



CATER TO FOWLS' APPETITE

Feeding of Only One Grain Soon Disgusts Layer With Her Boarding House—Variety Is Best.

Palatability is an important factor in the feeding of chickens. Many people think the hen has no sense of taste. To satisfy oneself regarding this it is only necessary to watch the bird at feeding time and note her keen sense of discrimination as she selects the kernels of wheat from among the rye and barley and the freshly sprouted, tender shoots from among the dried, less succulent green feed. In the feeding of grain mash and green feed the hen has a varied preference. Such feeds as she likes best are best for her.

It never pays to try to force any feed upon the hen that she does not like or want. The feeding of only one grain soon disgusts the layer with her boarding house. Variety is essential to obtain palatability. An occasional feeding of wet mash is readily appreciated in preference to the customary dry form. Sprouted oats will taste much better than the steady diet of dried alfalfa or clover, and a hot feed on a cold day makes the hens sing with delight. It pays to cater to the hen's appetite.

WATER VESSELS FOR CHICKS

Protection of Some Kind Should Be Arranged to Keep Dirt Out During Summer Months.

The drinking fountains which will do for chicks during the cool spring months, when germ life is less abundant, will need watching, scalding and cleansing by sunning, during the hot months. If they are the kind into which the chicks climb with their feet, put a brick in, if nothing better offers. Shallow milk pans or deep pie tins make good drinking fountains, if protected from the chicks. Some breeders have a wire platform, on wire legs, which they put over the pan, and the chicks drink between the wires. Others use slat or cover the center of the pan. In the house where chicks are large enough to reach up or fly up, put the drinking vessel on a shelf.

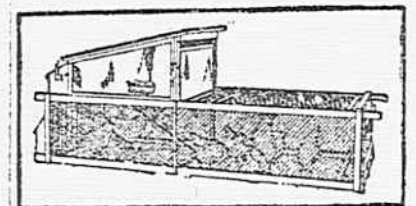
Whenever the vessel is filled, rinse it thoroughly. Fine dust settles in the bottom of any vessel, and this in time becomes slimy and germ-laden. Attention to the cleanliness and the placing of the drinking vessels is a great help towards keeping the chicks well.

CHICKEN COOP IS PORTABLE

Sides of Covered Portion Are Removable, as Is Front—Hinged Cover for Trap Nest.

To one accustomed to the care of chickens, the accompanying cut will be most suggestive.

The cut away portion of the side of the coop proper shows the direction of the roosts, while the trap nest is con-



Coop for Few Hens.

tained in the small extension at the back of the covered portion, writes C. J. Lynde in Farmers Mail and Breeze. Dry food is supplied in the box at the back. Wet food is put in the trough at the opposite end. The sides of the covered portion are removable, as is the front, and the trap nest has a hinged cover. The roof is double with an air space between.

LOSS OF CHICKEN FEATHERS

Trouble Is Usually Caused by Presence of Depluming Mites—Ointment for Control.

The loss of feathers from chickens is usually caused by the depluming mites. These mites feed on the base of the feathers and the epidermis surrounding them. The mites also cause an irritation and frequently cause the chickens to pull their feathers in their endeavor to allay this irritation.

These mites cannot be controlled by dusting, but are usually kept in check by the use of the following ointment: One dram of flowers of sulphur; 20 grains of carbonate of potash, and one-half ounce of lard or vaseline. This ointment should be applied to the affected parts.

SHADE FOR GROWING CHICKS

Ample Shelter Afforded in Orchard or Corn Field—Fowls Destroy Bugs and Worms.

Plenty of shade should be provided for growing chicks. When allowed to range in an orchard or cornfield they will not only find ample shade and green feed but will benefit the trees or corn as well as themselves by destroying bugs and worms. Sometimes sunflowers are grown for shade. Artificial protection against the sun's rays may be obtained by supporting frames covered with burlap a few feet above the ground.

WINNING OF CLARA

By H. L. STERRET.

"Dear me, Will, why will you be so annoying? When you're nice, I'm sure you are very nice, but when you begin to talk that way—"

"What do you expect a chap to do?" asked Will Sinclair, as he dug his heels into the soft earth beside the fallen tree on which they were sitting. "I simply love you, and I must say so."

"That's just it," said Clara English, pointing. "There's no doubt you say it often enough. For two weeks you have said hardly anything else. Frankly, I'm weary of your swan song. Please don't begin all over again."

"You are a heartless flirt," said the young man coldly, as he rose to his feet. "You have accepted my attentions, well knowing your power, have led me on, and when I admit my love, scorn me."

"I like you very much, Will," said the girl, lifting her shy eyes. "That is, when you are good. But love is not everything. Oh, I know you have money, but what I want is somebody who will be my master, who will rule me. I want to be run away with; elope, or do something. This thing of loving and wedding just like ordinary folks is revolting to my soul. Now when you do something grand, or smash a record somewhere, come back and we'll talk it all over. I'm going in to tea now, so goodbye."

Will gazed after the lithe, supple figure of his sweetheart as she walked away toward the distant farmhouse where they were putting in their vacation. He was filled with moodiness and disgust.

He jumped up, and striking his cane wrathfully against an unoffending stump, was about to follow in the wake of the disappearing girl, when he heard a low chuckle beside him. Turning, he saw the wrinkled and whiskered face of the farmer grinning cheerfully. Jasper Stebbins, farmer and horse swapper, had a keen sense of the absurd, but also a heart big enough for two men.

"I heard you makin' love to the gal," he said. "An' I heard what she said back to you. Now don't git mad, young feller. I'm twice your age an' I've bin through it all. Land sakes, I mind when I was courtin' Mandy, how she kept me a guessin'. That girl's a likely colt, but she needs to be broke. Want to try?"

"What do you mean by spying on me?" demanded the youth angrily.

"Wouldn't git huffy, if I was you," calmly responded the old man. "That's a gal wuth savin', an' she kin be had. You know she's goin' down to Miss Berry's past the bend in the lane tonight arter supper, an' you oughter set out an' keep her company. There's a lot of tramps hangin' about these days, an' t'ain't no proper place for a gal to trail all alone. If I was you I'd be kinder handy down to the bend in case there's any racket there."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the young man excitedly, as he acted on the hint and started off at a run.

After supper Clara loitered about the porch a while in the hope that Will would appear and escort her down the country lane. Finally she started alone, determined to make her call and get back before it was too late in spite of him.

She strode on her way, glancing now and then at the new moon. It was a beautiful country lane with rail fences on both sides, and huge elms, dropping with foliage, fringing the path.

"Hold on a minnit, lady," suddenly exclaimed a rough voice at her elbow. "In a big hurry, ain't you? Guess you can find time to talk to a pore man as hasn't had a bite to eat fur two days."

The girl turned in terror, and saw a startling figure, clad in garments too ragged to hide the powerful muscles of arms and legs.

"All I want is a quarter and a kiss," said the intruder. "No, you don't git off that way."

As she whirled about to run the man caught her wrist in an iron grip and drew her towards him. A shrill, despairing cry for help burst from the girl's lips.

Then over the fence leaped a young man, his eyes ablaze with wrath. He dashed the tramp to the ground, and the latter, arising, sprang swiftly away.

"My brave Will," sobbed Clara as she clung to him, "how frightened I was. You won't let him come near me again, will you?"

"It's all right, Clara," he returned. "You are safe with me, darling."

"I am so glad."

"Are you? Then will you let me be your protector always?"

"Always."

As the lovers walked away together Uncle Jasper lifted a grinning face above the fence. "There's different ways of breakin' fillies. Some takes it easy and some is shy, but they all learn to travel in double harness if they ain't spiled by too much coaxin'. Reckon I'd better git home now, or Mandy'll be scared fur me." (Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

GREAT LAND IS ARGENTINA

People and Resources Will Place It in the Front Rank of South American Republics.

The great landowners come to Buenos Aires and spend their money upon the glittering boulevards, and this makes the city an abnormal one, and in a sense a false guide to the characteristics of the people and the country, says a writer in the Christian Herald. Argentina, however, is slowly, but surely gathering to herself, out of the polyglot nations of Europe, which compose her, a spirit and individuality of her own as free and unique as is the air of her boundless prairies. At present she resembles more truly the Old World than does the United States, which has had much longer time to develop to a particular civilization all her own; yet you can hardly insult an Argentine more readily than to suggest Buenos Aires as merely a copy or tinsel imitation of a European capital. He sees in it his own expression, and although he will tell you that to know the country correctly the North American must read the history of the United States 50 years ago, he is nevertheless deeply confident that Argentina has a future quite different from either the United States or a European nation, or any other South American state. The longer one remains in the country, the more surely he will be inclined to agree with the inhabitant of this great land, where are being gathered forces of population in an agricultural area nearly half as big as the United States, possessing resources in many senses more uniform and prolific than are to be found in any other one commonwealth on the face of the earth.

MAY BE CLUB-FOOTED RACE

Humanity Said to Be Tending Toward a Condition by No Means to Be Desired.

That the human race is slowly evolving toward a condition of club-footedness is suggested by Dr. Truman Abbe of Washington in the Medical Record. Doctor Abbe points to the horse's hoof and its evolution from the five-toed foot of the prehistoric horses, by the dropping of one toe after another and the consolidation of the bones from the knee down.

"When we look at the human skeleton and compare the bone of the tibia and fibula and the digits beyond each of them," he continues, "it does not take much imagination to see suggested in the slender fibula and the diminutive little toes an early stage in the reduction process, which if carried further would lead to a diminution of the number of toes on man's foot."

And he closes his article with these words: "We come thus to the suggestion of club-foot as a tendency toward the dropping of the post-axial digit group of the lower limb. And this dropping of a digit group would seem to be due to restricted development in the central nervous system—a factor that has been at work since before the days of the five-toed horse."

"A Stone to His Memory."

That there is bound to be ambiguity in the terms of a will is almost as well known among lawyers of this city as is the way to the Hall of Records in Chambers street, where the wills are probated. But the queer kinks which some individuals with more guile than conscience put into the aforesaid testaments furnish fresh entertainment every day for the profession.

Recently it was the executor of a small estate who entered the office of a lawyer to get an opinion. His friend had died without close kin, he said, and had made him executor. In the terms of the will there had been provision made for a monument to be erected for the dead man at a cost not to exceed \$500.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," confided the client. "You see, the will provided for a 'stone to his memory.' I've already gotten the stone and I want to see if you think the whole thing's legal."

And turning his right hand over upon the table the executor flashed before the eyes of the lawyer the stone in question—a beautiful \$500 blue-white diamond.—New York Herald.

London Coffee-House Founder Dead.

In the death of Sir Joseph Lyons there passes away the man who did more than anybody else to revolutionize the catering business of London. Before the time when he threw down the brush and easel in favor of a business career the "coffee-house" as now constituted was unknown in London. City workers had either to lunch at one of the numerous bars or pay the exorbitant prices charged at the hotels. To the thousands of women workers the establishment of the modern tea shop has come as a great boon, for before that time there was no accommodation for this class of society. In his later days Sir Joseph spent a good deal of his time at Brighton, and was often to be seen on the front wearing the uniform of an honorary colonel of the Territorial force.—Dundee Advertiser.

Distressing Sight.

"You meet with some pathetic figures in this world." "I saw one yesterday." "Of what type?" "A man with a weakness for Kelly pool wuz escorting his wife to a high-brow lecture under compulsion."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Prudential Life Insurance Co.

writes more Life Insurance than any company in America except one. They have lowest rates with dividends and free disability clause of all companies in the United States.

E. J. NORRIS, Agt.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

is one hundred and seven (107) years old. Writes more Fire Insurance than any fire insurance company in America.

You will be perfectly safe with a Hartford Fire Policy.

E. J. NORRIS, Agt.

Telephone Courtesy

The people who get the greatest amount of good out of their telephone are those who talk over it as though face to face.

Courtesy smooths out difficulties and promotes the promptest possible connections.

The operators of the BELL System are trained to be patient and polite under all circumstances, but they will do better work if they meet with patience and politeness on the part of the telephone users.

The fact that you cannot see the operator or the other party should not cause you to overlook this. The best results come through the practice of mutual courtesy.

The voice with the smile wins

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

J. J. Roach, Manager, Aiken, S. C.

GARRETT & CALHOUN
Augusta, Georgia

COTTON

We Solicit Your Business

Call, write or wire when desirous of information of cotton market of country.

Prominent Physician Discusses Calomel

Dr. William Brady in an article about calomel in the Atlanta Constitution recently said: "Calomel is a cathartic and a very crude and superfluous one. It produces no special effect upon the liver or upon the secretion of bile. It has no more influence over biliousness than any other active physic. It is just the ancient standby, cheaper than most other physics and retained in use because old dogs seldom learn new tricks."

As a substitute for a poison like calomel modern physicians prescribe purely vegetable cathartics. Martin's Liver Medicine does all the good calomel does without producing calomel's injurious effects. Martin's Liver Medicine is a standard proprietary preparation for constipation, sick headache and other stomach and liver troubles. Purely vegetable as to ingredients, pleasant in taste, mild in action and fully guaranteed. If not satisfied with it, take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your 50c back.

Try a dose or so of Martin's Liver Medicine when you feel that you need a liver regulator or a dose of physic. All good druggists sell Martin's Liver Medicine.

Kemp Repair Shop.

I have purchased the interest of my brother, Callison Kemp, in our repair shop and hereafter the business will be conducted in my name.

I have employed Mr. R. N. Mayson to do my horse shoeing and as he is an expert workman we want you to give him a trial. Bring your horse or mule to our shop when it again needs shoeing and be convinced as to Mr. Mayson's expert shoeing.

We are prepared to do all kinds of repair work on short notice. A large supply of first-class material always on hand.

J. D. KEMP.
Edgefield, S. C.

Notice to the Public.

I have installed a

FEED MILL

for grinding meal, corn on stalk, velvet beans in pod or on vine, oats in sheaf, or any way you want ground.

Your Patronage Solicited

W. A. Pardue

RAT CORN
Kills Rats & Mice

For Sale by
G. W. WISE, Trenton, S. C.
And All Good Dealers

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to hunt or trespass in any manner whatsoever on my lands. The law will be enforced against all persons who fail to heed this notice. This means everybody, without exception.

L. G. Quarles.

DR. J. S. BYRD,
Dental Surgeon
OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE
Residence 'Phone 17-R. Office 3.

Notice.

All persons are warned not to hunt or trespass on lands owned or controlled by me. This means stay off.

G. T. Swearingen,

ELECTRIC BITTERS THE BEST FOR BILIOUSNESS AND KIDNEYS