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The Chester News May 25, 1923

W. W. Pegram

Stewart L. Cassels

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THE CHESTER NEWS

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1923.

NO. 24

BATHING SUITS

We are showing a complete line of Bathing Suits for Men, Women and Children, at the following special prices

Ladies Bathing Suits \$1.50 to \$5.00
Mens Bathing Suits \$1.50 to \$5.00
Childrens Bathing Suits \$1.00 to \$2.00

The S. M. Jones Com'py.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyles Glenn, Jr., have returned from Georgia, where they were called by the illness and death of Mrs. Glenn's father, Mr. W. A. Terrell, which occurred last week at his home in Decatur.

Mr. Farnsworth—We have come and pass at right prices. The S. M. Jones Co.

Reports coming to Chester from the Catawba section advise that there was a heavy hail storm in that section last Wednesday and that the younger crops of many farmers was practically destroyed. Among those who suffered were Messrs. Bud Ferguson, Jim Huff, Jim Paris, Walter Patton, Dan Waters, Tom Jackson and others. It is said that some of the farmers who suffered loss carried hail insurance.

Ladies, At Our Store you will find the price card dangling on every article in our shelves, thus allowing you to go behind the counters and select your own merchandise, which we are glad for you to do, thus combining this Plucky Wigly feature with our cash and carry policy and enabling you always to get what you want at our store for the least figure. Cash Down Grocery Co.

The opening service at the Brown tabernacle will be held Sunday night and will be united in by the various churches of Chester. The Chester church will hold their regular church services Sunday morning. Dr. J. W. Jett, of Columbia, will preach at the First Baptist church in the absence of the pastor. The Presbyterian will preach to the graduating class of the Chester High schools at the A. R. P. church Sunday morning. All of the members of the graduating class, the teachers and trustees of the schools are asked to attend the services at the A. R. P. church.

Bathing Caps—Practical in town. See them before you buy. Harding Bros. Drug Co. 22-25.

A good many Chester citizens are of the opinion that the government, State Health Department or something else is paying a part of the expenses of the health department of the City of Chester in the way of salaries. This is a mistake, the fact is not, nor has it for some time been. The money for the health department from outside sources.

Ladies, At Our Store you will find the price card dangling on every article in our shelves, thus allowing you to go behind the counters and select your own merchandise, which we are glad for you to do, thus combining this Plucky Wigly feature with our cash and carry policy and enabling you always to get what you want at our store for the least figure. Cash Down Grocery Co.

McDonald Brothers, who live about two miles from Chester on the Saluda road, expect to erect a handsome home in the near future. It is stated that the home will cost not less than \$25,000 and will be one of the most modern country homes in upper South Carolina.

The News is in receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of the First Grade at Poole street school this morning. The invitation was very neatly gotten up and was appreciated very much. The News extends the little fellow a wish for a happy vacation and trusts that each of them will again be at school next session and that each will be advanced to the second grade.

Bathing Caps—Practical in town. See them before you buy. Harding Bros. Drug Co. 22-25.

Miss Sarah Baxter, of Memphis, Tenn., has returned to her home after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cornwall.

We Are Showing the new fabrics in Manhattan Shirts. Call and see them at the S. M. Jones Co.

An effort is being made to get a well known business college to locate in Chester.

Are You Satisfied with your present arrangement of cooking? See us about an Electric Range. S. P. U. Co. Phone 50.

At the meeting of the South Carolina Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias, held in Aiken this week, Mr. John M. Hemphill, of Chester, was promoted from grand parole to vice chancellor. The 1924 meeting will be held in Anderson.

On last Friday Prof. M. E. Brockman attended a meeting in Greenville of the Purman class of 1903. Of considerable interest is the fact that this class was composed of twenty-one young men and that all of them are still living.

No Coal or ashes. We deliver the fuel to your stove. "Cook By Wire." S. P. U. Co.

City officials yesterday poured out a large quantity of blind tiger whiskey and extracts. This "fire water" was an accumulation of several months' report that none of it was suitable for human consumption.

Mr. W. P. Stroed, proprietor of the Chester Laundry, was among those who attended the annual meeting of the Laundry Owners' Association of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida held in Atlanta this week.

See The New King Tut sandals they are showing at The S. M. Jones Co.

Mrs. W. D. Maggins went down to Chester today, where she will be one of the special honor-guests at an Afternoon Tea at which the Palmetto Book Club will entertain this afternoon complimentary to the adhered-federated clubs of the city. Mrs. Maggins is the newly elected Director of the North Eastern Division of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.—Rock Hill Herald.

Mr. Hood, of Charlotte, spent Wednesday in Chester with her aunt, Mrs. Julia Parker, on Wythe street.

Have you seen the new styles in straw hats they are showing at The S. M. Jones Co?

Mr. Max Baston, of Charlotte, spent Wednesday in Chester.

The City Missionary Union will meet at the Presbyterian Church Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Mrs. Jones E. Jones, of the John E. Brown meeting will address the ladies.

We Are Showing everything that is new in Spring and summer Footwear. Call and see them. The S. M. Jones Co.

The big tabernacle for the Brown meeting is now a reality and everything is in shape for the big meeting which will begin Sunday. The tabernacle has been divided into sections, electric lights placed throughout the building, saw dust on the grounds, and in fact everything is in tip-top shape. The big choir of 100 voices is scheduled to have a meeting in the tabernacle tonight, at which time the details in connection with the music will be gone into.

Miss Mae Fiaschel left yesterday for Petersburg, Virginia, where she goes to visit relatives for a month.

To the list of names appearing at the bottom of the Brown meeting article in this issue of The News should appear the name of Mr. A. M. Alken, who was one of the contributors making this publicity possible.

Poppies To Go On Sale.

Next Tuesday there will be a house to house canvass by the ladies of the Chester Auxiliary of the American Legion to sell Poppies in memory of the American heroes who gave their all for our country. On Wednesday, May 30th, the ladies of the Auxiliary will sell Poppies at the Post Office and throughout the business section of the city.

Publicity Chairman of American Legion.

Fishers For Brown Meeting.

The following gentlemen have been selected as ushers for the Brown meeting, which will commence Sunday night, May 27th.

Baptist—J. T. Collins, Captain, Frank Timmie, D. E. Estes, W. D. Roof, Jr., D. E. Lee, Joe Anderson, C. C. Young, W. L. Murphy, J. M. Wise, Clyde O'Donnell, Lon Lee, Fred Jarrett, G. T. Gregory, M. D. Parker, E. M. Thickett.

Presbyterian—A. G. Thornburgh, Captain, A. H. Wherry, Jr., H. D. Cochran, F. L. Marshall, J. L. Hardin, J. P. Hamilton, W. C. Shook, J. B. Bankhead, J. T. Kee, A. S. Frazier, Walter Padgett, Jno. H. Crawford, E. F. Bynum, Ed Hamrick, T. W. Timley.

Methoist—R. E. Cowan, Captain, W. A. Leckie, F. J. Kee, Clyde Carter, F. K. Carter, F. L. Fox, W. A. McHenry, E. M. Thickett, Robert Hagan, F. L. Hagan, H. V. S. Tidwell, Percy Carter, E. T. Wallentin, Neal Williams, Jack Massabauo.

Great Falls News Items

Great Falls, May 24.—This week has been given over largely to school affairs. Monday afternoon Miss Dorris Tibbs entertained the ninth grade at her home on Southern Power Hill. There were games, music and refreshments, all of which played a large part in the good times of the juniors.

Tuesday evening the Junior-Senior reception was given in the high school building. The senior girls in pink and green, were beautifully carried out in decorations in the reception line. There was a presentation of the class flower—pink roses, and a number of the senior girls wore pink, while the others wore green. The girls wore gold and white braided girdles. Upon arrival each one was presented a tiny diploma attached to the Junior Reception card, which when unrolled proved to be a program for the evening. The entertainment was unique in every detail, and both faculty and students thoroughly enjoyed the laying aside of school duties for an evening of fun and pleasure.

Wednesday evening the Catholic Literary Society held its annual picnic meeting in the school auditorium. After a brief business session the society gave a number of songs, readings, jokes, etc., which pleased the audience very much. A game of cards, "The Gentle Jury," was also presented by the society, and more than a suggestion of theatrical talent was displayed by members of the cast.

The exercises of the primary and intermediate grades will be given Thursday evening at Great Falls. Mr. Rudasill, representing the News Corporation, is in Great Falls for the purpose of making a six reel picture of local scenes for Mr. J. B. Duke.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Howard have returned from a short trip to their former home, in Moore county, North Carolina.

Miss Sarah Corey, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Robertson to Gastonia Thursday to attend the festivities of the Shriners, will go from Gastonia to her home in Spartan, Pa. for an extended visit.

Mrs. W. A. Robnett and children arrived Monday to join Mr. Robnett, who has recently accepted a position as manager of Republic Mills Stores. Mr. Robnett and family will live on Water street.

Miss Maude Baldwin, of the school faculty, was called home Monday night because of the critical illness of her mother, Mrs. Clinton. A later message to friends states that Mrs. Baldwin died Wednesday night.

Miss Louise Williams, called home as a member of the school faculty here, and she has many friends who will sympathize with her in the loss of her mother.

Miss Louise Williams, D. C. Robertson, Miss Paula Inver, L. W. Pittman, Miss Sarah Corey and others whose names were unable to get attended the Brown meeting in Gastonia Thursday.

On Tuesday evening of last week, Miss Leitha Williams entertained a number of her friends at her home on North Dearborn street, the occasion being her seventeenth birthday. The original plan was for a lawn party, but owing to the rain it was necessary to go indoors. Everybody had a good time, however, and thoroughly enjoyed the delicious dinner and refreshments served by Mrs. Williams. Miss Leitha received a number of lovely gifts from her guests, who were as follows: Elizabeth Leitha, Shirley Howard, Albert Bailey, Mable Crosby, Hal McBane, Dorris Tibbs, Hazel Bailey, Alice Gladden, Lillie Mae and Cecil Brooks, James Wadsworth, Evelyn Mahaffey, Beatty McCabe, Jack Higgins and Beal Reynolds.

Little Miss Wynona Lee has been a sickly child for the past several days, but is improving now and we hope will soon be out again.

Miss Carlin Wren McMillan, of Laurens, is spending a few days at Dearborn Inn.

Beats, R. E. McEneaney, E. H. White and Carlisle White of Chester, left Thursday for a few days' fishing in the mountains of North Carolina.

Mrs. K. E. White and little daughter, Elizabeth, are spending the week in Chester.

Death Of Mr. W. A. Terrell.

The following article regarding the death of Mr. W. A. Terrell, father of Mrs. J. Lyles Glenn, Jr., of Chester, is from The Atlanta Constitution:

Mr. William Anthony Terrell, one of the most prominent, influential and universally beloved men of the oldest families in the State, died at his home in Decatur on May the 16th. Mr. Terrell retired from active business some years ago on account of his health. Four weeks ago he suffered a stroke of apoplexy from which he grew worse until the end came.

Mr. Terrell was born in Greenville Georgia, February 7th, 1850. He was the second son of the late Dr. Joel B. G. and Sarah Anthony Terrell. He was a devout Christian, was one of the leading Baptists of the State and at the time of his death, was a member of the First Church at Decatur and chairman of the board of Deacons. No man in the State had more friends or was more universally beloved than Mr. Terrell.

He always played an active part in politics and had been urged often to make the race for Governor or some other office. He also carried the reputation as being the largest and best known insurance map in the South.

Mr. Terrell is survived by his widow, two brothers Judge J. Render Terrell of Atlanta, Dr. E. B. Terrell of Greenville and five children. He was also a brother of the late United States Senator and Gov. Joseph M. Terrell.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS.

You are asked to strictly observe the ordinance with reference to the speeding of automobiles on the streets of Chester. The policemen will enforce the ordinance. However, we have no desire to fine our people but failure to observe laws will have to be handled.

The citizens are also asked to see that their premises are cleared of trash, standing water, vines, etc. You are also requested to keep your trash in receptacles. Merchants are especially urged to put paper, etc. in boxes which will keep it from blowing around the streets.

We find that there is an extra large amount of work needed to get Chester in the sanitary shape it should be in at the approach of summer and we ask for the co-operation of the citizens trusting that they will do their share in helping us to get the town cleaned up.

S. C. CARTER, Mayor.

FIX UP YOUR HOME WITH LUMBER FROM THE SHED—DO LITTLE THINGS FOR WHICH SHE'S PLEASED LUMBER

WANT YOU TO REPAIR THE PORCH DEAR?

CHESTER MACHINE & LUMBER CO. THE LUMBER SEXTETTE

Has your wife been "at you" to do a little job of repairing. Have you thought that it would not be worth our while to sell you such a small lumber order. If so you've got another guess coming. Come in and see us about it.

CHESTER MACHINE & LUMBER CO
"The Yard of Quality"

NOTICE OF SALE OF AUTOMOBILE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned peace officer will sell for cash to the highest bidder, on Tuesday the 12th day of June 1923, at eleven o'clock A. M., at the Court House in Chester, S. C., one "Striped Down" Ford which was seized from Baxter Greenhaw by Sheriff D. Gober Anderson, on the 27th day of April, 1923, while illegally transporting whiskey upon the public highway leading from Chester towards Lockhart in the County of Chester and State of South Carolina. Said automobile bears license tag A4473, and Motor No. 111316, which was duly appraised on the 12th day of May, 1923, by the County Board of Directors at \$50.00.

D. GOBER ANDERSON,
Sheriff Chester County,
Chester, S. C. May 22, 1923.
22-29-5.

Keep Your Complexion of Rose-Petal Texture
Nadine Face Powder will keep the roses in your cheeks. It will make your skin soft, smooth and velvety. It will lend an irresistible charm, and the fragrance of the flower garden.

Nadine adheres and protects the skin from sun, wind and dust. Contains no ingredient that can harm the skin or the eyes. Money refunded if not pleased.

See it every public counter. Manufactured by May Co. NATIONAL TOILET CO. Paris, France

Thin, White, Pink, Brunette

"Everyman's Gasoline"

A REPLY by the Standard Oil Company (N. J.) in the May issue of its magazine, "The Lamp," to the findings and charges of the sub-committee of the U. S. Senate appointed to investigate conditions in the petroleum industry—a reply in which the true position of this company, its policies and actions, are frankly set forth.

Also in this number, an article by Dr. Warren K. Lewis, head of the Department of Chemical Engineers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on the possibilities of "dollar gasoline"; an analysis of the sub-committee's use of figures by R. L. Welch, Secretary of the American Petroleum Institute; a resume of the current crude oil situation; and letters and newspaper comment inspired by the report.

A copy of the magazine may be obtained free of charge from the Standard Oil (N. J.) agent nearest you, or by request addressed to The Lamp, 26 Broadway, New York City.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)

"THE LITTLE BOY FROM SLOAN SPRINGS"

Coming to Chester, S. C., For Union Meeting
AT THE BIG
ALL THE LOCAL CHURCHES

(From "The Country Gentleman")

By TOM P. MORAN.

A little more than a score of years ago, John Brown, a long, lank youth, wrought in a lime kiln quarry at Rogers, Arkansas, by turns creaking with a sledge hammer the rock that the more experienced men blasted out whistling it by narrow to the kilns. The quarry was located on the southern side of the hill, where the summer sun blazed down on the tollers until their shirts fairly fried on their backs. The lad's pay was first seventy-five cents and later a dollar a day, for decent wages had not then been invented for use in that portion of the Ozarks.

The Brown family was numerous and poor and the wolf had a standing engagement to howl at the door. Young John's education was practically limited to a passing acquaintance with the three R's; his knowledge of life and men and ways and wherewith was equally meager; and his only apparent equipment for existence was a strong back, gradually being hampered by the weight of the sledge and wheeling with the barrow. He toiled on, with seemingly naught ahead of him but to whack and wheel till his back gave out or a bowlder from the quarry cliff fell on him.

He did not philosophize much then, for scringing muscles do not make for deep study of causes and effects. And he did not suspect that there was within him a budding philanthropy, for that was too pompous and grand a word to lodge in a dull ear or less a day and find yourself. But even on those hard days he once in a while dreamed at some far time, in some vague way, of giving to other poor boys some of the things that he so bitterly needed—education, an even chance and a fair share in life. But there seemed small prospect of his ever getting these things, even for himself, as he toiled in the quarry with barrow and sledge.

A Salvation Army recruit.

One night in the early autumn, after he had dragged his weary length up the long hill to town, seeking what amusement he might find that did not cost anything, curiosity enticed him into the dingy hall where Euseg Olson and his little band of Salvation Army exhibitors were holding forth with zeal and uproar. Old-timers all aver that Euseg Olson could not only shout louder and maul the beam drum with more uproarious fury than any other divilmentist that ever came to Rogers.

Be that as it may, amid the booms of Olson's drum young John became converted and found his soul and, joining himself to Olson to do what he might, came trudging up the hill each evening after his work in the quarry was done, to participate in the meetings and lift up his voice in glad hallelujahs. And soon he was pounding rocks by day and the beam drum by night and doing his bit the best he knew. Presently he was exhorting, eloquently and heartily at first, but little by little growing in skill and power.

By and by Olson was ordered to Sloom Springs, Arkansas, some thirty miles away, and with him went along the railroad and round the hills, a few other secret ones in a rattle-shackle covered wagon. Among them was the long boy from the lime kiln, with high bows in his heart and not

a nickle in his pocket. They opened the Sloom Springs Mission in an empty shack, slept in and under and round the wagon, drank the water from the babbling springs and by day scattered out to earn their bread and the feed for the hedges by chopping wood, gathering fuel and kindling honest tasks by night exhorting and drumming with a right good will. Some of the time it was with more faith in their hearts than food in their stomachs. All this while young John was growing in understanding, gradually getting the quarry kink out of his back and gaining a bit of eloquence by his nightly exhortations.

When Olson was ordered onward and went with the team and wagon and drum, the lad was left in charge of the mission. He did his best and by and by, as the few others were called elsewhere or fell by the wayside, he did it all, with the assistance of new converts that had meanwhile been gathered together. At first he missed the wagon and drum, but he did pretty well for a place to sleep by stretching his length on a bench in the mission hall after the meetings.

Presently he discovered that for him, at least, the drum was not an absolute essential. He made out that the beam drum attracted only such persons as loved the sound of brass drum and kept away those who did not. And he wanted to deliver his message to all, regardless of their musical preferences. As before, he supported himself by working in the daytime at whatever job he could find. Soon some of the townspeople began to say to each other that young Brown was a steady lad and a reliable worker and others to opine that the young fellow was "right smart of a preacher, too. If you'll just take notice."

Not long afterward a man from a neighboring town invited him to come thither and hold meetings, expressing the opinion that the Salvation Army was needed there. Young John replied that he was not much of a Salvation Army man—that he did not follow very closely the tenets of that organization, but was trying to preach Christ and Him crucified and let rules and regulations take care of themselves. From this it was seen that he had grown much in his short interval of religious service. The answer was, "Come and preach as you please!" John Brown went, taking with him his vague plans to do something more than preach—to help other poor, lank and brighten their lives, enlighten their minds and build their bodies.

Thus his career as an evangelist began. Since then there has not been a week without his call for him to come here or go there to spread the Gospel. And always he has answered the appeal as best as one man could, and wherever he has gone, to city or hamlet, that spot has been brightened by his coming. Today the boy from the quarry speaks with tongue of flame the mighty message entrusted to him; speaks it without crowd, without desks, answering the greatest question in all the world—"What must I do to be saved?"—so clearly, so convincingly, so eloquently that he sways his hearers as he will, like a marauder of window-rubbers.

He makes use of none of the tricks

of the professional spellbinder; he is not a pulpit acrobat nor a clerical clown. He indulges in no grotesque posturings. He sings no weird songs and does not find it necessary to mouth the argot of the stumms. He takes no delight in hypocritical death-bed scenes wherein the unfortunates who have hung back over long-cry "Too late; Too late!" in tones admirably adapted for declamatory purposes, and so saying go screeching to their everlasting doom. He pictures no lurid, lava-belching hills, over which to swing unrepentant wretches forward and back through the sulphur smoke by the screws of their unhappy necks.

Self-educated by study when and where he could and by observing much, he has no gauderies of speech, but having learned the value of words as commonly used, he speaks clearly and plainly that none can mistake his meaning. To him the old, old story is forever new and throbbing with vital interest, and each revival he conducts is pursued with all the joyous ardor of a novel and happy experience. He does not affect the typical ecclesiastical garb and his habit is often to put his hands in his trousers pockets as he talks. Once comparatively early in his career, he owned a long-tailed coat.

"Being very young and taking myself with extreme seriousness," says he, "I thought I had to have a preacher's coat and with my small savings bought a long-tailed Prince Albert. I stood forth in the pulpit that night, decorously buttoned and looking very reverent and exceedingly dressed up, and—made the failure of my life. I couldn't put my hands in my pockets!" After that, he gave the conventional robe to a colored man, who found it a great aid to his social activities.

The Secret of His Power.

He does not add his supplications with a polite and formal "Ah-men!" but uses the good, old-fashioned, hearty "A-a-s-men!" that our fathers used and which some of us have not yet outgrown.

Outside of and beyond the basic fact that he is delivering the mightiest message the world knows, the secret of his power lies in his utter honesty and sincerity, his abounding sympathy and understanding, the astounding magnetism of the man, his absolute sincerity of himself, under God, his blinding eloquence, his wholesomeness and his all-embracing democracy.

The boy from the lime kiln has grown and greatly. He is pleasant to look upon and good to listen to. His voice rings out like a golden trumpet and his hearty language calls for him to come here or go there to spread the Gospel. And always he has answered the appeal as best as one man could, and wherever he has gone, to city or hamlet, that spot has been brightened by his coming. Today the boy from the quarry speaks with tongue of flame the mighty message entrusted to him; speaks it without crowd, without desks, answering the greatest question in all the world—"What must I do to be saved?"—so clearly, so convincingly, so eloquently that he sways his hearers as he will, like a marauder of window-rubbers.

Somewhere along the line he discovered that he had a middle name, Edward, and he accumulated a D. D.; but after once meeting him he is not The Reverend D. D., John Edward Brown, but always and everywhere Brother Brown or John—with these

exceptions:

At home there waits for him a lovely gracious woman, far quite early in his career he had the good fortune to wed one who declares is his greatest of all earthly blessings—she was Miss Juanita Arrington—Miss Mother Brown, a slender, gentle little woman, very and justly proud of her stalwart son. Also, there are five wholesome, pretty daughters, in years from five to seventeen, whom he calls his stair-steps and who call him Daddy.

When he returns to Sloom Springs after an absence, progress up the street in the family buggy—behind the faithful conservative horse, driven by J. Alvin Brown, the brother who manages the farm, is in the nature of an triumphal entry. Greetings are called from all sides and welcoming hands wave everywhere. A freckle-speckled lad, with a front tooth out and a scintillating grin on his face, "Hello, Brother Brown!" and the big brother answers, "Hello Willie Wiggleworth," or whatever his Christian name is, and Willie Wiggleworth struts all the way home, well pleased with himself because the lawyer's most famous citizen has greeted him as a man and brother. From a window an old gentleman looks out and shouts, "Hello, John!" and back the answer rings, "Hello, Judge!"

So it goes all the way along the street. Big Brother has come, and the hums toward is glad. And the usual horse plods along the tree-bordered road and up the hill to the big house, with his wide, comfortable porch, where the gracious woman smiles happily and the pretty stair-step strikers in transports of delight, "Daddy! Daddy!"



EVANGELIST JOHN E. BROWN.

To all the daughters except the littlest one he is a dear daddy and his brother combined, but to the smallest maiden, affectionately called the Sister, he is her lover, of whom she is as jealous as a bantam hen with one chick.

The Purchaser of a Dream.

When the business matters that have accumulated during his absence have been gotten out of the way and the boy's mother, the wife of the homemaker and the clerkly-clerk of the typewriter of Private Secretary Clark, the best girl and white collar are supported by oranges and biddans, and the evangelist is in the field, being, moving and what not, under the able bosom of Alvin Brown, the farmer brother.

This, then, they visit, is something of what manner of man Big Brother John Brown is. In his evangelistic work he has been and is a success, as is attested by the ever-increasing number of converts made. Measured by material rewards he has done well. Freewill offerings come to him in abundance, as they do to a successful evangelist. These funds, after he has supported his family from them in comfort, he has regarded as a trust for the furtherance of the dream that was ever with him.

Feeling that Sloom Springs had given him his start, he called the pretty little Arkansas city home. There he bought the farm, a mile west of town, and on the brow of the plateau, where the great slopes fall off to the southward and east, he built the big wide-porch house, whose comfort whispers from every nook and one can stand on the broad veranda and look of across the tree-crowded world.

There is no fairer region anywhere

than the wooded

of the Ozarks in
 nestles Sloom Springs
 whose through the
 middle of the low
 ty, with a rocky
 from beneath which
 springs are gurgling
 home the lands
 cultivated fields
 saws where, scattered
 forest will reign,
 when his dream
 Brother Brown
 for his little brood
 could not do for
 while during his
 had been draught
 his plan, but for
 see his way clear
 stacks interposed
 in his plans, and
 whence there to
 to carry out the
 of it. So he was
 tag and planning
 his dream, so he
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 lished ambition
 Without hesitating
 his material all
 which he had for
 founded the job
 the purpose of
 school to get
 forty Juggo can
 more than any

To the home
 house and the
 had been added
 with these but
 altogether, they
 and most of the
 little because
 school to get
 forty Juggo can
 more than any

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 the Following Firms:

The S. M. Jones Co.
 Jos. Wylie & Co.
 The Rodman-Brown Co.

Clark Furniture Co.
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 Pryor Service Station
 A. H. Sherry, Jr.

Consumers Filling Sta.
 Wylie White
 Victory Service Station

Mon
 Che
 Car

MEETINGS

Meetings Beginning Sunday Night, May 27th

TABERNACLE OF THE CITY CO-OPERATING

and poultry; all necessary farming nearly half a hundred hogs, sheep implements and other properties and things, including a fully equipped printing plant. Everything was free from incurrence and all together estimated as worth something over \$50,000.

Mr. Brown practically impoverished himself and his family by the gift, never doubting that whatever more might be needed would be provided.

When a man's home town—where people know him best, where they have opportunity and generally embrace it to remain in his every act and test him with acid—when his every-day acquaintances love and respect and trust him, that man has achieved a great victory. When John E. Brown went to launch the school, he gathered his neighbors and told them his plans. And they asked the bankers if the scheme was sound and feasible. The bankers gave thought to it and answered that it was.

"I suppose you want from Siloam Springs?"

"Your prayers, your confidence, your cooperation and \$15,000, for current expenses, payable in three months," he answered.

Some towns have many little bores, no one of whom dominates, and they pull and pick at each other and accomplish nothing. When a public matter comes up, in all favors, the other forthwith oppose it, and there follows a night but fruitless clamor. Occasionally is found a town which has one big bore. If so be that he is a crook, the result is deplorable. But if he is a square boss and a wise, he says to one "Go it" and to another "Do this" and he doeth it, and things are accomplished.

Siloam Springs has such a bore in the person of Connelly Harrington, cashier of the First National Bank, a man whose judgment is seldom swayed by sentiment and who is considered and interested in many of the enterprises of the town. It is the habit of many of the citizens to put up to Mr. Harrington matters of public policy, and in giving to them the same calm scrutiny that he does to a would-be borrower's note. What Connelly Harrington says goes.

So when Brother Brown proffered his plan, it was laid before the banker and Mr. Harrington found it sane and worthy, headed the list of donors and became chairman of the executive committee. C. P. McFarwell, cashier of the State Bank, another sound financier, was made treasurer, and when the John E. Brown College was successfully launched, and the work began.

That was a matter of hardly three months ago. Today everything pertaining to the school is going forward with a rapidity and smoothness that are good to see. One large building, containing comfortable dormitories and a model school, has been finished, two others are in process of erection and ground is staked off for still more. The faculty selected is of high merit, has been selected and is at work. The deficits, to the utmost capacity of the present accommodations, are there, and there is a long waiting list of eager applicants. We might call

these students and applicants poor boys and girls, but hear Big Brother Brown.

An Open Case of Opportunity

"I tell you that boys and girls," says he, "for while they haven't the money to educate themselves, they have—what young people of simple means sometimes lack—the will and ambition to work and strive and look forward and climb. They are the rich boys and girls."

And what a bunch they are—little and big, long and short, thick and narrow, mostly as poor as poverty's back kitchen. They are all bright-eyed, snappy, forward-looking lads and lassies, none the less, up in the collar and "rain" to start. Like the Yanks in France, their chant is "Let's go! Let's go!" And how they do eat up the work set before them!

Their curriculum is not a series of dreary tasks, to be grumbled over and dodged as far as possible, but the open door of opportunity, to be rushed through with shouts of triumph. Whoopiens, happy kids, of whom good things and big will be heard later!

There are now, straining the present accommodations to the utmost, some one hundred or more of these poor-rich young people. Brother Brown thinks that by the first of the year or little later, there will be places for 300. Jesse H. Jones, capitalist of Houston, Texas, one of the solid men of affairs back of the enterprise, predicts 5,000 in ten years, all comfortably housed and housed in it. The goal of its founder is the greatest industrial college in North America—a prospect that seems not very remote.

No student is admitted who is able to pay his way—schools for young people of means are plentiful. The pupil is carefully and intelligently studied to find for what he or she is best fitted, and this being discovered in Siloam, they sleep in their wagons, he is equipped with everything he needs to equip him thoroughly for his chosen vocation.

But are not cutting the pupil to fit the school? explains Brother Brown, "that the school to fit the pupil."

The rudiments of a sound general education are given to all, and then as the student develops he is specially fitted as equipped as thoroughly as possible along that line, the sum of the whole endeavor being to make him the possessor of an intelligent mind, trained habits and Christian character.

Clearness of mind and body are compulsory and the Bible is taught as one of the studies. The students work at least four hours a day, at some useful occupation on the farm, in the printing office, the carpenter shop, and so on.

Opportunities to acquire other trades and professions are being by degrees provided—mechanics, electricity, dairying, chemistry and so forth, even law and medicine. These for the boys. The girls take domestic science and the various branches of housewifery, in addition to the regular studies. There are two "A-B" made for those especially talented in such directions.

Time For Sports
Yet the school days are not wholly

made up of work and study. The students have their clubs, and yells, and so on, as is the custom of Young America in school everywhere. And to all the advantage of the girls and boys of Siloam, the Big Brother brings his daughters of the Big Brother mingle and have part with the wholesome democracy that pervades.

The members of the faculty are nearly all young in years and every one young in enthusiasm and as keen and watchful to impart as the students are to receive. Each is a specialist in his or her line of endeavor and all have made more or "less notable records for themselves. They have come from near and far, all—including the brave little girl from Vancouver, who was so homesick it hurt, but couldn't have been beaten by a bit of a dis-acted by the one desire to do, and to serve. Their zeal is well-nigh ecstasy, and none seems to ask himself, "How much am I going to get?" but always, "How much can I do?" And, withal, they are a good-looking, wholesome lot, just a little older boys and girls than the students.

A writer once said of a good natured man, "What more could one ask than that the natural expression of himself be his life's work and all the world his friends?" Which applies very well to John Edward Brown, Evangelist—except that in all truth he is far from being a dead one.

(From the "American Magazine.")

LARDON LARD

Twenty years ago a boy named John Brown was working in a little town in the northwestern corner of the state. One night, after ten hours of hard work had been finished, he walked into Rogers to see what new amusements he could find, and stopped before a window through which he could see a man on a platform addressing a small audience huddled around a stove. Upon entering, he found that the speaker was Emory Olson, who was a Salvation Army leader of the district.

John sat down in a vacant chair near the stove and listened to the plan. Forgetting his fatigue, he returned to his camp that night with his mind on what he had just heard. He attended Olson's meetings for several nights thereafter, and at the end of a week he went to the evangelist.

"You've converted me, and I've been singing these nights with the people and I want to know if there isn't something else I can do," he explained.

Olson took one look at the boy's arms, mused through touch pointing of hammer on rock.

"You can't beat the drum," he said. "Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, I do," John answered, and his schedule from that day forward was one of breaking drums by day and pounding the drum by night. Occasionally, when the drums were unusually small or Olson was very tired, he had the boy do the shouting.

The time having arrived when Olson decided that Rogers and its territory was sufficiently opened up, John gave up his work in the little town and went with him to Siloam Springs, some thirty miles distant.

on, did odd jobs through the day for farmers, to earn the food they ate, and conducted their revivals at night in an empty shack. Soon Olson was ordered around and Brown labored with him to John. He had himself firmly with the people. Soon a delegation of people from a neighboring town asked him to come there and hold meetings. He "went over" and he has been going over in response to similar calls ever since.

At twenty-one, Brown was elected president of Scarritt College, at Neosho, Missouri, an Oriskany institution financed by Kansas City people who wanted to give the children of the hill country a chance to get the education they needed and, at the same time, work. He is now president of the largest organization of accredited evangelists in the world, editor of "The American Evangelist"—the most popular magazine for workers of this type; editor of "The South-western"—a school publication of twenty thousand circulation monthly and editor of "The Interstate American," a farm journal. Besides those duties he is probably the most widely-known evangelist in America aside from Billy Sunday.

The night of July 25th, 1920, Brown conducted a meeting at Long Beach, California, after which he went to his hotel and, sitting alone in his room, turned over and over in his mind an old plan he had of establishing a college for children who had absolutely not a cent with which to pay their way through school, of building a place where they could come at an age and enroll either for a high school or a college education without having to scrape up in advance money to pay for it.

At a o'clock in the morning he stood up and pouted his feet on the table. "I'll do it," he said, and the morning of August 6th saw him in Siloam Springs.

First he decided over for the John E. Brown College his home, its grounds, its herd of Jersey cattle and the rest of the plant, the whole valued at sixty thousand dollars. Then he went downtown and explained his plan to a committee of Siloam Springs bankers and business men.

There were some who opposed his plan as impracticable, but the majority of the people got behind him and his college. On September 25th, the school was opened, and the first hundred students and a faculty of ten teachers—all from the best colleges and persons of experience in every line.

The year just finished saw an enrollment of two hundred students, and twenty-five members of the faculty, headed by H. W. Kellogg, thirty years an important teacher at Occidental College, in California. Not one of the two hundred students paid a cent for tuition or for board and room. That gave part of his day to work, and thus became at least partially self-supporting. Aside from Brown's contributions, the rest of the money to back the school came from voluntary subscriptions

and from the free-will offerings obtained at his evangelist meetings.

The school was heavily in debt when it opened. Today it has a quarter of a million dollars in assets and a surplus of a few thousand dollars. Brown's plan is being applied for adoption than it could possibly take care of, even if it were ten or twenty times its present size.

"Our students are required to send letters from some minister, one teacher, and one doctor as references," Mr. Brown explained. "These people, being older, know the school's objects and will play absolutely fair with us as to whether the students would be able to pay their way anywhere else. Thus we know that we get no one here except those who most need our help."

PROGRAM OF SERVICES.

FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 8 P. M.—Choir Rehearsal. If you can sing come out for this service. If you can't sing, but want to listen, come. You are welcome.

SUNDAY, MAY 27th, 7:30 P. M.—Opening Service. Services thereafter (Monday excepted) twice daily—10 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

ERY Co.
and Fuel Co.
and Gro. Co.

Chester M. and L. Co.
Leroy Springs
J. R. Hamrick

Hastings Barber Shop
Roof & Lee
Cash-Down Grocery Co.

Leckie & Co.
Hamilton's Book Store
Chester Drug Co.

Lowrance Bros.
Murphy Hardware Co.
Hardin-Brice Drug Co.

G. W. Byars & Co.
Kluttz Dept. Store

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FRIDAY, MAY 25.

Why should any man, white or black, leave a South Carolina farm to seek a livelihood in the North, or anywhere else for that matter?

As The News sees the matter it is because he can, or at least thinks he can, better his condition by seeking a new field of endeavor.

Why should any young man leave South Carolina unless it be that advantages are better in distant fields?

Why are conditions any better in Pennsylvania than they are in South Carolina?

If the people of the Carolinas would all demand Carolina Products there would be no need for a white man or colored man to leave the Carolinas. Conditions here would be as good or better, than they are in any other section of the United States.

Young men from the Carolinas are leaving here for Detroit, Michigan, where they go to work in automobile tire factories. These automobile tires are shipped from Detroit to the Carolinas to be bought by Carolina people. The money goes to Detroit to help build handsome and commodious buildings, paved streets, school buildings, etc. If Carolina people would demand and use Carolina Made automobile tires every Carolina boy in Detroit could come home and assist in making a tenable fire in his home State for his home people.

If every man in the Carolinas would demand a work shirt made in the Carolinas thousands of young women could go to work in Carolina shirt factories to make shirts for Carolina men. Hundreds of women in distant states are today making work shirts to be shipped to the Carolinas and the money leaves the Carolinas—the greater part of which never returns.

Thousands of people, both white and colored, are leaving the farms and towns of the Carolinas to seek work in other states and the people of the Carolinas have no other than themselves to blame. If we were to demand Carolina products all of these people who are leaving could stay here and secure work and in addition to that thousands of people would be coming into the Carolinas to assist in the manufacture of Carolina goods.

When the people of the Carolinas learn to demand Carolina products then will the Carolinas have the roads we need, churches we need, accounts we need in the Carolina banks.

"None are so blind as those who will not see."

It does not take a Pinkerton detective to see that quite a number of citizens of Chester disfavor the idea of turning the Health Department of the municipality over to a layman, even though he be an alert and active piece of humanity.

From various sources we are advised that Chester needs the services of a man in charge of the Health Department who has been schooled in the art of learning how many legs a mosquito has, and as to what kind of a mosquito it is which, through his bill, injects malaria germs into man which causes the man to become ill with what is commonly known as malaria fever and, in order to become sound in body, must get on the outside of a considerable quantity of quinine.

It is also evident that a part of our population want a man who is well acquainted with medical terms, of which the average man has no conception, but which sounds so important that what he says must be true.

There are other people among us who, who doubt, but the services of an expert sanitarian for the simple reason that they were one of those who fostered the original idea and consider themselves a prime mover in the original movement, they just hate to see something which they started, at the expense of the other fellow—blow up.

The whole situation reminds us of the old adage, "You can't have your pie and eat it too." Chester has spent more money during the past few years than she could afford to, insofar as tax receipts are concerned. We have gone as far as we can on the old wagon and now we must walk, or else buy a new wagon, and a new wagon calls for an increase in the tax levy. If we are willing to pay more taxes than we can have these things which some of us say we need.

The question of an expert health officer resolves itself into a matter of finance and if we really want these things of which we speak, we should "Put Up or Shut Up."

LOCAL ORDER WIRE BILLY.

Great Falls Junior Order Telegrapha Rev. Billy Sunday Congratulations on His Stand—Mr. Sunday Writes Letter of Appreciation

Doubtless there are many people in Chester county who have become acquainted, through the press, of the lack of co-operation and the trouble that Billy Sunday has been having during the past few weeks in Louisville, Kentucky, where he is holding a meeting. It is understood that this trouble is being created by others than those who believe in the teachings of the Protestant religion. Other evangelists have met with the same trouble in various sections of the country and know what it is. We people in this section have none of this to contend with at the present.

Of local interest in connection with this matter is the sending of a telegram to Mr. Sunday by the members of the Junior Order of American Mechanics at Great Falls. The telegram follows: "Rev. Billy Sunday, Louisville, Ky. The Jr. O. M. sends congratulations to you for your stand against the 'evil' that is being taught in the schools of Louisville. Tell the Protestant people to stand back of you in your demand for the foreign demon and influences that are trying to destroy America and American ideals." On May 17th Rev. Sunday wrote the following letter to the Great Falls order:

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for that telegram you sent. It strengthens my backbone and gives more courage when I think that your magnificent organization, with its thousands of

This is the time when you must positively use care in selecting foods—when you must use care in selecting articles of food, to be sure that you get the real food values that help build up good health.

You must have the vital elements in foods if you want to keep well. These vital elements cause the food you eat to assimilate—it means health and growth in children—also in grown-ups. It means replacement of worn out tissue, the building of lost bodily vigor. In fact, it is absolutely necessary to life itself.

Many food authorities agree that pure baking powder and good plain flour are much better for food value and health than many self-rising flours.

For the best of health—for the most economical results—use only plain flour and good baking powder.

YOU, AS A GOOD HOUSEWIFE know that the time to add anything to flour is just before you begin your baking, not months before and you also know that no prepared mixtures such as the self-rising flour can be as fresh—can be as certain in results—as the good old fashioned straight flour and pure baking powder.

For best results use—**Calumet Baking Powder** and a good plain flour.

members all over the United States, is back of the fight to preserve our public schools and continue them as American institutions. I'll fight with the last drop of blood I have against all this rot and I know you will too. As you have opportunity convey my thanks and best wishes to the members of your organization."

The Best Hot Weather Tonic GROVE'S TASTELESS CASI TONIC excites the blood, builds up the whole system and will give vitality, strength and fortify you to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. 50c.

GOOD LUCK IS DEAD.

Dr. J. E. Cornwall's old family horse, Good Luck, died Sunday morning, being 29 years old the 5th of this month. He has been a faithful horse and a familiar figure in Chester and adjoining Counties, for the past 27 years, as he has been used by the Doctor for the Chase and also for his Veterinary practice for years. He, like the Doctor, loved the chase and got new life in him when the dogs would come near in full cry after the fox and would dash after the pack. It was said that he has had more fox and other game on his back than any horse in the County. He was a great saddle horse, and has won quite a number of Blue Ribbons at the State and County fairs. He was highly bred and could stand more hard riding than any horse in this part of the County.

For the last few years he has been well taken care of and only walked around the yard. Practically every child in Chester years ago knew Good Luck and have been on his back, and will be sorry to hear of his death. Doctor Cornwall has spent many a night in the woods with him and the dogs, and after leaving him loose for hours, would find him just where he left him. Good Luck was as cautious about stepping on the dogs as a human would be. On one occasion one of the Judges and the Doctor were out hunting birds, dismounted to shoot birds, the Judge leaving him coat near the horse, and when they returned, the horse had moved the coat little too much, and had broken a bottle of "Snake-bite" that happened to be in the coat, and the coat and birds were saturated with the contents of the bottle. This caused the Judge some embarrassment explaining the odor of the birds when he carried them to his boarding house, the explanation of the Judge being that it was necessary to make the birds drunk in order to get them. Those who eat the birds remarked that they had never eaten.

Good Luck was buried on the premises, near the barn, where he had been so long, and a suitable marker will be placed on his grave. Flowers were also placed on his grave and sad hearts and moist eyes witnessed his last resting place. He has gone but is not forgotten.

Want Ad Column

For Sale—Fresh Jersey cow, giving 3 1/2 to 4 gallons a day. Ask The Chester News. 2c-pd.

For Immediate shipment millions true to variety Sweet potato plants grown only from selected stock Porto-Rico, Early Triumph, 1,000 \$1.25; 5,000 \$6.00. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Schroer Plant Farms, Valdosta, Ga. 18-22-2c.

For Sale—Fresh milk cow, gives 3 1/2 gallons of milk a day. Call Chester News. 2c.

For Sale—Six Duroc-Jersey pigs, eight weeks, at \$3.00 each. Chas. W. Rice, Chester. 2c.

Fifteen Million Genuine Porto Rico sweet potato plants, government inspected, clear of disease; \$1.25 per thousand; in 2,000 lots or more, \$1.10 per thousand. Prompt shipment. Manzer Plant Co., Valdosta, Ga., U. S. 8-16-2c.



Talk about "Good" Waffles and Golden Crown for Breakfast—

If there is anything that will start the day off with a smile and good humor, it's a plate of golden waffles, covered with delicious Golden Crown Syrup. It's inexpensive—healthful—easy to prepare—and something really good to eat.

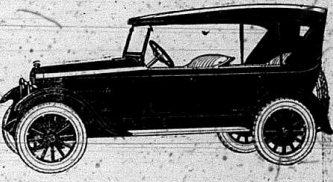
Your grocer sells Golden Crown Syrup. Use yours of \$1 each, honey.

Buy a Can Today



This Golden Crown Crystal-Cut Glass SYRUP PITCHER 50¢. And the Latest from the Golden Crown Syrup. This pitcher is made of clear glass and has a built-in strainer to catch any bits of fruit that may get in. It is a beautiful addition to any table and will last for years. It is made by the Pyralid Pitcher Co., Newark, N. J. & Co., President Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

Studebaker LIGHT SIX \$1,110 DELIVERED



The remarkable value of the new Studebaker Light-Six is possible only because it is built complete, on a large scale, in Studebaker factories under the Studebaker Standard.

The Light-Six has a 112 inch wheel base, with 40 horse-power motor, 6 cylinder cast iron block, detachable head, internal hot-spot.

Four bearing crankshaft, single-disc dry plate clutch. Ignition lock, cord tires, genuine leather upholstery.

A Six for the price of a Four. Studebaker has been building quality vehicles for 70 years. Studebaker is the largest builder of Six-Cylinder automobiles in the World.

Sam Frazer Motor Co. CHESTER, S. C.

When service counts

More speed for the speedy

"WAY for the United States Mail!" Men have suffered, sacrificed and died in order to expedite the country's mail. In fact, the mail has become a symbol not unlike the flag itself; whatever else happens, the mail must go through.

Many people even today scarcely realize the great advance in mail service that has been brought about in the age of gasoline. In the cities, motor trucks whisk the mail from railway to postoffices. In the rural part, even more credit is due to the gasoline engine. And it is in these out-of-the-way places particularly that the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has shown its sincerity of purpose, by marking "Standard" Motor Gasoline, making this efficient motor fuel available to all motorists alike.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)

GREETING TO OUR GRADUATION CLASS
Nineteen Twenty Three

GIFTS THAT TOUCH THE HEART AROUND HERE

This is the Largest Class ever to Finish in Chester.

We are Proud of each of You.

Knough Jewelry Company

P. S. We have a nice line of Gifts for the Young Graduate and will be pleased to help you make your selection.