

**AFTER SICKNESS
THEY GAVE
HER VINOL**

**And She Soon Got Back
Her Strength**

New Castle, Ind.—"The measles left me run down, no appetite, could not rest at night, and I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs, so I was unable to keep about my housework. My doctor advised me to take Vinol, and six bottles restored my health so I do all my housework, including washing. Vinol is the best medicine I ever used."—Alice Record, 437 So. 17th St., New Castle, Ind.

We guarantee this wonderful cod liver and iron tonic, Vinol, for all weak, run-down, nervous conditions.
**P. B. SPEED,
Abbeville, S. C.**

**The Girl Who
Was A
Soldier Boy**

**HOW I WENT "OVER THERE" WITH
PERSHING'S DIVISION
By HAZEL CARTER**

Mrs. Hazel Carter of Douglas, Ariz., is a young woman, twenty-two, whose young husband, Corporal John J. Carter of the United States army, was ordered to France with the Pershing expedition.

Determined to accompany him, she obtained a soldier's uniform and fell in as a private on his departure. She was five days at sea on the transport before discovered through a chance. After the arrival of the famous division in France she was returned home against her wishes.

It is a story of romance, dramatic in its qualities, full of the soldier color and still is of real news value, since Mrs. Carter is the first to relate the details of that voyage and safe arrival first hand—one that made history.

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all. There is a packet of mail waiting in France now for Private Leo C. Carter. That is the name I chose. I remember particularly one little girl in a small town in Ohio. She was about twenty years old, dark, very pretty and very sentimental on the subject of soldiers.

"Where do you come from?" she called to me, as I was sitting in the car window.
"Arizona," I replied.
"Where are you going?"
"Somewhere in France!" I answered proudly and hopefully too.

She looked so shocked that I got out and talked with her. We chatted for quite awhile. She took my address and said she would keep me posted on things back home when I was in the trenches. I carried the thing through to the end. I even kissed her at parting. She was awfully surprised, but thrilled at the romance of the situation. Being a Romeo is easier than being a soldier.

Just before we reached Chicago my husband came to me and begged me not to go on.

"It will be better for you to go home with the folks," he said. "You can study nursing and enter the Red Cross as soon as you qualify."

"Yes," I replied. "I can spend months in preparation, and when I finish they will send me to the eastern front or put me on some hospital ship or keep me on duty here in the U. S. A. Not for me! I will be no nearer you than I was before. If I go along there will be a chance of my being sent for duty back of your lines. At least I will request that position."

"I command you to return," he said in his severest military manner.

"I'll think it over, Corporal Carter," I promised and walked away. When the train pulled out of Chicago I was in the cook car peeling potatoes.

When we arrived in Hoboken the men went straight from the train to the transport. Here again my husband remonstrated with me.

Husband Again Urges Her to Return
"You've got away with it this far," he said. "Don't you think it is time to go back?"

"I'll say goodbye, and I'll go—if I can," was my answer.

When the time came I fell in line again with the cooks and went aboard the barge.

The barge was tied alongside the transport where the Eighteenth was embarking. It was piled high with supplies which were being loaded on to the ship. These kept arriving all day and far into the night. Great truck loads of them were emptied out on the deck. This continued during the entire three days we were anchored there. I worked like a Trojan, and my hands were well blistered, but my heart was happy.

There were no sleeping quarters on the barge, but there were plenty of mattresses. The cooks were quartered together. We slept on mattresses thrown on the floor inside the barge cabin. It was not comfortable. I used to wake up in the night, look out at the dusky form of the transport swaying gently on the tide and pray I would not be discovered until I was aboard and well out on to the ocean. The boys around me snored peacefully. They had nothing to worry them but the work of unloading the supplies. Every evening there was a crap game in the cabin. It was what you would call a fading game—noisy, with calls for "Little Joe" and the rest. The players got most of their fun out of joshing one another. One man usually took all the money. The next night some fellow—a winner in another game would take it away from him, and so it went. Finally, the lucky survivor had it all.

There were few, if any, shore leaves after the men boarded the transport. The furthest they went was out on the pier. Across the river, they could see the gay lights of New York beckoning. They had read often of the Great White Way. Few of them had ever seen it. Here they were, within a few minutes of it, yet it might as well have been a thousand miles away.

"I'd like to take just one slant," said a rook to me one evening, as we were standing on deck gazing across the river at the mass of lights we knew was New York. He was a big, rawboned fellow, typical of the west. "I'd like to give the old town the once over as long as I'm going over to fight for her. Gee, look at them lights. Must be a billion of them. And the buildings. Kinda tall, eh? If the Germans ever started shooting at them, good night."

Over on the transport an accordion was whining "Sweet Adeline." It

swung into "I've Been Working on the Railroad"—old trooper songs. Then came "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield." The boys were harmonizing again. Always singing, singing, singing. Music is the safety valve of the soldier.

All the next morning there was an unusual hurrying to get the supplies aboard. We knew the hour of sailing was close at hand, although no orders had been given. You could feel it in the air, the same as you can a strong current of electricity. I had not seen my husband for three days. He was busy aboard the transport, and I kept close to the barge.

Shortly before noon I felt the time had come. I crept up a ladder to the top of the barge. For awhile I stayed there waiting for the way to be clear. Soldiers were hurrying back and forth on deck. No one noticed me. If they did they supposed, of course, I was one of them. I waited until the deck at that part of the transport was free of officers, because I did not want to be questioned just then. There was a period of confusion incident to getting under way. I came up and stepped over on to the deck of the transport.

We were on our way to France.
**CHAPTER II.
Right Among the Army "Dough-boys."**

IT may not seem far to most folks from a barge moored alongside a transport, over the side and aboard, but it looked like a long, tough journey to me.

Three days and nights I toiled and sweated and worked on that barge until I thought I would drop, but all the time I was figuring and watching—watching for the chance to get aboard the big dun colored ship on which my husband and another piece of the Pershing expedition were to go to France. This watchful waiting wore on my tired nerves and weary body.

we once got started.
I could feel the ship getting under way, and I was a little sad, with no one to talk to and longing to get out of my clothes and stretch out my weary body on one of those bunks. I was so tired of inhabiting that uniform I knew I would give anything to feel a little soft lingerie next me and perhaps have on a petticoat again, although they tell me the girls down east don't wear any of them nowadays—only the old fashioned girls.

Under Way.

The men were all around me, many I had known in Douglas, but they didn't bother with me, because I guess they were a little blue at leaving themselves, as anybody was bound to be at a time like that, and I suppose it was the sober atmosphere that got me to longing for that lingerie there. You could have cut it with a knife. The old timers probably put me down for a sobby Sammy who had just joined. Finally I straightened myself up and thought: "Buck up! You're a deuce of a soldier."

I looked around. The old timers who had campaigned in the Philippines and some even in Cuba back in 1898, while most of them had been in Mexico, did not look sad, but I will say there were darned few of them grinning as we felt the ship slip out of that dock. The youngsters—the boys who had just come in the regiment on the border and had never been east before—showed it. They didn't know whether they would ever be back again, and they were thinking about it and about the little red house with the white fence back home and the girl and wondering why they joined the army and wishing they were in Arizona. But I don't want to pull any sob stuff.

"This is a fine way to send us off," complained one boy who was not more than nineteen, a very pronounced rookie. "There are no flags, no bands, no cheers, no beer, nothin'. It's a great way to fight a war."

"Wait till you get over there, kid, and you'll wish you were back here," remarked Private Smithers, a grand fighting man, but always a private, although an old timer in the army. His name is not Smithers, either. If I told his real name it might get him in bad. "But hold your head up, son. The worst you can get is to be killed, and you won't know about that," he concluded.

The case of Private Smithers reminds me of an army story.

"You object to your men drinking?" asked a friend of the colonel of a regiment on the border one day. "Why, Private Bill Jones has always been a drinker when on leave, and you say he is a fine soldier."

"Yes, and he's always been a private," answered the colonel.

This fitted Smithers' case exactly. He was a good soldier and a fine fighter, but cut from the pattern of a private and always intended for one. Pretty soon I noticed him staring at me closely, and I moved away, although I knew Jim Smithers wouldn't tip me off. However, I didn't want him to get on if I could help it.

It seemed risky to go on deck yet, so I sauntered toward my old stamping ground, which had been so friendly to me en route from Douglas—the ship's kitchen.

What I really wanted to do was page my husband, for I hadn't caught a glimpse of him on the transport—in fact, had not seen him since the troops left the trains. No sign of him. I wondered a little how he would take it when he found me still along.

"Thar she blows!" hollered a voice. We could feel the ship moving under her own power, and by the glimpses I caught through the portholes I saw we had straightened out in the stream.

Then a panic seized me. What if my husband was not aboard that ship? Suppose he had been transferred to some other regiment at the last minute. They do such things in the army without asking the permission of wives, which makes the husbands harder to follow. I had no way of knowing whether he was aboard. What if—

"Hey, there, Joe, heave to and lend a fellow a hand, will you? What do you think this is—a tango tea?"

The speaker was one of the kitchen crew. When the transport started its perilous journey to "some port in France" he was hustling crates of food into the storehouse down below. Others of the men were busy with similar tasks, getting things shipshape. There seemed to be no romance about this farewell. It was a case of getting down to brass tacks. After awhile I stole above. (There was no excitement, no depression now. Everything was as usual, just as if the boat were bound for a little sightseeing trip around Manhattan island. The sentimental Sammy recovers quickly. Besides, the men did not know how many German eyes might be watching their departure, and they wanted to show the enemy they meant business. Only when they passed the statue of Liberty did they stop whatever they were doing and stand at salute. As one of them, a wily westerner who went into Mexico with Pershing, put it:

"We got to give the old girl the glad hand as we go."
Off For "Some Port In France."

It was right after midday mess we left the pier in Hoboken. Two days later we were still anchored out in the bay. The other transports were all around, some of them so close the men could call back and forth. No one knew when we would depart. I was on deck when I saw a couple of the other transports moving out. It would be our turn next. I went below. My heart was turning all kinds of flipflops. We were leaving for "the port in France," and I was still safe. I had

(To be continued.)



Teach Children To Save

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EXPECT GOOD RESPONSE FROM FARMERS IN LOAN CAMPAIGN

In the First Liberty Loan Campaign, many of the farmers of the country were not reached, and subscriptions from the rural committees were few. There were several reasons for this, the foremost of which was that the Loan was put out in the spring, when they were busy with their crops, and it was difficult for the canvassers to interview them. Then, too, they had to borrow money for their planting. Now their crops are in, and at the present high price of food stuffs, they should have a large sum of money in their hands. For a loan of a portion of that money, the Liberty Bond campaigners are now appealing all over the country. The various bureaus and societies are co-operating and good results are expected.

PROVED HIS PATRIOTISM.

Another "sign of the times" is this from the Cleo Springs (Ok.) Times: "Our esteemed friend, William Dunkhofer, has made a petition to the court to have his name changed to John Gun and to have his daughter's changed from Wilhelmina to Epluribus Unum.—Atlanta Constitution.

FIVE THINGS TO DO THIS WEEK AND NEXT

- Have you ordered some Abruzzi rye seed for planting in September? It's the greatest winter grazing crop we know, and we'd like to see every farmer in the Cotton Belt try at least a small acreage this fall.
- Oat planting time in the upper South is practically here, and if a good supply of seed is not already on hand no time should be lost in getting them.
- If no other land is available for the rye and oats, excellent results may be had by planting them between the rows in a well cultivated cotton field, using a three-row, open-furrow drill.
- If planting seed of cotton and corn have not been selected in the field, right now is an excellent time to do it.
- Save all the corn stalks and other rough feed, for feedstuffs promise to stay high-priced indefinitely.

PINE LEAVES AS MANURE.

"I have seen it stated that pine straw is worth \$2.50 a ton as manure I can rake it up and put it on the land for 50 cents a ton. Will it pay to rake it up and use to help the improvement of an old sandy farm I am trying to build up?"

Pine straw will add organic matter and aid in the making of humus in the land. In the famous sweet potato-growing sections of Accomac and Northampton counties in Virginia, the growers rake up all the leaves and rotten trash from the pine woods every winter and spread them on the land to be planted to sweet potatoes and plow under at once. Some fertilizer is added, and they make famous crops of sweet potatoes, the woods trash acting mechanically much as a fertilizer. Where the work is done in the leisure season it will probably pay to rake and haul and spread the forest leaves and leaf mold.—Progressive Farmer.

What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethel!" exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?" "Is he affectionate?" she asked archly. "Indeed he is! Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie, and show Charlie Smith how to kiss me!"—Answers.

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Snow Drift
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"Crisco" the new Shortening.
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Hams.
"Mill Feed for Hogs.
Also Crockery,
Glassware and
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& Brother**

NOTED RACER KILLED.

Lima, Ohio, Aug. 31.—Capt. Harvey Kennedy, of San Francisco, a noted Western automobile racer, was instantly killed here this afternoon when his car lost a tire, turned turtle and crashed through a fence during a race at the county fair. Kennedy was almost decapitated by a sheet iron cowl, which had just been constructed on his machine. The car in which Joe Dawson won the Elgin road race was demolished.

SURE ENOUGH.

An old gentleman was viewing some statues. Standing by one of the largest was a porter. Going up to him, the old gentleman said: "That's a massive statue, porter!" Porter—Yes, sir. The hand is just eleven inches across. Old Man—Is that so? I wonder why they didn't make it twelve? Porter—Och! Sure, then it would have been a foot.

May the giver of gifts give unto you That which is Good and that which is True; The Will to help and the Courage to do; A heart that can sing the whole day through.