

THE PAGELAND JOURNAL

Vol. 6 NO. 20

PAGELAND, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1916

\$1.00 per year

Fifty Hens for Every Southern Farm

In the Corn Belt states it is reliably stated that the average farm flock of poultry numbers nearly 150, while in the Cotton Belt the average is not more than 20 or 25 to the farm. In the Corn Belt the average annual income per farm worker is double that of the average in the Cotton Belt.

There may now be any necessary connection between these two facts, but to us it looks very much like there is, and a very important connection, at that. The truth, we believe, is that the greater earning power of the Northern and Western farmer is due to the fact he makes every edge cut; he cashes in on every opportunity. He uses labor-saving machinery; he uses more horse power and less human labor; and he uses cattle, hogs and chickens, all his farm will carry, to clean up the waste products and put them in marketable form.

The Northern and Western farmer long ago learned that a goodly flock of hens is the best kind of insurance against store accounts at credit prices, and he accordingly makes Bidly pay the grocery bill, with some to spare. Judging from the few nondescript hens found on a great many Cotton Belt farms, we have yet to learn this lesson, and right now, at the beginning of 1916, is a splendid time to be about it.

In the first place, let's understand that the Iowa or the Missouri farmer doesn't keep a big flock of hens because he has a better rate than we for chickens. If anything, the reverse would be true. Our winter is cold, and there is not a farm in the South that cannot have something green growing every day in the year.

Nor do we believe it be due to a lack of a market in the South for chickens and eggs. We don't know of a community anywhere in which these products are not salable practically every day in the year. They are almost as staple as cotton. True, better results would come from marketing cooperatively and in large lots, but chickens and eggs in any quantity can practically always be sold, and generally at prices that will afford a profit.

The carrying of not less than fifty laying hens on every farm in the South is easily possible and would each year add many millions of dollars to our wealth. A really good hen should lay 150 eggs a year; but if we make each farm flock of 50 hens average 100 eggs a year for each hen, we have a total of 5,000 eggs, or 416 dozen, worth, at an average of 20 cents a dozen, \$83.20,—an amount amply sufficient to buy all the flour, coffee, sugar, salt, etc., needed, with some to spare. Of course with good management there is no reason why this amount might not be materially increased.

Why not let's make this one of our 1916 slogans: "FIFTY HENS FOR EVERY SOUTHERN FARM?" Such a flock, well cared for, will convert waste products into marketable meat and eggs, and will be a big step forward toward a live-at-home policy and emancipation from time-prices.—Progressive Farmer.

Notice

All persons having claims against the estate of J. Dock Wallace deceased, are hereby notified to present same duly authenticated to the undersigned, L. L. Parker, Executor.

A Boost For Our Town.

There is a new spirit abroad in the world. It is the spirit of democracy, the spirit of getting together, the spirit of co-operation. This spirit is finding expression in small groups, in clubs and lodges, in unions and federations and in a growing spirit of unity among the churches. It is beginning to seek embodiment in terms of a civic consciousness, in better national unities and in world policies.

Because of the isolation and individualism of the smaller towns and cities this spirit is slow in finding means of expression. The smaller towns are social unites of great importance, in some respects of more importance than the larger cities. The strongest and most aggressive men of the cities have come from the country or the smaller towns. The greatest men in the professions, the greatest leaders in politics and state craft, in industry and commerce have come from the country or smaller towns. The greatest man whoever lived came from the little town of Nazareth.

It is possible to make these smaller towns places of greater influence and power. The old method of improving a town was to get some man of wealth and public spirit to give it a fountain, donate a monument or put up a library. These are all important, but it is far more important to do things that will develop a public spirit, a spirit of unity and furnish an opportunity and a channel through which this spirit may be expressed for the common good.

The first problem of these smaller towns is to see themselves and their needs clearly. The greatest object of their citizens should not be to get as many dollars as they can and to keep them as long as they can, but to build the best town they can and to produce the best type of boys and girls, men and women, the best churches and school, the best forms of amusement and recreation and to boost with enthusiasm anything that will give an opportunity for community expression, to things making for the common good.

The mid-winter chautauqua that is to be given in our town during the three days beginning Thursday, February 3rd affords just such an opportunity and channel of expression. It should have the co-operation of every citizen of our town.

A Convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer meeting offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."

The Doctor's Heaven

I dreamed that I was talking With a doctor, old and gray, Who told me of a dream he had, I think 'twas New Year's day.

While snoozing in his office, The vision came to view, For he saw an angel enter, Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven, Peter sent me away down To bring you up to glory, And put on you a golden crown.

You've been a friend to every one, And worked both night and day, You've doctored many thousands, And from few received your pay.

So we want you up in glory, For you have labored hard, And the good Lord is preparing Your eternal just reward."

Then the angel and the doctor Started up to glory's gate, But when passing close to Hades, The angel whispered "Wait.

I've a place I want to show you. It's the hottest in all hell, Where the ones who never paid you,

In torment must always dwell." And behold, the doctor saw there His old patients by the score; Then grabbing up a chair and fan,

He wished for nothing more. Just content to sit and watch them As they sizzle, singe and burn, And his eyes would rest on others

Whichever way they'd turn. Said the angel, "Come on, doctor, There are many gates and doors, But the doctor only murmured, "This is heaven enough for me."—Anonymous.

Reason for It

Two Irishmen were digging a hole for drainage. One was over six feet in height, and the other was not much over five feet.

The foreman came along presently to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. So he called down to the big fellow below in the trench:

"Look here, Pat; how is it that little Mickey Dugan, who is only about half as big as you, is doing twice as much work?"

Glancing down at the diminutive Mickey, Pat replied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he near to-it?"

Said Uncle Eph: "When a man thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to go back for it, I should call that man absentminded."

Great Gathering of Laymen Next Week

Three thousand men are expected to meet in Columbia, February 6-9th. It will be a great Convention of Laymen of all denominations, met to study the relation of the church to the new conditions throughout the world. Churches are composed of laymen; laymen support the churches; laymen support the missionary enterprises of the church, now laymen will meet to survey the field, to learn what is being done, and what ought to be done. Able speakers will address the laymen and on themes that are compelling to their interest and timeliness. Such addresses are distinctly worth while and would repay a long trip; but along with the information and the appeal there is other benefit, a broader outlook, quickened interest, stimulus to more active participation in the work of the local church as the source of power. That is worth reflecting on. The laymen are not undertaking any new thing; they are just trying to see. It is true, probably, that most laymen have been rather half hearted in their efforts because they knew but little of the work of the church beyond the Sunday sermon and the weekly prayer-meeting. Such a convention as that in Columbia will bring to laymen when they are most receptive a view of the world as a religious opportunity. But there will be much more; for the church has problems at home and must study these problems as church liabilities. Social problems in the congested cities, somewhat perplexing subject must be solved. But the church must infuse into all relations the spirit of the gospel. Laymen as studying as well as ministers, and a free discussion, led by men who are in touch with those things, must prove greatly beneficial. And the individual, what should be his attitude? Such questions will be illumined by intelligent discussion.

Our religious opportunity is a big one; but it consists not so much in getting more men into the membership of our churches as it does in developing the churches as an efficient factor in the life of a workaday world.

All roads have offered special rates, and good rates are offered by Columbia boarding-houses. The County Chairmen in almost every county have arranged for special coaches to take their delegations to the Convention, all delegates leaving Monday morning Feb. 7th, arriving in Columbia in time to register and be assigned to their hotels or boarding-houses before time for the evening sessions of the conference.

Why Every Man Should At-

Uncle John Says Friday Is Unlucky for Many Folks

"Yes, sir," said Uncle John when he dropped in our office last Friday morning, telling us he had to hurry back and start a big job of cleaning up and draining a wet spot on his farm.—"yes, sir," he repeated, "time was when I wouldn't a' started nary single thing worth mentionin' on Friday."

"Fact is," he continued, "in them days Friday was a sure-enough dog gone unlucky day for me, and so was the 13th of every month. And I believe they are everlastin'ly unlucky days yet for lots o' folks. But as for me and my house, as the preacher says, we've done got shet of that hoodoo."

Whereupon we asked him how he had removed the spell. "That's easy enough," the old man answered. "Used to be when Friday or the 13th come around, I wouldn't do somethin' I ought to have done that day, or wouldn't start something I ought to have started, and the upshot of it was, it was always an unlucky day for me. But since I quit all such foolishness as that, them days are about the luckiest days I know, and when Friday and the 13th double up on one and the same day, I like to swat the old fake by startin' more things and doin' more things than almost any other day. I'm tired wastin' my time an' sweat on poor hill land and lettin' that rich bottom grow up in weeds and bushes, and I'm goin' to start cleanin' it up today and make a dozen barrels of corn an acre on it next year."

But don't you forget this, said Uncle John in leaving, "don't you forget this—that if a fellow don't know any better than to believe Friday is an unlucky day fer him, it's dead sure going to be unlucky." Progressive Farmer.

65-Pound Tumor Removed

Lancaster News, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Steele have returned from Rock Hill, where they visited Mr. Steele's mother, Mrs. Harvy Steele at the Fennell Infirmary. Mrs. Steele has just undergone an ordeal which would have been too much for one of less will power than herself.

Last week Dr. Fennell performed upon her a major operation, the removal of a tumor weighing 65 pounds, and no anesthetics were used.

Mrs. Steele is 70 years of age. She has borne her suffering with patience, showing great endurance and her condition is regarded as satisfactory. This operation is another triumph for Dr. Fennell as well as for the endurance of his patient.

Maness & Shearrin.

Concord, Jan. 26.—T. D. Maness and M. Boyce Shearrin have formed a partnership under the firm name of Maness & Shearrin for the practice of law. Mr. Maness has been a resident of Concord for 10 years or more and has established a large practice here. Mr. Shearrin is a young man and is from Union County. He is an alumnus of Wake Forest and has been a clerk in Mr. Maness' office for about a year. This is the only law partnership in Concord.

(Mr. Maness is a son of Mr. James Maness of Marhville township, and Mr. Shearrin is Wingate. Both attend the Wingate school.—The Journal.)

Believes It Unlawful

Fort Mill, S. C., Jan. 26.—In reply to his request for an opinion, Mayor Bert E. Patterson is in receipt of a letter from Thomas H. Peeples, Attorney General, in which he states the belief that it is unconstitutional for an alderman on a town council to hold also the position of clerk and treasurer. It has always been customary here for the Town Council to elect one of its number to the position of clerk and treasurer which pays a salary of \$125 per annum, but the question of the legality of the proceeding was brought up owing to the fact that there were several applicants for the place.

W. A. Roach, alderman from ward 3, was elected clerk and treasurer.

Found Diamond in Chicken Gizzard

While Miss Bertha Tichenor, of Princeton, Ind., was dressing a chicken she opened the gizzard and found therein a diamond ring with 15 inches of a woman's gold chain wrapped around it. It is believed the bird picked up the jewelry in the street, some passerby wearing the ring on a chain about her neck, having lost it when the chain broke and a piece of it fell into the road with the ring.—Ex.

Tolerable Times

"How's times?" inquired a tourist

"Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone came along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine." "Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it." "Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news. "Do you know Jim Skelley?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do." "Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

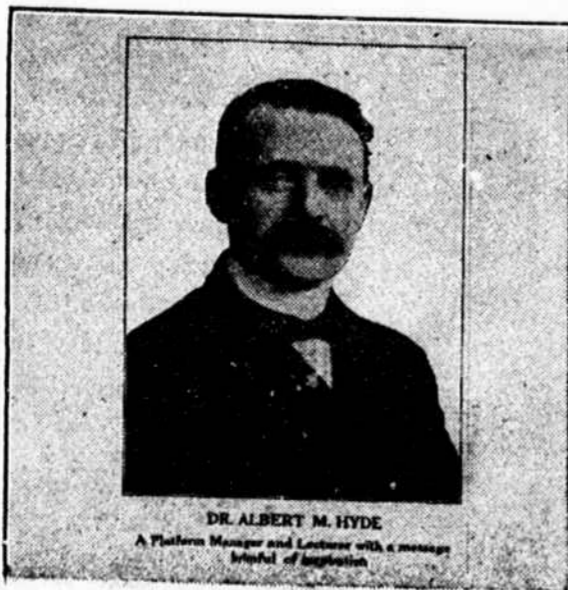
"Ye don't say so?" said Mike; "well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

Why Get Married.

"Say, Johnsing," commented Rastus, looking up from his paper, "it says heah dat in Sumatra a man kin buy a wife foh foah dollars."

"Foah dollars!" gasped Johnsing. "Efa niggah's got foah dollars he don't need no wife!"

Will be here this week at the Chautauqua.



DR. ALBERT M. HYDE
A Platform Messenger and Lecturer with a message
brimful of inspiration

