

ALL FEARED MOON

Soldiers Regarded Orb of Night as Their Enemy.

Lighted Roads on Which They Were Moving, and Thus Gave Enemy Gunners a Chance to Deal Out Death.

"The war is ended; the battlefields are being cleared of their debris; the rusty wire is being rolled up. The nights can be spent in beds, yet the men of the One Hundred and Nineteenth field artillery even now look at the sky with dread," says L. L. Stevenson in the Detroit News.

"The battlefields are not distant. Nor are the days distant when the moonlight was a menace to the One Hundred and Nineteenth.

"We were riding back from Toul, a little company of Detroit men, who had celebrated a birthday anniversary in that old, walled city. We had been discussing many things, principal of which was the homecoming, plans for the future and those whom we wished were with us. Then the moon swung over those forts on the hill, concealed no longer, and fell a silence over the veterans.

"They seemed to draw into themselves. Came a loud report and the artillerymen half rose in their seats. It was only a rear tire, yet the effect on keyed-up nerves was the same as though the blowout had been the detonation of that which had dropped from the sky.

"And simultaneously all damned the moon, as though that inoffensive orb had been the cause.

"Then they told me of those nights—marching along the highways helplessly; Jerry sweeping low and spraying lead at them from the machine guns, of bombs that were silent until they spoke in accents of death. They spoke also of the night when Buck was killed, when Chaplain William A. Atkinson, now quite recovered, lay in a pool of blood; when others with whom I had eaten and slept and camped up at Grayling, had fathomed the great mystery.

"It seemed to be a relief to them, a lifting of the weight, and I said nothing though all the beauty of the night had departed. Strange scenes danced about my eyes; the gaunt, unfinished military hospital on the left was a gray ghost; those winking lights—gleaming now, but not long ago had they shone they would have been an invitation to death—were far away flares, the deserted ammunition dump was animated with sweating figures.

MUST BE BORN A SINGER

Certain Formation of Throat and Nostrils Imperative for Utterance of Sweet Sounds.

According to recent scientific discoveries, singing birds, like human singers, must have a certain type of throat and nostrils. A full throat, large thorax, open nostrils and slightly protruding lips with good length from the point of the nose to the point of the chin and full cheeks are, say the scientists, positive signs in a human being of the power to give forth tone.

If the ears are round and well set to the head it is a sign not only of the power to sing, but to appreciate, and the combination means the great artist.

With feathered songsters much the same rules hold good. The round, somewhat pointed beak of the canary opens wide and his thorax and throat are exceedingly big for so tiny a bird, according to the Philadelphia North American. He can hear and appreciate the smallest sound and his trills and the beauty of his tone are due to his throat, to the roundness of his head and the shape of his bill.

The duck, on the other hand, having a flat bill and a small throat can only quack. Even if he longed to sing he could not acquire any pleasant notes, and it is the same way with some people. The most careful training cannot give the sound box which nature provides for those to whom she gives the great gift of vocal powers.

Invention of Much Worth.

The special oxyacetylene blowpipe applied by French engineers to cutting steel under water is claimed to have greatly simplified the salvage of torpedoed vessels. A blowpipe is mounted in a small diving bell, from which the water is expelled by compressed air, and the blowpipe pressures of air and acetylene, greater than under ordinary conditions, are regulated according to the depth at which the work is being done. In trials made, ship's plates have been cut under 27 feet of water. Besides the use of the apparatus on sunken vessels, it can be employed in repairing locks, and probably in other underwater work.

We are proud of the confidence doctors, druggists and the public have in 666 Chill and Fever Tonic.—Adv.

HER FIRST COFFEE CAKES

Wife Didn't Know Much About Cooking, but Would Try Anything to Please Hubby.

The little bride was having her first adventures in the culinary line and it was hard, as she had never been taught the art of cooking. The young husband remarked one day how fond he was of coffee cake, the kind his mother used to make, all fat with raisins and spice and all things nice.

After his departure for the office, the little bride looked through the recipe. It looked easy; you took one cake of yeast, a pint of boiled milk, so much butter, sugar, etc. She decided on a surprise for hubby at dinner that night. The recipe, like many others, was not definite; it left something for older, wiser heads to know—for instance, that the yeast germ is killed if put in hot milk, and it did not say to cool before adding the yeast.

Therefore she mixed the ingredients all at once. Throughout the day she watched it. Each time she looked a sullen mass greeted her eyes. It had not risen any that she could see and would not be ready for the evening meal. She could, however, tell the young husband of her good intentions. He was vitally interested and suggested to wife baking it later, and having it with the morning coffee. A neighbor, taken into consultation, thought perhaps it had been chilled, and suggested placing the bowl in hot water, which was done.

Together, the young couple watched it, but the stubborn disposition was still with it. At twelve o'clock the young husband lost patience and retired, with the remark, "If it were mine, I would throw the darned thing in the garbage can." Not so the little bride; she had been reading too much of waste and conservation, so she stayed up, sleepy though she was, until 1 a. m., when she placed it in the oven, hoping against hope that the baking would bring out its good qualities. At breakfast the coffee cake was served. They tried to slice it, they tried to hack it, but alas, all the tragedies of today are not in the trenches.—Indianapolis News.

WASN'T ASKING FOR MUCH

All Buffalo Wife Wanted of the Husband was Just "One of Those Regional Banks."

Stevenson, we believe it was—our memory isn't as good as it was before the income tax passed—tried to locate the greatest happiness in married life, remarks a writer in Buffalo News. He said the greatest need of joy comes from recounting tales of courtship, didn't he? Or is the pinnacle of happiness found in social contact with others, whereby husband and wife are spurred by the law of contrast to love one another more dearly? We forget which was his conclusion.

Tennyrate, both are wrong and unworthy of so great a master of literature. Our notion, you may say, is unimportant, and very probably you speak within the law when you say so. But to us the greatest joy comes in that mystic hour beside the evening lamp, when the gray moss hangs low from the nuptial tree, casting shadowy fancies about the heart of the home. To sing to her, to write odes to her, to recount the day's work to her—all are pleasant occupations.

To read to her, though, is the very height of evening enjoyment; she is so attentive, hangs so interestedly upon every word, and then her refreshing woman's views on what has been read! For example, last night, when he read two columns of comprehensive matter on the currency innovation, after which she yawned, wound up the clock and said:

"I wish you would stop tomorrow and get one of those regional banks and bring it home. I have one of the A. M. & A. banks and a dime bank, too. But I think one of those regional banks would be so much more desirable for larger money."

The High Cost of Economy.

Economy is something practiced by people who don't have to economize.

Mrs. Wealthy buys eggs by the dozens and puts them down in water glass. Mrs. Poor never could afford more than one dozen eggs at one time regardless of price.

Mrs. Wealthy buys flour and sugar by the barrel—at a great saving. Mrs. Poor buys hers by the pound—and it is expensive.

Mrs. Wealthy takes advantage of the sales and gets real bargains in furniture, shoes and clothes. Mrs. Poor can only look in the display windows longingly.

In short, Mrs. Wealthy uses her head where Mrs. Poor must use her husband's salary.

It is a pathetic fact that it takes money to economize.—G. W. Gabriel in the New York Sun.

Land Women Still Needed.

Women's land work in Britain has not been made unnecessary by demobilization. The women's land army is calling for 51,000 recruits there, as it is said to be impossible to obtain sufficient male labor for the crop work.

Still Upset.

"Wife finished house cleaning yet?" "Guess not. I had to go to the cellar this morning for a clean shirt and I found the garden spade in the parlor."

FIJIAN'S DAY OVER

Picturesque South Sea Islander Is Disappearing.

Advent of the White Man, With His Civilization and His Business Ideas Too Much for Once-Dreaded Savage.

The Fiji Islander, whose cannibalistic practices long made him a favorite with writers of fiction and humor, is following the Malay pirates and the roving pearl thief of the South seas into the realm of memory. A turbaned half-caste Hindoo is replacing the once bloodthirsty and always picturesque native of the Fijis.

It is the white man's civilization, along with the white man's vices, and the Fijian's utter disinclination to work that are blotting out the race. The Fijian of today is no longer warlike, no longer a hunter and a fisherman. Instead he is a lazy smoker of the white man's tobacco, a lover of the white man's enervating drinks and a patron of the white man's moving picture shows.

Time was when the war canoes of the Fijis plied the Southern seas; when the Fijian warrior was a dreaded person who displayed no fear in battle and who enjoyed eating his slain enemies once the conflict ended. The Fijians, according to the early travelers who came in contact with them, were superlatively bad. The very name Fijian became a synonym for whatever was barbarous, inhuman and cannibalistic. It seems that the eating of human flesh was both a matter of religious rite and of enjoyment with the Fijian. Great feasts of this sort were prepared, especially after a successful battle.

The bad reputation of the Fijians kept traders and missionaries away from the islands till long after other peoples of that section of the seas were Christianized. Finally the white man got a foothold in the islands. Trade of various sorts sprang up, for the islands are wonderfully rich in commercial possibilities. The Fijian is a child who cannot grow up. He has no sense of commercial values and no liking for toil. The white man found him a wretched worker and almost unusable on the plantations that were laid out in the islands.

That is the reason why the Hindoo coolie has been imported into Fiji and why the Fijian is disappearing. The "we cannot stand the double strain" of soft ways of living and of competition with the work-hardened native of India.

One notes as a significant phase of the European's attitude toward the changing conditions in Fiji, the recommendations adopted at a recent meeting of the district synod, Methodist mission of Fiji. These recommendations approved the further colonization of the islands by Hindoos and suggested a number of regulations which would better the situation of these imported orientals. The importation of women from India was recommended, as it was stated that women were disproportionately few in the Fiji islands.

There has been some intermarriage between the Fijis and the Hindoos. That, too, has helped bring about the passing of the Fijian. Samoans also have gone to Fiji in considerable numbers and have thrived there.

Guarding the Captor.

After the Turkish line was broken in front of Nablus, a Tommy of poor physique found himself in sole charge of a whole company of Jackos. No assistance was in sight, so the bantam solemnly proceeded to march the captives toward the nearest com-

ALL PLUGGED UP!

Constipated; bilious; dizzy; headache; nervous; irritable. "Feeling had all over." Whole system congested. "All plugged up."

DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP

is what you need. It's a purely vegetable tonic and blood purifier. Mildly laxative or thoroughly cathartic according to the dose. It wakes up a lazy LIVER and keeps it "on the job." It induces healthy action of the KIDNEYS. It puts the BOWELS in good condition and keeps them that way. YOU need something of this kind—and every member of the family, from the children up, does too. Get it at your drug store.

"For two years I suffered with some kind of stomach trouble and indigestion. I tried several remedies but could get no relief until I tried your DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP. Two bottles cured me. I have no trouble with my stomach now; can eat anything I desire without fear."—Miss Fannie Johnson—Tenn.

THACHER MEDICINE CO.
Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

pound, a few miles distant. The Turks stumbled along, and the rough nature of the country threw the column into such confusion that Tommy often found himself surrounded by prisoners. Once, while negotiating a difficult descent, he fell headlong among the boulders, his helmet and rifle flying before him. For a moment the situation seemed critical; but a stalwart prisoner promptly restored order by lifting the guard carefully to his feet and replacing the cumbersome headgear. Then, picking up the rifle, Abdul restored it with a graceful bow, and the column marched on to captivity.

Rubber-Seed Oil.

The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry calls attention to a report of the agriculture department of the Federated Malay states on the oil from the seeds of rubber trees as a substitute for linseed oil. The oil is of high quality, requires but little refining, and comes from a waste product that is available in great quantity, and that is easy to collect, transport and store and easy to crush. Experiments with a consignment of 31 tons of seeds sent to England resulted in a yield of \$250 a ton for the oil and \$40 a ton for the residual cake. Linseed oil at that time was selling at \$300 a ton.

Unnatural Restraint.

"They can give them suffrage all they please, but there is one natural obstacle to the feminine vote's being a success."
"What's that?"
"The secret ballot."

Its Use.

"I see where France has been importing a lot of sulphur from the United States."
"I guess she wanted it to make the German peace delegates feel at home."

Where He Would Have Been.

In the pouring rain the other day, James G. Balfour, the banker, was standing in front of the Quaker City bank, of which he is a director, when an Irishman darted across the street. Mr. Balfour, with that kindly and consoling manner which is habitual with him, offered a pleasant. "If this was good liquor," he said, "you wouldn't be coming so quick."
"If this was good liquor," the Irishman flashed back, "I'd be jumping down the sewer hole."—Philadelphia Ledger.

666 has more imitations than any other Chill and Fever Tonic on the market, but no one wants imitations. They are dangerous things in the medicine line.—Adv.

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THE REMINGTON ARMS U.M.C. CO. INC.
HARTFORD, CONN.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, as Administratrix of the estate of Geo. Hamrick, deceased, on the 26th day of July, 1919, make his final return as such Administratrix, and apply to the Probate Court of Lancaster county for letters of dismissal.

JOSEPHINE HAMRICK,
Administratrix estate of Geo. Hamrick, deceased.
June 26th, 1919 79.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

All persons indebted to the estate of W. F. Culp, deceased, will make payment to the undersigned; and all persons having claims against said estate will present same, duly attested.

ANNIE F. CULP,
A. F. CULP,
Administrators estate of W. F. Culp, deceased. 79-3t.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, as Administratrix of the estate of Margaret E. Hinson, deceased, on the 28th day of July, 1919, make his final return as such Administratrix, and apply to the Probate Court of Lancaster county for letters of dismissal.

E. M. CROXTON,
Administratrix of said deceased.
June 27, 1919. 79-4t.

666 has proven it will cure Malaria, Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever, Colds and LaGrippe. It kills the parasite that causes the fever. It is a splendid laxative and general Tonic.—Adv.

See PLYLER
IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR BUY
Because—"If It Can Be Did—Plyler Will Do It."

120 acres, two miles from town on public road; creek runs through this place; cheap at \$5,400.
100 acres known as Caskey place; 2 1-2 miles from town; some timber and some nice bottom land; only \$33 per acre.
100 acres belonging to Mr. W. B. Plyler, one mile to Antioch school and church. Almost new house and barn. Buildings are easily worth \$2,500. This is a bargain for \$4,500.
107 3-4 acres known as Hunter Place, two miles from town. Only \$3,800.
223 1-2 acres on crossing of Liberty Hill and Brown's Ferry roads. Close to school and church. \$40 per acre with terms.
89 1-2 acres belonging to Mr. S. S. Steele, one mile of Camp Creek church and school. On Potter road. Eight acres nice bottom land. Think it over. Only \$40 per acre.
91 acres belonging to Mr. L. S. Starnes, five miles from town; one mile to Zion; 1 1-2 to Shiloh; 200 yards to school; crossing of Landsford and Monroe roads. Cheap at \$31.50 per acre.
Nice, neat, almost new 4-room house with hall; 1-2 acre lot. Can't put this house up for \$1,500. House and lot for only \$1,500. Located on end of South Main Street.
Three two-room houses that rent for \$4 per month each. A good investment for \$1,200.
Nice lot in good location, 58x160 feet, only \$325.
Five-room house and lot, almost new house with wood fibre walls; celled overhead. Can't be erected today for \$2,500. Only \$2,500 for house and lot.
Store room on Midway, nearly new, \$6,500.
From \$10,000 to \$12,000 worth of lots in town.
Six-room house and lot, fine location, only \$3,000.

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		

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