

"MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD."

A Common Expression That States a Physical Impossibility.

"My blood runs cold at the very thought" is not a novel expression. You often either hear some one else say it or aver it yourself.

Your blood cannot "run cold" as long as you are alive and well. If the blood really becomes colder than "blood heat" something serious happens to your health.

When you feel cold it is a sensation, not necessarily the temperature of the tissues. Often with the blood feverish or away above its normal warmth you feel chilly. So much of the superheated blood is then at the surface of the skin that an extra normal amount of heat leaves too quickly.

On the other hand, men and women who drink beer, gin, whisky and similar alcoholic beverages "feel the glow of warmth" and believe they are hot when as a matter of course their blood is a trifle below blood heat temperature—at times manifestly a dangerous thing.

True enough, the blood has much to do with how you feel. This, however, is not because it "blows hot or blows cold," but because that part of it in the skin where the sensations of heat and cold are located reflects the outside surroundings according to the previous experience and habits of each individual's skin.

If a stoker and an employee of a refrigeration plant are put in a cold draft or before an open grate fire each will feel chilly or hot according to his previous experience and habits. The stoker will "catch a cold" in the "draft," which will have no effect whatsoever upon the man used to cold storage temperature.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TALK AT NANTUCKET.

Where Old Salt Sea Phrases Come as Natural as Eating.

There has always been a charm about Nantucket for outsiders because of the sleepy quaintness of the place and the islanders' odd sea phrases so generously interlarded in their conversations. These phrases are so much a part of their talk that their use is unconscious.

They never pull, they always "haul;" they do not tie or fasten anything, they "splice" or "belay" it; they do not arrange to fix a thing, they "rig it" or "rig it up;" they do not throw anything away, but "beave it overboard;" they "back and fill;" they "luff," "tack," "come about" and "square away" on any and all occasions.

Before engaging in any venture they first "see if the coast is clear," then as they proceed they "keep the weather eye peeled" and always "look out for squalls." Then they "sound it out" until they "fathom" it. If they don't like the "lay of the land" they "give it a wide berth."

All this is according to "The Nantucket Scrap Basket," a book compiled and edited by William F. Macy and Roland B. Hussey.

The authors tell the story of a certain Quaker mother of Nantucket, who once denied that she ever used any of the nautical expressions so common there, and told her children to remind her if they ever caught her doing it. The very next morning she gave them some eggs to leave at the home of a relative on the way to school with the words: "Take these into Cousin Phebe's and tell her I think this squares the yard with us, and these must scud, for it's almost school time."

For Testing Gold.

The acid used by jewelers for testing gold is extremely powerful and has to be very carefully handled. To prevent any considerable quantity of the acid being spilled a specially constructed bottle is employed. The stopper of this is made of glass and contains a long pointed glass rod which passes down the center of the bottle. When an article of jewelry is to be tested the stopper is simply removed, and the article is touched with the point of the glass rod, to which a very slight quantity of acid has adhered. Gold is not affected by the acid, but imitation metal turns green.

Young Men "Horse Shy."

The discovery is being made that many young men who have reached manhood in the last ten years do not know how to harness and attach the horse to the buggy, crank the beast, step on the horse starter, engage the clutch and get across the country under one horsepower.—Minneapolis Journal.

Known by Their Fruits.

A small boy was discussing the differences in members of the vegetable world.

"How did people first know an apple tree from a pear tree?" he asked. "By the bark?"

"No," replied his mother gravely. "By the bite."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What Won't They Say?

"Did he tell you that you are the only girl he has ever loved?"

"Yes, and he went further than that."

"He did? What else did he say?"

"He said that I was also the only girl he ever intended to love."—Detroit Free Press.

More Important.

"What? A strange man walked off with my umbrella? Why, I have my name on it."

"That may be, but the other fellow has his hand on it."—Boston Transcript.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow real poverty.

TWO DANGEROUS HABITS.

Don't Scratch, Even With Clean Nails, and Don't Pinch.

Scratching oneself and picking at pimples or sore spots are dangerous habits, likely to result in infections more or less serious. This is proved by examination of the scrapings of nails under the microscope. Even hands and nails that are kept scrupulously clean by washing and brushing are not free from the germs of skin diseases.

Dr. Albert Schneider of San Francisco reports to the Journal of the American Medical Association the results of the microscopic examination of the scrapings of the nails of 143 students in a surgical college. There were found bacilli, cocci and spirillae of many sorts, especially those that produce pus.

These facts, he points out, may be of great importance in criminal trials.

Dr. Schneider cites one case in which a man was accused of killing a baby. In the scrapings of his nails were found the "frustules of fresh water diatoms and a few filaments of oscillaria." This led to the suspicion that he had buried his victim's body in a marsh. Careful search of the banks of a marshy stream near by disclosed the little corpse.

Dr. Schneider says such diseases as lupus, acne, boils and carbuncles are traceable to scratching. Nail biters frequently infect themselves.

"There is the case of the husband," he writes, "whose neck on the left side was never long free from one or more small pimples or boils, traceable to his wife's habit of playfully pinching his neck. He ascribed the trouble to starched collars, but several changes in the laundry brought no relief. During the prolonged absence of the wife on a visit with relatives the trouble disappeared entirely to reappear again on her return with a renewal of the playful habits."

PICKED AN ODD NAME.

An Author Had a Long Search and Then Faced a Surprise.

When Albion W. Tourgee wrote "A Fool's Errand" he named one of his leading characters Theron Pardee. An early copy of the book fell into the hands of the Rev. Luther Pardee, an Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, whose father was named Theron Pardee.

The name is such an unusual combination that in amazement the rector showed the book to his father, and they were both puzzled by the coincidence. They decided to write Judge Tourgee and ask him what had led him to use the name.

He replied, in equal amazement, that he had not supposed there was such a man living as Theron Pardee. Then he stated that he had a prolonged search for a suitable name for the character of his story—one that would express just what he imagined this character to be.

In the course of the hunt an old copy of the curriculum of Union college had fallen into his hands. It was dated 1825, or something as far back, and among the names of the students was one Theron Pardee.

The judge said it had impressed him as being one of the richest, most solid and most satisfying names he ever had heard, so he decided to adopt it for his character. The curriculum was so old that he had no hesitation in using the name, and he was astonished to learn that the rightful owner of it was living.

His explanation was accepted, and the resulting acquaintance was pleasing all around.

One Letter You Never Wrote.

My Dear Wife—Since you've been away visiting your mother I have been having the time of my life—in fact, I haven't known what it was to live before since we were married. I fired all the servants the morning after you left so I could be free. I get my meals anywhere. The house looks as if a tornado had struck it. But, oh, what a lovely time I'm having! Don't come home until I send for you. Cordially.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Emptying a Bottle.

To empty a bottle, especially a large one, quickly it should be held inverted over the receptacle into which the contents are to be turned. Then while the neck is held in a steady position the bottom of the bottle should be given a rotary motion. This will form a small whirlpool that will admit air to the space vacated by the liquid and cause it to run freely from the bottle.—Exchange.

Mandy's Compliment.

The morning after the coming out party Mandy, the cook, thus greeted the young girl for whom it was given: "Miss Annie, yo' sho' did look sweet las' night! My, I hardly knowed yo'! Dey wasn't a thing about yo' dat looked natchel!"—Youth's Companion.

Famous Sentences.

Thirty days! I pronounce you "husband and wife." You'll not stir a boot outside this house tonight!

Johnny Doe, you'll stay after school and write "obey" 500 times!—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Very Reprehensible.

"Well, ma, I gave young Mr. Smithers his conge last night."

"Law sakes, Amelia, no girl ought to be giving young men presents like that."—Baltimore American.

Poor Consolation.

"Your dog always howls when he sees me coming."

"Yes. He is rude enough to express what most people feel."—Baltimore American.

ISSUES STATEMENT TO PEOPLE OF THE STATE

Senator Tillman Asks That Factionalism Come to an End

The News and Courier has received from Senator Tillman for publication the following:

To the People of South Carolina: The election is over, Manning is renominated, and Blease has missed the third term he coveted so much. I hope that I will not be misunderstood if, as your old and trusted servant, I make a few observations and give some advice.

There are approximately 65,000 South Carolinians who wanted Blease for their Governor despite his record, and I am convinced that 45,000, or more of these voters are good men and true. They voted for Blease because they honestly believed he was the better of the two candidates. I know they were mistaken, woefully mistaken, but they would have been recreant in their duty to the State had they not voted as their consciences dictated.

There are too many voters not alive to their duty as citizens and they were easily misled by a selfish demagogue. Lack of thought, not viciousness, was responsible for the hold that Blease got on the people. They did not stop to analyze the difference between demagoguery and statesmanship. Being honest and straightforward themselves, they did not suspect Blease. His striking personality, his ability as a stump speaker, and his genius for organization were too much for them.

When he proclaimed himself heir of Tillman and the Reform movement, these 45,000 good men took him at his word and followed him. History is full of like instances.

It grieved me to see so many of my old friends bamboozled by Blease, but I know their hearts are right and that in time they will see the difference between true Tillmanism and false—the kind that Blease teaches. The old Reformers were blinded and misled, but, at the same time, their ardent and unselfish support of what they thought were the principles I taught them long ago excited my admiration, respect and affection. In their splendid loyalty to true democracy as they see it lies at once the promise and the hope of good government in South Carolina. Let a real statesman arise, and these men will be even more loyal to him than they were to Blease—and as they always were to me.

For Blease himself and his chief lieutenants I have nothing but scorn and contempt. McLaurin, Talbert, Browning and others of their kind knew in their hearts that Blease was thoroughly bad, but they followed him because they thought they could thus further their own selfish ends. They believed it was a "ground swell" like that of 1890, and wanted to get on the "band wagon," as so many men did then—"driftwood," I called them, you remember.

Now that the election is over, look calmly down into your own hearts—I am speaking to the 45,000 patriotic Blease men—and see if your position was well taken. The heat of the conflict is past, and you can now see clearly. Ask yourselves—nobody need know you are doing it—why all the tin-horn gamblers, all the blind tigers, all the red light habitues, all the criminals and near-criminals—those who have been pardoned and those not yet caught and convicted—were for Blease. What have you in common with these men, these vicious parasites on the body politic. Nothing; for you are good men and they are bad.

There are those who have said that the Reform movement was responsible for Bleaseism. I, as the leader and organizer of that revolution, deny the charge. The Reform movement had certain definite, constructive aims in view: 1. To teach the people the power of the ballot and thus free the State from an oligarchy which had ruled it for a hundred years. 2. To provide means for educating the enlarged electorate. 3. To safeguard the State, as far as possible, from negro participation in politics. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I point to the primary system of elections, to Clemson and Winthrop colleges, and to the Constitution of 1895 as the fulfillment of the purposes of the Reform movement. The positiveness of 1890 never could have produced the negation of 1910 and 1912.

He who charges that Tillmanism gave legitimate birth to Bleaseism expresses his own disbelief in democracy. The Reform movement made the people of the State free political agents. Will anybody dare deny that that was a good thing? "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." Tillmanism gave the ballot to the people and taught them its potency—which all Democrats must admit was right and

proper; it is not responsible for the mistaken use of a rightful power. I do not regret that Blease was elected in 1914 and 1916 renews my faith in the people. If the Reform movement elected Blease, what defeated him?

I am growing old, and (before I die I would like to see the people of South Carolina forget their differences and bury factionalism. Factions are the result of misunderstandings and social injustice. Let all the people—Bleasites and anti-Bleasites—come together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness, clearing up the misunderstandings and working together to remedy the injustices that are but too many. The vast majority of both factions—thank God!—are honest men, and surely honest men can find common ground to stand on. B. R. Tillman. Trenton, S. C., September 14, 1916.

SEPTEMBER 18, A. D. 1916.

At a call meeting of the "Mourners Convention," applications were due from the following disjointed aspirants for official ease; viz: C. T. Wyche, Euston N. Kibler, J. Wm. Folk, Dr. Van Smith, E. S. Werts, E. H. Aull and James L. Quattlebaum.

At the instance of the managers of election, at the various precincts, all of the above were immediately classed as eligible and were ordered enrolled.

Finding that the qualifications of former members were deficient in some of the requirements for practical service, the chairman of the executive committee with his own consent and approbation has assigned them to the following places of trust and responsibility, viz:

Messrs. Wyche, Folk and Smith; as a medical corps to have charge of the hospital accommodations requisite for the healing of such sore heads and bruised reputations as exist in the membership—J. D. Quattlebaum to procure for us horses that will enable us to make better time in the future races made by us; E. N. Kibler to replace teeth, worn out at the barbecues and E. S. Werts to write insurance of success and accidental policies for such failures as may come our way in the future; Bro. Aull—of course—is assigned to the editorial department, and required to exercise the most vigilant inspection of all campaign lies circulated on the membership, and endeavor to prove that the originators of said lies are the only persons capable of such iniquity.

Parties elected having created the impression during the campaign, that they were seeking office solely for honor and chance to serve, are hereby accorded what little honor is left in our mob and such emolument, remuneration or graft as may be to the offices attached, will be thankfully received and equally distributed among those who possess a more mundane view of life's chances.

It is the sense of this body, that all elections be held quadrennially and that the successful aspirants for legislative honors at the end of each term—be sent to the penitentiary for life—All other county offices to be enrolled on the county chain gang, for the same term.

In conclusion—it is resolved that sore heads who disregard the invitation extended them to enroll in our perturbed ranks, be requested to look in one of Gus Summers mirrors, and see how lucky we are.

Francis W. Higgins, Self-Constituted Chairman. Ex. Com. of the N. M. C.

The "Summer Girl."

Have you ever grown despondent—discouraged with life and hungry for inspiration? Have you ever packed your canvas, or your rod and line, or your gun or your vanity bag, and with determination to forget all about you, hit the trail that led to a spot of pleasant surprises, where you discover yourself again?

Here's your opportunity. Join Arthur Ashley on his way to a new world—and you will meet Mollie King—"The Summer Girl" just where he met her—alongside a quiet stream. Perhaps he shouldn't have arrived when he did, but that was Mollie's fault—not his. How could he have known that she was—but you must see the ploy to enjoy the visit and it's a pleasant little summer jaunt worthwhile. At the Opera House, Tuesday, 26.

Tripping the Philosopher. "I don't think your philosophy logical."

"Why not?" "You say that every man is sent into the world for a purpose—that he has certain work to do."

"Yes; that I believe."

"And then you go right on and say that there is no man here that the world can't get along without."—Detroit Free Press.

India is fourteen times the size of the British islands.

Truth Versus Politeness. Mother to Elsie returned from party—Did you bid good night to Marian's mamma and tell her you had a very pleasant time, as I told you? Elsie—Not exactly, mamma. You see, Marian took the biggest piece of cake and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me, but I told her mother good night and said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time.—Boston Transcript.

Appropriate. "What did you call your silver mine?" "The American Boy." "Any particular reason for calling it by that name?" "Well, it had plenty of pockets, but nothing in them except rubbish."—Los Angeles Express.

In Modern Parlance. Edith—So your father told you he was opposed to your marrying Jack. What did you say? Willful Winnie—I told papa that intervention would mean war.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Misdeal. Sillicus—Love is a game in which Cupid deals the cards. Cynicum—Then why does he so often deal from the bottom of the deck?—Philadelphia Record.

Mistaken. Patience—You say he married under a misapprehension? Patrice—Yes; he thought he understood women.—Yonkers Statesman.

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar. —Lord Beaconsfield.

Didn't Need Much. "Is he every way eligible?" "Nearly so. All he needs is a divorce from his present wife." — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Being angry is like emptying the pepper pot into your own porridge.

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