

UNCLE JIMMY DANNELLY

Anti-Bellum Preacher of Wide Reputation.

WAS BRUSQUE AND TO THE POINT

Did Not Stand for Vulgar Display and Was Down on Hypocrites—Also Was Bitter Against Immorality—Would Fight If Necessary.

By T. Larry Gantt.

In old ante-bellum days, and especially in the rural sections, preachers were of an entirely different order from the ministers of the gospel in these advanced and modern times.

They were clerical shoulder-hitters, who did not mince or choose their words and believed in and preached hell fire and brimstone.

One of the most noted preachers of the South was an old wooden-legged Methodist named "Uncle Jimmy Dannelly," who lived about one and a half miles from Lowndesville, Abbeville district, South Carolina, near the old Smyrna church.

He officiated in the early fifties. He was a stout-built man and I should say weighed around 150 pounds. His home was within sight of Smyrna church, and close to the old camp-ground of that name.

"Uncle Jimmy" Dannelly hated three things above all else: Foppish and gaudy apparel; inattention to services during his long-winded sermons, and immorality.

"Uncle Jimmy's" fame as a preacher spread over the state and he was once invited to preach a sermon in a fashionable church of Charleston, S. C. He had a piercing, high-pitched voice.

"Uncle Jimmy" was in the midst of a sermon. Stopping short in his discourse the old preacher remarked, pointing to the young man: "My young friend, let me say to you there are no gold-headed canes in heaven."

During a camp meeting at old Smyrna "Uncle Jimmy" was half sick and broken down. Turning the pulpit over to a young minister from a town church, he told the congregation that he would retire to his home and rest that night, as there seemed to be a very cold and indifferent feeling.

My father says that "Uncle Jimmy" was noted for his long-winded sermons and when another preacher was invited

to fill his pulpit always closed with an exhortation as long as the sermon.

One day at Smyrna, after a lengthy discourse by a visiting preacher, "Uncle Jimmy" arose, and opening his Bible in a new place, began to exhort sinners.

Once a gay party of young ladies and gentlemen from town came to Smyrna to a big meeting, gaudily dressed, and during the services began to whisper and giggle.

"I am glad you corrected the impression that those young women made on my mind. I took them, from the manner they behaved in church, to be some strumpets you young men had picked up on the streets and desecrated the house of God with their presence.

During a camp meeting at old Smyrna "Uncle Jimmy" was half sick and broken down. Turning the pulpit over to a young minister from a town church, he told the congregation that he would retire to his home and rest that night, as there seemed to be a very cold and indifferent feeling.

In his later years "Uncle Jimmy" married a second time, to an old maid from Anderson county, who had been exceedingly kind in nursing him while he was sick during some of his preaching tours through that county.

This old minister is buried in the Smyrna graveyard, but the inclosure around the grave, and even the mound, have long since disappeared.

When "Uncle Jimmy" first came to Lowndesville to preach, a leading member of his congregation, who had a fine farm and prided himself on building higher fences, having fatter horses and better clad slaves than any of his neighbors, approached the old man and remarked, "Brother Dannelly, I want to say that I am a very poor man and have but little, but you are welcome to share it. I want you to take dinner with me today."

He expected "Uncle Jimmy" to contradict his expression of poverty, and thus feed his vanity. The old man saw at a glance his object and replied: "I thank you Brother Jones, but there are plenty of well-to-do members in the church who are better able to entertain me, and I make it a rule never to impose on the poorer members of my little flock. I will not take from your family a part of their vittages. I will call and see you when passing, but do not deprive your family to entertain me." And he never could be induced to take a meal there, although Brother Jones did everything possible to make "Uncle Jimmy" realize his true condition.

My father says that "Uncle Jimmy" was noted for his long-winded sermons and when another preacher was invited

FACTS ABOUT CANCER

(Continued From Page One.)

of the saddest things that I see is for the mother of several children with an inoperable, incurable cancer of the uterus to come seeking relief. For her there is no balm in Gilead. And all because of somebody's ignorance and neglect.

Cancer of the breast, which is so far advanced that the patient and her friends can recognize it as cancer, is usually beyond hope of relief. But I am glad to tell you that there is a time when cancer of the breast may be cured.

A lady consulted me because of a lump in her breast. Her physician was a man of ability, and she spoke most enthusiastically of him. She said, "I don't have any pain, but my doctor has been watching this lump for two years."

Pain is never an early symptom of cancer, it occurs only late in the disease, sometimes not at all. It comes when the exuberant cells have been talking about crowd and pack themselves into the tissue, thereby putting pressure upon the nerve endings.

Statistics usually make dry reading and are not remembered, but I want to give you a few figures that are significant and I believe will prove interesting to this intelligent audience.

I was in the service of the United States army for nearly three years. Among my manifold duties was that of organizing Base Hospital No. 65, which was sent to France and handled between 40,000 and 50,000 sick and wounded men.

Now, when we count those who died in battle and from disease, we find a total of 85,000 lost during the two years' war with Germany. You will agree with me that it was a gruesome toll we paid. But do you know that every twelve months in the United States of America, there are as many men, women and children who die of cancer as we lost in the whole two years of the World war?

Mortality statistics are usually given in their relation to the 100,000 population. The mortality from cancer in certain civilized countries aggregating 212,000,000 population, for an average of five years was 71.5 to the 100,000 population.

Another significant fact is that while the death rate from typhoid fever, malaria, tuberculosis, etc., is decreasing, that from cancer is increasing. The rate of increase is about 2 1/2 per cent per annum.

In the United States in 1900 it was 62.9; in 1918 it was 78.9.

rate in 1886 was 42.8; in 1913 it was 90.

In twenty large cities of the United States in 1881 it was 33.6; in 1913 it was 89.3.

In Massachusetts in 1856 it was 18.8; in 1913 it was 99.4.

The mortality among women is 50 per cent higher than it is among men. One man in every 12 over 40 years of age, dies of cancer. One woman in every eight over 40 years old dies of cancer.

When we come to deal with the cancer problem, we are confronted with ignorance among both high and low. It is common knowledge that we have been cursed with the so-called "cancer doctor" from time immemorial.

I maintain that the responsibility of the cancer problem rests with the profession and the intelligent educated portion of the community. It is our duty, as guardians of the public health to educate the laity.

When we come to deal with the cancer problem, we are confronted with ignorance among both high and low. It is common knowledge that we have been cursed with the so-called "cancer doctor" from time immemorial.

Statistics usually make dry reading and are not remembered, but I want to give you a few figures that are significant and I believe will prove interesting to this intelligent audience.

I was in the service of the United States army for nearly three years. Among my manifold duties was that of organizing Base Hospital No. 65, which was sent to France and handled between 40,000 and 50,000 sick and wounded men.

Now, when we count those who died in battle and from disease, we find a total of 85,000 lost during the two years' war with Germany. You will agree with me that it was a gruesome toll we paid. But do you know that every twelve months in the United States of America, there are as many men, women and children who die of cancer as we lost in the whole two years of the World war?

Mortality statistics are usually given in their relation to the 100,000 population. The mortality from cancer in certain civilized countries aggregating 212,000,000 population, for an average of five years was 71.5 to the 100,000 population.

Another significant fact is that while the death rate from typhoid fever, malaria, tuberculosis, etc., is decreasing, that from cancer is increasing. The rate of increase is about 2 1/2 per cent per annum.

In the United States in 1900 it was 62.9; in 1918 it was 78.9.

their lack of knowledge, but do we always manifest more wisdom than they do in the exercise of their absurd belief?

Even those who are nearest to us sometimes surprise us by the ignorance they display upon questions of vital importance to their health. For instance, the daughter of a surgeon, who is reputed to be fairly well up in his profession, married. In due course of time, she became a mother.

The trouble with the profession and the teachers generally is that we do not quite live up to what we know. The health physician of a certain city is a fine, jovial, happy-go-lucky kind of individual.

You remember when Phillip was traveling across the desert, he met an eunuch of high authority, who had charge of the treasures of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia.

I maintain that the responsibility of the cancer problem rests with the profession and the intelligent educated portion of the community. It is our duty, as guardians of the public health to educate the laity.

NEW STEAM AUTOMOBILE

Rumor Has Built Up Wonderful Story of Perfected Power.

America has at last produced the first low priced steam automobile ever manufactured for general use, says a report.

The car is being built by a firm in Indianapolis it is said. Engineers who have studied the development of gasoline and steam automobiles for the past two decades declare that the simplicity, the low operating costs and the undeniable power of a practical steam car in the low priced class will popularize the steam driven engine.

You will agree with me that the smartest thing the Germans did was their propaganda. It kept the Allies guessing at all times.

I maintain that the responsibility of the cancer problem rests with the profession and the intelligent educated portion of the community. It is our duty, as guardians of the public health to educate the laity.

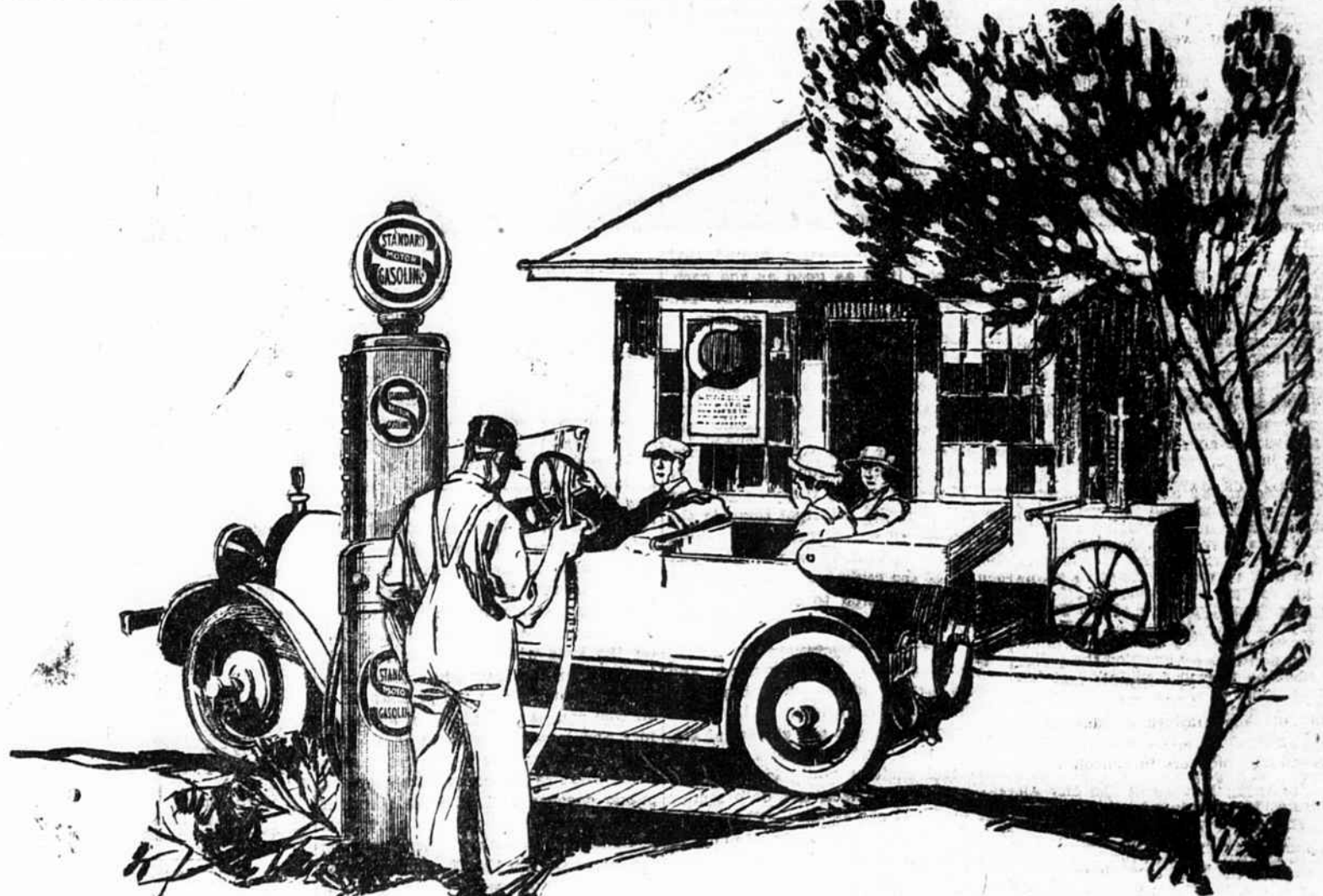
starting from dead stop at any point in the grade.

The car has the appearance of a gasoline automobile of the latest model. A foot brake and a shut off pedal occupy the usual positions on the floor, while a gear lever similar in appearance to those in use on gasoline cars is placed as it would be for a gasoline engine.

To start the steamer the driver turns the switch on the dash. The automatic and fool proof device with which the machine is equipped do all the rest.

The engine is said to be light, small and powerful. Tested as a gasoline engine would be tested it produces over fifty horse power, yet it swings no fly wheel and carries less than twenty moving parts.

United States paid for Mexico session \$8,250,000.



Hit or Miss Gasoline Makes a Motor Hit or Miss

THE problem of obtaining uniform quality is one of the difficulties that the successful gasoline producer has had to solve. The matter of varying quality is one of the greatest annoyances to the gasoline user.

line you use influences in some way the performance of your motor. The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has never been content to have "Standard" Motor Gasoline exceptionally good in any one respect to the detriment of other properties.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)

