

The Chronicle

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The Chronicle seeks the cooperation of its subscribers and readers—the publisher will at all times appreciate wise suggestions and kindly advice.

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Spring is here—it's clean-up time.

Most advice people give costs nothing, and is usually worth just about that.

This is true also—when a man objects to a monopoly the other fellow has it.

Things might be worse. Suppose the legislature were to stay in session for a whole year.

The fellow who forgets his friends in prosperity will find that his friends will forget him in adversity.

Looking over the top of his spectacles doesn't add to a man's wisdom, but most people seem to think it does.

A great many people are now attempting to live without work, the convicts included.

New York may be the chief patron of the drama, but Chicago has her beat in melodrama.

Another community nuisance is the house-to-house peddler, and he is the only fellow we know who is able to avoid overhead.

CO-OPERATION NEEDED

The value of co-operation may be seen in the evils which mark its absence. In private life a lack of co-operation buries our friendships and in national life the absence of co-operation has strewn the dead upon the world's battlefields. When debtors and creditors do not co-operate bankruptcy comes to the individual and panic to the world of commerce. Failure or success is largely dependent upon a man being willing to co-operate with the circumstances in connection with which his energies must be engaged. It is lack of co-operation which brings friction, defeats the best laid plans, causes hopes to go unrealized, destroys harmony and generates hardship. Lack of co-operation is as sand poured into the gears of private and public life.

The value of co-operation is emphasized by the blessings which it brings. Co-operation grows as civilization advances. It turns our brains and hands into the ways of helpfulness. It creates that unity among men and nations without which there can be no abiding strength. It forms the basis of the strong church, of the successful school, of the happy home, of the useful and thriving business, of the brotherhood of man. It destroys selfishness and narrowness and substitutes wise generosity and breadth of vision. It lightens the burden of men and smooths every pathway leading into the future. It is the cornerstone upon which we should build.

AN EASTER THOUGHT

Long, long before the continent we call America was discovered a mighty river was pouring its water through our western country. Aboriginal man gazed upon it in awe, and wild animals crept to its banks to quench their thirst. The same river is sweeping through those regions today, as it will be doing in the ages to come.

On its broad bosom vessels of all descriptions transport cargoes of things useful and necessary to the existence of man and beast. Its waters irrigate vast regions devoted to the production of foodstuffs, of fabrics for clothing, and of materials needed in the construction of homes, and churches, and schools, and mills, and all other structures essential to the welfare of mankind. For the water course along which this river flows is about 2,500 miles in length.

To trace this mighty river to its source one must begin at the Gulf of Mexico, into which it empties, and proceed northward. At certain intervals tributaries are encountered, there being thousands of such streams, large and small. Northward, the source seeker travels, until at last he finds it in Itasca Lake, a small body of water in Northern Minnesota—the beginning place of the tremendous Mississippi, the "Father of Waters."

Since long before the discovery of this continent there has been another and mightier river—a river of love, carrying spiritual healing to the nations of the world. It stops not at oceans, but crosses them. It sweeps over mountains and down into valleys, through cities and communities of all lands, and even penetrates the jungles of darkest Africa, carrying to barbarians and savages the message of love and hope and faith. Its tributaries

ies must be reckoned by millions, for they flow from every hamlet and village and city in the world.

To trace this mighty river of love to its source one must go back through the history of the human race. Back through modern eras, back through ancient times, back through the ruins of forgotten civilization; back, and on back nearly 2,000 years, and then the seeker of the source of this wonderful river finds it in an empty tomb in the land of Palestine. For there, and not in the manger of Bethlehem, the mighty stream of Christianity had its beginning in the Resurrection.

And thus it comes about that at the Easter-tide season we are now approaching, the thought of the world turns to that empty tomb and its meaning: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

WITH THE PRESS

It Is In the Blood

(From The Columbia Record)
The principles of esprit de corps, or noblesse oblige are great. More than once in the history of the world they have accomplished great things. Frequently they have meant the difference between defeat and victory. So frequently they put things over.

Just now we are talking of the splendid gift which Capt. Ellison A. Smyth, now living at Flat Rock, N. C., but a real and devoted son of South Carolina, has made to the Presbyterian college at Clinton. It is not so much the money value of the gift, tho the money value is great, but it is the sentiment behind.

He has given about 300 volumes of choice Caroliniana to the college. This represents a collection of years. It contains many volumes which cannot be duplicated, rare and costly, and to the book lover are invaluable. To the student of history they mean a source of information rarely available.

It was natural for Captain Smyth to make such a gift. His father, the Rev. Thomas J. Smyth, D. D., had done the same thing years ago to the Columbia Theological Seminary, now in Decatur, Ga., then in Columbia. Dr. Smyth is said to have had one of the largest private libraries in the country in his day. It contained about 27,

000 volumes. He gave to the Columbia Theological Seminary what was then and is yet one of the finest collections of theological books to be found. It is said to be one of the best three such libraries in America.

So Captain Smyth is merely following the promptings of his blood.

WHY ALWAYS THE BUNK?

(From The Greenwood Index-Journal)
Governor Richards pompously and plattitudinously informed the members of the South Carolina Teachers association last Friday in Columbia that South Carolina had a public school system equal to any in the country.

By what standard?

Certainly not by its effects on the population as a whole. Consider only the native born white population of South Carolina. Six and one-half per cent of this native born white population is illiterate. That is, six and one-half per cent of this native born white population can neither read nor write.

How does the native born white population of such wild and woolly States as Wyoming, Utah and Idaho? Three-tenths of one per cent only of the native born white population in either of these three States are illiterate.

That is to say for every native born white person in the States of Utah, Wyoming or Idaho who cannot read or write there are twenty native born whites in South Carolina who cannot read or write.

Take in all classes and colors and South Carolina drops practically to the bottom of the list of all the States. How does this compare with some other Western States?

Iowa has fewer illiterates than any State in the United States. Only one and one-tenth of one per cent of all Iowa's population cannot read or write. Compare this with South Carolina's eighteen and one-tenth per cent and recall that in 1910 South Carolina had the astounding figures of twenty-five and seven-tenths per cent of its population as illiterates.

Only one and four-tenths per cent of all the population of Nebraska cannot read or write and of the native born white population the percentage is four-tenths of one per cent or just one-tenth of one per cent greater than Utah, Idaho and Wyoming.

Why is it that politicians always think it proper to administer soothing

syrup to the public?

Why not tell them some facts some times?

When we make progress, let us have due praise for that but in Heaven's name do not go beyond the facts.

Play To Be Given At Renno Schoolhouse

"A Little Clodhopper," a comedy-drama in three acts, by Walter Ben Hare, is to be staged by the young people of Renno, on Thursday night, April 4th, 8:15 o'clock, in the Renno school auditorium. The proceeds will go to the Sardis church fund.

Characters:
Septimus Green, a young book agent, full of pep—Miss Mattie Abrams.

Ocey Gump, a fresh country product—Floyd Pitts.

George Chiggerson, an innocent little lamb from the city—Don Copeland. Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs, his dotting mamma, with a smooth scheme—Mrs. A. I. Dixon.

Miss Julietta Bean, a comedy old-maid and boarding house keeper—Mrs. J. H. Bell.

Charmian Carter, who thinks she's a vampire—Mrs. Bluford Copeland.

Judy, a mischievous little clodhopper from the poor-house—Mrs. David Copeland.

Country folks attending Miss Bean's party: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Weir, Mrs.

Floyd Pitts, Misses Lyde Ray, Evelyn Ferguson, Mattie L. Copeland, and Messrs. Tan and Jim Ray.

Synopsis of play:

Act I. Miss Bean's birthday party in the country. The old-maid and the country boob. The scheming Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs from the city, knowing that Judy is an heiress, determines to marry her to her son, George. Judy is accused of theft.

Act II. The home of Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs in the city. A couple of weddings. Judy is thrown out in the storm.

Act III. A blackmail scheme. Mrs. Boggs passes Charmian off as Judy. The sick old man from Texas arrives.

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GETTING ON

Yesterday my chauffeur took me through a much-crowded traffic-way. Some of his maneuvers with the machine were hair-breadth in precision. He never grew ruffled in temper; his nerve seemed absolutely dependable, though his welfare and mine were skirting the danger-zone. I congratulated him when we alighted at our destination.

"It's done by practice," said he. "You've got to observe the rules—watch for an opening, and go ahead." Simple enough. Just obey the laws, watch for your opening—and go ahead! Come to think of it, don't the same three simple rules hold good in every walk of life?

There are people who are very lax about the rules; they seem disobedient to begin with—a very undesirable trait in men and women. Negligence of existing laws grows on folks that

travel on life's crowded thoroughfare. They get on the wrong side of the street, get fined, curse the traffic policemen secretly, and imperil the lives of their fellow-men, as though life were a trivial thing.

The fellow who never gets there hasn't looked for the opening; goes around in circles, with eyes half closed. Then he grumbles because business is dull; he is the dullard: The opening is there, just as soon as the other driver gets out of the way.

Then, if he doesn't see the opening—hasn't looked for it—he simply never goes ahead. He is in a position to get bumped into, and soundly roasted because he is obstructing traffic; worse than all, he has only himself to blame. If he doesn't do it, his fellow travelers will blame him in full measure. Obey the rules, watch for the opening—then go ahead. Simple, isn't it?



SELECTING A WIFE

Young men like to think that they select their wives; it caters to their vanity. But actually, it is often the wives who do the selecting. For example: A girl decides she wants a certain chap for her husband—and she sets out to get him. He may be willing, or he may not, but girls have a way of knowing how to win over the reluctant male, and in the end he usually succumbs.

But there are young men who really do select their wives, and it is to them that this little talk is directed.

There are many standards of course by which the ideal wife can be measured; tastes vary. But there are also certain innate qualities that a girl must possess in order to be a good wife to any man. And these are among them:

First of all, she must possess a splendidly vigorous body. The more vital she is the better your chance for marital happiness.

She should be a natural, wholesome, vivacious girl, who will be honest and above-board in all her dealings with you. The painted, sexy little vamp is not the one to choose for your life partner; she is usually a "fair-weather" friend.

She should love you for what you are and not for what you have.

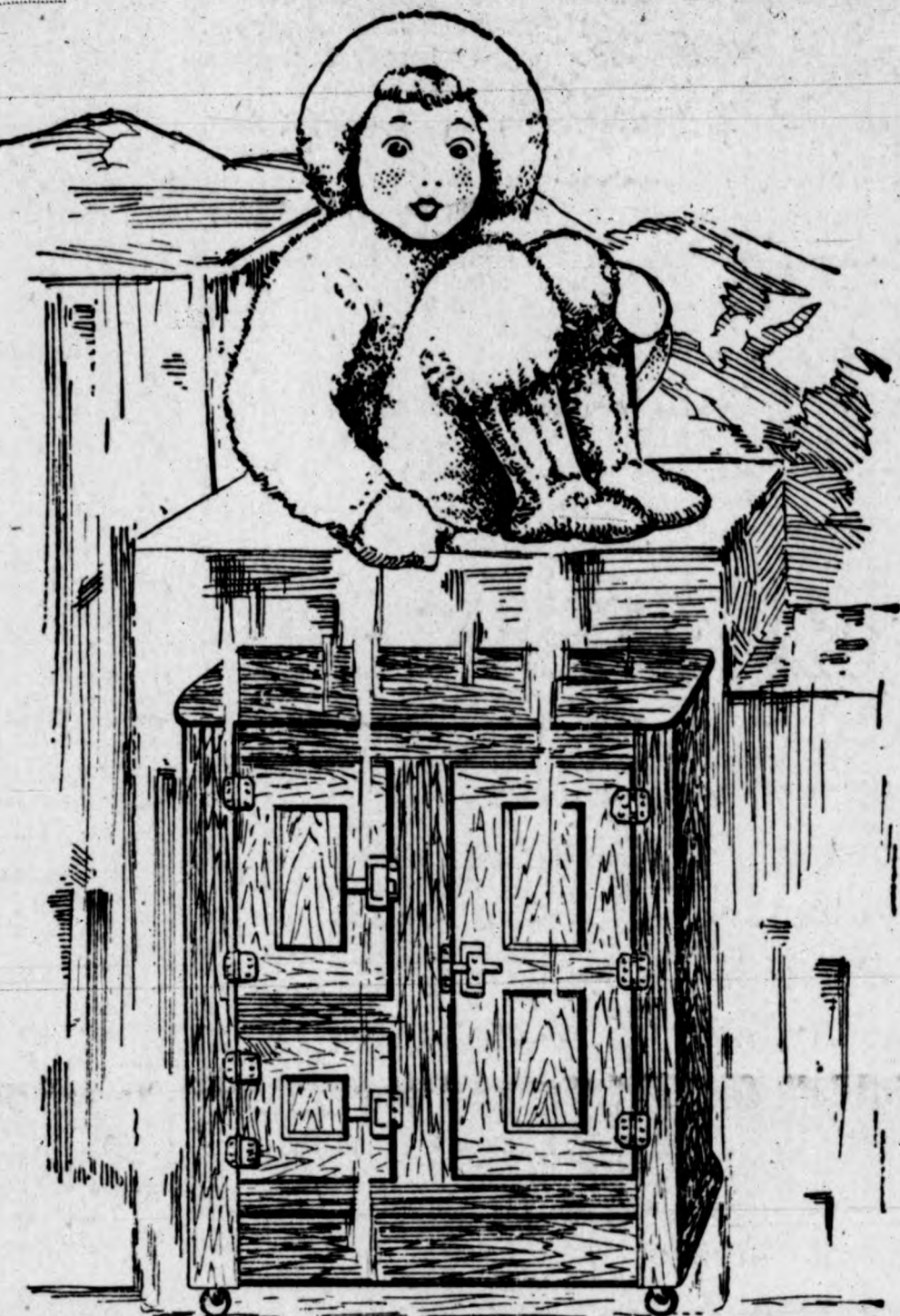
She should have a background of wholesome family life in which she has learned to respect the rights of others, along with unselfishness and loyalty. And she must have reverence for its divine associations.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a trite old saying, but like many old sayings it has its foundation in truth. Beautifully molded features, while pleasant to look upon, are not all-important because the impacable march of time changes them. But a beautifully molded character lasts as long as the spirit is in the body. And no character can be called beautiful that does not count among its dearest possessions a fine set of moral principles.

In choosing your wife, it must be remembered that you are also choosing the mother of your children, and unfortunately this is not always given consideration. Your wife should be fitted to bring into the world children of whom you can be proud. They should be a living, lusty, glowing tribute to your love. Scrawny, spindle-legged, knock-kneed, bow-legged children are anything but this.

But even though you agree heartily with this advice—watch out. Many a bright young man has said: "Oh, I'm just killing a little time. I have no serious intentions. But how about the girl's intentions?" She may be serious and if she does not measure up to your ideals, you are in danger.

Sometimes it is painful in the extreme to break off an association of this kind; like a painful surgical operation. But if you do not break it off now, it will break you up later on—when your hopes and dreams of a blissful married life have gone on the rocks of disillusion.



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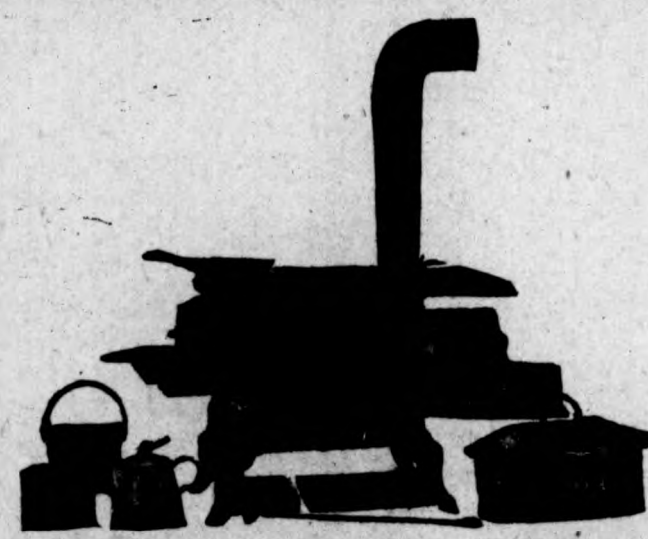
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