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No. 79

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Will Build Storage Warehouse For Potatoes. Open Public Library. Visited by Blind Minister.

There was a meeting of the farmers here last Wednesday for the purpose of discussing the planting of a larger acreage of the sweet potato, and the building of a potato house to cure and preserve these for shipping. Previous to the meeting a committee had seen a number of the farmers and these were glad to cooperate with a large planting of the potato. At the meeting it was decided to build the storage house and the order was placed for the material.

This soil is well adapted to the potato, and the movement for a greater potato crop will certainly be a success.

Mrs. Tripple, who has the great misfortune to be blind, will soon go to one of the institutions for the blind in this state, where she wants to learn some of the arts and crafts for which the fingers of the blind have such a quick way of learning.

The town library is now well under way, and is located over the Farmers and Merchants Bank, a room having been rented. There are to begin with 140 volumes, and the books from the government, which is a large assortment is expected soon. These books, the government had for use in camp during the world war, but never have been used, and are given with the condition that the soldiers of the world war have the benefit of them when they choose.

Another set of books is expected from Miss Browne, who was here recently, traveling in interest of library work. These books will be of special interest to the young folks. To be a member of the library association the fee is \$1.00 a year, and already nearly 100 have joined.

Miss Annie Waters, of Augusta, spent the week-end here and was accompanied home by Miss Mallie Waters and Mrs. Huiet Waters.

Mr. Pope Simmons and Mr. Ferris have announced themselves as great for athletics, and for the past two weeks, they have had an early hour run, beginning at seven o'clock, and wearing red and white trunk suits. So far they have not had any additions of those wishing early exercise.

On Sunday morning Rev. Wilson of Alabama, a blind minister, was at the service of the Baptist church and asked for a few minutes to present his plea, which was granted him. He stated that he had been blind since six years of age, and it was his great desire to attend a Theological Seminary and preach the gospel. For some time, he has been preaching at times. A seminary has offered him the course if he can furnish his books and this is what he is traveling about for, and asked for a small contribution. Rev. Brooke asked all inclined to aid in this cause to give it to the ushers as they passed out, and \$31.25 was the amount turned over to him for which he was very grateful.

Mrs. J. Howard Payne entertained the Young Matrons' club in a thoroughly delightful manner on Friday afternoon, there being several other guests besides the members. After an hour of fancy work and chatting, a contest was had. The table in the living room was in Easter decorations and near bunny was a basket filled with many colored eggs. Everyone had a guess as to how many eggs there were and Miss Nell Scott guessing the correct number, received a beautiful box of stationery.

The hostess assisted by Mrs. Price Timmerman and Miss Frances Turner served a dainty salad course with iced tea.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Clark have been for a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Eugene Kneese, at Monetta.

Mr. M. R. Wright has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mrs. A. B. Lott and little daughter have been for a visit to the former's parents at Newberry.

The last meeting of the W. C. T. U. was with Mrs. James Edwards, and was largely attended, and the union felt honored in having present, Mrs. Emma Dietrick, a national lecturer. After business and a well arranged program, Mrs. Dietrick made a most timely talk, and presented several points as suggestions for immediate action on the part of the W. C. T. U.

During the evening at the Methodist church Mrs. Dietrick made an address which was a most forceful one, and all that heard her felt constrained to immediate action in the cause she presented.

It is to be regretted that there was such a small number present to hear her.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Connerly have gone to Chapel Hill, N. C., where the former will take a special course in chemistry.

Miss Tarrant of McCormick has been the guest of Mrs. Gerard Tarrant.

Mr. L. S. Miller of Richmond, Va., spent the week-end with friends.

Mrs. Charlie Brunson of Augusta and Miss Lillian Morgan of Parksville have been guests of Mrs. J. A. Dobeay.

On Sunday morning Rev. W. S. Brooke announced that a protracted service would begin here the second Sunday in June, and that Rev. Hardy of Georgia would assist. Mr. Hardy is a fine evangelist and everyone is glad that he will now be able to be with this church. Some time since he accepted an invitation to conduct a revival service here, but at the last moment was prevented.

Our Trenton Letter.

Mrs. E. W. King and Miss Julia Wise spent last Thursday with Miss Rutledge in Eureka.

Mrs. John Covar entertained with several tables of cards last week.

Mrs. Frank Miller has returned from a trip to her sister, Mrs. Rice, in Columbia.

Miss Catherine Ramsey from Beech Island is visiting Miss Grace Salter.

A number of young people enjoyed a surprise party last week at Miss Salter's.

Miss Wilkes is staying some with relatives in Chester, Rock Hill, and Columbia.

The Music Club met with Miss Catherine Marsh last week.

A great surprise was given to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moss on Friday evening last week at the home of Mrs. Susie Miller, when a number of their friends and relatives surprised them with a lovely china shower.

Mr. Alfred Day spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Day.

Mrs. John McKie and Julian McKie from Clarks Hill motored over to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moss.

Mrs. Susie Miller, Miss Susie Wise, Mr. Frank Miller and Douglas Wise spent Sunday in Blackville.

The friends of Mr. William Leppard of Atlanta, Ga., welcomed him back to his old home last Saturday.

Mr. Lewis Harrison spent last week with his mother.

The Presbyterian reception given last Monday evening in honor of Mr. Lack, the new Presbyterian pastor, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wise, was enjoyed by people from Edgefield, Johnston and Trenton. After a salad course and coffee were served, a musical program was rendered by Miss Sabe Miller, Mrs. P. B. Wise and Miss Maude Bettis.

"RED BIRD."

Death of Miss Tallulah Nicholson.

Miss Tallulah Nicholson died at her home near Berea church on Friday night, March 11, and her remains were laid to rest on Saturday afternoon at the old Nicholson cemetery beside her mother and many relatives. She was the youngest of the family of whom none remain except her father, Dr. Walter Nicholson, who lives in the Confederate Home in Columbia and her brother, Mr. W. L. Nicholson.

Miss Nicholson was a member of Berea church.

Josef BenYamen in Edgefield.

The world has not yet learned to place the proper valuation on greatness. Sunday afternoon, it was not a great crowd who assembled to hear a man speak, who perhaps has borne more persecution for Christ's sake than any man or woman in Edgefield. He gave a splendid message and an instructive and helpful one. Such a Christian as this should not appeal in vain for sympathy and cooperation. Mr. J. H. Cantelou presided over the meeting.

Miss Florence Mims Casts First Ballot in Aurora, Minnesota.

Dear Advertiser:

It has been said that no one is so enthusiastic over a subject as he who knows nothing about it. That is true concerning myself and politics.

All the town here has been excited for days over the election which took place in Aurora a short time ago.

I went to the polls for the first time in my life, and such a sensation, I am afraid I created!

In the first place I had such names as these to choose from: Knezovich, Knuti, Lunkhoven, Anttila, Kliemo, Korenchen, Danculovic and Rebrovich, and many others quite as tongue-tying.

The first place my friend and I approached was the fire department where the polls for the township voting were held. On the outside of the door were the words "No Admission Except for Business," but I thought I had sufficient business on hand, so I walked in. There sat a group of foreigners ranged around a long table. Through all the performance of voting I had an uncontrollable desire to laugh, for I had talked so much about votes for women and had thought so much about it, and when the actual voting came I was hopelessly ignorant as to what I should do.

I took the lengthy sheet of yellow paper and walked into the booth behind the little blue curtains arranged along the side of the wall. As to the laws that governed such occasions, I had no knowledge whatsoever, and felt terribly cooped up. Consequently, I called my friend before the whole assembly and asked her if we could consult each other. She was shocked and made no answer, and I didn't quite know what to think. Finally, I made a mark opposite a sufficient number of foreign names, and started out waving my ballot in the air. The custodian of the ballots said, "Folk that up, please," and another man said "You are telling all the secrets on your ballot." So I obediently folded it up.

I suppose they were laughing at me, all of them, and my friend made no pretense, but thought it very funny and said that I should have known all about voting when I went in.

I suppose that women are expected to have some divine inspiration as to what to do under such circumstances, but I happened not to have.

The policeman who sat with his large club and silver star shining like Cyclop's eye, grinned as I passed out, thinking "what else could be expected from these newly privileged creatures?"

I was wildly excited like some caged animal let out, and with just as much idea about the technique of voting, but you may be sure that I investigated certain cases and had some idea of "who was who" in Aurora before I attempted to put my cross mark by some of the names, for after all, it is the upright man for the office for whom women in the very large majority stand.

When we left each other, my companion and I, to go to our respective places of residence, I said, "I shall see you this afternoon," and she said she would perhaps see me behind the bars, for I had broken all the laws concerning voting. "Ignorance is bliss," thought I and I enjoyed voting immensely, but shall never be happy doing it again, for all my past knowledge that I acquired that day will give me too much of an added responsibility.

I was very much amused on talking to the music teacher who said that for a certain office she had voted for John Ukulele. I wondered who he could be and on looking over the sample ballot I found a name with many u's and l's and she had called it ukulele, because that was the nearest she could come to the pronunciation. She voted for him, I think because of her musical tendencies and his musical name, and I voted for the same man because I heard he had a smart daughter, and I could learn absolutely nothing about his opponent.

Such is the way of women. "We are creatures of impulse, instinct and intuition and can not be expected to reason."

FLORENCE MIMS.
Aurora, Minnesota.
March, 1921.

Long Branch Items. Teacher Rescued by Pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Franklin, Misses Sadie and Lucile Franklin spent a day recently in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cullum and family of Johnston were calling on relatives and friends in this community last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scott, Misses Cleo Attaway and Ruth Scott motored to Aiken and Augusta last Saturday.

Mrs. Fulmer and Mrs. L. D. Holmes united with Philippi church by letter last Sunday.

The pupils of Long Branch school in grades from first to fifth are planning to have an Easter egg hunt on the school grounds Friday afternoon. The pupils from sixth to ninth grades are to go to Attaway's near Saluda for a picnic next Saturday.

Miss Ivy Claxton of Johnston spent the week-end with Miss Lorene Scott.

Mr. A. M. Herrin has been seriously ill for about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Pilot and family spent the week-end with Mr. G. W. Williams' family near Johnston.

Miss Nora McGee of Eureka spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Williams.

Misses Lorene and Ola May Scott entertained several of their friends at dinner last Sunday, Misses Ivy and Pearl Claxton, Ruby Cullum, Pearl and Nora Derrick.

Saturday afternoon, March 19, Miss Lizzie Harvey, one of the teachers of Long Branch school (about five miles east of Johnston), some of the pupils and a few young people of the community went to "Rock Dam" on Beech creek to fish. Miss Harvey and Brunson Derrick, fifteen years old, a pupil of Long Branch school, attempted to cross the pond in a small boat; just as they reached the deepest part of the pond the boat became unbalanced and Miss Harvey fell into the pond. In an instant, young Derrick was in the water making effort to save her, she went down several times; he had gone about half the way to the bank with her when Willie Duffie, about sixteen years of age, jumped into the pond and assisted in the work of rescue and in a few moments they brought her to land. One of the pupils noticed that Miss Harvey had lost her glasses, so Brunson Derrick swam back, dived for the glasses and brought them out, none the worse for their trip to the bottom of the pond.

The Fruits and the Flowers.

I have been in the sunshine city of St. Petersburg since the 11 inst. I left Johnston Thursday the 10th at 7:30 o'clock and landed here at 8:30 o'clock on the morning of the 11 safe, sound and sober. I made the 684 miles in 23 hours.

There are more Yankees in the city than "John saw." They are here from every nation, tribe and clime.

The orange groves are just lovely now. The trees are low and full of golden fruit and the air is laden with the sweet fragrance from the orange blossoms. Everything is just lovely and "the goose konks high."

If one wants music, they can listen to the sweet notes of the mockingbird dressed in gray on the swinging limb, and if it is the beautiful you are looking for, behold the flowers that bloom everywhere; and if it is a mess of fish, gather your rod and reel and go out on the bay. If you want a delightful outing, get on the steam boat and take a trip down the Manatee river to Bradentown and Palmetto. If it is fine sport you are looking for, go to the Gulf of Mexico in swimming and diving with the Yankee girls and boys. One can find here just what he looks for, be it snakes or wild honey.

Today for dinner we had, let me see—beans, squash, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, beets, onions, cucumbers, okra, celery and strawberries to beat the band. Tonight we will have red snappers and speckled trout flopping from the water, for I am going to angle them myself. Tell Frank Warren to come on down here and we will get his brother, Scott, and my two brothers, and go out about twenty-five miles in the Gulf of Mexico and fish. The boats stay out from three to four days at a time, and cook and eat all you want, and bring back from one to five hundred pounds.

Well, I will not write much today,

as you have about two articles from me in the waste basket or in the pigeon-hole.

Just before I left the state I heard that the town council of Edgefield was going to move the Confederate monument from where it now stands against the wishes of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are the custodians of that sacred sentinel. And you know the devil got in me as big as a sheep. I don't know who the councilmen are, neither do I care, but there are some things in the public square that should be moved at once. If it had not been for the good women of Edgefield county that monument would never have been erected, and that can be said of the women of the whole South. Now the ladies of Edgefield had it erected and dedicated where it now stands. The council can sweep around it, but touch it not. It is too sacred a thing to be tampered with. I think there should be a brand new iron fence around it 24 plus 24 feet high. I hope by the time I get back that the horse lot will be near the branch where the wagons can be parked and the stock be fed instead of in the public square. I expect some of the boys will grit their teeth and make ugly months at me, but that wont cut any ice with me. "what I have written I have written."

J. RUSSELL WRIGHT.

St. Petersburg, Fla.
Box 635.

American Legion Picnic to be Addressed by Hon. Morris Lumpkin.

Sometime ago at a meeting of Post No. 30 of the American Legion it was decided that the Post promote a picnic and the date decided on is April 8th, 1921.

We state candidly that the main object of the picnic is to induce those ex-service men of Edgefield county who have not joined the Post to do so.

The Post is extremely fortunate in having the co-operation of Mrs. P. M. Feltham, who is helping us to promote this undertaking and who has organized an auxiliary composed of those girls or women who had a relative in the late war, and who will assist in making this a very successful and enjoyable day for all who will come.

A committee on arrangements has been appointed by the Commander of the Post composed of Messrs. O. Sheppard, W. A. Berriann and M. D. Lyon. This committee has already had a conference with Mrs. Feltham and the ultimate success of this venture is practically assured to all interested.

The Hon. Morris Lumpkin of Columbia, a well known ex-service man throughout the state, will deliver an address just before the dinner is spread under the shady trees on the school grounds.

The public is cordially invited to attend the entire program, which includes the address of Mr. Lumpkin, the dinner and other entertainment such as foot races, broad jumps and other athletic stunts which will take place after dinner.

It is possible that the stores will close for a few hours so that every one will have an opportunity to attend the exercises. All Confederate soldiers are especially urged to attend.

CLAUDE T. BURNETTE,
Com. Post No. 30, Edgefield Co.

Concrete Walk to Station.

Why not make it a continuous concrete walk on the south side of Main street leading from the railway station to the Dixie Highway Hotel? Most of the way is now paved. Who will take the matter up with the property owners? Let's step by step, here a little and there a little, modernize Edgefield. A very good beginning has been made in concreting the beaten paths of pedestrians. By all means let's try to get the entire walk leading directly from the station to the hotel paved. Strangers who come among us by rail use that walk more than any other.

When You Feel Rheumatic.

For the aches and pains of rheumatism Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent. Massage the parts thoroughly twice a day with this liniment and you will be surprised at the relief which it affords.

Mrs. Ennett Writes Interesting Letters From France and Italy.

Hotel Ruhl et des Anglais,
Nice, France,
January 30, 1921.

My dearest Mother:

It seems hard to realize that today is Sunday, for it has been the big day of the Carnival here. For merry-making and knowing how to play, these emotional French head the nations. They put aside all formalities and today have been having the time of their lives, while I get almost as much out of it by simply looking on. As the parade was scheduled to begin at two o'clock, we utilized the morning by attending service at a nice little American church nearby of the Episcopal faith.

When two o'clock came the fire of a cannon announced the beginning of festivities. The streets which had been elaborately decorated were already filled with the gay throngs, and seats were provided for spectators along the center, built up in tiers and roped off to keep the crowds with in bounds. Thousands were in fancy dress and masked, and when they were not dancing, they were throwing confetti and paper streamers. The floats were simple, and represented different clubs here, but being a stranger I could not recognize the significance of these "moving pictures." At short intervals between the floats bands would appear, which kept the merry-makers dancing or marching in time to the music. It lasted three hours and tired me out watching it, so what must the dancers have felt who had not stopped from the time the cannon boomed until nightfall.

By that time the throng had separated in groups, each lad with his arm around his best girl and all seemed to be enjoying the last part of the fete as much as the first. Yet viewing it with American eyes there was nothing really wrong about any of their conduct. It was just a fete day observed as was the custom of the Latin race, and as thoroughly joyous and a happy crowd as I've ever come across. I try not to measure these people by my standards because I want to understand and get their point of view, which would be impossible if I went at it critically. So far as my personal taste is concerned, they don't start to suit me from the break of day, on. I do not like the slice of cold bread and coffee served in your room, but if you dared to get up and go to the dining room, the servants would stare as though you were an escaped lunatic.

Another custom here that is new to me is eating on the streets. All the hotels and cafes have tables arranged out in front of the buildings and they seem to be quite the favorite resorts among the diners. They are always attractively gotten up, and the meal well served, so this part of their program I thoroughly enjoy.

On our way home from the parade today, we stopped at several "the dansante" and the crowds seemed greater than any day in the week. Each place we entered had two orchestras, so when one stopped the other took it up, so the dance went merrily on. Doubtless many of the dancers were a part of the masked dancers of the street, but if they were, they did not seem half as tired as I was.

We leave tomorrow for Italy and expect to have our mail forwarded to Rome, so please continue to send our letters to 11 Rue Scribe, Paris. I feel they will be more attentive there than anywhere else, and will forward them to us. I bought a little book of pictures of "The Riviera" to send you for this country is so beautiful, and Nice is the capital city.

There are a hundred thousand permanent residents in this city and the tourist population must be immense.

My love, and you don't know how I want to see you all! God bless you, dearest.

Devotedly,
GRACE.

Excelsior and Central Hotel,
Piazza Carlo Felice,
Genoa, Italy,
February 1, 1921.

My dearest Mother:

Genoa does not improve on acquaintance. It is an old, old town of

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