

Edgefield Advertiser.

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JOHNSTON LETTER.

Observe Education Week. Mr. Brooke Leaves. Death of Mrs. Broadwater. Entertain at Bridge.

Education Week was well observed by the high school, the 10th and 11th grades emphasizing it. In the 11th grade pupils had essay work, and most excellent articles were prepared, among the topics being "The future citizen, the boy and the girl of today." The best ones were judged and read at chapel. The 10th grade, taught by Miss Dessie Dean, contributed a set of 10 volumes to the school library, this being done by a contribution on the part of each pupil. During the week the pupils were on the qui vive for grammatical errors made in the grade, each trying to get the longest list, for a special mark given for this. This was really an aid, and a good feature to be continued, and one pupil had much fun.

Rev. Foster of Columbia preached Sunday morning at the Baptist church, the theme of his discourse being "And they prayed." His message was a beautiful one and illustrated what prayer can do. We all know that when the knees, finger tips and brain get into a combination great things will result for God.

Mrs. Nick Broadwater died suddenly at her home near town on last Wednesday afternoon. She had not been well for two or three days, but was not confined to her bed, her death coming while sitting in a chair in her home. Mrs. Broadwater was a lovely Christian woman, and was held in warm esteem by all the community. And during her active days was a force for good. It was a pleasure to be in her home for she was very hospitable, and one always left with pleasant memories. She was very musical, and for one of her age it was remarkable to hear her play the piano, and sing also. The burial services were conducted on Thursday afternoon at Harmony cemetery and were attended by a concourse of friends and relatives. Besides the husband is left three children, a married daughter, who resides in North Carolina and two sons, Messrs. Tandy and Newton Broadwater.

Mrs. Jack A. Lott has been quite ill at her home in Greenwood, but her condition is now much improved, her many friends here will be glad to learn.

On Wednesday evening at the Methodist church there will be a union prayer meeting service, the topic to be "Tuberculosis and why we must fight it." The program will be in charge of Mrs. Olin Eidson and Mrs. J. H. White.

Those from here who attended the State U. D. C. convention in Greenwood last week were Mrs. O. D. Black, state registrar, and Miss Clara Sawyer and Mrs. J. H. White.

Messrs. Jim and David Strother who have been residing near town are now living in the Howard house.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Brooke and family left on last Friday afternoon for their new home in Lake City, S. C. They had intended leaving the last week in November but owing to the illness of his little daughter, they were detained. Mr. Brooke had been pastor here for about six and a half years and was held in love and esteem by all, and it was a matter of much regret that he decided to enter into another field of labor, his resignation coming as quite a surprise to the majority of his charge. Not only in his own church was he beloved but the churches of Rocky Creek, Ward and Ebenezer were warmly attached to him, as he had served there as pastor also. He did a splendid work here, and will be greatly missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Tarrant and little son have been for a visit in the home of Mr. W. M. Wright.

Mrs. M. D. Lyon, Jr., has gone to Meeting Street to remain through the holidays in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Allen.

Mrs. H. W. Crouch, Mrs. L. S. Maxwell and Mrs. James Halford are at home from Mullins, being accompanied by Mrs. Grace Crouch, who will spend a while here.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. L. S. Maxwell entertained the bridge club,

the guest of honor being Mrs. Grace Crouch. The rooms were prettily decorated in cut flowers and decorations of the Christmas season. The score cards had pictures of Santa Claus, whose full pack seemed to be holding something for the players. His best gift, a set of colored linen handkerchiefs, fell to Miss Frances Turner, for making the highest score, and Mrs. James Tompkins was presented with the consolation, a piece of hand embroidery. There were several visitors present, and in cutting for this prize Mrs. Alexander was the winner. The favors were miniature Santa Clauses. A delicious frozen salad course was served.

Mrs. W. A. Bradfield of Clinton, and Mrs. Jim Hill of Rock Hill, have arrived to spend the holidays here in the home of their father, Mr. W. S. Mobley.

Miss Lillian Mobley is at home from a short visit to her sister, Miss Ella Mobley in Columbia.

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston is spending this week with her cousins, Messrs. William and Joseph Bouknight.

The needs at the Connie Maxwell Orphanage are great, and Mr. Jamison is appealing for aid, so on Sunday morning at the Baptist church, the collection of the Sunday school classes will be donated to this cause. On Sunday past the superintendent announced that he hoped over \$100 would be raised.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. J. Neil Lott entertained with a beautiful reception at her home, "Myrtle Lodge," this being in honor of her niece, Mrs. James Lott, of Americus, Ga., a recent bride. The interior was beautiful in its decorations of the approaching season, and the soft gray walls made a lovely background, and shaded lights and many candles gave a soft glow. There were two calling hours, 3:30 and 4:30, and a large party had the pleasure of meeting the charming honoree. Sweet music was enjoyed during the afternoon. Block cream and cake were served in the dining room and the decorations in there were most artistic. The hostess was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Calhoun Kammer, and several others, in entertaining and directing the guests about the rooms.

During the past week Mrs. Frank Warren, Jr., had a pleasant house-party, the members being some of her relatives who have come south to spend part of the winter in Florida.

Mrs. J. W. Hardy spent the past week in Savannah and was present at the golden wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Pink Hardy. The affair was a most happy one, and there were present all the children and grandchildren and many warm friends.

The New Century club and library association will conduct a bazaar on Friday of this week, there being twelve attractive booths. The amount made will be equally divided between the Johnston High School and the town library.

Mrs. Dorn has returned to Spartanburg after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Dobe.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Lewis are now domiciled in the dwelling owned by Mrs. Ann Mobley.

Mrs. Fred Parker has been sick during the past week.

Mrs. W. S. Mobley has also been sick, but is now much improved.

The friends of Mr. Wallace Wright will be happy to know that after being most critically ill for two weeks, there has been a change in his condition and the physicians hold out hope for his recovery.

U. D. C. Bazaar.

Sale of beautiful Christmas gifts. Hand colored and engraved Christmas cards.

Blotters and folders.

Pictures that are real works of art. Sale opens at 10 o'clock on Friday 15th, and continues through Saturday the 16th, at the home of Mrs. Agatha A. Woodson. Proceeds to be given the Daughters of the Confederacy. Buy your Christmas cards from the ladies in charge.

Say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to your wife with a brand new Ford car. Maybe it is what she needs most.

YONCE MOTOR COMPANY.

Young People's Service at the Baptist Church.

The B. Y. P. U. at the Baptist church is one of the most enthusiastic departments of the church activities, and on Sunday evening they held a public meeting which took the place of the regular service.

An excellent program was carried out, and in spite of the cold weather the attendance was good.

Miss Ruth Lyon, as president of the Senior B. Y. P. U. presided over the meeting, and explained the purpose of the B. Y. P. U., which is training for service, and Elizabeth Johnson was pianist. A hymn was sung and William Strom offered the prayer.

Lucy Scurry sang a melodious vocal selection in her clear, sweet voice and Lillian Pattison conducted a Bible Quiz, and emphasized the B. Y. P. U. Manual which gives the Bible Readings and central thoughts for each day. Her explanation and demonstration of the quiz was a very splendid evidence of the excellence of the plan, and of the benefit to be derived from it.

The B. Y. P. U. is divided into two groups with captains of each, and on this occasion, Miss Sarah Lyon, as captain of one group announced the numbers and made a very enlightening talk on the subject of the evening, and read the Bible reading for the day.

While the offering was being taken Elizabeth Johnson played Schubert's "Serenade" as an offertory.

The first talk was made by Gladys Lawton on a "Regenerated Church Membership." Lillian Pattison's subject was "A Consecrated Church Membership." Elizabeth Lott talked on "Church Members Have Equal Privileges," or as she enlarged on it, a democratic church membership.

Rev. A. T. Allen discussed the subject of "Church Members and their Responsibilities."

Isabelle Byrd, who has a notably sweet voice talked about "Church Members Twice Blessed." All these talks were full of good thought, and were clearly and forcibly expressed and this service of the B. Y. P. U. is full of meaning for the future.

The organization of the Senior and Junior B. Y. P. U. has been fostered and encouraged by Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Allen since their coming to Edgefield, and should have the sympathetic cooperation of the old as well as the young.

Car of Seed Potatoes to Arrive Soon.

The car of seed potatoes is expected to arrive in Edgefield about December 22nd. These potatoes were contracted for in October at the time when the market was at the bottom. They have been inspected by U. S. Government agents as to grade and package. They are bought direct from E. H. Doyle, Caribou, Me., grower. The Edgefield Produce Exchange can deliver them to the planters for \$4.00 per sack and arrangements have been made with the Edgefield Warehouse Company to unload and store them until planting time. There will be no additional cost for this storage as it is paid by the Exchange. This price is cheaper than the jobbers are offering them in Augusta.

Place your order at once with Major Collett, secretary of the Exchange. The cash for same must be paid when the car arrives.

The Edgefield Produce Exchange is an organization to buy and sell farm products for the farmers. It has a very small capital and in order to handle this car of seed potatoes they must be taken up upon arrival. Seed potatoes are sold in car lots for cash only. It will mean a saving of about one dollar a sack to the planter and besides you will get good seed.

Lived But Few Hours.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reese Saturday morning and his little life became extinct about noon. Mr. Reese came home from Charleston Friday night to be with his family a few days and returned to his duties with the Express Company in Charleston Monday. Mr. Reese is making a fine record with the Express Company.

Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, A Relic of Antiquity.

Dear Advertiser:

It is the little remote places in New England that keep the traditions of the past, tiny towns off the great highways where one can fairly breathe in the atmosphere, lavender, from old fashioned gardens. I visited such a town this afternoon, Old Deerfield, seventeen miles from Northampton.

Were I a theosophist, or a devotee of some other modern cult, I might believe that I had been a pioneer in some previous incarnation, and that in this life I was looking for the old swords or spinning wheels that I had used long since and lost a while, for it is my delight to wander through quaint old museums and historic houses.

Northampton has a building devoted to different historical organizations. I went in the other day to see a museum which I understood was there. After much searching I found the janitor who seemed to have more interest in the relics than anyone else. The few treasures were in a room deep in dust, but I managed to see through the dirt and since the idea of germs has never bothered me greatly, I thought the accumulated dust on things might act as a preservative. The janitor had a deeper knowledge of things ancient, than his limited vocabulary and missing teeth enabled him to tell me of, but he said that of all the places of interest about here, Old Deerfield was the most picturesque. I took him at his word, and later went to see it.

Now, I often prefer to go on these excursions alone, for when alone, I can keep my mind on the subjects at hand, while if I am with someone, I am compelled to discuss modern dress, the latest movie, which greatly offends my sense of allegiance to the past, and keeps me jumping from the 19th century back to the twentieth. If my friends go with me I can not tell them that they are distinctly out of place with antiquity. So with a good grace I bade my room-mate farewell, as she started to the Harvard-Yale football game at New Haven, and while she was rooting for Yale, I was reading verses on ancient tombstones by the light of a mountain sunset.

I alighted from the car at what the conductor declared was a town, but I saw nothing but a long, long trail of a street awinding, bordered with trees, and one wee country store not much bigger than a doll's house. Across from that was the post office, and that indeed was all. I am convinced that the town writes and receives letters, but I am not at all sure that it eats, as any healthy town should. It must veritably live upon sweet memories of a long and respectable past.

On Main street, there were twenty-one pre-Revolutionary houses, and the little town was built about 1665. In 1704 the Indians massacred a great many of the people and burned nearly all of the houses. It was very unkind of the Indians, not to say wicked, since the inhabitants seem never to have had the courage to replace the necessary business places. But the New England mind works in a mysterious way. I do not pretend to understand it. Perhaps they all at Deerfield have well filled cellars, and no doubt the Thanksgiving tables will be top heavy with savory viands.

It was so bitter cold when I first arrived and the attractions seemed so few, that I couldn't decide whether to catch a car in half an hour, or wait two hours for a later one. To keep from having to think out this momentous problem I walked into the little church, built in 1673, and began writing down long names and perplexing dates as a nucleus to my afternoon's endeavor. A gentleman came in and asked if he could show me anything. I always introduce myself, not by name, but by state. I haven't done anything to make my name deserving of notice, but my state has achieved much, so I said "I am from South Carolina." He said that he was from Georgia, and thereby should hang a tale, but thus we spoke, and parted. It is sad, but true, that the longer one stays out of the South, the less interested he becomes in any Southerner in the abstract. On leaving the South for the first time it

is necessary only to know that an individual is from Dixie, but later there must be some tie that binds, or he is no more to you than a Yankee. It is not that one loses a love for his native heath, but that one requires a personal interest, and a mutual congeniality for friendship.

I went next to the Museum Memorial Hall, and found it locked, though the card on the outside distinctly stated that the building was open till five o'clock.

I often do things by halves and this time I neglected to read another card which directed me to a caretaker in The Red Cottage. Now where that was I knew not, and since I have known my conception of red to differ greatly from other people's, I looked sometime before I discovered a small structure near the museum. I knocked with the old fashioned knocker, and there stood before me a New England spinster. They are like no others in the world. When I get to be an old maid I am coming back down South to live. They are lovely there. In the South one grows old gracefully. This individual looked at me, as though on some cold morning she had sternly frowned and her frown had frozen. But she would open the museum for me, and I rather wondered if there is any blessing offered for those who are persecuted for learning's sake, as there is for those who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness. She opened the door, and took her seat immediately inside it. I waited for her to follow me about, and in sweetly soothing tones tell me of the "Bloody Brook" massacre, as I was accustomed to have people tell me of interesting incidents. She reminded seated however, and I had to depend on my own intelligence to explain things when I had much rather have depended upon hers.

The building was locked because of the intense cold. It came upon me like a revelation, that this was why the Pilgrim Fathers were always so stern and severe. The Pilgrim Fathers were always cold, poor things, and couldn't use up spare energy in smiling. Someone has said that the Pilgrim Fathers get all the sympathy, but that it was the Pilgrim Mothers who deserved the credit. They had to put up with the cold and privation, but what is infinitely worse, the Pilgrim Fathers as well.

I should think that to these shivering people the fire and brimstone of which they preached, as a punishment in the after life, should have lost much of its terror.

Their only heating facilities were cavernous fire places that insured their being well roasted on one side and cold on the other. I suppose the family lived in front of these open ovens and revolved in succession.

The other places of interest were two old houses known as the Hitchcock House and the Williams House. The latter had been the home of one Rev. John Williams, long ago pastor of the town church I spoke of. He left Old Deerfield and went to the French and Indian wars, and in his absence his congregation built this home for him. At present it is one of the dormitories in the Deerfield Academy, an exclusive boy's preparatory school. The old place had been entirely renovated. The front door, however, was still intact, and this particular doorway is the oldest ornamental one in this country. Two crosses were carved at the bottom to keep away the witches. I should think the people would have had excitement enough in keeping the Indians away without conjuring up imaginary woes and accusing their next door neighbors of being in league with Satan in order to prove their theory of witchcraft.

In this same house was a secret stairway leading from the first floor, a beautifully furnished suite to the second floor of the boys' dormitory. One stepped from soft carpeted stairs through this narrow trap door to a narrower board stairway. This was one of their safe guards against the Indians. The building was put together with hard made nails. One of the boys from the fitting school showed me through the place.

What a contrast between an early minister's home with its protections against Indians and witches and this modern school. If the boys had been

Concordia Lodge's Turkey Supper.

Friday night the spacious hall of Concordia Lodge was crowded with Masons, their wives, sweethearts and a few invited friends, the occasion being the feast which is given annually by the members of the Lodge. However, the turkey supper which was served Friday night surpasses all previous Masonic feasts. The menu was more elaborate and it was faultlessly prepared and served on three tables extending the full length of the hall. Comfortable seats were provided for all present. Major W. A. Collett served as toastmaster and in an informal manner that was altogether commendable called upon a number of gentlemen present to make three minute speeches, announcing that anyone who dared to exceed that limit would be called down. Among those who were called upon for impromptu speeches were J. O. Sheppard, W. W. Fuller, J. L. Mims, T. A. Hightower, P. B. Mayson, Frank Huggins, W. E. Lott, John Mims, L. W. Cheatham and W. O. Tatum, Jr. These outbursts of "wit and wisdom" brought to a close this very delightful occasion, one that will be a source of pleasant memories for some time to come to all who were present.

Many Influenza Victims.

The wave of influenza that is sweeping through the county has struck Edgefield a broadside blow but up to this time, we are pleased to report, there have been but few cases of serious illness among the many victims. The unwelcome disease is no respecter of persons, as the members of the county's official family have been included in the list of victims. First Auditor J. R. Timmerman and his entire family were stricken, next County Attorney T. B. Grenaker became a victim, next Treasurer J. L. Prince was hit by it next Supervisor A. A. Edmunds and his entire family were stricken and the last to succumb thus far has been "Uncle Billy" Kinnaird, the popular and capable judge of probate. We hope the other members of the county's official family will escape.

How about a brand new Ford for a Christmas present for your wife?

YONCE MOTOR COMPANY.

There then their rah! rahs! would have drowned the Indians' war-whoops. They would doubtless have invited the witches to their Halloween parties while the forefathers clasped their hands and denounced the perverse and headstrong generation.

I stayed in the town until the purple shadows were long upon the hills and at five o'clock I boarded the car again, homeward bound.

From Northampton to Old Deerfield the car made such uneven progress that I was afraid at any moment it might change its mind and refuse to go. I had an uncomfortable feeling all the time as though I wanted to do something to keep it in a good humor. It did much better on the return trip, however. Then it reminded me of our horse, Rex, when he finds himself rounding Turner's corner. He immediately quickens his speed. Some day I shall put our buggy, of which I am exceedingly fond, in a museum, though not for several years yet. I shall label it "a relic of the eighteenth century mode of transportation in the South, the last vehicle of its kind in use." But I shall give it to the museum with the express understanding that I am to have the privilege of taking it out on gala occasions and riding in it for old times' sake.

Once in Edgefield I said "whoa" in getting out of a car, much to my companion's dismay, no doubt, but not to mine. I am an old foggy. It is the only thing I really pride myself on. You see old fogys are getting so scarce that it is great fun to be one, and to be in a class by one's self where there is little danger of having the individuality duplicated.

P. S. This article was written in Northampton some time before my return to Boston, and I have left it just as I wrote it.

FLORENCE MIMS.

25 St. Stephens St.
Boston, Mass.