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50

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Interesting Union Meeting. Emily Geiger Chapter and Apollo Music Club Hold Meetings.

The union meeting, Ridge association met here Saturday and Sunday at the Baptist church. The very inclement weather of Saturday prevented any delegates from attending, so a short business session was held. The Sunday morning and afternoon sessions were exceedingly interesting, and representatives of three churches were able to be present. The chief speaker of the morning was Rev. T. J. Watts, of Columbia, and he brought a great message on faith in God. After lunch, served at the church, all had the pleasure of listening to Rev. W. M. Whitesides, superintendent of the Baptist hospital in Columbia. He told of the wonderful work along charitable lines that was being done, and of the proposed plans for the equipment of the four departments so needed there. Rev. Mr. Watts again spoke, bringing a message of how the B. Y. P. U. can help our young people. It was a keen disappointment that the third speaker, Dr. W. S. Dorsett of Ridge Spring, was kept away on account of sickness.

Mrs. Martha Falconer, national superintendent W. C. T. U. spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Johnston, and every hour of her time, had been arranged for before her arrival. Visits to the schools, white and colored were planned for the first day. Wednesday there was to have been an all day meeting at the Baptist church, to which the sister unions had been invited, but the sleet and ice prevented any union, other than local being represented, and very few were able to brave the weather for this meeting. A union service had been planned for Wednesday, but Mrs. Falconer decided that she had better leave on the noon train and go to her next destination, as the weather was not permitting any further meeting. Mrs. Falconer's message of Wednesday morning on the lines of her department was a very appealing one, and it was regretted that so few heard her.

Mrs. Reece and children who have been guests of Mrs. Nathan Jones, have returned to Richmond, Va.

Miss Hortense Padgett spent the week-end with relatives.

Miss Annie Waters of Augusta, has been for a short visit to the home folks.

Mrs. Martha Falconer was the guest of Mrs. J. H. White during her stay here.

Mrs. Alexander and little Laddie have been visiting relatives in Augusta.

Miss Bessie Bean, one of the teachers of the Batesburg-Leesville school, spent the week-end at her home here.

On last Thursday, Mrs. Wallace Turner and Miss Gladys Sawyer entertained with a beautiful afternoon tea in compliment to Miss Elise Mobley, whose marriage has been announced for February 16th. Mrs. Bettis Bouknight, a recent bride, was also an honor guest. The occasion was held in the home of the former and there were two calling hours. The guests were welcomed in the living room which was bright and cheery with large bowls of narcissi, and other cut flowers. The arrivals chatted here for a while, enjoying music, and then went into the dining room. Pouring tea in here were Mesdames Julian Bland and L. S. Maxwell. The table was covered with a hand embroidered cloth, the centerpiece being a large silver basket full of narcissi, and many chandelabra, with unshaded candles, cast a soft glow over the scene. Several young ladies served a variety of sandwiches. During the time, several friends assisted the hostesses in directing the guests and entertaining.

Mrs. L. S. Maxwell entertained the bridge club in a charming manner on Tuesday morning, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. H. W. Crouch and sister, Mrs. James Halford, in making the guests have a happy time. The honor guests were Mrs. Bettis Bouknight, Mrs. Leland Miller, of Richmond and Mrs. John Milne of Cleveland, Tenn. After a spirited game, the score prize, toilet water, was given to Mrs. James Tompkins. Mesdames Bouknight and

Milne received boxes of correspondence cards and Mrs. Miller a toilet set. An elaborate luncheon, in three courses was served. The rooms were beautifully decorated in ferns and flowers, and were cozy and bright in contrast to the bleak exterior.

The winter gardens of some here are very successful, and the lettuce is a wonder to see. Some of the heads are as large as a small cabbage, and just as white. This product is being grown under canvass covering, and some will begin shipping it soon, to near markets.

The Emily Geiger chapter held a very interesting meeting on Monday with Mrs. P. N. Lott, and though the weather was very disagreeable, it did not dampen the ardor of the members, for there was a good attendance. During business it was reported that a comfort had been sent to Tamasee Industrial school. The chapter voted to give \$1.00 to aid in the purchase of the historical books of South Carolina that are so needed at the Memorial Continental Hall Library, and also voted to give \$1.00 which goes to the Woodrow Wilson foundation, in the movement for the best work of democracy done by an American. The chapter has the honor of being the first chapter to make a contribution in this work of Americanization. Congress in Washington was discussed, and alternates elected, for the regent, Miss Payne; vice regent, Mrs. J. L. Walker, and 2nd vice regent, Mrs. O. D. Black. According to instructions of state regent ten were elected to insure an alternate, should the regent be unable to go. The chapter is honored in having the page from South Carolina, to be one of its number, Miss Frances Turner. After business, a very interesting program on "The Old Ninety Six District" was carried out, Miss Mallie Waters leading. After patriotic music, a dainty and enjoyable sweet course was served.

Mrs. Leland Miller has returned to Richmond, Va., after a week's stay here with relatives.

A party went out dove shooting on Saturday afternoon and bagged seventy-nine.

Mrs. Mary Waters is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ida Phillips, in Augusta.

The Apollo Music club met with Miss Zena Payne on Tuesday afternoon, and despite the rain and sleet there were twenty present. After a short business session a delightful musical program was held, the subject being "Women in American Music," and the leader, Mrs. M. T. Turner gave some interesting thoughts on the subject. Paper, "Women in American Music," Mrs. O. D. Black; vocal solo, Mrs. White; piano, Mrs. W. C. Connerly; paper, "The Work of Margaret Lang," Mrs. E. B. Dasher; voice, Misses Sawyer; "Louise Homer as mother, home-maker and musician," Mrs. Mims Walker; voice, Mrs. C. P. Corn and Miss Dean. After the program the hostess served an enjoyable repast.

Mr. G. W. Jones had the misfortune to scald his hand, at the power house on Thursday afternoon, while fixing some of the steam valves.

Mrs. Joe Herlong of Ridge Spring was a guest of relatives the latter part of the week.

Intelligence Applied to Farming.

Now, more than ever before, intelligence applied to farming pays. The old haphazard methods do not pay. The writer was deeply impressed with a conversation we had with Mr. William Bouknight while he was in Edgefield Monday. Due more largely to the intelligent fight made against the boll weevil than to anything else, the average yield of cotton upon the Bouknight farm last year was more than 400 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, and already for this year a more detailed fight upon the weevil has been planned. In order to hold the weevil back, as it were, from adjoining farms, upon which so stubborn a fight against the pest has perhaps not been made, the Bouknight farm has been encircled with grain, no cotton at all to be planted upon the border fields. This affords a sort of insulation against the migrating weevils. All lands adjacent to houses and buildings which supply places for hibernation will be planted in corn and furthermore, all old terraces are being plowed up and

Miss Florence Mims Classes Mathematics With Egyptian Plague.

Dear Advertiser:

My mind runs naturally along the line of education from September till May or June and not at all during July and August. Then I have to look up the word school in the dictionary to see if it is something edible or if it is in some slight way connected with learning. However, since this is mid-winter I am still breathing the atmosphere of the school room, which air I sometimes believe contains history dates and mathematical calculations instead of oxygen. However, I teach neither of the before mentioned subjects.

Someone has said that dates are the pegs on which to hang historical facts, and alas, my pegs have been so long without facts that I have forgotten the pegs, too, and only remember one of fourteen nine-two. I recall that because a little rhyme accompanies it which says that in that year 'Columbus sailed the ocean blue,' and if I ever forget that rhyme the fact will be a blank to me, and the dark and the light ages will become so nearly one to me that I shall remember only—dusk.

I once heard a story of an old professor of whom it is said that were one to look at a drop of his blood through a microscope he would find commas, exclamation points and interrogation marks instead of corpuscles. At forty I shall make an ideal school ma'am, for already I am so absent-minded that, well, every few hours my mind is present for a little while.

Speaking of mathematics, I have a theory concerning that also, even as I have in regard to the Indians but I can not prove it. If I could prove my theories they would become commonplace like any other sordid facts, but as it is now, I have the distinction of being laughed at. You remember that the early Egyptians were clever mathematicians. Now hark to my words of wisdom! I believe that mathematics was one of the plagues visited upon them for not allowing the children of Israel to leave. To have to learn arithmetic is infinitely worse than to have locusts descending upon you. Locusts finally die, but math becomes dearer yearly to the hearts of pedagogues. I was trying to multiply something the other day in a store with another faculty member. I insisted that three times twelve is twenty-four. Turning to the proprietor she said "Miss Mims does not teach math."

In an awed whisper he replied that it was a good thing I did not.

The poor Egyptians, like the Chinese who adopted the wearing of a queue as a national custom after it had been inflicted upon them as a temporary insult by the Tartars, confused a curse with a blessing, and not only learned the multiplication table but, trigonometry and analytical geometry, perhaps, the very names of which stupify me, and after repeating the words I am rendered incapable of further thought for several minutes afterwards.

In the play "Quality Street" by James M. Barrie, two delicate old maid sisters are teaching a small, select school during the Napoleonic wars, and among other things they are attempting algebra. One of them, the elder of the two, sits at the desk preparing the lesson and saying over and over to herself that certain letters of the alphabet equal certain others. Finally, in desperation, she calls her sister, with tears in her voice, saying that here she sits repeating $x + y = 20$ (or words to that effect) and all the time she wonders why they should equal twenty, and ever is in terror for fear a small, mischievous boy, Arthur, may contradict her, and she can not uphold her statement. If I ever go on the stage I want to play that part.

FLORENCE MIMS,
Tonkawa, Oklahoma.
Jan. 25, 1922.

rebuilt. This is a sort of pre-planting campaign which we believe will bring results in lowering weevil infestation of cotton fields on the Bouknight farm. Certainly this ounce of prevention should delay their attack, giving the growing cotton time to mature fruit beyond the stage of easy attack.

Grateful to Supervisor Edmunds For Good Work on Martintown Road.

Dear Mr. Mims:

If you will allow me a little space I would like to thank our supervisor, Mr. A. A. Edmunds, for the good work he has done for the west side on the Martintown road. It is in better condition than I have ever seen it and those older than myself say the same. I also want to thank Mr. Edmunds' most efficient road supervisor, Mr. F. F. Edmunds, who without a doubt is on the job and knows how. I want to thank those who gave rights of way around the worst places. Among these were Miss Ellie Mealing, Mr. T. J. Briggs, Mr. L. W. Reese, Mr. A. S. J. Miller, Mr. Henry Getzen and others.

These changes have helped wonderfully. Those who have never traveled this road to Augusta in times past and travel it now, can not appreciate the wonderful changes that have been made as can those of us who have traveled under conditions before and after.

He has erected an excellent wooden bridge across Mill creek, strongly constructed, built of good timber, with a galvanized cover overhead.

Of course, after a few days of rain this road gets muddy. We don't expect it not to, owing to the character of the road bed in some places, but it will get in shape to travel much sooner by the improvements that have been made. All of Edgefield's west side roads get bad after a few days of rain. You can now drive Packards, Appersons, Moons and all other large cars down our road with as much ease and safety as you can the universal Ford. Indeed, the "Lizzie" rides like I imagine the Packards and Appersons would ride.

If anyone asks you where the gang has been, just tell them, it is on the west side giving the people their just due. I believe I voice the sentiment of whole west side almost to a man, when I say we appreciate what has been done. I drove over this road to Augusta on Saturday, 21 inst., found the conditions so much better than I was accustomed to, I felt I had to say something about it. And too, Mr. Mims, don't you think it better to commend one during his life for his good deeds and accomplishments than to heap so many flowers upon his grave? Flowers heaped on his or her grave after death shows to the world the esteem in which he or she was held, but it reveals to the body encased within absolutely nothing. Again thanking you, Mr. Edmunds, and your competent force, I am

Yours respectfully,

H. W. MCKIE,
Colliers, S. C.

Jan. 26, 1922.

Trenton News.

Trenton, Jan. 28.—Mrs. L. L. Miller gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Bettis Bouknight Saturday afternoon of last week. The guests from Edgefield, Johnston and Trenton, were met by Mrs. P. B. Day, Jr., who gave them a dainty luncheon card and then presented them to Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Bouknight who received them in the handsome drawing room beautifully decorated in yellow spring flowers, smilax and many softly glowing white candles. They were then asked to the south room which was filled with small tables covered with handsome hand embroidered centerpieces and each having in the center a mahogany candelabra wound with delicate Southern smilax. Places were found by the numbers on the cards.

Mrs. P. B. Day, Jr., held a large reception Tuesday afternoon in honor of the bride, Mrs. B. B. Bouknight. Seventy-five guests were invited from Edgefield, Johnston and Trenton. They were met by Miss Sophie Mims, of Edgefield and Mrs. A. B. Miller and were then presented to the receiving line, composed of Mrs. Day, Mrs. Bouknight, Mrs. L. L. Miller of Richmond and Misses Maude and Dorothy Bettis, by Mrs. J. M. Vann. Mrs. D. R. Day then invited them into the dining room where they were served a salad course by Mrs. Henry H. Hill of Edgefield, Mrs. Sidney Miller, Mrs. J. C. Huie and Mrs. C. R. Swearingen, coffee and whipped cream by Miss Sallie Mae Nicholson and Mrs. Lovic Mims of Edgefield. The decorations were unusually delicate and beautiful. The reception

room and wide hallway were massed in white japonicas and narcissus and smilax. In the dining room a color scheme of yellow was carried out in the decorations of buttercups and yellow narcissus and in the refreshments. The house was lighted by hundreds of white and yellow tapers in handsome brass and mahogany candelabra and candlesticks. Miss Arah Gatling, Miss Ray Swearingen and Miss Susan Mathis delighted the guests with both instrumental and vocal music.

Mrs. B. B. Bouknight and Mrs. L. L. Miller were honor guests at a luncheon Wednesday morning given by Mrs. J. M. Vann. Pink and white were the chosen colors and were carried out in the reception and dining room. White and pink japonicas and white narcissi were used in profusion. After the guests had been received by Mrs. Vann and her sister, Mrs. D. R. Day, they were invited to the dining room and served a delightful three course luncheon. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Bouknight and Mrs. Miller by little Catherine Vann.

Mrs. G. W. Wise was hostess at the regular meeting of the Ladies' auxiliary Friday afternoon. After the business meeting, several interesting papers were read and a sweet course served.

Mrs. J. M. Vann received the K. K. K. Wednesday afternoon. The members were very enthusiastic as they are ready to order a large shipment of books for their public library. Plans were made for an oyster supper the following week to raise more funds for more books. After the business meeting Mrs. Vann invited her guests to the dining room made lovely with snowy linen, cut glass, silver, cut flowers and many candles.

Everybody is enjoying (?) the aftermath of the freeze—broken cars, bursted water pipes, ruined walls, etc.

Rev. E. C. Bailey of Latta, S. C., has been delighting his friends here the past week. Sunday morning he delivered a magnificent sermon at eleven thirty in the Presbyterian church, and again in the evening. In the afternoon, he went to the Methodist church to hear the presiding elder, Rev. J. R. T. Major, only to learn that Mr. Major had been unexpectedly called to Chattanooga, and responding to Mr. Taylor's urgent invitation, Mr. Bailey again preached a splendid sermon on "Christian Unity."

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith have the sympathy of all in the critical illness of their eldest son, J. R. Jr., who is battling so heroically with pneumonia.

Other little folks who are convalescent of more or less serious illness are little Emmie Francis Mathis, Billy Vann, Lawrence Miller, Walter Wise and D. R. Day, Jr.

Quite a number of Johnston and Edgefield Presbyterians motored over to Trenton to hear Mr. Bailey Sunday morning—Rev. and Mrs. Blalock, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Blalock, Jr., Dr. Charlton Lynch and son, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warren, and Messrs. John and Theodore Marsh.

Mrs. Julius Vann was the charming hostess at a beautiful luncheon given last Wednesday morning complimentary to Mrs. Bettis Bouknight and Mrs. Leland Miller.

Misses Ruby and Kathleen Glover of Batesburg were recent week-end visitors in Trenton.

Mrs. Leland Miller has returned to her home in Richmond.

Mrs. Henry Hill has been visiting her sister, Mrs. P. B. Day.

Mrs. Leila Roper has been in Augusta a fortnight, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Frank Carswell, who is suffering a fractured arm.

Mr. Ernest Roper who has been doing business at the Posey store, has moved into the stand formerly occupied by the late and lamented Roper Moss.

Mrs. George Wise was hostess on Friday at a splendid and profitable auxiliary meeting.

Notice.

All persons are notified not to hunt or trespass in any manner whatsoever upon lands of the undersigned. The law will be enforced against those who fail to heed this notice. This notice is meant for everybody and for all forms of trespassing.

J. H. CANTELOU,
J. R. CANTELOU,
J. M. MAYS, JR.

Letter From Mr. and Mrs. John Lake.

On a little Chinese river boat, six feet wide on the Tsung Fa River,

Any old time!

Our Dear Home Folks:

We have been living on this little boat for a week; and it is to be our home for a little over a week longer. Last month, we lived this way for three weeks at a stretch; and the month before, we took some shorter trips—a printed account of one of these shorter trips we enclose herewith.

The contrast is considerable, between an electric lighted gun-boat, fitted up with electric fans and wireless, and this little craft; and the difference between spending four days on his boat, as the guests of the President, and living as we now are with the humblest of South China's queer boat population, is just as great. South China is noted for its extremes of climate and other things; but nothing can beat the extremes, sudden, unexpected, sometimes most amusing, that make up the queer life we lead. Our home during these weeks, as we go up and down the rivers in our field, holding meetings, is one end of the little, low, flat boat, which is sometimes propelled by oars, sometimes by a sail, and sometimes by a tow-rope.

Next to our section of the boat is that occupied by a Chinese preacher, a helper we bring along to look after the baggage, etc., and two or three men of the boat's crew. The third division of the boat is filled up with the captain and his family. There is nothing between us and all these Chinese people, but a cloth missionary map of the world and some curtains that we always take with us on these trips.

Also, we take with us everything we shall need for weeks—bedding for our pallet on the floor of our part of the boat, the inevitable mosquito net, two native rattan chairs, a little table of the same make, a little lantern made in Chicago, changes of clothing—thick, thin, and medium, for a very changeable climate—some few cans of milk and crackers, and the like. The boat is innocent of furniture of any kind—well, what could we expect to get for fifty cents or a dollar a day? Traveling in style, aren't we? And we are just as happy as our surroundings are lowly—and just as happy as we are busy, holding meetings in the river towns every day, or in the mountain towns and villages, like the ones we visited yesterday, and shall visit tomorrow, and so on.

The way we are getting a few minutes in which to begin this letter to you is this: a message has just come to say that a change in the program of the party is necessary, so that, instead of starting for a village in the hills a little after sunrise, as we did yesterday, we shall not have to leave until after nine o'clock—ah! here it is, a few minutes after nine, and they will be calling us, for the meeting is for the dedication of a new chapel and school house, and if you read the annual report of our mission, which will be presented to the Southern Baptist Convention next May, you may see a mention of the fact that our good friend, Prof. Kwong, of the Baptist Academy, and almost our next door neighbor in Canton City, has given his boyhood home in his native village, where we are going now, for this noble purpose.

And it is time to go now. So glad we could have these few moments with you, before we begin the long walk.

Little bulletins like the one enclosed serve to keep you dear ones at home in touch with your work committed to us. It is a slight return for the much enjoyed weekly visits of the Advertiser, though.

With love to each member of your family circle and to all our friends

Your brother and sister,

JOHN and CARRIE LAKE.

The Edgefield Produce Exchange will meet in the court house Monday night, February 6, at 8 o'clock. It is important that all persons desiring to purchase bean seed through the Exchange get in their orders before that date. Contract will be made for all seed orders up to that time, so do not be late, and disappointed as we were in the matter of seed potatoes.