

ACCEPTED OXFORD AS MODEL

Architecture of New Paris University Is to Be That of Famous English College.

Architects' plans and illustrations are now published in the French press of the new Paris university buildings on the site of the dismantled fortifications and away from the crowded Latin quarter. It is interesting to learn that the architect for the first block has abandoned the conventional French style and gone to Oxford for his models, remarks the Manchester Guardian.

A writer in L'Illustration curiously describes the architecture as "Anglo-Hollandais," but as a matter of fact the design bears a great resemblance to the new Brasenose buildings. The ground plan reveals ample space that is to be devoted to gardens—though we are not told whether an attempt is to be made to rival Oxford's carefully tended lawns and playing fields. In the latter spaces have been carefully marked off for "football," "rugby" and "baseball."

Students at English universities—and especially at the older universities—may feel a little envious when they learn the cost of living in this new Paris settlement. The price of a well-equipped room, one of whose luxuries will be that "hot and cold running water," which the French now appear to think so indispensable in every well-regulated establishment, will be 90 francs a month, and the maximum price for dinner or lunch will be 3 francs. Both men and women are to find homes in the hotels.

M. Emile Deutsche de la Meurthe, the generous donor of the first block, has stipulated that out of the 350 for whom rooms are to be found in the first instance, 100 must be women. Among foreign countries which have already consented to establish hotels for their students on the new site are Canada and Argentina. Some of the French papers say that the University of Oxford has been asked to take a hand in the scheme.

Exterminating the Prairie Ant.

The Kansas State Agricultural college, after experimenting with different substances, has adopted carbon bisulphide as the most efficient means for destroying the prairie ant. The work should, if possible, be done when the ants are at work and their gateways open. Otherwise, it would be advisable to take a sharpened broomstick or an iron rod and run down to the bottom of the nest in several places. A galvanized tub or similar vessel is turned over the nest and earth is thrown around the tub where it rests on the ground and packed down to make it as nearly airtight as possible. A shallow dish is placed on the nest and into it is poured from one-half to one and one-half ounces of carbon bisulphide according to the size of the nest. The tub is quickly lowered and the earth is placed all around it. The deadly fumes of the drug are heavier than air and sink into the underground galleries of the nest, destroying every ant with which they come in contact. The drug must be carefully handled, as the fumes are even more inflammable than gasoline. If possible, and not a speck of fire, not even a pipe or cigar, must be permitted anywhere near it or an explosion will likely result. The tub is left in place five hours and then removed.

"So Shines a Good Deed."

A Kentucky mountain girl, crippled with infantile paralysis, crawled on her hands and knees to school over a mountain more than a mile and a half away. The sharp rocks, despite pads, cut her knees so she could not make the trip more than a few times. A Louisville physician heard of the case and, taking her to the city, he operated on her. By breaking and resetting the bones in her legs he made it possible for her to walk in a year's time. She learned to read and write in the hospital and was taken to Beera college to finish her education. A man whose name is withheld deposited \$1,000 to her credit in a Louisville bank.

Getting His Bearings.

One day three of my girl friends and I were out walking. After we had gone a short distance we decided to go to one of the neighbors to visit. We had to go one mile north to get there. We had just started in that direction when along came a big car with only the driver in. He stopped and said: "Are you going north?" "Yes," I replied, as I put my foot on the running board. "Thanks," he said. "I thought I was going the wrong way," and with that the car dashed off, leaving me standing there embarrassed, and my friends were laughing.—Chicago Tribune.

Exchanging Students.

A prominent American woman is making it possible for six British students to enter universities in the United States every year. She has founded scholarships at Princeton, Harvard and Yale for students at Oxford and Cambridge. It is to be hoped that the time soon will come when it will be possible to arrange exchange of students with all enlightened nations of the world.—Dearborn Independent.

Save Woodlands.

Organization of local chapters of the Motorist League for Countryside Preservation throughout the United States is progressing rapidly. Automobile owners and civic clubs generally having endorsed the league's creed that motorists owe to themselves, their fellow men and the nation the care and preservation of woods, hills and countryside.

MAN THE WEAKER?

Woman Calls Him "Bedraggled Scarecrow in Trousers."

Female of the Species a "Stalking Tigress," Made Up to Look Lovely, Frail, and Helpless.

"There never was a woman born who was satisfied with the man she married. She always makes him over, or, rather, she mistakes his gradual degeneration for something constructive in her own handiwork.

"The universal husband! Pathetic, bedraggled scarecrow in trousers. No wonder men always answer their country's call to arms. It is far easier to face quick death on the battlefield than slow death beside the domestic hearth.

"At home they are helpless, numb. Things overtake them, fasten on them while they are asleep. Whichever way they go, it is not the way of their choice. They are pushed along from behind, never doing any of the things they desire, never wanting any of the things they get.

"Poor universal husband!"

"So Jane Burr writes, with scorching pen.

She begins:

"As the blast of trumpets and the swirl of smoke gradually die down on the feminist battle front, an unbiased eye sees, still breathing but spiritually dead, a pathetic, bedraggled sort of scarecrow in trousers—the universal husband! The universal husband, made out of all the promising little boys in the world, is warped and cheated by women from the moment he expands his lungs at birth until he contracts them (often willfully) at the moment of death.

"During infancy his mother eats him alive, smothers him with emotion in order to get a personal outlet, makes of him, if she can, her bowing, scraping courtier, ties him to her by a thousand invisible but unbreakable threads. He tries to escape her in boyhood, but in the reflex caused by an insult from some pink sunbonnet and pinafore he rushes back to mother for consolation. Mother consoles and gloats. She has him back. All her life she watches like a bird of prey for a recurrence of this chance to console and to gloat.

"Later on, in his effort to escape mother, he falls in love—which means, in most cases, exchanging a cruel power for a crueler one.

"He sees a frail, lovely, helpless girl, and his heart goes out to her; he wants to build his nest with her, for her; he longs to buy her trinkets, to guard and protect her from the vicious outside world.

"As a matter of honest fact, he does not want to do any of these things. He only thinks he wants to do them. Old primitive nature is undermining his reason; old primitive nature has got to get her rough work done.

"After marriage the promising youth with his fantastic ideas becomes a universal husband. The frail, lovely, helpless girl proves to be neither frail nor helpless. She was made up to look frail, lovely and helpless in order to stir his manly qualities. With the noose secure about his neck, he sees her remove her paint, her eyelash black, her face powder, her false tresses. He suffers as he watches the exposure of her outward dishonesty.

"Physically, at least, a woman gets what she marries, but men never know until the artificialities are removed.

"As men are little boys, they might even forget the exposure of their wives' physical disabilities if it were not for the things they later discover in women's souls.

"Women have very little honesty, no modesty and no sense of shame. They cannot afford such fairy-book luxuries. Real honesty, modesty and a sense of shame are not things with which to catch a husband. Maiden women invariably possess some of these abnormal qualities. That is why they remain maiden women.

"A woman cannot be frail. She is not frail. She is a tigress. She is not helpless. She can move mountains, and does if she is not always given her own way. If she were helpless the universal husband would know how to provide for her, how to place her in his relation to a struggle for existence. But he does not know where to place her. She turns up at unexpected moments, in unexpected places, and acts as a positive menace to his psychology and to his business career."—Full Mall Gazette.

Raising Queen Bees for Profit.

Raising queen bees brings a Calallen (Tex.) man an annual revenue of more than \$50,000, most of which is clear profit. Breeding queen bees is done partly by artificial means. He figures on obtaining about 100 queens from every hive of 2,000 to 3,000 working bees, instead of only one queen. Queen bees bring from \$1 to \$2.75 each.

English "Housewives' Union."

A "housewives' union" has been formed at Deal, England, and a successful campaign is being carried on against high prices of food. Women of all classes, from ladies of title to workington's wives, are members.

Gats Third Set of Teeth.

An eighty-three-year-old woman of Brighton, England, is cutting her third set of teeth. Her other teeth were extracted some years ago and replaced by an artificial set. Now, 12 new ones have made their appearance.

NEVER ROSE ABOVE SAVAGE

North American Aborigines Knew Only Civilization That Had Been Forced Upon Him.

The American Indian is of Mongolian stock. He is a cousin of the yellow Mongolian and the brown Malay. But in all his era as the owner of the Americas he never was more than a savage, according to finds which are now being made from Mexico to Peru. It was another Mongolian race, Chinese-like people, who carried civilization to this continent, it seems.

The peak of ancient civilization in the Americas lay in the tropical strip between Arizona and Peru, reaching its peak in central Mexico and Peru. The ruins of civilization in those places are mighty and awe-inspiring and attest a race of people who in their day were the most highly cultured in the world.

In every direction away from the tropical centers the Indians sink in culture. In North America the level of the aborigines decreases as we go north and east. In South America the natives are lower still, the Amazon and Patagonia Indians being said to be little better than animals.

A most remarkable fact appears when the ethnology of the Americas is viewed as a whole.

The Indians were everywhere declining when the white man came. The mound builders were no more. These men had evolved the turning lathe, among other inventions; but, useful invention as it was, the knowledge of it was forgotten by the red men whose corn Anthony Wayne cut down. The Indians of historic times all have the characteristic marks of a people whose civilization had been forced on them. It was beyond their capacity to carry, and they were getting rid of it and into the comfortable degradation that they preferred. The Indian is a savage at heart, and all the trappings of civilization will not take it out of him.

Have Rival to Phonographs.

For years Smith lived in a Manhattan apartment and was tortured by phonographs. When he fled from the front of his flat he was greeted with music from the houses in the rear.

Finally he decided to leave the phonographs behind and rented a bungalow out in the "open spaces" of Brooklyn. He had to walk a mile to the subway station, but he figured living in the great silence made it worth it, the New York Sun says.

When spring came Smith tidied up the lawn, set out rose bushes and shrubbery and trimmed the shade trees along the street. Then came disturbance in a new form, brought on by the very isolation of his neighborhood.

As Smith's street is well paved, it has become the mecca of new automobile owners learning to drive. They back into his yard, bark his shade trees, tear up the turf and ruin the shrubbery. All day and as far as into the night the amateur drivers zigzag down the street, awakening him with their horn blowing and racing engines and imperiling his life as they come plunging across the lawn and banging into the porch.

Smith is thinking of moving back among the cliff dwellers, as phonographs, after all, cannot knock him down and run over him.

Where He Stood on Money Question.

Judge Edwin Lamar Davis, congressman from the Fifth district of Tennessee, is one of the best story tellers in congress. At a recent Jackson day dinner in Ohio he told this story of former Gov. Bob Taylor of his own state to illustrate the promises made by the Republicans in the campaign of 1920, saying that all conflicting elements were brought together by promising them everything they desired:

"Back in the days when the money question was the paramount issue and every candidate was required to announce whether he was for the gold standard or the free coinage of silver, Governor Taylor was a candidate for office. On one occasion he was making a speech and was about to conclude without any reference to the money question, when a man in the audience called out:

"Bob, tell us where you stand on the money question."

"I am glad you reminded me of that," Governor Taylor replied, "and I will be glad to tell you. I am for a little more gold, a little more silver, a little more greenbacks and a little sprinkle of counterfeit."—Chicago Journal.

Job for Horsehair.

"Brother, have you a horsehair in the lapel of your coat? If so, please let me pull it out," said a well-dressed man to several men respectively, as he met them on Lafayette boulevard near the Fort Shelby hotel, one afternoon. One by one the men halted, while the petitioner patted the lapels of their coats, only to meet with disappointment. Finally a coat yielded a horsehair. The man pulled it out and hurried to a companion who stood with one hand shielding his right eye. The horsehair was curled into a loop, and used as an instrument to remove a cinder from the eye of the companion, that had cut into it and left it much inflamed.—Detroit News.

His Far Off Only Job.

Settlement Worker—What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?

Mrs. Mixer—He's dreadin' the time, ma'am, when he'll have to go back to work.

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Claus."—Judge.

MINISTER KILLS MAN.

Battle to Death With Renegade Who Had Stolen Church Money.

St. Matthews, Aug. 17.—Gus Buyck is dead. This announcement may not startle the world. But gruesome as it may sound, hundreds of Calhoun citizens will hereafter sleep with a better serenity. For more than twenty years he has been engaged in serving sentences on the gang and making as frequent escapes. The absence of a leg seemed but to sharpen his wits and increase his daring. In fact, the peg leg has at times proved a helpful assistant in his effort at offense.

A fugitive from sentence, he was in hiding about Cameron. The members of a negro church held a meet Wednesday evening to make money for church purposes. Fifty dollars realized. The money was entrusted to the pastor who guardedly put it under the bed in the back room of the parsonage. When all was asleep, Gus, reading the situation as by intuition, stripped himself of all clothing, took his crutch which wore on its toe a shoe for a successful delusion and entered the window. The minister was aroused by a noise. He went immediately to the church treasury. He struck a match and a bare arm swung at him from under the bed. He grappled the robber and a hard fight ensued. The children and wife of the pastor arose and went to the rescue of the pastor who was being subdued. One child brought in a brick, and a few blows were administered on the head of Gus with small effect. The wife thought well of the axe, the weapon of successful ministerial defense in such attacks. She made one swing and Gus got the axe. The fight over possession of the axe went on over the several rooms of the house. However, with the assistance of his wife and child, the minister succeeded in planting several blows on the head of the enraged antagonist and the loss of blood and exhaustion made him weaken. He made his way to the back steps and collapsed. The sheriff was sent for and found Gus still alive and had the \$50. A doctor was called but saw the case hopeless and devoted his attention to the minister who was none the better off for the fight. Gus was laid in the car of the sheriff and died on the way to jail. The minister is greatly disturbed over having been forced to take human life. While his friends, black and white, join with him in regret that he was forced to play his part to the fatal end, yet, orgy that it is, he is commended on all sides, for fighting his assailant as he did, even to death.

Clough Chappel seven year old negro boy, was kicked in the head by a mule near Greenwood Saturday afternoon and probably fatally injured. The child had gone to the pasture to drive up the stock for his father, Willis Chappel, when he got too close to one of the mules and was struck on his head, his skull having been smashed. A portion of his brains oozed out before an operation could be performed and physicians said his chances for recovery were slight.

Julian R. Corley has received from the postmaster general the appointment as acting postmaster for Lexington and assumed the duties of the office Tuesday.

BATHING CAPS
New Rubber, many shapes, attractive colors, 50c each.
Bath Sprays, for the tub shower, \$1.50
Mosquitone, relieves the sting from mosquitoes immediately 25c.
Sweet Dreams, keeps mosquitoes away, per bottle 35c.
Mentholatum, relieves sunburn, 25c, in handy tubes.
"G. E. FANS, keep comfortable. \$15.00 to \$30.00
W. ROBIN ZEMP'S DRUG STORE
PHONE 30

STATE OWNED STALLION.
Has Been Placed in Seventh District at North for Stock Breeders.

The first thoroughbred stallion to be placed in South Carolina by the United States government for breeding purposes is now in the hands of H. M. Hydrick of North, according to H. P. Fulmer, congressman from the Seventh District.

Twenty-five dollars is furnished by the government for the care of the stallion for four months of a season, after which time the horse is to be maintained by the county in which it is placed for the remainder of the year. Certain regulations and limitations are set by the government regarding breeding and fees.

According to government reports, the stallion is placed in the counties by the remount service of the quartermaster corps, United States army, to encourage the breeding of a better type of horse. The government is attempting to give those counties which prove themselves capable of providing for thoroughbreds an opportunity to improve the breed. When the army wants horses, colts sired by such stallions will be inspected and given first choice, according to bulletins, though the government does not have any option on the foal.

Mr. Fulmer says he knows Mr. Hydrick personally and can vouch for his knowledge of good horses. The congressman believes that conditions in his district are suited for the government requirements of breeding and caring for the thoroughbred stallions.

"Sand Bed", the horse now under the care of Mr. Hydrick, is a chestnut colored, three year old stallion, bred

by August Belmont, Lexington Ky. He is of average height and weight, and has been recently inspected by a veterinarian from the remount office.

The stallion is reported to be in first class condition, being free from transmissible unsoundness and guaranteed to be of substantial aid in improving the stock of the community.—Friday's State.

Mrs. A. M. Stern, 60, and her daughter 35 years old, committed suicide in New York, last Friday by jumping from the sixth floor of an apartment house on West Seventy-eighth street. It was a suicide pact, according to the police.

He Had Suffered For Seven Years

Kibley Declares Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup Simply Did Wonders For Him.

"Since taking Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup my relief has been wonderful," said S. E. Kibley, of Rooney, Ky.

"About seven years ago I first noticed a dull aching pain in my back just under my left shoulder blade. At first I thought it might be rheumatism and doctored myself for that but got no better.

"I read so much about Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup I decided to try it. I soon noticed the pain gradually leaving me and now it is entirely gone and never bothers me at all."


Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup is sold by all good druggists and if the first bottle does not benefit you the purchase price will be refunded.



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You always know a can of genuine Red Devil Lye by the smiling red devil on the label. It stands for a lye that you can depend upon to do the hard, rough work. For twenty years it has been the standard for good lye. Ask your grocer for the can with the red devil label. Write for Free Booklet.

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