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JOHNSTON LETTER.

Death of Miss Jennie Warren. W. C. T. U. Will Meet. Death of Mr. Jack Edwards.

In the early hours of the morning of Friday Dec. 7th, the sweet and gentle spirit of Miss Jennie Warren heard the summons of her master, and passed unto its reward—the reward of the patient, trustful Christian.

She was nearly all her life, an invalid, and could not mingle with the world, but she was like the modest violet, that blooms all unseen under its leaves, but when found, how rare and beautiful they are, with their fragrance.

So with her, only in the home circle, could she move but what a joy to the household—always there to greet them; sweet, patient, gentle, and submissive, but always bright and happy.

There were four in this sweet home circle—two sisters and two brothers.

The others left are Miss Bettie Warren, and Messrs. Fab and Walter Warren.

Mrs. Cattie DeLoach, of Edgefield, is a sister, and Maj. F. M. Warren, of this place and Mr. Scott Warren, of Fla., are the other brothers.

The casket was covered in beautiful flowers, and in death, she looked more as the Angel that she was and in passing away her face seemed to have caught a vision of her Heavenly Home.

The funeral services were conducted at Harmony Cemetery by Rev. W. S. Brook, and her favorite hymn was sung. Following this, the body was tenderly laid to rest beside the graves of other loved ones gone on before.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. McMillan, of Mullins, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Grant.

Miss Clara Sawyer is spending a few days in Columbia.

Mrs. Octavia Rushton has gone to Atlanta to spend a short while.

Miss Virginia Harrison has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John Wright.

On Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. J. H. White, a public meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held, at which time, Miss Anna Finnstrom, supt. of the Door of Hope, Columbia, will make an address concerning this noble work in which she is giving all her time and energy.

Every one, interested is most cordially invited.

The work of the W. C. T. U. is well furthered by Departments, this cause coming under the head of Rescue Work, and the Supts. of these are Mesdames J. H. White and Mamie A. Huie, who will have charge of this part of the meeting. Only a short business session will be held.

Mr. W. Jack Edwards died at his home about two or three miles from here, on last Tuesday night.

For some time he had been sick, and a few weeks ago developed pneumonia.

There is deep sorrow in his death, for he was a man of fine character and meant a great deal to a wide circle of friends and relatives. He was a member of Dry Creek church and was a true Christian. There are many that will rise up and call him blessed, for he does not go to his Master Empty handed, he was ever doing some good deed.

He was kindly and gentle and was a devoted husband. Besides his widow, who was Miss Katie Wright, daughter of the late Mr. Pickens Wright, he leaves one brother, and a niece, Mrs. Holmes who has made her home here since childhood.

A wide circle of relatives besides many friends attended the funeral which took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Mount of Olives cemetery. Revs. C. E. Bailey and M. L. Kester conducted the service in the absence of his pastor, Rev. A. C. Baker.

There were many flowers sent by sympathizing friends.

On Sunday evening at the Baptist church a full and most enjoyable report of the recent State convention at Rock Hill, was given by Rev. W. S. Brooke, and Mr. S. J. Watson.

Last Thursday evening while Mr. Pal Culbreath and Miss Blanch

Sawyer were coming into town to an entertainment, the lights of the car went out, but as they were nearing town they continued their trip. They did not see a wagon in front of them, as the night was very dark and the car struck this, and both occupants were thrown against the wind shield, which broke, cutting both in the fall, the shield breaking into many pieces.

An artery was cut near the temple on the face of Miss Sawyer and as soon as the car could proceed she was given medical attention.

The wagon was not broken in any way, and only the slow driving of the car was the reason that their accident was not more serious.

On Wednesday evening Dec. 19th, the Sunbeams under the leadership of Mrs. W. J. Hatcher will have a Christmas entertainment in the Sunday School room of the Baptist church.

This will occupy the regular prayer meeting hour.

The Y. W. A. of the Baptist church will help Santa Claus in his visit to the Orphanage.

At the suggestion of Mr. Jamison, they will send gifts for half of the "Martha Smith Home", all of the occupants here being girls from 7 to 14 years of age.

They are going to tie up the gifts with the prettiest of Christmas ribbons and cards, and make their contribution bring just as much happiness as possible.

The Fideis class is packing a box not only of gifts, but some clothing as well to send to the Rescue Home at Columbia.

The class sent a fine box last year, and this year, it is going to be even better.

The W. C. T. U. at their meeting on Friday afternoon will receive gifts for the Christmas box to be sent to the Door of Hope, Columbia.

The Apollo Music club met with Mrs. E. R. Mobley, Pres., on Tuesday afternoon, and besides the members, there were a number of friends present to enjoy the program.

During business the chief matter was in deciding to give \$5 to the Fund to aid the Armenian sufferers.

Miss Anna Harms was elected cor. secretary, the club having branched out on larger lines, found it better to make the office of Recording and Cor. secretary separate.

Miss Gertrude Strother had charge of the program, which was enjoyed, there being splendid papers on the topic studied, and three singers, Capoul, Patti and Wilsson were discussed. Piano and vocal music were also enjoyed.

Following the program, there was a genial intermingling, and all were served with a tempting sweet course.

Mrs. C. P. Corn very pleasantly entertained with a Bridge party on Wednesday afternoon the honoree being Mrs. Gas Smith, of Mullins. The large living room was bright and cheery with flowers, and sweet music was enjoyed previous to the game.

Four tables were played, and the top score being made by Miss Maud Sawyer, she was presented with the prize. The general prize, when cut for was thrown by Mrs. Archie Lewis, and the honoree was presented with a lovely gift.

A delicious two-course repast was served.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Huie Waters was hostess in the young matron's club and the twelve members, all enjoyed meeting with her. Everyone brought their sewing bags, and many held knitting, some being for the soldiers. Conversation and music was interspersed.

The hostess was assisted by Miss Gertrude Strother in serving a dainty sweet course.

The Emily Geiger Chapter held a fine meeting on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Alice Cox being hostess. Mrs. W. S. Mobley presided, and at business, all were delighted to learn that the 28 pieces of knitted garments for the Battleship South Carolina, would be ready in two days to send to the State Regent.

This gift was made at a cost of \$80.05, the Chapter having over this amount set aside for war relief work. The committee to look after this was Mesdames J. N. Lott, E. R. Mobley and M. R. Wright, and they were congratulated on their pushing the work so quickly, and each member knitting her piece so quickly.

Others outside of chapter also

HARDY'S HAPPENINGS.

Fears Grain is Killed. A Visit to Edgefield Friends. Aiken and Edgefield Roads Bad.

Well, Sunday was one day that I did all my cooking at breakfast time and I stayed close to a roaring fire and continued to pile on wood in front of a gum log larger around than I am. Toward bed time it had melted sufficiently to cover it with ashes, so as to have coals to start fire the next cold morning. What a blessing to have such a good fire at a cold time like this.

I have been thinking of the soldiers and those poor people in Halifax, all during this terrible spell of freeze. I know they suffer intensely. I expect there will be more pneumonia in the camps than ever after this spell.

We very much fear for the oat crop this cold morning. Just after a rain, the oats will be more apt to freeze.

Those who have hogs fat will be more than apt to take advantage of this to save their meat, and have sausage ready for the Christmas breakfast. Wish ours were ready, as we are all fond of sausage.

We went with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bunch for a little visit to Mrs. Lemie Talbert on Wednesday of last week. She spoke of some having taken advantage of that cold spell to kill hogs.

While up on the square, we saw Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wells, who were making preparations to move to Edgefield. Mrs. Carrie Mays was with Mrs. Wells. Mrs. Bunch made a short call on her brother, Mr. Edger Lanham at Penn & Holson's store.

Mrs. E. L. Fouché visited her two little pupils, Mary and Wingfield Branch Friday afternoon to find out why they had not been to school. They have been quite sick with malarial fever and could not go to school for the past 2 weeks.

Mr. Laughton B. Evans came out on Sunday afternoon to see Mrs. S. V. Bunch and my! how he blew over such roads, as we have to travel. Wanted to know, if there wasn't some way of getting them worked? They are terrible from Mr. Harry Bunch's on down to North Augusta. Mr. and Mrs. Sacre and son, Mr. Ambrose Sacre came out to see us Thanksgiving, and have promised not to come again, until these roads are worked good. I don't know that they ever will come again, for it seems as if both the Edgefield and Aiken County Commissioners have made up their minds never to work this road. I wish we could get a commissioner for this end of the county. Perhaps then we could have roads this way.

HARDYS.

Change of Service.

The Presbyterian services both in Edgefield and Trenton will be held on the fourth Sunday instead of this Sunday.

The service at Trenton will be at 7:30 instead of morning. Our attention will be addressed to the thought of Christmas, as it will be just two days before Christmas.

Help Furnish the Red Cross Work and Reception Room.

The Red Cross Chapter has been exceedingly fortunate in having a large and attractive room, given by Ex-Governor Sheppard, which will be used as permanent headquarters. The room is at the head of the stairway to the right, and over the back office of Mr. B. E. Nicholson. And now a donation of furnishings is asked, which of course will be returned when the work of the Red Cross chapter is no longer needed.

Articles of furniture already contributed are: From Mrs. Bettis Cantelou, mission table and chair; from Mrs. Augustus Corley, nice large table; from Miss Collett, chair, embroidered table cover and framed picture of President Wilson. Those desiring to aid in this patriotic cause will please notify the undersigned.

Sarah R. Collett,
Vice Chairman.

FOR SALE:—Two milch cows, fresh to pail. G. W. Adams.
10-24-0tf.

NORTHERN TRIP

Miss Sue Sloan Gives Graphic Description of Her Trip to New York and Boston.

The readers of the letters I have written for the Southern papers from various states, north, east, south, west, realize I am especially interested in the institutions in the various branches of education.

It seems natural for me to take delight in observing these, for I have inherited from both my father and mother the ambition to cultivate as much as possible the talents entrusted to my keeping, and other relatives by their positions have impressed me with the wisdom of this.

My uncle Prof. Ben Sloan served twenty-six successive years in the South Carolina college, and its president after it became a University. When his portrait was unveiled during the Centennial he publicly received many compliments, from many alumni of the college holding offices in various states.

They gave him credit for their success, saying he realized the importance of punishment and his power in this respect, but he never exercised it at the sacrifice of the honor of the student. For example, some mischievous students blacked the monument. They deserved to be punished, but how was he to find who did it without one student betraying another. They had done it thoughtlessly, and he would give them a chance to meditate and perhaps, repent. He ignored it, passed to and fro by it several days, when one morning he found it spotless. The guilty students went to him and confessed, saying a guilty conscience was the worst punishment they could have and this had taught them a valuable lesson, never to do anything that you would be ashamed of, even if the world should ignore it.

I had another relative, Prof. Paul Sloan, connected with the State Agricultural College at Clemson, and a relative Miss Wickliffe who for many years has held a high position in the State College for Women. She is dearly beloved by the Winthrop girls, and has several times accompanied them as a chaperone to Europe.

When I attended the Normal School in Gaffney, she added greatly to my social pleasures and I was valuably instructed by her public lectures.

While I was in attendance on the Athens Georgia Normal School, Prof. Lawton B. Evans, superintendent of the Board of Education in that State advised me when visiting any place to always observe the Institutions.

I have published letters describing the Texas Colleges and Universities and the two years I studied in New York, I wrote of the New York College of Music and Cornell University during my sessions at these institutions. I wrote descriptions of Vassar, West Point and various institutions in New York City which I visited during the National Conference on Community Music.

I am often asked the question, where would you advise me to send my daughter to school? I have thought if she was educated in her home state, it would be to her future special interest as she would make friends in South Carolina. Instead of answering the question I ask another, "Would she make friends from distant states?" I think I have friends and acquaintances in almost every place in South Carolina and most of the Southern states.

I know any girl with ambition and proper pride of character will make friends in her native state regardless of where she is educated, and I greatly enjoy visiting many influential friends in various southern states. By attending college in the North, I have made friends in numerous Northern states, who have not only given me much pleasure, but have proven very beneficial from an educational point of view. I had the advantage of most Southern girls going to the North, as I had prominent Northern and Southern relatives and friends living in New York State, as my father Dr. James Sloan was connected with the Bellevue Hospital in the surgical division. He afterwards rendered valuable service as surgeon in the war.

My uncle Ben Sloan is a graduate

of West Point. my relative, Cleveland Sloan held political office at Schenectady, N. Y. He is a brother of Lieut. Governor Sloan of South Carolina. Another relative J. C. Calhoun, was president of a club of 6,000 members in New York City. Vannike, who was Mayor of New York, is connected with our family. He and my father were school mates during their boyhood in Pendleton, S. C.

My chaperone's brother was appointed Judge of Westchester, N. Y., while I was there. Her father, Judge Baker served many years in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but without these important advantages, I would advise you to send your daughter to the Mt. Ida school at Newton, Mass. near enough to derive all the benefits from Boston. I described the advantages and benefits of this school in a previous letter, but will mention other advantages.

It is 210 feet above the sea level. There is no malaria; the students are not exposed to inclement weather, as all the buildings are connected by covered passage ways, all steam heated with every comfort. They consider the health most important to accomplish the motive of the school, to prepare the girls for college. They have tennis, basket ball, golf, driving, riding, canoeing. There are religious advantages, nearly every denomination having a church within a few minutes walk of the school. Instruction is given in Bible training for eternal life, and entertainment of the highest morals for this life. No city in America affords greater opportunities in the way of concerts and recitals than Boston, the home of the Orchestra the fame of which goes beyond the bounds of the United States. No section is so rich in literary and historic shrines.

The students attending Mt. Ida have advantage of all the instructive and elevating attractions of Boston. Excursions are given to Salem, the birthplace of Hawthorne, the Museum of the Essex Institution, and many interesting places near Boston chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Jewett who have the girls in charge. They make you feel like your parents were with you.

Here, all nature seems to bid you a welcome. The graceful bowing of the foliage of the trees, refreshed by the charming Northern breeze and everything provided which will please.

The Mt. Ida students have the advantage of the most interesting trip to New York City, since the Hudson-Fulton celebration the steamers built for that wonderful occasion are now plying the waters. The Washington Irving, or steel steamer is the most beautiful river-boat and the most perfect in equipment in the world. As Washington Irving stands alone for expressions of beauty and literature of the river, so Washington Irving, the steamer, makes the highest development in river navigation, and stands without a rival. It is licensed to carry 6,000 passengers, this exceeding any other in the world, with every known device for speed, comfort and safety, with a grand orchestra.

My chaperone introduced me to the leader, Dr. Hoppe, stating that I was a delegate from South Carolina to the National Conference on Community Music, which he announced and for this distinction of honor, he would play Dixie. I was requested to stand.

Over fifty beautiful paintings of artistic tone and historic charm, beautify its interior decorations and are studies of scenes beyond the picturesque views beheld on the banks of the Hudson.

I have paid a most interesting visit to Tarrytown to view Washington Irving's home, Sunnyside, and Sleepy Hollow described so wonderfully by his magic pen. Irvington is interesting, named for the great writer and lover of the Hudson, who after a long sojourn in foreign lands in a letter to his brother, refers to Sleepy Hollow, as in a measure "my first and last love after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart felt preference over all the rivers of the world."

The steamers, Hudson, Hendrix and Robert Fulton are floating palaces. We went on the latter to Poughkeepsie, there enjoying many social pleasures with friends I made while a student in New York. The refinement, elegance and intellectuality of its people are living testi-

monials of the valuable influence of Vassar, Eastman and other colleges adorning numerous campuses. College Hill is especially attractive. Next on the programme arranged by my New York hostess was a visit to her relatives, Mrs. Hustis and her sister, elegant and interesting ladies residing at the clove termed the country for quietude and rest, free from style, ceremony and dress parade, which was a marvel to her but which I will confess did not appeal so much to me, as I had pictured the striking contrast of the millionaire automobile and the tour I described in my last letter over the city to the rural district termed the country.

Sure enough, we were met at the station with a two-horse wagon, seven miles from our destination. I have never been with a merrier party than those from the city, some for the first time enjoying a wagon ride over country roads. One of the children exclaimed, "See that baby cow." The mother said "You should say a calf". After reaching the farm boarding house, her chief delight was watching the chickens, catching the young ones, and hunting eggs. They had many hogs, beautiful cows and bees. The country seemed flowing with "milk and honey", wonderful truck farms, furnishing fresh vegetables.

Inhaling the pure, fresh country air, we were able to enjoy all these products. I was amused at the city child, but really there were many novel things to me, as the Clove is where the millionaires of New York have their club houses. Just across from us, was a grand one where they had a reception in honor of President Wilson's daughter. The surroundings are very beautiful, attractive groves, and lawns, many residences surrounded with flower gardens. We were one evening at Mr. Sacks. His home and arrangement of flowers favorably impressed me. Some of the walks lead to the entrance, and on both sides of the walk were corresponding plots of pink geraniums, a plot of green between and then a plot of red geraniums. In beauty they reminded me of Lake Mohawk. He has a bachelor brother about sixty years of age, residing a short distance from him.

From the exterior of this home you would not judge him to be so artistic, but a party were invited to view his collection of pictures. As he is an Englishman by birth, he was educated abroad and is equal to a public lecture. I was held spell bound as he had for his subject the war, and told many interesting incidents in the foreign countries now in turmoil. He compared the extravagance of the United States with that of Europe and does not approve of the extravagance in America as is demonstrated at "The Clove" daily.

I was invited to go with a party and witnessed a wonderful sight a man driving 1300 pheasants and 1600 ducks to a place where the club members have an annual clambake. Here they have an interesting fishery. When the multitude of fowls reached the banks of a large pond the manager blew a bugle, the fowls gathered around him as he threw them food, which they seemed to greatly enjoy after which they plunged into the water and I never beheld anything more graceful than their gliding diving, and swimming for a distance.

I am in a position to better understand ex-President Roosevelt's fascination for the duck hunts, but I would not care to witness them being shot for sport although I knew they would be utilized for food.

We attended an ice-cream festival given for the benefit of the soldiers. They realized a hundred dollars. Rev. Mr. Clark made an interesting address. Everybody in New York is enthusiastic over everything military. There was a large encampment near.

After our return to New York, I went with a party to a picnic where the principal feature of amusement was bathing. I was reminded of the pleasures I had enjoyed in the lovely beaches surrounding Norfolk, Va. We spent a charming day, but began to think we would never get a car not filled but finally managed to board one filled with soldiers. We had our picnic basket containing quite a number of delicious home made sandwiches. For lack of space I had placed my red and

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