

Humorous Department.

No Words Wasted.—A man in New York, whose wife was recuperating at a more or less well known resort, was shocked to receive the following telegram:

"Come to Atlantic City on first train; I am dying."

"Jumping into a taxi he rushed to the station, caught the first train, and, standing on the steps ready to grab the quickest conveyance to the hotel as the train pulled in, almost fainted as he saw his wife on the platform."

"Why did you say you were dying?" he asked as soon as he recovered from the shock.

"Oh," she replied, "I was dying to see you, but the man in the telegraph office wanted to charge me for thirteen words instead of ten, so I crossed out the last three."—*Post* Telegraph.

Spelling the Fun.—The teacher said to her pupils:

"Wouldn't this be a great world if people would all love one another and treat each other with kindness?"

One small boy looked doubtful.

"Wouldn't you like to see everybody treat everybody else with kindness?" the teacher inquired.

After a moment's reflection the boy answered:

"Then there wouldn't be any more Mutt and Jeff pictures."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

The Real Need.—The bishop's secretary reported to him: "A well meaning committee has designed a moral gown for the modern girl. The gown, I have been given to understand, is of good, thick woolen stuff, it comes up to the chin and down to the instep, and it is loose, not revealing the figure in any way."

The bishop smiled.

"Now that they have designed the gown," he said, "why don't they design a girl who will wear it?"—*London Opinion*.

Puzzle: Find Pop.—Colonel B. A. Franklin, Vice-President of Strathmore Paper Company, is responsible for the following story: A gentleman having business with a back-country farmer inquired of the farmer's boy where the old man was to be found. "He's out in the pig-pen doctoring a sick shoat," replied the boy, and added as an illuminating after-thought, "Pop's the one with a hat on."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Letting Him Down Easy.—A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said:

"Ah, Sykes. I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur, "There's one comfort. It's all down hill."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Superiority.—Booth Tarkington tells of an old colored man who appeared as a witness before one of our committees in the course of his examination these questions were put to the man: "What is your name?" "Cal-houn Clay, sah." "Can you sign your name?" "Sah?" "I ask if you can write your name." "Well, no sah. Ah nebbber writes ma name. Ah dictates it, sah."—*Atlanta Chronicle*.

Painless Dentistry.—Aunt Ethel—"Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?"

Beatrice—"Yes, auntie, I was."

Aunt Ethel—"Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

Beatrice—"He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"—*Punch*.

Tame Bird, Wild Parson.—Judge Priest—"Parson, that turkey you sold me yesterday wasn't a tame one as you claimed it to be, for I found shot in it."

Parson Brown—"Judge, dat was a tame turkey jest like I sed it was; dem shot was meant for me."—*Judge*.

Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.—Wife—"My dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday."

Husband—"Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."—*London Opinion*.

Suburbanity.—Woman—"I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

Tramp—"Don't apologize for it, mum, I've seen worse."—*Williams Purple Cow*.

Wised Up a Bit.—Burrows—"Sorry, old chap, but I am looking for a little financial sucker, again."

Bangs—"You'll have to hunt further, I am not the little financial sucker I used to be."—*Lawyer and Banker*.

Why Business Is Now Dull.—"I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about, dear," said the wife.

"That's good," answered the husband; "you usually want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Higher Journalism.—Reporter—"I have come to interview you, sir."

Great Statesman—"Well, go back and write your interview and let me see it."

Reporter—"Here it is."—*Life*.

The Power of Love.—Captain (sharply)—"Button up that coat."

Married Recruit (absently)—"Yes, my dear."—*The Allegheny Campus*.

AMERICAN RELIEF WORK

Russians Regard Americans With Religious Reverence.

BURN CANDLES IN GRATEFUL REGARD

Twenty Million Dollar Appropriation Is Being Expended With Efficient Thoroughness—The Famine Sufferers Show Wonderful Patience.

Norah Mende in New York World.

It was Rudyard Kipling who said that the Russian was a very pleasant gentleman until he tucked his shirt into his trousers. Which was the Englishman's way of saying that as a fellow-European he thought the Russian a very amiable Oriental.

What does the American think of the Russian? How does he like him in his native land? How is he impressed, not by the cosmopolitan inhabitants of the big cities, but by the peasant and the Main Street tradesman?

The American Relief Administration, which as the distributor of America's \$20,000,000 gift to the famine sufferers, will feed approximately 7,000,000 people in the stricken areas, has already opened its stations all through the country—in Moscow, Petrograd, Kazan, Simbirsk, Samara, Saratov, Ufa, Tzaritzin. In fact its most easterly post is now eighty miles beyond Tchelabinsk, which every European considers the gateway to China.

The A. R. A. workers have therefore penetrated to the very heart of Russia. They have come to know its people intimately under circumstances which inevitably reveal their real character. What they think of the Russian, his manner of life, his attitude of mind, and above all his capacity for suffering in his present terrible ordeal, is reflected in the following collection of stories and first-hand opinions which this paper has been able to secure for its readers.

This first story comes from the Stavropol district of Samara. Late last fall an American Relief Administration worker on a tour of investigation through this territory came on a little village where the famine was reaching a crisis and the people had begun to despair. Already they were beginning to live on grass, roots and the edible but dysentery-causing clay which have come to be the main food for millions of Russia.

Descending from his car, he seemed indeed a real god from a machine, for, satisfied as to their need, he forthwith opened a kitchen, to which stocks of nourishing supplies came regularly from a central warehouse, to save the lives of the children.

In December the A. R. A. man returned to see how the work was progressing. He came by sleigh this time, for snow had blocked the roads, and there is no railway in these outlying districts of the famine area. He came late in the day, when the gloom was gathering, and the first gleam that met his eye was from a candle in the village church of Old Benarodka. It was the only glimmer at the moment. During his stay he noticed that it was constant, and later they told him the reason.

It was a candle kept constantly burning for the soul of the A. R. A. man, by villagers who had no other way of showing their gratitude for its timely aid.

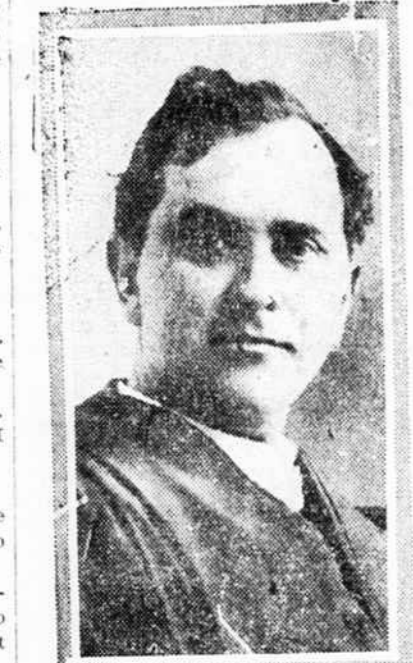
"The Russian is an Oriental," said one A. R. A. man, whose work took him on a trip through the whole Volga valley. "No man not thoroughly imbued with the passive philosophy of the East could take his predicament as he takes it today."

"Can you imagine an Occidental farmer sowing seed for next year's crop and telling you at the same time that he expected to be dead of starvation before the crop ripened?"

"Can you imagine an American letting his president tell him he might as well die of hunger in his own home as try to escape and die in the open? Yet thousands of Russians listened to President Kalinin tell them that and never uttered a complaint."

"Though they were scraping the trees of their bark to make bread with it, I did not hear any of them beg."

OKLAHOMA PASTOR TOO SENSATIONAL



The Rev. Thomas Irwin will be tried by the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church of Lawton, Okla., on a charge of conduct unbecoming a minister. He married a couple in a public bathing pool, which created a sensation. One night following the unique wedding he was kidnapped and thrown into a ditch twelve miles from Lawton. The congregation is split in two factions as a result of the incident.

Sometimes they asked him for their children—but quietly, in the tone of one man putting a reasonable request to another.

"And they are highly intelligent people too. They know why this famine is one of the worst that ever struck the Volga valley. They know all the causes that led to it, and they know who is helping them most to fight it."

"There is not a peasant among them that does not realize what America is doing. Not only are they grateful, but they will never forget."

The primitive conditions of life in some of the remote villages of the famine area and the consequent trials of an efficient relief worker trying to put his kitchen on a business basis are amusingly illustrated in the following incident, which comes also from the Samara district.

It has always been the rule of the A. R. A. that the feeding stations should open at a fixed time, when all the children capable of being accommodated at one sitting should come, get their meal and depart. In this village, however, the inspector found that the kitchens were operating more or less on a cafeteria basis. After the first sitting they remained open until a certain hour. Then, as the children came, they were served.

The A. R. A. man protested to the local authorities.

"Why don't you divide the children into sections," he said, "and feed each section at a certain time?"

"Quite impossible," they told him. "But why?" he demanded.

The reason was simple. So scarce were clocks and watches among the peasant in Stavropol that it was impractical to fix more than an approximate hour for feeding. The children's stomachs to be sure, acted as excellent timepieces, never failing to ring in those due for the first sitting. But as to drawing a rigid minute mark thereafter—that was out of the question, when the only guide for the parents was the position of the sun.

The endurance of Russian women under their present trials also comes in for its share of praise from the relief workers. Women are always in charge of the government homes to which refugees are brought, and where an attempt is made to feed them and give them medical care.

In one of these homes typhus had broken out badly and all the women workers except one doctor had contracted the disease. Many of the children had it too. Cleanliness, good nursing and food are the only cures for typhus. This home was crowded. The children had been for the most part picked up in the streets, and were dirty and ragged. There was no soap—soap is at a premium in Russia, where there has been a lack of fats for many years. Food was scanty and of poor quality and there were, of course, no drugs.

In short, it was hopeless for any one person, however strong, to try to cope with this situation. The woman doctor was worn by work and want of food. She could have saved herself by going, but it never occurred to her to do so.

"I am needed," was her simple explanation to the relief worker.

So she stayed. Unless some miracle has saved her, it is almost inevitable that she herself is a typhus patient now.

Finally, what does the Russian think of the American, as revealed to him through the A. R. A. worker? A little incident that occurred in the New York office at No. 42 Broadway will help us "to see ourselves as others see us."

A young man who spoke English very imperfectly indeed one day came to the downtown New York office, looking for a person whom he called "ahra."

"Ahra," he had been informed in a letter from his sister in Russia, was an omniscient individual who could even bring her to America if her brother could only find him. The sister gave the address of the A. R. A., and on examining her letter it was discovered that she referred to it frequently, but never by its full title. She knew it

BIBLE IS POPULAR

Much Publicity Being Given the Greatest Book in the World

At an expense of one dollar for every million readers, the back to the Bible bureau of Cincinnati, Ohio, is getting one verse of scripture daily printed in about one thousand American newspapers and magazines. Its total scripture readers are estimated at 10,000,000 now, two years after the bureau's inauguration.

A goal of 110,000,000 Bible verse readers daily is announced, with a five-year programme to make it effective.

The bureau's idea is that daily reading of one Bible verse makes for good citizenship, and that the best pulpits through which to reach all persons is the daily press. The organization is nonsectarian, its daily verse going to publications of all faiths, free of charge, and not only to newspapers, but to trade journals, and to society and labor publications.

How the idea started and its rapid growth is described by George W. Hartzell, a Dayton, Ohio, manufacturer, an advisory member of the bureau. The chairman is James N. Gamble, of the Proctor & Gamble Co.

The bureau was inaugurated two years ago by Addison Y. Reid, of Cincinnati, who is now its secretary. He had been conducting a propaganda for prohibition, sending daily contributions to a number of newspapers, and paying for their publication. With the adoption of the prohibition amendment, Mr. Reid stopped that work, but decided to try a campaign of Biblical verse.

At first he paid for the publication of daily Bible verses just the same as he paid for the propaganda. The verses went to only a few newspapers.

only as "Ahra." The brother wanted to know whether the American Relief Administration could reveal the identity of this powerful individual and enlist his aid.

He was, unfortunately, only one of very many who must be informed that the A. R. A. is a charitable organization which restricts its services to feeding the starving.

REFORMED COLLIE NOW RUNS DOWN BOOTLEGGERS



Photo by Underwood & Underwood. This dog was captured when Federal agents raided a moonshiner's still near Baltimore. Now they use the once faithful animal, which unconsciously has turned traitor, for running down illicit distillers. They have renamed it "Squirrel."

Men's Summer Clothing

MEN, IF IT IS SUMMER CLOTHING THAT YOU NEED WE HAVE IT FOR YOU. ALL SIZES—REGULARS, SLIMS, AND STOUTS—IN LINED, 1-4 LINED, 1-2 LINED AND FULL LINED AND YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. WE WANT TO SHOW YOU.

Men's Unlined Suits in a variety of colors and all Sizes and Styles—Priced \$3.98, \$7.50, \$8.95 and Up to \$24.95

Men's Lined Suits in Navys, Browns and Gray Mixtures—Regulars, Slims and Stouts—We think that we have the Suit that you are looking for—Priced \$9.95 to \$34.95

LADIES' SPORT OXFORDS—Brown and White—Priced \$3.50 Pair

LADIES' BLACK KID and PATENT LEATHER STRAP PUMPS Priced \$3.50 to \$4.98

LADIES' WHITE STRAP PUMPS—Low and Medium Heels—Priced \$1.75 to \$4.98

Kirkpatrick - Belk Company

WOMEN OF AFGHANISTAN.

Policy of the Men to Keep Them in Ignorance.

Like the Arab, the Afghan considers it unnecessary and even unwise that women should learn to read or write. No girls are admitted to the bazaar schools and no mullahs are employed to teach them, and Afghanistan knows nothing of women teachers.

The trade of Afghanistan is moved entirely in caravans and is largely in the hands of Hindus and Tadzhiks. There is not a mile of railroad in the kingdom, the Amir fearing that steel highways would make isolation impossible.

Apart from rugs, a few xylophones, some crude adornments for women, a little silk and felt and a few simple woven tissues, no products of native skilled labor are on the market. And even much of what is produced in these few lines is merely an imitation of Western or Eastern art. Small industries supply only the most urgent needs of the lower classes.

The rich people buy their luxuries from abroad and the poor make shabby shifts with the cheaper fabrics.—*Asia Magazine*.

—The annual reunion of the South Carolina Division of United Confederate Veterans was held in Darlington, Wednesday and Thursday. Officers were elected for this year as follows: Commander of the South Carolina Division, Gen. W. A. Clark, Columbia; Commander of First Brigade, D. W. McLaurin, Columbia; Commander Second Brigade, W. H. Cely, Greenville; Maj. Gen. C. A. Reed, formerly the commander of the division, was made honorary commander for life.

ALL THE WEEK

COMMENCING

Monday, May 22

YORK, S. C.

Jack King's Comedians

The Biggest, Best and Cleanest Cut Show on the Road

25-People-25

7 -- PIECE ORCHESTRA -- 7

FEATURING

"Freckles"

The Boy Who Has Made Millions Laugh

AT THE

BIG \$10,000 Tent Theatre

MONDAY NIGHT A BIG FOUR ACT PLAY

"By Order of the Court"

With High Class Vaudeville Between the Acts

Good Singing, Good Music, Good Dancing, Funny Comedians

Time—Doors Open 7:30; Show Starts 8:00

Place—Under the Big Tent Theatre.

Prices—War Tax Included—

Children, 25 Cts.; Adults, 40 Cts.

LADIES FREE

MONDAY NIGHT

CUT THIS COUPON OUT

This ticket will admit one Lady Free when accompanied with one paid admission Monday night.

FEINSTEIN'S STORE NEWS

Just Received Another New Shipment of Men's and Young Men's Clothing at the Right Prices. Come and see them. We have also received a new shipment of SILK DUNGEE, in all colors—At 65 CTS. a Yard

THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE NOW HOLLERING

FOR TENNIS SHOES and we have just received a new shipment of KEDS. We can FIT YOU. We are selling more PLOW SHOES than we ever sold before and a few pairs left that we are selling at \$1.98 and \$2.25

We have over 200 pairs of LADIES' WHITE SHOES that we are going to close out at \$1.25 a Pair. This is a great bargain and they are really worth \$2.50 a pair!

NATHAN FEINSTEIN'S DEPT. STORE

YORK, S. C. QUICK SALES—SHORT PROFITS—YORK, S. C.