

# The Clinton Chronicle

Established 1900

WILSON W. HARRIS, Editor and Publisher

Published Every Thursday By  
THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Subscription Rate (Payable In Advance):  
One year \$1.50; Six Months 75 cents; Three Months 50 cents

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Clinton, S. C.

The Chronicle seeks the cooperation of its subscribers and readers—the publisher will at all times appreciate wise suggestions and kindly advice. The Chronicle will publish letters of general interest when they are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. This paper is not responsible for the views or opinions of its correspondents.

CLINTON, S. C., AUGUST 1, 1929

### A THOUGHT

Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.—Matt. 6:20.

Roger Babson says:  
One dollar spent for a lunch lasts five hours.  
One dollar spent for a necktie lasts five weeks.  
One dollar spent for a cap lasts five months.  
One dollar spent for an automobile lasts five years.  
One dollar spent in service for God lasts for eternity.  
—Missionary Survey.

This is true, however, a rolling stone never gets covered with mites.

The martyrs are all dead, and along with them most of the statesmen have gone.

The bootlegger sets one good example. He doesn't drink his own stuff.

If automobile prices keep on falling, they can soon afford to give you a new one with every set of tires.

A man could wear out the knees of his pants praying, of course, but it probably never has been done.

It is a pity, but some people never get any flowers until after they have been carried to the cemetery.

Correct this sentence: "Man wants but little here below."

Another good way to get rid of some pests is to lend them a little money.

All compliments received are the property of the person giving them and should be returned.

For patience Job has a rival in Luca Boz, an aged Italian who waited 28 years for a chance to shoot his brother.

### MR. OWENS' ARTICLE

An article of much historical interest appearing in today's paper, is furnished by W. E. Owens, well known local citizen. It is the roll of Company F, 14th Regiment, S. C. Volunteers, Confederate Provisional Army of the '60's, and gives the names of that gallant band organized at Langston church near here in 1861. Of the original personnel of the company, it is significant that only four members are still living.

The roster of names touches practically all families of this community in some way, and will be a valuable historical document for years to come to the descendants of these noble heroes long since passed over the river where wars are unknown.

In preparing this information for publication, Mr. Owens has rendered a real service that will be appreciated by many. The Chronicle at his request, is glad to give space to the article in this issue.

### A FINE START

It is gratifying to the community to know that Clinton's new silk mill, brought here a year ago through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, is now being successfully operated. This statement is substantiated by the fact that its first dividend has been paid its stockholders within the past week. To earn and pay a dividend within the first year of a new enterprise's existence is unusual, and this speaks a splendid management on the part of those who head this corporation.

The mill was organized early in last year with \$60,000 invested by a large number of local stockholders and a similar amount by the Hazelton interests of New York, headed by W. J. Hadfield. These manufacturers have been in the silk business for more than twenty years and the history of their northern industry has been consistently successful and profitable.

The bringing into a community of a new industry, especially at this time when the country is flooded with wild-cat schemes, and smooth-tongued blue sky salesmen, is a risky undertaking. That Clinton's new enterprise has "gone over" successfully should make us all feel good and make it easier in future years for our community to attempt other projects with enthusiasm and confidence.

Congratulations are in order.

### THE REAL THRILL

A current magazine has an article on "The Thrills of Perfection." This

is a fine thought and one worth a great deal of consideration.

We in this world will never understand the full meaning of perfection, but we may set our hearts and brains and hands to its attainment.

And the more closely we pursue it the nearer we will come to genuine happiness.

There is no thrill like that which comes from contemplating a job well done—a job done as well as anybody else could have done it—whether the job was great or small in nature.

No matter how small the job, it is worth doing well. It is worth putting your very best into it.

And if you make shoes, or cultivate a cotton or corn field, run a store or bank, or a newspaper, or milk cows or break bread, you will never be quite so happy as you are when you review your work and realize that nobody under the shining sun could have done it any better.

When you get that thrill, you are not going to worry very much about anything else. You have arrived.

### TO PAVE IT AT LAST

There will be interest all over the state in the announcement that the Clinton-Kinard road contract has been let and work will soon get under way. With its completion, there will be an all-paved highway from Columbia to Greenville.

This missing-link for a number of years past, cannot be considered as a local connection. It is a state-wide thoroughfare, a part of the connecting link of the mountains and seashore. Likewise, it connects Clinton with Goldville, the fastest growing town in the county and the home of the Joanna interests. It is therefore an extremely important road, both from a local and statewide viewpoint.

This link should have been paved several years ago. It has become somewhat of a football to be kicked about, "killed" and postponed for various reasons. There has been too much "politics" as everyone has clearly seen.

It is gratifying now to know that all previous opposition and causes for delay, are now behind us. The road will be hard-surfaced. Every motorist called upon to travel this miserable stretch of highway will rejoice.

### WITH THE PRESS

#### VALEDICTORY

The swan song of the St. George (Me.) Beacon, a sprightly publication which lasted several months, varies somewhat from stereotyped forms and is rather frank:

"As we find it impossible to do ten days' typesetting and presswork besides clam digging, fishing, lobstering, washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, mending, smoking, chewing, gambling and drinking, we have decided to terminate the brief existence of the St. George Beacon, and this issue is the last flash from our literary lighthouse.

"We may say we had to absorb eight bottles of 8 per cent home brew to assuage our sorrow, gloom and disappointment caused by the receipt of word that the newspaper trust had decided not to buy the Beacon. We would have gladly accepted ten million for it, payable in German marks, or a pound of butter and a couple of Nagle's rye loaves with which to still an aching void under our belt.

"But, as we have always failed at everything, except keeping out of debt and minding our own darn business, it is only natural that we should keep up our record of chronic failure, especially as editing the Beacon is similar to seasickness—all going out and nothing going in.

"And now we wish to thank all those who so kindly patronized us."

#### A SECRET OF YOUTH

At a recent luncheon a speaker observed that we find children charming because they are growing.

I liked the thought because I believe it offers a clue to the source of what we know as charm. Most things in nature are loveliest in their growing state. The minute that growth ceases, decay begins.

Fortunately, human beings can grow as long as they can breathe. Men and women in their seventies are charming if their minds are alert, and if they are interested in their environment. I recently read extracts from the journal of John Burroughs. He began the journal when he was forty and he was making entries when he was eighty-three. The quality of the observation and expression in the lat-

er writings gives no suggestion of age.

I quote a few lines, written in his last year, just to prove the point:

"Wonderful morning, clear, calm, and warm. The valley full of fog, which does not take flight, but ebbs and flows and melts till, at eight, not a vestige of it remains. At seven, not a leaf was stirring, only the plumed grasses waving a little. I walk up the road. See a hummingbird bathing in the big drops on the foliage of a small ash tree. Never knew before how the hummer bathed."

Although an octogenarian, Burroughs was alive, still able to see beauty in common things, and still able to get a thrill from learning something new.

I have begun to realize lately that I am getting on, and I am studying older men who have charm and personality, hoping to discover what is the secret of their seeming youth. The noonday speaker suggested the answer. Those of us who wish to keep ourselves in condition to be acceptable to others must maintain a kinship with our environment, and keep the channels of our mind open so that new ideas may enter. We can keep young by always growing.—Imperial Type Metal Magazine.

### Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

#### It Is Vacation Time Again

Uncle Joe went to the mountains on a vacation year before last. He owned no automobile at that time, so he made the trip in his two-horse wagon which was pulled by two mules, the same being under mortgage to the livery stable and a graphophone company and a lightning rod agent, but these impediments did not prevent the aforementioned livestock from averaging around 14 miles per day.

Uncle Joe took Aunt Minervy along to do the "turns," and he carried all of his gounouns except Judie and Polly and Cardui and Sammie and Bill and Joe and Sallie Sue. He left these "five-head" at home to look after everything. He arrived at Pigback in due course, and made camp. Everything portended toward a most magnanimous time, as the poet-ess would say.

It was the purpose of all concerned to take things easy while at Pigback. It seems that everybody left all of their troubles at home. It happened that the vacationists in question parked within 150 yards of the "Rest Long" boarding-house which was owned and occupied and run by Mrs. Sarah Mandy Jones from some place up North.

Mrs. Jones was doing some renovating at "Rest Long" and found that she had 3 or 4 good (?) cotton mattresses to sell, it being her intention to keep fewer boarders than had been her custom in the past. She bounced Uncle Joe for a trade and as Uncle Joe was shy on mattresses, he agreed to pay Mrs. Jones 1 dollar apiece for them if she'd wait till he caught enough fish in Blue Water creek to pay the obligation off. This arrangement suited all around.

Uncle Joe's folks tried to sleep on those boarding house mattresses the first night, but not a wink of repose came while they were seeking the services of Morpheus through the medium of counting sheep and trying to repeat the multiplication table backwards. The inmates of the camp resumed their slumber efforts on the pile of fodder which Uncle Joe brought along in the wagon.

Aunt Minervy decided that the mattresses ought to be denuded and the contents thereof put to some good use, and denuded they were right there and then. Uncle Joe stated that he got 24 pounds of oat straw and 29 corn-cobs and 12 pounds of shucks and 4 bunches of hair and quite a lot of chaff out of those mattresses. He said that the boarders had worn the 19 pine knots he found so smooth that they looked like polished billiard balls. He fed those mattresses to the mules, that is the straw ansforth, but kept the cloth and burnt the pine knots. He remarked that summer boarders ought to fetch along their own bedding if they are seeking peaceful sleep. He went home and forgot to settle with Mrs. Jones.

#### Fetch Up Some Ice Water

While wondering around over the world seeking what I might devour, I frequently run into the unusual as well as the uncommon. Now just last week, I stopped at a nice hotel in a nice town. The man agreed to let me have a room for a whole night for only \$6.00, and because I got in late, the rate apparently had nothing to do with the price of that room.

Well, that room had a bath attached and a good bed with the hotel's name engraved on the counterpane and a pretty brass spittoon was in evidence right close to the little desk, but as I don't chew or smoke or drink, I found no use for the depository. The carpet on the floor was soft and oozy, and everything was "apple pie," but derved if I can see why the use of a room for 8 hours is worth \$6.00, but that's the price I paid. A boarder in an ordinary city can rent a room as

good as that in every respect for 10 dollars a month.

I slept as hard as I could that night so's I'd get my money's worth, but if "down yonder" is any hotter than it was in 708, may the paths that I am to trod from now on be strewed with fewer temptations. I sweated and perspired and rolled and tumbled till almost time for the cock to crow, and woke up 3 hours later with a crick in my neck. There was no electric fan available: they went with the "10-dollars-and-up" rooms, only.

I had occasion to gaze upon a real he-flapper the next morning. He blowed into the coffee shop while I was coffee-ing. The first thing he did was pull off his coat and hang it on the rack. He wore no hat. His shirt collar was wide open and his britches were exactly the size (at the foot-end) of a guano sack. He looked like his mother had swatted him in the face the day he was born with a coal shovel, and his stature evidenced a lick on his head by his daddy before he got able to do more than stand alone. And I hope he busted the wash-pot all to pieces with that lick.

Gosh, folks, that guy certainly had a good opinion of himself. He ordered those good-looking waitresses around just like they were slaves. I looked for one to soup-bow him, but she didn't. Did you ever watch a smart Aleck function? Well, if your stomach is not too w. a. k, fry that stunt on your eye-balls the next time one me-

anders around in your midst. I understand that it is against the law in some states to kill he-flappers of the type herein described, but it and the Volstead law ought to be repealed.

The orchestra and everything were

probably worth my 6 dollars, and inasmuch as I had 3 dollars and 25 cents left when the time came to depart therefrom, I suppose to complain would be anarchy, however—2 dollars is enough to pay for any of those 6-dollar rooms.




## WAIT A MINUTE — — Deliberate — You may be going too fast — Don't skip the pause that refreshes

GREENWOOD COCA-COLA  
BOTTLING CO.



OVER 8 MILLION  
A DAY

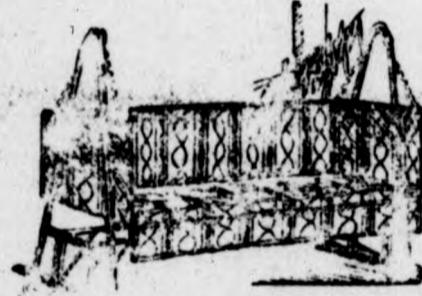
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

**DRS. SMITH & SMITH**  
Optometrists  
  
SPECIALISTS  
Eyes Examined — Glasses Prescribed  
15 West Main Street Phone 101  
Laboratory for Prompt Repair Service  
Clinton, S. C.

What Do  
**P. S. JEANES**  
Do?

# For Your Comfort These Hot Summer Days

Make your home cool, comfortable and livable — why try to "make out" when just a few dollars will provide the necessities.



**GLIDER PORCH SWINGS**  
Nicely upholstered, cool and comfortable.  
Prices: \$17.50 up

The Only Shade Made With A Ventilator

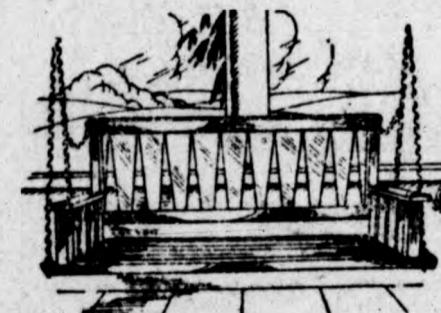


**Vudor**  
VENTILATING  
PORCH SHADES

and  
CLOTH AWNINGS  
Makes your porch cool and shady.



**PORCH ROCKERS**  
Several sizes and prices — all made of rock maple, with cane seats, either natural or enamel finish. Very low prices.



Home-made Ice Cream is best and cheapest. Made in a few minutes in one of our freezers.

Our Wood Porch Swings are cheap but strong, comfortable and well finished.

COME TO SEE US

Everything for the home at prices you can pay.

# WILKES & COMPANY

CLINTON — Two Stores — LAURENS