

Edgefield Advertiser.

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L. MIMS, Editor

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The Largest Circulation in Edgefield County.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, 1912

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others, is a slave.—KLAPOSTOCK.

Committee Takes Up Work.

To the farmers of Edgefield county: The undersigned having been appointed a committee for this county to promote and encourage what is familiarly known to every farmer in the state as the Rock Hill Plan, have studied the same very carefully and recommends its adoption to every farmer in the county, large or small, white and colored, as the most practical means of reducing the cotton acreage and thereby obtaining a living profit as a result of their labor.

The crop of 1910 in round numbers was 12,000,000 bales, which was sold for a billion dollars. The crop of 1911, conceded now to be at least 15,000,000 bales, will not yield more than \$650,000,000 to \$700,000,000. We are producing 3,000,000 more bales of cotton and selling it for \$800,000,000 less.

Statistics show that the smallest crops of cotton bring the most money. Another big crop and it means in our opinion, 5 cent cotton.

Not only do we recommend a reduction in acreage, as provided for under the Rock Hill plan, but a corresponding reduction in fertilizers. It is useless for a farmer to reduce his acreage, if he is going to increase his fertilizer and thereby produce the same amount of cotton. What is needed is a reduction in the matter of fertilizer. We would recommend to every farmer to use his seed, as they are worth more to him as fertilizer than he can obtain for them on the market. From what we can learn manufacturers are quoting ammoniated fertilizers at about last year's prices and by mixing kainit and acid with your cotton seed you can get a good fertilizer for much less than you can buy the manufactured goods. A cheap crop must be made if satisfactory results are to be expected.

Canvassers will call on you a little later with pledges for your signature, and when they do, meet them cheerfully, and do not detain them. Sign the pledge cheerfully, and let them go on their way rejoicing, as the time is short and there is not a moment to spare. A list of those signing the pledges will be published from time to time in the county papers as they are reported. *The same acreage as 1911 means five cent cotton! A 25 per cent reduction for 1912 means living prices.

(Signed) P. N. Lott,
B. R. Smith,
L. R. Brunson.

Instruction to Canvassers For Rock Hill Plan.

1. Cover the territory allowed to you quickly as possible, but cover it thoroughly. Every farmer should be seen for his pledge, if possible.
2. Report daily to the County Chairman, giving names of those signing, with number of acres each will reduce from last year. These names will then be published in the county papers, and this will help you to secure other pledges.
3. Catch all the farmers you can around stores, but go after those you can't find this way.
4. Get all the big farmers you can and get them to sign up for as much reduction as possible. If a 100-acre farmer will agree to plant 50 acres less this year than last, so much the better for the cause. Remember that the pledge is for reduction of not less than 25 per cent. So all who will reduce more than this will do the cause that much more service.
5. In the case of those who won't sign, ask their neighbors to "labor with" them. The list will be published, but can be added to from time to time.
6. Don't stop to argue with people about other plans and schemes.

It's our business to put this work through. Get signatures—as many as you can, as fast as you can and for as much reduction as possible.

7. Where the question is brought up, explain that it is claimed for the "Rock Hill Plan" that it only provides a temporary means of bettering conditions. Suggest to farmers that they join the Farmers' Union and use their influence to make that body strong and effective. But don't argue with anybody about anything. Get pledges and let everybody keep his own notion about everything else.

8. Tell the cotton growers not to let the bears fool them with recent advances in cotton prices. Cotton has gone \$4 a bale since the "Rock Hill Plan" was started, but the bears will have the joke on us with low prices for the remainder of 1911 as well as 1912 cotton if acreage is not cut, and cut deep.

DEER HUNT IN TEXAS.

(Continued from last week.)

Wednesday morning all left camp going in different directions. I went back to near the point of my past good luck and on a divide about 200 yards, I saw the head of a large buck and again Castleberry sang out and another buck hit the ground but rose and went from me passing in about 400 yards of Gilbert. He shot wild and found blood where he first fell, so, Ranger was put on his track and overtook him in about 700 yards. He had lain down but was able to get up, so Ranger had him bayed. When we came up Gilbert shot him down. I got Johnnie and carried in my second buck. Thursday nothing doing—Friday we moved camp about 6 miles and before night Gilbert found 5 deer in a deep canyon and killed one. Shot out of cartridges and the three came up under a bluff in 30 steps of him, then he threw rocks at them. I came in sight and a buck started off. I got a standing about 225 yards, but shot wild again.

Elmore went east and says he had more fun than any of us. Said an old buck looked him square in the eyes at 40 paces. His gun was hard on trigger and the buck is still alive. Near sundown he had target practice at another buck 225 yards rounding a canyon. He rang 6 shots on the clear winter air, but again fate was in favor of the buck. As 'twas then twilight, the account is all we have to remember of the event.

Saturday morning we went out but returned at noon with reports of deer still in the range, but no game in hand. Afternoon told a different story. The veteran hunter of our party who up to this time had been out of luck came in with honors. As he crept stealthily through the soto and cedar, he spied a buck about 50 yards go behind a clump of brush so he could partially see him, but experience told him where the body was, so his trusty rifle gave good account and a 3 point buck fell to run no more.

Near sunset Elmore began another performance, which he accounts to us as very interesting. On a distant side of a canyon a large buck leisurely trotted along at a range of 400 yards. So, he began the bombardment. After 7 shots the deer made a forward movement. Elmore changed position and again came near meeting his foe face to face, so near that he saw the buck wink his eye. Forest instinct came to the aid of the buck and in some mysterious way he passed from view to be seen no more. With ear strained for sounds of game, a noise of more than usual notice came near where he stood. With nerves at high tension, he waits, when all at once at a short distance he beheld a sight not often witnessed, two foxes were having a battle royal. So intent were they that they were only a short distance from him, they clashed, one being in the lead in retreat. Elmore not wishing to be thus passed unnoticed belched forth his 25, 35 as a parting salute, came to camp and reported.

Sunday found our camp in a sober mood. The day passed slowly away until nearly sundown. Water for camp purposes had run low, Murray and I went off 200 yards in a canyon to see about some water and being near camp no guns were necessary. Mr. Loftin and Elmore remembered having seen water in a canyon about 1/2 mile from camp, so, the distance and danger from panthers and other foes impelled them to take some means of defense. At about sundown danger seemed lurking near and Elmore was in greatest danger of attack. His 25 35 sang 3 clear notes on the evening breeze. On inspection it was found that he need not have been alarmed; for it was only three deer he had killed. Mr. Loftin being near and seeing his son's narrow escape must have had visions; for in a few moments a much larger form showed up, so he pulled old trusty to his shoulder,

and his deadly foe met his Waterloo. We were in camp and had heard the shooting, so when they came in and told of their narrow escapes we could but sympathize with them. Night spread her peaceful blanket over our camp and we were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

Monday found us all able to eat and to take our different routes. Mr. Loftin and Elmore scouted around the dangerous grounds of the day previous while Murray and I went west, Gilbert going east. As the sun began to send her rays into the heart of the canyon I heard a noise that was familiar. It was Murray's 30 belching its regular note. I thought he was at a greater distance than was actually true. As the sound of his rifle hushed I saw at a distance of seven hundred yards a very large buck sneaking up the canyon in my direction. He came on until within six hundred yards when he changed his course, I immediately put Sheriff Castleberry into operation. The echoes played on its thousand hills but the lead, oh, where was it! Suddenly the big denison of the forest took shelter in a clump of under brush. My heart was lonely, my hopes were fast failing when a low whistling sound reached my ears. Again I heard the sound. It was Murray, we had been shooting at the same deer. Gilbert finding no game east now came on the scene and a plot was formed against our wily buck. We placed a man on three different points, Gilbert reaching his last. I saw the buck leave his hiding place and start directly around the point under where Gilbert was. By a loud signal call he knew the buck was on his beat and soon the notes played from his 303. Here he did his best shooting, landing twice when he claimed his buck, a fine fellow with four points to each horn. Murray felt inclined homeward, so he hit the pike for Ozona 35 miles distance, covering the distance from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. That left only four to finish the hunt. We spent the remainder of the day dressing the five. Tuesday morning found us on our beats, but all things change with time, so we found that about 2,000 sheep were now herded on our hunting ground, so, we met at 10 a. m. and pulled up camp and drove to twin wells for dinner. We held a council as to whether to remain longer. The consensus of opinion was to go homeward. Gilbert was out of tobacco. While he said he was not absolutely dangerous when in that state, still he wasn't at himself. He was fair and said he did not want us to move on his account as tobacco walking was O. K. for him. We spent the night 12 miles southwest of Ozona. Wednesday we looked with longings towards home sweet home. At 11 a. m. we stopped at Crockett's capital to see if we could draw Murray's bounty on the panther but found there was so much swearing in it we decided to bring the scalp to Murray and let him do the necessary thing. As we bade the picturesque little city of pure Ozona farewell we were leisurely wending our way when a noise as of rushing wind came upon us. Turning we beheld a sight that is common in this section from November 1st to January 1st. 'Twas an auto with two occupants, their once beaming countenances now overgrown with a grizzly growth of beard. Their habitat is in offices. We know them well. Their hand shake is cordial, but a movement of their index finger to the rear seat of the auto where a slicker lay crumpled meant much to them. "Missourians want to see." No horns to testify, no hide to speak a word of favor. The machine sped first in intermediate then to high. So, passed our most worthy friends and neighbors, D. E. Huges and W. W. Carson. You know them well. We drove late night, as our veteran hunter stated that Mertzson must be reached on Thursday near Highlonesome at the O. 9. we struck camp. As the night advanced the north pole seemed to get nearer until at dawn we decided that both Peary and Cooke were mistaken as to the discovery of the north pole; for it must be near Highlonesome. The wind blew, but "Old Noah" covered the 30 miles by 11:15 and we drove up to the "city of delight," a home for the homeless. I wish the story might end here but Fate has ever had her innings. I mounted the doorsteps with heart light and steps bounding to find what a home without its queen. No welcome, no cares, no one to listen to the thrilling account of a hunt where I killed my first deer. Kind friends consoled me and to them the exploits of the chase were told.

The companion of my life had found that the days passed slowly after the hunting party had gone, so she had gone to spend the remaining time with her sisters and friends in the central part of Texas in Limestone county. We are now at home together feasting on venison. My story she listens to with

patience. Comrades of the hunt, we may never all be at another chase together but may good wishes go with each other. To Mr. Loftin I tip my hat. His generosity,

thoughtfulness and planning made the hunt an oasis in the lives of five at least.

D. J. Morgan.

For Sale: One car of fresh Cotton Seed Meal arrived. Will sell for cash or make attractive exchange price for seed.

C. E. Quarles.

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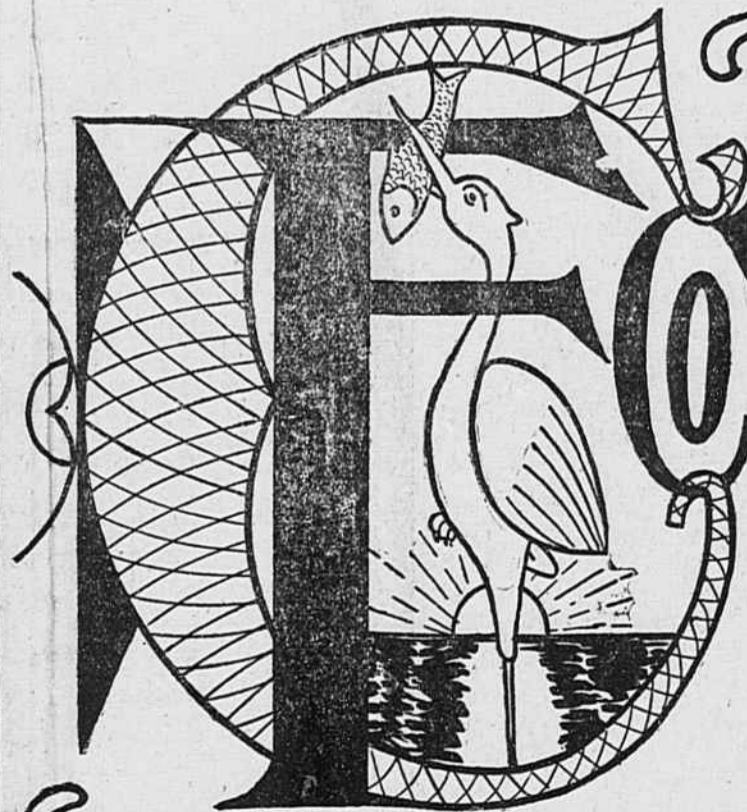
S. Cheatham's

Auction Sale

On The 30th Day of January 1912

I will offer at public outcry all my household and kitchen furniture, also my wagons, buggies, cut-away harrows, mower, corn and cotton planters horse rake and all other plows and farm tools, 300 bushels corn in shuck, 200 bales hay, 1,000 bundles fodder, 300 bushels cotton seed, 25 bushels peas, 50 bushels good seed oats, 3 fine oxen, 3 fine milk cows, 1 Devon bull, 20 head fine Berkshire pigs and hogs, some fine brood sows, shop tools; a 70-dollar kerosene tank as good as new; a fine pair computing scales, wagon scales, platform scales and general merchandise. In fact I will sell out to the highest bidder all my personal belongings, except my horses and mules.

Remember the Date January 30th



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