

**THERE IS A GOLD MINE ON YOUR FARM—CASH IN ON IT.**

(John B. Adger Mullally, in the Progressive Farmer.)

I wish that I could borrow Gabriel's trumpet to make the Southern farmer listen to and learp this message. If any farmer will read it and follow his advice he will succeed. That's strong talk. It's so. Listen! It means more money for him than if he struck oil on his land.

I bought this little old farm of mine of 40 acres for a mere song. I wanted a home, near the mountains, hoping to regain my health.

There are 25 acres cleared and in cultivation and 15 acres in virgin forest. For three years I kept the stalls of the horse, the mule, the cows, the pigpen, the chicken house, "belly deep" in leaves from the 15 acres of woodland—all the time.

There were two acres in a patch behind the house so washed and worn that you couldn't raise an umbrella on it. I put all these leaves from the stalls on that two acres. Last year that two acres, less a garden, a sweet potato patch and a corn patch, made three 500-pound bales of good middling cotton.

That's what I did on two acres. My tenant and his family—with two plows—made less than three bales of cotton on 22 acres. His land was better, fresher land than the two acres.

My tenant used all the commercial fertilizer his 22 acres would stand. He didn't make enough cotton to pay for the fertilizer. He worked his 22 acres better than I could mine, cultivated by hired labor. Besides, his land—his 22 acres—washed. Mine—the two acres—did not lose a grain of sand or an ounce of soil a year, by erosion or washing.

The terraces on the 22 acres need unceasing care. On the two acres the soil between the terraces sorbs the rain and they need little or no care.

Try it, anybody on two acres. If the leaves do not get wet or do not get impregnated with the manure of the animals, put them on anyhow, and turn them in. You won't know your two acres in one year.

You needn't have your soil tested as to whether it lacks potash or lime or soda or nitrogen or phosphorus or hydrogen or acid or salt or brimstone or kyanolite. Just slap on tons and tons of leaves, preferably from the stalls, and they will do the trick. You can laugh at the drouth that frizzles up your neighbor's crops. Your soil will hold moisture. You can't put on too much.

And it doesn't cost a cent! That's why, I reckon, we don't value leaves. They're too cheap.

When you cut down a virgin forest and have "new ground"—fresh land—what made it so rich? Nothing in the world but leaves!

John B. Adger Mullally.

**Editorial Comment.**—There is no doubt about it, that not one farmer in twenty appreciates the value of fresh leaves. Ask the average man if fresh leaves are worth as much per ton as horse manure, and he will laugh at you.

Read our editorial, "Fertilizer Free if You Will Haul It," and flow away these figures for future reference.

**Fertilizer Free if You Will Haul It.**  
Many a farmer who complains about the high price of fertilizer makes no effort to save two of the chief home sources of soil fertility—leaves and ashes.

Not is this all. Many of these complaining farmers not only fail to haul up forest leaves for bedding their animals, but actually burn the leaves that fall around the house, and "burn

**CALOMEL SALIVATES EVEN WHEN CAREFUL.**

The Treacherous Drug Cannot Be Trusted, and Next Dose May Start Trouble.

Calomel is dangerous. It may salivate you and make you suffer fearfully from soreness of gums, tenderness of jaws and teeth, swollen tongue, and excessive saliva dribbling from the mouth. Don't trust calomel. It is mercury; quicksilver.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents, which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful, and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel, and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money. If you take calomel to-day you'll be sick and nauseated to-morrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tonic you'll wake up feeling great. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and cannot salivate.—adv.

off" fields with no thought of the consequent soil-impoverishment.

Now, let us see what are the facts as to the worth of these leaves that are so often neglected—or still worse—burned.

A ton of forest leaves contains as much potash as two sacks of 8-2-2 fertilizer, about as much phosphoric acid as 75 pounds of 8-2-2, and as much nitrogen as a half sack of nitrate of soda. In addition, there is lime in the leaves. Leaves also do land much additional good because of their humus-making properties.

To burn forest leaves is an economic crime. To neglect to haul leaves is to neglect one of the chief agencies for farm prosperity. A ton of leaves contains the materials of which a ton of crops is made. Leaves are a cheap soil-building material containing more commercial plant food per ton than a ton of horse or cow manure. Here are the exact figures showing what a ton of leaves contains as compared with a ton of horse or cow manure or 8-2-2 fertilizer, (and we are adding broomstraw, since it is often burned.)

	Pounds of Fertilizer Material in Each Ton.			
	Phos.	Nitro.	Pot.	Total
Cow manure	5.8	8.6	8.8	23.2
Horse manure	5.2	9.8	9.6	24.6
Forest leaves	5.2	15.2	8.4	28.8
Pine straw	.8	6.0	2.0	8.8
Broom straw	4.2	15.6	13.6	33.4
8-2-2 fertz.	160.0	40.0	40.0	240.0

Read the article, "There is a Gold Mine on Your Farm," elsewhere in this issue. This correspondent is right. Every farmer every winter should make the hauling of leaves and pine straw, the "unfinished business" on the farm. That is to say, whenever there is nothing else pressing, haul leaves. When the ground is too wet for other work, haul leaves. Or haul pine straw. Pine straw, ton for ton, is not nearly so valuable as leaves, but it is several times easier to rake and haul pine straw than leaves.

At any rate, let's remember these two big facts:

1. When you burn a ton of forest leaves or a ton of broomstraw, you have done just as much harm as if you had burned or destroyed a ton of horse manure.

2. If you have 100 tons of forest leaves in some piece of woods near you, and neglect to put it on your land, it is the same as if you had 100 tons of cow manure or horse manure or 12 tons of 8-2-2 fertilizer out there and neglected to haul it up and use it.

Why not resolve now that you will put in every spare day between now and spring hauling leaves—not only enough for present needs, but enough to bed the stock and litter the stock yard all summer? And of course no progressive farmer, knowing these facts, can ever permit the burning of leaves or broomsedge.

What would you think of a farmer who would burn up his stable manure in order that he might get it out of the way with little labor? Yet a ton of cow manure contains only 23.2 pounds of phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash, while a ton of forest leaves contains 28.8 pounds of these elements, or about 20 per cent more than cow manure. And a ton of broom straw, which so many people burn with recklessness, has 33 pounds of these fertilizing elements against only 24 in horse manure.

**Soil Building Paramount Question.**  
"And the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations."

Mr. Poe, stock breeding, poultry raising, gardening, seed selection, methods of cultivation, fruit culture, fertilizers, all pale into insignificance beside the paramount question of soil building and soil conservation. The very existence of the farmer depends upon the solution of this problem; and the problem is as simple as A, B, C. Drouth or rain, good or bad seed, first or second class cultivation, deep or shallow plowing, seedbed or no seedbed, fertilize much or fertilize little, given soil 100 per cent perfect—built up to concert pitch—so tamed by the capodastria of decayed vegetable matter in sufficient quantity as to be in harmony with the Maestro Nature's grand symphony, it will make agricultural products beyond belief in quality and quantity. All other considerations are accessories after the fact—and most efficient. But the soil, built up to the nth power—to its productivity there is scarce a measure. To work it is a pleasure. The crop will kill the grass. One working will do for two.

Mr. Anderson, the president of the Bank of Anderson, the largest bank in Anderson county, read my article about leaves and set thirty men to work hauling leaves. Hon. Bonneau Harris, Commissioner of Agriculture of South Carolina, who was for all his really active life one of our overseers on our "Woodburn" plantation

near Pendleton, read my article and immediately covered his already blue fields with leaves.

William David Cox, our most progressive farmer in the Fant's Grove section, read my article, and on 15 acres of cotton used no other fertilizer than leaves, and has the finest cotton in this neighborhood by 3 to 1 of any other farmer save mine, and mine has had the leaves treatment for several years past. I have acres and acres of cotton six feet high, well fruited, on land you couldn't raise an umbrella on six years ago. All leaves! You could buy this land for a song six years ago. I can borrow \$100 an acre on it to-day. If any one doubts, come and look. I make on two acres what farmers about here do not make on 20 acres. Come and look and see for yourself. Send me some more Progressive Farmers with my last articles in them. You doubtless will be at the Wade Drake meeting. His methods of soil building are doubtless better, being quicker than mine. Combine the two, and—oh, mamma! Then you can raise stock and make manure and so on and so on, an endless chain. Meat to make brain and blood and bone and brawn and finer and better girls and boys—and animals as well as humans. Grain and libitum. Straw to go back reinforced by the animal manure, liquid and solid, to make and remake soil. Here is a sum in arithmetic that any 10-year-old girl or boy can solve, and not one man in the South out of a thousand seems capable of solving it. Take out of one acre of land 100 pounds of goodness, fatness, fruit, oil, lard, lint, concentrated matter, per annum. Put back 300 pounds—and that not so strong. How many pounds are gone each year, besides what are lost by erosion, wash, and fired out by the hot sun? Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand say by their actions that 300 from 1100 leaves 1100. The 10-year-old school boy says 300 from 1100 leaves 800 pounds of goodness gone forever each year. Oh! when will the South borrow the stub of a lead pencil, pick up a used envelope, figure three seconds, and awake to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—wake to a future of music and flowers and home comforts and longer life and peace and prosperity and plenty—of education, cultured leisure, ribbons for the girls' hair, roses for their cheeks, and a spring in her step, the droop out of her shoulders, and a better race? Leaves will do all this. Mother Eve's nakedness was clothed with leaves. Leaves will clothe the nakedness of the South, and hide her shame from the eyes of the world. Leaves will make every red hill to burgeon and to bud and bloom and blossom—a veritable great green emerald in the Southland's diadem of precious gems. Leaves will in Flora's mystic transmutation make the wool to make the broadcloth that every good man may be royally clad; the silks and satins to adorn and beautify and please and charm our maids and matrons. Leaves will clothe the nations of the globe, translated by agricultural alchemy from the forest to the fleecy staple, thence to the factory, to the marts of trade across continents by train, over boundless oceans by white-winged ships, and so to the bodies of the people of the whole wide world. Clothe your orchards and your vineyards with leaves and their golden, ruby, amber fruits will clothe you with the mantle of health and line your pockets with cloth of gold. Leaves will make the lean fat, the poor rich, the sad smile, the tired rested, the worried peaceful, the mortgaged free and clear, the bond free, the farmer a man, his wife more than a queen, and his children the superiors of princes and princesses.

Wade Drake takes worn-out land and feeds it a short term of months and makes 13 bales of fine cotton on four acres. "Yes," you say, "he had money to sow peas, etc., and turn them under." Now listen! When he turned under peas or clover or rye, he turned into the soil nothing but leaves and stems. You have enough

leaves and stems on my ten-acre woodlot to make any four acres on any farm in the cotton belt make 13 bales of cotton on four acres. Your leaves and stems are richer in plant food by far than horse manure or cow manure. If you don't haul them to the land (better via the stalls of your stock) I don't see how you can ask God's blessing on your labors. If you put them in the horse and cow stalls and pig stalls and chicken houses, never let the sun or rain descend upon the product; scatter a land or a wagon-load and cover it; you will have rich land. If you do not so cover it at once, take your nose and put it over it, and you will detect hundred-dollar yellowbacks floating away in the shape of ammonia and nitrogen and phosphorus and all the things that make plants fat and black and lush and heavy with fruit. If you don't believe it, come here to Eagle's Nest any day during the growing season and you will be convinced.

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**South's Great Friend Rejected.**  
Editor Keowe Courler:  
When I see our Southern genius and talent leaving the State they love as home for purely material reasons, in some cases from well-nigh dire necessity, to seek more remunerative opportunities in the North and West; when I see them acquit themselves so brilliantly on every field of noble effort and of high endeavor, far from Dixie, the mother who needs them; when I see the Palmetto State, for instance, and I cite but a name from each class, and that name, mayhap, equalled by many more; when I see South Carolina produce the most profound scholar and the most learned theologian, in Sir William Hamilton's calm judgment of all the ages—a James Henley Thornwell; a Lanier, a Yates Snowden, an Ellison Adger Smyth, a William Adger Law, a Calhoun, a Hayne, a brave Hampton, a Trescott, a Manning Simons, a Kinloch, a Marion Sims—a statue erected to him alone of all the physicians over in the heart of New York, at 42d street and 5th avenue, beside the Tilden library, proclaiming him her greatest medic; a Pinckney, a Wannamaker, a Pettigru, a Preston, a Lowndes, a Cheves, an Augustine T. Smythe, a Rawlins, a Marion, a Girardou, a Sumter, a Pickens, a Clarke, a Sparks, an Andrew Johnson, a Porin, a Rice, a Wigginton, a Bonham, an Orr, a McGowan, a Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln; a Horse-Shoe Robinson, a J. Adger Smyth, a Manning, a John Bailey Adger, a Colonel Keith, a Colonel Thompson, a Potent, a McLendon—aye, and that "Mommor's Boy," that Christian soldier, that flower of modest valor, Sergt. York, now of Pall Mall; an Earle of Anderson, out-shooting the crack shots of the globe; the soldiers of South Carolina the best in the World War, and so officially declared; a J. Wade Drake; the Moore lad, with his

unrivaled acre of corn; and not least and not last, but space forbids to cite more names, Lucile Godbold, of Estill, S. C., who bates Bonahar, and Bonahar bates the world—the tall lass who can toss a chunk of Irish confetti, to-wit, the half of a brick, farther, with either hand, do you mind, than any daughter of Eve that e'er wore leaves or an old Winthrop College "gym" suit since the dawn of time. When I see Carolina, this garden spot of the globe, at the foot of the roll, the most illiterate State amongst all the sisterhood of States; when I see "sallow-faced, anaemic, pregnant mothers, clad in one garment, bare-footed, performing the heaviest labor of the field 'neath a blazing sky; when I see the clay-eaters; when I see the tender children tolling and molling, their hands like birds' claws, wielding the axe or the hoo, picking the cotton, working from dawn to dusk, strangers to play time; when I see the lack of schools; when I see, on my travels through the North and Northwest, children on full nine-months' school time, playgrounds galore, well-rounded forms and cheeks; when I see the farmer of New Jersey, of Maine, even of California, living more comfortably than our professional classes; when, in a sentence, I see the South's transcendent advantages, her inferior material position and her poverty, I make the matter the subject of profound study, and at last I arrive at the conclusion that the whole difficulty, the sole ailment, is Worn-Out Soil. Having thus diagnosed the disease, I seek the remedy. The Chinese know it, Nippon knows it—France, Holland, England, Ireland, Canada, and the farmers of the North and West know it; Bonneau Harris knows it, Wade Drake knows it. Won't The Keowe Courler and every newspaper in Dixieland help to tell it to the people? It must be told and retold—line upon line, precept upon precept. It is hard to change the customs of a whole people. Hookworm, pellagra, indigestion, tobacco eating, nervousness, lack of self-control, quick crimes, the craving for stimulants, anaemia, ema-

tion—if the Rockefeller Institute will devote one-tenth of a million to disseminate the lesson of Leaves on the Land, or in the Land, it will kill every one of the foregoing evils, and it will work a change in the social aspect, the material and mental and moral condition of the South that will place her never second in any comparison that may be made between her and all other competitors in any field, whether agricultural, commercial, mechanical, educational, professional, scientific; of the arts higher and the arts lower; of belles-lettres, and of culture physical, culture ethical, culture spiritual.  
John Bailey Adger Mullally.  
Eagle's Nest, Pendleton, S. C.

**Mother-To-Be, Read This—**

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers. When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes."  
Note: Write for valuable free illustrated book, "Motherhood and the Baby," containing important authoritative information which every expectant mother should have, and all about "Mother's Friend." Write to the Trade-Regulator Company, 114-23, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend" is sold by druggists everywhere.

**CHANGES IN THE EASLEY BANK.**

**Sydney Bruce to be Active Vice President of Commercial Bank.**  
Easley, Oct. 5.—At a call meeting of the board of directors of the Commercial Bank of Easley, held in their offices Tuesday afternoon, the resignation of H. C. Hagood as president of the bank was tendered and accepted by the board of directors. At the same meeting W. M. Hagood, Sr., was elected president of the bank and Sydney Bruce, of Seneca, was elected active vice president. Mr. Bruce will assume his duties at once. Sydney Bruce, who will now become active vice president of the bank, is a Pickens county product, and is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McD. Bruce, of Pickens. He was educated at Davidson College, and for several years was assistant State Bank Examiner. For the past five or six years he has been cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Seneca, where he has made an enviable record as a banker. The Commercial Bank is fortunate in securing his services, and his many Pickens friends are glad to welcome him home.

**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.

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"Better Than Pills For Liver Ills"

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Walhalla, S. C.

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"Pape's Diapepsin" for Gas, Indigestion or Sour Stomach  
Instantly! Stomach corrected! You never feel the slightest distress from indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach after you eat a tablet of "Pape's Diapepsin." The moment it reaches the stomach all sourness, flatulence, hoar-burn, gases, palpitation and pain disappear. Druggists guarantee each package to correct digestion at once. End your stomach trouble for few cents.—adv.