

The Clinton 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. 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., NOVEMBER 21, 1929

10 PAGES

About the most expensive thing on earth is money.

A man doesn't reap what he sows unless he works the crop.

The hardest thing about loafing is buying things on credit.

It often looks like that there are people who take so long in the process of having a good time while they are young that there is not much of life left for other things.

LONG AGO AND NOW

There was a time when there was some cause to warn the people against the danger of using stockings as banks in which to hide their money. It has come to pass in the course of time, however, that when the stockings are paid for there is seldom anything left of a financial nature, to hide in them.

IT STILL PAYS

The state supreme court of California has reversed a decision of a lower court which had awarded \$50,000 damages to a San Jose woman whose husband was killed on a railroad crossing. The higher court based its findings on a precedent established by Justice Holmes of the U. S. Supreme Court who said: "When a man goes upon a railroad track he knows he will be killed if a train comes upon him before he clears the track. If he cannot be sure a train is not dangerously near he must get out of his vehicle and go on foot to see."

Simple enough—this stop-look-listen warning, but folks still keep right on getting themselves killed on railroad crossings.

TO DEDICATE BUILDING

It is gratifying to the many local friends of the State Training school to know that after a patient wait of several years, its need of an adequate school building has been provided.

The new school building will be dedicated on next Tuesday evening with a special program to which the public is invited. Those attending the exercises will be shown through the splendid building and given an insight into the work of the school. This opening event will be followed by a clinic demonstration that will well be worth seeing.

The management has extended a most cordial invitation to Clinton people to join in this happy occasion. Interest in this institution, and the noble work it is doing for its unfortunate inmates, should be evidenced by a large attendance from the community on next Tuesday evening when the new building is formally dedicated.

HOME-COMING DAY

All roads will lead to Clinton on Thanksgiving. It is to be Home-coming day at Presbyterian college, and for the occasion a program of special interest is being prepared. To all former students of the institution, a most cordial invitation has gone forth by letter to return to their alma mater for the day and to join in the celebration and festivities arranged especially in their honor. The response to the call "back home" is expected to be an enthusiastic one, and the event will doubtless prove beneficial to the college in many ways.

The gridiron feature will be the P. C.-Newberry game in the afternoon for which a record-breaking attendance is expected. The Lutherans, long standing and stubborn rivals, are burnishing their tomahawks for the battle and the Blue Hose boys are likewise priming to close their season's schedule in a blaze of glory.

Another interesting event of the day will be the dedication of the handsome new swimming pool presented the college from its loyal friend and benefactor, Col. Leroy Springs. The splendid gymnasium and stadium, augmented now by this modern, perfectly appointed swimming pool, gives the college an athletic equipment that is unsurpassed in the South.

A royal welcome will be given the alumni as they gather "back home" again. Turkey day will be a great day in Clinton.

PAY ROLLS MAKE BUSINESS

The pay roll and pay day are products of our modern industrialism. They did not exist when the human race was divided into slaves and masters, nor even during the period of hand craftsmen when workmen labor-

ed alone in their homes. Today both are commonplace, however.

Perhaps it is because it is so universal and commonplace that people never look upon the pay roll in its true light as the life blood of a community. To the home-merchants pay days have always been good business days, and they have discovered that every day would be a good business day in the town or city whose industries are so numerous and diversified as to make every day a pay day.

Pay rolls mean business for merchants, taxes with which to run local governments, homes, schools, churches, charity, public improvements and public contentment. The more pay rolls the more of all these community assets. And finally, and of still greater importance, pay rolls mean employment for the community's surplus labor and attractions which lure new workers and new families.

For these reasons progressive, growing communities go after new industries. Each new factory or enterprise means another pay roll.

With certain limits, a growing population is beneficial to every community. And, what benefits the community as a whole serves each of its component parts.

Pay rolls make a town's business. Never has this been true to such a large extent as just now.

Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

Page Mr. Trust Buster

Speaking of larceny after trust, at the time this article is being written, the farmers are being paid the magnificent sum of 27 dollars per ton for their cotton seed, but cotton seed hulls are selling on the market at 12 dollars per ton and cotton seed meal is fetching 40 dollars per ton and cotton seed oil is in demand at 150 dollars per ton. Will some friend of the farm relief board kindly explain which woodpile the nigger happens to be in at present? And that reminds me:

Once upon a time, an old darkey came hobbling up to a bunch of college boys with whom he was familiar and said: "See hear, gentermens: if you all will guess how many possums de old nigger has in dis here bag, I'll give you bofe of 'em." One of the seniors who happened to be quick at mathematics and miscellaneous divination replied "2," but the old fellow responded—"Well, I'se gonner stick to my bargain, but I believes dat somebody's done tuck and told you. However, if you will gimme de possum's hide, you can have him for 10 cents."

Farming is full of promises in the spring and summer but is usually overloaded with disappointments at the harvest time. If it is not a short crop, it is a storm, and if no storm has come to ruin your crops, it is the weevil or the worm, and if the weevil and worm have passed you by, it is the price, but the grindstone turns right on and shorter and shorter becomes the nose of the farmer. And that, too, reminds me:

I bought a nice bowl of soup once . . . with my very last dime. That soup was put before me in all its glory. It was seasoned to a "t," it had just the kinds of vegetables in it that my stummick yearned for, and a yellow hunk of butter floated on the top thereof be-speaking the quality of the condiment. I reached for and got a spoon and took my first swallow and smacked my lips amidst rejoicing, and then I dipped deep into the dish and took a second spoonful of the delicious beverage and rejoiced some more in by good luck and just about the time I was ready to fill my open-stretched mouth for the third time a big old bumble bug fell ker-splash into the center of my meal. That's the way farming turns out.

And everything else is just about the same way. If it rains, your umbrella is at home. If it freezes, your overcoat is at the pawn-shop. Miss Sallye Skinner ain't satisfied because that wart on her lower limb isn't above her knee. Old man Stultz thinks Mrs. Smith is much prettier than his own wife. And vitamins are found only in stuff that ain't fit to eat. Everybody seems to be getting along better than we are, and there you are. It's generally one thing or another and some times both of 'em at the same time . . . as the chief bridge player of

our town said when twins arrived at their house.

The Justice Seeker

There used to be a man in our community who was forever and ever taking somebody to law. He would sue you if you looked at him, and if you didn't look at him, he'd sue you twice. "My lawyer" was his favorite hymn and he sung it both day and night. He was primed at all times to meet you at the courthouse.

"Lawsuit Jake" didn't sue every time he felt sue'y. He would swear-and-be-doggoned that he was going to pop the law to a neighbor, but before he got his mind fully adjusted to the pleasant undertaking, he was a-fixing to sue somebody else. (He was a Methodist in 1890, a Baptist in 1905 and died a staunch Presbyterian.)

He sued old man Peter Bostic because he promised to let him thresh his wheat once; he forgot it and permitted Bill Jenkins to thresh his crop of 8 bushels. A Ford ran over a rooster of his one Sabbath afternoon, and by Monday morning he had the Ford attached, the driver in jail, his wife in the lock-up and his children in the poor-house.

Out of the first 324 lawsuits he "staged," he won 2 of them, the judge threw 144 out of court, and the remainder of them simply rotted in the Clerk of Court's pigeon holes. He sold a man a fox-hound one time and the fox hunter agreed to name the dog "Fido," but he named it "Firpo" instead, and before he had time to think, "Lawsuit Jake" had papers served on him for malfeasance in office and obtaining money under false pretenses.

The worst fight "Lawsuit Jake" ever undertook was the time he sued the county in which he lived for cutting a little persimmon sprout on his daddy's farm. In court, he valued the sprout at \$500, and a trespassing charge accounted for \$500 additional, mental anguish was brought in with its demand for \$1,000, and then he asked for court costs, attorney's fees, sheriff's expenses, and \$25.00 for telling witnesses what to swear.

If he ever worked for a fellow or firm, that meant a lawsuit at quitting time. He knew more law than Blackstone. He was noted for talking all the time and saying nothing at all. He meddled with everything and everybody. He knew what a truth was from hear-say only. Thus tempus fugit, and at the time of his death, he had plans laid out for 125 different lawsuits, and if it ain't too hot where he went, he's still busy suing some of his associates down there for incognito and sic semper tyrannis. The only thing a fellow like that is fit for is to furnish the means of decorating a graveyard by permitting a slab of marble to rest over his head of bone. His epitaph reads "Here Lies."

P. C.-Wake Forest Game Is Tie

(Continued from page one)

five or the Blue Stockings. Presbyterian twice got within Wake Forest's 35-yard zone on offense and Wake Forest once recovered a fumble on Presbyterian's 20-yard line, but four plays later had lost 21 yards.

The line-up:
Wake Forest P. C.
Huntington le Bennett
Williams lt Blakely
Denton lg McQueen
Parker c McNaull
Hippis rg Beckman
Webb rt Cheatham
Gregson re Lynn
Quillen qb Green
Hippis lh B. Dunlap
Newsome rh Ritchie
DuPree fb O. Dunlap
Officials: Strupper (Georgia Tech), referee; Foster (Hamden-Sidney), umpire; Menton (Loyola), linesman.

More and More Colds treated EXTERNALLY

A GENERATION AGO, Vicks originated the better method of treating colds externally. Today, the whole trend of medical practice is away from needless "dosing", and the demand for Vicks has increased to "Over 26 Million Jars Used Yearly."

Mothers appreciate Vicks, because there's no "dosing" to upset children's stomachs. It is equally good for adults. Just rubbed on, Vicks acts thru the skin like a plaster; it also gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled.



VICKS VAPORUB

Quarterly Meeting Of County W. M. U.

The quarterly meeting of the Third Division of the Laurens County W. M. U. will be held at Mt. Pleasant Baptist church, Nov. 23rd, at 10:30 a. m. Rev. R. F. Terrell, of Greenville, will deliver the missionary address at 11 a. m. An interesting program will be rendered on the co-operative program of Southern Baptists. Dinner will be served by the members of Mt. Pleasant church, at 12:30.

The churches of this division are Beaverdam, Bellview, Bathabara, Cross Hill, Clinton, Calvary, Lydia, Mountville, Mt. Pleasant, Prospect and Waterloo. All are urged to send delegates from their W. M. U organizations.

Mrs. Edward Long, Pres.

Infant Daughter Passes In Nebraska

The friends and relatives of John C. Davis, formerly of Clinton, but now of Nebraska, will read with regret the following copied from the Garden County News of Oshkosh, Nebraska:

Ruby Laurens Davis

"Sunday noon a little daughter came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Davis, but the blessing was only for a short while. After eleven short hours it returned to its Maker, passing away at midnight. Funeral services were held Monday by Rev. M. J. Harder, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church, and the tiny body was tenderly laid to rest in the Oshkosh cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have the sincere sympathy of their numerous friends."

Mr. Davis is a son of W. Watts Davis of the Rock Bridge section.

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CLICQUOT CLUB **SEC 3** Bottles **50c**
Tax Extra

Bordo Pitted
DATES
Pkg. **22c**

Seeded or Seedless
RAISINS
Pkg. **10c**

R. & R.
PLUM
PUDDING
Lb. Size **32c**

At your A&P Store you are assured of the finest fruit cake ingredients.

NUTS

Mixed Nuts, Lb. .25c
Brazil Nuts, Lb. .19c
Walnuts, Lb.33c
Almonds, Lb.43c
Pecans, Lb.43c

GRANDMOTHER'S
Fruit Cake
2-Lb. Tin **\$1.00**

Flour A&P Plain 24-Lb. Bag **95c** 96 Lb. Bag **\$3.65**
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