

The Barwell People.

J. M. HOLMES, Editor & Prop'r
CHOCOCOUNTY CIRCULAR
THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912

August is here. It has been called the month of battles, for many of the world's most decisive conflicts have been fought under its torrid sun. Before the era of railroads it required much time to muster armies and make preparations for the carnivals of death. This month the battle of the ballots is to be fought to a finish by the candidates for State and congressional honors, salaries and stepping stone advantages.

The demon State campaigners have fourteen additional county campaign engagements scheduled. The final charges and countercharges, assaults and ambushes, will be through the Piedmont counties, where the majority of the Democratic voters of the State live, move and have their being.

Much of the word ammunition already fired has been of a smoky character and has rather blackened than brightened the combatants. Let it be hoped that a good ending will follow a bad beginning.

We publish today all the sensible articles we have been able to gather relating to the army worm and the best methods of defense against so dangerous a pest. These articles should be preserved, as they may be of use in future years.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.

The Fall Army Worm (Lophyrus Prunifer).—Extinction Article No. LXXXIII.
This is in this State, and several other Southern States, an invasion of the Fall Army Worm on cotton, grass and other crops. This caterpillar is about 1 1/2 inches long when grown. It is quite different from the cotton caterpillar, although many farmers mistake one for the other. This insect which is now in this State is not the cotton caterpillar which did so much damage to cotton last Summer, but is the Fall Army Worm which is sometimes called the Grass Worm.

The Fall Army Worm is usually present but in such small numbers that they do no harm to the crops but it is only when the insect gets abundant that it does harm by eating grass, corn, peas and cotton. The weather conditions this season have been unusually favorable for its development. Most farmers who have seen the work of this insect realize that immediate action is necessary for the control of this pest.

CONTROL MEASURES.
The two poisons that have given the best satisfaction so far are powdered arsenate of lead and Paris Green. Paris Green can be bought at a local drug store, while as a rule arsenate of lead is not handled by such dealers. The arsenate of lead can be secured from wholesale dealers and most all local houses. A few such firms are James Rankin of Atlanta, Ga.; W. M. Bird & Co. of Charleston, S. C.; The Murray Drug Co. of Columbia, S. C.; P. J. Burkman, Augusta, Ga.; Sherwin Williams Co., Savannah, Ga.

HOW TO DISINFECT THE POISON.
About six inches from each end of a board one inch thick and four inches wide, and twelve inches longer than the width of the rows, bore a hole one inch or more in diameter. Cut two pieces of cloth, 20x44 inches, the cloth being about the weight of No. 20 duck. Make two bags of each size, one of which lack one on each end, securely under the hole in the board. The holes in the boards may be closed with wooden stoppers made for that purpose. The bags are about six inches deep and 15 inches long. This arrangement can be carried on top of a mule and used in rows of cotton, and in the morning while the dew is on the plants but do not get the bags wet. If Paris Green is used repeat if rain washes it off.

HOW TO FIGHT ARMY WORM.
For cotton three feet high use the following amount of which ever poison is used. The amount varies according to whether the cotton is smaller or larger than three feet high. And in the case of corn and other crops vary accordingly.
Arsenate of Lead, 1 to 3 pounds per acre. No danger of burning.
Paris Green, 2 to 2 1/2 pounds per acre. On large plantations where quick work is imperative, the Paris Green should not be used in quantities materially exceeding the dose given above as there is danger of seriously burning the foliage.
The second generation will likely appear in about three or four weeks after the present generation disappears and will possibly be more numerous; it will be well to keep on the lookout for the second outbreak.
Do not forget to communicate with us for further information concerning this or any other insects.
Division of Entomology, Clemson College, S. C.

HOW TO FIGHT ARMY WORM.
GOVERNMENT ENTOMOLOGIST GIVES ADVICE TO FARMERS.
For the benefit of farmers in the districts now being ravaged by the army worm, F. M. Webster, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and E. L. Werham, State entomologist of Georgia, have issued a bulletin setting forth measures for checking the advance of the plague.
After pointing out that the worm begins its work in bottom lands and appears first in grass, where it can be most easily destroyed, the bulletin says:
"On the first appearance of the worm farmers should either dust with powdered arsenate of lead, undiluted or mixed at the rate of one pound of four, using three pounds of the poison to eight or nine pounds of the diluted mixture to the acre. Arsenate of lead paste form may be used in the form of a spray, the strength of two to three pounds of arsenate to 50 gallons of water with equal quantities of unslacked lime. Spraying is preferable for young worms."
Paris Green also will poison the worms, it is stated, but is not so safe to use.
"These worms are marching," the

bulletin continues. "Worms can sometimes be destroyed by running a steep furrow around edge of worm, leaving straight side next to field to be protected. When worms collect here they die through furrow."
The third generation of worms is now entering the ground to transform into moths. These deposit eggs which hatch within a short time will produce another generation of worms.

CONGRESS CONCERNED.

Congress last week appropriated \$25,000 for war on the army worm. With this money scientists will be sent wherever needed to help the farmers fight the epidemic. Samuel's Standard Herald publishes as an editorial this letter from Congressman J. T. Johnson:
"I have secured from the bureau of entomology the following statement as to the best method of treatment: 'A quantity of grass or other vegetation which the worms will feed upon; sprinkle this with Paris Green while the vegetation is damp and place upon the ground in compact bunches throughout the infested fields, when the worms will eat the grass, and the Paris Green will be destroyed. This is the best remedy we can recommend in view of our present knowledge of the insect.'"

I suggest that you publish this article in your paper, so that people in all parts of the country, if the worm should make its appearance, could instantly combat it. The worm might do great damage before the farmers could get in communication with one of the experts. Any druggist from whom the people buy the Paris Green can tell them how to dilute it. The entomologist also suggested that even though the worm has not made its appearance it might not be a bad idea to sprinkle Paris Green on the grass and other vegetation, and even on the stalks of cotton and corn at the edge of the field, as they could be poisoned as they began to enter the field.
I hope your people will not be visited by this pest, but it is well to be prepared to meet it.
I am, very sincerely yours,
J. T. Johnson.

FIFTH CORN EXPOSITION.

Columbia, S. C., July 28.—Few departments of science have shown greater development and attracted wider public attention during the past year than the breeding of plants and animals. The American Breeders' Association is composed of scientists and practical breeders who are working along these lines for the improvement of plant and animal life. This association will hold its annual meeting at Columbia, S. C., July 24, 25 and 26, 1912, in connection with the Fifth National Corn Exposition.

The National Corn Exposition has assigned a booth to the American Breeders' Association for its exhibits and headquarters during the exposition. In this booth will be exhibits and literature relating to the subjects of plant breeding, animal breeding and genetics.
Since the organization of the Breeders' Association the president has been Prof. James Watson, the famous Secretary of Agriculture. The secretary is Prof. W. M. Hays, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Prof. Hays is taking a great deal of interest in the preparation of the very excellent program, in which he is giving his personal attention. Among the prominent members of the association are Dr. H. J. Webber, who developed the celebrated Webber cotton. He is in charge of the plant breeding department of the association.

USE OF LIME IN THE SOIL.

Washington, July 26.—An investigation made by President Finley of the Southern Railway System, has shown that experts in the chemistry of soils are unanimous in the opinion that lime in some form will benefit most of the soils of the Southern States. It is correcting their acidity, and improving their mechanical condition.
President Finley has secured the opinions of experts throughout the Southeastern States and also in the Eastern and Middle States, in some of which experiments with the use of lime have been carried on for a long series of years. These opinions have been published in an illustrated folder which is being widely distributed among the farmers in the territory traversed by the lines of the Southern Railway system.
Farmers and others interested in this subject may obtain copies of this folder by addressing W. W. Finley, President, Southern Railway Company, Washington, D. C.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.
At the recent meeting of the State Farmers' Union in Columbia, ex-Senator John L. McLaurin of Marlboro made a speech on the Warehouse Act declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. He said that a somewhat similar bill will be presented at the next session of the General Assembly. From the Columbia Herald's report of his address this bit of prophecy is taken:
Recent events in national and state political affairs led Mr. McLaurin to deplore the corruption in public life in this regard. He said: "If 5,000 years from today naught remained of this generation but two daily newspapers, one with an account of the Chicago 'steam-roller' convention, and the other with an account of the campaign meeting recently held in this city from the record the able sociologist of that far time, in spite of our vaunted twentieth century civilization, our great wealth and boasted Christianity, would mark us down as a race of moral savages, and a full knowledge of our intellectual and material triumphs would only further confirm his conviction."

A NOTABLE CASE.

At his chambers in Sumter last week Judge T. B. Fraser of the Supreme Court admitted James G. Seligier of Aiken to bail in the sum of \$50,000. The application for bail and argument were made by James E. Davis, Esq., of Barwell, on the ground that as Seligier had not been convicted of a capital offense and his term being for less than ten years imprisonment he was entitled to bail pending his appeal to the Supreme Court as a matter of right. Solicitor Guter opposed the granting of bail to Justice Fraser, but the position of Mr. Davis was approved by the Justice.
The case began last Fall when Policeman Wade Patterson was killed by Seligier, a well-to-do farmer. Bail was refused the defendant before trial and remained in jail. At the Summer term of Aiken court he was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced by Judge Hayes F. Rice to seven years imprisonment.

How the Trick Was Done

Showing the Ingenuity of an Able Emissary.
By HELEN INGLEHART.
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"Mme. Chapellier?"
"Yes."
"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."
The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced: "Mme. Chapellier!"
"The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."
"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount."
"Can you leave for London tonight?"
"I can go anywhere at any time."
"Very well. I will explain."
The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone.

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sultan, grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are too late."
"Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."
Mme. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron in Brun, the French minister.
"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"
"Everything except appropriate jewelry. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."
"Where shall I send them?"
"No—Portman square."
"Very well. I shall expect you at 8."
At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would find it a great deal of interest in the prettification of the very excellent program, in which he is giving his personal attention. Among the prominent members of the association are Dr. H. J. Webber, who developed the celebrated Webber cotton. He is in charge of the plant breeding department of the association.

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interests of state were asserting themselves.
"You would be a fool to do my wife is my box. I trust it to your care." A temptation came to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.
The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was the widow, there was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.
"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes the same repayment?"
All heartily agreed that he did.
"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."
All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.
The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.
Aid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.
The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.
The widow smiled from continually "You've got to give me one moment alone." "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the "laughters" she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.
The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musings. It contained his possible ruin and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.
"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to believe me. Nonsense! I had a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight—More nonsense! Who's to mind the matter from his mind. But, oh, if only he had the key!"
He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and to pass the night he went to sleep.
He was awakened by his rater bringing hot water. After a glance at the hallway, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said: "I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."
Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that she was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to save the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.
Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mrs. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.
"Well," he said.
"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."
"And how much time do you think we will gain?"
She handed him a note cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for you to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful had gone up. He had offered the miser 10,000 if they would do the job in three hours.
"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."
He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

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The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.
Aid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.
The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.
The widow smiled from continually "You've got to give me one moment alone." "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the "laughters" she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.
The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musings. It contained his possible ruin and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.
"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to believe me. Nonsense! I had a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight—More nonsense! Who's to mind the matter from his mind. But, oh, if only he had the key!"
He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and to pass the night he went to sleep.
He was awakened by his rater bringing hot water. After a glance at the hallway, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said: "I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."
Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that she was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to save the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.
Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mrs. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.
"Well," he said.
"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."
"And how much time do you think we will gain?"
She handed him a note cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for you to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful had gone up. He had offered the miser 10,000 if they would do the job in three hours.
"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."
He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

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"You would be a fool to do my wife is my box. I trust it to your care." A temptation came to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.
The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was the widow, there was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.
"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes the same repayment?"
All heartily agreed that he did.
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