

GREATEST MILK COW.

Tilly Alcatra Wins Honors of the World for Holstein Breed.

Again a dairy cow has given evidence of the astonishing amount of food that she is capable of producing in one year, and again it is a Holstein-Friesian that has beaten all previous records for production.

Tilly Alcatra has been in the limelight of the dairy world before. One feat was a seven day record of 40 pounds of butter from 729.1 pounds of milk—but that is by the way.

Her production for 1918 amounts to 33,424.8 pounds milk, from which the butter fat is equal to 1,332.25 pounds butter. She averaged over 42 quarts of milk per day for the whole year, and her total production if sold at nine cents per quart would bring a return of \$1,400. For four years she has an average of 27,629.4 pounds milk, 1,185.92 pounds butter, and for six years her average is 26,129 pounds of milk and 1,023.13 pounds of butter; while the total production for the six years is 156,776.1 pounds milk, 6,141.36 pounds butter. By this demonstration she has proven beyond all doubt that she is the greatest and most wonderful milch cow the world has ever known.

The nearest competitor to Tilly Alcatra is the Jersey cow, Sophie, 19th of Hood farm, whose six years' production is 75,920.8 pounds of milk, 5,217 pounds of butter; the milk being less than half that given by the Holstein. "Tilly" is 10 years and three months old; she has had six calves, and is a sister of thirteen cows who have been a credit to the Holstein breed, two of whom have exceeded 20,000 pounds of milk and over 900 pounds of butter in a year, and six have records from 732 up to 796 pounds of butter.

She is a daughter of Alcatra Polkadot Corrector 30624, and out of the dam, Tilly Lou 2nd 82057. Alcatra Polkadot Corrector is a son of Alcatra Polkadot, a 29 pound cow having five A. R. O daughters, two with records of over 31 pounds. "Tilly" was bred by McKay Brothers of Buckingham, Iowa, and was purchased as a two-year old by the A. W. Morris corporation of Woodland, Cal., in whose hands she has made her big records.

Tilly Alcatra stands, at the beginning of 1919, without peer in the dairy world, having proven that the Holstein-Friesian breed of cattle is well-nigh incomparable.—Dairy Bulletin.

AARON WALKER DIES IN CHAIR

Greenwood Negro Electrocutated Saturday.

Columbia, March 9.—Aaron Walker, Greenwood county negro, convicted of attempted criminal assault in that county and sentenced to die, paid the death penalty in the electric chair yesterday morning at 11:50 o'clock. The condemned man was led into the death chamber at 11:44 after the death warrant had been read to him in his cell about 40 feet from the chair. A negro minister had spent the last moments with him.

Walker's death was the closing chapter of a series of singular and coincident events. He was first sentenced to die in January, but was given a reprieve on account of the State electrician having influenza. He prepared to meet death the second time, February 21, but the current failed and he was given another reprieve until March 8. His electrocution yesterday establishes a precedent in South Carolina, he being the first man to pay the death penalty in the State on Saturday. Friday has long been hangman's day, but with the precedent once broken electrocutions may follow any day in the week.

Walker died protesting his innocence to the last. When seen in his cell shortly before the time set for the execution he said he was ready to die and would give his life for another's deed. When the death warrant was read and he was told that he had but a few minutes to live he again claimed he was innocent. After he was led into the death chamber he was asked if he had any statement to make and began singing that he was an innocent man. He thanked all the prison officials for their kind treatment and said he hoped to see them in heaven. One thousand and eight hundred volts were used on the negro three times before life was pronounced extinct by Dr. R. T. Jennings.

Officials at the penitentiary had become skeptical about Walker and some were inclined to believe the negro's story. The body was not claimed by relatives and will be buried in the potter's field.

Still Worse.

"It was too hot to go to church yesterday," said a neighbor.

"Too hot to go to church?" echoed Gap Johnson, of Arkansas. "By crimony, it was mighty nigh too hot to go fishin'!"

POLICE SAVE MISSIONARY.

Speaker Declared President Playing to Bolsheviks.

New York, March 9.—Rev. Dr. George A. Simons, a Methodist missionary who was stationed in Russia for eleven years and who appeared as witness before the senate committee investigating propaganda, started a tempest when he declared in an address at the central Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn today that President Wilson was "playing into the hands of the bearers of the red flag."

Instantly there were cries of "treason" and "throw him out," but a sergeant of police, and three patrolmen saved the speaker from rough handling by persons in the audience of 700 who heard his assertion.

Three sailors in uniform demanded that Dr. Simons apologize. He responded by saying he believed President Wilson was as "fine a Christian gentleman as we have in America." Later a Y. M. C. A. secretary apologized in behalf of the organization for the remarks of the missionary.

Charges "Pussy-Footing."

"I believe in respecting our President so long as he respects the traditions of our fathers," said Dr. Simons in his address, "but when he is guilty of criminal pussy-footing and playing into the hands of the Bolsheviks and the Bolshevik vote-getters, it is time that Woodrow Wilson should come to the mourner's bench to be reconsecrated in the spirit of Americanism."

There were cries of "throw him out" and some one cried "that's sedition of the worst kind" while others tried to make themselves heard above the din. When about 200 of the audience had left the auditorium and the missionary was able to go on, he seemed decidedly nervous.

Objectionable Remark.

"I believe I have the right to let President Wilson know what I expect of him," he went on, "even if he is the president. Haven't we the right to request him to be an American? I am opposed to Bolshevism because it was made in Germany. I say that Woodrow Wilson is playing into the hands of the holders of the red flag."

At this point in his speech the missionary was interrupted by catcalls and he was surrounded by the police.

Exposing a Libel.

Exceptionally interesting for a number of reasons was the letter, printed in the News and Courier of yesterday, from Lieutenant J. O'H. Sanders now with the American army of occupation in Germany, and nothing in it was more interesting than Lieutenant Sanders's remarks concerning the attitude of the Germans. "The Germans," he says, "seem to be making an organized effort to cultivate us, perhaps with the hope of securing America's influence towards lenient peace terms, but it will not succeed any better than their other clumsy propaganda. Personally I feel nothing but contempt for their cringing attitude, their over-polite 'Good mornings,' their bowing salutes. I should rather be back in France where I feel at home and admire and like the people."

That is an amply sufficient answer to the reports that have been spread by various writers concerning the state of mind of American soldiers in Germany. These writers have said that the American soldiers prefer the Germans to the French and Germany to France and that they would never have fought for the French against the Germans if they had known the two peoples before hand. That this was a libel on the American soldier most of us have always believed and Lieutenant Sanders's letter further strengthens our conviction. There is no reason to doubt that his feeling is shared by the great majority of our soldiers now on German soil; and he has performed a useful service in expressing his feeling regarding this matter thus forcibly and frankly.—News and Courier.

The Willing Cow.

"She's an awf'ly good cow. Our children think the world of her. You'll like her immensely," said the farmer.

"And how much milk does she give?" asked the purchaser.

"Don't know exactly, but she's a nice cow—first class."

"Well you must have some idea—does she give a gallon at a milking?"

"Never kept very much track."

"But you have a rough notion. Does she give as much as a gallon a day?"

"Couldn't say definitely. She's an awf'ly good, kind old cow though. If she's got any milk she'll give it to you."

After arresting Eichorn, the Bolshevik police chief, at Berlin, the government has resumed its search for him.

WILL RISE IF FARMERS HOLD.

Commissioner Says Mills Must Have Staple.

Cotton—what to do with it. That is the question that is uppermost in many minds. B. Harris, commissioner of agriculture, has been giving this question most of his attention all of his life, and he insists that if other countries can fix the price of the commodities which they grow the South should be able to fix the price of cotton.

"Really, we have no cotton market now, and will have none until we have world-wide and unrestricted intercourse with all other nations," says Mr. Harris. "This, of course, may not come until the treaty of peace has been signed, although the allies have lifted the blockade in the Mediterranean. I see by the news reports that on February 17 exports were 34,000 bales against 6,000 for the same day last year. The reason why such heavy exports are not stiffening the market is because the shipments consist of cotton belonging to English, French, Italian and Spanish cotton mills and merchants and have been carried in the American ports for the last year or two, and in some instances longer.

"No new buying is in evidence, but this stock of cotton will be exhausted soon, and somebody will have to begin to buy. It is amusing just to think that a few months ago how enthusiastic the bulls were to buy at 35 cents. How can they have the heart to talk bear dope at 25 cents when there is no more cotton now for the world's consumption than when they were giving 35 cents? They will talk to you about the great abundance of stocks of dry goods on hand in the retail stores and at the same time they will have to confess that the merchants are buying on a hand to mouth basis. As soon as the armistice was signed, every cotton mill and every bearish cotton trader in the world set out to convince the world that about 5,000,000 bales would be all that the world would consume, even if it should be able to handle that amount.

"The best authorities say now that there is not enough cotton for the supply of the world's needs, but the supply is more than the world will take with conditions as they are. Conditions will change, and when they do there will be something doing in the market that will be interesting to the man who has cotton. So much for the situation—here is the remedy.

"You farmers and bankers have it in your hands. Hold the 1918 crop off the market; cut acreage 33 1-3 per cent, and fertilizer anywhere from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent. Don't fail to do these things if you want to win. You have the best hand in the game, and don't give it away.

"Let us see what is to be gained by following this program:

"First, you will show the speculators of the world that we will not allow our own God-given monopoly—which is cotton, the great money crop of the South, and the South raises 70 per cent. of it to clothe the world—to be handled by a bunch of manipulators to enrich themselves and the people who gave it to go so poorly clad that they have not enough clothes to keep them warm in winter.

"We have been milking this old cow long enough and milking and turning the milk over to the other fellow. We are going to milk for ourselves in the future.

"Let's make a little calculation to see what we would lose if we were to let go the remainder of our 1918 crop at today's prices, quoted at 25 cents. From the best authority we can get we now have 750,000 bales in this State. If sold at present spot price it would bring \$93,750,000. If held and sold for 35 cents the remainder of the crop would bring \$131,250,000. If sold at present prices we would be loser \$37,500,000. Can we afford this loss?

"Any farmer who has cotton on hand now will make more money if he will hold on to it and not go to the expense of buying high priced fertilizer and higher priced labor to make a new cotton crop this year. If he will plant corn and sow the remainder of his land in peas and turn under the peas for fertilizer he will improve his soil and be better off than the man who sells his cotton and then plants another crop of cotton."

"I urge every farmer in the State to be sure this year to plant corn and peas and forage crops and raise hogs for his home consumption for next year, and if they will do that they will never see cotton sold for the cost of production—and even cheaper.

"Farmers, you have the remedy in your hands. It is up to you."

Uncle Tom's Cabin played at Melodeon hall last night. The dogs were good, but they had poor support.—Kin Hubbard.

The Strong Withstand the Winter Cold Better Than the Weak

You must have Health, Strength and Endurance to fight Colds, Grip and Influenza. When your blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system is unable to withstand the winter cold.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC Fortifies the System Against Colds, Grip and Influenza by Purifying and Enriching the Blood.

It contains the well-known tonic properties of Quinine and Iron in a form acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and is pleasant to take. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

We beg to announce to the automobile public that we have opened a first-class garage and auto repair shop in the building south of the cotton mill, on Main street. Expert automobile mechanics are prepared to execute all work promptly. A trial will be appreciated. We wash cars and make them look new.

PEOPLES GARAGE

MAIN STREET

BAMBERG, S. C.

Fertilizer pays better if it's

ROYSTER'S FERTILIZER

ORDER NOW AND Avoid Disappointment

F. S. ROYSTER GUANO CO.

Norfolk, Va. Baltimore, Md. Toledo, O. Tarboro, N. C. Charlotte, N. C. Columbia, S. C. Spartanburg, S. C. Atlanta, Ga. Macon, Ga. Columbus, Ga. Montgomery, Ala.

PRINCE ALBERT

The national joy smoke

TALK about smokes, Prince Albert is geared to a joyhandout standard that just lavishes smokehappiness on every man game enough to make a bee line for a tidy red tin and a jimmy pipe—old or new!

Get it straight that what you've hankered for in pipe or cigarette makin's smokes you'll find aplenty in P. A. That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't any more make Prince Albert bite your tongue or parch your throat than you can make a horse drink when he's off the water! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

You just lay back like a regular fellow and puff to beat the cards and wonder why in samhill you didn't nail a section in the P. A. smokepasture longer than you care to remember back!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Topy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.