

Edgefield Advertiser

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J. L. MIMS, Editor

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Wednesday, Aug. 30

Some political platforms of the 1916 model can now be bought cheap.

"Every little helps," said the Allies when Roumania cast her lot with them.

The only post-election comment we have at this writing is: We regret that some of them had to be defeated.

The man who was away on election day and made no effort to return to vote is not as good citizen as he should be.

Asbury F. Lever, congressman from the seventh district, was the only congressman who had no opposition. No man in the district dared oppose him.

Well, don't worry over election disappointments. None of us have everything just as we want it. A part of our ticket was elected and a part was lost.

Cotton seed are considered so valuable now-a-days that farmers do not handle them as carelessly as formerly. They now pick up and gather cotton seed almost as they would ears of corn.

The Bremen is said to be on its way to Baltimore. If a man of the Capt. Koening type is in charge all will go well. He it was who brought the Deutschland safely over and carried her back.

The political game has become a very expensive one. We doubt if a poor man could be elected governor of South Carolina if he had a wealthy man opposing him or a man who had wealthy friends.

It is well to stop kissing the babies, but let's keep up the practice of hand shaking. Don't stop shaking the hands of your friends just because the election is over. The hand shaking habit is a good habit.

In making the charge that all preachers' sons are bad, let us not forget that the present occupant of the White House is a minister's son and that the man who hopes to occupy it after the 4th of next March is a preacher's son.

When your merchant tells you that cotton goods have greatly advanced in price, do not complain. Remember that raw cotton is 50 per cent higher now than it was at this time last year. You can't have cheap cotton goods and high priced cotton.

Have you planned your cover crop for the early fall? Farmers can reduce next year's fertilizer bill by covering their lands in winter with the legumes. While the soil is supposed to be resting in winter it can be made to produce a part of the fertilizer for next year's crop.

The Roumanians haven't yet fallen upon the Germans but they have hit the wheat market a heavy blow, causing a decline of about 10 cents per bushel. Wonder if some other oriental nationality can't be induced to follow Roumania's example and keep wheat tumbling down?

The contention between the 225 railroads and their 400,000 employees grows graver each day, and unless there is some permanent and satisfactory way of reaching a settlement of such differences, the day is not far distant when the railroads will be taken over by the government.

An effort is being made to move the State capitol of Georgia from Atlanta. If this should occur, and we do not believe it will, Georgians should select a more creditable design or style of architecture for their State house. We have never thought the present capitol of Georgia was a creditable building.

The past few issues of the daily and weekly papers show that candidates realize the value of publicity. The cheapest and most satisfactory way for candidates to reach the people is through the columns of the newspapers and the most effective way for merchants to reach the buying public is through the columns of the paper that goes right into the homes of the people.

Stop Talking Politics.

Whether your favorite candidate was elected or defeated, stop talking politics. While another election is yet to be held two weeks hence, every voter knows now how he will vote. Let's not discuss politics any more until 1918. It is very unprofitable even during the campaign and certainly less profitable after an election. Do not blame anybody for the way they voted. As you claimed the right to vote as you thought best, you should concede that privilege and right to others.

All Honor, All Praise to President Wilson.

There are now fourteen nations of the earth at war and no power or combined powers under heaven can put an end to it at this time. Each nation feels and claims that it is fighting a righteous war, one for national existence, and for that reason no heed is given to proffers of peace from any source. Not until the resources of some of the leading belligerents are entirely exhausted will an end come to the deadly struggle.

The one hundred millions of people in the United States should be profoundly grateful to President Wilson for his refusing to be drawn into this cruel war, and at the same time he has preserved the honor and dignity of the American flag. For this reason, if for no other, the people should elect him for another four years. The crisis has not passed and he is needed at the helm of the Ship of State at least until the cruel war is over. He has proven over and over again his ability to cope with the situation.

The Election of Yesterday.

The Advertiser publishes a tabulated statement of the votes cast in this county yesterday, the returns being complete from all of the 16 boxes. The Advertiser received complete returns by nine o'clock last night. A study of the figures show that Mr. Nicholson has been re-elected to the senate; Mr. Cogburn re-elected clerk; Mr. Swearingen re-elected sheriff, and Mr. Walker and Mr. Evans elected to the house. There will be a second race for county supervisor between Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Broadwater and also a second race for two county commissioners between Mr. Herin, Mr. Cheat-ham, Mr. DeVore and Mr. Griffis.

Among the State officers, there will be a second race for governor between Mr. Blease and Mr. Manning and a second race for railroad commissioner between Cansler and Fant. The latest reports show that Mr. Blease has received 49,925, Mr. Manning 33,5338 and Mr. Cooper 25,196, with about 20,000 votes yet to be heard from.

Mr. Byrnes has been re-elected to congress from this district and incomplete returns indicate that Mr. Timmerman has been re-elected solicitor. The county Democratic executive committee will meet Thursday to tabulate the votes and officially declare the result.

A Good Game.

The second game of base ball between Colliers and Edgefield was played at the county fair grounds Monday afternoon, and was witnessed by a large number of people. The stores closed during the game in order to give the clerks an opportunity to attend. From start to finish the contest was full of interest, both sides playing good ball. The score stood 10 to 8 in favor of the Edgefield team. Those Colliers boys are splendid young fellows and are always welcome visitors in Edgefield. Colliers is justly proud of her young men and of her base ball team.

Card of Thanks.

To My Fellow Citizens of Edgefield County:

I am indeed proud of the very flattering vote which I received at your hands in the primary of yesterday. By your vote you have placed me in the second primary with my worthy opponent, the present incumbent. I have endeavored to conduct my campaign on a high plane, and will make the second campaign in the same manner. I am still asking at your hands your support, and will promise you if you will place the affairs of our county in my hands that I will so administer its affairs that you will never have cause to regret your choice between us. I wish to thank you from the depths of an appreciative heart for the compliment you have paid me, and will respectfully ask your further support.

Very truly yours for the job,
R. N. Broadwater.

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Pimpily, muddy complexions are due to impurities in the blood. Clear up the skin by taking Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their mild laxative qualities remove the poisons from the system and brighten the eye. A full, free, non-gripping bowel movement in the morning is the reward of a dose of Dr. King's New Life Pills the night before. At your Druggist, 25c. 1

DUTIES OF OUR SOLDIERS

Strenuous Training and Discipline at the Army Posts Teach Men Love of Country.

A soldier's day is from the first note of reveille to the last note of retreat, a writer in the National Magazine observes. In the gray light of daybreak the bugle calls him from sleep. From that moment until retreat sounds at sunset the day is one of strict routine and discipline.

A rough outline of a routine day at Fort Myer is: Rise, roll call, breakfast, groom horses, fall in line for drill, which lasts several hours or until time for the noonday dinner. For the afternoon there are various designated duties for officers and men, which may include attendance at lectures, or demonstration work, board meetings, court-martial, training for extra drills, attendance at military funerals and other services, either obligatory or voluntary. At sunset again comes roll call, followed by one of the most impressive ceremonies of the day.

The troops assemble, facing the colors; the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" as the colors are slowly lowered, every man standing at attention till they reach the ground. The sunset gun booms across the field; the bugle sounds retreat, and the garrison work-day is over.

The strenuous routine and spirit of patriotism that pervades post life teaches reverence for the flag as nothing else can do. To the man on the outside the flag means much, but to the trained man of the army it is his colors! He will live for it or die for it as needs be—and he will do it unquestioningly!

And so it is "They bend the bow and make ready the arrows within the quiver."

"BLUFF" DECEIVES NO ONE

Foolish Pretensions of Means Beyond Command a Stupid Though Most Common Fault.

Trying to make people believe that we possess more than we really do is what keeps most of us in debt.

It is far better to have a less pretentious home, and even to entertain less lavishly than our neighbor, than to be constantly harassed by collectors whom we are unable to pay.

It is a foolish idea of living which prompts us to spend more than we make.

It may be that you have never been thrown out of employment when you did not have a few dollars ahead.

If not and you are making no preparation to meet such a contingency, the sooner you get some experience along that line the better.

The earlier in life you learn the lesson which it teaches, the more profitable it will be to you, and the effect may not be so disastrous as in later years.

Other men with just as firm hold as you have lost their jobs, and it is foolish for you to think that you have a life interest in your place. Better be prepared for the changes which are sure to come to most of us, and never mind what other folk think about the way you spend or do not spend.

Be sure, anyway, you are not fooling them much, for the foolish spender is always easy to detect.—Chicago Examiner.

"There's Many a Slip—"

Few, probably, know the history of "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," which is a translation of a Greek proverb. Ancaeus, an ancient king of Samos, was fond of gardening, and planted some vines in his garden. But he was told by a prophet that he would never taste wine from them.

Time went, and the wine being duly made, Ancaeus was lifting a cup of it to his lips, at the same time asking the prophet mockingly where his prophecy was now. "There's many things between the cup and lip," replied the prophet. As he spoke a loud tumult was heard outside, and Ancaeus was told that a wild boar had broken in. Hurriedly putting the cup down without drinking, he rushed out to join the hunt against the boar, and was killed. And the prophet's remark, turned into a hexameter verse, passed into a proverb.

Capsules for Oiling Machinery.

The operation of oiling machinery, especially where it is desirable that the oil should be kept from the hands and clothing of the operator, has been devised recently in making use of collapsible lead capsules, widely used for artists' colors, druggists' products, paste, etc., in the United States. The capsules are provided with a screw thread, which is screwed into an adapter, which in turn is fastened to the part to be lubricated. The lead capsule and the brass adapter make a tight joint, and all that is necessary is to apply pressure from time to time, as desired. When the grease capsule is emptied, one merely unscrews it and puts a new one in its place. No refilling is necessary, and the pressure of the fingers is usually sufficient to force the grease into the bearing.

Agreed With Him.

Farmer (to autoist who has stopped and is reading his guidebook)—What's the matter, Mister? Autoist—I'm puzzled. According to the guidebook there ought to be a saloon at these forks in the road. Farmer—You bet; that's just what I've been arguing for thirty years.—Puck.

CHAPERON

By JANE OSBORN.

I've known a great many pretty girls in my life, but only two or three times before have I seen a girl so exquisite as Gwendoline. She had brown eyes that reflected the golden light of the sun, lashes that turned up like a baby's—I am not very adept at description, but in every way Gwendoline was charming. Had she been a little sturdier and fired with a little more girlish spirit she would have been a goddess. But had she been sturdier there would be no story to tell, for it was because of Gwendoline's rather delicate health that we lingered at the beach after Mrs. Penfield had gone to open their home in the mountains.

To me, of course, it didn't much matter where I stayed, and an excuse like that of chaperoning Gwendoline was sufficient to make me stay three weeks longer at the beach than is my usual habit.

"Now, Sophie Jones," Mrs. Penfield said, "I know you are capable of the task if you keep your mind on it. But I want you to know at the outset that Gwendoline usually attracts too much attention. She is much too indolent to fall in love anyway, and if she were in a mood for romance there are three or four very desirable affairs that she dropped in a half-finished stage when we came to the beach. For one, Tom Lowther will have all his father's millions."

Gwendoline and I got along famously—barring, of course, the fact that she, like most excessively pretty girls, was almost entirely incomprehensible to me.

Every morning we would start off somewhat after ten and walk along the seashore, Gwendoline finding apparently infinite delight in picking up shells from the sand and later spending hours in sorting them out under the shade of her beach parasol.

I musn't forget Busoni—or Mr. Henri Busoni as we soon learned to call him, though at first we, like the rest of the people at the beach, simply thought of him as Busoni—Busoni and his orchestra. Every one knew him. In fact, he was one of the chief attractions at that resort. He was more than the usual boardwalk orchestra conductor. I had always known that Busoni was of finer clay and it was because of my admiration for his work that I had been especially glad to stay longer at the beach with Gwendoline. But Busoni was middle aged and, as the women who rocked for hours on the porch at our hotel all told us, he was quite without a heart. Never had he been seen with a woman.

Gwendoline likes music almost as well as I do myself, and it was quite by mutual consent that we daily went to hear Busoni. It was during the morning concert, when we were seated in our usual seats at one side of the auditorium in what I thought was a secluded corner, that he first noticed us. After that number Busoni sent his first violin to us. Every one in the audience was interested, and it was quite clear to every one that Busoni had been struck by the girl's beauty. The messenger told us that Busoni had sent him to ask us if we wished to suggest the next number; that he had often seen us and could not fail to see that we were lovers of music.

It was dreadfully conspicuous and every one at once knew why, for Gwendoline was so irresistible.

Then Busoni asked to call and I consented. No, I didn't forget Gwendoline's mother's injunctions. I simply decided that I could take matters in my own hands. Busoni was no ordinary admirer and clearly Gwendoline did not want to have me refuse for her. He called more than once and then one evening we went driving, we three, in the twilight through the grove of pine trees just northwest of the beach.

Meanwhile several letters had come from the men at home. Then one from Tom Lowther, who was to be worth millions, saying he was coming down for the final answer that week end, and the next mail brought one from Gwendoline's mother, who had heard of Tom's intentions, saying that she was coming too.

Then Busoni telephoned to the hotel. He said he wished to call that evening. He had something important to say. He must come. When I tried to make excuses he would not listen. He would come anyway.

Of course, I knew exactly what to do as chaperon. In view of the coming of Gwendoline's mother the next day and of young Lowther, too, Gwendoline ought not to have to face the decision of a proposal from Busoni.

Gwendoline laughed a queer little whimsical laugh when I told her that I would see Busoni and make her apologies, and then she went off to bed. And I went down to Busoni.

And then Busoni told me. Can you imagine what? Busoni the genius, the recluse—Busoni whom every woman at the beach would have adored—Busoni there and then in the little private reception room of our hotel, actually went down on his knees and proposed to me—poor little middle aged, blue-eyed me.

Gwendoline did accept Tom Lowther and I suppose in her way she is happy. But I sometimes wonder—but no! How absurd! It is only because I love him so myself that I fancied every other woman at the beach made an idol of Busoni.

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**IT MAKES HOME
OH! SO HAPPY
To Have A
BANK
ACCOUNT**



Copyright 1909, by C. E. Zimmerman Co.—No. 44

OF all the unhappy homes not one in a hundred has a bank account and not one home in a hundred who has a bank account is unhappy. It seems almost foolish to put it off any longer, when it is such a simple, easy matter to start a bank account.

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J. T. MIMS, Jr., Proprietor

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