and growls when he sees his plan

Upset by the "push" of another man.

He's on his job when he draws his pay;

That done, he soldiers his time away; While the men who tackle their jobs with vim

Keep pushing and climbing ahead of him.

For the man who fails has himself to blame,

If he wastes his chances and misses his aim;

He'd win, if he'd use his hand and wits;

The man who fails is the man who quits.