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Make your dollars have more cents.
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HOME BANK OF BARNWELL.

KIN OF NAPOLEON INGRATES

His Sister Pauline Alone Was Faithful to the Emperor to the End.

With one exception Napoleon's brothers and sisters proved to be incompetent, ungrateful, or openly his foes. Napoleon made his eldest brother, Joseph, king of Spain, and Spain proved almost as deadly to him as did Russia.

He made his youngest brother, Jerome, who deserted his American wife at the behest of Napoleon, king of Westphalia, says the Detroit News, and Jerome turned the palace into a pigsty and brought discredit on the very name of Bonaparte. His brother Louis, for whom he had starved himself, he placed upon the throne of Holland, and Louis promptly devoted himself to his own interests, conniving at many things which were inimical to France. He was planning high advancement for his brother, Lucien, when Lucien married a disreputable actress and fled with her to England, where he was received by the most persistent of all Napoleon's enemies.

Napoleon's three sisters have been styled "the three crowned courtesans." He made Elsie a princess in her own right, and gave her the grand duchy of Tuscany. He married Caroline to Marshal Murat, and they became respectively king and queen of Naples. Caroline urged her husband to turn against his former chief, and Elsie threw in her fortunes with the Murats. For Pauline he did very little, yet she alone stood by him to the end. He gave her a marriage dowry of half a million francs when she married the Prince Borghese.

THEY TIRE OF GIVING LIFT

Motorists Find Their Kindness to Strangers on Road Sometimes Is Grossly Abused.

Any automobilist going out Westchester way, particularly on the roads leading to New Rochelle and Rye Beach, will find himself besieged by young men and boys seeking "a lift." Occasionally but not so often two girls "walking" will ask a similar favor.

One man complains that he even went out of his way to be obliging to his "guests," but that now the world may walk for all he'll care, says the New York Sun and Globe. The other day, hailed by three youths, he stopped and they all piled in. The man's wife was with him on the front seat and passing through New Rochelle she remembered there was a call she wished to make.

The three alighted grumbling. Later the automobilist found that his passengers had burned holes in his floor mat, and scuffed the woodwork of the panels on the front seat.

"You got off lightly," a friend remarked. "I make it a point to give no one a lift, for I understand that in the event of an accident a self-invited guest could sue me and likely obtain substantial damages."

Naming Pullmans a Task.

The first pullman car was a remodeled Chicago & Alton day coach, No. 9, and continued with its original designation. It was first decided to letter pullman car A, B, C, etc., but when 26 cars had been lettered, numbering was resumed. However, to avoid conflict with railroad car numbers, it was decided to give each pullman car a baptismal name, copying the custom of naming locomotives in the '70s after officials and other celebrities, says the Detroit News. "The Pioneer" was the first name used on a pullman car. Later names of women, flowers, birds, cities, towns, rivers, lakes, soldiers, poets, battlefields and camps were adopted. There are now so many pullman cars that it has been found necessary to take names from ancient history.

Alligator Gar Fights Captor.

Porter Davis, local fisherman, caught a mammoth alligator measuring six feet and five inches in length and weighing 114 pounds on a trot line out in the Ohio river a short distance below the gravel pit, says the Mount Vernon (O.) Democrat. Davis said the creature put up a game fight, coming at him in his skiff with his mouth open and its long teeth gleaming. Davis used a grab hook in landing the gar. The creature was kept alive and exhibited by Davis on the court square. Fishermen say the gar could inflict serious injury to swimmers and that it constitutes a warning to the host of small boys going into the river near the gravel pit.

"Fat King" Claims Award.

The "Fat King," as Maj. G. W. Ellis of the British army, was known to the troops in France during the war, is a claimant before the royal commission of awards to inventors. The claim is for an invention that the major perfected whereby the food waste at camps and bases was treated in such a way that the fat was separated from the rest of the refuse, sent back to England and used for the manufacture of glycerine.

Send Us Your Job Work.

LIKE GEMS SET IN THE SEA

Many Beautiful Little Islands Around Great Britain Are Frequented by Holiday Crowds.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the Isle of Man is the most popular holiday island in the world. Its glens and even its mountains are turned into show places, whilst Douglas is, perhaps, next to Blackpool, the most enterprising seaside town in the British isles.

The Isle of Wight is what the house of lords is to the house of commons, when compared with Manxland. "Man" is a democrat. "Wight" is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht squadron, and Cowes week is one of the great events of the season, says London Tit-Bits.

But the Isle of Wight has a popular side, as the fronts at Ryde, Sandown, Ventnor and even Cowes itself can prove. It is, moreover, the paradise of the char-a-bancs, for its hills are easily climbable, and its roads are excellent. Moreover, it has some of the loveliest coast scenery to be found anywhere.

The Channel Islands belong to Britain, although they lie nearer to France, and their visiting list is correspondingly international; but the fine service of steamboats from the southern ports of England is making these lovely islands better known to holiday makers, even from the north and from Scotland.

Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, not forgetting the tiny island of Herm, which belongs to an English novelist, are all gems set in the sea.

Then there is Anglesey, the only island which is also a county of England and Wales. Most people know Anglesey only as the first bit on the way from Holyhead to London. Yet, year by year, by virtue of splendid golf courses and fine hydros, the Welsh county separated from the mainland by the Menai straits, and connected with the mainland by two historic bridges, is coming more and more into prominence as a holiday center.

NITRATE DESERT AIDS WORLD

Desolate Region in Plateau Country of Chile Is Source of Famous Soda Commodity.

In the high plateau country of Chile, between the coast ranges and the Andes, lies a desert which is one of the deadest spots on earth. No green thing grows upon it, no living creature is native to it.

And yet this desert has been for a century a primary support of human life in the civilized world, says the Nation's Business. Although science now promises eventually to make us independent of this desert and its product, it is no exaggeration to say that the great expansion of the race which has taken place in the last hundred years would have been impossible without it. And the people of the United States are still largely dependent upon it.

This unique desert is the source of the famous Chilean nitrate of soda—a commodity which is at present the subject of a special investigation being made at the behest of congress by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

The nitrate situation and the investigation of it are significant not only because of the importance of wider use of such valuable fertilizing agents as nitrate of soda, and of as cheap a supply as possible, but also because factors controlling the supply of nitrates are typical of those that affect a number of other raw materials which are indispensable to civilized countries.

Rich Folk Enjoy Nickel Cone.

It is a well-known fact that there is something about summer and summer vacations that compels even the most dignified to shake off some of their inhibitions and enjoy themselves in ways they would scorn in other seasons, says the New York Sun and Globe. This is particularly true of the younger set, but older people are not immune. The other day on a much traveled post road an expensive car came to a stop by one of those small roadside stores that specializes in lemonade, popcorn and ice cream. The chauffeur climbed out, went up to the diminutive counter and in a moment returned to the car with three ice cream cones which his passengers, a woman and two men with money stamped all over them, proceeded to eat with evident and almost childish enjoyment.

Their Little Spat.

She—If we were married and divorced, would you object to my marrying again?

He—Why, not at all.

She—You talk in such a heartless manner.

He—Well, why should I have sympathy for a fellow I don't even know?

Wayside Epitaphs.

"He is using terrible language."

"He is, indeed."

"What's the matter with the car?"

"Something wrong with the carburetor, I think."

MODEL COUNTY EXHIBIT AT SAVANNAH TRI-STATE EXPOSITION

Much Interest Taken in County Booths, This Year

Choicest samples of agricultural and horticultural products will be the outstanding features of the county exhibits at the Savannah Tri-State Exposition, October 27-November 3. There will be a battery of county booths from many sections of Georgia and South Carolina, which, on the whole, will comprise a valuable portion of the county building.

An afternoon's visit through this building will be an educational treat not only to the children, but also to the grown folk, as the most reliable information about the resources, climate and topography of Georgia and South Carolina will be offered for study. The information given in the county booths could not be obtained on a thirty day trip or a week spent in studying tables of statistics and reports.

The county building at the Tri-State Exposition will surprise even the residents of Georgia in its portrayal of resources unrivalled in richness and variety. The exhibits will be a graphic demonstration of what can be grown in this section of the country.

County competition at the Tri-State Exposition will be somewhat changed this year. The radius of Savannah's Zone is rapidly spreading to many counties in the interior and the number of booths from Georgia will far exceed that of last year.

The quality of products exhibited at the Tri-State Exposition is admirably shown in the above picture. Arrangement of products amounts to a great deal in judging the county booths. Because of the artistic scheme in which the goods were displayed, the above booth was one of the blue ribbon winners.

Handsome cash prizes are offered this year, and are accompanied by the ribbon and diploma awards. These together with the widespread publicity they receive are of inestimable value to the competing counties.

The Savannah Tri-State Exposition is only four years old, but its county section is larger and better than most of the older state fairs of the country. This is a fact of which every Georgian should feel proud.

GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT TELLS HOW TO IMPROVE LIVESTOCK

DAIRY AND BEEF CATTLE ARE FUNDAMENTAL TO AGRICULTURE; CAUSES OF RUNTS ARE EXPLAINED; FARM POWER DIVIDED.

Without definite breeding plans no farmer can expect to improve his cattle and certainly few can hope to raise young cattle that will make an asset to his herd. This is the text of the message that is graphically told in the government booth which will be placed in the Johnson building, Tri-State Exposition, during the week of October 27 to November 3 at Savannah. Every phase of cattle raising is told in the many maps, illustrations and relief outlines which compose this comprehensive demonstration under the direction of government experts who travel the country over showing the farmers at fairs the improved methods of cattle breeding.

One of the salient points in the theme of the exhibit is that livestock are of fundamental importance to permanent agriculture. In a large measure, cattle are a by-product of the farm since they produce from crops of hay, cereal by-product and others milk, butter, beef and cheese. This category does not include the vast number of by-products that have made dairy cattle and beef cattle such an asset to the average farmer. Wholesome meat contributes toward a well balanced meal and milk and butter form the basic diet of many households.

The handling of livestock is also fully explained in the pictures and maps that treat especially of the causes of runts. It has been shown that inferior breeding and poor feeding are the chief causes of undergrown livestock and that the suckling period is the critical time in a young animal's growth. The exhibit also clearly sets forth how to combat contagious abortion when this disease enters a herd. Additional directions tell how to keep the disease out of healthy herds.

Foreign plagues in the United States have been reduced to a minimum, as shown on the large world map which gives at a glance the magnitude of livestock diseases in foreign countries. This freedom of American farmers is not due to good fortune, but to organized effort of the United States Department of Agriculture through its animal quarantine service.

Comparisons of power costs computed in September, 1921, prices of fuel, oil and feed (other costs as of 1920) for different operations furnish the basis for many practical calculations in the story of farm power as told in one section of the exhibit. The efficient and economical utilization of power for drawbar work on the farm has become a vital problem. The farmers have seen the value of tractor and horse power, and the exhibit in relating to the problem gives facts and figures obtained on a large number of corn belt farms. Graphic illustrations show that on these farms—all of which use tractors—about seventy per cent of the farm power was supplied by horses, the remainder being furnished by tractors.

From the youngest calf to the great beauty that won the honors of dairy and beef cattle that was paraded before thousands last year at the Savannah Tri-State Exposition. The promotion was led by a band whose spirited music enthused a few of the animals, and the show was given an appearance rivaling or beyond the Irish sweepstakes within the southern circuit one week. Then the gay showed some of the best cattle seen in this section in years.

The Meaning of It All

By ARCHEY CAMERON NEW

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Clankety-clank, clank, clank!

The mighty windlass chains clanked their loud greeting as the ferry slipped into its exact groove, then Mike Clegan—better known as the Fat Slob—straightened up, and out, and, wiping his wet and flabby cheeks on a grimy sleeve, thrust his bulk of authority in the path of the outrushing passengers.

"Hey, there, you!" he yelled, as a radiantly-alive and bare-headed girl slipped around him to the rim of the deck. "Whatcha tryin' t' do—c'mit suicide?"

Two flashing black eyes and the end of a shapely upturned nose faced him impudently.

"Not a chance," came the quick retort, in a mellow contralto. "With a lot o' good laughs like you still around," she taunted him.

"I've told ye before t' keep inside th' rail, an' I mane it." The big fellow loomed in her way with a fierce scowl as, with the rail lifted, a few important-looking officers and some ten or twelve other persons stepped ashore on Ellis Island, with scarcely a glance at the by-play.

"What's yer graft, anyways, kid?" he demanded insolently, as she turned on him the full fire of her hot, angry eyes. Ignoring her resisting hand, he thrust aside the cover of the basket on her arm, and then whistled. "Oh, peddlin' fruit agen, heh? Business good, kid?"

She stamped her foot in a rage.

"Leumme alone," she demanded, eyes like live coals. "I'm not sellin' 'em."

"D'gosh an' it's sartain ye must be carryin' yer lunch. Yer not givin' 'em away to the immygrints."

"I am so," she insisted. "I always give 'em away. Honest!"

Mike stared at her incredulously. Her father, an Italian fruit vender, was considered wealthy among the docks—the same docks where, ten years before, he stepped ashore, with the same pretty Rosie, then a gawky child of twelve, herded with one Indian arm, a large wooden box under another, a very few hundred dollars in his pocket, and but two English words on his tongue—"Mestra" and "dollar." Ten years had made little change, except financially, in old Bucceri, but had, through tedious but sure schooling, startlingly Americanized Rosie.

"Watcha givin' me?" he snorted.

"Nothin'," she snapped back, "but this whole basketful goes t' th' poor fish over there," pointing to the detention house. She knew Mike Gegan and was surprised at the change in his usual boisterous good humor. "What's th' matter, Mike?"

"Tell me," he ignored her question, still eyeing her amazedly, "what's th' idea? An' what're ye doin' it for?"

"Love and pity," came her brief reply, and then her eyes lighted up like a votary. "Love for America—my America—and pity for them as can't get in." She cupped her chin in her hands and, leaning on the rail, stared into vacancy. "I've been where they are, Mike. I remember it. I know how they feel. So alone—so strange—but oh, so hopeful. Oh, what America means to them! Hope—life—a new chance. Oh, how I love it! How great it feels just to know I'm here—part of that," and hazedly, she swept her hands toward the crowded New York skyline. "I'm here—happy—free—American—oh!" And the reverent look of a worshiper intensified as she gazed at the flag streaming proudly fifty feet away. Quickly, her eyes softened. "Mike, tell me—what's wrong with you tonight?"

"Nothin' ye can help," gruffly.

"Please—tell me."

"I jes' told ye," he growled, then he blurted out: "See that mob over there? Me cousin's in that bunch, an' he'll be goin' back t' County Belfast, so he will." Rosie was now eyeing him fixedly. "Got a fool notion he cud play th' violin. 'At's all he has got—a squeaky fiddle, a fool notion he kin make a hit here, an' about ten cents in republican money. So they won't let him come in. Shame, too! A foine lad, Tim Shane. Gave up a good job in th' city t' help his ould mother 'tind t' th' pigs, nursed her through eight years' sickness, an' raised three little sisters till some aunt tuk 'em away, an' all his money in th' clothes on their backs. An' they let in some o' these Bullshevika—"

"If he's so fine," demanded Rosie, "why don't you help 'im t' get in?"

"I grud, but with what, I'm askin' ye?" snorted Mike. "A ferryhand's wages?" He darted a look, almost of contempt, at the oranges in her basket. "Little good them oranges will do the likes of Tim. An' say, I'll bet yer mint mag wouldn't be helpin' ye bring them over here if he knew it."

"Is, divvorsh," came Rosie's proud retort over her shoulder, as she dashed to accept the detention house. "He gave me mine an' my."

[illegible]

The first was Rosie's remark on her return trip from the island as she drifted abstractedly past him with an empty basket. "Fine fella, Tim," she confided, dreamy-eyed, "and, oh, how he can play."

The next day Mike wondered again as Rosie, strangely silent, carried to the island another full basket of oranges—and some cigarettes in her hand. And she repeated this on the third day.

And for the third time Mike wondered, as a few hours later that day, Tony Bucceri, accompanied by an official, stepped off the ferry to the island. Mike overheard his excited tones.

"What I care for da mon? Rosie say 'sure.' She knows. Dass enough."

Two hours later Mike stared in amazement as Rosie Bucceri, a violin case on one arm and with the other and two flashing eyes glued tightly on one Timothy Shane, who returned her impassioned gaze with compound interest, stepped aboard the ferry, followed meekly by Tony, bearing a foreign-looking bag.

"What's it mean?" demanded the amazed Mike, as he confronted the strange group.

"It means—he's an American now—or will be," volunteered Rosie, happily. "I know he'll love it. I hope he'll love us, too." And the rose tint of her cheeks brightened to a crimson red.

"It mea," grunted Tony, contentedly, "it mean maybe she'll stay home more now. I'll save lots o' da fruit."

And Tim, too moved for words, answered with a face divided between the marvels of the strange new skyline and Rosie.

BRIDE FACES FIRST TRAGEDY

Had Just Returned From Her Honeymoon When Misfortune Befell Her.

They had just returned from their honeymoon; a trip of bliss, joy and happiness, all three. He kissed her good-by as he started for the office, and murmured many endearing things into her ear, all of which she kept there.

The day was slowly fading, and a feeling of terror stole over her. A grim waiting of she-knew-not-what numbed her senses and stirred her imagination already boiling over.

Why did not her mother warn her? O, why did they not forbid her marriage? It was too horrible to contemplate—that they wilfully sacrificed her to their ambitions. Impossible! Yet, yet—?

"O, if she dared only open that door, just to satisfy her wild imaginations. O, if something would only happen to relieve the inner strife she was laboring under. And she must face it alone—alone!

Yes, she must see what was going on behind that door—yes, if the sight should kill her—she must! The mystery must be solved if her death should result—or even the loss of her husband's love.

She started for the door, but her knees gave way under her and she collapsed on the floor. Ah, brave heart! She arises! And again crosses the floor to the door, full of portentous silence. What a dread suspense! Beads of icy perspiration dashed to the floor and splashed back again. O, she must—she must!

Slowly ten more minutes dragged their weary length along—they seemed ages. Then with a strength born of a desperate resolve, she rushed across the floor and flung open the door. A cloud of smoke rushed from the oven.

Her first pie had burned to a crisp.
—Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO KNOW STAGE PLAYS

Infallible Signs That Show the Amateur to What Class They Belong.

If all the characters are dressed in queer looking costumes of an unknown period and speak their lines like a young politician making his first address, it's a classical play, remarks Life.

If it's filled with quotations you've heard before, it's probably Shakespeare.

If after four acts and thirty-one scenes you haven't the slightest idea what it's all about, it's undoubtedly the masterpiece of a Russian playwright.

If the first scene is liberally sprinkled with amours and disparaging discussions of absent husbands, it's French farce.

If the dialogue is made up chiefly of profanity and vile epithets, it's the work of a "realistic" writer.

If it bores you, it's "strong" drama with a "message."

If the chief male character wears cowhide boots with his dinner clothes, it's a drama of American finance.

If the comedians wink confidentially at the audience, they're about to spring a prohibition joke.

If the trap-drummer whacks a gong two or three times as the curtain rises, it's positive proof you're going to witness a Chinese play.

And if you find yourself enjoying the show, it's sure to be a cheap lot of claptrap calculated only to amuse the proletariat.