

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY

It Was Always so and so it Will be Always.

There is nothing in the world that will make a fool of a man quicker and more effectually than possession of more money than he knows what to do with, particularly in the case of a man whose acquisition of wealth has been very rapid. In such a case a millstone tied to his neck and thrown into the sea prior to the possession of undue wealth would have been mercy itself," says the Higgins, Texas, News.

We beg leave to differ. It isn't the money that makes a fool of the man who gets it. He was a fool before he got it, but was not in a position to disclose his folly to publicity. The rich man who gives monkey dinners, the rich woman who has her shoe heels set with diamonds, and their prodigal son who spends his substance on the leeches that infest the land of riotous living—these are not fools because they are rich. They would have been fools in any case.

The poor man who earns \$50, for which he has no immediate pressing need, and devotes it to foolishness, is just as silly as the newly-arrived millionaire who splurges conspicuously that he may be talked of or gaped at! A Chicago young man joined a robbery party and obtained \$45,000 in cash as his share of the loot. The others were apprehended and imprisoned, but he made his escape, carrying a young woman with him. He bought airships, automobiles and other spectacular luxuries, besides furbelows for his sweetheart. Soon his money was gone, and now he is in jail, sans liberty, sans cash, sans sweetheart, sans everything. It wasn't the money that made him a fool. He was a fool before he turned robber. All robbers have to be fools in order to take the robbers' risks.—Dallas News.

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Miss Cunningham Dead.

After several months of suffering, Miss Lattie Cunningham passed away at the home of her father, Mr. H. S. Cunningham, of Bishopville, early Monday morning. Miss Cunningham had been in bad health for some time, and while the end was not unexpected, yet the shock was great to her family and friends.

The funeral services were held Tuesday at mid-day at the home, interment following at the Presbyterian cemetery. The services being conducted by Rev. T. W. Law, assisted by Rev. W. V. Dibble.

According to news reaching Bishopville Monday afternoon from Americus, Ga., Weldon Hearon, son of Mr. Willie W. Hearon formerly of the Stokes Bridge section of Lee county, was killed Monday in a collision between his automobile and a Railroad train near Americus.

Several years ago Mr. Hearon and his family moved from Lee county to Americus, Ga., and since that time have made their home there. Young Hearon was a traveling salesman and covered his territory in a car.—Bishopville Vindicator.

The Blue-Bird.

By C. A. D. In Greenville News.

"Beautiful bit of earth and sky.
With a hint of ocean.
Was it at creation's dawn
Thou wast set in motion?"

Just over the bars, in a sheltered corner of the orchard, stood, or rather leaned, like an old man reaching for his crutches, an ancient apple tree. Most the top had disappeared—the old tree's tribute to many storms of many winters. Only a few branches remained, and these, all on one side, seemed ever trying to touch the fence that divided the orchard from the garden. The trunk was gnarled and knotted by the years—and the bark was scarred and ringed by the industrious bills of generations dead and forgotten sapsuckers.

An old, rusted horse shoe protruding from the over growing bark, proclaimed the fact, that, at some time in the past, the old tree had done duty as a hitching post. Patches of snow lay here and there in the orchard which the April sun had failed to reach, and the white buds on the aged apple tree were blushing pink and red under the kisses of early spring. Of a sudden a bit of blue, as if torn from the blue of the sky fluttered down, and seemed to lodge on a nearby fence post, and, a cherry tru-ally! tru-ally!, the mellow song of the first blue bird proclaimed to orchard and garden that the spring procession had started. Presently, the singer was joined by another small rift from the sky. The new comer's color was a duller hue, washed with gray; and the cinnamon-red of throat and breast was a paler shade than that of her soft voiced mate. This pair of blue birds were out inspecting sites for their summer home. They gravely dived down in several rotted out cavities, in post holes, but none seemed to be just what they were in search of. A half dozen or more deserted wood pecker's holes were peered into, but voted no good.

Side by side they flitted over to the old apple tree in the corner of the orchard. Just under the splintered top they noticed a crevice, that seemed to hold out some possibilities. This little azure clad lady carefully examined, and nearly fell over herself with joy when she discovered that it was a passage way leading directly into the shell-like trunk of the tree. Disappearing in the opening, she soon popped out, her little eyes showing how glad she was, even if her bill was too rigidly set to smile.

She flew to her lover's side, and, in almost inaudible twitterings, told him they certainly were the most fortunate couple in all the orchard—for the apple tree apartments were ideal—the front door opened toward the south, insuring plenty of sunshine—and the big living room was simply a dream. And, to crown it all, last year's seed pants had left a nice, clean nest, almost as good as new.

All it needed was a little freshening up—a little new, dry grass here, and a little soft lining there, to make it as perfect a nest as any bird could wish for. These last year's dwellers must have been real nice folks, too, for they had left everything in such spot and span order.

No crumbling egg shells littered the floor—and, the passage way looked as if it had been freshly swept. The next morning, Mr. Blue Bird forgot to eat his breakfast, so eager was he to get to work, rebuilding the nest in the hollow apple tree.

He brought the loveliest dried grass he could find, and some beautiful pieces of red cotton string, and gave them to his lady love, who patched here and patched there—until no living bird could have told it from a nest just built.

When the last finishing touches had been given—the dainty little architect stepped back, cocked her small head to one side, much as an artist views

his canvass, and pronounced it perfect. The husband applauded with snatches of song the housewifely activity of his wife, but he generously allowed her to do all the work—and contented himself with the decoration of her virtues. The nest finished, the two flew gayly down to the bird cafe—the scraggy old China tree back of the barn, and lunched luxuriously on the shriveled, yellow berries. In about a week's time, five greenish-blue eggs gave the last domestic touch to the home in the apple tree, and the mother's time was well taken up with her indoor cares.

Perched on a nearby gate post, the small, neatly groomed husband, repeated for her benefit, again and again the tru-ally! tru-ally! of his song—never once waiting for an encore—stopping occasionally, just long enough to present her with a bunch of early berries, or a toothsome insect. When the babies emerged from the eggs they were nearly black—not so much as one little dash of blue to show their ancestry. If this was a disappointment to the fond mother, she kept the secret sorrow to herself, but she was pleased beyond measure, one day, when a neighbor blue bird exclaimed: "Why! the babies are the living image of their father. They don't look a thing like you, Mrs. Blue Bird!" About a week later, one beautiful morning after the children had been fed and the nest tidied up, the mother left for a little outdoor exercise. While she was away a newly mated pair of English sparrows—a very aggressive, ill-bred appearing pair they were, too, spied the crevice in the old apple tree. They at once proceeded to investigate with a view of building. The long slanting passage, and the roomy hollow within looked good to them, and with an utter disregard of others' rights, they began carrying in all manner of straw, rags, chicken feathers and strings, and began at once the building of their own nest. The blue birds' babies did not understand all this hub-bub and

commotion, neither did they fancy being stepped on and prodded by sharp ends of straws and twigs as the sparrows worked over them—so they set up a commotion of their own—their five yellow throats wide open and crying for all they were worth.

The mother bird hurrying home, and hearing their frightened yells, rushed in and made one dive for the bold, brazen female who had invaded her home. She was getting the best of the feather pulling tournament when her husband appeared on the scene, dropping a fat cutworm, he didn't take time to remove his blue coat, but rushed to the assistance of his brave little wife. The fight soon changed into a complete rout for the sparrows. They were hustled and scratched, pecked and pushed, until they were glad to escape. With many heated remarks about English sparrows in general, the excited blue birds returned to their nest, quieted the babies and straightened up in the dishevelled apartment. The damage they found to be but slight, most that needed to be done was to carry out the trash the intruders had brought in, and to untangle a string that had become twisted around the legs of one of the children.

In another week, the young birds were gradually coming into their splendid heritage of color, and the blue of the sky was showing on many of the largest and oldest feathers—and not many days would they have to wait before they would don the bright blue top coats, and the scarfs of cinnamon-red that are the accepted dress of all blue-birddom.

Wedding Bells Ring For Larry Gantt
(Greenville News.)

Friends throughout this section of T. Larry Gantt, well known newspaper writer, will be interested in the announcement of his wedding in Athens, Ga., to Miss Willie Callaway of that city.

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Mr. Gantt lived for a great many years at Spartanburg and formerly published a newspaper there. He is quite well known throughout this section. For some months past he has been writing a series of articles which have appeared in The Greenville News, dealing with interesting events in the South's history. Mr. Gantt attended the State Press Convention in Greenville and in a talk before that body declared that he was one of the oldest members of the profession in the state today. He took as keen an interest as ever in the affairs of the publishers.

The following special from Athens to the Atlanta Journal tells of the wedding:

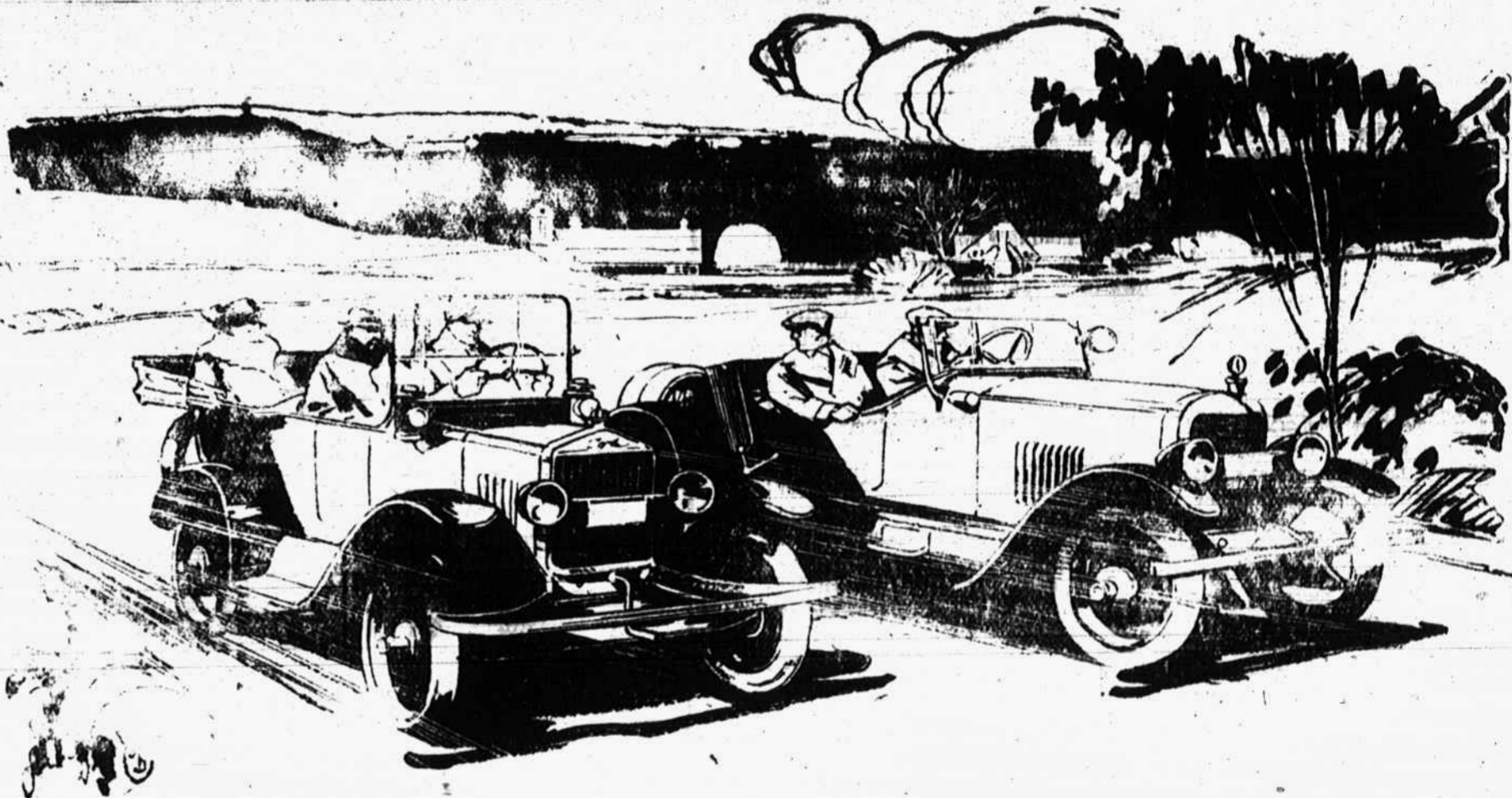
Athens, Ga., Nov. 17.—T. Larry Gantt, who is at present a feature writer for the Athens Banner-Herald, and Miss Willie Callaway, also of Athens, were quietly married at the study of Dr. J. C. Wilkinson, pastor of the First Baptist church of Athens, Wednesday at high noon.

Only a few of the intimate friends of the contracting parties and the families attended the wedding.

Miss Callaway is the daughter of Mrs. E. A. Callaway, of Athens, and comes from a long line of distinguished people. Following the ceremony the newlyweds left for a short wedding trip to Atlanta.

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