

HAD LIVELY FIGHT

Man Found Coachwhip Snake No Mean Antagonist.

Mr. G. M. Robbins of Atlanta is Ready to Announce That He is Not at All Desirous of Another Such Bout.

Some folk say a coachsnake won't chase you and tie you to a pine tree and whip the everlasting daylight out of you.

The defense now calls to the stand one G. W. Robbins, whose initials may or may not stand for George Washington, and who watches at the Downman-Dozier plant in Atlanta, Ga., by night.

Mr. Robbins avers that the blamed coachwhip went as far as possible—he chased Robbins three times around his own garden to begin with, and when Robbins finally turned and gave battle he (the coachwhip) lassoed him and the ensuing wrestling match simply ruined a large part of an acre of excellent radishes and some fine young onions.

Robbins says he was out in the garden pulling some radishes when he discovered a six-foot coachwhip snake watching him balefully. Mindful of the tradition, and despite the absence of pine trees, Robbins turned and fled, and the coachwhip after him. Round and round the garden patch fled Robbins, the coachwhip still pursuing him.

The chase ended near the barn, where Robbins was forced to pause for breath. Whether the coachwhip also was shy of wind does not appear, but he started crawling under the barn to think it over.

Robbins, encouraged by this maneuver and angered at the damage already wrought among his garden-sas, grasped the snake by his delicately tapering tail and dragged him, resisting furiously, from beneath the barn. Instantly the coachwhip changed his tactics and looped himself about Robbins' neck.

Business picked up at once, and the warm spring atmosphere was shattered by rude exclamations of the rough-and-ready variety. The coachwhip had a combination grapevine and head hold on Robbins, who was striving to achieve the deadly toe hold made famous by the late Mr. Gotch.

The radish bed was used as a mat, and the grapple was fast and furious. It is always a difficult matter to put a toe hold on a large and scientific snake, but Robbins was battling for his life and a few remaining radishes—and he got the hold.

The first thing Robbins did was to unwrap the snake from about his neck. The next thing he did was not strictly in accord with the wrestling regulations. Instead of pinning the coachwhip's shoulders to the radish bed, Robbins deliberately and with malice aforethought popped his enemy's skull vindictively against the side of the barn.

The battle ended there. The snake measured two inches over two yards.

Elephants' Picnic.

An act not down on the program was given without charge the other day in the old seaport town of Marblehead, Mass., when four elephants of a small circus, named with fine allied patriotism General Foch, General Pershing, General Haig and Princess Pat, jumped a stone wall, escaped the circus and took to the woods. The personnel of the circus, acrobats, riders, clowns and canvasmen, followed, and so did many of the townspeople and half a dozen policemen, but the elephants made the woods first, and there they spent the day with "a large and appreciative audience" watching on the outskirts. Peanuts and bananas, usually a temptation to elephants, failed to entice them from their New England jungle; but as twilight fell, and habit suggested feeding time, the big beasts came peacefully out of the woods and allowed the trainer and his assistants to lead them back to the circus grounds. And all Marblehead went home to belated suppers.

Germany Seeks Wool Substitutes.

Search for wool substitutes will doubtless continue in Germany, where sheep rearing is not likely to increase materially. Dogs' hair and even human hair have been tried, as felt material of limited supply, and the long hair of women found military use during the war. A possible new industry is to be based on the white, silken-haired rabbit. The hair may be spun into very fine soft threads, suitable for weaving certain fabrics, and plans are said to have been made for breeding several millions of the animals.

Oil in Mexico.

Recent investigations which have been made on the Pacific coast of Mexico reveal the existence of rich deposits of petroleum. These discoveries are of great importance, because they will ultimately serve to intensify maritime traffic and seem to presage for some of the western ports of Mexico a future as promising as that of Tampico or Tuxtepec.

Simple Budget System.

"Every young wife should have a budget system to govern her expenditures." "I know. I have one. I pay what I can and owe the rest."

HOLDING FAST TO RELIGION

Writer Refuses to Believe That the American Nation as a Whole is Falling Away.

In our universities we find multitudes of young men who claim adherence to the Christian faith. The indifference of their adherence is in marked contrast to what I observed in the University of Cairo, where are thousands of youths, Moslems in name, and also in spirit, Captain Arthur Hunt Chute writes in Leslie's.

In Damascus, in Aleppo, in Broussa, and in many other cities of the near East, I have often been held up in front of a bazaar by a fishnet drawn across the entrance. On inquiry I was told, "The master has gone to pray." Five times a day throughout the Moslem world the mezzin, or call to prayer, echoes from its minarets, and wherever they may be the faithful bow themselves. Before sights like these I bare my head, and I return to our superficial western cities with less of boasting and pride of spirit.

Two generations ago Emerson was writing his famous essays, in which we read the name of God on every page. In these more superficial times we have not gained by our indifference to that which was the heart of Emerson's message.

Some socialist syndicate will exclaim: "If you will only leave out the word 'religion' we won't object." But I shan't leave out the word "religion," for in that word I see America's greatest need today. There are hypocrites all around and the cynic points me to them, but I answer: "I have seen a good man, the secret of his goodness was religion, and a good life is an argument that I cannot answer."

Despite appearances to the contrary, I believe that America even yet is not so far away from Plymouth Rock. In the cabaret shows, amidst the roof garden follies, and in the gayest whirl, there are many in the giddy throng who still bear like a magic talisman the memory of the white spires of New England.

May Mean War on Rats.

There is not enough leather to go round. Fish skins are susceptible to tanning, and there are rat skins which make good leather, large enough for many purposes. They would do for some kinds of gloves and mittens, says the Little Journal. They may be sewed together to make cloaks and other garments, and they are not too small to be available for parts of boots and shoes.

The general rule as to leather is that the thicker the fur is the poorer the hide, and vice versa. According to this, rat hide would produce superior leather.

Another Degree.

Grandfather is a learned Indiana professor—one who is greatly respected by all his neighbors and acquaintances. But his little three-year-old granddaughter knows him quite another way from any other person, as the bestower of anything she may wish. The other evening his mother left her with grandfather while she went to a party. For a while everything went all right and then baby began to get sleepy. At the same time she longed for mother to tuck her in bed. Then she pitched her voice high and wailed loud and long.

Grandfather presented money, trinkets and everything the house offered, but still the baby wailed. More presents, and finally the baby took enough notice to utter this rebuke: "I want oo to know I'm tryin' for my mudder."

Classified.

Jack—Say, Jill, you didn't know that I was an electrician? I missed my calling.

Jill—How's that?

Jack—Why, last night, over at Jane's the electric light fuse burned out. Guess who fixed it? Me—I—myself.

Jill—Huh! You're no electrician—you're an idiot!—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Anatolia.

Anatolia, mentioned in the news from the peace conference in Paris, is the name of one of the five large provinces or districts into which Turkey is divided. It lies between the Mediterranean and Black seas, and the district is the home of the greater part of the Turkish population, numbering about 7,500,000 people. The other four great districts of Turkey are Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia and Kurdistan.

GREAT IN HISTORY

And Wondrously Beautiful is the City of Lisbon.

Portuguese Capital Has Had Many Names Through the Centuries—Was Last Stronghold of the Moor in That Country.

The way of a name, especially a well-known name, is interesting to very many people outside the ranks of the confirmed etymologist. The strange way in which, through the centuries, a name, gradually changes and changes until it has really changed out of all casual recognition, yet never quite parts from its original, has a fascination all its own. Lisbon is a very first-class example. No one, off-hand, would think of connecting the name with Ulysses, and yet your etymologist dives into the subject and so connects it without apparent difficulty. Every one, of course, knows the legend that Lisbon owes its origin to Ulysses. It makes no difference that the mythical city founded by the great wanderer is declared by Strabo to have been rather in the mountains of Turdetania, in the extreme south of Spain. Such contentions never make any difference to a well-established tradition. And so the oldest name by which the city ever was known, that is to say Ollisipo, came to be written Ulyssippo. This on Phoenician lips, says the authority, appeared as Alisubbo, or the friendly bay. Then came the Romans, changing the name, but sealing their appreciation of the happy situation of the beautiful city on the heights above Tagus by calling it Felicitas Julia. After the Romans came the Moors with their Al Aschbuna, still carrying out the same idea, and after the Moors, the Portuguese, with the Alisubbo of the Phoenician carried a step further, and appearing as Lissabona. From that to the Lisboa of Lisbon of today is but a step.

And what a history there is in it! It carries one safely through the centuries, touching lightly on the story of Phoenician, Roman and Moor as each, in turn, held sway along the shores of Friendly bay. Lisbon, indeed, was the last stronghold of the Moor in Portugal, and the story of how King Alfonso I laid siege to it through many months, in 1147, and, at last, with the aid of English and Flemish cruisers on the way to Syria captured it, is one of the great romances of history. Other landmarks and epochs in the history of Lisbon are the burning of the city by the Castilian army of Henry II, in 1373; its period of splendor and greatness in the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese empire was spreading itself into India and Africa; its long years of humiliation from 1580 to 1640, when Lisbon was a provincial town under Spanish rule; its release from the Spanish bondage; the great earthquake of 1755; and the grand rebuilding of the city under the famous Caravallho.

Caravallho had a gracious task; Lisbon has always been famous for the beauty of its situation, and few who write about Portugal today fail to attempt, once again, to convey the beauties of its blue waters, its white, red-roofed houses, the wonderful verdure of its gardens, and over all the "peerless blue of a southern sky." "The eyes rest," says one writer, "upon a succession of amphitheatres built up with tier upon tier of houses, great and small, which the sorcery of Lusitanian sunlight transfigures into the semblance of a city of palaces and many mansions built up of marbles of delicate and varied hues." The westernmost of European capitals spreads itself in leisurely fashion over its 11 hills, extending for more than five miles along the shores of the famous Rada de Lisbon, and for more than three miles inland. Beyond the narrow channel leading out of the Rada through which flow the waters of the Tagus lies the open sea, and some 800 miles away over the horizon to the west are the Azores.—Christian Science Monitor.

The Essential.

The new doorkeeper at the museum turnstile had learned the book of rules by heart before taking over the job.

"Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who had failed to hand over that article.

"But I haven't an umbrella," the visitor pleaded.

"Then you must go back and get one," said the doorkeeper. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."—Exchange.

Consoling.

Bobby—Grandpa, why do you look so sad?

Grandpa—Ah, my lad, I was just thinking, here I am seventy years of age and I have done nothing that is likely to make posterity remember me—nothing.

Bobby—Oh, well, don't worry, grandpa. Maybe you'll still have a chance to live in history as somebody's grandfather.

The Kind.

"What is your birthstone?" "Judging by the knocks I am always getting from life, I should say it was a brickbat."

VICTORIAN ERA WORTH WHILE

Deserved Rebuke for Those Who Smile at Epoch Which Had Many Good Points.

Why do the heathen rage against the Victorian epoch? Men who lived through a great part of it found it exciting, interesting, amusing and sometimes terrible. Tallyrand once said that nobody could understand the real delights of society unless he had lived before the French revolution. Similarly, what young person, or near-young person, of today can experience the delights of the time when it was possible to begin at ease the first chapter of a volume of Dickens or Thackeray, to wait impatiently for George Eliot's new novel or even to bear the shock of Robert Buchanan's famous review of Swinburne? There were, too, the terrors occasioned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe when her fierce Puritan friendship induced her to print the confidences of Lady Byron! Our eyes were turned towards England, it is true, yet Hawthorne and Emerson were not only discussed, but read. Among the lesser lights there were Gail Hamilton and James Fields, whose very satisfying literary essays were great features of the Atlantic Monthly. People really did not spend their time in singing "Juanita" or in reading "Ouida" on the sly, nor did all the women dress in the magentas and solferinos in which contemporary satirists clothed the ladies of the middle periods of Victoria and Eugenie. The Crimean and Civil wars, so microscopic to the careless young, the Franco-Prussian struggle which preluded the chaos of 1914, were events that kept our minds from stagnating; and there were doers and thinkers in Europe worth our constant consideration.—Maurice Francis Egan in Yale Review.

FORGOT PROMISE TO CLIENT

Eminent Lawyer Talked Altogether Too Freely Over His Whisky and Soda at the Club.

Sir Thomas Lipton spoke in a Y. M. C. A. address in New York about honor among business men.

"Too many business men," he said, "fall from honor thoughtlessly. They are like an eminent divorce lawyer whom I overheard one night prattling over his whisky and soda at the club."

"Yes," said the eminent lawyer, "she's a very beautiful woman. Nervous, of course—of course very nervous just now. So I said to her gently, as soon as I'd sent my secretary out of the room: 'Now, my dear lady, I know in these cases there are many little details which a woman of your

position and refinement is most reluctant to divulge. But it is necessary, if our case is to succeed, that I be fully acquainted with all you have had to suffer. Of course you will understand that what you tell me will never go beyond the four walls of this room. I shall regard your confidence as absolutely sacred, and you need have no hesitation in revealing all, for you may be sure that no other human being will ever learn from me the details of your troubles.' Well, that gave her more confidence, of course, and, gentlemen, this is what she told me."

London and the Birds.

After the news from Strassburg that the storks have returned with the end of the war to the old Alsatian city, and are to be seen daily, as in time past, pluming themselves in the Place de Broglie, comes the news from London that one of the unusual features of this first spring after the war is the presence of the beautiful larger birds in the English capital. So writes a correspondent of the Observer, of London. "On the fringes," he says, "kestrels are now quite common, and in many places you may see their wonderful flight. The handsome Jays betray their presence in many wooded gardens that knew them not, by their screech, or the white flash of their wings; sparrow-hawks and carrion crows are coming to be common; and even the magpie has been seen where for years he has been unknown." And now that they have come, no doubt some way will be found of so convincing them of their welcome that they will come again.

The Claim of Runymede.

Every now and again, it is given to some man somewhere to utter a "heaven-sent phrase," which brings with it instant and almost startling illumination on a question, where long columns of explanation and long moments of eloquence might utterly fail. Such a phrase came from Josephus Daniels, the secretary of the United States navy, the other day, in the course of one of his speeches in England. "No Englishman," declared Mr. Daniels, "has more claim to Runymede than I."—Christian Science Monitor.

Tunnel Through the Pyrenees.

The rigors of mountain weather, opposition from the national ministries of war, and a difference in gauge have all united in the past to prevent an effective joining of French and Spanish railways, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Work on the project has been carried on since 1914, however, and it is now announced that a new tunnel from AX, in France, to Puigcerda, on the Spanish side, has been broken through, and will cement this desirable union more firmly.

French Patriot's Letter.

A remarkable story of the patriotism and devotion shown by a French-American family is related in the Petit Nicolas, the continental edition of the London Mail states.

At the outbreak of war a Frenchman named Caillies, forty-four years old, who kept a drug store in Los Angeles, Cal., left his wife, daughter and two sons to come over and fight for his native country. He was mortally wounded before Verdun in January, 1915, but before dying had the following cablegram sent to his wife: "I die facing the enemy. Let our two sons come out and take my place in the ranks. Adieu."

On receipt of this cablegram the two sons, Joseph and George, joined up and in due course arrived in France. Joseph was killed in 1917, not far from the place where his father met his death. He was thirty-four and was also a druggist.

George Caillies went through much fighting without a wound until at ten o'clock on the morning of November 11, just before the armistice, he was badly gassed. He recovered and has been in convalescence at Nice pending his departure for his California home to resume his legal studies.

New Insulating Material.

A new insulating material that is incombustible is made by mixing 51.7 per cent powdered asbestos, 14 per cent powdered mica, 20 per cent mineral rubber (a soft substance found in deposits of oleaginous schist); 1 per cent rosin and 0.3 per cent of bisulphide of selenium. After washing and evaporating in the air, a hard, non-absorbent substance is obtained which, on heating, becomes plastic and can be molded to any shape.

SUNBURN Apply VapoRub lightly—it soothes the tortured skin. VICK'S VAPORUB YOUR BODYGUARD—30¢, 60¢, \$1.20

PROFESSIONAL CARDS DR. J. REECE FUNDERBURK, Dental Surgeon. Office Hours: 8:30 to 12:30 A. M. 2:00 to 6:00 P. M. And by Appointment. Office Phone 160. Residence Phone 52. Office over Lancaster Pharmacy.

United States Railroad Administration Director General of Railroads Southern Railroad Lines SUMMER EXCURSION FARES From LANCASTER, S. C. Asheville, N. C. \$ 8.82 Hendersonville, N. C. 7.62 Waynesville, N. C. 10.32 Tryon, N. C. 6.48 Lake Junaluska, N. C. 10.20 Saluda, N. C. 7.02 Flat Rock, N. C. 7.44 Black Mountain, N. C. 8.16 Brevard, N. C. 8.82 Hickory, N. C. 6.00 Balsam, N. C. 10.74 Highland Lake, N. C. 7.56 Ridgecrest, N. C. 8.04 (War Tax Extra) AND MANY OTHER ATTRACTIVE RESORTS Tickets on Sale Now. Final Limit October 31st Spend Your Vacation in the Glorious Mountains of Western North Carolina Golf Tennis Horseback Riding Motoring Fishing Camping LIVE OUTDOORS IN "THE LAND OF THE SKY" THROUGH SERVICE. CONVENIENT SCHEDULES. W. B. CAUTHEN, Agent LANCASTER, S. C.