

## The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

### CHAPTER XXVI.

As it chanced, Jasper Grierson was in the act of concluding a long and apparently satisfactory telephone conversation with his agent in Duluth at the moment when the door of his private room opened and his daughter entered.

He hung the receiver on its hook and was pushing the bracketed telephone set aside when Margery crossed the room swiftly and placed an envelope, the counterpart of the one left with Raymer, on the desk.

"There is your notice to quit," she said calmly. "You threw me down and gave me the double-cross the other day, and now I've come back at you."

Another man might have hastened to meet the crisis. But the gray wolf was of a different mettle. He let the envelope lie untouched until after he had pulled out a drawer in the desk, found his box of cigars, and had leisurely selected and lighted one of the fat black monstrosities. When he tore the envelope across, the photographic print fell out, and he studied it carefully for many seconds before he read the accompanying documents. For a little time after he had tossed the papers aside there was a silence that bit. Then he said, slowly:

"So that's your notice, is it? Where does the game stand right now?"

"You stand to lose."

Again the biting silence; and then: "You don't think I'm fool enough to give you back your ammunition so that you can use it on me, do you?"

"Those papers and that picture are copies; the originals are in a sealed envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat, by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will be opened."

Jasper Grierson's teeth met in the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally with- out heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She sprang from the crude and savage upbraiding as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily.

"Calling me bad names doesn't change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the epithet. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Grierson's rage fit, or the mud-volcanic manifestation of it, passed as suddenly as it had broken

struck back.

"Obso. So that's the milk in the coconut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!"

"You may put it that way, if you like; I don't care." She was drawing on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place, and there were sudden flares in the brooding eyes.

"I've been thinking it was the other one—the book writer," said the father. Then, without warning: "He's a damned crook."

The daughter went on smoothing the wrinkles out of the fingers of her gloves. "It makes you think so?" she inquired, with indifference, real or skillfully assumed.

"He's got too much money to be straight. I've been keeping cases on him."

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she interposed. "He is my friend, and I suppose that is enough to make you hate him. About this other matter—ten minutes before three o'clock this afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raymer. If he tells me that his troubles are straightening themselves out, I'll get the papers."

"You'll bring 'em here to me?"

"Some day; after I'm sure that you have broken off the deal with Mr. Galbraith."

Jasper Grierson let his daughter get as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of contempt.

"I suppose you've fixed it up to marry that college-sharp dub so that your mother and sister can rub it into your eyes?" he sneered.

"You can suppose again," she returned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to those women. Because, when he asked me, I told him no. You weren't counting on that, were you?"

And having fired this final shot of contradiction she departed.

After Miss Grierson had driven home from the bank between ten and eleven in the morning, an admiring public saw her no more until just before back-closing hours in the afternoon. As she passed in the basket phaeton between half-past two and three through the overcrossing suburb there were signs of an armistice apparent, even before the battlefield was reached. Pottery Flat was populated again, and the groups of men bunched on the street corners arguing peacefully. Miss Grierson pulled up at one of the corners and beckoned to a young iron-molder.

"Anything new, Malcolm?" she asked.

"You bet your sweet life!" said the young molder, meeting her as most men did, on a plane perfect equality and frankness. "We was hoodooed to beat the band, and Mr. Raymer's got us comin' and goin'. There wasn't no orders from the big federation, at all; and that crooked guy, Clancy, was a fake!"

"He has gone?" she asked.

"He'd better be. If he shows himself around here again, there's goin' to be a mix-up."

Miss Grierson drove on, and at the iron works there were more of the peaceful indications. The gates were open, and a switching engine from the railroad yards was pushing in a car load of furnace coal. By all the signs the trouble floor was abating.

Raymer saw her when she drove under his window and calmly made a hitching post of the clerk who went out to see what she wanted. A moment later she came down the corridor to stand in the open doorway of the manager's room.

"You are still alone?" she asked.

"Yes; Griswold hasn't shown up since morning. I don't know what has become of him."

"And the labor trouble, is that going to be settled?"

He looked away and ran his fingers through his hair as one still puzzled and bewildered. "Some sort of a miracle has been wrought," he said. "A little while ago a committee came to talk over terms of surrender. It seems that the whole thing was the result of a—of a mistake."

"Yes; that's returned quietly. And then: 'You are going to take them back?'"

"Certainly. The plant will start up again in the morning." Then his curiosity broke bounds. "I can't understand it. How did you work the miracle?"

"Perhaps I didn't work it."

"I know well enough you did, in some way."

She dismissed the matter with a toss of the pretty head. "What difference does it make so long as you are out of the deep water and in a place where you can wade ashore? You can wade ashore now, can't you?"

He nodded. "This morning I should have said that we couldn't but now—" he reached over to his desk and handed her a letter to which was pinned a telegram less than an hour old.

She read the letter first. It was a curt announcement of the withdrawal of the Pineboro railroad's repair work. The telegram was still briefer: "Disregard the letter of yesterday," this, and the signature, "Atherton." The smaller plotter returned the correspondence with a little sigh of relief. It had been worse than she had thought, and it was now better than she had dared hope.

"I must be going," she said, rising. "If you will give me my envelope?"

He crossed to the safe and got it for her. His curiosity was still keenly edged, but he beat it back manfully. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said hesitantly. He was searching the changeful eyes for the warrant to say more, but he could not find it.

He was obliged to let it go at that; but when they reached the phaeton

and the horse-holding clerk had been relieved, he spoke of another matter. "I'm a little worried about Kenneth," he told her. "He came down this morning looking positively wretched, but he wouldn't admit that he was sick. Have you seen much of him lately?"

"Not very much"—guardedly—"Did you say he had gone home?"

"I don't know where he has gone. He left here about half an hour before you came, and I haven't seen him since."

"And you are worried because he doesn't look well?"

"Not altogether on that account. I'm afraid he is in a way of sooty kind, never saw a person change so like he has in the past week or so. You know him pretty well, and what a big heart he has?"

She nodded, half mechanically. "Well, there have been times lately when I've been afraid he'd kill somebody—in this squabble of ours, you know. He has been going armed—which was excusable enough, under the circumstances—and night before last, when we were walking together, I had all I could do to keep him from taking a pot-shot at a fellow who he thought was following us. I don't know but I'm taking all sorts of unfair advantage of him, telling you this behind his back, but—"

"No; I'm glad you have told me. Maybe I can help."

He put her into the low basket seat, and tucked the dust-robe around her carefully. While he was doing it he looked up into her face and said: "I'd love you awfully hard for what you have done today—if you'd let me see into his eyes when she answered him. "When you can say that—in just that way—to the right woman, you'll find a great happiness lying in wait for you, Edward. And then she spoke to the Morgan mare and distance came between them."

As once before, in the earlier hours of the same day, Miss Grierson took the roundabout way between the Raymer plant and Mercedes, making the circuit which took her through the college grounds and brought her out at the head of upper Shawnee street. The Widow Holcomb was sitting on her front porch, placidly crocheting, when the phaeton drew up at the curb.

"Mr. Griswold," said the phaeton's occupant. "May I trouble you to tell him that I'd like to speak to him a moment?"

Mrs. Holcomb, friend of the Raymers, the Farnhams, and the Oswalds, and own cousin to the Barrs, was of the preverbal minority; and, apart from this, she had her own opinion of a young woman who would wait at the door of a young man's boarding house and take him off for a night drive to goodness only knew where, and from which he did not return until goodness only knew when. So there was no stich missing in the crocheting when she said, stiffly: "Mr. Griswold isn't in. He hasn't been home since morning."

Miss Grierson drove on, and the most casual observer might have remarked the strained tightening of the lips and the two red spots which came over her face as she reached Mercedes, and did not gain the shelter of the deserted library, that speech came.

"O pitiful Christ!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair and hiding her face in the crook of her arm; "he's done it at last!—he's trying to hide, and that's what they've been waiting for! And I don't know where to look!"

"But Matthew Broffin, tilting lazily in his chair on the downtown hotel porch, knew very well where to look, and he was watching the one outlet of the hiding place as an alert, though outwardly disinterested, house cat watches a mouse's hole.

(To be continued.)

### GEORGIA FARMERS AROUSED

#### Want the State to Establish a Warehouse System.

#### SIGNIFICANT MEETING IN ATLANTA.

Hon. John L. McLaurin and Prominent Georgians Discuss Situation—Governor Harris Willing to Recommend Any Desired Legislation—Washington Administration Commended and Attitude of Banks Criticized.

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer.

Atlanta, Ga., September 21.—As a result of a stirring speech delivered by Hon. John L. McLaurin, state warehouse commissioner of South Carolina to 250 members of the Georgia State Farmers' Union, representing every county in the state, in the capitol today, Governor Nat E. Harris has agreed to include consideration of the state warehouse bill in his call for an extra session of the legislature and to recommend to that body the passage of any state warehouse bill that the Farmers' Union of Georgia might propose.

Charles P. Barrett of Union City, Ga., president of the National Union, presided over the meeting and Mr. John L. McLaurin was the principal speaker, there were also remarks by J. J. Brown, president of the Georgia State Union; Congressman William Schley Howard of the Fifth Georgia district, Congressman W. C. Adamson of the Fourth district and ex-Senator M. J. Johnson of Jackson county.

Senator McLaurin spoke for an hour and a half and then answered questions for thirty minutes or more. His speech has produced a considerable sensation in banking and commercial circles in the city, and has no doubt interested legislators over the state.

For one thing the speaker took up the official record of usurious interest charges by the National banks as given out by Hon. W. G. P. Harding, chairman of the Regional Reserve board, at Raleigh last night, and told how eleven Georgia banks last year charged the cotton producers as high as 30 per cent for loans, and how the average interest charged by all the banks of Georgia exceeded 12 per cent. "If you farmers do not have the manhood to fight for your rights," he declared, "you will soon find yourselves in the condition of mere tenants working for a few big Atlanta banks!"

The speaker told his audience how the warehouse bill would become a law at the recent session of the general assembly except for banking interests that insisted upon the establishment of a big central warehouse in this city under conditions that would require the construction here of a big Georgia cotton gin because they were sought from the banks. "This," the speaker said, "would be the height of folly. All the money obtained on such cotton would be deposited here with the result that the communities in which the cotton was grown would be deprived from all benefits from it, and when the cotton was sold, the money would still remain here building up the banks of Atlanta at the expense of the entire state.

In this connection Mr. McLaurin launched into a tirade against the "traitors in our midst." He declared that he had information that certain bankers were doing all they could to influence the New York banks against lending money on cotton after the price reached ten cents a pound. "Cotton," declared Mr. McLaurin, "is entitled to the benefit of the law of supply and demand, and the banker or anybody else who tries to defeat that law is a traitor to the cotton producer. When cotton was selling last year for 6 cents a pound, our banks of a tie up of the money supply, and we tried to valorize it, they told us we were wrong. Now that the banks are bulging with more money than they know what to do with, is it not equally wrong in them to try to valorize our cotton at 10 cents when they not less than 12 cents? This refusal of credit beyond 10 cents is nothing more or less than an effort to hold the price down to the figure most disastrous to the meeting to depricate the Federal administration; but Mr. McLaurin silenced all such sentiment with a glowing eulogium of the "big man" in the White House. "You had better thank God for Wilson and back him up with all the strength and sincerity of your hope for the welfare of our country, rather than put in your time picking fights in his policy. No greater man than Mr. Wilson, either mentally or morally, has ever administered the affairs of this nation." This declaration elicited cheers of approval.

Mr. McLaurin emphasized the fact that the Federal government had the power to force banks in the Federal reserve to lend money to farmers at a reasonable rate, and said that the administration, through Secretary McAdoo, had already told these banks: "Here is this money—lend it to the farmers at not more than 6 per cent. If the banks did not comply with this, said Mr. McLaurin, the Federal reserve board could enforce obedience by taking away their charters as board members. Also, he declared that the farmers would do well to consider the idea of establishing a bank of their own.

Congressman Adamson agreed with Mr. McLaurin that money was never more plentiful than now, and he advised that if the banks, which could get all the money they wanted at 6 per cent, would not help, the farmers should find some other way to get the money.

Congressman Howard said that only the ports of Germany and Austria were closed to cotton and that the increase in the American demand was more than sufficient to make up for the loss of demand from these two countries. He said also that he had information to believe that the German agents are now buying 3,000,000 bales of cotton to be held in American warehouses until the close of the war.

A striking incident of the meeting was an unusual speech by ex-Senator

### TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

#### News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

#### CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Lancaster News, Sept. 21: While the majority of the motion pictures shown on the screens in Lancaster are not objectionable, many of them having a decided educational value, others have been of such a character as should be prohibited. By what authority the "National Board of Censorship" has its existence, or who constitute that board, we have never been able to ascertain, but we do know that many pictures which claim to bear the stamp of their approval, are not the sort of pictures which tend to elevate those who see them. We do not belong to that class which would condemn all "morality" or "problem" plays, for we know their value and have seen the thoughtful, earnest attention that hundreds of people have given them. We consider the photograph, "The Hypocrites," against which such a storm of protest was raised in Columbia last week, a strong appeal for clean, right living and a plea for truth and sincerity in all the relations of life. Nor would we condemn those simpler plays which though often trite and inconsequential, are nevertheless harmless and clean. And while we personally do not care for many of those in humorous vein, we would not condemn any who find amusement in the pictures in which the appeal to mirth is legitimate and free from vulgarity. In other words, we are not asking for "high brow" presentations nor criticizing the public taste but are rather urging a local censorship which will protect our people from the gross, the immoral, or even the indelicate. Thoughtful citizens elsewhere have found a local board of censors a great safeguard in securing clean pictures. Lancasterians may not be frequently offended by improper pictures and probably we have had no more such presented here than have other towns, but our contention is that certain objectionable features have occasionally been seen here in the past. And what protection have little children and what warning have parents that there will not be a recurrence of pictures which are suggestive of things which children, as well as adults, can well afford not to see? We are not censuring the management of either of the local theatres but are merely suggesting the advisability of a local board of censorship for their own protection as well as for the good of the patrons. On Friday night, Mrs. O. P. Gatling was heard at her best in an organ recital, given at the First Baptist church. Mrs. Gatling made happy and beautiful selections and she was ably assisted by Prof. R. M. McDermid, and her accomplished daughter, Miss Mary Alice Gatling. Mr. Joseph Maree, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maree of Pageland, and Miss Nora Blackmon, daughter of the late J. T. Blackmon, of the Flat Creek section, this county, were married Sunday, September 19. Notary Public W. F. Estridge performing the ceremony.

Gaffney Ledger, Sept. 21: Mrs. Will Shehan died at her home in this city Saturday, after a long illness. She is survived by her husband and one child, a boy. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrison Hill. The funeral and interment took place Saturday at Corinth church. Josie Leoni May Champion, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Champion, died on Tuesday last week after several weeks' illness. The body was buried at Double Springs, N. C., Wednesday. Miss Mary Emory of Gaffney, R. F. D. 1, and Mr. R. D. Dill of Gaffney, were married Thursday, the ceremony being performed by Probate Judge W. D. Kirby. Rev. W. E. Crocker, accompanied by his wife and family, left Gaffney yesterday morning for Atlanta, the first lap of their journey to Chinkiang, China, where Mr. Crocker represents the Broad River Baptist association as a missionary. From Atlanta they will go to San Francisco, stopping for two or three days at Kansas City, Kansas. Mr. Crocker and family will sail from the Gate City on October 2 on the steamer "Chiyo Maru" for Hong Kong. They will reach Chinkiang some two or three weeks after leaving San Francisco. Mr. Crocker and family, after spending ten years in China, returned to Gaffney just a few days more than a year ago. Mr. Crocker, since his return, has been taking the work. During the past year Mr. Crocker preached many missionary sermons in Cherokee and surrounding counties, continuing his active missionary work while at home.

Gastonia Gazette, Sept. 21: Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Campbell returned Sunday from King's Creek, S. C., where they visited Mrs. Wm. Caldwell, Mrs. Campbell's sister, Mrs. Jessie Higgins, of Baltimore, who is now visiting at King's Creek, will arrive some time this week to visit them here. Mr. Higgins will join her next Saturday. Citizens of the Pisgah section, west of Gastonia, are now engaged in doing about \$500 worth of free work on the road which runs from the city mill to a point on the Bessemer City road at Mrs. J. B. Carson's. The distance is about four miles. These citizens agreed to do this amount of work provided the county would do the remainder, including top-soiling. When completed this road will be a splendid one and will serve quite a good many people. Will Wilkie, a colored employe of the city cemetery department, suffered an unusual injury recently when one of his eyeballs burst. The eye had become badly inflamed from poison ivy, and was swollen to an enormous size. In spite of his suffering, he continued at his work and the eyeball burst while he was at work late one afternoon. As soon as he recovered from the shock he went back to his job until quitting time and then went in search of a doctor to have his injury attended to. Prof. M. G. Latham, principal of the Stanley High school at Stanley, was in the city Saturday on business and was a pleasant caller at the Gazette office. He states that the Stanley school

### QUESTION OF INTEREST RATES

#### Information Declared by Mr. Harding of Great Importance.

In his address before the bankers of North Carolina, Mr. Harding, a member of the Federal reserve board and the southern representative thereon, himself a banker of skill and experience, condemned in earnest expressions the actions of southern banks in charging the high rates of interest prevailing.

Mr. Harding's figures are correct, being obtained from the office of the comptroller of the currency to which all national banks make their reports under oath. These reports show rates of interest in southern banks having a maximum range of 6 1/2 per cent to over 100 per cent, with average rates prevailing in several states ranging from 6 per cent in North Carolina to 10 per cent in Texas. No doubt the maximum rates are very exceptional, the real condition is reflected in the average.

The South Carolina banks seem not quite so high as Texas nor so low as North Carolina. In North Carolina the prevailing rate of interest may be stated as being 6 per cent. In South Carolina 8 per cent. Why this difference? As Mr. Harding asked: "Is it because the men of North Carolina are more shrewd than in other southern states, or is it because of the drastic usury law in North Carolina limiting rates to 6 per cent?"

Which is it? Are the bankers of North Carolina more generous and public spirited than those in South Carolina and therefore more willing to accord reasonable rates of interest, or are the men of North Carolina, the borrowers, whether they be business men or farmers, more shrewd and exacting than the borrowers of South Carolina? If it be answered that the character of the people of the two states is much alike, that the bankers of North Carolina are as exacting as in South Carolina and that the borrowers of South Carolina are no less shrewd than those of North Carolina, the conclusion is inevitable that the reason why low rates prevail in the adjoining state is because that state has a usury law limiting the rate of interest to 6 per cent, whereas in this state the law limits the rate to 8 per cent.

We have been told many times, and it is frequently argued in the legislature, that money is a commodity which should command whatever rate of interest that can be obtained therefor. South Carolina has rejected this view to the extent that she has limited the rate of interest to 8 per cent. North Carolina has gone to a point farther and limited the rate to 6 per cent. The people of the state obtain the interest on their agricultural products and for business purposes at a rate of interest which at least gives the producer and business man a chance to live. Can we look forward in this state to voluntary action on the part of our banks limiting rates of interest to the rates permitted in North Carolina, or is it advisable that there be legislation in this state as in these states?

The action of some of our banks which have already advertised their willingness to advance to producers of cotton properly stored at a rate of 6 per cent is both interesting and commendable. This action indicates broadness of view, which is encouraging. It is a bad condition when the banks are prosperous as the result of high rates of interest and the community suffering from the same cause. It would be well if a remedy can be found without legislation. It can be if all banks are as wise as some few that have proclaimed their purpose of lending to the farmers at 6 per cent to enable them to market their product gradually.—Greenville Piedmont.

### LETTER FROM HAITI

#### Anderson Man Writes Interestingly of Turbulent Country.

Capt. Jeter Horton, who embarked at Philadelphia more than a month ago for Haiti, in command of 890 marines, is now in a destination, and writes interestingly of conditions on the island. The marines under Capt. Horton were detailed to Haiti to straighten out conditions which have been in a turmoil for many months.

Capt. Horton writes in part as follows: "Everyone here is now very comfortably settled, and the indications are that we will remain here for at least 12 months, until we have put the Haitian government on a good foundation and have everything running smoothly.

"Col. Cole, our commanding officer, has been made civil governor of the city, and he has appointed me disbursing officer of the city funds. In other words, I pay all bills contracted by the city officials. I have also been placed in charge of the Cape Haitian postoffice. This morning I had an interview with the postmaster and told him how he would have to run his job. Under the postmaster are five men, three of whom are clerks, one mail carrier and a janitor. I propose to make the local facilities much more efficient than they have ever been before.

"The postmaster gets a salary of 150 gourdes, which is about \$30 in our money. So far I have paid out of the city government about \$200 each week. I received my salary for the month of August in one check and sold it to a merchant here for a profit of \$2.50. He wanted it to remit to New York.

"My health is splendid. I get up at 6 o'clock, take a shower bath and open up my office at 7 and close at 5 p. m. Everyone takes a nap from 12 to 2. It is too hot to work. The natives are all negroes; the most of them of the most ignorant type. We pay them 16 cents a day. There are about a dozen white families here.

"The town itself is very dirty and filthy, with about 30,000 inhabitants. There is no sewerage system and very poor waterworks, and one little ice plant, which makes about 1,000 pounds of ice a day. We take it all and pay them \$20 in gold for it.

"The town is located at the foot of a range of mountains. The rainy season begins soon when it is said we will have hard rains every day."

Capt. Horton was a visitor in Anderson just before going to Philadelphia to embark for Haiti.—Anderson Daily Mail.

### GENERAL NEWS NOTES

#### Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.

Hon. W. J. Bryan delivered a peace address in Boston Sunday and his address of the door receipts was \$1,500.

An international exposition to last 100 days, will be opened at Panama on January 1, to commemorate the discovery of the Pacific ocean by Balboa.

Nine thousand New York policemen are reported to have endorsed the woman suffrage movement in that city.

Charles and Frank Lytle, brothers, were arrested in New York Sunday, charged with bigamy.

The first complete report of the commission for relief in Belgium, covering the first eight months of its activities, shows that the commission collected and distributed \$50,000,000, and of this \$15,000,000 was contributed in money or food by the United States.

Col. John T. McGraw, Democratic national committeeman from West Virginia, has been indicted by a Taylor county grand jury, charged with felony and misdemeanor in connection with the failure of the Groffo bank, a state institution, a year ago. McGraw was president of the bank and borrowed close to \$400,000 from the institution. The cashier and several directors were also indicted.



### "You Can Wade Ashore Now, Can't You?"

out. Swinging heavily in his chair he took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

"Let's see what you want—show up your hand."

"I have shown it. Take the prop of your backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing."

"Is that all?"

"No. You must cancel this pineapple deal. You have broken bread with Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab."

Grierson's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again.

"When this is all over, and you've gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him," he said, with an outburst of the hard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge."

"I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go to live with him, as you put in. Besides, this isn't Yellow Dog gulch. They hang people here."

"You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I had thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all—the getting and then spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money—yours and mine—in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two."

"Raymer, for instance," the father cut in, in heavy mockery.

"Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she

### FORD'S SUBMARINE

#### What the Automobile Man Has to Say About the Little Terror.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, who is going to New York Sunday night preliminary to a conference with Secretary Daniels, will submit to the latter a plan for a new submarine one-fourth the size of the average submarine, far more destructive and, in Mr. Ford's opinion, likely to hasten world peace.

The new submarine would be equipped with a gasoline motor only one-fourth the size of those now in use, and far less expensive.

This is what Mr. Ford has to say about the new submarine:

"It would be no trick at all to produce a submarine equipped with a gasoline engine for its entire motive power which could sail anywhere under the sea carrying a pill at the end of a pole powerful enough to blow the mightiest battleship out built into a wreck of junk. I am going to tell Secretary Daniels so when I see him in Washington next week."

"The new submarine would be one-fourth the size of the present submarine and would be able to propel itself and guide itself up and down to the right and left, by its own power. Electric storage batteries are unnecessary."

"And the best of all, these submarines can be built at such a slight cost that all the incentive for greedy armament makers will be taken away from them. They will cost only a fraction of what the present submarines cost and only a fraction of one per cent of the \$15,000,000 dreadnoughts which they will be able to blow to pieces.

"If the public is interested enough, we may arrange to give a demonstration of this new machine some time in the near future. I believe that education will be the greatest factor in bringing about universal peace, but this new submarine is likely, by the very terror it inspires, to hasten world peace."

The Tribuna of Rome, publishes information to the effect that the famous Zocchi monument to the memory of Dante at Portofino, has been damaged by the Austrians, that the bronze in it might be used in cannon making.

J. D. Bartley defeated John Wright for mayor of Johnston Tuesday, by a majority of two votes.

### CONSCRIPTION COMING

#### Unless Men are Compelled to Serve, England is Lost, Says Lloyd-George.

David Lloyd-George, minister of munitions, in a letter to one of his constituents, issued by the official press bureau a few days ago, makes an appeal to the public to give the government a fair chance to decide, he says, whether it is worth the cost of even the indelicate. Thoughtful citizens elsewhere have found a local board of censors a great safeguard in securing clean pictures. Lancasterians may not be frequently offended by improper pictures and probably we have had no more such presented here than have other towns, but our contention is that certain objectionable features have occasionally been seen here in the past. And what protection have little children and what warning have parents that there will not be a recurrence of pictures which are suggestive of things which children, as well as adults, can well afford not to see? We are not censuring the management of either of the local theatres but are merely suggesting the advisability of a local board of censorship for their own protection as well as for the good of the patrons. On Friday night, Mrs. O. P. Gatling was heard at her best in an organ recital, given at the First Baptist church. Mrs. Gatling made happy and beautiful selections and she was ably assisted by Prof. R. M. McDermid, and her accomplished daughter, Miss Mary Alice Gatling. Mr. Joseph Maree, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maree of Pageland, and Miss Nora Blackmon, daughter of the late J. T. Blackmon, of the Flat Creek section, this county, were married Sunday, September 19. Notary Public W. F. Estridge performing the ceremony.

### BARES HIS HEART IN PULPIT

#### Preacher Admits Love of Money Made Him Depart From His Ideals.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Henry Ward Beecher's historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, after his congregation yesterday morning, and confessed that he had fallen short of his ideals of what a preacher of the Gospel should be. In giving his time and attention to business and material property, he said, he had strayed from the path of a minister of the Gospel should follow.

Doctor Hillis' voice choked with emotion as he read his statement to the congregation, and when he had finished, he wiped tears from his eyes. No such action has been enacted in Brooklyn's famous church since 1874, when Henry Ward Beecher occupied the pulpit and preached sermons impassioned in their vigor and eloquence during all the time that the Theodore Tilton scandal was occupying the attention of the courts and the public.

"In making a brief and general explanation of his business ventures, Doctor Hillis said that at the present time he was in a position to wipe out all of his obligations and 'start life anew,' and he promised his people devoted service as their pastor. It was learned after the service that he was ready to sell his handsome home at 23 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, as a contribution to the payment of his debts, which, it is said, amount to about \$80,000 or \$90,000.

Doctor Hillis' statement and his sermon, which followed it, were made at the pastor's first opportunity of meeting his people since the gossip and dissipation of his business adventures began to menace the unity of the parish. Doctor Hillis was at the city on a lecture tour all last summer, and yesterday was his first appearance after the long leave of absence granted him by his congregation.

The church was full, but not crowded. About 85 per cent of those present seemed to receive the pastor's statement as complete satisfaction for what, for after the service they went to the base of the pulpit and greeted Doctor Hillis warmly. The remainder of the congregation departed after the service in the usual fashion.

But that there are still discontented ones among Doctor Hillis' flock was made evident. There are those to whom the minister's statement was not satisfactory, but what they intend to do or how great their influence is could not be learned. Certain it is that Doctor Hillis does not intend to resign his leadership of the church, and his friends do not anticipate any serious defections from the congregation.—New York Times.

### Over 500 Bales of Cotton were Sold at Clio in Marlboro county, last Saturday at a price ranging from 10 1/2 to 10.38 cents per pound.