

**FACTS ABOUT THE EARTH**

**Atmosphere Now Believed by Scientists to Have Three Fairly Distinct Strata.**

The earth's atmosphere is now believed to have three fairly distinct strata, the first extending up to about forty-five miles, having nitrogen as the leading constituent; the second, with its upper limit at about 125 miles, being chiefly hydrogen, and the third, at a still greater height, consisting of a very thin gas which has been named "geocoronium." Dr. Alfred Wegener has attempted to explain the striking differences of color in meteors or "shooting stars," and says that meteors coming from outer space are not sufficiently heated in the exceedingly light gas to become luminous. Their fall through the hydrogen layer causes them to become incandescent, and before they reach the lowest stratum most of them are completely dissipated. A few of the largest however penetrate the nitrogen atmosphere, a very small number reaching the earth's surface. It is found that the deep-falling meteors pass through three stages of color, yellow-white, green and deep red—and it is concluded that the green is due to incandescence of the hydrogen and the red to that of the nitrogen. Only the first stage is seen in the quickly dissipated meteors, the white, yellow or sometimes reddishness being evidently the glow of the meteor substance.

**WHAT CALIBER OF GUN MEANS**

**Term as Applied to Artillery Is Cause of Confusion in the Popular Mind.**

Confusion as to the meaning of the term caliber arises chiefly from its use as an adjective to indicate length, as when we say "a 50-caliber six-inch gun." The word caliber, as applied to artillery, signifies the diameter of the bore of a gun measured diametrically from face to face of the bore, of course somewhat larger.

A gun, then, of six-inch caliber is a gun whose bore is just six inches. For convenience and because the power of a gun when once its bore has been decided upon depends so greatly upon its length, artillerymen are in the habit of defining the length of the gun in terms of the caliber.

Thus the 12-inch United States naval gun, which is 40 feet in length, is spoken of as a 40-caliber 12-inch, the length being just 40 times the bore. The 6-inch rapid-fire gun is a trifle under 25 feet in length and is therefore known as a 50-caliber gun.

In the case of small arms the caliber is expressed in hundredths of an inch, as when we say a 22-caliber revolver we mean one with a bore that has a diameter of .22 of an inch.

**Whose Uncle?**

A man learned of the death of an uncle in a distant state and employed an attorney to get for him his share of the estate. After much delay the lawyer sent for his client and said:

"I have collected your share of your uncle's property, and here is a statement of our account."

The account rendered showed many items of expenses, such as "taking depositions," "notary's fees," "court costs," "traveling expenses," etc., a considerable charge in favor of the attorney for his services and only a small balance for the nephew.

After examining and pondering over the statement for quite a while the client looked up and said to the lawyer: "Was that your uncle or mine that died?"—West's Docket.

**Japs Like Fresh Air.**

The normal Japanese woman satisfies the artist's ideals as well as the surgeon's. The average woman in Japan today shows a figure that is as perfectly molded and of as true proportion as the woman of ancient Greece was able to display. Consumption is a rare disease in Japan; even winter coughs are of rare occurrence. The Japanese woman is taught from earliest childhood that life is impossible without a sufficient supply of fresh air. This internal cleansing with fresh air is deemed of more importance than the bath that usually follows it.

**Other People's Things.**

Did you ever see a girl who would turn down the leaf of her library book to mark her place, when she wouldn't think of turning one of her own books in such a fashion? Did you ever know a boy who would leave a borrowed bicycle standing out in the damp, though he was very particular about his own things? It is a pity that little folks or older ones should ever be less careful of what belongs to someone else than of what is their own.

**A Sad Reminder.**

"I went into a man's office this morning and he had mottoes stuck up all around his desk, like 'Do it now,' 'Be brief,' and 'This is my busy day.' Have you anything of that sort in your office?"

"No, I don't need them. I have a note framed and hung up on my wall that I indorsed for a man, and eventually had to pay myself. Whenever I look at it I remember all the mottoes I ever heard of."

**What He Said.**

"Has the doctor been here today?" asked the wife.  
"Yes, he has," replied the gouty husband.  
"What did he say?"  
"Two dollars."

**GIRAFFES EAT THE POLES**

**One of the Difficulties Faced by Men Who Built Telegraph System in Africa.**

Every industry has its troubles. Some of them can be foreseen and some of them cannot be. It is doubtful if the men who toiled to build up a telegraph system in equatorial Africa foresaw the peculiar difficulties they were to have from wild animals.

In several provinces of British East Africa the giraffe and elephant are given special protection by law. It costs \$50 to get a license to kill a bull giraffe and \$150 for a license to kill a pair of elephants. In many parts the killing of giraffes is forbidden entirely. Consequently in this vast game preserve elephants and giraffes take special heed to the voice of the Creator as transcribed in the first chapter of Genesis: "Be fruitful and multiply." The lions have done likewise and they have caused real inconvenience to General Smuts more than once in his recent military operations, besieging the general himself once in his motorcar. The elephants and giraffes, however, make a specialty of telegraph poles. According to a zoologist who writes in the London Times, the giraffes have been giving trouble by pulling down the telegraph wires and thereby interrupting communications. The beautiful creatures, which habitually feed on the acacia, stripping it of its leaves as high as their long necks and prehensile tongues can reach, rarely resist such attractions and, as many of the telegraph poles in this region of Africa sprout with leaves each year, their temptation is easily understood.—Current Opinion.

**CONTRARY SORT OF WORLD**

**Most Powerful Stories of Love and Domestic Bliss, Written by the Unmarried.**

The more popular books for children have been written by the childless, and some of the most powerful stories of love and domestic bliss or misery have been written by unmarried women and men.

And then, as you probably know, almost everyone thinks he knows more about other branches of business than the one in which he is engaged.

The average man can recall the time when he thought the other fellow's job was much easier than his, and was haunted more or less with the notion that if he had taken up almost anything but what he had he would have made a great success of it.

It is said there has never, or hardly ever, been a great comedian who didn't believe, or think he believed, that his forte was tragedy; and as if not to be outdone, the successful tragedian never ceases to curse the luck that prevented him from being a comedian.

You may not think this is a contrary sort of world, but there are a lot of people who do.

**Mother Was Safe.**

The minister had to leave home on a long preaching tour. Just before leaving he called his family around him to say good-by. When he came to Bobby, he said:

"Old man, I want you to be a good boy and take care of your mother."

Bobby promised. All day long he looked preternaturally grave under the heavy responsibility thus suddenly assumed. When night came and he was called to his prayers, the young guardian said:

"O Lord, bless father, and Brother Tom, and Sister Alice, and Aunt May, and the little Jones boys, and me, but you needn't trouble about mother, for I am going to look after her."

**An Imaginary Cabby.**

A penitent-looking man was on trial for vagrancy and disturbance of the peace. The judge seemed inclined to be lenient.

"What was the prisoner doing when you arrested him?" he said to the policeman.

"He was having a very heated argument with a cab driver, your honor."

"But that doesn't prove that he was the worse for liquor," the judge said. "Many sober people have argument with cab drivers."

"So they do, your honor," said the policeman, "but in this case there was no cab driver."

**Long Playing.**

"Talk about long playing," said the New Yorker to Pat. "Why, your countrymen wouldn't get a look-in with us. I know a fellow citizen who played 'Beautiful Stars and Stripes' on the piano for several hours."

"Arrah, close your mouth," said Pat. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be talking about nothing. Sure, I know an Irishman that played 'Ireland Forever' on a flute."—New York Morning Telegraph.

**And Endless Affair.**

Homer—Old Tightwad invited me to take lunch with him yesterday.

Heiny—I suppose there was no end to the good things you had to eat.

Homer—Right you are. There was neither a beginning nor an end to them.

Heiny—Why, how was that?

Homer—All we had was pretzels.

**She Fell for It.**

Patience—He proposed marriage while he was skating with her.

Patrice—With what result?

"She became very much confused and fell for it."

**HER LITTLE WAY**

Sarventor settled back comfortably in his chair and lit the after-dinner cigar to which he had limited himself in deference to his wife's fears that he was injuring his health by excessive smoking. Mrs. Sarventor smiled sweetly at him over her workbasket.

"Oh!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What do you think? Willington has backed out of that little stag party at Renford's. His wife wouldn't let him go. Wouldn't that give you a nervous chill? Adeline, if I had a wife like that I'd be tempted to take a club to her. I don't suppose he dares open up his mouth around the house without raising his hand to ask permission. He says he's got another engagement, but, of course, that's all humbug. I bet Tom Hinckley \$5 that he'd find some excuse to crawl out."

"I don't like you to bet, dear," said Mrs. Sarventor, gently.

"I know," returned Sarventor, slightly confused. "But—er—well, anyway, he didn't take me up."

"Do you mean that Mr. Hinckley isn't going to pay you the money you won?"

"Of course not. He didn't bet."

"Well, I think he ought to pay, anyway, if you bet him. But I'm glad you had the \$5 you could afford to lose, because it's just the amount I want. Hand it over, Edward, please."

Sarventor ruefully extracted a \$5 bill from his pocketbook and threw it into the workbasket with the remark that that just left him carfare.

"How would you like to have it said that your husband stood in terror of you, little woman?" he asked jocularly.

"I wouldn't like it at all," replied Mrs. Sarventor, promptly. "I believe in a man doing what he pleases as long as he doesn't misconduct himself. I'm not an advanced woman like Mrs. Willington, you know."

"No, you're not, by George!" said her husband, admiringly.

"Besides, I know you wouldn't stand dictation," laughed the lady.

"Well, I guess not," said Sarventor.

"What kind of a party is this, Edward?" asked Mrs. Sarventor presently, as she threaded a needle.

"Oh, just men, you know."

"Are they nice?"

"It depends on what you call nice. It isn't like a pink tea."

"I suppose you will all smoke like chimneys and play cards. Well, of course, you will go if you want to."

"Why, certainly."

"You needn't be cross about it, Edward. I'm not cross."

"I don't see any reason why you should be."

"I might not like it, though. I wouldn't wonder a bit if they played cards for money—and that's gambling."

"Why, Adeline! Suppose it was a penny ante—enough just to give an interest to the game?"

"The principle is the same. But of course my narrow views needn't stand in the way of your having a good time."

"Oh, thunder!"

"Now, you are losing your temper. Well, you won't say anything more about it. You've made up your mind that you'll go whether I like it or not or whether it's right or wrong. I wouldn't say a word for the world to displease you. You know I wouldn't, Edward. I don't like to have you cross."

"But my dear!"

"No, we won't say anything more about it. And then you'll be tempted to smoke more than is good for you. I know you won't break your promise to me, but—"

"What promise?"

"About smoking more than one cigar in an evening."

"Nonsense! You aren't talking reasonably, my dear. You just don't want me to go."

"No, I want you to go. If you prefer the society of a set of horrid card-playing men to your wife's I ought not to complain. I ought to be g-g-glad."

"Why, Adeline, my dear!"

"No, I'm not. You know I'm not. You dud-dud-don't love me."

"Of course, I do. You know perfectly well I do."

Mrs. Sarventor put aside her husband's caressing hand and dried her eyes. Then she said: "This is very foolish of me, Edward. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am, too. Of course, you must go, dear. You know, I would never oppose you in anything. We've been married over a year now and, of course, I ought not to expect that you wouldn't get just a little tired of a silly girl in all that time."

"Dearest," said Sarventor, "how can you say such absurd things? Tired of you!"

"I suppose if I had made our little home more attractive—"

"You've made it a little paradise."

"And of course you miss all your old bachelor habits."

"Miss nothing. I know when I'm well off."

"Then why," demanded Mrs. Sarventor, "are you so crazy to go to this horrid stag party?"

"I'm not crazy about it. I don't know that I'd go if I hadn't promised—at least I half promised."

"Then you won't go? Oh, good!"

"Not if you don't want me to, dearest."

"Oh, but I don't want you to stay at home just because you know I'd be hurt if you went. I want you to do exactly as you please. You'd better go, perhaps, dear."

"Well, I don't want to," said Sarventor. "I want to stay and spend the evening with you, and that settles it."

**Better Farming in the South**

**SOUTHERN FARMER'S FERTILIZER ADVANTAGE**

**South's Deposits of Phosphatic Materials an Aid in Boll Weevil Fight.**

C. A. WHITTLE.

Recently a Southern fertilizer concern obtained a large order for acid phosphate from Holland at \$55 per ton. Contrast this \$55.00 per ton with \$20.00 per ton paid by the Southern farmer.

If the Dutch farmer can afford to pay \$55 per ton for acid phosphate and make it pay, how much more can a Southern farmer obtain when he can buy about three times as much phosphate with the same money?

Dutch farmers are shrewd and thrifty. They have developed agriculture to a very high state of efficiency, and they know quite well what can be done with acid phosphate at \$55 per ton. Their land is not poor. To the contrary it is highly developed and fertile. Every rod that can possibly be used for agriculture is cultivated like a garden. They have found that no matter how rich their soil, fertilizing it pays. Out of their experience they find that it pays them now to invest as much as \$55 per ton in acid phosphate.

**Aids in Combatting Boll Weevil**

Under boll weevil conditions, early maturing of cotton is essential. Acid phosphate, of course, promotes the fruition and maturing of cotton. All agricultural authorities are now recommending liberal use of acid phosphate in fertilizers as an important measure in combatting the boll weevil.

If the Southern farmer had to pay \$55 per ton for acid phosphate, what a disadvantage he would face! Since he only pays about one-third this price, how fortunately situated he is! Nature has placed here in the South great deposits of rock phosphate which, when treated with sulphuric acid, becomes acid phosphate, an ingredient of fertilizer.

Not only is the Southern farmer favored by reason of the natural deposits of phosphatic materials, but, in recent years, the South has become a great manufacturer of sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid has an important place in many forms of manufacturing, and is one of the essentials in making munitions of war, hence large quantities of it have been drawn to the munition plants at enhanced prices. The high market for sulphuric acid has lifted the price of acid phosphate over that of former years, but not enough to prevent its still being a most economical plant food.

**The Quickly Available Form**  
Acid phosphate is that form of phosphatic fertilizers most readily available as plant food.

Hence this is why agricultural authorities are stressing its use in fertilizers for boll weevil territory, where the purpose is to hasten maturity of the plants and to get as much cotton set as possible before the weevil has developed in sufficient number to get all the new squares and the bolls that form, as it will do later on in the season.

**PUSH COTTON IN WEEVIL TERRITORY**

J. C. Pridmore, Agronomist.

Inquiry—"How would you fertilize to beat the boll weevil to the cotton?"

In growing cotton under boll weevil conditions, several factors must be given consideration. The land should be well drained and well supplied with vegetable matter. Good seed of a variety adapted to the locality should be chosen, and, of course, a variety that will mature its fruit quickly and resist wilt should be planted. Fertilize liberally, and properly cultivate.

On the heavier soils, such as the red clays and clay loams, the use of a fertilizer carrying 10 per cent to 12 per cent phosphoric acid, 3 to 4 per cent nitrogen and a small per cent of potash, if it can be had, should be used. Apply at the rate of 250 to 400 pounds per acre. On lighter soils in which nitrogen, phosphorus and potash are all usually deficient, a fertilizer carrying all three elements is desirable. Use 10 to 12 per cent phosphoric acid, 3 or 4 per cent nitrogen and 1 or 2 per cent potash, at the rate of 300 to 400 pounds to the acre.

**SOY BEANS IN THE ROTATION.**

Inquiry—"Will you recommend a rotation in which soy beans, cotton and some other crop will be used?"

Soy beans are highly recommended. They are a legume and, therefore, do not require much nitrogen. The hay is abundant and the feeding value high. The oil mills afford a ready market for the bean, and the cake which is produced by the mills has splendid feeding values.

A good rotation to follow is cotton followed by corn with soy beans, followed by oats and cowpeas. For southern conditions Hollybrook and Mammoth Yellow are recommended.

—J. N. HARPER, Agronomist.

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