

Edgefield Advertiser.

Established 1835.

J. L. MIMS, Editor.

Published every Wednesday in The Advertiser Building at \$2.00 per year in advance.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Edgefield S. C.

No communications will be published unless accompanied by the writer's name.

Card of Thanks, Obituaries, Resolutions and Political Notices published at advertising rates.

Wednesday, May 11.

Says a headline: "New York Bankers Will Help Export Cotton." That sounds good.

Things are getting better. The courts of Georgia have denied Herod-Nero Williams a new trial.

Weevils hold high carnival when cotton is plowed up and replanted this late.

The fellow who has been gold-bricked by a vender of oil stock deserves but little sympathy.

As soap can again be had two cakes for a nickel, this deflation business is not altogether bad.

The way wives are shooting husbands over the country, it's getting to be doubly risky to get married.

The decline of interest rate of the Reserve Banks hasn't made it any better for us yet but we are hopeful.

Those in authority, financially, tell us that the worst has been reached and that the country is again on a sound financial basis.

That was speedy justice in Greenville—the sentencing of a negro who killed a policeman to die in the electric chair within seventy-two hours after the crime was committed.

Count Tebaikowsky, whoever he is, says that within ten years America will be running Russia. Unless the Russian Reds are kept out, Russia will be trying to run America in less time than a decade.

Did you ever see so many people wearing old clothes, old shoes and old hats before? It's a fine thing to clean up as well as clean out one's wardrobe occasionally. Better wear old ones than to buy new togs and not pay for them.

They say gold is coming into this country in such great quantities that Uncle Sam hardly has storage room for it. Would that his coffers would overflow and spill some of it down this way! When did you last see a piece of the yellow metal?

How wonderful is the transformation wrought by a college course! It not infrequently happens that a girl enters college with the simple name of her grandmother and graduates with some French or finicky spelling of the beautiful old ancestral name. How foolish!

Committing a crime and then attempting to run away from justice is about like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand. The means of apprehending criminals are too numerous and too varied for a fellow to make a successful get away. Better face the crime at once and get it off your conscience.

Germany Taking Her Time.

It appears to us that Germany has been winning one long, continuous victory since their suggestion of an armistice was accepted. When they, the Germans, wanted to lay down arms and quit fighting, the Allies agreed upon the terms of peace, at least what amount Germany should pay by way of partial reparation for the devilment she had done, and now for one flimsy reason and another she is taking her own sweet time about complying with it. Suppose for a moment conditions were reversed. Were the Allies down Germany would issue a decree or mandate and it would have to be complied with to the letter within twenty-four hours or less. Germany is putting off compliance with the Allies' terms until it suits her to comply. It appears to us that England and France are lacking in real Red Blood. It will be a long, long time before order is fully restored if the present dickerings continue.

Taxes Already Too High.

Those who recently paid their taxes felt very keenly the increased tax burden, being about double that of the previous year. For 1920 the tax levy in the town of Edgefield was more than 70 mills and the levy for 1921 will probably be greater, because of the county bond issue. We are informed that at a meeting held yesterday the town council was asked to pass an ordinance increasing the town levy for this year. To make further increase at this time would be a great mistake. Already the levy is too high and the town is suffering because of this great burden of taxation. Outside capital will be slow to come to Edgefield under even present conditions.

We know of several persons who are contemplating building homes, but they are hesitating because of the high taxes that have to be paid on property in the town of Edgefield. Whether it be due to high taxes or not we do not know, but it is a fact that the Standard Oil Company is planning to move its supply station beyond the town limits. It is but natural for people, whenever possible, to get their property out from under the enormous levy that we are already paying.

The Advertiser would like to see the building boom of a year ago resumed in Edgefield, but until there is a reduction of the present levy, to say nothing of an increase, we cannot reasonably expect it. What Edgefield needs most now is retrenchment, a curtailment of expenses, so the present levy can be decreased. Certainly, if retrenchment be made, a further increase should not be necessary.

Edgefield Boys Making Good.

As Edgefield's oldest business landmark, now in its 87th year, The Advertiser is always pleased to learn of and record the professional and business achievements of young men who go out from Edgefield to large fields in order to give full play to their several talents. Just this week the achievements of two Edgefield boys—cousins they are, by the way—have come to our notice. One is a lawyer and resides in the capital of Georgia; the other a real estate dealer and business man of broad calibre who resides in the national capital.

It caused our heart to well up with pride yesterday when we read of how Solicitor General John Boykin has completely overthrown, root and branch, the incompetent and corrupt police force, together with the political ring, which has shocked the decency of Atlanta for several years. As a result of his able and determined efforts the grand jury has returned fifty indictments against men who have unblushingly sold out to the violators of law in Atlanta and in Fulton county. This great victory was not accomplished without hard work and much that was personally disagreeable to the prosecuting attorney, whose good name the violators of the law made a futile effort to besmirch. Undismayed by handicaps and discouragements, Solicitor General Boykin forged ahead until he aroused the public conscience of Atlanta and gained a victory for good government and civic righteousness, which is without precedent in Fulton county. The Advertiser offers hearty congratulations upon so signal a victory, which is but another instance of Edgefield's red blood being undaunted.

A success of as great proportion, as the one above referred to but in a different field of endeavor, is that of Mr. Felix Lake, another Edgefield boy whom we, and all Edgefield, love and honor for what he has done and is doing. Since Mr. Lake located in Washington several years ago he has steadily forged his way to the front. Besides being immensely wealthy is recognized today as one of the leading, if not the leading, authority on real estate values in Washington, his transactions amounting up into the millions. A clipping from a Washington paper received by a gentleman in Edgefield a few days ago showed the cut of a large apartment house, desirably located in Washington, for which Mr. Lake has just paid \$3,500,000. When he walked the streets of Edgefield a barefooted and short trousered boy, seemingly but a few years ago, no one thought that there was so much latent force and power wrapped up in his slender form. Many of his Edgefield contemporaries had more auspicious beginnings but they haven't made good as Felix Lake has. His success and wealth have been achieved with the Golden Rule constantly before his eyes, and not through trickery and short cuts. All honor to him! It gives us pleasure to raise our hats very high and bow very low to this Edgefield boy who has made good and who deserves the same measure of honor as the men in the Senate or House but a short distance from his office. Let us not think that

fame and honor come only through political channels. Frequently such fame and honor are cheaper and less meritorious than that which comes from other sources.

Miss Florence Mims Writes of "The Playgoers" and "The Florist Shop."

Dear Advertiser:

If anything could have been written on my heart for the past month, the words would have been Senior Plays. I, being the coach, have felt like a mother bird teaching her young ones to fly, or to be exact, teaching the students how to conduct themselves under the sway of certain given emotions on the stage.

I well remember how I felt when I first began rehearsing for our big play at the Leland Powers School in Boston last spring. It seemed to me as I stood behind the footlights, that I was a large oak or pine growing up between the boards on the platform, so well rooted that I could not move. All I could do was to stretch my arms and hands as my branches and twigs, but soon found that I was as free there as elsewhere, when I had once gotten my sense of direction fairly fixed in this place to which I was newly transplanted.

So the students here must have felt, though behind their masks of paint and powder and their more effective masks of character, they revealed the thoughts of other people whom they were impersonating, and kept their own fears concealed.

It all depends on the clay which the potter has to work with, as to whether he deserves a great deal of credit or not in succeeding. If the clay is soft and pliable he is but the motive power back of it, and if the clay is unyielding, he then deserves double credit for making a thing of beauty.

In my case, I had but to speak, and the thing was done; but to suggest and the suggestion was taken; but to work, and the students worked with me, so the credit goes mostly to the thirteen characters who were wise enough not to mind giving two performances on Friday afternoon and evening.

If I could have been in a dozen places at once, invisible, I would have been there, behind the scenes (where I was in reality, book in hand) or out in the audience clapping, for I knew they deserved it, or out on the stage spurring them on with a smile, for they knew also that I believed in them everyone.

In a way, it is more interesting to see an amateur performance than a professional, for though the professionals may give perfection, the amateurs are so evidently trying that we enjoy watching them. Their acting is a process of development, the other is a polished product.

The first play was English, "The Playgoers," written by Sir Arthur Pinero, and the leading man, by chance, was an Englishman with a really good English name, Clarence Mitchell, while his wife, who to all intents and purposes should also have been English, since they were supposed to live in London, was an Austrian, and would more properly have been a Viennese, but those are stage secrets that should not be revealed for fear that you might think the domestic warfare was also a war of nations.

The six servants who were the other characters were mostly Finns, and this isn't a fish story, but clearly the truth.

I behaved myself very well, that is I was calm and controlled on the outside, as a school ma'am should be, until the orchestra began to play and nobody knew it then, but I was very, very thrilled that the Red Sea curtain would soon part and my foreign children might or might not embark and arrive safe and dry on the other side.

But I came to from my good dream, when the cheering of the audience informed me, not through words, but by a more intelligible sound just then, that all had gone well.

There is no other reward that can be truly called a reward for labors well done except the inner knowledge and humble satisfaction that follows fast on the heels of success, for after all, success to me was the joy that surrounded the achievement and not the achievement itself.

After this first play had gone well, I felt safer about the next one, "The Florist Shop."

This time the curtain parted on a scene of springtime, a florist shop with a show case filled with orchids, violets, carnations and roses. There were five characters in this play, an Englishman, a Swede and three Finns. One of the Finns took the part of a Jew, and people are still talking of his good Jewish speech. With the aid of curling irons he made his hair look quite Jewish, and a little paint

The Wheel of Progress

is kept rolling by the efforts of the multitude. The wheel of bargains has to be kept rolling by the efforts of the merchants making them. For this week we want you to know of the effort we are making to do our part in keeping the wheel moving.

We are closing out a special lot of Ladies' Georgette and Crepe de Chine Shirt Waists, assorted colors and sizes, values up to \$14.00, now going at **\$3.98 EACH**

HOUSE DRESSES

\$3.50 value at	\$1.69	\$1.75 value at	79c.
\$4.00 value at	\$1.89	\$2.00 value at	89c.
		\$8.00 value at	\$3.98

For those who are in need of the above goods we only request that they come early and get their size before it is gone, for we hate to disappoint any one, but first come first served.

KEEP AN EYE ON OUR ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OTHER GOOD BARGAINS AND GOOD NEWS

The Corner Store

EXTRA SPECIAL FOR MAY

COATS' SPOOL COTTON AT 5 cents

With each cash purchase of one dollar we will sell Five Spools of Coats' Thread for 25 cents.

Remember that we have UNUSUAL BARGAINS in VOILES, ORGANDIES and SWISS.

STANDARD PATTERNS IN STOCK

A. J. DAY, THE LEADING STORE
Trenton, S. C.

Phone No. 5

gave him a realistic mustache.

The story centered around an old maid and an old bachelor, who had been in love for lo! these fifteen years. Through the clever scheming of the office they were brought to the altar together.

After the plays were over, the Seniors gave a party and presented me with a lovely bouquet of roses, which were sweeter and bloomed brighter than almost any I have ever had given me. My heart was too full for many words, so I threw a kiss and told the thirteen they might share it, so they all jumped up into the air simultaneously, to get the kiss which I had thrown almost to the ceiling.

As I left the building, after the affair, I heard many voices from an upper story window and it was the characters in the play, and the other seniors giving a yell for me in the characteristic school way.

I have been a party to many yells for other people before, but I had never had one given for me.

So many joys were crowded into one small night, that I shall have to sort them out and live them all over again, one by one through the years.

FLORENCE MIMS.

Aurora, Minnesota.
May 4, 1921.

U. D. C. Meeting.

(Written for last week.)

On Tuesday afternoon the U. D. C. held the May meeting with Mrs. P. M. Feltham, at her lovely old Colonial home in Buntcombe, where in spite of the inclement weather a large number of the members gathered and enjoyed the gracious hospitality of the hostess. Mrs. J. M. Wright called the meeting to order and presided over the business session, the principle feature of which was a discussion of plans for Memorial Day on next Tuesday, May 10th. Much interest was shown in this occasion which the U. D. C. holds in sacred remembrance of those who gave their lives for the Cause and for those who still live and are honored Confederate Veterans in our midst. The exercises will be held in the Court House, beginning at 12 o'clock, where an interesting program will be arranged, with an invited speaker and attractive music, Special reserved seats will be provided for the veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy and school children will march in a procession to the

Court House after placing wreaths on the graves of the Confederate dead.

Committees were appointed to attend to all necessary details to make the occasion one of interest and pleasure to all who come on Memorial Day, written invitations having been sent all veterans and their wives and the honorary members of the U. D. C. to be the guests of the Edgefield chapter at dinner at the Dixie Highway Hotel immediately after the morning exercises.

The historical session, conducted by Mrs. A. A. Woodson, historian, was of peculiar interest as she had compiled from the old files of the Edgefield Chronicle the history of the origin of the first U. D. C. chapter, organized by Mrs. L. H. Pickens, the first president, and the preceding events for several years. Mrs. Woodson deserves great credit for this valuable research work and hopes later to complete the history up to the present time, giving a continued record of the work of the Edgefield Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Feltham served delightful refreshments, consisting of pink and white block ice cream and delicious iced cakes, which her guests enjoyed in the warm and inviting parlor, decorated with bright colored flowers, a sharp contrast to the cold outside,

which was forgotten in the pleasant hours spent under such charming auspices and pleasant surroundings.

Injured on Clemson Athletic Field.

Saturday morning Mr. J. R. Timmerman received a telegram from Clemson College stating that his son, Mr. Rhae Timmerman, was seriously injured in an athletic contest Friday afternoon. He, accompanied by Mr. B. E. Timmerman, left at once in an automobile for Clemson. Mr. B. E. Timmerman returned Sunday afternoon, but Mr. J. R. Timmerman is not expected home until today. While the injury of Rhae was of a serious nature yet not so serious as was apprehended when the telegram was received here. While he and about fifty other cadets were playing push ball, he fell and was seriously bruised on the head and chest by other boys falling on him. He was unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours, but regained consciousness just before his father reached him. His friends here greatly deplore the injury but felt greatly relieved when they learned that it was not of a fatal character. It is not believed that it will cause any permanent injury.