

GERMAN UHLANS IN POLAND



Party of German uhlans in Poland shooting from the saddle, their long lances stuck in the ground beside their horses.

THE RURAL CHURCH

(Peter Radford in Southern Christian Advocate.)

The American farmer is the greatest church builder the world has ever known. He is the custodian of the nation's morality; upon his shoulders rest the "ark of the covenant" and he is more responsive to religious influences than any other class of citizenship.

The farmers of this nation have built 120,000 churches at a cost of \$20,000,000, and the annual contribution of the nation toward all church institutions approximates \$200,000,000 per annum. The farmers of the United States build twenty-two churches per day. There are 20,000,000 rural church communicants on the farm, and 54 per cent of the total membership of all churches reside in the country.

The farm is the power house of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature.

If the rural churches today are going to render a service which this age demands, there must be co-operation between the religious, social and economic life of the community.

The Church to attain its fullest measure of success must enrich the lives of the people in the community it serves; it must build character, develop thought and increase the efficiency of human life. It must serve the social, business and intellectual, as well as the spiritual and moral side of life. If religion does not make a man more capable, more useful and more just, what good is it? We all want a practical religion, one we can live by and farm by, as well as die by.

Blessed is that rural community

which has but one place of worship.

While competition is the life of trade, it is death to the rural church and moral starvation to the community. Petty sectarianism is a scourge that blights the life, and the church prejudice saps the vitality of many communities. An over-churching community is a crime against religion, a serious handicap to society and a useless tax upon agriculture.

While denominations are essential and church pride commendable, the high teaching of universal Christianity must prevail if the rural church is to fulfill its mission to agriculture.

We frequently have three or four churches in a community which is not able to adequately support one. Small congregations attend services once a month and all fail to perform the religious functions of the community. The division of religious forces and the breaking into fragments of moral efforts is oftentimes little less than a calamity and defeats the very purpose they seek to promote.

The evil of too many churches can be minimized by co-operation. The social and economic life of a rural community are respective units and can not be successfully divided by denominational lines, and the churches can only occupy this important field by co-operation and co-ordination.

The efficient country church will definitely serve its community by leading in all worthy efforts at community building, in uniting the people in all co-operative endeavors for the general welfare of the community and in arousing a real love for country life, and these results can only be successfully accomplished by the united effort of the press, the school, the church and organized farmers.

City vs. Country.

The backwoodsman, who, when visiting the city, gazes at the skyscrapers, goes wild with amazement when the fire trucks dash by, tries to mail letters in the fire alarm boxes, and does other funny things to brand him as unsophisticated, is and always has been the target for the city man's jests.

The city man is prone to consider himself smarter than the country man, and the man from the rural districts is very generally looked upon as a joke when he "hitches up" and drives cityward.

But let's see if he is a joke, after all. Let's analyze the facts.

Isn't it true, despite his so-called verdancy, the countryman comes very nearly getting away with the lion's share of the good things of life?

Isn't it a fact that two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths of the United States senators and congressmen are country bred?

Isn't it a fact that nearly every president has sprung from the country—at least from a small city?

And isn't it a fact that many of the great railway executives began life either on farms or in little villages? Think closely, and you will find but very few.

Moreover, among lawyers, merchants, editors, inventors and empire builders, you will find that a large percentage of the really successful men came from rural environment.

The man from the farm or small town may be a bit shy of the great white lights of the city, he may gaze in wonderment at the height of the buildings and he may be everlastingly green all the way through as to "town fixings" but, as a rule, he takes lead over the typical city man in landing the things of life that are really worth landing.

And, after all, results count.

If you will enter into careful analysis, you will find that the city man gets the glitter, while his bucolic brother remains in the background raking in the real gold.—Anderson Mail.

Don't Give Him a Chance.

The fly has become fully recognized as the greatest agent of sickness and the most deadly enemy of mankind. The fly breeds in filth and spends most of his time in places where disease germs abound. Its feet have a felt-like pad peculiarly adapted to picking up and carrying disease germs, and flying direct from a surface closet it walks across the food that a man and his family are to eat or across the lips of his sleeping baby and deposits there minute but dangerous particles of filth and germs that are often responsible for sickness and death.

Because the fly is small he excites little alarm and yet he is more deadly than ninety per cent of the known variety of snakes.

The best method of fighting the fly is to clean up and leave no breeding place around the houses. The second method is to screen or in some way prevent the entrance of the fly to outhouses or any place where he can reach filth. Stable manure is his favorite breeding place.

It is more effective to keep the fly away from filth than it is to keep it out of the house, but where the expense can be afforded the houses should also be screened.—Rock Hill Record.

WAR PRISON CAMPS

Germany Superior to Britain in Care of Prisoners.

Unheated Shelters, Bad Sanitary Arrangements and Insufficient Food Found in England—All Treated Alike in Germany.

Frankfort.—A German recently released from the British prison camp at Newbury, where he was interned for three months, has been investigating German camps. He compares conditions as he found them in Newbury with conditions in the typical German camp at Ruhleben, near Berlin. In arrangements for shelter, exercise, sanitation and the food supply he found the German camps superior to the British. His report is published in the Frankfort Gazette, as follows:

In the German camp at Ruhleben there is ample space for the prisoners to move about. The camp is located on a former race course, and the space behind the main pavilion and the stables is at the free disposal of the interned. They are allowed to take their exercises on the course itself for a couple of hours a day.

In the British camp at Newbury there are about 4,000 prisoners interned. Two-thirds were sheltered in tents, the remainder in the small stables of the hurdle race. Only in the space between the tents or the stables was exercise permitted. The walls of the stables cut off all view of the pleasant surrounding country. Always we had the same picture before our eyes—hundreds of people grown dull and apathetic by the uncertainty of their fate, moving around in the same small circle.

When rain or fog set in, as it does almost daily during the English winter, it was impossible to leave the tents and stables. The clay soil was soaked through, and the dirt was several inches deep. Great pools of water caused noxious miasmas. Sometimes these pools were so large that they barred the passage entirely.

When Prime Minister Asquith and Mrs. Asquith paid a visit to the camp a sailor put a stick in the mire bearing a placard, "Fishing Prohibited Here." Then he sat on a bench he had constructed and waited, holding an improvised fishing rod in his hand, until the prime minister passed the spot. Mr. Asquith shot a furtive glance at the commandant of the camp, who accompanied him. Next morning the fisherman was removed to the Isle of Man.

Day by day the administration sought to improve the system of drainage, but every time the thick mire choked it again.

On the contrary, the cleanliness in the German camp at Ruhleben is worth emphasizing. The same room that serves for nine or ten people in the English camps serves for five or six people at Ruhleben. Not a single table nor a single chair was provided by the English government during the time of my internment. Trunks were used as seats; other pieces of luggage served as tables. Two things have been arranged at Ruhleben which were entirely lacking in the English camps—covered alleys where the prisoners can stay when the weather is bad and steam heating in all the rooms.

The food which is given to the prisoners in England is not bad. The allowance, however, is not sufficient for adults.

The food in the German camps can be called ample. The treatment of all prisoners at the German camp is the same. The English millionaire has no more right than the negro. Private food is allowed, but only in exceptional cases.

In the English camps money is the most important thing. He who is fortunate enough to have money can get whatever he likes if he is on good terms with the sergeant major, the representative of the commandant. This official is particularly fond of good cigars and English pounds. Everybody in the camp agreed that this amiable man would have all the money of the German civilians in his pockets if the war lasted long enough.

WILL PAY WIFE \$100 YEARLY

Rich Farmer Makes Antenuptial Contract Keeping Interests Separate and Extending Beyond Death.

Goshen, Ind.—An antenuptial contract filed here shows that David Conrad, a rich farmer and a member of the county council, in marrying Angle Lehman agrees to pay her \$100 a year as long as they live as husband and wife. At his death she is to get \$1,000 and the privilege of living in the home for not less than thirty days from the time of his demise. Otherwise their property interests are to remain separate.

The bride was never married until she took Conrad, a widower, for a husband.

Queen Mary Nervous.

London.—Queen Mary is reported to have developed such a bad Zeppelin scare she continually talks of airship raids, and thinks Buckingham Palace is the most obvious target in London.

ORGANIZE NEIGHBORHOOD

MARKETING ASSOCIATIONS

Now, and not just before harvest, is the time to organize marketing associations for whatever products you are going to raise this year. No matter what it is—cotton, corn, tobacco, peanuts, truck crops, or what not—better prices will be obtained, better grading will be assured, and more business-like consideration will be allowed in every point if a group of farmers will sell together instead of marketing individually. And if they are going to sell together, they should have success predestined by making arrangements now. Those who wait till the crops are about ready to harvest will find unexpected and unimagined delays and will only get experience in 1915 when they probably need profits more than experience. As the West Point (Va.) News well says in a talk to its farmer readers:

"The world wants all you can raise this summer. It needs far more than can be produced on all our American farms, but how is your produce to reach the place where it will bring you the most money?

"Unless the farmers organize and market their crops under some co-operative system next summer, they are going to be greatly disappointed with prices. The middlemen are organized; they know just where they are going to push the consumer up to war-time prices, and hold you, Mr. Farmer, down to over-production

rates if possible.

"Your only hope for a fair division of this great wave of prosperity, which is surely coming during the next eight months, is to get together. Form associations and plan your crops so that your output may be combined and shipments made in car lots, to markets already arranged for."—Progressive Farmer.

A Thought for the Week.

Our God and Father, we thank Thee for the awakened earth; for the sweet incense of renewing nature; for the fair light of the sun and the genial breezes; for the brightening vistas before our eyes and the increasing hopes within us; for singing birds and humming bees and budding plants and crooning insects. Lord, these are Thine. From Thy hand they have come even as we ourselves. Grant that we may find joy in them and may serve Thee in that joy. Arouse in us the spirit of the time, that we may be quickened to grow and to give Thee praise in joyful development, and to give our fellowman and every creature cheer and brightness. Lord, on Thee do we depend for life, for growth, for joy. Grant that we shall receive these in such measure as we need, and let us not forget from Whom they are received and to Whom they must be returned. Amen.—Selected.

"DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GET FOR DINNER."

This is What We Hear Every Day Now—Call Our Phones, 119 or 204.

We have in stock, Sweet Potatoes, New Irish Potatoes, Cabbage, Hams, Eggs, Peas, Beans, String Beans, Lima Beans, Beets, Succotash, Corn, June Peas, Heinz Soup, Pineapples, Peaches, Blackberries, Evaporated Apples, Peaches and Prunes. Can Goods of all kinds. Don't place your order for Nancy Hall Potato Plants until you see us. Crop little late. Will have lots to sell in May. Trade Week was a Big Success For Us and we are yet on the

MAP OF LANCASTER.

1 Caddy Good Plug Tobacco for \$2.80 Will Bring You \$4.00.

BENNETT-TERRY Company



SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.

Get South Carolina Custom Hand Made Harness, Bridles, etc., at factory prices. A trial Mail Order will prove our assertion. We buy Hides and Tallow at highest prices. Write us your wants and offerings.

WILSE W. MARTIN, Columbia, S. C.

FREE! FREE! ABSOLUTELY FREE And no Strings to This

I AM GOING TO GIVE AWAY A TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL STOVE on the first of May, to the one holding the lucky number, and the number will not cost you anything. That is the pretty part of it. Every lady entering my store, from April 15 to May 1, will receive a ticket, and you will receive one each time you come, so come often. You don't have to buy a thing to get a ticket—your visit to the store will entitle you to it.

WATCH THE DATE & COME & GET A TICKET

Remember it don't cost you anything to enter my store and each time you enter you get a ticket free. Some one is going to get the lucky one. And the holder of the lucky ticket will get a Twenty-Five Dollar Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove, without cost. If you haven't a Florence Automatic Stove it will be worth your trouble to see one. Come any time and we will be glad to show you through one.

REMEMBER THE DATE, APRIL 15 TO MAY 1.

Hoping you will have a cool summer with a Florence Oil Stove in your kitchen, I am, yours truly,

J. B. MACKORELL

Cheops and the City Hall

Cleveland public schools are preparing to change their courses so that all problems solved by pupils will be connected with their immediate experience. The Pyramid of Cheops is no longer to serve as the subject of an example in arithmetic. Computing the contents of the city hall will be in high favor, and problems in labor will be concerned with paving stretches of Euclid avenue rather than plowing mythical fields or building the Great Wall of China.

The new system is said to be based on "the general idea that only knowledge which is useful to the possessor is of real value."

Too long have the methods of the schools been severed from real life. Any effort to make a vital connection between education and living must of necessity be a step in the right direction. But there is going to be a difficulty in deciding just exactly what knowledge will be "useful to the possessor."

"Phthistic" as a spelling test may perhaps be discarded without loss. But who is to say that pterodactyl may be less useful than "hydraulicity?"

Trade schools are learning to teach children to operate one or two machines without giving them the principles by which they may learn to operate those not used in the school is the greatest possible mistake. It

leads to dead-end occupations and unemployment just as surely as no trade schooling at all.

This method reminds one of Mark Twain's learning how to ask in faultless German, "Have you seen my grandmother's red cow?" and finding that on his travels he had no occasion to inquire for that interesting animal.

Education by separate instances, no matter how closely these may be related to the apparent course of a child's existence, is at best only a series of patches. Education which gives general principles upon which the child may build his own experience is the only kind which is worth while in the long run.—The Augusta Chronicle.

"WHO PAYS?" AUTHOR DEAD.

Edwin Bliss Expires Suddenly in a New York Hotel.

New York, April 14.—Edwin Bliss of St. Louis, a well known writer of fiction and moving picture scenario, and who has just completed the series of stories, "Who Pays?" dropped dead in the Hotel Vanderbilt this morning. He was the author of the "What Happened to Mary?" series, and for years had been one of the most prolific, as well as one of the most entertaining, magazine writers in the United States.