HPAN EXPRESSES HER HEGRET FOR SHOOTNG
Attitude of Her Government
Goes Far Toward Adjust-

Query Provides Basis Of Missioner's Sermon od Does Not
He Says


LUKE CANADY ALLEGES
HE WAS STOOL PIGEON Reverses His Testimony Befo
Recorder/Making Charges Recorder, Making Charg Against Other



Plain Dark Emptiness Aunt Liza's former mis-
tress was talking to her one
day when suddenty she dis-
covered a little pickaninny covered a little pickaninny
standing shyl behind his
mothers skirts. mother that your little boy, Aunt "es'm, dat's Prescription",
"Wery what a auntie, how did you happen to
call him that?" call him that?" alls him dat gettin' him filled."
gen

Aunt 'Liza may have had
her prescription hee who send their prescrip-
pions tions to US never have any
trouble getting them filled. All prescriptions sent to us are filled promptly and
rately by competent men.
J. HICKS BUNTING DRUG COMPANY

## ACADEMY

Ed (Strangler) Lewis
World's Champion)

John Hercacle (Pride of Shipyard)
INFLICT GROSS WRONG ON NEGRO IN GEORGIA
 everything you hav
the one you love? meters of that spot.

## Prices Slide Down the Banister

 E. S. Bannerman \& Son's EIGHTH AND DOCK STREETS, PHONE 64 GROCERIESWhy, Yes; We Have Auto Delivery!
Read This and Phone Us Your Order

All Wilmington Is Talking About Our Prices.Your Opportunity to Save Money on Your

We guarantee our patrons the 'benefit of declining
E. S. BANNERMAN \& SON
J. KYLE BANNERMAN, Manager

## Read the Star Classified Ads

## The "Fourth Horseman"-Starvation

Fathers, mothers, as you gather your own loved ones around you; as you look into the faces of sons and daughters, the pride and joy of your heart; as you watch with tenderness and unutterable love the glowing
faces of your little children, or grandchildren, ask yourselves how much one of these precious lives is worth to faces of your little children, or grandchildren, ask yourselves how much one of these precious ives is worth
you. How much would you give to save one of these sweet, laughing children!- your own dearest-from staryou. Ho or freezing cold, or wasting disease? Can you count the sum in dollars? Would you not eagerly give
everything you have, even your life itself, and count the sacrifice small, if it would give health and comfort to

The millions of little children over there in those naked lands, where war has crushed whole peoples, are precious beyond the measure of dollars in the sight of the living Christ. Because of their utter want and helplessness He has given them the task of mothering and fathering them, in His name. They are hungry; He b ering in the winter's cold ; He ; He calls you, by the love you bear Him, by the love that swells in your heart for your own dear ones, to lovel these His little ones, back again to the laughter and health that are the God-given
heritage of childhood. Can you enter the portals of this new year, hoping for yourself, and wishing for those heritage of childhood. Can you enter the portals of this new year, hoping for yourself, and wishing for those
you love that it shall be a Happy New Year, unless, first of all, you provide; to the full measure of your ability, some happiness for the sad little ones in Europe whose only hope for it is in you?
Has it not seemed real to you-the pitiful need of these children? Here is a picture from a letter just re-
ceived. It was written to us from Paris. November 28, by Capt. H. H. Railey, a great-hearted American whose eived. It was written to us rom Paris, November 28 , service and sympathy are now with the Polish army:
"During the last weeks of the Bolshevik retreat from Radzymin, I was lying, one afternoon, on the left
bank of the Niemen, cold, lousy, hungry. Icy winds were sweeping across the flat Polish plains. The sky was ray and frowning. I was thinking what a rotten, senseless thing war is, with its blood, its mud and its stench. Suddenly I heard a feeble cry behind me. It was the inarticulate pleading of a child. She stumbled toward me, empty pail outstretched. Hunger! That tragic little face, tear-stained, ghastly white, absolutely unnerved moments in Poland, but I was not strong enough to watch that baby eat. Look at the thin little dress in the photographs I enclose! And I, with boots and gloves and a great coat, was shivering. Its mother shook her
head when I found her and offered money. There were no stores, and no railroad lines within thirty-five kilo-
"In Poland, this is but one case in thousands. From the Niemen to the Lida line there is nothing but des-lation-utter, complete. When my division passed over the bridge, we found cholera and typhus all around us.
"The Literary Digest is doing a good thing. Keep it alive! But hurry the food; for God's sake, hurry it
"I enclose my personal check for all I can afford."
Send all contributions or Liberty Bonds direct to Meares Harriss, City Chairman, No. 12 Princess street. One hundred cents of every dollar received goes to Mr. Huover's Rel
checks and money orders payable to "The European Relief Fund

