

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. **The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.**

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

FILLING HER CLUB NIGHTS

How One Girl Succeeded in Banishing Loneliness Caused by Giving Up Old Custom.

Barbara Carson felt bored as she sat toying with her book under the light of the table lamp after dinner. It was club night for the girls of her set, and she pictured them enjoying the excitement of the lights and the music as she had done every week through the winter.

She had had to admit, however, that the tone of the club-night dances had gradually grown lower as the winter wore on, and she had made up her mind to break away from this group of young people. She wanted to attach herself to persons who were more worth while.

In remaining away tonight she had taken the first step, but she had not realized how hard it was going to be. Just then her mother entered the room and noticed the troubled look in her eyes.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked. "Has something made you unhappy?"

"No," said Barbara, "not exactly that, but I didn't realize how deadly dull it was going to be to spend club night at home."

"Aren't you trying to take something out of your life without putting anything else in its place?" asked her mother. "The Bible speaks about our overcoming evil with good. You are trying to overcome it with nothing. You are like the man of whom Christ spoke who had swept and garnished his soul-house and then left it empty. The result was that the old evil spirit came back and brought seven other worse devils with him. And, as Christ tells us, the last state of that man was worse than the first. The man merely had a soul to let. Where he made his mistake was in not getting in some good tenants to take the places of the ones he had turned out. The Italians have a proverb that says that the busy man is vexed with only one devil, the idle one with seven. It illustrates the old saying that, if you want to keep chaff out of the granary, fill it with grain."

"The point of all this is that, if you are trying to break a bad habit, you had better start a good habit to take its place rather than to sit thinking how wretched you are. I would suggest that you start now to make an engagement for every club night during the rest of the season. Give yourself something interesting to do that night; something positive to take your mind in another direction instead of leaving it to revolve on nothing."

"I hadn't thought of it in that way, mother," said Barbara. "I believe you're right. Only the other day Marjorie Sears said she wished some of us girls could get together one evening a week to do some Red Cross work. I believe I'll call up now and ask her to come over and help me make some plans."

That night after Marjorie had gone Barbara said to her mother shyly, "I guess any little blue devil that comes looking for lodgings with me on club nights hereafter will find that I have no room to spare."—Youth's Companion.

Spilled Children.
On a crowded interurban car the day after Christmas there was a jostling, pushing, complaining bunch in the aisle. There was just one woman in the bunch who was not complaining, and she was good to look at, being cheerful, pretty and perfectly clothed, from her russet shoes to the brown hat that topped her gold-brown hair. Her lovely brown suit was coming in contact with all sorts of shabby clothing, but she chuckled, and remarked to the strange woman next to her: "What spoiled children we are! Here we are in a warm, comfortable car, fairly flying over the road, and grumbling all the way. I can remember when a trip to Indianapolis meant, for me, a chair in a farm wagon, maybe way back over the hind wheels, and yet, even in zero weather, jolting and jouncing over fifteen miles of frozen road. I never whimped. I was just glad all through for the chance to take the wonderful trip to the city."

A sheepish grin spread over a number of faces in her vicinity, proving that others could dig up similar memories.—Indianapolis Star.

Greeks in Turkish Territory.
Professor Andreade of the University of Athens, who is a specialist on the extent of Greek citizenship beyond the Greek frontiers—in Macedonia and the other Balkans, in Turkey, Syria and Asia Minor—pointed out the great predominance of the Greeks in the regions to be evacuated by the Turks if they are to leave Europe. The whole vilayet, or province, of Adrianople, extending from the Balkans down to Constantinople, he declared, is as much Greek as it is Turk and with the Turks out it is practically all Greek. "Even Constantinople," he said, "is a Greek city—the largest of Greek cities—with a population of 350,000 Greeks. That gives an idea of the extent of Greek citizenship in all this section down to the straits, which will have to be considered on the basis of nationality and race, when the Turk leaves Europe."

Certain to Win.
"How's your boy getting on at the training camp?"
"Wonderful!" replied Farmer Applecart. "I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day and go to bed early can do most anything."—People's Home Journal.

HENRY FOURTH OF GERMANY

King's Troubles in Helping to Rule the World Included Much Suffering and Humiliation.

Of all the warring monarchs who had a part in running the world during the infancy of government none was more picturesque than Henry IV of Germany. And he suffered perhaps the greatest humiliation that ever was visited upon a king, writes a historian, Gregory VII became pope in the seventh decade of the eleventh century. The election did not please Henry in the least. Under the piffling title of Roman king he claimed a share in papal affairs and did not propose to be treated lightly. But Gregory persuaded him to confirm his elevation. Then dissension broke out between the two, and Henry's partisans unseated the pope, who retired to Canossa, in the Apennines.

Gregory retaliated on Henry by withholding that most powerful weapon of the church—excommunication. This casting out of the faith was the most feared of all fates in ancient days, and even Henry's close advisers fell away from him. The king faced the storm bravely enough, but things went against him and he decided to prostrate Gregory. So, in the midst of winter he crossed the Alps, a truly prodigious undertaking in those times, and presented himself before the castle where Gregory was staying, asking audience. At first Gregory refused, but then consented on condition that Henry dismiss all his attendants and enter alone. The German complied and quitted his suite to go inside the walls.

Further on he came to a second gate, where he was told that the pope had ordered him divested of all his regal ornaments and clothing before proceeding. Henry reluctantly consented, and received in exchange a coarse woolen tunic. Wearing this, he passed through the gate, thinking his troubles over. But there remained a last gate and a final trial. For three days and nights he was kept standing outside the gate in severe weather, fasting from morning until night. At the end of that time Gregory finally had the king ushered before him and agreed to lift the ban if Henry would consent to a truce between them, made distinctly on the pope's terms. To this Henry agreed and was restored to the church.

He left soon after, nursing his hatred for Gregory and determined to square accounts. This led to the pope nominating another prince for Henry's throne and to endless warfare. The king was excommunicated a second time and continued under the ban most of his troublous life. There have been few instances of a monarch undergoing any such humiliation as that he experienced, standing outside the pope's door for three days in freezing weather.

IN MEMORIAM.
A tribute to our Little Darling E. J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Spears, who departed this life on the 3rd day of June, 1918. Born April 17, 1917.)

A precious one from us has gone. A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home Which can never more be filled.

We miss it, O, how we miss it, And our hearts are filled with pain, But when Jesus opens the pearly gates Our sweet child we'll see again.

We long to see its face again, We long to kiss it more, But we will see the dear one When Jesus opens the pearly door.

It passed away and went to rest, The dearest of all we loved, But now it is walking the golden streets In that glorious land above.

We loved it, oh we loved it dear! But God He loved it best, And he came and took it home with him To that blessed land of rest.

He was the precious little jewel Of our now broken heart, It is so hard to think that He and all of us must part.

He is gone but not forgotten, Never will his memory fade, Loving thoughts will always linger Around the grave where he was laid.

So good-bye, E. J., blessed little darling, On earth we'll never meet again, But we will meet you in that mansion Where there will be no more pain.

Written by his heart-broken mother, Mrs. Thorne Spears.

A woman in San Diego, Cal., was arrested Monday for chaining her five-year-old child to a bedpost while she went down street shopping.

British National Anthem.
The authorship of the British National anthem furnishes one of those evergreen subjects of dispute which delight the soul of individuals whose joy it is to write letters to the press, observes a British exchange. Probably there will also be conflicting evidence on the question, but the common opinion now is that Henry Carey, who died in October, 1743, was the author. At any rate, Carey sang the song as his own composition at a dinner party in Cornhill, while shortly afterwards he approached a publisher with the manuscript. It was not at once accepted, and seems to have been first sung in public in 1745—two years after Carey's death.

Oil From Melon Seeds.
A genuine American invention originated at Rocky Ford, where a melon grower named Burrill, with the faculty of inductive reasoning, found out that a clear, rich oil can be expressed from the seeds of cantaloupes, notes the Chicago Tribune. He submitted samples to government chemists at Washington, who notified him that their tests indicated a new table oil of the same texture and color as olive oil, one which needed no refining process. There is wide significance in this discovery, which indicates melons, squash and pumpkin seeds, as perhaps those of citrus fruit as well, as a prolific source of oil supply.

Oldest College Sorority.
The oldest of the women's college sororities is the Alpha Delta Pi, which was founded at Wesleyan female college in 1851.

MARBLE CAVES OF OREGON.

By F. E. Tuck, in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Amid the wilds of southwestern Oregon, almost unknown to the world at large, is situated a series of underground chambers and passages remarkable for their size and for the beauty and unusual character of their decorations. Within the last few years they have been made a National Monument and are now known as the Marble Caves of Oregon.

At the present time a visit to the caves is no small undertaking. From Grants Pass or Medford a 30-mile drive takes one to the camp at the end of the wagon road. The rest of the trip must be made on foot, or mule back, up a steep trail, 10 miles in length. During the summer months the Forestry Service stations a forester at the caves as guide and caretaker. He takes a special interest in conducting all visitors through the caves and in pointing out to them the many interesting features of the trip.

The caves consist of three and a half miles of marble passages and grottoes, ranging from one to four or five stories in height. In places the connecting corridors are so low that one must crawl on all fours for a considerable distance. Elsewhere the chambers are so large that the opposite walls and ceiling are scarcely visible in the dim candle light. The largest cavern measures over 500 feet in length, and its arched ceiling is 100 feet above the floor.

Throughout the entire cave the stalactite formations are rich and wonderfully varied. In some chambers the ceiling is a mass of small stalactites, from the points of which hang starlike glittering pendants—drops of water. In one superb room the roof is covered with gigantic inverted white tulips; in another folds of massive draperies cover the walls supported by immense fluted columns. Here stalactites reach down from above and embrace their stalagmitic sisters, thus forming pillars of surpassing symmetry and beauty; there a miniature Niagara stands outlined in white marble, beyond which a magnificent Solomon's Temple is carved deep into the heart of the mountain.

The trail up to the caves is a long, steep climb, but as one ascends, a marvelous panorama of scenic beauty, of forests and canons, of snow-capped peaks and distant vistas, is spread out before him which, even apart from the caves, makes the trip one long to be remembered and well worth the effort it has taken.

A "Leaky Ship" on a "Leaky" Day
What can be more annoying? And it's dangerous, too. But, oh! So easily remedied. Just step into my shop and have them made water-tight, and go on your way rejoicing.
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KERSHAW NEWS NOTES

Interesting Happenings Gathered From The Era of That Place.

(From Last Week's Paper.)

Richard McManus, aged 82 years, died at the home of his son, Will McManus, at this place last Thursday, July 12th, and was buried at the Kershaw cemetery the following day after funeral services conducted by Rev. J. M. Neal.

B. J. Horton, who was home on a 30 days furlough, left Wednesday, June 26, to return to Camp Wadsworth and had only thirty minutes after reaching there to get ready to leave with his company, Co. G, 53rd Infantry, for Camp Hempstead, New York.

I. M. Jackson, who has been in Kershaw for the past several months visiting relatives, returned to his home at Gibson, La., the past week accompanied by his children, who were also visiting in Kershaw.

Dr. and Mrs. B. D. Stalnaker and children of Manning, have been visitors for several days at the home of Mrs. Stalnaker's mother, Mrs. M. F. Evans.

Mrs. W. S. Stevens and her two little boys of Bennettsville, who have been visiting Mrs. Fred Culvern, returned home Friday.

Cecil Brasington, of Camden, is visiting at the home of Dr. E. C. Brasington.

Mrs. Jas. H. Hamel left Sunday for Rock Hill, where she will undergo an operation at the Pennell Infirmary.

Benjamin Raley, who lived on S. L. Williams' place, died Monday, July 1st, aged 85 years, after an illness lasting about three weeks. He was buried in the graveyard at Buffalo church the following day. He is survived by one son and two daughters.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. McDowell and children left Monday for a motor trip to Cleveland Springs, where they will spend a week or ten days.

Paul G. McCorkle, of York, was a guest at the home of his friend, Jno. T. Stevens, last week end.

Miss Theresa McDonald, who taught in Chesterfield county, and her sister, Miss Helen McDonald, who visited relatives at McBee, returned home last Friday.

Mendel Fletcher motored to Camden last Thursday to meet his aunt, Mrs. E. Pace, of Georgetown, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. R. Fletcher.

Grover Bowers, who has been in training at Camp Grant, at Rockford, Ill., for several months past, has been transferred to Camp Sevier, Greenville. He is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Bowers, near Kershaw, before going to the latter camp, where he will be connected with the signal corps of the aviation department.

R. L. Sowell made a trip to Charleston last week by auto in the interest of hurrying the shipment of nitrate of soda consigned to various purchasers in this section. He was accompanied on the trip by W. H. Halle of Camden. As a result of the visit the soda was shipped here promptly and delivered to the purchasers.

Ernest Truesdel, of Clemson College, visited his father, J. S. Truesdel, last week. Ernest, who has been taking a special course in motor mechanics, expects to be ordered elsewhere this week but does not know yet where he will be sent.

Profiteer Gets His Face Slapped.
A prominent citizen of Easley who was in Greenville yesterday told of an unusual incident which happened in his town this week which, he says, is absolutely true.

While a northbound train was stopped in the yards of the town late one afternoon two men were discussing the war. One of them said, "I wish the war was over now."

The other man grinned and replied, "I don't care whether it ever gets over or not—I'm getting my share out of it."

A lady sitting across the aisle heard the remark and, arising from her seat, stepped over and gave the speaker a square buff on his cheek that could be heard all over the car. According to the gentleman from Easley, he said no more.—Greenville News.

Be Sure of the Number Before Calling

The telephone directory is issued at frequent intervals for the information and benefit of the telephone-using public.

Every effort is made to keep this list accurate and up-to-date. It is expected that telephone-users will consult it before making calls. A call for an incorrect number causes delay and possible annoyance to a third party.

Avoid inconvenience to all concerned by looking up telephone numbers in the directory before calling.

When you Telephone—Smile

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
J. A. HOUGH, MANAGER.

