

VIRGINIA MOUNTAINERS ARE LAWLESS ELEMENT
(Continued from first page.)

where its arm has been strong enough to compel them, and then it has been a sly submission at the best. State laws that harassed them in smaller particulars have been treated with contempt altogether. These mountaineers have recognized only the Federal law and are proud only of being citizens of the Union. State pride has no meaning to them.

This attitude toward the outside world has bred suspicion in the mountain folk. Strangers are unwelcome and are likely to be roughly treated on intruding into the moonshine caves if they are suspected of being representatives of the law. Education is unnecessary, from the mountaineer viewpoint. It is something that the fathers got along without so why should the children be trained in "book learning." And teachers are particularly suspected on account of the stories that members of their profession have carried to the outside world in the past regarding the benighted state of the mountaineers. The pride of a "mountain boomer" is not to be trifled with.

Altogether the condition of life among the natives of the southern mountains has been for a half century that of a primitive people. The stock, largely English, has retrogressed since the original squatters took up their abode in the mountain fastnesses. But in spite of their defiance of the law of the land the people do not live in a state of complete anarchy. There are unwritten laws which must be observed if the mountaineer wants to keep his residence in a community, and if these are recognized he is likely to be looked upon as a fairly creditable citizen regardless of sporadic indulgence in gun play when he has taken too much "white lightning."

For instance, if a mountaineer wants to keep his slate clear, he must avoid all risk of being suspected of "informing." Furnishing the revenue officers with evidence whereby they may discover blockade stills. "Informing" is viewed as being as great a crime as murder, and will be punished by the death of the offender if he is detected. And there is no slur that can be cast in the mountain country as withering

as that of "sheep stealer." The ownership of personal property is rigidly respected.

This is the typical picture of the southern mountaineer—illiterate, shiftless and happy in his poverty. But it is not a fair picture to draw of the section. The mountain white has a keenness that makes him the superior at all times of the negro, and in many districts where conditions have been favorable the population has advanced from the squalor stage to a place where many own considerable property. It is usually the case that this advancement has taken place in localities where the land happens to be more than usually fertile and where the struggle for existence has not been so hard. In general, however, the man who owns his patch of ground and yoke of oxen is accounted as being wealthy.

In some districts, however, conditions are worse. In these dark corners the population has so deteriorated that all sense of morality has disappeared, virtue being little regarded among the women, and it is nothing out of the ordinary for a man to have several families, housing the mothers of all their offspring under the same roof in apparent tranquility. In such districts too, the head of a family is frequently the law of that family, even, in rare cases, having practically power of life and death. It is in these districts that life is cheapest and where the man who has a death or two to his credit is more or less a hero.

In such circumstances it is only natural that shootings frequently result in family feuds, such as have wiped out practically entire households in eastern Kentucky and often the opposing families, if strong enough, will form their clans.

The Allen family, which was responsible for the tragedy in the Carroll county court house, has its clan, on the trail of which the state of Virginia has set armed forces. But in spite of feuds there is one common enemy that unites the opposing factions in crises, the revenue force. When the Federal officers start into the mountains on the search for illicit stills the factional hostilities are interrupted for the time being, either for the purpose of concealment or active opposition.

Regardless of the feud fights, wars against the "revenues" and

the distilling of moonshine whisky, religion flourishes in the southern mountains, religion of the shouting, mourners' bench sort that appeals to the primitive minds of the congregations. And, incongruous as it may seem, the pillars in the church, laymen, deacons, preachers even, are directly and personally interested in the traffic in liquor. To run a blockade still is the proper and accepted thing to do, and the only social and religious outlet is the weakling who is so craven as to pay his tax when he should smuggle his goods to market.

The mountaineers are almost entirely Methodists or Baptists and the only Baptists in the mountain section are of the "hard shell" or "foot washing" sort. This sect has almost disappeared from all other parts of the country, except from among the negroes. The ceremony of "foot washing" is observed regularly and often in conjunction with the other rites of the church. The deacons wash the feet of the preacher, who in turn washes the feet of the deacons. The lay members are allowed to minister to each other, the men and women sitting apart on opposite sides of the church edifice during the ceremony.

Their religion is not free from superstition. A form of the black magic belief exists among the mountaineers. The power of evil, however, is supposed to be extended over animals and not over human beings. A deacon in one of the mountain churches in western North Carolina was long believed by fellow church members to possess this evil influence over the hogs of his enemies. Whenever an epidemic of any sort struck the swine of the neighborhood the deacon got the alleged credit for it. And he, being canny according to the ways of the mountaineers, never took the trouble to disillusion anyone.

The belief in the powers of a seer, few to "conjure" does not end the superstition of the moonshiners. A strap of eelskin bound around the wrist will keep off rheumatism. A mole's foot, properly dried and tied around the baby's neck will keep the youngster in prime condition. And yet, the physician is the one visitor from the outside world in whom the mountain folk have confidence.

As primitive as their religious belief is the attitude of the mountaineers toward their women. The woman is the inferior being. She accepts the fact without question, and everywhere that she goes with her lord and master, instead of walking beside him, she follows in his footsteps. And if the family hound is along, as it usually is, it too precedes the wife in the procession.

Of recent years new causes of trouble are appearing in the moonshine district. Northern capitalists are buying up timber tracts and seeking to evict the squatters from the trout streams and the hunting grounds that they consider theirs. The forest reserve agitation has aroused the spirit of the mountain folk for the same reason. The trespassers and interlopers from the squatters' paradise, and the fear of the rifle ball falls to stop them, although now and again a lumberman or a surveyor is the victim of a pot shot from some hunter who is never found.

The problem of what to do with this mountain race that does not stop at ravaging a court room is a stupendous one, but those in closest touch with them believe that the answer is in education, not in elimination, as in the case of its predecessor, the Indian.

Considering the enduring prejudices of the mountaineers the talk of educating them is a staggerer. They hated the negroes in slavery days and that hatred is still so intense that they will drive out any blacks that attempt to settle among them. They became Republicans in ante-bellum days because the Republican party stood for abolition, and Republicans the mountaineers remain today, although that party is responsible for the whiskey tax which they evade. The indications are that there will be more trouble, lots of it, ere the moonshine stills cease to smoke in the Blue Ridge and their operators are assimilated into the new order of things.—New York Sun.

For Sale.

A 12-horse power Coser portable engine. Apply to Henry Savage, Camden, S. C.

For satisfactory work use Zemp's Drays.



TWO DAYS HORSE SHOW PROVED GREAT SUCCESS
(Continued from first page.)

horses to count 75 per cent., general appearance of turnout 25 per cent.—First prize, cup, John K. Ottley; second prize, ribbon, King and Ingram; third prize, ribbon, J. N. Kirvin.

Hunters, to be shown, over six jumps, three feet six inches high; performance to count—First prize, \$20, Geo. H. Dunnell; second prize, \$10, Geo. H. Dunnell; third prize, ribbon, Geo. H. Dunnell.

Thursday's Show.

One thousand persons, three hundred of whom were visitors, saw the fourth annual horse show come to a successful close Thursday. The day was cloudy and at times seemed as if a rain storm was imminent. The feature of the day was the awarding of the championship prizes. The harness horse championship went to Mr. J. N. Kirvin, of Darlington. He drove a bay gelding. There was a close race for the saddle horse championship, between Mr. J. K. Ottley's horse, of Atlanta, and Mr. G. T. Little, of Camden. The judges took some time to decide and finally awarded the honor to "Princess Patricia," Mr. Little's horse. This horse won second prize in the world's championship at Lexington, Ky., several years ago, when twenty-five horses were entered, and it took the judges nine hours to decide the winner. "Edna May," the full sister to "Princess Patricia," won the prize, and was sold for \$6,700. Mr. Little purchased his horse two years ago in Atlanta for a bargain, paying \$1,500 for it. His horse has won prizes at Madison Square Garden, New York, St. Louis, Louisville, Lexington, Atlanta and other places.

Mr. Ottley's horse, which was seriously considered for the championship has won blue ribbons at St. Louis, Atlanta, Knoxville, and many other places. In the double harness consolation cup, Mr. J. K. Ottley, of Atlanta, was the winner.

The single harness consolation cup went to Mr. Hearon, of Bishopville. The horses shown this year were far superior to any ever before shown here.

The judges seemed to have trouble in picking the winners in almost every class. They were S. W. Taylor, editor of the Rider and Driver, one of the leading horse-man's magazines of the country; Professor T. F. Jackson, of Clemson College, and K. G. Whistler, of Columbia. Mr. W. S. Blitz, an experienced horse show manager, deserves credit for the way in which he managed this show, there was not a single hitch during the two days.

Pair horses under 15.2 hands, John K. Ottley, of Atlanta, first; Mrs. W. B. Schiller, of Pittsburg, second; Geo. H. Dunnell, of Albany, N. Y., third.

Three gaited saddle horse under 15 hands—John K. Ottley, first; W. B. Schiller, Jr., of Pittsburg, second; Geo. H. Dunnell, third.

Single harness horse, Kershaw county owned—B. M. Pearce, Jr., first; W. H. Pearce, second; A. J. Beattie, third.

Roadster pairs, long tall—J. N. Kirvin, of Darlington, first; W. B. Boyle, of Sumter, second; King and Ingram, of Kershaw, third.

Single harness horse, 15.2 hands and under—B. M. Pearce, Jr., first; King and Blanding, of Sumter, second; J. M. and R. L. Hearon, of Bishopville, third.

Saddle pony ridden by boy or girl under 15 years old—G. T. Little, Jr., first; Hazel King, second; L. L. Block, third. Billie and Fritz Schiller, of Pittsburg, were also awarded ribbons.

Kershaw, Lancaster, Lee, Sumter, Richland and Fairfield County pair—H. G. Carrison, Jr., first; W. B. Boyle, of Sumter, second; D. C. Shaw, of Sumter, third.

Five gaited saddle horse—George T. Little, first; C. J. Shannon, Jr., second; M. J. Moore, of Sumter, third.

Ladies' pair—Mrs. W. B. Schiller, first; Geo. H. Dunnell, second; D. C. Shaw, third. John K. Ottley's were ruled out, as they had already won two prizes.

Polo ponies—W. E. Johnson, Jr., first; Charles Tainter, of New York, second; T. Edmund Krumbholz, of New York, third.

Combination horses—John K. Ottley, first; Geo. T. Little, second; Geo. H. Dunnell, third.

Marriage.

On Monday last, March 25th, 1912 Mr. Francis Marion Shull, of Banner Elk, N. C., and Miss Bessie Elliott, of Sheppard, S. C., were married in Camden. Probate Judge W. L. McDowell officiating. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Elliott.

"Excuse Me."

CAMDEN WON AIKEN CUPS.

Defeated Both New Haven and Aiken on Aiken Grounds.

Once more Camden has defeated Aiken, and this time on Aiken's grounds, and with a member of the second team playing on the first team. The following account of the game appeared in the Columbia State of March 27:

"Society folk from New York and other northern cities formed a prominent group among those who saw the Camden polo team defeat the Aiken four here Saturday in the final game for the Aiken cups. The score was 4 to 1-1-2, and the contest was exciting from the opening bell. In the semi-final, on Thursday, Aiken won from New Haven in a close game.

The ground was in perfect condition today and the ponies were at their best. The Camden mounts were the faster and practically ran the Aiken ponies off their feet in the straight dashes. In close play, however, the Aiken four were quick on the turns and the players missed few chances, but their direction was not good, and time and again their shots rolled just outside the goal posts. Had their direction been as good as Camden's the Aiken players might have won by a larger margin than did the victors.

Camden showed excellent combination play and carried the ball well down the field. The fleetness of the visitors' ponies put Camden into an early lead, which it held despite repeated rallies by Aiken. The teams met on an even footing, their total handicaps being equal.

The line up:
Camden—No. 1, Duncan Edwards; No. 2, Thos. LeBoutellier; No. 3, Mr. Stevenson; back, Chas. Tainter.
Aiken—No. 1, Jack Fell; No. 2, Earle Hoppin; No. 3, Phillip Randolph; back, George Milburn.

Notice.

The Camden Motor Co. are sole agents for the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle in Kershaw County.



MRS. KOHN DEAD
Mother of Camden Lady Dies in Columbia Hospital.

Columbia State, March 23.
Mrs. Rosa W. Kohn, nee Theodore Kohn, died in a hospital yesterday morning and her remains were taken to Orangeburg yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Kohn was 70 years of age and had lived in Orangeburg since 1867. Her death was not a surprise, members of her family and it will be regarded as a relief to the community.

Mrs. Kohn was brought to Orangeburg about five weeks ago, at that time it was realized her condition was critical. Her effort it was realized by her family in charge that her condition was hopeless and therefore consent of her death was expected.

Mrs. Kohn is survived by a number of children—August Kohn, Columbia, Mrs. Gus Hirsch, of Camden, Miss Adeline Kohn, of Orangeburg and David Kohn of Orangeburg, besides several brothers and sisters in New York and Virginia.

The remains were taken to Orangeburg yesterday afternoon. Services will be held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, being conducted by Dr. Mercusson, and will be at the Jewish burial place at Orangeburg.

Zemp's Drays handle your business with care.

...COST OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS

A good many people say, "We would like to have electric lights, but they are too expensive; we cannot afford them." Have you ever really investigated the matter to see if this is actually the case? Probably you do not know with the latest improved lamps, electric light is now as cheap as kerosene.

By using Tungsten Lamps you get four times as much light for \$1.00 as you did in 1895.

To avoid danger of our customers using an inferior lamp we have decided to sell all first class Gem and Tungsten lamps at cost.

PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

- 100-Watt Gem Lamp, equal to 40 candle power. Price each
- 80-Watt Gem Lamp, equal to 32 candle power. Price each
- 60-Watt Gem Lamp, equal to 24 candle power. Price each
- 40-Watt Gem Lamp, equal to 16 candle power. Price each
- 100-Watt Tungsten Lamp. Price each
- 80-Watt Tungsten Lamp. Price each
- 60-Watt Tungsten Lamp. Price each
- 40-Watt Tungsten Lamp. Price each
- 25-Watt Tungsten Lamp. Price each

Our Representative is at Your Service

Camden Water & Light Company
PHONE 12 or 51

To Lonesome Women



"Are you going to the meeting?"

"Yes, I'll be ready when you are."

Women living on farms and in rural districts haven't time to seek and enjoy social pleasures. Distances are too great—the work is too unending. Women grow lonesome and listless when they are deprived of these pleasures.

The Rural Telephone

solves the problem. It enables women to talk with their husbands and friends and keep alive to the news of the day. Our free booklet tells how you can have a telephone in your home at small cost. Women living in the country should write for it. Address

Farmers Line Department
SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY
247 South Fryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

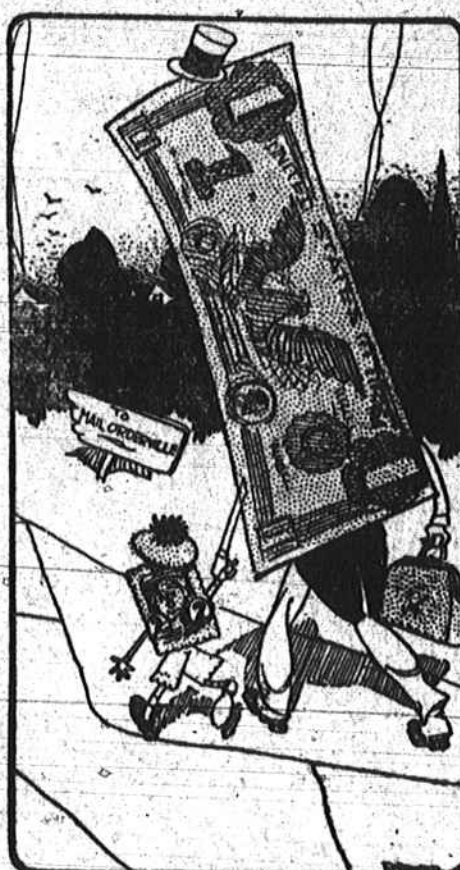
Mr. William Dollar, Good Citizen.

In a certain western town lives a gentleman whose name is William Dollar. They call him Dollar Bill when they get funny. But Mr. Dollar is a dignified, enterprising, good citizen.

Not every Dollar Bill is a good citizen. Many of them are prone to ignore the claims of their own community and run away to a big city to be spent. Many millions of Dollar Bills have left the smaller towns for the overgrown cities this present year of our Lord.

How many Dollar Bills have gone out of THIS TOWN—left home and gone to some big city, never to return?

Every time a Dollar Bill leaves town it takes a two-cent stamp with it, for it goes to a Mail Order Store. That helps the postmaster a little, but it doesn't help the local merchant. It means just so much less trade for him.



- Which means just so much less cash circulating in this community.
- Which means just so much more social and business stagnation.
- Which means the stunting of the town's growth just to that extent.

If you could figure up the Dollar Bills that leave town in this secret manner, like taking French leave—which you can't—you would know just how much the town is stunted by indulgence in this mail order stunt.

If these Dollar Bills were really good and enterprising citizens they would stay at home and circulate around, helping things along.

How many of YOUR Dollar Bills take the midnight express out of town on the Envelope Route?