

**THEIR COLLABORATION**

By CAMPBELL B. CASAD.

After an absence of four weeks I was again at Betty's side. For a moment I stood in her cosy little sitting room, admiring her.

"By Jove! Betty," I cried, I was thinking that we might collaborate on a play. A regular romantic drama.

"What's the first act to be?" she demanded.

"Let me see. Oh, yes, the scene is at the seashore, say Atlantic City."

Betty looked suspiciously at me.

"How very peculiar!" she murmured, "that is where we first met. But go on."

"The heroine of our play," I began, as if reading from a written description, "is a beautiful, young girl with hair of spun gold, eyes of azure blue, and teeth of pearly whiteness."

"She must be a peach," quoth Betty. "I should like to see her."

"Then kindly step this way," I announced in formal tones as I took her arm and gravely led her before a large plate-glass mirror at one end of the room. There I stopped and ceremoniously cried:

"Madam, behold the divinity of our play."

"Mr. Winton, you are a silly goose," she assured me. Now for the hero.

"Well, let's see; the hero meets her on the beach, gains an introduction through a mutual friend and everything seems smooth sailing. But, alas! he finds out on better acquaintance that she is a heartless coquette—"

"Sir!" This time Betty is vexed. "In the play," I calmly continue.

"Oh!"

"The climax of the act comes when she leaves for New York in an automobile accompanied by the hero's rival—"

"Now, Harry, I protest—he was not the hero's rival," the adorable protests with spirit.

"But this is in the play," I again assure her.

"Well, I don't like it, even in the play."

"All right, I'll let you try your hand on the next act," I concede.

"Where does it take place?" she asks.

"In the auto that has broken down half way to New York."

"Really, Harry, on second thought, I believe that you had better write this act. You have such a vivid imagination, you know."

"Do you think so?" I ask. "Well, then, how's this? As the machine is hopelessly out of order, to avoid a scandal he suggests that they hunt up a minister and get married—"

"Which suggestion she emphatically declines to agree to," Betty breaks in.

"Why?" I query with assumed innocence.

"The reason is made known in the last act," she replies with irritating evasiveness, "but to continue. While they are plunged in despair a life-saving countryman, seated in a rickety farm wagon makes his appearance and takes them in tow. In this manner they reach the city and the act closes. The last act is the strong one."

"The action takes place in the heroine's home and the setting is identical with these rooms. The hero after a month's absence has called on her for the first time. He is very moody and as the conversation is far from animated, suggests that they write a play—"

At this moment the doorbell rings and the maid enters. She announces:

"Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Armstrong."

At this announcement, I start in surprise, then angrily cry:

"What, that chap calling on you? And he married, too. The nerve of him."

"Why, yes, he was even married when we took our automobile ride together," Betty laughs; "that was one reason that we couldn't marry after the accident."

"One reason? Then, what, pray, was the other?"

"He was already my brother-in-law."

"Gee whiz! what a chump I am," I humbly acknowledges.

"I think so, too," the unfeeling girl tells me.

"Can you ever forgive a silly-nilly like me?"

"If you coax hard enough, maybe," Betty relents.

"Then suppose you let me into this family affair," I suggest.

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose you give me the right to call him brother-in-law as well as yourself."

"Do you think that you deserve it?" she asks.

"Well, that's the way all good plays should end," I explain.

"Then for the sake of our play, I consent," and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong entering at this moment surprise two very red-faced youngsters fondly embracing.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

**REFORMING OF TAMMAS**

By ALBERT LOUIS WOOD.

Among the fourscore and odd men who worked under me when I was pit boss in the Black Diamond mine, as far as I can remember, Tammas Sargent was the only total abstainer.

One afternoon a prematurely fired shot projected a ton of coal, more or less, in Tammas' direction, distributing it somewhat impartially over various portions of his anatomy. As was my custom when any of the men was hurt, I made it a point to drop in on him for a few minutes every day.

"The doctor says," he volunteered to me on one such occasion, "that ma pure blood an' guid habits be better than his physic. That's wtn' o' the dummy."

"The 'dummy,' Tammas, and what may that be?" I queried.

"I've never told a soul. But I'll gie it to you in confidence. It's the story of ma reformation. Time was when I drank with the best or, mayhap, the worst o' them."

"Them days David Stephens and me was fast cronies. One night I had na been feelin' weel the day, David comes to me, as usual, to go to the tavern for a few drams. 'Come to the tavern, David says. 'Perhaps, as you're not feelin' ower weel, a bit o' brandy would be better than ordinar' speert, Tammas.' So I ca'd for the brandy an' feelin' some better after the first one, I kept a callin'. Now, bein' sick like at the start, and the brandy bein' strong and unqualified, it soon went to ma heid. By an' by David said summat not to my likin', an' I took exceptions to it. To mak' a long story short, we soon parted in anger."

"I declare I never felt so strange afore nor since as I did when I got the air that night. The sense of direction left me an' I lost ma way in a place I could ha' mapped out in my sleep. I walked and walked till I was fair knocked up. O. it was a peetiful condition!"

At last my pins gled out beneath me. I sunk down in a stupor. It must 'a' been two o'clock when I awoke, awake, doused w' dew, stiff an' cauld. My senses were still befuddled, but not so bad as before. I was lyin' in a ravine near where Hallen's street sewer empties into Williams' creek.

"My first feelin's was of anger with myself and David. With myself for bein' such a beast, an' with David for ower persuadin' me to drink with 'im. 'As I rubbed ma eyes, tryin' to get the cobwebs out o' them, I caught sight o' some one lyin' on the ground near by. Lookin' close, I saw 'twas David. 'Here,' says I, 'be you followin' me, mon?' There was no answer. 'Haud up yer heid an' be ceevil, still I'll baste the snoot, mon,' I said. Still no answer. 'I'll mak' thee talk,' I yelled, an' just then ma han' touched a bit stone. In my anger I heaved it at 'im and it struck full on his heid. 'There was still no soun' from David. I rose up and staggered over to 'm. I put my 'and on 'im. David was cold as deith."

"That seemed to sober me. Ma heid cleared up. The 'orrible truth came to me. I 'ad murdered ma best friend in cold blood. I could na bide the place, but turned an' ran as fast as I could toward whoam. Once there, I went to ma room and fell on the bed."

"When daylight come, I thought every footstep was the constable comin' to 'ale to jail. On a sudden there was a knock on the door an' David entered."

"I was never a believer in ghosts, but at that moment my views changed. All the buried superstitions o' my ancestors was resurrected. 'David,' I gasped, 'ow came you 'ere?'"

"David took ma 'and. I shuddered. But 'twas with relief to find it warm an' 'uman, instead o' clammy an' ghostlike. 'Forgie me, auld mon,' he said, 'I was in the wrong last night."

"Thank God, you're alive, David," says I, 'I might 'a' killed you in the drink."

"No fear you'd hurt a friend, drunk or sober," he says.

"But did na the stone hurt you, David?" I speired.

"He looked at me dumfounded an' edged away. 'Tammas, you're sick an' out o' your head. I'll get a doctor,' he says."

"Na, na, none o' that," says I.

"Tammas," he says again, 'twas an ill trick I had played on me last night. You'll min' it was 'Allow E'en. I left ma door unlocked an' the boys got into my room, took ma best rig, hat, shoon an' all, then got a dummy from Myers' store an' rigged it out in all ma finery. Then they paraded through town w' Meester Stephens, as they ca'd it. They left a note sayin' I would get ma duds by callin' at the back door o' the Hallen street sewer. Come, Tammas, an' ha' a drink or so."

"Na, na, David," says I, 'I'm through drinkin'.' An' I was."

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

**Simple Rules for Long Life.**

When a man of ninety-seven talks on health, we listen, and especially if his name is Smith. The oldest living graduate of Yale, August Smith, says: "Get to bed early every night. Take your meals regularly. Eat only plain and well-cooked foods. Don't gad around all over creation attending balls and parties and things."

Add to this the advice of a noted neurologist who says: "Don't harbor a grouch. Don't live in the past. Don't play the martyr, but instead, play ball, get busy and saw wood."

Before the average man reaches the age of twenty-five he has either made a fool of himself or has employed some woman to do it for him.

**HOME TOWN HELPS**

**MIGHT SERVE AS A MODEL**

Beautiful Rural Home, Properly Laid Out and Kept Up, Nearly Approached the Ideal.

A short time ago the writer rode past a rural home that certainly should satisfy any earthly being for a place of residence.

A hundred feet highway frontage had been reserved in the middle of an orchard of 20 acres about square. The house stood about one hundred feet back, the whole plot was inclosed by a neat wire-mesh fence covered with roses and various climbers. A few clumps of shrubs were arranged just inside the gateway along front and side fence and about the foundations of the house. Very few trees were in the foreground and these few were kept out of the lawn center, but on either side of the house yet not close to the building were flanked quite a number, thinly planted in front but more thickly about rear of house so one could not look beyond a point opposite the rear corner of the house. In the front was a blue grass lawn, fairly well kept and occasionally mowed, though quite long at the time of observation. The lawn did not look as though it had been "barbered" for a month nor as though it proved a problem to keep it up except with great labor. Two or three vines lightly draped the house, a few flowers were to be seen in all parts and in some spots a bright mass spoke of flowering annuals or perennials. All was neat and clean yet did not look as though raked and swept every day or even every week. The whole place harmonized with the spirit of nature and rurality, where every prospect pleases and not even man is vile. The home and all surrounding looked so sufficient, so satisfying, so rural, without a suggestion of the artificiality found in cities or suburban districts, that it called vividly to mind the happy pastoral scenes of old suggested by Goldsmith's couplet:

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began, When every rood of ground maintained its man."

It costs but little to so arrange the home grounds, its upkeep calls for but little of time or money, yet such homes are the country's strongest asset, speaking volumes for the prosperity and happiness of the rural residents.

**INFLUENCE OF HOUSE PLANTS**

Their Positive Value Extends Not Only to Those in the Home, But to the Passerby.

The cultivation of house plants has a refining and quieting influence on families where they are grown; they adorn the house as nothing else can, and give to the cheapest furniture an air of elegance which no other ornament can impart. And the influence of flowers is not confined to the house or household where they are cultivated; they are a most graceful form of charity to the poor passerby who has no means of gratifying his taste for the beautiful. To him, blooming flowers, surrounded by their leaves of different shapes and shades, even when only seen at a distance, through a window, give a positive pleasure which those more accustomed to such gratifications can scarcely appreciate. It is impossible to overestimate the effect of youthful association and daily companionship with such exquisite shape and coloring, which foster in the minds of children a taste for simple and natural forms of amusement and recreation.

**Growing Trees From Top Down.**

A foreign railway company has solved the plan of getting good shade trees in a short time, though they may be small. These trees are so arranged that after two years' time they will give as much shade as trees in the ordinary way of setting out would give that are fifteen or twenty years old. The company gets a small elm tree, preferably digging this, roots and all, from the ground. The tree then is set, the top part being set into the ground and the roots are left in the air. The tree then grows, forms roots on which originally was the top of the tree, and the original roots that now take the place of the branches begin to leaf out and form a complete foliage very quickly. Beautiful specimens of such inverted trees are to be seen by the fountains in Kensington gardens, London.

**Garden Spirit.**

"If you want to have beautiful roses in your garden, you must have beautiful roses in your hearts," concluded a speaker in some memorial remarks on the late Dean Hole, who had achieved an international reputation as a lover and promoter of roses. The remark touches on the true secret of success in gardens; there must be a very deep, real and penetrating affection for plants or the fullest success will not be obtained with them. And this affection must be clean and honest or the result will still fall short of full measure. The true garden spirit lies in the heart; and the inward beauty is nourished and enlarged by the nature beauty without.

**Programme Woman's Missionary Union, Edgefield Association, Antioch, August 26-27, 1913.**

1st Session, Tuesday morning. 10 a. m. Intercessory Service, Mrs. M. D. Jeffries. Words of Welcome, Mrs. Mary Brunson. Response, Mrs. F. P. Rush. Roster of Woman's Missionary Societies with reports. Annual Address of Superintendent, Mrs. J. L. Mims. Presentation of Missionaries and Visitors. Distribution of apportionment cards with discussion on.

What is done with the money contributed to Bible fund of S. S. Board, Mrs. J. O. Marshall. For what is our Home Mission contribution used, Mrs. W. E. Lott. Our part on Foreign Missions for next year, Miss Jennie Pattison. The importance of raising apportionments. Some plan for raising apportionments.

Report of standing committee on literature, Mrs. Fannie Griffiths. Recommendations of State Executive Board, Mrs. J. W. Peak. Standard of Excellence. Is it attainable and how? Miss Josie Sheppard. Noonday quiet hour with the Bible conducted by Mrs. Talbert. Greetings from missionaries and visitors. Election of nominating committee. Appointment of committee on time and place, and resolutions. Announcements. Dismissal.

Lunch Hour. Second Session, Tuesday afternoon. Young Woman's Auxiliary Hour. Devotions, Miss Mabelle Strom. Report of Superintendent with financial record. Discussions. The beauty imparted by the Missionary Spirit, Miss Royal Peak. God's share of their salary or spending money, Miss Snow Jeffries. Report of Standing Committee on Training School, Miss Helen Salter.

Recommendations of State Executive Board, Miss Helen Tillman. Noonday quiet hour led by Miss Edwardina Blalock. Learning Love's Lesson or Personal Service, Mrs. J. R. Fizer, Cor. Sec. W. M. U. Announcements. Dismissal.

Wednesday Morning. 3rd session, 10 o'clock. The Bible as our guide, by Mrs. Carrie Burkhalter Freeman. Minutes of afternoon session. Address, Mrs. W. W. Lawton, missionary to China. Recommendations of executive

committee of association. Report of nominating committee. Election of officers. Report of committee on time and place. Y. P. S. hour. 11 a. m. reports from Sunbeam bands and R. A. chapters. Report of superintendent, Mrs. M. N. Tillman. Discussion—What should be the leader's aim? Mrs. J. T. Littlejohn. Missionary memory book. Developing officers. Sunbeam flag parties. Where does the Sunbeam money go? Miss Ruby Watson. How does South Carolina's Sunbeams stand in W. M. U. of S. B. C.? Ouida Pattison. Recitation. Paper, Mrs. W. S. Middleton. Song. R. A. Armor, Miss May Roper. Sunbeam play, "Mootheer Goose and her band as mission workers," by Antioch Sunbeams in charge of Mrs. Prescott Lyon and Mrs. Louise Lyon Smith. Collection. Announcements. Discussion. Wednesday Afternoon.

4th session. Jubilate service, open meeting. Processional of societies marching with banners singing Jubilate songs. 100th Psalm repeated in concert. The Woman's Hymn. Sketch of Adoniram and Ann Hasseltine Judson, Miss Hortensia Woodson. Hymn, "How firm a foundation" Twenty-five years of organized work of Woman's Missionary Union, Mrs. J. R. Fizer. Reading, "Sing, ye women of the Southland," Miss Florence Peak. History of W. M. U. of Edgefield association, Mrs. J. L. Mims. Jubilate hymn, Mrs. Royal Shanonhouse. Our pagan fields—Rev. W. W. Lawton, Chongchow, China. Children of Light, by Y. W. A. with representatives in costume from different nations. Jubilate offering. Hymn, "The morning light is breaking." Chorus recessional. The Woman's Hymn. Come women, wide proclaim Life through your Saviour slain; Sing evermore, Christ, God's effulgence bright, Christ, who arose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and adore.

Come, clasping children's hands, Sisters from many lands, Teach to adore, For the sin-sick and worn, The weak and over-borne,

When the garnered field Shall to our Master yield, A bounteous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy evermore. —Fannie E. S. Heck. Raleigh, North Carolina.

No better buggy made than the Brookway. Have you ever used one? Let us show you our stock. Wilson & Cantelou.

The late models that are out in the American lady corsets to fit all figures, Rives Bros has and sells them.—Adv.

When you want a good buggy try a Tyson & Jones. They have stood the test of Edgefield roads for years. Wilson & Cantelou.

A beautiful assortment of matting art squares. They are cheaper and more appropriate for the summer season than the heavy wool art squares. Buy one for your front hall and you will not regret it. Ramsey & Jones.

We can supply you with roof paint, a good quality, in red and black at 50 and 75 cents per gallon. Just as good quality as that which costs more. Penn & Holstein.

A lot of odds and ends in summer goods that can be found at Rives Bros at a price—Adv.

A full supply of mineral water always on hand. Can furnish either Harris or Glenn Springs water. Penn & Holstein.

A large assortment of Iron and Enameled beds just received. Prettier than any we have ever had before. Ramsey & Jones.

For a complete line of spring and summer goods call on Rives Bros.

For farm wagons there is nothing better made in this country than the celebrated Studebaker wagons. Ask the man who uses one what his opinion is. Use a Studebaker once and you will always use them. Wilson & Cantelou.

**IS YOUR CREDIT GOOD?**

The Representatives of The

**Merchants' Credit Co**

Are Arranging for the Publication of a

**Credit Guide**

FOR THIS DISTRICT AS A BASIS OF CREDIT

By this system each individual is placed on record showing how many places they secure credit and with what degree of promptness they pay their bills. The book will show, not the financial standing, but the **credit standing**, of everybody, man or woman, who trades on time, and as it is not a financial rating the poor man who pays his bills promptly will secure a higher rating than the man of means who does not.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAY THE OLD ACCOUNT AND SECURE A

**Good Credit Rating.**