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JOHNSTON LETTER.

Pythian Oyster Supper Friday Evening. Engagement Announced. New Century Club Met.

The Pythians are making preparations for a special meeting on Friday evening of this week, and following this the order will enjoy an oyster supper. There are about 168 members and they are planning for a large affair.

About five o'clock Sunday morning a tenant house was burned on the farm of Mr. Walter Sawyer on the outskirts of the town. The night watchman seeing the fire and brightly lighted sky, at first thought the fire was in town, and the firing of pistols and ringing of fire bells aroused many.

Mrs. M. M. Coleman of Aiken is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. LaGrone.

Miss Carrie Thrailkill has returned from a visit to her sister in Jacksonville, Florida.

Mrs. Reuben Fulton of Staunton, Va., and children, are guests of Mrs. W. S. Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sawyer went to Williston last week to attend the burial of the latter's aunt, Mrs. Lou Willis.

Mr. Billie Walton received a message on Wednesday telling of the extreme illness of his brother, Mr. Caleb Walton and his death occurred during that evening. Mr. Walton was of the Good Hope section and was a fine Christian character. He was 90 years of age and had been blind for some time.

Messrs. Ed and _____ Walton and Mr. Bennie Reames attended the burial, Mr. Billie Walton being sick and unable to accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillery Wesley Crouch have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Annie Frances Crouch to Mr. Robert Elliott Johnson of Greenville, S. C., the happy event to take place during the spring months, and will be in the Methodist church with a full evening affair.

There is much cordial interest centered in this announcement, for the bride-to-be is one of the town's best beloved young women, and not only here, but throughout the state she has a wide circle of warm friends who will be interested.

Mrs. Garland Coleman and little Garland, Jr., of San Francisco, Cal., are guests of Mrs. Bartow Walsh.

Dr. and Mrs. William Connerly are at home from a visit to relatives in North Carolina and Springfield, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Jones and family are now domiciled in the dwelling recently vacated by Mr. Pope Perry and family.

Mr. Willis Holmes returned from the University Hospital on Wednesday and is now able to be about, although he is not yet strong enough to take up his duties at the postoffice.

Two very exciting games of basketball were played here Friday afternoon between the boys' and the girls' teams of the Johnston High School and Batesburg teams. Batesburg had twice beaten Johnston, and this time the local teams were determined to be victorious, which they were, greatly to their delight, and made a fine score. They "ate them up entirely" as one of the boys expressed it.

Misses Barr and Covington are now domiciled in the home of Mrs. Nettie Jacobs.

Mrs. Will Wright has been quite sick, but it now up and much improved.

The New Century club met with Miss Clara Sawyer on Tuesday. The chief business being the plans concerning the town library, which movement the club is agitating. A canvas for subscribers had been made and if a certain number is secured a large gift of books can be procured.

The club is contemplating putting on the play "Sand," the proceeds of which will be used to help in the fight against illiteracy.

The subject of the program was Timrod, and Mrs. J. L. Walker as leader gave a very interesting program. After Timrod's "Carolina," as

a chorus, was sung, the hostess served a tempting repast.

The Angeline Bacon chapter, C. of C., held a fine meeting on Saturday afternoon with Miss Minnie Westmoreland. Mrs. John Wright is leader and she has created much enthusiasm among the young folks, there being several new members. After a good program the leader told of her plans for the chapter during the summer for some hikes and camps. The hostess served a sweet course.

Master George Dawson Walker celebrated his birthday on Saturday afternoon and a number of his friends were with him on this happy occasion. Many games were played, and the little folks had a happy time. All were invited into the dining room where a beautiful table with a birthday feast met their eyes. A pretty valentine was given each one.

Mrs. Will Sawyer has returned from a visit to relatives at Denmark.

Miss Hallie White has returned from a visit to Mrs. McCartha at Aiken and Mrs. C. D. Kenny at Warrentonville.

There are many here who know Capt. Fishbourne, conductor between Columbia and Augusta that will be sorry to hear of his critical illness at the City hospital in Columbia. He has recently undergone a serious operation.

Paul Ryman Pleases Augusta Audience With Beautiful Recital.

Mr. Paul Ryman gave an hour of genuine enjoyment last night at the Grand when he was presented by Mr. Benjamin H. Nixon, in a song recital. Mr. Ryman has a voice of beautiful quality, and wide range, and also sings with an intelligence and discriminating interpretation that made every number a pleasure.

His voice has the richness and strength of a dramatic tenor, with the clear sweetness in its upper register more suggestive of a lyric voice. His opening number Celeste Aida—that song ever dear to tenors—was well received and displayed much of the finest qualities of his voice, and his following group of old English songs were very charming.

But all of his American songs were especially beautiful, and nothing could have been lovelier than each of the three songs in his second group. The gem of the program however (which was very short) was his "Vesti La Giubba" from Pagliacci, which he sang magnificently. He responded in one or two encores but his audience would have liked to have heard him in a number of other selections. The sympathetic, charming accompaniment of Claire Svecenski added much to the concert.

There were two very lovely groups of songs rendered by Miss Grace Stephens of Atlanta. Miss Stephens is a young singer just making her debut, and she has not as yet gained sufficient confidence in herself to let her voice to its fullest capacity, but it is extremely sweet and clear, and she sings with a correct placing of her notes, and a smoothness and birdlike quality that made her songs very charming, and as she gained in confidence the beautiful training her voice has received was evident. Her English songs were especially good, and the accompaniment of Miss Nan Stephens was pleasing.

The audience was a very representative one, and one unusually large for a musical attraction in Augusta. It is hoped that Mr. Ryman will be heard again here, for he made a most delightful impression last night with his beautiful voice, and also won many friends personally since coming to Augusta.—Augusta Chronicle.

Effects of Constipation.

Constipation causes a stoppage of the sewerage system of the body. The poisonous refuse matter that should be carried away is retained in the system and often poisons the blood and causes numerous disorders. No one can afford to neglect his bowels. A dose of Chamberlain's Tablets will afford relief. Avoid drastic cathartics as they take too much water out of the system and their use it likely to be followed by constipation.

FARMER'S PLEDGE

I, _____, of the county of Edgefield, do certify that I am a farmer and cotton grower, and hereby solemnly promise and agree on my sacred word of honor that during the year 1921 I will not plant in cotton more than one-third of the lands cultivated by me during the year, 1920.

And I further promise that I will use whatever influence that I may have with my friends and neighbors to have them sign a like obligation and to co-operate with the county committee in the organization and the work for the said cotton reduction.

Witness:

A Day on Wine Lake.

Dear Advertiser:

Last Saturday I had one of the most thrilling experiences of my whole life, and they have been rather many.

A party of eight of the faculty were invited to a spend-the-day party five and a half miles from Aurora, up on Wine Lake.

Knowing that the deep snow would be rather tedious for long hiking, we dressed in our most rustic clothes and took the omnibus, which left town at ten of ten, and rode to what is known as the dam on the shore of Wine Lake. At this point the wilds of the woods begin.

The mist on the tree tops and the deep snow on the solidly frozen lake give the landscape a charm that cannot be reproduced on canvass nor adequately described by the pen, for they both lack the vivid sensation of reality.

We walked straight over the middle of the frozen lake and all retailed to mind the story of Peter walking on the sea of Galilee. In the fall, I had sailed up this same lake in a boat, and at that time, I scarcely would have believed it if I had been told, that a few months later I would walk over this same surface and not fall through.

However, so many heavy sleighs had been driven over the road that it seemed that the waves had frozen while in the air, so broken up was the large sheet of ice. In some parts of the road, it was a task to put one foot before the other, for every step necessitated climbing over a bank of snow.

Two of the girls went ahead, and we rejoiced to see them, at the end of a mile and a half, turning off to the cabin only a short distance from the lake shore. Two of the gentlemen of the faculty, Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Aase were the hosts and one of them came to greet us on long skis, so that the feet reached us about a half yard before his welcoming hand grasp.

What could be better than a real rustic cabin, made out of round logs, with the bark still on them with the white birches growing outside and the chipmunks and birds to make friends with? On seeing that his picture was to be taken, one cunning chipmunk jumped from his perch on a stump near the cabin and then jumped up again, the second time facing the camera squarely with the most alert expression on his face, absolutely unafraid. The nearer the kodak came up to him the more he seemed to pose, seemingly conscious that he must be wearing a pleasant expression.

I had my first toboggan ride down the hill with four or five others on the toboggan with me, and such yells of pure excitement could be heard as we went flying down the hill, only to have to pick up the ropes and pull the toboggan up the hill again. We all had the bloom of health on our cheeks when we came inside to get warm, but the trouble with outdoor exercise is that one's nose and chin get red as well as the cheeks. Nature does not understand the art of rouging.

Inside the cabin it was at once evident that it was owned, neither by an Indian nor an ignorant trapper, for there was a victrola and a comfortable couch made of logs and cov-

ered with blankets, a table and benches used as furnishings. There was a certain air of refinement with the roughness that made it most ideal.

We were ravenously hungry and our hosts themselves had cooked a most appetizing dinner. Delicious venison killed by their own guns and in these same woods, was served, and for dessert gelatin and whipped cream even in these wilds.

I begin to have a new respect for the versatile accomplishments of western men.

There are very few people, I think, who are not often glad to exchange the woods for the drawing room. We have the love of the primeval wilderness in us, inherited from our pioneer ancestors.

One would think that to spend a whole day out of doors on a lake on the fifth of February would be to return home with a frozen ear at least, but this winter has been ideal for outdoor sports, unlike last winter, which was far below zero for days at a time.

Another article of furniture, or more properly, a kitchen utensil, was a fireless cooker made by Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Aase one day when they were preparing for a Thanksgiving dinner.

They took out huge, steaming potatoes, splendid ones, for Mr. Aase is the agriculture teacher and knows how to grow them perfectly.

I have so many delightful memories from trips, with this new one added, that I can do without art galleries for a long time and call up to my mind's eye, such scenes as we enjoyed yesterday.

FLORENCE MIMS.

Aurora, Minnesota.

Are You a Farmer or a Clod-Hopper?

When a manufacturer or merchant fixes a price for his wares which allows him a profit above the cost, and then holds his goods on his shelves, or in his factory until somebody comes along and pays that price, we call that "good business," and approved generally; but let a group of farmers do the same thing, it's pure speculation and hoarding, and everybody, from the man who parches peanuts to the one-horse country banker and up, denounces him.

The merchant or manufacturer who takes steps to get a fair price is a good, estimable citizen. The farmer who uses the best resources at his command, who tries to protect his wife and children and assure them a decent living, is a "vicious hoarder," a "profiteer," and maybe a "Bolshevik."

Farmers, aren't you sick and tired of this silly stuff that the "knocker" is handing you. I hear something each day in Edgefield about "organization" of farmers. The old "knocker" says it can't be done, in fact a few knockers tell me the farmer "hasn't sense enough to organize," and market their crops. Whoever tells you the farmer can't organize himself and sell his products is an "ignoramus." It's true you can not organize "Clod-hoppers," but you can "Farmers." Please get your dictionary and ascertain the meaning of "Farmer," and "Clod-hopper," then decide which class you desire to be placed in.

It is estimated that Edgefield county has about seven hundred tillers of the soil; out of this number we are sure to find enough brain to equal

that of some of our most insensate cotton buyers. There never will be a better time than now for the farmers to get themselves together and put into operation business principles which will bring success as sure as to remain as we are has brought Failure. Yes, Failure is what I said, and unless we shake off the shackles of present-day methods the word Failure will fail to express what the result will be. Here we are with a normal crop of cotton on hand and a world full of people freezing to death because they haven't enough clothes to keep them warm, and cotton is about as cheap as dirt. There must be a cause for all this cheap cotton, and these thinly clad people. Now, where does the trouble lie? Let's give ourselves credit for letting the other fellow tell us how to run our business, when to make our notes due, when and how to sell our cotton, then resolve within ourselves that if our Great God of heaven will have mercy upon us and forgive us of our past records as poor managers, we will, by His help, use what little gray matter He has given us and show the Guano agent, Bank collector and old Mr. "Knocker" that we can manage our own affairs in such a way that we will eventually owe no man anything save good will. Farmers let's get busy and cut out all our past wrong, plant less cotton, pool that cotton we do produce together in a marketing system, conducted by our own farmers, and then in a mighty short time we will show the cotton mills of our country who they will have to talk to in order to buy cotton!

SUBSCRIBER.

Philharmonic Music Club Entertained.

The Philharmonic Music club was very delightfully entertained by Mrs. A. E. Padgett and Miss Gladys Padgett on Wednesday afternoon of last week. This was a reciprocity meeting and the Edgefield Civic League was represented by Mrs. Edwards, the president, who gave a report of the work of that organization which has made so many improvements in the town. The Winthrop Daughters were represented by Miss Katherine Mims, and the Harmony School Improvement Association, by Mrs. Jeff Wright. The inclemency of the weather prevented other representatives of the county clubs being present. A letter from Mrs. Corn, telling of the phases of the Federation work that need stressing, was read to the club.

The musical program was unusually lovely, the first number being a vocal solo, "Of Thee I'm Thinking, Margherita, and "Her Rose," by Miss Rainsford which were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Tillman played "Fur Elise," Beethoven, displaying much skill and clear technique. "Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffman" was a violin duet by Misses Rosela Parker and Annie Wilson. Miss Norris sang "Love's Flowers Shall Bloom," which completed the program.

Mr. Nixon, manager of the Paul Ryman concerts was then introduced and made a proposition to the club which was voted on and accepted. It was decided that the Philharmonic Club with the U. D. C. would bring Mr. Ryman, the noted tenor, to Edgefield for a concert at an early date. This will be a most unusual opportunity to hear an artist of his note, and it is hoped that this will meet with success.

The hostesses served block cream and cake at the close of the program.

PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN.

A Good Medicine For the Grip.

George W. Waitt, South Gardiner, Me., relates his experience with the grip. "I had the worst cough, cold and grip and had taken a lot of trash of no account. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done me any good whatever. I have used one bottle of it and the cold and grip have left me."

FOR SALE: A good yoke of oxen well broken. Apply to

L. R. BRUNSON, Jr.

2-16-2tpd. Cleora, S. C.

Mrs. Ennett Writes Again From London.

Strand Palace Hotel,
The Strand, London, England,
January 4, 1921.

My dearest Mother:

Although this is "the end of a perfect day" your letter must not be left out even if an appendix has to be added to get it in. If you knew how much we had walked today you would agree that my feet had done their full duty and it is the hands' time now.

It was really ten o'clock before we got started this morning; this happened because we managed at breakfast to draw a young English girl in conversation and she entertained and amused us so much that we let all sight-seeing possibilities slip by for a time at least.

But our new made friend of yesterday called according to schedule, and of course we answered promptly. We started off on the top of a regular London bus, taking in streets and buildings you've read about all your life, until we reached the tower of London. Of course we wanted to go through every nook and corner here—everybody does—but to describe it all is a job past my powers, though I can imagine few things in the world more interesting. There are guides well informed who tell you much that may or may not be true, and I imagine what they don't know, they can "put over" if the traveller is not too well posted on history. As we were coming out of "Bloody Tower" a rather amusing thing occurred. You remember those stories (which are facts of course) about the little princes who were murdered or strangled there. Well, as we passed out I saw a young school boy looking from side to side as though he had missed something. Coming over to us he asked in a tense whisper "Where is that bloody tower thing, I want to see it." We assured him he had just walked out of it, and a more disappointed kid I have yet to see. He was looking for regular blood and thunder stuff and found only a harmless looking cell.

We stopped at noon long enough to go somewhere to eat, and found a real fish eating house where we had paice for dinner, a fish which is very fine and belongs to these waters. Beer or something stronger always accompanies every meal here. I am glad we are not that kind of people at home, for I don't like the custom and I will venture to say it is not doing England any good either. Coming home I was struck by a parade bearing down upon us, and found it was an army of the unemployed carrying banners with the wording somewhat like this:

1914 ----- Wanted
1916 ----- Praised
1921 ----- Forgotten

"We are willing to work; what is England going to do about it?" You know that is one of the serious problems over here just now, and is causing much of the unrest which seems to come with reconstruction everywhere. It seems that women stepped into a good many of the jobs belonging to the men and now after the war won't step out, and this is the cause of much of the dissatisfaction.

We brought our friend to the hotel with us for tea before we would consent to his leaving us. This tea business over here is as regular as the sun. An Englishman would sooner miss heaven than his cup of tea, anywhere around four of five o'clock in the afternoon.

Seated in the Lounge with an orchestra playing, and plenty of little cakes or buttered bread, male and female alike sip their tea and smoke their cigarettes until you wonder how they ever get anything accomplished. But it is rather nice—the tea drinking and music part I mean—and I don't mind adopting the custom as a vacation dissipation pro tem.

We've had a delightful day and a most delightful companion in Mr. Long, who is cultivated, refined and wonderfully educated. He has travelled over many lands and lived in South Africa for a number of years. But at last we got "his number"! After tea he called Mr. Ennett.

(Continued on Page Six.)