

**ty Pension Roll 1922.**

ss A.  
L., Trenton.  
M., Cleora.  
Trenton.  
E., Modoc.  
L., Edgefield.  
Edgefield.  
A., Cold Spring.  
Modoc.  
Johnston.  
Modoc.  
Johnston.  
G. M., Pleasant Lane.  
W., Edgefield.  
Johnston.  
C., Ridge Spring.  
s of Veterans)  
Edgefield.  
ma N., Edgefield.  
Melissa, Johnston.  
Emaline, Edgefield.  
te, Johnston.  
Virginia C., Parksville.  
anatha S., Edgefield.  
ggie, Cleora.  
nnie S., Edgefield.  
I. C., Plum Branch.  
Margaret S., Meeting St.  
ma H., Edgefield.  
Sophia, Johnston.  
rah, Edgefield.

**Class B.**

George A., Collier.  
R. S., Edgefield.  
A. L., Cleora.  
unson, Edgefield.  
John C., Pleasant Lane.  
Charles, Johnston.  
ge, Wm. A., Modoc.  
Thomas, Johnston.  
M. W., Johnston.  
S. J., North Augusta.  
John H., Collins.  
c, R. M., Johnston.  
Henry, W., Johnston.  
J. Whit, Edgefield.  
John D., Johnston.  
J. N., Trenton.  
n, D. E., Johnston.  
rist, Abe, McCormick.  
J. R., Johnston.  
er, J. W., Johnston.  
es, Edward M., Edgefield.  
es, S. B., Edgefield.  
aird, W. T., Edgefield.  
b, Thomas W., Collier.  
Marion A., Johnston.  
ling, H. E., North Augusta.  
bley, J. G., Johnston.  
yer, A. C., Johnston.  
zts, George, Johnston.  
rdue, G. G., Trenton.  
rkman, Thomas, Edgefield.  
sey, P. W. C., Trenton.  
ece, L. D., Morgana.  
eppard, Orlando, Edgefield.  
mith, J. M., Meeting Street.  
tevens, J. A., Collier.

Strom, Tad. C., North Augusta.  
Timmerman, Wm. E., Edgefield.  
Tompkins, J. B., Edgefield.  
Turner, J. M., Johnston.  
Walton, W. T., Johnston.  
Warren, F. M., Johnston.  
Whitlock, J. C., Trenton.  
Adams, Bettie T., Johnston.  
Adams, Martha C., Edgefield.  
Bartley, Margaret A., Edgefield.  
Bosell, Ella, Roper.  
Broadwater, Annie R., Cleora.  
Bryan, Mary J., Trenton.  
Burton, Mary J., Pleasant Lane.  
Butler, Kate D., Edgefield.  
Carwile, Mary E., Edgefield.  
Cheatham, Kate W., Edgefield.  
Clark, Amanda, Johnston.  
Claxton, Margaret, Johnston.  
Cobb, Elizabeth, Edgefield.  
Crim, Lizzie J., Johnston.  
DeLoach, Cattie W., Edgefield.  
DeLoach, Emmie E., Edgefield.  
Dobson, Emma N., Edgefield.  
Doolittle, Ann, Modoc.  
Dorn, Mallie, Edgefield.  
Dorn, Vicy, Edgefield.  
Eidson, Annie S., Trenton.  
Fraser, Maria, Edgefield.  
Glauzier, Betty, Meeting Street.  
Glenn, L. A., Edgefield.  
Gray, Sallie, Edgefield.  
Harling, Jane L., Edgefield.  
Hart, M. Victoria, Johnston.  
Hill, Susan B., Edgefield.  
Hill, Sadie J., Johnston.  
Huiet, Mary Ann, Johnston.  
Kemp, Elizabeth A., Edgefield.  
Kernaghan, Kate M., Edgefield.  
McClendon, Lucinda M., Cold Spring.  
McGee, Martha, Edgefield.  
Mason, Emma, Edgefield.  
Mims, M. Kate, Edgefield.  
Minor, Lucinda M., Edgefield.  
Morrall, Sallie A., Edgefield.  
Moultrie, Nannie, Edgefield.  
Murphy, Fannie, Trenton.  
Nicholson, Ida T., Edgefield.  
Nicholson, Lizzie H., Edgefield.  
Norris, Mary J., Edgefield.  
Ouzts, Elizabeth, Edgefield.  
Pardue, Mary G., Collier.  
Paul, Zella A., Edgefield.  
Permitter, Pauline A., Meeting St.  
Powell, Addie S., Johnston.  
Prince, Angie B., Edgefield.  
Randall, Annie, Johnston.

Randall, Josie E., Johnston.  
Ransom, Carrie, Edgefield.  
Ripley, M. Emeline, Johnston.  
Roath, Annie, Edgefield.  
Roper, Augusta B., Edgefield.  
Rutland, Angie, Edgefield.  
Scott, Harriet A., Morgana.  
Sheppard, Ida F., Edgefield.  
Smith, J. L., Johnston.  
Smith, Mary L., Trenton.  
Stevens, Ida, Meeting Street.  
Stevens, Martha, Edgefield.  
Stevens, Savannah, Edgefield.  
Strom, Mary, Edgefield.  
Strother, Minnie B., Johnston.  
Swearingen, Emma C., Trenton.  
Tompkins, Ella S., Edgefield.  
Vinsant, Eliza, Edgefield.  
Walker, Annie W., Edgefield.  
Walton, Lizzie, Johnston.  
Warren, Mamie L., Edgefield.  
Waters, Mary C., Johnston.  
Watson, Ida A., Edgefield.  
Williams, Narcissa, Johnston.  
Williams, Sophia, Ward.  
White, Anna R., Edgefield.  
Whitlock, Ann, Edgefield.  
Yonce, Amanda E., Johnston.  
Yonce, Elizabeth, Johnston.

**Honor Roll for Month Ending April 26th.**

First Grade: Lucile Turner, Luke Thompson, Horace Mellichamp, Earl Cogburn, William Hudgens, M. L. Mauney, Emily Dunovant, Sarah Nicholson, Gordon Alford, Hugh Gilchrist, Henry Quarles, Edith Quarles, Rhett Nicholson, William Yonce, Homer Jackson, Dorothy McClendon.

Second Grade: Robert Holston, Helen Franklin, Margaret Mooney, Mary Ouzts, Cornelia Prescott, Dorothy Rowe, Sallie Strom. **Distinguished:** Mary Anderson, Sallie Anderson, Addie Lou Covar, Lina Jones.

Third Grade: George E. Cantelou, William Fuller, Stanford Lamb, Roper Ouzts, Patterson Padgett, William Tatum, Ruby Berry, Marie Bussey, Martha Gibson, Mary Gibson, Cornelia Holmes, Gertrude Lanham, Mary Lowe, Gladys Parks, Azilee Quarles, Almerna Swearingen. **Distinguished:** Hazel Cogburn, Esther Ditch, Helen Deal, Hettie Jones, Ruth Kemp, Katherine Mims, Elizabeth Posey, Benjamin Franklin Ouzts.

Fourth Grade: T. A. Broadwater, Charles Byrd, Jim Covar, Lewis Strom, Mary Holmes, Ruth Lynch, Frances Paul, Esther Rubenstein, Florida Turner. **Distinguished:** Helen Dunovant, Emma Perrin Mims, Elizabeth Nicholson.

Fifth Grade: Janie Edwards, Carrie Louise Cheatham, Ralph Morgan, Martha Stewart, Elizabeth Kemp, Walton Mims, Mary Lorene Townsend. **Distinguished:** Dorothy Marsh, Mary Cantelou.

Sixth Grade: Mazie Kemp, Allen Samuel, Tom Timmerman, Mary Thurmond, Emily Talbert. **Distinguished:** J. R. Timmerman, John Nixon, George Edward Sheppard, Ned Nicholson.

Seventh Grade: Margaret Strom, Effie Allen Lott, Frances Wells, Martha Thurmond.

Eighth Grade: Carrie Dunovant, Kathryn Stewart, Claude Bartley, Hansford Mims. **Distinguished:** Mary Lily Byrd, Elizabeth Timmerman, Albert Rainsford.

Ninth Grade: **Distinguished:** Felicia Mims.

Tenth Grade: Gladys Lawton, Mary Lyon, Sara Reeves, Lela Bland Tompkins, Elyse Hudgens, Eleanor Mims.

**Mill School.**

First Grade: Jessie Ouzts, Albert Ouzts, Ruby McCary, Lyndell Pruitt, Helen Padgett, Mazie Turner, Elzie Berry, Fred Stalcup, Elma Hall, Ruth Nelson.

Second Grade: Fay Turner, Grace Ouzts, Sybil Sharp.  
32 per cent of enrollment on honor rolls.

**W. O. TATUM, Jr., Superintendent.**

**NOTICE.**

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for Mayor of your town in the coming election and solicit the votes of the people.

**W. W. ADAMS.**

I herewith announce that I am a candidate for the place on the Board of Public Works of the town of Edgefield made vacant by the recent resignation of Mr. L. T. May and solicit the support of the people of the town.

**W. J. DUNCAN.**

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position on the Board of Public works of the town of Edgefield heretofore filled by Mr. L. T. May and solicit the support of the people.

**J. W. STEWART.**

**Buy a FORD and bank the difference.—Adv.**

**AIRPLANES MAY AID PERS**

Science Seems to Hearten Another Way Their Irrate Parents.

Will modern lovers elope by air? It is on record that at least one enterprising couple have made such an attempt. Unfortunately the plan was nipped in the bud owing to unforeseen circumstances. But there is little reason to doubt that before long aerial Don Juans will soar away with their fair burdens.

It is interesting to recall the various means of effecting elopements. They are as old as time. First they took place on foot with perhaps the aid of a rowing boat to help cross a river. Horses, too, were in great demand and many a happy maid rode pillion snatched away from under the very eyes of her irate parents. Later came the coach to aid Romeo and Juliet and what a gallant "my love against the world" air it added to the romance. Trains and automobiles have also played their part in "love's young dream," but the future "stunt" will be to elope by airplane.

The airplane wooer will have to be on his guard against the vigilance of the law which has already found the flying machine useful in the execution of justice. Thus a policeman in Los Angeles attempted to arrest a Japanese aviator for debt. The man promptly flew off while the policeman gave chase in an automobile. The pursuit continued until the aviator was compelled to come down through lack of gasoline.

A somewhat similar occurrence took place in Florida. A negro servant in a fashionable hotel stole a very valuable brooch. He ran away but detectives discovered, by means of wireless, that he was on board a ship off Bermuda. The vessel was delayed a few days off the coast while it was decided to bring him back by hydroplane, the machine being offered by Harold McCormick. The owner, accompanied by a detective, acted as pilot. In a few minutes they were alongside the ship, the thief was arrested and taken back a prisoner.—Sydney Levy in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Caught 28,000,000 Fish.**

Fishing is not like farming. The farmer can reckon pretty well what his crops are going to yield, but the fisherman merely guesses.

Our East coast fishermen, for instance, guessed that they would be visited in the middle of last September by herrings. But the herrings did not come, according to London Answers. Then, when all hope had been relinquished the herrings turned up one day—some 28,000,000 of them.

Perhaps the late summer had made them lose count of the calendar and they didn't.

Fishermen who had been looking glum returned with beaming faces. Three hundred and fifty boats, after dreary days of waiting, came back with loads averaging 80 crans each—that is, 80,000 herrings. Some boats had more, one bringing in 100,000 fish. The total fish landed in one day equaled 28,000,000, with millions more to follow.

Herrings, like swallows, have their migrating periods. The swallows fly free, but the poor herrings—or a goodly portion of them—are cooked and eaten.

**Asleep.**

The woman at service could not resist the temptation of watching a man on the opposite side of the church who had fallen asleep during the middle of the sermon. He did not snore or create any disturbance, and he looked so comfortable and peaceful that his neighbors smiled at each other indulgently and did not rouse him.

The woman speculated a little on how and when he would wake up. When she had worked it out to her own satisfaction she again bestowed her attention on the sermon, still keeping half an eye on the man asleep.

At the close of the sermon, when the congregation knelt, the man evidently sensed the stir around him as that of the audience departing. He stood up quickly, grabbed his hat and overcoat and started to make his exit. Then he did wake up.—Chicago Journal.

**One on Him.**

The telephone bell at police headquarters jangled sharply. "Police headquarters," answered Fred Loucks, operator.

"Where?" asked a surprised voice over the wire.

"This is the police station," informed the operator.

"Well, my name is Jones and I'm stopping at the Claypool hotel. Some one left word for me to call Mr. Cell at Main 1750. Is he there?"

"Yes, we have several Mr. Cells here," replied Loucks, "but their language is a dead one."

"That's one on me, old timer," retorted the inquirer, as he hung up.

A few days ago, Mr. Loucks said, a sweet voice inquired whether Mary could answer the phone.—Indianapolis News.

**Finds It Hard to Collect.**

Lending money to kings is an experience which Mrs. Roberta Menges Corwin Hill Tenrie, formerly of Brooklyn, but lately of Paris, declares is exciting, but not altogether profitable. She arrived in New York from Paris bent on visiting the American State department to seek aid in collecting 5,000,000 francs, which she says, she loaned Prince William of Wied, who occupied the throne of Albania for seven months before the war.—Minneapolis Journal.

**LEARN TO "LIVE"**

Mere Existence Should Never Be One's Sole Aim.

Too Many Tie Themselves to the Grindstone and Fail to See Beauty and Joy of Life.

The other day a man died. After the funeral a party of those who had known him were discussing him—quite sympathetically. His good points were recalled and emphasized, and it came as a bit of a shock when the criticism was made:

"Yes, poor old S—wasn't a bad sort, but he only lived eighteen years."

"Why, he was fifty-three!" came the protestation.

"Yes; but he only lived eighteen of them—from the time he was seven and began to get hold of life, until he was twenty-five. After that—well, he simply worked and slept. He didn't live; he just existed. There's a mighty difference."

Silence fell on the group. The unexpected criticism had thrown an illuminating searchlight on one man's life and revealed the truth, remarks a London Answers writer.

He hadn't "lived." Life, by his own choice, had been just work and sleep, sleep and work. No, please do not seek to excuse him by saying that possibly his work was his life. In a sense it was, but it had no right to be. He was in the world as much to live as to work.

The divine plan never intended that any man should use his life wholly and solely for work. That, most obviously, with necessary sleep added, would leave no time for "living" in the real sense of the word. It would be the turning of the grindstone, with no eye for the pageant of life and no share in it. That's existence—not "living."

Have we not to take from, as well as give to, the world? Has any one really "lived" if his record is that he worked and slept and worked and slept and died?

Of some men it is said that they like their work so much that it is their life. Well, it shouldn't be. It is as though one forever lived on bread and water and ignored nature's gifts, created for our use and enjoyment, of luscious fruits, fish and fowl.

Do not we work to live? Why, then, reverse that and live to work? It may be argued that our necessities and our responsibilities compel. They should not. Take the case of the man who died. He worked and worked and never broke off to "live," because of his responsibilities. In the end, and as the result, he died in the prime of life—worked out. And he left his responsibilities behind him—unprovided for! The grindstone of work wore him out.

If you want to live on, you must "live." Toll takes toll. "Living"—the holiday by the sea, the football match, the enjoyable evening at the club, cricket, the pictures, little outings, fishing, golf, all and everything which is pleasurable, make you "live."

And that is what we are here for. The elixir of life is hidden in the nectar of pure, recreative pleasure. Get away from the grindstone and drink of it. You want life, and not just existence.

The old tag, "We ain't got much money, but we do see life!" holds profound wisdom.

Do, please, "live"! Work should be but the means to that end. Don't be as a man the writer knows who works, works, works that he may scrape a thousand pounds together for his wife and children when he has gone. Unselfish? No, merely silly!

He could bring about the same result by spending twelve pounds a year on life insurance and use the balance of his earnings to "live!"

Live please! Take something out of life. All work and no play makes life just an existence. Live!

**Superstition Among French People.**

That superstition and belief in witchcraft and sorcery are not dead in France was shown the other day in the case of a young Parisian girl, who, acting on the advice of a fortune-teller, buried a calf's heart in a woman's grave in order to recover the affection of her faithless lover.

In the provinces such cases are common. There are villagers who are popularly believed to cast spells over their neighbors; magicians and sorcerers in the back valleys of the Loire and on the lonely Landes of Brittany who wield mysterious power and call up unseen forces of good or evil to sooth or terrorize the peasants.

Frequently French superstition finds comfort in "good spirits" in the form of magicians who are learned in the art of discovering buried treasure or of healing the sick. They are reputed to hold converse with the spirits of the departed and are consulted by their neighbors on family affairs like wills or marriages just as the Oracles were consulted in ancient times.

**Gaze Lower and Be Safe.**

The president of the Baldwin Locomotive works would have us keep young men by "gazing into the faces of the young around us." We knew of one fellow who did that and got jabbed with a hatpin.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

**Said and Done.**

The speedometer said 60 miles an hour.

The constable said it was 90.

The natives said it was a crime.

He said it was the life.

His friends said it With flowers.—Wayside Tales.

**W** Miss Effie sixteenth b April 29, g those whom she time was spent in playing games and enjoying the victrola music, and then they were invited into the dining room where ice cream and cake were served. Those present were Misses Addie Blocker, Grace and Hazel Ouzts, Mattie Ruth and Carrie Ransom and Messrs. Floyd Ouzts, Hollie and Heyward Turner, Carrol McCary, Jake Hall, John Blocker, Jr., William Belle, J. D. Moore, Broadus Bledsoe, Jake and Ollie Bryan and John Ransom.

Mr. Leslie Rearden is very ill with pneumonia but we hope he will soon recover.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morgan spent Sunday with Mrs. Carrie Ransom.

Mr. William Belle made a business trip to Johnston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Lyon, Jr., spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. J. K. Allen.

Mr. J. D. Moore spent Saturday night with Mr. C. B. Bryan.

Sallie Bryan spent Sunday at her son, Mr. J. R. Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ouzts visited and Mrs. N. L. Ransom Sunday.

J. H. Smith and daughter Trenton were visitors in the home of his mother, Mrs. J. M. Smith week.

Miss Grace Ouzts spent Sunday at Miss Effie Fox.

Miss Addie Blocker and Miss Ha-Ouzts spent Saturday night with Miss Mattie Ransom.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Turner visited Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Turner Friday.

Mr. John Blocker, Jr., spent Saturday night with Mr. John Ransom.

Mrs. J. R. Blocker and children spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Margaret Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Johnson motored to Augusta last week to see their son, who is very ill in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parkman spent Saturday night with their mother, Mrs. Ida Ouzts.

Mr. Jim Bell and little James made a business trip to Edgefield Thursday.

"GOLDEN LOCKS."

**Delicious VAN-NIL Delicious**  
Don't say shock absorbers—say "Hasslers."—Y. M. C.

Always Uniform in Strength **VAN-NIL** Never Disappoints