

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Darling, when I am far away
From you somewhere in France,
I ask you to always think of me
And pray that I have a chance.

To leave you, dear, was hard—
The hardest thing of all—
But I am no slacker
When I hear my county's call.

To be at home with you, little girl,
Is happiness, that is true,
But I cannot see the enemy
Down the red, white and blue.

I used to be with you often,
Those beautiful happy days,
But it makes me blue to think
That we are so far away.

Some great day in the future
This great conflict will end,
And the soldier boy who loves you
Will come back to you again.

It is the duty of every girl
Who is left behind
To always remember the boy she
loves
Who is on the firing line.

He did not want to leave you,
For he is gone to risk his life;
He is a true American
And upholds the Stars and
Stripes.

The girls here are most beautiful
'Most everywhere you roam,
But are nothing to compare
With the ones at home.

When the boys go marching by
In step to some national hymn
It thrills my heart to know
That I am one of them.

I told you when I kissed
Those lips of yours so sweet
That I was going to leave you,
And again we may never meet.

Don't give me up, my darling;
If you love me you will wait.
If we don't meet on earth again
We will meet at the golden gate.

Some girls are not patient,
Who will not wait so long—
Will go and love a slacker
When their soldier boy has gone.

When he goes to fight the battle
For his country and for you
His thoughts are always resting
On the one he thinks is true.

When he returns in years to come
And finds you false
His whole life will be ruined
And his happiness lost.

Don't bear this strain, little girl;
Make your love be true;
Greet the boy in khaki
When he comes marching back
to you.

Throw your arms about him,
Let him kiss your sweet little
lips,
Then he will joyfully tell you
All about his wonderful trip.

Do not respect a slacker;
They deserve not even a chance.
The boys whom you should honor
Are the boys who go to France.

I will close this letter, hoping
You will be mine some day,
As I bid you good-bye for this hour
And good-bye for the day.

If it is good-bye for a month
He loves you true as ever;
Good-bye for a year,
And perhaps good-bye forever.

—Author Unknown.

Snakes and Wild Honey.

A friend of mine told me of a man he knew who lived at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the Tarheel State, who had killed, in his time, a great many snakes—"a wagon body full of them," was the way my friend put it. He was great on snakes, this hardy mountaineer. "But," continued my friend, who was something of a philosopher, "I never did hear of him finding a bee tree." In the woods where this man found his snakes, there were lots of bee trees and wild honey galore. But this man was looking for snakes, not for honey. He found what he was looking for. We all do mostly. We would not see near so much trouble if we did not look for it. Now, you may say that the man who found and killed those snakes, was more of a public benefactor than he would have been prospecting for the hidden treasure of truant bees. The point is, however, he found what he was looking for and he was satisfied.

At the roots of a tree where these sweet little carpenters had built their house the snake-hunter killed a rattle-snake pilot, but he never heard the hum of the bees, nor caught the scent of the honey. To find bees and honey, you must look up; to see the snakes and chilly things, you must look down. "I will look unto the hills" said one who was wise and strong. Wisdom and strength, beauty and health, are the blessings of those who look up.

The good, the beautiful and true are all around us, and he who has eyes to see can see them. There are also the evil, the false and the deformed about us, and if we will, we can see these all the time.

Some people are always looking for the bad in others: "The country is going to the bad; the churches are all dead; every man has his price; all the good times are in the past, and all the good people (except themselves), are in their graves.

Once I visited a man who talked like this. He was a Christian, he said. He was thinking of coming out of the church because "the churches were all dead." He read his Bible; he talked a great deal about religion, he professed to be dwelling in a spiritual atmosphere far above the ordinary Christian, but this good man was most keenly sensitive to the faults and failings of his fellow man. The church of which he was a member, had a large membership, but he said there was not a score of spiritual people in it. I was glad I had become a Christian before I met this snake-hunter, for there was nothing in his character to remind one of the "meek and lowly One," or to make one desire the religion that he professed to have.

Holiness that makes one critical, censorious, fault-finding and impatient with those who do not agree with them is not that holiness which "no man shall see the Lord." That is the kind the Pharisee had, who thanked the Lord he was not as other men.

We should fight evil and contend for the right. There are enough people already to talk things down! We should talk things up! Tell all the good things about your church, your preacher, your Sunday School, your friends and neighbors.

The devil will attend to the other side. He is a great advertiser also, but he has too much sense to advertise the good side of things. That would be bad policy, from the devil's standpoint. When we talk about the churches being dead, and cannot be pleased with the preachers, we become press-agents for "old Harry," which pleases him well.

Life is too short to be looking for snakes and poisonous scorpions and chilly things. We must look up for the honey and the beauties of nature, and up to nature's God, and exclaim with the poet:

"Tis pleasant to wander away by the stream,
And muse on God's infinite grace.
And see in each object of nature,
His love
In preparing for us this beautiful place.

J. Russell Wright.

CHEESE DISHES.

As we produce such large quantities of cheese in this country and as just now we are asked to use cheese, particularly cottage cheese, a few ways of preparing cheese dishes will be appreciated.

Take the bits of dried cheese, grate them, not wasting a bit; this may be used as a flavor for milk toast, and a cream of cheese soup, in escalloped dishes, as sandwich fillings and in numerous ways which will occur to any thinking cook.

Cottage cheese with chopped cherries makes a most delicious sandwich filling—at least the college girls never find half enough to go round.

An omelet sprinkled with a generous spoonful or two of grated cheese will make a much more nourishing dish. Put the cheese on just as it is folded.

Cheese canapés may be served as first course at dinner or luncheon. Spread the well-seasoned cottage or cream cheese on well-buttered bread, cut in rounds or shaped in any form desired, finish with a border of finely chopped olives and a piece of pimento cut in fancy shape for the center.

Cottage cheese with boiled dressing served on lettuce is a most delicious salad combination.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Mix grated cheese with cream, season with chopped chives, a dash of paprika and salt to taste; spread on bread cut in rounds, put together in sandwich fashion, then brown in a bit of sweet fat until brown on both sides. Serve hot with a plain lettuce salad.

Cheese Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of sweet fat, add a fourth of a cupful of corn flour or barley flour, mix well and when well blended add two-thirds of a cupful of milk; cool slowly, add two well-beaten egg yolks and half a cupful of good-flavored cheese grated. As soon as the cheese is melted take from the fire, season with salt and pepper and spread out to cool. Make into balls, dip in egg white and crumbs and fry in fat.

Cream cheese with chopped Marischino cherries or with canned or candied cherries is a good combination.

Nellie Maxwell

NOTICE!
I will be in the office of Mr. B. E. Nicholson on Wednesday of each week to attend to any matters in which he was engaged.
W. H. Nicholson.

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PRICE ANNOUNCEMENT

FORD
The Universal Car

The policy of the Ford Motor Company to sell its cars for the lowest possible price, consistent with the dependable quality, is too well known to require comment. Therefore, because of present conditions, there can be no change in the prices on Ford cars:

Runabout	\$500
Touring Car	\$525
Coupe	\$650
Sedan	\$775
Truck Chassis	\$550

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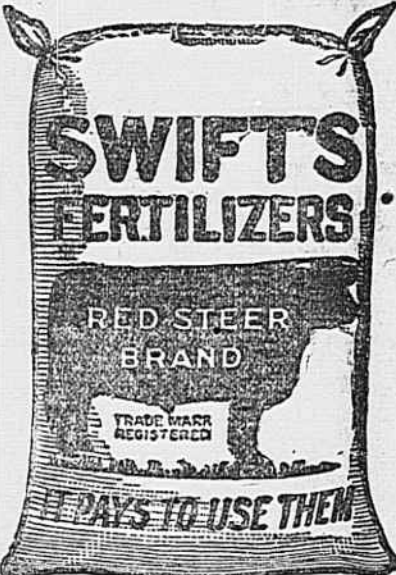
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Notice of Special Meeting of Shareholders.

Complying with instructions of the Board of Directors of The Farmers and Merchants Bank of Johnston, Notice is hereby given that a Special Meeting of the Shareholders of the said bank will be held in the building occupied by the bank on Tuesday, February 25th, 1919, at ten o'clock a. m. The object of the meeting will be to consider and pass upon the recommendation of the board of directors to increase the Capital Stock of the said, The Farmers and Merchants Bank of Johnston, from Fifty thousand dollars to One hundred thousand dollars.

Shareholders are requested to be present in person, or represented by proxy.
S. J. Watson, President,
W. C. Derrick, Cashier.
1-27-4t.

SALESMEN WANTED to solicit orders for lubricating oils, greases and paints. Salary or Commission. Address
THE HARVEY OIL CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

You can change your bicycle into a two-cylinder motor-driven machine by adding the Johnson Motor Wheel. Come in and see them.
Stewart & Kernaghan.

WANTED: Tenants for several good farms. Apply to
Mrs. M. J. Norris.

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Salesmen Wanted
Lubricating oil, grease, specialties, paint. Part or whole time. Commission basis. Men with car or rig preferred.
RIVERSIDE REFINING CO.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE: Four hogs ready for slaughter, each weighing about 275 pounds. Apply to
J. C. Allen,
Meeting Street, S. C.

1-8-2t

For Sale: A six-room house, large lot, servant's house, good well, large garden, etc. Apply to O. Sheppard.
12-18-tf.