

KEOWEE COURIER

(Established 1849.)

Entered at the Postoffice at Walhalla, S. C., as Mail Matter of the Second Class, under Act of Congress, March 3d, 1879.

Published Every Wednesday Morning

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
 One Year \$1.00
 Six Months55
 Three Months30

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By Steck, Shelor, Hughs & Shelor.

Communications of a personal character charged for as advertisements. Obituary notices, cards of thanks and tributes of respect, either by individuals, lodges or churches or societies, charged for as for advertisements. Cash must accompany the manuscript, and all such notices will be marked "Adv." in conformity with postal requirements.

WALHALLA, S. C.:

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1922.

EDITORS NOT ALWAYS FOOLED.

The Elberton (Ga.) Star says: "When people copy a real good article instead of sending the original printed article, and send it to the newspaper as an original article, they rarely fool the editor. The first sign that the article is not original is the writer refuses to sign his name, although this is not always the case. The only proper course for the editor to pursue is to refuse to print any article that is not signed. Then if the article is copied the signer is responsible. It is a dangerous thing to claim something that doesn't belong to you."

The Courier frequently gets this sort of "copied original papers," but we follow the Star's rule and dump them into the waste basket—that is, of course, unless the writer states that the matter is copied and because of its merit, republication would be appreciated.

One of the most amusing incidents of this kind occurred not more than two thousand years ago, when the notice of the death of a certain person was sent to us for publication. At once the words appeared to us to be particularly familiar. We did not have the time at the moment to verify our suspicions, but after the papers were all printed and mailed out we referred to our files, and, months before, this same notice, word for word—verbatim or literatim, as the lawyers would say—appeared in our own columns, the only difference being that the writer of the second notice had substituted a new name and new dates to suit the occasion.

It was all right. We had no objection whatever. As a matter of fact, we felt like congratulating the "party of the second part" on his good judgment as to "dead literature." But one has suspicions in another direction under circumstances of this kind. It sounds as though the writer might be a bit shaky as to his subject and prefers to use the words of another rather than risk an original expression of opinion as to the life of the departed. And, after all is said and done, it's a pretty risky business, taking things by and large.

Still, personally we would rather risk our own judgment of the departed than "take a shot at" adapting in toto some other person's estimate of another to fit another case. Mighty few people live and die alike.

It might be well for a good many of us who write these "things" to adopt something of the brevity of the old colored preacher, who, having started out to eulogize the deceased, lost his nerve and simply said, leaning well over the chancel rail and looking upon the familiar features—"Bruder, I hopes you is where I've afeared you ain't."

HOME GEOGRAPHY.

The Columbia State recently referred to "more of those little-known South Carolina place names":

- Juliana (Newberry.)
- Jarvis (Orange.)
- Jaxa (Cherokee.)
- Jett (Spartanburg.)
- Jennings (Attala.)
- Jerry (Cherokee.)
- Johns (Union.)
- Jordan (Orange.)
- Joy (Horry.)
- Justice (Horry.)

And after all, the State omitted, or does not know of—more shame to that paper—our more—

settlement—which has dropped in common parlance into "Shakerag." This is not, however, in the way of a criticism of the State. Merely to "keep the record straight."

And, by the way, this is in Oconee also.

SPARTANBURG'S NEW PAPER.

The Courier is in receipt of copies of "The Carolina Citizen," Spartanburg's new weekly newspaper. It is a splendid paper from the beginning, carrying a full news service and is to be devoted largely, as its name indicates, to features looking to the betterment of our State and country in general.

Due in September a charter was given to a publication of the Carolina Citizen, the incorporators being A. M. Carpenter and W. A. Carpenter. The former is a well-known newspaper man of this State. The capital stock of the new enterprise is placed at \$10,000.

The Citizen can, without doubt, fill a well-earned field, which there is ample room in our State. Mr. Car-

ponter is an able writer and thoroughly familiar with the newspaper business. We extend best wishes to the new enterprise.

BLAZING THE RIGHT WAY.

The Tugaloo Tribune of last week tells the following very interesting story:

"J. Miller Davis, of Westminster, Route 5, wants his neighbors and friends to help him fight the boll weevil. In fact, he wants every farmer to help him. He does not want them to fight with bayonet and bullet, but with steel plows, horses and mules and grain.

"We know you will agree with us in saying that Mr. Davis deserves this help when we tell you he has sown ninety bushels of oats, ten bushels of rye and eight bushels of wheat. And we feel sure you will agree with us again when we say Mr. Davis is a farmer with a vision."

Mr. Davis is one of the men of Oconee who have gone at "blazing the trail" to prosperity and to boll weevil extinction in the right way. Small grain crops planted in the fall, and cover crops on every available acre in the spring not actively engaged in making some necessary crop that requires clean cultivation, will do more toward boll weevil extinction than all the calcium arsenate, dust or liquid form, that one can use on the growing crop of cotton if small grain and cover crops are neglected. Mr. Davis is doing the right thing. His neighbors may not follow his example, but eventually they will wish they had.

THE ECONOMY HOME CAMPAIGN

Has Been Launched in State-Wide Nature—Oconee Organization.

Rev. J. H. Spaulding, superintendent of the Economy Home, at King's Creek, S. C., was in Walhalla last Saturday looking after the interests of his wonderful institution.

It has recently been decided to put on a State-wide campaign for this institution, which is doing a wonderful work among the unfortunate children of our State. Governor Harvey has recently visited the institution, and he left with a broader view of the great work being accomplished by it. Writing to Rev. Spaulding after his visit to King's Creek, Governor Harvey said:

"State of South Carolina,

"Office of the Governor,

"Columbia, S. C., Oct. 18, 1922.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Because of the confidence I have in the work being done by the Economy Home, King's Creek, S. C., and believing it to be good business for the people of our State to provide room for a few of the most needy cases now knocking at their doors, I most heartily endorse the attempt being made by Rev. J. H. Spaulding, the superintendent, and his co-workers, in laying this noble work on the hearts of our people.

"I believe our people will furnish the money to do this when they are sufficiently informed of the work.

"Let us give them a hearing.

"Sincerely yours,

"Wilson G. Harvey,

"Governor."

Great Work Progressing.

A few years ago the Economy Home was launched with a few unfortunate children—young boys and young girls whose mothers had been taken from them by the hand of death. It is not always the case that both parents of the children are dead, but often the absence of the mother from the home creates a situation where the father is unable to give the proper attention to his children, especially if they are girls, at the institution at King's Creek is of such a nature that many young lives may be saved for the home and the State, where otherwise they might become the prey of those beasts of low mentality and perverted morality whose aim in life is to wreck lives instead of seeking to make brighter homes and contribute to the building up of a stronger and purer womanhood.

Rev. Spaulding gave a strong illustration of the nature of the work at King's Creek when he said that the institution is a "sanatory," not a "reformatory"—in other words, that the young—especially the girls—are taken in and cared for, taught the right way in which to go—trained for the better life—saved from sin and the "beasts of prey"—rather than seeking to reform wayward and sinful women in later years, which would often be the necessary course in many cases were these young girls left to their own devices during the years that are so important in the formation of character.

Something of the growth and magnitude of the work may be learned from the fact that at the present there are 575 young boys and girls being trained and their characters moulded at King's Creek to-day. The ages of these wards of the institution range from two to fourteen years. There is no limit as to age, the chief consideration being the immediate needs of the individual.

Rev. Spaulding appeared here before the meeting of the teachers of Oconee, and it is probable that the work in our county will have its beginning through that source. James M. Moss, Mayor of Walhalla, has taken active interest in the effort to be made in Oconee, and has consented to act as chairman for the campaign work in our county.

The King's Creek Economy Home is a most worthy and deserving institution, and Oconee should have a part in the State campaign in the interest of it.

Nose stopped up?
MENTHOLATUM
 quickly clears it.

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GREENWOOD MAN'S ARM TORN

Or in Accident While Operating a Corn Shredder.

(Greenwood Index, Nov. 21.) Harold Lumley, prominent young Greenwood county farmer, had his left arm torn off at the elbow this morning about 11:30 o'clock while shredding corn for Henderson Stuart, of Coronaca. He was brought at once to the Greenwood Hospital, where his arm was amputated. He is resting as well as could be expected after the operation, reports from him this afternoon stated.

Mr. Lumley was feeding the corn shredder when his arm caught in the machinery. Before the shredder could be stopped his left arm had been mangled to the elbow. He is right-handed, but was feeding with his left hand at the time of the accident. Mr. Lumley lost considerable blood, but medical attention was given as soon as possible, and he was brought immediately to the hospital.

Mr. Lumley is an alumnus of Erskine College and was a noted baseball player in his college days. He has played base ball on local teams and played for Greenwood in the Carolina League last summer. Since the World War, when he served as a first lieutenant, Mr. Lumley has been engaged in farming at his home near Coronaca.

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Beneficiaries of the Wool Tariff.

Here are some figures concerning the 33-cent-a-pound tariff tax on clean wool, worth knowing and remembering. They are supplied by Senator David I. Walsh, Democrat, of Massachusetts, who obtained them from the Federal Tariff Commission. According to the tariff commission, the public treasury will gain about \$33,000,000 a year, while the domestic wool growers, headed by Senator Gooding, Republican, of Idaho, will gain about \$40,000,000 a year.

According to the Carded Wool Growers Manufacturers' Association the 33-cent tariff tax will amount to \$1 a pound on the finished garment after passing through the hands of the middlemen. This means a tax on consumers of \$200,000,000 a year. If no other form of profiteering is injected into the transaction, this will mean an increase of \$2.50 on an ordinary suit of clothes, \$3.50 on an overcoat and \$5.50 on an ulster.

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.—adv.

Want Harvey's Old Shirt.

(Columbia State.) The Woman's Missionary Union of Urania, La., wants one of Governor Harvey's old shirts to make aprons from and to help in making a quilt, according to a letter received by the Chief Executive yesterday from Mrs. Zonie E. Cook, secretary of the union. Mrs. Cook says the union wants a discarded shirt from every Governor in the United States and will use them to make aprons and quilts, which will be sold for the benefit of the union.

"Men are queer," observes the Anderson Tribune. "They will insist upon the very best foundation they can get when it comes to building a home, and yet they will build their own characters on a foundation of quicksand."

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CAPT. DENDY WRITES REUNION

Observations at Concess—Delightful Occasion Held Annually.

Editor Keowee Courier:

It was a distinct pleasure to me, as an invited guest, to participate in the festivities of the recent annual reunion of the Alexanders and other friends and relatives, to be with them on the 27th of October, on which day they always assemble.

Just to think—in the 40's and 50's as we turn the dusty leaves of the old time calendar, for 70 years or more, most wonderful to think of this Alexander reunion has occurred at the original old and memorable homestead, which is now more than one hundred years old. It was my great pleasure, when a barefoot boy, in 1852 and 1853, with my old Blue-Back Speller (all I had at that time) to attend school at the old log school house with the Abbotts, Alexanders, Reeds, Adairs and other boys and girls in our happy school days of the long, long ago.

The old Alexander home, which is standing to-day as the silent sentinel and an aging marker of the builders of that long-ago time, is covered with evergreen, clinging vines, which still cling to the old rustic chimney as if grasping lovingly the sacred memory of the past and the loving hands that first planted them there.

I sometimes sit and wonder, as we pack life's fruits away, and hoard them in the cellar, for the bleak and wintry day, When the mind of man has never tried to store a stock of cheer In the cellar of his memory for the barren time of year.

In the year of 1852 or 1853—in August of that year—I spent my first night in this memorable old pine log house. I was going to school at the old Josh Perkins old field school house. My schoolmate, John H. Alexander, was my chum. He was a man over six feet tall, about 25 years old, and I a boy of eight years. We were always fast schoolboy friends. John A. would have me to go home with him, as school boys used to do. It was quite a long walk, and John, backed up near an old stump, and said, "Sam, climb up on my back and I will carry you some." I did so, and he had me astride of his shoulders as though I was a Confederate soldier's knapsack. We slept together in that old pine log house, as school boys used to do. He was a fine and handsome man—very black hair and blue eyes and complexion fair. That fall, or the next, he went to Missouri, lived there a number of years, took California gold fever, pulled out for that State, and lived and died there. He never came back to his native State of South Carolina. He left, as I learn, two fine daughters, who are very wealthy and well-to-do. All of which I am glad to know.

I went to this old school house at Concess with Miss Marth, Lovey, Newton and Joseph Alexander. The only ones now living, as I learn, are Mrs. Martha Alexander Gibson and Newton Alexander. My brother, W. H. Dendy, taught this old Concess school in 1853 and 1854. Others who went to this school at that time were Mrs. George Leathers, who was a daughter of the late Alfred Adair, and Rev. W. W. Abbott also went to this school, and the writer.

A large crowd had assembled to commemorate this annual reunion. There is a long rustic, old-time table which was most bountifully supplied with fruits, flowers and all the good things to eat that men and women could assimilate. I learned that there were present five generations of the original Alexander family. I am glad to say that they are very prolific, which is to the uplift of State and church and school and society. May they forever continue thus.

It is a thing of variegated beauty at this time of the year, to stand now, as I did in the years gone by, and see the beautiful old-gold of the forest that has to some extent been spared by the great modern steam roller of civilization.

Perhaps my niece, Mrs. Julia D. Shanklin, and I were the only ones present at this grand convocation who were not directly related to the Alexanders and their descendants—although it would have appeared that we, too, were related, from the unlimited, unstinted, kind-hearted hospitality bestowed upon us. She and I most respectfully thank them all for such loving remembrances as were extended to us.

While we all enjoyed this fine and congenial gathering, I must say that, when I realized the fact that many of my life-long friends and Confederate comrades have passed away, my throbbing heart aches with sadness and sorrow. I weep with those who are in distress; I rejoice with those who are merry. I am so constituted by my Creator. So please allow me to add a verse or two:

When the golden-rod has withered, and the maple leaves are red; When the robin's nest is empty and the cricket's prayers are said, In the silence and the shadow of the swiftly hastening fall, Come the dear and happy home days, days we love the best of all.

Say not good-bye—the flowers of fall May hide their faces all too soon; But while beneath the mold they lie They say good night, but not good-bye.

Say not good-bye, heart sore distressed, For those you mourn are but more blessed—

Are but asleep—they do not die— They say good night, but not good-bye.

Good friends of the reunion, let me light my old cob pipe, and, lifting my hat to you, say "Good night"—but not good-bye.

Most truly yours,
 S. K. Dendy, Sr.

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