

A LETTER FROM "DICK TO PATSIE"

Abbeville, S. C.,
April 21, 1915.

Mr. Pat Roche,
Darraughs, S. C.

Dear Patsie,—It has been so long since I saw you that I thought I would write you a few lines. We all miss you very much. Old man Thomson came up Saturday, hoping to get up a game of set back, but as you did not come nothing was doing. It was certainly a great disappointment to us all.

We have not been having much set back recently. The Greenville street players still lead the league. Those fellows up there must play with signs, or some kind of foot work. Old man Jim Stark and Bill Greene came over to Jim McMillan's house the other night to play a game; they phoned Jim they were coming, and told him to get his best partner on our street. Jim made a little fun of them, saying that he would get McGowan Hill or Major Nance, but I guess he thought he had better get the best player he could, so he sent for me. Well, those fellows trimmed us up just like trimming a tree. Old man Stark caught my Jack every time; he called it "chawing" on a Jack, and then said, Hi! Yi! as if he had done something; you know we never say anything when we catch a Jack.

Uncle Jim did most of the talking and all the laughing; you can't get Bill Greene to say a word when he is in a game of set back, especially if he is winning.

Well, those fellows just cleaned us up. We played and played, and tried all kinds of tricks, such as walking around our chairs, swapping chairs, turning our pockets wrong side out, and taking off our shoes; but they just kept beating us. I must say that I believe it is science; Jim says it is luck, but I call it science.

We went up on Greenville street the other night. I had never been up there before, neither had my partner, and we came very near getting stalled. When we got to the door, a servant met us with a silver tray; she held it out and my partner put his hat in it. I didn't know exactly what to do, so we just asked. When you call on that street I find that a servant always meets you at the door, and you are expected to have an engraved card, which you place in the silver tray; the servant carries this back, and if they want to see you, they are at home; if they do not want to see you, they are not at home. We learned that much.

While we were there, they served refreshments. Those fellows up there can eat these green olives just like you and I ate green apples when we were boys, and celery to them is just like collards to us. They eat these things and seem to enjoy them. Of course we did the best we could, and we got through very well; but a fellow who tries to run with the Greenville street crowd, must be a sport. When you "lay-by" your crop and come home, we will go up there some night and you can see for yourself how they do.

Jim Mc. has been right sick. While he was sick, he couldn't eat anything except milk punch. Yes, he was sick a good while; and when he got up, he had toothache so bad that Mrs. McMillan had to give him a good drink every night before he could go to sleep. It seemed like his tooth never would get better, so she made him have it pulled. Jim says that it must have been his jaw-bone because it aches very bad at night still, but Mrs. McMillan says she thinks it will get better without any more medicine; so Jim has gone back to Dyson.

This letter is long, and I will close until next time. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them I am with them.

Yours till death,
Richard Sondley.

Huyler's candy, Martha Washington and Monkey candy always fresh at Speed's Drug Store.

Martha Washington candy in hal and pound boxes. Try it. There is nothing like it for the money, at Speed's.

TIMELY HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

Sweep the dirt under the kitchen cabinet. The room looks just as clean and it takes less time to take it up in a dustpan, says The Indianapolis News.

If ever it is necessary to choose between an afternoon at the bridge club and cleaning up the house, always choose the former.

Buy something from every agent that comes to the house whether you need it or not. It makes business good for the agent.

Let the pet dog sleep on the foot of the bed on cold nights. It gets the covers full of hair, but the dog likes it.

Put the ashes in the best galvanized tub. The junk men that come through the alleys often have need of a good tub at home.

Neglect to fix the furnace when going out on a cold day, so that the fire can also go out.

To make the biscuits into which you have forgotten to put baking powder more palatable throw them out and mix another batch, adding the baking powder.

Use as many eggs as possible when the price is high. It increases the cost of high living, and thus enlivens domestic conversation.

Have dinner late the night you are going to the theatre. It adds so much to domestic felicity and the joy of the play when it is necessary to break one's neck to get into one's seat before the play begins.

Always mop the kitchen just before the man of the house carries the ashes up out of the cellar. It makes work double and enables any one to tell who is responsible for the dirty appearance of the kitchen.

Spend two street car tickets when ever possible to go down town to attend a dress goods sale where the total saving is 4 cents.

In the summer time, when the weather is uncertain, leave all the windows up when you go away for the day. The rain will destroy the finish of the hardwood floors, but the house will be cool when you return.

The easiest way to prevent the odor of sauerkraut permeating every crack and cranny of the house is not to cook any.

The Hustle On Wednesday.

A stranger in town on Wednesday morning last, expressed great surprise at the hush of our people so early in the morning. He was up about five o'clock and he saw men and women up and about. Some men were coming out their front doors half dressed and rubbing their eyes. Women were standing at the gate with their brooms in their hands, many others came to the doors and looked anxiously up and down the road, some had flour on their hands while others were energetically wiping up last night's supper dishes. Men who had every evidence of having dressed hurriedly, were standing on the streets in front of their gates looking up and down the road. There was an air of expectancy all over the town. As the day advanced from five to six o'clock there was some evidence of excitement and emphatic gestures and impatient talk was the order of the day.

Things quieted down as the Press and Banner carrier came up the street and delivered the paper to the waiting throng. This is simply to notify our friends that he does not come round until six o'clock and it is useless to get up at five as has been the custom since the Press and Banner has been "getting good."

The stranger within our gates need not get excited, the hustle on Wednesday morning is not occasioned by any tragedy, but is simply our subscribers getting up to get the paper first.

Seth was a tight-fisted, hard-hearted old farmer. His brother William, dying, Seth drove into town to have a notice inserted in the newspaper.

"There ain't no charges, be there?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the editor. "Our price is four shillings an inch."

"Crickey," muttered the old man, "an' Bill six-foot-two."

STILL "ENGLAND," SAYS SCOTCHMAN

(In Britain's day of stress Scotsmen, Irishmen, and our kin from beyond the seas—Britons all—are rallying round the flag, yet Englishmen and the English Press continue to speak and write of "England" at war, and "English" troops, ships, etc.)

The "English" Navy in its might
Is out upon the main;
The "English" Army—some in kilts—
Is at the front again;

The dogs of war are loosened
And gathering to the fray,
But the British ships and British troops—
I wonder where are they?

'Twas "England" that declared the war,
And "she" will see it through;

How kind she is to Britain,
Doing 'all there is to do!

We Scots and Irish do not count—
We're nothing in the scale.
I wonder, if the Scotsmen fled,
Would 'England' have turned tail?

"England" will stand by Belgium,
And France and Russia too,
But "English" papers never say
What Britain means to do;

For "treaty obligations"
We are told that "England" fights,
Yet our country's name is Britain,
As all know, by treaty rights.

To "treaty obligations"

We Scots have aye been true,
And over every clime on earth,
Fought for the red, the white, and blue,
Still Englishmen continue—

And it's to their lasting shame—
To speak and write of Britain
Falsely under "England's" name.

When blood has flowed like water,
And 'midst the heaps of slain
Lie stalwart Scot and brawny Celt
Who victory helped to gain,

The glory will be "England's"
Like every other thing;

'Tis "England" this and "England" that—
Flag, Navy, Army, King.

Still let Scots do their duty
In Britain's day of war;
A greater cause than "England's"
Nerves Scottish hearts by far.

For Britain and the Empire
We Scotsmen draw the sword,
And not like hired mercenaries,
As if "England" were our lord.

—W. M. Cockburn, in Glasgow
"Weekly Herald."

Pointed Paragraphs.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

Why shorten our days by lengthening our nights?

If you want to know anything about club life, hit the policeman.

A good many spirit manifestations come after visits to the bar.

If a lazy man has no where else to go, he ought to go to work.

The lantern-jawed man isn't necessarily a brilliant conversationalist.

Talk less and think more. This is easy advice to give but uneasy to take.

A full dress suit enables a \$600 clerk to pass himself off for \$1,200 waiter.

Fat men are good natured because good natured men are usually fat.

A contented willing laborer is worth 50 per cent more than a dissatisfied compulsory worker.

After it became apparent that clothing was the proper thing it was Eve who said: "I told you so."

Sometimes the humor of a man is so dry that he has to buy the drinks in order to get other men to listen to it.

"How shall I dress tomorrow?" is the all important question that fills the mind of a woman the first time she goes to bed in a sleeping car. And no wonder.—Ex.

Sunday-school Teacher: Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation): Which made the most?



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Grazing Crops Necessary In Making Hogs Pay.

(The Progressive Farmer.)

I have learned that there are several fundamental principles that must be observed if the hog is made to pay. Breed counts for much. Any breed beats the scrub. The kind of breed should be chosen whose characteristics suit the conditions of the farm. I chose the Duroc-Jersey.

I have a nice grade sow that I will compare with a pure-bred sow. They were pigs together and received the same care. Both are good sows and bring large litters twice a year. The pigs of the pure-bred are thrifty and uniform in size and color, while the pigs of the grade are not so thrifty and are very irregular in size and color. The pure-bred sow is a better suckler, and she brings me the better profits. I keep a boar of the same breed as my sows. I do not like to mix breeds.

But it is not all in breed. Hogs must have the proper care if they bring profits. The houses must be kept clean and free from dust; the bedding must be changed often if the pigs are kept healthy; shade is as essential in summer a shelter in winter; plenty of clean water is as necessary as food. I keep my hogs free from lice and worms. This must be done if they are to give best results.

I find the hog's board bill his greatest expense, and I try to reduce it by feeding cheap but wholesome feeds. I try to keep all the pasture the hogs can consume at all times. I cannot make profit raising hogs without pasture. Grass, red clover, cowpeas, soy beans and winter barley are the pasture crops I rely upon. It pays to feed a small quantity of corn, all the time. I try to make my corn, pasture crops and hogs come out together.

"I keep my hogs growing; it does not pay to let them get stunted. I keep but four sows, as my farm is small. A few well kept hogs pay me better than many neglected ones. Last year I sold \$800 worth of hogs, raising all the hogs and their feed. I am making the hog pay on hundred-dollar-an-acre land.

C. F. Fowler,

Hickman, Ky.

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"Father," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry that said, 'Let us have peace?'"

"Never," said old Mickey. "Nobody be the name of Pathrick ever said anything loike that."

If you want a nice flash light or an extra battery go to Speed's Drug Store.

A traveller went into a refreshment room at a railway station notorious for its bad catering.

"Will you have tea or coffee, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Don't tell me which it is," replied the traveller, "just bring it to me and let me guess!"

Cigars

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