LETTER TO FARMER UNIONISTS

If a rake-off in a liquor deal is grafting the State's money, what is the man doing who is false-swearing about the amount of tax he is due the State?

We often become awe-stricken over corporation of foreign graft, but have to be lambasted into paying any attention to our big army of home-made grafters—tax-dodgers—at our own door.

If it is a flagrant violation of law for the genial whiskey-drummer and dispensary men to fail to turn in just revenue and profits to the state, is it not also a crime of the same class for our genial friends in other occupations to fail to turn in to the state every dollar of taxes he is due the State according to law?

We farmers are prone to point to corporations and the business world as the great harbingers of grafters, but the plain truth is no man or class of men can point the finger of scorn at any other class and say thief! grafter!

The farmer has the same kind of human nature in his make-up that everybody else has. All the farmer has to do to rid himself of this conceit, let him take a peep at a few pages of his county Auditor's book and blush with shame at the black sheep there are within his own flock.

Why, bless you, not long since a farmer was looking over his county Auditor's books after another matter and uncovered the tax returns of another farmer who is worth more than one hundred thousand dollars, who returned his property at less than five thousand dollars!

This well-to-do farmer pays less than one hundred dollars tax while another farmer near by, who does not own one-fourth as much property, pays two hundred and twenty dollars tax. And, worse still, this well-to-do-tax-dodging farmer's son is on the County Board of Equalization, while yet another son is the county clerk. Now, this may not be a conspiracy, to have one son holding down the County Board of Equalization and books that contain certain records of the securities of his father, but at the same time we are forced to say that if this ugly state of affairs is not a conspiracy, that it is at least an allfired convenient accident or coincident to protect tax-dodgers.

Many of us know of cases where some unfortunate who owns nothing taxable save his head and heels (poll and road) has been chased for miles over the country and finally run down and in for from $8 to $12 costs and the employer is compelled to put up the cash for his unfortunate laborer or tenant or his man goes to the chaingang, while another well-to-do tax-dodger is just as lawfully due the State anywhere from $50 to $100, but is allowed to forswear and go free. Another case is the "home-builder" (the slogan for the safety of the State and nation) who pays one-third on his purchase for a home and borrows the balance and after years of toiling, under the burden of high interest, taxes and family expenses is closed out at last to satisfy the money-lender's claim, which is lawful, but the holder of these iron-clad securities had not paid a dollar taxes on these notes and mortgages during the whole time this "home pay tax, too, while the law says both terest and taxes.

Ask this money-lender why he does not pay the taxes on his securities and he will have the gall to say a whole heap about double-taxing to compel the farmer to pay tax on borrowed money and the money-lender pay tax, too, which the law says both shall pay tax.

I am informed by a reliable source that we have in our State a corporation that has more than one and a half millions cash in its business that is paying tax on only ninety-five thousand, for the reason that one of the head officials of this corporation is on the Board of Assessors and no doubt the State has all sizes of this kind of graft in all its counties.

Are the tax laws of the State made for the plain, honest people to go by and the unscrupulous cunning to evade? Why is it that the County Auditors do not go down into this thing and place all the property on the tax books, as the law requires them to do?

There are a few among them that have the "sand" to go into the lair of the lions that guard the voters, that drive the nails down in the shingles that cover their heads! Do these foundering officers of the law think more about their salaries than they do about the good of the people or the oath they take? Why don't the Boards of Equalization do their duty and place all taxable property upon the books upon an equal basis?

Is it a fact that many of them are tarred with the same stick along with the common tax-dodgers and the rest keep mum for fear of being called a "common knocker"? So far as placing all property on the tax books upon equal basis at its market value is concerned, the County Auditor's office is a farce and the Board of Equalization is a huge joke.

It is a stupendous fact that every one who places his property on the tax books at current or customary rates helps to pay the graft or rake-off held back by tax-dodgers, which fact should enlist the active co-operation of all law abiding citizens, with Comptroller General Jones in his commendable crusade for tax equalization.

Publishing all tax returns in county papers every four years at re-assessment of real estate is the one fell sweep that would attract the interest and aid of the people in each township of the State. This publicity is the gatling gun or bomb-shell that would drive every hiter out in the open where the populace can inspect the returns and see to it that no one shall pass muster without a clean record. For the same reason that we require publishing of expenditures of the people's money, that we may see just where it goes, we should also know who is not turning in all the just tax money due the county and State.

The drag net that would catch all the sharks that jump over and dive under the list of January as the date for property on hand, instead of naming one day, the law should take an average of several months for a basis of money on deposit or in any business.

A tax inquisitor for each Congressional district having the right to examine all public and corporation records and the power to summon witnesses to testify as to taxable property as well as the right to convene County Boards of Equalization to suit the itinerary of his rounds, would also be the one limb of the law that might be made to bring in a revenue of ten or more dollars for every dollar spent on his work on either of the plans of a salary or percentage pay. Some think that these tax inquisitors should be required to change districts in their rounds after the plan of the circuit judges.

Our law makers should keep the fact in mind that these tax dodgers are cunning masters in this art and unless a master in the art of tax hunter is sent after them, the effort will be futile.

These tax inquisitors should not be floundering politicians or weakling of the thirty cent calibre, but should be a selection from among the ablest men we have and paid accordingly for their work—men of some discretion and diplomacy that know the law more than kith or kin, or friend or foe.

We have been moralizing over the tax dodging graft about long enough. It is time our representatives go for these "parasites upon the body politic" with gloves off, and provide a sure plan to fasten the screws down upon all tax dodgers alike. We have sent a Tillman out after the liquor grafters that fetched in the game, and we now wait a gang of Ben Tillmans that can see to go after the wily tax dodgers. Something must be done to relieve the strain upon the conscences of our good people who are in the habit of sitting in the "amen corners" of churches singing psalms on Sunday and rolling before the County Auditor on Monday and swearing that the value of their cow is $8 when they know they could get $10 or $[illegible] for her, or their land is worth $6 per acre when they know that other lands in the same section from $10 to $100 per acre, or that they have no other property, stocks, notes, mortgages, cash or any other property only that held not listed in their returns and spend six months after with trying to relieve the strain upon the throats, once in saying "they all do it" or trying to make themselves believe that false swearing, diplomacy or some other left handed thing will be no harm in it.

Most any man who has the pluck to say that plain people do the double tax paying while the flunking rich do the stunts in tax-dodging is sure to be styled as a bolshevik and no is the time for each and every representative to be called upon to stand up and be counted as to whether a dollar be a dollar whether it be in the hands of the rich or poor man or in iron-clad securities, or in the active producing world. Give all a chance to say whether or not they go to Columbia to get something for the "interest they represent" that other people don't get. Is there an honest man in all South Carolina who thinks or believes that other people should pay taxes on his dollars?

J. C. Stribling,
Pendleton, S. C.
Farmers' Union Bureau.

THEY HAD NARROW ESCAPE.

Two Farmers Tried to Shoot Balloonists in Passing.

J. Cowan Hulbert and Paul J. McCullough, the aeronauts of St. Louis, whose flight from that city last Sunday terminated when the balloon landed near Scooba, Miss., on Monday, after being fired at twice, arrived in New Orleans Wednesday morning. They will take a ship from here to New York.

"High winds drifted us southward," said Mr. Hulbert, "and instead of landing in New York we had to come down in Mississippi to avoid being blown out over the gulf.

"After leaving St. Louis a strong wind got us and we were blown across Illinois. Near Mount Vernon, when less than 500 feet high, we heard a shot and a bullet whistled through the basket, barely missing us. In Kentucky another farmer fired at us, but we were out of range."

"We passed over the Wabash river into Indiana and were blown to the southeast across Kentucky and Tennessee, into Alabama, passing near Birmingham."

Robbed of Savings.

An old gentleman by the name of Redford was robbed by three negroes, near Seneca, Tuesday night. It is rumored that he carried several hundred dollars, the savings of a lifetime, and was on his way to his son's home when the robbery occurred. The victim carried the money in a small hand bag. When the negroes approached they wanted whiskey, but after taking his bag and cutting it open they took the money instead.

TAKES ISSUE WITH HIM.

Prof. Wilcox's Baby Declaration Stirs Up a Row.

Prof. Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell, who predicted the other day that there would be no more babies after 2015, has awakened a rather stirring sociological discussion among New York's club women. Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of "The Little Mothers' Association," an organization supported by society women, which provides for the care of the small children of poor families, the mother of which is obliged to work, takes issue with the pedagogue and figuratively says he is a blithering, blooming romancer.

"It is evident that Prof. Wilcox is not familiar with the conditions among American families on the East Side," said Mrs. Burns. "You see, the average family has from five to eleven children. But I must say that I believe that nowadays the average parent looks to quality rather than quantity. There was a time, say about twenty or thirty years ago, when the mother of the poor class thought nothing of having from thirteen to fourteen children. They do not have quite as many now, however.

"I must take exception to the learned professor's statement and say that I do not believe that there will be a dearth of children in 2015 although I have never gone into the matter from a mathematical standpoint. It is a very simple matter to prove almost anything, however, by statistics, and I do not doubt but from that angle Prof. Wilcox is right."

According to Prof. Wilcox there will be no babies left in the United States after 2015, and if we want any we will have to bring them from abroad, the same as we now import Parisian gowns and other finery.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

How to Capture and Hold Men After They Are Captured.

If I were a girl, says a writer in an exchange, desirous of getting married, I would not trouble about my books further than to keep neatly and becomingly dressed. But I should set resolutely to work to take an interest in men generally, study them as one studies geology, botany, entomology, or any other ology that appeals to the taste, and I should seek to become forgetful of self. So many girls spoil their chances by behaving as if it were a man's duty to study them. Of course, they may be the interesting creatures they think themselves to be, but their attitude repels investigation of their merits.

A girl is never so charming as when she has forgotten self and appears sincerely interested in some one else. Sympathy is a valuable asset, and men like to be thought interesting. Their lives and individual natures, not their hearts, should be the direct objects of interest, and nothing ought to be easier than to check any sign of oddness on the part of the young man at the outset. One should simply lessen the force of his sympathetic interest in him. While studying the specimen, the girl should expect nothing from the man—not even candy. We know that men have a hard time, these days, but women do not find the salad of life a bed of ground.

Instead, however, of mentioning one's own struggles, the girl should encourage the specimen to show what he is able to fight it out against all odds. If a girl wants to especially please her specimen, she should ask for his advice. Men have advice to give away, and they are always more than willing to bestow it liberally on their women friends. It pleases them for a woman to depend on them. Then to show them her new gowns and hats and ask if they like them. A man likes his sweetheart to recognize the correctness of his taste and judgment. So, if you wish to put your specimen in a good humor, ask his advice. It matters with you to do as you please with it, after it is given.

Bryan to Boys.

In answer to a recent inquiry about advising boys Mr. Bryan said "There is no new advice to give boys, and there are no new boys to advise. The boy is the same that he has been and he is not likely to change much in the years to come. His impulses are the same that they were centuries ago, the dangers that confront him confronted his father and his grandfather in their boyhood days. If I were suggesting a warning to boys I would not suggest a better one than that embodied in the text, "The wages of sin is death." That is the law, and it cannot be repealed.

"The honest, truthful, industrious boy will succeed in proportion to his intelligence, but no intelligence can make up for lack of honesty, truthfulness or industry. Especially is it impossible to substitute anything for honesty and truthfulness. Laziness will limit one's accomplishments whatever his other good qualities may be, but he can outgrow laziness just as he can outgrow lack of education or intelligence, but it is much more difficult to outgrow a lack of honesty or a lack of truthfulness.

"Possibly I ought to suggest that patience is a virtue which should be added to the ones already mentioned. Impatience has led many young men to ruin; they have not been willing to wait for a fortune to come through legitimate accumulation, and through their haste to get rich they have fallen. The boy shouldd "learn to labor and to wait." Character is built slowly; but it can be lost in a day. The farmer must wait from seed time until the harvest, however long it may seem, before he gathers his crop, and so the boy must be willing to plant in the springtime of life for the harvest that he will gather when he is grown."

SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Profit Made by the Penitentiary the Past Year.

The State penitentiary in the fiscal year turned into the State treasury $70,000 in cash, representing the profits of that year. The State penitentiary was established as a prison and for years was not even self-sustaining. Today it is a producer of revenue. Under former superintendents its scope developed gradually, and today it stands clear of debt and has $76,000 in bank with which to start the year on a cash basis.

The total income of the institution last year as shown in the report of the superintendent, Capt. D. J. Griffith, was $137,288.16. The operating expenses were $75,805.07, permanent improvements $8,447.19, leaving a net balance of $61,483.09, to which is to be added the account due for convict hire from responsible persons, $6,500. The grand total of profit for the year is therefore $67,983.09, or within a few dollars of $68,000.

When he was elected superintendent 12 years ago, Capt. Griffith received, as the cash assets of the institution, $83, and along with this was a floating indebtedness of several thousand dollars, money due on notes to the Carolina National bank. Since that time—in addition to many physical improvements made, in addition to paying into the State treasury $160,000, in addition to paying off all floating debts—the institution has ended the year with $76,000 cash on hand with which to begin the operations of this year on a cash basis.

Despite the destruction wrought by two freshets, each of which was almost without precedent, Capt. Griffith's administration has earned in cash $236,000 and has made $125,000 in permanent improvements, approximately $360,000, or $30,000 per annum.

The Farm of the Future.

Under the caption of "The Passing of the Man With the Hoe," Edward A. Rumely discourses in the World's Work for August, on the wonderful changes in farm work which is being effected with modern machinery. He makes the statement that to plow five square miles the farmer walks the distance around the world. The plodding ox to be ended by machines that will use the power stored in one acre of potatoes—alcohol—to plow 200 acres. He makes this prophecy of the future: butter manufacturing and the work of the farm household, which is, to say the least, interesting to contemplate.

The farmer's wife will need but to turn a wheel, throw a switch, twist a stop-cock and be saved her hardest work. Butter will again be made on the farm and not in the factory. The motor will run the cream separator and churn, and will wash with the help of the milk cellar and its endless array of pails and crocks to be washed. It will give new speed to her sewing machine. On Wednesday, "washing day," it will save her health and strength with a vacuum cleaner. It will run her washing machine and mangle. Through a dynamo, in the electric fan and "iron," it will bring her blessed relief from the fiery heat of the range on ironing day. It will [illegible] in the kitchen. All this takes to prompt of the promise of low [illegible]

[illegible] no light almost to the [illegible] that could be made [illegible] advantage. If the alcohol that can be extracted from one acre of potatoes could be used in a gasoline motor to generate electricity to connect on with a storage battery, who shall say what new labor saving machines will not soon follow? It would seem as if the injunction Moses gave the children of Israel to "stand still and see the Salvation of the Lord" would at last be applicable to American farm life in the near future.

Meantime the farmer needs to consider that his boy must have a different education than the father possessed to fit him for these swiftly coming changes. Brain work more than hard work is crowding itself upon the attention of the farmer everyday. He must know something of the scientific side of his business if he is to make a profitable success of it in the future.

Alfalfa and Ensilage.

A subscriber asks why if, say, thirty pounds of good field corn ensilage and ten pounds of good alfalfa hay make almost a balanced ration for a 1000-pound cow there should be any addition of grain even over so small?

We answer that it is well to add to the above a small grain ration for two reasons: (1) Because experience shows it to be profitable. We are feeding cows for profit and if on experience we find that more or less of a grain ration is profitable the cows get it. (2) We must remember that it takes a considerable portion of this combined ensilage and alfalfa ration to support the work of grinding it and putting it into proper condition for digestion. All work of this kind that the cow does must be paid for in feed. It costs more in the economy of the cow machine to reduce roughage of any kind to a digestive condition than it does well ground grain feed. For that and the other reason given the addition of, say, four to six pounds of a good grain ration is a profitable thing.

In differing with others, even when we know we are right, courtesy and regard for their feelings ought always to be shown. Too often the sensibilities of others are hurt by rudeness or violence of speech.

The surest and quickest remedy for the carnival of crime that is sweeping over this country is for the people to fear God and keep his commandments.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

It is strange what a deal of trouble
we take
What a sacrifice most of us willingly
make,
How the lips will smile tho' the
heart may ache,
And we bend to the ways of the
world for the sake
Of its poor and scanty praises;
And the time runs on with such pitiless flow
That our lives are wasted before we
know
What work to finish before we go
To our long rest under the
daisies.

And too often we fall in a useless
fight,
For wrong is so much in the place
of right,
And the end is so far beyond our
sight,
'Tis as one starts on a chase by
night,
An unknown shade pursuing;
Even so do we see, when our race
is run
That of all we have striven for little
is won,
And of all the work our strength
has done,
How little was worth the doing.

So most of us travel with very poor
speed,
Failing in thought where we conquer
in deed,
Least brave in the hour of greatest
need,
And making a riddle that few may
read,
Of our life's intricate mazes.
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,
Is it strange that a heart once brave
and strong
Should falter at last and earnestly
long
For a calm sleep under the
daisies?

But if one poor troubled heart can
say:
"His kindness softened my life's
rough way."
And the tears fall over the lifeless
clay,
We shall stand up in heaven in
brighter array
Than if all earth rang with
our praises.
For the good we have done shall
never fade,
Tho' the work be wrought and wages
paid,
And the wearied frame of the laborer
laid
All peacefully under the daisies.

A Home in the Country.

The word home is a most precious one to the soul of every person. In it start the very roots of our being, out of it are the issues of life and fortune, to it we turn with "memories, dear" wherever fate takes us. It is the beginning of the state, the fashioning place of manhood and womanhood and final citizenship. Where shall it be to best make all these good things possible?

There is no place on earth like the country to build a home. Instinctively the hearts of parents in the cities turn to the vision of a country home in which to rear children. The universal heart of humanity longs for the place of the vine and fig tree where life and home shall find its true abiding place. As one gazes upon the wretchedness of the cities, "great sores on the body politic" as Bellamy called them, the only cure for them—crowded expression of poverty, misery and scentless blossoms—seems to us is the country. Why do not these people go to the country? Why do they toil, slave and suffer with no place to go to for rest but these wretched abodes of dirt and grime? Verily, a tent on the roadside, the contact of God's dirt, not man's dirt, would be a balm to these thousands of wretched homes in cities.

The same question necessarily presents itself, even to those in the city who are well removed from poverty, and the vision of a home in the country as a solace for many of their ills, will not fade from their eyes.

On the night of the 60th performance of Denman Thompson's beautiful American drama "The Old Homestead" at Park Street Theatre in New York, we saw the house filled to repletion with grey haired men and women who came there to solace their hearts with a vision of the dear old home in the country. The toil, the drudgery, the privation of their early life in the country, to escape which they had come to the city when young, was as nothing beside the quaint little old house by the roadside, the open barn and the great oxen with the towering load of hay, the blessed old well and its flowing bucket, and the smiling fields. As we passed out with the emerging throng, we heard expression like these. "Wasn't it sweet and dear?" "Oh, if we could only get back to the country once more!" and the like. Now this mighty attendance, night after night, was but the deep and abiding longing in the hearts of these men and women for a home in the country.

Country life in the United States has just awakened to a partial realization of its meaning. The light of science, of art, of invention, is surrounding farm life with compensations today that the city cannot offer. Great fortunes are not made here, nor are they desired, but comfort, peace, abundance of good food, health and that freedom that "passes all understanding" in cities, is the heritage of the country. Then again, life on the farm is calling for an amount of intellectual force, real brain action that stamps it as one of the learned professions of the day.

To be a thorough student of the soil and its needs; of plant life and the management of crops; of the breeding and care of animals; is an accomplishment of brain and thought that may well challenge the ambition of the most learned. The man who thinks there is no place for the exercise of intellectual power on the farm is sadly mistaken. All that the country really needs is that it shall be studied and understood. It has splendid possibilities for the most perfect life, the most invigorating, the freest and more inspiring. Its work is not drudgery when the significance and full meaning of that work is comprehended. It is the place of all places to rear children, for it endows them with a practical understanding of the realities of life that becomes invaluable afterward in any line of human effort, and its rewards financially are surer and as great in proportion to capital used, as in any of the other vocations. One fact stands out with peculiar significance. Every village and small city is filled with retired farmers. No other calling furnishes an expression like this.

Brave Firemen.

Heroism is usually associated in the public mind with battle fields and many inspiring are the records of deeds of valor and of struggle. But in these days of peace we are continually being reminded that there are battles other than those in which men are pitted against each other in deadly combat. Probably among the most spectacular are those in which hardy, fearless and trained men wrestle with the great fires which threaten property and lives. Intent upon their duty and with no selfish thought of themselves these firemen stand face to face with danger in such battle and oftentimes as in the every recent catastrophies in Chicago, Philadelphia and other cities prove, they go unfaltering to their death. Such heroism is an inspiration to the performance of duty under all circumstances and strengthens faith in human nature.

Something Unusual.

One of the worst of [illegible] road accidents happened [illegible] country a week or two [illegible] in the loss of about thirty [illegible] singular thing about [illegible] that the railroad company [illegible] assumed responsibility for the accident. It seems almost like a [illegible] that any large corporation or trust should take the blame to itself. Usually, it is the other way and the best legal talent is employed and every subterfuge resorted to in the effort to show that an accident is the fault of others, an act of the providence, or something else and that the corporation is as innocent as an infant child.

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One trial will convince you. Noah's Liniment penetrates; requires but little rubbing.

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Mr. Edward Ryan, who has been employed at the Old Dominion Iron and Nail Works in Richmond, Va., for about fifty years, makes the following statement: "While working at my trade (iron work) I get bruised and cut frequently, and I find that Noah's Liniment takes all the soreness out and heals the wound immediately. Have also used your remedy for rheumatism with the best results, and recommend it to anyone suffering with aches and pains."

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Rice Flour, 100 tons fresh. Rice Flour, Hay, Grain, Bran, Chops, C. S. Meal and etc., Albert Bischoff and Co., 31 Elizabeth Street, Charleston, S. C.

Women, sell guaranteed hose. 70 per cent. profit. Make $20 daily. Full or part time. Beginners investigate. Strong Hosiery, Box 4029, West Philadelphia, Pa.

For Sale—Single-comb Rhode Island Red cockerels, well marked, good colors, free of "smut", at $1.00 and $2.00 each. Eggs $1.50 per 15. R. P. Gillespie, Hartsville, S. C.

Girl or Woman, each locality. Good pay made acting as representative. Address envelopes, fold, mail circulars, material, stamps furnished free. Rex Mailing Agency, London, Ontario.

The High Point Detective Agency of Columbia does a general detective business. White and colored detectives at your convenience. Write us. W. S. Taylor, Manager, Columbia, S. C.

Dobbs' Single Comb Rhode Island Reds and "Crystal" White Orpingtons win and lay when others fail, stock and eggs for sale, send for mating list. G. A. Dobbs, Box B 24, Gainesville, Ga.

Farm, Fruit and Truck Lands in [illegible] County, Florida. [illegible] your desires. Can fill [illegible]. J. E. Snyder, [illegible] Florida.

North State Life Insurance Co., of Kinston, N. C., operates only in the two Carolinas and has more Carolina lives insured than any other Carolina company. Agents wanted where the company is not now represented.

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys for sale. Won first prizes at Piedmon fair and extra prize of $18.00 lamp. Hatched last of May. Young toms weigh from 16 to 18 pounds, nice birds, $7.00 per pair. Oliver J. Caldwell, R. F. D. 2, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Attention Farmers—Do you want to [illegible] with less fertilizer, seed and labor than you ever did before? If so, send for particulars of the Bunch System of Cotton Culture and learn how to double your yield per acre. A postal brings it. Address A. L. Couch, 60 W. Russell St., Orangeburg, S. C.

Gents Wanted—Make big money selling photo pillow tops, 25c; bromides, 25c; portraits, 35c; oilettes 30c. We produce works of art guaranteed, lowest prices, largest studio, prompt service, credit given; samples; portrait and frame catalogue free. Ritter's Art Studio, 1218 Madison, Chicago, Ill.

Good Live Agents wanted in every town to sell a meritorious line of medicines extensively advertised and used by every family and in the stable. An exceptional opportunity for the right parties to make good money. Write at once for proposition to L. B. Martin, Box 110, Richmond, Va.

In order to introduce my high grade Succession Flat Dutch and Wakefield Cabbage Plants to those who have not used them before I will give with each first order for a thousand plants at a $1.25, a dollar's worth of vegetable and flower seed absolutely free. W. R. Hart, Plant Grower, Enterprise, P. O. [illegible]

Wanted—Every man, woman and child in South Carolina to know that the "Alco" brand of Sash Doors and Blinds are the best and are made only by the Augusta Lumber Company, who manufacture everything in Lumber and Millwork and whose watchword is "Quality." Write Augusta Lumber Company, Augusta, Georgia, for prices on any order, large or small.