

Miss Florence Mims Writes of Thanksgiving.

Dear Advertiser:

I can think of no more appropriate place to spend the Thanksgiving season than in New England, and no more fitting spot than a town like this where the customs and influence of the village elders have not been too overrun with the city's mad progress.

Today is almost as mild as spring, and tomorrow is the first of December. I would call this Indian summer, if I was quite sure that the mellow autumn season had not already passed. I have never been able to tell exactly when it comes. It must be a sort of American myth, of which, indeed, we have few enough, as we have few enough traditions.

It is in the after years that a person has time to dream and imagine and become retrospective, and so it is with a country. We are young yet, over-busy with making customs, and it will be the great-grandchildren of those living in this generation who will call present forms, traditions.

And anyway, it was around the open fire that old stories were told, and deeds of valor recounted. In the firelight glow one has a sixth sense, a keener vision, and inspiration to poetry and romance. The modern radiator is no more than a cold storage plant for any such idealism.

I want progress, progress of mind, but it is as though we were trying to force the future to us before its time, as though we saw life through spy glasses, more wonders yet to come paramount in our thoughts. At the same time we seem to be magnifying, as it were, things material.

The old New Englander slept in four poster beds, and the rooms were large enough to hold them. Now the great masses sleep on cots, and the rooms are built to suit them. Apartment houses on apartment houses stretch down the street, all joined together, because there must be room, not for light and air, and green grass, but for more and yet more apartment houses.

At the city limits are great manufacturing plants, and the quaint villages and the well filled barns of minute farm houses have been swallowed up in the whirling wheels of progress, deserted for money. It is an endless round.

We are blind to small joys and simple pleasures. Our forefathers rode in stately coaches, and had time for thought and meditation, perhaps even for prayer, as they rode along the highways, inspired by autumn landscapes and spring's "brook gladdening meadows."

That is not a preposterous idea. What time for thought does a street car give? A crowd of people madly rush on, grab a seat or swing upon a strap and thus they are satisfied. If I were discussing the subject of modern progress with a stern materialist, I might have no good reason to offer against it, no sound arguments to bring forth. Being a woman, I am "a creature of impulse, instinct and intuition," and supposedly not a sound exponent of logic. I have my own private ideas of that, however.

Every now and then some happy circumstance shows me a cross section of the past. I have a little shrine in my heart set all apart for the worship of the days when the beauty and the chivalry danced the minuet, when the gentlemen took time to practice graceful bows. In that day courtesy was the eleventh commandment, and I wonder if the essence of courtesy, consideration for the other person isn't also a part of the thought that prompted all commandments? I have seen some young people (though not in the South) jerk their caps off in speaking, as though the caps had done them a wrong, and the owners were taking this means of wreaking vengeance. What is the observance of a courteous custom without the spirit that should prompt it?

Some days ago I saw Sheridan's old fashioned play "The Rivals." We have seen to it by our modern fashions that no lady can courtesy to a gentleman now-a-days. In tight skirts, we are forced to stand upright. Then, when there is no bowing and little smiling, there is not much incentive to a gentleman to kiss a lady's hand, or to observe other graces once in good taste.

What will this practical age come to next? Will we soon be eating condensed food, containing all the necessary properties of nutrition, as I have heard of some already doing, to save laying the cloth for tea?

In those dimly forgotten days of long ago, our grandmothers knew more than we of the gentle art of home cooking. Hot cake was not an unknown dish with which to complete the meal. I know of hot cakes by hearsay and "its reputation is

entirely agreeable to me," so are all the other customs of the past. No, there is one exception. The good gentlemen of the days of yore found an elaborately carved snuff box quite indispensable. They dusted the contents from their coats with laced sleeves. I accept the past minus the snuff. They had duels too, at sunrise, I believe. That I could forgive, but not the snuff.

I must be getting old myself, for I began to write about Thanksgiving Day, and my thoughts played a trick upon me. They know my weak point.

I remember too well two years ago today when I stayed at home from church. There was no Thanksgiving service to attend in the little mining town of Aurora, Minnesota. The inhabitants were not the descendants of the Pilgrims, or even of the same nationality with them.

One year ago today, I attended a Thanksgiving service in a Methodist church in Oklahoma. The Baptist preacher was the speaker, and chose for his text something so remotely far from the subject at hand, and talked so at length on the Philistines or the Israelites that I longed for a simple story of the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth.

We are far enough away already as a nation from any right commemoration of this day. This morning, it was with a sincere spirit of thankfulness that I entered the Congregational church at Northampton, where the union service was to be held.

Several true-to-type New England ministers sat on the platform, and we sang appropriate songs from "The Pilgrim Hymnal." I waited impatiently for the lovely story of the first Thanksgiving day as celebrated by that brave group of hearty pioneers. Here, surely, I thought, they made a point of repeating from year to year what seems to me, the most fascinating story in American history. It never grows old. In it is the element of hospitality, of friendship with the Indians, of abundance of the harvest time, of Thanksgiving and good fellowship.

But the minister chose a different text and though his speech was good, I said over to myself the story of that first gathering on the "bleak New England shore." The west was too far away from the scene both in point of time and of place, and the East too near to it, for interest.

I heard a lecturer make a rather interesting statement the other day in regard to the Indians in the early days. When they were invited for a visit to the white people, they stayed on and on with never a thought of leaving until the food was all consumed. So, he said, the settlers arranged among themselves to accommodate the Indians for only a limited time, supplied food for a certain season, and when the eatable disappeared, the Indians did also.

Several of us were discussing Thanksgiving the other day, an English girl, a Massachusetts girl and I. The English girl wanted to know how Thanksgiving originated. I had never given the subject of an international Thanksgiving any thought before. I did not realize somehow till then, although I might have known it, that we are the only people who celebrate such a season. My friend from Massachusetts explained the origin of the day, and I thought it would be an excellent thing of every country would set apart a day for especial national returning of thanks.

The other countries have a very different history from ours, and would most probably set apart a day when they were victorious over some great enemy in battle.

It seems to me that Thanksgiving Day is much more important than the Fourth of July or any other patriotic day. These patriotic occasions commemorate a stepping stone in our national life, and so does the last Thursday in November, but this day recalls to mind not only the people's victory over privation and cold and famine, but an especial recognition of God in their midst.

I hope that as the years go by, its true significance will grow upon us, for this is a tangible tie that binds us to those gray days whose brightness was the rock-firm faith of such people as John and Priscilla Alden.

FLORENCE MIMS.

Northampton, Mass.
Draper Hotel.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
for nose and throat
Give Quick Relief

Woodrow Wilson Foundation Fund.

Editor Edgefield Advertiser:

I will greatly appreciate your giving publicity to the following telegram I have received from Governor Wilson G. Harvey:

"National Committee Woodrow Wilson Foundation desires completion of work by December 20th for final announcement on Wilson's birthday December 28th. South Carolina lagging more than any state. Must raise quota. Proportion for Edgefield county is only three hundred dollars. As a patriotic service will you raise this amount by December 20th."

The Woodrow Wilson Foundation is a million dollar fund that is being raised for educational purposes by citizens of our country who love and honor Woodrow Wilson, who is now confined to his home, his health having been broken by his great service for peace and humanity during the late war.

I feel sure that some of our citizens will wish to contribute something to this worthy cause and I will be glad to receive and transmit to the Governor any contribution from citizens of Edgefield county.

Respectfully,

JAMES O. SHEPPARD.

December 6, 1922.

Joe Tolbert and Harding

President Harding has sent the nomination of Joseph W. Tolbert to be United States Marshal for the Western District of South Carolina. We are not surprised; we would not be surprised at anything President Harding would do after his recess appointment of Tolbert, whose original appointment the Senate overwhelmingly of the President's own political party, had refused or failed to confirm. The President knows, as well as he knows anything, that Tolbert is in no sense fit for the office for which he has been named. He has been advised of the objections to him that would condemn him in the opinion of any honest man charged with the appointing power. He knows, or the facts have been concealed from him, that the appointment of Tolbert is not acceptable to ninety-nine per cent of the people of his State. He knows that Tolbert has no respectable following in this State. Why he persists in disgracing his own office by naming this man for any office of profit or trust in South Carolina is one of the many things about Mr. Harding's administration of his office there has been no satisfactory explanation.

Tolbert has not been confirmed. Senator Dial and Senator Smith, of South Carolina, may be counted upon to fight this appointment to the finish. They will take the case, their case, the case of their people and state, the case indeed, of good people in all the States, and fight the confirmation of Tolbert, and, defeated in the Committee, they will take it to be their disposition, to the floor of the Senate in open session and expose there for the information of the partisan spirit, the sectional animosity, the determined abuse of authority by the President of the United States. Let him take the responsibility of making this appointment, if he will; but, taking the responsibility, he must at the same time accept the infamy. —Spartanburg Journal.

Summons For Relief.

(Complaint not served.)

The State of South Carolina
County of Edgefield
Court of Common Pleas.

The Bank of Johnston, Plaintiffs
Against B. W. Wright, J. F. Wright
and B. C. Wright, Defendants.

To the Defendants above named:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for the said county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office at Edgefield, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

SHEPPARD BROS.

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Dated Nov. 28, 1922.

Test:

P. L. COGBURN (Seal)

Clerk C. C. P., E. Co., S. C.

To the above named Defendants:

You will take notice that the original summons and complaint in the above stated cause are now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions, in and for the county of Edgefield and State aforesaid.

SHEPPARD BROS.

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

NEW LOCATION OF H. C. VIELE & COMPANY JEWELERS

AUGUSTA, GA., 1008 BROAD STREET, 'PHONE - 953

A Jewelry Gift is not only lasting but of ever-increasing intrinsic value. Time cannot dim its memory nor fade its beauty. Your children's children will cherish even the simplest Jewelry Gifts you select this Christmast. Gifts of Jewelry are "GIFTS THAT LAST."

Suggestions for Gifts That Last

GIFTS FOR A WOMAN: Diamonds, Necklace, Thimble, Brooch, Jewel Box, Mesh Bag, Pencil, Toilet Articles, Dress Pin Sets.

GIFTS FOR A GIRL: Pearls Beads, Bar Pins, Lavalliere, Bracelet, Bracelet Watch, Dinner Ring, Ear Ornaments, Vanity Case, Manicure Set.

GIFTS FOR A HOME: Silverware, Candle Sticks, Picture Frames, Table Ornaments, Vases, Clocks.

GIFTS FOR A MAN: Cigar Cutter, Match Box, Tie Clasp, Lodge Emblems, Scarf Pin, Belt Buckle, Pencil, Signet Ring, Watch Fob, Watch Chain.

GIFTS FOR A BOY: Cuff Links, Tie Clasp, Watch, Knife, Fountain Pen, Pocket Comb, Military Brushes, Set Ring, Vest Chain.

GIFTS FOR A BABY: Baby Ring, Baby Necklace, Baby Bracelet, Baby Pin Set, Silver Spoon, Gold Locket, Silver Fork, Silver Cup.

Good News Letter From Rehoboth.

Dear Advertiser:

Since we are cut off into the "baby county we do not get much news from the west side, but we still love the mother count and our Edgefield friends.

We have had such a delightful fall, so full of sunshine. We love sunshine, still we have need of the shadows, and "into each life some rain must fall." Our roads are fairly good for the time of year.

We are glad to report Mrs. T. B. Culbreath improving so much and back at her accustomed place in our church with a smile for everyone.

Sorry to hear of Mrs. Jennie Cheatham's illness through her brother who has recently visited her bedside.

Mrs. Mason, nee Miss Eliza Whatley is visiting her home folks. She is soon to move to Anderson.

Miss Leonora Whatley is home and doing fine from her painful but not serious automobile accident near Clemson college, where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. Mason.

Mr. Eddie Strom gave a family dining Thanksgiving day. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Strom were up from Edgefield, also Mrs. Sampson Strom from McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Strom and family. Mr. J. P. Talbert and family also dined with Mrs. Strom.

Glad to see Mrs. Kathryn Hughey able to be out. She is looking well.

Miss Annie Mae Culbreath was at home for Thanksgiving. She is holding a responsible position in Greenwood.

Mr. D. D. Morgan and Mr. Marion Traylor have been to an ear specialist in Augusta and are improving.

Miss Carrie Blackwell is spending the week-end with friends at Rehoboth, making Mrs. Kate Moultrie's headquarters, her old boarding place when she taught here.

Miss Jessie Kelly went home for Thanksgiving; she will be back for school duties Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ousley, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Paul and Eugene, Jr., are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. S. B. Strom is looking well and able to be out again.

Our community is saddened by the untimely death of Dr. Carl Harmon.

We all enjoyed the letters from Rev. J. T. Littlejohn, Jr., and Mr. Mellichamp. Both seemed like letters from home folks. Our prayers and good wishes are with them and their families, also Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who are in Louisville, Ky.

As the harvest season and Thanksgiving were drawing near our good friends Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Seigler planned for a number of our older people and few younger ones included to help make merry. It always shows a true Christian spirit to make pleasure and comfort for the old people who are often neglected in thought. Mrs. Seigler is well known and loved in Edgefield as well as in our community where her bright Christian life gives light. The day dawned fair and beautiful, cold but not windy.

As we all gathered, all along the way buggies and automobile falling in line. Drawing nearer the appointed place, the clean yards, the stately oaks and sunshine gave a festive spirit.

The smiling faces of our kind host and hostess and even the children joined in the welcome. Sitting around a cheerful oak fire chatting, everyone

had the Thanksgiving spirit of cheerfulness and jokes were passed.

The announcing of dinner gave a hush for a little while, the older people being served first and the rest enjoyed some good music. Mr. Cal Seigler brought along his violin.

Mr. R. D. Seigler says he is going to raise up a band of his six sons.

The house was decorated with potted plants. The long table in the dining room fairly groaned from its load of good eats. Mrs. Seigler is a fine cook. At either end of the table was a large dish of turkey and baked chicken, dressing, macaroni and chicken pies, cranberry sauce and O! Mr. Editor, I can't remember all, only the huge stand of fruits on a beautiful centerpiece, hand embroidered in daisies. Last, but by no means least came the jelly and whipped cream.

After dinner, Mrs. Seigler played for us on the piano, and her little 3-year-old daughter, Dorothy sang several songs beautifully. She has an unusual voice for her years.

As the sun was sinking in the west

we turned homeward, feeling thankful for the good friends and all of God's blessings. Thus ended a perfect day. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Strom, Mrs. Mary Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. West, Mrs. Kathryn Hughey, Miss Mary Luda and J. D. Hughey, Jr., Mr. Abe Gilchrist, Mrs. Kate Mason, Mrs. Tiny Jordan, Mr. Cal Seigler, Mr. C. L. Jay, Miss A. L. Morgan.

"OLD MAID."

WANTED: Several good Jersey milch cows, fresh to pail and milking around 30 pounds daily. Subject to T. B. test.

P. B. DAY, JR.,
Trenton, S. C.

1tpd.

FOR SALE: Thirty Duroc-Jersey pigs bred from the best Duroc strains in America, all entitled to registration, weighing from 50 to 75 pounds.

J. B. TOMPKINS,
Edgefield, S. C.



The Christmas Store

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

is made easy at this store, for several months' planning have brought you a splendid selection of bright, new Holiday merchandise—here now for your choosing

There are Gifts for everybody—from Baby to Grandma—Gifts that mean the utmost in appreciation. Our Toy Section has a most wonderful display of playthings for the youngsters.

Courteous service and careful attention await you and every facility is here to make your shopping this Christmas simple, pleasant and satisfying.

QUARLES & TIMMERMAN VARIETY STORE

LARGE STOCK OF

FRUITS AND CANDIES

We have made large purchases of all kinds of fruits, candies, nuts, raisins, etc., for the Christmas season, and our stock will be constantly replenished by arrivals by express every day. Let us have your orders. Santa Claus will make his headquarters with us.

We can supply you with fruit cake material at very reasonable prices.

If we haven't got what you want we will order it for you.

Edgefield Fruit Company