

Collier's Weekly.

One of the permanent possessions of a human heart is the memory of its great enthusiasms. You may have come to disdain and even despise them, but they are never uprooted. Then you reach your highest—and you know it.

When a noble ideal kindles such enthusiasms, that ideal becomes one of those things that without warning, at rare intervals, flares up. And you sit in the light of the flare and ponder. Why did it fail? Not because it was not beautiful—right—desirable. Was it because you were not fit for beauty, righteousness, desirability?

Peoples are like men. They may lay aside their great hopes, but to the end there are hours when they sit with them and ponder.

Perhaps that is the explanation of the persistent, mysterious, unconscious way in which men today draw together around Woodrow Wilson. It requires explanation. Why, in Washington for months now, has the sight-seeing wagon followed his car? Why do the chattering tourists inside grow silent as they pass it? They don't peer. They lift their hats and sigh, and it sometimes takes minutes and striking sights to break the mood the fleeting glimpse of that drawn, long white face has stirred.

Why is it that on Sundays and holidays men and women and children—most of them busy through the week—walk to his house and stand there in groups, speak together in hushed tones as if something solemn and ennobling moved in them? Curiosity? Men chatter and jibe and jostle in curiosity. These people are silent, gentle and orderly. You will see them before the theatre on nights

when it is known that Mr. Wilson is within, quietly waiting for him to come out. There will be fifty, a hundred, even sometimes a thousand.

They cheer him as he passes, and there are often chokes in the cheers, and always tenderness. Why do they do it? Nothing more instinctive, more unplanned, goes on in Washington. Let it be known that he is in his seat in a theatre and the whole house will rise in homage. Let his face be shown on the screen, and it will draw a greeting that the face of no other living American receives. And that is not true in Washington alone.

Why should the vast throng that packed Pennsylvania Avenue from end to end on Armistice day have stood reverently, with heads bared in silence as the bier of the Unknown Soldier passed, attended by all the official greatness of the moment—the president, his cabinet, the supreme court, the house, the senate, diplomatic corps, Pershing. Each why should this great crowd have watched in silence until, quite unexpectedly, a carriage far down the line came into view? Why should this crowd, unconscious of what it was doing have broken into a low cry of sympathy and grief. "There's Wilson!" The cry flew down the long avenue.

They saw him as the man who had called into service the boy they honored, who put the wonderful light in his eyes, that light of which a great French surgeon said: "The American soldier is different from all others. I don't know what it is, whether it is God, the Monroe doctrine, or President Wilson; but he has something in his eye." Yes, Wilson's

to the people of the United States; something profound, something they cannot forget. People think of him as the man who was behind the inspiration of their greatest moments; who stirred them to a fresh understanding of the meaning of words that had become mere patter on many tongues—"democracy," "union." He made them realities, personal, deep—showed them as the reason of all that is good in our present, all that is hopeful in our future, the working basis on which men may strive to liberty of soul and peaceful achievement. He made them literally things to die for, lifting all of our plain, humble thousands who never knew applause of wealth or the honor of office into the ranks of those who are willing to die for an ideal—the highest plane that humans reach.

People are thinking, also, of his work in that after-war period when the hate, revenge, and bitterness that war has loosed have none of the restraints that war compels, and we must, by reason and good will and patience, restore our controls—that terrible period we speak of as reconstruction. There too he kindled enthusiasms. "Now," he said, "let us do what men have long dreamed—give to each people its chance, cut down the foolish barriers of trade, limit our armaments, enter into a union of all nations pledged to co-operation and peace."

The people of the earth rallied to his plan, pledged themselves. And then the loosed passions began their war on him. Those who wanted peace and believed it easy; those who hated peace and believed it impossible; those who envied his place, differed with his judgment, failed of his favor—these and many more joined in an attack such as few men have ever faced in the history of this earth. He fought to a finish, that he might secure the pledge of the nations to the ideal of world cooperation.

He won—won with the peoples of the world, if not with all of their governments. They look to him as deep into the souls of the nations that no man or men can ever destroy it. It has become an asset of tormented humanity a possible way out of slaughter and hate. Through all the future, men will be building upon it, adapting, expanding, as men have built on Washington's work, on Lincoln's work, knowing that their efforts rest on something essentially sound and secure.

They are simple people, remember, those thousands whose hearts he had enkindled. They are the people who do the work of the world, and their minds are easily bewildered. "He has deceived you," they were told. "He has given you dreams. Dreams are not for men. You live by realities, not ideals. Out with him! Down with him! As a great nation, you have strength, you have gold. Keep them. Stand alone. Do not forget that you do not live by ideals."

And the people withdrew—bewildered. But the shouting over they remembered their long days of exaltation, of sacrifice, of freedom and boldness, of worthwhileness. Was it only a deception? Was all they had left a mere magic of words on their untrained minds, the stir of a fleeting passion in their lives? Was there no sense, no reality, in it all?

That is what thousands upon thousands have been asking in these past days. And slowly they are turning to him who led them. His suffering face and palsied side are a symbol of their crippled hopes. "How is it with him," they ask, "a living sacrifice to that faith and that vision? Does he still believe? Has he lost faith as well as strength?"

And so they seek him. He means something to them: they don't quite know what. He is a living link with their noblest phase. Those who destroyed that phase are giving them nothing in its place. What does it all mean? And so they follow his carriage, gather before his house, stand in rain and snow and cold before the theatre to get even the most fleeting glimpse, something that will bid them live again as they did in those great moments.

Dutch Concert.

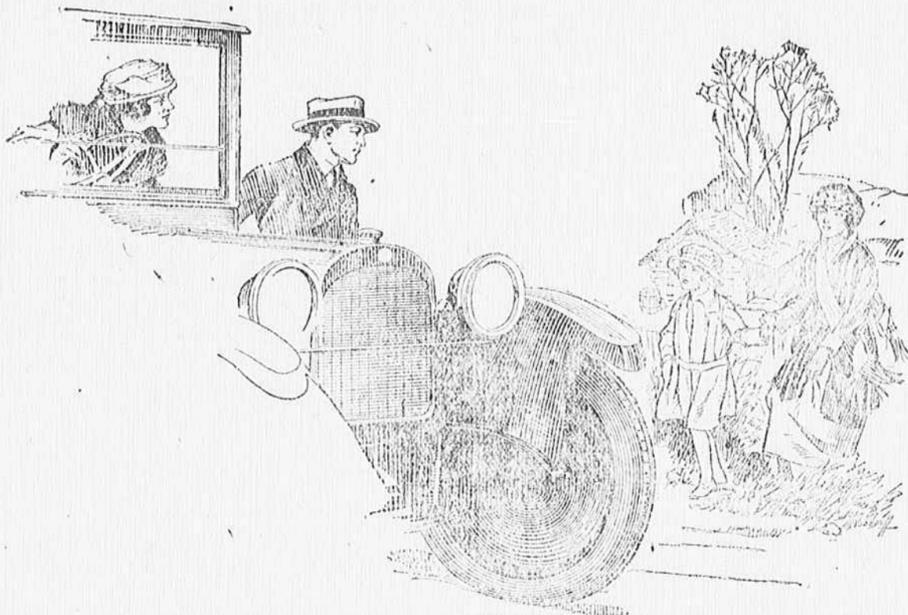
A Dutch concert is a so-called concert in which every man sings his own song at the same time that his neighbor is also singing his, a practice not necessarily so national as convivial. There is another form of Dutch concert in which each person sings in turn one verse of any song he pleases, some well-known chorus being used as a burden after each verse. When every person has sung, all sing their respective songs simultaneously as a grand finale.

Literary Youth.

The young man always took everything literally. He was most serious in his wooing. "May I kiss you, June?" he asked. "Mother's in the drawing room," she answered. "Oh, that's all right. Your father can kiss her," he replied.

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THE "OLD RELIABLE"

THE DRAUGHT'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, uncomfortable

feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine.

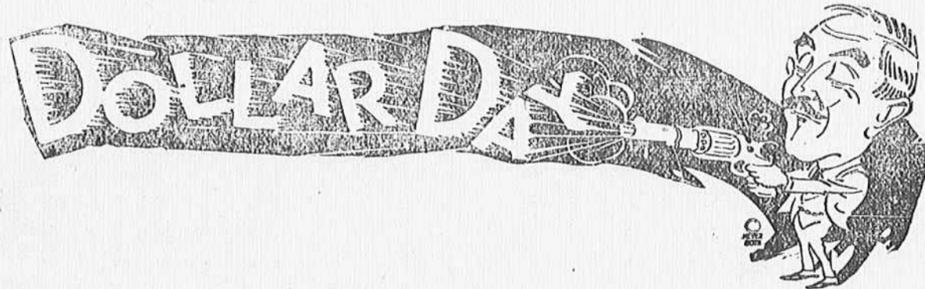
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CARRYTERIA

The Carryteria, Where Your Dollar Always Goes the Farthest, is Prepared to Make Dollar Day an Event You Will Never Forget.

Here's How:

On Friday morning at 10 o'clock we will sell 10 buckets of Snowdrift at \$1.33 each. Each bucket will have a number under lid. Those securing No.'s 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, will be refunded 33c, thus making their bucket cost \$1.00. This will be repeated at 3 o'clock. You have all to gain and nothing to lose. This offer to ladies only.

- One 75c broom, one 25, 40 or 50 watt Electric Bulb, four large rolls Toilet paper\$1.00
- 3 lb. package White House Coffee ..\$1.00
- 5 lbs. good Rio Coffee and 5 lbs. Rice ..\$1.00
- One bottle Bee Brand Mayonnaise, one No. 2 can Libby's Sliced Pineapple, one can Yellow Cling Dessert Peaches, one can Old Dutch Cleanser, two cakes Palmolive Soap for\$1.00
- 10 cans (small) Carnation Milk, 5 lbs. sugar, three large rolls Toilet Paper \$1.00
- Three large 30c ppls. Washing Powders, six cakes Octagon Soap, six ppls. Argo Starch, one cake Palmolive Soap\$1.00
- 75c bottle Vick's Salve, Dollar Day 48c

- 35c bottle Vick's Salve, Dollar Day ..24c
- 30c plug Apple Sun-Cured Tobacco, Dollar Day Price (limited)20c
- 30c plug Brown's Mule Tobacco, Dollar Day price (limited)20c
- 30c plug Schnapp's Tobacco, Dollar Day price (limited)20c
- Large Rolls Toilet Paper, 10c value, Dollar Day price5c
- Chum Salmon, Dollar Day Price10c
- Quaker Oats, Dollar Day price10c
- Corn Flakes and Post Toasties8c
- Libby's Dill Pickles, large cans, special 24c
- Penick Corn Syrup, gallon cans50c
- Georgia Cane Syrup, gallon cans63c
- 5 lbs. good clean Grits10c

CARRYTERIA

On the Square

Next to Fire Department