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A DAY THAT IS COMING

In everything there is an accounting or a day of reckoning. It is so in business, and it is so with everybody. For the past year we have been going back from the war-time period to a period of "normalcy." In that time everybody who did business was caught one way or another. Many people lost money. Everybody was in debt, and few were able to meet their obligations.

During this period the creditors have been more than lenient with the debtors. Notes have been carried past maturity on which no interest has been paid; accounts have been carried forward with never so much as a demand for payment; the bank notes for advances and the fertilizer notes remain unpaid; everybody has overdrew at the banks, and people in general have been allowed to do pretty much as they pleased. While the people generally have been doing this, those who were forced to carry them have been going through the most trying times of their existence planning ways and means of carrying the load for themselves and for others.

But this cannot continue. The man who owes a note must pay it. Interest must be paid. The man who traded on open account last year and who did not pay his account had as well make up his mind that there is a limit beyond which the merchants cannot go. The man who owes the banks and the fertilizer companies needs to learn that there is a limit there too. The fact is that the banks, the merchants, and the fertilizer companies have been able to hold off this long only because those to whom they were indebted were inclined to hold off. That time has passed however, and when the bank's creditors and the merchant's creditors, and the fertilizer companies' creditors begin to demand payment, you may expect the merchant and the bank and the fertilizer company to demand payment of you. They are as sure to do it as the sun is to rise tomorrow. It is not a matter of choice with them, it is a matter of necessity. You must not expect these people to be willing to sit down and allow themselves to be used and to lose their credit because you owe them and do not pay, when by your paying they would be enabled to meet their demands. They are not going to do it; they should not be expected to carry the accounts of their customers any longer. The day of accounting; or the day of reckoning is here.

This being the case every man should take stock of his goods and of his prospects and learn of his ability to pay. He should prepare to market his crops, or collect his accounts, and get ready for the day that is coming. The present fall will see the fulfillment of the warning we are giving the people and those who are wise will heed the warning.

We think that the people have lived the present season well within economic bounds. They will no doubt make money this year. We believe they will. They still have their losses of a year ago. These are losses now and the people had as well look on them as losses and so regarding them, they should prepare to meet the inevitable. These losses, mostly in the shape of debts, must be arranged. It were well if those who must meet such debts arranged to do so at as early a date as possible. It is time to begin now. Every man can tell pretty well what he owes and what he will be able to pay the present fall. Having determined that, it is the part of wisdom to arrange in some way for carrying the balance, if there is a balance. It will no longer carry itself. Remember that.

Southerners Themselves Acted.

An unreconstructed rebel in Troy, Alabama, who for years has maintained on the lawn of his home a monument erected in honor of Lincoln's assassin, has been forced by public opinion, operating through the local officials, to remove it to his barn, where only those who seek it can see it.

The movement which resulted in the removal of the monument is extremely important in one aspect which should not be overlooked. So far as The New York Herald is informed no Northerner had important part in the agitation which put the structure under cover. It was started and maintained and brought to a successful conclusion by Southerners, conspicuous among whom was a native daughter of Alabama, Mrs. Cal D. Brooks, president of the Woman's Republican League of that State. The elimination of this bit of stone work from the town of Troy was definitely the work of Southern good judgment and good taste. The monument represented the feelings of the irreconcilable element, which time has shown to have been comparatively small in number. It was removed in response to the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the people of the community.

This development of sentiment is an enlightening incident of the progress of solidarity in the United States the national recovery of which from the ravages of civil war is one of the amazing evidences of its national vitality.—N. Y. Herald.

A LONG WAIT, BUT—

We have been waiting a long time for something to happen up at the Bradley's, on Greenville Street. Somehow or other Jackie got by for a whole twelve months without falling out of the window, shooting the calf of his leg off, or driving the "Buck" into one of the city's trees. But we knew that things would not stay this way always, and so it happened.

This time it happened to "Hoodie." Hoodie is a kind of prize athlete on Greenville Street. He is the finest football player to his inches in the state. He is a baseball player, a coming prize fighter, and, following the illustrious example of his father, he is something of a wrestler. Hugh has been throwing everything which came his way, and consequently his greeting to every new comer was a challenge for a wrestling match.

Well, this went along pretty well until Friday afternoon when Cousin Mike Wardlaw drove up from Troy. And it started off all right then because Hoodie won the first fall, but Mike had noticed that Hoodie always wanted to wrestle in a clean place, so he judged that Hoodie wasn't much of a wrestler in plowed ground and in rough places. So on the second go, Mike kept backing Hoodie about until he got him among the roots of a tree, then he "snaked" him, causing Hoodie to hang one foot under a root, and the rest Mike did.

When the smoke cleared away Hoodie found he couldn't walk so all the spectators had to get him on a plank, and with that into Miss Sarah Barnes' car, and then he was tenderly carried home. As soon as he arrived there, Brother Billy hitched up the "Buck" and carried Hoodie to the hospital, but they wouldn't take him there, they said, because he hadn't washed his face that morning, and then they didn't think he was sick enough to be in a hospital, so back home and up-stairs Hoodie went. And there he lingers. He is getting a good many things to eat, such as plenty of ice cream, iced watermelon, pound cake, etc., and so on, but Hoodie wants to get out to Martin's Mill again, he says, but he "aint gon'er" wrestle anymore with "no old country boys," he says.

Lancaster on Trial

Hamilton, Ala., July 21.—Serg. Robert L. Lancaster, who with eight other members of Company M, Alabama national guard, is under indictment charged with murder in connection with the lynching of William Baird a miner near Jasper, Ala., on January 11, was arraigned here today before Judge Curtis. He will be placed on trial next Monday. A mistrial resulted in a previous trial.

HITS BY HAL

Cornehus Vanderbilt says he works because he wants to. But when he gets tired he doesn't have to worry about how long his vacation lasts.

To work or not to work is not open to debate with most folks. To starve or not starve is the question.

There's a job for every man, they say. But the trouble is a lot of men think they ought to have four men to do their share.

What to wear is woman's only care.

When your wife asks you what she shall wear you'll hit it right if you answer, "Oh, nothing to speak of."

When Mrs. Jones says of Mrs. Smith, "She is a charming woman, but—" it's a bet Mrs. Smith has something Mrs. Jones wishes she had.

That Illinois governor may be small, but he certainly doesn't act that way when he goes after money.

Two rooms and a bath are better than one room and a fire escape.

If it weren't for the usual bills, many folks would have no use for a postoffice box.

Girls may be divided into two classes, peaches and dried peaches.

Hair used to be woman's "crowning glory." It might be now, though nobody ever notices it.

The bath in bathing suit is a fallacy. Out of it, it is a delinquency.

"It seems to me fair to presume that if I had \$5,000 in 1917 I might have it in 1920," said Major Campbell in his Bergdoll testimony. Now, children, do you see anything wrong with that logic?

Editor hits by hal:

I have gave you and the folks who skips your col. a rest for several days but now i hev got sumthin on my mine that must be sed. you know hat, in the ole days when the hoss and Contrary was in fashun folks that wanted to bye sumthin useter cum up to a store they was thinkin of patronizin and hold their animule whilst the pore clerk runs out to take him his plug o broun mule or pice o chewin goom or a side of bacon or whatever it was they was after havin charged. That wasnt so downrite fulish eithr, hal, as eny body what has hoss sense knows that a animule will run away if you leave him by hisself, thow you couldnt git him to strack a trot unilic you was drivin him.

But, hal, them was when nithood on the horse was in flour, as the poit says, are gone away, beat it, vamused an i spect they aint nevr comin back. in there stead we hev with us the moterized aristokrasny which drives their autos up before yr. store an honks and hoots till sum pore fish comes out and gits there order for a dope or a cigar or poastag stamp. They acts as if they was afrade there cars wuld act like a mule an run off as soone as it sees its boss goin away which anybody noes no lizz ever does without no provocashon for they is hard enuff to git to start of when you are redy to go.

Course, hal, i dont run no store nor no ford neither so i am jest a intrested onlooker what might profet by the situashon if i was a min to. fer inst. i culd wait in the store till the cleark gos out to sell the honker a sigar an then swipe hafe of his one box uv broun mule, they dont hardly ever hev moren a box, hal, as they say folks that ride in cars dont chew except when theys sum one on the back seat you doant like which gives them plenty of chancets to send messages to garkia thet will most put there eyes out. But thank goodnes i am onest to say nothin of pore, an i wont take nothin without it be sumthin more valuable than broun mule, but lots of folks is not so partikler about what they lets stick to there fingers an there pock-its is alwise as big as there fingers is sticky.

Hal, i think sumthin oughta be don to releav the pore, harrissed

CHARLESTON BUILDING MODERN NEW HOTEL

Work to Begin in Few Weeks on Twelve Story Francis Marion Hotel.

Charleston, July 23.—It is hoped that it will only be a matter of a few weeks now until work is begun on the foundations of the new Francis Marion Hotel at the northwest corner of King and Calhoun streets.

Bids for the piling and the concrete foundation, that is up to the level of the street and including the boiler room and basement of the hotel, were opened at the architect's office in New York a few days ago and while no awards have been made it is stated that the bids were very satisfactory so far as the cost of the work was concerned. They are within the estimates for this specific work.

Mr. W. L. Stoddart, the architect, has the bids under consideration now and it is expected that after he has concluded certain conferences with the financial interests in New York which are being looked to for part of the construction money the bids will be sent here and that action will be taken soon thereafter.

Mr. William Foor, president of the the company which is to operate the Francis Marion under lease, and the lessee now of such other hotels as the O. Henry at Greensboro, N. C., and the Cleveland at Spartanburg has been in New York and spent several days there before going on to Chicago to attend a hotel exhibition in that city. The Hotel Review of July 16 had quite an extended article about Mr. Foor.

QUESTIONNAIRE TO GET NEWS

Plymouth, Wis.—It is difficult to get folks in most communities to pass the news along to the editor of the home paper, so S. A. Mellon of the Plymouth Reporter tried an unusual scheme recently to stimulate "contribs." Here is a questionnaire he printed:

HAS ANYONE

Died ----- Had a fire -----
 Eloped ----- Had a baby -----
 Divorced ----- Had a party -----
 Left town ----- Sold a farm -----
 Embezzled ----- Been arrested -----
 Come to town -----
 Sold a cow or lost an auto -----
 Had twins or colic -----
 Committed suicide—or murder -----
 Stolen a dog—or his friend's wife -----
 Fallen from an airplane -----
 Fallen into a well -----
 Fallen into a legacy -----

Well then,

THAT'S NEWS

So, phone or mail it to
THE REPORTER
 We make your troubles known.

EVER THINK OF THIS?

(Exchange, unidentified)

There are fancier towns than our little town, there are towns that are bigger than this, and the people who live in the smaller towns don't know what excitement they miss. There are things you see in the wealthier towns that you can't in a town that's small, and yet, up and down, there is no other town like our little town after all. It may be that the streets aren't long, they're not wide nor maybe straight, but the neighbors you know in your own little town all welcome a fellow—it's great.

In the glittering streets of the glittering towns, with its palace and pavement and thrall, in the midst of the throng you will frequently long for your own little town after all. If you live and you work in your own little town, in spite of the fact that it's small, you'll find it a fact that our own little town is the best little town after all.

A Dark Deed.

Life. Alysse—It told him he mustn't see me any more.

Edythe—What did he do then?
 "Switched off the lights."

clerks who hafta run their legs off cause the tin lizzy age is too lazy to hist thereselfs out of there seats long enuff to go in an bye there own stuff an git it chargd. if i was you id rite a letter to the solos an sea if they cant pass a law so thet nobody cant go shoppin cept with a hoss or Contrary.

Yrs. in leage aganst the tin lizzy age of motorised demokrasny.
 i. d. iott.

GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION GETS STRONG ENDORSEMENT

Press Throughout State Making Appeals For Generous Support for Building Campaign.

Columbia, July 23.—Strong endorsement of the South Carolina Good Roads Association is being given by the press of the state and an appeal is being made by the newspapers to the people to lend it their full support.

The Spartanburg Herald declared in an editorial Wednesday morning in speaking of the association that "its appeal for membership should meet with the response the organization should deserve when its task is considered as perhaps the most important the state must perform."

The Greenville News declares editorially that no more important movement has been launched in the state in many years and urges that the people of the state stand solidly behind the new organization.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer declares that the state is planning wisely for the future in the formation of good roads association and an educational association and says the people of North Carolina will follow the efforts of the people of this state with interest.

At the offices of the South Carolina Good Roads Association it was said yesterday that good progress was being made in the campaign for membership, the appeal to the people of the state, affiliated with the organization having met with hearty response.

Among those who have enrolled as members this week are Gustaf Sylvan, B. O. Brooker, W. S. Weston, P. A. Hodges, A. Mason Gibbs, T. I. Weston, Jos. Norwood, Columbia Supply Co., M. Goode Homes, S. B. McMaster, Francis H. Weston, of Columbia; C. G. Rowland, H. L. Scarborough, Sumter; E. W. Dabbs, Mayesville; W. R. Drake, Bennettsville; Jenkins W. Robertson, R. Goodwyn Rhett, Wilson G. Harvey, A. D. Willis, James W. Martin Charleston; J. F. Jacobs, Clinton; A. R. Summer, Geo. B. Cromer, Newberry; B. H. Heyward, Rion; S. I. Sulzbacker, Florence; R. T. Gaston, Che-

raw; J. E. McDonald, Winnsboro; Alfred Scarborough; Bright Williamson, Darlington; W. J. Roddey, Rock Hill; W. D. Morgan, Georgetown; R. E. Ligon, Anderson; W. M. Gunter, Gaffney.

Chief Justice Taft Names Secretary

Washington, July 21.—Chief Justice Taft, announced today the appointment of Wendel W. Mischler, Cincinnati, as his secretary, continuing an association begun 17 years ago when Mr. Taft was Secretary of War. John J. Byrne was appointed law partner to the Chief justice a post he held under the late Chief Justice White.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS

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Public Stenographer

Room 204

Municipal Building

It Is Here

WE HAVE A
VICTROLA
 for you. Come in
 and let us show you
 how easy it is to own
 it.

THE ECHO

"The Really Musical Spot in Abbeville."

A Prescription for Hot Weather Comfort

A few of our new Wilson Bros. Shirts.

Some of our easy fitting Union Suits.

Get a few pairs of our Silk Socks and

some Soft Collars

and don't forget a nice Belt with an

initial buckle.

Two or three of these narrow knit-

ted Ties or if you

like them better we'll show you some neat Wash Ties.

A nice lot of Pajamas and Night

Shirts will be shown you also, they'll add materially to your Summer comfort.

You can avoid torrid day worries and discomfort, by investing in some of these things.



Parker & Reese