

ALARMED AT DREAD DISEASE

Spread of Sleeping Sickness Threatens Entire World, According to Scientists of Prominence.

Sleeping sickness, called encephalitis lethargica by the doctors, seems now to have become a domestic evil, says the Medical Record (New York), in quoting a study of this formerly rare disease by Doctor Lhermitte in a French medical journal.

It appears that the disease is epidemic all over the world and that it manifests itself in many forms, the common symptom possessed by all in common being that of deep and prolonged sleep.

In true encephalitis lethargica there are four cardinal symptoms—ocular paralysis, hypersomnia, fever and the general state. The peculiar paralysis may be absent at the outbreak of the disease, but once present they are characteristic. So, too, is the type of hypersomnia. It is a narcolepsy, but the subject does not arouse quickly, as in the condition which commonly goes by the name and in which the seizures may be only momentary. However, the permanent sleep may be preceded by narcoleptic crises.

Doctor Lhermitte notes hypertension of the muscles and a state suggesting cataplexy. Tremors are often manifested; the temperature goes to 104 degrees F. He says a Wassermann test and examination of the spinal fluid should always be made.

OLD FISH MARKET MUST GO

London's Famous Billingsgate Forced to Succumb to the Inevitable March of Time.

Billingsgate, London's old-time fish market, is about to move. The course of time and the modern difficulties of transport are responsible for the plan to remove to another site more easy of access, and in which space will not always be at a premium.

Billingsgate was the most important quay on the Thames in late Saxon times, and fish, among other things, were landed there. By the time of Edward I the market was fully established, and the king, who was a confirmed food controller, fixed a tariff of maximum prices. This list included the dozen best soles, 6 cents; best mullet, 4 cents; best haddock, 4 cents; best Thames or Severn lamprey, 8 cents; gallon of oysters, 4 cents, and best porpoise, 12 to 16 cents. The best fresh salmon, after Easter, were to be sold at four for \$1.25. That was in the days when the Thames was full of salmon, and one could catch flounders and flatfish on a line dropped over London bridge. The water is still salty during high tide, but the sea fish do not come up any further than Gravesend, which is 20 miles lower down.

Compensation for Dark Days.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. Some of life's brightest blossoms bloom along its hardest ways, and looking back on days of poverty, sickness and hardship we often see the choicest treasures of love and loyalty that we have ever known. Anyone may share our joys with us, but the one who shares our trials comes close to a friendship that will never be forgotten. An outsider, playing the weary attendants in a sickroom, cannot know how near to heaven its companionships often lie, nor what blessed bits of happiness are snatched under the shadow of the suspended sword. The dark days have their compensations.—Montreal Herald.

Varieties of Potatoes.

One potato may be big enough to provide a meal for a good-sized family. People in Virginia like them that way. In northern markets, however, the demand is for potatoes of a moderate size. In Europe potatoes are grown of different kinds for different purposes. Certain varieties are raised for cooking and others for starch making and distilling. Over there they have a so-called "stock potato," which is not used for human food at all. It is very large and coarse of texture. The yield to the acre is twice the ordinary, and this tubers, being exceedingly rich in starch, are great alcohol producers.

Paderewski's Handshake.

It is stated that after the signing of the Austrian peace treaty in Paris, Paderewski, who represented Poland, shook hands with the other allied plenipotentiaries, using both hands for the operation. The celebrated pianist was not always so free with his magical hands. Some years ago, while shaking hands with a friend, his fingers came into contact with the lighted end of a cigar, and for a day or two he was unable to play. Thereupon he heavily insured each of his fingers, and to reduce the chances of such a happening again he made it a rigid rule not to shake hands with anyone.

Explained.

Henry's father was a golf enthusiast; therefore Henry knew all about the game. One time he was asked: "Henry, why is it that men that play golf always yell 'fore' instead of 'look-out' or some such thing?" Henry thought for a second before an inspiration came from looking at his young sister, who was diligently getting her arithmetic. "You see," he replied, "it takes too long to yell 'look-out,' and that sounds so much like 'two-two' that they just add them together and yell 'four.'"

DISOWNED

By EVELYN LEE

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What was that—the wind?

Wilson Brody started up from his cozy arm chair before a blazing fire in the grate and bent his ear toward the window past which the tempest was sweeping with vibrating force.

"It sounded like a shriek—a woman's scream," replied Eunice, his sister.

Brody hurried on hat and coat and hastened out into the street. As he came fully out into the street he was startled to observe a girl in the refuge of a street lamp, her hand raised bewilderingly to her head, just arising from the sidewalk.

"Are you hurt? What is it?" he inquired solicitously, and caught her by the arm to steady her, noting a sweet, innocent face and gentle eyes, but just now filled with fear.

"A man!" gasped the girl breathlessly. "He pushed me and I fell. He tore my satchel from my hand."

"There it is!" exclaimed Brody, as he noticed ten feet away the object in question. It lay open, some of its contents being scattered on the sidewalk. Brody went to pick it up and the girl clung to the lamp post as he gathered up the articles.

"I must have been followed, I feared it half a mile back from here—but why?"

"There were valuables?" questioned Brody.

"No, only my few belongings and some papers. Oh, see, sir!" she cried in poignant alarm, as she groped among the contents of the bag. "They are gone!"

"If you will tell me where you live I will see you safely home," suggested Brody, kindly.

"I am a stranger here," replied the girl. "I came to seek my father. I located his office and explained to a man in charge. I told him who I was and about the papers I had to identify me. He said that Mr. Robert Farr, that is my father, was absent. I am almost sure that he followed me."

Brody was puzzled for the girl's statements were unusual and strange. But he read the truth in those innocent affrighted eyes. Both sympathy and interest were aroused. Just then Eunice came to where they stood.

"What is it, brother?" she inquired and Brody repeating the explanation the girl had given, warm-hearted Eunice caught her arm and led the way to the house.

"Poor dear!" she murmured, "you must come in out of the storm." The girl was faint and drooping, but she revived magically as these good Samaritans placed her before the cheerful fire and Eunice brought her a steaming cup of tea.

"I am Myrtle Farr," she told them. "I have lived with an old aunt, an invalid, in New Mexico since my mother died when I was an infant. My father was away in Alaska at the time and never returned to see me. Through all these years he has trusted me to Aunt Cella, sending each year enough money to provide for both of us until lately. When she was dying she told me to go to him. Her only clue as to his whereabouts was that she had heard that he owned considerable property in this city."

"And you found him?"

"No, I only located an office bearing his name on the door. Those I inquired of said he had been here for only a few weeks."

"You must remain with us until my brother looks into this matter," declared Eunice and, after Myrtle Farr was comfortably installed in a spare room they discussed the singular event that had brought this stranger to their threshold.

"I have seen Robert Farr at his office," reported Brody to Myrtle two days later. "I told him of your claim. He absolutely denies having a daughter or of ever hearing of you before."

Myrtle Farr was fairly crushed at this declaration. She was insistent on seeing the man who disowned her and asked Brody to accompany her to the office he had just left.

"That is Robert Farr," spoke Brody as they nearly reached the building he had just before visited and he pointed out a man entering it.

There came into the eyes of his companion a glow of sudden revelation. "That the Robert Farr," she whispered, strangely agitated, "who says I am not his daughter? Oh, Mr. Brody! there is some mystery here, for that man is not my father. Aunt Cella had a picture of him he sent her two years ago, and this man does not in any way resemble him. I had it among my papers."

There was more than mystery. There was plotting and wickedness, as Wilson Brody ascertained after a week's time devoted to unraveling the identity of the pretended Robert Farr. Through diligent application to the case and detective co-operation, he learned that the impostor and fellow conspirators had kidnaped the real Robert Farr, who lived in another place, and the principal schemer had come to the city intent on assuming his identity and claiming and selling his property.

A month later the plotter and his confederates were in jail, and the real Robert Farr, rescued from forced imprisonment, was a guest at the Brody home, glad and proud of the daughter he had never seen before.

And there they both remained, the father as a welcome member of the household, and fair Myrtle as the wife of Wilson Brody.

The Race Problem

A plot to set up an Ethiopian empire under Mumbo Jumbo the 1st could be conceived only by fanatics, and yet it would find adherents among the ignorant and might call for serious treatment. The grotesque parade of the "Abyssinian Princes" ended in murder, and ludicrous as this mummery seems, the tragedy with which it culminated points sharply a lesson for whites and blacks.

It is clear that radical propaganda has been at work among the negroes in this country, as it is at work in India and Egypt, inflaming nationalist and racial passions and filling the minds of ignorant peoples with wild dreams of power. This "Abyssinian" tragic force may be an isolated incident so far as any direct or deliberate connection is concerned with European systematic incitement of racial feeling of which Mr. Clayton has been writing. The burning of the flag and other signs point to the incident as belonging to American radicalism, bolshevism, or I. W. W.ism. But the Abyssinian ritual is probably an expression of race consciousness which may be the most serious factor of our negro problem.

In its highest form this race consciousness expresses itself in claims for complete race equality and more or less open appeals for race mixture. An instance of this may be found in W. E. DuBois' latest book of fiction, "Darkwater," notably in the last tale of the collection, "The Comet," which imagines a removal of all obstruction to the mating of a white woman and a negro, from which a new race will spring.

We think nothing but evil can come from such preaching, whether it be

in the sophisticated form in which DuBois dresses it or in the ludicrous and pathetic robes of the Abyssinian cult. Intelligent colored men and women must see that a race conflict aroused by ill-ordinate expectation among the negroes stimulated by dreamers, crude like Forroo if cultivated like DuBois, and by the white politicians who are after negro votes at any cost, must end in disaster to the negro on this continent. A mere comparison of number, waiving all question of means to destroy, discipline, organization, etc., must make the tragic outcome clear.

And a race conflict is certain if theorists and conscienceless politicians encourage negroes to press claims of equality, not to say identity. The instinct against mixture is as deep as any we have and will be defended without ruth. It exaggerates political and economic differences and it will dominate always.

We recognize sympathetically the situation in which intelligent colored people are placed by the unwisdom of theorists and sentimentalists, white or black, and the manipulation of politicians, white and black. What support can be given sensible colored people from without ought to be assured, namely, by protection of life and liberty, the strict maintenance of order, the equal enforcement of the law, the punishment of white mischief makers. But we hope they will exert all their influence against such ill-advised activities as the Niagara movement, backed by sentimental whites and impractical colored idealists and, also in politics against white politicians who are exploiting negroes for their immediate consequences already darkening over the horizon.—Chicago Tribune.

Reports of Wonderful Cures

There are reports of miraculous cures effected by "Dr." S. M. Sheorn, who lives about eight miles of Cassatt, in Kershaw county, and crowds are going to him daily from all over this section. It is reliably reported that Will Duval, of Cheraw, who had been afflicted since childhood with an uncontrollable twitching and jerking of the head, was completely cured by two days' treatment. Many other cures have been reported.

Recently several Marlboro people have been to see Dr. Sheorn, taking the 65 or 70 mile ride in automobiles. Last Saturday Miss Kate Gibson was taken by Frank B. Moore, B. F. Terry and Miss Alexina Evans. She has not been able to walk or use one arm for years. She says she is feeling improved and expects to be cured.

Last Sunday Mrs. Rachel John was taken by Mrs. Laura Rogers, C. E. Berry and others for treatment of deafness. She was not given much encouragement.

Yesterday a car carried Mrs. Richard Grice and David Isaacsohn, with Mr. Grice and Mrs. Isaacsohn. Mrs. Grice has not walked in four years. Dr. Sheorn told her she would walk in 15 days. David Isaacsohn, who has not walked in several years, was also told that he would be able to walk in time.

Castor oil is said to be about all the medicine that Dr. Sheorn uses—internally and externally. He tells his patients that the main thing is faith.

Dr. Sheorn is said to be a very ordinary looking man, with limited education and intelligence. He is living on a reuted farm and has a wife and several children. It is said that he

has refused large fees for cures, but those who consult him usually give several dollars. There are said to be dozens of automobile loads of people at his place to see him every day. His post office is Kershaw, R. F. D. 5.—Bennettsville Advocate.

Queen Mary, of Rumania, is credited with being one of the cleverest business women of her country.

Notice Dog Owners

Owners of dogs within the City of Camden are hereby notified that license must be paid and tag secured not later than July 15th.

H. C. Singleton, City Clerk.

Camden, July 1, 1920.

Final Discharge

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Friday, July 30th, 1920, I will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County my final return as Administrator of the estate of George W. McLain, deceased, and on the same date I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge as said Administrator.

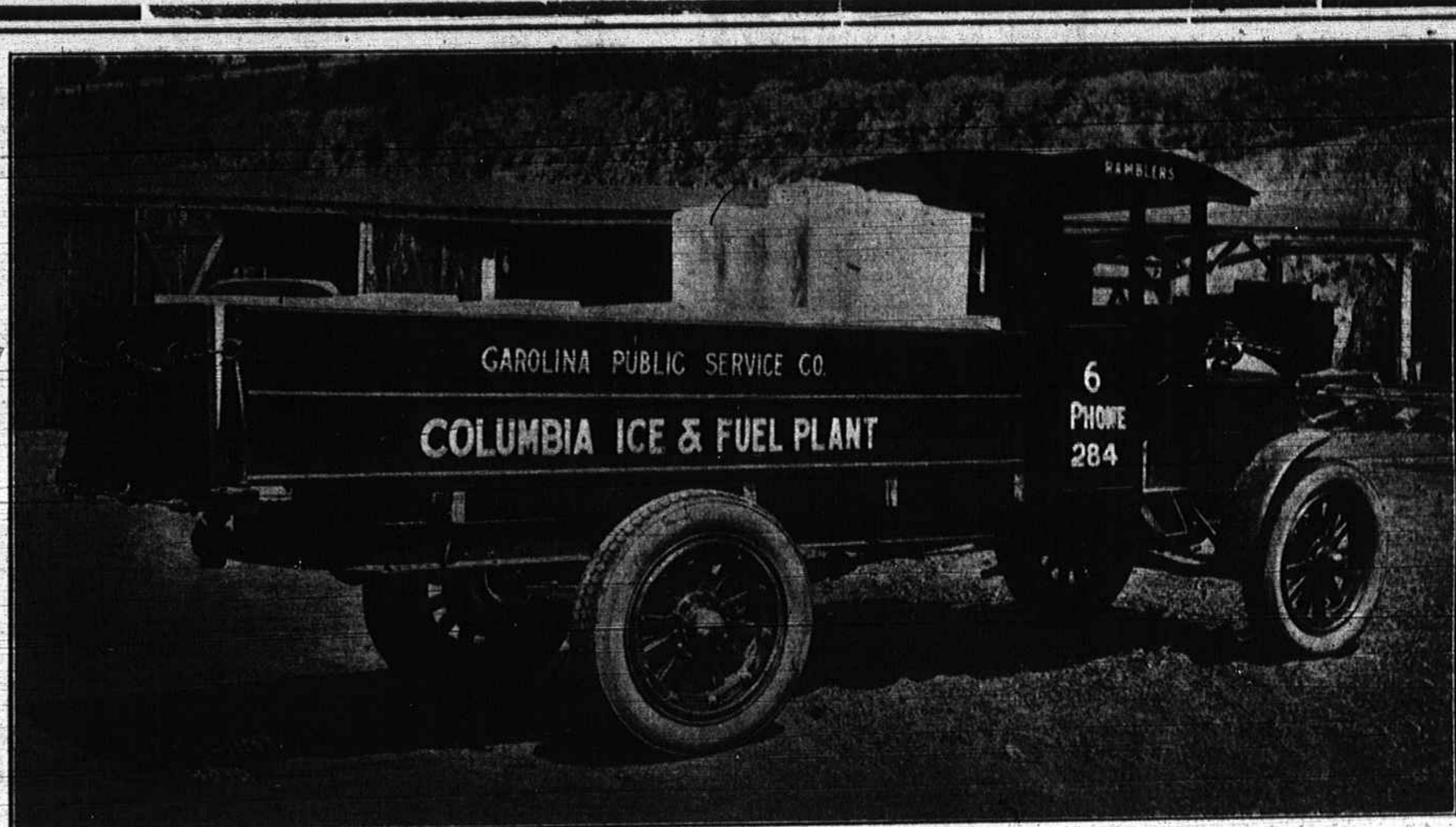
JOHN D. McLAIN, Administrator.

Final Discharge

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Monday, August 2nd, 1920 I will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County my final return as Guardian of the estate of Ella Mae Johnson, (now Ella Mae Copeland) and on the same day I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge from my trust as said Guardian.

JOHN H. CROW,

Camden, S. C., July 2nd, 1920



Read this letter given us by the Carolina Public Service Corporation, one of the largest users of trucks in the State, and you can't help being impressed with the fact that the Traffic Truck is the best buy in the world if you have a hauling problem to solve:

Traffic Motor Truck Corp.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Charleston, S. C. June 5-1920.

Gentlemen:

The Writer has been very interested in the Traffic Truck since they were first made, as our Company is a large user of trucks and the unusually low price at which your product is sold, is of course a very attractive argument.

Sometime ago we purchased one of your trucks purely as an experiment and with a great deal of misgiving, and placed it in operation along side of a number of high priced trucks of the same comparative capacity.

We instructed our mechanical department to exact the severest sort of test from this machine as we wished to know its limit of performance and endurance, and that we had no objection to their disabling or practically destroying the machine in operation in order to determine this limit.

We have been delighted with the performance of this machine as it has, in every particular, more than fulfilled the claims of its makers, and our mechanical department is enthusiastic about it.

One of our expert mechanics rode on the rear axle of this machine carrying a capacity load, a number of miles in and around Columbia, over bad roads and up steep hills to determine whether there was any distortion of the rear axle mechanism under maximum tractive effort of the engine on bad roads, and he reported to us that there was no distortion of this unit, a fault which is as you are aware, quite common in a large number of otherwise very good trucks.

The ice business exacts severe service as our trucks are invariably loaded to capacity with a dead weight load, and during our rush hours must be rather roughly handled and for this reason, we have consistently declined to recommend machines of this character until fully justified by our carefully planned and severe tests.

We are today ordering from your representative, three more trucks, for use at three of our other plants and we think that you may feel assured this Company will rapidly become one of your large customers in this territory.

With best wishes for your well deserved success,

Yours very truly,

R. H. HEMPHILL,
Vice Pres., and Gen. Mgr.
Carolina Public Service Company.

Camden Motor Company

STATE DISTRIBUTORS FOR SOUTH CAROLINA