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A FEARFUL RECORD.

Griffith, Alias Mays, Wanted in W. Va.—A Notorious Criminal.

W. H. Griffith, alias O. B. Mays, who was arrested in Greenwood last week on the charge of robbing stores and the postoffice at Silver Street proves to be a much wanted criminal. Mention was made of the robberies and the arrest of Griffith in a recent issue of The Newberry Herald and News.

On Monday night January 24, the stores of H. C. Lake, J. C. Berry, J. P. Blair and company and the depot at Silver Street were entered and robbed. The postoffice was in the store of J. C. Berry. About 11,000 pennies and some silver coins and a box of Joe Green cigars were about all that was missed, amounting to about \$15 in all. The robber walked up to Ropp's crossing some eight miles and boarded the Southern train the next morning and got off the train at Greenwood. The baggage master on the train thought the passenger a rather suspicious looking fellow and notified the police at Greenwood that such a person had gotten off at that place. He was located by Policeman C. T. Nelson in a small store and Nelson covered him with his gun and searched him. After relieving him of three pistols his prisoner drew from his pocket another and handed it to the policeman. As the robberies were in Newberry county, and thinking this was all Sheriff Blease was notified and went to Greenwood and brought the prisoner to the Newberry jail.

It is said that in searching the prisoner some papers were found in his possession which caused Policeman Nelson to write to Moundville, W. Va., to make inquiry about one O. B. Mays. There being another prisoner in the penitentiary by that name and he and Griffith having been somewhat chummy it was thought that possibly Griffith had been located and his picture and a description were sent to Mr. Nelson. Mr. Nelson came to Newberry with the picture and then Griffith admitted that his name was Griffith and that he had been in the penitentiary at Moundville, but he denied the charge that he had killed a fellow prisoner on making his escape from the penitentiary.

It has developed that Griffith is rather a notorious criminal and as soon as it was found out in West Virginia that he had been captured the daily newspapers at Wheeling began sending telegrams to Newberry for the details of the capture.

Captain Athey, of the penitentiary guard, came to Newberry on Wednesday for the prisoner. Captain Athey told of the many crimes of which Griffith has been guilty. He was serving a life sentence for murder at the time of his escape and when faced by Captain Athey Wednesday afternoon admitted that he had killed a fellow prisoner in making his get-away this last time. He only escaped from the penitentiary about the first of January of this year.

It is said that in making his escape he undertook to stop the machinery which runs the electric lights of the prison so that he might have the darkness and avoid detection and that in so doing he aroused the man who was attending to the machinery and that he failed to get the place dark, and when he saw that he aroused the watchman and when he saw that he was caught, he cut the throat of the guard who was a prisoner and also cut the fingers of another who was attracted to the place, and finally stopped the big engine by cutting a big hole in the 12 inch belt which drove the machine, and made his escape over the walls of the prison. He claims that he had observed the watchmen on the towers and he selected a place between two whom he sized up as men who would not shoot him, though he made his get-away with only one seeing him and this one claims he thought it was an officer. Griffith had started a fire before making his attempt to escape so as to attract attention. It was reported he burned one of the buildings but the fire was a very small affair.

He was from the mountain section of West Virginia and was a terror to all the people of his neighborhood, in fact was a sort of czar in the community, and not only that, but was considered a really dangerous and reckless man. Captain Athey says when he gets Griffith back to Moundville prison he will have made his last get-away.

He made an effort to break jail at Newberry, but was foiled by Sheriff Blease, and it is said that he asked one of the guards to get him a piece of iron and they both could make their escape, but he would have a very difficult task in getting out of the Newberry jail. Sheriff Blease has had him closely watched and guarded since he found out what sort of character he is, and it would be difficult to get out from the second story of the jail any way.

Mr. D. L. Lawson who had been to Columbia on the Monday of the robberies at Silver Street picked Griffith up just this side of Columbia at Camp Farnace and drove him in his car to Newberry. Griffith got out just on the outskirts of the city, and had something to eat, he came through at the Greek restaurant and then went on toward Silver Street Monday afternoon.

Mr. Lawson says that Griffith regretted all the way up that he was going to Florida, and that he was intending to go to Jackson-

JACK McDUFFIE WRITES OF AIRPLANE ACCIDENT

Mullins Enterprise.

Last week we carried a news item of the wreck of an automobile which came near causing the death of the pilot, Jack McDuffie, a Marion county boy. It is gratifying to know that this daring young aviator, escaped with his life, and his injuries were only slight.

In a letter to his father, Mr. Emerson McDuffie, he writes the following and gives a very interesting description of the wreck on Langley Field, Va.:

"I'm inclosing a picture of two of my wreck down in Georgia. They are not very good, however, and I'm going to make some more if I ever get time. At present I'm busy taking over the organization again and studying courts-martial. They issued a new book of 680 pages on it last week and we have an examination on it tomorrow. The wreck wasn't as bad as it looks, nor as bad old pipe burst about 20 miles from Macon when we were on our way to Savannah (en route to Charleston, Wilmington and Langley) and caused me to have to land in a very soft sandy field. I landed about as slow as I could—40 miles an hour—but the wheels and tail-skid dug into the ground and we went over our backs, breaking one wing, the center section struts, propeller, rudder and one wheel. After it turned over the oil which was spread all over everything caught on fire, but we soon put it out. We had a twelve volt battery lying loose in the bottom of the ship and as we went over it came up and cut my upper lip, but that's all well now. We had to ship the plane to a repair depot and came on by train. JACK.

OFFICERS CAPTURE STILL

Near Lake View Saturday night Deputy Sheriff Charles Lester and Rural Policeman Jno. McCracken captured a small still and about 35 gallons of mash. The mash was about ready to be converted into whiskey. The still was of the lard can variety, but was so ingeniously constructed that it was capable of turning out a fluid of superior quality. The still was being operated by Dave Harrelson, a young white man, who was caught "with the goods." Harrelson is in jail awaiting the February term of court. The still was located on the Temple place near the Mill pond.

MILLIONAIRE BANKER SLEEPING PEACEFULLY.

New York, Feb. 9.—After remaining in a comatose state for more than three weeks at Atlantic City suffering with sleeping sickness George T. Lippincott, millionaire banker, showed no change in his condition tonight. He apparently is sleeping peacefully, breathing and otherwise functioning normally.

At regular intervals a nurse arouses the victim and feeds him.

During these periods of intermittent consciousness Mr. Lippincott shows absolutely no signs of recognizing his surroundings. Those about his bedside, however, are convinced that he is able to hear and that a peculiar paralysis of certain brain cells controlling other normal functions makes it impossible for him to respond to questions or to distinguish who the questioners are.

The Coast Line's new train known as the "Havana Special" which passes Dillon about 9 o'clock in the morning, detailed two coaches near Petersburg, Va., Monday morning. No passengers were hurt. The train has a fast schedule and makes no stops for passengers between Richmond and Savannah.

Possibly making his way to Mexico or Cuba. Captain Athey says that soon after the escape of Griffith in January a mysterious murder was committed on the Ohio River and he is sure now that it is the work of Griffith. Some one came along and offered a man \$1,000 cash for a little yacht he had, and the man sold it, and then, the purchaser asked if he would not let his son run down the river with him to teach him how to operate the boat, and he did. Several days after that the boat was found down the river and the body of the boy was dragged out of the river and it was in the direction which it is supposed that Griffith went when he left the prison. So there may be besides the two forgery cases and the murder cases for which he is charged another case of murder lodged against him. It is a dreadful story of horrible crimes and to think that the man is only 29 years old and began his career of crime when quite a young man.

The reward of \$1,000 has already been paid Policeman Nelson. Griffith was arrested in Greenwood by Policeman Nelson January 25, the policeman believing him to be connected with robberies at Silver Street the night before. This theory turned out to be correct. Griffith, who was arrested under the name "O. B. Mays" admitting the thefts. Griffith is said to have killed a fellow convict and to have been implicated in the burning of part of the West Virginia state prison, when he made his escape the early part of January. He was serving a life sentence for killing the chief of police of Braxton, W. Va.

MARION GETS LATCH.

Given to Town Bearing General's Name.

Marion, Feb. 10.—A window latch from the manor house, "Belle Isle", the home of Gen. Francos Marion, was recently presented to the town of Marion, which bears his name. Frank Hampton Haskel, grandson of Gen. Wade Hampton, originally of Columbia, now living in Charleston, was the donor.

The latch will be kept at the Marion public library. It has been viewed by many of the citizens of the town and will be carefully and lovingly preserved as a memoir of the famous Revolutionary general often called the "Swamp Fox" who not only frequented this vicinity and gave Marion its name but did much toward securing the independence of the American people.

The latch was first proffered Col. J. Monroe Johnson of this place who suggested that the relic be given to the town instead. Mr. Haskel secured it from the plantation in Berkeley county. The house in which Gen. Francis Marion lived and from which the latch came is still standing and in good condition. It is occupied by descendants of one of the general's brothers. He, himself, was never married.

The town of Marion for a long time has desired a monument to General Marion and effort from time to time has been made toward that end. The body of the general, however, lies at "Belle Isle" in Berkeley county. Marionites have often wished that it could be moved here.

Mrs. Flora E. Watson.

It was with sorrowful hearts that the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Flora Watson learned on the morning of Thursday, February 3rd, that she had passed away during the night. While the end was not unexpected, her illness having extended over ten days, yet the loss was not less bitter to her devoted family and friends who so untiringly watched beside her to the end.

For sixteen years she had been an invalid confined to her bed and chair, and while the world to her was enclosed within the four walls of her home yet the influence of her bright and uncomplaining spirit radiated out to a large circle of friends and acquaintances who felt that from her life they derived an inspiration that could not be measured. Gifted with a sparkling wit and a humorous mode of expression, it was a privilege as well as a pleasure to spend an hour by her bedside or chair. During these long years of suffering and invalidism death visited her home and robbed her of a beloved daughter and son both in the full flower of womanhood and manhood and three years previous to her own death, her husband and faithful companion for almost forty-five years was taken from her. It was with an unflinching faith and christian fortitude that these bereavements were sustained.

From the beginning of her last illness she was surrounded by all of her children and all that tenderest love and care could compass was lavished upon her. At the last there was no dark valley, nothing but a quick passing shadow which we call death. The Master lifted her across where it was narrowest and shallowest and "She was not for God took her." "There is no death to those whose lives are hid with Christ in God. They pass from earth scenes to rest in His own blest abode."

The funeral services were held on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock and were conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. C. Allen, assisted by Rev. S. J. Bethea. The interment was made at the cemetery and her grave covered with the beautiful floral tributes of sorrowing loved ones and friends.

Flora Ellen Lane Watson, the daughter of Bryant Lane and Henrietta Lane, was born near Bethesda Methodist church, November 12th, 1849. She attended the community schools during her girlhood and her education was completed at the Spartanburg Female college and Methodist Denominational College. In 1874 she was united in marriage to Jas. R. Watson by the Rev. Joel I. Allen. Of this union seven children were born three of whom preceded her to her grave. The surviving children are Rev. Jas. F. Watson, of Atlanta; J. Frank Watson, of Winnsboro; A. B. Watson of Rowland, N. C., and Mrs. Flora Lipscomb of Dillon.

JUSTICE GAGE IS DEAD.

Chester, Feb. 13.—Associate Justice George W. Gage of the South Carolina Supreme Court, died at his home here at 6 o'clock this afternoon after a long illness. Justice Gage is the second associate justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court to die in less than one month, Associate Justice Daniel E. Hydrick having died January 15.

Justice Gage had been ill for four weeks with pneumonia. He was sixty-five years old. He studied law at Vanderbilt University after completing his academic course at Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. Before his promotion to the circuit bench he served in the lower house of the General Assembly of South Carolina. He was elected to the supreme bench seven years ago. He is survived by four sons and one daughter. The funeral will be held in Chester Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock.

ROBBERS BREAK INTO POSTOFFICE

Attempt to Blow Open Safe at Marion. Loot Very Small.

Marion, Feb. 10.—The new postoffice building here was entered last night and an attempt was made to open the big vault, where the stock of stamps and other valuables are usually stored.

The back door of the building was shattered with a hammer and several cash drawers were robbed, about fifty dollars in cash being taken. No small change was accepted by the robbers, who took only the big money. A goodly amount of stamps was left in a drawer at the general delivery window, from which some money was stolen. In the main office, which contains a big outside safe and a big vault, a great deal of damage was done. Upon entering the office this morning clerks found that not only had the back door been shattered and various cash drawers forced open, but that the vault had been damaged. Upon the floor was a sledge hammer, which was found to be the property of W. W. McEachern, blacksmith, whose shop was entered during the night, a medicine dropper, with which the nitro-glycerine was poured into the crevices of the vault; a green wood stopper and the hinge butts and combination knobs to the vault was also found. The robbers had broken the butts from the two big hinges with the sledge, and had used the same tool to break off the combination. Little damage to the safe was done.

So crude were the instruments used that people believe it to be the work of amateurs, as it is not believed that a regular "yegg" would have failed to have opened the vault at first. On the other hand, there seems to be evidence of the work of a "spotter" in this case, as no less than three attempts were made to steal high-powered automobiles during the night. The garage of Henry Buck was forced open. Mr. Buck had locked the switch of his car and it could not be moved. An attempt was made to enter the garage of E. T. Hughes but this attempt failed for some unknown reason. At the home of H. L. Tilghman, however, the garage was broken into, a big Packard six started up and out into the street where the driver in his haste choked the engine. So patient was he, however, that he ran the batteries down in attempting to start the engine again. He had simply mistaken the spark lever for the gasoline lever and kept the engine flooded with gasoline. The car was found in the street before the Tilghman home, a few blocks from the postoffice, early today. Postmaster J. R. Montgomery promptly reported the matter to government authorities.

DRAIN ALCOHOL OFF THE PICKLED SNAKES

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Feb. 9.—Thieves drained the alcohol off all the pickled snakes in the Museum of Natural History at the University of Alabama today.

Since there were several shelves containing jars of snakes the robbers secured enough alcohol to carry on a good sized liquor business. Chances are that business will never be profitable, though, for news of the theft has caused "hooch hounds" to lose their thirst.

Use Fertilizers Intelligently.

Clemson College, February 16 — "I found one farmer recently who has been using 6 percent potash on his corn, and this on red clay land," says J. R. Clark, Richland county agricultural agent. "He had used last year about 600 pounds per acre of a mixed fertilizer containing 6 percent potash and had put most of it under the corn at planting time. I think I have convinced him that this does not pay. I am advising all of my farmers (1) against the use of fertilizer without first determining what they need, and what amount will be best, and (2) not to spend money for high-priced ingredients from which they will not get adequate returns."

W. H. McNairy SUCCEEDS PROF. ROBERTS.

W. H. McNairy, of Chester has been elected superintendent of the Dillon schools to succeed Supt. W. D. Roberts, who was recently elected superintendent of the Epworth Orphanage at Columbia. Mr. McNairy was elected on his record as a school man. He has had twenty-two years of experience, having taught first for four years in the Chester schools, five years as superintendent of the Marion schools and 13 years as superintendent of the Chester schools; the last time at Chester he succeeded W. H. Hand, the well known educator of this state. Mr. McNairy is a graduate of the University of North Carolina. Mrs. McNairy, before marriage, was a Miss Glenn, daughter of Hon. J. L. Glenn, of Chester.

N. B. HARGROVE APPOINTED TRUSTEE.

At a meeting of the creditors of W. C. Parham held at Dillon last Thursday, N. B. Hargrove, Esq., was appointed trustee of the bankrupt estate. Mr. Hargrove qualified immediately and has taken charge of the assets of the business. R. J. Kirk, Esq., referee in bankruptcy, came over from Florence and attended the meeting.

MEDICAL MEN PUZZLED OVER STRANGE CASE.

Chicago, Feb. 9.—What is death? Medical men here were frankly puzzled today over the strange case of Charles McMahon, who to all indications was dead yesterday, but who today is alive and, as he expressed it, "better than 40 dead men."

If one is "dead" when the heart ceases to beat, the lungs apparently cease to respond to all known tests and the body grows cold, then McMahon "died" on an operating table, where an operation had been performed for a complication of organic disorders.

A mirror held to the mouth showed not the slightest moisture. The described symptoms of dissolution appeared one by one. Oxygen was administered many times without apparent effect and then suddenly McMahon heaved a sigh.

Continued work brought McMahon completely out of the anaesthetic and today he was resting easily in his room. I will bring my books into hospital room.

IN FAR AWAY BRAZIL.

Rev. W. B. Sherwood Writes Interestingly of His Travels in South America.

Rev. W. B. Sherwood, of Little Rock, who has been working for the past two years as a missionary in Brazil, writes the following interesting letter to The Herald:

Nearly two years ago when I left, there were lots of folks scattered over Dillon county that I loved to think of as friends. Before leaving I had powerful good intentions to write. I was just going to write about nearly everything. Since getting here it has often come to mind, but only to be put off to some better time. I have actually written a little two or three times, but it didn't look right or sound right. The truth is I don't know how to write for a paper. I didn't do it when I was there, and I discover that traveling two weeks on the Atlantic Ocean and getting sick as a dog, even if you do land in beautiful Brazil, doesn't make a writer of a fellow. There is one thing that a sea voyage did for me. It made me appreciate Christopher Columbus, those Pilgrim fathers, the early missionaries and anybody that made a long voyage not for the love of traveling but to do good. Maybe they liked it. I didn't, and don't yet. I'm now aboard a boat on my way from Rio de Janeiro to Bahia and it doesn't get much better. You don't want anything to eat and don't want what you have got. You don't love anybody and nobody loves you. Nobody is very nice. I would hardly be writing this if we had not stopped here (Ilheos) to unload dried meat and tinned chocolate beans. In Rev. 21:1 it says "And the sea is no more."

I used to wonder what that means. I now believe it means just what it says and think what a great blessing is in store for us. I'm not joking about this.

Setting here looking out at the hills reminds me to tell you something about this country that I had to unlearn. I used to think of South America as a low, flat, swampy country with mosquitoes and fever everywhere and heavy forests with vines running up the trees so thick you couldn't get through. Yes, and an abundance of snakes and other "varments" everywhere. I don't know how I got hold of this idea unless it was because I lived in South Carolina and when I went north I found mountains and so got the idea that South meant flat. Anyway if you have any such idea of South America you need to throw it away. It's wrong. I've travelled up and down the coast and from Sao Paulo nearly clear across Brazil, within 8 miles of the Bolivian border. That's a trip of five days by train and one on a river. In this I found very little low, marshy land. It is high and rolling, and along the coast very mountainous. Some of the prettiest mountain scenery I ever saw is between Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo by train. For two hours out from Rio one large American made engine was pulling and another pushing, and up and around and through mountains we went. I'm going across the country. After two days we came to a long run through heavy forests where hardly anybody lived and there were mosquitoes. This was a river swamp (Parana river). Having crossed we passed into a high, rolling country with few trees, good grass, many cattle, red soil, which I hear is rich. Another day's run brings you into another river bottom, but all about on hills. No it's not flat because it's South. It's a high, rich and beautiful country with fewer mosquitoes and snakes than I was used to in South Carolina.

Upon the whole it is a most delightful place to live. This is our summer and nearly every where I've been a little cover at night has been necessary. Before leaving home I recall saying that I judged that it was very hot away from the coast. It's the opposite. It's cooler in the interior.

But I've talked too much and said too little, not mentioned my work, but maybe I'll write again sometime. My chief work has been keeping in touch with the native preachers in the state of Bahia—writing them. I have been studying the language some. I am talking in public a little. The people say better than I think. They ought to know but I'm afraid they don't. Upon the whole my work has been much like a housekeeper's

STRUCK BY SLUMP.

Chicago Divorced Men Pleading for Reduction in Alimony.

"Judge, I can't pay it. Business is rotten. I will bring my books into court, your honor. Nothing but cancellation and—"

Spend an hour in a divorce court and listen to the woeful chant of the alimony club.

It is the most popular song in domestic relations court today relates a Chicago dispatch. It is refrain so filled with minors—as the musicians say—that the "miserere" on the same program would seem a jazzy interlude.

The gay young bricklayer, who found life so exuberant a few months ago that he couldn't possibly stay married to the wife of his bosom is now dragging his feet into court asking for an alimony reduction. The business man whose big profits led him away from his own hearthside and into membership of the alimony club is now trying to make the judge realize that this is the period of readjustment—or normalcy.

Chicago judges are turning a wary ear to these complaints, their scores of them, and have been, for months. Judge Harry A. Lewis was just winding up thirty divorce cases that had been on his docket.

"Some of the cases deserve reductions, but some of them come in with the pleas that times are awful and never will be better," he said. "These applications are a part of the readjustment period. We have to watch them closely, because while some men are hard hit by conditions we cannot grant applications that will work hardships on the wives and children."

Fork.

Miss Sallie Rogers of Free States is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. K. Bethea.

Mrs. Ruby Fort Carmichael and little Boyd Ford spent a few days in Latta and Rowland, N. C. last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rogers of Dillon spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mrs. N. B. Calhoun and Miss Katie Calhoun returned Sunday from a visit to Hemingway.

Miss Mellie Edwards is spending some time in Latta with relatives.

Protracted services started at the Presbyterian church last Sunday. Dr. Andrew Smith of Statesville, N. C. is assisting the pastor, Rev. J. S. Garner.

Eclipsed.

"Oh, yes!" said Captain Kidd. "Many wicked things I did, as I sailed. I murdered William Moore, and left him in his grave, full many miles from the shore, as I sailed. But he didn't starve to death and with last expiring breath beg for food. I shot him twice instead and whacked him on the head, and left him lying dead, which was crude. I was a buccaneer, without mercy, without fear, but I failed. I thought my record high, little recked that by and by the world would at me cry—this he wailed—'Bah! You a buccaneer? People meet my ghost and jeer; 'You should see a profiteer!' 'Aye, I failed!'"

FIFTY MILLIONS FOR FERTILIZER IN 1920.

Records of the South Carolina board of fertilizer control show tags were sold last year for 1,253,890 tons of fertilizer, according to H. M. Stackhouse, secretary of the board. Estimating that all grades including nitrate of soda, blood, acid phosphate, potash, etc., were sold at an average cost to the buyers of at least 50 percent per ton, Mr. Stackhouse figures that South Carolina invested well over \$50,000,000 in fertilizer in 1920.

Civil Service Examinations.

A competitive examination for clerk carrier will be held at the Dillon postoffice on March 5, 1921, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. Applications for the examination must be held on the prescribed form which may be obtained at the postoffice. All persons wishing to take this examination should secure blanks and file their applications with the Secretary, 5th Civil Service District, Atlanta, Ga.

More Warrants for McLaurin.

Two more warrants have been issued for Thos. B. McLaurin, the defaulting president of the Mutual Savings bank. One was sworn out by J. B. Hamer and another by J. A. Spears; both charging misappropriation of trust funds. Mr. McLaurin has waived preliminary, and gave \$5,000 bond in the Hamer case and \$1,000 in the Spears case, for his appearance at March court. He is now at Dr. Babcock's sanitarium in Columbia.—Peg Dee Advocate.

C. E. Bracey of Purvis, N. C., spent Sunday in town.

—the doing of little things that you can't see after you have done them. I have been gone from home—Bahia—for near a month and a half. I hope to get there tomorrow when I'll again set up house keeping—alone in the loft of a big old barn of a house with a negro family in the basement and from henceforth cast my vote against single men coming as missionaries.

W. B. SHERWOOD. January 18, 1921.