

# NEW HAMPSHIRE JAIL HOLDS HARRY K. THAW

He Howls and Struggles as  
Officers Deport Him.

FREE ONLY THREE HOURS.

Hustled Across Border into Vermont,  
Fugitive Motors into New Hamp-  
shire, Only to Run into Sheriff.

Colebrook, N. H., Sept. 10.—Harry K. Thaw enjoyed three hours of liberty in northern New England today, but was arrested shortly before noon on a country road five miles from here by Sheriff Holman Drew of Coos county.

Thaw, in an automobile with some newspaper correspondents, was driving down the road and had reached a rural school house when an automobile containing the sheriff appeared in sight. The sheriff, recognizing Thaw, held up his hand to the car to stop.

Thaw ordered the chauffeur, a French-Canadian, to bring the car to a standstill, and then alighted and went into the sheriff's car without protest, although the officer had no warrant for his arrest. Thaw and the newspaper correspondents then proceeded to Colebrook. Thaw was not locked up in jail, but was taken to the office of Tom Johnson, a local attorney, whom he retained as his legal adviser.

During the early part of his flight from Norton Mills, Vt., Thaw lost his hat, and when he reached here he wore a cap borrowed from one of his newspaper companions.

His only possession was a bunch of cigars. As soon as he arrived here with his prisoner, Sheriff Drew wired William Travers Jerome of the arrest of Thaw and requested Mr. Jerome to come here to take charge of the fugitive.

Later in the day Thaw will be taken to Lancaster, the county seat, and confined in the county jail.

Thaw Howls and Struggles as Officers  
Deport Him.

Coaticook, Que., Sept. 10.—Harry K. Thaw, removed forcibly from his quarters in jail here today, is now a free agent in United States territory, traveling in an automobile with a number of American newspaper reporters.

The Matteawan fugitive was dropped over the border by the Canadian authorities into Vermont. Alone, dazed and free, he did not know what to do. The newspaper men following him took him into their car. Already they have passed from Vermont into New Hampshire. As the car progresses the newspaper men report Thaw's movements.

The situation Harry Thaw finds himself in today is by far the most extraordinary that has marked the progress of his sensational case since he fled from Matteawan August 17. Believing this morning that he was being kidnapped, he resisted forcibly his removal from Coaticook, only to find that the outcome of his quick dash to American territory was to bring him unexpected freedom and place him in the hands of the men who up to the present time had devoted their energies to the reporting of his case.

Thaw was dazed at the suddenness of the morning's events. Without his array of legal counsel he did not know where to turn for advice. After a brief consultation with the newspaper men, the automobile hired by the reporters, with Thaw in it, went onto Averill.

Here a brief stop was made and by 10 o'clock he had crossed the Vermont line into New Hampshire.

THAW WAS DEPORTED.

Armed with written orders to deport Thaw issued by C. J. Doherty, acting minister of the interior, at Ottawa, E. Blake Robertson, assistant superintendent of immigration, came here unheralded last night. He held no one of his plans, except subordinates necessary to aid in executing them and two Dominion policemen.

Accompanied by his subordinates and the two policemen, Robertson went to Thaw's quarters in the detention penitentiary shortly before 8 o'clock this morning. They found him up and dressed and about to start on what he calls his day's work. Robertson, as spokesman for the group, told Thaw that he had orders to deport him to Vermont.

Thaw could not have been more surprised had he been told that he was free. Before Thaw could reply Robertson ordered him to get ready at once for the trip, adding that an automobile was waiting for the dash to the border.

HURLS BOTTLE.

Thaw's surprise changed to fury in a moment. He refused to go and picking up a bottle hurled it at Robertson. The missile went wide of its target, crashed through a window and broke on the roadway outside. Robertson and his men seized the prisoner and forcibly ejected him from the room.

As Thaw was thus unceremoniously carried down the stairs to the automobile he kicked and fought his captors, shouting that he was being kidnapped.

Robertson sought to quiet him with assurances that the proceeding was entirely regular and that his cries were futile. The two Dominion policemen aided actively in placing Thaw in the automobile. With the prisoner safe, the entire party, policemen and all, entered the car and were whirled away to the border.

A knot of spectators gathered quickly outside the building and watched the struggle. Except for the principals, they were the only persons in Coaticook who knew what

was going on. None of the lawyers here representing New York state were notified of the plan to deport Thaw, and none of Thaw's lawyers had any inkling of what was in the air. They were dumfounded when they learned later what had happened.

Townpeople unloosed their indignation when the news became general and sought Hector Verrett, of counsel for New York state, for an explanation. Mr. Verrett had none to offer. Neither he nor Mr. Jerome, he said, had been told of the deportation plan.

Neither had any part in it, he declared.

Thaw was well on the road to the international line before the newspaper squad learned what had happened. They followed him. He crossed the line near Norton Mills. He was well within the state before the immigration officials stopped their car, deposited him on the ground, told him he was free and drove back to the Canadian border.

Facts You May not Know.

Exchange.  
There are hermits in Italy who live solitary lives in mountain caves and their number no fewer than 990. Among these recluses there are 16 who are over 95 years of age and three centenarians, while all the others have passed the age of 50.

The lard used in the United States in a year would fill a pall 295 feet in diameter and 334 feet deep.

Famed for its unfailing springs of pure sparkling water, the island of Tobago lies about ten miles from the city of Panama, in the Pacific. Here the mail steamers playing between Balboa and San Francisco lie by for their supply of fresh water as do also the steamers that sail southward from Panama.

The doll is probably the most antique of toys. Dolls have been found inside the graves of the children of ancient Rome.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept wherein passengers may enter any complaints they wish to make.

A dummy aeroplane secured to a pivot, but swayed by the wind has been designed to get students acquainted with the sensation of flying.

School children and teachers of Pointe Coupee parish, in the flood district of Louisiana, planted 15,000 fruit trees last year. Superintendent Trudeau has also a plan whereby road work in the parish will be done by school boys.

More than 300 Missouri editors make less than \$12 a week from their labors.

Ada county, Idaho, has a school district containing 324 square miles.

A motor driven machine operated by one man has been invented to harvest sugar cane and deliver it ready for the mill.

Dictating extemporaneously at the rate of 211 5/8 words a minute for nine consecutive minutes Judge Frank H. Radkin of Spokane, Wash., is credited by court reporters with a world record in delivering charges to a jury.

The telephone wires of the United States are long enough to make fifty lines to the moon.

The Swedish government operates public employment bureaus. Their services are free of charge.

The success of three department stores in China has led to the establishment of a fourth in the southern part of the republic. The greater part of the trade is with the Chinese.

Easton, Pa., has a school superintendent in W. W. Cottingham who has taught sixty years in the same position.

GOING TO CHURCH.

Decreasing Attendance That is Alarming Noted. Union Republican.

We have heard the statement that not 50 per cent of the members of the average church attend with any degree of regularity on the stated services of the church. If this is true it is alarming, and we must say our observation bears out the statement. This strange condition arises from the fact that when many people join the church they do not realize that they assume an obligation to contribute not only their money, but themselves to advance its interests. They blame everybody except the ones who are to blame, namely, themselves. No matter whether the preacher is interesting or not, it is their duty to be on hand. The music may draw outsiders, but it should not either attract or repel those who belong to the church. They ought to go for the same reason the preacher goes, or the faithful members who never miss. The habit of going or of staying away can be cultivated. It is dangerous to fail to be promptly in our seats at such service. It is an unfailing sign of a moral decline. We can not be efficient Christians if we stay away from the church of service.—Charity and Children.

Editor Johnson is right. Not half of the people attend church regularly. The same can not be said regarding picture shows, baseball, and other amusements. The causes assigned above for non-church attendance are in the main correct, but there is another even more important. It is a fault with parents not going themselves and encouraging their children to do likewise. The local editor was raised in Salem, N. C. Forty years ago children went to church. It was one of the duties required of them. And such habits formed in young life are never forgotten. The same can be said today. Children do pretty much as they please and this seed sown is bearing fruit. You can see it, look where you will.

Plea For McLaurin.

Columbia Record.

We very cheerfully give space in our "Letters from the People" column today to the plea for "fair play" for Hon. John L. McLaurin, signed "W. T. C." of Laurens, S. C. The Record has nothing but the friendliest feelings politically, personally or otherwise—excepting journalismally—for Mr. McLaurin and we would just as cheerfully print a defense of him as a plea for "fair play" if our astute and ingenious Laurens correspondent had undertaken a defense of Mr. McLaurin.

In his study of Mr. McLaurin, however, our correspondent starts from two false premises which bring all his theories and arguments to a lame conclusion or no conclusion at all. He sets up a straw McLaurin which he himself knocks down, and he assumes the premise that The Record is voicing some class or faction in asking "Can McLaurin Come Back?" when the editorial of The Record which he criticizes was purely a piece of journalistic work that confined itself rigidly to a statement of history and facts—without prejudice or feeling, beyond those natural ly arising from the facts stated, and left the answer to whoever it might concern by asking "Can McLaurin Come Back?"

We assure our Laurens correspondent that The Record has no class or factional feeling with reference to state politics or the present political situation, in which, we confess, we can see no clearly defined factional demarcations. The truth is, that we are doubly immune to the disease in so far as state politics is concerned. We have not only had the disease and recovered but we have been inoculated up to the handle against any recurrence of it. We are in the newspaper business for journalistic purposes and reasons purely, and we recited Mr. McLaurin's record merely to keep the record straight. We dealt in no "invidious and insinuations" against the Marlboro statesman. We merely stated facts that are matter of common knowledge to the people of South Carolina. These facts may have become a little blurred in the public mind—the public memory is sometimes short and the lapse of a decade in this electric age may give the air of ancient history to events well known so short a time ago, but we feel sure that in brushing the dust of ten years from Mr. McLaurin's picture since it was turned to the wall we have neither added to or altered it in any way that it will not be readily recognized by all South Carolinians familiar with the political history of the state.

We assure our Laurens friend that the editorial in question was not "meant to compliment a certain class in South Carolina" for the very simple reason, if no other, that we are ignorant of the class that it could be known to "compliment." The elemental trouble in dealing with Mr. McLaurin, as we see it, is to know what class he certainly stands with or where he is "at" or liable to be "at" in the future. Our correspondent will bear us out—or does bear us out—in this because in his plea for "fair play" for Mr. McLaurin he confesses to Mr. McLaurin's uncertainty on this point. In defining the terms of "Tillmanism" and "Bleaseism" "W. T. C." says:

"Both terms simply mean, politically speaking, that the interests of the masses of the people must be consulted first, rather than the machinations and tricks of lobbyists and the predatory interests of the rich or well-to-do speculators and promoters. If Mr. McLaurin does decide to stand for the governorship, and takes a position in favor of the former, he may come back; but if he take the latter position, we agree with you that it would be a hard matter to resurrect him, although we have heard rumors to the effect that certain influences have already been at work to get Mr. McLaurin to remain out of the race next year, and that if he did, he would be taken care of later, by that very crowd that encourages the charge of political infidelity against him. How can you reconcile such politics as that?"

We can't "reconcile such politics as that," don't attempt to reconcile it. But we know it. Mr. McLaurin has given us the most prominent object lessons along that line which native politics has ever presented in South Carolina and his Laurens apologist, champion or what not, is evidently not over confident that he wouldn't treat us to some more examples of it.

Mr. McLaurin was confessedly for the masses in the early nineties when Tillman burst from the Edgefield underbrush and romped over the South Carolina sward like a raging bovine that nothing could withstand. In those days McLaurin was classed by his bitter conservative critics among the "coat-tail swingers." He didn't really belong to the "wool hat boys," the "class." If "class" you must call it, that followed Tillman in those days. He inherited means; he was college bred and educated; his soft hands had never raised warts or corns from contact with the plough handles to hurt. His critics said that or insinuated that McLaurin was in the game for McLaurin pure and simple, an implication that the present editorial personality of The Record, who was a friend and supporter of McLaurin in those days, resented. But to make a long story short, Mr. McLaurin followed up and backed up Tillman so faithfully that in due, or perhaps

premature time for his own good, he reached the United States senate. From this elevated pinnacle his provincial mind, like that of Walter Hines Page, saw a new light, underwent a marvelous illumination, his South Carolina predilections and associates took on a phase of crass crudeness and littleness that revolted him, he discovered or adopted the doctrines of an alleged new "Commercial Democracy," became an ardent admirer of President McKinley and later of President Roosevelt, and flitted so openly with the G. O. P. as to provoke Senator Tillman to lose his temper and come to blows with him on the floor of the senate chamber.

Now, of course, all this is ancient history with which our Laurens friend is as familiar as we are, and we really have no interest, personal or political, in restating it except to record the truth of public matters as we know them. We care very little as to what the answer may be to our question, "Can McLaurin Come Back?" We should not care to help him to come back, not that we are personally or politically prejudiced against him, but we like, at least, to believe that we can always know where to put our finger on our public men.

But, individually, we don't believe he can come back, because he himself at least has tried to succeed if he could have in the senate ten years ago if he could have any excuse for our Laurens friend suggesting that The Record is voicing the animus of any "class" against McLaurin, for a man who could get to the United States senate as a Tillmanite and so somersault so completely as to ask John D. Archbold for Standard Oil money to help keep him there, can not be said to stand for any "class."

The Mosquito and How to Run Him.

Spartanburg Herald.

Dr. Lawrence O. Howard, chief entomologist of the department of agriculture, comes forward with a recipe for the deportation of the mosquito from the bedroom. The doctor goes on the theory that the mosquito is an insect, and therefore comes within his jurisdiction, though there are those who hold to the view that so far as ferocity is concerned the mosquito might be more appropriately classified as a beast.

At any rate, Dr. Howard's prescription is thus propounded:

"Have your druggist mix the following preparation, throw a few drops of it on a bath towel, hang the bath towel over the head of the bed, and sleep until the alarm clock wakes you: Oil of citronella, one ounce; spirits of camphor, one ounce; oil of cedar, one-half ounce. If that doesn't do the work, rub a few drops of the mixture on the face and hands and the mosquito will lose no time in getting out of your bed chamber."

The first thing Dr. Howard advises is to search the premises to see if there are any open sewer traps about. If there are any they should be soaked with kerosene. If there are any pails, bottles of pans around containing water they should be emptied.

"Even a very small amount of water will make a breeding place for very many mosquitoes," said Dr. Howard. "I know of one instance where a veritable plague of mosquitoes was traced to a case of empty beer bottles allowed to remain in a back yard for some weeks in mid-summer."

If the mosquito gets into your room in spite of these precautions and you cannot swat him before you retire try Dr. Howard's mixture of citronella, camphor and cedar. If it

does not last the night through, as it will evaporate in time awake before the mosquito nabs you and put a few more drops of the mixture on the towel.

But if the skeeter gets you before you awake don't be alarmed. The ordinary mosquito won't give you yellow fever or malaria and if you wet a piece of ordinary toilet soap and rub it gently over the puncture you won't know you've been bitten.

A Good Test.  
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Struggling Pastor—"The standard of morality is rising gradually." "I am glad to hear that."

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