

HUGH LONG IN AIKEN JAIL.

Sheriff and His Men Outwit Angry Wagener Crowd.

Aiken, Sept. 29.—After eluding a mob of determined men bent upon wreaking vengeance upon him after he had shot Pickens H. Gunter, president of the Bank of Wagener, on the streets of that town yesterday afternoon, and after suffering many hardships and traveling under serious difficulties more than 25 miles through the rain last night, Hugh Long, mayor of Wagener and representative-elect, was brought to Aiken this morning by two rural policemen and placed in jail. Muscoe Samuels and S. E. Holley, the officers who accomplished one of the cleverest ruses ever worked in this county to protect a prisoner from violence, arrived in Aiken, haggard and worn out with the hardships of a wild night, at 7 o'clock.

When Sheriff Raborn and his deputies reached Wagener last night they found an angry mob surrounding the house in which Long had barricaded himself. Long, who was apparently very glad to see the officers of the law, was stationed on the second floor of the house, at the head of a narrow stairway, armed with two loaded revolvers and a shotgun, and holding his ground with a determination that convinced the officers beyond doubt that if he had been attacked by the mob he would have sold his life dear.

According to the sheriff, Long had taken up a position which he could have held against the onslaught of the crowd until his ammunition was exhausted, and before he could have been killed, it was apparent that he could have shot down at least a dozen of the attacking party.

Long's wife and child, and another family, were in the house with him.

Upon his arrival Sheriff Raborn addressed the crowd, but his words of advice were unavailing. In a gin house a few yards away were gathered a large number of men. These Long could see through a window from his station at the head of the stairs. Their dark forms were moving about continuously, and occasionally the glow of their cigars and cigarettes resembled the display of so many fires.

Other men formed a cordon around the house in which Long had taken refuge and the mob kept their eyes upon the big black automobile in which the sheriff and his men made the trip from Aiken, thinking that the officers would attempt to carry him away in the machine when they would have a better opportunity to make an attack.

The sheriff, however, had no such intention. Realizing that to attempt to carry Long away in the face of the mob would mean, at the very least, the death of his prisoner, he asked the leaders of the mob what they demanded. They answered that they would be satisfied if Long were kept in Wagener until daylight—presumably to await word from the bedside of Mr. Gunter, the desperately wounded man.

When the sheriff informed these men that he had no intention of trying to carry Long away in the automobile, many of those composing the mob were satisfied and left the scene, but enough remained to keep a pretty close watch out. Once, when the driver of the automobile ran the machine across the road, a volley of shot was fired over his head. Long was anxious to get away to a place of more security.

At last, about midnight, one of the deputies finding that the guard at the rear of the house had relaxed its vigilance, he reported the matter to the sheriff, and the sheriff realizing that this was his opportunity, told Long to go with the two deputies.

Long kissed his wife good bye, and in the custody of the officers, who themselves were heavily armed, slipped out of the back door and into the woods. For 12 miles the three men walked through the rain and the darkness, keeping away from the public roads and following by-paths through the woods. They lost their way and were near Salley when one of the officers realized their location. Thirteen miles from Aiken they secured a buggy, and wet to the skin, worn and fatigued, they drove the remainder of the way.

At Wagener, however, the sheriff and his other deputies maintained their guard of the house in which the mob supposed Long to still be held. This guard was kept up all night, and this morning when those of the mob who had been watching the big black automobile all night asked concerning Long, they were told that he was probably in Aiken by that time. As it developed, the mob had guarded doubly against the law officers taking Long away in the automobile. On every road leading out of the town barricades were placed to stop or hinder the progress of any conveyance. Telegraph poles were felled across the road in several places, and in others logs were piled up as barriers. Late last night be-

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SCHWARTZ BROS. Remember, we love to show you—
The Millinery Department says “ME TOO”

fore the main body of the mob dispersed an attack was made upon the office of the Wagener Edisto News, a weekly newspaper, which Long established about a year ago and which has been edited and published by him during his residence in Wagener.

With brickbats, sticks and stones the windows and doors of the shop were battered in, and the front of the office completely wrecked.

The sheriff this morning arrested Dr. O. B. Portwood and Hays Gunter of Wagener and brought them with him to Aiken, placing them in jail with Long. These men are charged in the warrant on which the arrests were made with being accessories to the crime with which Long is charged, it being alleged that Dr. Portwood, who is a prominent citizen of Wagener and who operates a drug store there, gave Long the pistol with which he shot Pickens Gunter. Hays Gunter, it is alleged, had hold of Pickens Gunter when he was shot by Long. With his stocking feet against a smoldering fire in a waiting room at the Aiken county jail this morning, Hugh Long, whose stormy career since he took up his residence in Aiken county a little more than a year ago, led to the sensational events of last night, this morning greeted two newspaper men who called upon him. He was smoking a corn cob pipe when his visitors entered.

What he passed through during the previous 12 hours told plainly upon him—he was haggard and worn, still a little nervous; but he smiled pleasantly and introduced his fellow prisoners, Dr. Portwood and Hays Gunter, to the newspaper men. Long said that he has no statement to make at this time. When told that the mob had practically wrecked his newspaper shop, he remarked, “I am not surprised.”

Hardly had the sheriff reached Aiken this morning when he received a telephone message from Wagener stating that the situation in that troubled town is still bad and growing worse. The sheriff was requested to return to Wagener at once and bring with him the entire rural constabulary to preserve order. Two deputies were sent at once to the scene and in another automobile went Robert L. Gunter, solicitor of this circuit—a cousin of Pickens Gunter—and Mayor Herbert Gyles of Aiken. No definite word has been received here today from Wagener as to the condition of Pickens Gunter, who, however is so desperately wounded, being shot through and through, that the physicians entertain not the least hope for his recovery.

The fight between Long and Gunter occurred about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the main business square of Wagener.

SCHOOL OPENS AT WISACKY.

Rain Hinders Cotton Picking but Helps Other Crops—Business Brisk in Town.

Wisacky, Sept. 28.—We, like every other section of which I've heard, had a very heavy rain last Monday night. Though it put a stop to cotton picking, for awhile, it was very acceptable, and helpful to potatoes, peas and gardens. More peas are being made this season than have been made for a number of years. Peavine hay has improved very much. Some have begun to cut their hay, but I fear will lose it as the weather has been very unfavorable for curing.

The public school opened last week with Miss Royal Peck of Edgefield, as teacher. Our school is quite small as so many of our young people have gone off to higher schools and numbers are kept from school to help gather the cotton crop. How unfortunate that some of our parents cannot see the importance, yea, the necessity of educating their children more, what an injustice they are doing their children to deprive them of an education because they failed to have received one in their childhood. I hope our next legislature will succeed in passing a compulsory education law, and thus save our rising generation from ignorance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Scott stopped on their return from the mountains to spend a week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. W. McCutchen. They went on to Mt. Pleasant yesterday, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. N. Z. Alford also returned yesterday from her sojournings in pursuit of health. Dr. Alford has been absent for a week in North Carolina, where he went to attend the funeral of his brother, Mack. He has the sympathy of us all in his bereavement.

A good many of our young people have been suffering from the effects of hook worm treatment, but are about recovered from it and claim that it has helped them.

Business is quite lively in our little town and though the cotton crop is very short, prices are very good, compared with last year at this time. Seed is bringing a good price. Corn and potatoes are good and the farmers are cheerful.

We were glad to meet our old friend, Mr. A. Strauss of your town, who visited our town this week. Like some of the rest of us, age is telling on him.

We are all awaiting very anxiously the verdict of the State Executive Committee with reference to our recent State election. I trust it will do justice to all parties and not be governed by any partisan spirit.

It is raining again, and all farm work is suspended for this week.

“Woodrow Wilson is one Southerner whom the Yankees made run,” remarks the Columbia State. To which The Greenville News adds: “And Governor Marshall is a Yankee whom the Southerners are running.”—Augusta Chronicle.

FARMERS' UNION NEWS

Practical Thoughts for Practical Farmers.
(Conducted by E. W. Dabbs, President S. C. Farmers Union.)

Some Random Thoughts.

The quotation from President Hightower's annual report is made principally to emphasize the idea expressed in the following sentence: “In the 2nd place the success of the company depends upon the development of an idea in the public mind. The people of the South, as a whole, have little conception that a most deplorable market condition exists in this country. They can't be induced to co-operate properly unless they understand the vast amount they are losing each year by improper market conditions. The surest and quickest way to disseminate this knowledge is through our agricultural colleges. This instruction will not only be given to the young men of the college, but through the department of markets in these institutions the public will be informed from time to time and knowledge of real conditions will be disseminated throughout the South generally.”

Thus wrote Mr. G. R. Hightower, for years President of the Mississippi Farmers' Union, and since June 15th, President of the Mississippi A. and M. college at Starkville. When that was written the President of the South Carolina Union had already carried the request for a study of marketing to the University at Columbia and to Clemson College. Finding it impractical to visit all the colleges of the State, he sent each and every one an earnest letter requesting that the matters of Farm Finance, and produce marketing be studied. This is not to detract one scintilla of honor from my colleague of Mississippi, but to show to the readers of this paper that those of us who have given much thought to these matters, see that it is a matter of education and that we have a right to expect the colleges and the educated minds of the country to help solve these problems.

In only one instance did the head of a college seem reluctant to take up the subjects. He said it was not the province of the college to try to teach marketing; that it could only be done by practical men organizing co-operative selling agencies, and giving an object lesson of scientific marketing. Probably when he has given more thought to the matter, and realizes what a tremendous hold it has on the public mind, how institutes and magazines, and congress and Farmers' Unions are wrestling with the problem, he will revise his opinion.

In the meantime the A. and M. college of Mississippi must be given due credit for being the first college

In America to establish a chair of Rural Credits and Farm Marketing.

Two editorials from the Carolina Union Farmer are so appropriate just at this time that they are reproduced below. Read them carefully, both farmers and merchants; yes, and bankers and lawyers, school teachers and preachers will also find them instructive.

In response to an inquiry of the Governor of a progressive State of the Middle West, I have been promised all their bulletins on co-operation. They have a State board in response to a plank in the party platform in part as follows: “We favor a thorough investigation of conditions of county and city life as an aid in bringing the wage-earner and farmer closer together, eliminating the waste of distribution, promoting co-operative selling, buying, storage, and warehousing, co-operative credit and knowledge of co-operative methods and the encouragement of the ownership of homes by wage-earners and farmers.”

The county meeting on Friday bids fair to be a most interesting one. President Williams will give the details of a plan of co-operation “to aid each other in buying and selling” that should be understood and put in operation in every local union. The beauty of this plan of his, is that it has been tried successfully in his own local union. When our people are willing to begin in a small way at home as he has done, these larger things that we read so much about will come naturally. In fact they cannot come without being preceded by the small efforts and small efforts will lead to big things just as sure as the seed leads to the harvest of the crop if it is properly cultivated.

Cotton News vs. Political News.

The Monroe Enquirer has a way of going straight to the issue without wasting any words. And here's the way it says things: “And now King Cotton comes to the front. More interesting will be the items about cotton, its condition, quality and price than all the reports from political conventions, all the returns from elections and the wranglings of politicians.”

Teh Enquirer is everlastingly right in its comparison. Not only the Southern farmer but the entire business interests of the South are more interested in cotton news than political news. And this reminds us again that the American farmer has less reason to get excited over party machine politics than any other class of people. His interests are not seriously considered in the great game of politics that is being pulled off this year. The political platforms scarcely refer to agricultural interests at all. The special interests have been well taken care of heretofore and there is nothing to indicate that they are not going to be well taken care of after the next election, regardless of which party machine may win, simply because the special interests still have enough men in the parties to

get what they want. No lines have yet been drawn that separate those who may be seeking to run the government in the interests of the masses from the controlling minority, in their respective political parties, who represent the “invisible government.” Under such situation why should the farmer, or anybody else, as for that matter, get excited over the present political situation? Of course the price of cotton is more interesting—more exciting. If you don't believe it, ask the farmer who is wrapped up in debt. Ask the merchant whose ability to meet his obligations depends upon the price of cotton. Ask the doctor whose collections will depend largely upon the price of cotton. Also the lawyer who will also be in a tight place unless the price of cotton goes right. That unpaid preacher's salary also makes him feel a lingering interest in the price of cotton. Yes, indeed, “cotton news” is decidedly the most interesting to everybody in this country—except to the fellows who are waiting and hoping for some fat, juicy slices of party “patronage,” as pay for their “influence” in the campaign.

Market Your Cotton Slowly.

If you lost your nerve last fall and permitted yourself to join the panicky procession and dumped your cotton upon a congested market, thus causing the price to tumble way down below a normal level, you might figure out your losses. It won't do any good now except to remind you of the logical effect of feeding the markets faster than there is an economic demand for the product. Perhaps you thought the other fellow would hold, and he acted just like you did—and he thought you would hold. Or, perhaps, the large crop reports last fall caused you to lose faith in the market, and you surrendered and “let her roll.” However that may have been, the fact remains that there was panicky marketing last fall—“scared marketing”—and that kind of marketing always produces panicky prices as a natural consequence. And that kind of rapid selling cost the Southern farmers twenty dollars a bale. They lost twenty dollars a bale and the speculators and spinners made twenty dollars a bale by the operation. The aggregate loss to the farmers foots up, in round numbers, the neat sum of three hundred million dollars and also the neat profit of the three hundred million dollars to the speculators and “special interests.”

If you don't like the result of that kind of marketing, wouldn't it be a good idea not to be caught in that kind of panic again? Gradual marketing, feeding the markets only the markets are hungry for the product, is the remedy. Congested marketing produces falling prices. If you don't believe it, carry more tomatoes or more melons to your local market than there is a demand for, and see if prices come down.

Our historians devote pages to military or political phases of life, while scarcely a page is given to our industrial heroes who have led the procession in our country's substantial development.