

# The Clinton Chronicle

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CLINTON, S. C., AUGUST 15, 1929

### A THOUGHT

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings before mine eyes; cease to do evil.—Isaiah 1:16.

There is evil in every human heart, which may remain latent, perhaps, through the whole of life; but circumstances may arouse it to activity.—Hawthorne.

### THE IODINE STORY

The Chamber of Commerce is to be congratulated upon bringing Dr. Weston here Tuesday evening to speak on South Carolina's iodized vegetables, fruits and milk. While he was heard with interest by an unusually large audience, his message should be given to every man and woman in the state in order that the opportunities facing our people may be fully understood and capitalized.

Conditions in South Carolina have been at a low ebb for the past few years, especially with our agricultural people. The discovery that our farm products are rich in iodine content and scientifically regarded as the best known goiter preventative, will bring untold wealth to this state once the glad news is properly given to the world. It should encourage diversification, the bringing of more canneries to conserve these native grown vegetables in their high percentage of mineral elements, and stimulate our people to more extensive trucking, dairying, orcharding and other efforts besides raising cotton.

Dr. Weston's message is one of encouragement. This gospel of iodized foods is now being pushed. The hope is that our people will become aroused. The opportunity is far-reaching. The time is at hand for a combined and concerted action.

Dr. Weston's message should be heard in every hamlet in the state.

### THE HOME MARKET

A large department store of Philadelphia has advertised recently what it terms a "Home Market Sale." It is specializing in merchandise manufactured in Philadelphia. Its purpose is to improve the home market for home-made products.

This is good business and a agitation is needed. To buy home-made goods and home-grown fruits and vegetables is to keep money in circulation at home.

This community makes and raises a number of articles and food products in general use. How many of them, we wonder, are sold at home? How many people, price and quality being equal, think to ask for products of local industry?

The time is long since past, of course, when any community can be self-sufficient. The day when each household lived largely by its own labors, or at least when any village might withdraw itself and continue to get along fairly well, is long since gone.

However, if we use at home what we make at home, we keep both the goods and the money. It is a factor in prosperity worthy of the attention this merchandising firm is giving to it in Philadelphia. The example is worthy of emulation in this community, and everywhere else.

### DESTROY THAT RAGWEED

Authorities say that about 90 per cent of cases of hay fever are produced by the pollen of blooming ragweed. We are not ourselves susceptible to hay fever, but there are hundreds of people in Clinton who are. What are often called cases of summer cold are in fact attacks of hay fever. Dr. Evans says that about 40 per cent of sufferers from hay fever sooner or later develop asthma. Both hay fever and asthma weaken and impair the physical organism and open the gates to the inroads of other diseases and so they are economically expensive. Surely none of us can be indifferent to the welfare of others. A little effort, a little expense is surely not to be considered when so much of the welfare of others is at stake.

Each one should consider himself a committee of one to uproot and burn every ragweed on his premises. There are great patches of luxuriant ragweed all over Clinton. The city administration, the city health board, the physicians, everybody should get busy at once and see that not a single one of these nefarious plants is allowed to survive in our city limits. Our farmer friends can probably be relied on to help in the surrounding countryside. The chairman of the New York

health board issued an order the other day that all ragweed in Greater New York should be destroyed at once and those that failed to heed would be held accountable. It ought to be a matter of altruistic service. Let us ALL get busy at once. The ragweed is blooming.

### FINDS A LOST CITY

Always in the news! And he deserves to be. Charles Lindbergh.

His newest interest is air photography. While flying over a Yucatan jungle he discovered a lost city of Maya. He also has done some very important aerial photography of ancient ruins in New Mexico and Arizona.

The story of these latest accomplishments had to be pieced out from clues. Lindbergh, who has one of the biggest "news names" in the world, says very little about what he has done, and much less about what he intends to do.

In Sweden, where Lindbergh's ancestors came from, people believe in accomplishment rather than talk. This seems to be Lindbergh's belief too—and he is going right on, doing one important, vitally significant thing after the other. Constantly widening his interests.

And—refreshing in this day when everyone seeks the limelight—he is letting others do the talking.

### MEET MR. HOWE

There has been much justifiable criticism that the weekly column by Arthur Brisbane formerly published in this paper, along with thousands of others, while good, was and could be only a rehash of his column written for Hearst dailies and others, and since it went to the dailies by wire, it therefore was stale by the time it reached country newspapers in mat form.

The hope has been expressed by many that we might be able to find a writer of equal merit who wrote straight to the hearts of people living in the country towns, and whose work would reach them as fresh, timely copy, and who was tied by no affiliations.

That writer has been found and his name is Ed Howe—the Ed Howe whom the late Dr. Frank Crane called "The Sage of Potato Hill."

Beginning today his weekly column, "Here's Howe," starts in The Chronicle and we are pleased to make the announcement. The Chronicle's constant aim is to give to its readers the very best features to be obtained.

Don't fail to become a regular reader of this famous writer's column in this paper.

Born at Treaty, Ind., in 1854, Ed Howe has been in and around printing offices since the age of 12, and has always lived in small towns. At 12 he was already an accomplished typesetter, and after several newspaper jobs and ventures he became in 1877 editor and proprietor of the Atchinson, Kan., Globe, which he made the most famous weekly newspaper in the United States by filling its pages with his clever observations on life. He retired over thirty years later, after becoming world-famous and writing several important books, among them "The Story of a Country Town."

Ed Howe has the most thorough insight into small town American life of any present-day writer. His work has a deep human appeal, and is presented in a simple, homely style—his articles have all the qualities of good conversation between plain people. "Plain People," by the way, is what he named his autobiography.

It was Ed Howe who said "It is better to be safe than sorry." In fact, many of his epigrams have become part of our national inheritance.

He is the leading exponent of country journalism—though he has had many offers, he has never consented to work in a city newspaper office. His life has been devoted to Atchinson, Kan., his chief interest, he has somehow found his way into the hearts of the entire world and is known wherever English is read or spoken.

### TO CLEAN OFF

#### SARDIS CEMETERY

Sardis Cemetery association makes the announcement that the cemetery will be given a thorough cleaning on Tuesday, August 20th. All parties interested are asked to be present and to bring all necessary implements for the work. Also to bring basket dinners to be served on the grounds.

### Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

aug the 15 1929.  
flat rock, s. c.

deer mr. editor:—

I have made a few world's records myself and them long flyers and ocean crossers aint got nothing on me. I have wore the same set of mustash for 47 yr. this coming next fall and I have peddled beef in the same beef wagon ever since I started out during the growth of 18 and 88 and brown's mule is still o.k. with me. I have went with out a neck shave for 14 yr. that is a record onner count of warts and moles. If you don't think these statements is true, please rite or foam me and I will run and have you examined, ansforth.

yores trullie,  
mike Clark, rfd.

My wife's kinfolks came to see us not long ago, and after staying 8 days 14 hours, 54 minutes and 27 seconds, they loaded up and drove off. As we have only 7 extra oeds, some doubling up was necessary in the sleeping line. I was bedded 2 nights—with little Archie and Sudie. Archie seemed to sleep best with his heel in my mouth, and Sudie laid cross-wise all the time and kicked me in the ribs with vim up till after midnight. And then I bought a cot. They were all very fond of steak (which is fetching 55 cents a pound bone and all), and we have 14 fewer chickens now than we had once upon a time. (Doctor, do you think my nerves are improving any?)

### Cotton Letter

New York, Aug. 14.—The weather man was bullish on the opening and rain was predicted in Texas and Oklahoma, but as it cleared off without showering any, December declined to 19.64, a new high for the week. A soda water clerk in Tennessee puts the acreage under cultivation this year at 48,776,868, which is five acres more than the government's guess, and in consequence of this boost, spots will possibly break to around 14 cents as soon as the farmer gets a bale or two ginned. We advise curtailing the use of wash rags and gasoline.

If there were not so many "bear" legs the bare-leg fad would become more common. The rayon and silk producers ought to feel mighty thankful for warts, freckles, very-coarse veins, superfluous hair and off colors of the nude. These afflictions alone will save them from bankruptcy.

We understand that the highway department will have 300 good jobs open in a few weeks. Only the kinfolks of the commissioners and men with strong political pull need apply. The jobs in question will pay \$275.00 per month, and the duties of the jobholders will be to keep the English sparrows from pecking holes in the cement pavement, 1 man to every 2 miles. Squirt guns and fly swatters will be furnished by the department.

### Something New Under the Sun

I have just recently invented a doodle digger for use by the many political lame ducks of this country, who are still waiting on a change in the administration. This doodle digger is simply marvelous and will take place of all previous doodle digger models regardless of price, location, adaptability, or construction.

Now, here's how my new doodle digger is made and operates: it is composed of a wire-spring contraption very similar to that used on a mouse trap, and is attached to the big toe of the lame duck, and it is so arranged that when the said lame duck wiggles the said big toe, a tiny jigger on the end of the spring revolves around and round immediately over the hole of the doodle and gradually goes down into it, and as the doodle comes up to see whatinthehell is the matter, the spring turns loose just as soon as the doodle touches it, and he is "histed" out on the side of the so-called den.

And, furthermore—the lame duck will not have to go to the trouble of saying—"Doodle, doodle, come out of your hole, your house is on fire." A small graphophone record is affixed to the digger which is hung onto the big toe as above stated, and it plays the tune—"Doodle, doodle, come out of your hole, your house is on fire," and continues to play the same as long as the toe is wiggled. This will conserve the energy of the lame duck, but up to this time, he will have to do his own spitting, as my machine is only perfect enough to get the unsuspecting doodle.

The design of the machine is indeed unusual: 8,987 patent attorneys out of a total of 17,899 now located in Washington all say that nothing has ever been invented or ever will be invented that is equal to my doodle digger in appearance, resiliency, compacticity, and lowness of cost of construction. It has a stream-line base and is Ducoed in 14 colors and its wheel-base ranges from 14 inches to 28 inches, this being necessary to fit the many sized toes of the lame ducks which emerged from the offices of the government when Mr. Coolidge was elected.

Of course, my dear friends, Hoover-Democrats who were expecting some-

thing and got it in the neck can use these doodle diggers just as well as old Democrats can. These machines will be on the market within 30 days from this date and can be had from all licensed bootleggers and speakeasies, and the prices will range from 43 cents per dozen to 15 cents apiece, according to finish ansforth. This is going to prove a wonderful blessing to down-and-outers who are still living and hoping.

### NEGRO ADMITS KILLING WILLIS

Says He Was Hired To Slay Greenville Sheriff. Other Arrests Expected To Follow.

Greenville, Aug. 12.—Blair Rook, Negro, held in the Greenville county jail since last Wednesday, has confessed the killing of former Sheriff Sam Willis and claims he was hired by another man to slay the sheriff.

Greenville county officers admitted the Negro had confessed but beyond saying he claimed to have been hired another person in the slaying, although admitting other arrests are likely to follow. No formal warrant has as yet been sworn out against Rook.

The Negro's confession as to his movements on the night Sheriff Willis was killed check evenly with the story told by Mrs. Willis after she had been awakened and rushed into the backyard of her home to see a "tall, dark man in a faded blue overall jacket" run from the scene. The Negro, according to officers, says he threw the pistol with which he fired the fatal shots into a stream during his flight, the officers claim and they are searching the stream in an effort to locate the weapon but so far have not been successful.

The arrest of Rook came about largely through the efforts of Deputy Sheriff George King, officers said. King says he was in Florida some time ago and heard the Negro say

he killed the Greenville sheriff. He could not be apprehended then and King returned to Greenville to become a deputy sheriff. Rook is said to have returned to this city last week and was arrested.

The Negro's confession has been repeated several times since his arrest, officers said, and has been witnessed by several county officials, Solicitor J. C. Leatherwood, and a member of the county delegation.

If the Negro's alleged confession stands up it will solve the two-year-old mystery of who murdered the

sheriff as he alighted from his car in the backyard of his home shortly before midnight on June 10, 1927. After the killing Mrs. Willis and Henry Townsend, deputy under Willis, were arrested and charged with the murder. Both were acquitted when tried in court here.

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