



"It Shorely is Good"

Start the day with a cup of good, old Luzianne. There's cheer in its very aroma—spunk and go-to-it in every swallow. You'll like Luzianne. Buy a can today and, if you don't agree it goes farther and tastes better than any other coffee at the price, tell the grocer and he will give you back exactly what you paid for it, without argument. You simply can't go wrong on Luzianne. Ask for profit-sharing catalog.

The Luzianne Guarantee: If, after using the contents of a can, you are not satisfied in every respect, your grocer will refund your money.

LUZIANNE coffee

The Reily-Taylor Company, New Orleans

Has a Good Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets

"Chamberlain's Tablets are a wonder. I never sold anything that beat them, writes F. B. Tressy, Richmond, Ky. When troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial.

Less than a fortnight ago the Turks had decided to evacuate Jerusalem without battle provided the city was seriously menaced. It has been learned that this decision has been changed at the instance of the Germans and that the city will be defended.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

I wish to announce that I have opened up a Real Estate, Rental and Insurance business at the Sheriff's old office, 108 Gilmer Street.

I buy and sell real estate, farm lands, look after collecting rents, and write all kinds of insurance.

Anything you may trust to me will be greatly appreciated.

PETTIGREW REAL ESTATE, RENTAL & INSURANCE AGENCY

Per W. J. Pettigrew.



YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE

When "something to drink" is mentioned you always hear the suggestion of



Buy it in bottles! Keep a crate in your home like scores of our citizens are doing. There must be some reason for the universal liking of Coca-Cola. THERE IS!

Drink Coca-Cola in bottles and you'll learn why. Order a crate today and see how truly delightful it is.

FRED DEGROTTÉ, Phone 183

Registration Day Recalled Riots Caused by Unfair Draft in Civil War

Act of 1917 Democratic in the Extreme, While That of 1863 Was Undemocratic — Could Buy Exemption For \$300.

At Least 400 Persons, Maybe 1,000, Were Killed in New York While City Remained at Mercy of Mob For Five Days.

THE conscription is in full operation. Approximately 10,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one have been registered, and from this number Uncle Sam will take his first army of 625,000 for active duty in France. Everybody is familiar with what happened on that momentous day, Tuesday, June 5, 1917. There is no need to repeat the story of what occurred then. In great contrast with the actions of the citizens in 1917 we read of the terrible draft riots that occurred in New York city and, to a lesser extent, in other cities of the United States in 1863.

The draft of 1917 was essentially democratic. Exemption cannot be bought. It must be for cause.

The draft of 1863, besides being so conducted as to suggest a blind lottery with life, the names coming out of a wheel like prizes of fate, was undemocratic. Exemption could be bought for money. One whose name was drawn had either to go to the front or pay \$300 in money. This was what really caused the violent protest, says the New York Tribune.

The riots of 1863 took New York unaware. On July 13, 1863, at 10:30 o'clock in the morning a pistol shot cracked at Forty-sixth street and Third avenue. That shot was the signal for a reign of terror which for five days filled the streets with howling mobs. The man it killed was the first of hundreds who fell in the ensuing collisions between rioters on one side and police and soldiers on the other. New York was in the throes of the draft riots of 1863.

Speeches denunciatory of the government and compulsory military service, the circulation of inflammatory handbills urging resistance to the draft, the organization of societies to oppose it, activities of radicals inciting violence—all these were part of the opposition to conscription in 1863. Men of influence and recognized integrity lent their sympathy and aid to the anti-draft movement, though not to the lawlessness attending it. The crisis developed suddenly. The drawing of names was started unexpectedly on the morning of Saturday, July 11. There had been little preparation, aside from the preliminary enrollment some time before. Up to the morning of the draft the murmurs of complaint had been pitched in a key too low to alarm the authorities. Even on the first day of the drawing a certain apathy seemed to hover over the throng that had assembled in a little office room at 677 Third avenue to witness the lottery.

The Draft Wheel.

On a raised platform at one end of the room had been placed a great, hollow wheel, with a crank by which it might be turned. Into this boxlike receptacle had been put thousands of little rolls of paper, each of which bore a name. At the appointed hour of 10 Charles H. Carpenter, a clerk, bare armed and blindfolded, took his place beside the wheel. He was to draw the names. Another clerk stood at the wheel to turn it.

Four times the wheel whirled around. The crowd was very still. Even the rustle of the many bits of paper in the big hollow box might be distinctly heard. The wheel stopped and the clerk drew back a sliding panel. Into the wheel went Carpenter's bare arm, and out it came with a tiny bit of paper clutched in his fingers. Charles E. Jenkins, provost marshal, took the paper from his hand and opened it. In a voice that vibrated tensely in the stillness he read the name: "William Jones, Forty-sixth street, near Tenth avenue."

There was a stir in the crowd, a sound like a great sigh of relief from a hundred lips. Then came the reaction. Some one laughed. A man's gruff voice muttered, "Poor Jones!" in a tone half pitying, half sarcastic. The mood of the crowd changed to one of ironic merriment.

"How are you, Jones?" "Good for you, Jones!" "First blood for Bill Jones! Smith's next!"

Crowd Comments Bitterly. Into the wheel again went the bare arm of Carpenter, and out it came with the bit of paper. All morning and far into the afternoon the work kept up, while the crowd looked on, with bitter comment, sarcastic bantering, but no show of violence. When at last the drawing closed for the day 1,236 names had been placed upon the list of drafted men.

It was during the following day, Sunday, that the spirit of the mob was born. The morning newspapers carried the complete list of those who had been drafted. All day little knots of angry men gathered on street corners, in alleyways or about the doors of their homes, protesting loudly and bitterly against the conscription or muttering among themselves.

The city was ill prepared for trouble. Only a short time before its forts and arsenals had been stripped of their garrisons, and nearly every soldier in the state, both volunteer and regular, had been rushed into Pennsylvania at President Lincoln's order to re-enforce the army of General Meade. Practically

the only defense of the city was its police force of about 2,000 men.

For what followed bitter criticism was heaped on the officials in charge of the draft for the sudden manner in which it was put into operation at an inopportune time. No notification of when the draft would begin was given. It is alleged, to General Wool, in command of the military of the New York department; to Mayor George Opdyke, to Governor Horatio Seymour or to the police department. The drawing of names was begun most unexpectedly by Provost Marshal Jenkins in what was then the Twenty-second ward, Ninth congressional district.

Mob In Ugly Mood.

Before the drawing of names was resumed at 677 Third avenue at 10 o'clock Monday morning the spirit of mob resistance had already developed far. There was an ugly tone to the murmurings of the crowd that gathered outside the provost marshal's office. There were few in the office when the drawing began aside from the provost marshal, his clerks and assistants and representatives of the press. For half an hour the wheel spun quietly. About seventy-five names had been added to the list, when suddenly there came the report of a pistol, the sound that marked the beginning of the five days' reign of disorder. As if at a signal a shower of bricks and stones descended on the marshal's office. In one second every window had been smashed and the room was filled with flying missiles. The mob then charged the office. The clerks carried the wheel to the top floor of the brick building, the upper floors of which were used as dwellings. Hiding it in a corner, they escaped from the building, as fire started by the mob in the office below began to eat its way upward. Climbing a fence in the rear of the building, Provost Marshal Jenkins sought safety in an adjoining house, where he lay in hiding while the mob howled for his life.

For two hours and a half the mob held sway in the blocks about Forty-sixth street and Third avenue. Handfuls of police sent against them proved powerless.

Superintendent Kennedy, in charge of the police force, ventured among the crowd in citizen's clothes during the first stages of the riot. He was recognized and set upon by a score of men. Fleeing for his life, he was pursued for blocks, finally intercepted by another band and beaten into insensibility.

At 1 o'clock, after three buildings had been burned, six families rendered homeless and the entire block endangered, a sudden whimsy of the mob caused it to rush away down Third avenue. This gave the fire department its first opportunity to check the spreading flames.

Hand to Hand Battle.

At Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue the mob came face to face with a detachment of the provost guard on their way to the scene of the original riot. A hand to hand battle followed up to Forty-fourth street. When at last the showers of stones, bricks and clubs descending on the guard began to deplete its ranks Lieutenant Reed gave the order to fire. Instantly the mob rushed the guard, overpowered them and took away their guns. Disarmed, the handful of soldiers fled, pursued by the mob as far as Twentieth street.

For the rest of the day the mob ruled the city, with little resistance. Spasmodic efforts of the police to check the riot, resulted in frequent combats, in which both rioters and officers were killed or injured. Boards bearing the newly painted words "No Draft!" were the banners under which the mobs marched the city's streets. House after house, the homes of draft officials, abolitionists and others who had incurred the enmity of the mob, was sacked and burned. Stores were looted and the streets piled high with plunder waiting to be carried off. Telegraph poles were cut down and piled across the tracks of the Third Avenue railway, which ceased to run early in the afternoon, as did the omnibuses.

Negro Asylum Burned.

One of the atrocious acts of the mob came at 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon, when it descended upon the Colored Orphan asylum, on Fifth avenue, near Forty-sixth street, intent upon inflicting reprisals upon the negro children. The children were removed to a place of safety before the mob arrived. The asylum building was burned.

Next the mob turned its attention to the downtown district of the city. Their first stop was at the building at Twenty-ninth street and Broadway, where the enrolment for draft had taken place. The lower part of the building was occupied by a large jewelry store. Within five minutes after the arrival of the mob not an article of value was left in the place, while diamonds and rubies gleamed in the light of firing torches in the street as the looters examined their prizes. A few moments later the building was in flames.

It was at 8 o'clock that night that the historic attack on the office of the

New York Tribune occurred. The mob gathered quickly in Printing House square, in spite of the spasmodic efforts of handfuls of police to disperse it. The attack began with the hurling of stones through the Tribune's windows. Then, with a sudden rush, the mob invaded the counting room on the ground floor, put to flight the single clerk in charge and proceeded to sack the place. Their work, as usual, culminated with the kindling of flames. The mob had barely finished its work and the fire had not yet gained great headway when police reinforcements rushed up Nassau street, under Captains Warlow and Thorne. While part of the officers beat back the mob from the Tribune building Captain Warlow's men extinguished the flames before great damage had been done. But not until scores of heads had been cracked did the crowd retreat before the officers' onslaught.

Monday night was one of terror throughout the city. Marauding bands held undisputed sway, while the sky glowed with the glare of burning buildings and the night echoed with the reports of firearms.

Colonel O'Brien's Home Looted.

The mobs resumed their work early Tuesday. Learning that Colonel H. T. O'Brien of the Eleventh New York volunteers was co-operating actively in the plans to put down the riot, a mob marched to his house on Second avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets, and sacked and looted it. As they were finishing their work 300 policemen, under Inspector Carpenter, charged the mob, emptying their revolvers as they advanced. After a few moments of battle the rioters fled, taking refuge in nearby houses and on roofs, from which they stoned the police.

While the battle was still under way Colonel O'Brien appeared with a detachment of his regiment and two field pieces. In spite of the re-enforcements, however, the mob rallied and attacked again. The soldiers fired, and in the resulting battle seven persons were killed and scores were wounded, many fatally.

Bitter fighting ensued Tuesday afternoon about the building of the Union Steam works, at Twenty-second street and Second avenue, which was held alternately by the police and soldiers and by the rioters. Volley after volley was fired into the ranks of the mob by the soldiers, who followed their fusillades several times with bayonet charges. During this battle at least a score were killed or fatally wounded, and the number of those less seriously hurt was never known.

The mob sought especially to vent its bitterness against the Tribune and Horace Greeley, though no new attack was attempted on the Tribune building, which was strongly guarded, a loaded howitzer being stationed at the corner of Spruce street in charge of a marine. A house in Twenty-ninth street between Eighth and Ninth avenues was wrecked and looted because, it was reported, "Horace Greeley boarded there." A young man suspected of being a Tribune reporter was beaten almost to death.

Late in the afternoon the mob succeeded in wreaking its delayed vengeance on Colonel O'Brien. As he was entering his home he was captured by the crowd and literally beaten to death. Many negroes were hanged.

Business in all parts of the city was suspended on Wednesday. The reign of terror continued, with the slaying of more negroes, dozens of incendiary fires and numerous bloody combats between the rioters and the police and soldiers.

Authorities Rout Rioters.

On Thursday the situation was somewhat relieved. The arrival of the Seventh, Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments and a battery of the Eighth regiment gave the authorities a firmer grip on the situation, and the rioters were routed whenever they essayed fight in numbers. A battery of artillery was stationed before the Tribune office to protect it. The severest combat occurred Thursday at 9 p. m. at Twenty-first street and Third avenue, when thirteen rioters were killed, eighteen wounded and twenty-four taken prisoners. In the afternoon fifteen soldiers of the Seventh regiment were killed in a battle at Twenty-ninth street and First avenue.

A happening on Thursday that helped to take the heart out of the rioters was the arrest of John Urkhardt Andrews, an agitator who had been one of the ringleaders of the mob and had frequently harangued it, urging it on to further violence.

By Friday the situation was so well in hand that Mayor Opdyke issued a proclamation declaring the rioting ended and urging citizens to resume the normal course of their business.

At Least 400 Killed.

The total casualties of the week of rioting were never actually known. It was conservatively estimated that at least 400 or 500 were killed, and some estimates ran as high as 1,000. According to police reports, many bodies of slain rioters were hurried off and buried secretly. The deaths of many who subsequently succumbed to their wounds were attributed to other causes. Approximately fifty buildings were burned by the mobs. Twenty of the rioters were indicted and tried and nineteen were convicted, receiving sentences aggregating nearly 100 years.

Simultaneously with the rioting in New York there were similar disturbances in Boston, Jersey City, Troy and Jamaica, although none approached in seriousness the troubles in the metropolis. There also was forcible resistance to the draft in several counties of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. Sporadic outbreaks in various other places ceased as soon as the New York riots subsided.

IRON GIVES YOU THAT GRAND OLD HAPPY FEELING

BE SURE YOU TAKE RIGHT KIND OF IRON-MINERAL, NATURE'S REMEDY THE BEST

Don't Take Alcohol, It Injures The Kidneys

"I climb into my clothes these mornings with a hearty appetite speedily to the breakfast table. Your little old nerves, all smoothed out by Acid Iron Mineral, seem to shout their happiness at the return of the old vitality and reserve energy. It is common sense too. When you recall the solid, substantial meals eaten a few years ago and compare them day after day with what we now eat, it is no wonder a fellow begins to get pale around the gills, and sort of loses interest in things.

"A cold drink of 'coke' or dope will now and then put you back for an hour or so, but to take good old medicinal iron in big quantities gives you the 'stay-there' feeling. In Acid Iron Mineral, you get the most iron per dollar. In fact a dollar bottle lasts as long as other and weaker iron remedies which often as not contain alcohol which everyone knows has only a temporary effect and always a dangerous reaction when taken in excessive quantities.

Give Your Blood a Real Cleaning.

Start taking a teaspoonful of Acid Iron Mineral (natural iron) after each meal for a week or ten days. Get out in the air and draw in a few great big mouthfuls of ozone, set the alarm for early and see how sound the sleep gets, and how refreshed and full of vim you feel on getting up. Everybody needs iron. Here it is. Non-alcoholic, non-injurious, helpful and beneficial to blood, kidneys, stomach and bladder, it is death to germs, uric acid, and other blood poisons. Begin by phoning or calling at the nearest druggist this very day. A large bottle of Acid Iron Mineral will be sent anywhere prepaid upon receipt of one dollar. Ferrodine Chemical Corp., Roanoke, Va.

A Washington, N. C., dispatch reports that twenty carloads of potatoes brought into the local market over one line on one day since the first of June brought the shippers approximately \$25,000. The shipments came from the country near the Eastern terminus of the Washington & Vandre-more railroad. That section is beginning to rival Maine in making the spud a staple crop.

MAMMA! DON'T YOU SEE YOUR CHILD IS SICK, CONSTIPATED

Look at tongue! Move poisons from liver and bowels at once!

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach ache, diarrhoea, remember a gentle bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that is made by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The flag of the United States at the time of the Revolution had 13 stars. In the war of 1812 there were 15. In the Mexican war 29. In the Civil war 36. In the Spanish-American war 45. In the war with Germany 48 stars.

DO YOU NEED A SPRING TONIC?

Do you tire easily? Do you feel exhausted in the morning when you wake up? Have you reached the point where you have no strength left to overcome fatigue?

Then you certainly need a tonic, one that will act quickly and surely. You don't want guess work about it, either. Do not take stimulants or nauseating oily mixtures, but just take a concentrated tonic—one 5-grain tonine tablet before each meal and at bedtime will produce wonderful results in a few days; just try it.

Gardner Drug Co. reports having a wonderful sale on tonine tablets.

From the Medical Press Dr. G. M. F. says: For all run-down, enemic, exhausted conditions I have found 5-grain tonine tablets act quickly and most effectively. They should not, however, be used by people who do not wish to increase their weight as they are the greatest known flesh-builder.