

THE COUNTY RECORD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Ed. & Prop'r.

A Russian philologist has invented a new language, which he fondly imagines will fill the bill universally. He names it "Esperanto," but it is safe to predict that it will go the same route as "Volapuk." It has only one thing to commend it. The name seems smoother than the effort of the Volapuk crank.

Georgia, Massachusetts, Ohio and North Carolina each win reflected glory this year by supplying one of the class leaders at Annapolis. The showing is a pleasant one, remarks the New York Times, as it indicates that no single part of the country has a monopoly of brains, though three of these bright boys do come from an Atlantic Coast State, and the fourth from what is now well in the East.

Of the philanthropists who have given at least a million dollars to the cause of higher education in this country President Seth Low is the only one who is a college graduate. Girard, Rockefeller, Peabody, Cornell, Cooper, Rich, Packer, Hopkins, Clark, Drexel, Vanderbilt, Stanford, DePauw, Sage, Lick and all the rest were self-educated men, who made their money in business and owed their success in life to their native shrewdness and industry.

Says the American Agriculturist: Judge Baker, of Indianapolis, Ind., used vigorous language concerning the practices of certain street railway officials. "If the law does not give relief there ought to be provided by popular subscription a lot of lamp posts for hanging up the fellows who go into such business. With these Napoleonic systems of highway robbery I have no sympathy. These fellows will go on until they will finally induce the people of this country to lynch them." Indianapolis is not the only city that is suffering from this sort of oppression.

The number of children in the public day schools of Boston is now about 72,000. For the past five years the increase has averaged over 2000 a year; last year it was considerably larger. This is double the annual increase ten years ago, at which time, according to Superintendent Seaver's report, the average annual expenditure for new schoolhouses was less than \$200 for each new pupil. For the last two years this expenditure has increased to nearly \$268 for each child, bringing the cost of new schoolhouses from less than \$200,000 to more than \$500,000 annually.

The famous Giant's Causeway, on the north coast of Ireland, has been declared by the Irish Vice Chancellor to be private property, with no public right-of-way, in spite of the fact that during living memory the causeway had been freely visited by anybody who wanted to go there. The decision is substantially a distinct wrong to sightseers. There will soon be nowhere that a tourist may go without paying. Nobody thought of such a thing as inclosing the Giant's Causeway until there seemed a prospect that peace and prosperity were coming back to Ireland and bringing the tourist with them.

The New York World observes: When Morse found out the possibility of sending messages from one place to another by the electric telegraph his invention was only the clumsy beginning of a system. He used two wires to complete the circuit. Presently somebody discovered that only one wire was necessary, because by "grounding" it at each end the earth could be made to do the rest of the work. From that hour to this—from the time when it was discovered that the earth could be made to do half the work—it has been the problem of electricians to make the earth do all of it. It has been certain that sooner or later we should do our telegraphing without wires. Mr. Tesla now announces that he has accomplished this. He can send signals for twenty miles without the use of wires. Any system that sends signals can be made to send messages. And when signalling for twenty miles is possible, signalling for any conceivable distance is a thing not far off. This earth of ours is a great magnet, a gigantic dynamo. We have only to learn how to apply its practically limitless magnetic powers to our uses in order to "make the whole world kin" in a degree never dreamed of by the poet who invented that phrase.

CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

South Carolina S. S. Association to Be Held at Camden.

FIRST REGIMENT ENCAMPMENT.

Goes to Korea as a Missionary--Vacancies at Winthrop--Anderson's Growth--Other Squibs.

Here is the official call for the annual convention of the South Carolina Sunday School Association, which is to be held in Camden this year, August 24th to 26th:

The program for the State Sunday School convention is now being prepared and will be published in a few days. It is expected that some prominent Sunday school workers from abroad will be present this year and a practical, helpful meeting is hoped for.

Let no active Sunday school worker, whether officer teacher or pastor, who desires to improve himself and his school, miss this occasion.

The people of Camden are making arrangements for loyally entertaining the convention.

Let every delegate and worker expecting to attend notify Mr. C. W. Birchmore as soon as possible.

Reduced rates on the railroads will be promulgated from junctional stations in ample time.

County statistical secretaries are urged to at once proceed to perfect their statistical reports and forward to Prof. R. O. Sams, State Secretary, at Gaffney, S. C.

County treasurers will also forward to the State convention treasurer, Rev. W. J. Herbert, at Florence, S. C., any funds due on pledges, etc.

The county vice-presidents will please see that this county convention is arranged for, a practical, helpful programme prepared and assist in every possible way to make it a success. Also let every county president prepare and forward to the undersigned or bring to the convention a report of the condition of the organized work in his county.

"Organization" will be one of the principal topics for discussion at the approaching meeting.

Fraternally,
CHAS. H. CARLISLE
Chairman Executive Committee, South Carolina Sunday School Association, Spartanburg, S. C.

Great preparations are being made for the encampment of the 1st Regiment of State Volunteer troops to be held at Orangeburg for one week, beginning August 26. All the commands of the regiment are expected to be in camp, and commands from all over the State are invited to be on hand also. It is understood that the Governor's Guards, of Columbia, are endeavoring to make arrangements to attend the encampment. Adj't General Watts has asked the war department to detail one commissioned and two non-commissioned officers to attend this encampment, and instruct the soldiers. This request, if granted, will put two commissioned army officers in charge of the encampment. Lieutenant Stokes being already detailed for that service. Gen. Watts will very shortly forward to Orangeburg all of the tents that will be necessary for the encampment. He is confident also of securing a cent a mile rate for the commands attending the encampment.

Grand Master Barron, of Columbia, assisted by the Masons of Spartanburg City and County, laid the corner stone of the new Spartanburg graded school building, with appropriate ceremonies. He used the silver trowel made for Lafayette, which Lafayette used in laying the corner stone of the De Kalb monument in Camden in 1825. That is now the property of the grand lodge of the State. After the ceremonies Mr. Barron made a short address, explaining that Masonry was not in conflict with anything, or any order that sought to make humanity better and nobler.

Dr. Mattie B. Ingold, of Rock Hill, expects to set sail from San Francisco on August 5, bound for Korea, whither she goes as a foreign missionary, being sent out by the executive committee of the foreign mission department of the Southern Presbyterian church. She has been under appointment for this work for about six years and has been spending that time in thoroughly fitting herself for the important and difficult work which she is to undertake.

The following scholarships are vacant at this time at the Winthrop College, for women: Aiken 2, Beaufort 1, Clarendon 1, Charleston 1, Cherokee 2, Colleton 2, Georgetown 1, Greenville 1, Greenwood 2, Lancaster 1, Laurens 1, Marion 2, Newberry 2, Oconee 1, Richland 1, Spartanburg 1, York 1. They are to be filled by competitive examination on Aug. 18th.

The assessed value of the property of Anderson county, exclusive of railroad property, as shown by the auditor's books, is \$8,451,448, an increase of \$220,000 over last year. The assessed value of all property will approximate \$7,000,000.

The Congressional campaign for McLaurin shoes is now on in the Sixth District. The candidates are J. M. Johnston, L. S. Bigham, J. E. Ellerbe, D. W. McLaurin and F. D. Bryant.

The election of the new county of Edisto has been ordered for Aug. 18.

The Pythians of Charleston expect to celebrate New Year's Day, 1898, in their castle hall.

J. C. Hunter has captured the post-office at Union. He is a Lilly White Republican.

The Secretary of State has granted a charter to the Carolina Tobacco Warehouse Company, of Darlington.

Newberry's electric light and water-works plants are nearing completion.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

The Greater Portion of the Corn Crop Being Laid By, Greatly Improved By Rains.

Section Director Bauer's Weekly Crop Bulletin for the week ending July 13th, says:

The rainfall for the week came in the form of local showers, quite general on the 4th and 8th and scattered during the remainder of the week. Some few places did not receive enough rain, while some received too much, with washing rains in Fairfield, Barnwell and Edgefield, but on the whole, there is sufficient moisture for the present need of crops. Eighteen places reported weekly measurements of less than 1 inch; 15 from 1 to 2 inches; 13 from 2 to 3 inches; 3 over 3 inches, with a maximum fall of 7.25 at Oakland. The average of these 50 measurements is 1.50 while the normal is about 1.29.

Hail fell, to the injury of the crops, in Chester, Anderson, Barnwell and Clarendon.

The amount of sunshine varied greatly. The estimated percentage of the possible ranged from 14 to 88, with about a normal percentage as the average for the State.

Crops are in good condition and growing well. This is the tenor of most of the correspondent's reports for the week. The exceptions relate mainly to excessive rains in portions of Berkeley, Chester, Clarendon, Fairfield, Richland, Orangeburg, Horry, Hampton and Barnwell, while in spots over the central and western counties more rain would prove beneficial. Laying by of crops was hindered by heavy rains, and grass is threatening many fields, although no harm has as yet been done. On the whole, crop prospects are decidedly better than at any time during the season, except for such as are matured or ripening, including peaches, which are rotting badly, and melons which are inferior.

The greater portion of the corn crop is being laid by, greatly improved by the recent rains. Some fields that were badly parched by the previous hot, dry weather are revived and look promising. Early corn is about all in silk and tassel, but the stalks are low and generally small. It is fringing in Berkeley, due to excess of moisture, and also in Darlington. Chinch bugs continue to damage it in Chester and York. Late corn without exception is in fine condition.

Cotton continues to improve in most sections. The exceptions are portions of Berkeley, Sumter and Hampton where it is too wet and the plant has begun to shed its fruit. It is yellow in Barnwell. Cotton made rapid growth and fruited heavily during the week. Half-grown bolls are numerous in the eastern counties. Fields are beginning to show up grassy in places and some will be laid by in foul condition. Some cotton has already been laid by. The condition of the plant is very promising over the entire State and in portions of Orangeburg as fine as ever seen. Sea-Island cotton is growing vigorously, fruiting heavily and no adverse conditions whatever noted.

Tobacco cutting and curing making favorable progress. The reports on tobacco vary greatly, indicating a lack of uniformity in condition. Many report it poor, some about an average, and a few an excellent crop both as to yield and quality.

Rice continues to maintain its excellent condition, but sustained some injury from caterpillars in Hampton. Upland rice not doing well in Williamsburg.

Sweet potato draws still being transplanted and are doing well everywhere. Pastures revived and afford good grazing generally. Grass for hay, making rapid growth.

Melons are ripening and shipments are heavy. The size and quality of early melons are somewhat inferior, but later growth are more promising.

Grapes continue to rot badly. They are ripening and being shipped from the Southeastern counties. Scuppernon vines are heavily fruited and the fruit in healthy condition.

LIVELY DEMAND FOR COTTON.

Mills Throughout the State Are Buying the Staple.

There is a lively demand for spot cotton for home consumption in this State. Orders have been placed at all the centers and it has been hard to fill them.

During the last few days two agents for Spartanburg mills have purchased 2,250 bales in Charleston alone, the stock in the smaller towns being practically exhausted.

The stock in a number of mills of the State has reached a low stage and it is said that not a few of the mills are experiencing trouble in consequence. It appears that the mills were in doubt as to whether they would remain open all through the summer and for this reason they did not take on their usual stock. The demand for cotton goods has kept up, however, and them ill have a sufficient number of orders to keep them going for some time. They now have to replenish their stock and find trouble in so doing.

The Boston Watchman publishes interesting information regarding Formosa from the Rev. John L. Dearing: Among other improvements proposed are those with reference to the condition of the cities. Chinese cities are proverbial for their uncleanness. Within a few weeks the government has had the condition of most of the larger towns examined by foreign and native experts with reference to providing a water supply and sewerage system, and the report has been most favorable, and it is likely that at once steps are to be taken to make the conditions more healthful and cleanly. In one case they propose nothing less than to build a new city of Taiwan in South Formosa. The new city has been properly laid out and water supply and drainage arranged for, and now it is intended that the old city, with its crumbling mud walls, its filth and abominations, shall be left. If Japan succeeds in removing from her Chinese cities in Formosa those features which are a disgrace to every city of China, Peking and Tien-tsin not excepted, she will deserve praise. An interesting problem is at least on her hands.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Charcoal for Disinfecting.

No good housewife is without her own special and favorite disinfectant. A simple and effective one may be made of charcoal, mixed with clear water. Speaking of charcoal, it is well to remark that a little of it sprinkled in water containing cut flowers will keep the water fresh for some time.

Cleaning the Bread Pan.

A woman hates worse than anything else the cleansing of the bread pan or bowl after having made up a "batch" of bread. Unless absolutely necessary to put the bowl away at once, fill it with cold water and let it stand for an hour. By that time all the hard particles will have become softened and fallen to the bottom of the bowl. The practice of putting the bowl and molding board away unwashed, in the flour bin, as so many do, is most reprehensible. The tiny particles will work off into the next lot of dough and ferment in the raising, and often spoils a whole baking of bread, while the baker is wondering what possesses the stuff. Absolute cleanliness should always be observed in attending to bread, cake or pastry cooking to obtain the best results.

To Exterminate Insects.

Cleanliness is the best safeguard against insects, fresh air, soap and water being all powerful, if no scrap or refuse be left to decay unnoticed. Floor and shelves of pantries should be wiped with a damp cloth daily. The outside of all utensils kept perfectly clean, the slightest carelessness in this particular being sufficient to bring a whole army of pests.

Covered utensils not in daily use should have their covers left slightly ajar to admit air and prevent mustiness, and oftentimes rust.

The refrigerator should be kept near a window, so that it may be frequently flooded with air and light. In no place is more apparent the housewife's thrift, painstaking and untiring energy.

Camphor will prevent the ravages of mice. For water-bugs fill cracks and crevices with a paste made of two tablespoons of plaster of paris, one teaspoon of sugar and one tablespoon of green tea.

To guard against buffalo bugs the floors should be wiped with water in which spirits of turpentine have been mixed—to a large pailful of hot water add a pint of turpentine. This is a perfect preventive against this pest, so much dreaded by the best housekeepers, and is well worth trying by those whose closets and pantries have been infested by these dreadful vermin.

Outdoor Breakfast Rooms.

At one magnificent summer cottage on Long Island the summer breakfast room has been erected in the form of a nymphen—literally translating this means a resort or playground of nymphs, and it cost a very handsome sum of money, indeed. The chief nymph of this Greek bower gave carte blanche to her architect, who first covered sixty square feet of level turf, overlooking the blue Sound's waters, with a charming mosaic floor, in polished tiles, of white, blue and green.

From this spring up a series of thirty white marble Greek columns, to support a roof of glass, so arranged as to slide and fold back, and thus open this lovely room without walls to the blue heavens. Directly in the centre of the tiled floor a sunk basin, eight feet square, holds ornamental fish and water lilies, and out of the centre springs a very charming marble nymph, who stands in a perpetual shower of sparkling water. Water plants and blooming flowers are banked about the edge of the fountain, here and there in bronze tubs stand palms and ferns, and on carved perches are a snow-white cockatoo, with a rose topknot, and a dazzling red and green African parrot.

A home-made nymphen may be built of wire. A dry floor is the prime requisite for one of these fairy apartments, and for that reason a place is selected in the garden, and the first thing is to lay the space with tiles, or have it covered with a beautiful gravel of selected little colored pebbles and snowy sand. Around or over this the wire framework is placed, climbing wire branches and grape vine tendrils wound in and out of the wire mesh, and there the delicate furniture, breakfast tables and chairs are placed.—Boston Herald.

Recipes.

Strawberry Foam—Wash, hull and cut, or mash slightly, one cupful of strawberries. Beat the whites of two eggs till stiff, add two heaping table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and the berries, and beat until very thick and stiff. Use a broad bowl and a wire egg-beater. Pile it lightly on a glass dish, and serve with sponge cake.

Devised Fingers—Cut bread, free from crust, into slices four inches long by one and a half inches in width. Place two of these slices together, with the following mixture spread between: To each finely chopped hard-boiled egg add a table-spoonful of finely minced cold boiled ham and a table-spoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of grated cheese and a half-teaspoonful of French mustard.

Sheep's Kidneys en Brochette—From three kidneys remove the thin membrane that covers each kidney and split without cutting the cords. Sprinkle each piece with a pinch each of salt and pepper, dip in melted butter and broil over a good fire. Have ready on a heated serving platter a sauce made as follows: Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter, add a table-spoonful of minced parsley and the juice of a lemon. Mix well together, lay the kidneys in the seasoning, turning them once. Then serve.

BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

BARTOW PHILOSOPHER REGISTERS A LARGE, HEALTHY KICK.

MUCH WATER, BUT LITTLE LIGHT.

Hot Weather of the Past Month Reminds Him of the Prediction That the World is Drying Up.

I wonder if there is a town or city in the world whose gaslight and water-works satisfy the people. I know that it is chronic to complain of corporations, but I am obliged to consider myself an injured person. Almost every night I have to go down town to help nurse and comfort a little sick child who is very dear to me, and although the street has a gaslight, I collide with something or somebody or fall into a ditch every dark night I travel. I ran against a big fat negro woman the other night, and she used disrespectful language at me. Last night I had in my hand a bucket of blackberries that my daughter gave me, and I fell over a stepping stone and spilled them all and skinned my aged shins and dropped my cane, and it took me some time to find it. I've a good notion to bring suit for damages and have a receiver appointed. That so-called gaslight does not throw its effulgent rays a hundred feet, and is not lighted more than half the time, and now that lightning bugs have come again, I think the company ought to catch some and put them in a bottle and do away with the gas. But I don't see any sense in having gas with the lamp posts a quarter of a mile apart. We don't want to carry lanterns and pay for gas, too. That's all I have got to say about this gas business, and my folks have hinted that the fault is more in my eyes and my legs than in the dim, religious light, but I know better. I am not on the supernannated list by a good deal. I work every day in my garden and get all in a sweat of perspiration, and then clean up and feel good and honest. The long drought hurt me pretty bad, but the garden survived it, and now we have vegetables abundant. The waterworks man never caught me stealing more than my share of water but once, and he didn't make much fuss about it. He is a very considerate man. Up north the companies put meters at every customer's residence, and he pays for what he uses, but we have got more water here than the town can use, and don't have to be stingy. What a blessed thing it is! Water, plenty of water! Water in the kitchen and at the back door and in the front yard and the garden, beside a bathtub upstairs and downstairs. Pure water, fresh from a big spring that gushes from the hillside. No river nor pond nor reservoir nor filtering machines nor microbes nor bacilli. No well rope to break nor windlass to get loose and knock one of the children in the head. No cleaning out and finding dead chickens that we had been drinking on. The fact is, I never knew the comfort of water, abundant water, until we planted our waterworks in Cartersville. Strange to say, they never came until we abolished whisky—that is, the saloons. A great English poet and jurist says: "Its cool refreshment drained by fevered lips gives pleasure more exquisite than nectarean juice," and Coleridge's sum of human agony was to have—

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

During the late long heated term in June it was alarming to read from the weather bureau that the world was slowly but surely drying up, and the rainfall was decreasing every year. What an awful calamity it is to come to somebody some time! God grant that it may not come in our day, nor our children's nor our children's children! God grant that it may not come at all! But the scriptures do say that this world shall be burned up, and I heard Professor Proctor, the great astronomer, deliver a lecture on the "Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay and Destruction of a World" that made the hair almost stand on end, for he proved that the world had passed its meridian and was now on a rapid down grade of decay. "Rapid, rapid, did I say? Yes, rapid for a planet, but it may be a million years distant." That lets us down easy, and that night the young people danced and the sports played poker as usual. Just postpone the judgment out of sight and human nature will take the chances.

But the blessed seals that hold the rain in the heavens have at last been opened, and once more man and beast and nature rejoice in a temperate atmosphere and a moistened earth. It was distressing to read of the sun-strokes and the suffering in the great cities, and to think of the little innocent children and the invalids in the garrets and crowded rooms of the tenement houses. Oh, when will the good things of this world be equally apportioned? Many of us have far more than our share, but we are still ungrateful and long for more. My opinion is that, independent of all revelation, there is obliged to be another life in another world just to equalize things. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst good things and Lazarus evil things, but now Lazarus is comforted and thou art tormented." That is a good text for us all to ruminate about once or twice or thrice in a while. I tell you, my friends, it is a fearful thing to be rich and selfish. I'm afraid to risk it. But sometimes I do catch myself wishing that I had a rich

old bachelor to die and leave me a pile of money to frolic with in my old age. Or that Mrs. Arp would realize her part of that Holt estate in England. Good gracious! She should have a carriage and a pair of Kentucky bays before next Sunday to ride to church. But it is an old proverb that if wishes were horses we would all take a ride. And there is an old Persian fable that tells how an old man was always wishing for something and one night as he and his old wife were brooding over their poverty and wishing for different things, a genius came in and told them they might have three wishes, and he would grant them. Of course, they were happy beyond expression, and as the old man was hungry he wished right away for a plum pudding. Immediately it was set before him in a silver platter, and this foolish wish made the old woman so mad that she exclaimed: "I wish that it was hung on your nose." Presently, quick the pudding jumped up and was fastened to the old man's nose. They had but one wish left, and the old man had to use that in wishing the pudding loose again. And so the good genius left them as poor as they were before he came. I suppose that fable was designed to teach us that it is better to trust the Lord and be content with our lot. Nevertheless, most of us would try the genius if he would come.

Once more let me write of John Quincy Adams and his beautiful poem. I have received it from just a score of good friends, but only two of them have the full poem of twenty stanzas of eight lines each. Some of them have fourteen, some twelve, and one only eleven. One from Mrs. Holloman, of Eatonton, has not the last stanza, beginning—

"These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot need them long."

But has instead a stanza that I do not find in any other copy. Which is the revised version I do not know. The poem is remarkable not only for its thought and felicity of expression, but because its author, "the old man eloquent," was the only president who ever wrote a poem or even a verse, so far as we know.

As some of these lady correspondents have suggested that Goldsmith was the author of the lines,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Let me say that Young preceded Goldsmith forty-four years, and his expression is, "Man wants but little, nor that little long." Goldsmith only added a word or two to make the measure fit his ballad.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

OF LEBANON.

Curious Forcing Process to Fatten Them for Slaughter.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy laddered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that.

The tree owner purchases one of those queer big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs twenty pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness, and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more the women of the house feed it, and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call leading her sheep by a string and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaws up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half a dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged at the same operation. Of course, the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object, for at the killing time the fat is fried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter.

A very curious point has been submitted to the Derbyshire Football Association for decision. It is as to whether artificial limbs are to be permitted in the play. It seems that the Burton Football Club had several members of its team severely injured in consequence of a member of the Matlock eleven having played with an artificial arm. It was reported that in Derbyshire alone there are a number of football players who, owing to the loss of an arm, use artificial limbs. They are described as "regular terrors" on the football field, since when once they get "on" to the ball they swing their dummy arms around with such force as to either fracture skulls or cause concussion of the brain. It has now been determined by the association that artificial limbs are henceforth to be barred in all football games.

The Alabama statesman who has brought in a bill forbidding women to wear any article resembling masculine clothing, including bloomers, tights, divided skirts and shirt waists, is rather an iconoclast than an old fogy, so much have times and fashions changed.