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WHITE-CAPPERS RIDE IN THE "DUTCH FORK."

"Freeman" Declares There is More or Less Organized Band, Which Undertakes to Secure Order by Unlawful Means.

To the Editor of The State:

The well informed and observant citizen who has kept abreast of the inner workings of the old "Dutch Fork" of Lexington county during the last decade, knows that it is not a lawless community per se. As a matter of fact, the opposite is really the case, with the exception of a small minority, to be dwelt upon, later on, in this article. The pity is that a few people can give a county an unsavory odor. Murder, among the whites, is rare. This section is composed almost exclusively of Germans, in origin, whose blood flows rather sluggishly and who are normally not of a bellicose or treacherous disposition. During Revolutionary days when the whites as a rule were fired by the spirit of freedom, which winced under British oppression, these people generally were

apathetic and averse to war. They enjoyed no voice in the government under which they lived. They knew little of the merits of the controversy between the colonies and the mother country. They had received their grants of land from the king, and they did not care to have them taken away by a war which little concerned them. In short, they did not care to fight unless there was a good reason for it from their own viewpoint. From that day to this the vast majority have been industrious, economical and peaceful. There are no large and wealthy planters among them, but many are well-to-do, and most of them are independent.

There is an element which does its own work exclusively, and which either cannot secure negro labor or will not have it. There is an old tradition that the negroes view this class as "poor buca," and between the two there is a marked and distinct line of cleavage and considerable animosity. From this cause have sprung most of the fatalities which have stained the name of the good old Dutch Fork. The white man is supreme, and the negro must live, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, or take the consequences. As is usual, when the over-check is slackened upon the neck of the angry mob, its depredations become more aggressive and heinous until it ramifies in directions, which, at first were never dreamed of.

Enough has been whispered around, for a number of years, to convince any reasonable man that a more or less well defined gang of "white-caps have

assumed the responsibility of administering law upon the helpless as they see fit. A few unnamed but thoroughly reliable cases in point may be cited by way of historical illustrations. Some years ago, on a cold winter night in November or December, an old negro, near Bear Creek in the upper portion of the Dutch Fork, had partaken of his usual supper of a fitch of bacon and a corn hoe-cake, when he and his family retired to their humble beds for a supposedly restful slumber. Toward midnight, with little or no warning, the "regulators" broke down his door and invaded his home. Even the wicked old Fagin, in "Oliver Twist," with murder in his heart, recoiled, as he looked upon the innocent babes and their sleeping mother, and whispered to himself, "Not tonight." But these "white-caps" had no such "compunctious visitings." A little pile of cotton was quickly saturated with kerosene and set on fire. As the flames lit up the cabin room the old man was brutally shot to death like a dog, while the rest of the family barely escaped with their lives.

The motive for the cowardly assassination was never definitely known, but the one usually assigned was that the negro had, on a quasi public occasion expatiated on the perverted rights of his race and that he intended to stand up for his.

The next case was that of a highly respected farmer of the lower Dutch Fork, who had chided a young negro of rather impudent proclivities, about hunting on his land contrary to order. They parted, when the negro, at a

safe distance, snarling under the re-buke administered him, sent a rock whizzing into the back of the farmer's brain, from which he soon died. The white people this time turned out en masse and hunted the culprit with the tenacity of blood hounds. All of a sudden the chase ended, everybody seemed satisfied, and the negro has never been heard of since—and never will.

The next in point of time had every appearance of being carefully planned and fearfully executed. It was one of the most dastardly, for boldness and dare devilry, perhaps, in the criminal annals of the state.

The victim lived on the southern shore of the Saluda river, but enough leaked out, in the due course of time, to make it practically sure that his death was hatched up and perpetrated by Dutch Forkers. The man marked for slaughter was not a saint by any means, and those who crossed his way soon realized that he was not a man to take liberties with. If reports are true, two attempts to murder him were made before he finally bit the dust. He ran a little water mill near his house, and on the fatal day he was there at his usual chores. A colored woman, passing from the house to the mill with his dinner, heard the rustling of leaves in a thick undergrowth near her path, and she espied two white men, with rifles. She hurried to the mill and reported to her employer.

Game to the core, he immediately shut down and proceeded to investigate. As he climbed the hill nearby he fell dead with his breast full of shot

The people of that section still discuss, round their firesides, during the long winter nights, the daring nonchalance with which that monstrous deed was perpetrated in broad daylight. The theory generally accepted is that three white men from the Dutch Fork side of the river rowed their little skiff across the stream and hooked it in a thick underbrush on the opposite side. Rumor has always contended that the men who were seeking to imbue their hands in the gore of their fellowman carried no malice or sense of wrong in their hearts, but were executing their part of a pact for a few paltry, dirty little shekels. Horrible as was the bloody deed, nothing was ever done, nor any concerted or determined effort made to unravel the mystery.

The latest chapter in this dark and dismal book was recently written and is still fresh in the memories of readers of The State. Several barns had been burned in quick succession and suspicion fell upon a negro in the neighborhood. The mob visited his house in the dead of night and asked him to come forth. His wife advised him to shoot for his life, and the result was that the leader of the mob—who happened to be a substantial and prominent citizen of the neighborhood—was sent to meet his God, in the twinkling of an eye, and widow in weeds led behind, to weep over his fate.

It would seem that the old Dutch Fork has paid her full price, and cries for a surcease of sorrow, which have hung, from time to time, like a funeral pall over her fair dominions. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished

for that this last catastrophe will open the eyes of the public to the stern truth that mob law is a relic of barbarism and is bound to end in drinking the cup of gall and bitterness to its very dregs. The courts and the law, poor as they are, must be respected. They will prove effective if backed by a strong and healthy public sentiment.

The astounding and discouraging feature of the above cases was the apparent indifference and pitiable weakness of the officers of the law, whose sworn duty it was to ferret out these crimes, and if possible bring the guilty to the bar of justice.

Let us hope that the sad death of an otherwise useful citizen shall stand as a warning to the mob, that its vengeance must come to grief, unless the very fabric of government and civilized society fall about our ears in hope less chaos.

Freeman.

Scholarship Examinations

The scholarship examination for Winthrop college will be held at the court house on July 7, 1911, and the examinations for the University of South Carolina and Clemson college will be held at the court house on July 14, 1911. All applicants will please be present at 9 o'clock a. m. I desire to say also that the College of Charleston offers a scholarship worth fifty dollars to any competent and worthy young man. This examination will be held when the others are held. A. D. MARTIN, C. S. E.

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Yd wide Bleaching 5c yd
40 inch Sea Island..... 5c yd
2,000 yds Apron Gingham..... 5c yd
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Not a piece of these goods worth less than 7c and 8c yd.

Ladies Look! 3 yds long with a Nice Ruffle on the Side, Curtain only..... 29c
Curtain Scrim..... 4c yd
Curtain Net, in All Colors..... 8c yd

Just Arrived: One Case Each of Calico and Lawns. Special while the Two Cases Last Only \$1-2c yd
12 1-2 and 15c Flowered Lawns..... 9c
White India Linons..... 6, 8, 11, 18c yd

They are Beauties.

Blue Bell Chambray and Utility Gingham. Every child the world over knows these goods are sold everywhere for 10c yd., and they are worth it but Hopkins says..... 8c yd
Yd Wide Madras and Percals worth 12 1-2c. Come and see them..... only 9c

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We have too many of these.
50c Ones only..... 39c
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1.00 Ones only..... 79c
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They are Beauties.

Ladies' Drawers

Ladies' Drawers..... 19c
Ladies' Gowns..... 39c, 79, 98c
Ladies' White Underskirts..... 39c
Ladies' White Underskirts..... 79c
Ladies' White Underskirts..... 98c
Corset Covers, Just..... 19c and 39c
White Quilts from..... 69c to 3.48

We have the Finest Line of these Goods in the City with no Exceptions.
27-inch Embroidery—the like of which has never been heard of in Columbia only..... 25c yd
17 inch Embroidery..... 10c yd
Other Embroideries and Laces Lower.

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Towels 2 for..... 5c
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Towels only..... 11c
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25c Kind only..... 19c
Bleached and Unbleached.
Pepperels 10-4, Special..... 25c yd

Shirts

See that Neglige Shirt only..... 39c
See that 1.00 Shirt only..... 79c
Entirely too many 50c Work Shirts only..... 39c

Too many 1.00 Overalls Special..... 79c
Little Boys' Overalls only..... 15c
Little Boys' Shirts only..... 15c

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This is one line on which we can save you a bunch of money.

4 00 Men's Oxfords..... 3.29
3.50 " "..... 2.79
3 00 " "..... 2.29
2 00 " "..... 1.69
3 50 Ladies' Oxfords..... 2.79
3.00 " "..... 2.29
2 00 " "..... 1.69
1.25 " "..... .99

Children's Oxford: still Lower.

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