

Herald and News

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E. H. AULL, EDITOR.

Friday, April 25, 1913.

Announcement has been made that the contract has been let for the building of the Carolina and Georgia railway, which will connect Columbia and Augusta with a line of track on which steam or electric cars may be used. The road is to be completed within eighteen months. This railway will be an additional factor in the continued growth of Columbia, and will be of great material help to the country through which it passes.

Now is the time to use the split-log drag.

We trust the old Confederate soldiers have been having the time of their lives in Aiken this week. In the course of nature there can not be many more of these reunions, and the old soldiers deserve all that a grateful people can do for them, and more.

We note from the Georgetown Times that Senator Smith may open his campaign for re-election at Georgetown on the 29th of this month. It is a long cry from now until the campaign of the summer of 1914 and the candidate who starts his speaking campaign now will require lots of lung power and other kinds of endurance to last until the real campaign is on.

The Herald and News publishes today an interview from Governor Blease, which recently appeared in Hearst's Sunday American, on common school education as the most important question before South Carolina and the South. The governor is right when he says that the common schools are receiving too little in comparison with the liberal amounts bestowed upon the higher institutions of learning, and when he says further that if adequate provision is not made for at least the rudimentary education of the white children of the State and of the South, the penalty exacted of our civilization will be as terrible as it will be certain.

A good road from Newberry to Columbia would be of value not only to Newberry but to every town through which it passes, and to every farm along the route. The same would be true of a good road from Newberry to Greenville, and to any other place which might be named.

There are people who would be greatly benefited by taking a trip somewhere and seeing something of the world, and getting out of the narrowness of their own town.

THE IDLER.

I read this tribute paid to a man recently: "He hated shams, despised pretense, and set his foot on the neck of the hypocritical demagogue at every opportunity. He was a patriot who knew what patriotism meant." That is a beautiful tribute. I would rather have such a tribute paid me than to accumulate a fortune, except I would be glad to have added that he hated the hypocrite of any kind, that he never proved untrue to a friend, that he believed in a friendship that was more than a mere name, that he had a heart that was big enough to sympathize with his fellow man, that he had a broad vision, that he was not narrow and prejudiced, that he did not trim his sails to suit every passing breeze, that he stood four square to all the winds that blew, for right and truth and justice and mercy, that when he had an opportunity to help a friend he never failed. That's the kind of man that appeals to me, but I am just a little bit afraid that he is scarce in this day and in this neck of the woods.

I read in the newspapers the other day—you know, as strange as it may seem—you can sometimes find some pretty good things in the newspapers—well, I read in a newspaper a picture of a wagon, a garbage cart, with a man sitting on it, or descriptions of the kind of garbage that the

cart contained and what should be done with it. There had been a cleaning up day or week in the town just like the one that the ladies ordered for Newberry, and this picture was meant to describe, and did describe, some other kind of garbage that should be hauled off after the streets had been cleaned, and it impressed me very forcibly, because it was somewhat along the line I suggested some time ago, of the trash that should be hauled off along with the trash of the streets and alleys, and I am sorry that I can't give the cart and the skeletons of the garbage described. I will give you the kind of garbage that was being suggested to be dumped into the cart: "The man who says we can't do it." "Who says real estate is out of all reason." "The man who says everything is going to the bow-wows." "The man who kicks." "The man who never has a good word for his town." "The man who criticizes his home town." "The man who says he can buy cheaper than in his town." "The man who finds fault with all improvements." "The man who thinks his home man is not good enough for any position which he may have to give, but goes out after a stranger." The suggestion is that all these be dumped into the garbage cart and hauled off to the pit and sent the way of all garbage. If you don't say a good word for your town, where do you expect to hear the good word, and whom do you expect to speak it. If you haven't a good word for the men and women who constitute the citizenship of your town, how do you expect your town to grow and prosper, and if your town does not grow and prosper how do you expect to grow and prosper. Think on these things and then act.

I wish I could be with the old boys at Aiken this week. I know they are enjoying themselves. The ranks are being thinned and soon there won't be any more gatherings of this noble band here. Let us all hope there will be a grand reunion on that shore where parting is unknown. The further we get from those scenes of war and suffering the more vividly they come to the mind's eye and the more we can enjoy hearing them recounted. I can see now the smoke from the burning homes the result of Sherman's march to the sea and hear the roar of cannon. The old vets at Aiken this week will tell many a camp story and recount many a hard and dangerous adventure of the days of the sixties. I love to be with them and never tire of the stories they relate. The Idler.

ABOUT PERSONALS.

The Trials and Tribulations of the Reporter Who Gets up the Personals.

It would surprise you to know how sensitive some people are in the matter of personal mention, some really good persons whom one would scarcely suspect, leaving such for common men and women. It isn't surprising when just an ordinary individual complains of being left out, but when one "higher up" gets put out about it, it is somewhat staggering.

This thing of getting items for the purely personal column is a tedious job. Everybody knows that there are certain people who crave being in the limelight. They seem to have a mania or seeing their names in print. If they went to Prosperity twice a week they would want it mentioned every time. This is annoying. Then there are others who really don't care to see their names in the paper, at least so often, and we don't blame them, rather respecting their wishes. But between those who want them in on all occasions and those who are sensitive about it when left out,—always accidentally and never intentionally,—the reporter has a hard time.

Some people seem to think that the reporter has nothing else to do but write personal items. As a matter of fact, this is only a little side line. If he made that his business he could fill a page every issue.

A newspaper man is always glad when he is told any little matter of interest. Some people act foolishly about this. It is the extract of absurdity to suppose that the reporter knows of the coming and going every day of the innumerable travelers to and from Newberry. In his pursuit of weightier matters he catches these little ones "on the fly" so to speak. Some phone, some see him, sometimes he hears through third parties. Some do neither one nor the other.

Because names are in the papers, it is no sign that the parties themselves send them in. If they fail to appear, it is either because the reporter forgot or didn't know. It doesn't amount to much anyway, but:

If anybody thinks it is easy to get up all these personal and various items and the important locals, besides reading the papers, keeping the mailing

lists up-to-date, and doing several other things, all and at the same time, let him apply for the job.

THE NEWS OF PROSPERITY.

Death of Mr. William M. Werts.—The Literary Sorosis.—Cantata by Children.—Personal.

Special to The Herald and News. Prosperity, April 24.—Miss Elizabeth Hawkins is spending the week at Silverstreet.

Miss Lucy Wheeler, of Augusta, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Wheeler.

Mr. J. C. Duncan and Mrs. V. E. Kohn have gone to Blacksburg to visit relatives.

Miss Bell Boozer, of Aiken, is spending awhile with Mrs. Della Shealy.

Mrs. B. B. Schumpert has returned from a short stay to Newberry.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Bowers have returned from Clemson College, after spending several weeks with Mrs. J. E. Hunter.

Rev. J. O. Davis, Misses Bell and Brown, Messrs. J. F. Brown, A. B. Wise, C. K. Wheeler, H. J. Rawl, O. S. Miller, T. H. Young, Johnnie Hawkins, Dr. Wise, G. D. Browne, Hunter Caldwell, Jim Hunt and Dr. J. S. Wheeler attended the Newberry-Erskine ball game Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Werts will now make her home with her son, Mr. T. L. Wheeler.

Don't forget the Cantata Friday evening. Sixty children will take part. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

Mr. W. W. Wheeler has moved into the old Dominick house while his home in Elm street is being remodeled.

The Literary Sorosis meets Friday afternoon with Mrs. J. D. Quattlebaum. The program is as follows:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal, I served my King, he would not in mine age, have left me naked to mine enemies."—Henry VII.

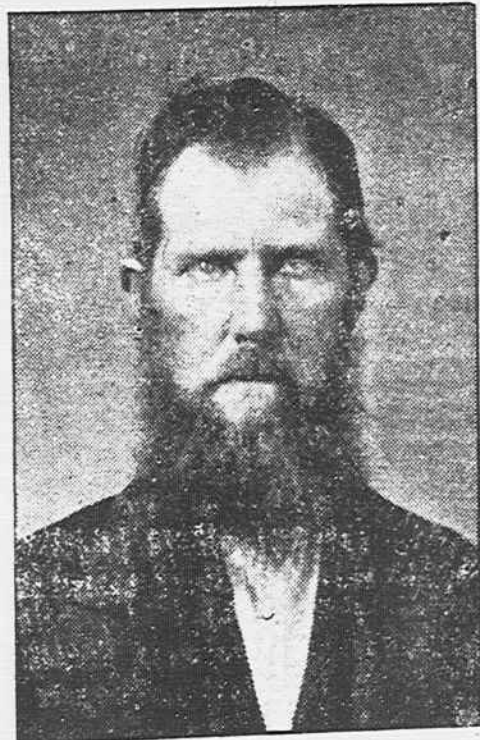
Henry VIII.

Act 1-3—Mrs. Wise.

Act 4-5—Miss Bobb.

Current Events—Mrs. Brown.

Mr. William M. Werts, a former citizen of this section, died at his late home in Mountville Monday, April 21. Mr. Werts was a son of Capt. John Werts, of Silverstreet. He had three sisters, Tena, Sarah and Susan. Tena married Peter Rikard, Sarah married Michael Fellers and Susan Solomon P. Kinard. One brother, John, who was never married. Mr. Werts' father died when he was but a little lad. His mother was Miss Eve Riser, who after the death of her first husband married Rev. Herman Aull. Of this marriage there were two children, Mrs. Louisa Hunter and Mr. J. Luther Aull. Mr. Werts was the youngest of the child-



MR. WILLIAM M. WERTS.

ren by the marriage of his mother to Mr. Werts. Of the large family only one now remains, Mr. J. L. Aull.

Mr. Werts was twice married, first Miss Elizabeth Bowers, daughter of Squire Samuel Bowers and by this union were born the following: James M. Werts, of Prosperity; Samuel Werts, of Prosperity; and William who died in boyhood; Mrs. Alice Hartman who died several years ago; Mrs. Lavinia Matthews, of Ninety Six and Mrs. A. M. Counts. The second wife of Mr. Werts was the widow of Levi Wheeler and of this union two children were born, only one of whom is still living; Prof. Edwin S. Werts, president of the Memphis University school, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Werts was confirmed by Rev. J. A. Sligh and after moving to Prosperity attended Grace church. The funeral services were conducted at the Prosperity cemetery by Rev. Leslie. The floral tribute was beautiful. The following out of town relatives attended the funeral:

Messrs. M. B. Crisp and J. W. Matthews, of Mountville; Mr. and Mrs. James Lipscomb, and Miss Julia Matthews, of Ninety Six; Messrs. Sam Werts, Astor Fellers, H. T. Fellers, of Old Town; Mr. J. L. Aull of Dyson; Mr. E. H. Aull, of Newberry; Mr. R. C. Counts, Mrs. B. L. Wheeler and Miss Olive Counts, of Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bedenbaugh, and Mrs. Beatrice Hope, of Pomaria.

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