

THE IDLER.

Seems to me that I read an old adage once which went something like this: "Sweep before your own door." I think I did. Any how it is a pretty good one. Now, I was just thinking the other day what a great day it would be for Newberry, in appearance, if every one would just sweep before his own door literally. I suppose the adage referred to figurative sweeping. This suggestion came from walking down street the other day and observing some of the paved sidewalks which had been swept off. Wonder if we could not induce the citizens to put this adage into real and actual force. Just try it once and see how you would be pleased with it. Walk down street any Sunday morning and see what a dirty looking place it is, and look at some of the sidewalks that have been swept. How would it do for council to pass a mild ordinance requiring every property owner, alongside whose premises there is a paved sidewalk, to sweep said sidewalk before 9 o'clock every morning. It would not be much of a hardship, and then we are in the habit now of regulating everything by legislation and this would be along the line of civic righteousness. Suppose you try it, and see how it would operate.

Speaking about sweeping, that is a faithful sweeper who wields the broom on the paved street in front of the Newberry hotel, and when he gets out there on a balmy afternoon, when the ladies and others are promenading in their evening dress, and raises a cloud of dust and germs it certainly should be conducive to comfort and health. I noticed only the other afternoon that a beautiful—that is my favorite word, and I hope you will pardon its use in this connection—a beautiful cloud of dust arose and wended its way to the sidewalk just as a bevy of beautiful young girls dressed in white were passing. I am sure it was refreshing as it—the dust—and germs—found its—there now I am mixed again—well, the dust and the germs found their way on the white muslins and into the nostrils of the pedestrians. I am afraid I got my metaphor mixed, as I am not much on metaphors—I think that's the word. Well you know what I am talking about—that dust and germs and filth that is swept up into your very face. And he wields that brush regardless. Wonder if there is no modern—I mean more modern—way of cleaning the street. I reckon when we get all that other paving that is to come soon we will have more general distribution of the dust and germs and they will not be swept into the nostrils of pedestrians. I am not criticizing the sweeper, because if he swept only when there was no one passing he would not sweep at all. But it is awful, especially when the wind is blowing.

By the way, I passed down by the Croftwell hotel the other day and I noticed that Mr. Croftwell had some cross-bars up in front of that beautiful and watery driveway alongside his hotel. I guess he must have seen what I said, and is going to do something. I can't imagine just what, but I am going to wait and see. I like people who do things and who know how. I don't see why the wagons and buggies don't just drive out over the beautiful lawn of the court house square. There is plenty of room and they have been doing it heretofore. And that cement walk up to the court house has not been built yet. I reckon the county has not been able to borrow the \$25,000. And then those beautiful piles of red clay left alongside the beautiful oaks which have been planted on the square, why they are things of beauty sure enough and will add to the general appearance of the green lawn when the burned grass begins to bud with the coming of spring.

My, didn't it get hot all of a sudden. Just like a storm from a cloudless sky—that's good, isn't it? Well, it did come all at once. I guess it is all right. I am trying to believe that whatever is is for the best. It is such a comfortable feeling. That is, if you have done your duty faithfully.

I like sometimes to read good poetry, don't you? That is when the sentiment is right. I don't like slush—I think that is a good English word and is expressive of what I mean. If it is not I will ask Dr. Setzler about it—I read a few lines the other day headed, "To Victis," and while I don't know what that means yet I want to tell you that the fellow who wrote these lines expresses my sentiments a lot better than I can myself and I want you to read them. Who are the real victors? That is the question. Read

these lines. It will do you good:  
**To Victis.**  
 I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—  
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame;  
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
 Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day  
 With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
 With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.  
 While the voice of the world shouts its chorus; its paean for those who have won;  
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
 Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
 Thronged after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,  
 In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there  
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper—"They only the victory win  
 Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;  
 Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high;  
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say, Are they those whom the world called victors—who won the success of a day?  
 The martyrs or Nero- The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's trust, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?  
 —W. W. Story.  
 The Idler.

**College Lyceum.**  
 The Skovgaard Concert Party will appear in Holland Hall Friday evening as the next attraction of the lyceum course. Herr Skovgaard, the Danish violinist, has won the admiration of all who have ever heard him. He has shown himself to be a master of the violin, master of technique as well as of all soulfulness that can be brought from a glorious stradivarius.  
 The violinist is assisted by Miss Alice McClung, pianist, and Miss Ethel May Wright, mezzo-soprano, both of whom will no doubt contribute a considerable and acceptable part to the program.



We are assured that the program will be well balanced not only with selections be rendered from the classics, but also several such familiar selections as "Sewanee River," "Annie Laurie," and "Home, Sweet Home." The recital to be rendered by the concert party has every promise of being the musical event of the season and all who are interested in music should take advantage of this opportunity.

**Livest Wire of Bunch.**  
 South Carolina Odd Fellow.  
 This brought us to Friday, and we took a chance shot at Pulaski, Newberry, and—missed. This lodge meets "every other" Friday, and this proved to be the "other." But the pleasure was ours of meeting Brothers Davis, Hunt, Douglas, Robertson and others,

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**REASONABLE PRICES**

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among them J. H. Baxter, the very livest wire of the bunch. This brother is young in years and young in the order, but he has grasped the true principles of Odd Fellowship, and we expect to have good results from his work in Pulaski. Boarded a late train for Columbia. Too late for Palmetto, we lodged at home.

**Chinese Famine Fund.**

Previously acknowledged	\$71.50
Grace-Mt. Tabor pastorate, Rev. E. W. Leslie, pastor:	
E. W. Leslie	1.00
Mrs. W. W. Wheeler	1.00
J. A. Sease	1.00
J. L. Wise	1.00
F. Bobb	1.00
Miss Gertrude Bobb	1.00
Dr. J. S. Wheeler	1.00
Horace Counts	.50
Miss Dessie Shealy	.50
Mrs. Happy Shealy	.50
M. G. Shealy	.50
	\$9.00
Total	\$80.50

In a letter dated March 18, Mr. J. Campbell White says:

"We shall need to keep up this work for several weeks longer, as the famine will not be relieved until May, in any part of the famine district, and in some parts there will be no harvest until August. Anything you can do further within the next couple of months to interest people in this matter will be deeply appreciated."

**Fairview Items.**  
 Fairview, March 21.—We are now having beautiful spring weather. Small grain is looking well, owing to the rough winter.  
 Miss Inez Fulmer, who has been real sick with measles, is improving rapidly. It is hoped she will soon be out again.  
 Miss Edna Koon, of Pomaria, is visiting Mr. F. O. Koon and family.  
 Messrs. Herbert and Matthews Fulmer, of Lexington, spent last Saturday night and Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fulmer's.  
 Mr. Meadows Connelly and Master Irby Goree, of Newberry, spent a few days at Mr. J. B. Connelly's.  
 Miss Mary Jane Long is right sick at this writing, but hope she will soon recover.  
 Our school at Fairview has discontinued on account of the illness of our teacher, Miss Minnie Boyd Brown, but it is hoped she will soon be convalescent.

**Political Pot Simmering.**  
 Mr. Editor: The political pot in this county has begun to simmer, and by the time the county convention meets we look for it to commence boiling. We may interest a great many of the readers of The Herald and News by giving a list of the prospective candidates who contemplate running against the present officers of the county. For legislative honors, the wind has been very calm. We were not able to catch their names.  
 State senator, Mr. Alan Johnstone, it is rumored, will be opposed by Mr.

**The Newberry Savings Bank**  
 Capital Stock, \$50,000.00

**YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHAT WILL HAPPEN PLAN TO HAVE SOME MONEY IN THE BANK**

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Storms may come, Freshets may engulf the land, Crops may fail, Sickness may lay its hand upon you. You can never tell what will happen, but you know if you have money in the bank you will always have a friend in time of trouble.

**BEGIN NOW AND START AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**

**"The Bank That Always Has The Money"**

4% Interest Paid in Savings Department

**JAS. McINTOSH, President.** **J. E. NORWOOD, Cashier.**

**Eugene S. Blease.**  
 For clerk of the court, Mr. J. D. Wheeler will oppose Mr. Goggans.  
 For county auditor, Mr. Jim Half-acre will oppose Mr. Eugene Werts.  
 For sheriff, Mr. Cannon G. Blease will oppose Mr. M. M. Buford.  
 For treasurer, Mr. John L. Epps has no opposition.  
 For county superintendent of education, Col. E. H. Aull will be opposed by Mr. F. W. Higgins and Col. J. B. O'Neill Holloway.  
 For county supervisor, Mr. J. Monroe Wicker, Mr. W. A. Hill and Mr. L. I. Feagle.  
 For coroner, Mr. John Lindsay and Mr. J. H. Chappell.  
 Magistrate in Nos. 1 and 8 township, Mr. J. C. Sample and Mr. J. M. Taylor.  
 We would advise the candidates that its not too soon for them to begin looking over the field, for their friends and wrinkles may appear on their faces before this campaign is over.  
 A little asphalt applied on the paved streets in the business portion of the town would be a great help to the poor animals, and notwithstanding the fact, would be a blessing to the people who live on those streets.  
 If this escapes the waste basket we will come again.  
 Humble Citizen.

**When you feel discouraged, confused, nervous, tired, worried or despondent it is a sure sign you need MOTT'S NERVE-PILLS.** They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. Be sure and ask for Mott's Nerve Pills. Price \$1.00 by druggists. **WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio**

**NOTICE OF ELECTION.**  
 WHEREAS, one-third of the resident electors and a like proportion of the resident free-holders of the age of twenty-one years, of Utopia School District, No. 10, of Newberry County, State of South Carolina, have filed a petition with the County Board of Education of Newberry County, South Carolina, petitioning and requesting that an election be held in the said School District on the question of repealing one mill of the special annual tax of two mills heretofore voted, levied, and collected on the property located in the said School District.  
 NOW, THEREFORE, the undersigned, composing the County Board of Education of Newberry County, South Carolina, do hereby order the Board

**A Big Day**

Next Saturday, March 23, will be a big day in Saluda, S. C., 65 select residence lots on Mathis Avenue and Able and Ward Streets, will be sold by The American Realty and Auction Company, to the highest bidder on easy terms. Also on the same day 18 select business lots 25 X 167 feet within 400 feet of the Court House, and on Rudolph Street, the Main Street leading direct to the new depot.

This Property was secured at a very low price, and residence lots will sell at this sale for one fifth of what the same lot will sell for two years from now. Some of the very best store lots in Saluda will be sold at this sale for one third of the price asked for similar lots.

Don't Miss This Sale if you want to invest money where you can get big returns in a short time.

of Trustees of the said School District, No. 10 (Utopia School District) to hold an election on the said question of repealing one mill of the two mill tax heretofore voted, levied and collected on the property in the said School District, which said election shall be held at Utopia School house, in the said School District, No. 10, on Friday, March 29, 1912, at which said election the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock in the forenoon, and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The members of the Board of Trustees of said School District shall act as managers of said election. Only such electors as reside in said School District and return real or personal property for taxation, and who exhibit their tax receipts and registration certificates as required in general elections shall be allowed to vote. Electors favoring a repeal of the said tax shall cast a ballot containing the word "yes" printed or written thereon, and each elector opposed to such repeal shall cast a ballot containing the word "no" written or printed thereon.  
 Given under our hands and seals on February 29, 1912.  
 E. H. AULL,  
 E. O. COUNTS,  
 County Board of Education of Newberry County, South Carolina.