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The Pageland Journal

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Vol. 13 No. 12 | PAGELAND, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING [redacted] 1922. | $1.00 per year

OUR BORDER LETTER

By S. M. Funderburk.

Continued from last week.

I want to say in connection with what I have already said about Mr. Beaver, that he is a wonder in every sense of the word. He has one of the most remarkable memories of any one that it has ever been my pleasure to meet. I do not believe there is a person living or one that has died in that section of the country, whom I have known many years since he lived there that he can't talk and tell of, who they were and who they married To tell the truth, I think he can take a sheet of paper and a pencil and draw a complete map of that country, which was so familiar to me, and which I knew so well as a boy and young man. It was very refreshing to me to hear such vivid and accurate descriptions of the old settlement in which we were both brought up. Now to the great surprise of many who are now living there who knew Mr. Beaver is that he and his good wife are both members of the Baptist church, and are consistent Christians. He informs me that he greatly detests any form of hypocracy and believes that any one who professes to be a Christian should show it by his every day life among those whom they live. There is no put on about him. Every action of his life is original in its character. Again, I repeat he is a wonder.

Mr. Beaver by hard work, in and out of season, rain or shine, day or night, has accumulated a fortune, and as he told me that when he and my own aunt began planning for life, they decided to work and save until they had enough to live out their old age without becoming a burden to any of his own connection, or any one else, and he has that now but still persists in his ideas, and says that if he should live to be as old as his mother who liked only nineteen days of being 102 when she died, that he might run out of soap, so to speak. His mind is so clear on subjects connected with the war, and he never tires of relating his experiences during those memorable days, and of the hardships that he had to go through with, that it was astonishing to sit and listen to him, and then to think he cannot read a line and that it was all from memory of what really happened, I could but reach one conclusion, and that was, what a pity that such a wonderful mind could not have been given the advantage of an education. He says he has seen the need of it thousands of times; that it would have aided him so much in a business way.

Now I will ask a personal favor of his kinsmen and any others who knew him, to write him. He tells me that it would be a great pleasure to hear from them, and as his good wife is a good writer he will answer any and all correspondence. Now let me beg all liberty loving kinsmen who well remember him, to not forget him and the manhood he so courageously displayed in those dark days when the souls of men were put to test, and he was found right there. Write and render him every service possible. Comfort the men who wore the Gray, in their last days among us. Let me beg of the men and women of today not to forget the soldiers of the war of the Sixties. Now let's see who will be the first to write him, as he has told me he would let me know.

Senator Newberry "Resigns"

The State

Senator Thurman H. Newberry has "resigned."

He has been booted out of his bought seat in the Senate by the indignant people of the United States.

But he call it a "resignation."

Even as a "resignation," it is a futile confession of corruption and a fatuous "gesture" of bowing to the condemnation of the public. It comes too late. The time for Newberry to have made such a "gesture" passed when he decided to cling to his tainted seat in the Senate after his conduct had been condemned by a jury.

It was arrogantly and supercilliously stupid to await the thunderous verdict of the ballots against "Newberryism." The jury and the public conscience had pronounced him "guilty." He could not, of course, wipe out the record he had smudged across the face of Michigan, he could not, of course, recall the purchase price of his Senate seat and contribute it as a conscience fund to some charity. But he could and should have resigned long ago, and got out before he bogged still deeper in the mire and filth.

It is one of the most unpleasant "incidents" in our political history—"Newberryism" It was not only the effort of this rich politician to buy a seat in the Senate of the United States—and his actual purchase of the seat through what amounted to a purchase of votes—but the entire "case" of his holding the to his seat after being condemned, his arrogant defiance of public sentiment and public conscience, his "retaining" of the Secretary of State, his former attorney, and of the entire official administration of the Republican party to defend him and "Newberryism" before the outraged people.

It is probable that the "defense" of Newberry and "Newberryism" by Secretary Hughes, and the attitude of the administration in sheltering the offender and condoning the offense, increased the popular sense of outraged decency. At any rate, "Newberryism" was made a vital issue of the recent election And the result—the crushing of so many Republican upholders of the crime against popular government and democracy—was the verdict of the universal jury that the "crime of Michigan" had not been whitened by technical rulings of the court and the arrogant hypocracy of the Republican administration.

Newberry "resigned" November 18. He asked that his "resignation" will be read into the Senate records as soon as possible. A day earlier or later will matter little. The "record" black and accusing, will stand indelibly upon them in the history of the Senate and of Republican politics for all time.

Newberry intends to go before the voters for a "vindication." There can be no vindication. The court and jury have recorded their verdict of guilty. And the people of the country have just registered their condemnation.

A Training School for Eternity

The home is a training school for eternity. It may be the poorest house imaginable, but if it is serving its mission it is a place of joy. We have an idea, some of us, that our homes are for display. They are not. They are to drill our boys and girls for an unending eternity. God pity us if we miss the one aim.

IT IS SAID

Rest is for the dead.—Carlyle.

Neither rhyme nor reason.—Shakespeare.

We were neither sugar nor salt.—Swift.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.—Ruskin.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

Piety is the right performance of a common duty, as well as the experience of a special moral emotion.—Henry Ward Beecher.

To be respectable implies a multitude of little observances, from the strict keeping of Sunday, down to the careful tying of a cravat.—Victor Hugo.

If men would only take the chances of doing right because it is right, instead of the immediate certainty of the advantage of doing wrong, how much happier would their lives be.—B. R. Hayden.

Self-denial is indispensable to a strong character, and the loftiest kind thereof comes only of a religious stock,—from consciousness of obligation and dependance upon God.—Theodore Parker.

We should so live and labor in our time that what came as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and that what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. This is what we mean by progress.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind; death and birth are the vesper and the matin bells that summon mankind to sleep and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the father has made, the son can make and enjoy; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax and roll onwards: arts, establishments, opinions, nothing is ever completed, but ever completing.—Carlyle.

Uses of Salt

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keep out moths.

Night and Day

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near:
God sees.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

MORAL ISSUES

Faith and Life

The Christian should be a Christian always and everywhere. Faith should fill up our measures, and give character to the goods we sell. It should make our word good, and keep our mouths clean from profanity. It should restrain our tempers. our passions and our appetities. It should take us to the house of God on the Sabbath day, and keep us from covetousness, which is idolatry, and from all other forms of idolatry on all days. It should make us charitable to the poor and faithful in all our relations to God and men. Sermon for Silent Sabbaths.

The Father's Duty

The father is the priest in the household. A man can never be what he ought to be till he is a Christian? Your boy is going to do just what you do, and in the way you do it. It appalls me. If my boy is going to speak as I speak, to live as I live, then may God help me to live as a Christian. And so you will have to be a man of prayer. And, third, such a man has got to be a Bible student. I am going to say something you may say is impossible. It is not impossible. Every home must have its family altar. You may say you are too busy. Then you ought not to be too busy. You say you must run to business. You could take five minutes.—Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

Faith and Works

Faith and works are the two oars, by pulling which, and both at the same time, the Christian successfully rows his boat safely across the billowy river of life.

If but one oar is pulled, the boat whirls round and round, floating all time, down toward eternity; but when, with an even stroke, the oar of works does its part at the same time that the oar of faith continues its steady pull, then the boat rides safely across the broad river and the soul is at last landed on the evergreen shore, all through the abundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The apostle James says, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?....For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."—Religious Telescope.

Things to Forget

If you would increase your happiness and prolong life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out of memory, as far as possible, all the disagreeable occurrences of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness and worse still malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only these things which are lovely and lovable.

State-Wide Boll Weevil Fight

The Spartanburg Herald

The press of the state is stressing the importance of an intelligent appreciation of the measures to be taken in the fall and winter to combat the boll weevil. The papers are, of course, taking their cue from the best authorities, the agriculturial agencies of the state, and the preaching the importance of fall plowing, the destruction of cotton stalks and the sowing of cover crops.

South Carolina must raise cotton, there is no advice to the farmers of this state to abandon cotton growing that is sound. It is the South's "money crop" when it is produced profitably and just as certainly the South's "mortgage crop" when it is produced unprofitably.

It is a fact that cotton can be grown under boll weevil conditions and the sooner South Carolina planters recognize the hard and fast rules by which it is to be grown, the better. The newspapers of the state, great and small are doing their part in every section of South Carolina.

Jury List

FIRST WEEK

Cheraw—J. F. McBride, W. H. Calder, D. W. Moore, R. K. Berry, I. F. Harper.

Court House—E. C. Rivers, W. J Moore, B. F. Griggs, Geo. W. Eddins, J. D. Fincher, D. Vaughn.

Mt. Croghan—T. B. Smith, R. J. Mangum, J. W. Lowery, C. C. Burck, L. B. Sellers.

Old Store—C. L. Hicks, R. E. Richardson, B. F. Clark, R. M. Sanders, S. F. Ingram, B. R. Funderburk.

Jefferson—H. M. Sellers, B. R. Threatt, W. D. Watkins, W. C. Nicholson.

Aligator—E. C. Horton, Baxter Blackwell, R. M. Beasley.

Cole Hill—John Wesley Boan, A J. Lewis, J. T. Deese.

Steer Pen—H. B. Roscoe, W. B. Brown.

Pee Dee—J. B. Chapman, M. A. Biles.

SECOND WEEK

Cheraw—W. Ed. Reid, Geo. Walters, W. E. Hunt, Jr, E. J. Waddel, G. E. Knight.

Court House—J. Oscar Parker, Ira C. Redfearn, M. A. Sellers, Ray J. White, Percy Rivers, D. A. White.

Mt. Croghan—Luther M. Sellers, J. W. Funderburk, C. E. Barker, J. T. Thurman.

Old Store—Guy L. Watts, L. E. Courtney, D. W. Mangum, M. L. Davis, Brown Agerton,

Jefferson—W. S. Jenkins, S. A. Cambell, J. F. Mungo, A. J. Kirkley.

Aligator—D. A. Morrison, H. R. McLeod, N. W. Seegars.

Cole Hill—I. B. Merriman, G. S. Crenshaw, R. E, Sowell, Hoyt Sellers.

Steer Pen—R. C. Baker, J. Warren Johnson.

Pee Dee—A. W. Aycock, J. T. Chapman.

Buys Valuable Plant

Three Rivers, Mich., Nov. 21.—Fifty thousand dollars for a single strawberry plant was paid today by Frank E. Beatty, president of the R. E Kellogg Company, fruit growers.

The plant is to be known as "Rock Hill" in honor of its breeder, Harlow Rockhill, of Conrad, Iowa.

The plant bears in early summer and begins again in the late summer bearing continuously until frost comes.

"We are paying the price, not from the idea of making a profit but as an incentive to growers and breeders of plants to develop new varieties," said Mr. Beatty

OUR EXCHANGES

The State.

Georgia finds herself in a situation extraordinary and unique. The singularity of the circumstance is not that Georgia has a new ex-senator, but that this ex-senator is honored by the people of Georgia and the people of all Georgia's sister states. This ex-senator is neither crank nor demagogue, mountebank nor selfish, scheming politician; this ex-senator has not been unfaithful to party, section or country; neither been dragged through the slime of partisan politics nor bespattered with dirty mud slung from forum or platform. And, much better, this ex senator has not merited censure or to suffer the polluting breath of "politics."

But one day a senator, Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton retires as the Grand Old Women of Georgia, honored and sung!

Monroe Enquirer.

Farmers throughout the county tell The Enquirer that the largest small grain acreage in history is being sown, or practically completed, this season. Thousands of acres have been sown to wheat and oats. One farmer remarked that he did not see how Union county could produce a big cotton crop next year for much of the best land is now in small grain. There are two reasons for so much sowing—fear of boll weevil infestation and the ideal fall weather for preparing land for sowing. Mr. [illegible] Williams, perhaps a typ[illegible] that [illegible] making two-thirds of a cotton crop this year. He produced 12 bales last year and the present season he made eight. It is his as well as his township's second year with the boll weevil.

Spartanburg Journal

Congressman Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, who failed of reelection at the recent election, is taking her defeat as philosophically as could be expected. She made a great campaign, in two months traveling over one hundred miles the day on the average for two months, and largely over unimproved country roads, and came out of the contest in excellent physical condition. When she was asked the other day at Kansas City by a correspondent of the New York Times what plans she had made for "after March 4," Miss Robertson said:

"I don't know what I want to do; but the good Lord does, and he will direct me. I sold my cafateria business, and, of course it is not easy finding a job at 69 or getting back into the business world, but I have to work, and something suitable will show up, I'm sure.

"The Congressmen have been wonderful to ne. Never once have I felt disturbed, embarrassed or neglected because I was a woman. They have shown me only the highest respect and courtsey."

Youthful Wisdom

She had been doing something naughty and her mother had sent her off to bed a little earlier than usual and told her she would punish her for it in the morning. The child knelt down to say her prayers, and added this:

"Please, God, won't you take mamma up to heaven, not for altogether, but just for tomorrow?"