

Humorous Department.

A Slim Chance.—Men don't stand much chance with women nowadays. This is sadly being brought home to many a member of the suspended sex. For instance: "I may not be so big a fool as I look," said he to her. They were having a quarrel. "No," she replied sweetly. "Then you have a great deal to be thankful for."

And by this: "I don't believe in parading my virtues," said the righteous husband to his wife. "That is why," my dear," said the wife. "It always takes a number, you know, for a parade."

Ough!

Mentioning the Unmentionable.—A millionaire jam manufacturer, having retired from business and married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune. One day he wrote to a neighbor an impudent letter complaining of the way in which the other's servants were trespassing on his grounds. The neighbor wrote back: "Dear Sir, I am very sorry to hear that my servants are being poaching on your preserves."

"P. S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."—London Tit-Bits.

For Social Purposes.—"Do you really use this razor made in Germany?" asked the judge. "I reckon it musta been, sub. I procured it off'n a doid German pussion out in Nobody's Land. I knowed he was doid because I had just killed my bay-onst' outen him."

"Oh, you fought in France?" exclaimed the court. "Yes, sub. I was a black devil, an' I thought this razor might be valuable sub."

"For shaving?" "No, sub; for social purposes."

Very Likely.—"If yoh Hubban' beats you, mebbe yoh kin hab him sent to de whippin' post," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson. "Lis'n here, Mrs. Jackson. If my hubban' beats me," said the other lady, "day kin send him to de whippin' post if dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital."

Sure He Is.—"Man is a tyrant, an absolute tyrant," said his wife to a company of friends. "Isn't he John?" she asked turning to her husband. "Why it all depends, upon—"

"He he or is he not?" she asked as she fixed her eyes upon him. "He is."

Old Sub Lively.—Supporting one contention that this Bolsheviki is "Old Stuff," we quote Volunmia in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," act four, scene one, line thirteen, to-wit: "Now the red pestilence strikes all trades in Rome. And occupations perish!"—Little Rock, Ark. Democrat.

War Economy.—"Are you going to pay any attention to these epithets that are being hurled at you?" "Yes, indeed," answered Senator Souham. "I'm having them all carefully copied and filed away. I may need them when it comes my turn to call names."—Washington Star.

On a Blotch.—"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramophone." "You don't say? If I smoked two hundred of these cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp."—London Tit-Bits.

It Usually Works.—When Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York he asked an applicant for a position on the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?" "Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Correct.—A soldier from the front applied to the hotel for a job as cook. "What can you cook?" asked the hotelman. "Anything, sir," was the reply. "Well, how do you make hash?" "You don't make it, sir," said the soldier. "It just accumulates."

His Plea.—Mrs. Jones—"The cook refuses to get up earlier than 7:30 o'clock." Mr. Jones—"Ask her if she won't do it for a couple of days until I can arrange my business."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mean Man.—Friend—"Is her father the kind of man who would pursue you if you eloped?" "Jack, Poor!"—No, he's the kind of man who'd move so that you couldn't find him when you came back.—Boston Transcript.

The Diplomacy of Politeness.—"George," said the teacher, "I am glad to see that you are polite enough to offer your sister the oranges first." "Yes'm," said George; "cause then she's got to be polite an' take the little one."

A Live Wire.—I don't think I'll buy the house, but I've enjoyed the ride out here. You run a good car." "Yes, I'm agent for this make. Can I hook your order?"—Kansas City Journal.

Remarkable.—The blind man picked up a hammer—and saw. The dumb man picked up a wheel—and spoke.

AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKI

Glover Man Recently Returned From Red Russia.

CONDITIONS STRANGE AND TERRIBLE

John Knox Brings First Hand Information About Dreadful Disease—Tells of Country Where Money Has No Value.

Battling with the Bolsheviki, seeing them every day, breathing with them, studying them all the while as best he could and without allowing a single symptom of the deadly doctrine to enter into himself, has been the experience of John Knox, well known young man of Clover, son of Mr. Geo. W. Knox of that town, who has recently received his discharge and returned to the home of his father after serving more than two years in the United States army, most of the service since May having been rendered on the third class cruiser "Des Moines" at Archangel in far Russia. While engaged in no actual conflicts with the Bolsheviki himself, the young sailor has come in contact with a number of soldiers of a United States Infantry regiment who had been in brushes with them and he also came across soldiers of Great Britain and other Allied countries sent to Archangel months ago to aid in the fight against a doctrine and against propaganda that has grown until it has torn Russia asunder and has been responsible for the organization of an army of more than 1,000,000 Russians who, when the Des Moines went away last September appeared to have things its own way and gaining recruits all the while. Young Knox talked most interestingly Wednesday afternoon regarding his experiences in bleak Russia and his painted scenes in that stricken land that were far from pleasant.

Meaning of Bolshevism.—"Although I have been in and among 'em for quite a bit I must admit that I don't know as much about this Bolshevism and its scope as I would like to know," he said. "But I have read everything about 'em that I could get my hands on and I have gotten all the first hand information that I could. Bolshevism as I got it from Bolsheviki around Archangel means 'one for all and all for one,' that is, that everything belongs to everybody—to one person as much as another. All the lands belong to the people in common, all the money, all property of every kind—all property owners who do not subscribe to the belief are enemies of the people and should be killed. And there has been quite a lot of killing and it is going on at a rapid rate still."

Nucleus of Bolsheviki.—"At the beginning the Bolshevists were about the lowest down rats in Russia—gamblers, thieves, murderers—the lowest and the meanest and the vilest in Russian civilization. Most of the leaders in the movement are Russians who have lived in the United States at one time or the other and who, having accumulated wealth in this country returned to Russia to stir up malice and venom and hate and bloodshed. And they have and are succeeding wonderfully. The soldiers of the Bolsheviki army, the great majority of them are the poorest and most ignorant men imaginable. They know not what they are fighting for, they have not the slightest conception of principle. They are simply poor, helpless humans who have listened to the words of wily agitators thirsting for power and who have roped them in with promises of wealth and position. Were other agitators able to get to them they would soon desert the ranks in which they now fight and join any other army that might cater to them. They fight because fighting is the most profitable business in Russia just now and bids fair to continue so for a long time to come."

"They are being told that they have been down trodden and oppressed for hundreds and thousands of years—that all the land and all the wealth is rightfully theirs because they and their fathers and forefathers have worked and sweated and died for it and that the only way to get it is to commit robbery and murder and rapine until the 'upper classes' are wiped out entirely and they are in position to take it."

"They are being taught and they believe," said young Knox, "that there is no God, that the Christian religion is a false doctrine, that the church in Russia is an institution which has proved one of the most powerful factors in keeping them in bondage—that all that is, is wrong."

Many Forced to Join.—"And still they gain ground. There is no question but what they were gaining ground on September 15, when I left there. Ignorance reigns supreme in Russia. They have gained recruits and are gaining recruits among hundreds of people who do not for a moment sympathize with their doctrine and know that it is wrong and impossible; but who being so unfortunate as to reside in sections where the Bolsheviki are the stronger, realize that they must either join the movement or die and they prefer to live. Why even in the city of Archangel, a city of 100,000 inhabitants or more, a large number of the people either openly or secretly avow their sympathy with the Bolsheviki. And that in spite of the fact that Great Britain and France and the United States have had soldiers and sailors there for the purpose of maintaining order and a government opposed to this socialist propaganda and worse than that which is gradually getting all Russia under its control."

"Yet money was never more plentiful in Archangel than it is now. Everybody there appeared to have plenty of money, and still nobody worked. There were few Russian laborers to

ABLE WOMAN CAMPAIGNER

Nancy Astor Seeks Election To British Commons

CANDIDATE OF THE UNIONIST PARTY

Candidate for the Unionist Party American Woman Shows Fine Ability in Taking Care of Herself on the Stump—Good Speaker: But in For Hard Fight.

Lady Astor, in her speech on her adoption as unionist candidate for parliament, according to a London dispatch, told those who had gathered to hear her that it was because she had "the mirth of the British Tommy who could laugh while going over the top," she was able to face the tremendous responsibility of attempting to become the first woman member of the house of commons.

"I realize that it depends on how I behave myself there," she added, "whether women will get in." A moment later she said: "It took the spirit of Drake and the faith of the Pilgrim fathers to get me here tonight."

Viscount Astor came forward to present his wife, saying: "I have been asked to introduce to you my successor—your future representative." This was greeted with loud cheers and laughter, and Lord Astor went on: "I have been asked presumably because I know more about her than any one else. Although she is light of heart, nevertheless she is mindful of the responsibilities."

He concluded by expressing regret at the necessity of stepping aside owing to his elevation to the peerage.

Opponent Withdraws.—The independent unionist candidate, Lionel Jacobs, who had the support of a number of unionists opposing Lady Astor, on the ground of sex, tonight withdrew his candidacy.

The true arranged by the political parties of the Sutton division of Plymouth for the period of the municipal elections having expired the strategists of the three dominant political camps prepared for the most novel and vigorously fought parliamentary battle in Plymouth's history.

Lady Astor, or rather Nancy Astor—for that is the name by which she is most widely known—will be the central figure, and apparently is most eager for the tilt. She lost no time in firing the opening guns of the campaign, and early this afternoon drove into the wharf-side fish market in an open carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful horses with bridles decorated with red, white and blue rosettes.

A battery of press photographers, a swarm of children from the adjacent slum district and a miscellany of dock laborers and market workers immediately massed about the carriage. Smiling towards the photographers, Lady Astor asked: "Why can't you let us have our little election down here in Devonshire?" Then, turning to the crowd, she exclaimed: "Aren't these foreigners awful persons?" This elicited much laughter.

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SAVE AUTUMN LEAVES

Best Soil Builder Known is Nature's Own Compost.

There is more truth than poetry in the statement of a contemporary who said that "people who burn all their leaves and then spend money for commercial fertilizer need to have their heads attended to."

The time is close at hand in this latitude when autumn leaves will cover the ground, each day's falling being a matter of dread to the small boy whose duty it will be to keep walks and lawn free from the trees discarded habiliments.

The traditional and customary manner of disposing of autumn leaves that clutter the streets and private grounds is to rake them into piles and set fire to them; but that constitutes only another proof of our lack of thrift.

Leaves contain every element that is necessary in the development of floral life. For that reason they can be converted into the best fertilizer known.

The process is very simple, furthermore, consisting merely in letting them decay.

Piled, or, better still, dumped into a pit, and permitted to rot by nature's own process of decomposition leaves become what the gardeners call compost—a commodity of rare value both as a fertilizer and a permanent soil builder.

Put on the land and spaded in, this compost not only supplies all the elements of plant food, but in addition to the chemical properties essential to plant growth, it puts humus into the soil—vegetable matter that aids in the conservation of moisture and in keeping the ground loose and friable, thus aiding root development.

All of which properties are lost—with the exception of the noncombustible mineral ingredients—when the leaves are burned instead of returned to the soil.

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- Cremo Dairy Feed for your milk cows, at \$3.50 a Sack.
- Seed Rye, at \$2.85 Bushel.
- Best Laundry Soap, at 5 Cts. a Bar.
- Chester Bread every Monday and Thursday.
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- See my line of Shirts, Hosiery, Overalls. You can't beat 'em.
- I sell the Meyer Honorblit Shoe—real Leather Shoe.
- I'll be glad to have your business. See us for your needs and wants.

J. D. HOPE, Sharon, S. C.

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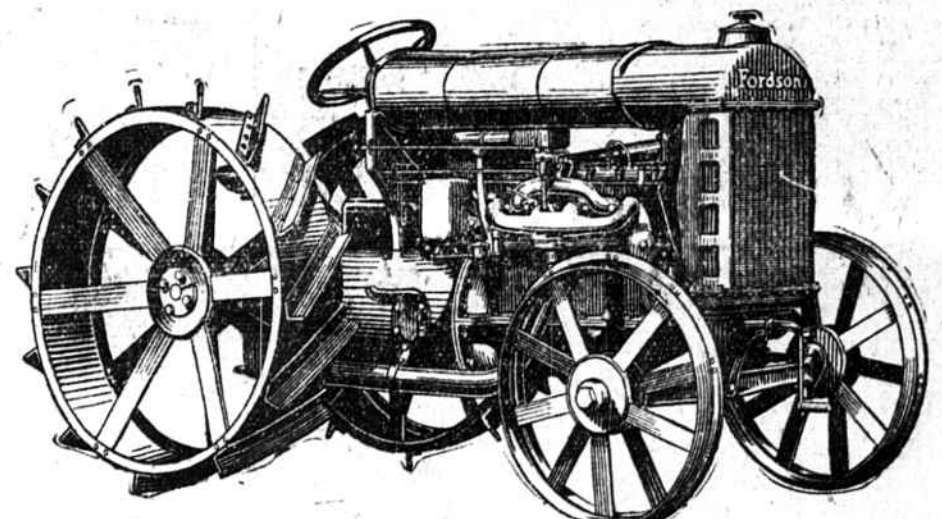
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