

FATHER AND SON PAY THE PENALTY

Floyd and Claude Allen Die in Electric Chair Few Minutes Apart—Governor Mann Was Firm.

Richmond, Va., March 29.—Mumbling a prayer and crying half audibly that he was ready to go, Floyd Allen, whose refusal to accept a short prison term for a minor offense led to the wholesale court murder in Hillsville one year ago, limped to the death chair in the state penitentiary yesterday, 11 minutes ahead of Claude Swanson Allen, his son.

The sentence of the court, held up for six hours while desperate and dramatic efforts were being made to save the condemned men by eleventh-hour appeals to the lieutenant governor was speedily ordered to proceed when Governor Mann hastened back to Virginia soil to take charge of a situation which was sensational and exciting to a degree. The prison superintendent, acting entirely within the law, agreed at 2 o'clock to postpone the execution giving Attorney General Williams an opportunity to pass upon the constitutional right of Lieutenant Governor Ellyson to interfere.

GOVERNOR HASTENS BACK.

But the young son of Governor Mann reached his father in Philadelphia by telephone less than an hour after the delay had been ordered and by 8 o'clock yesterday the Governor was again on Virginia soil. Incensed, as it afterward developed, by the unexpected effort to take advantage of his temporary absence when he had repeatedly refused clemency, the governor boarded an early morning train, arriving in Richmond at 11:30 o'clock. On the way he telegraphed the secretary of the commonwealth that he would be in Virginia by 8 o'clock, this information suddenly checked the plan of Allen sympathizers in further urging the lieutenant governor to interfere.

While every proceeding had halted, pending the governor's arrival, word reached police headquarters that a crowd had assembled at the station, patrolmen, detectives and plainclothes men being hurried there to prevent any demonstration. When the governor stepped on the platform he was quickly surrounded by officers who escorted him to a taxicab which took him quickly to the capitol.

In his office at the state prison, Superintendent Wood was pacing the floor nervously as he awaited developments. The situation there had become more intense. Precisely at noon the superintendent was called to the telephone.

"The governor of Virginia is at his desk," was the message he received from the capitol and instantly preparations were made to obey the mandate of the court. The witnesses who had assembled at 7 o'clock, the hour announced for the execution, had left the prison with instructions to return at 1 o'clock. Just after sunrise the Allens practically collapsed when informed that a half-day respite had been granted by a combination of legal and technical circumstances as strange as any that had ever been presented to a court of justice.

Claude Allen, who had retained his nerve throughout the trying ordeal in his behalf, gasped and trembled, but he regained his composure as he noted the hopeless and dejected appearance of his aged father in the cell across the corridor. As the morning hours passed they sat with their spiritual advisers, but they nerved themselves again for the end when they heard that Governor Mann had returned to Virginia. Men prominent in official circles of the state, who waited in the capitol for a final plea to the governor, were turned away, as his secretary handed out his statement from the executive.

MANN'S FINAL ORDER.

"Hearing at five minutes to 3 o'clock this morning of the action taken in the Allen case after I left the city, I considered it my duty to hurry back. I simply desire to repeat that after the most careful examination of the evidence in this case, I have not the slightest doubt of the guilt of Floyd and Claude Allen, and I will not interfere. The law must take its course."

What brought forth the greatest indignation from the governor was the reported fact that the plan to appeal to the lieutenant governor was agreed upon a week ago. While there was no intimation from Lieutenant Governor Ellyson that he would interfere, his willingness Thursday night to await a written opinion from the attorney general, who had already ruled verbally that he was without authority, was accepted outside to mean that the life of Claude Allen might be spared. Governor Mann, however, cut through the mass of uncertainty and doubt by hastening home.

The jury which under the law is required to witness all executions, assembled outside the penitentiary gates shortly before 1 o'clock, mingling there with the crowd. The program as originally announced was carried out without change. While two ministers, who have been unflinching in their loyalty to the condemned men, were telling them good-bye, the prison superintendent stepped into the corridor which separated the cells of father and son, and read the death warrant.

FAREWELLS SAID.
Floyd Allen, still limping from the wounds he received in the Hillsville court battle, said the last tearful farewell to his boy and went with the prison guards to the death chamber. A groan escaped him as he sat in the chair while the straps and electrodes were being fastened about him. The current was turned on at 1:22 o'clock and in four minutes the surgeon motioned to the superintendent that he was dead. The body was speedily removed.

Again the chair was tested while Claude Swanson Allen, namesake of a United States senator, was being led through the corridor to the chamber door. Though a trifle pale, he marched with measured stride, his head held high, his wonderful nerve with him to the end. As he took his seat he moved his arms to assist the guards who were adjusting the straps and like his father he went silently and unafraid. When the autopsy had been performed the bodies were given over to Victor Allen, Floyd's son, by whom they were taken to the mountains of southeast Virginia for burial.

CROWDS VIEW BODIES.
Over the protest of Victor Allen, a crowd estimated at 15,000 last night visited the undertaking establishment where the bodies of Floyd and Claude Allen were being prepared for burial. The protest was conveyed to Chief of Police Werner, who ordered a squad of police to clear the street, although he had no power, as he explained, to keep the crowds out of the place. Early in the evening it became necessary for the police to stretch ropes around the establishment, but visitors were freely admitted after the police departed, without the knowledge of Victor Allen.

The bodies of Floyd and Claude Allen were shipped at midnight to Mount Airy, N. C., from which point they will be conveyed over the mountain roads to Carroll county for interment.

The execution of Floyd and Claude Allen, who had been the principal actors in the "shooting up" of the Carroll county court at Hillsville, March 14, 1912, is the closing chapter of one of the most sensational murder tragedies ever enacted in this country.

Some time in February, 1912, two nephews of Floyd Allen were arrested for some minor offense by a deputy sheriff. While they were being taken to the jail, Floyd Allen attacked the deputy, knocking him senseless with the butt of a revolver and rescued his prisoners. He was arrested and indicted and his trial began in the early part of March.

Floyd Allen had openly boasted that he would never go to prison and it is said that the Allens had made frequent threats against the court and everybody connected with it. He was tried March 13, but the jury did not bring in its verdict until the following day. The prisoner, being a man of prominence, his trial attracted a great deal of attention and on the morning of March 14 the court room was crowded with spectators, among whom were half a dozen or more of the members of the Allen family.

The jury rendered a verdict of guilty and the court sentenced Floyd Allen to one year imprisonment in the penitentiary. When the presiding judge, Thornton L. Massey, turned the prisoner over to the sheriff, Floyd Allen, exclaiming that he would not go to prison, drew a revolver and opened fire. The other members of the Allen family, who were in the court room, followed his example and for a few

minutes bullets flew thick and fast. Judge Massey, State's Attorney Foster and Sheriff Webb were shot down and killed on the spot and a number of other persons were injured. Two of them, Augustus Fowler, a juror, and Nancy Ayres, a girl of 19, died from their wounds after a few days.

The Allens, excepting Floyd Allen, who had been shot in the knee, mounted their horses and fled into the mountain wilderness of the Blue Ridge, where they eluded the posse sent out to capture them. The governor offered a reward of \$1,000 which was later raised to \$4,000 for the arrest of the gang.

Floyd Allen was arrested on the following day and two days later a special grand jury returned indictments against Floyd Allen, Claude Swanson Allen and Victor Allen, sons of Floyd; Sidna Allen, a brother of Floyd; Friel Allen, Wesley Edwards and Sidna Edwards, nephews of Floyd; Bird Marion and John F. Moore. The later was merely indicted for having assisted the Allens to escape.

Victor Allen and Bird Marion were arrested at Pulaski, March 17, and taken to Roanoke. Sidna Edwards was captured near his home March 22. Claude Swanson Allen, almost starved by two weeks of hiding in the mountains, gave himself up near Hillsville March 28 and on the following day Friel Allen followed his example. Sidna Allen and his nephew, Wesley Edwards, managed to escape, but were captured at Des Moines September 14.

Floyd Allen and his son, Claude, were tried separately for the murder of State's Attorney Foster and found guilty. They were sentenced to be executed on November 22 of last year, but obtained several respites, the date being finally fixed for March 28. Sidna Allen was given 35 years, Wesley Edwards 27 years, Friel Allen 18 years, Sidna Edwards 18 years in the penitentiary. Victor Allen, Bird Marion and John F. Moore were acquitted.

Questions—Pertinent or Impertinent.
The social editor is in receipt of the following letter from a very clever and well known young woman of Augusta, says The Augusta Chronicle:

"Dear Society Editor:—Can't you write something in your columns about the terrible way people question you about everything in the world—about matters entirely your own business, and not any one else's? No one seems to mind asking the most impertinent questions concerning your most private affairs these days. A slip of a girl will ask a distinguished dame if her hair is naturally brown—and if not 'where does she get the stuff she uses.' If you say, 'I went to the theater last night,' some one will say, 'With whom did you go?' Or they will say, 'I saw you at the matinee; did you get a pass, or did your friend take you?'"

"If you say, 'I have an engagement tonight,' some one will inevitably ask, 'With whom have you an engagement?' The other day I went calling and before I was seated my hostess said, 'Oh, where did you get that new card case; did you buy it or did some one give it to you?' I would say that one of the first requisites of being a lady was to refrain from asking personal questions. It looks as if it were best not to get too intimate with any one, and above all, to refrain from asking or offering confidence—for the day may come when you will regret being confidential and may actually dislike a friend because you have confided in her too much—which is not just to the friend. So, altogether, don't you think it is better not to either ask or give confidence? Won't you write something about this subject?"

It seems hardly necessary to add anything to the lady's letter, which almost covers the case, and certainly much better than the social editor could put it—but it is timely, and will be of benefit if read and "inwardly digested" by a great many people. There are certain questions that are absolutely proper—questions that simply show our interest in any one, and that lets the friend know you are ready to serve or sympathize. But the objectionable question is the personal question about a private matter, and the girl who wrote the above letter is certainly correct about that—it is surprising how many otherwise well-bred people will ask, "Where did you get that suit?" "How much did you pay for it?" "Who were you talking to over the phone the other day?" "How can you afford to pay that for such-and-such?" and "Is your sister engaged to So-and-So?" etc.

But the question of all others that is calculated to arouse the wrath of even the gentlest one is to call some one over the phone and have the

one who answers it ask "Who is that?" If you had desired to give your name you would doubtless have done so, and yet one hates to reply, "Well that has nothing to do with you!"—and so one "hangs up" raging inwardly.

But probably every one has her own particular "bete noir," when it comes to questions!

A READY ORATOR.

Who Was Not Thrown Out of Gear by the Limp Flag.

But for all that a man may rise superior to an unhappy circumstance. A good illustration was seen on the occasion of the delivery of a Memorial day oration a few years ago. It was in a Vermont town and the speaker was pretty familiar with his surroundings. He knew beforehand just where he would have to stand when delivering his oration, and he had therefore prepared an illustrative introduction that he felt sure would catch the crowd on the patriotism line. When the time came he advanced to the front of the platform, paused a moment for effect, then, raising his hand slowly, said:

"See you flag throwing its protecting folds to the breezes of freedom," etc.

It was a good introduction, and under ordinary circumstances, might have been received with proper enthusiasm, but some of the persons in the front row smiled. In a second the speaker discovered that his picture, pretty as it was, was not borne out by facts. There wasn't any breeze, and the flag, to which all eyes were turned, instead of "throwing out its protecting folds," hung as limp as if it had just come out of the wash.

The speaker had slipped on an oratorical banana peel, if you wish, but he did not fall. He waited a moment and then continued as if it had been a part of his original plan. "And whether it is snapping its folds in defiance of all nations, as in time of war, or whether in times of peace it hangs as quietly as it does this present moment, yet it throws its protecting folds around every one of us who are so fortunate as to live in this country; it envelops us wherever we may go and it protects us wherever we may be."

That was enough. He had fooled the people into believing that he had made no mistake, and those in the front rank who but a moment before were smiling at his error, now looked as foolish as do those who never can synchronize their laugh with a joke.

That the address was a success can be shown by the report in the town paper, which said: "The oration was a masterly one and the speaker showed a thorough familiarity with his subject. His patriotic references roused the people to great enthusiasm."—Boston Globe.

"Farmer" Wilhelm.

The German emperor has really no luck of recent years in his incursions into domestic affairs. His effusive lectures on the superiority of the sovereign's will to all other authority have often been cruelly caricatured. His ukases on music and drama have only done harm to the reputation of the artists whom he recommended for general respect. But his crowning defeat, his Waterloo, seems to have come off in his encounter with the sturdy and stubborn agriculturists of East Prussia.

The emperor had innocently boasted at an agricultural dinner how all the products of his farm were infinitely superior to the pro-

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After reading of so many people in our town who have been cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, the question naturally arises: "Is this medicine equally successful in our neighboring towns?" The generous statement of this Great Falls resident leaves no room for doubt on this point.

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ducts of everybody else's farm. No where else was there such butter, or such eggs, or corn, or grass, or cattle. "He had been obliged to give notice to quit to the farmer for being exceptionally worse than the low level of everybody but the Imperial Majesty." This was the last straw. The stalwart friends of the maligned farmer met and publicly declared that agriculturally speaking, the emperor and king was such a noodle that anybody could pull his leg, that he believed every flattering yarn that was administered to him, that the farmer whom he had evicted could teach the Imperial Majesty everything from drains to chickens. And the audacious fellows have publicly signed their names to a petition which rather bluntly recommends the emperor and king to try to talk in the future about something that he understands.—London Outlook.

A fool insists on having his own way, but a wise man merely has it and says nothing.

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