

The Press and Banner.

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Published Every Wednesday by
The Press and Banner Co.
WM. P. GREENE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1916.

A FISHING PARTY.

Accompanied by Captains Jack Bradley, Hugh Bradley, Oscar Hammond, Foster Barnwell, Raiford McMillan, Fred Minshall and Bill Greene, we went to Dyson, S. C., on Saturday last to do a day's fishing. We left Abbeville at eight o'clock in the morning and made the trip by way of Greenwood, Ninety-Six and Godsey in fine style. The roads are in good shape most of the way and it is a pleasure to drive over them.

Along the road we received a great deal of information as to the country and the people who live in it from Captain Hammond, who is something of an encyclopaedia on roads, residences and people, and the country generally. We passed no farm-houses and few barns and outbuildings which did not have something of childish or other history connected with them, and it was all related to us in approved style.

The fields along the roads had all been prepared with great care for the new crops, and here and there the cotton was peeping through the ground, and it presented an attractive appearance to us as we whirled along the roads. The small grain is looking pretty well too, but it is needing rain badly, and unless it gets it pretty soon, it will not do so well as it at one time promised.

All along the road we met people going to Abbeville, Greenwood and Ninety-Six. Some traveled in automobiles, some in Fords, some in buggies drawn by fine horses, and some in wagons drawn by the faithful mules from the farms. We were reminded that it was the end of the month, and being the last Saturday in the month, ration day was at hand, which meant an outing for the workers of the fields and a busy day for the merchants in the towns who sell the rations.

We arrived at Dyson a little after ten o'clock. Raiford's father was there dressed in his Dyson suit, waiting to greet us, and on the front piazza of Schumpert's store the statesmen residing in the vicinity of Dyson were seated discussing the war, politics and the state of the country. When we unloaded the seven husky warriors with us, an old gentleman said to us that if Carranza could see these boys he would listen to the United States. He had been reading a Columbia State, which he loaned to us for the purpose of getting an outline of the morning's news. He informed us that the people in that section keep up with the country by reading the State and the Anderson Tribune, (pronounced with a long "i"). We felt no doubt that they were well informed, and we hesitated to ask whether they had ever heard of the Press and Banner.

The City of Dyson.
Dyson is the largest town on the Southern Railway between Godsey and Chappells. It has about nineteen white inhabitants and perhaps a few more colored ones when the brick season is on. The place has three stores, one run by "Shump", one by Mr. Vaughn, the other one we discovered as we were leaving for home, and therefore, we did not learn the name of the proprietor. In addition to these stores, it has the McMillan Commissary, which had by actual count, nine pairs of shoes, eleven cans of tomatoes, twenty-two cans of "simons", and a proper proportion of sardines, tobacco, ten sacks flour, eight pairs of overalls, a little sugar, lard, and other ingredients and a broken sack of salt. It is presided over by Col. J. L. McMillan, sometimes called Jim in Abbeville.

The commissary is located in a joint store and residence. The residence portion consists of the kitchen, a dining-room and two bed-rooms, and "Nancy," a black Due West negro, is the cook and housekeeper, and she knows her business.

The Brick Yard.
Soon after looking over the city, we were invited by Col. McMillan to inspect his brick-yard. Now, it is the Dyson Brick Company, (which is the Colonel's middle name), which has placed Dyson, S. C., on the map. We had not been in a brick-yard since we were a boy, and went to one in Due West run by Capt. H. M. Johnson, where the bricks were molded in forms and turned out to dry. The brick business then looked to us very much like hard work. But it is so no longer. Having attended Kerr's Set-back School, on Greenville Street and learned that there is science in all things, (except Kerr himself) Col. McMillan made up his mind to make the brick business a scientific occu-

pation, or calling, and eliminate everything smacking of work in it. And he has done so. Down in the bottom land, where the clay comes from, there is an up-right steam engine, which operates a cable, running through pulleys on a post a hundred yards away. Attached to this cable is a scoop which is managed by one negro man. It picks up the clay, and is drawn by the cable to an overhead dump near the engine. Here it turns over, emptying its load into a small car, operated by another cable, and which is drawn thereby up an inclined track to the clay mill. There it dumps its load into the mill, and returns to receive the next load from the scoop, and so it works for the entire day with the precision of clock-work, feeding the greedy mill.

The mill itself is operated by a mixer, who knows how to mix the clay with the necessary amount of water, and to turn it out ready to be made into brick. Now instead of the molds as formerly, the clay comes out in a constant stream, the thickness and width of a brick, and is carried along on an endless belt arrangement to a wheel with wire cutters. The cutter-wheel is about two feet in diameter, and is made of two metal plates about two feet in diameter, with a space between them the thickness of a brick. The stream of dirt runs between these two circular plates, and is cut into bricks of the required length by means of steel wires which are fastened between the two at the proper intervals of space. The whole thing is a revelation to a man who has not seen it work.

The brick are loaded as they are cut, onto a push cart with two sets of wheels, setting at right angles to each other. By the one set, the cart when loaded is pushed along tracks until it reaches the air drying sheds. It is then pushed on the other wheels and passed to the proper place on other tracks where the bricks are unloaded and placed for drying in the air. There they remain for six days, and sometimes seven, until they are in proper shape to be put into a kiln. At the end of that time they are placed in the kiln, which is covered with old bricks and cement and made almost air tight, except that there are openings at the bottom reaching across the entire kiln in which fires are built for burning the brick. In order that heat may reach all parts of the kiln, of course the air-dried bricks must be laid with openings between so that the heat may reach all parts of the kiln. When the kiln is completed it holds from a quarter of a million to a million bricks, and it must be burned for several days in order to make the bricks of the proper hardness. It then cools off gradually, and when cooled, the outside covering is taken off and shipments begin. Several cars a day may be shipped, and we were informed that there was demand for all that could be made and more.

The boys were mostly interested however, in the little railroad carrying the dirt, and all of them wanted to ride on it, but we were afraid to let delicate boys like Jack and Hugh Bradley and son Bill try it for fear that we might be called on to take them home in more than one piece.

Getting Down to Fishing.
By the time we had finished inspecting Dyson's great industry the boys had arrived at the conclusion that it was time to go fishing, and we went, but we could not get a bite. Evidently the fish had had one of their men out watching and when he saw us and our companions he decided that it was Ike Walton, himself, and some of his boys, and the fishes all ran off and hid somewhere in the creek, which could not be located. We fished for three hours and were lucky enough to keep our bait unmolested except by the running water. By that time we were in a humor to do some eating, not to discuss the subject of "cussing." We went to the headquarters, washed up and began to get good hungry, and ready for action, when one of the "Supers" came by and said he had a basket in the creek and that we would go over and get some fishes out for the boys. For the sake of the boys we went along, and after walking a mile, we found that the fish had not found the basket, so we marched down the hill again.

When All the World is Happy.
But when we got back Nancy had things right. The big fat hen was baked to perfection and the stuffing and outside dressing was also right. The biscuits were right, and so was the coffee, and the baker's bread, and the sliced tomatoes and the "thickened" gravy, and we were right. We were invited by Col. McMillan to help serve the seven boys, which we did to the best of our ability, but we could never get them all served at once, and we saw the chicken disappearing, and the stuffing, and the tomatoes and everything else, and it looked as if we would never strike bottom. We finally did though, and then Jim and I enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. It

is worth taking a day off to enjoy a dinner like that.

The Greenwood Way.

When we had finished and were about to leave the house for an afternoon with the boys, we handed to Nancy a small token of our appreciation of the good dinner which she had just served. She thanked us, and asked Col. McMillan if we were not from Abbeville. The colonel informed her that we had that honor, whereupon she remarked that she thought so, because the Abbeville "mens" always "gives" her something, but seventeen or eighteen men from Greenwood had been down there and not one had ever given her anything except Mr. McMillan's brother, (who by the way is also from Abbeville.) We advised her that the Greenwood people were very forgetful and to remind them next time that they were about to forget something, which she will no doubt do.

More Fishing and Fun.

In the afternoon, a batteau was provided for the boys and after taking several rides on the ponds under the guidance of Col. McMillan, the boys decided to take another try at the fishing business, and we did too, but we still got no bite, and we swore off. About that time someone of the boys discovered some fish in a shallow pond and in they all jumped to catch them with their hands. The bottom of the pond was somewhat soft and the next thing we knew, all of them were waist deep in water and mud, together, pushing and shoving in an effort to catch the fishes which by this time had been forced to come to the top on account of the muddy water. They gathered in about forty-five small fishes in this way. They then undressed and stormed another pond but without success, and after shivering around for about a half hour they came out and dressed for home. The boys all gave Bill their fishes after Bill had asked us if he might not invite them over for supper to eat the fishes, all of which was agreed on in proper detail.

And thus we spent a day full of pleasure and enjoyment to us and to the boys, and without any unpleasantness whatever except a small altercation between Captains Jack Bradley and Foster Barnwell over a certain fish-hook, which was supposed to have some further charms for the fishes than the other hooks just like it, all of which was finally settled amicably to all parties after the boys had gotten the proper amount of mud on them in the mud-hole.

From all of which we advise everybody wishing to have a good time for a day not to await Jim's second invitation to spend a day in Dyson, S. C., but to avail themselves of the first one received.

GROUND FOR HOPE.

While we are not supporting Governor Manning, we are glad that he is not as a man without hope. The unterrified democrats of Mayesville, S. C., have endorsed him for re-election.

"THE CONTEST AT GREENWOOD"

Speaking of the oratorical contest at Greenwood between the colleges of the state, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian has the following to say:

"Erskine lost out at Greenwood. The fates were against her. Mr. James Bonner did well in the speaking, and was a credit to the college but failed to catch the attention of the judges, some of them being rather old, probably did not hear so well!"

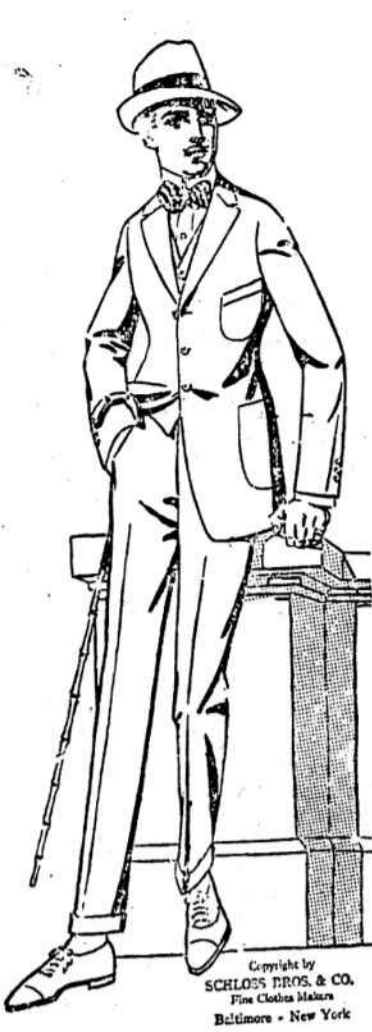
We knew that old man Milledge Bonham, and old man John Gary Evans, and old preached Dement, and old man Jim Park were too far advanced in years to appreciate the Due West brand of oratory, but we had not been informed that they were losing their "hearin."

Due Westers were once supposed to be slow and deliberate in all things but they now call themselves "the wild cats."

NOTICE.
* Write me and I will explain *
* how I was cured in 4 days of *
* a severe case of Piles of 40 *
* years standing, without pain, *
* knife, or detention from busi- *
* ness. No one need suffer *
* from this disease when this *
* humane cure can be had right *
* here in South Carolina. *
* R. M. JOSEY, Lamar, S. C. *
* Route 4. *

To the last drop
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
Is Perfect
Ask Your Grocer

HEADQUARTERS FOR SMART SPRING WEAR FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN



You'll find here the best of the new Spring Clothes-Models, the newest designs, the latest fabrics, the finest makes. We make a specialty of these things, and take a pride in having them. The finest tailors in the land—such well-known style-makers as **Schloss Bros. & Co.** and the **Styleplus** people, have contributed their choicest to this stock. You could get nothing finer, better looking or more stylish if you personally went to New York to select it. Come in and let us show you these beautiful Spring Suits.

One, two and three button English and Conservative models with wide or peak lapels, patch or plain pockets. A wide range of brown, gray or blue mixtures, blue mixtures, blue and brown flannels, and the new gray, blue and black pin stripes, checks and plain blue serges. In worsteds, chevots and homespuns. Coats are half and full mohair lined and beautifully tailored. Suits to fit all men and young men—regulars, stouts and slims. All grades and prices from \$10 to \$25.

FULL LINES OF SMART FURNISHINGS, TOO.

Parker & Reese

The Second Longing Look

Every woman knows what it means, and strives for it—that unerring sign of admiration, the unconscious tribute to superior style, that makes you turn for a second glance.

In all assemblages it is the women whose costumes are made from

Pictorial Review Patterns

who attract the most flattering and admiring comment. No other patterns are so chic—so distinctive in style.

THE LATEST PARIS NOVELTIES

Wide, short, voluminous Skirts, some with distended hip effect, overskirts, of billowy fulness, wing and Fragonard draperies, Doublets and Jumpers, Drooping Shoulders, Close-fitting Bodices, some with back fastening, "Cabby" Capes on blouses and coats, jaunty Sports Coats with novel pockets and belts, 1830 Yokes, Breton Apron Effects, and more novelties in Collars and Sleeves than space permits the telling of.

You will see all these in
The FASHION BOOK for SUMMER

Once you have tried Pictorial Review Patterns you will never use any other kind.

JUNE PATTERNS
now on sale at

Mrs. Jas. S. Cochran
"The Store of Style and Quality" Abbeville, S. C.

High Class Printing THE PRESS AND BANNER Telephone No. 10.