

The Secretary-Cook

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS

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"WANTED—A capable young woman to act as private secretary to the head of a large corporation. Apply, stating qualifications and experience, to A. C., box 220."

Sylvia read the advertisement hopefully. She was a young woman—if twenty-five is young; she was capable, and for four years she had been private secretary to Henry Cowie, head of the Lighting Investment company. But Sylvia was more than capable—she was pretty and charming, too, and young Harry Cowie, had taken an amazing liking to the details of office duty in his father's corporation ever since he came home from college and saw her.

The young people were not exactly engaged, but Sylvia was just as fond of Harry as he was of her. And so matters drifted until Henry Cowie intervened.

"Harry," he said, "I've decided to put you in charge of our Portland branch. You can start west tomorrow. I want to build it up and shall expect you to stick to your desk there for at least two years."

That was how the quarrel began. Harry announced that, if he went, he would take Miss Sylvia Latham with him as his bride. Henry Cowie rejoined that in that event he could resign his position and take twenty-five cents for a wedding gift. In the middle of the discussion Sylvia entered, but the discussion had grown so heated that it did not stop. Sylvia understood its purport at once, turned, walked out, and never went back.

That was how she came to leave Henry Cowie. And now she wondered whether it would be necessary to mention him as a reference.

She answered the advertisement, and on the following day received a letter asking her to call at a house in the suburbs. Sylvia went.

A pleasant-looking woman met her at the door.

"Can you cook a good plain dinner?" Mrs. Chambers asked.

"I suppose I could," said Sylvia, smiling.

"I did not know I was to live here," she said. "Does Mr. Chambers want me to go to town with him every morning?"

Mrs. Chambers stared at her, then laughed.

"Not if I know it," she answered. "You are a queer girl. Now come along and let us get the mutton into the oven. Alphonse is bringing a friend home with him. That is what he is always doing, and without the slightest warning. Well, I guess we have enough food in the house, but I don't know what I should have done without you."

Three-quarters of an hour later the dinner was done, and almost simultaneously there came a ring at the front door.

"There's Alphonse," said Mrs. Chambers. "I suppose he has left his key at the office again. Really, men are very trying!"

Then a new thought came to Sylvia. Mrs. Chambers was, perhaps, of a jealous nature. Perhaps that was why Mr. Chambers had left her to select the secretary.

Five minutes precisely after Mrs. Chambers had departed Sylvia, carrying a tray loaded with dishes, plates and a large platter on which the leg of mutton reposed in a pond of gravy, made her appearance in the dining room. Then she perceived, seated at the table, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, and—Harry Cowie.

"Sylvia," he cried triumphantly.

"Harry!" shouted Mr. Chambers.

"What is the matter? Have you gone crazy?"

"No," answered Harry, "not now. I have been insane, almost, trying to locate Miss Latham, since she ran away from us three weeks ago. I had a decoy advertisement in the Sunday papers, for a secretary, but not a single answer rewarded my efforts. Sylvia, dearest, look at me! It's all right now. Father says he wants you as much as I do. Yes, Mrs. Chambers, of course, I have met Sylvia before. Why—see here, Alphonse, Miss Latham and I have been engaged for months."

"Well, you certainly will enjoy your meals if you marry a cook," said Mrs. Chambers wittingly.

"Cook? She's a splendid cook," said Harry. "That is—eh? What do you mean by that, Mrs. Chambers? Sylvia isn't a cook. Sylvia, dearest, you aren't a cook are you?"

"I thought I was a private secretary," said Sylvia, in tears. "But it seems that I'm a cook now. Oh, let me go, Harry!"

"Didn't you answer my advertisement for a cook?" demanded Mrs. Chambers of the girl. But before Sylvia could reply Alphonse Chambers brought his fist down with a jar that set the glasses dancing upon the table.

"I see it now!" he yelled. "Harry, they must have mixed the advertisements at the newspaper office."

Mrs. Chambers got up from the table, walked to Sylvia, and drew her into her arms.

"I'm sorry, my dear," she whispered, caressing her. "I think you will make a splendid wife for Harry. Come and sit down and we'll forget this little misunderstanding."

"Uh!" munched Mr. Chambers. "From the taste of this mutton I feel rather sorry it was a misunderstanding."

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LIME AND AGRICULTURE.

(U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin.)

Of all the problems that confront the farmer, the supply of available nitrogen for his crops is probably the one that demands the most careful attention. Nitrogen to be of benefit to plant life must be available—that is, it must be in such a form that the plant can readily take it up from the soil.

The most available form of nitrogen is what is known as nitrates, and these are found in combination with certain base materials, such as nitrate of soda, nitrate of potash, nitrate of ammonia, nitrate of lime, etc.

Nitrogen combined with lime is a very valuable combination, as lime ranks fourth as a plant food. Nitrate of lime is termed by agricultural experts as an ideal combination of two very valuable elements of plant food, carrying as it does nitrogen in a most available form, and lime, which is both essential to plant life and also to the needs of the soil.

In the product that is now being put on the market, known as Norwegian nitrate of lime, the lime being in the form of nitrate of lime, will not liberate the ammonia from other materials which might be contained in mixed goods. In fact, it can be mixed with perfect safety and satisfaction with any other fertilizer materials, or it can be used alone for direct application to the soil.

The soils of most of the Southern States are deficient in lime, and as each ton of Norwegian nitrate of lime contains about the equivalent of 1,000 pounds of limestone, and when the farmer is applying nitrogen in the form of nitrate of lime to his land, he is at the same time applying lime in its most desirable form, and gradually accumulating a supply of lime for future crops. The beneficial action of lime on the soil is too well known to go into further discussion of that subject.

While nitrate of lime has been largely used as a fertilizer in Europe for a number of years, and has also been in use among the farmers and fruit growers of California and the Pacific Slope for several years, it is only in the past few months that a supply has become available to the farmers of the Southern States.

Nitrate of lime contains no chlorine and is therefore suitable for use on tobacco, grapes, citrus fruits, etc., where materials containing chlorine are not desirable. It is also splendidly adapted to growing vegetables, as its quickly available nitrogen produces a rapid growth and tender vegetables that are not too watery.

It is well for the Southern farmer to acquaint himself with this material, for he will find it a most desirable form of nitrogen. Being in the form of nitrate, the nitrogen is readily assimilated by the plant, and it is not necessary as in the case of certain other forms of nitrogenous fertilizer, to be converted into nitrate before the plant takes it up.

There has been a large amount of Norwegian nitrate of lime used in Georgia this spring, and these practical demonstrations have shown that nitrate of lime is an ideal source of nitrogen.

Happiness for All Women.—"For some time I have been using Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and now my friends are asking what has happened to me, that I look so well. I have been afflicted with freckles, blemishes and sallow complexion for the last four or five years, but now my complexion is wonderfully improved. Magnolia Balm means happiness in a lovely complexion. Respectfully, (signed) Nonie Bentley, Nankipoo, Tenn." All women should use this liquid face and toilet powder—Brunette, white, pink, rose-red. 75 cents at drugists, or by mail, Lyon Mfg. Co., 42 So. Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—adv.

THE DEPARTMENTAL TRAINING School is to Be a Special Feature of Great S. S. Convention.

Spartanburg, June 10.—Special: Departmental training schools are to be a feature of the annual convention of the South Carolina Sunday School Association, to be held in Columbia at the University of South Carolina, June 20-21-22. It is announced by Leon C. Palmer, general superintendent of the South Carolina Sunday School Association, with headquarters here, that special training school sessions will be held for the workers in every department, including the beginners, primary, junior, young people, adult and superintendents.

According to Superintendent Palmer, among the subjects that will be discussed in these training conferences are the following:

"The Sunday School and the Home," "Special Day Programs," "Work with Juniors," "Habit-forming and Memory Work," "Story Telling for Beginners and Primaries," "Fitting the Country Sunday Schools to the Country Boys and Girls," "The Girl of To-day," "Social Life of Our Young People," "Winning the Young People to Christ," "Teaching the Lesson in the Adult Bible Class," "The Building up of Class Membership and Attendance," "Practical Plans for the Small Sunday School," "Co-operation Between Public School and Sunday School," "The Pastor's Place in the Sunday School," "The Secretary and His Work," "Missionary Instruction in the Sunday School."

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the Inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All drugists, Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

An aviator who has brought down five enemy planes is called an "ace," and receives a medal in recognition of such service.

The Treachery of Dale Woods

By CALVIN HENDRICKS

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"Hands up!"

Hector Walth was more surprised than alarmed. Four men faced him in the rugged Kentucky mountain path whom he had heretofore accounted as his friends. He was too accustomed to the rugged mandatory ways of the group, however, to hesitate at the order given.

"Why, what is the trouble?" he asked quietly enough, although he did not like the glint in the eyes of the leader of the coterie, Wilson Vance.

"Sit down on that rock," directed the leader of the quartet.

"Is this a holdup or a court of inquiry?" he hazarded with a faint smile.

"It's a court of justice and a serious affair," replied Vance unflinchingly. "To state the case briefly: You, purporting to be a young business man from the East, came out here nearly a month ago seeking your health."

"My letters should persuade you that I am the genuine article," spoke Walth lightly and again with the smile.

"It looks different now," declared Vance. "You were welcomed as a temporary guest at the home of my uncle. You took an interest in my cousin, Nellie, his daughter. When a man's square the Vances treat him right. When he's a spy—"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Walth instantly and sternly.

"Just what the word implies," broke in a new voice. The instant Walth recognized the man as Dale Woods he knew that he was in trouble. Dale Woods was an old rejected but persistent suitor of pretty Nellie.

"I say you are a spy," declared Woods, facing Walth fiercely, "and these men know it. You lost a coat while bathing in the creek. I found it and in a secret pocket I discovered—this."

Woods held close to the eyes of the astonished Walth a badge of the government secret service.

"I never saw it before," declared Walth.

"That won't do!" snarled Woods. "You have come here under false pretenses to get a clue to the hiding place of my hunted brother."

There was silence and bowed heads. Hector Walth knew that his fate was sealed. He must act if he would save his life.

The men stepped aside in low-toned consultation. Walth saw Woods draw out his revolver. Just beyond the copse a horse grazed untethered. With a spring Walth gained his feet and dashed toward the animal. He was in the saddle in a flash.

The horse made a bound along a narrow ledge skirting a deep ravine. The pursuing coterie reached the edge of the ravine. They peered down in awed silence. Only Dale Woods said to himself, with a thought of Nellie Vance:

"That ends the man who came between me and my love!"

It was hours afterward, when a limping form with tattered and disordered attire emerged from a remote passageway between two walls of rock leading from the ravine.

It was Hector Walth. He had sunk a few rods down into a nest of dense enveloping vines.

Walth had clung to these, safely sheltered from the view of his pursuers until they had left the spot.

The moon was up when he emerged from the ravine.

It was in the early hours of the morning. The moon was just sinking, when lying in the road before him he made out a human form. It was that of an old woman. She was insensible and Walth could not arouse her.

"What shall I do?" he questioned himself. "It is dangerous for me to delay, but I cannot leave this helpless old woman to die."

Like the true man he was, Walth thought only of the unconscious charge on his hands and the hours passed on. He discovered a deserted hut at a little distance. He carried the old woman thither. She revived somewhat, but was still incoherent.

For two days Walth gathered berries, nuts, whatever he could find to give sustenance to his charge. She was gradually rallying her strength.

"Even at the risk of coming across any of the Woods band, I must get word to others to care for her, as I cannot," he decided.

He had not gone half a mile from the old hut in search of some other habitation when, turning a ledge of rocks, he faced a leveled revolver—Dale Woods behind it.

"So you 'escaped?' he hissed out. "What luck! March."

"Wait," demurred Walth. "An old woman whom I found two days ago lies very ill in a hut near here."

"My mother!" were the first words of Woods as he gazed upon the face of the old woman.

It was after Woods knew what he owed to the man he had sought to destroy that he handed a note he had written to Walth.

"I shall remove with my mother to some other part of the country," he said. "You have acted the man—more than that—for the sake of that dear old woman. Take that letter to the Vances. I have confessed all my cowardly treachery. Good-by."

And it was thus that Hector Walth's great nobleness of soul won Nellie.

Her First Purchase.

Butcher—Will you have the chicken dressed or undressed, madam?

Mrs. Youngblade—Dressed, please. My husband is very fond of chicken dressing.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Mrs. M. J. Stansell.

Whereas, the great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has, in His infinite wisdom, removed, on May 7th, 1922, from among us one of our worthy and esteemed laborers, Mrs. M. J. Stansell; and

Whereas, the long and intimate relation held with her in the faithful discharge of her duties in this church makes it eminently befitting that we record our appreciation of her:

Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the wisdom and ability which she has exercised in the aid of our church and field, by service, contributions and counsel will be held in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by all the members of this church, and will prove a serious loss to the community and the field.

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the deceased we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the local paper, the Baptist Courier, and a copy forwarded to the bereaved family.

Stella Addis,
Fannie Taylor,
Duffie Brewer,

adv.) Wolf Stake Baptist Church.

Lady Killed in Runaway.

Johuston, June 8.—Mrs. W. S. Myers, wife of a Methodist minister, was killed near here yesterday afternoon when a horse drawing a buggy in which she was riding ran away.

support of Royalty.

At the installation ceremony of King Feisal of Iraq nothing had been left undone in producing the atmosphere necessary for such an occasion in the country of the Caliphs of Baghdad. The throne—or rather the chair of state—was a masterpiece in scarlet rep, tinsel and gilt. After the ceremony, which it will be remembered, was an open-air affair, the ritual required that the throne should be removed. A stalwart Ethiopian raised it above his head and bore it away past the assembled multitude. The frame beneath the seat was simple and across the boarding was the legend in stencil of a firm that exports Scotch whisky. It shall be nameless, because the most up-to-date advertisement manager could never have hoped for such a display. It was worth a king's ransom and yet it was free and unsolicited.—Manchester Guardian.

Australia's Water Supply.

Australia's wonderful underground water supply, her artesian basin system, might well rank among her greatest assets. But like other assets, the artesian water supply can be wasted, and Australians are nothing with concern that in New South Wales there has been a total diminution in the flow of water from 208 selected water bores of something like 21,400,000 gallons a day, or about 28.8 per cent. It is now being recognized that the artesian water must be conserved by the partial closing of the bores, so that only the flow capable of being used will be allowed to issue. The irrigation commission is taking steps to penalize the careless bore owner.—Christian Science Monitor.

Gas Used.

Not counting debate in congress, Americans used 319,888,000,000 cubic feet of artificial gas last year.

This is an achievement, comparing it with a generation ago when mother had to wash the smoked chimneys of the kerosene oil lamps and trim their wicks daily.

In about one more generation the only heating and lighting will be by electricity. A copper mine is a good legacy for grandchildren.

The Flapper Dollar.

Already the critics—call them hypsters, if you like—are knocking our new silver coin. One writer calls it the "flapper dollar" and says the open-lipped girl thereupon looks as though she might be saying "Line's bizzy!" or "Say, lissen!" Just that sort of girl, you know. If the comment were not so obvious we would say something about money talking—but we refrain.—Boston Transcript.

Aughtry Found Guilty.

Columbia, June 1.—Theodore Aughtry, of this city, was to-day found guilty of manslaughter in connection with the killing of Silas Gladden, for which he was indicted for murder.

Aughtry killed Gladden following a quarrel over a dish one family had borrowed from the other, the two families living in the same house. The jury was out from 8.40 last night till 11 o'clock this morning.

Aughtry was sentenced to serve a term of five years in the State penitentiary.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Alfred Westfield Perritt

was born at Hartwell, Ga., April 10, 1893, and died at the County Hospital, Anderson, S. C., May 19, 1922, after a very brief illness. He was graduated from the Seneca High School in May, 1911, and entered Clemson College in the September following. Here he contracted a violent case of pneumonia in the spring of 1912, and was sent, for three months, to the Pine Heights Hospital, Augusta, Ga. After his return to college he suffered a relapse, and was thus forced to leave college and relinquish the scholarship he had won in a county contest.

In the spring of 1918 Mr. Perritt volunteered for the U. S. Navy, and was sent to the training station at Piney Grove Camp, Charleston, S. C. He did not see active service in the Great War, but having enlisted for four years, he maintained his connection with the navy until December, 1921, when he received an honorable discharge.

For two years Mr. Perritt was in the employment of G. W. Gignilat & Son, of Seneca, as the manager of the Seneca Warehouse Co., where, as a man of business, he proved capable, painstaking and honorable, enjoying in the fullest degree the good will and respect of his employers. The last few months of his life were spent quietly with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Perritt, at their home near Seneca.

Mr. Perritt became a Christian at the early age of eleven years, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Seneca Baptist church by Rev. C. Wardlaw, its pastor. In this relationship, as in every other, his life was characterized by a quiet earnestness, steadfast loyalty to duty, and by a deep interest that was never demonstrative, but always true and vital.

Dependableness was the key-note of his character. Whether in church, lodge or community, nobody ever had a moment's doubt as to where Alfred Perritt stood when a good cause was at stake.

The love of a man's heart is the supreme test of his character. Alfred loved God, and God's cause as represented in His church. Of this he gave, in his quiet and modest way, many convincing proofs, among which may be mentioned his gift of a beautiful individual cup communion service, now used by the church, and his bequest, out of his savings of his brief life, of a large sum of money as a beginning for a new church building. And thus, "though dead, he will yet live and speak" through the years in the church he loved so sincerely.

He loved his home and its cherished inmates with a strength that tied him there. "The shouting and the tumult" of a busy, bustling world offered no inducements to his home-loving heart.

He loved his friends with a loyal sincerity that proved itself in many happy ways. That he made friends, stronger and more numerous perhaps, than he even suspected, goes without saying, and was fully demonstrated by the immense throng that attended his funeral, and by the wealth of lovely flowers that covered his grave.

A life which thus steadied itself by this triple attachment—its love for God, for home, and for friends—and Christ Himself could point no nobler objects for man's love—must bear its fruit in ways and places which only God can see, and in the hearts and memories of his many friends its influence will abide as another note of harmony in the choir invisible, "whose music is the gladness of the world."

Mr. Perritt is survived by his father, D. A. Perritt, and mother, Elizabeth Denny Perritt, of Seneca, and by his sisters, Mrs. A. S. Rollins, of Charleston; Mrs. O. C. Skinner, of Augusta, Ga., and Miss Lura Perritt, of Seneca.

(adv.) A Friend.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strengthening tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

One Killed, Several Injured.

Uvalda, Ga., June 8.—Lightning struck a tenant house near here late yesterday and killed James Linton, Sr., a negro, and seriously wounded three other negroes.

First Bale of New Crop Texas Cotton.

Houston, Texas, June 8.—The first bale of 1922 Texas cotton was auctioned off here for \$1,200 on Tuesday. It came from the Rio Grande Valley.

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