

A DRIVE FOR MEMBERS!

The American Cotton Association South Carolina Division

HAS ORDERED ANOTHER DRIVE FOR MEMBERS IN UNION COUNTY. IN OBEDIENCE TO THAT CALL, WE ARE BEGINNING AT ONCE A CAMPAIGN FOR MEMBERS. BELOW WE ANNOUNCE THE NAMES OF CANVASSERS ASKED TO ACT IN THEIR RESPECTIVE COMMUNITIES, AND EACH CANVASSER WILL BE FURNISHED BLANKS AND INSTRUCTIONS. PLEASE DO NOT REGARD THIS MATTER LIGHTLY. IT IS OF MOST VITAL CONCERN TO THE FARMERS OF UNION COUNTY. THE SPLENDID VICTORY ALREADY ASSURED WILL BE LOST UNLESS THERE IS A CONTINUATION OF OUR STRUGGLE. WE HOPE TO ENLIST EVERY FARMER IN THE MOVEMENT. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO COME IN AND HELP THE CAUSE.

A. W. PITTMAN, Carlisle.
W. F. FARR, Adamsburg.
J. J. GARNER, Kelton.
S. R. GARNER, Kelton, Route 2.
JUD. LITTLE, Kelton, Route 2.
JOHNNIE N. GALLMAN, Union, Route 4.

ORUS T. BELUE, Union, Route 4.
WILL GAULT, Kelton, Route 1.
BERNARD FANT, Santuc.
W. D. LANCASTER, Jonesville, Route 2.
I. W. WHITE, Jonesville, Route 1.
H. N. SPROUSE, Jonesville, Route 1.
R. C. LITTLE, Jonesville, Route 1.

R. M. WHITE, Santuc, R. F. D. 1.
J. D. HANCOCK, Union, Route 5.
JESSE F. WHITMIRE, Union, Route 2.
H. C. WILBURN, Union, Route 2.
JOE E. SMITH, Union, Route 2.
J. BOYD LANCASTER, Jonesville, Route 2.

LEWIS M. RICE, Sec.
Union County Branch

LOWNDES BROWNING
County Chairman

FOOLHARDY DRIVER KILLS YOUNG GIRL

A letter written by Judge Henry C. Hammond to the August Chronicle concerning the recent death of a young lady may serve as a timely warning to young men who are speed demons, and may cause them, at least to put on the brakes and throttle when they have precious lives in their keeping.

The letter of Judge Hammond follows:
Editor Chronicle:

Joshua Cartledge, a farmer, made the following statement in the presence of a group of which I chanced to be a member:

"I was standing on the piazza of the store in the forks of the Savannah road about 100 feet from the long narrow bridge over Spirit creek. Two minutes before it got to me I could hear the roar of an automobile coming. I walked to the end of the piazza and saw the big car coming at an awful rate—60 or 70 miles an hour. No checking, no slowing down for the bridge at all. I knew I couldn't take the curve and make the bridge at that speed. I was just naturally impossible. The driver swerved the car to the left, then sharp to the right to enter the bridge. But he never reached the bridge. The hind end of the car skidded to the left—the car turned over—rolled over three times and stopped upside down in the run of the creek, smashed with the wheels in the air and the engine torn from the car. I ran to the place and saw a young girl drag herself out of the creek stagger

a few steps up the bank. I was looking right at her and she at me. She wavered and said, 'Oh, Lord,' and sank down on the ground. One of the men laid her on the piazza floor and I got water and bathed her face. There was an awful wound in her temple. I saw she was dying. She did die right there on the piazza in a few minutes. I heard one of the men in the car say: 'God knows why he didn't kill us all before we left town.'"

Here is a simple statement of fact made by a direct eye witness to the woeful, heart-crushing tragedy. There is no intelligent mind in this community not held by thought of this terrible occurrence—no sympathetic soul not filled with sorrow. And there be those who are drinking deep at the fountain of grill and tasting the bitter waters that lie at its source.

The splendidly constructed 70 horsepower Templar car suddenly lost its center of gravity; turned turtle and with deafening clamor hurled into the silent waters of Spirit creek—then the scene on the porch of the country store. Are our hearts so filled with pity, our minds so stunned by horror as to see in this occurrence only the play of the blind forces of nature? Do we see back of it no human responsibility. Stop, think! Was this an accident, pure and simple, unavoidable; with blame coming to no one? It was not. Was there aught the matter with car or roadway? No! The car was perfect and over that road thousands pass daily in safety. But what of the human will that directed the course and speed of the car? What of the man who sat at the wheel and in whose keeping was the life of that young girl? Let generous soul pour out upon him all the pity and forgiveness they can—let just ones condemn him as he deserves. Judge him as he took his seat at the wheel of his Templar this summer morning with full knowledge of the deadly agency under his control and with reckless disregard of the precious life alone in his care. Judge him as he wilfully, wantonly, wickedly hurled that machine through the streets of this city a menace to all who passed. Judge him at each milepost on the Savannah road as he fiendishly rushed that child to her death. Hear the roar of the tortured car, see the demon man at the wheel, and then—the still waters of Spirit creek—the fair form and lovely face all torn and marred on the floor of the country store.

Henry C. Hammond.

A decrease in the mineral output of the United States is shown by the Geological Survey for 1918.

VISITORS TO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

San Francisco, June 19.—(By the Associated Press.)—Visitors to the Democratic national convention will see but few reminders of the old, romantic days of San Francisco, when the red-shirted miners swept down from the gold-streaked reaches of the Sierras and threw fistfuls of "pay dirt" on the bars or the store counters for whatever they wished to purchase.

Gone is the roaring "Barbary Coast" and its less picturesque environments. "Bottle" Koenig and "Bottled" Meyers who used to run noisy cockfighting establishments in what is now the shadow of the hall of justice have long since passed on and the "Montana Dance Hall," most blaring and blatant of all the coast resorts is hardly a memory.

Chinatown guides still point out the little restaurant hanging precariously over old Dupont street where Frank Norris, the author, went occasionally to get a bit of local color. Directly ahead and facing the hall of justice is Portsmouth Square, a cove for the city's human drift where the Vigilantes staged many a stirring scene and the "sandlot" under the leadership of fiery Dennis Kearney, discussed the town's political issues.

Most of the old cafes, where much of the city's history was plotted, remain in name only. Gone is Duncan Nichol's, the "Bank Exchange" of former days where the

famous Pisco Punch was served over a mahogany bar that was brought around the Horn. The old Cliff House, where presidents of the United States and other renowned itinerants used to enjoy the sea food breakfasts, was burned years ago.

On Waverly Place still may be seen the quarters of the old Siberia Club, stronghold of Yee Mee, "King of Chinatown." Here, before the police "axe parties" became a feature of Chinatown the chance games of "coon-can," "chucka-luck" and "fan-tan," were played in the midst of a maze of corridors, sliding panels worked by secret springs and exotic odors of opium and Chinese dishes.

The black docks that lined the "Front" from China Basin to the Presidio are gone and stately berths for ocean liners have risen in their place. The dingy bars that stood back of them, where adventurers of all degrees were once dropped, drug-stupified, through trap-doors and into waiting boats below as part of the great "shanghai" game, all have been swept away. The "shanghai" was the system for recruiting the crews of the "lime-juicers," the great deep sea barks, that plied principally between San Francisco and South American ports.

Nob Hill, once the home of the city's elite, shows a collection of jagged foundations, much as the great fire left it. "South of the Slot," the ancient tenements have given way to smart apartments in their midst standing the slowly disintegrating ruins of the "Mission of Sorrows," known in the Spanish as the "Mission Dolores," built in 1776 by the Franciscans. It is the best memento of the romantic old San Francisco that endures.

In New Guinea each tribe has its own particular system of tattooing the body and should a member of any other tribe imitate the pattern, it is regarded as quite a sufficient reason for a declaration of war between the two tribes.

TERRIBLY SWOLLEN

Suffering Described As Torture
Relieved by Black-Draught.

Rossville, Ga.—Mrs. Kate Lee Able, of this place, writes: "My husband is an engineer, and once while lifting, he injured himself with a piece of heavy machinery, across the abdomen. He was so sore he could not bear to press on himself at all, on chest or abdomen. He weighed 165 lbs., and fell off until he weighed 110 lbs., in two weeks.

He became constipated and it looked like he would die. We had three different doctors, yet with all their medicine, his bowels failed to act. He would turn up a ten-cent bottle of castor oil, and drink it two or three days in succession. He did this yet without result. We became desperate, he suffered so. He was swollen terribly. He told me his suffering could only be described as torture.

I sent and bought Theford's Black-Draught. I made him take a big dose, and when it began to act he fainted, he was in such misery, but he got relief and began to mend at once. He got well, and we both feel he owes his life to Theford's Black-Draught."

Theford's Black-Draught will help you to keep fit, ready for the day's work. Try it!
NC-137

KOHLRABI—A NEW GARDEN CROP

It is Hardy to Frost, Thrives in Cold Weather, and is Delicious When Properly Cooked.

It is always interesting to grow a crop new to your garden. It gives you a broadened knowledge and increases the amount of food you can grow. Kohlrabi is one of the crops for you to try.

Kohlrabi is so little grown in home gardens that most people think it is hard to raise. But it may be grown as easily as the turnip, and you know that anyone can grow turnips. A few weeks after the Kohlrabi plants come up, the stems just above the ground swell out to a diameter of 2 or 3 inches, making an edible ball that is delicious when pickled early and properly cooked. After standing too long the balls become woody and worthless.

Kohlrabi is one of several edible members of the cabbage group. Like its relatives, it is hardy to frost and thrives best in cool weather. While it is sometimes started under glass in the same way as early cabbage, the crop is usually grown outdoors from the first.

In August sow seed for a fall crop. Store and surplus stems of this fall crop in sand in the vegetable cellar.

Buy a packet or an ounce of seed. Prepare, rich, mellow soil thoroughly. Apply a dressing of commercial fertilizer and work it in. Line the rows 15 inches apart. Make the drills an inch deep. Sow the seeds sparsely three or four to the inch. Weed as needed. Hoe early and often, but do not get the soil into the swollen part of the stem. Thin to 6 inches apart. Pull the plants and cut off the swollen parts of the stem as they reach a diameter of 2 inches.

Kohlrabi is subject to attack by many of the same enemies as the cabbage, so it is well not to plant it in soil where cabbages grew the year before. As a rule there is very little trouble from insect enemies.

HEALTH PRESERVED BY WALKING ON ONE'S TOES

Paris, June 17.—Walking on one's toes five minutes every day is the surest method of preserving one's health, according to Dr. Gautiez, member of the Academy of Science and expert on tuberculosis.

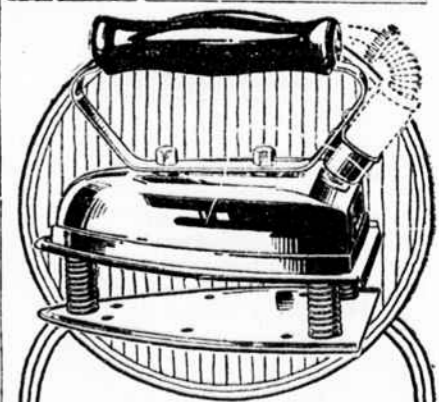
Dr. Gautiez asserted today that when the weight of the body is borne by the toes pulmonary ventilation is increased 17 per cent, breathing is

improved 14 per cent and a far better distribution of the oxygen in the system is assured.

Dr. Gautiez has submitted radio photographs to the Academy of Science in support of his theory which are attracting wide attention.

The French government has announced its intention of "freeing the nation from the grip of foreign oil companies."

When internal revenue officers began to make use of the aeroplane in detecting illicit stills in the mountains of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, the moonshiners matched their enterprise by installing a system of wireless to give warning to the appearance of the revenue sleuths.



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We Offer Service

A UNIVERSAL Electric
Iron will Save

Overheated Kitchens
Countless Steps
Hours of Time
Headaches
Backaches
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UNIVERSAL

Pale Children

Made over to your liking, with rosy cheeks, hearty appetites, vigorous digestion and robust health. Give them a glass of this delicious digestant with meals.

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PURE DIGESTIVE AROMATICS WITH SHIVAR MINERAL WATER AND GINGER

Nothing like it for building rich blood and solid flesh. At all grocers and druggists—satisfaction or your money back on first dozen.

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