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SHOTS FOR COMMERCIAL CLUB MEMBERS

The Commercial Club, beginning its new year's work Tuesday evening, has wonderful opportunities before it to advance Clinton and this section. Such an organization is indispensable in the commercial life of the community in that it does for the city what the individual would like to do, only the individual does not know where or how to start.

That was a fine, representative body of men that assembled for Tuesday evening's meeting. If every one of the gentlemen would put their shoulders to the wheel—use their intelligence and energy—a great Clinton will be the inevitable result.

The club did only what it should have done, when it voted to the retiring president, Prof. J. H. Witherspoon, a vote of thanks and appreciation for his intelligent and untiring leadership during the year that has just closed. No one man can do it all, regardless of what his name may be, and when a public-spirited citizen assumes a public office he soon finds that its paths are not covered with roses if he discharges his duties. Prof. Witherspoon has made a success of his administration, he gave liberally of his time and thought to the work and made a valuable and acceptable leader. The club voted its thanks for such service, which came not as a perfunctory kind of approval, but as a genuine expression of services well rendered.

As to the new president, our good friend W. A. Moorhead—a better man for the place could not be found. Mr. Moorhead has always identified himself with the interests of the community and is a citizen than can always be counted upon to do his part. Furthermore, his connection with the northern interests with which he is associated, puts him in a position to render far-reaching service to this community. The club is fortunate in drafting such a man to head its activities. Capable, useful, and dependable, he can always be counted on to give his influence to those things that are worth-while, whether it be in the commercial, industrial, educational or religious life of the community. Let every member of the club stand back of our new leader.

The possibilities of the club are unlimited. There is the danger, however, that too many of its members look upon their membership as a mere meal ticket proposition. The organization is not a lunch counter, and if our reasons for belonging to it are no higher than that, better that we get out. A commercial organization is a thing. It is a force. It creates an atmosphere of enterprise and establishes confidence in each other and in the future of the community. Confidence is the foundation upon which all business is built.

The farmers of the Hopewell section are a fine bunch of fellows. They have waited long, exercising the patience of Job, to obtain a passable road in their section and at last they are seeing their ambition realized. You couldn't find a finer bunch of fellows in Laurens county than the farmers right through that section. They are dependable citizens, interested always in progress and development. That their road is no longer a dream is a fact of which we are all proud. Had they received their dues, long ago they would have been lifted out of the mud and given the highway.

There are great possibilities ahead of the club. We need to remember that it is a commercial organization and that its work covers a definite field which no other agency can fill. Politics should be kept out of it if it is to live and be an agency of usefulness.

The chautauqua was called to the club's attention. We know of no finer effort the club could make than to help put this proposition across successfully. Clean entertainment is desirable, in fact, is essential in every community, and the chautauqua is an

acknowledged agency that gives such recreation. We should boost and support it—everybody.

The development proposition called to the club's attention through Mr. Jacobs is a practical and needed movement. It will require hard work to formulate the plans and get the people into the country as small, contented farmers, but it is imperative that something be done in this direction. The country is in a deplorable condition through this immediate section. Unless some such plan as outlined is adopted and put into execution we may expect conditions to become still worse. Here is an opportunity for some intelligent leadership and service on the part of representative citizens, especially our large land owners and wealthy men.

Let's adopt for our slogan for the year the word "THINK." A commercial organization, or any other business for that matter, must have brains if it succeeds. The business of the Commercial Club is to make the community "think" and to quietly interest and educate our people to the city's needs and possibilities. The club should be an open forum, so to speak, where questions may be opened up and considered for the benefit of all. At all of its meetings there is always plenty of talk and it should be crystallized into definite action. This latter service—this transformation of discussion into action—"getting a move on"—is the distinction between a live and dead organization. We want to guard against the club becoming a "resolutin' body"—we want to make it a body of action, the dynamic force that makes the wheels go round. We want it to "THINK"—then "ACT!"

Abraham Lincoln said: "I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man so live that his place will be proud of him. Be honest, but hate no one; overturn a man's wrong doing, but do not overturn him unless it be done in the overturning of wrong. Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him while he is wrong."

Ask yourself this question, "Is Clinton proud of me? Am I proud of Clinton?" Are you doing anything for the community to make it proud of you? With the beginning of the new year, the time for action is here. Let every member work to command the respect and admiration of the community. When you are called to perform a duty, respond gladly and quickly. Offer to be of service—such members are the kind that the club needs.

There are a number of business men in Clinton that are not represented in the Commercial Club. These should be singled out and an effort made to enlist them. Every business man ought to know without being told, that the only chance for his business to grow is for the town to grow. A town in which an individual makes his living is certainly worth boosting and working for. Many of us who are in business open our doors daily, invite and expect people to come into our places of business and spend their money, yet we are unwilling to affiliate ourselves with the city's organizations and do our part in advancing the community's interests. The business man who puts the most in the community is the one who should get the most out. And usually, he does.

En Passant

W. W. H.

Well, you can't ever tell, it took the legislature thirteen weeks to adjourn.

Sometimes the bride assists him—then again she is always insisting him.

It is reported that the number of church-goers is steadily increasing in England.

With automobiles and radios to be bought, what chance has the groceryman around the corner to get his?

Some folks get so worried over the religion of their neighbors that they haven't time to acquire any for themselves.

Another trouble with the country is that most of the pants wear out in the seat first.

The fellow who says two can live as cheap as one can always start an argument. If you want the truth, ask the June bride of last year.

Our doctors are poor advertisers. They state that 25,000,000 cases of illness occur every year.

A Georgia man fell dead the other day while working his garden. The women might as well get their shoes and overalls.

Where there's determination there is usually a way. An Alabama woman kidnapped a husband the other day at the point of a pistol.

The legislature broke all records for the length of its session. It might be added it about broke the people also.

150 men in Laurens are holding a daily prayer-meeting service. That many Clinton men don't get to prayer-meeting once a month.

The politicians all say they are the

poor man's friend, but you would never gather it from the supply bill.

The modern youth may not get into the hall of fame, but he hopes to see his name eventually in the batting order.

The world is getting better. 150,000 people went to church during the Ham meeting in Laurens.

President Coolidge, it is reported, will study during the summer vacation, but no fear need be felt that his example will become contagious.

The legislature has tried almost everything. How would it do for it to pass a law requesting that the railroad trains stop at every crossing and wait until the automobiles have passed?

A bank advertisement proceeds to tell why it was organized. We fellows who borrow can tell in a few words.

Cal Coolidge is a wonder. In the name of economy, he has sent his old spring hat to the cleaner's to be renovated. This same Cal just a few weeks ago signed a bill substantially increasing the pay of all members of congress in the name of—politics.

Old Doc Cook goes to Leavenworth. It will take him longer to get back from there than it did from the North Pole.

An honest taxicab driver was found the other day in New York. Wonder how he ever got way up there?

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

ECONOMY, MR. COOLIDGE?
AIR TRAVEL, 1 CENT PER MILE.
SECY. WILBUR WANTS REPORT.
THE LAST CHAPTER.

Speaking of economy, Mr. President, what is gained by sending the American army polo players to compete with Great Britain's army players across the ocean?

Six army players, with twenty-five ponies and thirteen grooms, sailed on the Atlantic transport liner Minnetonka last week.

Are those grooms American soldiers? Did they enlist to be used as private servants for gentlemen playing polo?

Does it make the army more efficient, in these days of tanks and flying machines to have officers knocking little white balls along the grass?

Who authorizes the expedition? How do you think it will strike the average farmer? Thirteen grooms for twenty-five ponies will seem a good many to him. He and his hired man take care of ten horses and cows, besides plowing. They don't manure their horses' hoofs.

A lady at Spokane demands a divorce because her husband, at breakfast, milked a goat directly into his cup of coffee. He keeps the goat in the house. The lady declares that such "table manners" could not be endured by any person of refinement.

"Other times, other manners." Eve would have thought it very clever had Adam done exactly the same thing.

News from Paris will interest railroad men of the kind that think. For the cheapest airplane trip from Paris to Rouen, a distance of eighty miles, a 50,000 franc prize was offered. Drouhin, a French flier, made the trip at a total cost of eighty cents, one cent a mile for gas and oil. And he won the prize.

Up in the air there are no roadbeds or rails to be kept up, no friction or bumping, wearing out rolling stock. Before the Fords get through with their airplane building they will carry ten passengers from Detroit to California, or Florida, for one-quarter of the present fare, in one-third of today's running time.

Young men that perhaps envied and admired young Wood, son of General Wood, when he was gambling and winning in Wall Street, and envied and wondered more as they read the usual lies about his tremendous gambling profits in Europe, should not miss the last chapter of the story.

It came with young Wood's return to this country, in reply to a reporter's question.

"Yes," said Wood, "I made it in speculation; but what a jackass I was to go and lose it all!" That's the kind of jackass that gambling usually produces. Take warning against stocks, horse races, cards or get-rich-quick schemes.

Secretary Wilbur, according to a dispatch to the New York Times, is worried. It seems that eleven warships, with all their anti-aircraft guns, blazing away to the limit at an aircraft target, were unable to score even one single hit.

The Secretary has demanded a report, and that is a good idea. A bet-

ter idea would be to build about four thousand fast, fighting airplanes.

What do you think half a dozen bombing airships would have done to those eleven warships while they were shooting off their comic opera anti-aircraft guns?

Warships are obsolete. Battleships are merely big hulks, easy targets for aerial bombs.

In the World War, John Lennroth had his back broken, both legs mangled, and is not discouraged, in spite of the fact that he has just undergone his eighty-eighth surgical operation. With both legs cut off at the stumps, he manages an automobile, especially constructed, and drove alone from California to Walla Walla, Washington, on the way to operation No. 88.

That is a tribute to a brave man's courage, and the fact that he still lives is a tribute to surgical skill and science. In old days, before surgeons understood germs and infection, the chances against living through eighty-eight operations would have been millions to one.

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