

# 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.

CLINTON, S. C., JULY 18, 1929

## 8 PAGES

### A THOUGHT

Man and His Fellow Mortal.—A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—Prov. 12:10.

Prayer.—May Thy mercy extended to us, our Father, be shown by us to all Thy creatures.

Too many crooks follow their natural bent.

The American dollar is the only successful universal language.

There must be a big surplus of uncut dress-goods stored somewhere.

The great need is not a gas that won't burst into flames, but prejudices that won't.

It would suit many of us if we could dodge responsibility like we do automobiles.

The average man worries a lot more over being wrong if he discovers he has lost some money.

### THE WIFE AND THE KIDS

That tender regard which the normal man has for his wife and children is the corner stone of modern civilization.

Men have stolen for home and children, but only when face to face with starvation. Men have killed in defense of the hearthstone. From time immemorial men have waged wars to safeguard the homeland and the helpless inhabitants thereof.

On the other hand, men have robbed and killed when inflamed by drink, or beside themselves with anger, or caught in the grip of avarice. But a man has never thought of his mate and his children with that tender affection which is well-nigh universal without becoming himself a better character for it, and adding another brick to the building of a better world for them to live in.

Look inside the real American home, with its many attractions and its happy family, and know that it stands as a monument to man's truest devotion to the wife and the kids.

Visit the modern development of the little red schoolhouse and realize that our democracy and tranquility are due in no small part to this system of free education, and put down another run to the credit of the influence of the wife and the kids.

So with the church, the playground, the park, and a hundred and one other fine agencies for happy community living. All of them are practical workings out of man's thought and regard for the wife and the little ones.

### BLIND MEN

In the "Buddhist Philosophy of Life" you will find this sentence:

"There was a man born blind and he said: 'I do not believe in the world of light and color. There is no sun, no moon, no stars. No one has ever seen these things!'"

All about us today there are men who say: There is no such thing as love. There is no such thing as loyalty. There is no such thing as unselfishness. There is no such thing as virtue. All these things are but dreams and visions.

Why do they say these things? You think that perhaps they do not dream what they say. You think they are just talking for effect or to raise an argument.

The case is sadder than that. They give voice to this belief because they are men who are blind. Perhaps they were born as blind men and never had a decent chance to get their eyes open. Perhaps they have become blind through habits of thought and action. At any rate they are like the man in the Buddhist book. They are blind and they say that there is no love, no loyalty, no virtue.

They are men to be pitied because they are spiritual cripples.

They have never experienced the finer emotions of life in their own darkened lives. They have not had those emotions often enough and strong enough to believe in their reality.

You who read this may never look out of the window at night. Nevertheless the stars are very beautiful. Be sure of that.

The next time you hear a man or a woman deny life's beauties, its spiritual achievements, its satisfactions, its deep and worthwhile experiences,

and the fact that the world is filled with good people; do not be misled.

Life is all right. Folks, for the most part, are all right. But you are talking to a blind man.

Have a look at yourself, too, and your own emotions and conclusions. When you are discouraged, when you find yourself cynical, when you doubt the eternal verities, make sure that you are not becoming a blind man.

For the blind man in the story said that there were no such things. We acquaint ourselves with the like of him and we find he has no eyes to see. How about ourselves? Are you a blind man? Am I?

May we all have enough of love and loyalty and unselfishness in our own lives to enable us to recognize it in others.

## Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

### FREE ADVICE

#### How to Kill a Boll Weevil

1. Catch her.
2. Lay her on her back.
3. Pull left leg off.
4. Fill hyperdermic.
5. With calcium arsenate.
6. Insert hyperdermic.
7. In leg wound.
8. Skeeet 2 skeets.
9. Remove needle.
10. Step on boll weevil.
11. Call a spider—(ambulance).
12. The end.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY

1. Don't lend.
2. Don't borrow.
3. Don't buy on credit.
4. Don't sell on credit.
5. Keep sober.
6. Marry.
7. Raise children.
8. Work.
9. Play.
10. Pray.
11. Be punctual.
12. Don't break a promise.

#### HOW TO BE MISERABLE

1. Drink booze—to excess.
2. Borrow what you want.
3. Buy what you need on credit.
4. Dodge your creditors.
5. Earn 50 dollars a week.
6. Spend 40 dollars a week.
7. Don't marry.
8. Loaf half the time.
9. Stay away from church.
10. Disappoint everybody.
11. Knock your town.
12. Wait for business to open up.

#### HOW TO LIVE ON 10 DOLLARS A WEEK

1. Give 1 dollar to charity.
2. Realize that you have 9 dollars left.
3. Be honest.
4. And live within your 9 dollars.

flat rock, s. C. julie 16, 1929.

mr. henry ford,  
deetroit, mich.  
dear sir:—

I have been thinking for some time of buying one of yore cars, but up to now, am still shy 75% of the down payment ansforth. I like yore sedams o. k., but why in the name of common sense don't you put a spittoon in them? do you expect a fellow to stop and get out every time he wants to spit? if you do, i would be out on side of the road nearly all the time, as brown's mule sure is juicy. rite or foam and let me know if you can put on the attachment referred to.

yores trulie,  
mike Clark, rfd.

### COTTON LETTER

New York, July 17.—Somebody said it was raining in Texas this morning, and July broke 25 points, then somebody else said that it was a mistake—it was only cloudy in Alabama, but October swooped down to 18.67. Curtailment and boll weevil infestation had a weakening effect on bed spreads, yet the shorts seemed long (faced) near the close. The farm relief board has decided not to charge the farmers and the speculators the same discount rate on advance, so walk up and take your choice. The communist agitators still think the capitalists ought to give them the mills, and then pay them double wages to run same, therefore, we advise selling. We believe in shorter teddies and longer wheel-bases—through the summer months.

The talkies costs more and are worth less. The good old funny pictures and interesting escapades and real worthwhile acting have been relegated to the junk-heap, and a few screaming-squalling men and women with voices that sound like a cross between a fife and a saxophone are on the stage singing some kind of something that nobody cares to hear. And furthermore, they sting you to the tune of about 50 cents for a 10-cent "talkie," and everybody knows that an old time "read-ie" is better and lots more entertaining. And "deef" folks have to stay at home besides.

If any of you happen to be wondering why a great many business men are hauling their goods on trucks, just ship something via railroad a distance of about 100 miles, and you'll get the answer to your wonderings. Railroads don't like to make short "hauls," we

understand, but judging from their local freight rates, "long hauls" are made on short-distance pulls.

I am just like Hoover in many respects. I can't sleep late in the morning, and I enjoy fishing a great deal. I believe in enforcing the laws of the land, and also like waffles. We differ a little in the matter of income. His salary is 75 thousand dollars a year, while mine is 75 dollars a month. Our hats are the same size, and there's only 4 sizes difference between our shoes, (I wear a 6.) Mr. Hoover ought to appreciate the actual relativity that apparently exists between us.

I asked Uncle Joe once if he had laid up anything for a rainy day and he said that he got along very well on rainy days, and when he needed money the worst was when the sun was shining—so's he could get out and spend it. He is an habitual cigar smoker. He bought a cigar in 19 and 20. He chews O. P. (Other Peoples) tobacco, and anything from Brown's Mule to Navy is satisfactory: it's generally a case of "What have you?" At times, nearly all of us are afflicted with Uncle Joe's sponging malady.

### WITH THE PRESS

#### TO JACK ANDERSON AND HIS GALLANT CREW!

(From The Laurens Advertiser)

The Advertiser has been approached by numerous citizens, among them city officials, suggesting that we say "something nice" about the fine work performed Friday night by the Clinton fire department when it gave such valuable aid to this city's own fighting force in putting down the disastrous conflagration which appeared imminent. This paper has not nice enough words at its command to express fitting what ought to be said about the Clinton fire laddies, but when we pass it on to them that an appreciative sentiment is unanimous in the city they will know that the labor that they performed up here and the spirit in which they performed it were not spent in vain. While our folks are not lacking in appreciation of the magnificent work done by the home boys, they recognize that the aid rendered by the Clinton fire laddies with their splendid equipment was gallantly performed and deserves our thanks and plaudits. We herewith present them!

#### LEFT ONLY \$4,500

(From The Spartanburg Herald)

General Bramwell Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, who recently died, left an estate valued at \$4,500. That within itself is a true index to the character of the man, who went about doing good. Poor in material wealth and things, he was rich in character and service to mankind. Unlike some in high rank in the forces classified as those of morality and righteousness who seek the ways of the world to amass fortunes and feather their nests, Bramwell Booth spent almost the entire of his long life lifting up the fallen, giving food, sustenance, shelter and necessities to the outcast and forsaken, ministering alike to body and soul. In this world of sin, shame, suffering and sordid selfishness he found too many men, women and children destitute and suffering and forsaken arresting his attention to devote his talents and energies to money-making or building up a personal fortune.

#### CLARENCE HARPER

(By Robert Quillen in The Fountain Inn Tribune)

Clarence Harper died last Wednesday.

His life was a fine tribute to the character of Thornwell orphanage, where he spent his boyhood.

He learned to set type in the orphanage print shop, and when he was in his early twenties I gave him a job in the Tribune office.

He lived in my home and was like a member of the family.

When the great war came he was drafted. It seemed an outrage, for he wasn't strong and was helpless without his eye glasses. They had thick queer lenses that no one else could see through at all, and if he had lost or broken them he would have been like a blind man.

Of course he was unfit for duty in the trenches, but he was taken to France and assigned to an outfit that carried wounded men from the field.

It was a nightmare of horror for a boy of his delicate sensibilities. He told me after he came home that he never gained sufficient control of himself to carry his end of a blood-soaked litter without stopping once in a while to be sick.

He was gassed during one action near the close of the war, and came home an invalid. His lungs were cut to ribbons and his nerves were shattered.

I asked him to work for me again and he came and tried it. But I was laid up at home with a case of grippe that hung on for weeks, and when left without guidance he went to pieces. His poor shattered nerves couldn't bear responsibility and he surrendered to panic.

I hated to part with him, for he was one of the cleanest and finest boys I ever knew and I loved him.

He tried to work in other shops for a few years but finally gave up and went to a Government hospital in Florida. It was spinal meningitis that

killed him, but the gas had cut his lungs and robbed him of vitality and he had no strength left for a fight.

He was another victim of war, and no war ever claimed a lad of finer honor, cleaner mind or more wholesome character.

I lift my hat to you, Clarence.

### THIS MAY BE THE TURNING POINT

(From The Dillon Herald)

The high iodine content in South Carolina vegetables is attracting the attention of men in high places. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, junior senator from New York and national known writer on health topics, speaks in glowing terms of the food value of our vegetables, and now we are told that John J. Raskob, the multimillionaire chairman of the Democratic party, is forming a big syndicate to establish canneries in this state. This is good news, if true. Maybe the discovery of the high iodine content in South Carolina vegetables marks the turning point in the rehabilitation of the agricultural industry of the state. When a descending object hits bottom it either rebounds or lies dormant, and since the coming of the boll weevils there is no denying the fact that agriculture in South Carolina has hit bottom. The price of land has almost touched the low point of the nineties when cotton was selling at from three to five cents a pound and the nation was in the throes of a money and industrial panic. But in those happy days one could buy bacon for five cents a pound, a suit of clothes for \$10 or a good hat for \$3, and it is probable that the economic condition of the country was much sounder than it is today. There is not much hope of general prosperity until land values become normal again, and it is idle to think of land values returning to normal until the earning power of land is increased to the point that it will show a substantial profit. There is no profit in a yield of 150 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, and it is beginning to look as if we must pin our faith to the high content of the South Carolina vegetable.

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### WHAT TYPE OF TIRES SHOULD YOU HAVE ON YOUR CAR?

You drive differently than your friends do, don't you? Some of them are fast, hard drivers? Some use their cars much less than you? Some stick mostly to good roads and travel slow; some go everywhere?

Is it reasonable to suppose that the same type of tire will stand up equally well on different cars under such different speeds, roads, loads and distances? Very well, then, what type of tire will carry YOU safely and without trouble, the way YOU drive and until you trade in your car?

Perhaps a very low price Speedway or a Goodyear Pathfinder will doo. Or you may need a Goodyear All-Weather in the regular type. Or possibly an oversize. Or the heavy duty. Let us "take your measure" and fit you out. Depend on this: We won't try to sell you anything better than you need just because you can afford the best. You can trust us.

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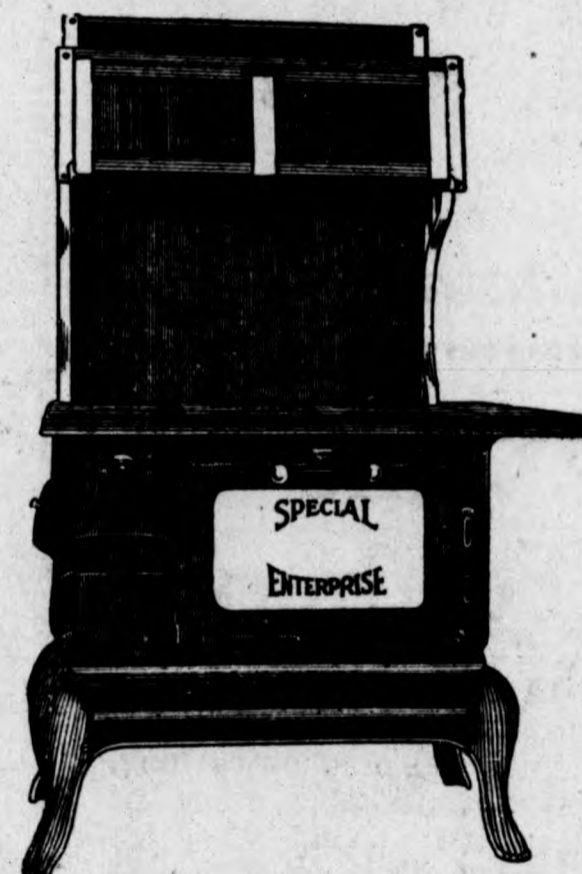
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