

## HOPE COMES BACK IN GREENVILLE, S. C.

City Railway Conductor Says All is Well Again.

"Indigestion can most certainly reduce a man to the most helpless mental and physical condition," writes Mr. G. L. Knight, the popular conductor of 321 West Washington Street, Greenville, S. C.

"I suffered a long time with indigestion, and just felt awfully bad all the time. How I envied the men who seemed glad they were living and enjoying their meals."

"But now it's all right and everything looks as bright as a new dollar, and it's all due to that great remedy, Sulferro-Sol. I bought and took two bottles, and it's about the best investment I ever made. It seems to me that if every one knew of this wonderful remedy, it would cut down the suffering in the world to where we could hardly ever hear of indigestion."

Sulferro-Sol is the most honest and the best remedy I ever heard of. I recommend it to every one."

Sulferro-Sol can be found at any Drug Store. If your Druggist does not have Sulferro-Sol, he will order it for you. The Murray Drug Co., Columbia, State Distributors.—Adv.

### SOUTH PLACE FOR NEGRO

Rev. Richard Carrol Says Migration to North a Mistake.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: I was in Greenwood, S. C., last Saturday night, having learned that a carload of colored people would migrate to Pennsylvania at that time. More than 2,000 colored people gathered at the depot at 8 o'clock to see the crowd go. I learned that every Saturday night this scene takes place in Greenwood. Dr. Dement, pastor of the white Baptist Church there, told me that seventy-five of the best members from the colored Baptist Church had left. The colored people in Greenwood came from the country round about to see the crowd off. Hon. H. C. Tillman, son of Senator B. R. Tillman, told me that in the crowd were one or two of the farm hands that had signed contracts to work next year, but that he would not interfere with them. It was quite different from Georgia, for in Georgia the negroes are intimidated in some sections. In Greenwood the white people offer no resistance. I was burning with enthusiasm to get onto a car box and speak to the multitudes that gathered, but I refrained, because some of the colored people have the idea that I am paid by white people to speak against this migration movement. It is just the other way, however. If I would encourage it or go as I have been invited to spend the balance of my days in Ohio or Pennsylvania, I would receive more money in one year than I would get in South Carolina in five years. This is the country for the black man and the white people of the South should offer the proper inducements and protection before the law to keep the colored people in the Southland.

Dr. B. D. Gray, of Atlanta, addressed a large number of colored people in Newberry in a colored church last Tuesday evening. As he pleaded with the colored men to stay in the South among their white friends, Dr. Gray went much. Dr. Gray is secretary of the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board and was reared in Mississippi.

Among other things he said: "Stay among your friends. We have not treated you right; we are going to do better. Let us, white and colored, unite to solve the race problem on Southern soil. We are in debt to you colored people. First of all, we owe you the Gospel; then we owe you protection before the law. There will be no more outrages when we take up this problem as we should and solve it by the Gospel." Dr. Gray took occasion to commend the remarks of the Rev. J. J. Starks, president of Morris College, Sumter, who had spoken to the white convention about his work at Sumter. It may be as many of our colored people say: God is in this movement. But I believe that if the white people of the South and the colored people of the South had worked together for the last 50 years for the good of each race and at the same time each race in its place, we would have had better conditions in the South—no lynchings, no cause for lynchings. If the best white people in the South had kept the government in the hands of the Gen. Wade Hampton type, this would have been the greatest country on earth. Is it too late for us to begin the great work? Let the best element, and the law-abiding white citizens handle their bad folks. I have in mind now three colored men who have accumulated much property in South Carolina—not in Abbeville County. One has 600 acres of land with debts all paid; 30 or 40 bales of cotton stored at his house. He has been ordered to leave under penalty of death. For three years these negro men have been intimidated and threatened. The wife of one of these men left my home a few days ago. Her husband wanted to know what to do. He has committed suicide. I know what I am talking about when I say that from information I have received from white men friendly to these men that they will have to get up and away, and all because they have accumulated land and are prosperous. While in Greenwood, four different colored men came to me and asked what must they do. I told them not to go North, but try to get to some other white men in the county or in the community. I told them that there are plenty of white men in South Carolina that would give justice and protection. The trouble about the thing is that some of the best negroes are leaving. Sixty thousand have left Florida, as many more Alabama and Georgia. I sent the Rev. J. Bolivar Davis to Alabama to preach to the colored people. Here is a letter from him that came yesterday: "I cannot get up a meeting. Everybody is restless here in Alabama, and I am leaving Monday for Pennsylvania. I will pass through Columbia and will stop if you have anything to offer. The Northern fever is raging down this way." I would suggest that at the race conference which meets annually in Columbia, February 7-8, that some of the leading white and colored citizens from the different counties assemble in Columbia and look this problem squarely in the face.

WILLEMS STARTING ON LONG TRIP

Special Foreign Representative of Dodge Brothers Makes Long Jumps to See Dealers.

E. G. Willems, special foreign representative of Dodge Brothers, is about to start on a little jaunt that will carry him to the far east, including Manila and other island points and eventually to Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. Willems is apparently trying to set a traveling record. During the past year he has traveled more than 50,000 miles, visiting the far eastern region to which he is now returning, and also South Africa and South America.

On one portion of his journey he made a direct jump of 10,000 miles. Mr. Willems is enthusiastic over the possibilities for American cars in distant lands.

"Just a few years ago the American cars had no standing with the foreign buyers," says Mr. Willems, "but they have won their way and the cars with good reputations in this country are winning like prestige abroad."

"The remarkable reception given Dodge Brothers car when introduced at home has been duplicated wherever it has been shown, and the dealers appointed on my trip during the past year, all report excellent business."

SOUTH CAROLINA POLITICS

Social Consideration A Most Important Factor.

EXPLANATION OF CLASS DIVISION

Much Harm Has Been Done by the Pretensions of Ambitious Climbers Who Seek to Elevate Themselves by Ridiculous Claims of Superiority

Greenville Piedmont.

I have an impression that the preceding chayer was not an adequate discussion of the subject I attempted to handle in it. I do not like to make two bites at a cherry, but this seems to be a case where it ought to be done. Far more than those who have not studied the subject realize, class feeling created the bitterness of the early days of the Tillman movement and accounts for the strength of Bleasim. So, let's delve into that matter more deeply.

Once upon a time I had an altercation with a fellow who got furiously angry with me because he forced me to tell him that he had said that which was not so. He indignantly exclaimed, "I'll have you to understand, sir, that I am a gentleman." That gave me his measure and, without rising or taking the trouble to get in a position to facilitate rising, I smiled sweetly at him and remarked: "I have lived in this world 43 years and I have never yet felt it necessary at any time to inform anybody that I was a gentleman." He fairly foamed at the mouth, but I had no further trouble with him.

Pedigree is more erratic in humanity than in animals. A horse or dog is more apt to breed true to ancestry than a man. Some of the most contemptible specimens of the genus homo, masculine persuasion, I have ever known could boast and did boast of aristocratic ancestry. And then I have known men who in every lineament and action showed they were of "gentle birth and high breeding," but who never said so. For such aristocrats I have the highest respect, not because of what they are. I can not find words with which to express my contempt for the man who, a little less than nothing in himself, yet feels himself better than others not of equal lineage because of what his forebears were.

My own creed is very simple. It is fully expressed in the old saw, "Each tub sits on its own bottom," and leaflessly set forth in Burns's psalm of democracy, "A man's a man for a' that." I value a man for what he is and not what he has, of either worldly possessions or ancestry. Several years ago there was a powerful story in the Saturday Evening Post. Its central character, David Grief won the fortune of a young chap whose head had been swelled by coming into that fortune. He agreed to give the fortune back if the young fellow would serve as his factor on a lonely South Sea island for a year, an island where only one vessel touched and that only once a year. A further condition was that each morning and evening during that year he should repeat certain sentences Grief wrote out for him. I only remember one of those sentences, but it is a sentence that every man could profit by memorizing. It was: "Every man is as good as any other man, except when he thinks himself better."

One of the most truly democratic men I have ever known was an Italian nobleman; the biggest snob was a young scion of an old South Carolina family that had run to seed by the time it got to him. He did nothing. He thought he conferred a favor upon the daughter of an immigrant, who by thrift and industry had accumulated a fortune, when he married her and permitted her to support him in the idleness he thought genteel. They tell a story of an impetuous young fellow in Charleston who married a rich girl. When, in the marriage ceremony, he repeated the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father whispered to an old crony with whom he was sitting: "There goes my son's bicycle." That was about the case with the snob of whom I am writing.

In these chapters I have tried to be perfectly frank and have shown myself no more tenderness than I have others. Liquor drinking has no more bitter foe than I. That was not always the case. I quit drinking a number of years ago because of what I had seen liquor do to other men. It ruined and finally took the life of one whom I regarded as the ablest newspaper man South Carolina has produced during my time. That is just one of many cases of which I have personal knowledge. I must have had an iron head and a copper-lined stomach, for it never seemed to bother me.

Politics makes strange bedfellows—and so does drinking. I was in Charleston on a visit many years ago. A hard-drinking friend, who loved to forgo with anybody of a similar tankage, welcomed me as if I were a long lost brother. Before noon he took me to an exclusive club and we did not leave there until near the leaving time of my train the next morning. We had dinner and supper at the club. My friend was one of its most popular members. He was exceptionally good company, a man with an endless supply of anecdotes and jokes and a master hand at the telling of them. I have never been regarded as a skeleton at a talk feast.

Some of those we found at the club when we entered stayed with us until we left the next morning. Others came and went. In all some three score spent more or less time in our corner. Of the three score, probably not one did not regard himself as an aristocrat and not a few openly professed that estimate of themselves after the liquor had oiled the hinges of their tongues and caused them to wag freely. The snob I mentioned above joined us when we first entered and stayed with us till his condition made it necessary to send him home. Even when sober he boasted of his ancestry and, after he had liquor'd up, it seemed hard for him to leave that theme long at a time. If he were not allowed to boast of his ancestors, he would not have had anything else to boast of, except his success in marrying a rich wife—and he did boast of that when his talking machinery had gotten limbered up. His wife located him at the club and tried to get him to come home to dinner. He would draw affectionate nothings to her over the phone and tell her he was having an important business conference, but would be home shortly. Then he would come to us, suggest throwing poker dice for another round of drinks and deprecatingly tell us how fond his poor wife was of him. The same thing happened at supper time. They say, "In vino veritas." That may be so, but beyond doubt, what is in a man's heart comes off his tongue when liquor controls that tongue. Late in the evening he confessed he thought he had rather lowered himself by marrying a plebeian, even though she was wealthy.

Of the three score, more than half were between twenty and thirty, but others were much older. That day I was studying humanity. To me it was all very interesting. I had some curious specimens at close range and I guided the conversation so as to make them "show their paces." Time and again I brought the talk around to South Carolina politics. Excepting the friend who had taken me to the club, not one appeared to have an intelligent conception of the political affairs of this state. Class, not issues, determined their views. The Tillmanites were unutterable, not because of what they advocated but because they were not of the class of the speakers. They admitted that there were some men of fine family prominent in the Tillman movement, but not one of them was given credit for sincerity. The undivided judgment was that such men had joined the principle and such men were bitterly denounced as class leaders.

I asked the aforementioned snob why he did not go into politics, and he expressed the opinion that at that time he did not think a gentleman could be elected to office in South Carolina unless he sided with the mob, and that he was not of the opinion that a man remained a gentleman who so sided. His opinion appeared to be that because of his family standing and not because of any understanding of or position upon the issues of the day he was entitled to

to voters to cast their ballots for Richard I. Manning, not because of what his administration had been, but because some of his ancestors had held high office in South Carolina, because he was a scion of a family of great prominence, because he had been successful in business and because he was a member of the Episcopal church, which was alleged to be the church of aristocrats. And in personal conversation with voters, I heard some of them voice the same objections to Manning as a sufficient reason why they should vote against him, even though they admitted that as governor he had urged and signed more legislation beneficial to their class than had any other governor they had known.

Before the war and from 1876 until Tillman swept into power in 1890, that line was not drawn into our politics. He did more than any other man to make that demarcation effective politically, but not all the blame is his, more, there and yonder throughout the state are men much as that bench I spent that day with in Charleston, and their attitude has been powerful in making the class feeling that is uneniably a strong force in the politics of our state.

Geo. R. Koester.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 2c.

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You will find Candy here to suit.

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If you buy Cigars for Xmas get the kind they like. We have all the popular brands and can tell you just the kind they would enjoy.

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LaFolwin cigars, box \$1.00 & \$2.00  
El Wingo cigars, box \$1.00 & \$2.00  
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