

**OLD BUILDING MATERIAL**

Use in Use for Many Centuries, Is Merely a Simple Form of Concrete.

What is it? The word, which in complete form is written in the French language, betrays a French origin and its general appearance, might suggest some affinity with the word of art. These preliminary impressions, however, will be found misleading. There is nothing peculiarly French in pipe dwellings, though they are common enough in some parts of France, and reference to them abounds in French literature of the eighteenth century.

The word itself, traced to its Latin origin, apparently means nothing more than "battered." Perhaps the simplest definition of pipe is provided by Pliny the Elder, who calls it "battered between boards," meaning by boards a form such as may be used for concrete in construction.

The Roman sage adds that it was an old and well-tried system of building. He remarks that Hannibal used this material for watch towers on the tops of hills in Spain during his campaign. Who knows whether it was not also used when Cheops built his Great Pyramid; for there are prehistoric buildings in New Mexico and Arizona, which, some say, date back almost to that period?

Certainly history cannot trace the pipe to its origin, and the pipe dwellings now visible in France, Spain, and elsewhere may give no complete indication of the extent to which this material was employed in other centuries.

**DIAN'S TRIBUTE TO MOTHER**

Skinned Fighter in World War Proves Worthy Descendant of Race of Chiefs.

Founded-With-Many-Arrows is an Indian living in South Dakota. According to an Indian custom, the thing an Indian mother sees or hears after her child is born may be seen as the infant's name. The name of his birth, in April, 1891, the mother saw a warrior who had been killed by many arrows; hence the name given to the new-born child.

Entering the world war in the ranks of the great white father at Washington, the first thought of this skinned descendant of a race of chiefs was of his mother, whom he had as the beneficiary in his \$10,000 government war risk insurance policy.

The mother's name is Susan-Loves-War and she lives at Wakpola, S. D. She was proud that her son was the first to respond to the call of the United States for soldiers to die for their country; she was glad when he came back, unharmed, full of wonderful stories of the adventures through which he had passed. And she realized that he had, by allotment pay and by his insurance policy, demonstrated that all he had was hers, everything he was owed to her.

Founded-With-Many-Arrows might be called Indian-Good-to-His-Mother.

**Big Money for Perfect Potatoes.**

The perfect potato, which resists blight and other "spud" diseases, has been developed, according to Samuel W. Head, a well-known English potato expert.

Head refused to give the name of the potato, but said he paid him \$12,000 for the seed potatoes which wouldn't fill a bushel.

"We have bought up all the hybridized seed of this expert," said Head. "The average potato yield in England was four tons per acre in England. With the new seed, six pounds per acre, or 33 tons per acre, can be produced. The full results of the potato may not be reaped for two or three years."

**New Matrimonial Idea.**

An innocent has a married couple living apart in two towns, the bride, has advanced ideas. In one town, the bridegroom, who has a good and a big salary, in another. They live in separate establishments and to visit each other over the road or run away together, as of them explains it, for several weeks whenever the mood seizes them.

Head has rented a third apartment in New York city, which they will use "in their play time." The bride has her maiden name and title of Miss. It is her idea that man and woman should not live in the same house, but get a surfeit of each other.

**Many O'Briens.**

A soldier named John J. O'Brien, who was in the war risk bureau about insurance, failed to give his serial number or policy number, but said the name would be easy to identify as the name was Mary A. O'Brien. Through the bureau files disclosed the names of 175 John J. O'Briens, and each of an even 50 of them had a wife named Mary A. O'Brien.

**May Use Concrete Coffins.**

A corporation of the town of Ashborough, England, is considering the use of concrete coffins in local cemeteries as being lighter and stronger than those made of wood.

**His Class.**

A health expert says we should be one of those guys who are taking the sweetness out of life.

**IRASCIBLE MEN OF GENIUS**

William Morris and Charles Reade Notable for Their Explosive Tempers and Kindly Hearts.

In some recent reminiscences Mr. Henry G. Barnwell says that the two literary men of his acquaintance who possessed the greatest capacity for indignation were William Morris and Charles Reade. Morris was perhaps the more explosive; but his temperamental outbursts were soon over and had rarely any sequel. The violence of Charles Reade, though frequently it, too, passed like a summer tempest, was sometimes the precursor of a prolonged literary or legal battle; for he had a passion for litigation.

"Assassination is too good for him; the miscreant ought to be boiled in oil!" Mr. Barnwell once heard Morris roaring as he came into his presence. Inquiry brought out the fact that the villain for which such punishment was deemed suitable was the crime of placing the pockets of a new suit in their conventional position instead of arranging them in a novel and interesting manner, suggested by Morris. But the unimaginative tailor was not boiled; moreover, when, shortly afterward, he fell into difficulties, it was Morris who advanced him money enough to set him on his feet again.

Possibly Reade, who also was a generous-hearted man, might at need have shown equal magnanimity toward a cobbler who aroused his ire. The man had been recommended by his friend, Wilkie Collins, and the next time the two novelists met Reade lifted his voice from afar.

"Confound you!" he shouted irascibly. "That cobbler you sent to me is a fraud—a rascal—a rogue—a triple-dyed villain! He ought to be choked with his own shoe pegs!"

Wilkie Collins, laughing, attempted some defense of his protégé; but Reade would not listen. Lifting his hands to heaven like an Oriental calling down the vengeance of the gods, he declared impressively, in true eastern style:

"May the heels of the conscienceless wretch who recommended such a cobbler be blistered, and may his joints be cramped! May bunions visit his great toe and corns sit upon his little one, and the wrath of the enemy destroy his sole!"

Then, satisfied with the achievement of an impromptu curse at once harmless and horrifying, he accepted Collins' invitation to luncheon, and the two walked amicably away together.

—Youth's Companion.

**The Tunisian Posts.**

The postal courier service of Tunis which ran between the years 1835 and 1875 is described in the "Revue Tunisienne" by Mr. Marcel Gaudouin. The service covered the distance between Tunis and Susa up to 1868, and then it was extended to Sfax. The distance between Tunis and Susa—a dangerous journey over not too easy country—was performed in 24 hours and at one stretch. Only once was the Tunisian courier behind his time, by 12 hours, and that was the result of hair-raising adventures. In 1864 times were certainly not good for couriers and way-laying on the road was not uncommon. At that period there were only two running out of the three Mohammeds, who for many years had shared the duty. Bouteven, Becassine and Le Chameau were named bestowed upon them, the first because of his vivacity, the second because of his svelte appearance, and the third because of his stature. The story of these dauntless three of the Tunisian postal service in the light of the latest aerial postal innovations is of almost prehistoric flavor.

**We'll Say He Loves Her.**

Gwendoline sighed softly, and wept. "Harold!" she blubbered. "You do not love me."

The young man started violently, knitted his brow fiercely, and an excited flush enveloped his countenance.

"Gwendoline!" he gasped, as he recovered from the shock. "Gwendoline!" he repeated. "You astound me! When a man deliberately misses the last car for seven nights in succession, when he attempts to learn the latest jazz steps just to please a fair maiden, when he tolerates the cheek and impudence of her rascally young brother, and constantly sniffs up his nostrils the latest scent of eau de cologne—to suggest he is not a victim of Cupid's bow and arrow is a positive insult!"

—Houston Post.

**New Source of Petroleum.**

The existence of petroleum, it is reported, has been definitely established near Punta Arenas and in the north-west of Tierra del Fuego. The frequency of the emanations of natural gas makes it probable that the petroleumiferous deposits are large. The geologists have indicated to certain proposed drilling companies the most appropriate places for drilling. The Chilean government takes no part in the actual drilling, but will continue to further scientific explorations with a view to giving all aid to the search for petroleum.

**Setting a Bad Precedent.**

Vialta was playing in the yard and her mother told her it was time to come in and prepare for bed.

"I don't want to go to bed yet," pleaded Vialta.

"It's early yet; let her play a little longer," interceded Grandmother.

"No," her mother said firmly. "she must come in now."

Vialta came up the steps as slowly as possible. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed angrily, "why don't you obey your mother?"

**ADMITS HE WAS "JUST LOST"**

Joke on Veteran Hack Driver Was Altogether Too Good a One to Be Kept.

For 15 years George I. King has driven the Nashville-Helmsburg hack line, and is known as the Abe Martin driver by every person who has visited Nashville. He has met both morning and afternoon trains at Helmsburg almost every day, and has every stone and bad place in the road definitely in his mind.

Recently, so friends of Mr. King say, he and a handful of passengers were lost within a half mile of Nashville, and he was two hours late when he arrived in town. One of the passengers told the story on the driver after he had found out that Mr. King was not going to tell why he was late.

When near town he drove across Owl creek to let one of the passengers out, and instead of turning around he turned the horses only half way, and then drove into a 40-acre cornfield. One of the women passengers, hearing the cornstalks popping, asked Mr. King when they would get back on the road. He did not answer, but kept driving around and around in the cornfield. After a few minutes she asked him where they were. He replied, "be d—n 'f I know." The passengers, all strangers, became alarmed and, after calling for help, a young farmer appeared and showed the driver how to get out of the cornfield and on the plike.

After the story had become known Mr. King said that he had two dash lanterns on the hack and was just lost.—Indianapolis News.

**ADDS TO WEALTH OF ITALY**

New Variety of Wheat, Known as Strampelli, Has Proved Really Wonderful Success.

A new wheat, specially adapted to the conditions prevailing in the grain-raising districts of Italy, has just been developed by many years of careful selection by Prof. Nazareno Strampelli, director of the experiment station at Rieti, to whom the Academy of the Lincei has awarded for it the prize of the Santoro foundation, given only to those who discover something of real and great benefit to the human race.

The new grain has been named Carlotta Strampelli, after the devoted wife who helped materially in the work of selection. Signora Strampelli is a Roman patrician and a great-granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother.

Last year Carlotta Strampelli wheat was sown upon 47,000 acres of ground and yielded an average of 37 bushels to the acre—about ten bushels more than such land had yielded hitherto.

On the plains of Lombardy, Molise and Puglia are about 940,000 acres suitable for the new wheat. If the entire product of last year were sown this year, the wheat crop of Italy would be increased by a quantity about equivalent to that imported annually before the war; in other words, it would make Italy independent of the rest of the world for wheat.

**The Stradivarius Secret.**

Will N. C. Holcomb of Newark, N. J., discover the secret of the violins made in Cremona? His friends believe he will. With a persistency that has won him general admiration, Mr. Holcomb has been studying faithfully for 25 years or more to learn why the Stradivarius and Guarnerius instruments yield their matchless golden tones.

Mr. Holcomb is firmly convinced that the old Italian master violin makers obtained their amazing results in large part through the adroit use of gum copal as a finish.

Not long ago he decided to see what influence varnish had on the tone of one of his instruments. Upon removing the entire finish he was surprised to find that the voice of the violin had become dull and lifeless.

**Relics Given Cathedral.**

The dead bell of Dunblane (Scotland) cathedral and the sand-glass formerly in use in the pulpit have been presented to the kirk session by the family in whose possession they were for many years. The dead bell is dated 1613, and was used at funerals in the parish, a small fee being charged by the kirk session for its use. The dead bell rang the bell through the town when he proclaimed a death, again when the arrangements for the funeral were to be made known, and again when he walked at the head of the funeral procession. The sand-glass dates from 1702, runs for about 20 minutes and it was no unusual thing for it to be turned two or three times during a sermon. The gifts are being exhibited in a specially constructed case in the cathedral.

**Huns Have a Town Crier.**

The officers of the regiment have nothing on the burgomaster of Polch when it comes to having a striker. The only difference is that he is a clanger, for he rings the bell to announce new tidings to the populace. For instance, if the square heads are not on the square with the Americans and a fine is imposed, the tidings of the chief's hard luck must be published broadcast. So the chief mogul of Polch crooks his finger and explains the mission to the bell ringer, who in turn goes to each street corner announcing that Herr Hassenfeffer has been fined 200 marks for not leaving the outside door unlocked. All this time the bell plays a clanging accompaniment.—From Barrage, Polch, Germany.

**Notice of Application for Charter.**  
Pursuant to authority vested in us and by direction of Refuge Baptist church, a church organized according to the rules and practices of the Missionary Baptist denomination, notice is hereby given that after this notice is published one time in the Camden Chronicle, a weekly newspaper published at Camden, S. C. we will apply to the Hon. W. Banks Dove, Secretary of State for a charter for the above named Refuge Baptist Church.  
C. R. PITTS  
J. H. WILLIAMS  
J. T. DAVIS  
Trustees  
Camden, S. C., March 31, 1920.

The bridge over the Southern railway over Seucea river has been restored after being greatly damaged by fire on March 3.

"Fair and Warmer" a hilarious farce of matrimony and misunderstanding with May Allison as the star at the Majestic tonight. adv



Dainty  
**MAY ALLISON**  
in Avery Hopwoods  
**FAIR and WARMER**

The funniest farce ever written. A play with a cocktail, complications, and a kick!  
Directed by Henry Otto.  
Maxwell Karger, Director General.  
**SEE IT AT**  
AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE  
Today, Friday April 2nd  
Admission 25c Children 15c

**WRIGLEY'S**

Here's to teeth, appetite, digestion!

The flavor lasts—and the electrically-sealed package brings

**WRIGLEY'S**

to you with all its goodness perfectly preserved.

Sealed Tight—Kept Right!

Directed by Henry Otto.  
Maxwell Karger, Director General.

**SEE IT AT**  
AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE  
Today, Friday April 2nd  
Admission 25c Children 15c

Adolph Zukor presents a  
**GEORGE FITZMAURICE**  
PRODUCTION  
**"On With The Dance"**  
with  
**MAE MURRAY and DAVID POWELL**

**SPECIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT**  
AT THE  
**Majestic Theatre**  
Tuesday, April 6th  
ADMISSION 50c  
A Paramount Aircraft Picture