

## MEN ARE SO QUEER

By R. S. JONES.

"Tom was terribly annoyed," said the young woman with the fluffy hair and the hint of a baby stare. "It is perfectly funny the way a man acts just because he is your husband—did you ever notice it?"

"It is, indeed!" said the others in chorus.

"How was I to know that sensible business men would take me so seriously?" pursued the fluffy young woman. "I thought they were supposed to have discernment and sense. At least, Tom is always preaching about their superiority in that respect. Tom explained to me very carefully before we went to the automobile show last month that we couldn't buy a car. He said we couldn't afford it, considering my hat bills and his cigars and the notes coming due on the house we bought last year. I am sure I had it all perfectly clear in my mind, so I am positive I was not to blame.

"But did you ever notice what perfectly fascinating young men they put in charge of the exhibition cars at an automobile show?"

"I should say I have noticed them!" said the brunette girl.

"And, anyhow, Tom had no business to run across two college friends the minute we got inside the show and pay so much attention to them that he couldn't pay any attention to me! Those three would cluster together over a chassis with a lot of crazy machinery stuck on it and talk like mad. So I simply had to do something to kill time."

"Of course you did!" agreed the others.

"So when at the first booth a good looking man who saw me studying a touring car asked me if I was interested I said I was. Then he was just as nice as could be. He told me everything about the car and made me get in it and explained just how I could run it myself and wanted my address to send me a catalogue. He said he'd be pleased to come out some day with the car and show me how it ran and give me a lesson. He was so set on coming that I hated to hurt his feelings, so I did not refuse.

"It was just the same way at the next place and ever after. Tom and his friends were so busy over horrid old machinery that I was considerably left out. However, I made lots of friends among the agents.

"All of them wanted to bring out their cars to demonstrate to me how superior they were and, as I had told one man he could come, it didn't seem a bit fair to the others to refuse any of them, so I said I'd be delighted. It had turned out that I owed a terrible lot of calls and that it would be such a nice way to get around and pay them.

"I didn't think it necessary to mention the matter to Tom. He did remark that a huge lot of catalogues was coming to our house and it was a wonder where those fellows got people's names and, anyhow, thank goodness, he didn't have a machine eating its head off and making him poor! Men are so selfish.

"The Zero automobile man came out the very day after the show closed and we had a beautiful ride. I made six calls. However, I quite changed my opinion of him, because when I came out of the last place he seemed actually cross and said things about waiting in cold weather. I don't see how he expects to sell cars without showing a little consideration for customers. I told him I didn't think I liked his car at all.

"Then there was the Largo car man and the Allegro man and the Fortissimo man and the Solendiferous man and about six different electric companies and a lot more whose names I forget. When they came one at a time it was lovely.

"I did two teas one afternoon in the Largo car, but the man lost his temper, and when I came from the second tea the wretched creature had driven off and I had to go home on the street car!

"The queer thing was that every one seemed so indignant when I refused to give an order for a car and said things about my leading them on. The worst of it was that Tom came home ill with the grip one afternoon just as seven different cars arrived all at once to take me out! He said he thought I was giving a funeral or a tea.

"When he understood—my dears, have you ever seen a man suffering from bad temper and grip simultaneously?"

"I explained to him most carefully that it wasn't my fault at all, but he roared that he was ashamed to look a man in the face from that time on for fear he was one of the automobile agents I had shamefully deceived—yes, that's what he called it—and that he'd like to know what women had in place of consciences anyhow. What do you think of that? Aren't men utterly queer?"

"They surely are!" the other young married women agreed. "When you hadn't done one single thing, either!"

### Unusual.

"Anything new?" asked the reporter. "Yes," replied the desk sergeant. "A man and a woman were badly smashed up in an automobile accident a little while ago."

"That happens every day."

"But this is an extraordinary case. She was his wife."

## MONEY VERY MUCH WASTED

Proprietor of Travelling Bag May Have Meant Well, But He Didn't Make a Hit.

Oliver P. Newman, chairman of the board of commissioners of Washington, and Louis Brownlow, a world-wide traveler, are boon companions.

After the last presidential election Newman, then a political writer, was ordered to accompany President-elect Wilson to Bermuda. He promptly wired Brownlow for the use of a traveling bag which had been round the world several times and was entirely covered with foreign labels. Possession of the bag, Newman felt, would show him to be eligible for membership in the "Round the World club."

In due time a crate was carried into Newman's apartment in New York. With pleasant thought of the impression the bag would make on the presidential party, Newman unpacked the crate. Before him was a bag as immaculate as his own new suitcase. Newman wired Brownlow: "Where the blazes are the foreign labels?"

Brownlow's reply was: "You are an ingrate. I spent two dollars to have the labels washed off." —Sunday Magazine.

## HUNGARIAN MEAL IN DEMAND

Considered Among the Best in the World It is One of Country's Great Sources of Wealth.

Flour milling is generally considered the most important industry in Hungary. There are 21,000 flour mills in operation, about ninety per cent of which are small mills that supply only the demands of the localities in which they are situated. The remainder are steam mills equipped with the most modern machinery and prepared to compete in the world's markets. Hungary grows large quantities of wheat, and certain grades of it are among the best in the world. It sometimes happens that so large a percentage of Hungarian wheat is bought by the Austrian mills through the co-operation of the Austrian railways that the Hungarian mills are forced to export Russian wheat. The rib-coal mines, operated by the government, are unprofitable. It was estimated, based on past years, that the net loss to the government on all the coal mines it owns and operates would be at least three hundred thousand dollars for the present year.

### TRAINED WITNESS.

This story is being told of a certain Paducah barrister: The lawyer in question was defending an old colored woman who was being arraigned before one of the local magistrates charged with the theft of a chicken. He had called the accused to the stand to testify in her own behalf and in order to help her out instructed her thusly: "Now, Liza, tell the court whether or not you have, or have had, in your possession a fowl, or chicken, answering the description or appearance of the fowl you stole."—Paducah (Ky.) News-Democrat.

### AT AN ADVANTAGE.

"I should think," remarked Mr. Growcher, "that the chef of this restaurant would be envious of the orchestra leader."

"Why?"

"Because if people don't approve of the food they can make a protest. But they've got to sit up and take the music whether they like it or not."

### PLENTY LIKE HIM.

Gabe—Old Titewad brags that he casts his bread on the waters.

Steve—He does. But only when it is too stale for his own use.

### HIS DIFFICULTY.

Wigg—Why don't you settle down and take a wife?

Wagg—I don't know whose wife to take.—Club Fellow.

### DOMESTIC HARMONY.

The Minister—Do you play any instrument?

Sandy (sadly)—Aye, second fiddle, at home!

### THE GUY.

"My, but Wepsey does make money out of that stuff of his."

"Sure pop. He's the guy that put the pay into pathos."

## SOMETHING WENT WRONG

By SADIE WOODS.

"My, but you've got a cold!" said the girl with the accentuated robes-pierre collar at the enamelware counter as she paused in the act of putting a nicked saucepan under the pile out of sight.

"Gold?" echoed the girl at the small hardware counter in a tone of infinite scorn. "Got a gold? What I've got is as an iceberg to a small icicle when it comes to golds! But I thought I had a good time getting it, M'ree!"

"Howjuh do it?" inquired the girl with the robespierre collar.

"Why, the Jolly Rover Social club gave a midsummer party the other night," explained the afflicted one.

"In zero weather!" cried the girl at the enamelware. "For the land's sake! Were they crazy? S'pose you had a beach party and went for a swim, and had ice cream for refreshments afterward! B-r-r!"

"Nod exactly," said the sufferer. "Of course, it was zero, but that's what made it interesting. It's always interesting to do things people don't expect you to do, isn't it?"

"Maybe," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter. "But there are limits! Now, if any one requested me to go on a violet picking expedition in January it would be unexpected, but nevertheless crazy. I hope I have sense enough to know a snowbank from a steam radiator. I don't wonder you have a cold!"

"We had the party at the hall," explained the girl at the hardware counter. "And it would have been all right only something seemed to go wrong with the heating plant. The president of the club said he told the janitor to have it hotter than usual, but the janitor must have got mixed and done the opposite. So when we came in dressed in white organdies and such things everybody turned purple almost at once."

"Now, it doesn't help a girl's temper to know that she's a light heliotrope tinge and she can't be her own sweet self when she realizes that she has a bright red nose and goose pimples on her hands and arms! So everybody started with a bad temper. Jimmy said I stepped on his feet, but I didn't—it was his last summer shoes that were too small for him and his feet were numb from cold, anyhow. He didn't listen kindly to my explanation, because when we sat down to talk there was a blast from the winter collar, and Jimmy drafts. So he began to talk to me about the rib-coal mines, and I got on my feet on purpose."

"To get even with Jimmy I smiled at Percy Wagner and he took me to have some lemonade that ought 'a' been boiled, it was so cold, and then he sat me down in a corner and talked to me, and Jimmy could see us, and I wouldn't 'a' moved if I'd frozen to the spot. I most did, too, because there was a cold air radiator in the floor right there and I know the other end was connected with the north pole. I had on my ruffled dimity and white shoes and hosiery and my teeth were chattering. Percy's nose looked frost-bitten and his knees knocked together. When we tried to dance we sort of fell around like clothespins."

"Then we sat in a circle and ate ice cream and our throats froze up till we ought 'a' called a plumber and everybody said, 'Ain't we having a fine time?' And Jimmy glowed till I was afraid his face would crack with the cold and everything. Then finally, just as Percy and I were getting some more lemonade, Jimmy grabbed me by the arm.

"Say, he hissed, 'I've had enough of that sissy fellow trailing after you!' 'Just as I drew away, indignant like—for nobody can boss me even if it is Jimmy—Percy sort of fell against the lemonade bowl and it tipped over and soaked Jimmy and me. I'd hate to think it of Percy, but I can't see how he could have upset that bowl without planning it."

"Well, of course, Jimmy and I had to go home then, and my! the language that man used was something wonderful! I didn't see how there could be any more language in the world, but I found there was, for when we started to get off the street car Jimmy found his duck trousers that had got soaked with lemonade were frozen to the seat. The conductor wouldn't hold the car while Jimmy tore them loose! He said there were no rules 'n' regulations requiring a conductor to delay service just because a passenger got frozen to the seat."

"By the time we got home my dimity dress skirt was so frozen with lemonade that it rattled like tin, and when I hit the doorpost it cracked and ruined itself. I s'pose I must 'a' got my gold somehow during the evening."

"It looks that way," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter.

### Scared to Go Home.

"Do I look like a milkman?" asked a tango dancer of a patron, as he was leaving his temple of tango about four o'clock this morning. "Why, no; what an idea," was the response. "Well, I'm glad of it," said the tangoist. "My wife took a shot at a milkman the other morning, and I'm kind of skittish about going home at this hour. Best little woman in the world, you know, but hasty, and I'd regret any mistake in my case."

# Notice

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## Tax Notice

The books will be open for the collection of taxes from the 15th day of October 1914 to December, 31st 1914.

Tax levy for State	6 mills
Constitutional School	3 "
Ordinary County	5 1-2 "
Interests on R.R. Bonds	11-2 "
Road and Bridges	2 "

Total levy 18 mills

	School	Bonds
Cheraw School	3 mills	4 mills
Marlburg	3 "	
Orange Hill	8 "	
Pats Branch	4 "	
Pee Dee	3 "	
Stafford	4 "	21-2 "
Bethel	4 "	
Center Point	4 "	
Chesterfield	4 "	3 "
Special School		21-2 "

Parker	4 "
Pine Grove	3 "
Shiloh	3 "
Snow Hill	4 "
Ousley	7 "
Vaughn	3 "
Wamble Hill	3 "
White Oak	4 "
Center	4 "
Cross Roads	6 "
Mt. Croghan	3 "
Special School	5 "

New Hope	7 "
Ruby	5 "
Wexford	4 "
Buffalo	2 "
Dudley	3 "
Five Forks	2 "
Mangum	3 "
Pageland	6 "
Plains	2 "
Center Grove	5 "
Friendship	3 "
Jefferson	5 "
Long Branch	4 "
Green Hill	4 "
Middendorf	3 "
McBee	8 "
Sandy Run	4 "
Union	4 "
Bay Springs	4 "
Bear Creek	2 "
Bethesda	2 "
Juniper	3 "
Patrick	3 "
Cat Pond	2 "

Lewis	3 "
Palmetto	3 "
Wallace	3 "
Special road Cheraw Township	2 mills
Special road Alligator Township	5 mills

Will Collect at Following Places.

Cheraw Tuesday	Nov 3
Cash's Wednesday	Nov 4
Dudley Thursday	Nov 5
Pageland Friday	Nov 6
McBee Monday	Nov 9
Plains Monday	Nov 16
Jefferson Tuesday	Nov 17
Angelus Wednesday	Nov 18
Cross Roads Thursday	Nov 19
Mt. Croghan Friday	Nov 20
Middendorf Monday	Nov 23
Cedar Creek Tuesday	Nov 24
Sandy Davis' Wednesday	Nov 25
Patrick Thursday	Nov 26
John Wallace	Nov 27

W. A. Douglass

County Treasurer

Sept. 15, 1914.

(Advertisement)

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Below is a partial list of claims paid by health and accident companies through the S. J. Sellers agency at Ruby:

R. E. Richardson	59.25
J. V. Thompson	30.00
M. J. Deese	90.65
B. T. Long	68.00
J. A. Sellers	12.00
C. M. Tucker	7.30

J. C. Mangum come and get you one.

S. J. Sellers, Ruby, S. C.

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