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A. E. GONZALES, President.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1920.

THE STATE'S SURVEY.

Harding is now in our "last ditch."

• • •

So the league of nations has decided to help Armenia—if it can find it.

• • •

"Article X" seems to have more "kick" in it than "article XXX" used to have.

• • •

The Pilgrims invented Thanksgiving day, but the turkey has kept it going on its pilgrimage.

• • •

The hero of "Broken Colour," by Harold Ohlson, has a wooden leg, but his standing with the heroine is, we hope, perfect.

• • •

England and France may "wash their hands of Greece;" but they will get them all messed up again if they try to deal with Turkey.

• • •

President-elect Harding will probably agree with the poet that earth proudly wears the Canal as "the brightest jewel in her Zone."

• • •

In his latest play, Fatty Arbuckle assumes the part of a lawyer. With his build, there does not seem much fear that he would be an ambulance-chaser.

• • •

A Lloyd George has been elected rector of Edinburgh, but not, as Punch observes, the one. No, some of the opposition consider him the Wrecker of the Empire.

• • •

At Howesville, West Virginia, a meteor fell, exploded, and damaged a motor car. These drivers are becoming more and more reckless as to what they rush into.

• • •

One thing—the only one—that makes us shaky about the power of the press, is the lack of success that the papers have had in spreading the cause of modest dancing.

• • •

The famous Punch Almanack, with a poem of Christmas greeting, reached us on Thanksgiving day. That was pretty speedy, but it was certainly something to be thankful for.

• • •

The land in Siberia leased by W. B. Vanderlip, is said to be 'a sort of half-sister to Alaska." Related on the side of Mother Earth, it is to be hoped, not through the 'little Father."

• • •

As Constantine was the first of the Eastern Greek monarchs, so Constantine the Little—Teeny Tino—will be the last monarch of modern Greece—if they succeed in putting him back on the throne.

• • •

VOLUNTEERS.

Professor of Physiology: "I shall show demonstrate the deleterious effects of alcohol on the stomach, using the stomach of a calf as the subject."

Chorus of Students: 'Oh Professor, would you mind using mine instead?"

• • •

Truth must be, as the proverb says, at the bottom of the well, for there doesn't seem to be any of it on the surface in Russia. Nobody has, apparently, succeeded in bringing any of the eternal or even evanescent verities back from that utter darkness.

• • •

When Paul visited Athens he found an altar "to the unknown god." Some future traveler, an explorer from New Zealand or an apostle of some new faith of humanity, may discover in Paris or in London—perhaps in Washington—a monument "to the unknown guard."

• • •

A Kansas City weather prophet foretells that the cold winter will extend into April, because the planet Venus will, between February 9 to April 22, repel the earth from the sun. Can't we send that long delayed message to Mars, and ask him to entice her in the opposite direction.

• • •

If America again fails to respond to the plea of the civilized powers to intercede for Armenia, France is to offer to do the work. It is a great and a glorious consolation to know that among the nations there is always one—France—to volunteer in the service of mankind at whatever cost.

• • •

Secretary Baker has vetoed the proposal to bring an unidentified soldier from France and bury him with honor in New York. It would, says Mr. Baker, set an awkward precedent. Of course, Atlanta would immediately demand an equal chance to edge into the lime light even in this gruesome way.

• • •

The Greeks have recently had two terrific experiences, one in getting rid of Konstantinos and his Huns and Bulgars and Turks, the other in losing their greatest benefactor and leader, Venizelos. As Byron sang and wrote: "Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung," "The modern Greek in tolerable verse"—

Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

• • •

Italy is preaching the doctrine of self-determination as applicable to the Greek problem over the possible restoration of Constantine. Such principles espoused by a government that still keeps the Greeks out of their heritage in the Twelve Islands of the Dodekanisi, and would seize other Greek soil if allowed to do so, might, in other times than this post-war era, seem preposterous. Now it is the usual line of talk for all governments.

• • •

The butler of a lady who has been robbed of her jewels recently in New York, and whose case (the lady's, not the butler's), takes columns in the papers, may be, as she claims, an innocent and loyal person, but it is very evident that he is no butler. According to his testimony he was attired in his pajamas at 8:30 p. m., and when he heard the upstairs bell, he shouted up the stairs to 'ascertain whether he or the maid was wanted. We should say that he was something else, perhaps a Bohemian or an artist, masquerading as a butler.

• • •

The League of Nations is asking this country upon what terms it is willing to enter the assembly of the powers. Even the Senatorial clique is not agreed, and Senator Harding will find it impossible to continue indefinitely the equilibristic act he performed daily in the campaign to the satisfaction of Borah and Johnson and millions of bemused but confiding Republican men and women. The President-Elect must soon declare himself in somewhat more definite terms than he used to intrigue the August Senators of his cabal and oligarchy. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die." Is it "dead" or living? And which are you?

To a Mountain Treasure House.

Forty miles north of Spartanburg, the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio north bound railroad train runs through a tunnel, then glides along a branch of the Catawba a dozen miles, under the mountains, then climbs them, through tunnels and over snaky curves and loops that bewilder with their mazes, to Alta Pass. There the descent begins along the bank of Toe river and the emergence is through the gorge of the same river, its name changed to Nollchucky, at Unaka Springs, into a valley country enclosed by low mountains. In these lovely valleys of Tennessee are the towns of Erwin, Johnson City and Kingsport. Beyond Kingsport the train leaves the valley and enters again the mountain glens, the road following the marge of the Clinch river, through Western Virginia to Elkhorn, in Kentucky.

One traveling the 277 miles of this railroad has with him a sensation that he is going, not over, not along, but through the hard backbone of the country to fetch up at a rich treasure at its head. The treasure is the coal in the Virginia and the Kentucky mountains. Of the marvels of engineering of the railroad; of the beauty here and the ruggedness there, of the scenery of the ten miles of tunnels and the scores of miles of curves that twine and turn so that the railroad looks in places as though it were tiers of benches built on mountain sides as benches are placed in a stadium, whereby the cars of Clinchfield coal are all but enabled to coast from their mighty storehouses to the low grounds and to the sea; one might write a volume. Or one might describe the journey from Spartanburg to Elkhorn, seeming paradox though it be, as a descent into a great shaft reaching to the pits of Golconda and while descending losing sight of the world outside and forgetting its existence. Nowhere can the traveler lose himself so completely as on this amazing railroad, with the long rows of miners' cottages on the steep hills above and the black mouths of mines themselves gaping higher above them. To be sure, one might go farther, by the Chesapeake and Ohio, from Elkhorn—but why? The bottom of the pit is at Elkhorn, one has beheld the treasure, and that is enough.

It is the treasure brought so close to South Carolina, to Charleston, to Columbia and to Spartanburg and to all the cities and the ports of South Carolina and Georgia that has the practical appeal. It is a treasure which we share, by means of this railroad

The Clinchfield mines and those other extensive coal fields that the railroad penetrates or borders have been scratched—that is all. For years to come that may not be counted, there are coals to run our factories, to warm our hearths and enrich our ports and the railroad that hauls them is the last word in economical transportation. Coming South, the highest grades that the loaded cars must climb are about 17 feet to the mile and there are few of them; going up the grades are never more than 27 feet to the mile. In short, the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio brings to the lowlands the coal indispensable to their prosperity at the lowest rate possible for coal to be hauled and the distance from the fields to Columbia (down hill) is about twice the distance from Spartanburg to Charleston!

The railroad was not built, a dozen years ago, with a philanthropic motive. It was built to carry the coal to its natural market, of which Columbia is a part. The development of the mines and the market has scarcely begun To us, intent upon developing our cities and our territory, there are "millions in it" and it is but required that we familiarize ourselves with the "Clinchfield" to realize them.

No, the railroad was not constructed as a charity, but its results must be benevolent none the less. It has made the Clinchfield coal our coal and it eliminates the last penny of waste in the delivery of that necessary to us.

Why Not Watson?

As a "best mind," Thomas E. Watson of Georgia is distinctly superior to "Jim" Reed of Missouri, and Shields of Tennessee. Mr. Watson has information in his mind about Europe, he has written a history of France, while what Reed and Shields do not know of most subjects, except log-rolling and wire-pulling in their respective bailiwicks, would fill the Congressional library.

If the President-elect is to disregard Watson for Reed and Shields (Watson being in accord with them in respect of President Wilson's policies) his skill in appraising "minds" must suffer in reputation.

When President Wilson wished to consult a Republican, he did not send for La Follette. He designated Henry White as a member of the peace commission.

Senator Harding could call into conference Senator Pomerene with Reed and Shields on no other theory than that Pomerene would be outvoted by his "Democratic" colleagues—Pomerene being a man of sense, a clear-headed, thorough-going American patriot. By substituting Watson for Pomerene, Senator Harding would be sure of harmony in the Democratic contingent, though his plan to make the Democratic party ridiculous would in that way be more candidly declared.

In the Fitness of Things.

Mr. Harding should name W. E. Burghardt DuBois, Minister to Haiti, where he will find his people—not raw from the jungle, but on a fertile and beautiful island, where, after generations of contact with the cultured French (a contact that DuBois with his Gallic patronymic should appreciate) they have for more than a hundred years, untrammeled by white domination, or association, stood on their own feet or crawled on their own bellies, as free to choose their own paths and live their own lives, as the vultures that stoop above them from blue Caribbean skies.

Republicans Flout the "Mandate."

The Republicans are preparing to do precisely what most persons, including themselves, expected they would do—flout the "mandate" of the voters as to the utter and complete rejection of the Treaty and the League of Nations. They are preparing to have this country sneak into the league in some way or other, and either to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, or get whatever war-spoil may be gained by a separate peace.

It is now being urged that there really was no "referendum," and no "mandate" as to the league and treaty has been given by the electorate. But to say this is to deny one or two very positive things: For—

The Democrats "went to the country" on that "solemn referendum," and came back from the country with a somewhat dazed notion that the voters had jumped on the referendum with both feet, and kicked the treaty and league into kingdom come: and—

Mr. Cox asserted as the irreducible minimum of his position that he was "in favor of going in;" and—

Mr. Harding thereupon declared that he was in favor of "staying out," and of "turning his back upon it," and doing other dreadful and lethal things to the league and treaty; and, furthermore—

Since the counting of the votes, Senator Lodge has announced that the verdict was that the league was as dead as Caesar, or as a door-nail or, as Dickens preferred, a "coffin-nail"—Senator Harding had announced this demise of the league even before the vote—

Now, what is the sum total of all this pother?

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts gets up on his hind legs and again declares, as solemn as an owl or a crow, "the league is dead."

Vice President-elect Coolidge, also of the Massachusetts intelligentsia, comes back at the Senator, and says: "You can't say it"—that is, that the people of this country voted to kill the league.

But Senator Lodge says it, and Harding said it, and millions of fair and otherwise women said it, and millions of "God-Almighty's Freemen" asserted it at the polls.

It's as dead as Hektor, and needs only a little dragging at the tail of the Elephant around the walls of Troy.

"You can't say," asserted Governor Coolidge in Boston last Tuesday, "that there was a preponderance of votes against the League of Nations"

This is equivalent to drawing the "short and ugly word" on Senator Lodge, who had said precisely that only a day or two before.

Says the little Governor: "I doubt if any particular mandate was given at the last election on the question of the League of Nations"

There is general impression in this country and abroad that such a mandate was given by the men and women who voted for Harding.

But it is inconvenient now to accept such a mandate, as it was inconvenient before the election to deny that it was being voted by the people

Listen to the New York Tribune, after having got its brains out of cold storage:

"Senator Harding was deliberately non-committal with respect to a precise program. He openly avowed that he matured no policy. Under the circumstances no popular mandate was possible."

Not only is such a mandate inferable from the voting, but it is inescapable in morals. Of course, it will be side-stepped in politics.

The Republican leaders have no more intention of accepting this "mandate" than they had of accepting one for Armenia.

And they have no more respect for this "vox populi vox-dei" verdict than they had for the same verdict in their own primaries

Silence and Fun at the Movies.

There is something approaching a crusade against the habit indulged by so many of talking continuously and loudly at the movies.

"Why should one be silent at the movies?" these tireless conversationalists ask. "We are disturbing no one, as the screen pictures are not accompanied with spoken words."

But they are wrong again. They are disturbing everyone within sound of their voices.

The other day one of the most prominent actors in the silent drama, Miss Pearl White, gave an explanation of why silence is as necessary at the movies as in the speaking theater. And yet we remember to have seen Miss Pearl moving through her complex series of thrills on the screen to a bedlam of uproars and guffaws, whistling, and cat-calls—always of approval, but terribly benumbing to any observer really interested in the proper working out of the plot and the graphic telling of the story. We quote from a summary of Miss White's argument as we find it in the New York Tribune:

> Talk at other mere spectacles is active enough—at football games, prizefights or the circus, for example Why is the screen so sacred that vision of it must not be disturbed even by sound waves?
>
> A possible answer was offered by Miss Pearl White at an Authors' League luncheon recently. This was that the moving pictures demanded more creative effort on the part of the audience than the spoken play. Before a film each spectator must supply his own dialogue—save only as the captions give key speeches. Miss W te ascribed much of the success of the moving picture to this exercise of creative instinct which is called forth. As a further consequence came the silence of the movie crowd, which was busy imagining spoken words upon the lips before them, and found other words actually spoken about them a disturbing cross-current.

But there are other disturbing things that the spectator of the movies has to contend with, which Miss White did not refer to in her protest against talking There are even more annoying noises than conversation. Some of these are the whistling in an obvious but not always successful attempt to follow the machine-made music or even the artistic music furnished by some shows; and the beating of time with heel and toe on the floor, or on the backs of seats And there is, of course, the reading aloud of the "titles" and explanations thrown on the screen. Some of this is necessary in the case of the blind or of the very young; but it could be made less annoying.

One particularly Southern noise of the movies is the crunching of peanuts and other nuts, and the accompanying rattle and crackling of the paper-bags. Often the hulls of peanuts and other nuts are strewn on the floor, to be crushed beneath the feet with a disturbing noise and a feeling that one is in baseball bleachers, or attending a wrestling bout in some obscure hall.

But there is a kind of annoyance far worse than any of these. It is the habit, more noticeable, we fear, in the South than in other regions, due to our habit of elevating the feet as much as possible. Those behind frequently thrust their feet through the space between the seats, or their knees against the back of the seat administering a ceaseless series of jabs and jolts to one's spine and temper.

It seems impossible for the youth of this generation to make its feet behave whenever it hears jazz music, or for the average American to keep his or her feet on the floor when sitting. The first thing many persons do when they sit is to slouch as deeply into the seat as possible, and thrust his or her knees into the back of the seat ahead. This makes it pleasant for the occupant of the seat that is being jostled and kicked about.

But there are so many such petty annoyances that it seems captious to pick on a half dozen.

And yet—the movies could be made and kept a source of great enjoyment and a real benefit to the public.

The public—which includes all of us—needs more light on the subject—

As do, also, some of the theaters, which are so dark that one who adventures down their dim aisles is apt to stumble over half a dozen independent American feet thrust out into the gloom.

Do You Know the Bible?

Questions and Answers Arranged by J. Wilson Roy.

411. To whom did God promise that his children should be in numbers as the stars in heaven?

412 What did Solomon name the two pillars in the porch of the temple?

413 Who was the last king of Judah?

414 What king of Israel, commanded 85 priests to be slain with a sword?

415 When was the feast of tabernacles celebrated for the first time after the death of Joshua?

416. Who wished to 'die the death of the righteous?"

417. What king was wounded in battle, and to avoid the reproach of being killed by a woman ordered his armor-bearer to slay him?

418 Who was king of Sodom at the time of its destruction?

419. Who was king of Gomorrah at the time of its destruction?

420 What was Aaron's conduct when his two sons were destroyed by fire?

Answers to Yesterday's Questions

401. Genesis 1 3
402. Genesis 3.15
403 Numbers 1:1.
404 Exodus 18:13
405. Genesis 12:1-6.
406. Genesis 4:1
407. Genesis 4 9.
408. Exodus 7.20.
409. Job 38.7.
410. Genesis 3.1; Timothy 2.14.

The Fortress Impregnable

By John Breck.

The trees shudder before a wild West wind. Flurries of snowflakes swirl against the dark pines like the gnats in yesterday's sun. It seems unbelievable—till you remember the moist foot of a glacial moraine is the gnat's happy hunting ground, their nursery the running stream still warm as early April Curiosity at this suggestion, goes to see if any are yet a-wing.

And Curiosity finds them Down on the beach, below the high bluff which shelters them from the storm, a young maple holds springlike green, and the last late budded sprigs of some clustering elm suckers hang on, though their yellow leaves are shed. Poison ivy drips sinister spatters of carmine over them. They stir lightly, while the curled dead oak leaves, swept from the bank above, blow into the whitecaps a stone's throw beyond where the shore waves lap the pebbles. The wind pours over the bank like a cataract, leaping far out from its leafy wall Here hover the inevitable gauze wings, still as snow flakes themselves in this mysterious eddy of silence.

There is a strange joylessness about their dancing, perhaps they are overchaperoned for a chaperone is there A brief brown wing beats among the green, a stubby tail tips upward, then reverses to give place to an inquisitive beak, a critical black eye Curiosity is well scrutinized Meantime, curiosity has a fine chance to scrutinize back the plump, sturdy legged winter wren.

Something evidently fails to please her for she switches off, showing—is it striped breast feathers or a black and buff petticoat She vanishes. Surely she has not escaped curiosity's eyesight in a radius of ten feet Right at the bank she disappeared. But where

There's not a branch of in diameter to hide her; but a section of old water pipe lies in the leaves, craning forward a capacious elbow. Incredulous, curiosity peers in—and meets that disapproving eye. It boldly peers forth in answer, for she who has found this fortress impregnable even to the arch enemy of the wild, needs show no fear. No, that glint is one of sheer derision if curiosity can only read it.

Drawing an Audience.

Professor Letterkink—I'm delighted to see so large a gathering in the house. I never spoke to an audience of more than 40 before. Your townsmen are interested in science?

The Local Editor—Not much But my compositor in setting up the ad of your lecture on the "Cosmic Forces," left the "s" out of "Cosmic."

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Benham—Be a man.

Benham—How can I, when you keep me so short?

Well and Worth

By H. Addington Bruce.

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A loud, stout, florid faced man, he made himself offensively conspicuous in the hotel dining room In his insistence on prompt and ample service, in his general bearing to waiters and fellow guests alike, he was arrogance personified

'Who is that big boor?" one diner asked another, as the lordly one swaggeringly took his departure.

"Why, that is Gotrox, the millionaire," was the answer, as of one surprised at the other's lack of knowledge.

"Ah!" came the questioner's response.

And, somehow, the 'Ah" had in it nothing of the contempt with which the question had been put. There actually had crept into it a curious note of subservient respect.

Which is precisely why, in the most democratic of modern countries, coin snobs abound.

We sneer at coin snobbishness, we rail against it, we despise it for the miserable thing that it is Yet too many of us if we happen to come into touch with a real live coin snob, unconsciously give his snobbishness a tacit approval. One can hardly blame the coin snob for waxing ever more snobbish.

It is as though we deemed wealth and worth identical. No misidentification could be more absurd. No misidentification could be more mischievous.

Under its impulse men not merely venerate people undeserving even of respect, but strain every nerve to attain wealth for themselves. Huge bank accounts alone, their belief seemingly is, can give them a claim to true merit.

So they race, race, race, and fight, fight, fight for the spurious token of worth—great riches.

Great riches, of course, are not incompatible with true worth. There are many worthy wealthy, just as there are many unworthy poor. But let a man begin to think overmuch of the gaining of wealth and the chances are that pretty soon moral myopia will affect his spiritual vision.

Then we should have—as today we have on a tremendous scale—not coin snobbishness only, but heartless profiteering, mean swindling, a miasmatic atmosphere of "each for his own." Democracy can not prosper on such a basis. Society itself can not endure

Gold is all very well in its place—but its place is not in the hearts of men. Gold is a capital standard of exchange—but a miserable standard of human excellence. These are truths from which, in the welter of limousines, fine apparel and luxurious foods, we seem to be drifting more and more rapidly.

The folly of it all!

The folly of censuring and condemning the man of wealth simply because he is wealthy, yet feverishly struggling to become men of wealth ourselves The folly of hating coin snobs, yet applauding them, kowtowing to them, and thus puffing them up still more in their foolish conceit of their great worth.

We need, we sorely need, to get back to realities, to measure men, not by what they have, but what they do, and ourselves endeavor not to gain much, but to achieve much. Otherwise all the wealth in the world will not save the world from a catastrophic collapse.

That is certain.

Every Battleship a School

By Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1919, by Frank Crane.)

I recently had a very illuminating visit on board the battleship Tennessee.

It was illuminating because I found it not only a fighting machine but a school house.

All through it I saw classes of sailors studying lessons Instead of playing cards, swapping yarns, engaging in fisticuffs and horse play in their spare time, the sailors were gathered in groups around tables studying

The officers were enthusiastically acting as teachers Instead of exercising their vanity and privilege as martinets, they were utilizing their superior advantages in helping the "gobs" get on.

I witnessed the early stages of growth of a magnificent transforming idea That idea is that, instead of grinding up the lives of the common sailors as grist in the great mill of naval efficiency, the navy was preparing a better efficiency by making a man's two or four years enlistment term a college course, a preparatory school for life.

A young man ellisting today in the navy for three years need not look upon that period as so much lost out of his best days, and except to emerge a stunted thing, having learned only the one bitter lesson of absolute obedience, but he may anticipate three years of special training wherein he can learn that which will enable him to be an expert in some useful occupation, and if he wishes to remain in the service he can reasonably look forward to advancement.

Why not? A battleship is perhaps the most perfect laboratory in the world All its machinery must be the best of its kind and up to date. The instructors are most capable By using his spare time to improve his intelligence a sailor can make his years of naval service a valuable life-asset.

And all this time he is fed, housed and clothed He travels over the world. He learns teamplay and the knack of getting along with his fellows as he can learn it nowhere else. He develops habits of efficiency and accuracy. And if he does not graduate a better and more capable man the fault is his own

"Join the Navy" is an exhortation that ought to reach our best grade of young men. It stands to reason that our navy will better represent the nation, and be a surer defense and a prouder asset, if it is recruited, not from the dregs of coast towns, but from the best product of our high schools.

As soon as this movement is generally understood there is going to be a waiting list of naval recruits, for young men will see that two years spent in this best of schools will be a privilege

Twenty Years Ago

Columbia, Items From The State of November 27, 1900.

The committee of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian synod was here a few days ago and selected a site for the church that synod will build here. But before the trade could be closed the owner took the property off the market. He will not sell at any price.

D. P. Efird, member of the house from Lexington, was in the city yesterday He brought along 23 fine turkeys which he sold at nine cents a pound He realized on the lot nearly as much as he would on a bale of cotton and it cost him practically nothing.

The Rev. Emmanuel A. Wingard, D D, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, died yesterday morning at 4 45 o'clock at his home at the corner of Bull and Blanding streets

W. C. Brice, who was injured in the wreck near Hardeeville last week, died last night at 7 30 o clock

W M Lown of Irene is dead This will be a shock to his many friends in Columbia, as well as in Lexington. Mr Lown was a very young man and had a bright future for one so young

J. M Rawlinson, postmaster and railroad agent at Congaree, was in the city yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock a large number of sorrowing friends and heart broken relatives gathered at St. Peter's Roman Catholic church to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Donald McQueen.

So Strange.

Cartooons Magazine.

"It's strange, mother—"

"What, dear?"

"That all the ox eyed girls now have peroxide hair."

Home Nursing and Health Hints

Starch, and a Near Tragedy.

By M. Jessie Leitch

"I'm quite sure poor Matilda has something seriously wrong with her," said the woman who sat anxiously on the edge of the chair and looked sorry for Matilda.

Matilda being a well built girl—about 17 or so, with ruddy skin and a figure a trifle heavy for her age—the new neighbor said nothing but regarded Matilda thoughtfully.

Then she said, "Your daughter looks wonderfully healthy, I think. Perhaps you are mistaken. One is so apt to worry about one's own children."

"I'm not a child any more. I'm always telling mother that. But she will baby me." The girl spoke sullenly, evidently as embarrassed at the discussion of her health as most young girls are, under the circumstances.

Neighbor Wins Girl's Heart.

"You're not really ill, are you?" and as she spoke the new neighbor won the girl's heart by her gentleness Matilda's mother never allowed Matilda to think for herself. She looked at her, decided she was not well, or that Matilda looked badly, and gave the child no opportunity to even decide her own aches and pains

"No, I'm not But mother makes me eat the things she says are good for me. And I'm always so sleepy. I don't know what is the matter with me" The girl's face was flushed and she spoke with exasperation

"What do you eat?" asked the neighbor, resigning herself to an afternoon of tedious sick room discussion.

"I read it all in a book," Matilda's mother announced triumphantly. "Bran bread and lots of cereals though I just have to make Matilda eat them. And eggs and lots of milk and custards—and oh, just everything that's good for her!"

Ate Very Few Vegetables.

"No vegetables?" hazarded the new neighbor. "Or fruits?"

"Well, the acids bad for her blood," said the mother. "So except for the potatoes and field vegetables, which it's just a struggle to make her eat, I suppose she doesn't really get many vegetables."

"Poor Matilda," thought the neighbor. And, she decided to include her awkward young neighbor in the tennis matches the cross country hikes, and the swimming lessons she was insisting upon her own young daughter taking as soon as they were settled. For the summer holidays were only a few days distant

It required some persuasion to convince the mother of Matilda that the real reason of Matilda's sleepiness after meals was that Matilda was eating the wrong kind of food and being simply overloaded with sugars and starches that her system could not assimilate. And more persuasion to obtain permission for the girl to join in the daily exercises of her new neighbors, who were sun browned specimens of sinewy strength.

Matilda's Face Brightens.

Then there was the introduction of quantities of green vegetables, of fruit and of water into the girl's diet And the new flash of interest, the flush of color in Matilda's face.

Finally there was the gratification the new neighbor felt when Matilda, sun browned, thinner, walking with springing step, threw her arms around her neck one day in autmun and said:

'I wanted you to know that I feel so good all the time. And I'm never sleepy any more except at bed time, of course. Wasn't it just too silly of mother and I to think that I had anything wrong with me?"

"Not silly, I think, dear, Just the blindness of mother love" And as she patted the girl's hand the new neighbor realized that a new dignity and gentleness had come to the girl who was at last allowed to be well in spite of the love that had been almost blind in its anxiety to be kind

John Burroughs' Nature Notes

Can You Answer These Questions?

1 Why are there more crows than jays?

2 How big is the largest glacier in Alaska?

3 Does the fox hold his own against hunters?

Answers in Monday's nature notes

Answers to Previous Questions.

1. What bird is not found in California?

The crow is such a true countryman, so much at home everywhere, so thoroughly in possession of the land, going his way winter and summer in such noisy contentment and pride of possession The bird I missed most in California was the crow. I missed his glistening coat in the fields, his ebony form and hearty call in the sky.

2 How do cows sow seeds?

The seeds of many plants are deftly concealed in tempting fruit which some creature will eat, and thus the hard coated seeds will get disseminated. How many apple trees and red thorn trees the cow plants! The seeds which her teeth do not crush escape from her body and are planted

3. Do any butterflies survive the winters in the North?

Some of the butterflies winter over. The mourning cloak, the first butterfly to be seen in spring, has passed the winter in my "Slabsides" The monarch migrates probably the only one of our butterflies that does It is a great flyer. I have seen it in the fall sailing serenely along over the inferno of New York's streets

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Sauce for the Gander.

Harper's Magazine.

During a trial in a Western court an Irish witness was called upon to give his testimony

"Did you see the shot fired?' was the first question put to him.

"No, sir, but I heard it"

"That is not satisfactory. You will step down

As the Irishman turned to go, he laughed out loud Whereupon he was rebuked by the court and told that he was in contempt.

"Did your honor see me laugh?" questioned the witness respectfully.

"No, but I heard you"

"Excuse me, your honor, but that is not satisfactory"

Then the court did not seek to restrain its own laughter

Then Watch Out.

Cartoons Magazine

Jimmy—Gee, a Jane must be interested in a guy when she begins to pick threads off'n his coat

Tommy—Nothin' to when she begins to pick hairs off'n it!

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

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HOW TO KEEP WELL

Health Hints by Dr. W. A. Evans, Professor of Hygiene in Northwestern University and Former Health Commissioner of Chicago.

Question pertinent to hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, in matters of general interest, will be answered in this column. Where space will not permit or the subject is not suitable letters will be personally answered, subject to proper limitations and where a stamped addressed envelope is inclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individual diseases. Requests for such service can not be answered.

Letters should be addressed to DR. W. A. EVANS, Columbia, S. C., Care The State.

For "Bearded Ladies."

Why do women get beards and what can they do about it? This may not be a matter of physical health, but it does concern mental health. I know women who would give up anything, even their pet dogs, for a satisfactory solution of the latter half of the question.

If any want to know what the expert dermatologists think about it let them get the Journal of Cutaneous Diseases for December, 1917, and read what Dr. E. L. McEwen says on the subject.

He says that practically all cases of hypertrichosis and that is the skin specialists' name for the bearded lady, have in their causation one or more of the following. (1) Heredity, (2) ill chosen treatment. (3) Antecedent inflammatory conditions of the skin. (4) Disturbance of the function of certain ductless glands.

Of these heredity is the most frequent factor. A mother transmits it to her daughter, the mothers of certain races to their daughters. If women who inherit this tendency try to get rid of the oncoming beard by any one of several useless measures they make matters worse. They should leave matters alone until they are ready to have thorough measures used.

By ill chosen treatment he means snipping, shaving, the use of depilatories, epilation, grinding with pumice stone, bleaching, removal with barium.

By antecedent inflammatory conditions of the skin he has reference to prolonged and severe acne. The ductless glands which have much to do with the abundance of hair and its distribution are the thyroid, the gonads, or sex glands, the pituitary and the adrenals.

For the removal of superfluous hair nothing is so satisfactory as electrolysis, commonly called the needle. But it must be carefully done by a skillful person. If too much electricity is used blisters and scars result. If too little the hair regrows. However, when the hair regrows, it generally persists for only a season, then drops out. A second treatment of a given hair is not often necessary.

X-rays and radium will do the work, but if the dose is ample to remove the hair permanently the chance is at least even that the skin will suffer.

Dr. McEwen gives first place to electrolysis, even though it is tedious, painful, expensive, and frequently unsatisfactory. Perhaps the time will come when we can treat superfluous hair by giving ductless glands Dr. McEwen thought it worth while to experiment with corpus luteum as a remedy for a bearded face taking on male characteristics In fact, he advocates experimenting with the gonads, the adrenals and the pituitary. Above all, he warns against "tinkering with a slight growth of hair."

May Need More Food.

Mrs. J. M writes: "What is the matter with my baby? She weighed six pounds at birth, May 6, and now she weighs 12 pounds and had weighed that ever since she was four months old What makes her stools dark and very offensive? She seems bright and sleeps well I nurse her. Should I put her on cow's milk?"

She probably needs more food than she is getting. If she gained 100 per cent. in four months she is running ahead of schedule. In fact, she is about on schedule now But being six months old and cold weather at hands, she can take some cow's milk with safety. Begin by giving her about once ounce of cow's milk diluted for age after each breast feeding.

How to Kill Ringworm.

J. A. L. writes: "I have had a ringworm for nine months on my head. I doctored it several months with salve. Doctors did no good. I saw that you recomended X-ray treatment. One X-ray doctor gave me three 'mild' treatments of five minutes each, and a week apart, and one week ago gave it a 'stronger' treatment. In all I have had four treatments Is there danger of injury to the grain? I do not believe the ringworm is killed yet, and if not what would you recommend?"

X-rays will not injure your brain To kill ringworm you should have a dose of X-rays sufficiently strong to cause all the hairs on the patch to fall out and to produce a good deal of local soreness. After the hairs have dropped out treat the patch with sulphur ointments.

Keep Up the Massage.

V. M. M. writes: "I would like to know how to get rid of smallpox marks, which I have had since I was an infant. I haven't many, but they are in my face and disfigure it very much I have been massaging my face for a short time night and morning with cold cream, but the marks do not seem to disappear. Do you think that they will disappear after a while if I massage my face with cold cream, or is there anything else that you would recommend?'

Keep up the massage. Continue to use cold cream The preparation used in massaging is of minor importance. It serves only to decrease friction. It is the physical force which does the work. Removing smallpox pits is no fly by night job Your only chance of results is to stick to your knitting.

To Moisten Hot Air.

Miss M. W. writes: '1. Our house is heated by a hot air furnace, and we think we can see a detrimental effect of the dry air on our hair and skin. Can you suggest a practical way of supplying moisture?

"2. What should be the percentage of moisture in the air?

"3. Is there any instrument that indicates the amount of dryness or moisture?'

1. An evaporating pan should be placed in the hot air chamber of the furnace above the firebox This method is coming into fairly general use.

2 About 40 to 50 per cent. relative humidity.

3 A wet and dry bulb thermometer is not expensive, it is easily operated and observed, and is fairly accurate.

Write to Washington.

Mrs. B W. writes: "Kindly tell where I may get a copy of the public health reports for September 24? Thank you for writing 'Hay Fever Resorts' and 'Fleeing From Pollens.'"

Write to the United States public health service, Washington, D. C, or superintendent of documents, Washington, D. C.

THE BARTON BEDTIME STORIES

By John Barton

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Tabitha Puss-cat's Secret.

"Tell Nibble Rabbit his family has something to tell him." When Nibble heard these words in that purring, puss-cat voice from nowhere in particular, his heart began to thump. Not since he was a scary little bunny, with Glider the Blacksnake chasing him, had he known what it was to be quite so frightened. He forgot all about the Fieldmice in Tommy Peele's grain He forgot all about the Woodsfolk who were holding a meeting about them when the voice interrupted it. He forgot all about everything in the world but his bunny babies that he'd left with Silk-ears, their mother, in Tommy Peele's garden. Had she eaten one of them—that wicked cat?

I guess he covered a dozen feet at every leap as he went to find them. Something to tell him? Well I guess they had. "Daddy Rabbit! Daddy Rabbit!" they all gasped, hopping about him till he couldn't count the little tufty tails of them 'Guess what happened! Let me tell him! No, let me!" and the rest of the Woodsfolk, and Watch the Dog, even down to fat old Dr. Muskrat, got there before he could get them quieted down so he could understand a single thing.

'We were following our mammy in the dusky dark—at least we thought we were following her—and all of a sudden she turned around—and it wasn't her at all—she hadn't any ears—and she began to wave her long tail—and blink great shiny eyes like Croaker Hop-toads—and then—"

"And then," squealed the littlest one, "she said: 'Tell your father I know a bunny from a rat because I've had a good look at them.' And she was gone. We didn't know where, so we didn't dare to run"

Nibble sat down and scratched his collar with his hind foot, he was that puzzled about it. It was the very foot he'd kicked her over with that morning for pretending rats were what she took them for. 'But she didn't hurt you?" he gasped "Why not? What did she mean?"

"I don't know," Watch answered, "but she must have had a reason of her own"

"I did," said the 'puss-cat voice, and there Tabitha Puss-cat stood beside him, purring 'Until we get these mice cleaned off this farm I want to make a compact with your friends. If they won't hunt me I won't hunt them" She looked specially at Tad Coon.

He Covered a Dozen Feet at Every Leap as He Went to Find Them.

"By the curl in a bullfrog's tail," Tad exclaimed admiringly. "You are a clever one Oh mice, what a lot of claws you'll find a-waiting for you" Of course the Woodsfolk were willing to be friends

But the cat hadn't told all her reason She knew Killer the Weasel had just crawled into that mouse's strawstack. She didn't want to be the one to fight him when he came out again. And she knew just when and why he was coming. That was a secret, too.

Next Story: What Mrs. Puss-Cat Knew.

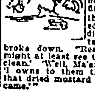
LAUGH WITH US

Joshua Drake was looking round the only empty house in Great Britain—well, the only one you or I have heard about.

"Just a little bit old, isn't it?" he respectfully remarked to the real estate agent.

"Oh, no!" replied the agent, lifting his eyebrows in tremendous amazement at that thought. "This house is comparatively modern."

"But the stairs creak terribly," ventured the prospective tenant.

"Oh," explained the agent, "that's the latest modern improvement in houses. That is a patent burglar alarm staircase. No burglars can get up to the bedroom floor without waking you up."

Mr. Bryan doesn't believe the Republicans will save the country. "Whichever side wins, I'm afraid will act as did the new maid. The new maid was entirely makeshift and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean dinner plate on the table and patience broke down. "Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean.' 'Well, Ma'am, Mary rejoined. 'I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I came.'"