

THE WATCHERS

By G. HELEN ANDERSON

The Browns had been married for ten years and nothing had marred their happiness. They had been content with each other's society for 12 months of each of the ten years; that is, until within the past three or four days.

Something, an indescribable something, had crept into the atmosphere heretofore so calm. It was that infinitesimal something on which no finger can be laid. Mr. Brown first noticed it by the scared, wistful glances of his wife. She seemed to watch him furtively, and when she saw him glance at her, would look away quickly.

On the other hand, Mrs. Brown first noticed the change in Mr. Brown when he started to watch her with that searching, questioning look. The thought entered her mind that he was comparing her with some one. Who was it? Perhaps a younger, prettier, woman. Every time she looked at him she caught him just looking away.

The days went by even as days will. Mr. Brown kept a close, secretive survey of his wife. He noticed with alarm the increasing signs of her nervousness and caught her many times looking at him with the same half-scared wistful glances.

"Carrie, er-er," he stuttered. "Yes, John," she answered, rather nervously.

"Did the paper come this morning?" he finished lamely. She got the paper for him and he opened it, giving a semblance of reading it, but all the time he kept a close survey of his wife, who in turn, thinking him deep in the paper, watched him more openly than before.

"Carrie, er-er," he started again. "Yes, John," she answered, rather nervously.

For the next five minutes, he related the details of the murder and trial, but his words were a mere cloak for thoughts far nearer to him. Well, he'd speak about it tomorrow or perhaps—yes, he'd write a note and leave it on her dresser just before he left for work.

Meanwhile Mrs. Brown had become fully convinced that John wanted to tell her something, but was afraid to, as it might hurt her. She was now quite sure that he was tired of her and dissatisfied with married life. Perhaps he even wanted a divorce. A divorce! A dry sob came to her throat. And she still loved him. Well, she could prove her love by making things easier for him. She knew that her emotions would overcome her if she ventured to tell him that she would not stand in his way any longer. Yes, she would send a note to his office by special messenger so that he would receive it the first thing this morning.

"My Dear John: Something strange in your manner recently has convinced me that you are unhappy. Even though my feelings toward you have remained unchanged, I will no longer stand in your way, and (here a large blot, evidently a tear, smeared the page) I will let you have a divorce. I want you to be happy. CARRIE."

Mr. Brown gasped, read the note again, and still a third time. Then he called the office boy, told him he'd be out for the rest of the day, and boarded the first homeward bound car. He found Mrs. Brown just finishing reading the note he had left.

"Carrie!" "John!" And he clasped her in his arms. "What made you look at me so funny?" Mr. Brown asked after they had fully recovered their senses. "Why, I thought you were watching me." She looked at him in surprise. "Oh, John, how near this came to wrecking our happiness."

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CLUB MEMBER THINKS CAPTAIN

Ballenger Wants to Begin at Wrong Place—County Agents Needed.

Westminster, Feb. 27, 1922. Editor Keowee Courier:

Please allow me space in your paper to express my thoughts. I cannot endorse every word that Capt. J. J. Ballenger said, nor the other articles, but am glad that something has started, though I think Capt. Ballenger wants to start that something wrong. It would be all right to return to pre-war salaries. The farmer has already returned and is working just like he had never lost anything. It is true that each one has had to reduce expenses and must keep on at it. But don't take away from us the most helpful thing we have—the agents who have done so much for our county. Of course, some of the communities are getting along, in a way, without their help—such a pity, too, for they are losing every day. I wish that I were able to say in exact figures how much it would mean to the county for every community to have a well organized club and make a standard grade of butter; had pure-bred hogs, cattle and poultry, and good truck patches for market.

Talk about cutting taxes! How much does our demonstrator cost? Just the small sum of ten cents for each tax-payer. Well, the man who cuts our agents out will not feel very good at the next election, should he desire office again, for the farm women are not all sleeping. We want to get the best for our communities, try to lift them to a higher plane by co-operating and bringing our problems together for consideration. The rural woman needs all the help she can get, and a new day is certainly dawning for the farm woman who tries and makes use of the help that has been and is being given us. We want to have cultured homes for cultured farmers. The agents want to help every one who wants their help. And how could we have a market for our products if we did not have them to help us? Our club has been selling butter up to Jan. 1, 1922, for 45 cents a pound, while others got 20 cents in trade, and the merchants do not even want it at that price. We have sold hens for 29 cents a pound when the market here was 12 1/2 cents. Of course I don't reckon these little things count with Capt. Ballenger. He lives at Seneca, and they don't seem to be interested in the county very much. I wonder if he was at the fair last fall when the club boys and girls went across the county, over muddy roads, to carry their exhibits to Seneca. Didn't they give us a welcome, though? We were not expecting the town to stop business, or go to any expense for us, but one thing we did expect, and that was a welcome to the visitors from other counties. Not even a cup of cold water! There was, apparently, a lady in the town who knew that the county fair was to be at Seneca. One little woman saw a lot of "country people" going up the steps of the Chamber of Commerce and thought she would step over and see what they had to sell. (My! what if we did not pay any more attention to their advertisements! Where would their trade come from? And where does the food come from?)

The boys and girls had some real nice exhibits, and we spent a very pleasant day looking at each other's things, won the prizes and spent the money before leaving town.

Now, if Capt. Ballenger will just look around a little I am sure he will see that if ever we did need help now is the time. We have no town in our county large enough to handle our produce. Therefore, we cannot have a curb market; but we can grow anything. If we plant the popular varieties of vegetables and make a standard product, we can sell it by the help of our county agents, when we could do nothing—absolutely nothing—without them. So let's all work together to make our county one of the best—and the only way to do this is for everybody to co-operate, and then our efforts and our homes will be a success. Great progress has been made and we must not fail. For years the farmers have been complaining that they had no voice in putting a price upon anything that they produce. And this is true, because we marketed all our products under a system arranged and handled by middlemen. The Farm Bureau and the able corps of demonstration agents are offering us direct assistance and will help us operate any co-operative association to sell our products. Instead of complaining and crying that there is no market, all we have to do is to get busy and learn to handle our products in a business way—owing to stagnation in business this is not an easy job)—and to sell at good prices is almost impossible. Still we must make the best of it, and as we have wide-awake county agents we feel sure that if we only

MR. COOK ON PUBLIC SCHOOL

System—Not Opposed to Education. Something Wrong with System.

Editor Keowee Courier:

We have read the article of A. F. Tannery in your recent issue. He seems to want to leave the impression on the minds of the people that I am against public schools and the education of the children. But he is very much mistaken. I am most heartily in favor of education, but I am against extravagance in any way or form. If a man has money of his own to squander that is no concern of mine, but if he happens to be a State or county official and squanders the tax-payers' money, then that is a matter of concern to all the tax-payers. What I said about the salaries of the teachers being too high was not saying anything against education or the schools, but against the extravagant methods of the school system. Fifty or sixty years ago the best teachers could be had at \$25 per month. The children learned more then in one year than they now learn in five. After they have gone to school for five years now to the \$100-a-month teachers a majority of the pupils cannot spell. When we see a teacher sitting in a school room four or five hours per day at \$100 per month and the father of the children she is teaching working in sight of the school house ten hours per day, at hard physical labor, for one dollar per day, we cannot see the justice of it, nor do we think that it is at all fair. On one occasion we heard of a teacher who was getting \$100 per month for her work when one of the children went to the teacher and asked for instructions about its lessons, and the answer the child got was about as follows: "Go to your mother and get her to learn you your lessons. I am not here to learn you your lessons. I am here to hear you recite your lessons and see if you have them correct." Wonder what Mr. Tannery thinks of this kind of bigotry and ignorance. We think if the mother does the teaching she ought to have the pay.

About nineteen years ago we had a teacher at our place. He was a Walhalla man, and was among the best teachers we ever had, and one of the best preachers we ever had at this place. He received only \$30 per month for his teaching. The cost of living was just as high then as it is now, I think.

Our friend Tannery speaks of the teacher having to spend years of his or her life in preparing to be a teacher, and that he or she must pass very rigid examinations to get a certificate to teach in the public schools, and he also speaks of letting the world slip back into ignorance and slavery. Now we can very easily remember some 65 years ago when there was no such thing as a free school. It cost a man a thousand dollars or more to educate and prepare his boy to teach school, and when he was prepared to teach he charged only \$25 per month for his work. But in this day and time their education does not cost them anything. The tax-payers pay the whole account. The teacher wants \$100 per month for his work, and the tax-payers have to pay that after they have educated him free of any charge whatever.

About the biggest thing that I can see that our boasted free school system has done seems to be that they have turned out a generation of ingrates. But those cheap schools of which we have spoken were way back in the days of ignorance and slavery, of which Mr. Tannery has spoken. Yes, in the days of John C. Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander Stephens, Robert Toombs, Joseph Brown, Henry Clay and all the rest of the ignorant people.

Every once in awhile I meet up with a boy who has been educated in the public schools, dressed in what they call the latest style, strutting around like a turkey gobbler, a big bundle of agricultural literature under his arm. The first thing he will begin to tell me is how to farm and how to sell what little I have already made, when perhaps he never did a hard day's work on the farm in his life, nor earned an honest dollar.

This seems to be in keeping with our free school system. J. A. Cook. Madison, S. C.

New Director of Mint Named.

Washington, March 1.—F. E. Seobey, of San Antonio, Texas, was nominated to-day by President Harding to be director of the mint upon the expiration, March 19th, of the term of Ray T. Baker, who has directed the mint since February, 1917.

co-operate with them much good work can be done for Oconee during the year 1922.

Yours for a better county, Rural Club Member.

MANY USES FOR THE CORN COB.

Can be Made Into Syrup and Nitro-Glycerine—Not an Experiment.

Decatur, Ill., March 2.—That the 120,000,000 tons of corn cobs and stalks now going to waste annually in the United States can be made into syrup, cattle feed, turned into absolutely fast dyes, made into motion picture film, sound proofing, or the base for nitro-glycerine, was the statement of Elton R. Darling, Ph. D., professor of chemistry at Willikin University, at Decatur, before the Kiwanis Club here a few days ago.

Prof. Darling only recently caused nation-wide comment by his announcement that he had been able to obtain alcohol from illuminating gas. The alcohol was obtained in a laboratory test. To-day in his address he declared that alcohol is the fuel of the future; that the supply is inexhaustible, while petroleum will grow scarce, gasoline high in price, and the coal situation and supply doubtful.

"I am intensely interested in the products to be derived from the corn cob," said Prof. Darling. "The production of syrup or xylose is the sugar in the corn. It is what the cattle and stock want when they eat corn. By eating the cob they get but five per cent of the xylose. The syrup, which is for animals and made by treating the cob, gives 25 per cent more. It seems practical to me that this added syrup should be used when the cobs are at present going to waste."

"I expect to simplify the process of extracting this syrup so that the farmer can make it on his farm. I have carried my experiments far enough to know that the cattle like it and want it." Referring to the production of dyes from corn cobs, Prof. Darling exhibited a black dye that he had obtained from furfoll, a chemical obtained from cobs. It is a sulphur dye, deep and fast, and he said that it can be made profitably. He has obtained other colors, but has not as yet developed them to the degree of stability which he has reached with the black dye.

That corn cobs have many other uses was shown in his statement that the cellulose from them can be made into a material that will serve as a filler for phonograph records, can be treated and used in the making of motion picture films or used between wood as sound proofing, as well as its use as a base for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine.

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Home of Robert E. Lee Bought.

Cape May, N. J., March 1.—The former home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate army, was purchased to-day by Leonard H. Davis, president of the Progressive League of this city. Mr. Davis announced that he would leave intact the war relics and antiques in the old mansion, but that he would restore parts of the building to conform with the architecture of the period in which it was built—more than a hundred years ago. The property was purchased from the estate of the late Albert Hughes.

50,043 Births in S. C. in 1921.

Columbia, March 3.—The stork was a friendly and consistent visitor in South Carolina during the entire year of 1921, as shown by a report of the vital statistical section of the State Board of Health, which was given out to-day.

There were 50,043 births in the State during the entire twelve-month period of 1921, or at the rate of 29.1 per thousand population, as compared to 20,308 deaths, or at the rate of 11.8 per thousand. The increase of births in proportion to the deaths for the period was very marked, being well over 50 per cent.

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- The line comprises two cars favorably known all over the world. One, the most comfortable, economical, low-priced car in the country; the other a car that offers luxurious motoring at a medium price.
- The sales of both these cars show marked increase from month to month. Cars are right for a record year of business.
- The right type of business man, with organizing ability and moderate capital will find this an unusual opportunity to establish a profitable business.

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DR. J. W. BABCOCK IS DEAD.
Noted Physician and Allentist Passed Away Friday in Columbia.

Columbia, March 3.—Dr. J. W. Babcock, who for thirty years was superintendent of the State Hospital here, died at 5 o'clock this morning. The end came very suddenly. He had been suffering with an ailment for several weeks, but his condition was not thought to be of a serious nature, and the announcement of his death was a shock to his friends and family. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

The funeral will be held in Chester on Sunday, Dr. Babcock having been a native of that place. Dr. Babcock was one of the nation's leading experts on pellagra, and was one of the first of the great experts to recognize this disease. For the past several years he had operated a private sanitarium here.

Narrow Escape Pupils and Teachers.

Alken, March 3.—Three teachers and twenty pupils had a narrow escape when fire destroyed a three-story boys' dormitory of the Schofield Normal and Industrial School here at 10.15 o'clock this morning. The men and boys were forced to jump from the building. A sprained ankle by one of the boys was the only casualty. The monetary loss is estimated at \$40,000.

The Schofield School was established by Quakers here in 1839 for the education of the negro youth. About three hundred students are attending the school this year, but only twenty were in the dormitory that was destroyed. The boys are being housed in a building across the street. All of them lost their clothing and other personal effects.

Dr. Work Will Succeed Hays.

Washington, March 3.—Postmaster General Hays to-day attended his last cabinet meeting. He will be succeeded as Postmaster General by Dr. Hubert Work, of Pueblo, Colo., who served as first assistant postmaster general under Mr. Hays, and whose nomination as Postmaster General was confirmed yesterday by the Senate.

Dr. Work was busy to-day with the affairs of his department preparatory to taking over his new duties. He will be sworn in at 11 o'clock tomorrow at the Postoffice Department.

Philippine Schools Need Teachers.

Washington, March 3.—The bureau of insular affairs in the War Department is keeping sixty high school teachers qualified to take positions in the English departments of the Philippine high schools. Transportation will be furnished by the government to Manila, and entrance salaries of from 3,000 to 3,200 pesos—nominally \$1,500 to \$1,600—will be paid successful applicants.

"Trilby," the Fat Lady, Dead.

Chicago, March 1.—Mrs. George A. Kenna, known in circus side shows as "Trilby," the fat lady, died here yesterday. She quit the circus sixteen years ago and had since then made her home in this city. She weighed four hundred pounds when she died, and while with the circus her weight is said to have topped this by more than a hundred pounds. A casket one yard wide and six feet three inches long is being constructed for the body.

Maize is cultivated by the Peruvians at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea.



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The pure oils in Mexican Mustang Liniment soothe instantly, penetrate quickly and reduce swelling of glands. Mustang is particularly effective in treating Croup, Diphtheria, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Frost-bites, Cuts, Burns, Fles—all ailments that can possibly be reached by an external remedy. Contains no alcohol—DOES NOT SMART OR STING. 73 years' success. No home should be without it.

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Dr. J. C. Compton, Ratliff, Miss., writes: "I have prescribed your Mexican Mustang Liniment for Sore Throat, Chills, etc., and the results were entirely satisfactory. I think very highly of it."

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May Be Prosecuted Indefinitely.

Washington, March 1.—The House by a vote of 264 to 20 to-day passed the Senate bill extending indefinitely the time during which draft evaders and deserters from the army and navy during the World War may be prosecuted, by continuing the military status of deserters. The measure also extends for another three years the time during which draft dodgers can be brought to trial in civil courts.

Secretary Weeks, in a letter to Chairman Kahn, of the military committee, urged the prompt passage of the bill.

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