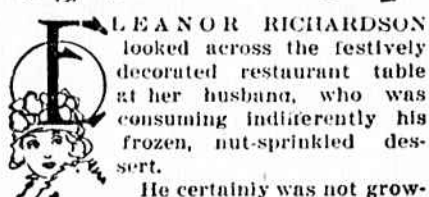


The Little New Year



ELEANOR RICHARDSON looked across the festively decorated restaurant table at her husband, who was consuming indifferently his frozen, nut-sprinkled dessert.

He certainly was not growing any younger, while she—well, only Eleanor herself knew the exact number of gray hairs in her carefully arranged coiffure and realized the unequal battle being waged between the cold cream of her massouse and the insidious crows' wrinkles at the corners of her dark-fringed eyes.

"Do you know, Fred, this doesn't interest me a bit?" she said, with a casual glance at the gay scene about her. "Other years I have enjoyed it well enough, but tonight, somehow, it seems—stale."

"I suppose," returned her husband, placidly, "that the people who get the most fun out of this sort of thing, after all, are those who come here from the backwoods where they douse the kerosene lamp at 8 p. m. and light it again when the roosters crow. The rest of us are used to it."

By making reservations long in advance the Richardsons had been able to secure a place in the most desirable location in the dining room—not too near the palm-embowered orchestra loudly dispensing jazz, not too far from the tinsel-draped stage, where at the moment were twisting and gesticulating Hawaiian beauties in very tropical costumes, which seemed absurdly inappropriate considering that it was New Year's eve.

Eleanor cupped her chin in white, expensively ringed hands. "Perhaps it is the reaction from the season or perhaps I'm merely bored, but I feel out of sorts. As I look back on our ten years of married life they seem happy enough, and yet to look forward in the future to the same sort of ten years doesn't seem worth while."

Fred Richardson looked at her in surprise. Retrospection had never been one of Eleanor's habits. "What's the matter, old girl?" he asked with unusual solicitude. "Shall we leave this joint and go the rounds? There won't be much in the way of excitement anywhere until midnight."

"But I tell you, Fred, I'm not looking for excitement tonight," exclaimed Eleanor impatiently; "strange as it may seem. For one thing, I'm worried as to whether I've done the right thing by Beth. You know that Jim Goddard has been wild about her for some time, and wants to marry her offhand on his ridiculously small salary. Of course Beth, after living with me all these years, asked my advice, and I emphatically advised against it. Told her to wait until they had laid by enough to put them beyond the chance of worry."

"Well, that was sensible enough advice nowadays, I guess," acquiesced her husband, good-naturedly, flicking the ashes from his cigar.

Eleanor looked at him keenly. Time was when he would have spurned such counsel as savoring of too worldly a wisdom. Ten years of money-making in the big city had wrought their changes in him, too. She sighed.

Then: "Oh, well," she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders; "I should worry about that now. Jim was to get his answer this evening, and I imagine by now Beth has turned him down quite definitely."

At that moment a shower of confetti and colored streamers shot from the balconies and mezzanine, turning the interior of the restaurant into a

veritable rainbow-tinted blizzard, descending in confusion on the brilliantly dressed women and their companions seated below.

Eleanor rose, drawing on her long white gloves. "Let's go home, Fred," she said. Moved by one of the many odd impulses which had been stirring within her, she tucked into her huge muff the evening favor—a frail paper mache representation of old Father Time bearing in his arms a very pink, very undressed baby, presumably significant of the old year bringing in the new.

As Eleanor and her husband approached their car, a moderately priced sedan waiting on a quieter side street, Fred thought with satisfaction of the neat little sum in the

bank, now almost sufficient for the purchase of a very late very completely equipped, high-powered model.

Resolving also to acquire a chauffeur, he opened the door for his wife who, skirts held high to avoid the trampled slush, stepped in. At the same instant, "Fred!" she cried in alarm. "Fred, what in heaven's name is this?"

Fred, equally startled by his wife's tense tones, peered unseeing into the dark depths of the car then unhooked the electric torch from its socket, and flashed it on.

There, on the luxurious cushioned seat, lay a small, shawl-wrapped bundle, oddly soft to Eleanor's inquiring touch. As she parted the insufficient, ragged covering the bright light disclosed a very plump and quite new baby, with open eyes under as yet unflushed lids and very intriguing dimples in his fat cheeks.

Fred gasped to his wife: "What shall we do with it?"

"Why, I suppose drive to the police station. There is evidently not a clew as to its parents."

While Fred drove with unusual care through the traffic which here and there practically blocked the slippery street, his wife sat holding the unsought package in a lap quite unused to such an occupant.

She was thinking that possibly life would not have become so drably monotonous and the bond between herself and Fred so frayed at times if children had come to their home. At first she had been thankful, seeing no opportunity in their meager budget for bills for nurses and doctors and certified milk. Later, the advent of a child into her well-ordered days

would have seemed a catastrophe she would not have known how to meet.

As the car stopped in front of the station, the baby stirred. Fred, getting down, held out his arms.

"Wait," she said, a strange note in her voice. "It seems so healthy—you don't suppose—perhaps a child around the house—"

Fred, who had long ceased to speak his regret that he had no children, looked at her at first without comprehension, then with a great light in his tired eyes. But it died out as suddenly as it had come. "Nell, you must be crazy. Why, we're lucky if we're allowed to have a lap dog in our flat, much less a baby. Hand it over."

"But, Fred," Eleanor went on, strangely relieved of the boredom she had complained of, "there's that money in the bank—this car is good enough for anybody—how much would a little place of our own cost—not too far out, but with grass around it—and a porch—"

"Nell," he said huskily, "you're—you're wonderful. It would be like getting another chance at life. Let's go home."

A few minutes later than this conversation, a well-set-up young man and a slim, plump, pretty girl were gazing at each other with miserably delectable eyes.

"No—no—no, Jim," cried Beth. "I do want to. But Eleanor says I'd be crazy. She tried it and she knows."

"Then it's good-by for keeps, Beth," returned the other, grimly. "Heaven knows I want you badly enough, but not at the expense of waiting for years and wasting our young lives, all for the whim of a third party who doesn't count."

Jim turned to go, and Beth stood twisting and untwisting a damp little ball of handkerchief. Why didn't she dare follow the dictates of her own heart, not the bidding of a cynical sister, however good that sister had been to her?

As Jim opened the door, the elevator stopped across the hall. Out stepped Beth's brother-in-law, carrying something in his arms. Behind followed a strangely alive-looking woman, whose first words struck most incomprehensibly on the younger girl's ear.

"Beth, dear, please telephone at once to the nurse's bureau and ask them to send up the best graduate nurse they can get hold of, with the formula for feeding a very young baby, and—how do you do, Jim? I hope Beth's been nice to you! Forget what I said about not getting married. It doesn't pay to wait too long!" She hurried after her husband who had gone into an inner room.

Jim held out his arms once more, and Beth went into them. When she raised her head to meet his lips the bells of the city were breaking forth in joyous peal:

"Ting out the old, ring in the new!"

"For us," murmured Jim, faintly.

"For us," murmured Eleanor and Fred, their eyes meeting across the wide expanse of white lace spread where Fred had laid the baby.

"The old year has gone," said Eleanor; then added whimsically, "but we brought the new one home with us!"

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ECONOMIC CROP YIELDS NECESSARY

CHEAPEST YIELDS ARE THE LARGEST YIELDS PER ACRE. SAYS SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL AUTHORITY

It Takes a Greater Amount of Crop Returns to Cover Production Cost Now; Therefore High Yields Per Acre Are Necessary if the Farmer is to Obtain Profits

Director J. N. Harper of the Southern Soil Improvement Committee, a widely known agricultural authority, speaking of the situation brought about by the low price of crops, recently said that deflation of prices had hurt the farmer more than any other class, and that on this account the farmer is entitled to every consideration within reason.

At such a time as this when the farmer is facing the problem of which crops to grow, and how much he can venture to spend in their production, Mr. Harper says, that he, as a farmer himself, knows that it is the most difficult situation of the kind he has ever confronted.

This is the way this agricultural authority figures out the proposition of profitable crop production in 1921:

"Grow enough food and feed crops to supply as far as possible the needs of the family, the tenants and livestock. Then pick out the kind of cash crops that seem to offer the best prospects."

"Cotton will always be one of the best cash crops that a Southern farmer can grow. No cotton farmer can afford to throw cotton aside altogether."

"But cotton should not be the only cash crop. It would only be another case of carrying all the eggs in one basket. It is better to go to market with more than one crop. Among these other crops are peanuts, legume hays, tobacco, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, sorghum, rice and perhaps other crops. In addition there should be a gradual adding, as winter crops allow, of more livestock, especially with legs preferably and taking on other animals as soon as possible."

"In facing the problem of profitable crop production for the year 1921, two facts must be considered. (1) Crop prices are low, (2) Crop producing expenses have not fallen correspondingly."

"The farmer must remember that when crop prices are low, it takes more of the crops to cover the production cost. This narrows the margin of profits. Therefore, if a farmer does not look well to keeping up his acre yields, there will be no margin left above the cost of production."

"Always, the most expensive yields are the low yields and the most remunerative are the high yields. If there are losses to be sustained, as was the case in 1920, the farmer who grew the greatest yields per acre lost least."

"A safe and sane policy that needs especial emphasis for 1921, is: 'Guard your profits with high acre yields.' This involves good preparation of the seed bed, the use of high producing seed, liberal fertilization and thorough cultivation. A neglect to employ any one of these to the proper extent may mean that the farmer will find himself poorer at the end of the season than at the beginning."

"Labor is the greatest item of cost in producing a crop yield. It must be used to the extent of thorough cultivation. Fertilizers are next in the list of cost items. Since high yields per acre are so essential in times of low prices of crops, and since fertilizers increase acre yields more than anything else, they cannot be reduced in 1921. In fact, it may be that they will have to be depended upon more than ever, to make acre yields that will be profitable."

"An investment in good seed is one of the best that a farmer can make at any time."

"In a word, this is a time for farm efficiency, faith and courage. These virtues exercised, the farmer will emerge from the post-war struggle victoriously."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The hair of the Chinese is uniformly black, although there have been occasions where Chinese have been red-headed.

YOU LOVE LIFE MORE.

Takes on a Different Color When Your Blood is Rich and Free from Poison.

TRY TAKING PEPITO-MANGAN. If You Feel Listless and Depressed, Your Blood is Clogged and Sluggish.

Without knowing why, you find yourself feeling unhappy. You go around day after day half asleep. Interest in what is going on around you lags and life becomes dull. The beauty of radiant sunshine, lovely flowers and the entrancing miracles of life you miss entirely. Living, eating, sleeping, become more or less of a bore.

That is what clogged, sluggish blood does to you. It poisons your thoughts. You are only half alive. You need a good blood-enriching tonic. Take Pepito-Mangan for a few weeks and notice the big improvement. Pepito-Mangan is an agreeable tonic and is heartily endorsed by physicians.

Your druggist has Pepito-Mangan in both liquid and tablet form. Buy whichever you prefer; one has exactly the same effect as the other. Make sure you get genuine Pepito-Mangan. Ask for "Gude's" and look for the full name, "Gude's Pepito-Mangan," on the package.—adv.

GO FORTHWARD. (Manufacturers' Record.)

Forgetting the things that are behind us in war and peace, and business and losses, let us press forward that we may regain business, recoup losses—that we may recreate prosperity and employment; that we may bring happiness where there is now poverty, and sorrow, and profitable employment for the millions now seeking work.

The task before us is big enough to stir the heroic in American manhood, but the prizes to be won are great enough to stimulate all the latent ambitions of every man and woman.

Here are 105,000,000 people, taken as a whole the most virile, energetic and resourceful in the world, living under one flag, unexposed by the arbitrary dividing lines of European nationalities, occupying as trustees the most richly endowed and superbly located country known to man.

Our resources are beyond the power of our minds to grasp or of words to portray.

There is almost endless abundance of the resources on which to build an industrial and agricultural wealth greater than that of all the world to-day.

With six per cent of the world's population and six per cent of the world's land area, we already produce from 40 to 60 per cent or over of nearly all the greatest products of the world; have nearly half the world's railroad mileage and a third of the world's accumulated wealth, and this wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other country on earth through all the ages of the past or present.

And yet we have scarcely begun to develop our natural resources as measured by their vast extent.

Let us, therefore, forgetting the blunders of the Federal Reserve Board and the losses which it has brought, go forward.

Let us build a mighty network of highways, so badly needed; let us modernize and extend our rail and water transportation facilities, build the million or more dwellings so badly needed, build the schools, hotels and churches required to keep up with our growing population.

There is enough work which needs to be done, and the doing of which would enrich our country, to keep fully employed every laborer in the country.

Down, then, with pessimism and inactivity, and up with optimism and progress!

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All available policemen in the city have been armed with shotguns and are in search of the bandits. Two automobiles resembling those used by the bandits are said to have been seen in the vicinity of Point Place, four miles north of Toledo.

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All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 75c per bottle.

Dresses in Japan are frequently sold by weight.

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Progressive Farmer, \$1.00 year, The Keowee Courier, \$1.00 year, For 12 Months

Either paper well worth Combination Price of Both. Order yours now.

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