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Wednesday, Sept. 7.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

Cars are getting so cheap the temptation to steal them is small.

Why are some men like lillies of the field? They toil not neither do they spin.

Have a thought for the comfort of dumb brutes these wilting and withering days.

Judge Hammond's wrath is yet unappeased but if he lives long enough he may survive it.

For people to rest on Labor Day is only one of our numerous national contradictions.

Monday, Labor day, did not differ from any other day in the Advertiser office.

Timely paraphrase: "O Self-defence! Self-defence! how many murders are committed in thy name!"

Judging from the number of embryonic gubernatorial candidates grooming for the arena, voters are in danger of being "gassed" next summer.

All honor to the World War veterans who gather in annual convention in Newberry today! The Advertiser has but one word to offer and that is, "swat" the unworthy politicians in your ranks.

We rather opine that were a hand primary taken in Georgia on this Carolina-mob-invasion-proposition, condemning the Palmetto state, only two would ascend—those of His Honor.

The Pistol Menace.

Pink Griffin, who was electrocuted Friday for recent killing of Dr. Lipscomb of Ninety Six, left, among other things, this parting injunction to young negroes: "Leave your guns at home." Were it not for the pistol the record of crime in South Carolina, especially with reference to taking human life, would be far less shameful.

Hasten the coming of the day, as surely it will, we believe, when public sentiment will crystallize into a law which will not only prohibit the sale of pistols and pistol cartridges but will provide a prison sentence, without alternative of fine, for persons who carry pistols. Not until a law with teeth in it is enacted and enforced will the practice of carrying pistols be discontinued. Public sentiment should be aroused upon this increasing menace.

More Maximum Sentences Needed.

Although a defiant spirit and disregard for law seems to permeate the atmosphere, and crime more aggravated and more offensive to human sensibilities are being committed than ever before, yet how infrequently do we see presiding judges impose maximum sentences. One of the most effective ways of restraining criminals is to make them feel and fear the consequences of violated law. Presiding judges can apply this means by suiting the punishment to the crime. In very aggravated cases heavier sentences, the maximum provided under the law, should be imposed.

If memory serves us right, two of the three white men who recently so brutally murdered the young chauffeur near Leesville, had served one or more terms on the chaingang or in the penitentiary. While we do not know their record, yet it is probable that both received light sentences. Were men who are bent on committing crime, made to feel the consequences of violated law, doubtless a greater number would face-about in their criminal record. Had these two criminals received heavier sentences for crimes committed in the

past, the young chauffeur might be living today.

First, be sure the accused is guilty, then suit the punishment to the degree of the crime. Not until this is done by those charged under the law with fixing the punishment, will there be any perceptible decrease in crime.

Strong Appeal For Disarmament.

It would seem that what was cost in bloodshed and agony would be enough to bring men to their senses, but not until costs in money began to stagger them did they begin to seriously consider the abolition of it. To play on the money string carries further than most any other. At least that has been struck. Taxes for war has almost ruined the most of us. The late war has cost us in money 22,625 millions, which is 22 billions. Do either of those figures mean anything to you? They are beyond comprehension and yet that is what the war cost us in money alone. Now add, still dealing in money values, all the destruction, and depression in business for years to come and what have we? Ours was no victory. We were said to be victorious, but in truth we all quit from sheer weariness, from exhaustion. We all knew then when we had enough. And today the people are outspoken against war, and will sooner or later demand disarmament of congress; and yet, our representatives in congress are talking about air armies, amphibious things that bigger and bigger deadnaughts and can sail out of sight in the etherial blue and drop bombs on the unsuspecting, or skin the waves or sink beneath them at will. And while they build we groan, groan, groan under a burden of tax that is grievous. So grievous that it takes away, not only the education of our children, but their very bread. Before another year there will be land for public outcry from the steps of our and demoralization will be only some more of the results of the late war; and yet our president and congress play at peace. The Republican party promised a reduction of taxes, economy! economy! was their watchword. There is no hope of reduction of taxes until some of the expenses are cut off. What about public health and development? What about government expenses, agriculture, highways education and research? Can we cut any of these? If we should wipe them all out, after all we would have 92 per cent. of our taxes left, for that is the demand of past and future wars. Our government is contemplating building what they choose to call Capital Ships, in fact the contrasts have been already given. There are to be 16 of them. The cost of one, of each one, of these is equal to the cost of two or three of our largest universities. For the 16 ships costing around 30 to 40 million a piece we could erect 50 universities, we could graduate 50,000 men and women a year, and enroll no less than 500,000 pupils, we could build high schools and equip them with everything needful to advance civilization. We are instead to leave our ambitious youths largely to scuffle for themselves and build ships that at best can not meet the demands of the navy longer than five years if that.

Write your representative in Washington that you are for peace, that you see no solutions to the present problems except disarmament. The women of the whole world are organizing peace organizations, and expressing themselves as wearied of war. The American men and women must lead off for disarmament, and to do that we shall have to make congress feel the pressure of our argument, by letters and telegrams and personal interviews. Every man and woman in America has a part in bringing this to pass.

Don't let it be said of you that you failed to do your part.
E. A. D.

The Bridal Chamber of Silver Springs.

The Following Story Combines the Accuracies of Fact With the Romance of Fiction.

Near Florida's celebrated Silver Springs lives an old negress, known to the entire surrounding country as "Aunt Silly" whose claim to be 110 years old is borne out by her appearance. Aunt Silly is wrinkled and decrepit, and the wool peeping from her bandaged head is as white as snow, and the blackness and weirdness of her face is intensified by a heavy crop of snow-white beard. Aunt Silly has always been identified with Silver Springs. That she was a participant in a tragedy is known only to very few of Ocala's oldest citizens, and seldom referred to by

any of them. In the near vicinity of Ocala, when first it was settled, stood a splendid old mansion owned by Captain Harding Douglass his only child was a son who, with his mother's beauty of countenance, had inherited her timid shrinking nature, and like herself was a slave to the old man's iron will. In the beautiful little city of Ocala, lived Bernice Mayo, whose blond beauty won at first sight, the heart of Claire Douglass. Although of Virginian ancestry, Bernice was a true child of the "Land of Flowers," passionate and impulsive. Her eyes were blue and clear as the waters of Lake Monroe, beside which she had spent her childhood in the fair little city of Sanford. Her hair was as golden as Florida's own sunshine, and Florida's own sunshine, and Florida's tropical splendor run riot in her blood.

For six months Bernice Mayo and Claire Douglass were constant companions, and Silver Springs was their favorite resort. For half a day at a time they would drift about on the bosom of the splendid, placid curiosity of the nation. Bernice seemed never to tire of going into the depths of the subterranean world. "If I were a mermaid, Claire," she would say, "and lived in yon crystal cavern, and some fair day I should wander forth among the palmettos and mosses of the springs, and sitting on yonder ledge of rock, should comb my golden hair with a shell, and your little boat should come drifting by, and you were to see me in the water beneath, would you love me well enough to plunge to the depths beneath to woo me?" "Then would Claire stop her merry chatter with kisses, and pledge to her his eternal love, As they drifted over the transparent mirror of water pausing now and then to study the rocks, and shells, the mosses, palmettos, the fish which were visible eighty feet below the transparent water as were the trees and woodland about them.

There is nothing fairer than Ocala's "Lovers Land" and yet no spot held for the young people the attraction of Silver Springs.

But there came a fatal day, destined to separate them, a day where-in Claire Douglass declared to his father his love for beautiful, penniless Bernice Mayo and his determination to make her his wife. Stormily his wife vowed it should never be, and secretly planned a separation. When Claire Douglass had been suddenly dispatched abroad on important business for his father, then it was that Bernice learned the truth, and her proud delicate nature lay crushed and bleeding beneath the cruel blow and still more cruel separation. Vainly she strove to rally; all life seemed an empty blank to her. A year dragged wearily by, and the scenes rfequented by merry Bernice Mayo knew her no more. Pailer and thinner she daily grew. Fragile she was as the white blossoms of her well-loved springs. The little chain of gold that Claire had locked on her arm would have slipped across the wasted transparent hand but for the ribbon that held its links.

One day (her last upon earth) the girl, by dint of desperate energy, crept to Silver Springs. Even Aunt Silly was unprepared for the white emaciated little creature who tottered into her cabin door and fell fainting in her arms. Conscientious soon returned but it was apparent even to the old black woman, that death had set its gray unmistakable seal upon the young face. "Aunt Silly," gasped the girl, "I have come to you to die, and you must obey my last request; the grave divulges no secrets. Ere to-night's sun sets I shall be in heaven. This separation from the man I love has been my death, but in that death we shall be united. I have asked God, and He has heard me. But you must obey my request. You love me you will do as I ask. To-night when the moon comes out, row my body to boiling Springs and bury me there. You know the spot, make no mistake. Do this and God will attend to the rest.

"Good Lord A'mighty, Chile, you think Aunt Silly 'm gwine tote dade body off in de lonesum night?" asked the old woman, her teeth chattering with superstitious fear peculiar to her race.

The girl realized the risk of her plans being thwarted, and raising herself to a sitting posture she seized the old woman's hands and fixed her dying eyes full on her face. "Aunt Silly," she gasped, "I am a dying woman; I am very near to God; I have talked with Him, and He has answered me. My will has been crushed in life, I swear it shall not in death. Before twenty-four hours Claire Douglass shall join me in the crystal caverns of Silver Springs. If you do not grant my request every

spirit of evil shall surround you. Palsied and blind you shall be, and deaf to every sound, save the hosts of the dead, which shall pass you by day and haunt you by night, or will you refuse me, and accept the prophecy of a dying woman, which shall rest upon your cowardly head for refusing to obey God's will. The old woman was shaking like an aspen. Her eyes protruded with fear, and great beads of perspiration rolled down her cheeks. The strength of the dying girl's will had prevailed, and the old woman answered, "I promise Honey, I promise."

(To be continued next week.)

J. RUSSEL WRIGHT.
OCALA, FLA.

Good Neighbors.

An elderly man whose opinion is considered worth something to the community was asked the other day what he thought were proper attri-

butes of "the people next door."

And he said: "I have been living here for nearly forty years. Folks on each side of us have come and gone. The people I like best for neighbors are those who do these things: They keep the place neat and clean, favor painting once in a while; hang out a washing every Monday morning; Tuesday is ironing day. They'll lend a lawn mower if you'll bring it back. They'll do the same with a pinch of salt or an egg or a cup of flour. They will go out of their way to do a favor. They keep the garbage can covered and keep the chickens in their own yard not in ours. They are not too curious about who comes and goes at our house. They mind their own business, an excellent trait. What the groceryman brings in or the laundryman carries out, doesn't interest them. They are not snoopy. If, once in a while there's a good deal of noise at our house, they don't telephone that

they were about to call the police. They are appreciative, kindly, companionable, neighborly. They live as nearly by the Golden Rule as is humanly possible I guess. And that being so, we do the same. It is a good plan; don't stone your neighbor's dog; it reduces the likelihood that he will stone yours."

Seems as if the wise old gentleman preached a pretty good-sized sermon and in not so many words, either.—Taunton Gazette.

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