

The Scrap Book

Burleson and His Fence.

When Postmaster General Burleson was a member of the house he rushed into his committee room one day and announced that he had at last obtained the iron fence around the old Pennsylvania station in Washington.

A cub reporter who happened to be present wrote a story about the fence and after stating the facts expressed the opinion that it would soon adorn one of the public parks in Burleson's district in Texas.

The Texas correspondents wired the story to their papers, and soon Burleson was deluged with telegrams.

Encountering the cub reporter, Burleson angrily demanded to know what he had written about the fence.

"What's the matter?" innocently asked the reporter.

"What's the matter?" shouted Burleson. "I paid \$125 for that fence at public auction; I paid \$100 to have it painted black and have the tops gilded; I paid \$75 freight on it to my home in Austin, Tex., where it was to be placed on my home grounds. What's the matter? Why, now I've got to give the consarned thing away!"—Washington Star.

The Little Things of Life.

Around the little things of life
A world of storm and sunshine lies,
Yet those too busy seldom see
The tired look in other eyes.

Around the little things of life
A wealth of loving memories center,
And joys undreamed of by the world
The humblest dwelling places enter.

Around the little things of life,
Connected by a thread so slender,
Are long lost smiles and bygone tears
Which helped to make our hearts more tender.

Alas, how many things in life

Are those of which we cannot boast!
Actions and words we think our best—
How poor and weak they are at most!

More full of love, oh, may they be,

Less full of self as in the past!
Help us, dear Lord, to offer these
More perfect "little things" at last.
—M. Wayman.

Look Him at His Word.

The late King Edward, who so highly appreciated wit, even when, as sometimes happened, the joke went against himself, was once very neatly "scored off" by a lady whom later he deservedly esteemed for her many good works. She had just been presented to him and was somewhat nervous. To put her at her ease his majesty said, "Oh, Miss —, I want to have a long chat with you, but if I should unfortunately bore you pray tell me so." The king, who was an adroit cross examiner, wished to ascertain the young lady's age, which he had no intention of divulging. "You have already said you were born at —," said the monarch. "May I ask in what year?" "You bore me, sir," was the smiling reply, and his majesty took the checkmate in the greatest good humor.

Giddy Girl.

In Mr. Thorold's "Life of Henry La-bouchere" this story is quoted: The Grand Duchess of Tuscany had a venerable maid of honor about seventy years of age. She had piercing black eyes and looked like an old post chaise painted up and with new lamps. "How old do you think I am?" she once asked me with a smirking smile that caused my blood to run cold. I hesitated and then said, "Twenty." "Flatterer," she replied, tapping me with her fan. "I am twenty-five."

The Busy Man's Romance.

He was a very busy man, and she was a very pretty girl. She insisted upon having a love letter every day. She got it.

"You write the loveliest letters, dear!" she said. "And when you are so very, very busy all the time I think it is splendid of you to think of me!"

"I don't forget you," he replied. "My secretary has instructions to write you a letter for me to sign every morning. He is a most efficient and capable young man."

"And you don't know how greatly I appreciate the flowers you send me every week?"

"I'm glad you get them. I told my secretary to make a memo, to send you some every Saturday."

"How systematic! And it is so thoughtful of you to think of the plays I like best and the books I prefer."

"It's a pleasure to know you are pleased. My secretary gets the tickets and picks out the books. He is a very capable fellow."

Two months later the very busy man said:

"Hang him! I don't mind so much his sloping with my fiancee, but how in thunder can I break in another secretary?"

A Careful Talesman.

The district attorney in Chicago was somewhat taken aback one day by the answer he received from a prospective jurymen whom he was examining. The talesman was the owner of a garage.

"Do you know me or any of the lawyers in this case?" the attorney asked.

"No," replied the talesman.

"You don't know me or Judge Blank or Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith here?"

"No."

"None of us store machines at your garage?"

"Well, sir," said the talesman, "all I can answer is that none of you do it under the names you have given in court this morning."—Lippincott's.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. J. W. Barker.
Mrs. Mira E. Barker, wife of J. W. Barker, was born Oct. 1, 1882, and departed this life Feb. 26, 1914, aged 31 years, 4 months and 25 days. She had just spent the Christmas holidays with her beloved ones at home.

Dearest one, I am sad and lonely today,
Sad to know that you have left us
and flown away.
I did not know I could bear this fate
Until the Death Angels opened the
Pearly gates.
Dearest wife, I mourn and grieve be-
cause I know
No pleasure now. But Jesus knew
best what to do,
And 'twas He that said I am ready,
Mira, for you,
He bade the heavenly angel band,
To throw the curtains wide and
march forth from their holy
sleep,
To await thy coming to join their
happy band.
I knew by thy wandering gaze and
silence
That Jesus and His angels were
waiting dear, for you,
And with silence, bade me give you
up.
'Twas time thy troubles were ended
and thou
Must lay down thy cross and go home
in the skies,
Thou art done with sorrows and pain
forevermore.
Sleep on, beloved, sleep on, and take
thy rest.
I loved thee dearly, but Jesus loved
the best.
'Twill not be long ere I shall come
and share thy bliss.
So good night, dear love, for just a
little while,
For we will soon unite again, God
bless your happy smile.
The golden gates were opened wide,
A gentle voice said come:
And angels from the other side
Welcomed our loved one home.
LOVING HUSBAND.

Honor Roll for January for February of Heath Spring Graded and High School.

Tenth grade—Mattie Mae Mobley, Birdie Crenshaw, Lester Crenshaw.
Ninth grade—Eula Williams, Brinnie Small, Esther Williams, Ruth Williams, Lola Mackey.
Seventh grade—Eileen Horton.
Sixth grade—Viola Caston.
Fifth grade—Mildred Clark, Margie Horton.
Fourth grade—Dorothy Clark, Bates Horton.
Third grade—John Halle, Myrtle Mobley.
Second grade—Reba Vaughn, Eula May Hunter, Myrtle Mobley, Bert Cauthen, Ferris Mobley.
First grade—Mary Moore, Jessie Lee Sims.
The honor roll for February follows:
Tenth grade—Mattie Mae Mobley.
Ninth grade—Eula Williams.
Eighth grade—DuBose Robertson, Cary Criminger, Eva Leonard Vanzlandingham, Alston Blackmon, Pierce Blackmon.
Seventh grade—Eileen Horton, Eva Hammond.
Sixth grade—Viola Caston, Daisy Halle, Dewey Halle.
Fifth grade—Mildred Clark, Julia Bridges.
Fourth grade—Dorothy Clark, Eva May Bruce, Mayo Mackey.
Third grade—Martha Dyches, Myrtle Mobley, Annie Bell Hunter, Eva May Caston.
Second grade—Reba Vaughn, Myrtle Mobley, Ferris Mobley, Bert Cauthen.
First grade—Hampton Dyches, Mary Moore, Hyman Clark.

Care of Sore, Other Remedies Won't Cure.

The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pains and...
V. A. LINGLE,
County Superintendent of Education.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it insures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the low priced brands.

A FRIEND OF THE FARMER?

A Correspondent Discusses One of the Governor's Vetoes.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: It seems to me that our Governor has not the welfare of the farmer at heart, for since he has been in office every appropriation for farmer's organizations has been vetoed by him.

As a member of the Plant Breeder's Association, I know that we are in need of funds to carry out our plans as they should be, yet for two years the pittance we have asked for has been vetoed. This is the only organization of its kind in the world, so far as I know, and it has already shown results which, in the near future, means millions to South Carolina farmers. The field is so broad and the possibilities are so great that few very few, can comprehend what can and will be done.

The dispatches from Dallas show that every prize won by South Carolina was won by a plant breeder. The State Fair last fall clearly showed that the long staple cotton industry, both sea island and upland, shows what the plant breeder can do. Two hundred years ago, when long cotton was first brought into the Charleston district, there was so little lint on the seed till the locks of cotton would almost fall to pieces, yet this almost lintless cotton from the Barbadoes, under the treatment of the island planters, soon developed 25 to 28 per centum of lint, and today is the par excellence of all known cotton. Upland long cotton was looked upon as an impossibility till a few years ago yet this season the firm of J. L. Coker & Co. of Hartsville, S. C., handled 20,000 bales of upland long cotton.

When rice from the far East was planted in a kitchen garden at old Charles Town, the grain was a very low grade, but the plant breeders got busy, and in the course of a few years the tide water rice of Carolina took first rank, and stands there yet.

If the Indian of four hundred years ago could be called back from "the happy hunting grounds"—the Indian heaven—and could be taken into our National Corn, Show he could not believe that the corn he made now had its origin in the corn that his squaw grew around his wigwam in his day. Old men now living can tell anyone that the watermelon of today is far superior in every way to the melon of fifty years ago.

Growers of oats know full well that up to forty years ago this crop could not be produced in the low-country along the Atlantic in any of the cotton States. The plant breeder stepped in and now there many strains of oats that defy the ravages of rust here or anywhere.

I could elaborate, but it is useless. But the man who says that plant breeding has reached its zenith knows nothing of plant pathology. The dream of the alchemist of old, which was to mafe gold from a baser or lower substance, is being realized by the intelligent plant breeder. And we are just in the Alpha of this work. As yet we have no guide, no standard authority, no lamp to our feet no beacon on this boundless ocean of possibilities, not dreamed of in the philosophy of Mendel, the Hungarian, or Laves, the Englishman. But this will come just as sure as time will come. As Galileo with his telescope made visible many unknown stars, as Newton with his calculations laid down the laws of this solar system, as Franklin chained the lightning, Morse worked out the wonders of telegraphy as Fulton developed the power of steam as Edison perfected the phonograph as Marconi invented wireless telegraphy defying distances, so also is the time near at hand when plant breeding will be made plain, and this, the youngest of the sciences, will be the hand-maiden of plenty, and will pile into the lap of commerce greater stores of wealth than the world has ever known.

The plant Breeder's Association is not going to die for the lack of funds. Like the ghost of Banquo, it will not down at the bidding of any man. It is here to stay, and as the years go by it will grow stronger and stronger for its good works are visible and everything that clearly shows up to be a dollar-maker is, in this day of grace, a thing of popularity. There never was a time when the dollar had more devotees than now, and the worshippers of the golden calf all did not live in the days of Aaron.

A. W. BRABHAM,
Olar, S. C., March 9.

FOR SUMMER SCHOOL.

Winthrop College Prepares for Vacation Work.

Rock Hill Special to Columbia State March 10.—Preparations for the summer school at Winthrop college, which begins June 16 and continues until July 24, are now well under way and the outlook is that the session the coming summer will be "bigger and better" from both the standpoint of attendance and instruction. The catalogue is now being issued and will be distributed as widely as possible within the next few weeks.

President Johnson of Winthrop college Friday expressed himself as greatly pleased with the interest shown so far. He expects that the attendance will be considerably larger than last year when it reached around 600. Dr. Johnson has secured the services of some of the most noted educators in the country as members of the faculty. While several members have not been secured as yet he gave out a partial list of the faculty and from this it is seen that the personal could hardly be improved upon in any particular.

Discussing the object in having the summer school, Dr. Johnson stated that the purpose was fourfold: It is designed to meet the needs of teachers who have never had the benefit of a college training, teachers who, though college graduates feel the need of broadening their education either along the line of special branches or educational methods, the ablest and most liberal educated teachers who recognize the benefits of association with kindred spirits and of receiving a new inspiration for their work, and teachers and students who wish to make credits on a Winthrop diploma.

That Winthrop is an ideal place for a summer school is unquestionable. The climate conditions are excellent and the college grounds are ample for recreational purposes. The dormitory facilities are sufficient to care for 700 teachers and from the college farm can be secured vegetables, milk etc. pure and fresh.

As instructors for the coming session of the summer school Dr. Johnson has secured a number who were formerly members of the summer school faculty, including many members of the Winthrop faculty. In addition several of the instructors will make their first appearance in this State.

History of the Mecklenburg "Myth."

Macon News.

North Carolina is preparing for a record-breaking, state-wide celebration of the signing of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence on May 20, and publication of the fact has provoked hoots and jeers from the skeptics who regard this historical fact as fiction.

This much is certain: If what is claimed for the Mecklenburg declaration of independence is true, North Carolina and the Revolutionary patriots of that state have been grievously slighted by historians.

School histories contain no allusion to the Mecklenburg affair. At least, they didn't a generation or so ago, and it isn't likely that the ones nowadays are any different. The only information obtainable is from encyclopedias, the larger library histories and special books on the subject, not possessed by, nor accessible to, the general public.

Briefly it is asserted that a declaration of independence was signed by Mecklenburg citizens on May 29 1775, more than a year prior to the draft of Thomas Jefferson's celebrated "Declaration." But exacting historians have long since pointed out that the alleged Mecklenburg "declaration" has words and phrases and almost entire sentences identical with Jefferson's document. This naturally suggests the thought that either the Mecklenburg declaration is a forgery, or else Jefferson was a plagiarist. In the two documents there are no less than 11 words and phrases precisely alike.

The authenticity of the Mecklenburg document has been admitted by so reliable a historian as Bancroft, and the actual facts seem to be about as follows:

At a meeting of the people of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, held at Charlottemon on May 31, 1775, resolutions were passed which did not imply independence of Great Britain, but which were quite abreast of the time in condemning the pretensions of the mother country. They attracted some attention and were copied by several colonial newspapers, among

others by the South Carolina Gazette, a copy of which was sent by Gov. Wright of Georgia to Lord Dartmouth and was found by Bancroft in the State paper office. This contains the true declaration. Later, when the war was over, the originators of these resolutions, having forgotten the language which they had used, and having advanced with the nation to stronger views, declared that their resolutions contained much that was similar to the Declaration of Independence adopted by the continental congress, and that they were drawn up on May 19 and 20, instead of on May 31. Their version of the resolutions was first made public in the Raleigh register on April 30, 1819, and at once there was general demand for the proof concerning such an important event, that had been allowed to slumber for more than 40 years. In 1829 the State printed the 1819 copy—a copy furnished by "James McKnitt," who said that the original text, burned in 1800, was left in his hands by John Matthew Alexander, deceased—the State printed as stated a copy of this copy, with affirmations from the signers still living. Satisfied with the proof, North Carolina, in 1831, made May 20 a legal holiday. Since then it has been fairly well shown that the actual resolutions were adopted on May 31, 20, in number, and that the resolutions of May 20 were much different in tone and number.

All sources of information have long been exhausted, and it is now impossible for any more details to be obtained that would throw light on the controversy; for controversy it is and always will be, in spite of North Carolina's justifiable defense of the Mecklenburg declaration.

In the light of these facts, it is not likely that North Carolinians will relish the ridicule and cynicism of the Nashville Banner and the Columbia States' reference to "the Tarheel myth."

THE GUEST

Lent, Lent, comes knocking at our door
As years ago, it has before.
"What guest is this?" our spirits cry,
A voice makes answer "It is I."
"Who?" says my soul; and on that word
I see the figure of my Lord.
His hands are pierced; His voice is clear:
"I seek for you, my own Son dear.
Did I not die thy soul to free?
Come, therefore, yield thy soul to me."
Ah, Lent, I hear thee, sweet thy call,
My door I open, take my all.
Back of my casement, barred by sin,
Long have I suffered. Guest, come in!
Lent, Lent comes knocking at our door,
As years ago, it has before.
Let in the guest and the promise see—
Lo, 'tis the Savior supps with thee!
—Carroll Lund Bates.

THE OPEN DOOR.

O secret place, wide deep within my heart,
O room in which the great world has no part,
I shut your door, and strive to keep it sealed;
But lo! there is no fresh bud in the field,
No little bird, no young and tender thing,
But wields a power like some hidden spring.
To hold the door ajar, which I would fain,
Keep closed, I lock it fast with strength and pain,
And patient effort; then a child's soft hand
In playing turns the key; and at command
Of baby smiles or helpless baby cries,
The door I strive to close wide open flies.
—Constance Johnson in Delineator.

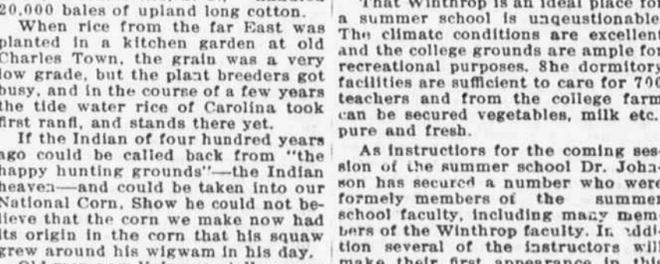
Suffered with Throat Trouble.

Mr. Barnes used to be sheriff of Warren County, Tennessee. From exposure to the elements he acquired throat trouble. He supposed that his health was entirely ruined, in spite of all the treatment he could procure.

After using four bottles of Peruna he claims that he was entirely restored to health.

Catarrh of the throat is not only an annoying disease of itself, but it exposes the victim to many other diseases. We are constantly breathing into our throats numerous atmospheric germs. Disease germs of all sorts. This cannot be avoided. If the throat is healthy the system is protected from these poisonous germs. But if the throat is raw and punctured with numerous little ulcers, by catarrh, then the disease germs have easy access to the system. Keep the throat well and clean. This is the way to protect yourself against contagious diseases. Gargle the throat as explained in the new "His of Life," sent free by the Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Barnes says: "I had throat trouble and had three doctors treating me. All failed to do me any good, and pronounced my health gone. I concluded to try Peruna, and after using four bottles can say I was entirely cured."



MR. E. W. D. BARNES, Maconville, Tenn.

\$71,000 ROBBERY

Although details have not been given out a package addressed to a local bank containing \$71,000 in U. S. treasury notes was taken and a package of magazines substituted. The substitution was not found out till the package reached the bank, when the cashier found the bundle of "Laff" magazines. He started to read some of the stuff and became so interested that he agreed with the bank directors to make up the loss if they would place him on the subscription list of "Laff" for life. In order to get you in a good humor and help you forget even your big troubles, domestic or financial we will agree to send you "Laff" for one year at the ridiculously low price of 50 cents.

This National Magazine of Fun is making greater strides than any other magazine before the American public today. It is a magazine that will keep the whole family in a good humor. The staff of Laff contains artists, caricaturists, and writers who rank among the best in the country. It is highly illustrated and printed in colors. It will keep the whole family cheerful the year 'round. You can afford to spend 50c a year to do this. Send this clipping and FIFTY CENTS today to the Publishers of Laff, Dayton, Ohio, for one year's subscription. The regular price is \$1.00 and we are making this SPECIAL OFFER to get acquainted. 35-40

A Sad State of Affairs.

The Columbia State says "the poorest paid county school teacher is worth far more to South Carolina than the whole breed of demagogues" with which we are afflicted, while the Chester Semi-Weekly News notes the fact that "South Carolina spends only \$3 per capita for the education of her children." The ignorance of the masses keeps the demagogue in power while the demagogue keeps the masses in ignorance in order to retain his power over them. It is a bad state of affairs, but the sad part of it is the end is not yet in sight.—Dillon Herald.



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CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., Makers Gardner, Mass.

Subscribe for The News.

Lv. Lancaster	8:00a—3:15p
Lv. Port Lawn	8:30a—3:55p
Lv. Bascomville	8:47a—4:15p
Lv. Port Burg	8:58a—4:30p
Ar. Chester	7:40a—5:15p

Lancaster & Chester Ry. Co.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 9th, 1913.	
EASTERN TIME.	
WESTBOUND.	
Lv. Lancaster	9:30a—6:45p
Lv. Richburg	10:20a—7:27p
Lv. Bascomville	10:31a—7:38p
Lv. Port Lawn	11:02a—7:59p
Ar. Lancaster	11:20a—8:25p

Connections—Chester, with Southern, Seaboard and Carolina & North-western Railways.
Port Lawn, with Seaboard Air Line Railway.
Lancaster, with Southern Railway.
A. P. McLURE, Supt.