

The Herald and News

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We notice that a number of the counties in this State are holding very successful county fairs. Some of the older citizens of this county will recall that some 25 or 30 years ago Newberry county was one among the few counties in the State that had a fair association and that they conducted a very successful fair. In fact, as we recall it, the Newberry county fair was something almost equal to the State fair in those days. It seems to us that with advances in agriculture and improved methods of farming that Newberry county might sustain a successful fair at this time, and we would be glad to have our farmers and others interested to express their opinion of the advisability of organizing a county fair association.

The chamber of commerce of Spartanburg has sent a delegation of boosters to the exposition at Knoxville, Tenn. The large delegation has gone in a private car with the sole purpose of advertising Spartanburg.

The Herald and News suggested sometime ago the advisability of sending somebody from Newberry to the Appalachian exposition at Knoxville, and also to the exposition at Cincinnati, but some how the suggestion did not meet with sufficient approval to result in action. Of course, it would cost a little money, but it pays for a community to advertise as well as it pays for the individual merchant. A delegation has been appointed to go to the Conservation congress at Atlanta this week, but we do not know that any of them will attend. If there is benefit to be derived from representatives going to these meetings, the community reaps the benefit and it should not be expected that the representative should pay his own expenses as well as give his time.

THE IDLER.

I don't know whether my suggestions started 'em up or not, but I notice the candidates for the town primary are coming to the front. Well, that's right. Let the people know who you are and what you want. I would like to know who favors the Idler's park. Now, don't all speak at once, because it might embarrass me. And then how many favor paved streets, and will tell us how to secure them. Platforms are good things, but we want to know how you are going to carry out your platform. I heard a man say once that political platforms were akin to platforms on passenger trains. They were built to get in on and not to stand on. Well, that may be, but still it creates a little amusement to have platforms and to hear the candidates discuss them. But I am not in politics and am just making a few passing remarks.

I would like to know, however, when some of these old burned and charred buildings are going to be tumbled down. I notice that one in Friend street near the union station still stands. I passed along there the other day and I noticed that the weeds were flourishing on the edge of the inner side of the sidewalk and that there was a precipice there perpendicular down something less than a hundred feet and I wondered if some stranger were to walk along there going from the train to the hotel and accidentally stepped in that precipice what he would think of the town, and if he would have a good action for damages. And then I did not see that street light that city council ordered up at the union station in this street about a year ago, but then it may be there at night. I don't go out at night and, of course, I don't speak with authority about the light.

Have you noticed the knots in the streets? They remind me of big knots on old field pine logs, only more so—just a little bit more so. I wonder why they don't smooth them off just a little, instead of scraping all the brick bats and tin cans to the centre of the street. If I could own and operate an automobile I would organize an association whose main purpose should be to remove these knots. But then I don't own an au-

tomobile and never expect to. And yet I am hoping that some day I may, but I am afraid it is only one of my night dreams. And yet there is no harm to hope. I remember how in the country debating clubs, in the long ago, we used to discuss the question whether there was more pleasure in the pursuit or the possession and from the way I see the automobiles heading to the garage I am almost persuaded that there is more pleasure in the pursuit than the possession of an automobile, except for the garage man.

I find the following in Frank Stanton's column in the Atlanta Constitution headed "The Sure Thing Now:"

The Sure Thing Now.
"A sign of good times in this section," says The Adams Enterprise, "is that no bill collector has been shot, or even crippled up, in the space of six weeks, and that the last one of 'em wears a smiling face; also, that we have paid the parson's salary, and the tax collector finds it comparatively safe to go his annual rounds."

It seems that some of the bill collectors hereabout feel like they might shoot somebody. I am glad to know that good times prevail somewhere if it is only for the brief space of six weeks. Maybe this season will reach me some of these days. It must be a great pleasure to be able to be pleasant and polite to the bill collector and simply to say to him please receipt your bill and then sit down and write him a check and have the bank to pay it without looking up your account to see that it was not already in red. And then I notice in the same paper that the Billville Banner is offering "six annual subscriptions for one overcoat." The idea of such extravagance in a newspaper! If I had a paper I would feel like it was a waste of good white paper to offer one "annual subscription" for an overcoat unless the weather was quite different from what it is now. What does any one want even to think of an overcoat when the thermometer registers around 94 in the shade.

I have received the following:
Mr. Idler: You say you seldom go out at night since you are growing too old, so I suppose you do not know that our merchants keep to an old small town custom of keeping their stores open on Saturday night until midnight. Once upon a time this may have been necessary, but surely now our town is too large for such a necessity when we have phones and delivery wagons and automobiles. Can't every body get through with their buying by 10 o'clock, at least, and let the poor tired clerks go home and rest for Sunday? See if you can't make the merchants think so.

I have no doubt that this humanitarian means well and has only the interest of the clerks at heart, and yet I am afraid it is a hopeless task. In fact I have about reached the age where I have concluded it is a safe thing to let every body attend to his own business and run it as he sees best. Now, I doubt not if everybody would close shop at 10 o'clock on Saturday night everybody would get just as much trade as would be obtained by keeping open to midnight, but how are you going to get everybody of one mind. I am pleased to pass on your suggestion and to ask the merchants what they think of it.
The Idler.

THE NEWS OF PROSPERITY.

Unique Clock Invented by W. B. Rikard—Many Charming Social Affairs—Personal.

Prosperity, Oct. 6.—Miss Rebe Langford has completed her course in Macfeet's Business college, in Columbia, and has returned home for a few days.

Misses Kate Barre and Ellen Werts spent Monday in Newberry.

Mr. W. A. Moseley spent Tuesday in Greenwood, looking after his farming interests in that section.

Rev. E. W. Leslie, A. M., of Nace, Va., has accepted the call to Grace Lutheran church, and will take charge the first of January.

Messrs. J. H. and F. R. Hunter, of Newberry, spent several hours in town Tuesday.

Mr. Lee Miller, of Newberry, is visiting his sister, Mrs. L. C. Merchant.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown, of Newberry, are the guests of Mr. J. Y. Thompson.

Mr. Young Brown left Thursday for Atlanta, where he will enter the Southern Dental college.

Mr. W. B. Rikard has invented a tower style parlor clock, which is eight feet high, has four faces which are all operated by the same mechanism. It will be on exhibition at the State fair.

Rev. Gilbert Voigt will preach in Grace Lutheran church Sunday a. m. at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. J. L. Wise, superintendent of the Cradle Roll of Grace Lutheran

church, will entertain the children and their mothers Friday afternoon on the church grounds.

The William Lester chapter, U. D. C., met in Mrs. C. M. Harmon's office Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of electing new officers and delegates to the convention at Georgetown. The election resulted as follows:

President—Miss Effie Hawkins.
First Vice-President—Mrs. Jno. Crosson.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. J. Frank Browne.

Secretary—Miss Lucy Fellers.
Treasurer—Miss Ellen Werts.
Historian—Mrs. C. M. Harmon.
Registrar—Miss Hattie Groseclose.
Leader of the children's chapter—Mrs. G. Y. Hunter.

Delegates—Misses Groseclose and Werts.
Alternates—Mrs. C. M. Harmon and Miss Bessie Bowers.

The Literary Sorosis was entertained by Mrs. J. Frank Browne at Wise hotel on Wednesday afternoon. The home was beautifully decorated with fall roses, dahlias and ferns. A most interesting program was had and Mrs. C. T. Wyche was elected president for the following year. A most delicious two course luncheon was served by Misses Mary Lizzie Wise and Mary DeWalt Hunter to the following guests: Mesdames C. T. Wyche, M. C. Morris, G. Y. Hunter, C. M. Harmon, J. D. Quattlebaum, W. A. Moseley, J. S. Wheeler, J. A. Schumpert, Misses Bessie and Della Bowers, Hattie Groseclose, Susie Langford and Blanch Kibler.

The young people of Grace Lutheran church met Wednesday evening to organize a young people's society. The following officers were elected:

President—Dr. P. D. Simpson.
Vice-President—Miss Blanch Kibler.
Secretary—Miss Della Bowers.
Corresponding Secretary—A. B. Wise.

Treasurer—Miss Julia Schumpert.
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Maffett had the misfortune of losing Mamie Lee, the other twin infant, Monday. The funeral was conducted by Rev. S. C. Morris at Prosperity cemetery Tuesday afternoon at 4.30.

Do You Believe This?

In Denver, where the women are allowed

That right for which all suffragettes must yearn,

A sinful politician watched the crowd Of men give way to women in their turn

Who came to cast their ballots, calm and proud.

Success had smiled upon that candidate

Until the women all began to cast Their votes against him. Face to face with fate,

He saw a dire defeat approaching fast,

Could he escape or was it now too late?

You see, the women liked him not at all;

For he had made his meaning very plain

When in his speeches he was wont to call

Most women fickle and all fair ones vain.

New they were bound that he should have a fall.

They said this slanderer should promptly know

That women was a power, not a pet;

It was their wish to deal a heavy blow To hand him what he would not soon forget;

So they advanced in swarms upon the foe.

That wily politician, so they say,

Within his brain devised a scheme. In truth,

Its full success soon made his manner gay.

He put a mirror in each voting booth, Delayed 10,000 votes and won the day!

—Chicago News.

Up-to-date Mother Goose.

The teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that lived there.

"Suddenly," she said, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.—Judge.

Something Happened.

A train on one of the transcontinental lines that runs through Kansas City and is usually late was reported on time a few days ago.

The young man who writes the particulars concerning the trains at that station put down his statistics about this train: "No. 616—from the west—on time."

Then he wrote underneath: "Cause unknown."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Plough.
Spectator.
From Egypt behind my oxen with their stately step and slow
Northward and east and west I went to the deserts and the snow;
Down through the centuries one by one, turning the clod to the show-er,
Till there's never a load beneath the sun but has blossomed behind my power.

I slid through the sodden ricefields with my grunting humpbacked steers.
I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's imperial years;
I was left in the half drawn furrow when Coriolanus came,
Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the north I went; white cliffs and a seaboard blue;
And my path was glad to the English grass as my stout red Devous drew;
My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me rippled and curled
The corn that was life to the sailor men that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the north again, and day by day drew down
A little more of the purple hills to join to my kingdom brown;
And the whaups wheeled out to the moorland, but the gray gulls stayed with me
Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song with their feathered feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me westward; I found on the prairies wide
A toil to my stoutest daring and a foe to test my pride;
But I stooped my strength to the stiff black loam, and I found my labor sweet
As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the northward; outward and outward still
(But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there no plough may till)
Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the edge of the snow
I ribbed them the fenceless wheat-fields, and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the southland called me; I turned her the rich brown lines
Where her Parramatta peace trees grow and her green Mildura vines;
I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her dying sheep,
I painted her rich plains golden and taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately step and slow
I have carried your weightiest burden, ye toilers that reap and sow!
I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the world in fee;
Sword upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall rest with me!

For Mayor.
J. J. Langford is hereby nominated for mayor, subject to the primary election.

Z. F. Wright is hereby announced as a candidate for mayor, and will abide the rules of the Democratic primary.

P. F. Baxter is hereby nominated for mayor, subject to the primary election.

Alderman Ward 1.
Jno. W. Earhardt is hereby nominated as alderman for Ward 1, subject to the primary election. Voters.

Alderman Ward 3.
Clarence T. Summer is hereby announced as a candidate for alderman for Ward 3, and will abide the rules of the Democratic primary.

Alderman Ward 4.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for alderman from Ward 4, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary. Ollie O. Smith.

W. S. Langford is hereby announced as a candidate for alderman for Ward 4, and will abide the rules of the Democratic primary.

Alderman Ward 5.
O. S. Goree is hereby nominated as alderman for Ward 5, subject to the primary election.

G. C. Evans is hereby nominated for reelection as alderman for Ward 5, subject to the primary election.

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50c. Umbrella Stand, Saturday, - - 10c.
50c. Umbrellas, Saturday, - - - 10c.

Monday Specials!
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\$2.00 Coal Bins, Bucket inside, and decorated on outside, square shape, Monday, each - - \$1.00

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I take pleasure also to announce to my customers and others that I am now ready to serve them in any kind of Dressmaking for the Fall and Winter. Thanking you for your past favors, I am, Respectfully,

Mrs. Claudia Norris Hunter
DRESS MAKER
Corner Boundary and McKibben Streets.

"It was noble of you to jump in and save your worst enemy from drowning."
"Well, I can't claim much credit. I had just been reading the swimming articles that tell you it is best to avoid struggles with a drowning man by giving him a hard punch on the jaw. I simply couldn't resist the temptation."—Washington Star.