

GREAT TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Warning Here to Those Who Neglect to Set Down Their Priceless Discoveries.

A noted author in the Saturday Review writes: "The commonest sign of fatigue is found in feeling of weariness."

There are times when we are almost led into believing that this is true. Equivocal and ambiguous as the statement may seem, at the first reading it becomes clearer when read over four or five times. In fact, we don't know when the proposition has been stated with more clarity, after one masters the language in which it is couched.

Have you not often read things and said to yourself: "How often I have thought that very thing. Why did I not put it down in imperishable words?"

It is so with this. Doubtless, in your humble way you have often thought that your weariness was a sign of fatigue. At those times you thought a living truth, but did you write and tell some magazine of your priceless discovery? No. You allowed somebody to come along, perhaps years after, and do it.

The moral is that when you think a great thought, put it down on paper at once. Even if you do put it away somewhere and forget it, posterity may find it.

Now, many times in our career we have had feelings of weariness. Some of our friends have been misguided enough to attribute it to laziness—an awful word, particularly among friends. But, when we were weary, it was not laziness that ailed us. It was fatigue.

And we never knew the truth until we read the magazine article mentioned. We have been slandered for years by a wrong idea.—Exchange.

HIGH HONOR FOR SMALL GIRL

Face of Ten-Year-Old Has Appeared on Millions of Coins of the United States.

The government of the United States in 1885 made an offer of \$1,000 for the most acceptable design to be placed upon the new cent coin soon to be issued. Some Indian chiefs traveled from the northwest to Washington to visit the Great Father and then journeyed to Philadelphia to see the mint, whose chief engraver was James Barton Longacre, who invited them to his home.

The engraver's daughter, Sarah, aged 10, greatly enjoyed the visit of her father's guests and during the evening, to please her, one of the chiefs took off his feathered helmet and war-banner and placed it on her head. In the company was an artist who immediately sketched her and handed the picture to her father. Mr. Longacre, knowing of the competition for a likeness to go upon the cent projected, under the inspiration of the hour, resolved to contend for the prize offered by the government. To his delight the officials accepted it, and the face of his daughter appeared upon the coin, which was circulated about the nation for nearly a century. There were more than a hundred competitors. The cent bearing the face of Sarah Longacre has gone into more hands than any other American coin.

How England Grows.

A great deal of interest is taken in England in the question of coast protection. The ocean, assailing the cliffs, gradually tears them away, but this very process furnishes a defense for the land by building up long beaches of sand and shingle which arrest the waves before they can attack the cliffs. An effort is making to prevent, or better regulate, the removal of this material for construction and road building, because in many places its removal has permitted the sea freely to exert its power of erosion.

The ordnance survey has ascertained that in the last half century England has lost 6,640 acres by sea erosion and gained 48,000 acres through reclaiming land the existence of which is mainly due to material brought down by the rivers.

Growth of the Cities.

A Cleveland editor once said that Cincinnati's chief business was "pork and politics," observes Girard in the Philadelphia Press.

You have been told in advertise-ments a million times that a certain beer "made Milwaukee famous."

Everybody knows that Washington, D. C. has one big industry—holding down government jobs.

The new census figures from these cities, all above 400,000, are significant. Pork population increased only 10 per cent in a decade, while beer population expanded 22 per cent. Both look small compared with the growth in government job population of 32 per cent.

Two Vials.

A feller way down there on Eldle Creek found a bottle floating in the water further day," related an acquaintance. "In it was a note from a lady saying she was being held for ransom by a band of brigadiers, or whatever you call 'em."

"Hoopla," replied Heck Tarpy of Straddle Ridge. "Tobe Swaller found a bottle in the road, whur it had probably straggled loose from some feller and was half full of bone-dry Heck made Tobe hotter that he was so drunk he could climb a honey locust tree backwards with a wildcat under his arm and never get a scratch."—Kansas City Star.

LAND OF SHOCKS

Tahiti Should Be Accustomed to Earthquakes.

Average of Two a Day for the Last Two Months Is the Record, According to Dispatches — Society Islands All Volcanic.

Two earthquakes a day has been the average for the last few months in Tahiti, newspaper dispatches state. The volcanic island is described by H. W. Smith in a bulletin of the National Geographic society, as follows: "Tahiti, of the Society Islands, is one of the most important of the French possessions in the Pacific, with steamship connection to San Francisco and New Zealand.

"The Society Islands are of volcanic origin, arising from the low bed of the ocean, which has depths near the islands of 1,500 to 2,000 fathoms, while the highest peak, in the center of the island of Tahiti, reached an altitude of 7,900 feet. On a clear morning the view as the ship approaches the harbor of Papeete is most beautiful, showing deep valleys penetrating from the coast to the mountain peaks of the interior.

"Near Papeete the beautiful Fatauaa valley may be visited in an afternoon. For a good part of the way a carriage road leads up the valley, offering changing vistas.

"Why, indeed, should the Tahitian toll? There are great leaves of the wild 'tarto' growing by the roadside; the young leaves are delicious boiled, and the curious stranger will find many other new delicacies of the table—the alligator pear, the baked papaya, the Mantis crab, the raw fish, as good as the best oyster, served with Tahitian sauce, and on rare occasions a salad made from the heart of the coconut tree.

"In Tahiti, as well as in most of the South Sea Islands, great numbers of coconuts are grown, and, after being dried for copra, are shipped in large quantities to Europe. We were much interested in the different methods of gathering the nuts in various islands. In Tahiti the natives climb the trees with the help of a strip of green, fibrous bark torn off the stem of a hibiscus tree. After knotting the two ends together, the climber slips his feet half through the circle, and, standing with his legs apart, so as to stretch the thong tight, ascends the tree in a series of leaps, with a foot on each side of the trunk.

"A practiced climber will thus mount trees of a very considerable height with a celerity and ease which do not suggest the long practice actually required. On making a trial myself, I found it difficult to climb even so much as a foot from the ground.

"In its fresh, green state the coconut provides a most refreshing drink, but as it grows older the 'milk' hardens and forms the white inner rind with which we are all familiar. This is the celebrated copra and is commercially put to many different uses. In Tahiti it is used for sauces and for coconut oil. One sauce, which was served with fish at a very enjoyable picnic, although compounded of scraped nut and sea water, was palatable."

Ready for Gabriel.

A negro doughboy who had hit Paris on A. W. O. L. and supplied himself generously with the vin sisters, mingled with stronger waters, woke suddenly in the great urban cemetery of Pere la Chaise, whether his uncertain steps had taken him. To make it worse, there was an air raid going on.

The brother looked around him out of half closed eyes. On every side stretched long rows of white monuments. Sirens shrilled from the city streets. Dazzling beams of white light stabbed the heavens. There could be but one conclusion.

Hastily searching his pockets, he drew forth his remaining possessions—a bottle of vin blanc, a pack of greasy cards, a much worn pair of Ivories—and hurled them from him.

"Git gone away fum me, evidence," he muttered. "Now come on, Mistur Gabriel, Ise ready." — American Legion Weekly.

An Extended Tour.

Just before the St. Mihiel show the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump, and as soon as the explosions began the Americans immediately made themselves scarce with great rapidity.

When the danger had passed all started drifting back with the exception of one man who did not appear till the next day.

"Well, where you been?" demanded the top klick, eyeing him coldly.

"Sergeant," replied the other earnestly. "I don't know where I been but I give you my word I been all day gettin' back." — American Legion Weekly.

Making Him Useful.

Mrs. Harrigan—An' does yer husband ever get loaded these Colsted days?

Mrs. Harrigan—He does that.

Mrs. Harrigan—And what do you do?

Mrs. Harrigan—I go right to work moppin' the floors.

Mrs. Harrigan—But don't ye notice him at all?

Mrs. Harrigan—I do chud. I use him fr' th' mop. — American Legion Weekly.

REFUSES MILLION DOLLARS

Young Man Thinks He Cannot Use Inherited Money Rightfully

Charles Garland, a young man who has renounced his right to a million dollar legacy left him by his father James A. Garland, who was a wealthy clubman and yachtsman of Boston on Monday made a formal statement of his reasons for rejecting the money. His statement, he said, was due to the fact that the many reports of his failure to accept the legacy have failed properly to present his position.

"I refuse to accept the money because it is not mine," was young Garland's summary of his action. "A system which starves thousands while hundreds are stuffed condemns itself. A condition which leaves a sick woman helpless and offers its services to a healthy man condemns itself. It is such a system that offers me a million dollars," he continued.

"It's blind to the simplest truth known to every child, the truth that the hungry should be fed and the naked clothed. I have had to choose between the loss of private property and the law which is written in every human heart. I choose the one which I believe to be true."

Garland, who has stated that he renounced his claim to the million dollars because he thought Christ would have done the same, continued:

"I believe I could do no good with the money. It is the man who gives food to the hungry who does good, not the dollars given in exchange for the food. I would be happy to be the man if I had the food to give, but I can not lend myself to handling the money that is not mine even though the good that might be done is possibly great."

Many people have written to tell him what could be done with the money, he said. "They seem almost proud to point out the power that I have in my hands, but it is the most pitiful thing they could point to. You can't serve God and mammon."

So many people ready to serve the dollar means so many less to serve God. There are great opportunities to do good but they are rich in men's hearts not in my check book. A preacher in the name of Christ said this million should have been turned to good. He thinks that God's work is paid for in dollars. God's work will never be done until men see that this theory is untrue."

Mr. Garland's statement was made from his home here, a former inn of stage coach days. The young man, who is 22 years of age, is living at the house with his wife and infant daughter as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Marie Tudor Green, who supplies them with a maid and keeps their larder full. He plans to go to work eventually, he said, but a year at Harvard college which he left to get married and preparatory schooling in this country and in England fitted him for no work ready at hand, and he said he thought it would be spring before he found anything. His wife joined with him in his renunciation of the million. Garland said. His mother although not holding the same view, has told him to do what he thought right.

In another house on the estate lives James A. Garland, 3rd, a brother of Charles Garland, who has accepted his share of his father's estate, made larger by the fact that the mother of the boys abandoned her rights in order to marry Francis O. Green after the death of her first husband. At

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Harvard college is Hamilton Garland, a third son, who lacks several months of reaching his majority. His brother, Charles said today that he understood Hamilton also was considering refusal to take his share when he became of age. Their ideas on the subject were somewhat similar, he said, although the influences of education and environment were not identical.

Garland indicated that his refusal to take the money was not based on any question attached to the origin of the Garland fortune, saying he did not know from what source it was derived, but he believed it came down from his grandfather.

Ohio counties elected three women to important offices. Miss Mary K. Davey was chosen prosecuting attorney of Hocking County; Florence E. Allen was elected Common Pleas Judge of Cuyahoga County, the largest in Ohio, and Mrs. Abbie Nye Norton was elected Probate Judge in Lake County.

Swimming suits worn by girl swimmers who compete in further Amateur Athletic Union contests must come higher around the neck and be cut with due allowance for shrinkage.



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