

The Better Sacrifice

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TEXT.—By faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.—Heb. 11:4.

There are but two types of people in the world according to the Bible



reckoning. They are sinners who confess it and sinners who refuse to confess it; sinners saved by the grace of God, and sinners who either admit no need of saving, or else, feeling the need, are busy saving themselves. Singularly enough we have these two types delineated with a few deft and telling strokes in the

opening pages of the Bible in the persons of the first two men born into the world. The touchstone of character in the case of each was not the fact of sin (for both were sinners), but in their attitude toward this fact. It was the "offering" that God had respect to in the case of the one, and rejected in the case of the other.

There were seven kinds of offerings enjoined upon His people by Jehovah, dating probably from a primitive revelation. Three were products of the ground and hence bloodless; three were from the flocks and herds and hence bloody sacrifices; and the seventh was two turtle doves.

In the Old Testament there reverberates the oft recurring triad of words "corn, wine, and oil." The first of these is a generic term in Hebrew covering the whole range of "cereals," wheat, barley, rye, etc., and stood for agriculture; the second, "wine," was also a generic term and included besides wine all the products of the vine, or viticulture; while finally the "oil," obtained from the fruit of the olive tree stood for the products of horticulture.

Thus we have embraced in these three representative terms the entire range of man's husbandry of the soil. They were the offerings appropriate to offer in man's innocence, and were doubtless so understood. But when man sinned and came under the condemnation of God there were added three more, and these were bloody sacrifices. They were oxen, sheep and goats, all domesticated and the objects of man's care and possessing two characteristics in common; namely, they split the hoof and chewed the cud. So much of his time and care was bestowed upon them that in a sense they stood for him, so that when sacrificed upon the altar it was a tacit confession on the part of the offerer of his guilt and need of atonement. The animal symbolically bore his sins and suffered in his stead.

"And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wrath, and his countenance fell."

It was not the offering, therefore, so much as what the offering implied that counted. The fruits of the soil were all right—but not for a guilty man to offer alone. And has it not been so from that day to this? Man has ever sought to justify himself before God by the works that he does; the last thing he is willing to do is to confess himself the sinner that he is, absolutely dependent upon God for mercy. Before pardon there must come confession. In the sacrificial lamb that Abel offered there was confession of guilt and a symbolic vindication of the justice of God. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

That this way of approach to God is not a crudity peculiar to the dimness of primeval ages but is in the very center of the teaching of Jesus Himself, is seen in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican Luke 18, verses 10 to 14, ending thus:

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful (literally 'propitiated,' that is, 'let blood flow') to me a sinner.'"

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

How calm the judgment hour shall pass For them who do obey The Word of God about that Blood And make that Word their stay.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.

Answer to Prayer.

It is of faith that God always answers right prayers, and in a way and in a degree beyond our most enthusiastic expectations; but he does not yet let us see how. We must take it on faith. We are quite sure, that, in the long run, we shall not be disappointed.—Faber.

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THE KILLING OF HOLCOMBE.

Easley Chief was Fine Officer—A Few Facts in the Case.

(Easley Progress.)

In the most sensational pistol battle in the history of Pickens county Chief of Police Walter C. Holcombe, of Easley, was instantly killed, and Wade Ballew, an alleged hobo, received wounds which are expected to prove fatal. Others participating in the battle were Rural Policeman R. T. Chapman, Deputy Sheriff John Lesley, of Alice Cotton Mill, and Robert Wilson, a partner of Ballew. As Chief Holcombe was about to arrest Ballew the latter shot the chief in the head without warning, killing him instantly. This shot immediately precipitated a battle between Chapman and Lesley on one side and Ballew and Wilson on the other, thirty shots being fired within a few seconds at close range, while pistols were shot empty and reloaded during the battle. Chief Holcombe and Wade Ballew were the only ones injured.

The shooting occurred on the Higgins creek, near the colored cemetery, in Easley, about 1.20 o'clock Monday afternoon. Officers Chapman and Lesley succeeded in arresting Ballew and Wilson about 500 yards down the creek in Higgins' pasture, and lodged them in the county jail almost before the people of the town knew of the occurrence. Late Tuesday evening the prisoners were removed from the Pickens jail and carried to the State penitentiary.

Story of the Battle.

Officers Holcombe, Chapman and Lesley had been called to arrest two strangers who had alighted from a freight train near the Alice Cotton Mill and who were believed to be hoboes. The officers were accompanied by Geo. Cooper, a local citizen, who, however, took no part in the shooting. Coming upon the strangers the officers found them preparing to bathe in the creek. Mr. Lesley took hold of the arm of the man who afterwards proved to be Wilson and told him he was under arrest. Wilson made efforts to shake the officer off when Policeman Chapman took hold of Wilson's other arm. Chief Holcombe passed on by and behind the other officers to take charge of the man who afterwards proved to be Ballew, and who was sitting down washing his feet. Just before Mr. Holcombe got to Ballew, it is said, the latter drew his pistol from beneath his clothing, and called out, "Hold up your hands, every one of you!" When Ballew said this Policeman Chapman looked around just in time to see the stranger put his pistol in Chief Holcombe's face and fire. Mr. Holcombe falling instantly. As the shot was fired Chapman and Lesley released their holds on Wilson in order to get their guns. Immediately after the first shot Ballew shot twice at Mr. Cooper, neither shot taking effect. In the meantime Wilson had protected himself by lying down in a gully just at hand. Policeman Chapman leaned back behind a slight projection of the creek bank and Mr. Lesley gained the bank of the creek. All this happened almost in an instant, and the fight was on. Before Ballew had time to move to a place of safety he was shot down by Mr. Chapman. Rising to his knees Ballew renewed his shooting and emptied his gun at the policeman, while the policeman in return emptied his gun at Ballew. While this was going on Lesley and Wilson were emptying their guns at each other, and the smoke from the rapid fire of the four pistols at close range settled on the battlefield between the creek banks like a heavy fog, and the combatants could see each other with difficulty. While the officers were reloading to renew the battle, Mr. Lesley, who was on top of the creek bank, discovered that the strangers had retreated

and were on their way down the creek. As the public road follows the creek Chapman and Lesley cranked up their car and gave chase, overtaking their men about 500 yards down the creek in Higgins' pasture, where, under orders from the officers, the men threw up their hands and surrendered. They were taken directly to the jail at Pickens, where medical attention was given Ballew, and it was found that he had been shot nine times in the breast, legs and arms. On their way to jail the officers state that Ballew cursed continuously and begged to be killed. Wilson talked but little.

Chief Holcombe was shot but once and the bullet entered his nose and lodged in the back of his head, killing him instantly.

Ballew Native of Pickens.

Wade Ballew is a native of Pickens county, and his mother lives a few miles above Pickens. He is a grandson of John Ballew, also Jake Adams, both of whom live near Pickens. Alex Ballew, Wade's father, left his wife in Pickens county years ago and went to Arkansas, where, it is said, he married again. He later returned to this county and took Wade back to Arkansas with him, where the latter spent several years. After being absent from Pickens county several years Wade Ballew returned last year and made a crop with his mother near Pickens. He left this county last fall and went to Florida.

Vowed Never to be Arrested.

In jail Monday afternoon Ballew's partner gave his name as Robert Wilson and said that he was from Oklahoma. He said he and Ballew were once arrested in Florida, and after being released had bought pistols and vowed they would never be arrested again; that several unsuccessful attempts had been made by officers in other places to arrest them. Wilson said he and Ballew had come from Atlanta on a freight train, alighting at Alice Cotton Mill, and were washing in the branch preparatory to coming to town for something to eat when the officers approached them.

Both are young men, Ballew appearing to be about 21 and Wilson about 25 years old. The pistols obtained from them were fine blue steel weapons, one a .38 calibre and one a .45.

Though there was no more excitement than would be usual over such an occurrence, Sheriff Board thought it would be better to have the prisoners in the State penitentiary, as they could be better guarded and their wounds better cared for. Consequently, under proper guard and in a high-powered automobile, the prisoners left Pickens some time on Monday evening for the penitentiary.

Mr. Holcombe Good Officer.

Chief of Police Holcombe was a fine officer and uncommonly popular. It is seldom that a town is wrapped in as deep gloom as overshadows the town of Easley on account of the tragic death of this faithful guardian of the law. He was always alert, faithful and unafraid to do his duty as he saw it, yet he was unusually considerate of the rights of all. Every day he had a smile and kind word for his friends.

He came first to Easley as an officer about five years ago from Central, where he has been an officer of the law, and served the town here about two years. He then farmed in Laurens county one year. He then started to farm near Liberty the next year, but was persuaded to come back to Easley as chief of police in May, 1919, and he held the position of chief from that time until his untimely death last Monday.

He was born in Laurens county 43 years ago. He was a member of the Six-Mile Baptist church and was also a W. O. W. Surviving him are his widow and one daughter, Miss Viola Holcombe; his mother, Mrs. Elvira Holcombe, of Pickens county, and the following brothers and sisters: John Esle and Jos R. Holcombe, of Liberty; W. T. Holcombe, of Easley; H. A. Holcombe, of Laurens county; S. D. Holcombe, of Texas; Mrs. Estelle Alexander, of Pickens, and Mrs. Vinetta Crow, also of Pickens.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. W. Hott at the residence and the body was laid to rest in Westview cemetery, where it was buried by his brethren of the Woodmen of the World. A number of officers of Greenville county and city were present to attend the funeral.

"We only Bought Rat Poison Twice," writes Jesse Smith, N. J.

"I threw the first kind away; couldn't be bothered mixing it with meat, cheese. Then I tried Rat-Snap. SAY, that's the stuff! It comes in cakes, all ready to use. And it sure does kill rats." 35c, 65c, \$1.25.

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THE PEST.

In my last article, "The Underfed," I said that I would give you a little history of "The Pest," for I have raised twenty-two crops of cotton and have worked three years in a cotton mill under the leadership of the best mill men in the South. I have raised and woven hundreds of thousands of yards of cloth.

Now, let us see how many miles we travel in the cultivation of ten acres of cotton: Cutting stalks, 27 miles; turning land, 140 miles; harrowing, 18 miles; hauling fertilizer, 35 miles; putting in fertilizer, 27 miles; and planting, 27 miles; six cultivations, 168 miles; two hoeings, 54 miles; picking, 115 miles; hauling to gin and market, 48 miles. Add about 50 miles to this for the walking that you will be compelled to do in connection with the production of five 500-pound bales of cotton, and that will give you a nice, dusty, back-breaking trip of 701 miles. Based on to-day's market the cotton would bring you \$275. Expenses: Fertilizers, \$140; horse-shoeing, feeding and tools, \$60; taxes, \$9; interest on investment, \$80. That would leave you in the hole \$39 and a free trip of 701 miles with nothing to eat and nothing to wear, taxes unpaid, and out of gas.

Here are some prices that I have on fertilizers: 10-3-0, \$32 cash or \$42 on November 1st—that's 60 per cent interest. Are you going to pay it? Had you rather walk 701 miles for a few dollars for your wife and children? Well, plant more food-stuff and then you will get pay for your walking.

Now, how far does the other fellow walk? The cotton-buyer walks about nine steps and slashes your bale of cotton and pulls out about one pound and says:

"Do you want to try the market?" "Yes," you say, and you will take your little sample in your horny hands and trot up and down the street, and then come back to the first bidder and say, "I can't get it beat."

Then the buyer will blow 25-cent cigar smoke in your face and you will turn your Samson twist in your mouth, and say, "Can't you give me just a little more for it?" And then the good, honest cotton-buyer will say, "No, I'm giving you above the market now." Then he will throw your samples over in a box before it is weighed, so he can have some cotton bales at the end of the season for himself.

We are paying in Oconee to-day to get our cotton handled more than \$28,000 a year—twelve cotton buyers, six weighers, twelve truckers, ten book-keepers—not including the four cotton mills within our borders.

How much longer are we going to tolerate such a system as we have in handling our little cotton crop? Maybe some day we will wake up to a better system. One man, one book-keeper, no truckers could handle our cotton from some central point direct to the mills for less than six thousand dollars. That alone would save us more than \$22,000. Surely among Oconee's cotton farmers we could find one honest man that had brains enough to handle our little cotton crop.

Now, this item of expense comes

in just before the real robbing game gets started.

Now, let's see what we can make out of our twenty-five hundred pounds of lint cotton—five thousand \$1.50 Sunday shirts that have been reduced from \$3. The finished product will cost us \$7,500. Then let's see how long it will take us to weave it. One good weaver can weave one thousand yards of this cloth in ten hours, or the five bales in fifteen days—at a salary of four dollars a day. Now, we have made the cotton and woven the cloth, which is about sixty-five per cent of the actual labor in producing and finishing this product—first to the picker room, then to the card room, then to the spinning room, and then to the weave shop, then to the cloth room, where it gets its final finish—making the total cost of the actual labor about \$700, and leaving a net profit of \$6,800, which goes in high salaries and to all kinds of brokers and middle men and gamblers and thieves before it gets back to the consumer.

We farmers are just 701 miles from common sense. There is not a monkey in the jungles of Africa that would allow another troop of monkeys to steal his coconuts. He would fight to his death. But we cotton farmers have nothing to say but "What will you give me for my product?" or "What will you take for your finished goods?" We have absolutely nothing to say as to what we will take or what we will give. Surely there is a day coming when we "poor white trash and niggers" will have just a little say-so in what we buy and sell.

Last October when that English professor and authority on cotton—I have forgotten his name—made a tour of the South, he said he was surprised and shocked at the awful conditions that the cotton farmers were in—half clothed and half housed. The greatest trouble is that there are too many men between the producer and manufacturer and too many between the manufacturer and the consumer. About thirty per cent of the so-called business men should be cut out, and if this had been done we could to-day be getting one dollar a pound for our cotton and the mills could pay a dividend; and if the thieves and gamblers in cotton

were put on the chain gang, or to work, and if we didn't have sense enough to cut down production, then we should let our law-makers pass such laws as might be necessary to restrict the amount of acres to be planted in cotton.

The best of our boys and girls are leaving the farms, for they are getting disgusted with their one-galused daddies for letting somebody else tell them what he will give him or what he will take. It seems to me that the cotton farmer has less to do with his own business than anyone else in the world. Ninety per cent of the advice that we are getting through the papers and magazines comes from people who would not know a "goose-neck hoe" from a binder, and would not know which end of a hard-tail to hitch to a plow.

Men, let's do something and quit listening to these mahogany desk writers about this surplus. It's low-grades and linters that will be here for the next fifty years. Hold to your good cotton if possible, for it will be selling at a premium before June. When a cotton mill closes down to lace a belt cotton goes down, and it is put in big headlines in the newspapers, and when a cotton mill runs double shifts, the fact may be mentioned, but it will be put away back on the back-side of the papers in fine print, so that it will be overlooked. The biggest gun works in the world, instead of making guns and ammunition, is making textile goods. I found that in a back corner of a newspaper.

Yours for less cotton and fertilizers and more foodstuff,

R. D. McDonald.

Westminster Route 4.

GIRLS! HAVE THICK, SOFT, HEAVY HAIR!

A 35-cent bottle of "Danderine" will not only rid your scalp of destructive dandruff and stop falling hair, but immediately your hair seems twice as abundant, and so wondrous glossy. Let "Danderine" save your hair. Have lots of long, heavy hair, radiant with life and beauty.—Adv.

Salem School Improvement.

The Salem School Improvement Association will give an entertainment on Friday night, March 18th. A splendid program will be carried out, and supper will be served to those who desire to buy supper at the school house. A fee of five and ten cents will be charged for admission. The proceeds will go toward improvements for the school. W. H. Nicholson, Chairman.

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"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

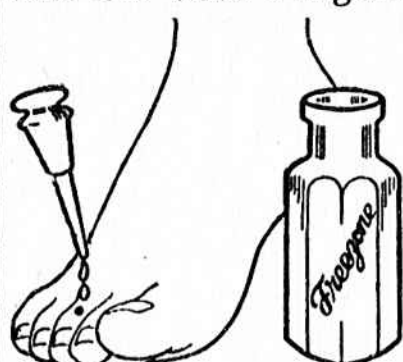
The Salem R. S. I. A.

The R. S. I. A. of Salem will give a community supper in the school auditorium Friday, March 18th, beginning at 7.30 p. m. The proceeds will be used for improvements of the school in general. The public is cordially invited to attend.

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.—adv.