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NEWS AND HERALD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY,

—BY—

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J. FRANK FOULSE, - - - EDITOR

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WINNSBORO, S. C.

Friday, December 6 - - 1901

The constitutionality of the jury law is now up before the supreme court. Until their decision important cases can be argued by the courts.

All reports are the work of a creditable pen. It was a creditable exposition was a great opening. It is now on his friends, and of unfaltering success.

President Roosevelt has recommended in his message that Congress defray the expenses of removing the government's exhibit from Buffalo to Charleston. Congressman Elliott is to look after the matter in the house and in the senate it is said that the two senators will be harmonious in working for the Exposition. Great is the Exposition!

There should be much grain sown in this county in the next thirty days. Farmers can better afford to strain their credit for grain seed now than for almost anything else. By making a good crop of grain they can thus cut down the amount that will have to be paid for corn another year, and perhaps they may also be able to get for themselves some ready cash, for the prospects are that grain will be in good demand next summer.

A few days ago the county supervisors of several of the eastern counties met and considered various plans for the improvement of the roads. Such gatherings as these should do good. As soon as the question of roads is given its true importance and is treated from an intelligent standpoint, better roads will be the result. But meetings are not all. Action is necessary. At this time there should be much work on the roads.

It has been suggested to us by a very thoughtful and intelligent person that we secure as many contributions as possible on the best methods of getting out of the present depressed financial condition. This is a good suggestion, and we shall cheerfully print any communications along this line that are calculated to be helpful. If it is true that necessity is the mother of invention, the present great need of our people should lead to the invention of many plans that should be helpful for providing for better things. All, therefore, who have any suggestions to offer, are cordially asked to let us hear from them.

A red-hot bargain is the Red Hot tablet at The News and Herald office for five cents.

President Roosevelt's Message.
(Continued from page one.)

might be nothing lacking to complete the Judas-like infamy of his act, he took advantage of an occasion when the president was meeting the people generally; and advancing as if to take the hand outstretched to him in kindly and brotherly fellowship, he turned the noble and generous confidence of the victim into an opportunity to strike the fatal blow. There is no baser deed in all the annals of crime.

THE EVILS OF ANARCHY.

The shock, the grief of the country, are bitter in the minds of all who saw the dark days, while the president yet hovered between life and death. At last the light was stilled in the kindly eyes and the breath went from the lips that even in mortal agony uttered no words save of forgiveness to his murderer, of love for his friends, and of unfaltering trust in the will of the Most High.

Of such a life, leaves us with infinite sorrow, but with such pride in what he had accomplished and in his own personal character, that we feel the blow not as struck at him, but as struck at the nation. We mourn a good and great president who is dead; but while we mourn we are lifted up by the splendid achievements of his life and the grand heroism with which he met his death.

When we turn from the man to the nation, the harm done is so great as to excite our gravest apprehensions and to demand our wisest and most resolute action. This criminal was a professed anarchist, inflamed by the teachings of professed anarchists, and probably also by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, and to the exploiter of sensationalism, and to the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason, apologizes for crime or excites aimless discontent.

The blow was aimed not at this president, but at all presidents; at every symbol of government. President McKinley was emphatically the embodiment of the popular will of the nation expressed through the forms of law as a New England town meeting is in similar fashion the embodiment of the law-abiding purpose and practice of the people of the town. On no conceivable theory could the murder of the president be accepted as due to protest against "inequalities in the social order," save as the murder of all the freemen engaged in a town meeting could be accepted as a protest against that social inequality which puts a malefactor in jail. Anarchy is no more an expression of "social discontent" than picking pockets or wife-beating.

The anarchist, and especially the anarchist in the United States, is merely one type of criminal, more dangerous than any other because he represents the same depravity in a greater degree.

The man who advocates anarchy directly or indirectly, in any shape or fashion, or the man who apologizes for anarchists and their deeds, makes himself morally accessory to murder before the fact. The anarchist is a criminal whose perverted instincts lead him to prefer confusion and chaos to the most beneficent form of social order. His protest of concern for workingmen is outrageous in its impudent falsity; for if the political institutions of this country do not afford opportunity to every honest and intelligent son of toil, then the door of hope is forever closed against him. The anarchist is everywhere not merely the enemy of system and of progress, but the deadly foe of liberty. If ever anarchy is triumphant, its triumph will last for but red moment, to be succeeded for ages by the gloomy night of despotism.

For the anarchist himself, whether he preaches or practices his doctrines, we need not have one particle more concern than for any ordinary murderer. He is not the victim of social or political injustice. There are no wrongs to remedy in his case. The cause of his criminality is to be found in his own evil passions and in the evil conduct of those who urge him on, not in any failure by others or by the State to do justice to him or his. He is a malefactor and nothing else. He is in no sense, in no shape or way, a "product of social conditions," save as a highwayman is "produced" by the fact that an unarmed man happens to have a purse. It is a travesty upon the great and holy name of liberty and freedom to permit them to be invoked in such a cause. No man or body of men preaching anarchistic doctrines should be allowed at large any more than if preaching the murder of some specified private individual. Anarchistic speeches, writings and meetings are essentially seditious and treasonable.

A STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

The Story of Rev. E. P. Taylor's College Course as Told by Himself.

Twentieth Century Sketches is a book that has just come from the press. It is edited by Rev. Watson B. Duncan, and contains sketches of all the preachers of the South Carolina Conference. There is no more interesting story than that of Rev. E. P. Taylor, who the past year has served the Winnsboro charge. As the author says: "The career of the Rev. E. P. Taylor ought to be known to every boy who hungers for an education and yet supposes the way is closed against him. After reading the story every one is compelled to realize that 'where there is a will there is a way,' and true boys and men must feel like standing uncovered in the presence of a hero—a hero of peace." The author also adds: "His parents were pious people, who were rich only in faith. They lived on a farm which barely afforded a support, and they and their children tilled the soil." Here is the story as given by Mr. Taylor himself, written at the request of Mr. Duncan:

"I entered the preparatory department of Wofford College in January, 1879, and remained in this department until June, 1880. I first entered the Freshman class in October, 1880, and because of limited means, thinking possibly this would be my only year in college, I pursued a special course of studies. However, a way was opened for me to return in October, 1881, but the same kind Providence that opened the door for my return soon closed the same, for before the close of the month of October I was called home on account of the death of my mother and the illness of my father. But again in October, 1882, I began college life. Now, not only poor, but married, yet not hampered or hindered, for the economy and needle of the wife added much to our scanty larder. So the work taken up in October, 1882, was continued until June, 1888, when I received my diploma.

"My stay at college was always delightful, because of my intense desire to learn, but I had to practice the strictest economy as my father was poor and had a large family to support. It was while I was in the preparatory department that my father wrote me that he could aid me no more and for me to come home. I wrote father asking him would he be willing for me to remain and pursue my studies if I could make arrangements myself to do so. He replied 'certainly.' The reply removed a burden from my heart. At the time I was board-

ing in a private family and rooming in the college, and this, of course, I was forced to continue. So to remain I boarded myself, furnishing my table with a cheap grade of molasses and loafbread, and even allowed myself only a limited amount of loaf and molasses each day. The only thing I had in abundance was good water. I ate but little or no meat or butter, save when I was invited to take a meal out with a friend. I did not drink in my own room from my own little table one glass of milk or one cup of coffee or tea during the term. My good mother was living at the time and she sent me during the term two boxes of good food such as loafbread, baked chicken, cake. But when the box was received it was opened and friends invited to the feast. So the boxes from home added little to my larder. I kept an itemized account of my expenditures for board for one month and the items at the end of the month footed up \$1.75. This was my board bill per month for several months—plus what meals were taken with my friends and an occasional box from home. Suffice it to say, that I was never troubled with indigestion or nightmares. And my college course was pursued under no less pressure than was my preparatory education. I entered college, 1882, with a wife and only ten dollars in my purse. My brother-in-law, James Hunt, boarded my wife and myself for the first year. I taught school the next year and made sufficient to pay up back indebtedness for board and to pay my expenses. Another year at college a similar course was followed after my sophomore year.

My greatest pressure was during my senior year. When I completed my junior year, I determined not to go out into the county and teach for another year, thus taking two years to complete my course at college. So I entered the senior class, almost penniless, but with a strong determination to remain at my studies until I should finish. I set myself to work. I prayed much, I endeavored to exercise a strong faith in God that he would open the door for my entrance soon as an itinerant Methodist minister—but not until I had completed my studies at Wofford. So to my great delight I found that it would be possible for me to continue my studies another year.

"I made my way by chopping wood—made as much as six dollars a week chopping. Having a mechanical turn I managed to make something that way—by the use of tools—such as making picket fences and other simple things. I had the good fortune to make fifty cents one evening by taking the place of a washerwoman and doing some washing for a good lady. The president of the college gave me the janitorship, and for the sweeping and making of the fires in the college I was paid seven dollars per month. This proved a great help to me, but added much to my already heavy college duties. I carried much of the wood used to make fires from the ground floor to the third story of the building. I would do this on Saturday and other spare moments. In December of my senior year I was made pastor of Bethel church—the city mission. I preached twice every Sabbath, conducting a prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The church was more than one mile from my home. This added greatly to my already overburdened shoulders. So the pressure of my last year in college was very great indeed. I had the regular college course—French extra—I was janitor having seven or eight fires to make each cold morning, the college to sweep. I was a station preacher and preached two new sermons each Sunday. I had a family to look after, all the shopping to do, my own wood to chop, fires to make. I was forced to rise early and work until late at night.

"But God was good to my wife and to me. My health remained good. I passed all my college examinations without failure in any, and in June bade my kind and indulgent teachers goodbye with a heart full of overflowing gratitude to Almighty God for having aided me to press my way through college.

"I felt then, and still feel, that man by God's grace can become master of his circumstances and make of himself what God designed him to be.

SPECIAL SALE

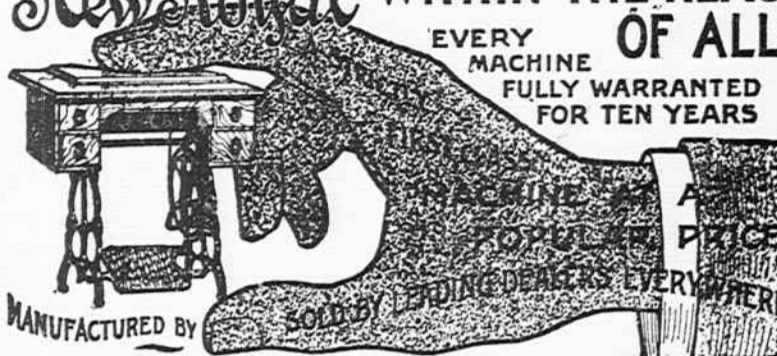
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president and others, and was tenderly moved when the graduate's little daughter carried to him a handsome bouquet. It is not often that a college and community rejoice over such a triumph.

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