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The Press and Banner
 ABBEVILLE, S. C.

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ALONG THE WHITE WAY.

Monday, two weeks ago, we spent the first workless, fuelless and heatless Monday. We came down town early, walked around, looked for something exciting, couldn't find it, tried to get up a game of set-back, couldn't find anyone to play against except Furniture Kerr and Dick Sondley, whom our partner could beat alone, went home took son Bill hunting, went home again—empty handed, read the newspapers through three times, went back down town, walked to the depot, saw the big Seaboard Air Line train go by, did the same thing Monday of last week when we thought and said to myself, "You may puff, and you may blow, but we will ride you next Monday."

The Work of a Meddler.

So last Monday came and when the "Best Mule" arrived at Abbeville headed towards Atlanta, we were right there. We never dreamed that while we were away someone would write a piece about the boys in town and sign our name to it and get it in The Press and Banner, which everyone reads. We were much surprised and pained when we arrived home to find that such had taken place. For the information of all concerned, however, we will say that we have read the article, and we have concluded that sometimes a person says that a thing is so to make people believe it is not so, vice versa, sic semper tyrannis, e pluribus unum, and so on. The irate mothers may be comforted, then, to know that the article referred to came under one of these heads, and that what was really meant by the writer was that all the boys mentioned were good boys, brave, tender and true. And may it ever be thus.

We Were All There.

As stated we were there when the big mogul puffed by, and so were Supervisor Stevenson, Col. Will Lesley, and Col. James Gilliam, all of the best farmers in Abbeville county. They were on the road to Atlanta to see the mules and "things" over there. Of course they would have looked at the mules in Abbeville had they known there were any here, but they examined last week's Press and Banner and said each to himself, "If there is a stockman in Abbeville who wants to sell us mules, he surely would advertise", hence, not having done so, they rightfully concluded that Atlanta was the nearest point to buy good mules, and then, maybe, their feet got cold in Abbeville on a workless Monday. Anyway they were there to board the Seaboard and "ride her" too.

On the Observation Car.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levi came to the station in a few minutes after we arrived and with them the good-looking nurse, Miss Friday, who was here to nurse Mr. Philip Rosenberg and stayed to nurse Mr. Levi. We cannot understand how Mr. Rosenberg got well so quickly,—that is, after looking at the nurse. They stated that they wanted to get seats on the observation car, and as we were in the observation business ourselves, we concurred on all points. Mr. Levi was on his way to Atlanta to consult a specialist. We were glad to see him looking so well after his severe illness and we hope that he will come home very soon fully restored to health. Mrs. Levi was along too to look after him. We advised him to get a more

homely looking nurse if he wanted to improve fast because we began to feel a little faint ourselves before we arrived at Shops, S. C. Dr. Jim Hill was, along too to see after Mr. Levi. He had a bottle of alcohol for Calhoun Falls—he said it was for Calhoun Falls.

On the observation car we found Lieutenant Fowler, of Laurens, S. C., on his way to Ft. Oglethorpe to join his command. He had been home on sick leave for ten days and was returning. He told us that Roddey Devlin, who formerly lived in Abbeville, is an officer in his company, and that they are friends, which was a recommendation to the young officer on board the train with us. We didn't go far until two good looking ladies came back and joined us; one was from Newberry and the other from Clinton. The sick man and the lieutenant engaged their whole attention from start to finish, and Jim Hill, who had the bottle of alcohol to deliver at Calhoun Falls, (but who may have gone up to the front to take a drink, we do not know, except that he stumbled a good deal when he came back) and your humble servant could do nothing but hold the calf. Finally, when they began to make inquiries they did ask us if we were not Dr. Neuffer and if Dr. Jim was not our son, which made son Bill mad when we told him. When we advised them to the contrary on both points, they stated that they "had heard so much of Dr. Neuffer" that they concluded it must be he as there was a sick man in the crowd, and we were with him. We thought all the time until then that we were sitting by the good-looking young nurse and talking to her.

The Whistle and the Bell.

The train ran on the track all the way to Atlanta, "blowing the whistle and sounding the bell" at every crossing, we suppose, and then some, and arrived in Atlanta at 8 o'clock where Dr. Sam Visanska and Col. Walter Visanska met Mr. and Mrs. Levi and the nurse, together with all and singular Dr. Jim. We saw farmers Stevenson, Gilliam and Lesley going out the front door, but as we didn't go to Atlanta to look at mules, we "drove" up to the Piedmont, got a room and being a meatless man we soon found ourselves fully lined with roast turkey and dressing as they told us that turkey is not meat in Atlanta, but fowl, which we believed for the time being anyway.

The Three Musketeers.

We walked out Peachtree and looked at the new automobiles in the windows until the turkey went to sleep and then we undertook to do the same thing, but the slamming of the door to the elevator and the passing street cars kept us awake nearly all the night, but didn't keep us from breakfast in the morning. We were ready for it and soon finished it and as Major Ligon, of Bradley, said once at Due West commencement, we were ready to "caper on the green." We walked up and down Peachtree and out Whitehall, stopping here and there to buy something to take home, and everywhere seeing soldiers, soldiers—Kaiser Bill may think these boys won't fight but we didn't ask any of them if they wanted to fight. They were in the hotels, on the streets, on the street cars, at the movies everywhere—and everywhere they are a manly set—true sons of U. S. and as true as steel.

Finally we went around to the Atlanta Journal office to see our old school friend, John A. Brice, now one of the big men on the Atlanta Journal.

We found Mr. Brice as pleasant and affable as he was at Due West twenty-five years ago this January, looking not much older, a little fatter, still care-free, (which being interpreted means unmarried during the times of the high cost of living), but he was just the same. He expects to get married some day when he is old enough. He is from Fairfield county, akin to the Brices of this section, and a Seced-er, and therefore, gets there first with the most men, keeping the ten commandments and everything else he can lay his hands on (Andrew Jackson please keep quiet, we said to him.)

Bigger Than The Press and Banner.

It is worth a trip to Atlanta to go through the place of business of this big newspaper. We went down into the press room when the Journal people were printing the Home Edition. The paper was being fed into the press from a big roll about eight feet long, the roll at the beginning being some thirty inches in diameter. It left the roll going in one end as plain white paper and coming out at the other end Atlanta Journals, printed, folded and ready for quick reference. Two presses were running, the larger printing, folding and delivering by a kind of elevator arrangement four hundred papers a minute, and having a capacity of six hundred when printing base ball extras or all about the latest Atlanta tragedy.

High Cost of Paper.

A countryman like us, when we bought the active interest in The Press and Banner, would think that of all the cheap things in the world paper is the cheapest and that two dollars worth will print a newspaper for a year. It will perhaps be interesting to know that the Atlanta Journal buys more than twenty-five thousand dollars worth of print paper each month, or more than three hundred thousand dollars worth per year. Some idea of the reasons for kicking against the Paper Trust may be inferred from this statement. Two warehouses are kept full of this paper all the while, it being bought and shipped in by the carload and sometimes by the trainload. As the paper is being printed, occasionally something new comes in, and the matter is set up, the presses stopped and the new matter inserted so that even one issue of the paper may be changed many times between the starting and the ending of the press work.

The Journal is somewhat bigger than The Press and Banner, but as the girls say—from Georgia—we should say, "Believe me, it is no better." Subscribe today.

Riding On The Street Cars.

Having been in Atlanta all day, and as brother Shuman, late of the Greenville bar, would say, after he had finished his cases in the Supreme Court, (never before), we said to ourself, "I have been here all day and haven't ridden on the street cars yet," so we boarded a car to Decatur, passing through Inman Park, Kirkwood getting off at the first named place. Agnes Scott College is located at Decatur. It is one of the best schools in this section. The buildings are on a high hill, with wide grounds, well cleaned and the whole institution from the outside bears an industrious as well as educational atmosphere. We walked around some, and stopped to catch a car back. One lady who was there told us which was Greenville street in Decatur. (They call it Peachtree over there, but that is the same as Greenville in Abbeville) and which was North Main and which was Wardlaw. She said Agnes Scott a fine place to send a girl if you want her to study but if you are going in for style and fun to go somewhere else, all of which we received as information, having a young lady who will be going away to school one of these days.

Boys Must Be Boys.

We saw something else which might be of interest to the boys. A boy was on an automobile driveway which slopes about like the sidewalk at the side of the Baptist Church. He had one skate, on which he put a board, and on this he took a seat. Giving the skate a start, and lifting his feet he "airplaned" for about a hundred yards at a fast clip, cleaning up all comers as he met them. It would be worth trying, but the boys should keep a look-out for Dave Hill as they ride. He might be walking along the street practicing his next speech all to himself and get "ran over," which to say the least of it might be contempt of court.

Home—Work—East of All.

We got back to Atlanta, saw and talked to Andrew White and came home, and here we are, and it is just like it was last Tuesday, but we could stand it, and like it, if it were not for the workless days—not that we like to work, but we like to see other people at it.

M'LAURIN LASHES BLEASE AS ENEMY TO THE PRESIDENT

Considers That Blease As Senator Would Be "More Dangerous Than LaFollette"—Says Election Lever to Prolong the War.

The Greenville News.

"I will see you in Hell first," declares Former Senator John L. McLaurin in stating to members of the Anderson delegation that he will not prostitute himself to elect to the United States Senate their candidate. Furthermore, he asserts that he knows nothing that would more encourage pro-German sentiment than "to elect an ex-governor who has in season and out proclaimed himself a sworn enemy of the President," that to surround such a man with the privileges of a United States Senator would, he considers, make him "a more dangerous man than LaFollette at this time." He adds that if South Carolina elects to the Senate a man bitterly hostile to President Wilson, "it will be a powerful lever in Germany to re-ignite hope and prolong the war."

McLaurin's letter was evoked by the reply to his statement that South Carolina would commit a blunder to elect either Tillman or Blease to the Senate made by certain members of the Anderson House delegation in the General Assembly, one of whom is H. Clint Summers, brother-in-law of Former Governor Cole L. Blease. The earlier correspondence has been published in The News. Senator McLaurin's references to the former governor are pointed and he says of the reply "It is the hand of Esau, but the voice of Jacob."

The second McLaurin letter, received yesterday by The News from its author, is as follows:

Bennettsville, S. C.

Feb. 3, 1918.

Messrs. W. W. Scott, H. Kelley, Asa Hall and H. Clint Summers, Columbia, S. C.

Gentlemen: Yours of Jan. 31st. You withdraw your names from a petition requesting me to become a candidate for Governor. You say "what we wanted and thought we would get in making our call was a bold, honest, outspoken and truthful man to advocate the principles of the Reform Party of this State, which we hope to advance." This is exactly what you would get. Gentlemen, should I consent to become a candidate, but from your letter it seems exactly what you do not want.

What principle of the Reform Party have I abandoned? I merely declined to support a certain candidate for United States Senator. In your request for me to be a candidate you referred to my "Patriotism, Wisdom and Statesmanship." I plead guilty of the charge and cheerfully acknowledged that you were correct as to my possessing in an eminent degree these cardinal virtues.

I suspected, however, Gentlemen, that you were not very deeply concerned about "Wisdom, Patriotism or Statesmanship," and as I did not wish to "obtain goods under false pretenses," I gently informed you that for certain reasons I did not think it the part of "Wisdom, Patriotism or Statesmanship" to elect either Governor Blease or Senator Tillman to the United States Senate.

You say that in this I forsake Reform Principles. I draw a distinction between the personal ambition of Men and the principles underlying popular government. If your theory is correct then I was deceived at the Mourners Bench. I never had Religion at all and it was merely in religion that made me shout, groan and say Amen. No Gentlemen, I infer from your letter that what you want, is not a "bold, outspoken, honest and truthful man to advocate the principles of the Reform Party" but somebody with brain and the gift of "gab" who will prostitute himself to help you elect the Brother-in-law of one of you to the United States Senate, and I cheerfully inform you that I will see you in Hell first. I am no office seeker, I have declined since leaving the Senate a seat on the Federal Bench and a place on the Philippine Commission. The only thing that would induce me to take office would be that this State needs somebody to

pull her out of the mire and mud of Factional Politics. I have been a Reframer since 1885 not for office but from principle.

I endeavored to so word my letter as to not offend your sensibilities and there is nothing in it to warrant the cheap insults which you have thrown at me. I declined to support Governor Blease because I did not believe with his attitude towards President Wilson that he could properly represent South Carolina in this crisis. I declined to support Senator Tillman because of his physical condition.

What Principle of Reform Do I Violate?

Is the promotion of one man's political ambition the cardinal principle of the Reform? This is what your letter means and it is because good men like you have allowed yourselves to be hoodwinked and deceived that the Reform element in this State is discredited and shorn of power. I am trying to save it from utter destruction. I helped it to success in 1899. Who did more to keep you out of the ditch in 1916? I am trying to keep you from going in again and I might even go in the ditch with you as I did then, were there not other issues of grave import.

I fear that you do not realize the seriousness of this situation. We are just getting into this war and we will suffer as other nations are suffering before it is through. The German army in this country is our deadliest menace. Million of dollars were sent here to hire newspaper editors and public men. Eight million dollars were traced to one German Agent for distribution, it is known where some of this money went. The result is shown in the systematic spread of German Propaganda. They have burned up million of dollars of property; they have used poison in water and food and all the time are sowing the seeds of dissension. This war can only be won by self sacrifice and unity of action. If the confidence of the country in President Wilson could be destroyed we would be an easy prey to Germany. I have studied this subject carefully and if we do not conquer Germany in Europe we will have her to fight in this country. The same causes now operating here overthrew Russia, and but for drastic action would have destroyed England the first year of the war. In France a former "Prime Minister" has been proven to have been in the pay of Germany. I am not making charges against anyone in South Carolina at this time. I think our real trouble is more a lack of understanding than of disloyalty. Germany would have been defeated before this if it had not been for her spy system. If Russia had fought on six months longer the war would have been over, but German agents undermined the confidence of the people and gave the Kaiser a new lease of life. The same thing happened in Italy, her troops fraternized with the Germans instead of fighting them and now Italian women are being dragged into the trenches and outraged where their screams can reach their helpless brothers in the Italian trenches. Their only hope is for the German army here with poison sedition and fire to undermine the support of President Wilson. I tell you plainly that if LaFollette distates a successor to his recently deceased colleague and we elect from Democratic South Carolina a man bitterly hostile to President Wilson, it will be powerful lever in Germany to rekindle hope and prolong the war. It will cost the lives of the thousands of the dear boys in khaki, and I would rather save one of them than to have any office on earth. I do not know of anything that would give more encouragement to pro-German sentiment than to elect an ex-governor who has in season and out proclaimed himself a sworn enemy of the president. Surround him with the privileges of a United States senator and I consider him a more dangerous man than LaFollette at this time. You can do as you

please but I am going to stand by the men charged with the conduct of this war. It is the only way we can concentrate our power for self defense in this most terrible epoch of human history. This is all there is to it gentlemen. You misunderstand my references to obtaining support for the Warehouse Bill. I said "I had to reckon with the veto power of the governor." Factional feeling was so intense that I knew the only chance of passing the measure was to make it an administration bill and then get such support from the other side as I could on its merits. In most countries that would be considered statesmanship. Your communication is a sad justification of the letter I wrote and your reference to "principles" a pathetic illustration of blunted moral sense in public affairs. My friends I performed an unpleasant duty, because I felt that somebody "ought to talk out in meeting" and it seemed to be up to me. I recognize the fountain from which you draw your inspiration. "It is the hand of Esau but the voice of Jacob." I wanted to be square and straight. I know what you boys expect, but I cannot "come across." It won't do any good to abuse me. "The truth is mighty to prevail." You cannot get away from it.

Yours very truly,
 JOHN L. McLAURIN.

NORWAY'S PLIGHT PERPLEXES HER NOW

Faces Starvation on One Hand and War On Other, She Says.

Christiania, Feb. 6.—Norway is unwilling to comply with America's proposals for cessation of trading with Germany, but wishes to retain her commercial relations with the United States.

This formal announcement was made today:

"Norway cannot break commercially with one belligerent without imperiling its neutrality. There is no doubt but that the United States and the Allies will understand Norway's difficult situation. We justly claim we should not do without bread and are thus confronted with the alternative of complete distress or an agreement that might endanger our neutrality and possibly expose the country to war."

DEATH OF JOHN McMILLAN.

The people of this city were shocked to learn late Monday evening that Mr. John McMillan had shot himself at Dyson. Ill health was the cause of his act. Only recently he returned to Abbeville after an absence of fifteen years spent in the West. Sometime last fall he went to a hospital in Oklahoma to have an operation for chronic appendicitis but it was discovered after the operation that he had tuberculosis of the bowels and that his condition was hopeless. He returned to the home of his youth and visited with his relatives for awhile. He had gone to Dysons to spend a time in the open air with his brother, Mr. J. L. McMillan.

At the time that the impulse to end it all came he was in the house used as a residence at the brickyard. His death came about an hour after he shot himself in the temple. His body was brought to Abbeville Tuesday and the funeral services were held at the home of his brother, Mr. J. L. McMillan on Magazine street at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon and the interment was at Long Cane. Rev. J. L. Daniels conducted the services.

Mr. McMillan was never married. He was in his fifty-first year. He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Laura Faulkner of this city, Mrs. W. N. Graydon and Mrs. J. C. Miller of Columbia, and five brothers, Messrs. J. L. and Eugene McMillan of this city, Sheriff T. W. McMillan of Greenwood, Edgar McMillan of Hendersonville, N. C. and Foster McMillan of Columbia.

Much sympathy is expressed for the family.

BIRTHS.

Born—At Abbeville, Feb. 4, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beauford, a son.

Born—On Route 5, Feb. 5, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cochran, a son.