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Sewing Machine Agents Over in Union

Marshville Home

Editors often overlook perplexing problems at home and take up their space writing about things miles away—conditions that exist among people whom they are not afraid of offending. We believe it to be the duty of every newspaper writer to expose fraud and economic errors in the locality which a paper that proposes to stand for the upbuilding of its community is published. With this aim in view, The Home feels constrained to warn the people of Marshville and surrounding country against the injudicious purchasing of sewing machines from agents who are honeycombing the country and placing machines in the houses of the farmers at what has been represented to us as an extremely high price for quality of materials and workmanship put into said machines. We would not attempt to say that these agents are selling their machines at a larger margin of profit than it is necessary for them to have in order to clear expenses and realize as large salaries for their work as their time and ability command. They are men of experience and shrewdness, and they would command a nice salary at any work in which they might engage. But it is a hardship on the farmers of this section to pay these tremendous expenses and big salaries.

[The Home is right about this matter. These oily-tongued agents go over the country selarly and they really get the enormous expense of the machine to convince any person that they are getting too much profit. Of course if home merchants did not carry good machines in stock there might be some excuse for buying from these agents. But it would be an unfortunate condition that made it necessary for anyone to help pay the heavy traveling expenses of these agents in order to get a sewing machine.—The Ansonian]

Tolls Repeal Becomes Law

Washington, June 12.—Only President Wilson's signature is necessary to repeal the clause of the Panama canal act exempting American coastwise shipping from tolls. The long and bitter fight in congress came to an end today when the house, after brief debate and without the formality of a conference, accepted by a vote of 216 to 71 the senate amendment specifically reserving all rights the United States may have under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty or otherwise.

The president is expected to sign the measure Monday. It was just a little more than three months ago that he addressed the house and senate in joint session, urgently asking for repeal of the exemption clause that the nation might keep its treaty obligations. Speaker Clark was out of the city today but he and Vice President Marshall will attach their signatures to the bill tomorrow and send it to the White House. Before ending the contest by concurring in the senate amendments the house voted down, 174 to 108, a proposal advanced by Representative Moss of West Virginia to attach to the repeal a flat declaration of the right of the United States to exempt its vessels from tolls and of the sovereignty of the United States over the canal zone.

A Bottle Of Tears.

The following story is vouched for by Rev. J. B. Culpepper of Georgia, who received it from a man in Virginia who said he knew the party and confirmed it in all of its features:

Some years ago a noble young man of Virginia was happily married to one of the most beautiful young women of that grand old State. He possessed a beautiful mansion and a twenty-six mule farm. But a bar was near his home. The bar-keeper became his personal friend and in time induced him to drink and gamble. As the years rolled by his financial interest failed until his sole possessions were reduced to a home and a one-mule farm. One night in the gambling saloon of the bar-room nearby he was brutally shot to death. After being buried by some negroes under an apple tree in his own garden his wife received the following note from the bar-keeper:

"Dear Madam: This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the house-hold and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and represent me in all things." Signed,

The following is the answer to this note:

"Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with the red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, school days, of a short, sweet courtship and marriage to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whiskey; of the day we moved into this then palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short honeymoon spent here. You will find all of these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and how he put me gently aside with a shower of assuring kisses, saying that for my sake he would never be brought under the baneful effects of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home-love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of the first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find there, too, one rainy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be destroyed. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born little Mary, came into this old whiskey-soaked world. You will also find in the bottle of tears the green-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician attended me, another in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas and

When to Apply Soda

Progressive Farmer

For several years I have urged an earlier application of nitrate of soda to corn and cotton than is customary. I have done this because both "theory" and observation of practice has convinced me that an earlier application than is common gives the best results.

If nitrogen is especially needed to build up the stalk, and a good stalk is necessary to a good crop, no further argument is necessary in favor of the moderately early application of nitrate of soda to such crops as corn and cotton. It is simply another illustration of the fact that correct theory is good practice, and that they are one and the same thing. In last week's paper Professor Duggar testified to the advantages of the early application of the nitrate, based on a large experience and observation.

A reader wishes to know why hay would not be a good money crop. He is just starting farming and is buying hay this year for \$23 a ton. Why isn't hay a good "money" crop? I give it up. The Agricultural Department statistics show we produce more hay per acre than the hay-selling States, and we can produce two crops a year while they produce one. The Southern hay grower, until his section produces more than enough to supply local demand, can get the following for his hay:

- (1) The price received by the grower in Iowa or Illinois;
 - (2) The freight charges received by the railroads;
 - (3) The commissions received by the dealers.
- Why, indeed, isn't hay a

"Dad, does a cannibal go to heaven?"

"No, sonny."

"But suppose he ate a missionary?"—Ex.

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of English language.

"John," said she, "make a sentence using the word 'indignation.'"

John who was evidently of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive post and answered, "When youse want to stand in dis position, you stand in dis position."

devils. In reality he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears. I saw in the glare of the lightning the storm as it toyed with the shade trees, I heard the rain dashing against the windows, the room was jarred by angry thunders. But louder than thunder, to me, were the groans and screams and the oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly but now fallen and cowardly husband.

"You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry—the advent cry of the baby—a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish, as I thought of such a fit beginning to a career destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety from which you, for gain, had led him.

"The next morning he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped kissed me and baby, and vowed never to drink again. (Continued on page four)

Mules, Farmers And Politicians

The mule is stronger than the man. Though the mule is strong than the man, the man manages the mule. He uses him to his advantage. He puts a bridle and a saddle on him and rides upon his back.

The man puts harness made of leather upon the mule, and by speaking to him and using the whip, induces him to walk and pull a wagon, while the man gets in and rides.

The mule does much hard work, but of the money earned thru the mule's hard work, the man appropriates it all to himself.

The mule lives roughly. It feeds from a trough and lies at night upon the ground.

The man eats good food from a table and sleeps in soft bed.

The mule is very useful to the man.

The farmer is stronger than the politician.

Though the farmer is stronger than the politician, the politician manages the farmer.

The politician puts a bridle called "party loyalty" in the man's mouth, a saddle on his back and rides him where he will. He puts harness made of prejudice on the farmer, and by making speeches to him and feeding him taffy, induces him to walk and pull the politician into office.

The farmer does much hard work, but the money earned thru the farmer's hard work, the politician appropriates to himself.

The farmer becomes poor and lives but meagerly on a mortgaged farm; he sleeps on a bed of straw. The politician waxes rich. He eats fine food with

down.

The mule is very useful to the politician.—Ex.

An Old Mule.

The State, June 11th.

Mary, a mare mule owned by J. I. Frick of Wallaceville, between Columbia and Alston, has lately attained the ripe age of 39 years. Mary is probably the oldest mule in the State. She is not a gray mule, either. Mary is one of a pair of mules bought by J. R. Curlee of Fairfield county. Mary's mate died but Mary has continued to live on and on. John Neel owned Mary after Mr. Curlee. He sold her to N. E. Frick, who disposed of her to J. R. Frick. Mary's present owner, J. I. Frick, will be her last, since Mr. Frick is determined to keep the old mule as long as she lives. He has owned her now for 20 years.

Mary's volatile temperament has not been toned down by the passage of the years. She is still given to lifting her heels at the slightest provocation and has never gotten over showing an inclination to bolt when a bicycle or automobile passes. Old Mary is driven to Columbia about once a month and wakes the trip in fine form.

How would you like to have a picture taken every time you were cross and pouting? It would be nicer to have the other kind, wouldn't it? Well, the pictures are being taken every single day. People's eyes take the pictures, and there is a little back chamber in the mind where they are safely kept year after year. Do take care that they have sunny-looking, pleasant pictures to keep in their mind albums.—Exchange.

Eggs That Are Fresh After Nine Months.

Clemson College, June 15.—One of the ways in which the poultryman can reduce the cost of living is by "canning" eggs at this season of the year. Eggs are plentiful in South Carolina now and can be sold only at prices which are low in comparison with those of winter. For this reason the farmer usually has more on hand than he can dispose of readily. How eggs can be kept fresh for months is described by F. C. Hare, State poultry demonstration agent in cooperation with Clemson College.

One of the best and simplest methods of preserving or "canning" eggs is to place them in a solution of "water glass" or sodium silicate. This is a transparent liquid that looks like thin, strained honey and is used commercially in manufacturing mucilage. It can be secured from a druggist. This liquid covers the shell of an egg with an impervious coating of glue and prevents bacteria-laden air from penetrating inside the shell and rendering the egg unfit for food. Eggs treated with sodium silicate can easily be kept for nine months in good condition, provided they are perfectly fresh when placed in this solution.

Secure a suitable glazed earthen ware crock with cover—2 five gallon butter crock is a good size—the glazing being to prevent the solution from being absorbed. Secure one quart or more of sodium silicate or water glass. Thoroughly rinse the inside of the crock and then cover with boiling water to kill any germ life that may be there.

water and allow to cool. When cold, make a mixture of nine parts of this water and one part of the sodium silicate.

Fill the crock two-thirds full with the preserving mixture. As the eggs are gathered daily, put them into the crock. Do not keep eggs for several days before putting into the solution, as it is very important that the eggs go in the day they are laid. The eggs must on no account be washed before being placed in the crock and cracked eggs or those with thin shells that might be broken must be discarded.

Eggs may be put in the crock until it is three-fourths full, bearing in mind, however, that at least one inch of the liquid must be above the top layer of eggs. Place the cover on the crock and set in moderately cool place to prevent excessive evaporation of the liquid. Eggs should be examined from time to time and more boiled water added if necessary to keep the solution an inch above the top layer of eggs.

For general culinary purposes water-glass eggs are equal to ordinary fresh eggs. They may be poached, fried, scrambled or used in making cakes or biscuits, just as they come from the crock. However, if it is desired to boil them, stick a pin in the large end of the shell and make a small hole to allow the gas to escape when the egg is heated. The water-glass solution closes the pores of the egg shell and acts like a tin can around tomatoes. If an opening is not made the shell will crack in boiling for the heated gas to escape.

The cost of preserving eggs in this way is about one and one-half cents per dozen. By canning eggs in the spring when they are plentiful, spending one and one-half cents per dozen to do so, and holding them until winter, one could probably get

W. P. Pollock, Of Cheraw, Enters Race For Senate

Cheraw, June 10.—W. P. Pollock, of Cheraw, to-day announced that he would enter the race for the United States Senate and handed the press an open letter to the Democracy of the State. It is stated that strong pressure has been made to bear on Mr. Pollock from every section of the State to make the race and he will go into the race with a strong backing. He has never been a supporter of the present administration and he realizes that the present conditions in South Carolina should not continue.

His pledge and assessment were forwarded this evening.

No More Hugging In Dancing

A combination in restraint of all features of the modern dances which even suggest the wiggles of the Orient was formed by the dance masters at today's session of their convention here. They will not teach those dances which lack the official sanction of the association. To this end committees have been appointed to pass upon the dances of the day, to wit, the tango, maxixe, one step and hesitation.

More open space between dancers will be the rule. In many of the new steps the dancers barely touch finger tips and to hug one's partner is a social crime.—Cleveland Dispatch.

"Father, you were born in California, you say?"

"Yes, my son."

"and mother was born in New York?"

"Yes."

"And I was born in Indiana?"

"Yes, my son."

Dutch how we all got together?"—The Mother's Magazine.

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection bag. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."—New Orleans States.

A negro truck driver backed his wagon into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a hallway freight depot in Dallas, Texas.

"Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outa yo' house and home ef yo' don't back up!"

"I've got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now what yo' gonna do 'bout dat?"

"I'll dig yo' one, niggah—I'll dig yo' one!"—Ex.

Pictures of The Wild Man

We have three excellent views of the wild man captured near Pegeland Sunday June 7th, just as he appeared in the woods. Can furnish in finest finish and mounted on 8x10 cards, at 25c each. Also on post cards for 15c. Postage paid.

WHITMORE'S STUDIO
Pageland, S. C.
(Advertisement)

twice as much per dozen for them as he could get by selling them now. The yolks of these eggs stand up like those of eggs just taken from the nest and the whites will beat into a firm froth,