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WALHALLA, S. C.:

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1916

SHOES \$20 PER PAIR.

Embargo on Leather or End of War Only Hope for Relief.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 6.—At a conference of shoe manufacturers and retailers to-day, called to demand a Congressional inquiry of the shortage and high cost of leather, it was announced that leather had advanced 15 cents a foot since a week ago to-day.

Similar advances within the next few weeks would compel retailers to charge \$20 a pair for shoes now selling at half that price, it was stated.

In resolutions to be sent to Washington it will be stated that five years ago most of the shoes made in New England were retailed at \$3 to \$5 a pair for medium grades for men, and from \$6 to \$10 a pair for women. Roughly speaking, prices of shoes have doubled during the last five years, the sharpest advances being since the war.

With an embargo placed on leather exports, those at the conference to-day declared prices would return to normal.

Manufacturers must soon run on half time, says a statement by Albert M. Creighton, president of the Lynn Shoe Manufacturers' Association. End of the war or an embargo can alone relieve the situation, he declares.

Played With Pistol—Dead.

Noultre, Ga., Dec. 6.—Bernard, the 19-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Watts, who reside several miles west of here, shot and instantly killed himself while playing with a pistol yesterday. The boy, with one or two other small children, had been left in the house by his parents, who were looking after some duties out of doors, when he went to the bed and removed the pistol from beneath a pillow, where it was kept. He removed all of the cartridges but one and was snapping it when it was discharged. The bullet entered his mouth and lodged in his brain. Death was instantaneous.

Attracted by the shot Mr. and Mrs. Watts rushed into the house and found the little fellow lying on the floor dead. One hand held the pistol and the other clutched the five loaded cartridges.

Suicide Made Complete Job.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 6.—Of all the suicides committed in Atlanta, probably the most horrible and shocking on record was that yesterday of a man whose name is thought to have been Louis Stagon, and whose body was burned to a cinder by flames from his clothing, which had been saturated with gasoline.

Purchasing a five-gallon can of the inflammable liquid, the man went into an alley on West Peachtree street, near the center of the city, drenched himself from head to foot, replaced the stopper in the can, then walked to the street and deliberately struck a match and ignited his clothing.

In a mass of flames he ran headlong into the street, dashed blindly into the rear of a rapidly moving trolley car, and fell on the track in a writhing torture. Before aid could reach him the man was burned to a cinder, beyond recognition.

Both his identity and his motive for the strange and horrible deed are enveloped in mystery.

Rev. Abercrombie to Pickens.

(Pickens Sentinel.)  
Rev. C. R. Abercrombie, of Salem, has bought a place at Six-Mile, and will move there in the near future. Mr. Abercrombie now preaches at Mountain View, Salem, Cheochee and Pleasant Ridge.

Inactivity Causes Constipation.

Lack of exercise in the winter is a frequent cause of constipation. You feel heavy, dull and listless, your complexion is sallow and pimply, and energy at low ebb. Clean up this condition at once with Dr. King's New Life Pills, a mild laxative that relieves the congested intestines without griping. A dose before retiring will assure you a full and easy movement in the morning. 25c. at your druggist.—Adv. 2.

THE LESSON OF THE AGES,  
WHICH THE UNITED STATES  
SHOULD NOW TEACH ANEW  
TO THE POWERS OF  
BLEEDING EUROPE.

"Whatever enables us to go to war secures our peace."—Thomas Jefferson.

"O, the striking! The striking! When men shall be blown about as moths in the wind! And then Allah shall cry unto Hell, 'Art thou filled full?' And Hell shall cry to Allah, 'More! Give me more!'"

(From Atlanta Georgian.)

The Arabian prophet, Mahomet, was not only a great reformer and a great teacher and a great statesman, but he was also a great poet. In one of those cataleptic trances to which he was subject he saw a sublime vision of the Day of Judgment, and uttered a rhapsody of which these words here quoted are the terrific conclusion.

Spoken more than a thousand years ago, with what power do these amazing words bring home to the reflective mind the condition of mankind this very day, after nearly two thousand years of Christian civilization!

"I have stood," said Lloyd George a few weeks ago, after his return from the Somme battlefields, "and seen five hundred thousand men fed into the mouth of that burning hell."

The dreadful vision of the Arabian seer, after more than a thousand years, had become a dreadful reality before the eyes of a matter-of-fact Welshman gazing into that ghastly hell of death and woe which is the ultimate achievement of twenty centuries of human thought, human experiment, human endeavor and the religion, laws, institutions and governments of the civilized peoples of the earth.

And still Allah cries to Hell, "Art thou filled full?" And still Hell clamors unto Allah, "More! Give me more!"

"The saddest thing of all," said a thoughtful and observant man who but lately returned from journeys in France, in England and in Russia, "is the dreadful callousness with which human slaughter has come to be regarded. Europe is reverting to barbarism."

"What we have to do," wrote an Englishman of letters, "is to kill Germans and then keep on killing more Germans until there are no more to kill."

"The hardest thing to bear," says a German, writing home from the front, "is the terrible smell of the decaying corpses between us and the enemy trenches. There are thousands of them lying out there that neither side dares to try to bury. Day before yesterday we had good success and killed many hundreds more in a bomb attack."

"The day I was wounded," relates an American who returned on furlough the other day to see a college foot ball game, "I had gone up to meet a German flier and got my man. It is great sport."

Great sport! To cross the seas and risk life and limb, not for one's own people and the dear sake of native land, but the mere lust of killing other human beings!

Great sport! To hurl another human being to an awful death, to orphan widow some wretched wife, to orphan poor, weeping children!

Good friends, this dreadful war has made savage beasts of men—tigers and hyenas, fanging each other's throats, dripping with human blood, exulting above the slain and ravaging, as it were, among the festering heaps of mutilated flesh that but yesterday were living bodies, made in the image of God.

The chivalry of the olden wars has departed. These millions are murdered by machinery, slain by mathematical formulas, butchered by the combinations of the laboratory.

Meantime, while the fields of battle and the burrows in which these cayemen of the modern world lurk in readiness to kill and to be killed run with streams of blood, other regions beyond the thunder of the guns and the tumult of the fighting resound with the groans and cries of those who suffer and die in the agonies of starvation or under the brutalities of invading hordes.

"Art thou filled full, O Hell?" And Hell cries still, "More, give me more! Are there not yet the women and the little children and the tender babes?"

"In all that vast region," declares an American who has returned to make report of his mission to Poland, "there is not a living child under five years of age. They have all succumbed to exposure and famine, to the number of at least two millions."

Men and women of America, has there not been enough of this devil's work done while we have stood by in silence consenting?

ters, to whom we owe every obligation of rescue and succor that God and humanity can lay upon the conscience of civilized people?

Is it not true that men are rightfully members of one great family, knit together in the bond of universal brotherhood?

And can we stand excused and guiltless before the judgment bar of the ages if we continue to consent to all this woe and agony of the other peoples—nay, worse, if we continue to provide the means of more slaughter, to make profit of accumulated agonies, to coin the blood and tears of humanity into gold that is as accursed as the shekels for which Judas sold the Christ to the tormentors?

There lies before us as a nation, dear friends, the plainest path of manly and courageous conduct that ever beckoned a people's feet to splendid and glorious achievement.

We are a strong people, a very strong people indeed, and in a just cause and with our backs to our homes and our wives and our little ones, we might face the world in hostile arms, and trust that we should not be beaten and trodden under enemy feet.

We are a very rich people, and without the stores of our granaries and our warehouses to load the ships that come to our shores, it would go hard with many of those who are slaying and destroying instead of creating and producing.

Above our strength and numbers and riches we possess a far more splendid possession, which is the moral prestige that not even these two unhappy years have been able to shake from its seat of power and influence among the nations.

And our most noble and most glorious opportunity is to employ all the accumulated and compacted weight and potency of our strength, our numbers, our wealth and our moral prestige and influence to promote speedy peace in distressed and saddened Europe.

Let us all, with one accord, urge upon our own President that he speak, in his great place, to the warring governments the words of meditation and friendliest concern which are in the hearts of all American men and American women who are worthy to wear the bright badge of citizenship in this, our dear country.

Certainly, it is our right to offer mediation.

If we have sinned in some ways, we have nobly and unselfishly played a righteous part in other ways.

We have not closed our ears to the appeals of the suffering. We have given freely of our wealth, and made no question of race or creed. We have avoided quarrels and sought peace, and if some among us have stained their hands with the price of blood, for the most part we have done what we could to bind up the wounds of the peoples and to succor the agonized and despairing.

Therefore it is that our President has the indubitable right, and, in our fixed judgment, is in duty bound to speak the sentiments of his fellow-citizens in an earnest and weighty appeal to the warring powers to accept the friendly offices of our great nation, to the end that war may cease among the peoples and peace reign over them.

What a happy, happy Christmas this would be if the herald angels could indeed and in truth, on its blessed eve, sing above the rejoicing world the song the shepherds heard as they kept their flocks long, long ago beneath the stars that shone on Bethlehem town:

"Glory to God in the highest!  
On earth peace, good will to men."

Before the war there were 800,000 government employees in the French republic.

Keeping Yourself Well

THE FIRST STEP

Usually the first indication of a lowering of health is found in the bowels and liver. Something goes wrong—we eat too much, or work too hard—and the bowel action weakens or the liver is sluggish. That heavy feeling on arising in the morning, dryness of the throat, with bad taste, a slight headache, dull eyes—all show that food has fermented in the intestines, and that the body is manufacturing poisons instead of good blood.

Clear it all out. Give the stomach and bowels a fresh start. Encourage the liver to go to work. Manalin does all of this, without griping or weakening. It's the ideal laxative and liver tonic, because it follows Nature's plan, without discomfort, inflammation or forming a habit. Constipation may be overcome with its use.



STATUE OF LIBERTY ABLAZE.  
Symbol of American Liberty Illuminated from Top to Bottom.

New York, Dec. 2.—At a signal flashed by wireless by President Wilson from the yacht Mayflower in the harbor here, the Statue of Liberty was bathed in light at 6 o'clock tonight. Bartholdi's famous symbol of American freedom, which for 30 years has been a token of welcome to the United States to millions of immigrants from every land, will be illuminated every night hereafter from top to bottom. Funds to install the permanent lighting system for the statue, the gift to the United States of 400,000 citizens of France, were provided by public subscription in this country.

"I light this statue," said the President, "with the thought that it may always stand as a symbol of our purpose to throw upon liberty, out of our own life as a nation, a light which shall reveal its dignity, its serene power, its benignant hope and spirit of guidance."

Grouped around the President upon the Mayflower's deck as he flashed the signal were Mrs. Wilson, Jules J. Jusserand, ambassador of France, Madame Jusserand, high officers of the army and navy and representatives of several nations.

Big Guns Boom.  
The great guns of a division of the Atlantic fleet anchored in the harbor as a guard of honor, boomed as the statue flashed into view, outlined in white light. The whistles of countless harbor craft shrieked in unison and flares of red light blazed up along the New York and New Jersey shores.

There was a flash of flame high above the statue, and Ruth Law, in her aeroplane, added a spectacular touch to the ceremonies of illumination, spouting sparks and fire from the tail of her machine as she circled the lower end of Manhattan Island. A roar of cheers from the thousands gathered in Battery Park greeted her as the letters "L-I-B-E-R-T-Y" outlined in electric lights were revealed on the bottom of the aeroplane.

Powerful Searchlight.  
The course of the Mayflower was marked by the rays of the most powerful searchlight in the world as the yacht's anchor was hoisted and the President's party headed for the battery to disembark for the motor car parade which preceded a dinner in honor of Mr. Wilson and Ambassador Jusserand.

Leaving the statue behind, the party on the Mayflower looked out upon a city of light. New York's skyline was literally ablaze. Electric lamps gleamed through countless windows in scores of "skyscrapers."

A searchlight played, upon a proudly floating flag atop the White Hall building, almost at the tip end of Manhattan, and golden lights gleamed along the seawall of the battery, haven of immigrants.

Close behind the Mayflower steamed the Yankton with Secretary of the Navy Daniels aboard, followed by the U. S. S. San Francisco carrying members of Mayor Mitchell's committee of 200 and other invited guests. The passengers were discharged at the battery, where electrically propelled motor cars were waiting to carry them up-town.

Climax of Art.  
The illumination of the statue is regarded by the electrical experts as the climax of development in the art of flood lighting. For the bronze torch which Liberty has held aloft was substituted a glass torch, held together by the same riveted lines. To put "life" or a "quiver" into the simulated flame of the torch fifteen 500-candle power gas filled electric lamps were placed upon a series of "flashers."

The sources of the light which will illuminate the entire statue are fifteen batteries of projectors. The current is carried by submarine cables under the channel.

The funds which provided the lighting plant were raised through popular subscription by the New York World, which also raised the money 30 years ago for the construction of the pedestal upon which the statue stands.

Other Speakers.  
Besides the President the speakers at the dinner to-night were Ambassador Jusserand, former United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Mayor Mitchell, Ralph Pulitzer, of the New York World; Henry L. Doughterty, president of the Society for Electrical Development, and Col. John Mills, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

The French ambassador, after reading a message from the President of France, dwelt at length on the friendly relations existing between his country and the United States. He detailed the history of the events which led to the modeling of the statue by the contributions of his countrymen, and laid stress on the fact that Bartholdi, the sculptor, evolved the idea as a result of the impression left upon him by the war of 1870, which deprived him of Alsace, his native land, and enabled

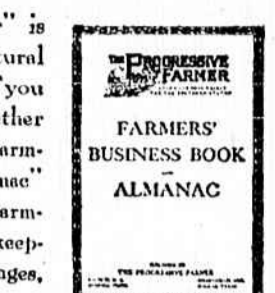
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ABRUZZI RYE FLOUR.  
Product as White as Wheat Flour, Says Clenson.  
Clemson College, Dec. 8.—One of the most interesting exhibits at the Orangeburg county fair was Abruzzi rye flour. The flour is as white as high grade wheat flour, and makes a more superior bread than the ordinary rye flour. It has a slight sour taste, but this slight sourness can be eliminated, if so desired, by the use of the proper yeasts, baking sodas or similar alkalies. This flour is most promising, especially in the face of the present high price of wheat and wheat flour. Abruzzi rye is so easily grown and with very little attention yields as high as 30 bushels to the acre. It is grown now only as a winter cover crop. Since this grain can be grown so easily and still produce such a fine grade of flour its use should be encouraged.

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An electrically operated coffee mill so small and light that the whole outfit could be tucked in an overcoat pocket is used to grind coffee in the home.  
him to find "liberty at its best" in this country.  
Raised to an Ideal.  
"Not to a man, not to a nation was the statue raised; not to a man famous and useful as he may have been; not to a nation as great as she may be," the ambassador said. "It was raised to an ideal, an ideal greater than any man or any nation, greater than France or the United States—the ideal of liberty."  
"Still bleeding from recent wounds, France, then a republic, thought of the other republic on the opposite shore and said: 'Sister, let us raise an emblem to what, in the midst of the conflict of appetites, desires and passions, is uppermost in our minds—liberty. I am the older country; you are the older republic. We were friends from the earliest days; we fought together for independence. Let us raise a memorial to what has caused our friendship to endure; that is our common love of liberty.'"

50 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.  
Icicles as Thick as Biceps—Train Froze to Track.  
Seward, Alaska, Dec. 7.—Train crews on the United States Railway reported yesterday's weather the coldest they ever experienced, the temperature at one point where three mountain valleys meet being estimated at 50 degrees below zero.  
Trains will not be operated beyond mile forty-four after to-day. The last train to mile fifty-two went through the tunnels with difficulty yesterday.  
Water flowing from a stream above blocked Tunnel No. 3 with icicles as thick as a barrel. The train was stopped while the icicles were being cut away and the wheels were frozen to the tracks in ten minutes. More than an hour's work was required to thaw the train loose with steam jets.  
The temperature officially recorded here to-day is five below zero; at Anchorage 33 below. The cold weather began December 1.  
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Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives ease and rest. 50c.