

Humorous Department.

Nothing to do With Generals.—A traveler stopped to chat with a farmer who had a large number of men at work in his fields.

"Most of these men are ex-soldiers," said the farmer.

"Indeed?" inquired the traveler. "were any of them officers?"

"Two of 'em. One was a private, and that fellow beyond was a corporal, but the man beyond him was a major, and that man over in the corner was a colonel," replied the farmer.

"Indeed! And are they all good men?"

"Well," said the farmer, "the private is a first class man, and the corporal pretty good, too."

"But what about the major and the colonel?"

"The major's only so-so," replied the farmer with some hesitation.

"And the colonel?"

"Well, sir, I ain't a-goin' to say a word against no man who has been a colonel in the army, but I've made up my mind about one thing—I ain't going to hire any generals."

Extenuation.—"That was a dickens of a caper Jurd Whang cut, day before yesterday, shootin' his wife that-away!" indignantly declared a resident of Six Corners, in the Ozarks. "We ort to whirl in and lynch him!"

"Well, I dunno," replied an acquaintance. "Mizzus Whang was a good woman, and all that, but she'd been feedin' buckwheat flapjacks to Jurd till he was broke out all over and itchin' like fire. Well, he set down to breakfast, that time, and more buckwheat flapjacks stared him in the face. He gave a groan and roched round to scratch himself, and his hand hit the gun standin' ag'in the wall. I reckon likely he went crazy for the minute; 'tennyrate, he up with the gun and shot her. It was mighty bad business of course, but you know how itchin' will just nacherly accumulate on a feller till he's got to do something."

Phew!—A dishevelled woman, who had not recovered from the effects of a jolly evening, was brought before an English magistrate the next morning.

"What is your name?" asked the latter looking severely at the sad spectacle.

"Hangel," was the reply.

"Where have you come from?"

"Eaven," replied the factious one.

"Come, my good woman, no levity," reprimanded the magistrate; "how old are you?"

"Seventeen," replied she of at least fifty summers.

"How do you come to be here?" added the magistrate, ignoring the previous answer.

"Slithered down a rainbow."

"Very well," said the representative of the law, "you can take three months for skylarking."

Essay On Air.—The modern ideas on education are all very well so far as they go, but there is an old and well-cried proverb which says that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Perhaps that is why Johnny Jones' essay on air ran like this:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath we should die whenever we slept.

"Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. A lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid and carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just in the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter so long as it kills you."

Cheaper Than Leather.—The waiter was trying to look unconcerned, but at the same time he kept an eye on the guest whom he had just served with a portion of steak.

He had sampled that steak himself, and was feeling doubtful about his tip. He was astonished, therefore when the customer beckoned to him and asked: "Can you get me two more portions of this steak?"

"Yes, yes! Certainly, sir!" replied the waiter. "And some more potatoes, sir?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I only want the steak to patch my shoe soles. It will be cheaper than leather."

Was Pressing Them.—Mr. Featherly weighs over 200 pounds and is sensitive about it. He was calling on a friend the other evening when she said naively: "Oh, Mr. Featherly, would you just as soon sit in this easy chair as in that rocker?"

"Certainly," replied Featherly, as he changed from one chair to the other.

"Oh, thanks," she murmured; "you are very kind. I have a book full of fern leaves under the cushion of that easy chair, and you—"

"Good night," said Featherly, stiffly, as he walked away, never to return.

Would Soon Find Out.—An Irishman whose wife was fond of moving from one house to another was met by a friend walking behind a van load of household goods.

"Hallo, Mike, shifting, again? Where might you be going again?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," answered Mike, "I'm following the furniture to find out."

Doing His Part.—"So your son has a college diploma?"

"Yes," replied the proud father, "and it cost me a fancy price. However, I'll say this much for the boy."

"Yes?"

"He paid to have it framed with money he earned himself."

FIGHTING RATS

(Continued From Page One.)

was assigned to this important case. He found that it was an appalling example of the variety and versatility of the mouse and rat family. For one kind of rat and three kinds of mice were at work in this valuable orchard. The mice were short-tail mice, pine mice and meadow mice. Some of them worked underground and some on the surface. Some of them worked at night and some during the day.

Poison did not at first tempt these animals because they enjoyed the tender roots of the fruit trees more than any bait which was offered, and also because the rain and dew washed the poison off the bait. Professor Silver, none the less, ultimately succeeded in poisoning a good many of them by placing the most tempting baits in glass cases which the mice could enter, but which protected the bait from the weather. He also caught many of the animals by the use of small steel traps. The third measure employed was that of warning all of the surrounding farmers not to kill hawks or owls, as these birds are the greatest natural enemies of all kinds of mice and rats.

As a result of all these measures the mouse and rat population of the experimental farm has been greatly reduced, and it seems certain that the animals will not succeed in thwarting some lines of government work there, as they seemed about to do. The work is perhaps most important as a demonstration of what can be done. Doubtless many a farmer has despaired of his orchard because of the rodents. He should take heart. By persistence and the use of right methods, rats and mice can be exterminated everywhere, from the city cellar to the farthest outlying farm.

LIKE A COMIC OPERA

Graphic Pen Picture of Constantinople.

This great capital, always the meeting place of Europe and Asia, with a sprinkling of Africa thrown in, is today the most fascinating town in the world, writes Milton Broanna from Constantinople, Turkey.

Its streets present a veritable congress of nations.

Take forty choruses from comic operas and roll them into one, and you would not have the color and the wide and wild variety of costumes that five minutes present in the narrow streets of either the Pera, the Galata, or the Stamboul section of the city.

Constantinople was always bewitching, but never more so than at present, now the Turks are not even masters in their own house.

Nearly all of Turkey in Europe is in the hands of the Greeks. The same race has taken a large slice of Turkey in Asia.

The Turks who are fighting the Greek in the wilds of Anatolia have their own government and do not recognize the Turks of Constantinople, although this is the historic capital of the nation.

And the Turks of Constantinople, while they police this city and a little territory to the west of it, and while they examine the imports for customs duties, know that the foreigner is boss.

The English, French and Italian armies are here and those in command also command the city.

Moreover, ships of the three allied nations are in the harbor to enforce their orders, if necessary.

These armies and navies of occupation but add to the color of the streets. Take a look at the crowd with me.

Everywhere you see red fez caps. Most of these are worn by Turks, but not necessarily so. The Greeks and other Levantine races whose members were born here also often wear the fez.

Those women coming along in black and with thin black veils over their faces, are not in mourning. They are Mohammedan ladies of the old school who still believe in keeping their countenances covered from the light of day.

But now you will see the new and young and emancipated Turkey. They are three pretty Turkish girls with dark hair lustrous eyes, brilliant teeth, and pale olive skins. One is dressed in gray silk, another in purple and still another in navy blue. They wear no veils on their faces. Instead, they have the veil fixed so that it is a pretty frame for their charms.

Now let's walk away from here and go into the narrow, twisting, crowded, noisy, smelly streets of old Stamboul, where the Turk carries on business.

There are not so many Europeans here—only a few British and French military police and some dark-skinned Hindus to control their own contingents of soldiers.

Over here you are in the land of the Arabian Nights. The very scenes described in that immortal book are still being enacted.

THIS CROW USED ITS HEAD

Naturalist Tells How Bird Outwitted House Cat.

From the New York Herald.

One naturalist considers that it is pretty certain that at least some members of the crow tribe possess a measure of reasoning power, and he relates an incident in this relation that occurred in his own household.

A crow had been captured by the children and brought home and tamed. They were very fond of it and, of course, treated it with kindness. As in most houses where there are children, there was also a pet cat. The cat and the crow were friendly.

One day an unusually nice morsel was given to Tabby. This the crow not only looked at with envious eyes but made several attempts to secure Tabby's tent, off each attempt, however,

and the crow had to resort to stratagem.

Disappearing through the open door, the crow returned in a few minutes with a long string that had been raveled from an old sweater. Placing this on the floor, some little distance in front of the cat, the crow proceeded to wriggle it as he had seen the children do when playing with Tabby. The cat instantly jumped to catch the string. This was, of course, exactly what the crow wanted, and he, with equal dexterity, pounced upon the coveted morsel and flew away with it, leaving Tabby to the enjoyment of the string.

A LAY SERMON

By Richard H. Edmonds, Editor Man-ufacturers Record.

We constantly hear that the world is looking to America for spiritual leadership. This is not wholly true, but if it were the world would look in vain until America ceased to be parasitical as to its own righteousness and realize that sin and crime and irreligion are rampant throughout the land.

Until America has a new baptism of righteousness, until the professing Christians of the land realize their own shortcomings, and consecrate their lives, their time, their talents of brain and money to the service of God and man, until politicians and business men, employers and employees, producers and consumers alike, give full heed to the Divine Command to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself, and do unto others as they would that they should do unto them, there will be no righteousness of a nation fit to lead the spiritual forces of the world to higher ground.

There is spreading over our land the accursed atheistic teachings of German philosophy, more powerful for evil than were all Germany's armies and navies, and if America does not give heed to this menace its downfall will be as certain as was Germany's. The life of the nation, its every business interest, in the bank, in the factory or on the farm, is staked upon a new and powerful call to righteous living and Christian service. When moral rottenness exists unblushing in places of great financial power as recently shown in New York, without loss of caste, when men lie and cheat in business, when men seek to wreck others for their own personal gain or aggrandizement, or power, when men murder others because they are willing to work the domination of alien radical labor leaders, and go unpunished for their crimes and are commended by their fellow members; when a great government institution year after year reeks by blackmailing or bulldozing to force others into its power or else to destroy them, and no national protest is made, and thousands of business men stand by, either from cowardice or indifference, and refuse to fight against the immorality; when the voluptuous dances that would have disgraced even corrupt Rome and Ephesus at their worst sweep over the land; when men of position and influence proclaim that some laws cannot be enforced because the criminal power is greater than the government's and that the criminal element must therefore be given full sway by repealing the laws the criminals do not like, what right has our country to claim the spiritual power to lead the world?

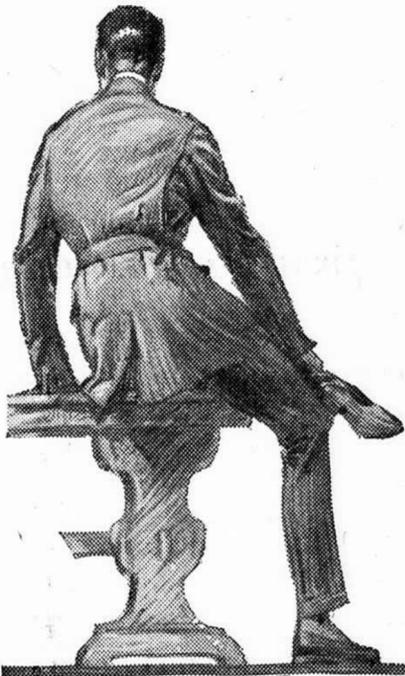
On a monument erected in one of the highest passes of the Andes to commemorate a peaceful settlement of a threatened war between Chile and Argentina, are carved the words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chile and Argentine break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain."

Until America in the spirit of that pledge puts aside all self-righteousness, sees its own shortcomings as Almighty God sees them, and humbly seeks Divine forgiveness and Divine wisdom, it cannot become a real spiritual leader of the world, for it cannot hold aloft the uplifted Christ as the only salvation of the world from sin and wars. The welfare of business, the safety of our country and of the world from wars and endless crimes, are staked on this, and we betide our future if we fail to read the signs of the times and call the nation to a revival of religion, pure and undefiled. In vain will we talk disarmament, in vain will we decree war and expect peace while the world is ruled by sin and while America fails to fit itself to become a moral and spiritual leader of mankind.

The Crepe Myrtle.—All over the South now, the blossoming crepe myrtles are adding to the beauty of the homes that are fortunate enough to have them, says the Progressive Farmer. If you have no crepe myrtles on your grounds, why not decide now to get some sprouts from a neighbor this fall, or else order a few from some nurseryman?

As we have often said before, if any other section of the United States had a virtual monopoly of a tree as beautiful as crepe myrtle, and as easily grown, that section would become famous as "The Land of Crepe Myrtle." Why then should not the South make use of its opportunities in this respect? The crepe myrtle will not flourish in the colder states north of us. It is one of God's special gifts of beauty to the South, and no other flowering shrub or tree blooms for so long a period, has such a variety of colors and tints or requires less care.

If only one crepe myrtle sprout were set out in every Southern farmer's yard this fall, that action alone would not only help beautify each individual home, but would also go far toward making the South "The Land of the Crepe Myrtle. Is it not worth doing?"



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