

# Edgefield Advertiser.

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No. 36

## JOHNSTON LETTER.

### Lumber Plant Burned. Bride-Elect Receives Much Social Attention. U. D. C. Chapter Met.

On last Tuesday evening about 12 o'clock the lumber and planing factory of Wright Bros., was found to be burning. When discovered the fire which started in the upper story, had made much headway, and as soon as someone could get to the scene, fire was falling down to the first floor, which was nearly all open with several covered ways, so nothing was saved, practically. The two large trucks happened not to be on the yard, one being in the garage for repair, and the driver of one rode home on one the evening before.

The property was owned by three brothers, Messrs. Ben, Fletcher and Berto Wright, and their loss is almost a total one, only \$9,000 insurance being carried. The fire reached to the premises of Mrs. Willie Tompkins, and burned her barn, another out house and fencing. She carried no insurance at this time.

Mrs. W. S. Brooke went to the Baptist hospital in Columbia last Tuesday for treatment for throat trouble. Her friends trust that she will soon be able to be home.

Mrs. F. S. Williams spent last week at Scranton, Pa., being the guest of honor from South Carolina at the opening of the new building of Fine Arts and Domestic Science. Mrs. Williams is one of the instructors for Home Work for the institution, and her excellent work in South Carolina she received this honor. The occasion was a large and brilliant one and was very enjoyable.

The little 5 year old girl of Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt has been ill with typhoid fever, and is in a very serious state, since the fever left her. The physician found that only hospital treatment might save the little life.

The little girl to the Baptist hospital. She was a member of the Baptist Sunday school and Sunday morning the superintendent, Mr. S. J. Watson spoke of the case and through the class collections \$18 was contributed to assist in conveying the child to the hospital. The little one will occupy the Lucile Chapman memorial bed, the establishment of this being for just such cases as this one.

Miss Hallie White, whose marriage is the happy event of the 18th, is being the recipient of many affairs in her honor. On Wednesday afternoon Mesdames W. E. LaGrone and J. W. Browne entertained with a beautiful party in her honor.

The home of the former, where the occasion was held was decorated in quantities of fall flowers, and 12 tables were arranged for rook, the score cards being bride's faces. After the game Miss White was given a large basket full of fern and white American Beauty roses, Mrs. W. B. Ouzts receiving the score prize, a dainty handkerchief. An elaborate hot repast was served.

Mrs. M. W. Crouch complimented Miss White with an afternoon party on Friday which was beautiful in every detail. Mrs. Wallace Turner met the guests at the front, and in the hallway, Mrs. Crouch, with Miss White and Mrs. James Halford stood, the bride-elect receiving many cordial greetings.

Progressive rook was enjoyed and the honoree was presented with a pair of lovely mahogany candle sticks. The score prize, a set of towels, was presented to Miss Frances Turner. Later an enjoyable salad course with tea and hot rolls was served.

Mrs. Garlington and children of Newberry, are guests of Mrs. Earl Smith.

Miss Elise Mobley entertained in honor of Miss White on Saturday afternoon, there being about 28 present, the intimate friends of the honoree. Progressive rook was enjoyed, and after the game, Miss White was presented with a piece of handpainted china. Mrs. Harry Strother making the highest score, received the prize, a dainty tea service cover. A tempting salad course was served.

Little Natalie Jones is ill with typhoid pneumonia, and a trained nurse has been secured for her.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Pender have been visiting in Aiken.

The New Century club had an entertainment on Thursday evening in the home of Mrs. G. N. Jones, and \$16 was made, to re-imburse the treasury.

The first meeting for the fall of the Mary Ann Buie chapter, U. D. C., was held on Thursday with Miss Clara Sawyer. The chief business was in the election of officers, it being constitutional that these serve only 2 years. The following were elected:

President, Miss Clara Sawyer; 1st vice president, Mrs. Bessie Bean; 2nd vice president, Mrs. P. B. Waters; recording secretary, Mrs. Joe Cox; corresponding secretary, Mrs. O. D. Black; treasurer, Mrs. John Wright; historian, Mrs. Tom Hoyt; registrar, Mrs. James White. The district historian, Miss Zena Payne, gave some pleasing news, that this district had again led in best historical work.

The Apollo music club held a delightful meeting Tuesday at Breezy Heights, with Mrs. J. W. Marsh. A full and enjoyable musical program was rendered, there being several choral numbers. A delicious salad course was served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stimen left last week for Batesburg, where they will reside for the winter.

Miss Fannie Crumley has gone to Saluda and will make her home with relatives there.

Mrs. A. P. Lewis and little Annie Lamar Lewis are both able to be out after an attack of fever.

Mrs. T. R. Denny leaves this week for Manning to attend the State W. C. T. U. convention. Mrs. Denny is the State recording secretary, having filled this position for several years.

Mrs. O. S. Wertz was carried to the hospital on Saturday for treatment.

## Newsy Letter From Colliers.

The Colliers school opened Monday with Mrs. Carr as principal and Miss Mary Carroll assistant. We will have a Halloween party at the school house Friday, October 21, at 8 o'clock.

The proceeds will be used for school improvements. The public is invited.

We are still enjoying our weekly prayer meetings. On last Wednesday night Mr. E. J. Miller conducted the prayer services, reading the 25th chapter of Matthew. Miss Fannie Wells read a lovely piece, "The Beautiful Snow." Mr. Luther Hammond and Mr. Frank Adams also read pieces, which added very much to the evening program. We were glad to have Mr. J. M. Miller who has been seriously ill, back again at prayer meeting.

Mrs. E. J. Miller has returned home from a visit to her parents near McCormick.

Dr. and Mrs. Harris Mathis spent one day last week with Dr. Mathis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Mathis. Mrs. Mathis having just returned from a visit to her parents in far away Canada.

Miss Susie Smith from Clio, Ga., who has been visiting her uncle, Mr. J. L. Miller, has returned home.

Mrs. Warren Miller, who has been on the sick list so long is convalescing.

Mr. H. B. Wells spent the week-end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wells.

The W. M. S. met Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Carrie Hammand. A very interesting program was carried out, conducted by Mrs. W. G. Wells, after which delightful refreshments were served and beautiful music on the Edison was enjoyed. Mrs. John Henry Parkman will entertain the next meeting.

Mrs. T. B. Gilchrist has been visiting relatives in the community.

Mrs. Oren Reese is up on a visit to her home folks.

Mrs. Charlie Baker from Augusta is visiting her brother, Mr. J. F. Pradue.

## "SCHOOL GIRL."

We will re-cover your Ford top, including back curtain for \$12.00 Let us do this for you before the bad weather comes.

YONCE & MOONEY.

Just received two carloads cars. Come and get yours before they are all gone, and believe me, they are going on our easy payment plan—one third down, balance on easy terms.

YONCE & MOONEY.

## A Camp Fire on the Chicaskia River.

Dear Advertiser:

I think if I were a man, I should like to be a refined adventurer, a wanderer with noble aspirations, trying various professions in various states and countries and at last, toward the latter end of my life, choosing one from the many, and putting all my summed up experience and knowledge of human nature into it.

In the eyes of the world I would be a rolling stone, which gathers no moss, and in the process of gathering moss, people do sometimes become moss backs, and to be of that class would be very distasteful to me.

In this procedure, I would not require wealth, for that quality comes from stick-to-iveness, unless one has inherited many fat money bags from a successful ancestor.

But my! the stories I could tell and the memories I could bask in, and the understanding heart I would have, for in the days of wandering I would take little jobs with little men and I would try for big jobs with big men.

Now you say, that would not be practicable, and I agree with you, it would not be for the money. But there must be an exception that proves the rule, and perhaps I should be that glorious exception.

I have a good friend who believes in reincarnation. One might, according to that person's theory, return to earth a number of times. Unfortunately we do not agree. If we did, I should placidly and contentedly think that I might in some later existence, have time to wander over the white earth.

In order to think as she does, I should have to reverse my whole order of thinking. I am a Southerner and conservative. It can not be done.

Do you remember the poem of James Whitcomb Riley called "A Life Lesson," in which he says: "Heaven holds all for which you live."

So when I reach Heaven I shall be permitted to wander from one place to another. They will let me, for I shall be a good child and behave myself, or maybe I shall wander from the seventh to the first heaven, and have the more dignified saints aghast at my adventures.

Forgive me for wandering with my pen. I sat down to write a perfectly respectable letter about a glorious supper around a camp fire, and see what my imagination has brought me into. It is an incorrigible thing.

I had my fortune told once, and among other things I was told that I had as much imagination as six people. No wonder it gets the best of me. My brain is only big enough to control the amount allotted to one person, and while I am keeping that in bounds the other five-sixths fly off at a tangent.

At last, to my subject. If you have never sat around a huge camp fire near a lake, or river or prairie, and eaten bacon with a tang of the woods and fields in it, you have missed one of your birthrights.

Shaded candlesticks, and nectared drinks to the tune of music behind palm leaves has no showing beside it. The latter is studied, the former elemental, primeval and natural. It gives one a different attitude toward food. It assumes its proper position in the realm of living, along with clothes and fuel.

One feels as ravenous as the cave man, and picking up a slice of bacon and a piece of bread, lapses back a thousand years, perhaps three thousand before the time of knives and forks, and never misses them. It reveals what a thin veneer of civilization is over our early uncouth tendencies.

A party of the faculty of the University Preparatory School were gathered last night around a camp fire on the Chicaskia River. During the evening, different ones would go out and scout around with the aid of a huge flashlight for logs of wood. The sparks would fly and the Christmas spirit would well up in me even in early October.

I have sometimes thought that if I had occasion to plan a house that I would insist that the architect should arrange huge fire places on the lot, much larger than any designer would agree they ought to be. Then around these fireplaces and chimneys I would

## Beautiful Home Wedding of Two Young People Descended From Old, Honored Edgefield Families.

The first wedding bells of autumn were sounded Tuesday, October 11, at high noon in Buncombe, where the always happy home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Norris, cozily nestling among pines and spreading oaks, was the scene of as lovely home wedding as was ever witnessed in Edgefield. Although decidedly artistic and exquisitely beautiful, it was characterized by simplicity and was singularly free from needless and glaring display. Nature seemed to smile approvingly upon this hallowed nuptial occasion, made holy by its divine origin, and instead of lowering clouds shutting out the smiles of heaven, the sun shone in regal splendor without, while joy, gladness and happiness supreme reigned within. To Miss Miriam Norris and Mr. Stephen Paxson Darlington the occasion marked the happy consummation of a decade and more of love-making, extending back into their Edgefield school days. Giving utterance to a touchingly beautiful prose poem, original, of course, Dr. R. G. Lee, the former pastor of the bride, united in holy wedlock the lives of these two young lovers, calling upon God and man to witness the plighting of their troths.

Loving hands had completely transformed the parlors, hall and dining room of the home, making a suitable setting for a wedding occasion. In the south parlor, hall and dining room evergreens were draped with pleasing effect, and in the north parlor where the ceremony was performed the decorations were more elaborate. Asparagus was draped in profusion above the mantel, windows, doors and also about the electroliter, whose light was softened by the white tulle which covered the globes. Large ferns palms and other potted plants were banked in front of the mantel and a altar before which the ceremony was performed was covered with white and gracefully draped with white tulle. Above the altar and from the mantel lighted candles sent forth soft rays upon the lovely scene. That which gave added richness and dignified elegance to the scene were the large and very beautiful paintings in oil hanging upon the walls that were the handiwork of an aunt of the bride, Miss Eliza Mims.

As the guests arrived they were greeted at the door by Mrs. W. L. Dunovant, Jr., and Mrs. J. H. Nicholson and later were invited out upon the front veranda where delicious fruit nectar was served by Miss June Nicholson and Miss Ann Lawton, with a profusion of ferns and palms as a background for this living and constantly moving picture.

After all of the guests had arrived and just before the noon hour, Mrs. A. R. Nicholson sang with inimitable sweetness two appropriate vocal selections, with Mrs. Hugh C. Mitchell at the piano as accompanist. The first

build the house, in every way making the hearth stone the centre of the home.

A warm fire has a great deal to do with a warm heart, little as you may believe it, and few are the people who can really smile and be cheerful when they are cold.

I have tried it, and I know that the smile from the heart reaches the lips much more quickly if the blood is warmed by leaping flames and ruddy coals.

We gathered around the fire like moths who are attracted by and who do not know how to escape the beautiful doom.

Our faces roasted but still we sat and the night air meeting the fire made a perfect warmth. There is a coziness about a circle, a spirit of camaraderie that another grouping does not afford.

King Arthur's men sat about a round table and feasted and talked with more abandon than they could have along a banquet table.

Even as a campfire radiates warmth and glow in the coals, it also radiates friendliness and good cheer in the hearts of the picnickers.

The great out-of-doors in the autumn has a call for me that I can not deny.

FLORENCE MIMS.

Tonkawa, Oklahoma.

was "Love's Eyes" and after a brief interval, during which Mrs. Mitchell played "Venetienne" with the touch of an artist, Mrs. Nicholson sang "The Thought of You." Now the clock struck twelve, announcing to the eager, expectant company that the climax was at hand. Simultaneously Mrs. Mitchell sounded Lohengrin's wedding march and Dr. R. G. Lee was the first to enter the parlor, taking his position behind the altar. Next came with graceful step the bridesmaid, Miss Catharine Darlington, a sister of the groom, who was followed closely by that darling little fairy, Beulah Lee, clad in a dainty little dress of white taffeta, with a coronet of orange blossoms, wearing silver slippers. The maid of honor, Miss Genevieve Norris, a sister of the bride, next entered, and she was followed by the two sweet little flower girls, Dot Dunovant and Sarah Nicholson, who were clad in yellow taffeta with golden slippers, bearing yellow baskets draped with yellow tulle and filled with rose petals which were scattered in the pathway of the bride. The groom next entered with his best man, Dr. Albert Rhett Nicholson. The bride who was as calm and collected as she was beautiful, and she was never more beautiful than on this her wedding day, entered on the arm of her father, Mr. Epps J. Norris, and as she approached the altar she was joined by the groom. Then came the serious, solemn moment, which, through constituted authority on earth, with the gracious approval, we must believe, of a higher authority in heaven, the erstwhile twain were now made one. Following closely upon the Amen, without the usual, painful, tense, silent moment of embarrassment, when everybody is waiting for everybody else to move or to speak, admiring, loving friends and relatives crowded upon Mr. and Mrs. Darlington, each vying with the other to be first to give expression to good

were received during the forenoon. Then followed a social hour, during which a bountiful buffet luncheon, whose menu was as varied and bountiful as in the days of yore when prosperity abounded throughout the length and breadth of the land, was served.

The bride wore a handsomely tailored dress of blue Poirat twill, trimmed with braid of beautiful brown shade, with hat, gloves and slippers to match. She carried a shower bouquet of Bride's roses. The bridesmaid and maid of honor both wore dresses of blue beaded Canton crepe and black satin slippers, each wearing a corsage of Sunburst roses. The bride wore a ring of priceless value to the family because of its association, having been worn by the bride's great-great-grandmother, Miss Isabella Morrison, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. James Blocker, and having been worn on nuptial occasions by succeeding generations down to the present.

Soon after the ceremony a number of young friends of the bride gathered around a beautifully decorated table in the dining room, the centre of which was graced by the bride's cake. The portrayal of the fortunes of those who nervously wielded the knife in cutting the cake provoked much laughter. Miss Rosela Parker became the possessor of the dime and Miss Margaret May had the wishbone fall to her lot, while Miss Sadie Mims found the button in her portion of the cake.

The large assortment of beautiful tokens were mute expressions of love not only from Edgefield friends but from friends of this and other states were much admired. Rarely does one see so many beautiful yet at the same time sensible, useful gifts at a wedding. In the assortment were hundreds of pieces of silver, china, embroidered linen, cut glass and last but not least, certainly not least in value, were gold coins and bank checks. Among the checks was one from Mr. Authur S. Tompkins which was accompanied by a characteristic little note, as follows:

"When you get married, my young friend, Your name will be what you are now and here— With only the addition of a "ton" at the end, As you are a darling already, my dear."

The only regret in connection with this beautiful marriage is the taking away of Edgefield's own Miriam Norris who has been loved by the people of the community in babyhood, childhood, girlhood and womanhood. The God who gave her to Edgefield richly endowed her with musical talent which she has used to His glory and to the joy and pleasure of our people on countless occasions. Then, apart from her musical talent, her superior graces of character and personal charms, together with her sweet disposition and life of smiles and sunshine, have made her a favorite in the community. It is not saying enough to simply say we shall miss her.

The young groom, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Darlington of West Chester, Pennsylvania, is no stranger in Edgefield. Coming from good old Edgefield stock, together with some of Pennsylvania's best blood, has made him the fine, manly, noble fellow that he is. Only recently he graduated from Yale University in mining engineering, and ow having taken unto himself a helpmeet, he is well equipped for a brilliant professional career. He holds a lucrative position in Newark, N. J., where they will make their home, beginning housekeeping at once. This union is not merely the uniting of two young lives. It means also the bringing into closer relationship the old Edgefield families of Norris, Mims, Lake, Nicholson, Hughes and also Darlington, one of the first families of Pennsylvania.

Amid a blinding shower of rice which pelted them as would a terrific sleet storm in midwinter, Mr. and Mrs. Darlington leaped into a waiting touring car and departed at high speed to catch the north bound "Augusta Special" at Trenton for a northern tour.

In the words of Lord Byron: "Farewell! if ever fondest prayer But wait their names beyond the sky."

But let us all hope it will not be a long farewell.

## Mrs. Hugh Mitchell and Miss Marjorie Tompkins Entertain for Miss Miriam Norris.

(Written for last week.)

The Colonial Tompkins home in Buncombe was the scene of a charming bridge party on Wednesday afternoon with Miss Miriam Norris, as honoree, whose marriage to Mr. Stephen Darlington, of Newark, New Jersey, is a most interesting event of next Tuesday, October 11th at high noon.

Six tables were arranged for bridge, Mrs. John Rainsford making top score and receiving the gilt edge playing cards given for head prize. The honoree was presented with a traveler's case containing a set of dainty toilet articles.

A very elaborate salad course was served at the conclusion of the delightful afternoon.

## Nicholson-Lowder.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place Saturday at the First Baptist church at high noon when Miss Mary Nicholson became the bride of William C. Lowder.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. T. Claggett Skinner, and was witnessed by only a few of the bride's nearest relatives.

The bride is the attractive daughter of Memminger A. and Ida Thomas Nicholson of Edgefield county, but for the past few years has made her home with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Nicholson of Columbia.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Lowder of Salisbury, N. C., and holds a responsible position with the Southern Railroad Company of that city.

The bride was attired in a coat suit of midnight blue tricotine with accessories to match.

After having dinner at the home of the bride's brother, the couple left for Salisbury, N. C., where they will make their future home.

We have a big lot of old style Fenders we are running off at \$2.50, get yours before they are all gone.

YONCE & MOONEY.