

### The Colonel's Ambition.

Col. Roosevelt's greatest ambition," said Greenway, "is to be shot on the field of battle."—Saturday Evening Post.

Nonsense! Col. Roosevelt's greatest ambition is to be a one-man war.

He wants to be the commanding general on both sides, standing calm and collected in front of his tents while the wireless spits out its reports from the front, while the telephones clatter and the telegraph clicks his orders to his corps commanders.

He wants to be the general staff of both armies, scrutinizing the monster maps of the field of operations and shifting the pins that mark the positions of the opposing forces.

He wants to be the trusty scouts dashing up breathless from the firing-line.

He wants to be the roar of the artillery, the rattle of the small arms and the flashing detonations of the smokeless powder.

He wants to be the last desperate charge upon the batteries, sabering himself at the guns.

He wants to be the rear guard that bravely covers the retreat, and the smashing attack of the reserves which turns defeat into rout.

He wants to be the dead and dying on the field of battle, who have yielded up their lives as a last sacrifice to their beloved countries.

He wants to be the dust-stained correspondent painting his country's heroes in words that will never perish.

He wants to be the commission that negotiates peace with honor, and, lastly, he wants to be the grand review at the close of the war, standing silently in front of the flag-draped stand, saluting himself as he marches past and pinning medals of honor to his dauntless breast.

That is what the Colonel wants. "To be shot on the field of battle" is only one of the minor incidents of his great ambition.—N. Y. World.

## WANTED

Country produce.  
Chickens  
Eggs.  
Corn.  
Hams.  
Lard—

Anything you have to sell that we can handle, will allow you top of the market for cash or barter.

Want you to get our prices before you buy your goods. If we can't save you money no one can.

If you didn't raise any wheat we want to figure with you on your flour bills. No use to tell you what "Capitola" is. Everybody knows it is par excellence.

Go White Roll—as good as the best.  
Get one of our indestructible Hammless Horse collars—guaranteed to cure sore shoulders.

Got plenty of Bran, Oats, Corn, chops, and feed stuff. Full line of lubricating oils—and many other things you might need.

Rubber roofing 1 ply \$1.45 per roll 2 ply \$1.85 per roll.  
Any person holding any of the following numbers will please call and get the premium they call for: 710 got the Plow, 540 Knives and Forks, 520 the 24 pound sack of flour.

Pickens Hardware & Grocery Co.

Screen Doors and Windows.

### Central

The Central friends of Miss Eva Carey were quite surprised to learn of her marriage to Mr. B. F. Roberts, of Louisville, Ga., which took place at the Methodist parsonage in Calhoun on the 11th inst. The young people had conducted their affairs with such discretion that few outside the immediate relatives suspected that Cupid had been so busy. The bride is a bright, attractive little lady, thoroughly accomplished in housewifely arts. The groom is a graduate of a scientific school, and his present employment is that of installing a system of waterworks. The young couple expect to travel for a time, at least, under the direction of Mr. Roberts' employer. They took the train for Four Oaks, N. C. They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

Your scribe attended the Clemons commencement. Central demonstrated her appreciation of intellectual culture by the large delegation she sent to these exercises. We tried to number them but lost the count, and concluded that fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and cousins were out in full force. The sham battle, Ben Tillman's speech and the speeches of the boys themselves, both in the oratorical contest, and on Commencement Day, received the warmest praise. The rest was no doubt good, but much of it was lost on the visitors. While the management is in the "building" fever, we would modestly suggest that they build a chapel that has fairly decent acoustic properties. It is wearisome to listen for an hour, and not be able to understand what the speaker is trying to say. We heard one lady say, "I guess it was ALL good; I heard one word in ten, and that TENTH word was good."

Miss Mattie Lee Meredith visited friends in Spartanburg last Thursday.

Mrs. Louie Smith, of Central, is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Shirley.

Miss Fannie Belle Martin, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, is slowly improving. She is now able to be carried to a couch on the veranda, where the air is more tolerable.

Rev. L. A. Swaney, who has been holding a five weeks' meeting in Jesup, Ga., returned to his home on College Hill last week. He reports an excellent meeting—the organization of a church, and the promise of several new students for the college. He says crops are fine in that section, and the contrast between there and here looks like "starvation" for us.

Miss Ina Gaines is no longer book-keeper for Mr. J. W. Smith, Calhoun, and is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Lucia Shirley. She expects to spend a busy summer in the interest of missions, to which she is devoted.

### Pickens, R. 4.

Health good, and everything moving right along in this section.

Miss Lillie Keith visited Miss Minnie Morgan last Sunday. As usual, these "chums" had a high old time.

The singing at Mr. J. R. Connelly's, last Friday, was greatly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Miss Ella Bagwell was the welcome guest of Miss Flora Connelly last Sunday.

Mr. Jack Stansill, according

to "Lonely Sweetheart," has "laid by," while we have just begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Reeves were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Stewart, Saturday and Sunday.

Little Miss Lillie Connelly was a welcome caller at the home of Miss Bessie Connelly last Sunday. The little girls report a happy time.

Mr. John Ellis Day called on his best girl Sunday.

Miss May Baker called on Misses Hattie and Nora Hayes Sunday

### BROWN EYES.

### A Good Lady Gone to Rest.

Mrs. Ada Day Swayneghame, wife of Mr. W. K. Swayneghame, died at her home in the Pickens Cotton Mill village, Saturday, 25th inst., after an illness lasting from about the 10th of March, aged 85 years.

She was a devoted member of the Methodist church, joining when she was 15 years of age, and diligently lived up to the rules of that denomination. She was the daughter of Mr. Alonzo Day, of the Easley side.

Mrs. Swayneghame was the mother of seven children, the youngest being about five months old.

She was a dutiful daughter, a faithful wife and companion, a loving mother and consecrated Christian, and she will be greatly missed in the home her death has made desolate, in the circle of her friends and in the church.

Her remains were laid to rest in the Pickens cemetery, Sunday morning, Rev. G. F. Kirby, pastor of the Pickens Methodist church, conducting the services. To the sorrowing parents, to the heartbroken husband, the motherless children, mourning relatives and friends we extend sympathy, and point them to the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, where all is peace and joy and love, and where sickness and sorrow are unknown.

### Liberty.

Mrs. B. G. Smith spent Monday night with her sister, Mrs. J. R. Shelor, in Anderson. She was accompanied home by her little daughter, Miss Marie, who has spent several days with relatives there.

Miss Nettie Parsons spent Wednesday with her cousin, Mrs. A. P. Lawrence, at Central.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Morgan and little daughter, of near Central, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. M.'s brother, Mr. D. H. Kennemur.

Miss Bessie Parsons, who has spent several weeks with relatives in Elberton, Ga., returned home Wednesday, to the delight of her many friends. She was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. R. S. Cheney, who will spend several months here with friends and relatives before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Smith, near Six Mile.

Mrs. Olive Mauldin and little daughter, Lucy, of Pickens, spent several days last week with friends in the city.

Mr. A. F. Riser, our highly esteemed contractor and builder, received a telegram Sunday night stating that his father, who resides at Pomaria, was dangerously ill. He left about midnight and made the trip through in an auto. We are glad to learn that he found his father much better.

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey and children left Monday for Summerton, where they will spend several weeks with relatives.

Mr. T. N. Hunter and sister, Mrs. Job Smith, spent Wednesday with friends in Pickens.

Mrs. B. W. McWhorter and daughter, Miss Addie, spent last Thursday with friends in Greenville.

Miss Mamie Ligon, of Greenville, spent several days last week as the guest of Miss Nettie Parsons.

Messrs. Geo. Campbell and Frank Williams, of Catechee, spent Sunday with relatives in the city.

Mr. J. Coke Smith, of Easley, was among his many friends in the city Wednesday.

Mr. G. E. Rankin, of R. 1, accompanied by his brother Clifford, of Anderson, was in the city Tuesday morning on business.

Messrs. W. A. Watkins and Louie Boggs boarded the train for Charleston, Tuesday morning.

Miss Laura Bailey, a winsome young lady, of Greenville, is the attractive guest of Miss Addie McWhorter this week.

Mrs. J. M. Hunt and daughter, Miss Meda, spent Monday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Talmage Sullivan, near Zion church.

The barn of Mr. Jas. Moore, near Liberty, was totally destroyed by fire Monday night. Live stock saved.

### Giving One's Best Service.

One of the ministers of the city, in his sermons during the past few weeks, has several times stressed the importance of giving one's best services to God.

The idea is a striking one. Many people seem to believe that half-way service in religious matters will be sufficient.

But can one afford to give less than one's best service in anything?

Does not the obligation rest upon us to do the very best that we can, in whatever task that we may be engaged?

Surely the answer must be yes. But how many of us do it?

Is not the tendency with most of us to the least that we may get off with just as little work as possible.

Is this right? Is it good policy?

Is it not right to do one's best, at all times and in all things? And is it not good policy as well?

Does not the man who gives good service get along better than the one who gives poor service? The good man is always in demand, and he can demand his price, while the man who gives poor service is never accepted save as a last resort.

This is a matter that is worth thinking about. One should give one's best service. It is the right thing to do, and it pays to do it.—Anderson Mail.

### Secret Order Meetings.

Masonic—A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday nights on or before the full moon.

Chapter—R. A. M. meets Friday nights on or after the full moon.

K. of P.—Meets every Monday night after the first and third Sundays.

W. O. W.—Meets every first and third Tuesday nights.

City Council meets Tuesday nights after first Mondays.

### FARMERS' UNION NOTES.

#### UP ON THE FRONT LINE.

Cow peas and soy beans are now selling at \$2.50 per bushel for the preferred varieties. By the use of a little brain power, along with improved implements, there is more profit in growing these crops than any at this time, besides these crops always improve the land. Use a combined one-horse grain planter with fertilizer attachment, and plant one row beans or peas between rows of corn. When the corn is near bunching for the tassle is about the right time to plant the unknown pea. Put in about 150 pounds acid phosphate to the acre when planting; stride the peas once or twice with spring tooth harrow or double foot cultivator running shallow. This late shallow plowing will help corn and the legume crop of grain will be almost clear profit. The same machine above mentioned with small plows on will also plant stubble land in peas at one-fourth the cost of single plow work. Use more brain power in all farm work by instituting improved methods and better implements.

#### SWEET POTATOES.

Prepare a nice piece of land after small grain and plant potato vines cut from first settings. These vine settings not only make the smoothest potatoes, but it also dodges the diseases to potatoes, by using the vine and planting and banking on lands not infested with these destructive diseases.

#### SIDE APPLICATION OF FERTILIZERS

To corn or cotton when plants are about half grown: Apply nitrate of soda to corn when plants begin to bunch for tasseling; to cotton when beginning to put on form. When nitrate is applied later, the tendency is to make late crop of fruit that doesn't mature by frost. When possible, always stir the fertilizers in the soil, when the moisture will dissolve the plant food at once.

#### POULTRY.

Inbreeding and vermin cause a loss of over half the stock each season. Badly inbred fowls have not much vigor or constitution, and the least ailment or attack of vermin puts the little things out at once. Changing the males every season will remedy weaknesses in the young. To kill vermin mix sulphur and air-slacked lime, and sprinkle this in places where the fowls dust themselves. This will kill vermin on large fowls. For mites take mixture of half kerosene oil and water, rub in feathers on hen with the hand; the little chickens get their heads oiled from the hen.

#### COTTON MILL MERGER SCARE.

Up-to-date Farmers' Union men see no good in growling about "re-financing" and the recent big "merging" of the mills. It is a plain fact that many of the mills are in a bad way, and if they don't "re-finance" and "merge" some, they will be submerged and go under where cotton growers were when cotton was five cents, before the Union went into business. Our mill men are good fellow competitors with cotton growers for profit out of cotton. These mill men are smart business fellows, and are working not to injure the farmer but to take care of their own interests,

and all cotton growers have to do to protect their interest is to copy some of these mill movements by "re-financing" the Farmers' Union and then "merge" some, too. Cotton growers can't get along without the mills, nor mills can't do business without a profit between the cotton grower and the users of cotton goods. These mill men are hemmed in between high-priced cotton and low-priced goods, and they have their backs bowed up and in for kicking and hitting, too. The price of goods will have to go up and cotton will go down. If the cotton grower holds to what he has gained, he will have to roll up his sleeves, get into the Farmers' Union again—strong—and "re-finance" the Union, and merge the whole family

into the Union and make the cat jump away from the farmer. The Farmers' Union must get some strong men in the field for this summer's campaign and "re-finance" the Union and talk for "merging" the whole farming family into the Union, and hold fast to what we have. It should be much the easier job to hold prices at 15 cents per pound than it was to fight from 5c up to 15c per pound. The progressive Farmers' Union men now know that we can grow the same number of bales of cotton to the farm on one-third less acres and plant at least one-third in grain and forage crops. We should "merge" the boys into Hog and Hominy Clubs and the women into Frying Chicken Clubs.

#### The Old-Time Villain.

I have read a million stories published during recent years, and I haven't seen a villain worth a tinker's ribald jeers. He's a milk-and-water villain, is the modern, cheap john knave; you'd mistake him for the hero if he had a oath and shave. I am yearning for the villain of the olden, golden time, who would tighten his suspenders and go wading deep in crime. He would murder folks for vengeance, he would slaughter them for cash, and his eyes shot baleful glances, and he had a black mustache. He was modeled after Manfred, on whom Byron placed a wreath, and when nothing else was doing he was gnashing of his teeth, and he uttered bitter curses, and he moved around in gloom, and he kept the hearses busy hauling people to the tomb. He would stick you with his dagger, he would brain you with his staff, and he always did his murders with a loud and mirthless laugh. For a time the villain triumphed, as a villain always should, and he seemed to have a toe-hold on the hero, truly good; but the good old-fashioned novel always ended right side up, and it left the villain drinking retribution from a cup. O, the good old swarthy villain of the good old breezy days! He and all his gifted authors long ago have gone their ways.—Walt Mason.

#### Liberty Circuit Appointments.

Liberty: 4th Sunday 11 a. m. and 1st Sunday night 7:30 p. m.  
Ruhamah: 1st Sunday morning 11 a. m.  
Bethlehem: 2d Sunday 11 a. m. and 4th Sunday afternoon.  
Gap Hill: 3d Sunday 11 a. m.  
Fairview: 3d Sunday afternoon.  
Twelve Mile: 2d Sunday afternoon.