

Mrs. John Lake Sends Charming Message and Incident from Canton, China.

Dear Edgefield Sisters:

We were in a hotel in Greenwood, S. C., having finished one speaking engagement and having a day off before the next one, when my good Edgefield husband came in with the morning paper, remarking, "I see that the W. M. U. sisters are going to have an all-day rally today at Modoc, and by taking this morning's early train, we could be with them. Would you like to go?"

I readily agreed, and a few moments later found us on the comfortable train and not long afterwards at the Modoc station—almost at the church door.

The day was bitterly cold, with a strong wind and patches of snow lying here and there. Through the hour for the meeting had not yet arrived when we reached the church, there was quite a good sized little group already gathered—and oh, what a warm welcome they gave to these two wayfarer missionaries who had so taken them by surprise—we were among friends—no doubt about that!

They told us that the two main speakers that day were to come from Edgefield, nearly twenty miles away, and over impossible roads; and more than one said in a disappointed tone, "No, they won't be able to get here—the weather is too bad." But they did get there, coming in just as the meeting was about to begin and almost frozen!

Would anybody in Edgefield county be surprised to know that these two faithful ones were Mrs. Mamie Tillman and Mrs. W. E. Lott? Never shall I forget how the stinging wind made the tears roll down their cheeks and how stiff their fingers were, as they stood by the little wood stove, thawing out. In order to be there on time, they had arisen before daylight, cooked a hasty breakfast, gone out themselves and hitched up the horse, and started their journey on lonely roads in the darkness and biting cold.

Right well did they rally, though, and I remember what a good meeting we had that day, largely because of the presence of these two, who "counted not the cost."

Now listen to the sequel—or, rather, one of the sequels, for no doubt there have been many sequels to the story of that day: I for one have never been able to get away from the influence of the glorious, self-sacrificing spirit shown by those two, though nearly seven years have passed since then.

We held here on our mission compound in Canton, China, the first week in July the annual meeting of our South China Woman's Missionary Union, lasting four days, and with delegates coming from all parts of these two Southern Provinces (States), and traveling by ricksha, sedan-chair, passage boat, train, or on foot—some of them coming a distance of four hundred miles or so. From the very first session, the rain poured in torrents the whole time—as it can pour only here in the tropics in "the rainy season"—but the courage of those dear Chinese sisters was dauntless. The ringing of the big church bell would always find them in their places and ready for business; and much was accomplished in the name of the Lord during those days.

On Saturday night a reception for the delegates and visitors was held in the assembly room of the women's school, and "stunts" were the order of the evening. My part was to "tell a story"—in the Chinese language, of course, and what do you suppose I told them? About Mamie Tillman and Effie Lott and that cold day at Modoc! I made it just as vivid as I could, stamping my feet, blowing on my fingers, and wiping my eyes, while the Chinese Christian women, more than a hundred of them, sat there and looked and listened with sympathy and admiration for these two good American sisters, written all over their faces.

Then I said, "Why have I told you this tonight? Because your faithfulness and devotion to duty in the face of hardship during the past few days have reminded me so of these two friends of mine across the seas, and because I want you Chinese sisters to know that, as you labor and perhaps suffer in the Master's service here, there are over there in America hearts beating in unison with yours, and faithful souls enduring hardship, even as you endure, 'seeing Him who is invisible.' And they, even as you, are pressing into the work of another year 'through peril, toil and pain,' taking as their motto the same verse that you have adopted, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

This is sent with loving greetings,

not only to the two whose names are herein mentioned, but to my dear friends, the Associational Superintendent, Mrs. J. L. Mims, so completely devoted in her service, and to the good women throughout the Association who are so nobly standing by her in the work, many of whom I can claim as my personal friends and some of whom are now my beloved "relatives-in-law,"—in fact, to the whole of Edgefield, town and county!

CARRIE BOSTICK LAKE.
Canton, China, Aug. 10, 1921.

A Worthy Testimony.

At the recent meeting of the American Bar Association there was a committee who reported on the federal prohibition law. The chairman of the committee was our own judge Chas. A. Wood, of South Carolina. We give the following excerpt from the report that was carried in the daily papers: "When for the gratification of their appetites, lawyers, bankers, merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob-violence, robbery and homicide."

"They are sowing dragon's teeth and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest."

We do not believe that anything that has been said in recent months has gone straighter to the mark than this declaration of Judge Wood.

He mentions "lawyers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers and social leaders" as among those who sometimes scoff at this law and by doing so aid "the cause of anarchy and promote mob-violence, robbery and homicide." He could also have mentioned some newspapers. It is a lamentable fact that some of the greatest newspapers in this country have never lost an opportunity to do what they could to bring the prohibition law into contempt. The fact that this law is now in the National constitution has not held them in check. They have published only the news that seems to indicate that the law could not be enforced, and they have been gleeful over every prospect of weakening the law and making it more difficult of enforcement. The bill, the Stanley amendment, that is now before the United States Senate, which would make the eighteenth Amendment a farce, is receiving the most cordial support of a number of our very greatest papers.—Baptist Courier.

South Carolina Industrial School For Boys.

The industrial school for white boys in South Carolina is located just south of the city limits of Florence on a tract of 562 acres. The plant consists of five brick and concrete buildings, a two story frame dairy barn, steam laundry and grist mill. The total capacity of the institution is about 200, 141 in separate beds. The population now is 150. On the staff are a superintendent, four teacher-cottage officers, two assistant lady teachers, band master, steward, diningroom matron, dairyman and farm manager, laundryman and painter, printer mechanic, physician and a bookkeeper. The pastors of the churches in Florence have regular Sunday afternoon chapel services at the school, and a number of the boys attend Sunday School and services at the churches in town. There are two registered troops of Boy Scouts in the school who frequently go on hikes to different points and camp out over night. The brass band is composed almost entirely of Scouts. The training of the members of the band consists of three class periods a week and frequent practices with the city band in Florence. All students are given academic work and some form of prevocational or industrial training. There are classes in printing, manual training, steam laundering, modern dairying, cooking, baking, and farming. Commitment to this school is through the probate court. Boys are paroled by the State Board of Public Welfare upon the recommendation of the superintendent.

Changes in Staff.

On September 1, Mr. Ellison Capers will assume the duties of county Agent of the Board of Public Welfare, Mr. John H. Martin having been elected Superintendent of the Industrial school for boys at Florence to succeed Mr. H. W. Moore who has resigned to enter another field of work. Mr. Moore has brought into the school a system of humane treatment based upon a study of the boy himself. His optimism and idealism been valuable contributions to the institution.

Furman For the Session of 1921—1922.

By President W. J. McGlothlin.

The next session at Furman University opens on September 15th. Former students should reach the grounds on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 13th, for enrollment and classification the next day. Freshmen should reach the grounds on the 14 for enrollment and class examination will be held on the 13th and 14th; also examination for the removal of conditions of last session.

The indications are that we shall have an excellent session. The financial depression has undoubtedly reduced attendance from the figures which we would otherwise have reached. Many young men who had planned to enter Furman this fall will not be able to do so, simply because they have not been able to earn sufficient money to meet their expenses, and for the further reason that it is more difficult than usual to get jobs for them on the campus and in Greenville. Still, I believe every young man who has a strong will, can make his way at Furman, with the assistance we can get for him in the way of work.

Here, at the opening of the session, I would like to make a final appeal to the Baptist young men of South Carolina, and to their parents. An opportunity for an education comes but once in life. Repentance for failure to secure an education at that time will begin by the time a young man reaches 25, and will continue through life. At that age the one opportunity has passed. A college education is simply indispensable to the very highest usefulness and happiness of most men who have some ability and ambition. Young men can afford to sacrifice for an education as for little else in life. Parents can render unto their children no greater service with their money than by putting it into a genuine, Christian education. Left in stocks, bonds, lands, and other forms of wealth, it may be dissipated, or become a bone of contention and division among a family of children when the parents depart. Put into a Christian education, it can do nothing else than bless the boy through life. I appeal to the conscience of the Baptist parents of South Carolina in confirmation of this statement.

Why not send your boy to Furman? He ought to be educated, and I confidently claim that there is no better institution in South Carolina, or neighboring state, for the education of your boy, than Furman University, your own college. The denomination has put its life into this institution to make it absolutely as good as the best. Why not patronize an institution where the religious and moral life will be in accordance with your own feelings and where the cultural work is unsurpassed?

The "Wonder State."

In the Hollomon dispatch from South Carolina today the Constitution's correspondent calls that the "Wonder State," for the reason that she depends almost entirely upon a property tax for revenue; takes in, all told, only about \$6,000,000 a year; and yet it is a matter of official record that the state is actually leading the south in school support, in proportion to her per capita wealth, and white population.

South Carolina has a population of only 1,700,000, or more than a million less than Georgia. She has no private property. She is in debt, borrowing each year to pay her obligations, but she "pays" as she goes, absolutely; and furnishes support to her great agricultural college at Clemson of around \$500,000 a year; to her industrial normal \$400,000; to her university \$250,000 and to her military college around \$500,000. She leaves the responsibility of common school maintenance to the counties but appropriates \$1,000,000 a year to encourage consolidations, long terms, attendance, efficiency, etc, through various state aid bonuses.

South Carolina, like Georgia, is looking around for a more modern and adequate revenue system; but South Carolina, unlike Georgia, is not letting any of her institutions, educational or humane, suffer in the meantime. She appropriated, to illustrate, in 1921, \$784,000 to her state hospital.

Indeed, it is a "Wonder State!" She never has a "deficit." If she needs money she borrows it. She makes a business proposition out of it.—Atlanta Constitution.

NICKLEN'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE ARNICA SALVE

The real scrap that causes wars is the long green.

Experience is one teacher whose pay is high enough.

The one thing in America they can't overtax is energy.

A safe doesn't live up to its name in this burglarious day.

Civilization must either depopularize wars or popularize taxes.

Greece's attitude is that she abhors war, but can't stand peace.

Nowadays any tax creates an emergency for the average man.

German propaganda is getting about the same results it did in 1917.

As silk shirts come within the reach of all nobody reaches for them.

Worse than the unemployment situation is the loafing on the job.

Fanatics accuse those with whom they differ of being atheists.

Where autocracy was strongest the fear of Bolshevism is most acute.

Another sign of spring—Japan is moving back into cold Siberian towns.

A man who is on the square never hesitates to come around when called on.

If this thing keeps up the Germans may yet discover that they lost the war.

Some of the nations have peace with honor and some have it with complications.

One way to teach allens English is to deprive them of foreign language papers.

When a man dances with a girl and doesn't step on her toes he knows she's graceful.

He is a thrifty man who doesn't have to borrow money to pay his income tax.

One of the most difficult things about holding office these days is holding the office.

It was hoped that the word "propaganda" and the hyphen could be eliminated together.

Some hyphenates apparently believe that waving an American flag is an effective disguise.

A little acorn never grew to be a big oak as fast as timber profits grew during the war.

Standing on one's head is the latest health fad for those who have no brains to addle.

'Tis said a good cry now and then helps a woman. It also helps her to control her husband.

What the statesmen do will not accomplish as much good as you think—or as much harm.

What a pity that the cost of men's clothes has come down! Kilts would have been so picturesque!

France reports a shortage of tobacco. Overseas men who sampled it say that is no new deficiency.

The Turks are agreed on what they want but they have different opinions on how they're going to get it.

If there is a general naval disarmament it should include not only surface ships, but concealed weapons.

These are the days when home gardeners learn that things grow better in the catalogue than in the ground.

All a man has to do is to stand where a speeding automobile is passing to be a big fish in a little puddle.

With meat soaring in price there is ominous talk in the kitchen about restoring those notorious "cheaper cuts."

Whatever may be the expectations of other industries, the booze business is not confident of getting back to normalcy.

Opportunity never phones it is coming, but if it did some men would arrange to be not at home when it knocked.

Wages in Hungarian money are fifteen or twenty times the prewar scale but what is fifteen or twenty times nothing?


Farmers have quit buying lightning rods. The affable agents have found it more lucrative to sell oil stocks to gullible folks.

One good way to avoid panic when considering the national debt is to compare it with that of the other great nations.

Other industries may be shut down in Russia, but evidently the rumor factory and the mendacity mill are running night and day.

Having had its spree and got over it, Mexico is in position to give much valuable advice to the nations that want to turn everything upside down.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU MAKE BUT WHAT YOU SAVE THAT COUNTS



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EVERY DOLLAR that you spend foolishly, every proportionate amount of money that you earn that it would be possible to save and do not, is only money that you have to work for again. On the other hand every dollar you put in the bank is money that is going to constantly work for you. Which is the best; money always working for you, or you always working for your money. Come in and start that bank account. Don't put it off another day.

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A Word to the Good People of Edgefield

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