

The Herald and News.

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NEWBERRY, S. C. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1909

TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 A YEAR

CLEMSON TRUSTEES.

Meeting Held Last Night to Consider Resignation of President P. H. Mell.

It was announced in the daily papers of Wednesday that the trustees of Clemson college would meet on Thursday to consider the resignation of President P. H. Mell and that President Mell would be asked to reconsider his resignation and to retain his position as president of the institution.

The Herald and News yesterday afternoon telegraphed Mr. A. M. Carpenter, editor of the Anderson Mail, asking what action had been taken by the trustees. In reply, Mr. Carpenter stated that the trustees of Clemson would not meet until last night.

THE NEWS OF PROSPERITY.

Cherokees Won Two Ball Games.—Personal Mention.—Other Matters.

Prosperity, August 12.—Mr. Garrett Moore, who lives in the O'Neill community, brought to your correspondent on Wednesday two bolls of cotton. One was almost open, and the other Mr. Moore says his little boy had picked, but it showed that it was perfectly ripe. We congratulate Mr. Moore on what we believe to be some of the first open cotton around here. These specimens can be seen at The S. S. Barge Co.

Prof. Lawrence A. Sease returned on Sunday from Cornell, where he has been taking a course in mathematics.

Dr. Etheredge, of Leesville, came over in his auto Wednesday. He reports that the roads are almost impassable.

William Hatton, of Pomaria, is visiting Marks Simpson.

Judge and Mrs. T. S. Sease, of Spartanburg, Mrs. Dr. Julian and daughter, of Lake City Fla., and Mr. J. L. Sease are visiting at Dr. Wyche's.

Miss Mary Lizzie Wise is visiting in Newberry.

Misses Marie and Mary Lathan, of Little Mountain, and Miss Corrie Boineau, of Columbia, visited at Wise hotel.

Paul Whitaker, of Newberry, spent a few days last week at his parents'.

Mr. and Mrs. "Pink" Cook, of Columbia, spent a few days with relatives near Prosperity.

Mrs. J. F. Browne and little Elizabeth visited Mrs. Lathan at Little Mountain.

Misses Maud Hopkins and Lillie Mae Russell made a short trip to Columbia.

Misses Rosa Nichols and Edith Willis and Messrs. W. C. Stone, Jas. Wheeler and G. W. Nichols, of Saluda, visited Miss Mary Willis last week.

Robert Feagle and Claude Sease, of Little Mountain visited Hal and Roy Kohn on Wednesday.

Ed. Hendrix, of Concord, N. C., visited at Wise hotel last week.

The first one of the camping parties to return from the mountains was Mr. S. L. Fellers, who returned by rail. The others are expected soon.

Rev. Mr. Groseclose, of Ehrhardt, is visiting Mrs. N. L. Black.

Miss Ida Riser, of Saluda, is visiting Mrs. M. B. Bedenbaugh.

Miss Mary Wheeler will entertain on Friday night at an at home, in honor of her guests, Misses Sudie Dennis and Julia Johnstone, of Newberry, and Miss Ada Wheeler, of Excesior.

Misses Bessie Mae DeVore, of Ninety Six, and Elberta Sease, of Little Mountain, are the charming guests of Miss Gertrude Bobb.

On Wednesday the Cherokees met and defeated our team, in what promised to be a very good game until the fifth, when errors were responsible for our defeat. Wyche pitched a great game until his support weakened.

This same team played a night game also, which was very funny, but which our team also lost. A large number of people attended both games and were repaid for they saw a team of full blooded Indians who can play ball some.

The Cherokees leave our town with two more scalps to their already long string.

WAS WOMAN KILLED FOR \$4,000?

Explanation Lacking for Tragedy in Detroit.—Suspected Man Not Arrested.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9.—After 24 hours of diligent work the authorities are no nearer a solution of the mystery surrounding the murder of Mrs. Martha Galahan, whose body was found in a clump of bushes in Hamtrack yesterday, than they were the hour following the discovery of the body.

Suspicion to-day pointed to a girlhood sweetheart of Mrs. Galahan, with whom rumor connects her name. This man the officers at once set out to find, but they have been unsuccessful in their search. The missing man is married and to-day his wife, while admitting that she had accused him of improper relations with Mrs. Galahan, admitted that it was she who appraised her husband that he was wanted by the police and advised him to keep away. She stoutly maintains that her husband had no connection with the murder of Mrs. Galahan and bases her opinion on a statement made to her, she says, by her husband.

A motive of the slaying of the woman by this man is lacking, and the authorities admit that the mystery is as deep as ever.

The attention of the officers was directed to the missing man by Fred Galahan, husband of the murdered woman, who after identifying the body, told them of his wife's alleged relations with this man and suggested that he be apprehended and questioned.

Saturday morning when Mrs. Galahan left her home she had, according to her family, about \$4 in her purse. When the purse was found near the body the money was gone. No further motive for her murder is advanced by her family.

LEAPS INTO WELL

Warren Guyton of Anderson Takes His Life.—Jumps Into a Deep Pit.

Anderson, Aug. 8.—Warren Guyton, a white man 35 years of age, committed suicide at an early hour this morning by jumping into a well 35 feet deep. He had been suffering with hemorrhages for five years and doctors gave him no encouragement. His ill health was responsible for his self destruction. Guyton had been baggage master on the W. & A. road between Atlanta and Chattanooga for several years, and had accumulated some property.

At 1 o'clock this morning a member of his family administered to him a dose of medicine. A few minutes afterwards he was missed from his room. The police department was notified and a search was instituted. His hat and coat were found near the well at 4 o'clock and on investigation the body was discovered afloat on the water. He was dead.

The body will be interred here tomorrow. Mrs. John Kay of this city is a sister of the deceased. He was unmarried.

DRAGGED TO DEATH.

Fatal Accident to A. C. Floe, a Respected Farmer and Citizen of the Neighborhood of Lancaster.

Lancaster, Aug. 9.—Mr. A. C. Floe, who lived on the farm of Judge Jones, three miles from this town, met a horrible death on his farm late this afternoon.

Mr. Floe had finished his day's work and was returning to his home riding a mule with the gear on when the animal became frightened at a passing negro, riding a bicycle, and ran, throwing Mr. Floe from the mule and catching him in the trace chain.

In this condition Mr. Floe was dragged a considerable distance to his home. The mule continued to drag the unconscious man through his yard, relatives being unable to stop the frightened animal.

Mr. Floe was dead when the mule was stopped, his head being crushed and his body badly bruised. He leaves a wife and nine children and was a good citizen. The funeral services will be held tomorrow.

REPLY TO MR. WICKER.

"Countryman" Takes Issue With Mr. Wicker's Article Against the Road Bond Issue.

Editor Herald and News:—There were some pretty good articles in your paper of the tenth, especially one from Mr. J. C. Neel, who would have thought it, coming from such a big, easy-going, good-natured fellow like John Neel, and he a prohibitionist at that? Every one of his points in favor of good roads and the bond issue was braced by undeniable and uncontroverted facts.

Much can be said on both sides of the question. In fact, anything goes on the popular side, it matters little what forcible arguments may be made on the side of the minority. But Mr. Wicker, I must confess, said but little on the popular side, and he was like a great many people, even newspaper editors, who want everybody to look at things as they see and want them, simply because "I said so." It is barely possible that some few may differ with these self-appointed censors of public officials and directors of public and private morals, and personal rights and prerogatives as well.

Now, let us look at some of Mr. Wicker's arguments against good roads and the bond issue. Listen to him, this self-opinionated, this great "ego," this great "I": "We are not making the proper use of the money that we now have." How do you know we are not? Is it just because "I rise to say it." Do you think the supervisors think like Mr. Wicker, or did you ever give them the credit that they did what they thought the best at the time? That they might have reasons of their own for doing as they did, or as they are now doing? Monroe Wicker and Irvin Feagle are pretty good fellows, and it will take more than Johnny's say-so to convince the people that they would be guilty of wrong doing willfully.

Now, as to Johnny's figures, they look mighty crooked to a cross eyed man. I never was any hand at figures, and the way I got the most of my answers to sums when a boy was to "forge them," as we called it. Johnny's answers to his sums look exactly like mine did to me.

I fight shy of his figuring.

"Are we working the roads as we ought? I say not." Just listen to him: "I say not." If that is a fact, why don't you go to Mr. Feagle at once, and put him wise? Then suppose this Mr. Feagle would have the effrontery to differ with you, and say, "I am doing the people's work the best that can be done?" What would you do? Knock him down? Well, I don't doubt he would deserve it, but I would not advise that. Go to the grand jury, tell them all about it, and they will settle with Mr. Feagle quick enough. That grand inquest is here just to attend to such cases as that, and with poetry in the interim.

Then, again, Johnny asks about the "machinery we bought." "Why is it standing still," etc? and goes out of his way, this Johnny does, good fellow that he is, and graciously tells Feagle "to buy more mules," "get scrapes," etc., "divide the hands," and so on. I have no idea Feagle ever knew a breath about this machinery business, and Johnny, who is so liberal with his advice, should have told him about it and showed him how to use it. The other matter about the scrapes and mules, and dividing hands, if Mr. Feagle doesn't act on this advice, he would better keep his ears close to the ground, for something's going to drop.

"He is too easy with them (the chain gang), don't push, allows too much talking, gets out too late, and in too soon—they are there to be punished, as they should be by all rules of right and justice," etc. etc. Well, that is a serious offence of our last couple of supervisors, and should be attended to at once. They should slash them and work them like the devil. But, then, suppose these supervisors would say to you, Mr. Wicker: "Did you not know that the cruelty and brutality to prisoners in Georgia raised such a stench in the nostrils of the people and the cry for mercy from those poor chained wretches ascended so high to heaven, that kind Providence who is always just, caused a revela-

tion to take place in that State, and the vile system to be swept out of existence? And Mr. Wicker, while wishing for days gone by, when supervisors and chain gang guards did their whole duty so that one of these convicts, while too sick to work, was chained down and there lashed till he only lived long enough to crawl to the friendly shade of a tree to die—do you know, Mr. Wicker, that it is an indisputable fact, the world over, that a man that will unnecessarily abuse one legally in his power and will strike a man in chains and shackles, is a coward at heart?"

Now, if they would say these things to you, what would you say to them?

No, Johnny, the great wave of good roads, like temperance and compulsory education, is overspreading the whole country, and when the people once understand the matter thoroughly, no such arguments as yours will stay or retard it for a moment. Don't be too quick to rush into print, Johnny. Fools often rush in where wise men fear to tread, and if these few kind words should jar you any, take no notice of it. Don't try to cut back, for nothing you could say could disturb my equanimity. I have been chewed up, and cut up too much, in my time, to be affected by anything you may say. Next week I will have something to say about good roads and bond issue, if the editor will permit: then you may have something to shoot at that's worth while.

Countryman.

DR. JACOBS' INJURIES.

Knocked Down by Vehicle, Head of Thornwell Orphanage Lies in Washington Hospital.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 11.—The Rev. William P. Jacobs, of Clinton, S. C., head of the Thornwell Orphanage, who was knocked down by a vehicle on Pennsylvania avenue last night and rendered unconscious, is resting tonight at the Emergency Hospital. It cannot be stated yet what the results of Dr. Jacobs' injuries will be.

He was picked up immediately after the accident and rushed to the hospital, a few blocks away, where it was found that he had suffered a broken collar bone, a fractured arm, and had other bruises and contusions that may later result seriously. When seen by the News and Courier's correspondent to-day Dr. Jacobs was unable to state just how he had been hurt, but those who witnessed the accident say that in trying to cross Pennsylvania avenue, he was in danger of being run over by a street car or some vehicle. Pedestrians shouted to him to be careful, and becoming confused, he stepped back right into the path of the carriage that ran over him. Dr. Jacobs insisted that nothing be done to the man driving the vehicle, saying that it was not the fault of the latter, but entirely his own.

Several South Carolinians called at the hospital during the day to ask after Dr. Jacobs, and many others have been in communication with the physicians by means of the telephone.

Dr. Jacobs' son from Clinton and other members of the family are on their way to Washington and will arrive here some time during the night.

Man at Various Stages.

At 23 he thought fate was making a special offer to keep him down.

At 35 he thought he might have done great things if his wife had not been such a handicap.

At 40 he believed he would have been a great man if his children had not made it necessary for him to cling to the sure things.

At 50 he was positive that there was a conspiracy against him on the part of his fellow-men.

At 60 he felt that if he could have been 35 again nothing could have stopped him.

At 70 he began to believe that he had failed because of a lack of courage and inability to make the most of his opportunities.

At 80 he was almost sure of it.

Coming Back.

"Your grandfather used to be my grandfather's hired man."

"Yes, and your grandfather died owing him a year's wages. Eh, what?"—Cleveland Leader.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON.

A Personal Sketch of the Man Who Nearly Found a Pole.

Nearly two years have passed since Lieutenant Shackleton set sail from the East India docks with his little ship the Nimrod and a gallant band of comrades bent upon the most daring enterprise yet attempted by explorer, the attainment of the South Pole by a desperate rush across the ice of the gloomy Antarctic continent.

And recently he comes back to London with the glory of a great achievement fresh upon him. If he has not planted the British flag at the South Pole he has really conquered it. He has looked upon it from afar, and but for the accident which deprived his party of a pony at a most critical moment he would have reached it.

The explorer comes of an old Yorkshire family which settled in Ireland nearly two centuries ago and intermarried with Irish families until it has become practically Irish in blood. Among his ancestors have been men of some note. His great-great-grandfather, Abraham Shackleton, founded the boarding school at Ballytoe, at which Edmund Burke was a pupil, and one of Abraham Shackleton's sons, the poet Richard Shackleton, was a life-long friend of the great Whig orator.

In 1886 he was sent to Dulwich college, but there he did not distinguish himself by his application. "He never rose high in the school or applied himself to his books," said his former master, "but his merits were always recognized as being out of all relation to his place in form. He left too young, for I think he was not 16, to distinguish himself in athletics."

From the same authority we learn that he was a boy of energy and character—prudent to a life of action—and a "lively and very pleasant fellow." On leaving Dulwich, about 1889, to gratify his roving disposition he went to sea, entering the merchant service and circumnavigating the world four times. During the South African war he took part in the transport of British troops by sea to Cape Town, but his real chance of distinction came when in 1901 he was chosen as third lieutenant in the Antarctic expedition which sailed south in that year under Capt. Scott. His determination and physique led to his selection by Capt. Scott as one of the three who with himself were to make the prolonged and difficult sledge journey south toward the Pole. On this occasion they reached a point some hundreds of miles further south than had been attained by any previous explorer.

Lieut. Shackleton, despite his iron frame, suffered greatly on this expedition. He was attacked by snow blindness, which caused him excruciating pain, and for some days his health gave way completely. Apparently at the very extremity of death, he had to be placed on a sledge and dragged by his companions. The party ran short of food and a curious story is recounted by him of how night after night they were haunted by visions of delicious food in their dreams. One nightmare incessantly beset him. He thought that he was continually chased by enormous slabs of pastry.

On his return home in 1904 he was appointed secretary to the Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh. He had always had a fondness for journalism, having for some weeks been editor of the South Polar Times, the little paper published for the delectation of Capt. Scott's expedition, and he wrote occasionally for the press on his return to England. In 1906 he resigned his secretaryship and contested Dundee in the Unionist interest. "It is," he said, "a fight for another poll," punning on the Pole the conquest of which he has always had at heart. He was not fated to succeed, and there was a huge majority against him.

He married in April, 1904, Miss E. M. Dorman, and has two children—a boy just four years old, who declares that he "is going to be a hero just like daddy," and a little daughter 2 years old.

In appearance Lieut. Shackleton is a man above middle height, not 40 years of age, and young looking for his age. His eyes are steel blue, with a peculiar look of determination, and

the lines of his face suggest will, personality and power of leadership. Any one seeing him for the first time would say, "Here is a resolute man." One of his hobbies is a love of the poets, and his taste is fine, as he knows by heart all the greatest of Meredith's, Wordsworth's, Tennyson's and Browning's poems. He is not above owning that he too has paid his tribute to Parnassus, though as a minor poet he has not yet appeared in print.

In 1907, after overcoming every kind of difficulty, he organized his famous expedition to the Antarctic, which was to make so much history. The Nimrod was bought—a little whaler of ancient date but stout in hull—and admirably equipped. The experience acquired in the Scott expedition was turned to excellent account. Lieut. Shackleton took much lighter clothing than has been usual with Polar explorers in the past, as he had found furs to be a distinct mistake, and the king, when he inspected the Nimrod upon her departure, was so surprised at the thinness of the clothing that he asked whether it would really be warm enough for the fearful cold of the South Pole.

Other departures from precedent by which Lieut. Shackleton showed his resources were the substitution of Manchurian ponies for dogs and the specially designed motor car, the first ever landed on the southern continent. This was not an unqualified success, though it was most useful for laying depots and conveying stores.

In July, 1907, the Nimrod left the East India docks. "I have made my will," said Lieut. Shackleton, as the little vessel crept out of the Thames amid tears and cheers, "but don't imagine that such a course betrays the slightest foreboding on my part." Nor was his confidence misplaced. As we all know, not a single life was lost his expedition, thus making what is really a new record in an exploration of such magnitude and danger. At Cape the Nimrod was inspected by the king and queen and the queen handed the intrepid sailor a silk flag which he was to plant in her honor at the furthest point south that he reached. Proceeding by Cape Colony and New Zealand to the Antarctic, the Shackleton expedition effected a landing at Cape Royd in early 1908 and at once began its work of exploration.

After a long record of work during 1908, on October 29, of that year the preparations for the rush to the Pole were completed. A party consisting of Lieut. Shackleton, Lieut. Adams, Mr. Eric Marshall, and Mr. Wild left the base of operations with four ponies. Depots had been previously laid for a considerable distance to the south so as to give supplies for the return journey.

Each man in that Polar climate, where the bitter blizzards blew almost continuously, had to do his daily march, dragging heavy loads, on 20 ounces of food. What this means can be understood from the comment of Mr. Bernacchi, another well known Antarctic explorer, who tells us that the proper allowance is 36 ounces. The temperature fell to 70 degrees of frost, and the rarified air tried the daring explorers to the utmost.

On January 9, 1909, they made their last day's march to the south. At latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes, only twenty-seven geographical miles from the South Pole, the nearest point to either Pole that man had attained, they halted. The air was comparatively clear as they gazed upon the mysterious region around the Pole. "No mountains were visible," telegraphed Lieut. Shackleton. "We saw now a plain stretching to the south, at an altitude of over 10,000 feet."

Reluctantly they retraced their steps and the blizzards now blowing behind them helped them back. But so closely had they cut the margin of safety that again and again food ran out just as the depots which they had left on their advance were reached.—London Mail.

Something New for Harriman.

It must be a novel experience to E. H. Harriman to find himself in the hands of physicians to not only make him pay for advice but compel him to take it.—Washington Star.