

McClellanville News.

By James A. Holman, Reporter. Death made frequent visits to this community the last two weeks and at every call claimed toll of human souls. Suffering from age and affliction for Mrs. Sallie Drayton of whom we wrote in a recent issue came to a happy close Monday week when her spirit returned to God and her remains were entered in Wedgfield cemetery the following day.

Over Two Thousands Greet Dr. T. H. Wiseman.

The Columbia Theatre was crowded Sunday afternoon, over two thousands citizens, white and colored, being present to hear an address by Dr. T. H. Wiseman, formerly pastor of Bethel A. M. E. church, but now of Detroit, Mich. The meeting was enlivened by the singing of a chorus of 100 voices, part of the Great Billy Sunday choir, trained by Dr. Wiseman, and the Wiseman Sextette. The meeting was under the auspices of The Palmetto Lodge No. 242, I. B. P. O. E. W., of which Dr. Wiseman is a charter member and of which he was the prelate before moving away. The exercises were presided over by the Exalted Ruler, Dr. N. A. Jenkins. The speaker of the day was eloquently presented by Dr. J. H. Goodwin. Dr. Wiseman seemed inspired by the great audience which greeted him and made a masterly address, the central idea of which was the inter-dependence of the two races and the method of improving their relations. Dr. Wiseman held his audience in close attention for forty-five minutes at the close of which he was given an ovation.

On behalf of Palmetto Lodge Attorney N. J. Frederick presented to Dr. Wiseman a "Life Membership Card," expressing as it did the high regard in which the Lodge holds him. It is safe to say that no former colored citizen has a greater hold upon the affection of Columbians' irrespective of race, than has Dr. Wiseman, and a warm welcome awaits him at any time he hails this way.

The following musical program was carried out during the afternoon:

- America by the audience. Chorus—Lift up your heads. Jubilee—(a) I have a Mother in that land. (b) Hush. Solo—Bye and Bye, Mrs. C. Brewster. Jubilee—Couldn't Hear Nobody pray. Quartette—Listen to the Lamb, Messrs. Wiseman, Brogdon, Eubanks, and Allen. Swing Low Sweet Chariot—Wiseman Sextette.

The entire arrangement for this outpouring of citizens was in the hands of Mr. Willis C. Johnson, the Master of Social Sessions of Palmetto Lodge.

State Fair Stockholders Meet.

The semi-annual meeting of the State Colored Fair Association met in Bethel A. M. E. church, February 18th. The attendance was larger than usual at this meeting, all seem interested in hearing the annual reports of the officers.

The meeting was called to order by the President Dr. J. H. Goodwin, who afterwards gave a brief outline of the accomplishments of the Association as well as the difficulties and opposition encountered by some whose object it seems, is rather to crush than help.

The treasurer, T. A. Williams, then presented an itemized report of all money collected and expended. His report showed that the Association spent a few dollars more than was received.

The report of the Secretary, Green Jackson, was read in detail. This report showed that the Secretary did not hesitate to spend his own money in his effort to make the fair a success, hoping that out of the proceeds he would be able to be reimbursed. Had the fair not been a success financially, no one but the Secretary stood to lose. Happily, the confidence of the Secretary that he and his co-workers could pull off a successful fair was justified. The stockholders were very much pleased with the reports of the officers and the showing made. Because of this, a resolution expressing confidence in the management of the Association and

the unselfish attitude of the Secretary was overwhelmingly passed. A resolution thanking the legislature for aid by way of an appropriation was also adopted. Plans were laid and discussed for a greater fair next year, and with all hands pulling together, no doubt, the coming fair will be the greatest and best in the history of the Association.



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STRAY LEAVES

A Department of Current Poetry

By WILLIAM D. ROBINSON. (All contributions to this Department must be typewritten, "real poetry," accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelope, and sent to 1501 1/2 Taylor St., Columbia, S. C., to the Editor of this column. Allworthy manuscripts will be printed under your own name. Amateurs and poet-aspirants, this is your chance to develop the talent if you have it.)

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM VAN ROBINSON

TO MY FATHER

(Died Feb. 16, 1925.) Whose life of Christian industriousness and noble, unselfish father hood, shall always inspire me to give to the world a life worthy of his name, I offer this loving tribute:

THIS LIFE.

(Since my own muse of poetry is silent in this dark hour of my life, I take the liberty of uttering the deepest feelings of my heart in the lines of a poet unknown to me. To her I offer sincere apology for the use of her lines.)

Life, dear life, precious life, oh what will you give for your life? Gold and other men's lives, and labor, and sorrow and strife. Nothing we deem too great or too costly our treasure to save, For what shall we be worth when we lay it down in the grave? Folly! Oh have you not learnt that it has been lent you to use it? If you shut it up or save it for naught, you will lose it. If you grudge the wear and tear, the pain and tears and the cost, Your death remorse will be that your time and your life were lost, Time lost from you forever, and eternity not gained— Oh better wear yourself out, body and mind overstrained, Spending your treasure for others, now while you have it to spend, For though you hoard it, O miser, Death claims it all at the end.

But is this life, this anguish, this painful and fitful dream, This knotted and tangled tissue, this shadow of things that seem? Did the flower live in the seed pod, before it saw the sun, And in the crawling worm had the butterfly's life begun? Or the bird in its prison shell, ere he spread his wings in flying, And is a man's life this, which is not living, but dying? Life, true life, cannot die; but the seed which our God has sown In this earthly field shall blossom in Heaven's pure air alone. Use, then, unto some profit this that you have today, Render back to humanity all of it that you may; For you, men live and have died, and the fruit of their works you reap, Their wealth and knowledge and power are yours, but not yours to keep.

"Every man for himself, and God for us all," have men cried: Nay—every man live for all, for Christ for us all has died. For country, for truth and right, for knowledge will true men fall. And they are heroic because their lives are laid down for all, While some wear out their strength in silence out of sight, In the weary daily troubles that cloud the blessed light; But is the sacrifice less if it is offered up in the dark, Less dear the wrung-out life-blood, because there is none to mark? Will the ransom paid be worthless if only a woman's life, The conflict won, less noble, if a child has borne the strife? If a deed of self surrender and of suffering must be done, Does it matter if it be for a hundred or for one?

Yet every man for himself must prove him true in his trial, Bear his own burden of work, and sorrow and self denial. Aye! every man for himself must give his own life to men, But O, with what an increase shall he have it back again! For the precious fleeting hours he has given every day, He shall have all eternity, when time has passed away. For the labors that have cost him such bitter tears and sighs, The strength that knows not weakness, and the life that never dies. For the heart-wealth he has lavished, receiving naught again— More than he ever dreamed of love, from angels and from men. And he shall count as dross the richest treasure he has given, Beside the golden glory of the Love of God in Heaven. Elizabeth M. Farmer, in "A Wreath of Stray Leaves."

NEGROES HEAD METHODIST EPISCOPAL EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

(By The Associated Negro Press).

Chicago, Ill., Feb.—At a recent meeting in Chicago, of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church the Negro leaders in that church were elected to some important tasks. The Negro members of the Board are Bishop E. Jones, of New Orleans, La., Dr. W. J. King of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., and Dr. L. M. McCoy, Holly Springs, Miss., President of Rust College.

The Board met at Edgewater Beach Hotel where these Negro members with Secretary I. Garland Penn were entertained with others of the Board. In the re-organization of the new Board, Bishop Robert E. Jones, was chosen as Chairman of the Departmental Committee, on the education of the Negro. Dr. I. Garland Penn, Cincinnati, Ohio was elected secretary of Endowment & Field Activities. Dr. W. J. King was appointed on the Executive Committee with membership in other standing committees and Dr. L. M. McCoy was given important Committee assignments.

Dr. Penn's long experience of twenty-eight years as a general officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church eminently fits him for the large responsibility of supervising the whole field covering campaigns for Endowments and general field Activities before churches, conferences, and assemblies in connection with and on behalf of all the Negro institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When seen by a reporter Dr. Penn said:

"I have chosen the hardest task of my life because the one thing our schools now need is endowment. Exclusive of Meharry and Gammon our endowment amounts to but a few hundred thousand. The slogan of the quadrennium is to get all of our schools accredited and we need money for new buildings, equipment and additions to facilities. These needs are paramount to anything else." Dr. F. H. Butler is also continued as Field Secretary in Sunday School and Epworth League work. Under his leadership an ambitious program for Sunday School development will be launched.

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