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TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER IX.

At the Mercy of the Jungle.

Clayton turned and rushed back toward the scene. The sailors stood in a frightened group, with drawn weapons, peering into the jungle. The wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground.

Clayton, unseen by any, picked up the fallen revolver and slipped it inside his shirt; then he joined the sailors.

"Who could it have been?" whispered Jane Porter and the young man turned to see her standing wide eyed beside him.

"I dare say Tarzan of the apes is watching us," he answered. "I wonder now who that spear was intended for? If for Snipes, then our ape friend is a friend indeed.

"By Jove! Where are your father and Mr. Philander? There's some one or something in that jungle, and it's armed, whatever it is. Ho! Professor! Mr. Philander!" young Clayton shouted. There was no response.

"What's to be done, Miss Porter? I can't leave you here alone with these cutthroats. You certainly can't venture into the jungle with me, yet some one must go in search of your father. He is more than apt at wandering off aimlessly, regardless of danger or direction, and Mr. Philander is only a trifle less impractical. I have it! You can use a revolver, can't you?"

"Yes—why?"

"I have one. With it you and Esmeralda will be comparatively safe in this cabin while I am searching for your father and Mr. Philander. Come, call the woman, and I will hurry on. They can't have gone far."

Jane Porter did as he suggested, and when he saw the door close safely behind them Clayton turned toward the jungle.

Some of the sailors were drawing the spear from their wounded comrade, and as Clayton approached he asked if he could borrow a revolver from one of them while he searched the jungle for the professor.

The rat faced one, finding he was not dead, had regained his composure and with a volley of oaths refused.

This man, Snipes, had assumed the role of chief since he had killed their former leader, and so little time had elapsed that none of his companions had as yet questioned his authority.

Clayton's only response was a shrug of the shoulders, but as he left them he picked up the spear which had transfixed Snipes, and thus primitively armed the son of the then Lord Greystoke strode into the dense jungle.

Every few moments he called aloud the names of the wanderers. The watchers in the cabin by the beach heard the sound of his voice growing ever fainter and fainter, until at last it was swallowed up by the myriad noises of the primeval wood.

When Professor Archimedes Q. Porter and his assistant, Samuel T. Philander, after much insistence on the part of the latter, had finally turned their steps toward camp they were as completely lost in the wild and tangled labyrinth of the jungle as two human beings could be, though they did not know it.

It was by the merest caprice of fortune that they headed toward the west coast of Africe instead of toward Zanzibar, on the opposite side of the dark continent.

When in a short time they reached the beach, only to find no camp in sight, Philander was positive that they were north of their proper destination, while, as a matter of fact, they were about 200 yards south of it. Mr. Samuel T. Philander grasped Professor Archimedes Q. Porter firmly by the arm and hurried the weakly protesting old gentleman off in the direction of Capt Town, 1,500 miles to the south.

When Jane Porter and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door the negress' first thought was to barricade the portal from the inside. With this idea in view she turned to search for some means of putting it into execution, but her first view of the interior of the cabin brought a shriek of terror to her lips, and, like a frightened child, the huge black ran to bury her face in her mistress' shoulders.

Jane Porter, turning at the cry, saw the cause of it lying prone upon the floor before them—the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance revealed a second skeleton upon the bed.

"What horrible place are we in?" murmured the awe stricken girl. But there was no panic in her fright.

At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still shrieking Esmeralda, Jane Porter crossed the room to look into the little cradle, knowing what she would see there before ever the tiny little skeleton disclosed itself in all its pitiful and pathetic frailty.

What an awful tragedy these mute bones proclaimed! The girl shuddered at the thought of the possibilities that might lie before herself and her friends in this ill fated cabin.

Quickly, with an impatient stamp of her foot, she endeavored to shake off the gloomy forebodings, and turning to Esmeralda bade her cease her wailing.

"Stop, Esmeralda; stop it this minute!" she cried. "You are only making it worse. I never saw such a big baby."

Soon the girl found that the door was equipped with a heavy wooden bar upon the inside. After several efforts the combined strength of the two enabled them to slip it into place—the first time in twenty years.

* * * * * *

After Clayton had plunged into the jungle, the sailors—mutineers of the Arrow—fell into a discussion of their next step, but on one point all were agreed—that they should hasten to put off to the anchored Arrow, where they could at least be safe from the spears of their unseen foe.

So much had Tarzan seen that day that his head was in a whirl of wonder. But the most wonderful sight of all to him was the face of the beautiful white girl.

Here at last was one of his own kind; of that he was positive. And the young man and the two old men, they, too, were much as he had pictured his own people to be.

He did not understand anything of the motives behind all that he had seen, but somehow intuitively he liked the young man and the two old men, and for the girl he had a strange longing which he scarcely understood. As for the big black woman, she was evidently connected in some way with the girl, and so he liked her also.

For the sailors, however, and especially Snipes, he had developed a great hatred. He knew by their threatening gestures and by the expression upon their evil faces that they were enemies of the others, and so he decided to watch them very closely.

Tarzan wondered why the man had gone into the jungle. Never did it occur to him that one could become lost in that maze of undergrowth which to him was as simple as the main street of your own home town.

When he saw the sailors row away toward the ship and knew that the girl and her companion were safe in his cabin he decided to follow the young man into the jungle and learn what his errand might be. He swung off rapidly in the direction taken by Clayton and in a short time heard faintly in the distance the now only occasional calls of the Englishman to his friends.

Presently Tarzan came up with the white man, who, almost fagged, was leaning against a tree wiping the perspiration from his forehead. The ape man, hiding safe behind a screen of foliage, sat watching this new specimen of his own race intently.

At intervals Clayton called aloud, and finally it came to Tarzan that he was searching for the old man.

Tarzan was on the point of going off to look for them himself when he caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheeta, the leopard. He heard the soft bending of grasses and wondered why the young white man was not warned. Could it be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan known Sheeta to be so clumsy.

No, the white man did not hear. Sheeta was crouching for the spring, and then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheeta turned, crashing into the underbush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never had so fearful a sound smote his ears. He was no coward, but if ever man felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Greystoke of England, did that day in the feastness of the African jungle.

The noise of some great body crashing through the underbush so close beside him and the sound of that bloodcurdling shriek from above tested Clayton's courage to the limit, but he could not know that it was to that very voice he owed his life nor that the creature who hurled it forth was his own cousin—the real Lord Greystoke.

The afternoon was drawned to a close, and Clayton, disheartened and discouraged, was in a terrible quandary to keep on in search of Professor Portor, at the almost certain risk of his own death in the jungle by night, or to return to the cabin, where he might at least serve to protect Jane Porter from the perils which confronted her on all sides.

He disliked to return to camp without her father; still more he shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the hands of the mutineers of the Arrow or the hundred unknown dangers of the jungle.

Possibly, too, he thought, before this the professor and Philander had returned to camp. He started, stumbling back through the thick and matted underbush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan's surprise, the young man was heading farther into the jungle in the general direction of Mbonga's village, and the shrewd young ape man was convinced that he was lost.

The fierce jungle would make easy prey for this unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly to the beach, thought Tarzan.

Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even now stalking the white man a dozen paces to the right.

Clayton heard the great body paralleling his course, and now there rose upon the evening air the great beast's thunderous roar. The man stopped with unpraised spear and faced the brush from which issued the awful sound. The shadows were deepening; darkness coming on.

For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid with raised spear. Presently a faint rustling of the brush behind him appraised him of the stealthy creeping of the thing. It was gathering for a spring when at last he saw it, not twenty feet away—the long, lithe, muscular body and tawny head of a huge black maned lion.

In agony the man watched, fearful to launch his spear, powerless to fly. He heard a noise in the trees above him. Some new danger, he thought, but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow green orbs before him. There was a sharp twang, like the sound of a broken banjo string, and at the same instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching lion.

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang, but Clayton stumbled to one side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated king of beasts he was appalled at the sight which confronted him. Almost simultaneously with the lion's turning to renew the attack a naked giant had dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute's back.

With lightning speed an arm that was corded with layers of iron muscle encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind, roaring and pawing the air—raised as easily as Clayton would have lifted a pet dog.

That scene he witnessed in the twilight depths of an African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's brain.

The man before him was the embodiment of physical perfection and giant strength, yet it was not on this he had depended in his battle with the great cat, for, mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by comparison with those possessed by Numa.

To his agility, to his brain and to his long, keen knife he owed his supremacy.

His right arm encircled the lion's neck, while the left hand plunged the knife time and time again into the unprotected side behind the left shoulder, while the infuriated beast, drawn upward and backward until he stood on his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle continued a few seconds linger the outcome might have been different, but all was accomplished so quickly that the lion had scarce time to recover from its surprise before it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass, and, throwing back the wild, handsome head, gave the fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man naked except for a loin cloth and a few barbaric ornaments on arms and legs and on the breast a priceless diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the man in English, thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on his wonderous strength and dexterity.

The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disparagement of the service rendered or ignorance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squating upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank inao the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host. Instead he dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so he must speak English.

Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

(To be Continued.)

American Crops Worth $5,000,000,000.—The nation's principal farm crops this year are worth about five and a half billion dollars, exceeding by more than half a billion their value in 1914, the previous banner value year in the country's crop history. There has been an unprecedented harvest, many of the crops exceeding their best records, and high prices due to the influence of the European war have contributed to swell the total value.

Statistics announced by the department of agriculture in its November crops report base values on prevailing November prices. Corn, with a production of 3,090,509,000 bushels—34,000,000 bushels below the record crop of 1912—is worth $1,913,025,071, the most valuable corn crop ever grown. It exceeds the former biggest value crop, that of 1914, by $190,000,000.

Wheat, with the largest production ever known in any country, 1,002,029,000 bushels, or about one-fourth of the world's wheat crop this year, is worth $932,888,999, or $54,000,000 more than the record made in 1914.

The oats crop also was a record one, both in point of production and value. The harvest was 1,517,478,000 bushels—almost 100,000,000 bushels better than the record of 1912—and its value, $532,599,822, is $33,000,000 more than the record value of the 1914 crop.

Barley, rye, sweet potatoes, hay and rice were record crops in point of production, and tobacco almost equaled its best production. The rye and hay crops were records in point of value.

The approximate value of the barley crop is $118,577,682; the rye crop, $37,861,403; buckwheat, $12,854,750; potatoes, $218,425,824; sweet potatoes, $42,456,050; hay, $877,054,890; cotton, $609,000,000; tobacco, $105,002,500; flax seed, $30,050,534; rice, $22,313,350; apples, $164,380,480; peaches, $60,613,736, and pears, $9,275,634.

Potato prospects declined 9,000,000 bushels during October, the crop now being placed at 359,253,000 bushels.

Motor-Carried Mail.—There was much opposition at the outset to the order of the postoffice department in giving the privilege of automobile transportation for the rural delivery carriers, but the experiment is proving profitable to such of the carriers as have invested in machines. The New York Journal quotes some information from The Topics showing that at the present time 400 or 500 routes are motorized, under the plan whereby the maximum salary has been raised from $1,200 without autos to $1,800 with autos provided by the driver. Under the existing salary provisions many carriers are providing their own motor service on routes varying from 24 to 30 miles in length, finding it profitable to do so. With the increased remuneration it is expected that much longer routes can be covered in the same way, still providing an increased margin of pay for the carriers. A Kansas carrier, now using a light machine over a 29½-mile route, is quoted as asserting that the higher salary will fully meet the additional cost to the carrier of serving the larger routes and leave him a larger net income than rural carriers have ever made before. This carrier figures it out that if he received $1,800 a year for covering 55 miles six days a week, his net income would be $1,042, or $200 more than he is now getting.

MARKETING OF COTTON.

Hon. John L. McLaurin to North Carolina Farmers.

WAREHOUSE MEANS TO AN END.

Cotton an Economic as Well as a Political Issue of Paramount Improvement—Financing of Warehouse Receipts Points the Way to Rural Credits—Study of Economics as Applied to Present Day Conditions.

Durham, N. C., Nov. 16.—Addressing the North Carolina State Farmers' Union, in annual convention here today, Senator J. L. McLaurin of South Carolina, outlined the operation of the state system in South Carolina, urged the passage of a warehouse law in this state, and blazed the trail towards a system of rural credits in the various southern states in the movement for which the state warehouse system is a large beginning. His address was listened to with evidences of approval, and its result has been to stimulate the vigorous effort of the Farmers' Union for a warehouse system in this state along similar lines to the South Carolina system. The outlook for a state system in North Carolina, which would co-operate with the South Carolina system is very encouraging.

Senator McLaurin in his address today, stressed the point that a warehouse system is only a means to an end; that cotton is not grown to warehouse, but to sell, and his remarks clearly and logically pointed to a system of rural credits, with an illuminating exposition of which he closed his address.

"For the second time in the history of the United States," he said, "cotton has been a political as well as an economic issue of paramount importance. The fundamental cause of the War Between the States in the sixties was the fact that public sentiment outside of the south was in favor of the abolition of slavery, and the election of Abraham Lincoln was the expression of that sentiment. Opinion in the south was almost unanimous that the monopoly which we enjoyed in the production of cotton could not be maintained without slave labor. Therefore, secession was a perfectly natural sequence.

"With the breaking out of hostilities in Europe, cotton at once became a national question. Every thoughtful man in the south was convinced that it was the duty of both state and national government to take radical action in sustaining the price of cotton until the export demand revived. I go further than that; I believe that it is the duty of the government in normal times, by legislation, to stabilize the price of cotton and enable the producers to get the benefit of the operations of the law of supply and demand. I mean supply and demand for money as well as for cotton. The south has reached the point where the average production of cotton is about fifteen million bales, which, with the by-products from cotton seed, is worth about one billion dollars. A little more than one-third of this cotton is consumed in the United States, and the balance is exported. The price of the product consumed at home is fixed by the price of that which is exported.

"Out of our two and one-half to three billion bushels of corn only about seventeen per cent. ever leaves the farm; the balance of it is consumed at home. No crop on earth creates such vast international commerce as cotton, and for that reason it has become, to a large extent, the medium of exchange between this country and the balance of the world taking the place of gold in the settlement of international trade balances. Cotton is in a class by itself, and possesses more of the attributes of legal tender currency than anything produced by human labor. It is the corner-stone of international finance, and cannot be compared to wheat, corn, meat, or anything of that sort. It is distinctly an export crop, and properly baled and warehoused, it is imperishable and always convertible into gold at a moment's notice.

"I believe that the state warehouse idea is the beginning of a movement which will revolutionize the marketing of our cotton crop and inaugurate a prosperity on the south which will be lasting because founded upon correct business principles. It will pave the way to a system of rural credits based upon land which will unlock vast capital now lying idle and almost useless. If the product of our land, cotton, can be transformed into a fluid asset, why can't the same thing be done for land, the basis of all wealth? Our state warehouse receipts are negotiable instruments which are now passing current in the money centres just like bonds and stocks. Of course we have made but a bare beginning, and need further legislation, both state and national.

"The great lesson which this world-wide war is to teach, is that our civilization has reached the point of complex social and commercial life without political machinery to give it expression. The purely selfish appropriation of the comforts and blessings of material life for the use of favored classes is the rock upon which these nations have founded. If the United States would be spared the social, political and industrial upheaval that Europe will see at the close of this war, our best thought should be how to use our land and its product, our labor and its fruits, to develop good living and sweet prosperity for our people as a whole.

"We have seen cotton within the past year go from five cents to twelve cents a pound. What is the use of talking about the law of supply and demand, with a fluctuation in price of more than 100 per cent.? What does that mean? Not that there was over-production of cotton, but that the price went down because of faulty distribution and the contraction of credit, and that it went up because of a loosening up of credits through the Federal reserve banking system.

"The farmers of the south should unite, and place cotton, through legislative action, upon a safe, stable basis. It would be better for the manufacturer, because he would then be spared the necessity of hedging his contracts in the future market, and it would destroy the gambling in cotton, which is responsible right now for the heavy decline in price.

"We need to understand finance as it relates to cotton, far more than warehouses. This great war has demonstrated one thing—that money is not merely gold, but real money of a country are its products—the things that feed and clothe mankindand that in a great stress and strain like the present the nations have very little regard for gold.

"The money of this country belongs to the people of this country. It is made by their agent, the government, whose fiat imparts the legal tender quality without which it is not money. The true function of money is as a measure of value in exchanging the fruits of labor. I believe that money should be issued by the government as nearly direct to the people as possible. If all the southern states would inaugurate warehouse systems on the same lines as South Carolina, we can have money issued by the government on warehouse receipts, not as a political necessity or a courtesy, but as a matter of right. The pound of cotton should be the unit of credit, and it should be the same in one man's hands as in another's, entitled to the same rights and to the same privileges, and every man know definitely just what those rights and privileges are.

"Up to now," continued Senator McLaurin, "South Carolina has had the burden of this fight. They have the system in Texas, and the Georgia legislature is now considering it, at an extra session. If North Carolina and the other states will go into it, we could have an inter-state board, which would establish a minimum price for coton, and never again will it be necessary to sell a bale of cotton below the cost of production."

Taking up the matter of direct sales, cutting out the profits of middle men and speculators, Senator McLaurin said that it must be remembered that we do not grow cotton to warehouse, but to sell, and in this connection he also urged state regulation of grading to save the heavy drain now upon the southern farmers from consistent undergrading of cotton by local buyers.

"The greatest burden that the south has labored under," he said, "has been the lack of capital. We have the greatest money crop on earth. We have given a practical demonstration in South Carolina of how easy it is to convert cotton into a negotiable security as good as any railroad or state bond. Through the Federal reserve system, we have made a break in the interest of rates. It is high interest rates which enable the drones and parasites to devour the workers. The new currency law is the first great step, and the next step is to confine banks to their only legitimate function, to-wit, as a channel for the distribution of money and credits. It is the beginning of a true national banking system, not for personal profit, but to develop the nation. Our great need is money at a low rate on long time, based upon land, to be used only for improvements or purchases of homesteads. Then for commercial purposes, warehouse receipts for non-perishable farm products as a collateral for short time loans.

"I believe that this great war now in progress, and the unexpected strength shown by Germany and France, as contrasted with England, is due to their different management of the land question, and unless we do something to avert it, the same disaster will overtake the United States. This country cannot exist except as a nation of home owners. I have just read a very interesting book on this subject. The author says: "England has been developing extensively, while Germany and France have been developing intensively; while England has been winning provinces, Germany has been fertilizing her acres; while England's drumbeat has been going round the world and her traders have been following in its wake, the Germans hive has been humming with the labor of an increasing and well cared for population. It is as though Imperial Rome had divided, and one-half of her, her lust of conquest, had found refuge in England, and the other half, her aptitude for arms and organization, had established itself in Germany.' We have not grasped the full meaning of this—the two tremendous social experiments that are going on with England on one side and Germany on the other. They reached their culmination—these two systems, the extensive and the intensive, one developing colonies all over the world and the other the acres at home. England represents world dominion and Germany invdividual efficiency. From the outside we have been astonished at the expansion of Germany's foreign trade and her gigantic military power. This has diverted our attention from the German landschaften, the system of rural credits that has made Germany the power she is today. The permanency of all free institutions depends upon the relation of the people to their land, and where this relation is absolute landlordism, the glittering superstructure of colonial expansion cannot save a nation from decay. In England less than thirteen per cent of the land is cultivated by its owners; the other eighty-seven per cent tenants at extortionate rents. In Germany just the reverse is true. Ninety per cent of the lands of Germany are cultivated by the owners. Comparison of the agricultural output of the two countries is astonishing, and explains why it is that Germany, cut off from the outside world, is still able to feed her people and carry on a war against tremendous odds. The products of the German farms are four times as great as those of Great Britain.

"In this country there are no more public lands open to homestead. The home-seeker is thrown back on the older states, where land is high, and not popular as a collateral. Hundreds of millions of acres of unplowed American land lie untenanted every year, though rain and sunshine ceaselessly invite them to produce for the good of the world. Poor men, with strong hands, stand idly in the presence of tantalizing opportunity. The cost of living grows higher, and men are herded more and more into the cities, because speculators, corporation and foreign investors hold this land out of use until the increase in population shall make the "unearned increment' of tremendous value.

"Low rates of interest will cause capital that is now hired out to seek investment in industrial enterprises which will develop our country. I look forward to the time when we shall not ship our raw material across the ocean to be manufactured and the goods brought home and sold to us, but when our cotton will be manufactured on southern soil, and all that vast profit be kept here at home for the blessing of our own people. Our land, under a proper system of rural credits, will furnish the capital that is needed for the development of this country."

GENERAL NEWS NOTES

Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.

Winston Spencer Churchill, chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster, has resigned from the British cabinet, and will join the army in France.

The steamer Charles A. Luck, with a crew of over 200 men, Duluth to Buffalo with grain, is reported lost in Lake Superior with all on board.

A Swiss statistician estimates that the total number of soldiers killed since the European war began, at 5,000,000 men.

A Chicago financial writer says that money is so plentiful in that city and interest rates so low that some of the banks are actually not making running expenses on their loans.

Washington advices are to the effect that Gen. Carranza has put the ban on bull fighting and chicken fights in Mexico and will encourage baseball and other clean sports.

The United States Steel corporation announces that it will at once spend $10,000,000 in enlarging its various plants in order to take care of the rush orders it now has on its books.

A semi-official statement has been made in London to the effect that unless there is a material increase in the number of army volunteers by November 30, the government will take the necessary steps to carry out its conscription pledge of November 2.

The big wire rope plant of the John A. Roebling's Sons company at Trenton, N. J., was damaged more than $1,000,000 by a suspicious fire Thursday morning. The plant had large orders for the Allies. More than 1,000 men were thrown out of work.

A Douglas, Arizona, dispatch of Thursday, says that six Carranza spies were put to death within the Villa lines on November 11th. The execution was witnessed by a large number of Americans on the United States side of the border.

John D. Rockefeller contributed more than $5,000 at Cleveland, O., Thursday to buy tickets to the big flower show being held in that city for 25,000 children. More than 100 policemen and a score of firemen were necessary to handle the crowds.

The du Pont Powder company of Wilmington, Del., has received orders from the Allies for powder to the amount of $65,000,000. The contract does not call for delivery of all supplies until 1917. All of the du Pont plants will have to be enlarged to take care of the orders.

Dutchess Skylark Ormsby, a Holstein-Fresian cow, has broken the world's record for milk and butter production, says a Minneapolis, Minn., dispatch. The cow produced 27,161 pounds of butter and 1,205 pounds of butterfat in one year. One week's milk production totaled 558 pounds, and butter 34½ pounds.

Raphael Conn, treasurer of the Bluefields Steamship company, traveled 2,400 miles from Honduras to Philadelphia, to testify in the suit against the United Fruit company, charged with being the "Banana trust." Mr. Conn only answered one question, and his answer was "Yes, sir."

The postoffice department at Washington, has issued a formal order directing postmasters to refuse acceptance of parcel post packages for German and Austrian points, because of the refusal of the steamship heretofore carrying such mails to accept it in the future.

A dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, says that German and Austrian papers are openly rejoicing over the "destruction" of the Bethlehem, Pa., steel plant. An "Austrian personage of high rank" is quoted as saying in an interview that the Americans had been repeatedly warned, just as they were before the sinking of the Lusitania.

Greatness of the United States.—The United States covers considerably less than six per cent of the earth's area, and contains only about five per cent of the earth's population, but official records show that the United States produces:

76 per cent of all the corn grown in the entire world.
70 per cent of the cotton.
72 per cent of all the oil.
59 per cent of all the copper.
43 per cent of all the pig iron.
37 per cent of all the coal.
35 per cent of all the tobacco.
26 per cent of all the silver.
24 per cent of all the wheat.
21 per cent of all the gold and contains more than 33 per cent of all the wealth in the civilized world.

These figures were compiled July 1915, by Dr. Joseph Caccavajo, C. E., from the government reports and statistics for the year ending June 30, 1914, and were therefore uninfluenced by the present war.

The reports show that the United States produced 2,762,804,000 bushels of corn in 1914.

16,103,143 bales of cotton, 1914.
10,434,600 gallons of oil, 1913.
546,643 long tons of copper, 1913.
30,966,152 long tons of iron, 1913.
508,971,540 long tons of coal, 1913.
953,730,000 pounds of tobacco, 1913.
891,017,000 bushels of wheat, 1914.
$40,348,100 silver, 1914.
$88,884,000 gold, 1914.

Should the United States "shut up shop" just now, all the rest of the world would find the situation very awkward, to say the least.

John Temple Graves, of the editorial staff of the New York American, proposes to make a number of lectures on "National Preparedness" in South Carolina at an early date.

SECEDERS IN COUNCIL

Decennial Gathering at Old Homestead.

WHERE FELLOWSHIP IS THE PASSWORD.

Story of Due West and Glimpse into the Life of the People—People With Serious Mission, but Nevertheless, Abundantly Human—Sidelights and Insights as to Unique Gathering.

I have just returned from Due West where I have been in attendance on the annual meeting of the Associate Reformed synod, and I am going to give some facts, impressions and descriptions that will be of peculiar interest to those who are familiar with the things of which I write and perhaps of general interest to many others.

Due West, as perhaps most of my readers are aware, is situated in Abbeville county forty miles south of Greenville and about half way between Anderson and Greenwood. Up to a few years ago it was entirely cut off from railroad communication with the outside world; but now has an independent line that taps the Greenville and Columbia division of the Southern at Donald's, four miles away.

The history of this famous old town goes back to a period previous to the American Revolution when it became a Convenanter preaching place. The first church, however, was not erected until about 1794. A small hamlet grew up around the church, and flourished along slowly until the establishment of Erskine college in 1838. The college had its origin in the desire of the Seceders to educate their own preachers, and was followed in due course by the establishment of a theological seminary and a college for women. These institutions brought in teachers with their families, and naturally and steadily the place has grown into the educational center it is today. The population, including the two colleges, is about 1,200. The principal buildings of course, are Erskine college and the women's college, a big Associate Reformed church, a small Baptist church, and numerous handsome residences. The town has several stores, including a drug store, family and fancy grocery store, dry goods and millinery stores, stores carrying plantation supplies and heavy groceries, a bank, postoffice and telephone exchange; but no telegraph office. The printing establishment of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian is located here, and the only other enterprise requiring the use of machinery is a cotton oil mill. There is also a small well kept hotel, at which guests are treated as members of the family.

With very few exceptions all the preachers in the synod have been educated at Due West, and having each spent from three to six years in the town, are familiar with every adult citizen, every home, every flower yard, and every mud puddle. Each and every one of them feels a kind of a proprietorship over everything in the community, and although some of the ministers have passed their three score years and ten, and others are still in their early twenties, there is among them all a kind of sympathetic and appreciative fellowship that is hardly conceivable anywhere else other than in an ideal family of brothers.

I had never been in Due West before; but as long as I expected to have the company of Rev. J. L. Oates, who belongs to the family, I felt no concern on that account. When it developed, however, that Mr. Oates would be kept back on account of an unexpected engagement, I began to feel a little nervous. This was especially so because we had been instructed to secure the next meeting of the synod to be held with the Yorkville church and I was counting on Mr. Oates to turn the trick. But the nervousness did not last long, for at Sharon I struck up with Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Hunter, both to the manner born and acquainted with all the signs and passwords of the order, Mr. Hunter having served his time in the college and seminary, and Mrs. Hunter having graduated from the woman's college and presided thereat for some years as a teacher of mathematics. Mr. Hunter informed me that he had already made up his mind to vote for Yorkville, and Mrs. Hunter promised to win all the votes she could. From thence onward I felt more encouragement.

It had been arranged that a big party of delegates was to assemble in Greenville and go from there in a special train to leave at 3 o'clock. Our little party from Sharon, including Rev. J. Meek White and Elder W. S. Love, was alone for about three hours; but a late train from toward Charlotte brought a party of about sixty preachers and elders, with a number of ladies. There were almost enough to fill two coaches of the special, and within a short time after we got aboard, Mrs. Hunter reported that Rev. W. W. Orr and Elder J. H. Ross were after synod for the East Avenue church (Tabernacle) at Charlotte. Of course we got busy. We found that Drs. R. G. White and R. G. Miller and others were pledged to Dr. Orr and Ross, but Dr. J. C. Galloway, promised his vote and that of his elder without hesitation, and Revs. G. L. Kerr of King's Mountain, and R. R. Caldwell of Bessemer City, came out flatfooted in our favor. Also Mrs. Hunter landed several other votes and it was not but a little while until the opponents began to squeal "that if we do not reach some kind of a compromise, the western delegates will take advantage of the split and carry us away off, you do not know where." But it was no time to compromise yet. There was too much work to be done and it was still anybody's fight.

After reaching Due West, I ran upon Rev. B. G. Pressly of Hickory Grove and Smyrna, Rev. W. H. Stevenson of Neely's Creek, Rev. W. P. Grier of Bethany, Clover and Crowders' Creek, Rev. A. S. Rogers of Rock Hill. All of them were with us, and made no hesitation in saying so. Mr. Stevenson took it quietly, said what he would do and left it at that. Mr. Rogers was emphatic in the view that Yorkville ought to have synod, and so was Mr. Grier. Mr. Pressly went to work as if for a favorite candidate in a primary, and the next day he reported to me that the next meeting of synod would meet in Yorkville. I have not yet learned just how he went about it; but from the way he made his report he seemed to have no further doubt, and afterward he gave his attention to other matters. Mr. Oates had turned up about that time, and he also had learned in a remarkably short time that it was all over but the voting. It was my first experience with that kind of politics; but whether they like it or not I am going to hand it to them that some of these preachers certainly understood the game.

Synod did not convene until Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. The college boys had a vacation for the week, and nothing to do with the vacation except to go to church which was optional. The most public place in the town is on the corner opposite the drug store and in front of the postoffice adjoining. A crowd of twenty or thirty boys gathered on this corner about 9 o'clock. Presently one of them rolled an empty barrel that he found standing nearby up against a tree on the edge of the sidewalk. Then he picked up a copal stick about five or six feet long and commenced poking in the barrel. He handled the stick and worked his expression as though there were an o'possum or a coon in the barrel. Other boys joining the crowd would follow their curiosity and look in the barrel. With each "bite" it meant loud shouts of laughter. Presently the delegates began arriving at the postoffice, and marking their victims as they came, two or three of the boys would look into the barrel one after another, and if necessary, let drop some inquiry as to "Where did they catch him?" or "What do they feed him on?" Several of the venerable elders, all unsuspicious of anything like levity in a place like Due West, walked up and looked into the barrel, and most of them showed by their faces that they had been sold. Of course the boys enjoyed it nugely. All of the preachers were too wise to be caught. Some of them discussed the idea of looking into the barrel to make the boys laugh; but they did not quite dare to risk it. Rev. Dr. F. Y. Pressley came along and looked into the barrel; but walked on without any change of expression, and although the boys gave him the horse laugh they were evidently not quite sure whether they had fooled him or he was kidding them. It was a ludicrous situation at times and lasted nearly an hour.

The hospitality of the people of Due West is proverbial. Much has been written and printed on the subject; but it must be experienced to be fully appreciated. It has been said that all of them look forward to opportunities to entertain as their most pleasureable privilege and it must be so. All the delegates to synod of whom advance information could be obtained, were assigned to homes, of course, and there were lists of willing hosts looking for the unassigned. The big crowd of 125 or more was absorbed without effort; but it did not stop there. As soon as the visitors are located, the residents begin the rounds with their engagement lists and made appointments with friends, acquaintances and "strangers," if there are any, for "lunch," "tea" and even breakfast. Some go at you with an invitation to "lunch." You have a previous engagement. Then it is for "tea," and if that is engaged, the would-be host—the bound-to-be host goes over the routine of the next day, and the day after, and finding no open engagements for lunch or tea, includes breakfast. Others, with note book and pencil in hand, come at you like this: "I know you have your engagement list pretty full; but can't you find a place where you can take lunch, tea or breakfast with me?" And the dinners that are served make one take notice—anywhere from half a dozen to twenty guests seated at once, at tables loaded with the choicest food sufficient for fifty. And of course these parties are always pleasant. Everybody not already acquainted with everybody, is of course made acquainted, and there is no lack of sufficient common interest to furnish abundant pleasant conversation.

A detailed account of the proceedings of synod would, of course, be of little interest to the general reader, because there was much in the routine that was of concern only to the Associate Reformed church. However, the programme was quite interesting, and the talks and addresses at the different conferences showed an earnestness and zeal that were impressive. At a conference on home missions, considering the question as to how best to prosecute the work, the speakers were Dr. R. G. Miller, Dr. W. M. Hunter, and Rev. I. S. Caldwell. Each talked from five to ten minutes, and these brief illustrations will show the sentiments of each: Dr. Miller told a humorous anecdote of two frogs that had jumped into two cream crocks in a farmer's spring house. One of the frogs began to hollow "help, help," and the other hollowed "hustle, hustle." Next morning the "help" frog was dead and the "hustle" frog was sitting on a chunk of butter that he had churned in his struggle. The speaker said that the salvation of the home missions was to be found in hustle. Dr. Hunter described the trials and discouragements of the home missionary in a seemingly uninviting field; but advised that he must go down into the well and trust his helpers above to stand at the windlass. Mr. Caldwell said that as a rule the converts won in a foreign missionary field belonged to a class that we would hardly speak to on the street here, and that we must keep that fact in mind and go after the same class at home.

There were also interesting and profitable conferences on Christian education, and foreign missions, and quite a lot of routine work at business sessions.

W. D. G.

CAUSE OF PELLAGRA FOUND

Public Health Service Makes Announcement of Goldberger's Discovery.

Discovery of the cause and cure for pellagra was announced formally last Tuesday night by the public health service at Washington. The announcement follows the recent publication of a report by Surgeon General Joseph Goldberger on a year of experiments in co-operation with southern states' health officers, demonstrating the correctness of the theory that a one-sided diet lacking in proteids would cause the disease and that a well balanced diet would cure it.

"The spread of this dread malady, which has been increasing in the United States at a terrific rate during the past few years, may now be checked, and eventually eradicated," says the service statement. "It is estimated that 75,000 cases of the disease will have occurred in the United States in 1915, and of this number at least 7,500 will have died before the end of the year. In many sections only tuberculosis and pneumonia exceed it as a cause of death."

The final dietary tests made by Surgeon Goldberger and Assistant Surgeon G. A. Wheeler at the farm of the Mississippi penitentiary, where half a dozen of eleven convicts were given pellagra by feeding them for five months on bountiful meals, consisting entirely of cereals and sweets and lacking in meats, milk, eggs, beans and peas. The convicts recently were pardoned by the governor and are being restored to health through a corrected diet.

"Although the occurrence of nervous symptoms and gastro-intestinal disturbances was noted early," says the statement, "it was not until September 12, or about five months after the beginning of the restricted diet, that the skin symptoms so characteristic of pellagra began to develop. The convicts upon whom the experiment was made were kept under continuous medical surveliance. No cases of pellagra developed in camp except among those men who were on the restricted diet. The experimenters have therefore drawn the conclusion that pellagra has been caused in at least six of eleven volunteers as a result of the one-sided diet on which they subsided.

"On the basis of this discovery the states of Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida have laid their propaganda through their respective boards of health for the eradication of the disease."

In earlier experiments about 200 patients had been cured by balanced rations, and at the end of a year there had been a slight recurrence of the disease in only one instance.

L. L. Bultman, state dispensary auditor, reports that South Carolina dispensaries sold $344,451.70 worth of liquor during the month of October. Richland county led with total sales of $81,066.35, while Charleston county came second with $46,084. The dispensary auditor reports that the value of stock now on hand in state dispensaries is nearly $1,000,000.