

HAS A CHEWING GUM TREE.

Slow Grower, But Experimenter Believes It Will Pan Out.

Nearly 200 professional gum chewers and others were disappointed yesterday, when they went out to Joe Shepard's experimental grove, near here, to get some natural chewing gum fresh from the tree. Joe is a sort of Luther Burbank in matters relating to peppermint and gum, and, unless he is kicked by a horse or falls off a roof before next fall, intends to astound the known world with the results he obtains. The reason for the disappointment yesterday was that he has not obtained the results yet.

Mr. Shepard's entrance into the project of gum building occurred by the merest chance last fall, when a mass of lightning splattered all over the woods edging his property. A cottonwood tree was split in two, a big sweetgum next to it was splintered and a slippery elm adjacent was hewn from branch to base. Joe looked them over for less than 20 minutes, and promptly went into the natural chewing gum business, with his entire plant and equipment on the spot. He yanked the two other trees over the sweet gum tree and tied the hole collection up tightly with heavy canvas, winding it tight and supplementing a whole lot of rope and chain. Then he sat down and waited.

After about 15 hours he decided that he could trust the trees to look out for themselves overnight and went to bed. He got better at his new profession every minute, and after a week had made up his mind that it would be spring—this spring, in fact—before he could expect the tree to turn out the finished product all ready for the muscular jaw.

Since then he has sat up nights with the tree and made every effort to keep it well and ambitious. It has grown together, and he was so satisfied with developments a couple of weeks ago that he notified his friends that if they convened yesterday he would give them something to think about and chew over.

Quite a throng collected and looked askance at the bandaged tree, while Joe walked around it a couple of times and patted it in a friendly way, just to show that he and the tree understood each other. Then he took off the splints and let every one see the tree. It had grown together in uneven fashion, but there was no sign of the packages of wrapped up gum in cotton piles that Joe had led everybody to expect.

He acted pretty impatient when some one up and said so, and after snorting a couple of times in rage, bandaged the tree up and told all that by next fall he would have some gum worthy of the name. He asked them to come around in October, but a lot of the throng said that they didn't think they would.—Eagle Lake, Miss., correspondence to New York Herald.

Still Use Gunflints.

Down in a wall street office the war stocks were being discussed, and also the truth or falsity of the large orders said to have been received by various industrial corporations. From this the conversation turned on improved war appliance and then some one said:

"Yes, but I know a man who is still making and selling the old-fashioned gunflint."

There was some comment on this, and then the first speaker said that his friend had a large factory in England for the making of gunflints and exported thousands of them every year. "They are used in various tropical countries where the natives still use the old flintlock muskets," said the speaker. "Then there are several countries where the British government sees to it that no modern arms reach the hands of the natives. The government permits the sale of the old flintlock for the killing of game, but would at once confiscate any more modern style of firearm. My friend goes ahead year after year making the old gunflints and finding a good sale for them, but I don't think that the present war has caused any increase in the output of his factory."—Wall Street Journal.

False Pride.

Charles W. Morse, the noted financier, began life humbly and hates false pride.

"False pride," Mr. Morse said at a dinner in New York in honor of his new steamship line to Bermuda, "besides being silly is a very real impediment to business success."

"I'll never forget the wise advice that an old employer of mine once gave to a youth who had a good deal of false pride."

"The youth was complaining about the hard times, his enforced idleness and so forth. My old employer cut him off gruffly with the words:

"Well, George, if you can't obtain a position these days, why don't you look up a job?"

LIQUOR FORCES BEHIND MANN.

Saloon's Foes Will Fight Presidential Aspirations of Illinoisan.

The following was sent out to a Washington newspaper correspondent as a statement from the headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League of America at Westerville, Ohio.

"There fell into the hands of P. A. Baker, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, positive information that petitions requesting Congressman James R. Mann to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency are being circulated, especially in Chicago. A copy of the petition and a copy of an enrollment card were sent to Doctor Baker from the headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, with offices in Chicago. Signers of the petition are requested to return the petition to 805 Marquette building."

"This petition, information from Chicago says, is being circulated quietly by friends of Mann and those in charge of it have cautioned every circulator that there must not be any publicity about it. Details of the scheme came to the Illinois league through a Chicagoan who had been approached to sign. The plan is to have a special train go to Denver about the middle of June to meet Mann on his return from Honolulu."

"Upon his declaration of candidacy several special trains will go to the principal American cities in his interest. What is called the National Republican Association of Laboring Men is being formed by the Mann folks. There is an office in Boston in School street and another in Chicago, room 1730, Transportation building."

Commenting on the movement Doctor Baker said:

"The united temperance forces of this country will oppose the candidacy of James R. Mann for president. He led the fight on the floor against the resolution submitting the Hobson-Sheppard nation-wide prohibition amendment. Mann went out of his way to oppose the measure and then to cripple it, finally to destroy it."

"The movement to bring him forward as a presidential candidate has its birth with the liquor interests. It is the Republican party wants to insure its defeat in advance in the next presidential election the way to do is to nominate Mann."—Washington dispatch.

The Pine Tree.

The forestry department tells us that the American pine forests are at present menaced by the invasion of the European pine-shoot moth, an insect which has worked immense damage in the forests of Continental Europe. It is a small orange-redish moth with wings. Its larvae feeds on pine buds and the twigs of young trees. The larvae attacks trees between the ages of six and fifteen years and occasionally other trees up to the age of thirty.

The pine-shoot moth was accidentally introduced into this country on some imported pine twigs. Its ravages were almost immediately observed on Long Island though at first the experts did not know what to attribute the blight to. As soon as they discovered the presence of the pine-shoot moth, measures were taken to protect the country from the foreign danger. The department of agriculture has forbidden the importation of European pine trees after July 1, 1915, under a quarantine order. It is difficult, however, to tell how far the pest has extended itself, and the forestry department may be called on for a vigorous defense of the native pine.—Montgomery Times.

Interesting Horse Trade.

Mr. Henry B. James, of Yorkville, has just returned from Bennettsville, where he went for the purpose of trading his well known iron-gray mare to Hon. John L. McLaurin. Mr. McLaurin, who is a passionate lover of superior horseflesh, became covetous of the mare during his recent visit to Yorkville the latter part of April, and he and Mr. James began a dicker that has resulted in a trade. Mr. McLaurin gave up a fine horse and three mules for Mr. James' mare. The James horse, now owned by Mr. McLaurin, is held by many good judges, to be one of the finest specimens of superior horseflesh in the State. So far as is known, Mr. James has never put a price on the animal, but others have named figures all the way up to \$1,500. The last cash offer was \$600, which was laughed at. Mr. McLaurin, who keeps his automobile for business and horses for pleasure, says he prizes the new horse very much more higher than the handsome Hudson touring car in which he made his recent trip to York county.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Glendale Springs water will keep you healthy. For sale at Herndon's grocery store.—adv.

THE KAISER'S GUNMAKERS.

Vast Output of the Krupp Machine Works.

Ordinarily the Krupps manufacture railway equipment, motor cars and other steel products for purposes of peace, as well as guns, says the June American Review of Reviews. Now however, the entire establishment is being devoted exclusively to the making of guns and war munitions. The immense furnaces are boiling tons of white hot metal, and the stacks belching forth volumes of black smoke, as the great army of gunmakers work in day and night shifts under tremendous war pressure. "Busy Berthas" are being prolifically produced. Guns for naval and coast defence, for siege and fortress purposes, field and mountain guns, anti-aircraft guns, guns of all kinds and calibres, with accessories and appointments, such as armed turrets, shields, observation stations, conning towers, armored casements, disappearing carriages, hoisting and lifting apparatus for ammunition; great shells, torpedoes, shrapnel, case shot, all kinds of ammunition, armor plate and ordnance wagons—in fact, all the dread implements in the arsenal of war stream forth in steady shipments.

Didn't Eat His Paper.

Andrew Carmical, managing editor of a local newspaper, was alone in his office the other morning when a man entered the door, which he quietly closed and locked, says a dispatch from Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

"Are you the editor?" Carmical was asked.

"No, but I represent him," the newspaper man replied.

"Then I'm going to make you eat last night's issue of your paper," the visitor said.

"All right, but before you do you'd better lock the door again. It has come open," Carmical said.

The man turned, but the door was locked, and when he faced Carmical again, he looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol.

The newspaper man was not beaten, but the stranger was arrested. In jail he gave his name as John Clark and said that an article in the paper was a direct slap at him.

Luxury for Toy Dog.

There are lots of persons living right in this big city who might well envy the life of ease that some of the dogs at the Garden lead; the toys in particular are the pampered in the canine world.

Up in the concert hall are four little Japanese spaniels owned by Mrs. R. T. Harrison and these dogs are the envy of all the other toys. No ordinary kennel is fit to house them. Instead Mrs. Harrison has provided a miniature country frame house, with plate glass doors and windows, regulating chimneys, stairs and bedrooms. Each dog has a room for himself or herself, as the case may be, and the lighting is by tiny electric lamps.

Beautiful gold inlaid chinaware holds their food, and they recline on hand-worked Japanese pillows. In another room are atomizers filled with perfume, which the spaniels use before going in the show ring. It's a hard life.—New York Tribune.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

The Kind That Bloomed in Grandmother's Garden.

No manual of rose culture, no tribute to the rose, nor any history of the rose, is complete without including the Damask and the Cabbage roses, says Georgia Tarrey Drennan in Southern Woman's Magazine. The Damask is the most ancient of all roses. As far as is known, it is co-existent with Damascus, the oldest of living cities. There is no record of a wild rose of double form. Roses discovered in every part of the world have been single. Therefore, it is logical to suppose that the Damask rose has been made double by cultivation before it was known in Europe. It was brought by the Crusaders from Damascus to England, and from thence has gone into all civilized lands. Our colonial ancestors brought it to their wilderness homes. Its culture became a part of every advance in developing and beautifying American gardens. Missionaries have planted it in pagan lands, and among the thousands of roses that bloom in thousands of gardens, one of the two roses universally referred to is the rose of "grandmother's garden" is the Damask. It is much older than the Centifolia, or Hundred Leaf rose of Pliny, as the city of Damascus is older than Rome or Greece.

The Cabbage is the Centifolia, or Hundred Leaf rose of Pliny, the same as the Gallican, Province or Rose of France. It has quite as interesting a history as the Damask, though it is not so ancient. The petals are not so broad as those of the Damask, but the rose is double, hence Pliny's specific name.

Read The Herald, \$1.50 per year.

"WILLIAM" IS DISAPPEARING.

Name Has Been Ostracized by Patriotic English Parents.

It is stated that since the war broke out the name of William has been ostracized by patriotic English parents. In 40 recent baptisms of male infants it does not appear. Is not this form of rebuking the kaiser illogical as well as ineffective? "Why should the devil have all the good times?" asked Rowland Hill. Why should the Germans be allowed to monopolize a good English name? The memory of such great Englishmen as Shakespeare and Wordsworth should suffice to stay William from oblivion. American parents never gave vent to their resentment against George III by boycotting the name which Washington also bore.

There are fashions in names, it is true, as in other things. The lives of great men remind us that they serve unconsciously as godfathers for hundreds of obscure offspring. Presidents of the United States have always been honored in this way. There are many Williams who date back to the time of McKinley and others to the time of Taft. The Theodores are beginning to grow up, but the Woodrows are still infants in arms. Even in the names that own no distinguishing bearer, tastes vary with the cycle of the years. The Nettie and Hattie period ended long ago. Earl and Harold, Dorothy and Gladys have lost their popularity. The plainer names have come into their heritage again.

But a name is so much a matter of parental caprice that it may be dangerous to domesticate upon the subject. There are reversions to type; even the painful, Biblical nomenclature occasionally reappears disguised by an initial. "What reason is there?" asked a recent authority. "for the comparative disappearance of Elizabeth?" But is this disappearance a fact? Until within a very short time, at least, Elizabeth has shared with Mary, Anne and Jane a phenomenal popularity. The discussion calls for far more definite data than we possess. Cannot Mr. Herkimer Johnson go into the whole matter exhaustively in his forthcoming monumental work?—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Smart Boy.

The Marquis of Bute, who recently sold his extensive colliery property in the Aberdare district of Glamorgan, is one of the very wealthiest members of the peerage. He is a first-rate all-around sportsman, and is very fond of a good story.

He tells an amusing yarn about a certain clergyman who asked a small boy:

"Who is the elderly gentleman I have seen you in church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will promise to keep him awake during the sermon I will give you a penny a week."

The boy agreed, and for the next few Sundays the old grandfather was made to hear the sermon. The clergyman was delighted at the success of his little scheme and handed over the weekly penny according to contract.

One Sunday, however, the old gentleman went to sleep as before. Very much vexed, the clergyman accosted the boy at the end of the service.

"I am very angry with you," he said. "Your grandfather was asleep as usual during the sermon today. I shall certainly not give you a penny this week."

"It doesn't matter," replied the boy coolly; "grandpa gives me two-pence not to disturb him."—Exchange.

Fowl Names.

The fat plumber was in a philosophical mood.

"There is simply no understanding woman," he observed.

"Whaddye mean, understand?" the thin carpenter asked, just to start the conversation.

"Well, for instance, a woman does not object to being called a duck."

"No."

"And she even smiles if one happens to refer to her as a chicken."

"Too true."

"And most of them will stand for being called squabs, broilers or turtle doves."

"Yes, yes, but what's the idea?"

"It's just this," the fat plumber exclaimed. "A woman objects to being called a hen, and a hen is the most useful bird of the whole blooming bunch."—Youngstown Telegram.

The Geography Lesson.

A large map was spread upon the wall and the teacher was instructing the class in geography.

"Horace," said she, to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north, you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."

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The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 2, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacant after July 2 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for Scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for Scholarship examination blanks.

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