

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR HONOR MEMORY OF ALBERT HENRY

Resolution Adopted By Greenwood
Commandery Extols Virtues of
Late Abbeville Man

Greenwood Commandery, No. 5, Knights of Templar, at a stated convocation September 26, adopted the following resolution in memory of the late Albert Henry who died May 3rd:

"Man proposes; God disposes."
Again have the shadows fallen! In every day affairs of life we praise the even tenor of our activities with the full knowledge that—somewhere—the bell is tolling for a loved one who has passed to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Being constantly absorbed with the duties and pleasures of life, we give little heed to the ever-present admonition that the call will come within the circles of intimate association. It is only when the fateful word is spoken marking the passing of a near rela-

tive or dear friend, that we keenly reflect upon the uncertainty of life and the certainty that none is immune from the great natural order that beckons all—relatives, friends, fraters, ourselves—from association with and understanding of what we term "life" in human existence.

Deep and sincere sorrow welled forth when the message came that Frater Sir Knight Albert Henry had suddenly answered the final summons at his home in Abbeville, South Carolina, on the evening of May 3, 1921.

It was but a close yesterday that he mingled with his fraters in Greenwood Commandery No. 5 K. T. So familiar were we with his genial presence that it is indeed hard to realize that Albert Henry has taken his place in the "silent chamber" where dwell so many whom he loved, and with whom he so uprightly served.

His record, his time, his service adorn fair pages in the book of his

community. A member of the Commandery for only about one year, he gave promise of becoming one of the leading members, as he was one of the most gifted and best beloved.

The filmy curtain has fallen; light foot dusk has settled over his life; the Shadow of Death has darkened his career. But a shadow cannot hinder one's progress nor harm one's spirit. To cast a shadow, light is needed. And beyond and above death is light. Death standing beside our pathway merely casts a shadow athwart it, caused by the shining light beyond. One is not afraid of the shadow of a dog; it cannot bite; nor the shadow of a sword; it cannot kill; nor the shadow of death; it cannot destroy. Our brother lives.

In view of the foregoing, be it resolved, by Greenwood Commandery No. 5 Knights Templar:

1st—That in the passing of Frater Sir Albert Henry, we surrender a brother valued and beloved; to his aged mother we tender our deepest

sympathy, and to his brothers and sisters.

2nd—That the State lost a worthy and upright citizen; this Order a Frater of the highest type, and his family a member of whom to be justly proud:

3rd—That a page in our minute book be inscribed to his memory, and as a mark of respect this Commandery, upon the adoption of these resolutions, stand silent with bowed heads for the space of one minute.

Respectfully submitted,
Harry Briggs Wilson,
Francis Eugene Harrison, Jr.
Henry Sanford Howie.

Correct.

School teacher (to little boy)—
"If a farmer raises 3,700 bushels of wheat and sells it for \$2.50 per bushel, what will be get?"

Little Boy—"An automobile."
Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati.)

LOCAL PLUMBER PERFORMS STUNTS ON OPERA ROOF

Ralph Turner Juggles Mortar and
Stands on Head Atop Town's
"Skyscraper."

Besides being an expert plumber, Ralph Turner, who has a shop down by the Seaboard station, is a stunt performer of circus ability. Although an amateur, he confesses that he can do a number of interesting tricks. Occasionally when the mood strikes him, he demonstrates.

Last Friday Mr. Turner was engaged in work that required his being on top of the Opera House. Now the Opera House might be described to the stranger as the local skyscraper, for it is three stories and a basement. In the rear the shielding walls on top are much higher from the ground than they are at the front. Mr. Turner chose that part of the wall highest from the ground to perform a few gymnastic stunts on. First he balanced himself on top

the wall, and, standing on one foot, calmly proceeded to juggle three pieces of mortar. The small crowd of onlookers were not worried about the fate of the mortar, but they held their breath lest the "human fly" should fall—on them. Next, Mr. Turner stood on his head and winked and wagged his tongue at those who could see him.

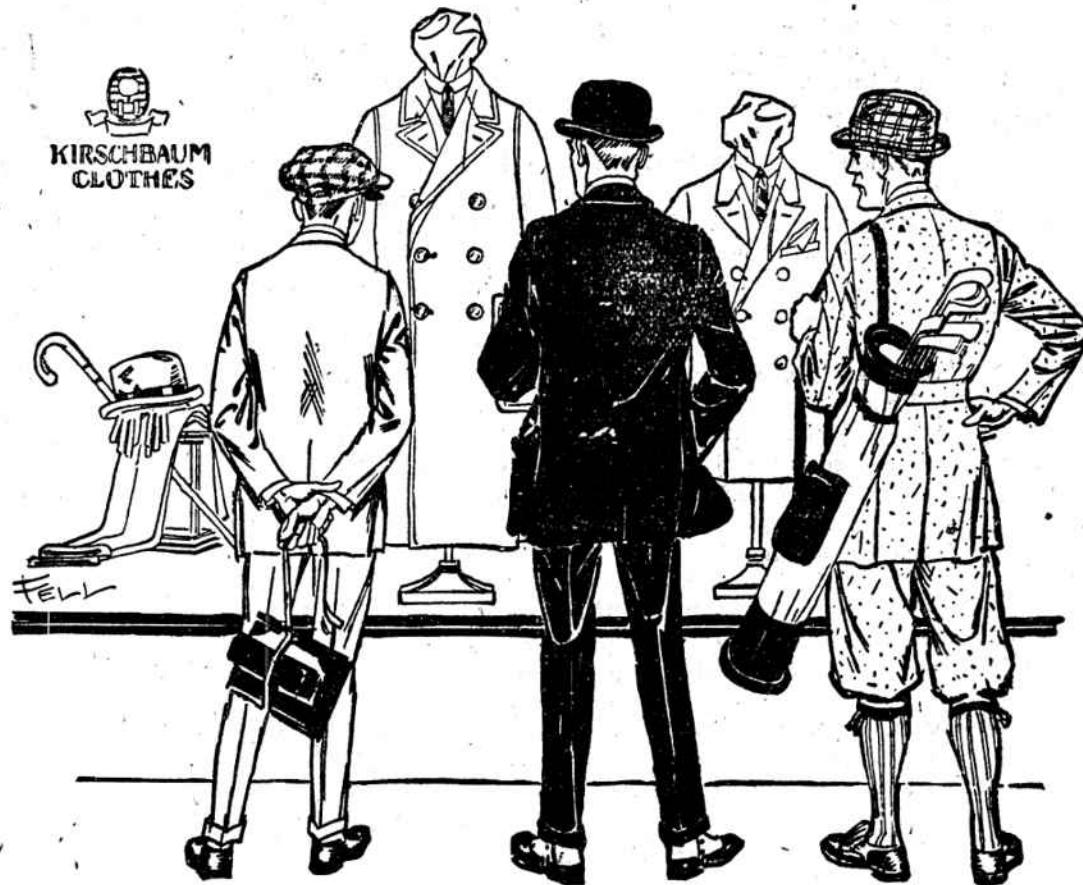
Incidentally to these stunts, Mr. Turner has lived in Abbeville for seven months, coming here from Charlotte. In that time he has made a reputation for good work. Beginning October 1 he will combine in his Vienna street shop the material of a tinner, and will repair roofs in addition to plumbing.

Modern Mother.

"But when you are traveling away from your little boy who reads his prayers to him?"

"Oh, that's all right. We have his evening prayer on the gramophone."
—Strix (Stockholm.)

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