

PATROLMAN SLAIN IN HEART

Of Greensboro—Shot from Automobile Into Which He Looked.

Greensboro, N. C., May 4.—Sheriff's posse searching in the battle ground section for Eddie Paxton, alleged third man in the car from which was fired the shot which killed Policeman McCuiston here to-day, had not at midnight found their man.

Two hours after Patrolman W. T. McCuiston, of the local police force, had stepped on the running board of an alleged liquor car, almost in the heart of Greensboro, at 4.30 o'clock this afternoon and was shot to death by one of the three men in the car.

The killing of Policeman McCuiston occurred at the intersection of East Washington and Forbys streets. The car containing the three men, two white men and a negro, had drawn up to the curb, and as McCuiston stepped on the running board to look into the car he was shot through the heart.

He is alleged to have told the officers that he and his cousin, Dave Jones, had hired the negro to drive them around, and that the negro shot the policeman.

Shortly after the capture of Jones by Sheriff Stafford word reached here that Greensboro officers who had been trailing the alleged murder car, had engaged in a pitched battle with Tom Robertson, of Spray, N. C., near Reidsville, north of here, and had killed Robertson.

When told late to-night that Tom Robertson had been killed by officers Jones changed his earlier story and said that Robertson was in the death car, that there was no negro, and that his name is Lewis Edwards, son of W. E. Edwards, of Danville, Va.

A dispatch from Danville states that Lewis Edwards is a son of Police Officer W. S. Edwards, of Danville. He was formerly a high school football player, and subsequently a member of the fire department, but left Danville several months ago, and has since then been living at Leaksville.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

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.

The eyes are subject to more distinct diseases than any other human organ.

COUNTY AGENT'S NOTES.

A Fine Clover Field.

A field of crimson clover, valuable as well as beautiful, and worth going miles to see, can be seen on the place of W. M. Brown, near J. C. Edwards, one-half mile north of the R. A. Thompson place, near Walthalla.

This clover, made a luxuriant growth the first year and is covered with crimson blooms, which will soon be valuable seed. Inoculated seed were scattered in the cotton middles last September. The soil was of extra good quality.

J. L. Kell, of the New Hope section, has a fine field, and so has Dr. J. H. Stonecypher, of Westminster. There have been several failures, however, due to soil, inoculation and weather, but these men prove it can be grown in this county.

Grow Velvet Beans.

Not every soil in the county will make a good growth of crimson clover the first year, but velvet beans can be grown anywhere, and a more valuable fertilizer and feed cannot be bought than velvet beans.

S. H. Snead, of Walthalla Route 2, says that five years ago his son grew velvet beans in an acre of corn, and that the beneficial effect on the soil can still be seen in all the crops following the turning under of the vine growth. Besides this, two or three wagon loads of beans were gathered and fed to the cows, and great improvement was shown in the quantity and quality of the milk.

Velvet Beans Pay Another.

J. F. White, of the South Union section, states that on a small place where oats followed turning under velvet beans he noticed the oats grew nearly twice as high as where there were no beans.

He fed his cow velvet beans in the pods, crushed, and one-half cotton seed, and in a month the milk increased from one and a half to two and a half pounds. Mr. White has planted velvet beans for four years, and each year plants more and more.

The "Fodder Disease." Oats and vetch, followed by sudan grass and soy beans and cowpeas, will overcome the hereditary disease of "fodder pulling."

It is a foolish waste of time just as surely as driving an ox to town is now considered slow and wasteful and behind the times.

Many farmers admit the evil of "fodder-pulling," but few will overcome it in any season.

Mr. White says that an original and half acre of sudan grass last year he cut the following amount of good hay in three cuttings: First, three two-horse loads; second, two and a half two-horse loads; third, two two-horse loads.

Why pull fodder, decrease your corn yield and have all your labor for nothing?

Bull Association Meetings. Rain interfered with the meetings last called of the Oconee Jersey Bull Association. Weather permitting, meetings will be held as follows with the dairy expert, J. B. Parker:

Thursday night, May 12th, at 8 o'clock, at Ebenezer school house.

Friday afternoon, May 13, at 4 o'clock, at Oak Grove.

Friday night, May 13, at 8 o'clock, at Blue Ridge school house.

Geo. R. Briggs, County Agent.

PROMINENT ANDERSONIAN DEAD

B. F. Mauldin, President of Bank of Anderson, Called to His Reward.

(Anderson Mail, May 3d.) Benjamin Franklin Mauldin, for nearly half a century a leading banker of Anderson, and well known in banking circles over the entire State, died suddenly at his home, 603 N. Main street, at an early hour this morning. He had served the Bank of Anderson for fifteen years as its president.

Mr. Mauldin had not been in the best of health for the past year or so, and although he was able occasionally to go to his office at the Bank of Anderson, his general condition kept him from taking an active part in the affairs of the bank since the first of the year.

Mr. Mauldin is survived by his widow, who, before her marriage to him in 1872, was Miss Mary Reed, of this city, and three daughters, Mesdames J. M. Padgett, R. C. Mattison and Prue Clinkscales, all of whom live in Anderson.

Banker from Young Manhood. Mr. Mauldin, who was 71 years of age, was a figure in the financial sphere who will long be remembered in Anderson county. Turning to banking when a young man, he gave that business long study and practice and made a success of it. While actively engaged in the banking business in Anderson, he did not confine his efforts to this city alone, but lent his influence to the organization of several banks in this and nearby counties. He organized and was president of the following banks: The Bank of Townville, the Bank of Trenton, the Bank of Mount Carmel, the Lowndesville Bank, the Bank of Due West, the Bank of McCormick and the Bank of Hodges. Only a short time ago Mr. Mauldin resigned as president of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Iva because of his ill health.

The heart of Mr. Mauldin was in the banking business. Life offered to him no greater opportunities than opening banking houses in new fields and in communities where banks were unknown, developing them into sound business institutions that enjoyed the trust and confidence of the people, and then leave them in the hands of citizens of these towns and communities as a business asset.

Those who came in contact with him in a business way were always impressed with his fairness and with the impartial way in which he uniformly treated rich and poor alike. He was a man big enough to share the joy of a successful venture or sit down with and offer advice and consolation to an unfortunate one who had lost his fortune.

A letter written some years ago contains a tribute to Mr. Mauldin from Selden Kennedy, of Due West. In part the letter says: "I have never known a more unselfish successful business man. Some men do not care who may fail, so they succeed, but Mr. Mauldin is deeply interested in all, and can rejoice with men as well as weep with them."

Mr. Mauldin was born in Anderson county on March 24, 1850. His father, whose name was also Benjamin Franklin Mauldin, was a merchant and a Baptist preacher, and was a member of the Secession Convention in 1861. A business man, full of public spirit and of the most strict integrity of character, he was well known throughout the county and had a reputation in the State at large. His mother, Mrs. Adaline Tyrel (Hamilton) Mauldin, had a very marked influence upon the character of her son in early boyhood, and her memory has always retained an altogether exceptional place in his life. She was descended from Archibald Hamilton, who emigrated from Scotland and married Frances Calhoun. His earliest known ancestor in America, on his father's side, was Joab Mauldin, who made swords for the Revolutionary soldiers.

Mr. Mauldin was a member of the Baptist church, and for many years he held the office of deacon in that church.

His Unconfined Brook Wastes Many Acres.

profitable by nature; wasted land is productive land that man himself has failed to make use of. That's the difference.

"The size of your farm business has more to do with your income than any other feature. While you've been planting cherry trees among the rocks on a stony acre you've been using this long line for no other purpose than as a path for cattle to pasture. You could use the public road almost as conveniently. This line is right in the heart of your corn land, too. It must be 500 yards long, and it's a rod wide at least. There's about three-quarters of an acre of prime soil right there for the price of taking out one of these fences."

"And the road borders your farm for the whole length of your field. I don't know what the highway laws in this state are, but certainly they don't require all the land that lies between your fence and the road. Find out how much the highway encroaches on your land and move your fence up. There's another fat acre there."

"Then there's that Osage orange hedge fence your father planted along the line running west from the house. That hedgerow robs you of more land per rod than any other fence on the farm. It not only occupies an acre to every 200 rods but renders worthless for cropping a strip 20 feet wide on each side of it. It will be money in

Plan of a Farm Plan of Same Farm Showing Wasted Land in a Lane. of the Lane.

be profitable to reclaim all that he sees. He can't for instance, move a barn to gain a rod or two of land, but he'll be sure to see much that can be done. Every foot brought under profitable cultivation increases the farm business and the farm profit."

"I never realized that the matter was so important," mused the farm owner.

"Neither did I," was the reply, "until the Department of Agriculture wiped the economic dust off my business spectacles!"

No Worms in a Healthy Child. 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. 60c per bottle.

LAND VALUATION CAN BE DOUBLED

Improper Utilization of Soil in High-Grade Agricultural District is Related.

STREAM WASTES MANY ACRES

Farmer Can Redeem Much Valuable Soil By Regrouping Different Buildings Without Sacrificing Convenience.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Stannard, on the next farm, has offered me 5 acres of land next to the line fence for \$200 an acre. I need more land, and I've half a notion to take the offer."

"The Sunday quiet and the warm spring sunshine had lured the farmer and his visitor to a perch on the top rail of the cow-lane fence, where they fell into discussion of United States Department of Agriculture reports. The visitor thought for a moment while his eyes roved across the flat farm land before them.

"Why pay \$200 an acre?" he inquired finally. "Why not buy the few acres you need from a man who can sell it to you for half as much?"

Land Gets Full Price. "One hundred dollars an acre for farm land in this country? I guess not! Pete, you don't know farm values out here. Back in your New England hills you may find land as cheap as that, but you can't buy a rod of tillable land in this section without paying the full price for it!"

He laughed as he said: "If you can find 5 acres for sale in this township at the price you mention, I'll buy it—provided it is within 3 miles of my home."

"Closer than that," said the New Englander cheerfully. "In fact, you're standing on a part of it right now—sitting on it, I mean."

"But this is mine already!" "Of course," retorted the other. "It's your cow lane and you're the man. You can sell yourself a few acres of first-class farm land at \$100 an acre—less for some of it, perhaps. I bought a few acres from myself last spring, after I had learned how simple the transaction was."

The farm owner laid a firm hand on his friend's broad shoulder. "Quit talking riddles," he warned, "and come out with the story or I'll tip you off into the nettles!"

"You can get all the land you need by making your wasted land productive. You own the wasted land, and you can buy it from yourself at the price of making it tillable; that's what I mean."

"But the waste land on this farm can't be made productive. There's only an acre or so in that stony hill-lock over there—and I'm even getting cash returns from that by planting cherry trees among the stones!"

"I didn't say 'waste land'; I said 'wasted land,'" the other reminded him. "Waste land is land made un-

profitable by nature; wasted land is productive land that man himself has failed to make use of. That's the difference.

"The size of your farm business has more to do with your income than any other feature. While you've been planting cherry trees among the rocks on a stony acre you've been using this long line for no other purpose than as a path for cattle to pasture. You could use the public road almost as conveniently. This line is right in the heart of your corn land, too. It must be 500 yards long, and it's a rod wide at least. There's about three-quarters of an acre of prime soil right there for the price of taking out one of these fences."

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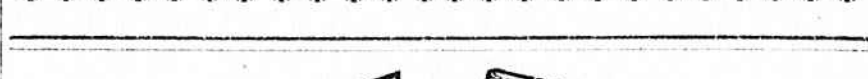


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BIG BANK SHORTAGE IS FOUND

W. T. C. Bates Tells of Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollar Deficit.

(Columbia State, 4th.) A shortage of \$153,249.70 in the accounts of W. T. C. Bates, Jr., an assistant cashier of the Liberty National Bank of South Carolina, was made public last night in a statement made by the directors of the institution, who at the same time announced that the amount had been made good by the directors, the relatives of Mr. Bates, and by Mr. Bates himself.

A. S. Manning, president of the bank, said last night that existence of the shortage became known to the bank officials several days ago when Mr. Bates went to Julian C. Rogers, the cashier, and told him of the matter.

Late last night Mr. Bates had not been arrested, but was at his home in Columbia.

Fully Protected. The matter is being handled by O. K. LaRouque, national bank examiner, who, when asked for a statement with reference to the shortage, said:

"We are in the midst of our regular examination, and our report will be forwarded to Washington as usual when completed. I prefer not to discuss the matter further than to state that, in my opinion, the bank is fully protected against loss by reason of the shortage disclosed. I will state further that the records of the Treasury Department show that no depositor has ever lost a dollar in or through a national bank in South Carolina."

The directors signed a statement last night assuring the depositors that there will be absolutely no loss to the bank, and that the shortage has been made good.

Beld Series of Splendid Meetings. Newry, May 3.—Special: There has recently closed at this place a series of glorious meetings at the Baptist church, the meetings having been conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. P. Maret, and Rev. W. M. Thompson, of Seneca. There were forty-two additions to the church—twenty-eight of these by experience.

It is here at Newry that Brother Thompson spent his boyhood days—a wild boy—but now a man of power for God and good. The writer is confident that the work done here by the pastor and Brother Thompson will never die.

B. S. Boggs.