

Scottish Girls Preparing Yarmouth Bloaters



With the herring industry in full swing, the streets of Great Yarmouth, England, famous for decades for its "Yarmouth Bloaters," and as the tragedy scene in "David Copperfield," are enlivened by the smiling, rosy faces of the Scottish lassies, who come down every year from their Caledonian homes to help in the preservation of the wonderful harvest of the sea. The girls work in trics and pool their earnings. Here they are salting the herring.

DUE WEST RAILROAD Unique Line Has Never Had a Strike or an Accident. SAY PROVIDENCE HAS PROTECTED

Only One Time in History Has Line Been Operated on Sunday—President Is Also a Section Hand When Occasion Requires.

A railroad which has had no labor troubles in fourteen years, a railroad which has never had an accident in its history, a railroad which has never run a train on Sunday but once, a railroad which has never hauled a drop of whiskey even in pre-prohibition days, a railroad which today is out of debt, such is the record of the Due West railway, according to an interview given a Greenwood newspaper man by President R. S. Galloway, the directing genius of the system.

The record of the Due West railway a line running from the quaint old college town of Due West to Donalds, the junction point with the Southern and Piedmont and Northern, is unique in the history of railroading in the United States. The road is five miles long, standard gauge, using locomotives which a few years ago would have been regarded as fair sized engines.

President Galloway believes that no railroad in the United States or the world has a record which can equal that of the Due West railway. The system, if a line five miles long can be called a system, is owned by the community composed of God-fearing, Sabbath-observing members of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian faith.

Once on Sunday. So strict is the observance of the Sabbath at Due West that one of the iron-clad rules of the road is that no train shall run on the Sabbath. Only once has the rule been broken, and that time only in the effort to save a human life.

A woman was ill and physicians declared that it was necessary to take her to the hospital in the shortest possible time. The roads were impassable that particular Sabbath. Friends of the sick woman approached President Galloway of the Due West railway and asked if he would permit the train to carry the patient to Donalds to board a train for Columbia. In the circumstances, he consented to break the rule against running the train on the Sabbath. Calling Jim Rowland, the engineer, into his office, he said, "Jim, you can run this engine today but don't blow the whistle." The train was run, but the blast of no whistle broke the Sabbath stillness. Since that time several years ago, it has never been necessary to run the train on Sunday.

Since the first train was run over the Due West railway on December 24, 1907, fourteen years ago, there has never been a strike or any labor trouble of any kind. There are no brotherhoods or unions in the Due West railway system. Jim Rowland, the engineer, ran the first engine and has been running the engines on the Due West railway ever since. When he is sick, Rowland Hawthorne, a relative of his, who is now agent at Due West, runs the engine. Hawthorne was first fireman, then conductor and now agent, also having been with the road since its formation. Ben Magill is now conductor.

President Personally Supervises. President Galloway personally supervises work on his railway. He knows every inch of the five miles of track and regularly inspects it. When a reporter seeking to interview him a few days ago, finally found him, he was directing the building of a trestle over a small ravine. With his long black coat hanging on a plum bush nearby, he was lending a hand wherever needed.

"I haven't got time to talk now," he told the newspaper man, "I've got to get this trestle fixed in time for the next train."

President Galloway is a Southern gentleman of the old school; a kindly, ruddy faced, a white pointed beard, a white standing collar and neat black tie. His manner was not brusque, but he explained politely that he must have the track in shape for the next train to pass over. Due West could not be cut off by his failure to repair a trestle.

But the old gentleman did talk; talked while the newspaper man followed him about as he assisted and directed in building the trestle.

"We've never had an accident," he added. "This railroad has always tried to do what was right and I believe Divine Providence has protected us and kept us from serious accident."

"Of course we've had minor accidents, such as side-swiping a few freight cars, which cost us about \$15 but we've never smashed an automobile or run over anything. We have never had a damage suit in the history of the road and hope we never will."

"Big business," he says what it pleases about efficiency, but the Due West railway obeys the laws of God, and I believe a Divine Will directs and protects us," the picturesque old Southerner and pious churchman reverently declared.

When President Galloway is not supervising the operation of the railroad he is editing The A. R. Presbyterian, the official organ of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church in South Carolina. Six days he does this and on the seventh not a cog moves; he and all the rest of Due West rest or go to worship in the old white church.

Road Has Made Money. The Due West railway has been a money-maker up until last year when it felt the business depression which has swept the country, President Galloway said. All of the earnings it has put back in equipment and in improving the road. The road was capitalized

at \$24,000 and has bought \$40,000 worth of new equipment since it began operations fourteen years ago. All of the stock is owned by citizens of Due West. Efforts of other more powerful railway lines to acquire the railway have been unsuccessful, the citizens of the community holding on to their stock, so that they could dictate the policies of the road. Passengers are now hauled at a loss, the round trip fare being fifty cents, President Galloway said. The multiplicity of automobiles has worked a hardship on the railroad and has curtailed traffic. Trucks have also taken part of the freight, the road formerly hauled. President Galloway recently placed the matter before citizens, who agreed to cease using trucks and to resume patronizing the railroad exclusively. He now looks for better times. The railroad equipment consists of two locomotives, two passenger cars, a combination passenger and express car, a flat car and a freight-car. Most of the freight is hauled in soft cars belonging to other roads.

The Due West railway has no high salaried "dead head" officials, President Galloway explained. He is president, treasurer, and general manager; M. G. Clinkscale is vice president; O. I. Brownlee is traffic manager and everything else.

Twice each year the Due West railway is swamped with traffic—at the beginning and ending of each college year—for it is the only line leading into the college town, famous throughout the South. Due West is the Associate Reformed Presbyterian educational center for the entire South. In it are situated Erskine college and Due West Female college, both Associate Reformed Presbyterian institutions. Annually students come to Due West from all parts of the South.

There is an air about Due West that is peculiar to it. There one never hurries. It is quiet, studious, even scholarly. One takes time to dream, to build air castles, to think. One's contemplation is only disturbed by the hooting of the Due West train whistle in the week day. On the Sabbath a brooding silence settles over the community, where now and then the singing of a Psalm may be heard.

Just a locomotive.—A Boston man, visiting a friend's household, found his host's son one afternoon settled in the library with a sheet of paper before him and a pencil clasped in his fist. Looking over the youngster's shoulder the host said that he was making pictures. "Well, Albert," he asked gently, "are you drawing an engine?" Slowly the child looked up and slowly he replied: "It would take a very strong boy to draw an engine, but I am making a picture of a locomotive."

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An Incorruptible Thief

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

"Go to Jane Lauder and tell her I love her," a robust bass voice sang as Jane came down the steps. She made a face at the singer, then gave him her profile, a creamy cameo against her red sunshade, as she said: "Why don't you tell her yourself? Remember, procrastination is thief of time—and no time like the present."

"Please, I'm singing to my dog Rough-Neck, trying to train him. You interrupted," the singer returned sadly, "which is very bad—for both of us. Tention, Roughy—you go tell, but don't say it with flowers—and you haven't words enough. That's lucky—she looks at you somp'n awful when you venture on candid speech."

"Don't you mean candid?" Jane broke in. The dog trainer frowned and shook his head. "I know what I mean—Roughy's the one that has to find out," he said. "Now old top, listen hard. Do not say it with flowers. She has all the flowers—and then some. But she has also a fine, almost athletic appetite—so recall the time when you fetched home to me a three-pound porterhouse steak—and repeat the performance for her benefit."

"So that's how you do it! No wonder you're such pals with Roughy," Jane cried joyously. "But aren't you silly—to share such a provider with anybody?"

"Dear girl, there is method in my madness," Roughy's master explained airily. "It has suddenly dawned on me that your offishness, your positive indifference to me is based on a craven fear of scant rations. Cupid solus is notoriously an indifferent commissary—but Cupid plus Roughy once you know what he can do—"

"I see," from Jane. "I also see that a prosperous future will depend very much on a happy choice of neighbors. Suppose Fate ordained us to live where such dissipations as porterhouse steaks were religiously frowned on?"

An Old Time Christmas Carol

THE following interesting carol is preserved in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1895. It is of interest as throwing light on the material side of the old-time Christmas celebrations.

"Mince" pies are referred to, it will be noticed—a term never heard nowadays. And instead of plum pudding there is "plum porridge." The carol reveals, too, that the material for Christmas decorations was fuller in the old days, including holly, ivy, bay, rosemary and "lawrel."

Now, thrice-welcome Christmas, which brings us good cheer, Mince pie and plum porridge, good ale and strong beer; With pig, goose and capon, the best that may be, So well doth the weather and our stomachs agree. Observe how the chimneys do smok all about, The cooks are providing for dinner, no doubt. But those on whose tables no victuals appear, O, may they keep Lent' all the rest of the year!

With holly and ivy, so green and so gay, We deck up our houses as fresh as the day. With bays and rosemary, and lawrel complete, And everyone now is king of conceit. But as for curmudgeons, who will not be free, I wish they may die on the three-legged tree.

It is of interest to learn that the well known and oft used couplet, "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," originally appeared in a mock Christmas play of the fifteenth century. Here are the lines: Bounce buckram, velvets dear, Christmas comes but once a year. And when it comes it brings good cheer.

ABOUT THE HOLIDAY GREENS Spirit of Poetry in Laurel; Bay Associated With Victory; Holly Emblem of Good Luck.

WHEN we weave garlands of Christmas greenery, each branch of foliage typifies some ancient virtue, suggests a hoary superstition and carries a meaning far beyond that with which a decorator regards it.

According to the ancients the laurel communicates the spirit of poetry. To gain poetic inspiration a man should sleep with a sprig of laurel under his pillow.

The Empty, Raggedy Stockings

What of the empty, raggedy stockings that will hang by the chimney on Christmas eve, With their mute appeals from the poor little owners To the dear old Santa in whom they believe?

For their share of his presents they ask such a little, "Just a dolly to hold in my arms while I sleep, A little tin auto that runs when you wind it, A sounding red drum or a woolly white sheep."

The only light in their dim, dark existence Is that wonderful day when old Santa will come With his treasure-filled pack that he brings on his back From his fairyland, snowland, toyland home.

What beautiful dreams will come to them sleeping Under the coverlet shabby and worn; But what of the empty, raggedy stockings That will hang by the chimney on Christmas morn?

MRS. H. C. SEARCY, in the Chicago Tribune.

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WE WISH TO DIRECT Your attention to "FITRITE" Silk Petticoats and Bloomers— OUR OFFERINGS IN JERSEY SILK PETTICOATS AND BLOOMERS include a beautiful selection made up of every Dark Shade that can be worn—Dark Purple, Blue, Wine Colored, Dark Green, Gold Cloth, etc. Priced at only— \$4.50 to \$7.50

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PHILIPPINE HAND-WORKED GOWNS IN WHITE ONLY—Priced as low as \$3.00 Each CLOUD'S MILLINERY SALE The Fall Millinery Season is nearing a close. And in order to have our stock of Hats at a low level by January 1st, we will now offer our entire stock of Millinery

AT ONE-HALF PRICE This Sale includes many pretty selections of SHAPES AND STREET HATS TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS This announcement should appeal to you without anything further being said. All Hats to Be Sold at 50 Per Cent Off

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