

Lame muscles?



Try this simple treatment

You can soothe your muscles from stiffness, and you can take out soreness and ache with Sloan's Liniment. Every night stroke it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. Tense muscles relax—aching stops. Get a bottle from your druggist today—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

AT EIGHTY-SIX.

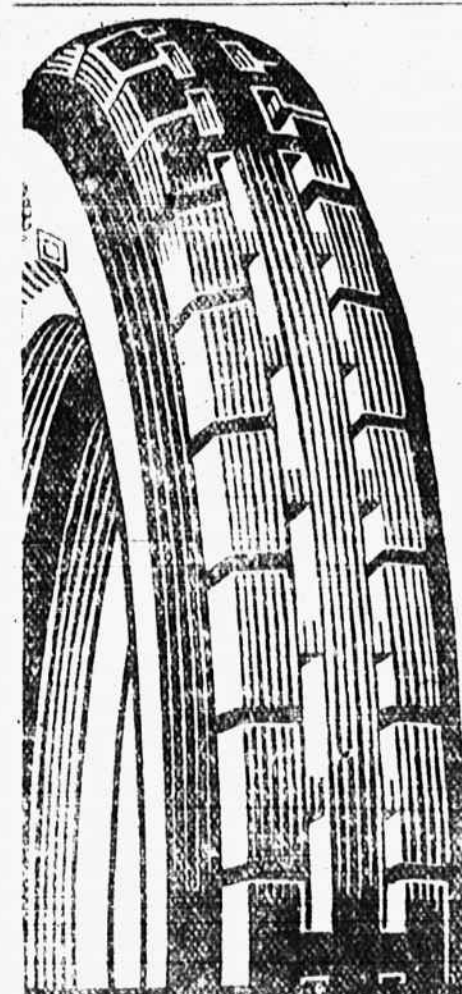
The soldier, sorely worn and tired, At close of six-and-eightieth year, Wonders what's of him now required: Wonders, indeed, why he's still here. Of comrades most have gone away, From further earthly work set free; And most of those who with us stay Are straggling rather aimlessly. And oft he thinks his day has passed, His sun set in a clouded west, And that for life thus overcast To cease from effort were the best. But there's a column moving on, To war against all vice and sin, Least virtue's rule be overthrown: And the old man may help to win. Then let him join what'er befall, Though snows may chill, and sun do parch, And, giving ear to duty's call, Obey the order, "Forward! March!" God grant him faith, and hope and nerve, To persevere, and do his best; And when no longer fit to serve, Let him lie down, and take his rest!

J. F. J. Caldwell.
Newberry, S. C., Sept. 19, 1923.

In a game of football at Easley, Wednesday, between the Easley high school team and the National Guard team Virgil Rogers of the National Guard was so badly injured that he died in about ten minutes.

Chicago police made a total of 827 arrests in that city the last week-end in a drive against rum runners and illicit liquor sellers. The mayor of the city has taken a determined stand against liquor sellers.

Clayton Custers, a painter of Johnstown, Pa., on Tuesday shot his small son after the little fellow had taken his mother's part in a family quarrel. Before the police arrived Custers committed suicide by cutting his throat.



Buy Goodrich Silver Crown Tires Ask Your Dealer

Best in the Long Run

NO METHOD FOR LONGEVITY

Impossible to Formulate Rule by Which Man May Prolong Stay on Earth.

Medical theories for the advancement of longevity remain only theories. The lengthening of the span of life may be worked out to a mathematical degree on paper, but in practice it proves utterly impractical. Outside influences have an unerring and hostile attraction to the best-laid plans—and instead of attaining the age of John Shell the average man dies at 54.3 years.

The latest of the longevity theorists is Dr. Leonard Williams of London, who declares that men should live to be 140 years old. He says we are not martyrs to disease but victims of folly, and he points out that the trouble lies in a "low level of mediocrity." All of which may be interpreted as meaning that the average person does not take the same care of himself as he does of his motor car or his live stock.

There is much in what Doctor Williams says, though it hardly could be termed novel. Modern medicine is nothing if it is not a tremendous force combating preventable disease while ministering to the victims of disease. It has preached and is preaching the economic waste of the maladies that may be avoided and it is making steady strides in the treatment of curable and incurable diseases. But the longevity theorist who would put the age limit on the Noah and Methuselah basis overlooks the enemies that constantly menace health in the present complex civilization. A much higher order of human beings would have to be on earth to make his plan at all practicable.

An American pathologist recently gave as the enemies of health, "heredity, infection, poison, food deficiency, food excess, fear, grief, emotional excess and psychic apathy due to lack of life interest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Dead Race.

Eastern museums are sending out calls for cigar store Indians. Obviously the stolid of wood and paint who once faithfully guarded the door of the tobacconist's shop is to be preserved for the admiration of future generations. Our good wishes go with him. We recall many silent moments of delightful awe spent in his presence. There was a time when his tribe was large, with representatives in every city and town of size in the United States. Then—something happened to the race. One by one these ruddy braves began to disappear, until now their kind is practically extinct.

It would be interesting to know just how long the race flourished and who originated the idea, although it is not hard to understand why a wooden Indian was adopted as a symbol of tobacco. It was the Indian who taught his paleface brethren the tobacco habit, just as the white man taught him to drink firewater.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Where to Find Diamond Backs.

Carlisle Graham Raht in connection with his story "The Diamond-Back" in Everybody's Magazine gives an interesting account of his experiences.

In thirty-odd years he has covered much of the old and new West. He's been a pearl-diver; he has played the piano in dance halls, has gone in for historical research, mining and cow-punching. His wife calls him a domesticated nomad.

The genuine diamond-back he says, (in answer to a query about the rattlesnake that appears in his story), is found mostly in Arkansas and eastern Texas. The diamonds of the western rattler are not so clearly defined, nor is that reptile so large. Colloquially, the term "diamond-back" is also applied to the latter. However, the territory in which these two distinct species are found seems to lap over, as I have seen the larger diamond-back as far down as northeastern Mexico and as far west as the Davis mountains, where I lay my story.

Peru's Foreign Trade.

The total foreign trade of Peru for the year 1921, according to the chief of the statistical division of customs, amounted to 33,329,672 pounds Peruvian (libras peruanas—Lp.), of which 10,000,484 Lp. represented imports and 10,000,484 Lp. exports. The figures for the year 1920 were: Imports, 18,958,224 Lp.; exports, 35,304,156 Lp.; total, 53,062,380 Lp. Estimating the value of the libra peruana at \$4.86 United States gold (par), the value of the foreign trade for the year 1921 was: Imports, \$81,012,254; exports, \$80,000,000; total, \$161,012,254. On the same basis, the figures for 1920 were: Imports, \$88,220,968; exports, \$171,578,198; total, \$259,799,166.

Historic Forest Must Go.

Shorewood forest, the haunt of Robin Hood, is to be destroyed to supply coal. It is estimated that 100,000 tons of coal can be mined in the historic region of Nottingham county. Edgewood hall, the site of the massacre, is to be turned into an educational center for the masses. The historic forest is owned by lords who are poor and harassed by the income tax.

Where Rain Is Unknown.

The little city of Yuma, on the terminus of the Santa Fe branch west of Saratoga, bears the distinction of being possibly the only city in Kansas that has never experienced any rain or snow. While it is a thriving little burg with two banks, general stores, hotels and no moisture has fallen in that community since the town was laid out.—Indianapolis News.

MAKES ONE-MAN VOYAGE.

Frenchman Crosses Atlantic in a 30-Foot Sail Boat.

New York, Sept. 23.—Some place beneath the name of Columbus in the mariner's hall of fame, must be recorded the name of Alain J. Gerbault, Laval, France, 1923. The 29-year-old Frenchman sailed into New York Harbor this week in a thirty-foot sail boat—the first man ever to cross the Atlantic alone in such a small wind-driven craft.

For 142 days, battling storm, hunger, thirst and illness Gerbault kept a spark of confidence burning. He sailed from Gibraltar April 6th and arrived in New York September 17. With the cup of victory still at his lips, he paused to say, "—and now to cross the Pacific."

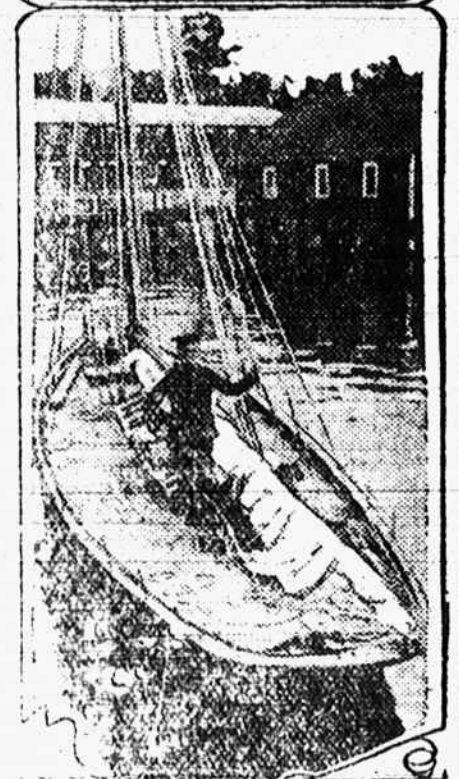
Alain J. Gerbault is a soldier of fortune. When two friends at Paris doubted his assertion that the Atlantic could be sailed by one man in a 30-foot boat, he decided to show them.

Gerbault is the fifth ranking tennis player of France and has contested in international matches. During the war, as a French aviator, he is credited with bringing down ten German planes. Only Alain and a brother remain of the Gerbault family. They own a lime factory at Laval, France. The brother is the business man.

"Just call me a sailor," said Gerbault here this morning. "The sea is my home—and I'll soon be heading out across the Pacific. Hazardous? I don't think so. You always pull through, somehow, if you handle your boat like a sailor should."

Veteran mariners declare Gerbault's feat one of the most daring and unique in the annals of the sea. Ninety-seven days he was out of sight of land, tossed about on mountainous waves in a boat whose deck tipped water when four men crowded onto her after he docked here Monday.

Forty-eight hours he lay sprawled in the bunk of his tiny cabin, unconscious from a fever which struck him down during a gale which battered the little craft, sweeping her deck



with rigging and flooding the dozen or so feet of cabin space. Twenty-four days he battled the fury of the Atlantic which broke his bowsprit, loosened his mast and ripped his sails. A storm which reached its boiling height and was reported in two weeks ago at the time by intense transatlantic lines.

His provisions had stood for a 100-day voyage and two weeks from New York because of delay by a terrific storm which beating his way across the southern portion of the Atlantic had left his sails spoiled and his provisions spoiled or the food in the way made kegs.

Two weeks ago, when crazed by hunger and lack of food he was hailed by a boat which he found for New York when he wanted to pick him up. He had a few days to thank the gods for his survival. Victory was in sight. He had made it—across the Atlantic.

Two weeks ago, when crazed by hunger and lack of food he was hailed by a boat which he found for New York when he wanted to pick him up. He had a few days to thank the gods for his survival. Victory was in sight. He had made it—across the Atlantic.

of the rigging and sailed on. I knew I'd reach New York somehow.

Coming over he wore only heavy woolen trousers, a slipover sweater; no socks or shoes. Since April 5, when he started his trip from Gibraltar, he had been barefooted. Doesn't like any kind of footwear while handling his boat.

Dr. Louise Stanley, dean of home economics at the University of Missouri, has been selected by Secretary Wallace to head the newly established department of agriculture.

Analytical. If a man could hear what he said when talking in his sleep, some one would write on "the subconscious mind" about that, too—with no more basis than the unconscious mind.

Hardly anybody wants to put forth a plain, good everyday story, now, about real people. All the story-tellers are bent on a wild goose chase into the psychological recesses of humanity—sort of Darkest Inwardness exploration where some of us take a peek when we wonder how sane we are.

As for an honest-to-goodness bread-and-butter human being we rarely meet up with one in fiction. All, all are freaks.

You, dear reader, may have, against your will, grown familiar with abnormalities and would not be greatly astonished in Bedlam, itself, but we surmise that you would like to get back among people who make you feel comfortable, even happy. Frankly, we're tired of soul dissection. Aren't you?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Spanish Helicopter Rises 81 Feet.

A helicopter built by a Spanish engineer successfully rose to a height of 81 feet and maneuvered in the vicinity of the aerodrome, according to recent reports from Madrid. The machine, which is powered with an 80-horsepower engine, is designed very much along the lines of the ordinary airplane except for the smaller wings which are replaced by a large four-bladed propeller mounted on a vertical shaft. In addition to this performance, the present unofficial world's records for free helicopters stand as follows: Duration of 2 minutes 37 seconds, and distance of 250 feet, both made in France.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Now an Airplane Hospital.

A hospital airplane, the first of its particular type in this country, will soon be built at McCook field, Dayton, O. It was recently announced. It will embody a special design, distinguishing it from ambulance planes now in use, and provides a compartment in which a surgeon can administer to two patients lying on comfortable cots while the plane is in flight. The capacity will be a pilot, a surgeon and two patients, or, if some less essential parts of the equipment are left out, four persons in addition to the pilot can be carried.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Three Big Values in 30x3½ regular size clincher tires

Usco Fabric Royal Cord and the NEW USCO CORD

-now ready

This U.S. quality group at lowest prices ever offered

Buy U.S. Tires From—

City Filling Station Camden, S. C.
C. B. King & Son Bethune, S. C.

TWO MEN KILLED.
Marion Commander and William Miller Meet Death in Wreck.

Florence, Sept. 28.—Marion Commander, 30, a traveling salesman of this place, and William Miller, 35, who lives four miles in the country from here, were killed here tonight when a lightweight coupe in which they were riding collided with a pile of stone in Dargan street, used for thoroughfare construction. The car mounted the stone, estimated to be a dozen or more feet high, and was precipitated against a telephone pole and demolished.

Commander was instantly killed and Miller died in a local hospital at 1:30 o'clock this morning, just one and one-half hours after the accident. Commander is survived by his widow and two brothers, Joseph and Charles C. Commander, the latter a prominent lawyer of Florence. Attempts were being made to get in touch with Miller's people in the country this morning. Information secured by The Item this afternoon indicates that the William Miller mentioned in a dispatch in morning papers as having been killed in an auto accident last night, was the "Bill" Miller who formerly lived in Sumter several years ago. Miller had several friends in Sumter who will hear with regret of his accidental death.

L. L. Lauer, Urban J. Cook and Stephen M. Lee, who were killed and six men who were injured in the explosion at the bureau of standards in Washington, Friday, had just completed experiments that were expected to save five hundred million gallons of gasoline annually, it has since been learned. James E. Kendig, of Salunga, Pa., died Saturday, bringing the death list of the bureau of standards explosion to four.

Sure is strong!

Genuine RED DEVIL LYE
—the good old reliable!

THROUGH twenty years of honest household service Red Devil Lye has earned the name of "the good old reliable." It is the standard for good lye. It makes work easy and insures healthier homes.

You always know the can by the blue label with the smiling red devil in the lower left hand corner. Look for it on your grocer's shelves; insist upon *Red Devil*, the name you have known for years; don't be put off with cheap and wasteful brands.

St.inks it in unwholesome places and its strength works quickly for you. It cleanses, it purifies, it disinfects. It lightens the hard tasks. Buy it by the case; it's cheaper that way. In ordering always remember the smiling red devil, and the name "Red Devil Lye."

Write for Free Booklet
We shall be glad to send you our free booklet giving the many uses of Red Devil Lye and full directions for each use.

Wm. Schield Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

for the outhouse
Helps to make outhouses odorless and free from flies.

for good soap
Has proper fat-splitting strength for good soap.

for washing clothes
Softens a tub of hard water, making it like rain-water.

for automobile radiators
Removes scale, thereby increasing engine power.

Some Other Uses
Cleans floors.
Cleans pots and pans.
Peele peaches.
Makes lye hominy.
Prevents clogged plumbing.
Sweetens soil for hogs.
Cleans milk cans, bottles, churns.
Removes paint.
Brightens silverware.
Removes oil and grease.
Destroys fly-eggs.
Removes spots from windows, etc.
Cleans motor car parts.
Softens hardest water.

RED DEVIL LYE