

# Edgefield Advertiser.

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## "SOMEHOW GOOD."

Speech Delivered by Mr. J. C. Sheppard, Jr., in the Last Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

We publish herewith a speech delivered in the last inter-collegiate oratorical contest by Mr. J. C. Sheppard, Jr., a student of the South Carolina University. The speech is reproduced in full, just as it appeared in The Carolinian:

There is a beautiful tradition of an old Greek traveler, who, after wandering over land and sea, returned to his native country completely changed. Time had impressed itself upon his countenance. His hair was gray, his step feeble, his body bent with the load of years. So altered was he that his friends and loved ones did not recognize him. Some one asked, "Who are you?" The old man replied: "I am the sum of all that I have met."

This is true of our individual lives. We are but the creations of our experiences, plus the influence of heredity. The saying of the old Greek is true of the world in general. The world to-day is but the effect of all the thought and action of the past. Reformation, wars, revolutions, all, have left their stamp on the great heart of humanity; there to remain indelible through centuries untold.

But what is the quality of this inheritance? Is the world better to-day than it was a thousand years ago? Will it continue to advance in the future as it has done in the past? Was the poet within the mark when he said:

"Out of the shadows of the night,  
The world is rolling into light,  
It is daybreak everywhere?"

Can we not believe that our minds are being freed from the great darkness of superstitions and ignorance? Is not education enlightening us with that truth, which is "clearer than the beams of the sun or the shining shafts of day?" The creed of progress, the watchword of onward movement is optimism. Tennyson expressed this sentiment when he said: "Somehow good will be the final goal of ill," and Browning echoed this when he said:

"God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world."

Our individual and social blessings are the results of a wholesome optimism. Security of property, freedom of thought, reforms of social and political life; these blessings exist because the optimist has preceded us. It is defect of temperament, pernicious lassitude, and complacent ignorance which crush optimism and dry the springs of hope. Poverty and disease often dull the hues of life; labor, and sometimes life itself is the price demanded of all in return for the privilege of living; yet joy will be with him who, strong in hope, fortified by the glorious achievements of the past, believes that more and more may be accomplished to free man from the chains that bind him, to control man's inhumanity to man, and to lessen man's cruelty to himself.

A great age is this in which we live—we have for our heritage all the experience of the past. Looking backward down the vista of time, we can see the primitive individuals unite; we see him uniting with his mate to form the family. For protection and from instinct the families unite to form the tribes. From tribes the State develops. It is in the drawing of kinship that government finds its beginning, and in physical force that it held its first supremacy. Physical force was not the origin of government, but was its first mainstay. Because of this reliance of government on physical force, the one-man came into power, and kings began to rule. Later as kings began to exercise arbitrary power, the people rose, limited his power by written constitutions, and self-government was instituted by revolution. Then, as now, the chief duty to man was to control his impulses—and in this power of man to control himself and others, self-government has its basis.

This growth of authority is attended by a corresponding growth of intellectual power. Man began to think. He saw the waving beauties of the forest; he felt in his soul the wonderful contrast between night and day; he looked upward, and beheld the heavens, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," "glory on glory, wonder upon wonder"—he saw, he wondered, he reasoned—and science is born! From a desire to know, and from wonder, men began to look into the secrets of nature. Later he began to study himself, and another branch of science comes into existence. Lastly the thought of a Creator engaged his attentions, and the great problems of Theology began to troop through his perplexed mind. Men began to

enjoy leisure, which is necessary for the growth of literature. Law was found to govern in all things, from the fall of a leaf to the shaking of a continent. Galileo, with his telescope, revealed spots on the sun, and discovered to an incredulous world stary plains above. Newton came forward with the law of gravitation, and nature's choicest secrets became the property of science.

Written history opens to us the field of the origin of nations, and teaches us the beginning of races. From the restlessness of nations, from the migration of the Germanic tribes, from the fusion of people was developed the Anglo-Saxon, destined to rule the world. Centuries later the Crusades introduced into Europe the learning and luxury of the east.

A great movement was the crusades, the most idealistic in history; a great thing for the world was the inspiration that gave us science; but the greatest event in history was the coming of Him "who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brow." Whatever may be our beliefs about the man Christ, we all must confess that he gave to us the greatest system of morals the world has ever seen. More wonderful than any miracle he performed is the miracle that a single carpenter, with a few friends, amid a thousand enemies, should have become the ideal of nations and changed the cross from an engine of shame to a symbol of hope and glory.

But a lowly Nazarene, he walked the shores of Galilee, never wrote, except in the sand; yet now each day his words are read by millions. The Christian church of to-day believes that through this life God spoke to the race he had created. His words have come down through the ages, bearing in their path the radius of Heaven, "a light to enlighten the world." In the death of this man, a torch has been lighted that makes sable death luminous, and forced from him his dread secret, translating it into Resurrection and life.

We are living in an age of peace. The staff of arbitration is replacing the sword of war, and in a night time of battle shines the day star of peace. When the engines of war are so developed that one can destroy a ship with its entire crew of 1,000 men war ceases to be war and becomes assassination. If nations would war no more; if the money used in maintaining armies and navies should be used in the arts of peace, how much better would the world be. We believe we can see the fore gleam of that day when peace shall reign on earth and good will (be) to men.

A most hopeful characteristic of this age is its humaneness. It seeks to redress wrongs, to rectify the result of error, and prevent injustice. There are charitable institutions to alleviate every form of want and suffering, and the poor are given the tonic of friendship and encouragement. Humaneness seeks to replace war with peace, and reaffirms the great saying of Sumner, "that the true grandeur of nations is peace." This humaneness provides schools and libraries, the doors of which are open to the poor. Those ministering angels, the daughters of the Red Cross Society, take in charge the wounded of war, and soothe the last hours of those dying in remote and alien lands. But while the spirit of help is strong the means are few. And yet there are thousands owning millions, who never give a dollar for the help of those who need. And though these uncharitable kings of wealth are high in finance and lofty in social position, yet the least in the kingdom of love is greater than they.

This spirit of brotherhood is not confined to any one country or any one people. It ignores geographical boundaries, and penetrates the kingdom of need. Immediately after the Civil War a terrible pestilence-raged in the southern city of Memphis. Pale death stalked with measured tread over the stricken city. Then the sectional north forgot that previous hate and showered mercy on the suffering city. Floods destroyed the town of Johnston, but hardly had the waters subsided when a great wave of benevolence set toward the city. When Chicago lay burning in great conflagration and thousands of its people were scattered over the prairies, the wires dashed the news to every part of this country, and lo, not only this country, but the world, bolted and rebelled with messages of aid, and so well kept were the promises that from the ashes of the old a new city sprang up like magic.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might, Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."

How well it has been said that these instances are indications of a better day. As when in the east we see the first faint gleam of light lightening the horizon we foretell

## COLD SPRING NEWS.

Marriages, Country Merchants Preparing for Christmas

The writer was very much impressed with the article, on the first page of The Advertiser last week, entitled "Boom your own town," thinking that it would be appropriate for us as citizens of Red Hill to put it into practice. If you have not paid close attention to it, hunt it up and read it. We have splendid material here and with a little booming could greatly improve it.

Fields, from which a scant crop of white has been taken, are now covered with luxuriant green with prospects of a fine harvest of brown next spring.

We expect to hear the wedding bells ringing here in the near future. The date for one marriage has been announced and there are rumors of other marriages.

Miss Lula Quarles came home Friday afternoon and brought with her one of her school mates, Miss Ruth Varn, of Colleton county. They remained until Monday morning (better come then than wait until Thursday and miss Col. Bailey's big "turkey dinner.") We are always glad to have the young folks back for awhile and their friends with them.

Cornelius Holmes' smiling face was welcomed among us last Sunday.

Young Mr. Robert Hitt of the Aiken Journal was visiting a friend here last Sunday.

Messrs. Bab Bussey, Tom Brown and Dave Quarles went to Augusta on business last week.

Christmas is in the air out here. H. W. and H. E. Quarles are continually getting in more Christmas goods and we will not be obliged to go off to hunt "Santa Claus" this year. We hope to see our citizens stick to their mercantile establishment as much as possible this year.

Hunting is the favorite sport these days. Partridges, squirrels and o'possums are numerous and most hunters are having better success than Rev. J. T. Littlejohn and Mr. Mellichamp had last Saturday. They went on a big hunt and actually got out of sight of home and killed two rice birds, one yellow-hammer and shot twice at one sapsucker but did not bag him.

X. Y. Z.

The coming day, so we can predict a higher and nobler civilization. I do not prophesy a millennium in the near future—I only speak as one "Who, moving hard against the stream,  
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And does not think it all a dream."

Glorious is the record of what men have achieved. But how much yet remains undone. From all this to be done, is there not an individual duty? We, individually, must work for the world. We must make life a war against ignorance, and must make each day a battle. In the work for manhood there must be leaders, but we can be good soldiers of the line. Astronomers tell us that we can see but few of the heavenly bodies. There is Mars, Venus, Saturn, but there are millions of unseen stars, each doing its duty in the universe. So, if we cannot be great in position we can be in heart, the greatest is the servant of all. We, each one, can be numbered among the lesser lights now enlightening the world.

But with this advance, we yet have great problems. This work-day world is still full of briars. The complexity of modern commerce, the question of labor, the government of our cities, all bring problems which must be met and solved. And withal the greatest problem is the "White Man's Burden." We must bear the "burden" of civilizing and christianizing those who live in darkness. To clear the minds of savages and raise their moral life is the mission of civilization.

As we count over the gains the world has made in the past, and when we realize that the mightiest forces of the age are moral, when we believe that behind the mists and storms of revolution the sun forever shines, and, above all, when we believe that behind the deep unknown

"Stand God within the shadows,  
Keeping watch above his own"

When we believe this, are we not sure that

"In the long days of God,  
In the world's path untrod,  
The world will yet be led,  
Its heart be comforted?"

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RIVES BROS.

## CHEATHAM BEE FARM.

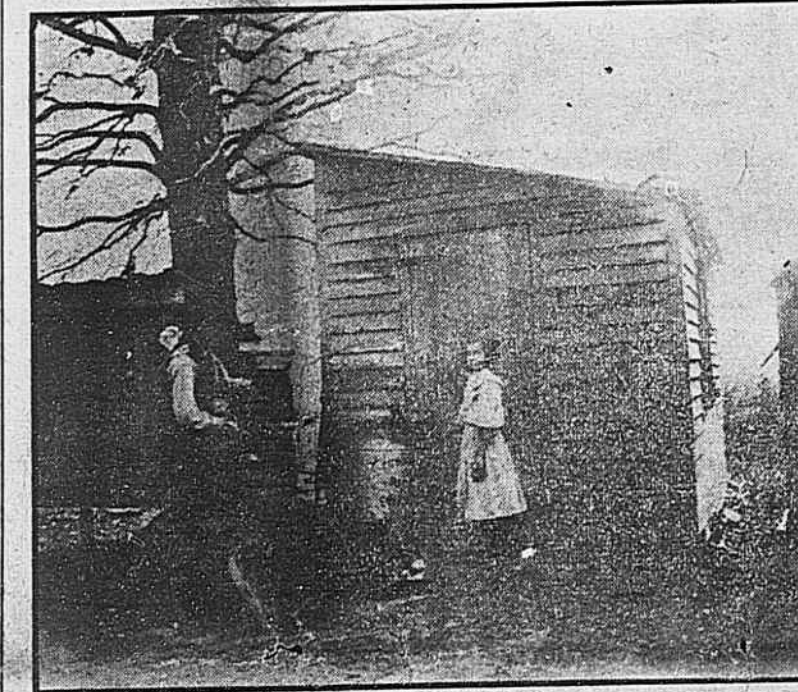
Only Apiary in The County.

More Than Sixteen Hundred Pounds of Honey Taken This Year.

A full day of uninterrupted pleasure is something that rarely comes to the editor of a weekly newspaper, yet that is what the writer enjoyed on Thursday last. We rose with the lark and embarked upon a fourteen-mile journey to the home of Mr. S. Cheatham while the air was crisp, bracing and buoyant. If you want to be rejuvenated, as probably you have never been before—you late sleeper, we mean—just get out early these November mornings, bestir yourself and expand your lungs down to the bottommost cells, inhaling the refreshing ozone and oxygen.

Well—back to our trip. After a delightful drive of two and a half hours over the firm, smooth roads we reined up our steed at the door of our friend, Mr. S. Cheatham, whither we had been invited to witness a real bee "robbing."

Mr. Cheatham resides upon a well-kept, well-tilled farm, consist-



Mr. Cheatham and Little Wofford Extracting Honey.

ing of about three hundred acres, five miles north of Cleora and one and a half miles west of Gilgal church. As one approaches this spacious country home, located upon a decided eminence, he is impressed with the independence and lordliness of country life. A farmer can stand upon his front porch and, casting his eyes over his premises, truly say: "I am monarch of all I survey."

The appearance of Mr. Cheatham's farm betokens prosperity. Scattered in the grove lies twenty-odd bales of cotton. Near by are harrow, mowers and other improved farming implements. In the lot can be seen large, sleek mules and horses and well filled cribs. Out near the road is his store stocked with general merchandise.

Soon after our arrival Mr. Cheatham got everything in readiness and we two went out to the bee-hives to take some honey (the writer being somewhat in the rear). Although the thoughtful host had enveloped our upper extremities in a bee veil and heavy gloves covered our hands, yet the buzz of the tens of thousands of bees was too suggestive of possibilities for us to be comfortable at first. However, after seeing Mr. Cheatham pick up handfuls of bees like one would a handful of shelled corn, entirely unmindful of the location of their "business" end, we became somewhat emboldened.

Each colony or swarm, which consists of some thirty or forty thousand bees, occupies a hive. The style of hive adopted by Mr. Cheatham, who is thoroughly conversant with bee culture in all of its phases, appears something like a soap box. In this the bees live, and the honey is stored in cases called supers that are placed on top of the hive. The supers are about the size of the hive and contain frames upon which the bees build the comb and store the honey. Each well-filled super contains from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey, and sometimes as many as three supers are placed above one hive.

Several supers were carried into the extracting house and here the writer saw the entire process, from the removal of the caps on the comb to the canning for market. Mr. Cheatham wields the large uncapping knife with the skill of an expert. After the cells are uncapped the comb is placed in the extractor, which is operated by pretty little Miss Wofford, the thirteen year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cheatham. She has extracted 1,600 pounds of honey this year. The extractor is simple, yet it does its work very satisfactorily. It consists of a large can about three feet tall and two

## JOHNSTON NEWS.

Lutheran Convention and Other Interesting News.

Rev. W. T. Hundley, of Batesburg, spent a few days of last week in town with friends.

Miss Andrina Ozuts has returned from Rock Hill, after a visit to her sister, Miss Nina Ozuts. The latter is the instructor of music in the Rock Hill High school.

Mrs. Dayton Toole, of Aiken, has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price.

Miss Weinona Lewis is at home after a visit to relatives in Charleston. Miss Lucile Busch, of Saluda, is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Emma Mobley.

Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Black, of Anderson, arrived on Saturday for a visit to the home of the former's brother, Mr. Oscar D. Black.

Mrs. C. F. Strother who has been ill for the past month, was carried to the Augusta hospital on Wednesday evening. She had been at home about a week from the hospital where she was operated on, but a further development of her case necessitated her return.

The monthly Historical meeting

## REHOBOTH NEWS.

Oyster Supper, Cake Walk, Quilting and Happy Times Generally.

The farmers through this section are still busy sowing small grain and picking scattering cotton. Bird hunting is to be the order of the day Thursday, Thanksgiving day.

The ladies aid society will meet at Mrs. S. B. Strom's to-morrow, Tuesday, to quilt two beautiful quilts which will be presented to our pastor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Littlejohn.

Miss Tillie Gilchrist has accepted a position to teach the school between Plum Branch and McCormick. Miss Tillie has taught this school for the past two years in a manner very satisfactory to the patrons.

Mr. J. L. Gilchrist has purchased a farm in eight miles from Augusta, and will move to his new home in about two weeks. He will run a dairy and truck farm in connection with his other farming interests. We regret to see these good neighbors and friends leave our community.

Miss Lula Wash will give a sociable next Friday night in honor of her guest Miss Annie Lanford, from Lanford, S. C., sister of Mrs. R. A. Wash and Mrs. J. T. Littlejohn.

The oyster supper at the home of Mr. R. H. Quarles at Liberty Hill Friday night last was largely attended and was quite a success. The supper, a bountiful one, was served in the spacious dining hall and consisted of stewed oysters, ambrosia, gelatine and pine apple, served with cake. The tables were presided over by Mrs. C. C. Fuller, Mrs. Dr. Sheppard, Mrs. W. E. Sheppard, Mrs. R. H. Quarles and Mrs. Lou White.

The young people enjoyed exceedingly an old fashioned cake walk for two beautiful cakes. The handsome sum of thirty dollars was realized by the good ladies in charge and will be used in purchasing a school library.

Miss Carrie Burkhalter is still with her seriously sick brother, Dr. J. H. Burkhalter in Columbia.

Mrs. E. S. Cothran has rented out his farm and will reside with her brother, Mr. D. I. Morgan.

Mr. S. B. Strom, J. D. Hughey, C. B. Strom and Charlie Morgan were appointed last Sunday as delegates to attend the union meeting at Plum Branch Saturday and Sunday next.

Mrs. J. E. Strom was called to the bedside of her sick son, J. S. Strom, at Greenwood last Tuesday.

SUBSCRIBER.

Carolina Synod will convene here at the Lutheran church on Friday November 27th-30th. A very interesting order of service has been arranged and promises to be of interest to all who attend. Several of the speakers are well known and the members of the Lutheran church are making extensive preparation for the entertainment of all.

A very interesting meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held on Friday afternoon with Mrs. M. R. Wright. Instructive papers were read by Mesdames T. R. Denny, A. P. Lott and M. R. Wright. Miss Lillie LaGrone charmed all present with a selection that she rendered in a very pleasing manner. Delightful refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Mr. C. B. Tidwell, who has been in the mercantile business at Gaffney, will move here next week, and open an up-to-date grocery store and market.

Mr. Edward Latimer, of Macon, Ga., has been visiting his mother, Mrs. L. C. Latimer.

A well filled house greeted Miss May Wills on Friday evening at the school auditorium. This is her home town, and her coming was a delight to all, who were glad to listen to this musical genius again.

Broadus Mobley, the seven year old son of Mr. Allen Mobley, happened to a painful accident on Saturday afternoon. While playing, he slipped and fell into the fire burning the side of his head and face. The burns are not of a serious nature.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Y. W. A., held on Sunday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the year: Miss Weinona Lewis, president; Miss Zena Payne, vice-president; Miss Lillie LaGrone, recording and corresponding secretary, and Miss Lucile Mobley, treasurer.

Rev. Hugh Murchison, of Bishopville, visited relatives here last week.

Miss Hortense Landrum has returned to her home at Batesburg, after a month's sojourn here with friends.

Mrs. Clarence Woodward, of Aiken, has been the guest of Mrs. W. D. Woodward.

Mr. Edmund Perry, of Thompson, Ga., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pope Perry.

One Moment, Please!  
Who's the Town Buster?



The citizen who sneers at his own town.

The citizen who belittles local enterprises.

The citizen who scoffs at home improvements.

The citizen who buys his household goods by mail.

The citizen who gets his job printing done outside.

That man's THE TOWN BUSTER.

## Death of Mrs. Morgan.

The newly-made grave in the cemetery at Hardy's church marks the last resting place of Mrs. Annie Morgan, the wife of Mr. R. W. Morgan who breathed her last on Thursday, after being ill with pneumonia only one short week. The interment was held Friday, the venerable and saintly Rev. J. P. Maling officiating at the funeral, and it was he who officiated at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

This good woman whose sudden and untimely death is mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends was known far and near as being gentle, kind, sweet spirited, self sacrificing and consecrated to the service of her Master. Although she has entered upon that eternal rest provided for those who die in the Lord, yet her beneficent influence shall remain to bless the world, which has been made brighter and better by her consecrated life.

Mrs. Morgan was Miss Annie Thurmond before her marriage, and is survived by her husband and four daughters, Mrs. Nellie DeArmond, Misses Carrie, Bertha, Rebe and Ruth Morgan, her mother, Mrs. M. J. Thurmond, one brother, Hon. J. Wm. Thurmond and one sister, Mrs. P. B. Whatley.

Mrs. Morgan wrote a number of beautiful verses during her life, having possessed decided poetic gifts. The subjoined verses which were penned a few days before she became ill show how complete was her resignation to His will and how she meditated upon things spiritual even in health.

Beyond the aerial blue,  
Where the sky piercing dark never goes;  
Where the stars more brilliantly light,  
Where the angels their white wings disclose.

'Tis there, 'Tis there,  
The home of the perfect and blessed,  
That this soul has yearned so long  
The mansions of Heavenly Rest.

Beyond all that is earthly and dross,  
Are the beautiful jasper walls set:  
Oh! there is the home of the blessed,  
Oh, there where the perfect find rest

The dark clouds so near us, and low,  
Which take all the bravery from our breast,  
Will soon their bright linings disclose,  
If patience and faith we possess.

Beyond the aerial blue are the Mansions we should possess,  
If the "well done thou faithful" we hear,  
We'll anchor our souls with the blessed.

## Farmers Union Meeting.

To all Edgefield: You are most respectfully invited to attend a mass meeting to be held at Edgefield on Friday, December 4th, at which time Bro. B. Harris, president South Carolina Farmers Union will address the meeting. Every body should turn out. Bro. Harris is a practical farmer as well as a giant in unionism. His address should be of benefit to all who have the opportunity of hearing him.

W. R. Parks,  
Member Ex-com. 2nd Con. Dis.

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