

# The Cotton Farmer's Cow

The farmer who grows so much cotton that he has no room for a cow is neglecting a chance to make some easy money. If he would follow the advice of the American Cotton Association, if he would plant fewer acres of cotton, use carefully selected seed and fertilize highly—

He would increase his production of lint cotton per acre, thereby maintaining the standard of supplies, but reducing the net cost per pound;

He would have left acreage on his farm to keep cows, to raise hogs, to grow fruits and vegetables and grains.

These would feed his family and give him enough extra cash so that he could store his cotton in the system of warehouses advocated by the American Cotton Association and get for it a fair and equitable price.

This Bank, first, last and all the time, is for the American Cotton Association's program of better cotton, higher prices, diversified crops—and more money for all!

## THE BANK OF UNION

W. S. BLAKENEY, President

R. G. LANEY Cashier

### MOONSHINE BY THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

"What's the matter with running old Scatter Eubanks for the legislature next time," said Uncle Ben. "I know. Ben, you have some good ideas occasionally," said Melinda. "That's the first time I have heard you talking sense in a long time. He and Will Heath would make the very best of a bad job. If this surface business makes me an idiot to get mixed up in the legislature next time, I'll see Creek."

"I've been invited to a fishing party with a bunch of the boys, and I think I'll go," said Uncle Ben. "You are a fish, my friend, unless you are a shark," said Melinda. "You're a shark, but you're not a shark that would eat me," said Uncle Ben. "You're a shark that would eat me," said Melinda. "I'm not a shark that would eat you," said Uncle Ben. "You're a shark that would eat me," said Melinda. "I'm not a shark that would eat you," said Uncle Ben.

"I'll go to the night," said Uncle Ben. "The boys have got a gallon jar and they'll all treat me right. Of course I'll do the plowing, but I'll have a little play. I'm going in for shorter hours, and work but eight a day. The widdler says—"

Just what the widdler said was never put on record, for Melinda, who was evidently expecting something about her, stopped the singing by missing the cat in Uncle Ben's face. In her efforts not to fall, Pussay marked Ben's face until he looked like a tattooed African, and he yelled with pain. Again Melinda's flowers suffered as Ben, snatching up the unfortunate animal, threw her out through the closed window and she carried a couple of pots of Melinda's best with her. The crash quickly changed Melinda's laugh into some-

thing that would never have been mistaken for an anthem even by the poorest musician, although there was frequent repetition of the same words. Ben, while applying turpentine to the scratches, sang an effective second.

Ben to his Banjo:  
There's Vann, he wants to argue a while with Brock and Hammer, But Brock don't want to tackle him and feel his feathers fly. He's scared to death, if they get hot that things might go awry. Now Widdler Jones—"

The cat scratches were not located, and the water that Melinda threw over Ben was not clean. At the last report however, there was no danger of blood poisoning setting in. People passing the road as the incident happened say, however, that Ben's vocabulary has lost nothing to his association with Mrs. Jones.

"I think that they need Barrett back again in Monroe," said Uncle Ben, "the streets ain't in first class condition these days, and some of the jobs of the stuff that they empty out is far from being like Cologne." "Now you're whistling!" said Melinda. "Ern Barrett certainly earned his money. Not that I like any police of any kind, but I think they are all right when they get after the other fellow. I don't want no police nor constables nor sheriffs here in Goose Creek. They are all right in Monroe—let them stop there."

"I ain't feelin' so well," groaned Uncle Ben. "I think I'll go in and get Dunk Therrell to fix me some medicine." "Why the deuce don't you go to a doctor?" growled Melinda. "Shucks! He knows what they give and will pick me out a good prescription and won't stick me for five dollars like the regular Sawbones would. Doctors come high these times and we've got to beat the high cost of living—or die!"

"Give me that letter Melinda. That's

not yours," snapped Uncle Ben. "Like hell—I will, I'm goin' to read it," and getting her spectacles Melinda read: "My erudent queen, your glorious complexion and Titian hair drive me distracted for love of you. My transports of rapture carry me away when I view your stately form, your luscious cerulean eyes, the wondrous pomposity of your sublime and majestic carriage. I love you as Hero loved Leander; you cause me 'the sweetest joy, the wildest joy.' Your passionately fond Ben."

"You old cockle-burr! Who did you get to write that for you? Tell me now or I'll brain you with this pepper!" "Since you must know, it was the presidin' elder," grinned Ben. "You're a dirty liar. He would not do such a thing." "Well, he did. I sold him that your hair once was red." "Of all the liars in the world you're the worst! The red hair! Mine was golden—long ago." "Yaller, common straw color!" yelled Ben, who had slipped close to the door, snatching the letter out of Melinda's hand. The race to the gate proved that Ben had the edge on her in a foot race, but her vocabulary was such that again he refused to give her statements about Ben and his relations; space; nor can we print her etiology of the widow Jones, which was meritorious only from its evenness of scurrility, which grew, if possible worse as she saw Ben making his way to where the widow was planting onions in her garden—near the line fence.

Ben singing in the distance:  
"If I say a word to the widdler Jones It drives Melinda wild; And if I write a line or two She surely does get riled. When I go out to Utah And live with Mr. Smoot I'm going to take Melinda there And Mistress Jones to boot. And I'll get a half dozen more When I'm a Mormon brother, And when the women want to fight I'll let them fight—each other; I'll be the boss of all the lot

And make them work for me While I look on and smoke my pipe in all her majesty." "Ouch! ouch!" Uncle Ben jumped three feet high as the old shot-gun spoke, and the two that took him in the legs. "Come home, Mr. Mormon, or I'll give you the other barrel." Melinda's voice came to him clearly from the fence where she had rested the old double-barrel. Ben wended his way slowly and dejectedly back into the house, headed by the angry woman. We will draw a curtain over the one-sided discussion that followed, while the shot were being picked out with a needle, and Ben fixed so that he could sit down with a minimum amount of pain. "Going to Utah, eh," said Melinda. "I'll bet you'll find it rocky riding unless the carriage seat is well padded, my Mormon Elder," and she jabbed the needle in further than necessary.

"I think I'll buy me one of these Palm Beach suits, and a nice Panama hat for the summer," said Uncle Ben. "A what," said Aunt Melinda. "A Palm Beach suit! You've got a plenty of over-hauls, and a ten-cent hat that'll line with green, if it don't cost too much, will be your summer outfit, my workin' friend! I think you are loafing too much now so I told the man I wouldn't want him after plowin' time. I think I'll fix your Palm Beach suits for you. Now wouldn't you look nice rigged out that a way. Some sport, eh? Well, not on your tinfole, my friend. Not many!"

"I was down at that meetin' in town where they gave out them French certificates, Sunday," said Uncle Ben, "and I saw Will Heath and Sheriff John Griffith a puttin' their heads together." You did," said Aunt Melinda. "Then somebody that I know had better be hunting cover, and I guess the roads in Goose Creek will improve shortly."

### CENSUS ESTIMATES

|  |        |        |
|--|--------|--------|
| Pearl McCorkle, Rt. 5                      | 15,975 | 64,805 |
| Eva Helms, Rt. 6                           | 11,995 | 65,799 |
| Hoyle Helms, Rt. 3                         | 7,926  | 39,999 |
| Kate Helms, Rt. 3                          | 6,525  | 38,648 |
| D. H. Funderburk, city                     | 5,090  | 29,960 |
| Mrs. H. R. Laney, city                     | 4,599  | 40,000 |
| J. B. Williams, Marshville, Rt. 2          | 6,641  | 48,556 |
| E. J. Sims, Jr., city                      | 5,981  | 36,749 |
| Billie Conder, Rt. 6                       | 5,792  | 39,212 |
| Ethel Conder, Rt. 6                        | 5,822  | 38,928 |
| Kate Reeder, Rt. 1                         | 7,232  | 38,421 |
| Artie Conder, Rt. 6                        | 4,762  | 39,425 |
| Ruby Conder, Rt. 6                         | 4,982  | 37,872 |
| Mrs. J. J. Conder, Rt. 6                   | 5,297  | 39,915 |
| Frank Trull, Rt. 3                         | 5,525  | 39,398 |
| O. S. Freeland, Indian Trail, Rt. 1        | 5,509  | 36,711 |
| Mrs. O. S. Freeland, Indian Trail, Rt. 1   | 5,425  | 35,814 |
| Robert Helms, Rt. 4                        | 7,350  | 39,175 |
| Mrs. Z. B. Rape, Rt. 5                     | 6,950  | 38,554 |
| W. R. Walsh, city                          | 4,762  | 36,468 |
| Gertrude Walsh, city                       | 4,981  | 36,575 |
| Mrs. J. E. Stewart, city                   | 7,642  | 34,520 |
| Joseph Stewart, city                       | 7,501  | 34,003 |
| Herman Stewart, city                       | 8,000  | 34,450 |
| Kathleen Stewart, city                     | 6,735  | 35,003 |
| Luia Deese, Matthews, Rt. 26               | 7,544  | 39,333 |
| L. L. Fincher, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1      | 7,331  | 39,333 |
| Milbura L. Fincher, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1 | 6,954  | 41,328 |
| Myrtle Fincher, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1     | 6,530  | 40,254 |
| Howard R. Fincher, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1  | 6,313  | 39,302 |
| Ruby Starnes, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1       | 6,993  | 40,984 |
| Henry F. Fincher, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1   | 6,666  | 39,533 |
| Johnnie Deese, Matthews, Rt. 26            | 5,699  | 37,954 |
| Mrs. Robt. Cunningham, city                | 5,221  | 37,642 |
| Helen Cunningham                           | 5,098  | 37,170 |
| Robt Cunningham Jr.                        | 5,150  | 37,327 |
| Murray Clark, city                         | 4,427  | 37,219 |
| Mrs. Estaline Clark, city                  | 4,297  | 36,957 |
| Mattie Crook, Rt. 6                        | 8,595  | 55,698 |
| Buck Crook, Rt. 6                          | 9,323  | 68,743 |
| Howard Crook Rt. 6                         | 12,495 | 95,755 |
| M. R. Hill, city                           | 7,351  | 41,663 |
| Mrs. M. R. Hill, city                      | 8,214  | 39,841 |
| Gertrude Hill, city                        | 9,280  | 20,586 |
| Ozell Hill, city                           | 7,540  | 31,225 |
| Tommie Hill, city                          | 8,333  | 33,333 |
| Bertha Taylor, city                        | 8,925  | 40,228 |
| Lela Taylor, city                          | 9,999  | 39,999 |
| Maggie Taylor, city                        | 8,888  | 48,888 |
| Henry Taylor, city                         | 9,222  | 45,555 |
| Susan Taylor, city                         | 10,215 | 50,228 |
| Janie Cox, Wingate, Rt. 1                  | 6,22   | 39,333 |
| Ney B. Cox, Wingate, Rt. 1                 | 7,111  | 38,131 |
| H. B. Kiker, Rt. 3                         | 5,248  | 32,578 |
| Henry N. Griffin, city                     | 4,587  | 35,697 |
| Mrs. J. J. Cox, Marshville                 | 5,998  | 52,974 |
| Chas. Long Jr., city                       | 5,623  | 35,625 |
| Billie Phifer Jr., city                    | 4,187  | 31,650 |
| Chas. Phifer, city                         | 4,387  | 33,650 |
| Mrs. Roscoe Phifer, city                   | 4,287  | 34,650 |
| William Boyd, Matthews, Rt. 26             | 6,288  | 23,423 |
| Reid Boyd, Matthews, Rt. 26                | 5,613  | 25,101 |
| T. L. Boyd, Matthews                       | 6,000  | 18,000 |
| Elizabeth Boyd, Matthews, Rt. 26           | 6,018  | 18,054 |
| Rufus Boyd, Matthews, Rt. 26               | 5,888  | 21,900 |
| Mrs. G. C. Cox, Wingate, Rt. 1             | 1,2075 | 40,005 |
| Mrs. W. E. Helms, Rt. 5                    | 5,528  | 37,442 |
| L. N. Stegall, Rt. 3                       | 5,999  | 47,749 |
| Mrs. L. N. Stegall                         | 6,540  | 70,420 |
| Nellie McDonald, Waxhaw                    | 4,257  | 37,927 |
| Benj. C. Hill Rt. 2                        | 6,349  | 47,132 |
| Chas. A. Long, city                        | 5,883  | 36,755 |
| Bennie L. Craig, Rt. 4                     | 6,665  | 38,498 |
| J. C. Craig, Jr. Rt. 4                     | 6,720  | 40,202 |
| Miss L. W. Cuthbertson, Waxhaw, Rt. 4      | 6,208  | 39,406 |
| W. D. Hawfield, Matthews, Rt. 28           | 6,249  | 38,402 |
| Mrs. W. D. Hawfield, Matthews, Rt. 26      | 5,748  | 37,716 |
| Frank Hawfield, Matthews, Rt. 26           | 4,916  | 41,211 |
| Floannie Moore, Rt. 6                      | 6,872  | 45,325 |
| Howard Moore, Rt. 6                        | 7,982  | 48,875 |
| Fred Moore, Rt. 6                          | 8,229  | 40,550 |
| Marvin Moore, Rt. 6                        | 6,984  | 45,924 |
| Robert Moore, Rt. 6                        | 8,572  | 49,527 |
| Thos. Moore, Jr. Rt. 6                     | 6,748  | 50,236 |
| Lillian Moore, Rt. 6                       | 7,975  | 42,465 |
| Mrs. T. M. Moore, Rt. 6                    | 8,792  | 47,873 |

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