Edgefield Advertiser.

Oldest Newspaper In South Carolina.

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BAILEY-FULLER.

Very Beautiful Church Wedding. Reception and Sumptuous Wedding Dinner at The College.

The first wedding of the autumnal season was held at the Baptist church Wednesday evening last at 6:30 o'clock when Miss Lillie May Bailey and Dr. Charles Calhoun Fuller with clasped hands and united hearts paid tribute to Hymen. From every standpoint this happy occasion was one of the most beautiful of the kind ever held in Edgefield.

The decorations in the church were exquisitely beautiful in their simplicity. Upon a ground of white, smilax and other evergreens were gracefully festooned back of and above the rostrum, forming a background of surpassing loveliness for the pink-clad bridesmads who arranged themselves in a v-shaped group on reaching the rostrum. The beauty of the scene was enhanced by a profusion of palms and ferns that were arranged about the rostrum.

The large assemblage of relatives and friends were delightfully entertained until the bridal party arrived by the pre-nuptial musical program, each number of which was faultlessly rendered. The first number was an organ selection by Mrs. Mamie Tillman, "Traumerei," by Schumann. This was followed by a vocal solo, "Because I love you," by Miss Lula Tisdale. The next was a vocal duet, "I live and love," by Mrs. James Lide Wilson, of Millen, Ga., and Mrs. Walter E. Wilkins, of Greenville, aunts of the bride. The closing number was Schubert's "Serenade" which was played on the pipe organ by Mrs. Tillman.

The arrival of the bridal party was announced by the sounding of Mendelssohn's wedding march, the church being entered in the following order: The ushers, Jouette Davenport of Augusta, Dr. John Black of Williston, N. M. Jones and Prof. J. F. Eutzminger of Edgefield; next the bridesmaids, Miss Gladys Bailey of Greenville, Miss Lila Fuller of McCormick, Miss Amelia Barnes of Augusta, Miss Faustine Bailey of Aiken, Miss Alice Wilson of Millen, Ga.; Miss Edwardina Bialock of Edgefield, Miss Annie Laurie Attaway of Port Royal, Miss Myree Hearn of Tuscaloosa, Ala,; Miss Eileen Ouzts of Edgefield and Miss Ethel Black of Bamberg, all gowned in pink silk with point d'esprit lace, bearing each a profusion of white chrysanthemums; next to enter were the little flower girl, Mary Lillie Byrd, and the little ring bearer, Louise Wilkins, who were followed by the matron of honor, an aunt of the bride, Mrs. Henry Beacham of Spartanburg, who was attired in pink liberty satin, bearing a bouquet of white carnations. The maid of honor, Miss Thelma Bailey, a sister of the bride, next entered, clad in pink messaline silk, carrying a bouquet of pink carnations. Then the bride and groom appeared, the queenly bride entering the left aisle on the arm of her father, Col. F. N. K. Bailey, and the strong, manly groom marched down the right aisle with his elder brother, Mr. Earl Fuller.

As the bride and groom met before the rostrum, Col. Bailey placed the hand of the bride in that of the groom, signifying that the life and fortune of his beloved daughter were henceforth committed to him.

As the bride and groom mounted the rostrum, arm in arm, hand in hand, heart in heart, to have painted a lovelier scene than that which was now presented would have baffled the old masters of the long ago.

The venerable and honored grandfather of the bride, Dr. T. M. Bailey, before whom the troths were plighted, entered from the pastor's study, being accompanied by Dr. M. D. Jeffries, who invoked Heaven's blessings upon the occasion. Standing upon the rostrum were three distinct generations of the Bailey family, Dr. Bailey, Mrs. Grace Bailey Beacham and Mrs. Lillie May Bailey Fuller.

The bridal party marched from the church in the reverse order to "The Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin, repairing at once to the South Carolina Co-Educational Institute, where a brilliant reception was held. In the large college dining room a typical southern wedding supper was served. Like the church the large parlors, halls and dining room of the college were tastefully decorated.

The charming bride never appeared to better advantage than she did on her wedding day. She was clad in an exquisite gown of rich white satin with real lace, her veil caught with lillies of the valley. She bore a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lillies of the valley. Mrs. Fuller is a young woman of rare accomplishments, who on account of her charm of manner and graces of character is beloved wherever she is known. Dr. Fuller who only a few months ago graduated in dentistry is a young man of sterling qualities.

The array of beautiful tokens in linen, silver, cut glass and hand-painted china, indicated the universal popularity of the bride and groom. Col. F. N. K. Bailey presented the bride with a handsome new piano.

Early Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Fuller left by automobile for Augusta, thence the next day on a wedding journey for two weeks. After a fortnight they will be at home to their friends at McCormick.

Wisdom of Law Shown.

A young white man called at the office of Judge J. D. Allen several days ago for the purpose of obtaining a marriage license. Upon questioning the groom-elect, Judge Allen learned that the bride-to-be was "under age," and stated that before he could issue a license it would be necessary for her parents to give their written consent to the marriage. The young man replied that they opposed the "match" and for that reason their consent could not be obtained. The erstwhile happy young man went away dejected, stating that he would try the "old folks" again.

Such cases as this afford practical illustration of the wisdom of the marriage license law. Runaway marriages will not be so frequent as in the past.

CLEMSON LETTER.

The Effect of Fall Plowing on Cotton Anthracnose, Written by Professor Barre.

Experiments conducted at the South Carolina Experiment Station during the past year show that where cotton anthracnose occurs fall plowing is very essential. A number of diseased cotton bolls were collected last fall and buried at various depths in the soil. These bolls were dug up from time to time during the winter and spring and cultures were made from them in order to determine how long the fungus which causes the disease would live in such bolls. We found that the fungus does not seem to live in these bolls longer than the middle of March. Many of these bolls, when taken up and examined, were found to contain quantities of bacteria—worms were also found in some of them. These facts lead us to believe that the ordinary agencies of decomposition destroy the anthracnose fungus when the bolls in which the fungus is living, are buried in moist soil.

At the same time that these bolls were buried, a number of badly diseased stalks were pulled up and carried out to the edge of the field where they have been left unmolested since last fall. Diseased bolls were taken from these stalks from time to time and examined. The fungus is still alive in the diseased bolls on these stalks.

The cotton in the field from which these bolls and stalks were collected last season were very badly diseased. The stalk chopper was run over these stalks as soon as the cotton had all been picked and the land was turned about 10 inches deep. It was then harrowed and sown in crimson clover. The clover was plowed under early in April and the land was planted again in the same variety of cotton that was used last year. The seed for this planting had been carefully selected from a field where there was no anthracnose. This season there was no anthracnose at all in this field.

These results, then, indicate that fall plowing is going to be a great help in combatting anthracnose. The fact that the fungus is ssill alive in stalks which were not turned under emphasizes the importance of such plowing.

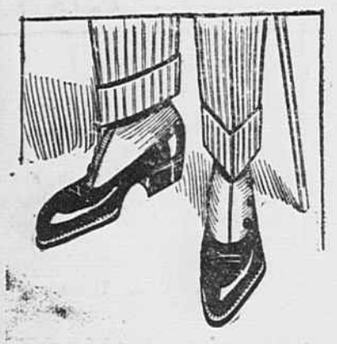
These are facts which it is well to keep in mind while it is still time for fall plowing.

H. W. Barre,
Botanist to S. C. Experiment Station.
October 20, 1911.

A trolley car in Rochester crosses three consecutive streets bearing masculine names. When the conductor called "James" a man signalled him. "William," he called, and another man got off. An Irishman sitting gingerly near the door grew visibly nervous. When "Alexander" was announced and a third man left the car the Irishman arose, approached the conductor and said: "I want to get off at Avnoo B. Me foorsht name is Michael."

The Time Has Come

When you must buy your winter suit, overcoat and underwear. Our line will suit you in Quality, Style and Price. Suits and overcoats $10, 12.50, 15.00 18.00 and 20.00. We can please you. Call and give us a look



The rains have come and you must have a winter shoe. We have them to suit the farm work, street wear and for dress. Try a pair of our Walk-Over shoes

W. A. Hart

WEST-SIDE FAIR.

Much Enthusiasm Manifested. Attractive Premium List. Managed by Energetic, Progressive Men.

The third annual West-Side Fair will be held at Parksville Thursday and Friday of next week. We publish herewith the officers, committees and the attractive premium list to show that the good people of the west-side have their hearts in this enterprise and propose to make of it a great success. The fair last year excelled in many respects some of the county fairs that were held in the state, and we are confident that the fair of 1911 will be a still greater achievement.

It is the very earnest desire of the writer that the good men (generously aided by the ladies), who are giving so liberally of their time and means will be amply repaid by having the fair to be one of the best in the state. It can be done if the people of the western portion of the county will give their liberal support and co-operation.

The following is the attractive premium list of the West-Side fair:

Horses, County Raised.

1 best saddle horse	$5 00	$200
2 best harness horse	5 00	200
3 best stallion	5 00	200
4 best mare and colt 1911	5 00	2 00
5 best colt 1911	3 00	2 00
6 best pair mules	5 00	2 00
7 best mule colt 1911	5 00	2 00
Cattle.		
8 best dairy cow	5 00	2 00
9 best dairy heifer	3 00	2 00
10 best bull any breed	5 00	2 00
11 best steer	2 00	1 00
Hogs.		
12 best berkshire boar	3 00	2 00
13 best berkshire sow	3 00	2 00
14 best essex boar	3 00	2 00
15 best essex sow	3 00	2 00
16 best barrow	3 00	2 00
Fowls.		
17 best pen chickens, cock three hens any breed	3 00	2 00
18 best display home cured bacon	3 00	2 00

Farm Crops.

1st prize, $2.00; 2nd 200 lbs. Slag Soda; 3rd, 50 lbs Slag Soda.

19 best half bu wheat
20 best half bu oats
21 best half bu peas
22 best half bu yellow corn
23 best half bu white corn
24 best half bu sweet potatoes
25 best half bu turnips
26 best half bu rutabagas
27 best half doz collards
28 best 10 lbs short staple cotton
29 best 10 lbs long staple cotton

1st prize $1.50; 2nd, 100 lbs soda; 3rd, [illegible] lbs soda.

30 best bale pea vine hay
31 best bale grass hay
82 best fall vegetables
33 best 5 stalks cotton
34 best 5 stalks corn

35 best boys farm display, $2.00 $1.00.50c
36 best corn display, 1 pair pigs; 1 pair fowls.
37 best individual display of farm products, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 100 lbs soda each.
38 boys' corn display, best scores, 1st $4, 2nd 100 lbs soda, 3rd 1 bu corn, 4th $1.
39 boys' cattle judging, best scores, 1st $4, 2nd, 100 lbs soda, 3rd, 2 bu oats.
40 boys judging hogs, best scores, 1st, $3, 2nd bu of oats, 3rd ½ bu.
41 best display butter, 1st, 50c, 2nd, one bale pea vine hay.
42 men judging horses, best scores, 1st, $5.00, 2nd, 100 soda, 3rd, 1 bu corn, 4th, half bu wheat, 5th, 1 whip.
43 best school exhibit $5 00 $2 50 $1 00
44 best floral display 3 00 2 00 1 00.
45 best fancy work 3 00 2 00 1 00
46 best loaf bread 25 lbs flour
47 best variety of breads 25 lbs flour
48 best biscuits 1 case baking powder
49 best variety cakes 25 lbs flour
50 best report of fair sent to Edgefield Advertiser by a school girl, one year's subscription.
51 best report of speech by Com. E. J. Watson, sent to Edgefield Chronicle by a school boy, one year's subscription.

Note—Other awards may be posted on the second day of the Fair, if the first day's gate receipts warrant.

Pure Bancroft seed oats for sale at

The Edgefield Mercantile Co.

Boy's clothing and hats a full line. Write F. G. MERTINS, Augusta, Ga.

WATSON IN EDGEFIELD.

In His Inimitable Way Hon. Thos. E. Watson Writes of His Recent Visit to Edgefield.

After writing of the origin of the name given to the river that separates Georgia and South Carolina, Mr. Watson wrote as follows in the Jeffersonian of his visit to Edgefield:

Well, we crossed it at Luke's Ferry on Thursday, Oct. 26th, on our way to old Edgefield, where I was programmed for a speech.

Somebody had taken the conjure bag off the automobile and we had no accidents at all. It seemed too good to be true. South Carolina friends—the Messrs. Parks and Mr. King—met us at the ferry; and we were soon in Clark's Hill, where I had the pleasure of a handshake with my friend Esper McDonald. Then on to G. D. Mims', where a pot of hot coffee and other creature comforts were added to the very warm welcome which he and his lady extended to us.

Then on to Edgefield—one of the historic towns of the old South. The Fair management put me at 12 o'clock, Eastern time.

Why the dickens do they erect the speaker's stand so far away from the audience? Bedad, I always call for volunteers to take up the stand bodaceously, and move it up near the folks. I'd rather stand in a creek and talk to the people on the bank than to stand on the other side and spiel *across* the water.

Well, the men and women of South Carolina are just like any other good Southern people, and they made me feel at home. Ex-Governor John C. Sheppard made one of the happiest introductory talks I ever heard (I wonder why his high character and splendid talent are not demanded in the public service of his great state?)

In my address I had spoken of Reconstruction days, the carpet-baggers, the negroes in power, the 15th amendment, &c. As I closed the negro band struck up "*Marching Through Georgia.*"

There were so many people crowding around me to shake hands and say kind things that I did not at first notice what the band was playing. But when I did notice it I called the attention of one of my South Carolina friends to it, and asked:

"Do you suppose those niggers are doing that to even up with me about my speech."

We were all in good humor, however, and didn't consider the matter worthy of investigation.

Possibly the coons intended it as a compliment. Nevertheless, I think the managers of Southern fairs might see to it that music insulting to the South is not played on the Fair grounds. I certainly did not expect to hear "*Marching Through Georgia*" in the glorious old town of Edgefield, in a county where the Red Shirt did such gallant service.

It was a perfect day. Fleecy veils were curtaining from sight the sleeping stars. Tints of Indian Summer glowed along hedges and river bank.

And as we rode along the country roads, my thoughts went back to the historic deeds and the historic names with which that part of our State abound. Forgotten, are the greater number of those deeds; forgotten, the greater number of those names.

Edgefield was an old and flourishing town when Atlanta did not exist; and when Nashville was a negligible border village. To the pulpit, to the bar, to the national councils, to the battle line, what town and county have given so lavishly to our country? Think of a comparatively small circle embracing the homes of John C. Calhoun, of George McDuffie of the noble line of Butlers and Pickenses, of Preston Brooks, of Edward Bacon (the Ned Brace of *Georgia Scenes*), of Geo. D. Tillman, of Senator Ben Tillman, and the Revolutionary heroes, Majors Mike Watson, Samuel Hammond, and Captain Richard Johnson.

How many of the intelligent people who heard me on last Thursday know that Lorenzo Dow had preached the Gospel at Edgefield more than 100 years ago? And that William Barrett Travis, one of the immortal few who made of the Alamo the American Thermopylæ, was born in old Edgefield? He was in command, at the Alamo. Here is his last message to the outside world:

"I am still here, in fine spirits and well to do. With 145 men I have held this place 10 days against a force variously estimated at from 1,500 to 6000, and I shall continue to hold it until I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in its defence."

Col. Travis was killed in action and fell beside the cannon that he was fighting.

Has this hero a monument in Edgefield?

Would that more space were at my disposal, to continue this look-back into old times. Smug, self-satisfied and self-seeking, many of us have forgotten the powerful cost to our ancestors of creating this civilization. Few of us know the terrors of the Revolutionary era. Between Indians and Tories, a Whig patriot carried his life in his hands. He never knew, when going to bed at night, whether he would be aroused before morning by warwhoops or Tory yells.

Let me tell you a story of one of my own family—for all the Watsons of the Carolinas are of the same blood as myself.

Capt. Michael Watson had won a signal victory over the Indians on little river (in 1776) and he thus became a man of local repute as a fighter. The Tories feared him, and determined to kill him. They went to his home one night. Instead of surrounding it, they went to one end of it; and instead of going right to work, they stood there discussing plans of attack. Nothing wakes a sleeper much more readily than whispers in the room or muffled voices *outside*. So Captain Mike was wide awake in a couple of seconds. He heard the men debating the plan of attack. The Captain decided to leave home immediately. Seizing his gun, he ran out of the other end of the house, and in the quickest possible time, put himself in the woods, about 50 yards off.

Then he played the old trick of ordering up men who were not there.

Napoleon saved himself once or twice by that ingenious device; Gen. N. B. Forrest did it, time and again—oh, it's as old as warfare.

Captain Mike, safe in the dark woods, began to yell:

"*Here they are, boys! We've got 'em where we want 'em! Come on boys! CHARGE!*

Bang! went his gun. And the Tories fell into a panic and fled.

But he lived in a hornets' nest, and after many narrow escapes, he was shot down as he was leading an attack against which he had strongly advised, but had been overruled by Col. William Butler.

Captain Mike Watson had a grand-son, Captain Tillman Watson. He married well and accumulated a large fortune. Somehow or other he broke into the State Senate. The Captain was honest, but his stock of knowledge was not ponderous. While he was a member of the State Senate, somebody sought his opinion of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, then a subject of endless and acrimonious debate in Congress.

"What do you think of this here Kansas-Nebraska bill, Captain Watson?"

"Why, Sir,"—answered the Senator with promptitude and emphasis—"Why, Sir, if it is a just bill it should be paid at once, and without further discussion."

By the way, Edgefield used to be the place where everybody in that section who wanted to fight or kill somebody went to do it. From all that I have heard there has been more private war in that town than in any other whatsoever. It frequently happened that the casualities of one day's cuttings and shootings exceeded those of one of our little Indian scrimmages or Philippine battles. Mr. Mims—with an unholy local pride—pointed to a hill, northward of where we were, and said, "Six were killed there in one day."

Of course, it was long ago.

Much Cause.

There is an old codger in Boston who affects to despise a college education. He never had one; he's very successful, and he doesn't see that a university training could have made him any more so. Therefore he sneers at some of the younger fellows who have had more educational advantages.

The other day he was calling down a college-bred subordinate. "If that's all your gilt-edged eddication has taught ye," he growled, "by gosh, young feller, I'm thankful for my ignorance."

"Sir," the young fellow answered, bowing respectfully, "you have much to be thankful for."—Boston Traveler.

DRESS GOODS.

5 pieces of unfinished Serges, dress goods 52 inches wide. Real value $1.25 per yard, for this week only 98c per yard.

Rubenstein, Mgr.

PARKSVILLE NEWS.

Attended State Fair in Autos. Petition Being Circulated For Heyward County. West-Side Fair.

The people of Plum Branch are hurt, and I think rightly with the county commissioners, or those in control for not working their roads. It is true the people of Plum Branch, and a few miles of adjacent territory, have voted themselves into Greenwood county, yet they are not in Greenwood, and cannot be until their action is ratified by the legislature, which meets in January. I wonder if the county treasurer will collect taxes from those Plum Branch folks. If so, then their roads should be worked by Edgefield. The people of that community had a right to vote themselves into Greenwood, if they saw fit, and while we hate to give them up, they should receive fair treatment. Spite work is a sure work of littleness and never pays in the individual, and can never pay a proud county. We hope this matter has been exaggerated, and that these people have not been mistreated when an explanation is had from those in authority.

We are sorry to chronicle the fact that Dr. Ben Adams of Plum Branch got his collar bone broken last week from a fall from his horse. It seems that the horse shied, then slipped up in a marsh, bruising him and breaking his collar bone.

Two auto cars of Parksville folks attended the state fair in Columbia last week, leaving here on Wednesday and returning Friday. The first belonging to Mr. W. R. Parks contained himself, his two sons, C. A. and J. G. Parks, and Mr. Wilmer Christian. The second belonging to Mrs. Virginia Stone carried herself, chauffeur, her son, Mr. J. C. Stone and Mr. J. H. Elkins. They all returned very much pleased, and no doubt gathered dots that will be helpful to our fair to be held here on November 16th and 17th. Speaking of our fair the writer was gratified to learn that many of the Edgefield folks intended to attend our fair. Col. O. Sheppard did not wait for a special invitation, but assured us that Providence permitting, he would be with us and so did others. Let all come who can, and we will assure them meat and bread, seasoned with a broad welcome. Come one and all before we are "skiddooed" off into Heyward county.

And this reminds me, that petitions have been circulated for this somewhat famous project, made so by its promoters. I am told that Blease has told parties interested, that he will not turn them down nor pass by them any more, or words to that effect. This in effect puts Blease underneath the enterprise. Bah!

The report comes from Spartanburg, that Mr. Joe Blackwell, who was raised here, and who has had a long spell of typhoid fever will be carried to-day to Philadelphia for an operation. We sincerely hope for his recovery.

Mr. J. W. Bell, a wholesale merchant of Spartanburg, spent Friday night and part of Saturday with friends in Parksville.

Rev. T. H. Garrett preached a most excellent sermon yesterday to our Baptist folks on the "wisdom, righteousness, redemption and sanctification" wrought through Christ.

Col. W. J. Talbert reported yesterday the well at the parsonage completed, and having contracted the largest part of expenses received the thanks of the entire church.

Mr. Frank Parks from Mt. Carmel is down on a visit to kinsfolk, acquaintances and—.

Messrs. Dan A. Bell and Eugene McDonald are over from their Georgia home visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. J. P. Blackwell, a merchant of our town, went up to see his cousin Joe Blackwell, of Spartanburg whom we have spoken of as being quite ill.

Mrs. Carrie Tompkins and Jodie have just returned from Columbia where they have been in attendance upon the state fair. More Anon

Took His Advice.

Once upon a time a very cool man called upon his physician and asked him for medical advice.

"Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the physician.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit three guineas, and answered it thus:

"Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats its giver.