SIDE DRESSING PAYS

Every stalk of cotton grown in South Carolina last year could and would have taken on more bolls than it did if it had been properly side-dressed. You will not see the long skips between bolls in side-dressed cotton that you see in other cotton, and you will see more bolls to the stalk.

Every stalk of cotton grown in South Carolina last year would have "shed" less if it had been properly side-dressed. The reason cotton sheds is that it is deficient in plant food. The only way to supply this plant food is to side dress your cotton. You don't pump it into it. A young, tender, growing child should be fed frequently to make it grow rapidly and develop and come into its own, and it is the same way with young, tender growing plants, they should be fed (side-dressed) frequently. You don't expect to feed your mule enough in April to last until October and the plant food you supply your crop with in April will not last until October either. When the plant exhausts your cotton sheds. Your crop is "cut."

You can only make one cotton crop a year, that is your money crop. You want to make all the cotton you can. You want to make all the money you can. For every dollar you pay out for fertiliser for side dressing you get back from three to five dollars. This man Rodgers in Florence county who fertilized every time he cultivated his crop, made 880 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, lint cotton—not seed cotton—lint cotton.

By side dressing early your cotton grows off early and gets its maturity early and opens early, for when cotton gets its growth and maturity and ripens it is going to open. Your early cotton weighs better than late cotton. It takes about 120 bolls of cotton picked in September and October to make a pound. It takes from 300 to 400 bolls that are picked in the last half of November and later to make a pound.

When the boll weevil strikes a country the early cotton is all the farmer gets. The boll weevil gets the balance. You don't know when the Boll Weevil will strike you, or I don't.

Experienced ginners say that 1,300 pounds of side dressed cotton will make as heavy a bale as 1,500 pounds that has not been side dressed. The lint is better developed and there is more of it. Suppose sidedressing makes two extra bolls to the stalk. The right kind properly applied will add more than that and make every boll heavier. It will add three and four to the stalk. You will have at least 12,000 stalks to the acre, taking two extra bolls to the stalk and 120 bolls to make a pound you have 200 extra pounds of cotton from the extra bolls to say nothing of all the bolls being larger and heavier.

Side dressed cotton stands drought better than other cotton. It is better fed and in better condition to stand anything better. Side dressing makes more bolls, makes heavier bolls, makes more lint to the boll, makes cotton shed less, makes a better sample, that means a better price, causes your cotton to stand drought better. If side dressing does not pay, it does not pay to farm. The side dressing specially prepared by the Anderson Phosphate and Oil Company boys, is the goods you need.

Anderson Phosphate & Oil Co.

J. R. Vandiver, Pres. D. S. Vandiver, Mgr.

Side dressing does not pay any better anywhere than when applied to corn.

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in the treatment of your eyes. They are too delicate to have any but most expert attention. If you have any eye trouble at all let us find out what it is by means of our scientific and expert eye examination. If you need glasses we will supply just what are needed at a moderate price, $3 to $5 and upward. Repairs on frames and parts to order and upward.

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J. S. FOWLER

Atlanta Letter

UNITED HOURS PASSED

Atlanta, May 15.—A West Pratt-Street, a negro footman porter is under arrest here on the serious charge that he attempted passes with all the authority of the president or general manager in the good old days when passes were plentiful.

He has been bound over by the local courts and unless bond was built the railroads decline to decorate him with a brass medal for service and send him to the penitentiary. It is charged that he issued 200 worth of passes to one old negro woman and that all the dark town friends had been riding up and down the road for months past on a bounty.

The porter is a bright manager to send a lot of signed passes, made out in blank, so that all he had to do was to write the names in as he wanted it to go in transit.

An amusing feature of the case is that Pressner stand to be prosecuted not only for larceny, but also for issuing railroad passes to persons who are not railroad employes.

Financial and Commercial

New York Cotton

New York, May 15.—The cotton market was less active today and fluctuations were more or less irregular with advances checked by realizing for over the week end, or moderate selling for a reaction. Offerings were not heavy enough, however, to cause any actual weakness and the close was steady at the net decline of 2 to 3 points.

The western belt forecast, however, was for unsettled weather, with renewede showers, while there were also complaints from the Eastern belt of droughty conditions and low night temperatures. These advices, combined with expectations of bullish week end figures and reports of an improving spot demand, from both domestic market during the middle of the mesic mills and Manchester, rallied morning with July and later deliveries making new high ground for the movement, but after the close of Liverpool demand was less active with prices easing off again in the later trading.

The close showed a rally of five points on May, but was within a point or two of the lowest on later deliveries.

Spot cotton steady, middling uplands 13.40; gulf 13.65. Sales 500.

Cotton futures closed steady.

	Opened	Closed
May	12.99	12.01
July	12.46	12.43
August	12.28	12.22
October	11.88	11.84
December	11.88	11.85
January	11.80	11.76

New Orleans Cotton

New Orleans, May 15.—While prices at the close of the cotton market today were 2 to 5 points down there seemed to be a rather good undertone and many traders belived lack of outside support was more or less responsible for the slight drop.

Spot cotton steady and unchanged, middling 13 1-4. Sales on the spot 2,728, to arrive 600.

Cotton futures closed steady. May 13.09; July 12.83; August 12.55; Oct. 11.87; December 11.85; Jan. 11.87.

Liverpool Cotton

Liverpool, May 15.—Cotton spot firm; good middling 8.09; middling 7.47; low middling 6.89. Sales 10,000; speculation and export 1,000. Receipts 2,000.

Cotton Seed Oil

New York, May 15.—Cottonseed oil was a shade higher on scattered covering of shorts, induced by the firmness in lard, but trading was dull, reflecting the poor demand for actual oil. Final prices were 1 to 2 points net higher.

Cotton Goods

New York, May 15.—Cotton goods were steady and yarns were in better quality today. Foreign wool markets are rising. Silk chiffon velvets were bought more liberally for fall. Jobbers reported a moderate house business.

Stocks and Bonds

New York, May 15.—Having reflected in yesterday's advance the judgment of Wall street regarding the fall of Tampico, the stock market waited today. There was nothing to stimulate speculation and the market slipped back into a monotonous routine. Traders moved cautiously. They did not care to venture extensive new commitments, owing to the possibility of a complete reversal of the speculative position on account of important news from Mexico or a decision in the freight rates case.

Baltimore and Ohio's issue of $55,000,000 one year 4 1-2 per cent notes was over subscribed in a few hours. The street had expected a bond issue, but President Willard said it had been decided to make a short term loan on acount of plans for issuing blank mortgage.

Dealings in bonds were broader and prices variable. Rock Island and collaterals fell [illegible] receiving support. Total sales $1,700,000. United States 3s registered decline 1-2 and Panama 3s registered 7-8 on call.

Anderson Cotton Mills.

The protracted meeting which has been in progress for the last three weeks at Bethel Methodist Church closed on Wednesday night. This has been one of the best revivals we have had in a long time, many have joined the Church and many others have made up their minds to lead a better life. The Church generally has been uplifted by this meeting. The pastor, Rev. Sam Danner, was assisted by his brother, Rev. J. H. Danner, of Union.

Miss Belle Burroughs has returned from Atlanta where she has been visiting for sometime.

Mr. C. O. Carter attended the Shriners' meeting in Atlanta this week also [illegible] that time.

Mrs. M. A. White is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Abbott in Walhalla.

Rev. S. W. Danner and wife will leave here on Monday for Union, S. C., where he goes to assist his brother in a revival meeting at that place.

Mr. J. D. Beacham and Mr. J. R. Johnson of Honea Path were in Anderson one day last week. They came through the country in Mr. Beacham's automobile.

Mrs. Luther Ramey was called to Walhalla yesterday morning by phone message saying her little niece was critically ill.

The night school boys of this place are looking forward to the trip to Clemson College on Saturday afternoon with much pleasure. This little outing is calculated to be a great benefit to all who go as well as a pleasant trip generally.

The mills are running nicely at this place and every body seems to be happy and satisfied.

The gardens here are looking very dry right now but we are looking for an early rain to make them look fresh again. Every one seems to be interested in gardens this year.

The Night School at this place which was being held at the School House in the mill village, closed Thursday night. The teachers, Mr. Tallacert and Mr. LaFoy were well pleased with the work done by the students in the short term that our school lasted. Several of the pupils regretted that the school was to close and all expressed a desire to come again when the next term comes around.

Mr. R. L. Carter, our alderman from Ward 5, has had our streets worked with the scrape and they are in very fair condition now.

Sandy Springs Notes.

Sandy Springs, May 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Saylors, of the Carswell Institute section spent Sunday with Mr. J. [illegible] Mar.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harrison spent an afternoon at Asbury last Sunday.

Mr. J. D. McElroy spent Tuesday in Williamsburg, on business.

Mr. H. N. Garrison spent yesterday in Anderson, on business.

Mr. A. H. Bommerit spent yesterday in Anderson, on business.

Mr. Thos. P. Hobson spent yesterday in Anderson, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller, of Royston, Ga., visited Mr. J. D. Fuller last week.

[illegible] friends of this section would be glad to see a good [illegible].

"SHRINER'S BURRO STOLEN"

Atlanta, May 15.—"Arrest the guys who stole our burroo and send her back P. D. Q." was the pathetic message that Police Chief Beavers received this morning from the departed delegation of Morocco Temple, Jacksonville Shriners.

It is said that they have sent similar messages to every sheriff between here and St. Paul, Minn., and the Jacksonville crowd are positive they know the culprits. "We've had Miss Primrose (the burro) nine years. She has been our beloved mascot. And these peeky rascals from St. Paul stole her away. They shanghaied our darling."

NEGOES TO HANG

Atlanta, May 15.—William and Jas. Hart and John Paschal, negroes convicted of murdering Mrs. Sein Irby in Jefferson county, will hang, according to the decision of the state supreme court handed down yesterday affirming their conviction.

These are the three negroes who were brought to Atlanta and tried before Judge Don Hill of the Fulton Superior court, because of fear of mob violence in Louisville, the county seat of Jefferson.

ASKS FOR LIFE TERM

Atlanta, May 15.—In order that his application for commutation to life imprisonment may be heard by the prison commission, Nick Wilburn of Jones county, convicted slayer of Jas. R. Kinz, has petitioned Governor Slaton for a thirty days respite. Wilburn is under sentence to hang on May 29.

Governor Slaton has already that if he is made to appear that Wilburn can make a proper showing before the prison commission during the ten days which still remain before the date set for execution, on account of lack of time, he will grant the respite. The governor has written chairman Davison of the prison board, asking his advice as to whether Wilburn can make a proper showing within that time.

Wilburn was convicted in the state superior court, and the conviction has already been confirmed by the higher courts, so that the appeal to the governor and prison board is the only thing that now stands between him and the gallows.

WORK OF TRAIN BANDITS

Great Northern Passenger Train Was Held Up and Robbed.

Spokane, Wash., May 15.—Great Northern passenger train number 3, the Oriental Limited, was held up by two masked men early today near Heyford, Montana. The combination mail and express car was detached from the train and ran four miles west to Hondo, where the car was finally left.

Little valuable loot has obtained by the bandits, as the registered pouches [illegible] Wenatchee left earlier by the mail. As soon as the train was stopped the mail clerk and baggageman locked the doors and hid in the bunks. When the bandits could not open the doors they dynamited the car.

The train arrived here without the damaged car, three hours late.

Seven years ago the Oriental limited was held up at Hondo and the loot in currency was obtained.

The Crooked Street

A Story of Constantinople

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Cynthia Fulham's graceful form was poised for an instant on the steps of the Hotel Constantia. The terraced gardens of the hotel ran down to a lime shaded Avenue beyond which she could glimpse the waters of the Golden Horn and the distant business of Constantinople.

In the foreground the white bulbs, tags and the gracefully planned mosques of Constantinople glistened beneath the rays of the midday sun. Here and there were gay awnings fluttering in the breeze that ruffled the date palms and the cypresses. Above all were the glitter and color of the Orient and the [illegible] during characteristic of far eastern cities.

As Cynthia stood there waiting for her father to join her for a stroll through the bazaars Joseph Fulham suddenly appeared at her elbow.

"Cynthia, I'm sorry, but our stroll will have to be postponed for an hour or so. Mr. Evans has called to see me. I suppose you sit in the garden until I am at liberty."

"Very well, father. Come as soon as you can. It is such a glorious morning I would not lose a moment of it indoors."

"I'll cut the business as short as possible, dear," was Mr. Fulham's reply as he returned to the hotel.

Cynthia walked down the marble steps to the little pavilion that overlooked the sparkling sea, but presently the thought of the glittering bazaars lured her away from the garden.

"I can come back after dad by and by," she thought guiltily, for she was aware that her father would have forbidden her wandering through the city alone.

The appearance of the beautiful American girl, quite unattended, in the seething Street of the Goldbeaters created unpleasant notice.

Cynthia found dark faces thrust forward her with insolent curiosity, while the veiled women looked at her with contemptuous eyes.

Ahead of her a little party of tourists were chatting, and Cynthia realized vaguely that she was one of them. There was a big, fresh complexioned young man who glanced at her in a worried manner when she hurried past them.

Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment, because of his evident surprise at her solitary appearance.

"I wish I had not come alone. If ever I can find my way back I will"—

A deep voice was speaking at her elbow.

"Pardon me, but I am afraid that you do not [illegible] for you to wander here all alone."

Cynthia turned and saw the tall young man of the tourist party. Knowing that she had been unwise to the point of folly, Cynthia was unreasonably indignant with her well meaning countryman.

"Thank you," she returned haughtily, "but this incident is the first annoyance I have experienced."

He reddened to his smoothly brushed fair hair and bowed stiffly.

"I am sorry, but I felt sure that you could not know that you were inviting danger." He replaced his hat and went away.

Angry with herself at her own discourtesy, Cynthia went on her way unmindful that she had unwittingly turned into a small street that ran at right angles to the Street of the Goldbeaters.

Her heart beat faster as she paused before a rug shop to gather her wits about her.

Behind her were displayed portrait of the orient in queer barbes and many old bits of Byzantine jewelry.

The shopkeeper, a snowy bearded Turk, with a large turban surmounting his dark face, was sitting cross legged on a rug.

He leaned forward and lifted a silver filigree bracelet from the heap of trinkets.

"Buy?" he cooed in the only English word at his command.

Cynthia shook her head.

"Buy?" wheedled the old man.

"No," said Cynthia decidedly.

"Buy." Now it was a command that leaped from his skinny throat.

Cynthia glanced around quickly. The street appeared to be deserted. From the gloomy interiors of the little shops there came the glitter of inquisitive eyes.

The street turned sharply here, so that she could not see either end of it.

To all purposes she was alone with the villainous looking Turk on the pile of rugs.

"Let me [illegible]."

"No," cried Cynthia. "I will come back later with my father."

This utterance was not noticed by the Turk. He muttered some strange words, and, lo, apparently out of the rugs hanging about the doorway, there appeared several veiled women. One of them clapped a brown hand over Cynthia's mouth, and two others took her arms and hurried her into the darkness of the inner shop.

Without giving the American girl an opportunity to cry out the first woman tied a silken scarf over Cynthia's mouth, knotting it behind her head.

Then they stood back, laughing, and watched her while she beat her hands against the door of the room in a vain effort to escape.

Through another door entered the white bearded Turk of the shop, and when Cynthia saw him she stopped [illegible] "How she longed for the protection of the young man she had doubted! If she had only taken his advice!"

But the old man had snatched away her golden purse and was greedily counting over the money contained in it. It was a goodly sum, for Joseph Fulham was a rich man.

The three women crowded around and were made glad with a cold spleen. Then they gathered around Cynthia and plucked off her rings and the little trinkets she wore. They quarreled over the division of the spoils.

Presently they fell to talking shrilly with the old man. Cynthia fightly guessed that they were discussing what to do with her. She did not understand that the women wanted her murdered and tossed into the Bosporus. It was the easiest way, they argued. But the men was experienced, and he was afraid of the foreigners. There had been many witnesses to his dastardly deed, and he trembled for his own safety. His plan was to hide the money and the jewels and when it was night to take the girl, blindfolded, out into the streets and let her go. She would never find her way back to his shop, and if she did the shop would be empty, for there was money enough to take him to America.

While they argued the shop remained unattended.

The tall young American, who was Hugh Markham of New York, came down the street, his blue eyes alert for a glimpse of the foolhardy girl who had spurned his protection and advice.

He passed the empty stall of the rug merchant, with a careless glance, but something in the curious glances that pierced him on every side made him suspicious.

Hugh Markham paused before the entrance of another perfume shop, and he had chosen well, for the yellow old man was a strong competitor and deadly rival of the Turk, who had captured Cynthia Fulham.

"[illegible] the young American lady?" asked Hugh sternly. "She came to buy perfumes, and she has disappeared." He accented this guess.

The man threw out his hands outward, in a negative gesture.

"She is hidden in your shop," accused Hugh, seeking for a clew. "I will go to the police and have your place searched."

A red light came into the shifty black eyes. Here was a chance to prove his own innocence and at the same time get even with his enemy, Bill Shoosh, the rug merchant.

But it would never do to let his detectives see that he had betrayed Bill Shoosh. So, with a hardly perceptible movement of the thumb he signed to guide the street to the empty shop. Just as a muffled scream rang out and was instantly stilled.

Hugh Markham whirled about and dashed across the narrow street. Bill Shoosh's rival sailed into his black board and returned to his place. The street was empty once more—only the peeking eyes from sleepy back rooms.

Bill Shoosh had been a fool to touch the girl in broad daylight, when the streets were full of tourists, but the old man was ready at last prompt and the bounds of prudence. These Americans would make trouble. So they wagged their heads and gossiped while they watched the door of Bill Shoosh's shop.

* * * * * * *

Cynthia had screamed when the old Turk laid his hand on her shoulder. Little by little she had worked the bandage from her lips, and after her last cry for help Bill Shoosh had savagely knotted the scarf so tightly that it made her dizzy.

There came the sound of an approaching struggle through the shop. Furniture was overturned and the muttering growls of an angry man sent the Turks cowering to the four corners of the room. Bill Shoosh turned like a wolf and flashed a glittering knife when Hugh's broad shoulder brought the flimsy door crashing into the study room. The women had dragged Cynthia with them to a divan, and they were pleading her cruelly when the storm broke.

When it was over Cynthia found herself [illegible] occupying the center of the stage. Markham's arm about her in strong protection, while the old Turk lay unconscious with a blow from the American's fist. The women had been herded into a corner, and Hugh had tied their hands with their own scarfs, but their tongues were unbridled and the Americans could not guess at the torrent of abuse that was poured forth at them.

Cynthia recovered her empty gold bag and one of her rings, but the other she vainly sought for.

"All I want to do is to get away from here," she shuddered. Presently they were out in the crooked street, and later in the Street of the Goldbeaters.

Hugh took Cynthia to the Hotel Constantia and turned her over to her father's care. Mr. Fulham had been the greatest of calmly and was searching for his daughter when the young couple appeared and related Cynthia's adventure.

"How can you forgive me for [illegible]" asked Cynthia [illegible] goodby to Hugh after her father had expressed his gratitude to their young counselor. "I owe my life to you, Mr. Markham."

Hugh's heart sang. "I shall collect that debt some day!" But his tongue merely disclaimed any credit for heroism.

Before they left Constantinople there was every reason to believe that some day Miss Cynthia would keep his promise.

A Triangular Affair

By OSCAR COX

"I say, Tom," said Alan Everett, "I'm in a scrape."

"I don't need to ask what kind of a scrape. You have engaged yourself to two girls and don't know how to get rid of one of them."

"Only partly correct. I have made arrangements to marry each of two girls tomorrow at high noon, and I don't want either of them."

"I told you that if you didn't stop—"

"Cut that out. I told you so—never heeds matters. I want you to help me get rid of both of these girls."

"Tell one of them that you're going to marry the other and the other that you're going to marry the other one. They'll both be so mad that they'll drop you at once."

"You're off there. I've done that very thing. Each girl has sworn that I shall marry her."

Tom Marmadule, the confidant in this case, was a lawyer. He thought awhile, then said:

"I'll tell you what you can do. Alan. You can marry both of them."

"Commit bigamy? Crackey, no. I am surprised that you, an attorney, should suggest such a [illegible]."

"It wouldn't be bigamy if you married them both at the same time."

"How do you make that out?"

"The law reads that no married person with husband or wife living shall marry unless legally divorced. There is no law against a single man marrying a dozen women, or a single woman marrying a dozen men, provided the marriages are performed simultaneously."

Everett's eyes began to open up. "Do you really mean that?" he asked.

"I do."

"By Jove, I believe I'll use it to bluff 'em."

"You might bluff 'em, but, in case you didn't succeed in that, you would easily get seen a marriage annulment in the courts."

"I'll try it. Will you be my best man? I shall wish you to tell these girls that the marriage will be legal."

"Certainly."

Alan Everett was young, [illegible] and cared little for the opinion of others. He was a good fellow, and he was not devoid of manliness, but he was not deeply concerned about the opinion of others. He was not a man of great strength of character, but he was not a coward. He was not a man who would be disposed to humor him in this matter to see what the result would be.

On the morning in question Everett went to the rectory, attended by his best man, a week ago before the ceremony was appointed, and the clergyman had been asked to officiate at his marriage. Miss Louise Anderson arrived on time. She was shown by a maid into one room. And on Miss Charlotte Ashby's coming she was shown into an adjoining. A few minutes after the second arrival folding doors were thrown open, and by another door the rector, the groom and the best man entered.

Each lady arose and advanced to [illegible].

"Which is the bride?" asked the minister, looking from one woman to the other with a puzzled expression.

"I!" exclaimed the two simultaneously.

The rector looked at Everett for information.

"Both!" exclaimed the groom expectant.

"That's stopped," said the rector. "You cannot marry two women."

"Thinking there might be some question about that," said Everett, turning to Marmadule, "I have [illegible]."

"Such a marriage would be perfectly legal," said the attorney.

The girls looked at each other with an inquiring expression. What did this mean?

"Very well," said the rector, to whom it was evident something was in the wind to which he was not a party, "if you assure me that everyone is ready and that such a marriage is legal I presume I have no alternative but to perform the ceremony. Then, casting [illegible] a reproachful look upon him, he continued: "Now the service [illegible] for your [illegible] will."

Everett took position between the two girls, who were standing near each other, and, reaching out, took a hand of each. But the hands were [illegible] withdrawn.

The rector opened the [illegible]. The girls darted glances at each other and looked ready to bolt, but one [illegible]. The clergyman turned the leaves of the prayer book to find the marriage service.

"Proceed, doctor," said Everett, the sign of the absurdity of the situation being crystal in his face.

"But," said Miss Anderson, "[illegible]."

"Not at all," said Miss Ashby, "[illegible] of Mr. Everett is better than all of the other men I ever knew."

"[illegible] for [illegible] marriage [illegible] a woman [illegible]."

"[illegible] with the [illegible] of the intended [illegible]. He remarked that [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] at the [illegible] and [illegible] from a rear [illegible] and [illegible] by while he [illegible] [illegible] a match with Miss Anderson.