Humorous Department

No Dogs On Train.—Soon after the train had started, the conductor, in collecting his fares, noticed a small white dog, with a bushy tail and bright black eyes, cosily sitting on a seat beside a young lady. She was quite pretty but the conductor's duty was plain.

"I'm very sorry, madam," he said with unusual suavity, "but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars."

"Oh! dear! is that so?" replied the young lady, looking beseechingly from her brown eyes. "What shall I do? I can't throw him away. He's a present for my aunt."

"Throw him away! By no means, miss! We'll put him in the baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as the robins in spring."

"What—put my nice white dog in your dirty old baggage car?"

"I'm sorry miss, but the rules of this company must be enforced. He shall have my overcoat to lie on, and the brakeman will give him crackers and milk every time he opens his mouth."

"I just know somebody will steal him," she objected.

But the conductor was firm, and called out to the brakeman, who was carrying a signal flag.

"Here, Mike, put this dog in the baggage car, and tell them to take the best of care of him."

The brakeman picked up the dog as carefully as if it were a baby. There was a sudden twitching of the facial muscles, and he hastily said to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute till I put this flag away."

Out of the car door he went, and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with ague.

The conductor laid his hands on the dog, and then—

"Why—wh-why—this is a worsted dog!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," replied the little miss, demurely; "didn't you know that?"

"No, miss, I am sorry to say I didn't know that."

He dropped the dog and began shouting: "Tickets! Show your tickets!"—New York World.

When the grocery man had taken his order and gone, Mrs. Umsen said to her husband:

"Mr. Sandseller has a pleasant face, hasn't he?"

"It is always the case," Mr. Umsen replied.

"What is always the case?"

"Whenever you see a man like that you can gamble that his wife is some dried up little weazel with a sour face."

"Oh, I don't know."

"It is a fact."

"Well, I can tell you another thing."

"What is that?"

"Whenever you see a pleasant little woman you can bet your last button she is tied up to some grouch of a man."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I do, so there!"

"Then I am thankful for one thing."

"What is that?"

"That there are still left on the earth a few couples that are perfectly matched like you and I."

"Henry, you are a wonder."—Judge.

Story of a Major.— The following story is being told about a Brooklyn, N. Y., major now in camp:

Soon after his promotion he was looking at the gold leaf on his shoulders somewhat quizzically. "You see it's something like this," he explained. "Some years ago when I was a first lieutenant a friend of mine asked me what were the functions of the various ranks and I told him that a first lieutenant is supposed to know everything and do everything, a captain is supposed to know everything and do everything and a major is supposed to know nothing and do nothing."

"The friend heard about my promotion and I received a telegram from him which read: 'You ought to make a fine major.'"—Puck.

Plain Scotch.—Two Scotchmen staying at a third rate hotel discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After they had rung the bell, an attendant appeared and asked their wishes.

"Sen' up, lad-a we bit sape, quick!" exclaimed one of the Caledonians.

The attendant promptly withdrew, muttering:

"They ain't French nor German, nor yet Spanish. What can they want?"

The Scot became angry.

"Man" he thundered, "can ye no understand plain Scotch!"

The attendant promptly withdrew and returned with a bottle and two glasses.—Puck.

A Quick Night.—A trainload of newly drafted men reached their cantonment late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the receiving station and the hands of the doctors it was nearly midnight. Several of them were awakened at four o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast. As one well-built sleepy drafted man got to his feet, he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."—Everybody's Magazine.

Where Science Fails.—A woman of intellectual tastes found it difficult to remember all the facts she collected. She therefore secured the services of a professor of one of the best memory systems. Scarcely had the professor taken his departure after a successful first lesson, when a loud double knock was heard at the front door.

"Who was that, Mary?" the lady inquired of the servant.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said Mary, "it was the memory man; he forgot his umbrella!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dispatch.

Just a Little Strategy—"What is it that makes you find so much fault with your stenographer?"

"Well, she's the best stenographer I ever had, and I don't want to lose her. So I've got to shout around a little so as to convey the impression to any stenographer scouts that she wouldn't suit the government."—Washington Star.

Considerate Husband.—Mrs. Exe—"So you've got a gown after all. I thought you said you couldn't afford one this fall."

Mrs. Wye—"So I did; but my husband had a streak of luck recently. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays $50 a week."—Boston Transcript.

DEEDS OF AMERICAN FIGHTERS.

Daring Exploits of Soldiers and Seamen Over There.

Philip Wayn in Philadelphia Ledger.

Will the stalwarts of the new National Army uphold the splendid battle traditions of this Republic?

Have the American soldiers in the making today the same resourcefulness, the same grit and the same indomitable courage which made the names of Stephen Decatur, John Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, Ulysses Grant and Phil Sheridan known around the world?

Will the legions of the United States go "over the top" with the old-time Yankee rush when General Pershing gives the command, or rather are the Huns correct in their diagnosis of our case—that we are bluffers, that our morale is a flimsy as paper and that our new National Army will surge helplessly against Germany's "iron wall of supermen," and fall helplessly back in defeat?

To the doubters and to the pro-German propagandists who are working with might and main to aid to the ranks of the doubters, I point to the records of the hundreds of American boys who have been busy almost since the beginning of the world war, burnishing anew the battle traditions of the United States.

These lads of Uncle Sam's domain did not wait for the United States to knock the chip from the shoulder of the Hun before they waded in and did their all. Swept along by that impetuosity which has been a characteristic of the American since the Boston tea party, they jumped in with both feet and contributed their brains, bodies and courage to the cause of civilization.

What red-blooded American cannot feel a thrill at the story of William Peter Jones (no relation to John Paul, except in spirit)?

Jones was known among his associates in Harlem as "Big Bill," because he was six feet three inches without his shoes. "Big Bill' was a good-natured as a hound pup, but under this sunny exterior slumbered a temper like a bull. Few persons had ever probed deep enough to reach it, but the few that did never cared to repeat the performance, for the way "Big Bill" carried on was awful.

"Big Bill" got into the big war as quickly as he was able to borrow carfare for Toronto, Can., where he enlisted in a Canadian regiment. Reaching the front-line trenches, the American selected as his "buddy" one James McAllister, a Canadian, small of stature but stout of heart. One afternoon a shell exploded in the Canadian trench, and James McAllister "went west," his head being all stove in.

"Big Bill" gazed dumbly at the mangled body of his friend. Suddenly the Canadians in the sector were startled by a terrific roar, and they gazed with something like awe when they saw "Big Bill" swinging his great arms about his head, his eyes blazing with rage. The American grabbed an armful of hand grenades, and before his companions could stop him he was "over the top" and racing like a madman across No Man's Land toward the Boche trenches. The Huns saw the bulky hulk of humanity hurtling toward them, but they were so dumfounded by the spectacle they seemed to have been suddenly stricken with paralysis and did not fire a shot. Before the Teutons knew what was coming off, "Big Bill" was down among them, hurling bombs to the right and the left. A dozen or more Huns crumpled up as the bombs exploded. The Boches turned a machine gun on the gigantic Yank, but before they could spray him with shot "Big Bill" landed a bomb in their midst, and the gunners were wiped out. "Big Bill" grabbed the machine gun, turned it back along the trench and riddled several more Germans with their own bullets. Then covering the survivors with the gun the powder-stained Yank from Harlem bellowed "March." The Boches couldn't understand English, but they understood what he meant, and they marched to the Canadian lines with "Big Bill" stalking grimly behind them. "Big Bill" was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor medal. His feat is still the talk of the Canadian contingent.

The unblemished character of American courage is exemplified in the career of Kiffin Rockwell, a twenty-four-year-old American flier, who recently gave up his life fighting in France.

Rockwell was a member of the American escadrille, and a few weeks after his arrival in France he showed the kind of stuff Americans are made of. On this occasion he was making a little tour in the air over the French lines. He was about to skim back to his hangar when he saw a Boche machine about 600 meters under him and a little inside the French lines.

Rockwell immediately reduced his motor and dived for the enemy. The latter saw that trouble was on the way and started to scoot home. The Boche machine had a pilot and a gunner and carried two rapid-fire guns, one facing the front and one in the rear that turned on a pivot so it could be fired in any direction.

The Boche gunner immediately opened fire on the American. Rockwell's machine was hit, but he didn't pay any attention to that, for his fighting blood was up. He swooped for the enemy until he got within twenty-five or thirty meters from his machine. Then Rockwell fired five quick shots and swerved his airplane to the right to keep from having a collision. As the American swept by the enemy he had the satisfaction of seeing the Boche gunner fall back dead on the pilot; the machine gun which the gunner had operated fell from its position and pointed straight up into the sky; the Boche pilot went limp, as if he had been badly wounded.

The Hun aircraft careened dangerously and then dived vertically toward the ground with a lot of smoke coming from the rear. It landed, a flaming wreck, just behind the German lines. For this exploit Rockwell was proposed for the Medaille Militaire. On another occasion Rockwell attacked a Boche machine at 3,000 meters high and killed the observer with the first shot. Then the American's machine gun jammed, and while he was fixing it he followed the Hun plane down to 1,800 meters. At that altitude he succeeded in repairing his gun. He riddled the Boche with bullets and soon the enemy craft fell crashing into the German trenches.

Air Exploits.

At this juncture two other Boche fliers appeared on the scene and attacked the nervy American flier at close range. It was two against one, but Rockwell did not flinch. Like a hornet he maneuvered here and there, inflicting stinging punishment. The Boches soon tired of playing with fire and returned to their lines. Later this brave American boy was killed in aerial combat over Rodern, in Alsace, and army orders have this to say of him:

"Kiffin Yates Rockwell, an American pilot, who ceaselessly won the admiration of his chiefs, and his comrades by his sang froid, his courage and his daring. Killed in the course of an aerial combat, September 23, 1916."

Have American fighters the resourcefulness of old?

Jim Norcross of Denver, Col., a member of the French flying squadron, was scouting fifteen miles back of the Boche lines when engine trouble obliged him to alight in the enemy's country. He repaired the engine without being observed, but discovered to his dismay he had not enough gasoline to get back to his hangar. It was a desperate situation, but Norcross, being an American, had confidence that somehow he would squirm out of the difficulty. He hid his machine in a clumb of woods and, armed with a copper container, started foraging for gasoline. Outside a farmhouse he found an automobile, and he had just completed borrowing the container full of precious gasoline when a car full of German officers whizzed around a bend in the road. Norcross jumped through an open window in the farmhouse, ran upstairs and hid under a bed. By the sounds the American soon concluded that he had butted into the very thick of a German staff headquarters.

Out of a German Trap.

There was nothing in the world for him to do but remain under the bed until things quieted down. In about an hour two Hun officers, dusty from travel and dog-tired from the stress of battle, lumbered into the room, and after many German curses and much imbibing from a suspicious-looking bottle tumbled into bed with grunts and groans of weariness. They were quickly fast asleep, their snores sounding like a French barrage fire.

"Well, I'll be gosh-dinged!" muttered Norcross; "this is some mess."

He crept from under the bed and, clinging tightly to the container, he softly opened the door and reached the top of the stairway, only to run plump into a fat German officer coming up. The Hun let loose a wolfish grunt and his big, watery blue eyes threatened to pop from his fat face. Down came the container on the top of his head and the Teuton crashed backward down the stairway. But three or four Huns had rushed into the lower hallway and with fierce cries they started up the stairs. Norcross dealt with them in a typical breezy American fashion. From the top of the stairs he leaped in their midst, dealing blows to the right and the left with his container. There was a cork fastened securely in the top, so that not a drop of the precious gasoline was spilled. The German officers went down as if they had been felled with an ax. Norcross darted out of the house and sprinted to the hiding place of his aircraft. He replenished the exhausted tank and a few minutes later was 2,000 feet aloft, heading for the French lines, which he reached in safety.

The exploit of William J. Clark, of New York, chief turret captain and commander of the naval gun crew of the steamship Silver Shell, recently on the high seas gives another indication of what our men are made of. Clark is an enlisted man, who has seen nearly twelve years of service in the navy and has won promotions by proved capacity. Recently by his bravery and resource he made a dent in the kaiser's submarine warfare by bringing about the sinking of an undersea craft. For his work he won special praise from Secretary of the Navy Daniels.

"Submarine off the port bow!" was the hail that startled the crew of the Silver Shell on a morning not long ago.

At a distance of 7,000 yards Clark saw a submarine; the U-boat displayed no flag and was approaching the merchant ship at great speed. The gunners of the Silver Shell were alert at their posts.

"Fire!" cried Clark; the Silver Shell's guns barked, but the shot fell short of the mark. The U-boat replied with a six-inch gun, but the marksmanship was poor, the shell falling 100 yards to the starboard of the American vessel.

The course of the Silver Shell was due west and the vessel shot ahead at increased speed. The submarine followed, keeping up a rapid fire.

Clark stood with his gunners, encouraging them with his fine ardor.

"We are going to give those Boches hell!" he yelled. "Rip the steel into the blackguards and do it fast, boys."

The gunners worked with a will, firing more than twenty-five shots in a battle that lasted nearly two hours. Two submarines fired more than thirty shots, including some shrapnel toward the end, which exploded astern of the Silver Shell, but too high to do any damage. The American naval gunners whooped with joy when the last two shells fired by them hit the submarine in the forward part. A few seconds later the Boche U-boat went down bow upward at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Secretary Daniels is now considering promotion for Clark.

"For his work he deserves the very best that can be done for him," declared the secretary.

An Ambulance Driver's "Stunt."

Hats off, you loyal Americans, to Samuel L. Shober, Jr., of Philadelphia, attached to the American ambulance service in France.

This young Philadelphian, bred in the shadow of Independence Hall, was having a night off recently from his arduous and extremely dangerous duty as an ambulance driver on the battle-front. But he had become so attached to his job of hiking the wounded off the field under fire that he just had to hang around and watch his plucky comrades work.

Stars gleamed frostily in a dark-blue dome; the boom of big guns shook the soil, and ever and anon, as the novelists would say, the shell-pocked landscape was illuminated by varicolored star shells which the Huns sent up from their trenches to frustrate designs of French raiding parties.

Shober was watching wounded being lifted into ambulances which were parked near by. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion. Shober gazed upward and became tense when he observed a whole flock of Boche aircraft just overhead. The Hun aviators were serving the cause of humanity by dropping bombs upon the ambulances.

"The dirty dogs!" growled Shober, and as he spoke his lithe young body shot forward, and a second later he bounded into the driver's seat of one of the ambulances which was filled with wounded. With bombs bursting all about him, and with machine guns spraying his near vicinity Sam Shober turned on the juice and the ambulance shot forward with its precious load.

One of the Boche aircraft followed the nervy American, sending down bomb after bomb, and doing his best to riddle the ambulance with machine-gun bullets. Sam set his teeth like an American fullback bucking an opponents' line for a touchdown and tucked on the speed.

Sam acted without ceremony when a French officer stood in the path of the machine with its bleeding cargo.

"Get the hell out of the road!" he yelled, and the officer leaped aside as if he had been propelled by electricity. Sam outdistanced the Boche aircraft and arrived safely at a field hospital with his load of wounded. Curiously enough, it was the same French officer whom Sam ordered to "get the hell out of the road" that recommended that the young American be decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

BAKER WITH THE ARMY

Secretary of War is Seeing Things in France.

On Board Secretary Baker's Special Train in France, Saturday, March 18.—(By the Associated Press)—Newton D. Baker, the American secretary of war is making important decisions in France upon such questions as in his judgment require immediate action. He is gathering knowledge for future use upon many aspects of the American army, but problems pressing for a settlement he solves on the spot.

Thus today in the headquarters of one of the American aviation centers, Secretary Baker inquired if all of the host of aviators sent first from America were first to complete their training in France and if all of them had been commissioned. The chief of the aviation told the secretary that all of them had not yet, because of reasons which he explained had not had a chance to take their final training.

The secretary went into the subject. He directed at the conclusion of the inquiry, with General Pershing's approval, that aviators so delayed should have their commissions, when they were ready for them, dated a day ahead of those issued in America to men who had entered the service later, because these men had a right to their priority.

When the secretary's train came into the aviation region, the sky was darkly overcast and the clouds were of a blue gray color, which the aviation observers say constitutes the finest background for seeing air work. Many monopolanes and biplanes awaited the secretary's arrival upon the field; then with a rush one after another took the air until toward the end of the morning, a hundred machines were in flight and every machine was driven by an American. Individaul aviators practiced maneuvers used in combat, such as reversing the direction of the flight by turning edgewise upon one wing, or spinning in nose dives. Then there were evolutions in flotilla formation of fives, after that in squadrons of fifteen.

"With all these machines in the air," remarked a French officer, "we see no more than a tenth of what America has in this one school. You will soon have no more need for French instruction. We have shown everything we know and your young men have taken to the art with astonishing facility, as well as audacity, nerve and resource. The danger and difficulties fascinate and inspire them. I think it must be what you call the sporting spirit."

"Yes," said one of Mr. Baker's party, "so many of these men are direct from our colleges and universities. They are football and baseball players."

Secretary Baker discussed with various of the aviators themselves the difference between the machines. He brought to the subject much knowledge of detail and interest. He spent hours talking with the men and examining with them the types of machines, some of which he saw for the first time. The closing incident of the morning's air training was a combat and the escape of one plane when attacked. The secretary watched with intense interest. He then visited the machine shops and setting-up shops and the storage buildings. He had explained to him the school organizations which include eight classes each with a separate camp. Sharp sporting rivalries exist among them.

The party left with the conviction that America's aviation effort is already a powerful one; that it combines the best to be found in the French and British service in addition to developments, and that an organization has been created capable of schooling finely tempered air battalions.

The aviation school in question has reached 27 per cent of its expected efficiency. Graduating classes are turned out with steady regularity because of the speed with which the students reach the level of competent airmen. But this depends, of course, upon the amount of flying, which has been uncommonly abundant this spring.

AIRPLANES IN TEXAS

So Common Now that People No Longer Notice.

No longer, writes a Dallas, Texas., correspondent, is it necessary for people to journey to some fair or carnival to see birdmen perform "stunts." With the coming of thousands of aviators to the several training camps for army flyers, airplanes have become very commonplace in Texas.

A half dozen big machines hovering over a Texas town no longer attract attention. Texans have come to regard the army flyers with their dives, loops, nose spins and similar feats as very ordinary. In the rural districts the frequent cross country flights from Dallas to Fort Worth, Wichita Falls, Waco, Houston and San Antonio, no longer send the barnyard flock hurrying to cover. Even the chickens have come to look upon the aviators and their big machines as everyday visitors.

Several machines were badly damaged by the curious crowds last fall when the advance guard of aviators began to make cross country flights.

Today aviators alight at will and, aside from possibly a few passerby or playing children, attract little, if any attention.

Every aviation field has its official tester. This tester is the individual who makes the first flight with every new machine. Once he climbs into the air with a new machine he begins a series of "stunts," calculated to try out the planes that are to be used by the flying cadets. First he will make a dozen loops, then a nose spin, coming out to do a sudden dive, then a wide loop and finish with a turn on the wing.

"These tests," remarked the tester, a lieutenant at one of the fields near Dallas, "put an extraordinary strain upon every part of the machine. If it comes out all right, I put my O. K. on it and it's ready for use. If it doesn't they will soon get another tester and instructor."

Every day dozens of huge shipping crates are hauled to the Texas aviation fields. Every field has its assembling plant where expert mechanics carefully uncrate the many parts and in a few days a new airplane is rolled into the field. Every inch of the Irish-linen covered wings is gone over for any defects. Wires and connecting rods are perked and submitted to a heavy weight. The steering mechanism is examined, the motor started and trained ears listen to its hum. If this preliminary test shows everything to be ship-shape, the long brown craft with the red, white and blue stripes on the rudder is trundled further into the field the tester mounts the seat, fastens the several straps that hold him in, and sails away.

Loops, dives, nose and tail spinning are just ordinary flying for the tester. The machine stands on end, on its nose, flys on the side, turns over and keeps on flying, executes spirals and glides, flies upside down—in fact does everything but "sit up and beg."

The big tests on all parts of the machine comes when a "turn on the wing" is executed, when the machine is suddenly tilted to one side or the other and if there is anything faulty with the machine it comes to light. Both hands, both feet, and the whole head is needed in "stunt" flying and the failure of anyone of these to act properly may mean the end of the "stunt" and the flyer as well.

To execute a nose and tail spin, several thousand feet up, the motor is idle and the machine is "out of control" of the aviator. To right the machine he must speed up his engine and use both hands and feet in setting his planes and steering gear. Skill and coolheadedness are required to regain control of the machine. Confidence is another thing required to make a successful flyer. "It can be cultivated," said the lieutenant tester.

Machines from the Texas fields take to the air daily in face of winds blowing thirty-five and forty miles an hour. Few of the accidents which have occurred were due to windy conditions, instructors claim. Aviators refrain from flying over Texas towns where there are particularly tall buildings.

PLANT POTATOES.

This Crop Will Be In Tremendous Demand This Year.

There never has been any doubt as to the success of raising sweet potatoes in South Carolina. It is practically a sure crop and in view of the labor situation it is one of the very best crops that can be planted. Every sweet potato that is grown in this state is growing to help in the food fight to win the war. In addition potatoes in the present market conditions are a wonderfully profitable crop.

At the request of the chairman of the food production campaign in this state, Prof. Geo. P. Hoffman, of Clemson, has prepared a series of articles in connection with the planting and gathering of seed potatoes which will be published from time to time. The immediate urgency is in securing seed stock for the satisfactory planting. The real shortage of seed potatoes is perhaps not realized, and those interested in the planting of seed potatoes should at once arrange to get their seed. Prof. Hoffman has this to say:

"With an increase of nearly three times the normal selling price combined with a wanton loss of more than 75 per cent of South Carolina's sweet potato crop of the past season, it is obvious that the necessary seed for planting this year's crop will be far insufficient. Therefore, it is imperative that plant dealers and planters make immediate provision for supplying their needs. Disease-free seed should be bedded as soon as possible. This shortage may be supplemented by a large per cent, through early planting of small areas from which later plantings may be made by use of vine cuttings.

"The Nancy Hall and Porto Rico are the leading and most popular varieties in this state, but these varieties not being available no time should be lost in obtaining disease-free seed or plants of other varieties. Every effort should be made for the planting of a sufficient area to supply home consumption with a surplus for the local market.

The planters of South Carolina have been asked to increase by sixty per cent the crop of last year, which was 7,600,000 bushels produced on 80,000 acres. This necessary increase may be easily obtained by the planting as a minimum of one-half acre, per plow.

"From eight to ten thousand plants will be needed for planting one acre, or eight to ten bushels of seed stock. Small potatoes are equally as good and will furnish a greater number of plants per given quantity than will the larger roots, therefore, planters are advised to use the smaller potatoes."

STOP CORN AGONY IN FOUR SECONDS

Use "Gets-It"—See Corns Peel Off!

The relief that "Gets-It" gives from corn-pains—the way it makes corns and calluses peel off painlessly in one piece—is one of the wonders of the world. The woman in the home, the shopper, the dancer, the foot traveler,

the man in the office, the clerk in the store, the worker in the shop, have today, in this great discovery, "Gets-It," the one sure, quick relief from all corn and callus pains—the one sure, painless remover that makes corns come off as easily as you would peel a banana. It takes two seconds to apply "Gets-It;" it dries at once. Then walk with painless joy, even with tight shoes. You know your corn will loosen from your toe—peel it off with your fingers. Try it, corn sufferers, and you'll smile!

"Gets-It" is sold at all druggists (you need pay no more than 25 cents a bottle), or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOUR HENS LAYING?

If not try **Dr. Hess' and Clark's Poultry Pan-a-cea—Price, 25 Cts.**

We guarantee it to give Satisfaction or Your Money Refunded. Fair enough, is it not?

J. E. Brison, Prop. CITY PHARMACY Clover, S. C.

"THE SERVICE DRUG STORE"

Every pound goes much farther

A POUND of old style hulls contains about ¾ pound of real roughage and about ¼ pound of lint. After being eaten, the old style hulls swell to twice the weight, or 1½ pounds. A pound of

TRADE MARK
BUCKEYE COTTONSEED HULLS
LINTLESS

also doubles after being eaten but as they are 100 per cent roughage, the original pound becomes 2 pounds—not 1½ pounds.

Therefore, a pound of Buckeye Hulls goes a third again as far as a pound of old style hulls. In other words, you only have to feed ¾ pound of Buckeye Hulls to give the same food value as a full pound of old style hulls.

Other Advantages

Buckeye Hulls cost much less per ton than old style hulls.	No trash or dust.
Buckeye Hulls allow better assimilation of other food.	Sacked—easy to handle.
	They mix well with other forage.
	They take less space in the barn.

Mr. Ben Faulk, Dothan, Ala.,
prefers Buckeye Hulls to old style hulls because cows like them as well, they are cheaper, they agree with the cows, and they go farther, one sack lasting as long as two sacks of the old style.

To secure the best results and to develop the ensilage odor, *wet the hulls thoroughly twelve hours before feeding.* It is easy to do this by wetting them down night and morning for the next feeding. If at any time this cannot be done, wet down at least thirty minutes. If you prefer to feed the hulls dry, use only *half* as much by bulk as of old style hulls.

Book of Mixed Feeds Free

Gives the right formula for every combination of feeds used in the South. Tells how much to feed for maintenance, for milk, for fattening, for work. Describes Buckeye Hulls and gives directions for using them properly. Send for your copy to the nearest mill.

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$2.00 TWO DOLLARS FOR CORN $2.00

Yorkville Cotton Oil Company Is In the Market For Several Hundred Bushels.

MUST BE SHELLED AND GOOD QUALITY

Bring In the Corn At Once.

BAGS WANTED.

We Want All the Good, Clean Second-hand Gunny Sacks that we can get during the Next Thirty Days, that will hold 100 Pounds or Over.

Bags Must be Whole and Sound; but neat patching not objectionable.

FEBRUARY GINNING—

Our Ginnery will continue in operation during February.

YORKVILLE COTTON OIL COMPANY

When It Pours, It Reigns

"When It Pours, It Reigns"

CAN'T you just taste that cup of good old Luzianne Coffee? Steaming hot and ready to give you a whole dayful of pep and go.

The flavor is wonderfully good and the aroma—get it?—oh, ma honey!

Better run quick and get a bright, clean tin of Luzianne while it's there. If you don't like it—every bit of it—then your grocer will give you back every cent you paid for it. Try Luzianne today and see how mighty good it is.

LUZIANNE COFFEE

FOR YOUR TABLE

You can depend on us to supply your table with the BEST in Fancy and Family Groceries. If it isn't good we haven't got it. See us for—

NANCY HALL POTATOES,
CABBAGE, ONIONS,
SWEET PICKLES—in Bulk,
SOUR PICKLES—in Bulk,
DRIED APPLES,
EVAPORATED APPLES,
PRUNES, DRIED FIGS,
AUNT JEMIMA PAN-CAKE FLOUR
N. O. MOLASSES, VELVA SYRUP.

SEED IRISH POTATOES.

We have BLISS and IRISH COBBLER Seed Irish Potatoes. We don't plant in the moon; but if you do, the moon will be "right" next week. See us for your Seed.

SHERER & QUINN

Stoves and Ranges

WE JUST WANT to suggest to our Customers and Friends, at least to those who anticipate buying a—

COOK STOVE or COOKING RANGE—

DO IT NOW. These articles are steadily advancing—they'll certainly be higher within 30 to 60 days than they are now. We have a good selection of Ranges and Stoves in stock and you can probably save money by BUYING QUICK.

HEATERS—

YES, we have quite a stock of Heating Stoves, for Wood and for Coal, and it is a fact that a Stove is more economical than an open fire-place or grate.

M. L. FORD

Licensed Undertakers and Embalmers
CLOVER. - - S. C.

Composition Roofing

THAT OUTHOUSE, Barn or other building on your premises that is in need of a New Roof, can be cheaply covered and thoroughly protected with a First-Class COMPOSITION ROOF. We have that kind—First-Class in Quality—in One, Two and Three Ply Grades. This Composition Roofing is an ideal roofing material for outbuildings—it lasts well, is easily put on and the expense is much less than tin or even good shingles. The time to apply a new roof is before it rains. You remember the Arkansaw Traveler?

LUMBER, ETC.

When you need anything in LUMBER or LUMBER PRODUCTS, remember US. We always carry a line of almost everything in Rough, and Dressed Lumber of all kinds as well as Shingles, Laths, Lime, Cement, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Stains, etc.

JNO. R. LOGAN

C. LOGAN MOORE, Manager.

MILL PEOPLE'S STORE

CHARLOTTE STREET YORK, S. C.

TRADE WITH US—

YOU'LL SAVE MONEY

This Store is selling the OLD SIZE, Full Cake SOAP, and GOLD DUST at
Let Us Supply You. **5¢**

10,000 CABBAGE PLANTS will be here Saturday or Monday, Sure. We'll sell them, per hundred, at **30¢**

You'll find that we sell lots of things at Lower Prices than other Stores. Give Us a part of your business.

MILL PEOPLES STORE
A. D. DORSETT, Manager.

GARDENING TIME

SEE ME FOR YOUR SEED. I have the D. M. FERRY line of seeds, which are reliable and dependable. All sorts.

Buy Onion Sets Now. I have them—**Peck, $1.00; Postpaid, Peck, $1.25.**

GROCERY STOCK COMPLETE.

It is always complete. You can always find something good to eat here. For your dinner, I have **Cabbage, Turnips, Potatoes, Beans.**

TURN YOUR FARM PRODUCTS INTO MONEY NOW—

I pay $2.25 to $3.50 a bushel for your Peas; $2.00 for Corn Seed. Better see me at once. Some decline in Pea market—may go lower. The above prices are good for two weeks only.

J. D. HOPE

— SHARON - - S. C. —

Look Before You Leap

It is rarely the case that a widow and her children are provided with the protection against poverty, suffering, drudgery and ignorance because the husband and father insured his life for an adequate amount to protect those things that he did not do so solely because an agent for the company in which he insured almost literally forced him to. In other words, comparatively few, not over one out of twenty, take the initiative and take out their first policy without being urged to do so by an agent, and that is why all schemes to eliminate agents have proved dismal failures, and will continue to do so. It is also true that nine persons out of ten buy insurance from the agent who first solicits them, without investigating to find out whether or not his claim that he is offering the "best policy in the best company" is correct, and the agent of another company, who carried insurance on his own life in the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company knew that he was not seriously interfering with his own chances of getting business for the company he was representing, when he said: "If the average business man realized how far superior it was to ALL other companies the Mutual Benefit could sell all the insurance it wanted to without a sales force," (agents.) If you buy insurance for the benefit of yourself and dependents, and not to help an agent, you can get the maximum benefits by joining the 12,000 citizens of South Carolina who carry $20,000,000 of the $900,000,000 insurance in force today in the Mutual Benefit. Consult your own best interest by investigating.

SAM M. GRIST
All Kinds of Good Insurance.

For Wheatless Days

IF IT IS a problem for you to decide what to eat on "Wheatless Days," let this Store help you—We can. We have

MINCE MEAT,
SWEET POTATOES,
CABBAGE,
PINK AND NAVY BEANS,
BUTTER BEANS,
BLACK EYED PEAS,
MACKEREL, CANNED SHAD,
PREMIER DRESSING,
SOUR AND SWEET PICKLES,
EVAPORATED APPLES,
EVAPORATED PEACHES,
EVAPORATED APRICOTS,
PRUNES,
ORANGES, BANANAS, APPLES.

And lots of other good things for your table. Just see us or phone 34.

W E. FERGUSON