

Humorous Department.

Inside Discipline.—While a country superintendent in the south was making a tour of inspection, he visited a negro school where the order maintained by the teacher was remarkable. Every child seemed to be absorbed in the school work and yet the teacher did not impress the superintendent as a disciplinarian. Finally, after watching proceedings for a while, he turned and said in a low tone to the teacher: "Johnson, how in the world do you keep such good order? Do you whip the children much?" "No, sir," the teacher declared, "I never whip them."

The Strangest Word in Our Language.—It was one of those social affairs that you point to with pride and view with alarm, and at ten o'clock things were dragging dreadfully when a bright young man saved the situation by asking: "What is the strangest word in our language?"

Not Aimed at Her.—During a thunderstorm in the south a large oak tree within thirty feet of a negro cabin on a plantation was completely shattered. The crash was terrifying, the ground for quite a distance around the tree was broken up as if it had been plowed and pieces of the tree were hurled many yards and showered on the cabin roof.

Locating Him.—"Ah, Farmer Field!" with a rising inflection demanded the reporter from the city. "I have come to investigate the rumor that there is a petrified man on your farm."

His Uncertainty.—"I seed the funeral procession of Major Short, the postmaster, while I was in town," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, upon his return from the county seat.

At Last.—A little girl and her father were strolling one Sunday afternoon through the cemetery, where she found little to interest her until she came upon a headstone on which a lamb was carved.

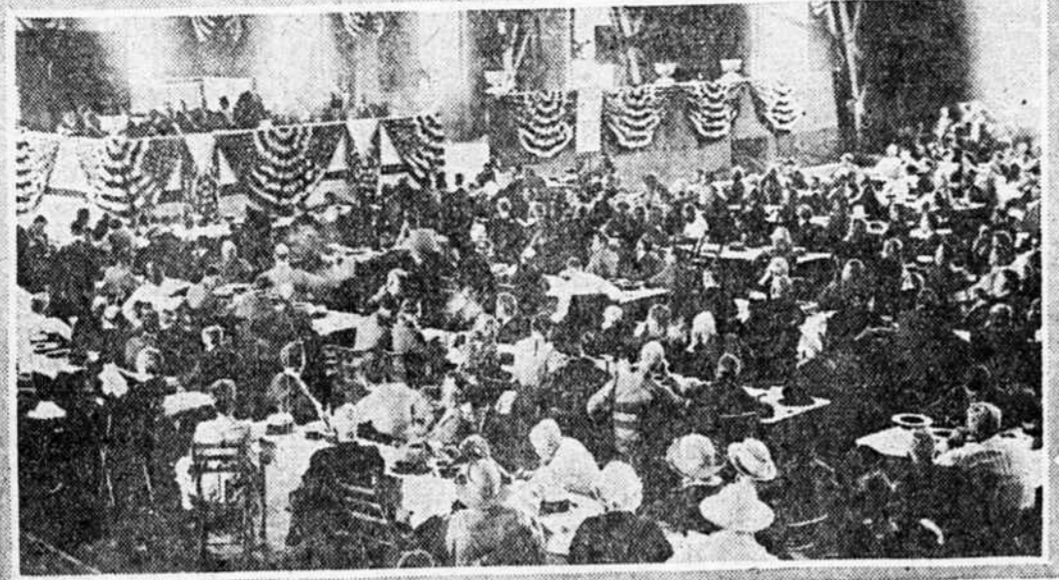
Exactly So.—A clergyman who had held his pastorate for many years was preaching one Sunday morning to a congregation much depleted through deaths and removals.

Which Was Which?—Three prisoners stood before a cross-eyed judge. When he asked the first one his name the second replied, "Tom White."

A Modern Elephant.—Johnny came back from the circus very much excited. "Oh, mamma," he cried as soon as he got in the house, "Kate spilled some peanuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked 'em all up with his vacuum cleaner!"

Describing It.—"How was the lecture at the schoolhouse last night?" asked Farmer Field.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR MEETS IN CINCINNATI.



This photograph was taken while the American Federation of Labor was in session at the Ohio National Guard armory in Cincinnati. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, made a strong plea for peace between labor and capital.

OLD WARRIOR

General Agramonte of Mexico is Now 93.

RODE IN CHARGE OF LIGHT BRIGADE

Interesting Sketch of a Remarkable Soldier of Fortune Now Living at Mexico City.

It is an unbecoming way to start a story about a fine old soldier, writes Herbert Corey from the City of Mexico. It is an even more unbecoming way to begin a story about the man who is perhaps the finest old soldier—considered as an individual—living today.

"The two chauffeurs," runs the story in brief, "decided to fight out their quarrel with their fists. They did so at 3 o'clock in the morning, and the combat was approaching a draw when the man in front of whose house they were fighting came out with a heavy blue steel hiltzer.

"Thrust yourselves into the breeze, you birds," said the man, before I unlimber the jolly old mountain gun."

Shoots Principal Through Heart.

"So they did. But as they started to leave one of the seconds, grieved that the times had become so decadent that a quarrel might be settled by means of comparatively harmless fists, shot the other second's principal through the breast. When the police came up he was weltering fast."

The moral of that yarn is that this is in many respects a conservative and changeless country. There is a law on the statute books making an offense of the shedding of blood. The law does not specify how the blood is to be shed illegally. A dripping ear is as offensive in the eyes of the law as a slashed rib. So that the logical Mexican, not caring to be punished for a trivial offense when for the same punishment he can get real satisfaction, has always clung to knife and gun when he settles a dispute.

I have said that this is an unbecoming way in which to begin a story about General Charles Montgomery Agramonte. Yet, it may be doubted if this old gentleman would have been entirely happy in a hand which makes even the possession of a weapon of defense punishable, if the owner is decent and law-abiding although a back alley lum can be hung with six-shooters and no one seems to care. It is likewise probable that if any one had ever attacked General Agramonte, which has been recognized for some

years as an unwholesome exercise, that some one would have been repelled by means of the earlier and more formal means. Somehow, it is difficult to imagine this old soldier using his fists.

Decorated in Crimean War.

He is ninety-three years old, with white hair, white goatee, straight, possessed of a ceremonial courtesy and a dauntless courage. It was seventy-two years ago when he was decorated with the Legion of Honor in front of Sebastopol. To our unimaginative—even dull—generation the story of his life seems as incredible as that of the Chevalier Bayard or the Admirale Crichton. Yet, Agramonte, son of an old Cuban family, had been a pupil in Paris when the Crimean war broke out, and secured a staff appointment with the British army. On the way out he killed a British colonel in a duel by moonlight on the quarter deck of his ship.

At Sebastopol he visited the French headquarters just before the Russians made a sortie and cut off a portion of the French. He was unable to return to his own troops, and when a Cossack swordsman rode out in the No Man's Land between the two armies, whirling his sword high in air, singing a song of defiance and insult, Agramonte obtained permission to meet him in a single combat, like one of the knights of old. The two armies stilled their guns to watch the fight.

The Cossack slashed the Cuban through the shoulder, but Agramonte, with a back cut as he stood in his stirrups, dropped the Cossack's head down on his breast. It was a clean cut through the neck. Those were heroic days.

In Charge of Light Brigade.

Agramonte carried the dead man's head back to headquarters and the citation which accompanied his Legion of Honor tells the story. He rode in the charge of the Light Brigade, and has the decoration and citation to show for it. When Germany attacked in 1870 he managed to get on the staff of General McMahon. He fought in the Garibaldi war of independence, and a canoe which Garibaldi gave him is carried on Independence Day by the Italian societies here. He was an officer with Grant in the Union army and spent eight years in Cuba fighting for independence.

In 1914, when there was some disposition to make life unpleasant for Americans here, General Agramonte organized a company for defense. The then governor of the federal district sent for him. As Agramonte mounted the stairs he noticed an Indian soldier on each step. When he went into the governor's office the latter said: "So you are the 'bad' Agramonte?" "Not 'bad' I hope," said the gen-

eral.

"Suppose I were to order those Indians outside to shoot you in the back as you leave?"

Handling a Troublesome Governor.

"You are an honorable man, governor," said Agramonte, "and would not do that. Also, it is a beautiful day. I would be happy if you would accompany me home."

He thrust the black nose of an automatic at the governor. The two men walked down the stairs, arm in arm and chatted pleasantly all the way to Agramonte's home. The governor himself has told the story. No one knows what he may have planned to do. Eight years ago the bank in which Agramonte and many other Americans had all their money burst.

There was a meeting at the American club at which some wild things were said. Agramonte calmed them. "Don't be children," said he. "It happened and that's an end to it. Come, I have three dollars and a half in my pocket, which is all I have left in the world. I'll buy a drink for the crowd and we'll all go home."

A gallant old soldier.

AND BUSINESS WENT ON

Washington Town Was Moved Twelve Miles Without Loss of Time.

A country bank on wheels, doing business as usual, while moving through sage brush hills, populated only by jack rabbits and coyotes, a string of stores and residences creeping along with it—such was the strange sight witnessed here this week. Likewise it brought a sudden increase in the population of Nappel, a little town on the oasis in the Columbia Basin desert.

The occasion was the removing of the little town of Wheeler, a community of two hundred persons, situated on a branch of the Northern Pacific, to amalgamate with Nappel on the new extension of the Milwaukee to this place.

Nappel is the center of a building boom because of the recent opening of several thousand acres of irrigated land with plenty of water available for all purposes. The people of Wheeler, eager to get closer to the hub of the new irrigation decided to accept offers of building sites from Nappel and literally placed their shops and habitations on wheels and moved over.

GOOD CORN YIELD

Negro Farmer Made Average of 35 Bushels to Acre Last Year.

More than 14,000 negro farmers in North Carolina, Texas and Virginia who raised 99,000 acres of corn last year under the advice of county agents, employed co-operatively by the Department of Agriculture and state agricultural college, obtained average yields of 35 bushels an acre. The average for all farms in these states ranged from 17 to 25 bushels an acre, the department said recently.

In Virginia, nearly 5,000 of the negro demonstrators planted pure seed and about 2,000 selected seed for their 1922 crop. All these demonstration plots of corn were harvested except 87 acres, which were "hogged down." It is estimated that 70 per cent. of the negro farmers in Virginia are following methods of growing corn taught by extension workers.

Anderson, June 22: There were 12 workmen repairing a dam near Anderson mill who had a narrow escape from death today. The trestle of the P. & N. road goes over a part of this dam, and when the workmen were directly underneath this part of the dam a train passing over had one of the cars to jump the track and fall on part of the dam. The holding of the coupling for a minute gave the men an opportunity to get out of the way. The car was buried in soft mud about 14 feet below the track.

William Rockefeller who, with his brother, John D. Rockefeller, built up the family millions in the oil industry, died last Saturday of pneumonia. His death occurred at his country estate at North Tarrytown, overlooking the Hudson river. He was 81 years of age. Mr. Rockefeller was caught in a heavy rain in New York city a week ago, and the cold that developed was the immediate cause of his death. The funeral took place yesterday morning and as soon as possible the body will be laid by the side of his wife in a \$250,000 tomb that is now nearing completion on his North Tarrytown estate.

Under the direction of archeologists, excavation work has now begun on the Taurine Baris, four miles from Civitavecchia, near Rome. Two-thirds of the baths are underground. They were begun by the Emperor Trajan and remained in use for four centuries. They had a large central hall with reading rooms, beside the baths.

Federal Aid.—South Carolina has received a total apportionment of \$5,007,854.84 of federal aid for roads and bridges to date, exclusive of the \$707,000 available July 1 of this year, according to figures announced by the state highway department. Of this total \$4,935,728.28 has already been allotted, leaving \$72,126.56 for allotment. These figures include all the aid supplied since the policy of federal aid was established by the government. If the \$707,000 to be available July 1 is counted, the total apportionment to South Carolina will be \$5,714,854.84. Of the total apportionment \$821,374.77 has been allotted to major bridge projects of the state, not including \$250,000 to be given to the Ashley river bridge at Charleston out of the new appropriation available July 1. The Santee bridge of Murray's ferry heads the list with aid amounting to \$423,734.69. Charleston county takes first rank in the aid apportionment with \$251,184.55. These figures do not include allotments made out of the new appropriation available July 1. Some of the other larger amounts include \$174,155.09 to Anderson county, \$101,695.09 to Beaufort, \$104,909.54 to Florence, \$127,852.39 to Greenville, \$100,198.95 to Greenwood, \$109,340.50 to Lexington, \$160,689.18 to Orangeburg, \$206,259.21 to Spartanburg, \$138,504.16 to Sumter, \$104,617.04 to Union and \$115,032.07 to York.

The long drawn out trial of Governor Linn Small on the charge of conspiracy came to a close at Waukegan, Illinois, last Saturday with a verdict of acquittal. The jury was out 1 hour and 25 minutes. The governor was accused of having made large sums for himself while treasurer of the state by getting interest on the state's money.

In the spring when icebergs come floating down from the glaciers of Greenland, coastguard service vessels of the American fleet go out in search of them. When a berg is found the vessels wireless its presence to the boats of all nations in the vicinity. The coast of the patrol is borne by all the maritime nations using the Atlantic in proportion to the number of ships sailing under their respective flags.

1922 ROAD TAXES NOW DUE.

Payments Must Be Made On or Before July 1, 1922.

THE attention of all concerned is called to the fact that the Commutation Road Tax of THREE DOLLARS is now due, and payable on or before JULY 1, 1922, after which date no Commutation Tax money can be accepted under the law. In remitting by mail always indicate the Township in which you live. Persons failing to pay the \$3 Commutation Tax on or before JULY 1, will be liable to FIVE Days' service on the roads.

H. E. NEILL, Treasurer of York County.

45 June 6-13-20-27-30 t 5t

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Complete line of shoe laces, shoe polishes, shoe dressings, and "You Slip-On" rubber heels. Special attention to Parcel Post Customers. Complete stock of first class harness.

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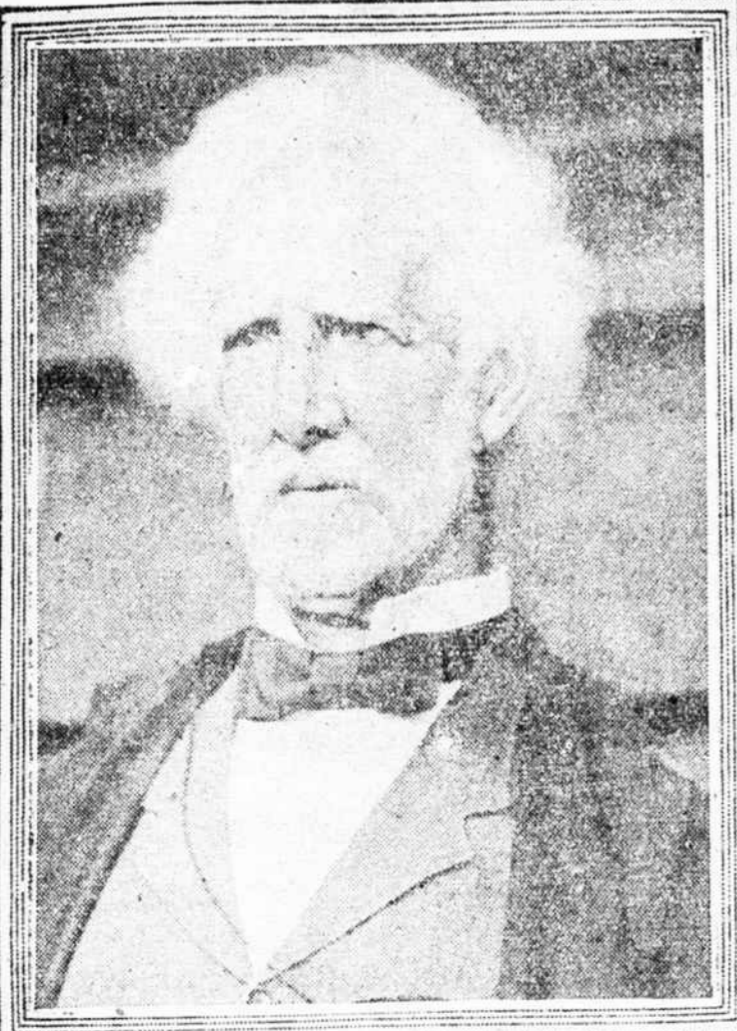
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SEE US FOR—
CEMENT, CANE SEED, OLD ENGLISH FLOOR WAX, Right Fresh STREAKED BACON, Country CORN MEAL.
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CALHOUN DRUG STORE

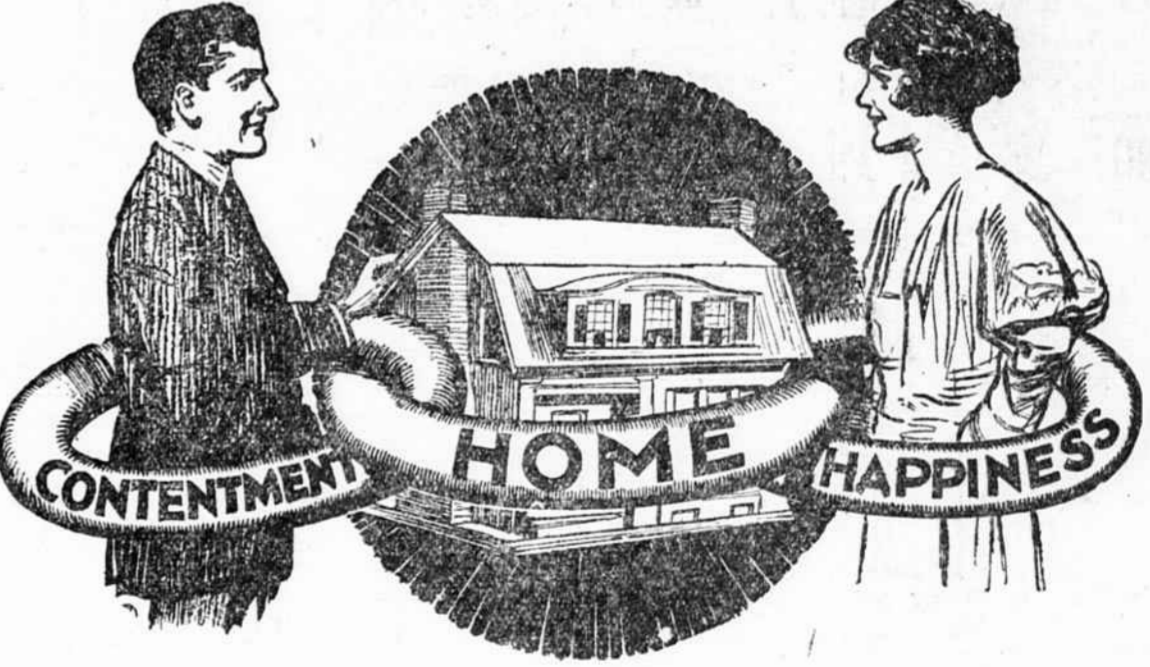
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Will make it look like a NEW CAR, especially when it has been rubbed down and sand papered and the finest quality of coach paint and varnish has been used. WHEN WE PAINT A CAR in any desired color it looks like new and the paint will last indefinitely. It will also protect it and you get protection and beauty combined when it is painted by
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SPECIALS FOR WEEK AT FEINSTEIN'S
Men's Good Heavy OVERALLS—Pair \$1.15
Men's ALL LEATHER SHOES—Pair \$1.98
Men's Heavy WORK SHIRTS—Priced 75 CTS. to \$1.00
Men's WORK PANTS—Pair \$1.25 and Up
Yard-Wide SHEETING—Yard 10 CTS.
DRESSES and APRONS GINGHAMS—Yard 10 CTS.
One Lot PERCALES—Dark and Light Colors—Yard 10 CTS.
Pretty Patterns in VOILES, ORGANZES, etc.—Yard 15 CTS. Up
SILK PONGEE in all Colors—Yard 65 CTS.
Ladies' BED ROOM SLIPPERS—All Colors—Pair 98 CTS.
A New Shipment of Ladies' and Children's PATENT STRAP OXFORDS—Priced at \$1.75 to \$1.50 Pair
One Lot Young Men's PANTS—Worth \$5.00—At the Pair \$3.50
SPECIAL SALE ON LADIES' WAISTS—Come and see them.
A new Shipment of STATIONERY—At the Box 5 CTS.
YOU'LL FIND IT AT
NATHAN FEINSTEIN'S DEPT. STORE
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BLAMES CRIME ON CODDLING OF PRISONERS.



John W. Goff, a former Supreme Court Justice, who told the American Bar Association Committee on Law Enforcement that crime is caused by coddling of prisoners and tardy justice, among other things. He says that law breaking in the country to-day is nothing less than a war on society.



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