

weather standpoint. But I didn't see a negro from the time I left Newberry until I got back. The negro Odd Fellows' hall was burned during the night. Whether it caught on fire from spontaneous combustion or from rats carrying matches, or whether some member of the order set it on fire just to spite himself, I don't know. Mr. Fred. H. Dominick and I went together. While we didn't have any trouble at Vaughanville with the negroes, he and I had some coming back. We drove into a swollen stream, thinking we could cross. We found we couldn't, and we couldn't back our horse out, and we had to take off all our clothes and get into the icy waters and help the horse to back the buggy. Worse than a "race riot," don't you think?

On another occasion I represented The Herald and News with a sheriff's posse hunting a negro that had killed a white gentleman up in the Bush river community with a rock. Blood hounds had been secured from Columbia, and we followed the hounds for a couple hours, and then some one found the negro within about a hundred yards of where we had started. The negro had shot himself, inflicting serious wounds, but was still living. There were some in that crowd that day that wanted to lynch him, even in his wounded condition, but there were others who were determined that he should be brought to jail—and brought to jail he was. Duncan Johnson was then deputy sheriff and in charge of the sheriff's posse. He and others were determined to protect the negro, and they did. I recall very distinctly the nerve and grit displayed by the Rev. Mr. Swope, who was then serving the Bush River Baptist church.

Judge John Henry Chappell and I started back together, riding horseback. We stopped and took supper with Mr. M. M. Satterwhite, and on our way home we were overtaken by one of the worst thunder storms I have ever seen. To say that I was scared is putting it mildly. Somehow our horses got out of the road—how they ever kept it the little distance they did keep I don't know—and my horse stumbled over something and fell with me. I wasn't hurt, but the next flash of lightning disclosed the object the horse had stumbled over—and it was a tomb-stone in the graveyard of Bush River church. There was no more trying to reach town that night. We went to Mr. Swope's home,

and we spent the night. When I got home next morning I found that searching parties had been as far as Longshore looking for me.

In later years there was a lynching in the county—that at Little Mountain less than two years ago. The editor of The Herald and News and I both went down to the scene and got there before the lynching. We didn't see the lynching, but we got the story, and got out a special edition of The Herald and News before daylight next morning, the lynching having occurred at about 10 o'clock at night.

I could not write anything for an edition of this kind without saying something about the Evening Telegram—Newberry's first and only daily newspaper—that brave little bark which, with a stout heart, put out upon an unknown sea and rode the tempestuous waves for seven months and one day. May 11, 1904, it began its voyage; December 12, 1904, it was wrecked on the breakers of non-support. I worked 18 hours a day on that little sheet, helping edit it and doing a little of everything else on it, and I regretted to see it die. While it was in existence, I went to Charleston, taking a position on the city staff of the News and Courier, but I came back to the Evening Telegram. After the Evening Telegram died, I went back to Charleston. The Telegram fought a good fight, and it kept the faith. During its struggle for existence, the few weeks before it died, it might well have said, in the words of the Roman gladiators of old, as it greeted its readers every afternoon, "Morturi, te salutamus." But its columns struggled to be bright and cheerful, and it went down with its colors flying, and all hands saluting. Requiescat pace, until the work which it attempted shall find fruition, in the days of progress which I hope are before Newberry, in a daily which will be supported by the town.

Will Seabrook did his first regular newspaper work upon the Telegram. He developed rapidly into a good newspaper writer, and he made good on the Augusta Chronicle, and after a trip to Europe, he holds now a responsible position on the Atlanta Journal. He married not long ago.

It would hardly be within the scope of this article to go into the details of the present organization of The Herald and News force and a description of its modern plant. I have not been as continuously associated with the paper in the past few years as

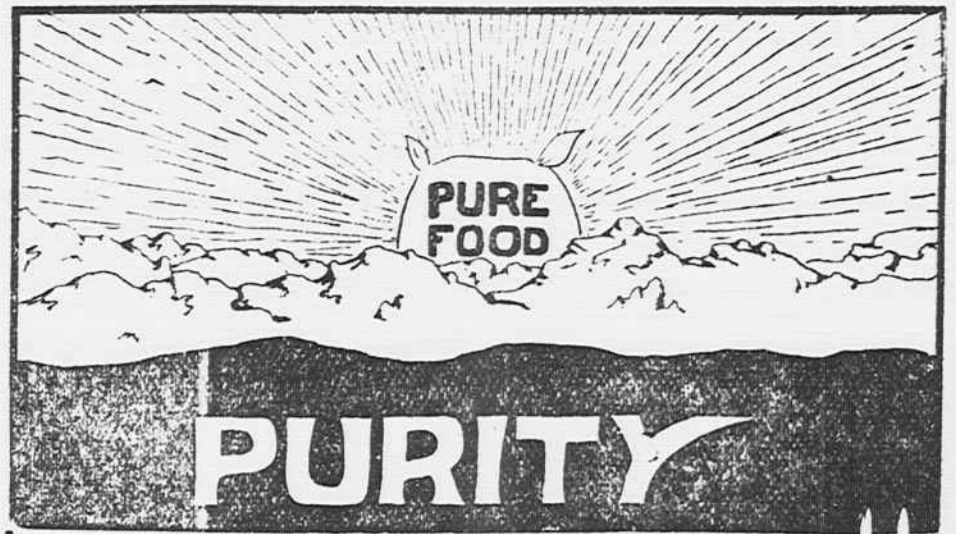
formerly, though I have done a good deal of newspaper work, of one kind and another, for it and other papers. The Herald and News of today speaks for itself.

Sad thoughts are conjured up by a review of the past, however short that past may be, or however limited in scope the review. Thomas Moore expressed the thoughts of a great many of us when he penned "The Light of Other Days." The immutable law of change is stern and hard, and oftentimes seems very cruel. Friends and companions of other days are fighting life's battles on other fields. Loved ones have found an eternal home. Lights and shadows have played across our pathway, and sometimes the shadows have been deep and heavy. But it is not desired to fatigue the readers of The Herald and News with reflections tinged with sadness.

It remains only to express the hope that The Herald and News may grow in usefulness to the community. Since I have known it, under its present editor, it has sought the path of duty and has striven to follow it. It has labored for the upbuilding of the community and has tried to pass by unnoticed the ingratitude of any. It has rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and it has mourned with those that mourned. Its columns have carried the fragrance of the orange blossoms that adorned the brow of the bride, and the fragrance of the roses of remembrance, twined with the immortal of devotion, that wreathed the tomb. The effort has been to make its policy constructive rather than destructive. It has not feared to print all the legitimate news, because that was its business. At times in doing its duty as it saw it, it has made enemies. That this should have been necessary was a matter of deep regret, but the necessity apparent, there was no flinching from the task.

That it may grow in strength and in influence for good, conserving the high principles which have been its ideals, is the hope I would express for it. May it continue ever to realize its great responsibility and to live up to it, for,

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."



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Newberry, S. C.

# Prospectus for a Goose Farm

Number of Stockholders	Three	RECEIPTS:	
Shares of stock, 3 at \$100 par value	\$300.00	Feathers	\$300,000.00
300 Geese at \$1.00	\$300.00	Goose Livers	60,000.00
3 Eggs per week per goose	900 per week	Buttons	20,000.00
900 x 52 equals	46,800 eggs per year	Dressed Geese	150,000.00
46,800 x 3 equals	440,400 eggs 3 years	Total Receipts	\$530,000.00
No eggs sold but all incubated and hatched;		Expenditures	190,300.00
allowing bad eggs 40,400 leaves 100,000		Net Profit	\$339,700.00
2 lbs. Feathers per goose	200,000 lbs.	Net Profit to each Stockholder	\$113,233.33
\$1.50 per lb. for feathers	\$300,000.00	Annual Dividends	37,744 per cent
100,000 pair livers 60c per pair	60,000.00		
10 buttons from each goose bill,	200,000,		
1c each button	20,000.00		
\$1.50 per goose dressed	150,000.00		
Capital Invested	\$300.00		
Estimate operating expenses	\$190,000.00		
Total	\$190,300.00		

If the above "Prospectus" doesn't interest you perhaps something else will.  
It Might **GARDEN SEED** For all be we know

If that is the case, come to us for anything you want in Landreth Garden Seed. Landreth has been selling garden seed longer than any firm in the United States, and we believe it is because they sell the best seeds to be had. Nothing else could account for the firm's growing bigger and stronger year by year over a period of 135 years.

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## WHITMIRE CORRESPONDENT DISCUSSES THE SCHOOLS

Serious Thoughts Suggested by One of the Live Writers of the Paper's Staff.

(By Mrs. S. A. Jeter.)

We are requested by the editor to write a few lines for the quarto-centennial issue of The Herald and News. Nineteen years ago we came to live in Newberry county and since then this paper has been a welcome visitor in our home. The Herald and News ranks highly as a county paper. That it has succeeded under its present edi-



MRS. S. A. JETER.

tor long enough to celebrate its quarto-centennial and that the editor was for many years at the head of the State Press association are two among the many strong points in its favor.

Let me say a few words about the schools. We notice these three things about the schools of 50 years ago:

1. The teachers were men.
2. The school was ruled by fear.
3. Spelling by bringing up the syllables was the foundation upon which an education rested.

A rigid home training in the quiet county close to nature and God and away from temptation, and a school life under these stern masters, brought forth law-abiding citizens.

A veteran suggests that the grandeur of the soldiers in Lee's army depended upon this training.

We have departed from the good

old rule of spelling taught by our forefathers, but I fear that we will yet acknowledge that "the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner."

But war passed over our land. The flower of our young manhood slept in a soldier's sepulcher. Then woman, whose nature is like the vine, for woman naturally clings to and leans on man for support, was forced to harden her gentle nature and stand alone. The school, which is a continuation of mother's teaching in the home and a stepping stone to life, was the first door open to woman. She entered and has proven a success, as is evidenced by the fact that after 50 years the great majority of teachers are women. Miss Euphemia McClintock, Newberry's own daughter, is a worthy college president. Ella Flagg Young presides over the schools of Chicago, Ill., and many other noble women occupy high places.

But few women make teaching a life work. A college course is the best gift parents can bestow upon their daughters. This is expensive. The students sing of "the money we spent in college life." Many parents make great sacrifices to educate their girls, and the girls feel that they must teach to make things even. They enter the school room with the best of intentions and do noble work there, but a strong voice says, "Come, lean on me." The promise is given and another teacher has been promoted to wifehood and motherhood, the grandest sphere prepared for woman.

Many knotty problems confront the teachers of today. There is lack of home training and discipline. Father has to work for long hours and it takes all his time and attention to meet the extravagancies of our time. Mother must aid in earning a livelihood, must attend the club, or do church or mission work. So the precious treasure whom God has given grows up in idleness and finds bad company in the streets or elsewhere. Then it is so easy to call off parental responsibility and let the whole load fall upon the teacher. I have even heard it preached from the pulpit three times, that the schools are entirely responsible for the conduct of the children of this generation.

There comes to school the much-to-be pitted spoilt, selfish child, who has been taught that it is just a little better than other children and must have

its own way. Let it know the little stanza,

"Suppose the world don't please you,  
Nor the way some people do;  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?"

With gentle firmness correct the error. For such a woman will not make a happy wife nor such a man a good citizen.

The schools in town are crowded and the hours are few. "Be in a hurry" is another evil, of the age, and unless we gain poise somehow we will skim through the great number of books in the State list and fail to lay a firm foundation. Then we will express surprise when a Freshman in college "flunks out."

Teachers are poorly paid, especially women in the public schools. But let us take all we can get in dollars and cents and look for the remainder of our reward in heaven.

Teaching is a high and noble calling. It is a great privilege and also a great responsibility to be employed by our mother State to train her citizens. Let us not regard lightly the task of taking the dear little ones, especially those where moral training is lacking. Let us correct the evil tendencies as far as possible and lead the children to a higher plane.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
COUNTY OF NEWBERRY.  
By Frank M. Schumpert, Esquire,  
Probate Judge.

WHEREAS, George W. Eddy hath made suit to me to grant him letters of administration of the estate of and effects of Susan E. Eddy,

THESE ARE THEREFORE to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Susan E. Eddy, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry, S. C., on the 11th day of March, next after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand this 21st day of February, Anno Domino, 1912.  
Frank M. Schumpert,  
I P. N. C.

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