

ABOUT POT-LICKER.

(By Savoyard.)

Lately, there has been a rather wide discussion of the dish known as "pot-licker." Boston has been talking about it with verbose ignorance. New York is nearly as hopeless, and Chicago knows nothing about it. As pot-licker is an invention of Kentucky and Tennessee, it is surprising that Tom Wallace of Louisville calls it the broth of a pot of hog's jowl and turnip sallet; but then Tom is from the Bluegrass county of Shelby, and pot-licker is a native of the Penny-rile, and there it is cooked and served in its grandeur, a dish fit for high Olympus when Jupiter has for guests Jason's mighty crew.

The base of genuine pot-licker is cabbage, or turnip, and properly prepared as only the old negro cook of that elder and better day could make it, it was better than blackeye pea soup and equal to jowl and greens. I will now tell you about real pot-licker, a luxury that has occasioned many an elegant and high-toned Kentuckian and Tennessean to commit the sin of gluttony.

If we are to believe all we read in the "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," and I accept every line of that immortal classic, they grow turnips in the soil of Scotland that are more like fruit than vegetable, so sweet they are. Just as fine a turnip is grown in Barren county, Kentucky, if the farmer knows his business, as many of them do. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the early settlers of that region wore out their fertile fields by growing corn and tobacco. Lands were cheap, and vast areas were abandoned to broom-sedge, thrown out for stray live stock to graze upon. After years of neglect patches of blackberry briars would grow here and there and these restored the fertility of the soil on which sprang up bluegrass—not the rank and vulgar growth of the "upper counties," like Shelby, Henry, Woodford, and Fayette, but a more delicate and more aristocratic plant. If I may force a metaphor, more or less stolen, the blue grass of Barren county is to the blue grass of Bourbon county as is the arched steep of the Frank to the flat foot of the Goth.

Well, go out into an old field and clear it of a patch of briars. Plow it shallow, harrow it and thoroughly pulverize the soil. Then the first week in September, when that moon is new of which the poet sang not quite like this:

"The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush

Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the harvest moon"

in the first week in September sow your turnips. If you want to raise turnips for sheep or cattle, sow them the 25th of July and have turnips though the weather be wet or dry. But for pot-licker sow your turnips early in September.

Then by the middle of October when the frost has first kissed the maiden foliage of the forests and made it the glorious matron—wife of opulent Autumn—then your turnips are ripe. Though small they are sweet and grateful to the palate as apples of the most delicious flavor but without acidity. Butcher a shoit of some 60 pounds and dress it nicely. Take a chunk of the loin, half fat and half lean, and put it in an iron pot with sliced turnips, pure spring water, and a pod of red pepper, and allow the mess first to boil and then to simmer until the turnips, when mashed, are of the consistency of mush. Dip out the meat and vegetable, and the broth that is left is pot-licker—sure enough pot-licker.

But it is not yet a balanced ration for a Christian. It requires bread, and cornbread at that. Moreover, that cornbread must be "pone." Not one American in ten thousand ever tasted real cornbread. It is a barbarism that I would not suffer if present to mix eggs with corn meal for bread. There is no real corn meal in the world outside Kentucky and Tennessee. Corn grown in those states has more oil in it and will weigh more to the bushel than corn grown in any other State. Besides, more and better whiskey can be distilled from it than from the prebian corn of Illinois or Iowa.

Select picked corn. Take it to an old-fashioned water mill that will grind about 25 bushels a day if the miller begins at dawn and grinds without ceasing till dark. It must not be turned into a flour, but ground coarse, though not too coarse. Given such meal, pure, fresh spring water, a hickory wood fire, an iron skillet and lid and an old negro mammy who knows how to cook—she will mix the meal and water, fashion it into pones

in her hands, drop the pones into the hot skillet, pat them with her hands, cover with the hot lid on which large live coals are heaped and in a few minutes each particular atom of the meal will get hot and explode like popcorn. A glorious brown comes over the upper and lower crust and there is real corn dodger, the best bread that ever went down human gullet.

Now, serve your pot-licker with a pone of that bread—two or three pones—open your weskit and fall to gormandizing. Butter? Yes, if you wish it, but you don't need it. Some folks put stewed tomatoes in the pot-licker after it is served, but they have perverse palates.

I have been told by a man in whose veracity I place full trust that zest is added to the feast if one would have under one's belt as he sits down to table one or two stiff drinks of pure 2-year-old apple brandy.

Many epicures prefer pot-licker made from cabbage. If properly prepared it is excellent in the fall of the year, but best cabbage pot-licker is a winter dish. The cabbages have been buried in the ground and after a hard freeze, on a rainy day, preferably, the cabbage is dug out of the pit and prepared for the pot. The leaves are as white as snow and as brittle as glass. About this time the salt meat is ready to hang in the smokehouse for curing. For cabbage select a piece of salt shoulder that is innocent of sugar—sugar-preserved meat will not do for pot-licker.

When your cabbage is boiled until it is precisely done, take it up. If left till overdone it becomes insipid; if taken up underdone it is tough. The negro mammy could be implicitly trusted therein. If fixed right that pot-licker, too, is grand—just as good as the turnip pot-licker I told you of in the foregoing. And it requires the same corn dodger to make the ration balance. Some tastes require the apple brandy to augment, not to stimulate, the zest of cabbage pot-licker.

Now you know what real, simon-pure pot-licker is.
Washington, May 19.

MONEY TO LEND.

I am now in a position to make loans of from one to ten thousand dollars, on terms of from five to twenty years on farm lands in Abbeville County.

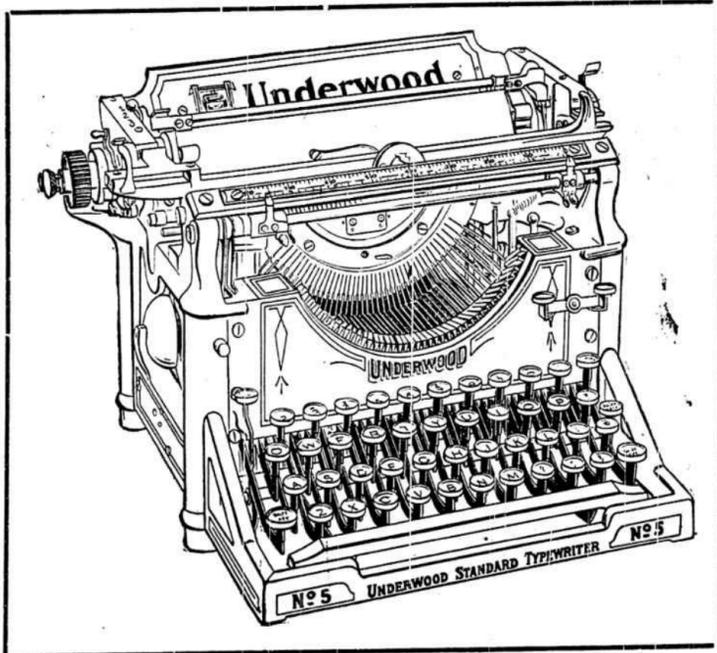
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**ESTATE OF VIRGINIA H. McILWAIN
Notice of Settlement and Application for Final Discharge.**

TAKE NOTICE that on the 19 day of Nov. 1915, I will render a final account of my actings and doings as Administrator of the Estate of Virginia H. McIlwain, deceased, in the office of Judge of Probate for Abbeville County at 10 o'clock a. m., and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from my trust as such Administrator.

All persons having demands against said estate will present them for payment on or before that day, proven and authenticated or be forever barred.

Geo. A. McIlwain,
Administrator.

TO ORGANIZE COUNTRY INTO NAVAL DISTRICTS

Washington, Oct. 22.—Organization of the naval districts of the United States and the insular possessions to aid the bureau of naval intelligence in gathering information that will be of use to the department

in war or peace times is included in plans upon which officers of the navy department are at work. There are thirteen of these districts in addition to those at Honolulu, Manila and Panama, each under the supervision of commandant of a navy yard in that region.

It is proposed to make this organization active in registering all American merchant vessels that might be of use in war times, including power boats and motor launches, to organize by these districts the various radio stations, public and private, as long distance eavesdroppers to "listen in" on any wireless conversation at sea off the coasts and also to make the proposed navy training camps correspond to the district organization.

A proposal has been made and probably will be presented to congress this winter, that all pleasure power boats be required to carry registry by number in order that close track may be kept on them. It has been reported that Great Britain has a fleet of two thousand armed trawlers and motor launches now patrolling her coasts, manned largely by civilian crews. Navy officers believe a similar organi-

zation could be formed among American power boat owners.

The boats would have considerable value as aids to the great fleet of coast defense submarines it is proposed to build up within five years. Six submarine bases are contemplated. The first scouting line to locate an enemy fleet would be the destroyers and scout ships of the navy working far at sea. Behind these would be the navy reserve craft and a swarm of swift power boats. From these latter would come word to the submarine bases in case the enemy slipped through the first line. With such a system in working order, not a ship could move within a hundred miles of either coast but that its course would be reported.

In addition to this work, the naval districts would report to the intelligence bureau everything transpiring within their jurisdiction that might be valuable. The bureau would act as a clearing house for information and prepare for the commanders of fleets at sea such advices as it might be thought necessary for him to have.

SCOUT CRUISER

SWIFTEST KNOWN

Washington, Oct. 22.—The ten scout cruisers contemplated in the five-year naval building program to be recommended to congress, will be the swiftest vessels of this class ever built if tentative plans now under consideration by the general board are approved. They will be of greater displacement than the cruisers Salem, Chester, and Birmingham, the only craft of the kind now in service, but will have a sustained speed of 30 knots or more an hour and a maximum speed probably in excess of the 35-knot gait at which the giant battle cruisers to be built will be able to travel in an emergency.

The navy now has many destroyers which can make 30 knots in a calm sea and many more will be added within the five-year period. They are so low in the water and so light in weight, however, that they cannot maintain this speed in rough weather or for any considerable distance. The new scouts will be big enough and carry enough fuel oil to cross the Atlantic at a swifter pace than the fastest present day liners, keeping up the pace in all but heavy storms.



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