

# The Chronicle

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WILSON W. HARRIS Editor and Publisher

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CLINTON, S. C., MAY 16, 1929

## 16 PAGES

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

Presbyterian college goes before the citizens of Clinton next week with the appeal to contribute fifty thousand dollars in the general campaign to raise the debt of the college. The request is not an unreasonable one.

There are annually between thirty and forty students in the college from Clinton high school and Thornwell orphanage. Some of these boys might go elsewhere to school, but doubtless the majority of them would not be able to enjoy the privileges of a college education were it not for the fact that there is within view of their own homes an institution that gives to these students between \$5,000 and \$10,000 per annum over and above the fees that appear on the bills. This, in itself, would make the college worthy of the most loyal support of the town of Clinton.

In this day and time, the benefits of a college education are well nigh incalculable. More and more, higher training is demanded in the business world as well as in the professions. The marts of trade are calling for men trained and equipped in head as well as in heart, in manners as well as in the great virtues which have always been the pride of the Southland. The college is the training school for the finest youth of the land. In those impressionable years between seventeen and twenty-one, to come under the guidance of men of character and scholarship, to brush up with cultured men of different communities and of different viewpoints—this is to give him a shove forward in his social and intellectual development that might normally require a decade in the common school of experience, where rough edges and corners do not claim friendly attention but are objects of guarded censure.

Then, too, the college means much to the general cultural tone of the town. Many of its citizens—a higher and higher percentage each year—are college men, and these carry the college viewpoint into their family, social, and church circles. The wide awake Clinton is the product of a wide awake college. Like ancient Athens, the city will be known for its collegiate institution when other things have perished. The spirit of the Presbyterian college dominates and moulds the thought life of the town far more than the average person would realize. Clinton is what it is because it has breathed the influence of men like Jacobs, Bean, Spencer, and Douglas.

And Presbyterian college is the child of the town. It has been nourished, reared, clothed, fed, and watched over by the people of the city. It has been their college. It is our college. One of the proudest monuments to the unselfish industry and philanthropy of our citizenship. To allow it to perish when we can throw out the life-line and haul her into port would be calamitous. P. C.—our college—the school for which we have loyally toiled, the place where our young manhood has touched the idealistic and the noble elements in life. A man isn't going to turn his child adrift. Nor will Clinton cease to hold a sheltering arm over the future of Presbyterian college.

Of course, also, the college means a great deal to the merchants and business concerns of the town. Two hundred and fifty students here for nine months of the year. Naturally, the clank and jingle of their coins will be heard on the counters of the city. But Clinton is not supporting the college on a commercial basis. Out of a love for an institution whose value

cannot be stated in fives and tens, the citizenry of the town will band together for a work that is really an expression of the noblest factors in the make-up of the loyalty and devotion of the heart.

It won't be difficult to raise fifty thousand. Not long ago, no difficulty was found in raising an equal amount in stock to organize a new industrial enterprise. There may be no money returns to this investment for those whose children will not matriculate in the college, but there are other returns that are more precious. To see the young manhood of the community getting a square deal, and knowing that you helped give them the chance Life owes them—that's worth many a dividend.

This is no attempt on our part to say to any one just how much he should give to this call. Your duty can be determined only by yourself. But it is to be a love offering—an expression of appreciation for what the institution has done in the past—a gesture of confidence in the future of one of the state's foremost educational engines—a dedication of one's goods for the promotion of a work that will make the community a better place to live in.

Presbyterian college—a name dear to thousands who have received the impress of her name upon their lives. If Clinton fails, help will assuredly come from another quarter. Who knows but that this may be the finest opportunity the town may have for decades to add a stroke to the painting of a fine picture of cultural progress in this section of the Atlantic seaboard. We would not have others step in to take our place in this work which is peculiarly and joyously ours.

Fifty thousand dollars for Presbyterian college. Give it your earnest support. Let Clinton make this effort a notable success.

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

The following excerpt from the New York Herald-Tribune is quoted in the March number of Ginn & Company's little publication called "What the Colleges Are Doing":

"All that a modern state-university president has to do is to produce, every few months, a learned paper to dazzle the countryside, manage the intricate machinery of his several-million-dollar corporation, keep his army of temperamental, absent-minded, underpaid professors cheerful and alert, understand what the university's archaeological expedition is doing in southeastern Abyssinia and raise money for it, deliver occasional uplifting chapel talks to the student body, attend the ball games, lunch with a rich alumni, who might give new dormitories or laboratories in honor of their favorite maiden aunts, entertain the visiting English lecturers (and arrange for the deans to entertain the Americans), keep in touch with the members of the state legislatures who are making up the budget for next year, and with bright new assemblymen who hope to make the headlines by denouncing frills in education, and lecture occasionally to the Norfolk County Cheese-makers Cooperative Association, the Suffolk County Grain Exchange, the Wessex Central Trades and Labor Council, and the Essex W. C. T. U., as well as the State Chamber of Commerce, the Steubert Society, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, pointing out to each and all how the University serves every citizen of the state and notably

assists them in their particular tasks and problems".

With a few alterations of names and locations, the writer of this paragraph might well have been presenting an intimate cross-section of the life of President McSween of Presbyterian College. Although P. C. is not a state university, its president might well qualify as the president of a state university, if the above is a true conception of what happens to them.

During the few months that have elapsed since his acceptance of the presidency of the college, Mr. McSween has been globe-trotting with a vengeance. Leaving out the expedition to Abyssinia, he has probably engaged in every one of the delightful pursuits that are described in the quotation—and he has probably done two or three of them at once, when times became particularly pressing.

His tours have carried him westward of Texas, eastward as far as the Atlantic ocean would let him at low tide, southward to some point probably in the lower reaches of the Georgia jungles, and northward to where people roll their luscious r's and eat beans. A smart statistician, in if good form, might possibly tell us that if Mr. McSween had been a bug, and if he had been crawling across a map instead of choo-chooing up and down in the world, and if he had been dragging after him a fountain pen of suitable size—that the lines he would thus have drawn on the map of the country would have looked like a spider's web, and that South Carolina would have looked like one great and glorious blot on the 'scutcheon.

Mr. McSween has probably spoken between 739 and 911 times in the Palmetto state since last September. He has addressed every conceivable type of organization, including civic clubs, and has traveled a good many more miles than it is from here to Ooltewah, Tennessee, and back again. Right now he is a great deal better known in South Carolina than the college is.

The president of Presbyterian College is a go-getter. Between his energy, his speaking ability, and his dynamic personality, he comes pretty near carrying everything before him, when on a campaign. It is impossible to estimate the number of friends that he has raised up for Presbyterian College through the clear and straight-forward and convincing way he has of saying clear and straight-forward and convincing things.

### YOUNG SENIORS TO GRADUATE

Grammar Pupils To Hold County Commencement Friday Night. Address By Dr. Sutton.

According to information received from Miss Kate Wofford, County Superintendent of Education, the County Wide Commencement will be held in the auditorium of the Laurens City School on Friday night, May 17. The exercises will begin promptly at eight o'clock, and the following program will be presented: Devotional Exercises—Chorus—Praise the Lord, oh My Soul. Glee Club Laurens High School. A word of welcome—C. K. Wright, Supt. City Schools. Glee Club Laurens High School. Address: Dr. W. A. Sutton, Supt. Atlanta City Schools, Atlanta, Ga. Chorus—Ole Carolina. Glee Club Laurens City Schools. Delivery of Certificates. Miss Wofford states that Dr. Sutton is one of the outstanding educational leaders of the South and is a wonderfully inspiring speaker. A full story of his life was carried last year in The American Magazine and many people in the County have read of his spectacular rise in the field of Education, beginning with the teaching of a small country school to the

superintending of one of the South's largest school systems.

Miss Wofford further announces that reserved seats will be held for the parents of the graduating class until 7:45, after which hour all vacant seats will be filled by friends.

The Boy Scouts will act as ushers for the exercises.

### We Believe In Our College

Our people should rally to President McSween and his committee in this drive for \$50,000.00 for Presbyterian college. All who have given in previous drives have had no cause to regret it. Just imagine Clinton without our college. How different it would be. All the advantages Clinton has derived from the college cannot be recalled in one thought or even mentioned in one article, but every one knows there are many. The college has had a gradual growth and, with it, Clinton has grown and still grows. The Clinton people are proud of our college with her able faculty and the splendid families, her fine student body going in and out among us, her substantial buildings and her most beautiful campus. Clinton will continue to stand by her college.

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has been lost. The above certificate issued in name of Virginia Sadler and is payable to her father or mother. (Signed) Rufus E. Sadler, Father of Virginia Sadler. May 6, 1929—5-16-29c.

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# Presbyterian College Our College

On May 21st, a drive for \$50,000 will be launched in Clinton as our contribution toward liquidating the institution's indebtedness. It must "go over the top" and will if each one puts his interest and efforts into the campaign.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE IS ONE OF CLINTON'S GREATEST ASSETS.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE NEEDS OUR AID AND INTEREST IN ITS PRESENT CRISIS.

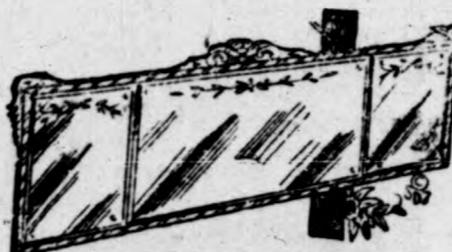
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LIFE A MYSTERY

Take the delightful uncertainty, the guess-work, the "gamble," if you'd call it that,—take these elements out of life, and life loses interest.

The mystery of tomorrow — who would have it otherwise? The uncertainty of what may happen—how seductive! I would not know the future if I could; the hope that it be bright arouses all the faith of which I am capable; and life without faith is but dull, drab, mean existence.

Why, the few things we are reasonably sure of in the future are the very things that bring dread. We don't like to think about death, sorrowing mourners, and the like—so we turn hurriedly to dreams—to hopes of eternal life; and right here, the mystery holds a world of comforting reassurances.

I certainly don't want to know exactly what will happen tomorrow, next week next year; I might not sleep

well tonight, or for nights to come. I prefer the amorous dream of golden possibility, that tempers me to combat possible disaster, like the loss of a small bet in life's great game of chance.

Good men and women have committed suicide to escape calamities which they felt sure would come. Ah, they were not sure. Nobody can be absolutely sure of the future, or what it may bring—and that's a mighty comforting fact, it seems to me, to tuck away in one's bosom especially if he has tendencies to see only the dark side of things.

I have no use for the "fortune-teller," or for any one who claims ability to peer into hidden realms and make forecasts for me. To accept life with its entrancing uncertainties, its inspiring gambles, its happy conflicts—to win some of its ten thousand victories—to overcome evil with good—what better doctrine than that?