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NO. 10

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things Some of Which You Know and Some You Don't Know—Condensed For Quick Reading.

"I sold a hundred bales of cotton yesterday," said Tuesday a prominent business man of the county. "I got 15-18 cents a pound for it and today I notice that it is down a good deal from that figure. I am not advising anybody to sell cotton," the business man went on to say; "but I have no apologies for selling mine. I could get out of debt by selling it and that is what I did. If it goes up I'll have no regrets."

Matches Going Up.

"You wouldn't think it, would you?" remarked the wholesale salesman to a retail buyer Wednesday; "but it is a fact that matches are going up in price instead of coming down. Our latest quotations show an increase of 50 cents a case in the price of matches." The salesman said that he had no explanation of the cause unless it was because there are only a few firms engaged in the manufacture of matches and they have the business "sewed up."

Up Against It.

Here is a copy of a letter said to have been written by a creditor to a bank when the bank sent a notice of non-paement. Mr. W. W. Boyce of Fort Mill, gave the editor of The Yorkville Enquirer a copy of it when the editor was in Fort Mill a few days ago and Mr. W. B. Moore of Yorkville, mailed views and interviews a copy about the same time. Anyway it is to laugh:

"Dear Sir: I received your letter about what I owe you. Now be patient. I ain't forgot you, and as soon as I can pay you, I'll pay you. If this was Judgment Day, and you no more prepared to meet your God than I am to meet your account, you sho going to Hell."

Take 'Em Off.

"I wish ladies would take off their hats when they go to a picture show," commented a man this morning who appeared to be a little out of humor about it. "I sat in a moving picture theatre a few nights ago. The place was fairly well crowded. Seated in front of me was a lady about as broad as she was long and she wore a big hat. Of course I couldn't see through her and I couldn't see over her on account of that hat. I was in a fix, I'll tell you. You know," he concluded, "this old world would be a more attractive place if we all showed a little more consideration for the other fellow all along the line."

The Proposed Catawba River Bridge.

"We people here in the north-eastern part of the county would like very much to see Yorkville take a more active interest in the proposed Catawba river bridge," writes Mr. R. R. Harper, of York No. 8. "We have about 25 or 30 miles of river from bridge to bridge and no way whatever of crossing only by small boats. The bridge would not take trade from Yorkville; but would be the means of getting a good road all the way to Yorkville. Therefore Yorkville would get more trade from this section as we can buy goods in Yorkville cheaper than we can in Charlotte, for living expenses, rents, etc., are lower in small towns and they can afford to sell at a lower price."

Cheaper Groceries for Cash.

The retail grocer was talking things over the other afternoon with Views and Interviews. Said he:

"I notice that the butchers are going on a cash basis, and I wish the retail grocers could get together and do likewise. It would mean cheaper groceries for the consumer and believe me in a time like this commodities should be as cheap as possible. When we sell on credit we necessarily have to charge higher prices. There are so many people who don't pay their grocery bills and we have to make up that loss somehow. The cash system would cut the expense of bookkeeping and it would cut other expenses that we would meet cheaper living. Maybe we will get to it some of these days. I don't know."

Passing of Game.

"I have also shot wild turkeys in Chester county," writes Mr. James Henry Rice, Jr., of Wiggins, S. C., foremost naturalist in the south in relation to Views and Interviews. In his letter Mr. Rice goes on to say:

"There is no way whereby the importance of natural history can so well be brought home and made a living force as by teaching it in the common schools and in the colleges."

"The lack of general knowledge was one of the main causes in the destruction of our wild life and natural resources."

"Away back in 1872, when my grandfather, Mr. W. H. Lawton, a large planter and a famous shot, used to take me hunting with him, I riding behind him, he had the rule, never broken, of killing one partridge for each member of the family—no more, unless there were guests at the house, when, to have an abundance, he would kill two around."

"The consequence was that his place always abounded in game. He told me then that the time would come when partridges and all other game would become scarce in the state, unless they were rigidly protected. This was in

the day of the muzzle-loader; we had never seen a breech-loader in our country. Only white men hunted, and comparatively few of them. Besides it required skill to load a gun, as well as skill to shoot it, and the weapon soon fouled. The bag was necessarily limited by this and the time taken up loading. Ammunition was high and money scarce."

"I have lived to see his prophecy verified, and verified to an extent he never dreamed. In those days Arkansas was in the Far West. My two uncles who went there (driven out by their Ku-Klux activities) were mourned as dead, almost when they left us. The buffalo and the grizzly were both found in Arkansas. Buffalo tongues and buffalo meat were on sale everywhere. We bought both in Charleston, likewise prairie chickens."

"I have myself shot prairie chickens within the limits of the present city of Fort Worth, Texas. There is not one left in 500 miles of Fort Worth today, so far as I can learn. The buffalo has all but left the earth."

"In my youth wild turkeys were fairly common in the Up Country, at least in the less settled portions of Abbeville and Edgefield. I have also shot wild turkeys in Chester county."

"Now, had we known the facts of the situation, of how rapidly game was vanishing, there might have been a stop put to it; but we did not know. We had no means of knowing."

"It is a privilege of this generation to know the facts and to restore the impaired inheritance. There is not the slightest reason for game or fish scarcity in South Carolina, granted adequate protection, as I can easily demonstrate to anybody's satisfaction by actual facts of record, taken from recent experience."

"To get it before the people, put into the common schools. Inspire boys and girls with correct ideals, based on positive knowledge, and with that knowledge save the race. The Lord says in Hosea, chapter 4: 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge'—too true."

Sand.

"Put this in your pocketbook," said Wednesday a friend of Views and Interviews, "and when things are not coming your way, take it out and read it. It will do you good: I observed a locomotive, in the railroad yard, one day:

It was waiting at the round house, where the locomotives stay;

It was punting for the journey, it was cooled and fully manned

And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It expects that locomotives cannot always get a grip.

On their slender iron pavement, 'cause their wheels are apt to slip;

So when they reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command.

And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

Let's about this way with travel along life's slippery track—

If your load is rather heavy, and you're a'ways sliding back;

If a common locomotive you completely understand,

You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,

And if those who've come before you have the rails cut slippery snails,

If you'd ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,

You'll find you'll have to do it by a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover, to your cost,

That you're liable to slip upon a heavy coat of frost,

Then come prompt, decided action will be called to demand.

And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule train.

If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's steam engine,

And you'll reach a place called Flustown at a rate of speed that's grand.

If for all the slippery places you've got a good supply of sand.

NEGRO FOR SENATE.

Millionaire Rum Merchant Seeks Place Among French Deputies.

One of the most remarkable romances of the war, in which the central figure is a negro, may see a sequel in the French senate, says a Paris dispatch.

Adolphe Desnoy, black, and born at Guadeloupe, arrived at Marseilles in 1915 with fifty francs in his pocket and went to work as a longshoreman. When the war began he invested his savings in a small stock of rum a few weeks before the price of that liquor shot up. Selling out his first stock he bought more, moved to Paris, and within three years became the largest dealer in rum in France.

In 1917 he signed an enormous contract with the French government whereby he supplied practically all the rum served to the soldiers in the trenches and used in the hospitals.

During the grip epidemic of 1918 he is said to have made \$5,000,000 profit. Buying himself a country mansion near Paris, he married a French woman, and was made mayor of his community in token of large benevolence.

In November, 1920, he was prosecuted by the government for falsely declaring his excess war profits under the new tax law. The case is still pending. Meanwhile he has announced himself candidate for the exclusive French senate for the district of Guadeloupe, in opposition to Senator Henry Borenger, the famous writer, who is chairman of the senate commission on foreign affairs.

His supporters allege his election is almost certain, since a large proportion of the voters in Guadeloupe are enfranchised blacks. If this happens he will be the first negro to take a seat in any European government.

MAY FIND SISTER

Ward of Admiral McCully May Have Relative in United States.

HER PHOTOGRAPH IS RECOGNIZED

Mrs. Jack Muschnick of Milwaukee Thinks Possibly Child is Her Baby Sister.

Through the agency of newspapers, little Nina Furman, one of the adopted children of Admiral N. A. McCully, may find her oldest sister alive and well, and conversely, Mrs. Jack Muschnick, of Milwaukee, may find that her baby sister has escaped from the perils of war-torn Russia, and is a member of the admiral's happy family, according to the Anderson Daily Mail. Stranger things have happened, and efforts of newspapermen in Milwaukee, Washington and Anderson, may prove that the two are really sisters.

News of the recognition of Nina Furman by Mrs. Jack Muschnick, Milwaukee, as her sister, comes to the Daily Mail from the Wisconsin News, published at Milwaukee. Mrs. Muschnick lives at Milwaukee, and is a native of Russia, having come to America seven years ago. Since that time she has heard nothing from her family, but as they were in the region where Bolshevik warfare has raged, she had almost despaired of lives of her loved ones, until she saw the picture of the little Russian wards of the big hearted admiral.

Of the events from the Milwaukee end of the story, the following from the Wisconsin News gives a clear story.

Leaves for America.

Seven years ago Rose Furman, a pretty Russian girl of 19, stood on the doorstep of her little home near Kiev, embraced her aged parents and bid a tender farewell to four little brothers and sisters. Then with her sweet heart she departed for the land of promise—America.

Today, Mrs. Jack Muschnick, 617 Tenth street, same young woman, appeared to The Wisconsin News for aid in finding one of the little sisters who she believes has escaped the fate of hundreds of Russian children and is now safe in this country.

The trail which Mrs. Muschnick feels certain will lead to the finding of her lost kin, may be taken as another eccentricity of fate.

Glancing over The Wisconsin News on January 9, last, Mrs. Muschnick was attracted by a picture of seven children brought to the United States by Rear Admiral Newton A. McCully. A tremor ran through her body as she noticed the features of one of the kiddies.

"It's she! My God. It must be true! She's saved!"

Grasping the paper, Mrs. Muschnick ran excitedly to neighbors. Beneath the picture they read the name "Nina Furman."

"It must be true. She can be no other than your sister," they said.

But seven years in a new country is not ample time to assimilate a multitude of strange customs. Almost fearing to breathe her discovery lest her hope might be shattered, Mrs. Muschnick kept her own counsel. Plans to write to Admiral McCully himself were abandoned when Mrs. Muschnick realized her limited command of English.

Recognizes Picture.

Up at the Lincoln house, the immigrant finds most of his problems can be solved, and it was there that Mrs. Muschnick brought her request today. "Mrs. Rose Stern matron, heard the story."

"The picture was printed in The Wisconsin News, perhaps they can help you find her," she said, and notified "this office."

"I never expected to see another member of my family alive," Mrs. Muschnick told a Wisconsin News reporter. "If you can find out that this is my little sister and show how I can bring her home to me, it will be the happiest moment of my life."

Has Mrs. Muschnick made a discovery which means more to little Nina Furman than even the tender care of her benefactor, Admiral McCully? Snatched from the very hand of death is a little girl to be reunited with a relative of her own blood?

The special wires of The Wisconsin News to Washington are carrying the message today. Perhaps she will be.

In a letter to the city editor of the Daily Mail, H. J. Ewald, city editor of the Wisconsin News said:

The Furman lived at Hodoroff near Kiev, Russia. There were six children in the family, Zuzo, Mosche, Den, Schiva, Nina and Rose. The parents names were David and Hanetel.

A Quiet Child.

Mr. Ewald also encloses a family group, taken several years ago, and an excerpt from a letter received by Mrs. Muschnick from Nina and a note to the child from Mrs. Muschnick. The picture was taken in Russia, and shows a small child, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Nina Furman, one of the admiral's wards. The singularity of the names of the physical likeness of the child to the picture makes local people feel that the recognition of Mrs. Muschnick of her sister may be a genuine one.

Persons who were with the children during their stay in Anderson remem-

ber Nina as the most reserved, quietest one of the lot. While all seemed happy, the other children seemed to express their happiness more openly than the quiet little girl, who seldom spoke to anyone, and who seemed at times, most sad.

Photographs, letters, etc., are being sent forward to Admiral McCully at once, in order that Mrs. Muschnick may know the truth as to the identity of little Nina as soon as possible.

BEATEN BY BOOZE.

Many Famous Figures Now Down and Out Because Of It.

Manhattan hails the conqueror and shuns the defeated. Success is the golden key that opens every door, writes O. O. McIntyre, noted New York newspaperman. Failure builds its own barriers. It is a changing city and ruthless. In almost every endeavor there is to be found that silent, brooding defeated army of men who have lost their grip.

In the Globe theatre lobby, gay with silks and furs and expensive shirt fronts, the other night there came a young old man who seemed buried in his shabby overcoat with his hat pulled down. Two critics bowed kindly, but no one else heeded him. Yet only a few years ago in the same theatre he rose blushing in his box to the cries of "Author," and bowed his thanks. His decline was swift. Whisky.

The tale is old among the medical fraternity of the surgeon whose nervous hands made daring strokes before spellbound clinics and who had his stone mansion at Newport and a vast Westchester estate. And yet one night, twitching and hollow-eyed, he was taken out of an all-night Tenth avenue safe to a waiting patrol because he could not pay a 20-cent check. He was on Blackwell's Island for three months without a visitor.

The cross streets of the Forties are filled with men whose names illumined theater programmes of another year. They cringe at the doors of movie exchanges hoping for some extra bit. A magazine illustrator is now a doorman at a Madison avenue club where once he lived. Most of the members he knew and had dined with them over the nightly Scotch and soda, but few recognize him now.

Longacre square has become accustomed to the occasional visits of the powerful figure, collarless and unkempt, who frequently comes out of a side street at midnight with uncertain steps. He shadow-boxes with imaginary foes, mumbles and cackles to himself and is finally chased away by a sympathetic traffic officer. The man was once a mighty boxer and has battled before crowned heads. Now he lives over his past in drug dreams.

New York in its mad scramble for success has not time for failure. Only the bells of the Bowery pawnshop ring a welcome to the down-and-outer. Sooner or later they go to the Missions, where they find food and warmth. And sometimes they come back, but as a rule they remain.

BOARD UNDER HOT FIRE.

Senator Hart Would Abolish State Board of Charities and Corrections.

Senator John R. Hart of York county, joined with Senators Wightman and Wideman in an attack on the state board of charities and corrections in the senate in Columbia, last Tuesday night, the bill to abolish having been offered by Senator Wightman.

An unfavorable committee report was laid on the table and Senator Wightman launched into an attack on the board, claiming that when it was created supporters of the movement declared all evils would be cured and that new conditions were just as bad, as he saw it. He charged that the secretary, C. Croft Williams was not content to receive a salary of \$3,500 from this source, but in addition taught Bible at the university and received \$400 for two months of his teaching. Two big offices in skyscrapers had been opened and numerous persons employed to assist the secretary, all to no avail so far as work was concerned, Mr. Wightman said.

Hart Likes Bill.

Mr. Hart heartily agreed with Mr. Wightman and read from the budget report where this report had expended \$29,000 last year, he said, to "discover that some convicts in York county had left the lid off of a slop bucket." Mr. Hart openly admitted he was absolutely against the board and wanted to see it abolished. In reading from the budget report, Mr. Hart said he saw an item relating to a "fiscal agent," and said he had never heard of this man, woman or child and didn't believe this "fiscal agent" had ever visited York county.

Senator Wideman said for once in his life he was absolutely in agreement with Senator Wightman and hoped to see the board by the wayside.

Senator Young asked the senate not to go backward and said he knew the board was doing good work. He favored its continuance.

Senator Christensen and Senator Baker both pointed out the need for the board and how it had accomplished more for South Carolina than could be measured in dollars and cents, besides saving to the state actual cash of more than was appropriated every year.

—W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve board has accepted an invitation to address the Greenville Kiwanis club at any early date.

TO BRIDGE THE CATAWBA

York and Mecklenburg Commissioners Make Agreement.

BRIDGE TO COST ABOUT \$92,000

Mecklenburg Will Bear Two-thirds of Expense and York County One-third—Work to Commence as Soon as the Commissioners Deem Practical.

An agreement whereby York county and Mecklenburg county, N. C., will build a bridge across Catawba river at the Buster Boyd site, in Bethel township, was made at a meeting of the York and Mecklenburg county commissioners held in Charlotte last Tuesday. The bridge will cost approximately \$92,000 and under the terms of the agreement made by Supervisor Hugh G. Brown and Commissioners Ladd J. Lumpkin and J. C. Kirkpatrick of York county, and Commissioners J. B. McLaughlin, J. R. Winters, W. M. Rose, P. D. Price and Joe H. Robinson of Mecklenburg, the latter county will pay two-thirds of the entire cost of the bridge, while York county will pay one-third. York county, it is understood, already has her portion of the money available for the project. Mecklenburg's coming in is contingent upon the rights and powers of the board of commissioners of that county to issue bonds under the acts, same to be decided by the supreme court of North Carolina.

Bridge Long Needed.

The bridge, which is the result of many months' agitation, will be built at the Buster Boyd site, half way between Shoal's Ferry and Fort Mill, S. C. Work is to begin as soon as the Mecklenburg commissioners can issue bonds covering their share of the cost.

The project will fill a long-felt need, the commissioners say, inasmuch as it directly connects Mecklenburg with her sister South Carolina county. The bridge and the necessary approaches are to be constructed of such materials as the joint commissioners of the two counties designate.

Mecklenburg county will pay two-thirds of the total cost and York county will bear the remaining third. Representatives of the South Carolina county said they already had the necessary money in hand, but Mecklenburg will ask the supreme court for authority to issue bonds covering the sum this county will pay, says the Charlotte Observer of Wednesday.

It was first thought that the bridge would cost about \$102,000, but later estimates reduced these figures to \$92,000. Work will begin as soon as the commissioners deem practical.

It was pointed out that there is no means of crossing the Catawba between Shoal's ferry in Mecklenburg, and Fort Mill, S. C., in York. The distance between these points is 23 miles by water. Much inconvenience is caused persons living in the territory between the present bridges.

Delegation Urged to Act.

In the resolution endorsing the road bill, the commissioners urged Governor Morrison and the Mecklenburg delegation in Raleigh to use their best efforts to secure the passage of the bill. The two resolutions passed yesterday follow:

Whereas, there appears to be need of and believing it to be to the best interests of a large number of the citizens of the counties of York, S. C., and Mecklenburg, N. C., that a bridge be constructed across the Catawba river separating the said counties;

"And, believing it for the public welfare of the citizens of the said counties that such bridge be constructed as soon as practical;

"Be it, therefore, unanimously resolved, by this board that a bridge at Buster Boyd site and the necessary approaches there, be constructed of such material and construction as a joint commission of the counties interested shall designate and that the total cost thereof shall be borne by the said two counties in the following proportion:

"That Mecklenburg county shall bear two-thirds of such cost, and that York county shall bear one-third of such cost."

"The above resolution, however, shall be upon the express condition as to the rights and powers of the board of commissioners of Mecklenburg county, to issue bonds under the acts, same to be decided by the supreme court."

"The above resolution having been duly passed by the said joint boards of commissioners, the members of the said boards have hereto subscribed their several names, each to the other of the good faith of the same."

MEN AND BUSINESS

Financial Expert Writes of Little Incidents of the Business World.

A little old lady who hadn't had a new bonnet in ten years was taken out for an automobile ride by a business woman the other day, writes Richard Spillane. She was very conscious of her clothes, which were much worn, and more so of her hat, which was a rusty, black affair.

Queer, isn't it, how much women think of hats?

The little old lady rode over country highways and city streets, and was a bit bewildered when the car stopped and the business woman helped her out and into a shop.

It was a milliner's. The business woman had the little old lady take off the rusty old black hat and try on sev-

eral the salesgirl or she selected.

"You're going to have a new hat," said the business woman.

The little old lady's heart missed a beat when she heard the announcement.

A minute later the little old lady overheard the price of one of the hats—\$10.

"Oh! I couldn't wear a hat that cost so much," she protested.

"Bosh," exclaimed the business woman, who thereupon picked out a beautiful bonnet of soft folds with a delicate band inside and put it on the old lady's head.

"Oh! it's lovely, lovely," exclaimed the little old lady, who was so excited she didn't know which way to look and who became more flustered when a salesgirl pinned a veil over the bonnet and told her bonnet and veil were hers.

The business woman was waiting for change from a bill she had given to the salesgirl, when the little old lady touched her on the arm and whispered: "Oh, see, there's another bonnet like mine."

Mist came into the eyes of the business woman then. "My dear," she said to the little old lady, "why that's you and your hat."

And it was so, though the little old lady couldn't believe it was her own reflection she saw at the other end of the long room.

The same business woman has some friends, inmates of a home for aged women. To them she goes calling now and then. They are fed and cared for in the home, but they have no money.

One day she had them out journeying, and incidentally, to tea. They were much excited over the tea ball she used.

At Christmas time she made a present to each of her friends in that institution.

It was a tea ball, a replica of the one they admired so much, and in each tea ball was a \$5 bill, so that the recipients would have some spending money.

This business woman is a fine, large handsome woman, who manages her affairs better than nine men out of ten could do it. She has a philosophy that is worth considering. She never gives presents to those who have, but to those who need, and have to go without. She invites to her hotel as her guests now and then, those to whom such a visit is in the light of a thrilling thing, something of joy to be talked of and held as a treasured memory.

Maybe it's because of her philosophy that the business woman looks young, acts young and feels young though a grandmother.

Maybe if business men looked more on life as she does they'd bring more sunlight into the lives of many less fortunate than themselves, and incidentally, bring more of it into their own.

The foregoing is printed because Words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

HOME OF SILVER FOXES

Fur Farming Is a Big Industry on Prince Edward Island.

The little Canadian province of Prince Edward Island is known as the "Garden of the Dominion," says the Dearborn Independent. Nestling in the sheltered concave formed by the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and protected from the Atlantic by the Cape Breton promontory and Newfoundland, its quiet is never seriously ruffled by ocean storms. Continually bathed by ozone-laden sea air, its climate knows neither extreme heat nor cold and is pleasant, healthy and invigorating. Its summers are delightfully cool and its winters are enjoyable and bracing without comfort.

There are now 3,000 foxes on Prince Edward Island farms. One ranch which the writer visited held 90 breeding pairs and 70 more for killing for their pelts before Christmas. The industry has reached a stage which enables it to support its own literature, a paper called the "Silver Fox Magazine," having a considerable circulation.

Prince Edward Island fox farms have now as established a place in the markets of the world as California peaches or Brazilian coffee, and the success which has attended their farming has resulted in similar ranches being established on the Canadian mainland and at various places in the United States, chiefly in Maine and Michigan. This industry has the promise of great potential wealth and is regarded with great favor by the dominion and provincial governments which render it various kinds of assistance.

And the remarkable thing is that it has been built up in a quarter of a century from a few pairs of wild foxes. It has been feared that extensive production of the silver fox pelt will depress prices; but with a lower price will come increased demand and mass production and it will be a great boon to the people of the northern half of this continent if good furs can be produced at moderate prices.

—The new First Baptist church at St. George, is he opened Sunday.

MASTER OUTLAW SLAIN

Wolf Destroyed South Dakota Cattle Valued at \$25,000.

KILLED BY A GOVERNMENT HUNTER

Ferocious Beast Escaped from Many Traps—Finally Killed After Months of Pursuit.

The Custer wolf is dead!

It was the master criminal of the animal world. For nine years it had lived as an outlaw—the cruellest, the most sagacious, the most successful animal outlaw that the range country had ever known. Its cruelty was surpassed only by its cunning. It killed with the refinement of animal ferocity.

Too Heavy Toll.

The telephones throughout the region around Custer, S. D., hummed when the word went out that a hunter had killed the criminal wolf, relates a Bulletin of the United States department of Agriculture. That word ended a nine years' reign of dread during which the stockmen around Custer had paid