

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Q. Hope Jones on the High Cost of Living.

THE FARE OF OUR FATHERS.

Salt Pork and Johnnycake Have Given Place to Breakfast Foods and Lobsters—Where Are the Old Fashioned Farmers' Wives?

By M. QUAD.
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MY Friends of Cucumber Corners—It is seventeen miles back from this growing and intelligent metropolis to Pickles Hill, but I started from there at 8 o'clock this morning and made the journey without fatigue. A notice on the postoffice door had told you that I would speak here this evening, and I did not wish to disappoint you.

By looking around you you will observe that there are only seven people in the hall, and how many of them are deadheads I cannot say until I have counted up the cash, but do not be anxious. What the audience lacks in numbers it makes up in fat, and I shall not cut my lecture short by an inch.

This is no circus performance, and I am not on the graft.

My friends, what is the great question before the country today? Is it shall we have Roosevelt or Taft? Is it shall we have Dix or Harmon? Is it shall we go sailing through the air



"DO WE ANTICIPATE WAR?"
like so many geese when we want to get somewhere or take the Empire express in a placid way and get there without a wrinkle in our trousers?

Do we anticipate war?
Do we fear an epidemic?
Are the bulwarks of liberty tottering to a fall?
Is Wall street afraid the suckers are all dying off?

The Supreme Issue.
No, my friends. It is something greater than this. It is the problem of the high cost of living. It has been coming for fifty years, and it is here now. We can't run away from it. We've got to face it. If things go on as they have for the last five years the man that can turn cornstalks into breakfast food will be greater than the president of the United States.

I can count up over thirty theories advanced for the high cost. It's laid to this and to that, but according to my way of thinking there isn't but one cause.

My friends, go back with me fifty years. The oldest of you were young folks then, but you can remember all about it. When breakfast was ready what did we find on the table? A big platter of fried salt pork, a dish of johnnycake and a pot of coffee—nothing else. Why should there be anything else? Father and mother could work all day on that food and kick up their heels at night, and the children never felt hungry until luncheon.

The Boiled Dinner.
For dinner at the good old fashioned hour of noon we had corned beef and cabbage, and there wasn't any stinkiness about it. You could pass your plate twice and not get a box on the ear. That boiled dinner went down to the spot and stayed there and made brawn and muscle. It made the best men the country has ever seen.

For supper, johnnycake, tea and apple sass. Nobody very hungry, you know. Everybody in bed by 9 o'clock.

There were pork and beans, dried apples to stew, preserves and now and then a mince pie. No indigestion. The ailment was rarely heard of. No stomachs sticking out like a feather bed tied in the middle. Never a case of appendicitis. No doctor at every corner. Folks died, of course. They had to die when a tree fell on them.

The farmer was up with the coming of daylight. He had his breakfast and went to work, and it was dusk before he gave up. When his wife had time from the other housework she knit and sewed and made soft soap and kept the smudge going in the smokehouse. The husband wasn't too proud to wear patches, and she knew just how to sew them on. Boys and girls out to cut wood and milk the cows an hour before sunrise.

But Today!
Now come down to today. Any johnnycake on the table? Why not?
Any fried pork on the table? Why not?

Any taters with the skins on? Why not?
Any eating gravy on your bread to save butter?
Any making soup of cabbage stalks? Any toying with an old ham bone? Any patches to be seen on the seat of father's trousers? Find any of the women of today out in the back yard making soft soap? Find any apple sass around sweetened with lasses? Find any wives with skirts made over by their own hands?

Not a find of that sort, my friends. What you find is an extravagance that would have opened the eyes of Rome when she was getting her peacocks' tongues by the thousand from Africa. Instead of pudding and milk for breakfast we must have seven kinds of patent foods and then top off with dishes fit for dukes.

Times Have Changed.
The lunch must be something that wouldn't hurt the stomach of a canary, and it must take you a whole hour to eat it.

Corned beef and cabbage for dinner these days! Why, men and women, you'd be locked up for lunatics! Half a dozen doctors would be waiting all night for a call from you, and the medical journals would come out and relate what a narrow escape you had.

There's your problem—extravagance. Extravagance from the highest to the lowest. The man with a million is thinking about his stomach when he isn't thinking about graft, and if there are any lobsters in market the workman wants them.

The farmer arises at 8 o'clock in the morning, thank you, but not to dig in! He has to go to town in his auto and talk politics.

The wife isn't tending the smokehouse any more. She's at the dress maker's or milliner's.

The boys and girls are not cutting wood and milking the cows any more. They are sauntering the streets or taking music lessons.

Silks, satins, plug hats, white vests, diamonds, autos, lobster, champagne, frosted cake, satin sofas, oriental rugs, and every man keeping a tailor busy.

The Choice Offered.
That's all, my friends. That's the increased cost of living, and what are you going to do about it? Going back to fried pork and johnnycake—to the days of sense and economy—or are you going to keep it up? It's for you to say. It's either silk undershirts and bankruptcy or homespun and a bank account.

We have a presidential campaign on hand. Mr. Taft will promise you this and that, and Mr. Roosevelt will promise something else. The candidates on both tickets will be full of promises about lower taxes and a poor man's tariff and butter at 30 cents, but will any of them promise you a return to the good old days of gingerbread and cornmeal?

Will they bring back the fried pork? Will hog and hominy take its place on the White House table as in the days of Jackson?

Will any of the candidates pledge himself to woolen socks and patches? Will he be willing to sit down in a hard bottomed chair and drink his coffee from a chipped sasser?

Will he return to the boss and mule or go on foot to show us the way?

My friends, I leave it all with you. As for Q. Hope, which is me, his next lecture will be delivered at Pumpkinville, and, although the subject will be "Shall Women Propose?" there will be no increase in the price of admission. I have the honor to bid you all good night.

Sweetest and Saddest.
The three sweetest words.
"Inclosed find check." The two saddest, "No funds."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

When Nagel Had to Ride.
Charles Nagel, secretary of the department of commerce and labor, is a tall man, resembling in his build an isolated pine tree on the top of a hill. Returning to Washington one night from New York, he got past the taxicabs and was surrounded by a group of hackmen, to whom he paid absolutely no attention, as he intended to walk the fourteen blocks to his office.

The hackmen greeted him with a storm of such cries as:
"Take you right uptown! Take you to the New Willard! Take you to the Raleigh!"

The statesman walked straight ahead without even looking at the besiegers.
"If you want a cheap hotel jump right in here," insisted another driver. Still Nagel walked on unheeding. Finally a jehu addressed him thus:
"Deaf and dumb asylum! Take you up there in a minute!"

At this Mr. Nagel laughed and got into the hack.—Popular Magazine.

He Got It.
"My nephew," says the bespectacled man, "entertained me most generously while I was in New York. He took me almost every evening to one restaurant or another, and I heard several most lively songs."

"What were they?" asks the other.
"I do not remember them definitely but one of them had a refrain which began by stating 'Everybody Is Engaged in a Similar Occupation at the Present Time.'—Chicago Post.

Her Constancy.
Maud—When you broke the engagement of course you returned the diamond ring he gave you.
Ethel—Certainly not! I don't care for Jack any more, but my feelings have not changed toward the ring.—Boston Transcript.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Fortwoyears I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation.
Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

"Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.
Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.

A Mother Who Was Unhappy Although in the Midst of Luxury.

In an article in the August Woman's Home Companion, Marion Harland writes about the care of old people. She makes the point that it is unwise to relieve old people of all responsibility, especially if they have led active lives.

Following is a story illustrating her contention:

"Another prosperous man took his sixty-five-year-old mother to his home, and was mightily applauded for the deed. 'She had had a pretty tough time bringing up a family of six children and nursing an invalid husband for five or six years before he died. She was a good, energetic woman, 'capable' in the best Yankee sense of the word, and deserved the best her rich son could do for her.' 'Thus her little world of observers and advisers.

"No direct attempt was made in the new home to interfere with her ideas and habits. Her amiable daughter-in-law and affectionate son lined the nest with satin, and fed her upon the finest of the wheat and upon honey from the rock. 'Grandma's' will was law in all that concerned herself.

"I spent a few days in the house when she had 'made her home' with her son and his family ten years. She was a querulous, suspicious, senile wreck of her once bonny and blithe self. She almost literally rusted in the armchair, from which she seldom stirred all day long. The sharp eyes retained something of the old fire, but it was a baleful gleam, forever following the movements of the companions she detested and distrusted. From the outset she had had no sympathy with their feelings and pursuits. She reminded me now of a spider crouched in a corner of her web, ready to dart at any heedless fly that chanced to cross the field of vision.

"One whine especially, which was uttered at every meal, rings in my ears even to this day:
"Oh, I wish I could eat somethin' tastes like it useter!"

"It was not the cry of hunger, but the cry of satiety."

A. M. Nason, farming near Canaan, Me., was badly crippled with sciatic rheumatism due he says to uric acid in his blood. "Foley Kidney Pills entirely cured me and also removed numerous black specks that were continually before my eyes." Foley Kidney Pills are a uric acid solvent and are effective for the various forms of rheumatism. Kaufmann Drug Co.

Will Fight Army Worm.

The house committee on agriculture Wednesday recommended an immediate appropriation of \$5,000 to stop the ravages of the army worm in Southern States. Secretary Wilson asked for it. Representative Heflin of Alabama told the committee the worm was stopping railway trains in his district. The committee will try to rush the appropriation through before the agricultural appropriation is put through. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee are the States in which the army worm already has appeared to an alarming degree.

State Candidates.

Below is given a list of the State candidates, the entries having closed at noon Monday:

- Governor. Ira B. Jones, Cole L. Blease, John T. Duncan.
- Lieutenant Governor. Charles A. Smith.
- Secretary of State. R. M. McCown.
- Comptroller General. A. W. Jones.
- Attorney General. J. R. Earle, Barnard E. Evans, T. H. Peoples, J. Fraser Lyon.
- State Treasurer. S. T. Carter, D. W. McLaurin.
- Superintendent of Education. John E. Swearingen.
- Adjutant General. W. W. Moore.
- Commissioner of Agriculture. E. J. Watson.
- Railroad Commissioner. John G. Richards, Jr., J. H. Wharton, James Candler.
- United States Senate. B. R. Tillman, W. J. Talbert, N. B. Dial.

- Congress. First district: Geo. S. Legare, H. Leon Larisey. Second district: J. F. Byrnes, Harry D. Calhoun. Third district: Wyatt Aiken, F. S. Evans, M. C. Long. Fourth district: Joseph T. Johnson. Fifth district: D. E. Finley, Glenn W. Ragdale, W. P. Pollock. Sixth district: J. E. Ellerbe, J. W. Ragdale. Seventh district: A. F. Lever. Solicitors. First circuit: P. T. Hildebrand. Second circuit: R. L. Gunter. Third circuit: Philip Stoll, Thos. H. Tatum. Fourth circuit: J. Monroe Spears, George K. Laney, T. I. Rogers. Fifth circuit: W. Hampton Cobb. Sixth circuit: J. K. Henry, J. Harry Foster. Seventh circuit: J. C. Otts, A. E. Hill, I. C. Blackwood. Eighth circuit: R. A. Cooper. Ninth circuit: Jno. H. Peurifoy. Tenth circuit: Proctor A. Bonham, John M. Daniel. Eleventh circuit: George Bell Timmerman. Twelfth circuit: Walter Wells, L. M. Gasque.

Rattler Killed.

Willis Malony killed a large rattlesnake between Zion church and the Lorick old ferry a few days ago.

An egotist invariably makes a great hit with himself.

Summons And Complaint.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Lexington. In the Court of Common Pleas. William J. Platt, in his own right, and as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Conrad Shull, deceased, plaintiff,

vs. Caroline Platt, Sarah Plumer, Edward C. Shull, Jasper L. Shull, Elizabeth Shull, Ethel Shull Harman, Pearl Shull Buzzard, Lucile Shull, Daniel N. Platt, Jefferson A. Platt, Susan E. Gallant, Lydia Platt, J. Lee Platt, Ollie Platt Vroman, Willie Platt, Nellie Fogle, Charles Platt, Sadezia Johnson, Mittie Gilliam, Margaret Swindler, Daisy Bedenbaugh, Evelyn Clapp, Alice Lybrand, Annie Sox, Thomas Clapman, Willie Wood, Alexander Clapman, George Clapman, Effie Wood, Lina Dent, Irene George, defendants.

To the Defendants above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 1316 Main Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

ALBERT M. BOOZER, Plaintiff's Attorney. Columbia, S. C., May 1st, 1912.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Lexington. In the Court of Common Pleas. William J. Platt, in his own right, and as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Conrad Shull, deceased, Plaintiff,

vs. Caroline Platt and others, Defendants. Summons and Complaint for Partition and Relief.

To the defendants, Jasper L. Shull, Charles Platt, Sadezia Johnson, Mittie Gilliam, Margaret Swindler, Daisy Bedenbaugh and Alice Lybrand, and if they be dead, or either of them, their, his or her unknown heirs-at-law or devisees, and any and all persons who might claim through or under them or either of them:

Take notice that the Complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Lexington County, South Carolina, at Lexington, in the County of Lexington, in the State of South Carolina, on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1912.

ALBERT M. BOOZER, Plaintiff's Attorney. Lexington, S. C., June 25th, 1912. 6w39

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