

# The Chronicle

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CLINTON, S. C., MAY 9, 1929

## 8 PAGES

### A THOUGHT

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother.—Lincoln.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever.—T. W. Higginson.

Men are what their mothers make them.—Emerson.

The school kids are happily singing—It won't be long now.

You can't fool a woman by lying to her, unless it's a compliment.

Regardless of the rich, the poor still can enjoy wishing for things they cannot afford.

In some ways automobiles are almost human. The cheaper the car, the louder the horn.

Bad luck is usually cussed for bad luck, while good luck is usually taken for granted.

The chief objection to some of the boasting family trees is that they didn't stop growing about eighty years ago.

Sometimes talk is cheap. Sometimes it isn't. Often a little of it costs a man a lot of money.

About the only inalienable right a man doesn't have to fight for is that of siding with the majority.

All roads will soon be leading to Chautauqua. Buy your tickets early and plan to enjoy the week.

### MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day. All over the nation and in many other places, that terrestrial saint will become the object of men's homage and veneration next Sunday.

There is a dispute in progress as to who originated the idea. For the rest of us that is unimportant and nonsense. But it is easy to understand why any person responsible for so inspiring a thought should cherish the credit for it and yet nothing could be more unlike a mother than to squabble about whose was the credit.

One need only consult one's own experiences and seek in vain to recall a single instance where mother sought credit for the service and love she bore her kin. The home may have looked especially tidy, the meal may have been unusually tasty, the covers might have been tucked with especial care, the sick room may have been comforted by her almost divine presence, yet not in a single instance did she claim credit for it. Mothers find their satisfaction in something else.

It will be an odd son or daughter who permits Sunday to pass without some message, some greeting to the living mother. And those whose mothers have gone, realize what a precious boon has passed from their lives and cherish her as a beloved memory.

Mother's Day is just what it should be—a dear, intimate day to be celebrated in our hearts and our homes.

From the motherless everywhere to the mothered child anywhere goes the counsel to dedicate Sunday to her honor and her service.

"A mother's heart holds many charms,  
And love is ever in her arms,  
And in her eyes a faith divine,  
And home is You,  
O mother mine!"

### GAMBLING DEVICES GO

The state-wide raid on slot machines and gambling devices has resulted in the seizure of several hundred machines within the past week, and it is reported from the governor's office that the drive will be relentlessly continued.

But the fight is not to stop with the slot machines in filling stations, cafes, stores of various kinds, and other places, but is to go further as it should, and strike the candy wheels and gambling devices at state and county fairs.

It is to go further still to strike the carnivals and rid them of their illegal devices. Carnivals as they are now operated, are nothing but big gambling weeks in a town. They are demoralizing, immoral, unprofitable, a menace to a community, and should not be allowed.

This whole effort is directed against gambling which is now a prevalent

form of lawlessness found everywhere. The pathetic part of the story is that the gambling wave makes its appeal directly to young boys, who, for the sport of the venture, or either from a lack of sense, are its preys.

The gambling devices should go. The effort being made to wipe them out will meet with the hearty approval of all law-abiding citizens.

### THE CHAUTAUQUA

Announcement is made in today's paper that the sale of tickets for Clinton's Redpath Chautauqua begins tomorrow. J. B. Parrott is heading the movement as chairman of the guarantors committee, and in his efforts he should receive the whole-hearted interest and support of the community. The Chautauqua has come to be an institution in the life of the town and Clinton is a better informed, more cultivated community by reason of it.

The Chautauqua is the champion of neighborhood life at its best. It appeals to and for the whole family. It pulls with father and mother for the best interests of their children. It glorifies home life and is always safe and conservative.

The Chautauqua pays a hundred fold in community betterment. In boosting it as citizens, we proclaim our faith in all good things, and we join the forces of progress. It is the ally of the home, the public school, the church, the commercial organizations—add every real, worthwhile business factor in the town and community.

The Chautauqua is a community college. If education is profitable, if culture is desirable, if morals pay, if clean entertainment is preferred to rot, if progress beats stagnation, if our community really cares for the choicest things the times can afford—we must boost the Chautauqua.

Business is not altogether a question of dollars. It is, or should be, equally a question of enlarged community life and cooperation—whatever keeps your town on the map.

The Chautauqua is a matter of city and community concern. It should be interpreted as such by all our people.

Catch the Chautauqua spirit—everybody.

### State Treasury Is Now Replenished

Columbia, May 6.—Four million dollars goes into the state treasury

as the result of the state finance committee's success in borrowing that amount of money for financing the state's educational program, under the 6-0-1 law and the school-aid act, until taxes are collected next winter.

The finance committee accomplished a remarkable feat. It went into the market some days ago, to borrow four million dollars, expecting to get a low rate of interest. Instead, the best rate obtainable was over 6 per cent. All bids were rejected and later new bids were received. They again were rejected because of the high rate. It was then decided to sell state notes to banks and individuals in small amounts and receive bids again on May 4.

In receiving new bids on the loan, the state committee got a rate of 5 per cent, according to Comptroller General A. J. Beattie. Twenty-two banks subscribed to the notes, and the total amount was oversubscribed. The Peoples Bank of Columbia and affiliated banks subscribed to \$1,500,000 of the notes, the largest single bid. By the plan of placing the notes in small amounts and getting the lower rate, \$50,000 was saved.

### IN MEMORIAM

My Dear Mother — Mrs. J. E. Bishop

Oh, Mother dear, you were so near, It breaks our hearts from you to part. Your loving smile was always sweet, I long again with you to meet.

Your life on earth so sweet has been, So kind and true to home and friends; Thy loving heart was always kind; Your memory sweet lives in our minds. We loved you, dear, as life itself, But God has loved you better still, And taken you on to heaven's glory, Which gives our hearts a rapturous thrill.

Mrs. Tom H. Stevens, Daughter.

### WRITES OF MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday is Mother's day again, and to me it is the saddest day of all the year; for 15 years ago our dear mother was taken away and those who have had the same sad experience know just what it means to lose one so dear. But we cannot complain, for we know that our Heavenly Father doeth all things well; and I earnestly hope that He will comfort and bless every one who has had so great a loss; and to those who have their mother still, especially the young people, I

**Heart to Heart Galk**  
By John Joseph Gaines, M.D.

### HOUSES

As a small boy, one of the most amazing passages I found in the New Testament, and one that taxed my credulity the most, was the one containing assurance of "houses not made with hands." Had I not believed in God's word, I would have branded it a glaring falsehood.

Young manhood came, and with it—broader perceptive powers. Rambling through a wooded pasture, I saw a snail creeping by the side of a fallen three-trunk; he was occupying his house, which hands had not part in building. It was a real home, too; one that filled every requirement of its owner.

You and I live in houses not made with hands—these wonderful bodies of ours. They have been called temples, where the spirit of God dwells. Whether they are so, I must let the builder of the universe judge. I know that such a spirit may dwell here—if the

temple be kept clean and fit for such a tenant. The spirit of God, it seems to me, has but little room in a temple dedicated to moral leprosy.

We may own a hundred hand-built houses; may go in and out of them as we please; we may regard them as the last word in architecture, beauty and comfort; we may lease them to others; but this house not made with hands is different; it requires our first and best care. Even the most trifling neglect may destroy it forever, and, when we once forsake it, we cross its threshold no more.

It is my house not made with hands that gives me the most concern; it is worth inestimably more than any habitation that I myself might create. Therefore I will keep it clean inside and out, and be vigilant to protect it from dangerous and destructive influences. I want it to last at least a hundred years, if possible.

**GUIDEPOSTS TO Health and Happiness**  
By Bernarr Macfadden

### WHY BLAME THE COLLEGES?

Not so very long ago a man, prominent in the business world, created quite a sensation by his caustic criticism of college girls.

"When they graduate from college," he said, "they are thoroughly ignorant of a lot of things they ought to know. Their brains are twisted by psychology, logic and philosophy and a lot of other stuff that only the man or woman who intends to make it his or her life's work, should meddle with. And along with this useless learning, they have acquired another sort of education that they might well do without. I refer to cigarette smoking, the use of slang, paint, powder, lipsticks and high-heeled shoes."

To my mind, this man is unfair in his generalization. There are all sorts of college girls, just as there are all sorts of school girls and business girls. Why blame college for the perversities of human nature?

College girls, just like other girls, know that cigarette smoking is harmful, but most of them smoke because it makes them feel smart and sophisticated. For the same reason they use rouge and lipstick and slang and "spike" heel shoes. This is their idea of fun—but is it worthwhile when it takes away from their sweetnesses as well as the strength of wholesome girlhood?

In the matter of high-heeled shoes, I heartily agree with this critic. They

are actually physically injurious for a number of reasons, chief among them being that they throw your whole body structure out of line, and displace organs that bring pain and suffering in later life. They jar your backbone with every step. They make you staid and sedate; stiff and rigid. And why not—since the high heel is nothing more than a short still. It is the deadly parallel of the vicious and cruel practice of foot-binding in China, that the enlightened Chinese are now abolishing.

But with the low-heeled—or better still, the heelless shoe, your whole mental outlook changes. Try it and see. The delicious feeling of freedom it gives invites you to run and skip as you did when a child. You are glad to be alive.

To get back to the college girl—the colleges themselves are not above criticism. In the past they have been notoriously lacking in their attention to the requirements of health. Many girls and boys have studied themselves into semi-invalidism in order to pass examinations. Some have even committed suicide through overwork.

Education is useless unless it builds up the body, broadens the intellectual facilities, increases one's reasoning power and gives one the desire and ability to solve life's greatest problems. Such an education is a gold mine of infinite depth.

would say: Be good to them, love and try to make them happy while you have them. They, too, will be gone some day, so just remember that you will have no other so good and true as your own dear mother.

Ah, my mother she was true, To her children and her home. She was kind and good and true And loved us all.

'Twas her hand that touched my brow;

I can almost feel it now.

You will never miss your mother until she's gone.

Mrs. Byrd Meadors Byars, Newberry, S. C.

### DEATH CLAIMS YOUNG MAN

E. C. Briggs Passes Suddenly At Home of Sister. Funeral Service Held Saturday.

E. C. Briggs, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Briggs of this city, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Julia Griffin, early last Friday morning, death being due to heart failure.

Mr. Briggs had been in ill health for several weeks prior to his death. He unexpectedly grew worse Friday morning and passed away within a few seconds, his death coming as a great shock to the family and his circle of intimate friends.

The funeral service was conducted from the residence Saturday afternoon, with the Rev. O. M. Abney, Rev. C. Bynum Betts, and Rev. L. E. Wiggins, officiating. Interment followed in the family burial ground in the Presbyterian cemetery. Active pallbearers were: Lew Hatton, S. W. Sumner, Dr. S. C. Hays, Wm. Bailey Owens, Dr. R. E. Sadler, Jodie Chandler, Pierce Ferguson and Dan Ravenel. A large concourse of friends and relatives were present to pay a last tribute, and many beautiful floral offerings were laid on his grave as a token of esteem.

Mr. Briggs was a member of one of the community's oldest and best known families and had lived here the greater part of his life. He was well liked by many friends who will learn of his passing with genuine sorrow. He was in his 40th year of age.

The deceased is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Julia Griffin of this city, and Mrs. T. J. Anderson of Greenwood.

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**AT SHADY GROVE**  
Mother's and Home-coming day will be observed at Shady Grove Presbyterian church, Sunday, May 12. This special service is to begin at 11 A. M. The morning sermon will be by F. G. McHugh, ministerial student at Presbyterian college, following which lunch will be served at the church. T. H. Grafton, of the Presbyterian college faculty, will have charge of

the afternoon service, which begins at 2 o'clock.

Mr. Snipes of the college, will have charge of the song service during the day. Former members and friends of the church are invited to attend.

### What Do P. S. JEANES Do?

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