

THE PAGELAND JOURNAL

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Wanted.—City Builders

Athens in the age of pericles developed in many respects the most wonderful city that has so far existed in the world.

This was done because the task of making a great city was placed before that of individual money getting. All the citizens were often called to take part in discussing the problems of the city. Good city government is one of the greatest powers for righteousness at the disposal of men. Every town ought to have a good city charter. There ought to be a copy of it in every home, it ought to be a text book in every school in the town. Every citizen ought to know what are the duties and responsibilities of the private citizen, ought to know what are the duties and responsibilities of the town officials. The town itself ought to be as well managed as its schools or any private business in it.

Every town ought to have a board or committee to look after the health and sanitation, another to look after or take steps to provide a park and a playground, another to look after the amusement, recreation and education of the people who are not in active touch with the public schools, and to provide some form of social center that is designed to be more uplifting than the saloons. It is just as important to stamp out a moral poison as it is to stamp out the contagion of smallpox. It is just as important to quarantine against gambling as it is against scarlet fever. To be satisfied with things as they are is often the worst kind of sin. If the people of our town could see clearly what our town is now, and put that in contrast with the town it would be if all our citizens would unite in making it the town it ought to be and might become, they would weep over it as Jesus did over Jerusalem.

The churches should keep to the front all things that make for the higher life of our town. They should be a sort of John the Baptist calling the people to consider the great things of their own town and of the kingdom of God.

There is coming to our town a Booster Chautauqua in the near future that will furnish us an opportunity to begin to do some of these great things for our town. The first is to get together and make it a great success. We can do this by a



United and enthusiastic effort. We can discover men and women among us who have the gifts of leadership, we can discover our ability to cooperate on a matter of community welfare. If we will do this it will be worth ten times what it will cost us and it may be the beginning of great things for our town.

May we measure up to this opportunity and to our ability to meet,

Four Men Are Killed in Explosion in Submarine

New York, Jan. 15.—Four men were killed and 10 others injured, five of them dangerously, in an explosion which occurred this afternoon on the submarine E-2, while the craft was undergoing repairs in dry dock at the New York Navy Yard. One of the men killed was an enlisted electrician and the other three civilian workers. At least three of the 10 now in the hospitals are not expected to live.

Although the detonation was terrific, the submarine itself, from the outside, shows none of the effects of the explosion, the second fatal accident of its kind in the history of the United States Navy. The interior apparatus was badly shattered but so tight was the vessel's shell that there was no means of escape for gas which accumulated and it was more than an hour after the blast before the work of recovering the bodies could be completed. A ladder was blown up through the ceiling and fell 150 feet away.

The injured men and one body were removed soon after the accident but three bodies far down in the craft could not be reached until the gas had been blown out by compressed air. Soon after the explosion several naval officers lead a rescue party into the dry dock but were partly overcome by gas fumes when they attempted to descend into the vessel. It was then that compressed air pipes were run into the shell and the gas forced out.

The number of men inside the submarine at the time of the explosion is not definitely known. About 20 were working on the craft but all of them were not on the underwater boat at the same time. It is not thought possible that any one who was inside could have escaped injury.

What caused the explosion has not been definitely decided.

County Seat News

Chesterfield Advertiser.

The lock on the big safe at the Farmer's Bank balked last week and would not open. It was necessary to move the whole thing to the factory at Richmond as there were no crooks in town with a penchant for safe cracking. The cashier, Mr. D. H. Douglass, went along to count the change when the safe should be opened. It has been decided to swap the safe for a later model with a time lock.

The parrot owned by Miss Rena Cato has for the past week caused some excitement in the neighborhood of the Chesterfield Hotel by taking to the trees and refusing to come down.

With the same suddenness that he disappeared last week, Mr. J. R. Abbott, former rural policeman, reappeared in Chesterfield.

When told that many reasons, dark and foul, had been assigned for his sudden leave taking, Mr. Abbott smiled and replied:

"Let dogs delight To bark and bite For 'tis their nature to."

Mr. Abbott has been to Union, S. C. looking after private business and says he may have something to say about the absurd rumors floating around, at another time.

"Woman's place is the home. As I was telling my wife—" "By the way, Bill, what's your wife doin' now?" "Workin' in the cannery."—Buffalo Courier.

Uncle John Gets even With His Neighbors.

"I Always believe in gittin, even," said Uncle John as he stepped into our office and pulled out his check book; "at least if it's the sort o' gitten' even that dont leave you feelin' mean. It was one of his neighbors who got me all stirred up by readen' that doggone paper o' yours, and now I'm gittin' square with the world by turnen' it loose in two more new homes. Gee whizz! Them sleepy fellows don't know how much dynamite I'm goin' to put under 'em!"

"You know how I got started with you wuz that one of the neighbors that you had got stirred up kep' pestern' me to take the paper. Last time he tackled me wuz comin' back from meetin'. No, I says, I ain't got no use for this book business. well I dunno about that," he says, "didn't the Lord A'mighty set a sort o' example about books by puttin' his teachings where we could read 'em? Well, that kind o' shut me up for a minute; an' then he went on, 'What's more,' he says, 'did y'ever look over the country and think about the folks in business and all lines o' work, an see whether its the folks who read books and papers most or the folks who don't read 'em at all, who seem to be makin' the most money and havin' most influence?"

"Ez I say, that kind o' laid me out; but right then a Scripture notion struck me that I thought would put the fixins' on him. 'Well,' says I, 'you heerd the preacher read just now how the Lord said a feller ought to make his livin' by the sweat o' his brow, and I guess you can't improve on that."

"Exactly," says he, "exactly. But a fellow Graham pointed out 'other day that the Lord didn't say sweat o' your brow and a man's brow is where his brain is. So I figure it out that while we've got to sweat a lot with our muscles, if we don't do a little sweatin' from the brow with real brain exertion, we're not likely to make much. As Zeb Green says, a feller's got to use his head for some'n more'n a hat-rack."

"Well, I seed the feller wuz really right, an' that a good paper or book is really needed to feed a feller's brain the same as meet and bread feeds his body. 'Well, take that dollar an' shut up' says I. An now, as I say, I'm trying to get even on two o' the other neighbors."—Progressive Farmer.

The Purest Air We Breathe

The purest air we Breathe is night air. Actual tests have proved again and again that the bacteria count in the night air is much lower than that in the air during daylight hours when the activities of the world are at full height and the maximum of dirt is active. Yet, despite this demonstrated scientific fact, so deeply rooted is the fear of the "cold, damp night air" that thousands are fearful of letting it into their sleeping rooms during the winter months. Of course, during the summer weather the question regulates itself, but during the winter the hoodoo of the night air stalks triumphantly. It would be amusing, if it were not so serious, how this nightair notion has got deeply into the convictions of people, and how difficult it is to remove it. Instead of throwing down a window and letting in the pure wintry air, thousands sleep in closed-window rooms and breathe over and over the vitiated air, rendered disease-breeding by the waste of their own bodies. It is little wonder that we have so many "colds"—Ladies Home Journal.

Cheraw News Note's

Cheraw Chronicle

Hon. W. F. Stevenson has resigned as President of the Merchants & Farmers Bank and Mr. H. M. Duvall has been elected in his place.

Chief Justice Gary has notified Col. Edward McIver that he had been recommended to hold the Charleston County court to convene Monday, April 3. This court will probably last four weeks. Col. McIver held court in Spartanburg a few months ago and there he gave such universal satisfaction that his ability and fairness is extending to other quarters. After his duties in Charleston are over, he will go to Colleton county to preside over the court of that county.

Knowing Col. McIver as we do we congratulate the people of Charleston and Colleton, that they will have him to preside over their courts.

One or more sneak-thieves are at work in our town. Tuesday night one entered Mr. W. N. Munson's residence and relieved him of his watch. The Gregory residence on the same street was entered on the same night, and an attempt was made to enter the home of Mr. Henry McIver the same night.

A negro man has been going around the outskirts of the town this week offering some very expensive white goods for sale. These had been washed but not dried. Apparently they had been given to the municipal primary this year. The primary was held and only 45 votes were cast.

The general election was held Monday and a still smaller number of votes were cast. The following gentlemen were the nominees of the primary and at the general election were unanimously elected.

Mayor—J. A. Spruill.
Warden for Ward 1—W. L. Gillespie.
Warden for Ward 2—J. L. Anderson.
Warden for Ward 3—T. L. Ingram.
Warden for Ward 4—S. C. Graham.

Didn't Know What Guano Is.

Monroe Enquirer.

Guano is such an important item in farming in this section, that one would hardly think that in the great farming state of Kansas it is not only not used, but in some sections there are some people in ignorance as to what fertilizer is. Mr. Clinton Williams, who worked at Wellington, Kans., two years ago, relates the following incident in reference to the ignorance of some people out in that section on the merits of guano:

"We were busy unloading a string of cars one night when a couple of helpers came to four bulky, suspicious looking sacks. There was a great divergence of opinion as to what the sacks contained. One fellow, who had the job of carrying it into the freight shed, exclaimed 'Gh! There's something dead in this here sack.'"

"I was so confounded and amused at their ignorance of what is a farming necessity in this part of the country that I reared back and roared."

"When I enlightened them as to the contents of the sack, they were very curious as to its ingredients that they all gathered around the sack and made a very minute examination of its contents."

Work for Chautauqua February 3, 4 and 5th.

The booster club was organized Thursday night for the purpose of arranging for the 3-days Chautauqua to be held in the auditorium of the Pageland graded school building on February 3, 4 and 5th. D. B. Harrington was made president; A. F. Funderburk, sec. and treas.; L. J. Watford, J. D. and H. B. Redfearn members of the executive committee.

Two active clubs, the blues and the reds, were organized later. J. D. Redfearn, for the blues, is assisted by Miss Sallie Blakeney, Mrs. A. C. Douglass, Mrs. Thos. Duncan, Miss Sallie McColl at Mt. Croghan, D. B. Harrington and Dr. R. L. McManus. H. B. Redfearn, for the reds, is assisted by L. J. Watford, A. F. Funderburk, Miss Nellie Mangum, Miss Nora Boggan, Mrs. Blanche Moore at Jefferson, and Miss Maude Funderburk at Dudley.

These committees began work Friday and up to the time this is written a great many season tickets have been sold, not only to the people in town but in the country and at nearby towns. The members of these committees are live wires, just the kind to make Pageland's chautauqua a great success.

The chautauqua will last three days, and there will be three attractions each day, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon and one at night. One day will be educational day, and State Commissioner Swearingen is expected to be present. One day and commissioner E. Watson is expected. One will be boosters day and Governor Manning or some other prominent man will be here.

The season tickets, good for the entire series, sell for only \$1.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children under 14. Reserved seats will cost 50 cents for the season or 25 cents one at a time. Single tickets will sell for 50 and 25 cents at night, 35 and 15 in the day.

Watch this paper for further announcements

Former Dictator of Mexico Dead

El Paso, Jan. 13.—Victoriano Huerta, former dictator of Mexico, died here tonight.

Gen. Huerta died at his home at 8:55 o'clock.

Gen. Huerta, who succeeded Gen. Francisco I. Madero in executive power in Mexico City and later left Mexico, died of sclerosis of the liver. He was surrounded by his family when the end came. His death was not unexpected. Funeral arrangements are to be made tomorrow. It is believed an effort will be made to arrange for his burial in Mexico.

Victoriana Huerta was born in 1857 of aristocratic parentage.

In 1857 he entered the government military college at Chapultepec. At this institution he spent four years, and after his graduation in 1879 at once joined a coast regiment. From this year till 1891 but little is known of his life, which was spent in routine military service, in which he had attained the rank lieutenant colonel and the command of a military station in the interior of the country. In this post he became conspicuous for his success in putting down the brigands who at this time infested the country. His work came to the attention of President Diaz, who called him to Mexico City. On his arrival, it is said, Diaz offered him whatever post in the war department was most to his liking.

Liquor and Blockaders

Monroe Enquirer.

Although the law allows only one quart of liquor to be shipped to a person every fifteen days, it is generally known that some of the people of Monroe and vicinity found various means to evade the law. One of the favorite means of evasion was to have a quart shipped to various places out side of Monroe—say one to Wingate, one to Marshville and one to Waxhaw—which would give one four quarts. The first cost of the liquor and express added to the livery hire in collecting the shipments from the above named places, hits the boozers' pockets pretty hard. Another favorite manner for evading the law was to take the train for Virginia and bring back well-filled grips. A few persons were caught at this game.

The Sanford Express relates an ingenious way the blockaders of that section have adopted for carrying on their work without interruption. They erect something like four or five stills at a time and bury or in some way conceal them all but one, which is put in operation. If this still is captured by the officers, the blockaders will bring out another one and often start up near where the first one was captured, thinking that the officers will not return to that locality any time soon. Everytime a still is destroyed another one is brought out to take its place. Were blockaders and blind tigers to stick to some legitimate business with the same tenacity the display in the making and selling of liquor, they would make a howling success.

We are told that one Union county moonshiner operates his still at night and sinks it in the nearby creek during the day. Others have adopted various shemes to avoid detection.

He Did Not Run.

Lumberton Robersonian.

"He is not of the running kind," was the remark one of the promoters made about a certain young man from the country this morning. However, there seems to have been some tall running done last night. The way it happened:

Some of the boys about town decided to have a little race from the young man from the country. Some of the boys, quite a number of them, went to the park about a mile from town and hid themselves, while another of the "gang" fooled the young man from the country up to that particular place. When the hidden bunch dashed for the young man from the country he said "No, I'll not run," but instead he pulled out a knife not more than a quarter of an inch shorter than the law limit for a knife. He threw his arm around the neck of one of the bunch and the others thought that he was being cut to pieces by the man who it was supposed, would run for his life. However, he was not knifed, but did some pitiful begging, it is said. The other boys ran in different directions, some of them getting scratched considerably by briars. The young man came back to town after all the other boys had run the race and took his auto and went back to hunt for the one who had accompanied him to the park.

The boys have had a few good races out of newcomers in this way, but last night the race came the other way about.