

Edgefield Advertiser.

Oldest Newspaper In South Carolina

VOL. 81

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1916

NO. 19

JOHNSTON LETTER.

W. C. T. U. Meeting Watson-Bland Wedding. New Century Club Met. Missionary Meeting.

The last meeting of the W. C. T. U. was a full one and with a good attendance, the meeting being held in the home of Mrs. O. D. Black. Mrs. Mattie Denny conducted the meeting and several business matters were attended to the chief of which was the celebration of Jennie Cassidy's birthday, June 9. Jennie Cassidy originated the flower mission which department is such a means for promoting prohibition. It has been the custom of this union to unite with other unions and celebrate the day by a visit to the County Home and making a happy day for the inmates. Plans were made for the picnic dinner and each inmate of the County Home was to have a bouquet of flowers with an appropriate card. The program for this afternoon was in charge of Mrs. O. D. Black who has charge of the flower mission and after she had read appropriate scripture Mrs. Hattie Parrish offered a prayer that God would use this department to His glory. Mrs. W. J. Hatcher read the story of Jennie Cassidy's life. She told of having visited her grave in Louisville, Ky., and spoke of her substantial monument over the grave. At the time of her visit to Louisville, she was stopping next door to the home of Jennie Cassidy and had the pleasure of going in it. Out on the lawn was a peach tree she had planted and it was the intention of having it perpetuated by planting the seeds. A paper, "Lights and shadows of W. C. T. U. flower mission" was read by Miss Zena Payne. Mrs. Black gave some thoughts concerning the work. After sweet songs the meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Hatcher. Awhile was spent socially and during the time a variety of sandwiches and iced tea was served.

Hon. J. L. Walker has gone to St. Louis, Mo., to attend the national convention being a state delegate.

A wedding that was beautiful in every detail was that of Mr. Avery Bland and Miss Martha Watson, the happy event taking place on last Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Watson. The wedding was a quiet one, being witnessed only by a few, but was a sweet and solemn one. The home was prettily decorated and the arriving guests were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. J. Neil Lott and were directed to the parlor by Misses Maud Nickerson and Virgie Courtney. This was the wedding room and was decorated in white and green. Promptly at 6 o'clock the wedding march began, played by Prof. John Waters and as the notes of Mendelssohn's march rang out, old, but ever sweet and new, the happy pair entered, unattended, and the solemn words that bound these two, "so long as you both shall live," were spoken by Rev. W. S. Brook. The bride was attired in a traveling suit of blue taffeta, and carried a lovely shower-bouquet. After congratulations all were seated at dinner, this being served in two courses and in the dining room, everything was all in pink decorations. About seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Bland left in an automobile for Columbia, where they were to proceed to Black Mountain, N. C., to spend their honeymoon. Sincere and cordial interest has centered in this marriage for both of these young people are popular and the best of good wishes of every one are wafted to them.

On last Sunday Rev. Brook appointed Messrs. Joseph Wright and J. A. Lott as head ushers in the Baptist church, their chief duty being to welcome all, he stating that a cordial handshake to a stranger as he entered a church, was worth more than six, as he departed. These two were to select four ushers to serve for a month and those for Sunday were Messrs. W. P. Casells, O. D. Black, Claud Lott and J. H. Wright.

Friends and relatives here have received invitations to the marriage of Dr. Frank Taylor Lewis to Miss Ollie Booker of Leesville, La., this to take place on June 21. Dr. Lewis was reared here and there will be

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W. C. T. U. Picnic at County Home.

Friday June 9, is the day that the Edgefield county W. C. T. U. has selected as the occasion for the annual picnic at the County Home, this being the birthday of Jennie Cassidy the founder of the Flower Mission.

Friday was a lovely day, and there was the largest number in attendance that we have ever previously had on these occasions. Representatives from the Johnston, Trenton and Edgefield Unions were present. We missed the Harmony and Philippi representation, but supposed they were unavoidably detained, as they are always there when it is possible.

The dinner was served at 12 o'clock to the seventeen inmates, and to all who came. Mr. and Mrs. Scurry showed most kindly hospitality, and after abundant provision had been made for those for whom the day was prepared, we partook of the remaining feast together.

Ice lemonade and iced tea was served as well as fruit and candy, besides the picnic dinner. After the dinner had been served there was still an abundance left which resembled the widow's cruise, in that the more we took away the more remained. This was sent in large boxes to the camp where the convicts are stationed, and was enough for two good meals for hungry men. This was carried by Mrs. J. D. Mathis and Mrs. J. F. Atkins of the Trenton Union.

Mrs. J. H. White of Johnston had conceived the plan of bringing some growing plants for those who loved flowers, already planted in jars and growing with a white ribbon card attached.

Mrs. Mathis brought fans for each one and quilt pieces for the women. Before going to the chapel for the religious service those who were present enjoyed a season of a half hour in singing, accompanied by Mr. Scurry's fine tenor and Mr. Henry Doby and Gordon Warren. The chapel was nearly filled with the visitors and inmates and Mr. J. K. Allen was invited to conduct the exercises, which he did very graciously and happily. Miss Miriam Norris and Mrs. J. H. White sang solos and the little Scurry girls sang a duet, the whole congregation joining in several songs together.

Altogether the occasion was a delightful one, Mrs. Ida Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Allen and Miss Lena Stevens and Miss Mary Lewis were there from the Meeting Street community.

The Farmer Who Was Too Late.

Do you know him—the man who is always too late? We dare say he lives in your neighborhood, and maybe his farm actually adjoins your own. He is usually not hard to find, this man isn't; in fact you can usually tell his farm the moment you come in sight of it.

It is likely the first sight to offend your order-loving sensibilities will be a crooked fence row with a ten-foot fringe of bushes and briars bordering it, that Mr. Slow-Coach, because of getting behind with his work, has found it inconvenient to clean up. Then this time of the year there'll probably be a patch of something with a greenish, bilious cast that closer inspection will show to be oats heading out at an average height of exactly ten inches. You see, he got behind with the cotton picking last fall and for this reason it was impossible for him to insure his oat crop by planting it in September or October. Farther on there's a field that looks just like a great mass of hard clods, and, in fact, that's about what it is. You see, he didn't have time to harrow the land right after he plowed it, and now about the only way the clods can be broken is with a sledge hammer. Later in the summer this field will be adorned with the variety of cotton known as "bumblebee"—another of the fruits of being behind time.

Of course, we don't suppose there is anything that can be done for such a fellow—his ways are "set;" but it does seem a pity for him to set such an example to our boys and girls—the farmers and farm women to be, doesn't it?—Progressive Farmer.

THE PRESS MEETING.

Forty-Second Annual Meeting in York Pleasant and Profitable. Beautiful Hospitality Abounded.

Some writer has said "All earthly delights are sweeter in expectation than in enjoyment." But this is not always true. Knowing that the town of York had its founding in the good old primeval days and that its culture, refinement and intellectual life are unsurpassed, the newspaper makers of South Carolina expected to be graciously received and entertained in princely fashion. But however pleasant this anticipation, the realization was far more delightful.

The newspaper folk from the eastern, southern and central portions of the State were met at Chester Wednesday afternoon by a committee of representative business men from York and when we arrived at the station we found all of the people of the town there to meet and greet us. All of the homes were thrown open and as many more visitors could have been entertained with ease.

The attendance upon the 1916 meeting of the Press association was the largest in several years. The first session was held in the opera house Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock, when a formal welcome was extended to the visitors by Mr. J. C. Wilborn, the mayor. Upon request of President William Banks, J. L. Mims responded to the address of welcome. This was followed by a practical talk by Mr. J. C. McAuliffe, business manager of the Augusta Chronicle.

An entire day of pleasure was provided for Friday. The good people of York arranged for an automobile excursion to King's Mountain battle ground and thence to Gastonia, N. C. About nine o'clock, after all had posed for a group photograph on the steps of the handsome new court house, the visitors and a considerable number of York people boarded about 75 automobiles. These formed a pageant of nearly a mile in length, there being regular intervals of about 20 paces between the cars. The route selected was the King's Mountain road which followed the watershed of the Catawba and Broad rivers. In passing out of York by this route one passes the Episcopal orphanage, the imposing brick buildings of which are among the landmarks of York, having in the early seventies housed the King's Mountain Military Academy which was conducted by Colonel Asbury Coward and General Michael Jenkins.

The battle of King's Mountain which was fought October 7, 1780, marked the turning point in the Revolutionary war. The historic spot upon which it was fought is near the North Carolina line, but on the South Carolina side. Two massive granite monuments have been erected, one by the American people and one by the national government. The spot where Capt. Ferguson, the British commander, fell is marked and also his grave down in the ravine. After the party had explored the battleground they assembled in the pavilion, where Mr. Rion McKissick of the Greenville News, delivered an instructive address on the battle of King's Mountain.

About the noon hour the pleasure seekers resumed their journey, the objective point now being Gastonia, N. C. At one o'clock a stop was made by the way for dinner at Linwood college which nestles in the beautiful foot-hills, where the atmosphere is balmy, bracing and ozone laden. The president of the institution told the writer that during his administration of fourteen years there had been but little sickness. For four years a physician was not called for the students who number about 150.

The members of York's entertainment committee, who were always thoughtful and provident, reached Linwood college in advance of the pageant and had spread in the college dining room a royal feast, the like of which, in both abundance and variety, one rarely ever sees. Whether at home or on a pleasure excursion, the beautiful hospitality

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"UNCLE" IV WRITES.

Reader of The Advertiser Sixty-Two Years. Down on Mexicans. Writes of War Times.

Dear Advertiser:—I saw in the Southern Cultivator for June where there was a man that has been taking that paper continuously for fifty years, and it put me to thinking about how long I had been reading the Edgefield Advertiser. I, if I live to see the tenth day of this month, will be seventy-two years old, and my father was taking it when I can first remember, and I can safely say that I have been reading The Advertiser since I was a ten-year old boy; not regularly, but most of the time for sixty-two years.

Well, I am certainly glad to hear from Russell Wright again, and I would reiterate every word he has to say about mothers. What a blessing to the girl or boy that has a Christian mother, or a man that has a Christian wife. Must I say it? This sad, but true sometimes, the sons and daughters do not seem to appreciate the prayers and cares of their mothers as they ought. Write again, Bro. Wright.

I also see in the same paper that Jabez Garnett is not dead or even captured by the bandits or a Mexican widow, but likely to have to go to some other place to live on account of a twelve-month drought, but am afraid Pindar (W. J. Rochelle) is either captured or hid in a swamp or an alligator hole, and I don't blame him if he is hiding, for I certainly think if I was anywhere in Texas I would be looking out for No. 1, for Uncle Sam is certainly very slow in teaching those Mexicans a lesson that they would not forget very soon.

Do I want the United States to have war? No, I don't, but if I have a corn on my toe do you think I would let a fellow stand on it? No, sir; but should he accidentally tread on that corn and apologize, of course I would readily forgive him; but should he turn about and step on that corn again and again I am inclined to think that the time had come where patience would cease to be a virtue, and I would not be surprised if there would not be some battling on the nose done. But I bear some one say: "Look here, old man, you are mighty old to talk about battling." That is true, but I am still in the flesh, and am somewhat like the Indian who went with a missionary to the Southern Baptist convention, and the missionary was asked if the Indian could reason, and he (the missionary) asked if any one in the crowd had a cake of soap about their person, and one of the preachers present handed him a cake of soap, and it being a nice looking cake, something new to the Indian, the missionary gave it to the Indian and told him to bite it. He bit it and made a very wry face. He was told to bite it again, but the Indian shook his head and said: "Too much of a thing was enough," and that explains just how I see the way those Mexicans are doing, and 'tis about time for them to be given to understand that the United States has had enough of it. I believe Governor Ferguson of Texas sees it that way, too, and if the United States will just say to him, we give you the right to put things in order in Mexico, it would not be long before there would be something doing across the Rio Grande.

Well, really I did not intend writing what I have, but intended giving an incident that took place during the Christmas holidays of 1862. (This was given birth by seeing an account of the death of Col. John S. Mobley in the Tri-weekly Constitution of Atlanta.) On the 24th of December a good portion of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, with some from every regiment in Hampton's brigade, broke camp and went with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart across the Rapahannock river, and was in the enemy's line by the morning of the 25th, and it was about the 25th before the Yankees knew that Stuart was on a raid within their lines, and we were then near the head of Oequan Bay. Col. M. C. Butler was thrown on the extreme left, and as we came near to a piece of woods we saw two yankee videttes in the road ahead of us, and Col. Butler sent Carter Singleton and Frank Chatham to

Cotton Bloom Received From Carolinian in Georgia.

Editor The Advertiser:—I am enclosing you a cotton bloom from our farm. I am located in Burke county, Georgia, twenty miles south of Augusta.

Mr. Mims, I will give the condition of the crops in our section. The corn crop is fine. The first planted is tasselling and silking. The cotton crop I don't think is so good. The majority of the crops are in good shape, but some are very grassy. The wheat crop down here was very good, but oats were very poor. We had, I think, the heaviest rain I ever saw fall June 3.

Wonder where is "Uncle" Iv Morgan? I felt confident that I would hear from him in the last issue of The Advertiser, but failed to find anything. I fear the grass has got him in prison. And Mr. Rochelle of Texas—I am anxious to know something of him. I fear that the same sentence is passed on him that Bro. Iv got. Now, Bro. Iv and Bro. Rochelle, this is no reflection on either of you, for if my attorney is a hard hitter, I'll receive the same sentence. Each one of you write a long letter to The Advertiser, giving the farming condition of your section.

A well wishes to The Advertiser.
J. D. White.

Hephzibah, Ga.

drive them in, and they went for them, but after emptying their pistols the Yankees still stayed in the road, and Singleton and Chatham fell back, and Col. Butler called to me and a man by the name of John Bull of Company G to follow him, and we charged the videttes and they wheeled their horses and broke, with Col. Butler, Bull and myself in close pursuit, but just ahead was a piece of woods, and as they passed out on the other side of the woods they turned to the left, and Col. Butler and myself right in behind them (Bull had gotten behind), and as soon as we cleared the woods I saw a battery of three guns in less than a hundred yards, and a force of Yankees (don't know how many, didn't have time to count them) not over two hundred yards from us, and formed in a hollow square with their guns in position of bayonet against cavalry. The Col. and I wheeled, and I seem to hear him now say "Run Morgan," and we put spurs to our horses, and we had hardly gotten in the woods before all three pieces of that yankee battery called for us to stop, and having fired on us with grape shot the road was strewn with limbs cut off by the grape shot, but the Col. and I were on the move to a cooler place, and as we passed a school house (we then had gotten some distance from those cannon) I saw a good looking pistol lying in the road, slowed up my horse and was in the act of dismounting to pick it up and the Col. called out, what in the hell are you doing, and I told him, and with an oath he told me to come on. Yes he would curse you and at the same time he would die for his men.

After passing the school house we turned to our right and was then out of sight of the yankees, and the Col. said to me this: "Morgan, you ought to think. I ought not to have cursed you, but that pistol was dropped there for the purpose of getting some one to stop to get it, and I haven't a doubt," says he, "but what that school house was full of yankees, but they did not shoot at you and me because our men were then near enough to have captured them." Yes Col. Butler could think clearly in the thickest of a fight.

We got back into our lines on the evening of the 30th, and our Christmas frolic was over, but men and horses were tired and hungry, for, with the exception of two nights, we had no sleep, and but little to eat, but we had been all around the yankee army, and when they did get in behind us they gave us a chase, but after we got within our lines there were wagons with food for men and horses, and I remember very well what I had for supper—a few hard crackers and a piece of fat seed meat, and I ate it raw. Yes, sir, raw meat was often eaten, especially when on the move. How we went through with what we did is a mystery to me.

The cavalry sometimes got into the row and had all the picketing to do during the winter months, but

HORN'S CREEK ITEMS.

Woman's Missionary Society Held Meeting. Farmers Wrestling With Grass. Visitors In Community.

Mr. Editor: Here I come again peeping into your valuable paper. Since writing you last the Lord has blessed us with plenty of rain, and I tell you old General Green is about to get ahead of the cotton.

The ladies' Missionary Society held its annual meeting Saturday 10th, at the home of Mrs. S. B. Mays. On account of the clouds only a few members were present, but we had a good meeting. We were glad to have with us at this meeting Mrs. Gussie Roper. Our next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Emmie Fair, July 8.

Mrs. Dr. Whitlock and baby spent the week-end with Mrs. Whitlock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith.

Mrs. Emmie Fair, who has been indisposed for the past two weeks, is able to be out again, to the delight of her many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hammond, of Edgefield, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Yancy Bryan.

Miss Gladys Lyon of your town is visiting her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Wells.

Mrs. A. A. Wells has returned home after spending a week among relatives at Colliers.

Miss Bennie Bell Smith is at home from an extended visit to her sister, of Red Hill.

Our candidate for Supervisor, Mr. W. G. Wells, dined at the home of his brother Mr. A. A. Wells, on last Thursday en route to Johnston.

We were glad to have Sheriff Swearingen and family to worship with us Sunday at Horn's Creek. Also, Mrs. W. H. Moss and Mr. Wallace Wise, of Trenton.

Miss Lila Roper is on a visit to her brother Hammond, in Chester, whose wife we are sorry learn is in the hospital.

Little master Willie Parks, of Edgefield, is visiting his sister Mrs. Alvin Smith.

Miss Ella Mays is at home after closing her school for this term.

From all reports of the vast number of marriages that are soon to take place, the girls have not lost any time of taking advantage of leap year.

Horn's Creek.

June 12, 1916.

The Carolina and Northwestern Railroad.

One of the few railroads in the State which is not in some way connected with the large systems is the Carolina and Northwestern which is operated between Chester, S. C., and Edgemont, N. C., a total distance of 130 miles. With Col. L. T. Nichols of Chester as general manager, this road is succeeding far above the average railroad. It was first built as a narrow gauge road to Lenoir but was later made a standard gauge and the mileage increased. The road traverses a splendid section of country and the volume of business will steadily increase as this section is further developed. It was over the Carolina and Northwestern that the pleasure excursion was given by the York people to the members of the State Press Association last Saturday, and everything possible was done by the officials that would contribute in any manner to the pleasure of the day.

they never knew the hard fighting the infantry did till 1864, when most of the cavalry in Virginia were armed with carbines and fought as infantry a good deal, so I am told by those who were in Virginia in 1864, but the Second South Carolina Cavalry was sent back to South Carolina in March of that year, and in one fight on John's Island Company I lost more men than she had up to that time during the war in killed and wounded.

The old soldier I spoke of in my card died last Saturday night, and there is only one other that lives in several miles of me, and he and I were the only old soldiers at his burying, and I feel a little lonesome.

Had another good rain Tuesday, farmers on the move in their crops.

"Uncle" Iv.

Harlem, Ga., June 3, 1916.