

The Herald and News.

VOL. XL. NO. 91.

NEWBERRY, S. C., TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1904

TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 A YEAR

AN EFFECTIVE ENEMY OF THE BOLL WEEVIL

ANT IN GUATEMALA THAT WILL KILL THE PEST.

It Will Be Immediately Introduced Into The Cotton States of This Country.

The department of agriculture at Washington has announced that an ant has been found in Guatemala that is an effective enemy of the boll weevil. It will be immediately introduced into the cotton states. The greatest significance is attached to the discovery, which was made by O. F. Cook, the botanist in charge of tropical agricultural investigations of the bureau of plant industry. Cabled instructions have been sent to him to report immediately to the department what assistance he needs in the way of men and money.

During a trip in Central America last year Mr. Cook discovered a cotton, grown by Indians, which gave evidence of being immune from the attacks of the boll weevil, and on orders from the department he later began an investigation in certain points in Guatemala and Mexico. Mr. Cook's investigations have been in more or less accessible regions in the province of Alta Vera Paz, Guatemala. The weevils are present there, but the investigations show that they are unquestionably kept in check by the presence of an active enemy in the shape of a large reddish brown ant, which is attracted to the cotton by the food which it secures from sets of floral nectaries.

Mr. Cook's investigations show that these ants spread themselves over fields of cotton four or five to a plant, and that they are constantly engaged in the destruction of the boll weevil. Mr. Cook reports that the adroit and business-like way in which the weevil is disposed of seems to prove beyond question that the ant is, by structure and by instinct, especially equipped for the work of destruction, and is, in short, the true explanation of the fact that cotton is successfully cultivated by the Indians of Alta Vera Paz, in spite of the presence of the boll weevil.

Special Bulletin.

After a conference with Dr. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry, Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the entomological division, and other experts, Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture had a special bulletin printed. Among other things this bulletin says:

"The ants, like the Indians, probably came from the dry open interior plateau region, where the centre of the aboriginal cotton industry of Guatemala is still located. To establish the fact of such an origin for this useful insect would greatly increase the probability of its successful introduction into the United States. The acclimatization of a thoroughly tropical animal, requiring continuous heat and humidity, could scarcely be hoped for. If, however, the cotton ant can survive a long, dry season, and perhaps cold weather, in the table lands of Guatemala, it might easily learn to hibernate in Texas, as has the boll weevil. The ant is much better able to protect itself against frost, since it excavates a nest three feet or more into the ground. Several have survived confinement for twelve days without food, and seem now to be thriving on a diet of cane juice. To take worker ants to Texas will be, evidently, a very easy matter, but to secure queens and establish colonies may require considerable time and experiment and a thorough study of all the habits of the species.

Also Eats Centipedes.

"Although the cotton seems to be especially adapted to attract the ant by means of its numerous nectaries, the insect is not, like some of the

members of its class, confined to a single plant or a single kind of prey. It attacks and destroys insects of every order, including the hemiptera, and even centipedes. On the other hand, it does not do the least injury to the cotton, or to any other plant, so far as has been ascertained, and it can be handled with impunity having none of the waspish ill temper of so many of the stinging and biting ants of the tropics. Since where once established it exists in large numbers and seeks its prey actively it is a much more efficient destroyer of noxious insects than the spider or the toad. It seems, in short, not unlikely to become a valued assistant in the agriculture of tropical and sub-tropical countries, if not in temperate regions. The farmer has a new and practical reason to consider the ant."

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Party Returned From St. Louis Sunday Night—A Pleasant Trip.

The private car Haslemere bearing the members of the South Carolina Press association, who have returned from the St. Louis exposition, passed Newberry at 11:40 Sunday night on its way to Columbia, where the party will disband. President and Mrs. E. H. Aull left the party at Newberry. The members all reported a pleasant time and were loud in their praise of the exposition, saying that it was the biggest thing in the exposition line ever yet attempted. They appreciated very much the many courtesies and attentions shown them by the exposition people and by the railroads and stated that there had been not a single incident to mar the pleasure of the trip.

The party numbered about thirty-five, including several ladies. The whole trip consumed about ten days. Col. James Dunbar, of Newberry, was along in charge of the dining apartment and he and his little daughter, Miss Josephine, who also accompanied the party, left the car at Newberry.

The car Haslemere was draped in deep black as a token of respect to the memory of the late Col. James A. Hoyt, who was one of the charter members of the association and the first president in 1875. The association remained in Greenville yesterday to attend his funeral, and one of the most beautiful floral tributes laid on his casket was from his fellow-editors. Col. Hoyt was a faithful and honored member of the association and always attended the annual meetings when it was possible for him to do so. He long adorned the profession of journalism in South Carolina.

Good Interest.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half dollar. Now, if you can find any boy whom you can trust, who will take this money and pay you interest on it, you may lend it to him and if you invest this wisely, I'll increase your capital."

When night came, the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money today?"

"Well, father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner; so I gave him my fifty cents to buy something to eat with."

"You'll never make a business man in the world," said the banker; "business is business; but I will try you once more. Now, here is a dollar to invest; see how well you can do it."

The boy laughed aloud, and then explained: "My Sunday School teacher said giving to the poor was lending to the Lord; and she said He would return to us double; but I did not think he would do it so quick."

Many a man turns up his toes while waiting for his fortunes to turn up

PROSPERITY COMMENCEMENT

Exercises Began Last Night And Will Continue Through Wednesday Night.

The commencement exercises of the Prosperity graded school began last night and will continue through Wednesday night. The school has had one of the most successful sessions in its history during the past year, and with a new school building in view there are bright prospects ahead of the institution.

The exercises last night were by the primary and intermediate grades, consisting of a juvenile entertainment, "The Jolly Picnic Party." Misses Frances Rawl and Della Bowers have had charge of the primary department, and the exercises of last night reflected much credit upon those who took part and the training which they have received.

The personnel of the cantata was as follows:

Grandma—Miss Frances Rawl.
Dot—Miss Mary Wheeler.
Tot—Miss Mary Lizzie Wise.
Hazel—Miss Minnie Boyd Brown.
Zenia—Miss Julia Schumpert.
Josie—Miss Tena Wise.
Mabel—Miss Bessie Mathis.
Florrie—Miss Vera Fellers.
Mamie—Miss Maud Livingston.
Annie—Miss Annie Lee Langford.
Coachman—Carl Fellers.
George—Clyde Shealy.
Ned—Robert Counts.
Sam—Harold Boozer.
Joe—Pat Mitchell.
Fred—Wise Calmes.
Daisy—Lillian Hair.
Violet—Marie Schumpert.
Rose—Dottie Merchant.
Myrtle—Rebie Langford.
Pansy—James Russell.
Brownies—J. B. Duncan, J. E. Schumpert, Ernest Counts, Ray Gallman, Guy Maffet.

The program is as follows:
Introduction, instrumental—Mrs. J. F. Browne.

"Away, Away," chorus—Picnic Party.

"Expectations," solo—Miss Mary Wheeler.

"In Woodland Glen," duet—Misses Minnie B. Brown and Julia Schumpert.

"Tot's Conclusion," solo—Miss Mary Lizzie Wise.

"Ring, Merry Bells," chorus and duet—Picnic Party.

"What the Robin Said," solo—Miss Maud Livingston.

"Now to the Wood," solo and chorus—Picnic Party.

"Jolly Boys," chorus—The boys.

"Play and Sing," soli—Picnic Party.

"Lullaby," solo and invisible chorus—Miss Rawl and chorus.

"The Brownies," soli—Brownies.

"Sing On, Sweet Birds," solo—Miss Annie Langford.

"On the Way From School," chorus—School children.

"A Jolly Time," chorus—Picnic Party.

"Pretty Wild Flowers," invisible soli—School children.

"The Double Greetings," duet—Picnic and School children.

"A Merry Party," duet—J. E. Schumpert and Miss Annie Langford.

"Good Night," chorus—Ensemble.

Tonight's Exercises.

The exercises tonight will be by the Cinean Literary society, and the annual address will be delivered by the Hon. Thos. S. Sease, of Spartanburg.

Tomorrow night the exercises will be by the music class of Mrs. J. F. Browne. The full program has already been published.

The exercises of both nights will be fully reported.

Wiggs—Upson is rather egotistical, yet he has a powerful brain.

Diggs—Yes, he must have to stand all the thinking he does about himself.

\$5,000,000 FIRE.

New York's Water Front Visited By A Destructive Blaze.

New York, May 30.—The river front at Hoboken today presents a smoking mass of ruins for a stretch of twelve blocks. Smouldering piles of piers and barges offer mute testimony to the flames that yesterday destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property on the river fronts.

Thousands of bales of cotton are still burning. The firemen say it will be a couple of days before the flames are fully subdued, but that there is no danger of the spreading of the fire.

The fire started in the cabin of a barge along the Delaware, Lacawanna and Western railroad pier and spread to the pier, and before it was extinguished destroyed nearly a hundred barges, lighters, schooners, and smaller craft and burned fifty freight cars on four piers, which were destroyed.

COLONEL DICK PLUNKETT.

A Brave Man Who Used No Deadly Weapons.

Colonel "Dick" Plunkett, who as marshall of Creede, Col., in the "bad days" of that turbulent mining camp, became famous for his contempt for deadly weapons and his refusal to carry firearms was in Philadelphia for a few hours yesterday. He had been in Washington with General Dan Sickles, of New York, to see President Roosevelt.

Colonel Plunkett is a great leveler of distinctions. He has been the friend and, in a measure, the body-guard of governors, judges, congressmen and other notables, but as marshall of Crede, and later head of a police force guarding the Osage Indian reservation, he has known power and responsibility. His stay in Washington included a call upon Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, for whom the colonel professed the highest esteem.

"The interior department admits of more graft than any other branch of the national service," said Colonel Plunkett. "The lands of the Indians in the southwest, rich with ore and oil and capable of feeding millions of heads of cattle could be practically given away by a dishonest official. Mr. Hitchcock insists that all bids for leases be brought to Washington and awarded to the highest bidder."

Plunkett's career is typically western. Arriving in Creede with the "get-rich quick" fever, he found himself in the midst of a community made up of those who came to win their fortunes by work and many who were there to rob. Law and order were administered by the residents themselves. The power of government and the decisions of the Territorial courts were little heeded. The position of marshall was not much sought after.

When Plunkett was given the job he was regarded with humorous indulgence. He had never carried firearms, and was known as a peace-maker. His first arrest cost him an ugly wound in his check, but he captured the outlaw.

His taking of "Bob" Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, was his most talked of exploit. Ford had gone on a rampage, and threatened to "shoot up" the town if molested. The colonel awaited his coming and never moved while the drunken desperado rode at him brandishing a pistol. Ford, overcome by the sight of the defenceless marshall, changed his mode of attack and tried to run down the colonel.

After much difficulty, the colonel, with his horse. Horse and rider were thrown by the stalwart officer, and Ford was tied hand and foot. at Green's hotel last night, was prevailed upon to discuss his life as marshall. He said he never carried a revolver because men who resort to one are usually cowards or drunk.

"If drunk, it is murder to kill them."

said Colonel Plunkett, "and if sober they are cowards and can be taken easily. An unarmed man in those days was always safe, even a marshall. I never was the cause of a woman becoming a widow or a child an orphan, and as for justice it was swift and sure enough in those days. There was very little work for the lawyers," he added with a grim smile.

The colonel takes more pride in his career among the Osage Indians in Oklahoma, than in his life in the mining camps. He was chief of police on the Osage reservation, but his energies were directed against the white men in the district. Illicit dealers, gamblers and other riff-raff hung around the reservation, waiting for the Indians to draw their monthly pension from the government. Their right to be in Oklahoma was hard to dispute, but Colonel Plunkett used to the utmost the law forbidding alcoholic beverages on the reservation.

Few could be found that were not liable for arrest upon such a charge, and the colonel exercised a wholesome authority. He won the respect and confidence of the Osages, and whenever the head men of the tribe go to Washington to appeal against vicious legislation or maladministration of their affairs, Colonel Plunkett, if in the country, goes there too. His direct testimony is of direct value to them and the congressional committees.

Colonel Plunkett was in Alaska last year to examine some mining properties held by New York capitalists. He says that southeastern Alaska, with its fine climate and good soil, is attracting many householders from the Dominion of Canada. He regrets that more American families do not settle there. Colonel Plunkett will endeavor to interest some railroad men to construct a road to the interior.

While in Washington the colonel was the guest of former Senator Thurston, of Nebraska. The senator resented the incredulity of a friend, who intimated that Colonel Plunkett's 269 pounds made some of the deeds for which he is noted impossible. Senator Thurston was vindicated when the colonel turned a succession of handsprings with the agility of a youth.

Sounded Just Alike.

A rather dignified young woman entered a florist's shop on Maison avenue, says the New York Press. A shrill voice, resembling that of an old woman, greeted her with:

"Shut the door! Don't you know it's cold?"

Much embarrassed, she looked about for the speaker saying: "Excuse me, but the wind blew so hard I could hardly close the door."

Then, to her great astonishment, she found that she had been conversing with a parrot. Angered at the bird for deceiving her so, she turned her back upon the cage and was intent upon examining some flowers. Suddenly the same voice, or what seemed to be, said to her: "What can I do for you, miss?"

"If you hold your tongue I shall be very grateful to you," replied the young woman turning around as she spoke, and discovering the florist's wife.

Grim War Humor.

"War has its humorous side," said General Nelson A. Miles, "though the humor is always grim.

"In one of the most perilous Indian campaigns I overheard a group of privates saying goodnight to one another on the eve of an engagement. These youths were in different regiments. They knew the coming fight would be a hot one. They knew it was probable enough that they never would see one another again.

"And so, as they separated, one of them said:

"Well, good-bye boys. As the coons said when the dogs made after them, 'We'll all meet at the hat-ter's.'"