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RHODES NEVER WOMAN HATER

But Celebrated "Empire Builder" Had Little Time to Devote to the Gentler Sex.

Cecil Rhodes had the reputation of being a woman hater, but he was by no means a misogynist, though he might have been regarded a misogynist. He was wedded, it was said, by his friends, to Africa. But his life would have been more complete and no less full of achievement if he had been married to the right woman—at least so says my wife and other women who knew him.

While I have said Rhodes was not a woman hater, he was averse to wasting his time on women of mediocre intellect. Rhodes excused himself for not marrying by saying that he had not the time to give a wife the attention she was entitled to receive.

In his magnificent house at Cape Town there was only one picture. It was a painting of a young woman, beautiful and modest of aspect, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and hung in the dining room above the fireplace. He loved to look at it and frequently told how he had gained possession of it. As a boy he took a great fancy to this picture, which belonged to a relative, and his love for it increased as he grew to manhood. Eventually he bought it. He always wound up the story by saying: "Now I have my lady, and I am happy."—John Hays Hammond in Scribner's Magazine.

PAY HONOR TO GOD OF FIRE

Japanese Religious Observances That Take Place in Coldest Season of the Year.

A Japanese religious observance peculiar to the coldest season of the year is that of bathing in cold water and wearing to and from the bath a single kimono of pure white, with a white band about the head. The ceremony, says the Japan Advertiser in a recent issue, is out of respect to Fudo-san, the god of fire, primarily. Those observing the custom carry a lantern and jingle a small bell as they go along the street. The season continues for thirty days.

The first fifteen days of the season is called the daken, or great cold, and the second fifteen days the shokon, or small cold. Most of those who go through the ceremony are young men, apprentices in some trade, who run to and from the bath, repeating the words, "Rokkon Shoko," as they go. The principal temple and bath is the one in Fukawaga-ku. The cold water bath there was recently rebuilt at a cost of 300,000 yen in anticipation of the cold season. It is open for women only until 6 o'clock in the evening, but at all hours in the day for men. Among the women are many young actresses, who pray earnestly for success in their profession. Another Fudo shrine is near Meguro station.



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The wheat-grower who wants more profit will find it by better methods of farming, making his land and his labor produce more. How to get the big yields that make for lower costs is interestingly told in "Wheat Growing for Profit," a book you may have by writing for it. Everything clearly and plainly described from preparing the land to the threshing. Scientific but practical.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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GUN-TOTER ESCAPES BUT FINALLY PAYS

After he had made two successful escapes from jail, Carl Mounts, 29, charged with carrying a pistol without a state license, was arrested by Troopers Jones and Inscore, of Company B, West Virginia state police. Arraigned before Justice Meek at Williamson, he paid a fine of \$100 and costs of \$41.60.

Mount was first arrested on the charge in 1916, and was sentenced to six months in jail in addition to a fine of \$100. He escaped from jail and was again arrested, but later in 1917 effected another successful escape, being at large until his arrest by the troopers on May 10.

JUDGES BEAR DOWN ON MOONSHINERS

HEAVY SENTENCES GIVEN MEN FOUND GUILTY OF HAVING LIQUOR.

State Police of West Virginia continued to round up moonshiners and liquor law violators during the month of May, records of the department of public safety show. Heavy fines and long jail sentences were imposed by the courts, following the establishment of guilt.

Jack Jacobowski, 35, and Mike Shynowski, 40, were arrested by Corporal Charles Calhoun at Morgantown, on charges of transporting liquor into the state. When arraigned before Justice A. S. Posten, the court fined each man \$100 and sentenced both to the county jail for four months. Four gallons of alcohol were confiscated and upon order of the court, turned over to the custody of the sheriff.

John Shorts, 35, and John Yolowski, 36, were taken into custody by Troopers Burr, Dempsey and McCoy, on the charge of operating a moonshine still, when the officers seized the still and four gallons of moonshine. Found guilty of the charge when arraigned before Justice Goldenberg at Elm Grove in Ohio county, the court ordered the men to pay a fine of \$300 each or serve three months in the county jail. Appeal from the hearing was taken and upon furnishing bonds the men were released, the case going up to the higher court for trial.

Possession of a moonshine still drew a fine of \$100 and a jail sentence of two months when Basil Wesentine, 35, faced trial before Justice Bowermaster at Kingwood. George Dutch, 25, arraigned on a similar charge was fined \$100 by the court.

Balard Osborn, 23, was sentenced to jail for 60 days when arraigned before Justice M. F. Meek at Williamson on the charge of having a gallon of moonshine whiskey in his possession. In another case at Williamson, Lemon Mounts, 19, was ordered to pay the costs of the case, amounting to \$4.60, when arraigned on the charge of possessing a pop bottle full of moonshine.

BRAVE LINEMEN ESCAPE BULLETS

REPLACING TELEPHONE WIRES IN MINGO REQUIRES REAL COURAGE.

When desperate men hidden in the hills of Mingo county, West Virginia, and Pike county, Kentucky, started shooting into the coal-mining camps along Tug Fork, they paid especial attention to the telephone system. For one thing, the telephone lines were the principal means of communication for the state police and other peace officers and by shooting down the wires, the outlaws were able to interfere with the measures taken to stop lawlessness. Towns which were being terrorized by rifle fire from the hills were cut off largely from help when the telephone wires were shot down.

Knowing these facts, Superintendent Edwin F. Hill of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Co. of West Virginia not only ordered a crew of men to the scene but went there himself. Being an individual of nearly 300 pounds weight, Supt. Hill was taking considerable of a chance of being shot since his bulk made him an excellent target for the hidden marksmen.

Arriving at Williamson, on the edge of the trouble zone, he called for volunteers and four young men of the construction crew stepped forward and said they would accompany him. No taxi driver caring to run the risk of being shot at, the five men went on foot to Matewan, repairing the damage as they went. They then went on to McCarr. At one point 20 wires had been shot down.

On his return to Charleston, Supt. Hill exhibited pictures taken by him which showed the destruction wrought in the battle zone.

Impersonating a state police officer has been proven a costly pastime in West Virginia, according to court sentences meted out during the last month. In the cases of three men charged with this offense, two were sentenced to jail, while the third drew a fine.

MIXED IDENTITY

By NINA G. RAMSAY.

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"U. S. S. Birmingham,"
"Lisbon, Portugal."

"Dearest Dolly:

"I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am again to be writing you—guess I acted like a cad about Ted Corling—but at the same time you must admit, little girl, that you gave me some cause for anger. Dear, can't we call it quits? And as for—"

The letter fluttered from Molly's fingers. Who in the world was writing to her like this? Why, she had never had a sweetheart in all her lonely life, and out of a clear blue sky—this. She flushed guiltily as she thought of the "little girl," and hurriedly picking up the scattered sheets, finished reading. The rest of the letter was filled with thrilling tales of travel, bits of humorous adventure, and—between the lines—a man's yearning for home and "his" girl. It was signed "Monty."

Molly's life had been singularly uneventful as far as men were concerned. Ever since she could remember she had lived with her mother as her only companion—the mother whose soul and mind were buried deep in a past of which she never spoke. The day the letter was received she had been, for her, unusually blue and lonely.

She could not help feeling in her secret heart that the letter could not possibly be for her, and yet—it was rather nice to be called "dear."

Molly hastily snatched up the envelope, and as she scanned it a second time the smile died from her face: "To Miss Dolly Roberts, Sargent School, Cambridge, Mass.," she read.

So that was it! She had frequently been confused with Dolly Roberts because of the similarity of their names, although they were as different as night and day. Pretty, frivolous, fickle Dolly—why, the whole school was talking about her now for eloping quite dramatically a week ago! Yes, and the man's name had been Corling!

She sat quite still. A daring thought had entered her mind; this Monty was a safe distance away, Dolly was certainly beyond caring—school would be closing now in a week and Molly could send him her summer address. Who would be the wiser if she wrote to Monty, pretending she was Dolly? She could typewrite her letters, so that Monty would not suspect; he was too far away to hear of Dolly's latest caprice. Molly, at this moment, was far from the placid being her schoolmates thought her.

The plan was carried through without a slip. Molly wrote one of her inimitable letters—clever, humorous and sensible. An answer came in time, then letters flew back and forth all summer and fall.

Thus matters stood until one crisp morning in early December. As Molly was leaving the school building, a telegram was put into her hands, and with a sinking sensation in her breast, she tore open the envelope. The words stared up at her through a blur:

"Meet me on 2:35 train today. Must see you—Monty."

Molly stood dazed; her little world was crumbling about her feet.

As the hour approached, Molly's sensitive soul shrank from the task, but somehow she found herself at the station, waiting with a heavy heart to break her poor bubble into a thousand crystals.

The train rumbled into the station, the great gates swung open, and a throng streamed through. Molly, sick with misery, turned away and leaned despairingly against the iron gate.

Suddenly she was startled by a touch on her arm, and a deep voice said a bit unsteadily:

"Molly, you were—so good—to come."

In her distress she did not notice that he called her "Molly." She did not even stop to wonder how he knew her. She had only an instant's impression of a tanned, rather good-looking face, and earnest, smiling eyes, then—

"Oh," she cried, "you—it's all a horrible mistake—I lied to you. I opened your letter to Dolly by mistake—and I was lonely, and—"

The pitiful recital ended in what sounded suspiciously like a sob, and the tall young man in the ensign's uniform patted her shoulder clumsily.

"There, now," he soothed gently, "I knew all the time—and I'm glad Dolly did elope, because now I have you."

Indignantly Molly shook off his hand, and demanded warily:

"You—knew?"

"Well, you see," explained the young man gently, "when I received your first letter I knew that somebody quite different from Dolly had written it. I made guarded inquiries of my sister, Peg, a senior at Sargent, and she told me about Molly Robbins, who was always being confused with Dolly Roberts. It sounded reasonable and so—well, I've been busy falling in love with you ever since. Why, I knew you the minute I stepped through the gates."

Molly's opposition was fast diminishing. She allowed herself to be led to the street, but once there she stopped suddenly.

"We haven't been properly introduced," she declared, primly. "I don't really know you."

"What you don't know," declared the young man magnificently, "won't hurt you!"

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WHAT?

"Everything for Men and Boys."

HAVE FUN WITH BRIDEGROOM

Harmless Teasing by Bridal Attendants Is a Feature of the Afghan Wedding Ceremony.

The ceremony of the mirror, is perhaps, the oldest custom in connection with the Afghan wedding ceremony. A mirror is placed before the bride, and the bridegroom is asked to sit at the bride's left. A shawl is held over them, and the bride unveils and looks in the mirror. Husband and wife see each other's face for the first time. It is their first real meeting, says Ikbal Ali Shah, in Asia magazine. The bride is shy and does not open her eyes, and the bridesmaids and others chaff her freely.

An engraved silver bowl is then brought, with a little sherbet and a plate of white rice pudding. The bridegroom drinks a little of the sherbet and offers the bride a sip. She closes her lips tight, but force is applied and a spoonful put into her mouth; so also with the rice pudding. A shower of roses announces the termination of this rite. When the bridegroom attempts to rise, he finds he is held down to the floor; a corner of his coat has been sewed to the carpet. There is a roar of laughter. The offender is found—probably a younger sister of the bride. She refuses to undo the stitches unless a gold coin is given to her. As soon as this toll is paid, the bridegroom calls his attendants to bring his shoes, but one of them is missing. Some one declares she knows who has the shoe. It is returned on payment of two gold coins, and the bridegroom is freed from his tormentors.

BEAUTY IN COMMON THINGS

Kitchen Garden Will Furnish Really Exquisite Ornaments for the Living Room Flower Vases.

Have you ever thought of going to the kitchen garden to find something wherewith to fill your flower vases, when nothing can be found in your garden proper? asks a writer in Christian Science Monitor. Why wander aimlessly around that sad garden, just because it is a flower garden, when a little farther on in the kitchen garden that gorgeous blaze of pale lemon color is just the thing to go with your deep-blue jars and jugs. "But," you will probably say, "that's cauliflower gone to seed, and who ever heard of decorating a drawing room with cauliflower?"

Prejudice, mere prejudice! Cast it to the winds, you will never regret it, and go and cut spray after spray of those delicate lemon blossoms, being careful to strip the leaves from the stems, then collect all the deep-blue Chinese jars and wedgewood jugs you can muster, arrange the cabbage flowers therein, and, judiciously placed on chests, window sills and bureaus, their effect will be absolutely charming.

The blossoms seem to arrange themselves, each spray standing out clearly from the parent stem, not all falling together as laburnum has a way of

doing; when one tries to arrange it in vases. A combination of warm-gray stone walls, old prints, pale blue and mauve chintzes, and the pale-clear lemon of cauliflower blossoms in blue jars in quite delightful, though other color schemes would give an equally happy effect.

Unwittingly Set Fashion.
An anecdote in connection with the glove shows how fashions are started. A young and beautiful duchess, having promised to be at an entertainment given for a charitable object, in Trouville, France, found herself late in preparing. She hurriedly took up her gloves and put them on in the carriage. As she entered the brilliantly lighted room, she found, to her dismay, that she had put on one black and one white. The mistake had arisen from the maid having laid out two pairs, not knowing which her lady would prefer—black or white.

Imagine the surprise of the duchess on perceiving that, in all subsequent entertainments of the season, the ladies wore odd gloves, corresponding with the colors of the dress.

Gorgeous Insects.
To gain some idea of the splendor of some of the world's moth and butterflies one should glance over nearly complete collections of them from the tropics as they occur in South America, Asia, Africa and the great eastern and western archipelago, with certain parts of Australia. Such collections are to be found in the United States National museum in the reserve and duplicate series. There is a superb species that comes from Africa, wherein the "tails" to the hinder pair of wings are over eight inches in length. Then we have the gorgeous Atlas moth of the East Indies that measures a foot across from tip to tip of its upper wings.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Caution.
He—Let's kiss and make up.
She—If you're careful I won't have to.

Completely Disposed Of.
"Did you nail the lie?"
"Yes, after I had hammered the liar."

The Main Object.
"What is your son doing at college this year?"
"Me."

Dead Gone.
She—"Would you be willing to die for me?" He—"Why, I'm dying for you now!"

The Reason.
"He is very long in paying his bills." "That is because he is generally short."

Always give the devil his due, but it is better to keep out of his debt.

A man's failure to accumulate fortune is seldom due to his liberality.

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