

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
of Any Newspaper in the
Fifth Congressional
District of S. C.
EVERY ONE PAID IN ADVANCE

THE LEDGER

SEMI-WEEKLY--PUBLISHED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

A Newspaper in All that the Word Implies and Devoted to the Best Interest of the People of Cherokee County.

ESTABLISHED FEB. 16, 1894.

GAFFNEY, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

THE ALUMNAE OF LIMESTONE COLLEGE

TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK A
GREAT DAY.

The Occasion Was a Reminder of a
Confederate Veterans Reunion in
Some Features.

Tuesday of last week was a great day for the Alumnae of Limestone College. The day was devoted entirely to them, and they came together in considerable numbers from various parts of the State to renew old friendship, revived sacred memories, compare notes from experience and look after the welfare of their Alma Mater.

The occasion reminded one of a reunion of Confederate veterans in some of its characteristic features—the joyous greetings, the enthusiastic spirit and the manifest devotion to the cause which had called forth the meeting.

At 10 o'clock a. m. a business meeting was held in the college auditorium at which about sixty-five members were present. The class of this year, twenty-seven in number, joined in a body—an event which has not occurred before and which was a source of much encouragement to the meeting.

Mrs. Charles Petty, of Spartanburg, an alumna of the Curtis days, presided with elegant ease and graceful dignity, the president, Mrs. Hannon, being absent. The principal matter discussed was a plan for raising funds for the purchase of a pipe organ to be placed in the college chapel, and a liberal cash subscription was made which, before the close of commencement, was augmented to \$618. Besides this amount, now deposited in the bank, there are unpaid subscriptions enough to swell the amount to \$1,000. It is confidently expected that before the opening of next session a fine organ will be purchased and put into place.

The following officers were elected to serve another year: President, Mrs. G. G. Byers, Gaffney; vice-president, Miss Eunice Ford, Marion; recording secretary, Mrs. J. Edgar Groce, Wellford; corresponding secretary, Mrs. S. H. Griffith, Gaffney. Editor of the Alumnae department of the Limestone Star, Miss Aurelia Lodge, Limestone College; assistant editor, Miss Jennie Reid, Spartanburg.

The Alumnae Banquet.
Perhaps the most enjoyable occasion of all was the Alumnae banquet, superintended by Mrs. H. K. Osborne, of Gaffney, and spread in the college dining room on Tuesday evening. Here after a half hour's reception in the college parlors, all of the Alumnae present, with a few invited guests, assembled at 9 o'clock, and for about two hours abandoned themselves to a feast of reason and flow of same. The following was the menu:

Boiled Ham Baked Chicken
Green Peas
Bread & Butter Sandwich Cranberries
Gherkins Iced Tea

Chicken Salad Saratoga Potatoes Olives Crackers
Neapolitan Cream

White Cake Fruit Cake
Cheese Wafers Cafe Noir

Mrs. Charles Petty presided as toast mistress and Mrs. J. H. Montgomery, of Spartanburg, was the guest of honor. The following was the regular order of toasts and responses, though it was voiced by voluntary contributions of appropriate sentiments and some sallies of wit by the toast mistress:

Madam President, Alumnae Association and Friends;

Let us stand one moment and touch glasses in honor of our president, Mrs. R. A. Hannon, who is not with us. We regret her absence; but we can jointly wish her peace and happiness. May her days be filled with love and charity and continued loyalty to her Alma Mater.

It is through your generosity her mantle has fallen to me on this occasion, however feebly I may wear it. I thank you for the honor. It is a pleasure to be with you, and have part in the initiatory banquet.

It is an epoch in the history of the association, dating the beginning of an era full of signal and lasting importance. Let it become your mecca, drawing you together yearly—the old and the new; the former full of experience, the latter of great expectations and prove a benediction to us all.

I announce as the first toast "Our college. The foster mother that receives her children as they leave the home circle and family fireside. She widens our life, enlarges our vision, teaches us to look up, not down, and says lend a hand. 'Tis wisdom to be loyal to this second mother, of which Miss Lola McClain will tell you more."

Madam Toast Mistress, Honored Guests and Members of the Alumnae Association;

The universe is a microcosm, our college, microcosm. The same principle of life and love running through the universe and making it one, a unity, runs through the history of college. Looking backwards through the dim vista of ages gone by, we see the great minds of men, such as Plato, Aristotle and Dante,

who have made for us not a dead past but an eternal now. It is within the sacred walls of our college that the memory of these great world minds is cherished: it was our Alma Mater who put us in vital touch with them thus making our life within these secluded walls a little republic—may, not a little republic, but the republic of republics, because it is the republic of the mind.

No mean honor is it then to drink to our Alma Mater, who has given us our citizenship in the great mind—republic, and with no less honor, and with a still deeper affection do we pledge our loyalty and our love to those rare spirits of our republic, who have ever been our help and our inspiration—our senior professor and our president.

Response by Miss E. Neves:

"Raise the bumper once more for you have not yet drained its deep depths. You have drunk to our Republic of the mind—our Alma Mater—you have drunk to those rare spirits guiding our republic; you have not drunk to the principles of the constitution of our republic, nor the deep motives of those who have drawn up the constitution, and who ever inspire its citizens to abide by it. Then here's to you dear teacher, for though the years are gone your comradeship lingers with us still.

In this mind republic you even formulate the guiding principles that give to the world the woman with her high and noble aspirations, with her freedom of thought and action, who constitute the backbone of our world republic.

By the toast mistress to our seniors:

"Let us turn to the practical. Mrs. Edna Harris has a message to our latest recruits, the seniors, now out of college to enter the great university—the world—with multi-plus resources, opportunities and responsibilities.

Now comes the response from the youngest and brightest of the debuts, judging from honors thrust upon her, class president, editor-in-chief of Alumnae department in the Star, she seems well equipped for work in the greatest school she now enters.

Response by Miss Aurelia Lodge: Madam Toast Mistress, Ladies of the Alumnae Association of Limestone College:

In one of the battles of Egypt during the Napoleonic war a drummer boy was mortally wounded. As he lay dying upon the field the soldiers of his regiment passed by. He cried to them: "Men of the 49th, teach me how to die!"

Sometimes more can be done for a country or an institution by living than by dying. So we, the class of 1907, who have so recently joined your number, call upon you, the Alumnae of Limestone College, to teach us how to live for Limestone.

We have spoken so often of the breaking of ties at graduation, of the tearing asunder of the tendons that have bound heart to heart. We bring to you the enthusiasm of our young hearts to add life and vigor to all your activities. We know that you will not allow the fiers of our zeal to be quenched in the ice of indifference. We pledge to you the energies of our young minds, the overflowing affection of our young hearts and the constant support of our wills."

Here's to the class of 1907, rooted on earth to flower in heaven.

Here's to the class of 1907 dear Limestone's pride, the sad world's leaven.

By Miss Annie McClain:

To our honored guest, Mrs. John H. Montgomery, Sr., to the Alumnae of the Curtis days; of whom our charming toast mistress is a representative—that type of womanhood which was the fairest flower of our noble South; her comfort and stay in her darkest days; her glory and her pride forever—at her feet we lay the tribute of lasting affection and reverence. Serena in caelum redempt!

By Mrs. Boyd L. Haines:

Here's to the club dramatic, the faculty in the play, may each of their names be greatest among actors of the day!

The following was the closing toast offered by a member of the faculty and received with hearty applause:

Our Toast Mistress: A jewel in the chain that binds this association to a glorious past; when the chain shall be broken may the jewel still shine with even a purer and brighter lustre in an imperishable setting.

Minks Among the Chickens.

On last Friday night the chicken house of J. J. Vassay, who lives a few miles out of town, was visited by what must have been a number of minks, judging from the appearance of things next morning. Mr. Vassay, on going out to his hen house found that sixty-three chickens had been killed, ranging from the largest down to the smallest, which he estimated the value to be about \$20.

Monday morning Mr. Vassay went out hunting, hoping to be able to locate the den of the minks, and was not on his way long before he succeeded in his undertaking. While Mr. Vassay doesn't think he was so fortunate as to kill the entire flock, he is rejoicing to know that he put four of them out of business.

Argo Red Salmon readily adapts itself to the requirements of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper, and gives a seasonable variety to every meal.

June 4-7.

Bargains in mattings, rugs and carpets, June 7th and 8th at Carroll & Byers.

A NEWSY LETTER FROM WILKINSVILLE.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE OF LOWER CHEROKEE.

Personal Paragraphs Concerning Popular People and Short Items of that Section.

Wilkinsville, June 5.—Mr. Leslie Blackwell has curiosity in the way of a four-footed chicken. It was hatched last week. It is apparently fully developed in every other way. One of its legs and feet are all right. The other leg is forked—on one prong of which there are two feet—the other one. This is its only deformity.

We have had an abundance of rain and the plows and hoes will be idle for a few days while the crop of grass gets a good start.

Corn and cotton both look well considering the cool weather.

Mrs. Ed. Millwood, of Hickory Grove, who has been sick for some time, is still very unwell. She is the mother of Mrs. Charley Foster, who went to her last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Vassay and children, from down in the fork, spent last Saturday night with us.

Mrs. Janie Bowen, of Jonesville, and Mrs. Joe Hughes, of Gowdeyville, spent Saturday night with their brother, Mr. John Hughes and family.

Rev. C. M. Teal was not at Abingdon Creek church last Sabbath. Though the weather was threatening rain there was a fair turn out at the church.

Mr. J. A. M. Estes, who went to the Richmond reunion last week, returned Friday, reaching home on Saturday.

The R. F. D. mail route from Wilkinsville has been changed to Gaffney No. 9 and has been extended down the Pinckney ferry road to Mr. W. R. Walker's place and back into the Howell's ferry road at Mr. W. C. Kirby's.

Mr. Rufus Estes, who has been sick for some time is no better. Mr. and Mrs. Asa Blackwell visited him last Monday. He is a very sick man.

Owing to the high water in the little creek at Mr. Andrew Byars' the mail did not get to Gowdyville section last Friday. Thickety and Gilkey creeks were both high. Land and crops were badly washed in many places and some may have to be planted over again.

Oats are looking well. Very little wheat is sown in this section and that is not very good.

Mr. Phillip Robbins, of Cowpens, passed here on Monday with a milk cow he bought on the York side of the river.

As we predicted they would do this year, the locusts have come and in many places they keep the woods ringing with Pharaoh, Pharaoh.

The extension of the R. F. D. mail route to Mr. W. R. Walker's place has already added several new subscribers to The Ledger's list. This convenience in the mail service places newspapers in the hands of many who heretofore haven't enjoyed that luxury at so little cost of time and trouble in getting their mail.

Mr. J. N. Strain went to Jonesville last Monday on business.

Mr. Ed. Leech, of Hickory Grove, is in this county selling books. He has a good assortment and can fill the bill of almost all classes of readers.

Mr. Ed. Elson and Dr. Steedly, of Gaffney, passed here Monday evening on their way to see Mr. Will Thompson who is sick at his home in Chester county.

Mr. Bill Johnson, of Pearisfield, came over on this side last Saturday.

The next grand reunion of the U. S. veterans will be held in Birmingham, Ala. The South Carolina veterans voted solidly for Birmingham. It is generally conceded (by this State of course) that the Palmetto State sent the prettiest girls to represent her at the Richmond reunion of all of the Southern States, including Virginia, and that is no reflection whatever on the beauty of the fair daughters of our sister States. It's natural for each crowd to think of their own.

Mr. Hollasfield, an operative in company with his brother-in-law, a man named Jamieson, and so far the most vigilant search of the officers has not sufficed to cause his apprehension. Hollasfield was cut twice and stabbed once in the back and his wounds are of such a nature that his recovery is a matter of grave doubt. Deputy Sheriff Will Rhine and Sheriff Shuford both went to the scene of the trouble but Hollasfield had made his escape. Just the cause of the trouble cannot be learned, though it is probable that mean whiskey was at the bottom of the whole affair. Saturday night and Sunday, it is said there was much whiskey in evidence and rowdyism held sway.

We subscribe fully and unreservedly to the sentiment set forth in the following editorial clipping from The Union Times:

"Whiskey and pistols! This is the combination that is working havoc with law and order. How long will our people refuse to see that here is practically the whole trouble. It was just this combination that produced the horrible murder at Carlisle last week. It is the combination that is making it more and more difficult to restrain the lawless. Whiskey and pistols! A mixture that produces horrible crimes and blights peaceful homes."

The man who carries a pistol as the badge of a hero and has to "tank up" on liquor for courage to display it is as devoid of physical courage as a Bengal tiger is of the Christian graces.

We have illustrations of this near-

ness to earth again. They, and they alone, free us from the years with which humanity would bend us to earth. They give us the only eternity—the eternity in which we live.

They give us that which can not be lost, because it is our own—

that which is no symbol but the very substance of the soul—that which makes the hearts of all the dwellers of the land dark with dreams to beat

Shame, oh shame, on such a state of affairs. We could, if necessary, call up scores of cases where the pistol and Bowie knife "toters" who made themselves a terror to the communities in which they lived by "bullying" over their peaceful and better neighbors, when called upon to face an invading foe in mortal combat, were simply "not in it." They had business somewhere else. This characteristic hasn't changed one iota in the progress of time and so-called civilization. Yet in the face of all this, we are free to admit that this spirit of ruffianism so prevalent in the and justifies the more respectable and peaceable citizen to go prepared to defend himself against the attacks of this lawless element. But no excuse can be given for the liquor annex to go along with it.

Another monstrous evil with which this country will some day have to contend is that growing out of the punch bowl. This may as yet be in its incipiency, but the harvest time is coming and a word to the wise is sufficient. To this the W. C. T. U. has virtually subscribed and sound

ed a note of warning.

From official reports we have the voices throughout the cotton states and the poor crop prospects has caused the staple to jump up in price.

Farmers will have plenty of grass

now since the rain has come and kept them from work for several days. But with good health and fair sunshine they will soon be up with it. The farmers as a general thing have learned not to overcrop themselves—one acre well worked is worth three half worked.

J. L. S.

CHECK AND SPIEL ARTIST.

J. J. Wells Scattered His "Paper" About Asheville.

Asheville, N. C., June 4.—J. J. Wells, the smooth proposition with fetching ways, who came here last week, took a house for the summer, cashed a number of checks on a Florida bank, hastily left the city and subsequently was brought back in the custody of an officer, now in default of \$400 bond, awaiting the next term of Superior Court for the trial of civil cases.

As we predicted they would do this year, the locusts have come and in many places they keep the woods ringing with Pharaoh, Pharaoh.

The case of Wells has excited no little interest here. Just what sort of a man he is has aroused some speculation. Wells, who, when arrested carried in his grip a couple of Bibles, holds that he is the victim of some sort of underworld work. Not, however, on the part of any one in Asheville. In defense of his course he declares that he believed a certain sum of money to be in the Fernandina, Fla., bank when he gave the checks; that his brother-in-law had promised to deposit \$300 in the bank and that on the strength of his promise, he gave the checks, thinking that the money was there. This story is given little credence, however.

Some of the officers believe that Wells has operated extensively and that there may be other developments. After Wells had been in jail for a time one of the officers was asked how he took confinement. "Oh, just like he was at home," was the reply.

Desperately Wounded.

Gaston, N. C., June 4.—Ben Isenhour, an operative of the High Shoals Cotton mill, lies desperately wounded at his home as the result of knife wounds sustained Sunday morning at the hands of Will Hollasfield, an operative of the same mill. Hollasfield made good his escape in company with his brother-in-law, a man named Jamieson, and so far the most vigilant search of the officers has not sufficed to cause his apprehension. Isenhour was cut twice and stabbed once in the back and his wounds are of such a nature that his recovery is a matter of grave doubt. Deputy Sheriff Will Rhine and Sheriff Shuford both went to the scene of the trouble but Hollasfield had made his escape. Just the cause of the trouble cannot be learned, though it is probable that mean whiskey was at the bottom of the whole affair. Saturday night and Sunday, it is said there was much whiskey in evidence and rowdyism held sway.

Hundreds of people have told the grocer, the Argo Red Salmon is the best Salmon that they have ever eaten. Ask your neighbors if they have tried it.

June 4-7.

—Don't miss the carpet sale at Carroll & Byers' Friday and Saturday day of this week.

Subscribe for The Ledger, \$1 a year.

WE GUARANTEE THE RELIABILITY
of Every Advertiser Who