

Walter Rodgers

### When the Political Meetings Will be.

April 25th the local clubs meet.  
 May 4th the County convention will be held.  
 May 20th the State convention will be held.  
 August 25th the first primary will be held.  
 September 8th the second primary will be held.  
 The State Democratic convention will be called to meet in Columbia May 20th by the State executive committee.  
 The constitution of the Democratic party says, relative to the State convention: The State convention shall be called by the State executive committee to meet every presidential or State election year on the third Wednesday in May and the county conventions shall meet on the first Monday in May of such year. This means that the conventions will meet May 4.  
 The Democratic club will meet April 25—the fourth Saturday in April.  
 Immediately following the meeting of the State convention, the executive committee will be called to meet by John Gary Evans, of Spartanburg, chairman, for the purpose of preparing the itineraries for the State and senatorial campaigns. As has been the custom a meeting will be arranged for each county in the State.  
 The attempts to place the proper safeguards about the primary system failed at the last session of the general assembly and it is said that the movement will be carried to the State convention.  
 The primary reform will begin in the club meetings and will be carried on through to the State convention.  
 The question of reforming the rules and regulations governing primary elections in South Carolina was brought up at the 1912 convention, when a special committee of seven was provided for in a resolution to investigate the matter and report back to the next convention. Just what has been accomplished by this committee has not been announced, although it is said that the members have been at work and will submit a report at the 1914 convention.

### A Misplaced Deal.

Bob Dwyer, fresh from college, opened a real estate office in an attractive suburban neighborhood and hoped to make his fortune, says Harper's Weekly. For days he sat undisturbed in his little office, staring out at the dusty roads or twiddling his thumbs. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a man crossing Ogden boulevard diagonally, headed for his door. Surely this was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.  
 As the man stepped over the threshold Bob had the telephone receiver to his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter. "That's correct," he said as the man stood before him. "Right. We will accept your fifteen thousand dollars cash tomorrow and let the thirty thousand dollars remainder stand on a ten-year mortgage. What? Yes, I'll bring the deed around at eleven tomorrow morning. Goodbye."  
 Bob hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor.  
 "Now, sir," he said, "what can I do for you?"  
 "Why, I just came over," said the man, grinning, "to connect your telephone instrument with the wires."

### Drainage Congress Meets in Savannah.

The National Drainage Congress, as its name implies, is a national organization. It is endeavoring to have passed national legislation that will accomplish the following results:  
 Prevent an annual loss of hundreds of lives, untold grief and suffering, \$100,000,000 worth of property, and the crippling of trade and industry, caused by floods.  
 Prevent the annual death of a thousand women, children and men, and an economic loss of \$150,000,000 caused by malaria which is due to the existence of swamps.  
 Reclaim 75,000,000 acres of swamp and overflowed lands, and convert them into healthful, prosperous farms to provide homes for more Americans than will emigrate to Mexico and Canada in fifty years.  
 This great result will be achieved, the officers of the National Drainage Congress believe, by the passage of the Clark-Williams Flood Protection and Drainage Bill, H. R. 8189, pronounced by experts to be the best bill of its kind ever presented to Congress.  
 The meeting at Savannah, April 22-25, 1914, promises to be most eventful and important. Among the notable events will be the presence of Sir William Willcock of Cairo, Egypt, the famous English engineer and the world's foremost authority on flood control and river regulation, the designer and builder of the great Aswan dam across the Nile which has benefited the Nile valley and the Egyptian development. He has performed other works, almost as notable, in irrigation, drainage, and flood control, in other parts of Egypt, in India and in Mesopotamia. Sir William is the only honorary vice-president at large of the Drainage Congress. He will deliver an illustrated address at Savannah on "River Regulation and Flood Control in Antiquity."  
 The organization also numbers among its active officers the foremost sanitary engineer in the world, General C. Gorgas, U. S. A., whose work in fighting disease made possible the building of the Panama Canal.  
 South Carolina is vitally interested in the National Drainage Congress, which would result in the early drainage and reclamation of more than 3,000,000 of rich farm lands that would add at least \$50,000,000 a year to the value of the agricultural products of the state. These acres can be drained and reclaimed quickly and at comparatively low expense, and this work would greatly improve the public health by largely eradicating malaria.

### Two Young Women Lose Lives in Water.

Lexington, April 4.—Misses Jessie Crout and Flossie Crout, aged 20 and 26 years, lost their lives in Taylor's pond, about 15 miles south of Lexington, at 2 o'clock this afternoon when the mule they were driving to a buggy made a wild dash across the mill pond, while they were crossing the dam. Elzie Crout, a brother of the young ladies, aged about 12 or 13 years, who was in the buggy at the time of the accident, barely escaped with his life, he having managed to get to the bank.  
 The accident happened almost within sight of the young girls' home, and they were returning from Swansea, where they went yesterday to visit relatives.

### Items From Route 0

Mr. and Mrs. Ciestus have a sick child.  
 Mr. W. F. Phillips was in Darlington this week on business.  
 The wife of Mr. J. D. is on the sick list.  
 Measles is still raging.  
 Mr. P. H. Mills and others  
 Farmers are not planting anything much yet out this way.  
 Mr. Joe Mills is smiling some. It's a girl.  
 Miss Annie Lee Lowery went to Monroe Saturday, to attend commencement exercises.  
 Miss Eula Brewer, of Cheraw, spent several days recently in this section visiting friends and relatives.  
 Rev. A. J. Crane, spent Friday night at Mr. John Richardson's.  
 Mr. and Mrs. John Threatt have a very sick child.  
 Sunday school to be reorganized at Mt. Moriah Sunday at 10 o'clock.

### A Trifle Unruly.

"Is that bull over in Mr. Lathrop's pasture good natured?" inquired the new schoolmistress, with some apprehension in her voice. "I ask because I wanted to cross the pasture last night, and I was afraid he might be ugly."  
 Mr. Plaslee surveyed the young lady with kindly eyes.  
 "M-well" he conceded at length, "it might be a mite ugly, but he's a good natured animal and all to undertake to cross that pasture when he's right handy. He might take a notion to chase you, and then again he mightn't. I ain't one to slander any of my neighbors' prop'ty," he went on, apologetically, but I'd know as Lathrop can blame me if I don't more'n recite facts to you. I ain't givin' any opinion, y' understand. I'm jest tellin' you what's happened, and lettin' you make up your own mind to suit yourself.  
 "When Lathrop fust got that animal, he had a Sweed workin' for him, and he had the care of the bull 'bout all the time while he stayed here. That Sweed was a kind of stupid critter, and I guess he got careless. 'T any rate, one day we heard a bellerin' goin' on up there in the pasture, and the Sweed hollerin' at the top of his voice, so we all grabbed pitchforks and put up there as hard as we could pelt, and we didn't any more'n get there in time, as 'twas.  
 "After we men—there was five of us, with pitchforks—had bradded the bull away from the man, we got him—the man, I mean—over the fence, and kinder went over him for injuries. He had one broken arm, and two broken legs, and besides that he was torn up considerable. And while we was sortin' him over, it took three men to keep the bull from gettin' over the fence and havin' another go at him."  
 "And ever since that time," concluded Mr. Peaslee, judicially, "I've sort of had my doubts about that animal. In fact, I can't help thinkin' 'nat he's a kind of unruly beast."  
 Mule in the barnyard, lazy and slick;  
 Boy with a pin on the end of a stick  
 Creeps up behind him quiet as a mouse—  
 Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.—Exchange.

### Underwood Victorious.

Birmingham, April 7.—Indications early today were that Oscar W. Underwood had triumphed over Richmond P. Hobson in the contest before State wide Democratic primaries for the nomination to the United States senate. Owing to the complexity and length of the ballots complete returns probably will not be received until tonight.  
 The protracted struggle for the nomination between the two distinguished candidates terminated with a record-breaking vote by Alabama Democrats. Interest in the contest for the short term in the United States senate, the nomination of the congressmen, a governor and other State and county officers also brought thousands to the polls.  
 Both Mr. Underwood and Representative Hobson were in the city tonight watching returns from the entire State. Shortly after midnight Mr. Underwood made the following statement: "I am thoroughly satisfied with the primary election held yesterday. The splendid majority that the returns indicate will be given me in the State I attribute to the magnificent work that my friends have done for me in my absence. The result I feel is a personal vindication and a distinct approval of my remaining in Washington and attending to my official duties. But after all is said the final conclusion must be that it is more a victory for fundamental Democratic principals than for myself."  
 Representative Hobson did not volunteer any statement. When asked if he considered the nomination of Representative Underwood, he said:  
 "I most positively do not."

### Railroads Consolidate.

Under the provisions of an act passed at the session of the general assembly of 1914, articles of agreement of a "merger or consolidation between North & South Carolina Railway company, Charleston Northern railway, South Carolina Western Extension railway, forming the Carolina, Atlanta & Western railway," were filed with the secretary of state Monday. The capital of the consolidated company is \$2,525,000 consisting of 25,250 shares of common stock at the par value of \$100 each. The company is given the right to increase the capital.  
 The stockholders of the old railways, under the articles, convert their stock into stock of the new road.  
 The officers are: W. R. Bonnal, Hamlet, N. C., president and treasurer; D. T. McKeithan, Darlington, vice president; S. O. Bauersfield, Hamlet, N. C., secretary. The principal offices of the new company will be at Hamlet.  
 Under the articles the annual meeting of the stockholders is to be held on the first Thursday in December at Hamlet.  
 The directors are: S. O. Bauersfield, Hamlet, N. C.; W. R. Bonnal, Hamlet; B. H. Inness Brown, New York; Geo. E. Dargan, Darlington; W. Redmond Cross, New York; J. A. Lawton, Hartsville; J. W. McCown, Florence; D. T. McKeithan, Darlington; S. Davis Warfield, Baltimore; R. L. Warner, Boston; Bright Williamson, Darlington.  
 Little Willie—"What is a lawyer, pa?"  
 Pa—"A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight, and then runs off with their clothes."—Crescent.

### Robber Entered Express Car but Got no Money.

Atlanta, April 3.—While Express Messenger R. C. Fletcher and a masked train robber fought a duel with revolvers in the express car of Seaboard train No. 11, at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, the passengers slept and the conductor listened intently to what he thought were exploding torpedoes and the engineer brought the train to a gradual stop.  
 Just before it stopped, the robber escaped through the door of the express car and disappeared in the woods beside the track. As Conductor W. E. Cason, of Monroe, N. C., ran toward the engine along the track, Messenger Fletcher jumped to the ground beside the express car. The messenger's shirt was afire from the robber's parting shot, fired so close that it ignited the cloth on Fletcher's body.  
 Fletcher was wounded through the fleshy part of his right arm by that shot.  
 Two special agents of the Seaboard who happened to be among the passengers in the train started immediately on the trail of the robber, and the train left them, bringing its travelers into Atlanta at 6:40 o'clock, twenty minutes behind schedule.  
 W. G. Slaughter, special agent took up the pursuit of the criminal from the point where he left the train. Special Agent J. W. Neuffer, dressing hurriedly as soon as he learned what had happened went back from Talbot, the next stop made by the train after it resumed its way.

his attempt. The express safe was defended so successfully by the messenger that its contents were not exposed at any time. The value of those contents has not been stated.  
 Whether three men were concerned in the attempted robbery is open to conjecture, on the report of the flagman, J. D. Bundy. Bundy jumped off the rear platform as soon as the train stopped, and without waiting to inquire what had happened he ran back a quarter of a mile to place torpedoes and flag any train that might be following. He reported later, when the locomotive signaled him to return, that three rough looking white men had passed him on his station. They were walking rapidly away from the train, he said. One was on one side the track, and two were on the other side, he said.  
 The train southbound from New York, passed Comer and stopped two miles beyond at the Comer water tank. When it got under way again, said Fletcher, he heard some one hammering on the steel door of the express car.  
 A man's voice demanded that it be opened. He refused, and almost immediately a little barred glass window beside the door was shattered. A hand reached through, unlocked the door and slid it back. Through the opening jumped a man with a red handkerchief tied across the lower part of his face. A revolver was in his hand.  
 Fletcher was entrenched behind the safe. He was the target immediately for a shot. The robber advanced on him, firing a second time. Fletcher pulled a revolver, which in the excitement he had forgotten until the moment, from his trousers pocket and fired. The men were together, and the robber pushed his pistol against the messenger's breast and pulled the trigger. Fletcher says that he shoved his finger between the hammer and

### The Dread Threat.

Maclyn Arbuckle, the actor, was guiding a decrepit and tire-punctured car along a country road in the central part of New Hampshire when from behind a roadside bush stepped an angular native, wearing an air of freshly acquired official dignity and a brand-new constable's badge. With a majestic gesture he threw up his right arm and spoke as follows:  
 "Cease!"  
 When going at a rate of not exceeding six miles an hour it is comparatively easy to cease; so Arbuckle applied the brakes.  
 "What's the trouble?" he inquired.  
 "Yew're tuck up fur exceedin' the speed limit!" stated the constable. "Ef yew settle right now on the spot the fine'll be five dullars."  
 "Speed limit nothing!" snorted Arbuckle. "I was barely crawling."  
 "Never mind—I seen yew," said the official; "and I don't want none of your back lip neither. Lemme see your thermometer." He looked gravely at the speedometer a minute. "Looks like yew've been doin' considerable much speedin', jedkin' by these figgers," he announced judicially. "Yew orter pay a fine on general principles."  
 By the bribe of a cigar and a line of impressive talk Arbuckle secured his freedom; but as he started off the new constable hailed him.  
 "Let this be a warnin' to yew" he said; "becuz I ketch yew speedin' agin I'll have to house yew."  
 "Well, Ezzy"

### Ducks.

(Composition by a 12-year-old boy.)  
 The duck is a low, heavy-s bird, composed mostly of meat bill and feathers. His head set on one end and he stands on th other.  
 There ain't no between to his toes and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking.  
 The duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gear that they come very near missing his body.  
 Some ducks when they get big are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch—just loaf, go swimming and eat.  
 If I was to be a duck I'd rather be a drake every time.  
 Ducks do not give milk but eggs; but as for me give me liberty or give me death.  
 the plunger, preventing a shot, which would have ended his life. Fletcher fired again, but evidently the barrel of his revolver had been shoved beyond the body of the man with whom he was grappling.  
 The robber jerked his gun aloose and fired another time, and this bullet plunged through the fleshy part of Fletcher's right arm. Then the robber shoved his revolver up against the breast of the messenger and pulled the trigger again. The cartridge failed to explode, and his life was saved a second time, Fletcher says.  
 Engineer A. L. Garrison said he heard the shots and thought they sounded like torpedoes, though he couldn't locate them under the wheels.  
 Conductor Cason, in the first passenger coach, also heard them and thought they were torpedoes.