

Pardon Decree Issued To Prevent Jailing Paroled

Action of Governor in Restoring Citizenship to Possibly 1,500 Men Freed "On Good Behavior" Probably Sets National Clemency Record.

The Columbia Record, 10th.

Forestalling any effort that might have been made by his successors to return to prison for service of the remainder of their sentences, Gov. Blease signed yesterday a decree granting full pardon to all convicts of the State and various counties whom he had previously granted paroles "during good behavior." The governor accepted as approximately correct the estimate made in his office that this blanket pardon would free 1,500 persons, who had been collectively convicted of probably every crime on the calendar.

This estimate appeared somewhat high to other State officials, and attaches of the office of secretary of State and newspaper men placed the number effected between 1,000 and 1,200 persons. Those former prisoners who were paroled upon the condition that they never return to the State, never again take a drink of intoxicating liquor and upon other conditions, save that of "good behavior," were not affected by this pardon.

The official document stated that all persons paroled "upon good behavior" by Gov. Blease "during the years one thousand nine hundred and eleven, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, and one thousand nine hundred and fourteen" were granted full pardon. This decree plainly stated, however, that none others were affected.

Gov. Blease greatest act of clemency came without warning. With one stroke of his pen he returned to those former prisoners their rights of citizenship which their convictions for crimes against the State had taken away. Though the exact number given full pardon by this comprehensive document was not established yesterday, he number is known to be sufficiently large to give to Gov. Blease the distinction of granting at one time a number of pardons in excess of that ever granted by a chief executive of any State of the Union.

Though the present administration will continue only 10 more days, at least 3,000 persons have received executive clemency from Gov. Blease, and it is probable, according to best information obtainable here yesterday, that he has established a record high mark in total number of acts of clemency. Individuals numbering 1,664 had, when his office closed last, received clemency from Gov. Blease exclusive of the number affected by the pardoning decree.

This latest action by the governor came as a climax for the record of liberality in the granting of pardons, paroles and commutations of sentences to prisoners of the State, counties and cities. This document was signed by Gov. Blease about 12:45 o'clock in the presence of his private secretary, W. F. Blackburn, his biographer, Miss Lucille Parrott; Hugh Q. Boozer, State electrician, and representative of The Record.

None knew of the governor's intention save himself and Mr. Blackburn, and the governor's assertion when Blackburn gave him the document for his signature that "This is for them all" caused amazement among those present. Gov. Blease exercised marked deliberation in signing the blanket pardon. He carefully selected a pen, dipped it in blue ink, and signed, in bold, round letters, his full name, "Coleman Livingston Blease."

Gov. Blease explained last night, in an exclusive interview, that this action was taken to prevent any of his "paroled convicts" being forced back into prison. His explanation follows.

"I had noticed in a Sumter paper recently where it was heralded to the world that, within a limited time after Blease had retired from office and when Mr. Manning had become governor, a very large percentage of Blease's paroled convicts would be returned to the penitentiary. I had also heard the remark made by Mr. Manning's friends that this would be the course pursued. Believing that Mr. Manning and many of his friends would be willing, at the expense of humanity, to do things which would make Blease's paroled convicts violate the "during good behavior" of their paroles, and would be willing to cause suffering to these poor, helpless human beings in order to herald to the world that another one of Blease's paroled convicts was returned to prison, and in order to prevent that, among other good and sufficient reasons, this 'blanket pardon' was issued."

Well informed officials at the capi-

tal yesterday expressed the opinion that this document held a unique place, and that a precedent for all States of the Union was probably established by the governor's latest action.

FULL PARDON TO OVER 1,500

Governor Says He is Seriously Considering Opening Penitentiary Doors.

News and Courier.

Columbia, Jan. 9.—All convicts paroled "during good behavior" by the present chief executive were granted full pardons by a blanket pardon issued by Governor Blease this afternoon through a proclamation filed in the office of R. M. McCown, secretary of State. It is estimated that over 1,000 affected by this action, citizenship rights being restored to fully that many by Governor Blease with one stroke of the pen.

Since assuming office in January 1911, the present governor has exercised clemency in 1,662 cases, over one thousand of which were paroles issued during good behavior. This proclamation issued today gives all of these unconditional pardons.

(The proclamation is printed elsewhere in this paper.)

New Clemency List.

Later in the afternoon Governor Blease sent across to the secretary of State another list of thirty-five paroles and commutations, bringing the total number of cases in which he has exercised clemency up to 1,662.

AERIAL TRAIL BREAKING.

Amazing Speed and Endurance of the Wild Swan in Flight.

It is impossible for one who has seen only the common mute swans floating about in the artificial lakes of city parks to imagine the grandeur of a flock of the great whistlers in their wild state. In "Wild Life and the Camera" Mr. A. R. Dugmore says the sight is one of the most impressive in nature. As the huge birds rise into the air it seems as if an aerial regatta were being sailed overhead, the swans, each with a wing spread of six or seven feet, moving like yachts under full sail.

Once the swans are fairly under way their speed is amazing, nearly a hundred miles an hour, and that, too, with no apparent effort, for the slow wing motion is very deceiving. Their endurance is as surprising as their speed, for they are said to travel a thousand miles without alighting.

The flocks are usually led by an old and experienced swan, and it is said that as one becomes tired of leading, or it might be called aerial trail breaking, his place is taken by another whose strength is equal to the task, and so they continue until they reach their destination, the southern feeding grounds of the winter or the northern breeding places of the summer. Occasionally they stop to rest in the region of the great lakes. Not many years ago, while on their way north, a large number stopped above Niagara falls, and more than a hundred were by some extraordinary mischance carried over the falls and killed in the surging waters.

Whether the swans prepare in any special way for their southward journey is not known, but before starting north they indulge in the curious habit known as "ballasting"—that is to say, they eat great quantities of sand, for what purpose no one knows.

In the faraway Arctic ocean is their breeding place, and it is believed that they mate for life. As with so many of the water birds, the swans protect their eggs with a covering of down scratched from their own breasts, so that when the birds leave the nest the two to six large, yellowish eggs are hidden from the eyes of possible thieves and protected against any sudden changes of temperature.

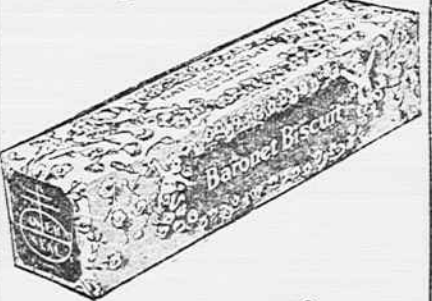
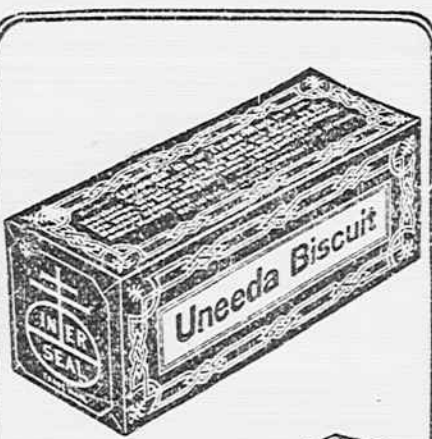
It is many years before the swans are clothed in the feathers of immaculate whiteness that make them such conspicuous objects of beauty. Not, indeed, until the fifth year does all trace of gray disappear. Their first feathers are entirely gray. Gradually they lighten, becoming mottled with white, the neck and head remaining gray until after the body is completely white.

What Shell Fire Is Like.

I have read many attempts to describe shell fire in a battle, but not one to equal the easy description of this young officer, who does not pretend to be a stylist. Listen:

"You hear a boom miles away, hardly audible in the distance. Then a faint sigh, gradually rising to a scream as the shell whizzes toward you. Then a flash, an immense crash and the air is filled with thousands of bullets and jagged lumps of iron, each making a different sort of shrieking noise. Then phit-phit-phit everywhere as they hit the ground.

"This is shrapnel."—London Sketch.



Uneeda Biscuit

Tempt the appetite, please the taste and nourish the body. Crisp, clean and fresh. 5 cents.

Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.

GRAHAM CRACKERS

Made of the finest ingredients. Baked to perfection. The national strength food. 10 cents.

Buy biscuit baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY Always look for that Name.

SHADOW PICTURES.

The Silhouette as the Origin of All Pictorial Art.

In the year 1759, when Etienne de Silhouette was minister of finance under Louis XV., a man whose name has not been preserved started in Paris an exhibition that he called Chinese shadows. This consisted in throwing upon a sheet the black outlines of men or objects and making these shadows take part in a play. It so happened that at this time Silhouette was unpopular. He had spent many years in England and had returned to his native country greatly impressed with English methods of public economy. Undertaking to apply these principles to French finances, he met with decided disapproval by the Parisians. But little thanks did he get except to have his efforts branded as parsimonious.

Some one recalled that M. de Silhouette had written a book, "A General Idea For the Government of the Chinese," in which he exploited his economical theories. The popularity of the Chinese shadows was responsible for the jibe that Silhouette had issued the book as an advance notice for the show; hence the shadows were called silhouettes, and the name was naturally extended to portraits that were then coming into vogue, in which were presented only the outlines of faces and figures filled in with black.

Though the fashion and the name of the silhouette are of comparatively recent origin, the art itself is ancient. It was used by Etruscan potters eight centuries before Christ, and a classic legend, which has been illustrated by Benjamin West in a famous picture called "The Origin of Painting," claimed that all pictorial art originated in an attempt to paint the fleeting shadows of men and women as they fell upon a wall or a blank space.—Detroit Free Press.

Slitting a Pen.

The center slit in a pen is cut by a machine which seems almost to think. It consists of two chisels which barely pass each other when the slit is made, and the exact way in which the pen is poised so as to place the chisels in the proper position for cutting is one of the marvels of penmaking.

Shifting the Blame.

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"Yes, your honor. I would call your attention to the fact that the fool lawyer who defended me was assigned to the case by yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Suggestion.

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Then he ought to apologize to himself and start all over again."—Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY NOISES.

Of Unknown Origin, They Sound Like Muffled Thunder.

COMMON IN THE OLD WORLD.

These Curious Boomings, That Puzzle Science, Heard at Times From Australia to Ireland, Are Akin to the "Moodus Noises" of Connecticut.

It is a hot and tranquil summer afternoon on the Belgian coast in time of peace. Strolling along the shore you are startled by a muffled detonation that seems to come from somewhere far out at sea. Can it be thunder? There is not a cloud in the sky, and you remember that thunder is rarely audible at a greater distance than fifteen miles. A man-of-war at target practice, perhaps—far in the offing. At this point your Belgian friend explains. It was the "mistpoeffer," he says, and a sign that the weather will continue fair.

But what is the mistpoeffer? If you can answer that question you can also explain the mysterious Barisal guns of India (Barisal is the name of a town in the Ganges delta), which have puzzled scientific men for half a century. You can explain also the strange rumblings that in certain parts of Italy seem to come from nowhere in particular and are known to the peasantry under forty or more local names, the desert sound of the Australian wilderness, the water guns of Lough Neagh in Ireland and the aerial detonations that occasionally startle Californians during the warm season.

For example, in September, 1896, to quote the Santa Rosa Republican, "a tremendous explosion, presumably in the air, occurred near Cazadero. It was heard by the dwellers of the mountain region over an area of 900 square miles."

All noises of this kind resembling thunder, but not traceable to that or any other known agency, are now generally called in scientific literature brontidi, a name first used by Professor Tito Alippi, who has made a special study of these phenomena in Italy.

The "Moodus noises," familiar to old residents of Moodus and East Haddam, Conn., are probably kindred phenomena, although they seem to be somewhat more definitely associated with subterranean earth shocks than are typical brontidi, and the same may be said of the gouffre of Haiti, which—at least in some cases—is easily recognized as of subterranean origin.

Although systematic investigations of brontidi are of recent date, occurrences of the phenomena have been recorded from early times. Lord Bacon mentions "an extraordinary noise in the sky when there is no thunder," and similar sounds were known to Humboldt and Boussingault. Captain Sturt, a pioneer explorer of Australia, wrote in 1829:

"About 3 p. m. of Feb. 7 (during the Australian summer) Mr. Hume and I were occupied tracing the chart upon the ground. The day had been remarkably fine. There was not a cloud in the heavens nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthly explosion or the sharp crackling noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance.

"No one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself thought it came from the northwest. I sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country round him appeared equally flat on all sides and thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

Science has not fully solved the mystery of brontidi, but it can hardly be doubted that the origin of these sounds is really subterranean. From a focus far underground the jar of settling rocks sends vibrations to the surface—not at one spot, but over a wide area. Then if the overlying air is calm and homogeneous it also is set in vibration, and if the vibrations are of the right period to be audible the result is a booming sound of altogether indefinite location. It is simply "in the air."—Youth's Companion.

French Officers Made Thrifty.

The French army officer has to be a thrifty man to make ends meet on his salary of a very few francs a day, and borrowing or running into debt is an offense against military law. An officer convicted of debt is suspended by the war office for three years, and at the end of that time his reinstatement or dismissal from the service is decided by a kind of court martial, comprising five officers of his corps, one of them of his own rank.

Antiquity of Tin.

We find that brass, and consequently tin, existed in Tyre, the great seaport town of the Phoenicians, on the coast of Syria, about 1000 B. C. They are frequently referred to in all works relating to tin or to Cornwall. The Phoenicians were merchants and carried on an important trade from the ports of Tyre and Sidon. These cities rivaled each other in magnitude, fame and antiquity.

What I want to try to do is to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

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SEE MY WINDOW DISPLAY

Mayer's Book and Variety Store

The House of 1,000 Things.

WHISTLER AND HIS GROCER.

An Overdue Bill, a Threat and a Payment Not in Cash.

Whistler's financial affairs were the mingled joy and terror of his friends, and the Pennells, in their "Life of Whistler," give a most amusing glimpse into this side of his life. On one occasion he had actually run up a bill of £600 with a Chelsea greengrocer, who at last called to insist upon payment. Whistler came out strong on that occasion:

"How—what—why—why, of course, you have sent these things—most excellent things—and they have been eaten, you know, by most excellent people. Think what a splendid advertisement! And sometimes, you know, the salads are not quite up to the mark—the fruit, you know, not quite fresh. And if you go into these unseemly discussions about the bill—well, you know, I shall have to go into discussion about all this, and think how it would hurt your reputation with all these extraordinary people. I think the best thing is not to refer to the past—I'll let it go. And in the future we'll have a weekly account—wiser, you know?"

The greengrocer left without his money, but received in payment two occurrences, one the blue upright Valparaiso.

A Calamity.

Five-year-old Tot's mother was telling the youngster the story of herself and her twin sister.

"One morning when we were a week old the nurse was bathing us, and she took the blue ribbon off Della's wrist and the pink ribbon off Stella's wrist. When she was ready to put them on again she could not remember which one of us was Della and which was Stella, so she took us in to mother, but mother could not tell either, and no one ever did know whether or not we had our right names. Then when we were seven years old one of us died, and nobody knows whether it was Della or Stella."

Little Tot burst into an agony of tears and sobbed out, "I just know it was my own mother that died when she was seven years old!"—Youth's Companion.

A Rhineland Legend.

There is a Rhineland legend of three German robbers who, having acquired by various atrocities what amounted to a very valuable booty, agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day appointed for this purpose arrived one of them was dispatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return that they might divide his share between them. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together.

A Different Reason.

"What bright eyes you have!" said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep."

"Yes'm," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it ain't," replied the youngster. "It's so she can mend my clothes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Platinum.

Platinum is dissolved by aqua regia, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids. No acid known to chemists, alone, will dissolve this metal, but these two combined, in the proportion of one volume of nitric and three of hydrochloric, will.—New York American.

Safest First.

Bill Burglar—I ain't gonna rob no poor lone woman, I ain't. Mike Thief—What's de matter? Gettin' soft? Bill Burglar—Soft, nothin'. Them lone helpless women's de kind dat half kills ye and then sends you to jail.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PROFIT IN GOLDEN SEAL.

A Woodland Crop That May Be Cultivated With Little Trouble.

Speaking of plants that may be cultivated with little trouble and with profit to the grower, a writer in Green's Fruit Grower advises those who have a bit of unused woodland or underbrush to plant golden seal. He considers it one of the most remunerative of plants to raise and says that it requires very little care.

The roots of this plant sold fifteen years ago at 30 cents a pound. The price has steadily advanced. The root is now worth \$5.50 a pound, and the dry leaves and stems now sell for 25 cents a pound. It is one of the most widely used drugs known to the modern pharmacopoeia.

At the end of three years you can sort out the mature roots from the young ones and wash and dry them for sale, while you put the young roots back in the ground. At the end of the three years the grower has a yearly crop of roots, and, beginning with the first year, he has a yearly crop of leaves and stems. This is one of the crops on which there is an absolute certainty of a market that will run after you as soon as any golden seal buyer knows you have the goods to sell. Go and ask your druggist or your doctor about the value of golden seal.

DAY OF THE QUILL PEN.

When Writing Paper Was Poor and Envelopes Were Unknown.

The constant mending required by quill pens must have proved a severe trial in the days when no others were available, says the London Chronicle. Alexander I. of Russia thought it necessary to employ a man whose sole duty consisted in cutting pens. He was required to have a supply of not less than 100 quills always ready.

This number was by no means excessive, for Alexander would never use the same pen twice. Even the writing of a signature spoiled a pen, in his opinion, for subsequent use. The quill cutter, who received a salary of £340 a year, accompanied the czar on all his journeys, including campaigns against Napoleon.

Writing implements changed considerably for the better during Sir Walter Gilbey's long spell of life. "Though quill pens are still in use," he remarks in his "Recollections of Seventy Years," "I remember the time when one seldom saw any other kind. Steel pens in their early days were expensive and ill made, and few people used them. The paper we had seventy years ago may have been partly to blame. It had neither the substance nor the surface we take as a matter of course nowadays.

"I remember when envelopes came into use, and what a boon they were considered after the old system of closing letters with wafers or wax. Before envelopes were invented letters were always written with an eye to the position of the wafer or seal, a blank space being left to correspond with the space where this would be put on the outside, lest the written portion should be torn in opening."—New York Sun.

Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend the torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked. The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. In all sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and the women don't," said one of the male passengers.—New York Post.

Curious Legend.

At Painswick churchyard, a pretty spot between Stroud and Gloucester, England, there are ninety-nine yew trees. The hundredth always dies, though it has been planted many times. A local story says that "when the hundredth lives after it has been planted the world will end."