

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Billie or Coss or Fed. Uncle's Opportunity

Mobilization Needed.

The world is facing a desperate meat shortage, our own people are already suffering because of the ever decreasing supply of meat and steadily advancing prices. Wool has increased in price enormously, and there is danger of an actual wool famine even to properly clothe our soldiers and protect them from death due to cold weather and the lack of woolen clothes combined.

This situation could be changed to an amazing extent for good by raising more sheep; but sheep raising and dog raising are diametrically opposed.

One or the other must give way. Shall we keep on maintaining 25,000,000 dogs, most of which are worse than useless, to consume annually hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of food and at the same time to make increased sheep production impossible? The number of sheep in the country as compared with years ago has decreased over 15,000,000, while the number of sheep killing dogs steadily increases.

It has seemed impossible to pass and enforce adequate dog laws in the States. For this reason the Manufacturers Record has urged a war tax by congress of from \$3 to \$5 a head on dogs. This would soon decrease the supply of worthless sheep killing dogs, while the owner of pet dogs and valuable dogs could well afford to pay the war tax.

The questions face us squarely:

Do we prefer dogs to humanity?

Shall our soldiers freeze and die for lack of wool because the nation dare not antagonize the voters who own the millions of worthless curs?

Shall our own people and the allies starve for meat because as a nation we encourage sheep growing in order to curry favor with the poor owners of millions of mongrel curs and the rich who might object to a war tax?

Dogs or sheep, which?

No State can adequately protect, because the dogs pay no attention to State lines in their chase of sheep. But the States can make a start while waiting on congress. Dogs should be taxed, and their owners should be liable for at least quadruple the value of every sheep killed, because the killing of a single sheep injures the whole flock and discourages the industry.

The papers throughout the country are now taking up the matter very vigorously. The Wilmington (N. C.) Star says that the leading daily and weekly papers of Georgia are filled with invitations to sheep growers of the West and Northwest to bring their flocks to Georgia and the Georgians are learning something about the sheep raising adaptabilities and the once great sheep industry of Georgia which flourished a half century ago. During the decades before and following the Civil War period the Southern States were successful producers of sheep and wool. But the South gradually turned to cotton and became cursed with a one-crop mania, which, together with the growing increase of wandering cur dogs, soon forced sheep owners to dispose of what was left of once profitable flocks.

Now that sheep owners of the West and Northwest are contemplating sending their sheep South where they will find a mild climate and pasture, during the severe winters of the West, it is up to the Southern States to get rid of the sheep killing dog.

Referring to Senator Tillman's expressed desire to "die in harness," ex-Senator McLaurin says "this talk is all rot. A broken down horse dying in harness is cruelty to animals." Moreover the ex-senator declares, "it is unfair to the balance of the team when the load is heavy and the pace is so fast to be handicapped by bog spavin and heaves in an old horse which won't work at all unless he is in the lead."

"Then, too, we need gatling guns instead of old rusty worn-out pitchforks," Senator McLaurin observes.

Killed by Train

Florence, S. C., Jan. 31.—N. J. Q. Harrel, of Lanes, roadmaster on the Charleston division of the Atlantic Coast Line, was run down by a passenger train late Monday afternoon and instantly killed. The accident happened near Lanes. Mr. Harrel was traveling in his railway motor car. It was foggy and he did not see the passenger train until it was close upon him. He jumped and would have escaped death had he not attempted to save his motor and at the same time probably avoid damage to the passenger train. The pilot of the engine hurled the motor car upon him and killed him instantly. The negro helper on the car escaped injury. Mr. Harrel leaves a widow and several children.

For Indigestion, Constipation or Biliousness

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J. 69

EVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadows, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak..."

I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few

doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Thedford's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member, of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists.

J. 69

Bedtime, Sonny

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PERFECTION
OIL HEATERS

WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN

Number Six

Billie and Jimmie Will Take Military Training.

"I am mighty sorry, Uncle Dan, that this is your last night with us. Can't you stay longer? We boys are having a peach of a time," said Billie.

"Well, if you get more out of it in the way of pleasure than I," said Uncle Dan, "you are going some."

"Billie, I have been talking seriously with your father and mother about sending you to a military academy and they asked me to talk with you about it."

"Whooppee!" Billie screamed, like a wild Indian.

"Now, hold your horses," said Uncle Dan, "and listen to me. You know I sent my boy, Howard, to one of these schools for a year when he was about your age. He was narrow chested, stoop shouldered, rather loose jointed; he had the big head and needed discipline and physical development. He was growing fast and I wanted him to be strong physically."

"Say, Uncle Dan," said Billie, "I believe your description of Howard fits me pretty well, eh?"

"Well," said Uncle Dan, "to be frank I think it does; you need the same thing. Howard did not like it at first. I am told for a few weeks he had 'rough sledding,' but after he found that the only way was to obey orders, he caught the spirit of the institution and liked it. We did not see him for about six months, then he came home for a few days. We were astonished at his appearance. He had gained about 20 pounds in weight, his muscles were as hard as nails, he stood as straight as an arrow, he was courteous, consider-



Note the result of six months of military training. Compare lines A-A and B-B in cut.

ate and manly. His awkwardness had disappeared. The change was wonderful and it was all to the good. Here is a photograph showing 'before and after taking,' and I am sure no patent medicine advertisement could beat it.

"Well, mother and I were delighted. That was ten years ago, and Howard says the year he spent at the military academy was the best year of his life.

"Now," said Uncle Dan, with great earnestness, "when such training does so much good, makes better citizens and at the same time fits a man to defend his country, why should not Uncle Sam furnish this training at the government's expense? The government has the right to call anyone to serve in case of war, and without training, a man is worth nothing as a soldier. Uncle Sam has splendid new training camps that will soon be available for the purpose, therefore, here is double reason why the Chamberlain bill for compulsory military training should be passed at once, so that every boy physically fit may have this training and not leave it for his parents to pay for. On account of the expense, not one boy in 50 can take the training now. I am glad that you can do so. These big crops and big prices, I find, make the farmers rather 'cocky,' and that the best is demanded by them."

Billie was up with the lark the next morning, more excited and enthusiastic than ever. He had a plan. He knew Jimmie owned a colt worth \$100; that he would make almost another \$100 on his potatoes if they turned out well, and that he had from his previous savings, bought a \$100 Liberty bond. Billie's plan was to have Jimmie cash in and go with him. He was disappointed to find that Jimmie would still lack about \$300 of having enough to see him through. His lip quivering, he said: "I'm mighty sorry to leave Jimmie."

Uncle Dan was silent a moment or two, then he asked Billie to go down to the orchard and get him some apples to eat on the train. While he was gone, it was arranged that Uncle Dan and Mr. and Mrs. Graham would advance the money necessary so that Jimmie could go. When Billie returned he was told about it. He ran to the phone and called Jimmie, saying: "Come on over, run just as fast as you can. I've got the money."

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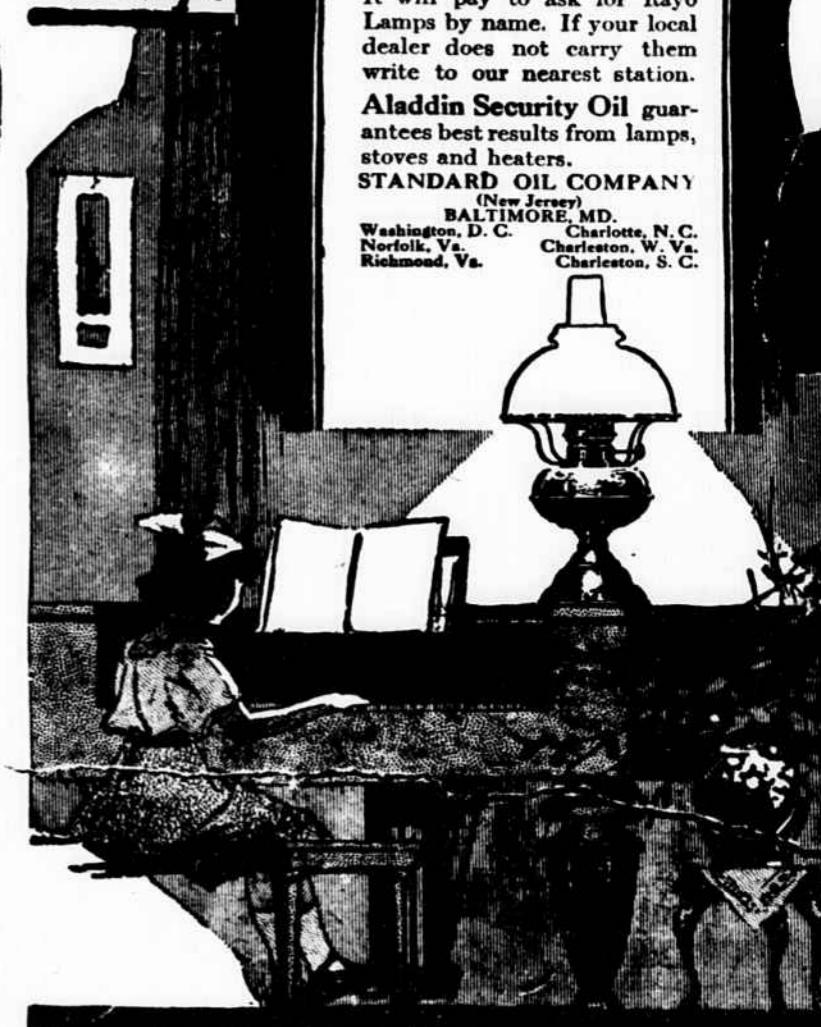
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