

TURNING AWAY FROM MEAT

New York Big Hotels Meals Entirely of Vegetables Are Increasing in Popularity.

According to the New York Times the diners of the American metropolis are becoming vegetarians. Approximately one-seventh to one-fifth of the hotels here today are ordering vegetables for their meals instead of meats.

In the opinion of Chef Julien Jacquier of the Pennsylvania this is the result of years of emphasis on the value of vegetarianism. The vegetarian, a few years ago, was very general, but the war a great deal more came to be thought of him by people who found that a thoroughly satisfactory meal could be made from vegetables at much less cost.

ANCIENT LAWS OF INTEREST

Oldest Known Written Code Has Recently Been Translated by Eminent French Scientist.

What is said to be the oldest known written code of laws in the world, probably antedating that of Hammurabi by at least 1,000 years, has been discovered in part among the hitherto untranslated clay tablets from Nippur at the University of Pennsylvania museum.

The Hammurabi code was prepared about 2100 B. C. and was discovered about 20 years ago on a large diorite stone by French explorers.

The laws, just translated by Abbe Scheil of Paris, deal with responsibilities of hired servants, rentals, rights of slave women who have borne children to their masters, punishment for adultery, etc.

One interesting statute provides that rentals must run for three years in case a man has taken over a house the owner does not know how to manage. This is somewhat obscure and may mean that all rentals were for that term. In any event property could not be idle or be improperly used.

In case a slave bore children to her master she and the offspring were free, and if the master married the slave the children became legitimate.

Indian Is Model Soldier.

Accusations that he was a German spy caused Odis Lendor, Choctaw Indian, to be made a hero and incidentally to be chosen as a model American soldier for a portrait made to hang upon the walls of the French Federal building.

Lendor, in war days a foreman on a ranch near Calvin, Okla., learned from idle rumor in his neighborhood that he was accused of being a German spy. He immediately enlisted and in the course of a brilliant war record was cited for bravery. During the engagement for which he was cited he captured two machine guns and 18 prisoners, manning a machine gun for three days after the remainder of his crew had been killed.

Twice wounded and twice gassed, Lendor has been doing vocational work and only recently brought home his bride to McAlester from Oklahoma City. Wichita Beacon.

Largest Motor Ship.

The Africa, which was launched at Copenhagen, Denmark, Dec. 11, 1919, by the East Asiatic company, is said to be the largest motor ship in the world. Her dimensions are: Length over all 464 feet 6 inches; beam on frames, 60 feet; depth from awning deck, 42 feet; displacement, 18,600 tons deadweight, 13,250 tons. Her main engines are two six-cylinder, four-stroke cycle motors of ordinary type. Each engine develops 2,250 indicated horse-power at 115 revolutions per minute. The diameter and stroke of the cylinders are 740 millimeters and 1,120 millimeters respectively.

Women Expert Life Savers.

One man in at least chooses woman life savers in preference to men for introducing his beach. That is Mr. Gray, manager of the parks pools in St. Louis, Mo. According to Col. W. R. Long, now, life saving expert of the Red Cross, Mr. Gray declares that since trying women at this job during the war when the bronzed heroes were abroad, he would rather have them than men. Many women are now qualifying as life savers and are getting the training for their tests in the Y. W. C. A. and school pools throughout the country.

Gifted Imagination.

Mrs. Ames has great gifts of imagination, hasn't she? "I don't know. Why do you think I had her speaking of the flat they live in as 'our town house.'"—Boston Transcript.

AUTOMAT ROMANCE

By MARY MORISON.

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It was June—the month of roses and brides and hurdy-burdies. "Il Trovatore" mingled with the cries of the street vendors—"Strawberries, sweet strawberries!" June even found its way through the revolving doors of that ornately entranced lunch room, the "automat."

Masie Gallagher, romantically munching a sandwich, looked up suddenly and caught the eye of a young man seated across the table, separated from her by two feet of cushioned furniture, a vinegar cruet, sugar bowl, a bottle of tomato catsup and a salt cellar.

Something told Masie that this man was not a habitue of the automat. His well-cut clothes, his deliberately turned mustache and his nicely manicured hands proclaimed him "different."

All of a sudden she was glad her new straw hat was so becoming and that the floor walker at Tuppen's had given her an extra half hour for lunch. And because it was June she smiled faintly at the young man.

"I say," he removed the bottle of catsup from between them and leaned eagerly forward. "You don't look as if you belonged in this 5-cent place. I'll wager that the head waiter at the Plaza is reserving a table by the window for you at this minute. What's the answer? Out for experience—to see how the other half lives?"

Temptation nudged Masie Gallagher's elbow and came and encoined itself in her bosom, aided and abetted by her vivid imagination and an assiduous reading of the novels of one Robert Chambers. She succumbed.

"I'm sorry I show it so plainly," she said to the young man with a deprecating air. "We are spending a few days at the Plaza before our usual summer at Newport." And, with her elbows on the table, rather confidentially, "I've always wanted to see the inside of this place, you know. The cakes and omelettes they have in the window look so perfectly entrancing as I go by in the motor. If I hadn't been afraid of shocking the chauffeur I'd have stopped long ago. But we've packed him off to the country, so I seized today's opportunity."

They smiled delightedly into each other's eyes, and then Masie said: "But what about you? What are you doing here?"

"The same thing," he replied, giving his mustache a deliberate caress with his beautiful hands. "I'm stopping at the club over on Fifty-First street, seeing the same fellows, eating the same rich food day after day, until I am sick to death of it. Beastly bore—living at the club—but the water is out of town, off on a motor trip, and the house is shut up tight as a drum—so there was nothing else to be done. I'm mighty glad I decided to give myself a contrast at the automat today—mighty glad!"

"Isn't it funny we've never met before," he continued, making a mental note of the blush.

"Well—not really," replied Masie shamelessly. "You see, we don't go out socially at all. My father is the most terrific old autocrat in New York and he says that Paris and Rome are the only places he will allow me to go out in. So, of course, I have missed all the nice things here."

And then, because life always mixes the bitter with the sweet, the big white clock on the wall of the automat forced itself into Masie's line of vision. One thirty! Gracious, in 15 minutes she would be due behind the ribbon counter at Tuppen's. She rose.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "I have a fitting at Tuppen's which I must not miss."

"So glad to have met you," she purred. "But you haven't told me your name," exclaimed the young man, holding on to the little hand, determination in his admiring eyes. "I must see you again, you know."

"I'm sorry," said Masie Gallagher, daughter of Tim Gallagher, of the New York police force. "but it's better not. Father would insist on knowing where I had met you and there would be an awful row. Goodby"—and, with a heartfelt resentment at the station in life to which it had pleased God to call her, Masie made her way back to the ribbon counter. That delicate, aristocratic mustache burned her memory.

She sold five yards of blue ribbon to a plump old lady who wanted it "charged and taken."

"Just a minute, please," requested Masie listlessly, her mind far away, "the floor walker must sign for it." And she cried shrill and loud:

"Mr. Foster! Mr. Foster!"

"For Pete's sake, Masie," said Clara Oppenheim, who also sold ribbons at Tuppen's department store. "Don't you know Foster's gone. There's a new man—Mr. Pidgeon."

"Mr. Pidgeon? Mr. Pidgeon!" she shrieked.

"Right here," said a familiar, carefully modulated voice in her ear. Masie was looking into the aristocratic face of the man at the automat.

"Good Lord! The Plaza and Newport!" he muttered, as he signed for the ribbon.

"My Gawd! The club!" gasped Masie, as she handed it over to the plump purchaser. But as they stood there in amazement Masie saw the same deep admiration in the man's eyes and Mr. Pidgeon saw the same becoming blush on Masie's pretty face, and, well, it was June—the month of brides.

CUTTING THIRD SET OF TEETH

Memphis (Tenn.) Man, at 84, is Also Renewing His Youth and Vigor in Other Ways.

The adage that there is nothing new under the sun has been disproved by N. D. Starr, who has cut a third set of teeth at the age of eighty-four, when usually the only new molars, bicuspids, etc., that can be achieved are those purchased from a dentist.

Mr. Starr who is in the employ of the Memphis Artesian Water company, recently found himself in need of a set of these artificial substitutes for the teeth provided by nature. But when he visited his dentist the price was too high and he decided to go toothless. However, through one of the unaccountable happenings which sometimes upsets all rules, Mr. Starr discovered that he was cutting 12 new teeth. They are almost through now, although they are not very useful yet, owing to the fact that his gums are sore in a fashion familiar to all mothers of teething infants or to boys and girls whose second teeth are replacing their baby teeth, and even the older boys and girls who proudly announce: "I'm cutting a wisdom tooth."

Dentists doubtless will contend that such a thing cannot happen. But Mr. Starr knows that he now has teeth where no teeth were before. Moreover, he says his eyesight is better than it was several years ago, and that so far from his vigor being impaired by advancing years he feels stronger and more youthful than he did when he was seventy.

TELL OF BABYLONIAN LIFE

Interesting Revelations in Clay Tablets That Were "Written" On Some Forty Centuries Ago.

The University of South Dakota at Vermillion has come into possession of 61 genuine Babylonian tablets, discovered by Arabs in the ruins of buried cities and collected at Bagdad. They have been deciphered by Dr. Edgar J. Banks of Alpine, N. J., an authority on these clay and brick records of 4,000 years ago, and their authenticity proved. Fully half of the tablets in this collection are perfect and all of them are legible. They are only a few inches in size and were written on when they were soft clay, later being dried, or baked. Most of them are of about the date 2350 B. C., a few going as far back as 2800 B. C., and others dating from the time of the fall of Babylon before the Persians, in 538 B. C. The most valuable tablet of the collection is a letter. Holes were made through it so that it might be attached to a cord and carried in this way. Next in point of value and interest are a number of neo-Babylonian tablets of sundried clay containing business contracts of all sorts and giving pictures of the life of the people after the Persian conquest. Of special interest is a small tablet of exercises in writing, done by some boy in the temple school over 40 centuries ago.

iceberg Acrobat. The sighting of a fleet of 14 icebergs, one with somersaulting tendencies, was reported by Capt. W. H. Flemming recently on the arrival here of the steamship Munalres from Rotterdam.

The bergs were seen about 750 miles east of Halifax. One of them, said Capt. Flemming, suddenly rolled over with a splash. As it tumbled, a large piece from the top was broken off, causing the berg to take a second tumble. As it was righting, another section broke off, and for the third time the berg turned over. It was about a mile astern of the vessel.—New York World.

A Good Catch.

It is impossible to repress a feeling of satisfaction over the feat of the Atlantic City game warden, who apprehended the owner of a seaplane guilty of shooting wild geese in the air. The law against this sort of "sport" is strict, and the penalty provided for offenders is ample. And, as bird shooting from the air is on a plane with the use of dynamite and mines in closed waters, the more rigidly the statute is enforced the better. Any leniency would be disastrous to the bird life of the country and calamitous to the United States.—Detroit Free Press.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

State of South Carolina, County of Kershaw.

Notice is hereby given that the General Election for Presidential and Vice Presidential Electors, United States Senator and Representatives in Congress will be held at the voting precincts fixed by law in the County of Kershaw on Tuesday, November 2, 1920 said day being Tuesday following the first Monday, as prescribed by the State Constitution.

The qualification for suffrage are as follows: Residence in State for two years, in the County one year, in the polling precinct in which the elector offers to vote, four months, and the payment six months before any election of any poll tax then due and payable: Provided, That ministers in charge of organized church and teachers of public schools shall be entitled to vote after six months' residence in the State, otherwise qualified.

Registration.—Payment of all taxes, including poll tax, assessed and collectible during the previous year. The



Scene From "Mutt and Jeff at the Races. Camden Opera House, Thursday, October 28th, 1920.

production of a certificate or the receipt of the officer authorized to collect such taxes shall be conclusive proof of the payment thereof.

Before the hour fixed for opening the polls Managers and Clerks must take and subscribe to the Constitutional oath. The chairman of the Board of Managers can administer the oath to the other Managers and to the Clerk; a Notary Public must administer the oath to Chairman. The Managers elect their Chairman and Clerk.

Polls at each voting place must be opened at 7 o'clock a. m. and closed at 4 o'clock p. m. except in the City of Charleston, where they shall be opened at 7 a. m. and closed at 6 p. m.

The Managers have the power to fill a vacancy; and if none of the Managers attend, the citizens can appoint from among them the qualified voters, the Managers, who, after being sworn can conduct the election.

At the close of the election the Managers and Clerk must proceed publicly to open the ballot box and count the ballots therein, and continue without adjournment until the same is completed, and make a statement of the result for each office, and sign

the same. Within three days thereafter the Chairman of the Board, or some one designated by the Board, must deliver to the Commissioners of Election the poll list, the box containing the ballots and written statements of the result of the election.

Managers of Election.—The following Managers of Election have been appointed to hold the election at the various precincts in the said County: Camden Opera House—H. Truesdale, J. M. Moseley, T. J. Arrants.

Pine Creek Mill—W. M. West, Willie Robertson, W. T. Player.

Hermilage Mill—W. A. Anderson, B. T. Hasty, W. T. Mattox.

Stockton—D. L. Sowell, Jesse Pearce, J. S. West.

Mt. Zion Church—J. S. Dunn, Wm. Brannon, R. C. Brown.

Stokes' School House—Clifton Humphries, J. H. Ratcliffe, Thomas Barnes.

Three C's—J. H. Barfield, J. Robert Magill, J. M. Croxton.

Shaylor's Hill—Henry Smyrl, Jos. Hornsby, Mendel Drakeford.

Cantey—A. F. Watts, C. J. McKenzie, E. E. Holland.

Stoneboro—J. W. Stover, G. C. Truesdel, M. S. Barfield.

Buffalo School House—W. P. Sowell, R. N. Roberts, C. A. Johnson.

Liberty Hill—L. P. Thompson, N. S. Richards, R. B. Jones.

Kirkley's Store—W. E. West, J. A. Bowers, Hile Dees.

Kershaw—L. R. Hays, J. A. Crow, L. E. Barfield.

Raebon's Mill—Oscar Stogner, W. E. Baker, W. J. Newman.

Bethune—D. J. Clyburn, B. W. Brandon, G. H. Klug.

Lugoff—J. K. Lee, Leslie Rabon, A. S. Heyward.

Blaney—Boykin Rose, Talmadge Bowen, W. H. Wood.

Raebon's Cross Roads—J. K. Smith, James Raebon, Lewis Mickle.

Managers Federal Election—Call at The Messenger office Saturday, October 30th, 1920, for tickets, etc.

W. F. Nettles, R. T. Mickle, Commissioners of Federal Election Kershaw County.



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