

Edgefield Advertiser.

Oldest Newspaper In South Carolina

VOL. 87

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1922

No. 8

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Meeting in Interest of Co-Operative Marketing. Little Child Dies. Apollo Music Club Met.

On Friday evening in the school auditorium, a meeting was held, the object being the discussion of co-operative marketing. The speakers were Dr. D. Wistar Daniel of Clemson college and Henry W. Johnson of the extension service. These addresses were splendid and enlightening. Mr. Johnson spoke of the marketing contract and showed in detail the new system of marketing. Dr. Daniel greatly pleased his hearers, both from a point of information and the happy manner in which he addressed his audience. His points being emphasized with witty stories as he stressed the need of co-operative effort. Much interest was aroused as a result of the evening. It is regretted that the audience was not such a large one, owing to the great importance of the subject, but the evening hour does not seem to be suited to the farmer, several having expressed themselves thus.

Miss Blanche Sawyer who is now holding a position in Darlington, came to her home here last week, as she had been quite sick. She will return as soon as she is strong enough.

Mrs. Mims Walker, who is at the Columbia Hospital is rapidly improving and will soon return to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McCreight are at home from a few days' stay in Columbia with relatives.

Those from here who attended the It is a matter of deep regret that Mrs. E. E. Andrews left this week for Tennessee, where she will now make her home for a while with her daughter, Mrs. John Milne. She resided here for many years and has many warm friends.

Mrs. Susie Latimer will return soon from Greenville. She has been spending the past two months in the family of her son, Rev. Leon Latimer. She is now making Johnston her home.

The K. of S. club which has as its membership some of the young gentlemen of the town, appears to be a very good and pleasant organization. The dues are 25 cents a month and this fund is to accumulate until summer, when it will be used for the pleasure of a great hike. It is one of the rules of the club that at every other meeting some one shall be invited to meet with them, giving a talk or address, each speaker to be one of the towns' best men. The first speaker was invited on Thursday evening, the young gentlemen choosing Rev. W. S. Brooke. The officers of the club are William Lott, president; Albert Dozier, vice-president; Joe Adams, secretary; John Howard Black, treasurer. One of the rules of the organization is, that any member indulging in intoxicants of any form shall be excluded from the club membership.

Little Henry Forrest, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Forrest and grandson of Mrs. Carrie Forrest, was buried here on Thursday. The little boy had been sick only a short while, but he was an unusually bright child, and there were many fond hopes centered in him.

Miss Mallie Waters is spending a few days in Augusta with her sister, Miss Annie Waters.

Mrs. Frank Weirse has returned to Charleston after a visit in the home of her father, Mr. Westmoreland.

Mrs. Taylor Goodwyn of Greenwood was a welcome visitor here during the past week.

South Carolina Day, March 18th, was observed here in the high school, with exercises instructive and pleasing. South Carolina has made this date, the birthday of her great statesman, John C. Calhoun, a red letter day, and its observance by the schools is now a state law. Each grade of the school arranged its own program.

A very pleasing affair was the public meeting Tuesday evening in the Baptist church, under the auspices of the Apollo Music club. The club is composed of twenty-five members and during the year it has been studying American music, which has been delightful. So the program was composed of all American numbers, there being several organ selections,

voice and chorus. The last chorus was written by Mrs. Beach, America's most prominent woman composer, and was the Panama Hymn, which was used at the Exposition. It is the intention of the club to have another open meeting before it ceases activities for the summer, and to this also, the public will be invited.

Mrs. M. M. Coleman is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. LaGrone. Mrs. Earl Smith and two little children and Mrs. Garlington have gone to Newberry for a visit to relatives.

Mrs. James White has been for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Tom Mitchell, at Leesville.

Mrs. W. S. Brooke was hostess for the Apollo Music club on Thursday last, the chief business being in making plans for the entertainment by the club, "The Spinners' Convention" to be given in about two weeks. This promises to be very amusing. Officers for the coming year were elected, those in office not being eligible, having served two years. Those elected were: Miss Gladys Sawyer, president; Mrs. W. B. Ouzts, first vice president; Miss Ella Jacobs, second vice-president; Mrs. C. P. Corn, corresponding secretary; Mrs. O. D. Black, recording secretary; Mrs. Huie Waters, treasurer; Miss Antoinette Denny, parliamentarian; Mrs. W. J. Hatcher, critic. Delegates elected to the State Federation to be held in Columbia in April were Miss Gladys Sawyer and Mrs. O. D. Black.

A very pleasant social while was had, the hostess serving an elaborate salad course followed by ice cream and pound cake.

Mr. P. N. Lott made a business trip to Darlington during the past week.

Miss Tisdale of Bennettsville is the guest of Miss Mary Waters.

Eureka News.

Miss Sue Timmerman and Miss Dorothy Williams attended the teachers' meeting.

Miss Leola Moyer spent last Sunday with Misses Ruth and Nora McGee.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Randall and family and Mr. and Mrs. D. Jackson spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jackson.

Mrs. J. M. Derrick and two little daughters spent last Monday with Mrs. George Rhoden.

Miss Sue Timmerman visited her uncle, Mr. Price Timmerman, in Batesburg last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Timmerman, Mr. Frank Timmerman and Ben Lewis went to Johnston Wednesday.

Miss Alloe Rutledge is still improving, having just returned from the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Moyer spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant.

Mr. Peter Staboritz of Columbia was in Eureka last Saturday and Sunday visiting Mr. Paul Seigler.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McGee and family motored to Augusta Thursday.

Miss Marie Rhoden spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Irvin Reames, near Johnston.

Miss Cleo Rhoden is spending the week with Miss Emmie Workman at Johnston.

Mr. J. E. Timmerman and Miss Sue Timmerman spent last Monday with Mrs. J. D. Mathis at Trenton.

Mr. George Rhoden, Bob Williams, Ben Lewis and Ernest Whitlock went fishing at Plunkett's pond Thursday night.

Mrs. L. A. McGee visited Mrs. George McGee Friday.

Miss Ruth McGee is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Watson at Graniteville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Timmerman, Mr. J. E. Timmerman, Miss Sue Timmerman, Mr. Frank Timmerman, Mr. Ben Lewis and Mr. Paul Seigler took tea with Mr. and Mrs. George Rhoden Friday night.

Mrs. Claude Derrick and Miss Vera Derrick spent Saturday with Misses Cleo and Nelle Rhoden.

Rev. J. L. Pitman and Miss Louise Boyd of Warrenville spent Sunday with Mrs. Lydia Seigler.

Miss Kathleen Glover spent the week-end with Miss Alloe Rutledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Emic King of Columbia have been visiting Mrs. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rutledge.

"BOBBED HAIR."

St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. Reception by U. D. C.

St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland and patron of Australia, in whose honor Irish people all over the world celebrate today, was born, according to some historians, on the 17 of March, 373, but the place of his birth is a mooted question. Italy, Scotland and France are among the countries which claim him. It is stated that a few miles north-west of Glasgow was his birth place. The same authority states his father was Calpornius, a deacon in the church, and a man of means and standing. His baptismal name was Sucait.

When Patrick was 16 years old he was captured by pirates and carried to Ireland, where he was sold to Milin, chieftain of North Dalradia, in the county of Antrim, north of Ireland, and employed in tending cattle. His sad condition drove him to consolation in God, and there learned to wait on the divine will.

The international Encyclopedia says, "He at last returned to Scotland, but his desire was to preach the gospel to the Irish, and he was strengthened by visions and voices, and he went to Auzerre in France to be consecrated by Bishop Amator. It was on this occasion that he assumed the name of Patrick, by which he is now exclusively known. In 405 he began his missionary work in Ireland and the rest of his life was spent in incessant labors with much success. He came to Ireland with a thorough knowledge of the language of the Irish people. It is stated that he found no Christians in Ireland and left no heathen. It is also stated that he was the founder of the Catholic (not Roman Catholic) faith. It is said that he died at Armaugh in 463."

And here in St. Petersburg, as well as all over the world the Irish people gave his memory a grand ovation. Five Catholic priests present on this occasion. This was the first time in my long life that I ever witnessed the Irish ceremony. It was grand; especially the "chant," that was something else, I'm sure.

The U. D. C.'s of this City gave a grand reception to the visiting daughters and all the Confederate veterans who came this way. The place for the picnic was at Pass-a-Grill, eight miles out from St. Petersburg, right on the Beach of the Gulf of Mexico. We were wheeled out there in automobiles. There were about eighty souls in the bunch, and let me tell you, it was the liveliest crowd that I have been with since I have been in the flowery land. We had everything in common, and every body knew everybody else before we parted. But the grandest of all was the golden sun set in the gulf. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose color and when the light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow white and which gave, therefore, fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky from zenith to the horizon becomes one molten sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into mazy gold, every ripple and wave into un-sullied, shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible till they are lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold. This is a sun set on the gulf as I beheld it on St. Patrick's day.

J. RUSSELL WRIGHT.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Stores to Close.

We, the undersigned merchants, do hereby agree to close our places of business, beginning April 1st, until September 1st at six (6) o'clock p. m., Saturdays excepted.

The Corner Store, W. W. Adams & Co., Reynolds & Padgett, Jones & Son, Warren & Cantelou, J. D. Kemp & Co., (except Friday) B. B. Jones, The Quality Shop, Dorn & Mims, R. H. Parks, The Hub, Jake Wynne, W. A. Collett.

Miss Florence Mims Describes Spring in Oklahoma.

Dear Advertiser:

A poet might see some signs of beauty in spring as it has come to Oklahoma, but I can not. The balminess of the air is not matched by the wild flowers and the budding trees of the South. I shall have to satisfy my longing for yellow jessamine and honey suckle by smelling different kinds of perfumes.

The trees are a neutral gray and so is the landscape. I have seen one peach tree, with a few straggling blooms, growing in the front yard of a home here on Main street. It seems to be a sort of treasure. On some dark night, I should like to take a few of the blossoms, and not feel that I had done anything wrong. A heritage of beauty such as that, ought to belong to the world, and not to an individual. "Beauty is in the eyes of the gazer." And in truth "a man may buy what he may never own." Possession without appreciation does not mean ownership.

I would describe spring here by saying that it is a trifle less desolate than fall and winter. In Northern Minnesota it was a saying that that part of the country had only two seasons, winter and very late fall.

The trees here when green, seem like decorated posts and the fields and byways have an awful lack of charm. The idea of utility is everywhere too ever-present to suit the fancy of one who comes from the lavishness of the South. The South may think it is poverty stricken, and indeed the West is rich. There are a great many wealthy men here as far as thousands of dollars go, but how much more really rich the South is than this part of the country. The money of these people gives them nothing but food and clothes, for they are not capable of spending it so that it will give them much intellectual or immaterial pleasure.

Unintelligent faces shining through the glass! They ride up to houses that might be mansions, judging from their bank accounts, but they are not mansions, for the occupants never thought of a house as a temple, as a reflector of the taste of the persons within, as a chance for architectural wonder, but only as "a roof to keep away the sky." And with all their money they haven't the home life that the South has.

These are not the pioneers, but the children of pioneers who often are like the children of millionaires, inheriting the money, and not the initiative and patience which it took to earn it. The forbears of these people have blazed the trail and they are content with living in that trail as they found it.

The desire for any great improvement in any sense has died within them. I am not speaking of the whole west or even of the whole state of Oklahoma. I have no right to. I am only describing the part just west of Indian Territory and south of the Kansas border line.

They have better schools here than in the South in some respects, but how much less culture in them, how much less reverence for learning, and how much less respect for anything.

The South still has food and clothes, and in the place of the gold of the west it has ingrained refinement, culture, softness of voice, hospitality and courtesy, which things I would not substitute for the gold of Croesus, partly, I suppose, because I miss them so much here. You are thrice blessed and do not know it, because you have not stood off and watched yourselves go by, but I am standing a thousand miles away and watching you in my mind's eye and in memory, and I know whereof I speak.

I heard recently of a poor Oklahoma farmer who had an oil well built in his back yard right at his house. For the use of the land, the company, as it is the custom, paid him fifty thousand dollars. If the oil well produced he would receive one-eighth of the proceeds which would make him and his heirs rich forever, and if the well did not produce he still owned the fifty thousand. What good did it do him? He still wore his blue jeans, and his children may or may not have taken an education that the wealth afforded.

You can not polish hickory to make

it shine like Red wood, for the fineness of grain is not there. One grew up suddenly in a waste place and the other took a half century, perhaps, by the sea. So are the West and the South. The South's civilization has grown slowly, and it is imbued with some of the sturdiness of the Pilgrims, and some of the rock-bound religious faith of the Puritans, and some of the humility of the Quakers, some of the patriotism of the Revolutionary soldier, and some of the chivalry of ante-bellum days.

Though the South may be suffering from a financial depression, this part of the West is suffering from a spiritual and intellectual depression. I would not have you think that I am a pessimist, or that at some incident I had incurred a dislike for this part of the country. That is not true. In fact Oklahoma has somewhat endeared itself to me. I am simply jotting down a few things that come to me as I sit and write with little time, as always, to do my thought and the subject justice.

The other day one of the faculty from Oklahoma and I were driving over to a nearby town with a rather intelligent Tonkawa woman. We were discussing the lack of trees here, and my southern friend and I were talking of the wonderful old trees that are peculiar to the South. The lady with whom we were driving then made a remark about the timber of the South, immediately thinking of the commercial side of the subject. There was nothing in the remark itself of singular importance to make me remember it except that I thought at the time and am thinking now, how to the West great trees are but timber. To me, they are food for thought subject for poetry and mute friends.

FLORENCE MIMS.

Tonkawa, Oklahoma, March 23, 1922.

Meeting in Interest of Co-Operative Marketing of Cotton.

A meeting of farmers and business men was held in the court house on Thursday morning in the interest of the cooperative marketing of cotton. Mr. J. H. Cantelou presided and introduced the speakers, the first being Henry S. Johnson of Aiken, district agent of the farm demonstration work. In a very clear and comprehensive manner Mr. Johnson outlined the plan of organizing a cooperative marketing association. All efforts having failed in the past to organize farmers effectively, now an effort is being made to organize on a basis of certain products, cotton in this instance. The organization is fashioned after the one that has been made so effective in California.

Mr. Johnson was followed by Dr. D. W. Daniels, professor of English in Clemson college. The speaker by his rapid fire of humor and eloquence at once captivated his hearers and then entered upon the discussion of his theme, "How to Meet Present Day Conditions." The imperative necessity for cooperation was the central thought of the admirable address. Dr. Daniels urged his hearers to be optimistic and stop crying hard times. Conditions should be met cheerfully and with courage. He said the people have the same or better land in South Carolina than they have had; finer houses, more fine automobiles and wear fine clothes. All that worries the people said Dr. Daniels, is that they have not as much money to spend on fast living as they had a few years ago. In closing he stressed the great need of every cotton grower and every land owner who receives cotton in return for rent to join the cooperative marketing association in order that their product may be marketed scientifically.

Edgefield Baptist Sunday School.

The Sunday school of the First Baptist church of Edgefield has requested the different classes to prepare short articles, bearing on the great subject, and have them published weekly.

It falls to the lot of Class No. 1 to make the initial venture, and we hope and pray that great good will result.

Class No. 1 is composed of the older male members of the church, which class has been led for a number of years by the oldest male member of the church.

Class No. 1 is unanimous in the conviction that every member of the church should be connected in some way with the Sunday school. The study of the word of God is one of the most important duties of man, and this study will be more effective if undertaken in an organized manner, and there can be possibly no more appropriate place for this study than the Sunday school.

The Sunday school is the nursery of the church, and it is the sacred duty of parents especially, to see that their children attend, and there can be devised no better way to reach this result than to go with them to the Sunday school.

Let our motto then be, "Every member of the church a member of the Sunday school;" and if this very desirable result can be reached we will find that each generation will be an improvement on the one going before, and the work of the Lord will be greatly promoted in our community.

Our lot has been cast in a land of Bibles and churches, and we hope and pray that every member of our church may realize his or her responsibility to God, the church, the family and community, and that our Sunday school may continue to grow, and that the Kingdom of our Lord may be greatly promoted, and to His name shall be the honor, the glory and praise now and forevermore.

CLASS NO. 1.

"Stop, look, listen," read the wise man as he sat in his flivver.

"Those words express the whole scheme of life. You see a pretty girl, you stop, you look, and after you marry her, you listen!"

PRES. CIVIC LEAGUE.