

How to Raise Cotton Under Boll Weevil Conditions

1. Prepare your land in October by blowing it up with dynamite.
2. Lay it off in rows 12 feet apart, and plant your cotton seed in December.
3. When your cotton comes up thin it to one stalk in a hill 23 feet apart.
4. Spray each stalk twice a day with Hoyt's German cologne.
5. Cover your cotton with mosquito netting when it is two weeks old—this netting to be stretched over poultry wire.
6. Spread "tanglefoot" between all cotton rows and replace it every day.
7. Burn off all the nearby woods, and cut down dead trees and burn them.
8. Dust the following mixture on your cotton twice a day: Epsom salts, calomel, cream of wheat and the white of an egg.
9. Have two hired hands for every acre in cultivation. Furnish them with barbers' tweezers to be used in pinching the heads off any weevils which show up.
10. Mortgage your farm and buy nitrate of soda and spread plentifully around the roots of the cotton.
11. If any of the bolls should get punctured have the punctures vulcanized at once. Any good automobile tire man can do this for you.
12. Begin picking your cotton in February and try to have it all ginned and sold by March 15. This will enable you to go to work and grow corn, peas, potatoes and hogs for home consumption. This kind of consumption does not need the service of a doctor.
13. Pay your preacher. Trade for cash. Settle all your old debts, and live happy ever afterwards.—The Carroll County (Ga.) Times.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Historic Pet Belonged To Girl in Massachusetts.

There are not perhaps any children of school age who have not heard of Mary's lamb. And again there are not many that have heard the history connected with the little poem.

Mary B. Sawyer was born March 22, 1806, at Sterling, Mass. Mary was seven years old when twin lambs were born to an ewe that belonged to her father. The sheep mother refused to care for one as her own. So Mary took it and raised it with a mother's care. When the lamb was seven months old it followed Mary to school one day. Before the teacher came some of the mischievous boys suggested that they put the lamb in Mary's desk, which they did. And the little lamb went to sleep, but waked up and began to kick and scramble out of the desk. This is what made all the children laugh and play to see the lamb in school. Of course the teacher put the lamb out but never scolded Mary in the least. She only laughed with Mary and the children. The lamb stayed all day at school and went home with Mary that night never to return to school again.

But that day was sufficient to gain fame for the immortal little lamb. For some time later John Roulstone, a Harvard student, was visiting the teacher and he heard of the lamb at school and sat down and wrote:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed Mary to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb in school.

So the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near;
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

The little historic lamb lived only two years. It was gored to death by a cow in the barn of Mary's father. The wool of the lamb was spun and knitted into hose for Mary by her mother. Mary never would wear the stockings, but kept them in memory of the lamb.

History says many years later the Old South church in Boston was about to be sold for debt, then Mary with other young ladies got up a sale for the benefit of the church. Mary unraveled the stockings made from her pet lamb, cut the yarn in one yard lengths and wound it on cards on which she had written her name. The yarn and card were sold for 25 cents each. The sale of these stockings alone brought \$200, which saved the old historic South church of Boston from the sheriff's hammer.

Yes, Mary Sawyer married, we are told. She married a man by the name of Tyler. She lived in Somerville, Mass., until 1889 when she died. History tells us that she was buried in Mt. Auburn cemetery near Boston. And that her tomb is beside that of the famous poet, Longfellow. Mary's husband died before she did so after her death their home was turned into a playground for the children of Somerville.—Monroe Journal.

Grow Big in California.

"It's a lovely day if I do say so myself," says the southern Californian, and no mere earthly being can utter the obvious retort which the clothing dealer made when his clerk remarked, "We are having some wonderful weather lately." What the clothing dealer said was, "We? . . . Since when was we partners?"

All this was by way of prelude to the story of how his own wonderful climate confounded the southern Californian who bought a diminutive Chihuahua terrier from a peddler in Tia Juana, just over the Mexican border. It was about the size of a hot cross bun and peddler assured him it would never become larger. A month later the Californian was again in Tia Juana and encountered the same peddler.

"Look, senor," the peddler said, forgetting his former customer's face, "Chihuahua dog! Ver' little!"

"Very little is he!" the Californian exclaimed. "Always stays small like that?"

"Si, senor. Always!"

"Never gets any larger?"

"No, senor. Never!"

"You're a liar," the Californian said. "You sold me one of those pups a month ago, and he's the size of a Saint Bernard right now."

For a moment the peddler was embarrassed—but only for a moment. "Where you live, senor?" he asked. "I live in Los Angeles," was the reply.

"Oh, well," the peddler said with a shrug which implied that the whole matter had been thoroughly explained. "everything grows beeg in southern California."

New stock of Waterman Fountain Pens is expected in a few days. Herald Book Store.—adv.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE.
Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the undersigned Administrators of the estate of Thomas Black, deceased, will on the 14th day of April, 1922, file with the Judge of Probate, for Bamberg County, their final accounting and return as such Administrators, and will on said day ask for letters Dismissory as such Administrators.

MRS. S. H. BLACK,
J. B. BLACK, JR.,
Administrators of the estate of Thomas Black, deceased. 4-13

To Stop a Cough Quick
take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues. A box of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough.

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 50c.
Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

THAT BAD BACK

Do you have a dull, steady ache in the small of the back—sharp, stabbing twinges when stooping or lifting—distressing urinary disorders? For bad back and weakened kidneys Bamberg residents recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this Bamberg woman's statement.

Mrs. Nora Sanders, E. Main St., Bamberg, says: "The muscles in my back were lame and I was so stiff, I couldn't bend over. I often got terribly dizzy. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had finished one box I was cured and the cure has lasted."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

NOTICE CONCERNING PLOWING IN PUBLIC ROADS.

Pursuant to recommendation of the Bamberg County Grand Jury, the landowners of the county cultivating lands adjacent and adjoining public roads are hereby urgently requested not to plow into or allow their hands to plow into the roads. Landowners are requested to plant two or three rows of crops adjacent to roads parallel with the road, so that there may be proper turning space without the necessity of turning plows in the roads. It is against the law to allow plows to damage the roads, and it is an unnecessary practice. The county spends large sums of money in road building, and the roads belong to the people. I have no desire to prosecute anybody, but I must insist that this practice be stopped immediately. The farmers and tenants can cooperate in this respect, and there should be no necessity of bringing action against anybody. Full notice is being given before I take such action.

W. B. SMOAK,
Supervisor.
January 31, 1922.

Tired

"I was weak and run-down," relates Mrs. Enla Burnett, of Dalton, Ga. "I was thin and just felt tired, all the time. I didn't rest well. I wasn't ever hungry. I knew, by this, I needed a tonic, and as there is none better than—"

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I began using Cardui," continues Mrs. Burnett. "After my first bottle, I slept better and ate better. I took four bottles. Now I'm well, feel just fine, eat and sleep, my skin is clear and I have gained and sure feel that Cardui is the best tonic ever made."

Thousands of other women have found Cardui just as Mrs. Burnett did. It should help you.

At all druggists.

Ink Tablets with 169 sheets good paper for 10c at the Herald Book Store. Over four times as much as in 5c tablets

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST

Nashville, Tenn.

THE GIANT OF THE SOUTH.

Its immense popularity is due not only to the fact that every line in it is written for Southern farm families by men and women who know and appreciate Southern conditions, but to the practically unlimited personal service which is given to subscribers without charge.

Every year we answer thousands of questions on hundreds of different subjects—all without charge. When you become a subscriber this invaluable personal service is yours. That is one reason why we have **375,000 CIRCULATION.**

Carroll Teaches Watches To Tell The Truth

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WEDDING PRESENTS

YES

Don't forget this is the place to buy them, the kind that can be appreciated.

Also Repairs Clocks, Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Jewelry, &c. Promptly and Neatly.

S. S. CARROLL

The Jeweler

Bamberg, S. C.

Coe-Mortimer's Quality Fertilizers

Reliable crop growers for sixty years

Formulas for all Crops

SEE:

C. F. Rizer, Olar, S. C.
J. D. Copeland, Bamberg, S. C.



Ah! That's Real Paint

As you dip your brush into the heavy lead body of

KURFEES
Pure Paint

you instantly realize why it covers (hides) and protects the surface so much better. There isn't any magic about it—Kurfees is just better paint. Good painters use and recommend it because it contains more pure lead per gallon. Look at the formula:

Pure Carbonate Lead - 80%
Pure Zinc Oxide - 20%
100%

It's surprising the small amount of Kurfees required to paint a house right. Let us figure the amount for you and show you the beautiful color selections.

Kur-Fa-Cite

A high-grade varnish stain for furniture, floors, and woodwork any color.

Granitoid

Floor Paint

Put it on to-day—walk on it to-morrow. Shines like enamel.

Kurfees makes a Paint for every Purpose—We have them

G. O. SIMMONS

BAMBERG, S. C.

J. Z. BROOKER

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PASSING OF YOUNG GIRLS.

Restraint of Other Days No Longer Recognized.

Twenty-five years ago, when the middle-aged woman of today was a young girl, there were no movies, no automobile, no jazz and there had been no war with its terrible reconstruction days, for a quarter of a century. The girl of that day ran on an even keel. She was assiduously chaperoned. Whether she needed it was not the question. She was, and that was all there was to it.

True she could sometimes escape for a buggy ride, but if she came back only a minute or two after dark she found an anxious and perturbed mother wringing her hands at the front door and frantically glad to see her daughter.

The girl of that day was hemmed in by conventions, and she obeyed them to the letter. If she didn't she was frowned upon as "the fast girl in her set." She found other girls shunning her a little. Perhaps they had been warned to shun her by parents or chaperones. Even if she were popular with the boys and had a better time of it than some of her more careful sisters, she couldn't be quite happy over the sent-to-conservatory feeling that they inspired in her.

Some of the careful ones rebelled some times. They knew they were not held to be responsible human beings. Some one was constantly being responsible for them. They were allowed to enjoy themselves, to be happy and gay and bright; at least that was what they were told. But the enjoyment, the brightness and the gaiety was cut by pattern. They dared not be original about it. They must follow the laws of the conventions laid down for them.

Sometimes during the last six or eight years the great upheaval came for the young girl. What started it? Was it the automobile? The movie? The war? Nobody knows. The shackles of convention were suddenly struck off by some means. The girl was free.

Her freedom went to her head. It intoxicated her. She indulged in every wild, madcap thing she could think of, pretending to herself all the while that they were neither wild nor madcap. She must live her own life, she said to herself, a life not cut out by any save her own original and individual pattern. She must think for herself, decide for herself.

The first thing that went into the discard was the chaperone. Chaperones themselves had been growing younger and gayer. The girl had no longer any respect for them, or for the ideas they so feebly represented. They only wanted their chance, she felt, to be wilder and more madcap than herself.

The experience of older women—her mother, her aunts, her sisters—meant nothing to her as a lesson for guidance. No, she must have her own experience and not the preached

GOOD PRICE FOR BONDS.

Orangeburg County Sells \$325,000 Issue.

Orangeburg, March 29.—The bond issue for \$325,000 which was recently authorized by the past legislative delegation for paying the present indebtedness on the county and for maintenance and upkeep of the roads and other expenses was sold yesterday for par and a premium of \$2,866, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. This is considered an unusual sale for county bonds. There were seventeen bidders present at the sale.

"Fed Up."

Ben F. Looney, former attorney general of Texas, was in Dallas and when asked by a newspaper man whether he would be in politics this year, said: "Some of my friends recently asked me to enter a political race this year, but I told them I was reminded of a story I had heard, a negro version of Jonah and the whale. An old negro, telling the story, recited an incident after Jonah's escape, saying: 'Den he wuz in a great hurry ter git ter Niniveh. He run erross de san' and he race erlong de road twel he wuz passing de house er uh ole frien'; De frien' say: 'Stop en res' erwhile,' but he say: 'Suh, I'ze in er hu'y.' En den de frien' say: 'We'ze got good eatin', yuh better stay.' He 'spon'. I loves good eatin', but I'ze on my way.' 'Huccum?' his frien' say. 'Why, man, us got fresh feesh.' 'You ain't talkin' tuh me,' Jonah say, 'I'ze plumb fed up on feesh.'"—Wichita Falls News-Record.

results of another's. Mothers say today that they have no influence over their daughters. They cannot make them lower their skirts, or leave off painting, or buckle their fopping galoshes. They cannot keep them from going with young men whose names they scarcely know, or prevent them from taking long and late automobile rides, and getting home at all hours of the night.

It is an equally mysterious matter how the mothers came to lose their influence on the whip handle over their young daughters. But lost it is, and gone.

Will it come back? Will the young girl of twenty-five years ago come back? Will she be content to come back?

No, not she. She has passed and gone. In her place is a girl of poise and determination, a girl who feels deeply her responsibility. A girl with reasoning powers. A girl who may be reasoned with but who cannot be bidden. A girl who will rise to the occasion, who has a far and broad-visioned view of life. A girl who knows life, who hates shams and artificialities.

A girl who is the girl of the future, strong, self-reliant, four-square to the world.

Give her room to grow.—Cally Ryland in Richmond News-Leader.