

THE LEGISLATURE

Geo McGee Thinks Members Should Save Money Out of Pay

Our legislators ought to clear some money while they are in Columbia. I understand that they are paid 10 dollars per head per day, writes Geo McGee in the Anderson Daily Mail. That's good money for 2-dollar-a-day hands.

Lodging	\$.40
3 meals	.75
Plug Brown Mule	.30
Dozen bananas	.20
5 pkgs. goobers	.25
Postage stamp	.01
Lead pencil	.01
Shoeshine	.00
Pressing clothes	.00
Strawberry sody	.20
Picture shows	.15
Hair oil	.35
Hoyt's cologne	.08

Total \$2.73
Of course it will cost them something to come home every Friday

Getting Up Nights

CAN BE STOPPED often in 24 hours to prove that you can be rid of this strength sapping ailment, have more pep, be free from burning sensation, pain in groins, backache and weakness. I'll send you Walker's Prostate Specific free and postpaid under plain wrapper. No obligation. No cost. If it cures your prostate gland trouble, you can repay the favor by telling your friends—if not, the loss is mine. Simply send me your name and prove that you can feel 10 years younger and be rid of prostate trouble. I. B. Walker, 2488 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

and go back every Tuesday, but most of them have a Ford sent down for them, and they can pro-rate the cost of the deliveries. Anyway, it looks like they are going to be able to soak down around \$6.75 per day. That's good, and I'm glad of it.

Officers Resign After Request

Lexington, March 4.—Policemen S. E. Taylor and A. L. Youmans, of Lexington, resigned this afternoon at the request of T. P. Meetze, acting mayor.

The officers are charged with "official misconduct, drinking whisky while on duty and discharging firearms on the public streets of the town." They will face trial on the charges before town council just as soon as Mayor S. J. Long, who is sick, is able to be present.

It is alleged that the officers filled up on "moonshine" Tuesday night and proceeded to try out their weapons. About half a dozen shots were fired, five of which took effect in the walls of the police booth on Main street, and another broke the plate glass front of the Cash Seed store across the street.

Jacob Taylor has been employed as night policeman and has already entered upon his duties.

The constricted waist in the wasp and other bee-like insects is the dam that holds the blood in the thorax while the heart steadily pumps it forward through the waist into the expanding wings.

The first car of butter was shipped to New York in 1880 by Governor Hard, of Wisconsin, proving the value of the refrigerator car to the world.

NEW FACTS ABOUT ANCIENT AMERICA

Pre-Columbian Apartment House Yields Store.

Washington, D. C.—Neil M. Judd, leader of the National Geographic society's expedition to Pueblo Bonito, the pre-Columbian "apartment house" of Chaco canyon, New Mexico, has brought back to Washington an amazing array of exquisite art objects and domestic utensils which shed new light on an early metropolis of Indian America.

Perhaps the most beautiful piece in the collection is a turquoise necklace of 2,500 pieces and four pendants—the only complete specimen of such a necklace known. The method by which the Indians ground down the tiny pieces, and bored them out to be strung on sinews, has won the admiration of modern jewelers who have seen it. The four pendants are remarkable specimens of turquoise, deep blue, and with them, Mr. Judd said, he could have purchased every Indian horse in San Juan county.

Jewels Mounted With Pine Gum.
Other unique objects that are jet rings, perfectly rounded, on which are mounted tiny carved turquoise birds. The mounting was done with pine gum, the adhesive of the American ancients, which lasted through the ages the rings lay buried in the pueblo ruins.

To get these, and other tiny pieces, the geographic explorers have sifted tons of debris, after building a miniature railroad, and set mule-drawn steel dump cars to work hauling out the rubbish.

Recovered by this tedious process are some of the closest woven and finest specimens of Indian basketry yet discovered. To preserve these required the utmost dexterity, for often upon exposure a zephyrlike breeze would dissipate the specimens. The hope of preserving them lay in wading them immediately upon their exposure.

Historically one of the important finds is a double basket, the like of which has hitherto been unknown in ruins other than cliff dwellings, and the use of which has not yet been determined. It may furnish another clue to piece out further the habits, customs and religious beliefs of these aborigines. Although they left no written words, nor even any pictograph records that can be deciphered, they attained a civilization as interesting as the early cultures along the Nile and in Mesopotamia, yet distinctive from all Old World peoples. Already the daily life of the Bonito dwellers has been pieced out patiently in great detail.

Rouge Still Intact.
"That object looks like a 'vanity box,'" remarked one geographer who viewed the collections.

"Not only that, but here is a bit of the rouge the Bonitans used," replied Mr. Judd, and he displayed a lump of reddish clay, which still will color the flesh. These "makeup" devices were used by the Bonitan men, however, rather than their women, and they served principally for the beautification of participants in their dramatic religious ceremonies.

Pipes also are in the collection. Some of these were "pleasure pipes" resembling very much the short, large-bowl English models. Others resemble cigar holders, with flaring bowls, and these were used to "make clouds" in the Bonitan's kivas or worship chambers.

Objects which shed light on the economic habits of the Bonitans are the fishers, with jet and turquoise inlays, used to remove flesh from the skins of animals; flint knives, which are chipped down with infinite skill and patience; and bone needles, used in sewing skins.

The broad area of communication of these ancient peoples is disclosed by objects found in their "apartments" which were brought from points as distant as the Pacific coast and the valley of Mexico.

Woman 100 Years' Old Does Own Housework

Grand Ledge, Mich.—"I came to have glasses fitted, not my-age," Mrs. Adella D. Pickens, one hundred years old, told an optometrist recently when she came here from her home near Vermontville to get new glasses.

"I'm too busy to think about my age," she said, "but I want the glasses to read with in my spare moments when I'm not busy with housework."

Mrs. Pickens lives with her only remaining child, a bachelor son, and she does all her own housework. She has had five children. Recently she decided it was cheaper to buy bread than bake it, but feared her friends would think she was getting lazy if she didn't bake, so she continued to make her own, and it's mighty good bread, too, her neighbors say. Her active life has kept wrinkles away and she does not appear more than sixty years old.

She has been a widow since 1861, when her husband went to Kentucky to get a sick brother and himself fell sick and died.

"Barracks-Room Language" Plea Aids British Soldier

London.—British military law recognizes the fact that soldiers are liable to outbursts of profanity, and when a private of the First royal dragoons was charged at an Aldershot court-martial recently with using insubordinate language toward a sergeant, he was acquitted on the ground that the expression he used was common barracks-room language.

Gift of the Fairies Is Offered to All

The man who is continually wrapped up in himself makes a rather small parcel. I is a capital letter, but only a small word in the story of mankind, the Washington Post comments.

Some people seem to possess the Peter Pan quality of never growing old. A man like Chauncey Depew remains youthful in heart and outlook even though he has seen ninety summers or more.

This magic is a gift of the fairies to all who keep in touch with the Angel of Hope, an angel whose favorite haunt is with little folk the world over.

Imagination, the mother of sympathy, is most conspicuous in childhood, but it remains potent and plastic, as long as we give it even half a chance. What are the nursery rhymes but verses which have been adapted and molded by the fancies of the wee folk, when the bigger folk found other matters of greater interest?

Year after year our English nursery stories appear in new editions, popular throughout the centuries by reason of their irresistible appeal to the child mind.

These old-world stories are a child's blitheness—the heirlooms of humanity—and many a grown-up retains a lingering affection for those friends of the days of yore.

Childishness and childlikeness are as different as the North and the South pole. The good points in childhood are not to be despised by any man unless he wants to grow old before his time. The sense of wonder, the craving to know more, the sheer joy in being alive, the nimble fancy—such traits as these are good enough for anyone. They will help us to take life as it comes, in a good-natured way.

One gift of the fairies may be ours—the spirit of youth, the desire for more light. This is the mystic gift which the fairies bestow upon all who stoop to conquer.

Relic of Baal Worship

In some parts of the highlands of Scotland an old May day custom called "Beltein" is still continued. Beltein in reality signifies the "Fire of Baal," a festival in the sun's honor, observed almost within living memory. The Highlander ever showed respect to the sun, as in the careful way he would approach a fountain to drink by moving from east to west, which is called in Gaelic the lucky way. The ceremony of Beltein would bring all herdsmen together from the villages, to assemble round a fire and dress a caudle of eggs, butter, and oatmeal. Each man would take an oaten cake having nine square knobs, dedicated to some preserver or destroyer of flocks and herds, and on breaking off a knob would fling it over his shoulder, saying, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep," or "This to thee, O fox! spare my lambs—this to thee, O hooded crow—this to thee, eagle!" And so to the feast.

English Lark an Artist

Lovers of the wonderful English lark, which rises straight up from the earth and warbles so melodiously until it eludes the eye on account of its attitude, say the lark sings according to book—not merely unpremeditated art. Opening with a prelude, vivace crescendo, this carries the soarer to his airy watch tower. Impatience during the ascent is the ruling idea. Then the song becomes moderato, broken into short phrases, each repeated several times, making a fantasia. While hovering, head to wind, the arbor gives way to self-satisfied calm. And as the singer comes down so, by gradations, his melody sinks. Some say they have made out that the number of the notes accords exactly with the beating of the wings.

Unprogressive Poets

"Mexico," says an American who has spent much time in that distracted country, "honors her poets, but she esteems the patriot above the poet and would like her authors to draw their images from the life around them rather than from conventional literature."

"Our poets are good writers," a Mexican official once assured me, "but they ever speak of nightingales and larks, gazelles and hyacinths."

"Yes?" I murmured questioningly.

"Without venturing," continued the Mexican, in a reproachful voice, "to give place in their verses to the cut-throat or to the zentzontli or to the cocomilti or to the yoloxochitl."

Iodine and Goitre

The belief that the disease of goitre is due to the want of iodine in the thyroid gland has been attacked by a distinguished European physician. Yet two goitre sections of the United States, centering in Michigan and Idaho, are the ones where, analysis shows, there is the least iodine in the water. It has been computed that it would take a human being a thousand years to drink enough Lake Superior water to obtain as much iodine as exists in the thyroid gland. The places where goitre is the most prevalent, along the seashores, are those having the most iodine in the surface waters.—Tahole Blade.

Made Her Sick

Bertha had blood poisoning in her foot and the doctor had been obliged to cut and trim the wound which, of course, frightened the child.

One day, on seeing the doctor approaching, Bertha began to cry.

Mother said: "Don't cry, dear, the doctor is coming to make you well."

"He doesn't," cried Bertha. "He sticks his dirty finger in my nose."

Held On Serious Charge

Bun Knight, a young white man of the Tradesville section is being held in the Lancaster jail pending investigation by the state and county authorities of the destruction by fire of the Tradesville schoolhouse which burned to the ground early on the morning of February 22. An entertainment was held in the school building on the evening of February 21st and five young men, Bun Knight, Jesse Massey, Gary McManus, Hike Sistare and Paris Sistare are alleged to have had some whiskey hidden in the vicinity of the school. It is charged that Bun Knight made a fire or kindled a light of some kind in

hunting for the whiskey under the building which is thought to have caused the fire. He is alleged to have been drunk on the morning of the fire and endeavored to borrow a buggy and get into North Carolina. Special detective Rogers of the governor's office assisted the local officers in working up the case.—Lancaster News.

J. W. McCullough Dead

Darlington, March 9.—The funeral of J. W. McCullough, Jr., prominent Darlington man who died at the Florence infirmary on Friday afternoon was held at his late residence on St. Johns street this morning at 11 o'clock.

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