

PRODUCING PORK AT A PROFIT.

Suggestions Regarding Feed and Management—Utilizing Grazing Crops—Suggested Cropping System for the Hog Raiser.

A combination of good hogs, good feed, and good management will make a profitable business of hog raising almost anywhere in the South. By good hogs, we mean hogs that inherit a group of desirable characteristics, among them capacity of rapid growth under favorable conditions. Any of the standard breeds will meet this requirement. Hogs that have not been improved by selection and breeding cannot be used to advantage in consuming cultivated crops, though we should have good feed and good management in other respects than the selection of blood.

The "razorback" may be desirable to the man who provides no cultivated crops for hogs, gives no attention to breeding and selection, no care of animals at farrowing, or during bad weather, and has accessible range of woodlands where acorns, roots, crawfish and chance grazing may be secured. However, the larger, more vigorous "razorback" sows, bred to a male of one of the established breeds will give offspring capable of developing, under proper care, about as rapidly as a full-blood, to a weight of 300 pounds or more. Grade sows make good mothers, and can be profitably used in a herd headed by a pure-bred male of an established breed, when pork only is the object in view. Grade males should not be used under any circumstances.

By good feed, we mean feed that is palatable, highly digestible, nutritious, and cheaply produced. It must be palatable, that the hog will consume a large quantity. We are viewing the hog as a factory, for transforming vegetable products into flesh, blood and bone. We want the factory to run to the highest point of consumption consistent with efficiency and economy. The food must, of course, be digestible before it can be taken up by the blood. To be nutritious it must furnish what the body requires, else it will not be efficiently utilized by the blood. That means that it must furnish the various forms of digested food in the best proportion to have the least waste: what we call a balanced ration. To lessen the cost of providing feed, we must utilize forage crops as far as possible and make the hog gather much of the fattening crops. It costs too much to produce, harvest, store and apportion concentrated feed to enable us to profitably feed hogs on the dry-lot basis, except for a finishing period.

We are making some headway in utilizing forage crops for hogs, but we are not giving enough attention to the establishment of a system of grazing. The proper selection of crops will give us a continuous supply of feed that is appetizing, easily digested, highly nutritious, and affording the greatest abundance at the time it may be utilized without housing in barns. It will afford winter cover crops for our lands, a distribution of winter-growing and summer-growing legumes to enrich the soil; the manure from feeding the crops will be incorporated in the soil by the animal as the crops are consumed.

The following is one of several cropping systems that would afford these desirable conditions: Provide three fields, inclosed in hog-tight fences, accessible readily from the permanent hog pasture, and utilize a three-year rotation of crops in the order of—

- (1) Early corn and a summer legume—cowpeas, soy beans, or peanuts—to be "hogged off" in July and August or August and September; to be immediately followed by:
- (2) Oats, barley or rye, and a winter legume (some of the clovers or vetch) or rape, to afford winter grazing for sows and pigs, from November to February 15. Harvested in May for hay crop, and planted as soon thereafter as possible in:
- (3) Peanuts, or soy beans, to be "hogged off" in September and October, and followed by:
- (4) Same crops as No. 2; grazed from February 15 to June 1 or 15, then plowed under and followed by—
- (5) Sweet potatoes, "hogged off" in November and December, and land prepared for crops (1), etc.

The crops bearing the odd numbers are the summer crops, and for starting the series plant the three fields in crops 1, 3 and 5, and follow with the number next succeeding that of the crops as enumerated. After 5, return to 1, and take each crop in the order given.

The crops will be grazed in the following order: Sows and pigs grazed on crops 2, fall and winter; crops 4, spring and early summer; then begins the fattening period with the porkers, on crops 1, and as the harvest is completed go to crops 3, then crop 5.

The sows may be returned to permanent pasture or allowed a portion of the time with the porkers. When sows and pigs are on pasture they will need some supplemental feed. Skimmed milk is best for small pigs.

Tankage and corn are good. When grazing corn and peas no supplemental feed is necessary. When they are on peanuts, soy beans, or cowpeas, some corn as a dry feed is very desirable.

Good management means intelligent attention to breeding, sanitation, and feeding. There is nothing essentially difficult about it, except the difficulty of being systematic in working along a well defined plan.

W. R. Dodson,
Baton Rouge, La.

BOY KILLS TWO DEER.

Richard Baker, Young Son of Dr. S. C. Baker, Has Luck on Deer Drive.

There are many hunters much older than Richard Baker, the thirteen-year-old son of Dr. S. C. Baker of this city, who have not had the good fortune that he had in a hunt on the Wando river, Mt. Pleasant, last week when he killed two deer, one a doe and the other a buck about two years old.

Richard was on the hunt with others in which six deer were killed, he having the good fortune to get two shots on the same drive and laying out both animals. He is undoubtedly much the youngest hunter in Sumter, and probably in the State, who has the credit, as such things go, of having killed two deer.

FRIENDS AT PARTING.

Fate: What cruel sport is this
You play, to let us meet in fair September,
You lead us to the heights of bliss
To break our hearts in cold November.

Two little months, yet friendship sweet
Has bound us fast with golden cords,
Time counts as naught, when those who meet
Find harmony with no discords.

Fate wills that we must part awhile,
Altho our hearts are torn asunder
We'll look Fate in the face and smile,
And tell him he has made a blunder.

He soon will find out his mistake
And work for us some other plan,
When reunited we will make
Things brighter for our fellow-man.

So we will bid a fond good-bye
And tho' the parting causes pain,
We'll face the future cheerfully,
Convinced that we shall meet again.
—O. E. F.

BETTY GETS A CHANCE.

Red Cross Seals Helped Her to Get Well.

She was real pretty, and so full of fun that the dimples were always showing in her round red cheeks. Her eyes were big and brown, and nut-colored hair curled naturally in little ringlets over her forehead and ears. She was just eighteen when we first met her, and so neat and attractive that one would think she belonged to the well-to-do class of working people, but when we followed her to her home one day we confronted startling facts.

The red in her cheeks was the flush of unnatural inward fever, the high spirits were a pitiful antidote to pitiless conditions, and the big, brown eyes saw only squalor when they were not fixed upon a typewriting machine or closed persistently to any view but an imaginary bright one.

The room we entered was a general living space, used also as an eating, cooking and sleeping apartment. There was but one bed, and Betty had to sleep in it with her mother, who was too weak to sit up. An open cuspidor sat where it would be conveniently near the bed, which placed it by the stove, where their food was cooked. The mother, who was suffering in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, did not like cold air, and her querulous demands caused Betty to keep the door and windows closed.

"Well," said cheerful Betty, with a laugh, "that isn't so bad as not having any windows or doors to close, is it? Things might be worse."

"Infinitely worse," said the Wise One. "You might even take a notion to stuff the windows and doors with rags to cut out what oxygen comes in through the cracks."

Party Leave on Deer Hunt.

A party consisting of Messrs. Geo. W. Loring, David Loring, West Bradford, Gabe Bradford, Wilder James, J. D. Bowen, and two colored cooks, Willis Fraser and John Bradford left this morning for Watreee river down which they will go, hunting ducks on their way down until they come to their hunting grounds at Black Oak Island on Santee, where they will spend a week or ten days on a deer hunt.

Sparks from McLendon's Sermons.

Epigrams from McLendon's sermons since he has been in Sumter:

If I were a woman, and were going to wear breeches, I would get me a pair with two legs in them.

God has but one standard of honesty and purity of speech in life, for man and woman.

Would your mother be a lady, standing on the street corner, cussing and spitting streams of tobacco juice as wide as a handsaw, and enough to drown a jack rabbit? I hear you say, "No, no." Then sir, you can't do it and be a gentleman. You did that, did you? Well, I am talking to a man who knows he is not a gentleman. Am I not right, when I tell you that you have crossed the gentleman line, the decent dog-line; and are nothing but an old cuss.

When a ballplayer knocks a four-base hit when the bases are intoxicated, you carry him off the field on your shoulders.

But let a poor prodigal knock a four base hit from the hog pen of hell, to heaven, and you put him in an ice box.

Some of you money bags get all you can; and can all you get. If you were to give a dime, you would sing: "God be with you 'till we meet again."

It wouldn't do for some of these preachers to give out Old Hundred around here, because some of you tight wads would sing Ninety and Nine, to save one per cent.

We need a revival in this country along the line of peach tree switches and leather straps. You need to take that little boy with the cigarette stain on his fingers, down across your lap with his face down, and work on the equator of his anatomy.

The average boy needs a switch hung up in his room, with this motto behind it: "I need thee every hour." The most God forsaken, rapacious, mendacious moral pervert and degenerate is the man or woman who sidesteps their marriage vows.

Every man who sells goods under false pretenses, is a thief. The gambler who bets and wins, is a thief. The gambler who bets and loses is a fool. So he is either a thief or a fool. The employer who takes advantage of his employee, and does not pay him the wages to which he is entitled is a thief.

The employee who shirks his task, does not do the work his duty calls him to do, is a thief.

The man who buys goods from a merchant, and wilfully refuses to pay him, is a black hearted, cowardly rogue.

And there are a lot of you old lubbers right here in this town. What do you call it, when you peddle a lot of infamous gossip around the streets?

You say "Isn't that story about poor Mrs. Smith shocking. Isn't it awful. I'm so sorry to hear it."

You're a liar. If you were sorry, you would say nothing about it. Some of you old women's tongues are like gattling guns, and long enough to sit in the parlor and lick a skillet in the kitchen.

Some one says there are three ways to start a lie: Telephone it; telegraph it; and tell it to a woman.

And yet the women are not half so bad as a lot of you old he-gossips.

Not long ago, a fellow who was unwell went to a physician and the doctor said, "John, let me see your tongue." He said, "Dock, its not my tongue you want to see, its my wife's."

Some of you men have no time for God, but you have time for the dollar.

But you will find time to die and go to hell, and not carry a blank check with you, nor have the price of a yellow dog.

I am as much called to preach the Gospel, as the Apostle Paul; and when you get to the judgment you will find it is true.

God said: "I hewed thee with my prophets."

Now, a hewer's axe, is not an instrument with which to daub on salve or poultice.

Some are afraid they will stir up agitation.

Well, where there is no agitation there is no salvation.

And where there is no salvation, there is stagnation.

And stagnation is the next station to damnation.

If you are a backslider, you are a liar and a perjurer; and you have broken your marriage vows with God.

God is tired of this ground-hog religion. He wants some of the ever-green kind.

You never saw a dancing, card playing, theatre attending, show going, whiskey drinking, cigarette sucking, society gadding, church member that amounted to three whoops this side of perdition.

consequences, or else you have lost your commission.

The chief danger that confronts the present century, will be religion without the Holy Ghost; Christianity without Christ; forgiveness without repentance; salvation without regeneration; politics without God; and heaven without hell.

The Christian religion is the most intense thing in the world.

It is not the theoretical infidelity that is demoralizing the church. It is the practical infidelity. He believes the bible and won't do one thing.

Now you have a fool and a rascal in one compound.

This is the most awful mixture that the son of God ever struck while He was on earth.

He believes in revival meetings, but when they come, he makes it convenient to stay away.

He believes in prayer meetings, but he has not been to one this year.

He believes in the missionary cause, but the old tight wad gets out with the least he can give.

He believes in family prayer, but he never practices it; and you can't prove it by his wife and children.

If your sort was put on the market and everybody felt toward you as I do; you wouldn't bring five cents a dozen in any market in earth, heaven or hell.

Some of you people are crawling toward hell faster than a fellow can slide away from a new years resolution.

The Bible says: "Love your enemies," and you do; but you love him out of your sight.

You can't be wrong with men, and right with God.

God pity the preacher whose flock runs after the dance, the card party, and booze, sooner than the prayer meeting.

You don't change a pole cat by putting him into a parlor. I know which will change first, and it won't be the pole cat.

You say "I was born with the devil in me." Well, confess your sins, forsake your sins, come to God through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, and you can be born again; and born with the devil out of you.

Some of you people haven't opened your Bible since the last birth, death or marriage in your home.

"Are you going out to hear Macs preach tonight?" "Oh, no! I think he is too vulgar."

Now, you can bet your life; that tar will look white beside his character.

Some of you mountain minded fellows say that my language is incorrect.

Now, if you had something in your skull besides buck oysters and sawdust, you wouldn't think about my grammar.

Lots of Christians are like the rivers that flow into the Arctic ocean, frozen up at the mouth.

Every hypocritical church member is making it difficult for some Godly man to preach the Gospel.

God knows every man at his worst. You may deceive the pastor. You may deceive the evangelist. But you can't pull the wool over God's eyes.

Belshazzar had to send out after Daniel, to read the writing on the wall. Daniel didn't attend a whiskey guzzling, wine drinking, dancing revelry.

The reason the lions didn't eat Daniel was because he was all backbone and grit.

Don't try to appear better than you are, or the sheep will bleat and the oxen will low.

God has a strange way of exposing frauds and showing up hypocrites and unearthing skunks.

If you want to see Jesus at His best, you want to see Him face to face with a great sinner. Jesus never looked so wonderful as when he was dealing with a case that in the eyes and thoughts of other people, was absolutely helpless.

If you are not a good man; it is the fellow that walks under your hat, who is to blame.

Sin did not begin in the brothels. It did not begin in a beer joint, and it did not begin in a dance hall, nor in a liquor drinking, poker playing social club.

If the church was as sacred of imperfection as it is of perfection; we would bring on the coming of Christ.

If we turned the church over to this worldly, society-gadding gang, there would be a theatre upstairs, a circus in the cellar, a dance in the rear, a card party in the front and a dispensary in the middle.

Some of you poor old men, hopping here on the crutches of decrepitude, with your heads gray, form bent and eyes dim; and all these years you have resisted the tender pathetic coaxings of Calvary and the warnings of Sinai; and when you want to, you can resist the devil by the same will.

If you are an old bloated faced, bleary eyed, red nosed, reeling, spewing, puking, muttering, stuttering, spitting down-and-outer on the mat ready to take the count for hell; it is because you desire to be.

centred, idolatrous, avaricious money bag; it is because you love to be so, and you are content with it.

You never hear a man say, "Is there any harm in reading your Bible, or going to Church, or attending prayer meetings, or paying old debts or being Christ-like? But what a lot of people you hear say, "Is there any harm in the theatre or dance?"

Not all theatres are bad. I wouldn't say that. But most of them are; and if you have any sense you know how few of them are good, and so do I.

An actress said this: "After years on the stage, I am convinced that the theatrical business is the most corrupt in the world. It is corrupting, educationally, commercially and morally.

It is upon the charred souls of women that most of the men who are powers in the theatrical world, have climbed to their heights.

Israel Zangwill says that the playwright gets up his production to satisfy the lust of the age.

I do not condemn the theatre as an institution; but I do condemn the way it is run. It is hellish, black and degrading; and you church members are responsible for it. If church members would stop patronizing them, they

would clean up or rot.

The theatre is not a teacher. It is not intended to be educational; but it is intended for entertainment.

The day is long past, when the people looked to the theatre for inspiration or instruction.

The legitimate drama can't live. A Shakspearian show can't last for a month. But let a God forsaken leg show start up; and it will be packed to the roof.

It is the spectacular that appeals today.

Take the leg show and the spectacular from the stage; and the theatre would go to rot.

You see a musical comedy, and you will see girls that haven't on enough clothes to pad a crutch. And then they try to hide behind "Art." Crude melodramas, mawkish plays and literary clap traps form the staple production of the average theatre.

You may think that these are scathing words, and that it is awful to utter them. It is ten thousand times more awful, to demand that they should be stated.

If the preachers of this country do not call a halt, you may read, "Ichabod" on your door post. "Thy glory is departed."

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