

POULTRY

POWDER HENS BY MACHINERY

Discarded Churn Makes Application of Insect Powder Easy and Quite Effective.

(By C. S. ANDERSON, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins.)

A hen may be healthy, well fed, and well housed, but if she is over-run with lice and mites she cannot remain a profitable producer or a good mother for the young chicks.

Under ordinary conditions, lice and mites can be kept down by frequently spraying the poultry houses, roosts, dropping boards and nests and by providing a good dusting bath for the birds. When these precautions fail, individual treatment must be followed by dusting the birds with some good insect powder. In large flocks this is very laborious, and the following use of an old discarded churn may help to solve the problem.

Put a cupful or so of insect powder in the churn. Next put in the birds one at a time and turn the churn gently for a half-dozen revolutions. If the powder contains carbolic acid or some other strong irritant, it will be well to protect the birds' eyes by slipping a small cloth sack over their heads.

The rotation of the churn causes the bird to relax and the feathers to open, thus letting the insect powder get well into the skin.

TURKEYS ALWAYS IN DEMAND

Because of Constant Decrease in Number of Fowls There is Increased Profits in Them.

(By ANDREW WEINANT.)

Because the number of turkeys in the United States has constantly decreased in the last few years while the demand has perhaps increased, a more profitable side line than turkey raising for those favorably situated for the work could hardly be found. Given plenty of range, turkeys will readily find grasshoppers and other insects, green vegetation, the seeds of weeds and grasses, waste grains, and acorns and nuts of various kinds. In this way the cost of raising them is small and the profits large. Grain



Turkeys on Range.

and stock farms are particularly well adapted to turkey raising, and it is in such places that most of the turkeys are found. Little has ever been done in the way of raising turkeys in confinement, and when it has been tried the results have been discouraging.

WAR RATIONS FOR CHICKENS

Corn is Probably Most Important Food for Poultry and Should Not Be Overlooked.

In spite of the high cost of feeds a flock of good fowls will continue to return a handsome profit, because of the great advance in price of eggs and poultry. There is no cheap ration, because all grains and feeds have advanced. Corn is probably the most important food for poultry and should not be left out of the ration.

Cracked corn and oats may well constitute the bulk of the hard grain, using equal quantities by weight of each. A little barley, say 20 to 25 per cent, will add variety, but wheat is out of the question. Low grades and screenings that do not contain too many weed seeds may also be used.

DAMAGED FEED FOR POULTRY

Before Buying Low-Grade Grain Make Sure That It Has Sufficient Amount of Nutrient.

Before buying low-grade or damaged grain to feed the poultry, make sure that it has enough nutrient in it to be worth the price you pay for it. Grains that are simply shrunken, if bought cheap enough, are sometimes profitable to feed; but those which are damaged in some other way frequently are almost useless and are expensive at any price. When possible, it is well to send samples of this kind of grain to your state experiment station for examination.

EXCELLENT FOOD FOR DUCKS

Mash of Cornmeal and Wheat Bran Every Morning and Every Other Evening is Favored.

A good feed for the ducks, both young and old, is a mash of one part cornmeal and two parts wheat bran every morning and every other evening, and on the alternate evening a good feed of cracked corn, shrunken wheat or oats. If they can be allowed free range they will pick up considerable food around the place.

HER KIND

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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Lawrence Morey was tired of the adulation attendant upon fame and fortune. Presently, he acknowledged the call would come to him to go back, but he would now linger longer in the perfect freedom this unfrequented Lakeshore resort afforded.

Most of the regular cottagers had returned to their homes, the distant boarding place he had chosen was free from interruption; it was unlikely that the distinguished features of the miniature artist would here be recognized. Fishing, at first entered into with zest, now lost its charm, Morey took to long walks upon the beach. It was during one of these strolls that he came upon a girl's camp, with the name of a well-known city factory above its door. The fair workers out for their vacation were evidently thoroughly enjoying the change. Much like the favored girls whose society the artist had always known, were these bright-faced creatures taking their morning dip in the lake, or cooking things over a beach camp fire. One face especially attracted his attention, several times he had met the girl upon a return trip from the village. In her short skirt and middie blouse she was childishly attractive.

Each time he saw the girl he became more eagerly desirous of knowing her. After all—in this place so free from observation—why not pass the time with a diverting flirtation? The woman at home had become of a tiresome sameness, here one might find interesting variety. So Morey approached one day a jolly favorite dubbed by her companions, "Myrtle," and besought "Myrtle" for an introduction to her reserved friend.

"You want to meet Jane Gray?" the girl responded, "sure, I'll introduce you," and she did.

Jane Gray, swinging along down a path, smiled when she was accosted. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Morey," she said simply.

If the artist had found the women of his acquaintance of "tiresome sameness," the feeling had not been reciprocated. Even in his indifference he had possessed for them a fascination, so now where Lawrence Morey was for once in his life eagerly desirous of pleasing, it was not strange that he should succeed. Jane Gray at first apparently diffident, yielded to his acknowledged charm and few hours of the day found the two apart. There were so many beautiful walks to be taken, rides through the early autumn in the artist's car—enchanted moonlit evenings the two seated in silent companionship, just beyond the laughing circle about the beach fire.

Morey did not talk to the other girls, this one little dark-eyed, soft-voiced creature claimed his every thought. Alone with his pipe, he fretted uncomfortably, that where he had intended this to be but a pleasant flirtation, this girl out of his world, had so completely enthralled him. When the acquaintance would be ended as abruptly as it began, would he still know this constant yearning for her presence? In his apprehension came a joyous realization of love returned. Could it be love at last—upon his part? This he must know though he cast it from him.

The opportunity came upon the night before his secretly planned departure, she was irresistibly appealing, as they stood alone at dusk, her upraised eyes showing in the moonlight with a sort of radiance. Lawrence Morey kissed her—kissed her, and then he knew! For one glorious moment her arms clung to him.

"I love you," he whispered tensely. The girl sighed.

"It seems too good—to be true," she said—"you and I meeting here and through this chance—a future life of happiness. I will confess now, that I knew all along, who you were—else I should not have been so friendly. Though wealth and fame could not influence my love, that—just had to come."

Then, feeling the while like a brute, Morey told her. "It was all a mistake. He must go back. Loving her, still he might not make her his wife. There was his aristocratic family to think of, his career. One might prate of marriage for love, alone, but after all there could be but one satisfactory union for him—marriage with one of his kind."

Pale, wide-eyed little Jane Gray listened, then dumbly silent moved away.

During the business hours at the studio, he could not banish her from his thoughts. "Girls like that sometimes made way with themselves," and he wondered.

Bursting in on his troubled reflections, one wintry afternoon, came his sister. "Such luck, Lawrence," she began, "I'm bringing up a millionaire to see you. She's going to be all the rage here this winter and if you can get her portrait, you'll be the rage too. Daughter of the 'Gray Manufacturing Plants'—man, you know, and she's doing a great work among factory girls, has vacation camps for them and even chaperones them sometimes herself. Wait till you see her."

When Morey did see her, he stood speechlessly staring. The little lady in costly furs was quite composed. When he could find a moment with her alone, the artist spoke quickly, "I did love you—I want you for my wife," he pleaded. But Jane Gray smiling, shook her head.

"I too believe in marriage with one's kind, she said, and my kind—are honorable—and true."

How Europe Was Made Safe for Royalty

By OSCAR COX

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

There was once a principality somewhere in Europe—the censor has taken the principal points out of this story—whose territory consists of only a few square miles. The prince being of the blood royal and an associate on equal terms with the other sovereigns of Europe, was required to keep up their style though he did it on an infinitely small scale. He had one general, one judge, one executioner. His army consisted of a hundred men divided into ten companies consisting of ten men to a company. Everything else was on a proportionate scale. But the general, except when on duty, was a butcher; the judge the only policeman in the principality, and the soldiers were laborers. The executioner was the parson officiating over the little church 20 by 30 feet in area, one-third of which is taken up by the royal pew. The parson was a meek little man incompetent to decapitate a chicken.

All worked well in the principality for many years. There were no criminals to try, or to punish, the prince spent his time visiting his royal relatives, so that his living was provided for, and the people, who were taxed only to provide for the royal pocket money, were happy.

Then suddenly came trouble. The general of the army was caught in the act of treason. A neighboring king, whose territory consisted of many millions of square miles, wanted the principality for a pasture for his cows, and bribed the general of the prince for a consideration, to let down the bars of the fence inclosing the princely territory, and admit the king's army without resistance on the part of the prince's forces. The plot being discovered in time, the other European sovereigns frowned upon it and stopped it. Had it been carried through they would have held a conference and in order that the peace of Europe might not be disturbed would have winked at it. As it was, the only action required was to try the general for high treason and cut off his head.

But the judge, who, it has been said, was only a policeman, knew nothing about law and was incapable of conducting a trial. The prince got over the difficulty by ordering a trial behind closed doors; and when they were opened a warrant was produced by which the general was condemned to death. It was taken to the prince, who signed it, and the pen with which he affixed his royal signature was sent to the sovereign of the most powerful empire as a token that imperialism was absolute in the principality.

It remained now only to carry out the sentence by beheading the general. A meeting of the privy council was held, at which it was unanimously agreed that the executioner could not be relied upon to carry out the sentence and the members deliberated what was to be done in the premises. One suggested that the general, being a butcher, was far better fitted to cut off his own head than the executioner, who was a parson. Whereupon another member suggested that the two be surreptitiously made to change places and the butcher be made to cut off the head of the parson. This would satisfy the powers.

But the prince, who was a just sovereign would not hear of such a nefarious deed, and dismissed the council, saying that he would lay a plan for carrying out the sentence himself. Until such time as he could find an executioner he would take the general's parole and release him from confinement. The general willingly gave his word not to leave the principality and the next morning was to be seen peacefully swinging his cleaver in his butcher shop.

Now the king of that country who desired the principality for his cow pasture—remember that this story has been censored and all names have been deleted—hearing that the general was engaged at his usual business, sent a deputation to the prince to protest against such a flagrant omission of a royal duty to punish treason, representing that if such leniency were practiced by the crowned heads of Europe the world would at last be cursed with all the horrors of democracy.

To this the prince replied that rather than see this he would consent to the massacre of every one of his subjects. The leader of the deputation replied to this that if the prince so desired his royal master would send his own executioner to decapitate the general.

A few days later the king's executioner arrived. His guard of honor numbered five hundred men armed with the most deadly implements of modern warfare. They took the general from his shop and the king's executioner dispatched him. Then the prince was shot down, and when the executioners were finished there was not a human being left in the principality.

The executioner, attended by his guard, went back to the king, who asked him if he had acceded to the request of his royal cousin, and the executioner assured him that he had done his work so well that the principality was now ready for his majesty's cow pasture.

This is an instance of how the blessings of royalty have been saved to the world by one royal cousin assisting another in repressing treason. The principality is now a cow pasture. Who knows but that it might have been a vast plant for the manufacture of comforts for the people?

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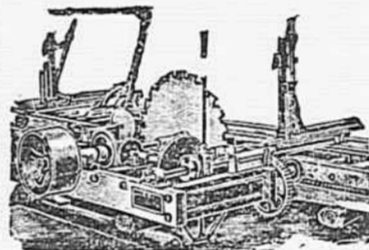
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