



# THE PAGELAND JOURNAL

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## Anti-Liquor Bills Flood Two Houses of Congress

Washington, Dec. 15.—Legislative measures aimed at destruction of the liquor traffic continue to accumulate in Congress as both houses are deluged with petitions from all parts of the country urging adoption of a National prohibition constitutional amendment and passage of other anti-liquor measures including the Sheppard bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor in the District of Columbia.

The House Postoffice Committee opened the door to another phase of the problem today in reporting favorably a bill designed to close the mails absolutely to advertising of any intoxicating liquors and to deny mail order houses the right to go into either "wet or dry" territory to solicit sales through the medium of the mails.

No move was made during the day by prohibition leaders in the House regarding the constitutional amendment reported yesterday from the judiciary committee, but Representative Webb, chairman of the committee plans to ask the rules committee, for a special rule to get the resolution before the House soon after the holidays. The consensus of opinion in the House seemed to be that the resolution cannot get the necessary two-thirds majority in the Sixty-fourth Congress. Even Representative Webb is not sanguine of the success now, but he is confident that the amendment will receive more votes than it did in the last Congress when it had thirteen votes more than a majority. By the time the next Congress has considered the issue, he believes the victory can be won.

## Bloodhound at Cheraw

Policeman Jacobs has bought a bloodhound. The dog is a fine specimen and is said to be well trained. Hereafter there need be no long wait for the dogs to be brought from Columbia or other points to run down law-breakers.—Cheraw Chronicle.

The busy old lady was calling in at the wounded soldier's home. "How did it happen, William?" she inquired.

"Shell, mum."

"A shell? Dear me. Did it explode?"

"Explode, mum?" replied William wearily. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, mum. It just crept up quietly behind me—and bit me."

Everyone could see that they were Newlyweds, and as they sat at adjoining desks in the big hotel and wrote post cards to all their friends and relatives their lovey-dovey questions and answers provoked an old gentleman near by almost to apoplexy. Soon the bridegroom left the room. Unaware that she had been deserted, the little bride got stuck on a word and asked:

"How do you spell Cincinnati, honey," she asked.

"C-i-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-i-h-o-n-e-y," responded the grouch.

## Germany Offers to Make Peace

New York, Dec. 13.—It was learned in this country yesterday that Germany had submitted certain terms of peace and while no official account of these terms have been received yet, following, it is claimed this morning, is the substance of the proposals made to the Allies by Germany:

For the complete restoration of Belgium.

For the evacuation by Germany of all territory captured in Northern France during the progress of the war.

For the establishment of Poland and Lithuania as independent kingdoms.

For the retention of Serbia by Austria Hungary, and the restoration to Bulgaria of all territory lost by that country in the second Balkan war.

For the restoration to Austria of territory captured by Italy in the neighborhood of the Adriatic sea.

For the restoration to Germany of all her colonial possessions in Africa, the far east and other parts of the globe.

For the retention of Constantinople by Turkey.

This information was obtained today from an unquestionable authority close to the German embassy.

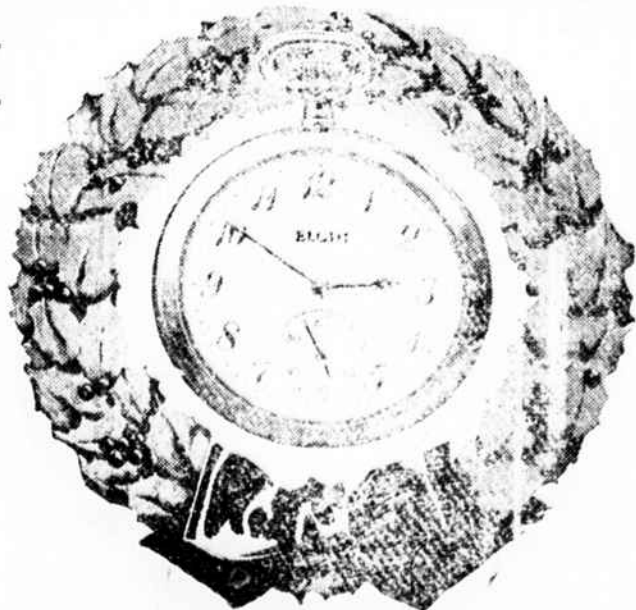
According to embassy officials who have kept fully advised of the situation, the terms laid down represent the united power of all the central powers and were drawn up after full exchanges of view between the Teutonic capitals.

## There's Hope for the One-Horse Farmer

"What hope is there for a one-horse farmer, if any?" asks a reader. It all depends on the kind of man he is. While having only one work animal is a handicap, there are worse. For instance, we'd rather risk making a paying crop with one mule on rich land than to try it on poor land with a dozen mules. Peas, beans and the clovers can be grown as well by the one-horse farmer as by the larger, and crop rotations that will build up the land are just as easily possible with the same fellow. Get out of the one horse class as soon as you can, of course; but the mere fact that you are a one-horse farmer by no means shuts the door of hope. One of the most successful farmers we know, a man rated at \$300,000, started thirty years ago with a single gray mare and an unlimited supply of spunk. Yes, the one-horse farmer has a chance, and a good one.—Ex.

## The first Christmas was a jewelry Christmas--

A Jewelry Christmas  
A. D. -- 1



"AND THE WISE MEN  
PRESENTED UNTO HIM  
GIFTS OF GOLD"  
MATT. 2-11-

A Jewelry Christmas  
A. D. -- 1916  
BUY FROM B. B. EUBANKS.

## Line From McBee to Monroe Will Be Built

Chester, Dec. 15.—It has been officially learned from an official high up in Seaboard Air Line railway circles that the new railroad surveyed from McBee to Monroe, N. C., will begin construction at an early date. As is well known this line has been run by surveyors several times, and it is a fact that the last line made will be the established route.

It is reliably stated that the Seaboard will have a controlling interest in this new line. Several stations will be established on this road. It will enter South Carolina via Pageland. It is understood that the road will be under construction early in the year. Work will probably be started at McBee and Monroe simultaneously in order to facilitate the rapid construction of the road, it is stated. The country to be traversed by this new South and North Carolina short line is rich not only in farm products, but timber as well, and has long needed transportational facilities.

## Stop "Matching" for Drinks

Monroe Enquirer.

Down in Lumberton the officials are trying to stamp out that form of gambling—matching coins for soft drinks, cigars, cigarettes, etc. That species of gambling is going on around every soft drink fountain and cigar stand the country over, but nobody seems to pay any attention to it. If a nigger shoots craps he is up against it in the courts, but every day here and in every town in this State gentlemen whose names are on church rolls walk up and gamble for drinks or cigars and nothing is done about it, when if a little nigger in the barn loft stakes a nickle on a crap game all the machinery of the law is put in motion to arrest him, and he is brought before the court and is fined or sent to the chain gang. It is just as much against the law for the gentleman who has his name on the church roll and who stands in with the preacher to match coins for soft drinks and cigars as it is for the nigger to stake his money on a "skin" game, but at the hands of the law the little nigger gets it in the neck while the respectable church man goes on his way and nothing is said about his gambling.

## Zeb Vance Fought Monroe Chinchies

Monroe Journal.

Bryan's visit to Monroe caused an old-timer to recall an interesting conversation he overheard nearly forty years ago between Zeb Vance and the late Bill Trent, who kept the old hotel which used to stand on the entire site now occupied by the Loan & Trust building. Vance had spent the night in the hotel, and on descending to the office next morning, he was met with solicitous enquiries from his host regarding the manner in which he slept during the night. "Didn't sleep much," responded North Carolina's War Governor, who was always willing and ready to tell some waggish tale.

"What was the matter?" asked his host in an anxious tone.

"The chinch bugs were on a raid in my room," retaliated the Governor, "I fought them single handed until midnight, when I went after some reinforcements. I got a gallon of molasses and poured it in a circle around my bed. Thinking I was firmly entrenched from the enemy, I fell asleep. But along about two o'clock in the morning I was disturbed by them again. They had outmaneuvered me by climbing up the walls and dropping on my bed from the ceiling."

## Charged Against the Moon

Below is a comment by Prof. Massey in the Progressive Farmer with which a great many of our readers will not agree. Tell Mr. Massey what you know about such matters:

"One of my neighbors says that if you kill hogs when the moon is increasing the meat will not turn out as much lard as it would if you kill on the decrease of the moon. What do you think?"

I think that if the hogs have plenty of fat that no stage of the moon can rob them of any. The amount of lard depends entirely on the condition of the hog, and the state of the moon has nothing to do with it. Get the hogs into good condition and kill them when the weather suits, without any attention to the moon, for if the fat is there, the moon cannot make it any less. The feeding has more to do with it than the moon. It is time that the intelligent men were getting rid of these old superstitions.

## Observer Building at Charlotte Burns

Charlotte Observer.

Fire of unknown origin visited The Observer Building at 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning with the result that the greater part of the plant of The Observer Printing house was completely destroyed and the property of The Charlotte Daily Observer was so seriously damaged, chiefly by water, that for the coming week the paper will be issued from the presses of The Charlotte News, President and General Manager W. C. Dowd having very generously tendered the use of his plant pending the time when The Observer will be able to restore its equipment. It is hoped that this will be by the latter part of the week, every means having been invoked to hasten the time to the end that Observer readers may suffer just as slight inconveniences as possible.

The fire was discovered during the early hours Saturday morning in the rear section of the third floor of The Observer building, this being the five-story structure behind the Observer building proper, in which is located the mechanical departments of the Charlotte Daily Observer and The Observer Printing House. Harold Lewis, a 12 year-old carrier boy was the first to detect the blaze and he quickly gave the alarm. The night shift in the composing room had just finished their work of getting ready for the big Sunday issue and the city edition of Saturday's paper had just been run off from the press in the basement. Everything and everybody were about ready to go home.

## A Thought for the Week

Do not let us wait to be just and pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death. Life is short, and we gave never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh! be swift of love, make haste to be kind.—Amiel.

Dear Santa Claus—I am a boy six years old. Please bring me a cap, candy and some fruit. Remember sister and little brother. Merry Christmas to you  
James Lee Baker.  
Jefferson, R. 1.

Jim Smith was notoriously slow pay. He owed quite a bill at the grocery for pork. One day, as his credit was becoming strained, he walked calmly into the grocery and said: Mr. Black, I want to pay you for the pork I have had, and I want some more."

"Certainly," said the delighted proprietor; as he hastened to wait on his customer.

Taking the package of pork, Jim Smith started to go.

"Wait a minute," said the proprietor "I thought you wanted to pay for the pork."

"I do," remarked Jim, as he resumed his homeward way, "but I can't."—Ex.

## Peace Note Fixes Terms Says Teuton Diplomatist

Berlin, Dec. 17, via Sayville.

"Some sections of the foreign press and especially newspapers in hostile countries," says the Overseas News Agency, "having declared that the Central Powers ought to have added definite peace proposals to their peace offer, the Overseas Agency asked a distinguished German diplomatist for his opinion on this point. His answer was:

"The German note Entente Governments contains a very definite communication as to the spirit of the peace conditions which the Central Powers would bring to the propose negotiations."

"The Central Powers base these proposals on the conviction that their own rights and just claims today are not in contradiction to the rights of other Nations. In addition, the Central Powers declare they do not want to annihilate or destroy anybody and that the peace proposals will be of such a nature as to guarantee the establishment of a lasting peace."

## Mr Taylor Building at Mt. Croghan

Mt. Croghan, December 18. Christmas is near, and everybody is getting ready for it, and especially the small children, all of whom are looking for Santa Claus.

The oyster supper at the school building recently was fine, nineteen dollars being raised for the school.

Mr. J. O. Taylor is building a fine brick building near the corner, and it will help the looks of Mt. Croghan very much.

The Mt. Croghan boys and girls are beginning to arrive home from college to spend the holidays.

Mr. Arthur Crowley who has been in the navy returned home several days ago.

Miss Bessie Gaddy is our teacher, and she is a good one. She tries to treat all alike, and all like her because she is so kind.

Abe and Jabe.

He was scorching through the country at a mile a minute. Round a bend in the road he sped straight into a bunch of fowls—and a terrific clack told him that something was wrong. He pulled up and glanced back. Two birds lay dead in the road; two others were fleeing, squawking, back home, and a burly man in overalls was striding toward the automobile.

"That'll be twelve dollars—three dollars apiece for the four," said the man.

"Four!" gasped the motorist. "But I killed only two."

"That's right," agreed the owner; "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist as he handed over the money.

"Due to the fright, I suppose."

The countryman shook his head as he pushed the bills into his pocket and started away.

"Partly fright," he agreed slowly, "but mainly it's because they ain't hens!"