

A Summer's Experiment

By H. IRVING KING

Mary Kelton had just been graduated from Wellesley and Ralph Chambers had just been graduated from Harvard. All newly-fledged college graduates are very old and very wise. If you don't believe it just ask one of them. Ralph was all that a Harvard graduate should be; tall, athletic, good-looking and on speaking terms with all the "ologies." Mary was all that a graduate of Wellesley should be—all, athletic, good-looking and on speaking terms with "ologies" of every sort—and very earnest. Together they made a couple that people turned to look after in the street. They were both orphans, likewise second cousins, and were possessed of a rich great-uncle who had so ordered their lives in advance that all they had to do in this world was to marry each other and inherit his fortune.



Everybody Said Professor Chase Was Just the Man for Mary.

standingly. "Quite so. I agree with you perfectly. I don't want Uncle Alexander's money. I can make money of my own. I know no end of fellows who will see that I get started right. You see, Mary, I want to carve out my own career." Ralph was so pleased with this phrase that he repeated it. "Yes—that is it; carve out my own career." "It is noble," murmured Mary. "And what was that you said about the heart?" went on Ralph. "I don't just remember the words, but they were all right—just the way I feel about it. Of course you know I like you immensely, Mary—always shall, for that matter. But, you see, there may be some other girl—you understand." "And for you, Ralph," replied Mary. "I have, and shall always retain, the sincerest regard. But I feel, I know, that: "I have another life I long to meet, without which life my life is incomplete." "Same here," said Ralph. And then, after a minute of silence, "You don't suppose that by any chance we have already met?" "No, no, Ralph," interposed Mary. "Be true to yourself, be true to your ideals. We have put our hands to the plow—let there be no turning back." At this highly original phrase about the plow Ralph scratched his head thoughtfully—a bad habit of his when in doubt. He had come to this interview—arranged by Mary, who had stated beforehand the important subject to be discussed—fully, even enthusiastically, in accord with the proposed plan of action. But now, as he sat there, with the moonlight shining on the flowing river below, the night birds calling now and then from the wooded mountain side which rose behind the hotel, with a pleasant sense of Mary's proximity and the sound of her voice in his ear, he was beginning to waver. You see, he had not Mary's strength of character. Mary sensed the wavering spirit with surprised dismay, and as became a young lady of decision, took prompt action. "There, Ralph," said she, rising, "your hand. We are friends always."

But the stars of our destinies lead us in different paths. Good-night. "Quite right, quite right. Good-night," said Ralph. The summer days sped on. Ralph threw himself avidly into all the gayeties afforded by the hotel life, and was one of all coaching parties, auto parties and yachting parties on the river. Mary confined herself to the society of her chaperon—an impetuous relative furnished by Uncle Alexander—and to that of such of the guests as she suspected of being "intellectual" and "serious." She and Ralph saw each other every day, sometimes several times a day, but there were no more moonlight conferences. The belle of the hotel was a very young widow, with lots of money and soulful eyes—an alluring combination. Ralph, being seen now and then in her company, "people began to talk," and Mary expressed her satisfaction that her dear friend had so soon found his soulmate. Yet she felt it her duty now and then to drop him the warning, "Ralph, remember, be true to your ideals." Among the "intelligentsia" at the hotel whose society Mary affected was a Professor Chase—professor from one of the smaller colleges—forty, single, slightly bald and exceedingly erudite. Everybody said Professor Chase was just the man for Mary. Mary's duenna was a discreet old lady, who never openly interfered or advised. But she kept Uncle Alexander informed by almost daily letters how matters stood with his wards. At first the old man flew into a rage, but on second thought quieted down and said: "Young fools. Well, let 'em go it." He was a shrewd person. Ralph now almost snubbed the widow, sought the society of other men, and indulged in long, meditative walks in the woods. The widow did not seem to mind it. Mary began to fear that the professor had a sad, worldly and mercenary strain in him. She was sure of it when she saw him so often now by the side of Ralph's neglected widow—though what the two could find to talk about in common for her part she could not imagine. It was evident that both she and Ralph had yet a long search before them before they should find their "complementary souls." And now the season drew to its close. Already the guests were beginning to leave the hotel, and the leaves upon the maples were turning to red and gold and bronze. The time had come when, by orders of Uncle Alexander, they were to leave the hotel and pay a visit to that estimable relative at his home. Upon the occasion of that visit the young people had arranged they were to announce to the venerable Alexander the fact of their emancipation and the dissolution of all his plans for the future. On the evening before they were to leave Ralph and Mary met by appointment to formulate their proclamation to Uncle Alexander—met in that same secluded nook of the hotel piazza where had taken place the great star of destiny conference. "It's a beautiful night," said Ralph. "Beautiful," replied Mary. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon you bank." "Don't it?" said Ralph. "Mary, Mary, have you found that—that did you call it—that other life—yet?" "No, Ralph, not yet. One must sometimes seek through all the world for that—and you—have you found—how did you phrase it—that other girl's yet?" "Oh, Mary," said Ralph, "there's only one girl in all the world for me—and you know it." Mary gasped and then, after a moment's silence, laid her hand gently upon Ralph's arm and said, in a low voice: "Well, Ralph, perhaps Uncle Alexander knows best after all." With a cry of delight Ralph—but why proceed? The moon itself hid behind a cloud just then.



HONORED BY U. S. The United States will honor the veterans of seven European nations who will arrive in New York to attend a peace conference of former service men in New Orleans. General Pershing will meet the visitors on their arrival. Photo is of Roger Marie D'Avigneau, ex-poilu, who comes from France as a delegate.

THE ROMANCER

By MOLLIE MATHER

"There goes that woman again," Phoebe flew to the window, and the Merry Makers' club followed in a body. "Don't it beat all, the way the fellows go to see her? And she's not even good looking, in my opinion." "What surprises me," Mrs. Tomkins remarked, "is the way folks will take to a stranger. Mrs. Lew Hampton has her out often in her car, and never any of us, Mrs. Tomkins' old neighbors, asked to ride!" Nettie Wells smiled. "We don't wear the stylish clothes this stranger does," she said significantly. "Where did the girl come from?" Phoebe wanted to know, "and is her name Jewel Joyce, as they say? Sounds made up to me." "Miss Joyce seems real agreeable," a small woman timidly suggested. The others laughed. "So the men folks think," they said. The object of conversation passed on her way. Miss Jewel Joyce was always provokingly happy. Snubs annoyed her not, ill-natured coolness passed unnoticed. From an office stairway a young man sprang to walk at her side. "I saw you from the office window," he said. "I am on my way to meet the 6:30," Jewel told him, and smiled. The young man's bright expression faded. "Say," he asked aggressively, "how often is that man coming out here, anyway?" "As often as he can," Jewel replied; as an afterthought she added: "Which man?" "You'd better ask," Nettie Wells' brother sarcastically replied; "Talks here are betting on which fellow comes most." Jewel Joyce stood still and stared at her informant. "You mean to tell me," she indignantly cried, "that the people here are gossiping about me?" "Gossiping?" Jim Wells laughed, "the men in the stores are guessing as to which of those two men from the city will be the winner, and the women say that neither of them is serious; and my sister thinks you want me. Gosh!" added Jim, "I wish you did." Jewel glanced at the boyish face impatiently, then she laughed. "Oh, Mr. Wells," she said, please don't be foolish. So I have come to a town of romancers." Her pretty brows drew together in a frown. "Good-by," she dismissed her new admirer, abruptly. The frown had disappeared when she returned from the station, a tall, pleasing man at her side. The men in the store windows gaped, and the little stranger returned their bows of greeting, flushing, remembering Jim's conversation. "Queer one, that," a shrewd-looking character remarked; "saw her when I was in the city, and she was at a movie theater with a different man from them two what come out here—a thick-set, prosperous sort of looking man, and—the speaker leaned close to his eager audience—"the man was holding her hand all through the play. She passed me going out, and smiled as cool as you please. Know I'd seen her, too, all the time." Lyn Wendell spoke up excitedly. "Young chap, wasn't he? Lightish hair, actorish looking?" The first speaker regarded Lyn with interest. "What are you talking about? The man in the theater was middle aged maybe, dark hair, acted as though he owned the girl, engaged to her, you'd think—and then other two, coming out here all the time, both paying her steady attention, and knowing nothing, I'll be bound, about this bird in the theater." Lyn Wendell shook his head. "Probably she's waiting to see which one is worth the most money. Our young Jim here ought to be warned. She might even marry Jim and spoil his career at the start. But what I was talking about was a fellow I saw this Jewel woman with in the city. Light haired, young. She was driving with him, and they stopped for gas at the place I did. 'How do you do?' she says to me. 'Mr. Wendell, this is Mr. Bruce—Bruce was the name. 'Phillip,' I heard her call him, and he said right out, 'Yes, dear.'" Lyn Wendell, returning some days later from his farm, passed an automobile driven by the same light-haired chap he remembered having seen in the city. The Jewel woman was by his side. "How do you do?" she again greeted the astonished Lyn; she stopped. "This is my husband, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Wendell. We are driving out to look over the field of my half-brother's new work. You have seen Mr. Johnson, my half-brother, here with me often. He is a civil engineer. The shorter man, whom you may also remember, is my husband's brother and Mr. Johnson's business associate." Lyn, meeting the bride's twinkling eyes, grinned understandingly. "Thanks," he said. "And now, all that they will want to know is—who did Dan see you with in the theater?" The young Mr. Bruce smiled. "That must have been your dad, dear," he said. "It was," agreed Jewel.

QUESTIONS and Bible Answers

If Parents will encourage children to look up and answer the Bible Answers, it will prove a precious heritage to them in after years. How were the wise men of the East directed to the birthplace of Jesus?—Matt. 2: 1-19 What did the wise men of the East do when they beheld the young child?—Matt. 2: 11, 12 What testimony did John the Baptist give concerning Jesus?—Matt. 3: 11, 12 What weapon did Jesus use to defeat Satan in the Temptation?—Matt. 4: 1, 7, 10 How did Jesus begin his great "Sermon on the Mount"?—Matt. 5: 1-11 What directions did Jesus give concerning the giving of alms?—Matt. 6: 1-4 What special directions for prayer did Jesus give in his sermon on the mountain?—Matt. 6: 5-13 What did Jesus say in regard to worthwhile investments and safe banking?—Matt. 6: 19-21 What did Jesus say about passing judgment on others?—Matt. 7: 1-5 What test did Jesus lay down for detecting false prophets?—Matt. 7: 15-20 How did Jesus end his great "Sermon on the Mount"?—Matt. 7: 24-27

WINS DETROIT RACE.



Lieut. A. W. Gorton, U. S. N., was awarded the Curtiss Marine Trophy for winning the big Naval Derby Races held at Detroit on October 7. The race was an eight lap affair of twenty miles each, totaling 160 miles.

FORMERLY WITH DILLON.

Big Men in Recent World's Series Used to Play Ball in This State. In view of the fact that each of the opposing teams carried a former Dillon player, Dillonites were particularly interested in the world's series between the Giants and Yankees played in New York last week, says the Dillon Herald. Jack Scott, who pitched for the Giants Friday and walked away with the game, pitched for Dillon in 1914, and Bub McMillan, who played center field with the Yankees, was shortstop on the Dillon team in the same year. Local baseball fans will remember Jack Scott as a tall, awkward looking youth who excited some curiosity and no little amusement the first time he walked up on the Dillon mound. There were strong pitchers in the old Pee Dee league and the spirits of local fans fell away down below the freezing point when they gazed upon the youngster who was to defend Dillon's honors that day against "Old Duck" High. But they were agreeably disappointed. Scott pitched a wonderful game and held the visitors down to a few scattered hits. Connie Mack was the man who sent Scott down to Dillon. Judge Joe Campbell Davis was managing the Dillon team and wired Mack for a good pitcher. Mack wired Judge Davis that he was sending him a young fellow from Henrico Rapids, Va., who was better than anything he had in Philadelphia. Scott's home is in Vance county, North Carolina. Dal Bathea, now cashier of the Farmers and Merchants bank at Latta, caught Scott that season. Dal was one of the best players in the league and could have gone up to the big league with Scott and Bub McMillan if he had cared for baseball as a profession. Bub McMillan of Latta, who played with the Yankees, was a youngster not long out of high school, but he too, was a star, and early in life showed the ability that carried him on up to the top. Manager McGraw of the Giants gave out the following interview concerning Scott's work: The almost perfect control of John Scott, curve ball pitcher, who several months ago was thrown into baseball's discard, was the outstanding feature of the third game of the world's series, according to McGraw and Huggins, managers of the Giants and Yankees. McGraw, considered the best judge of pitching ability in baseball, picked up Scott, a castoff, in midseason, said he knew the "deacon" had plenty of

stuff, but that his control was a thing to marvel at. "Catcher Earl Smith told me," said McGraw, "that not once during the game did Scott fail to put the ball where he wanted it. His curves were breaking perfectly and after a couple of innings I just let him and Smith work as they pleased. "I thought that our team should have counted more runs on their hits, but with Scott's pitching that didn't matter. We won and the credit is all Scott's." Huggins, the Yankee leader, also praised the Giant pitcher's work. "We thought," he said, "that Scott would be easy for us, but his control was too good."

STAR HALFBACK.



Jimmy Brewster, one of the mainstays of the Georgia Tech eleven, the famous "Golden Tornado," who are again prepared to continue their long list of successes.

Disregarded in Yorkville.—In the advertising columns of this issue of The Ledger will be found a financial statement covering the receipts and disbursements of the city for the first six months of Mayor Jones' administration. Mr. Jones advises that it was his intention to publish this statement quarterly, but that pressure of business prevented. The Ledger will be perfectly frank and say that we can see no good reason why a semi-annual statement should not answer all purposes. Very few people read them, anyway, and about the only good publication does is to keep the skirts of the administration clear. One of the

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AH TOL' KUNL BOB AH'S JES' THIRTY-FO' YEAH OLE, BUT HE 'LOW DEY CAIN' NO NIGGUH IN DE WORL' EVUH GIT EZ UGLY EZ AH IS IN DAT SHAWT A TIME!!



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most important items in the statement is that the fines for six months have been \$2,374.45, while the refunds have been but \$37.60. This shows that somebody has been dancing and paying the fiddler for the music. In six months we have spent for fire protection \$1,577.95, for police protection \$4,136.08, etc. But read the statement for yourself and study it. You will find it worth while.—Gaffney Ledger.

The City Market

WE HAVE NICE MEATS THIS WEEK AND EXPECT TO KEEP ONLY THE BEST FROM NOW ON— ALSO CURED HAM, BOILED HAM AND BREAKFAST BACON. LET US FIX YOU UP A NICE ROAST FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER—VEAL OR THE OLDER MEAT. WE BUY HIDES. Geo. W. Sherer Geo. A. Sherer

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See us for what you need. DRAG HARROWS You'll need one to follow that IMPERIAL PLOW that we sell. Recognized everywhere as the equal of any, turn plow ever put on the market.

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Has been sold on this market for at least forty years and it has always been known for its superior quality. A trial will convince YOU. Ask us for BALLARD'S OBELISK FLOUR.

J. F. CARROLL

Framed.—Treasurer: "One of those checks we mailed out has not been returned." Editor: "Then it went to a new writer."



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