

Hon. W. Boyd Evans' Views.

He Shows by Facts and Figures Much to Interest the People Who Pay the Freight.

HE POINTS OUT MANY RAILROAD DISCRIMINATIONS THAT THE COMMISSION CAN CORRECT.

Mr. W. Boyd Evans Presents a Strong Address to the Voters—He is a Candidate for Railroad Commissioner and Has His Subject Well in Hand—His Arguments Are Logical.

I come into this race for Railroad Commissioner fresh from the people; not as an officeholder, nor one who has aspired for State office heretofore. I have never run for State office in South Carolina before this time, but have been contented to remain at home, making a living as a private citizen. All of my opponents in this race, except two, are today office holders, and have held offices for many years. When only 16 years old I left the farm in old Marion County and entered Wofford College, where I remained for four years under the training of that venerable old gentleman, Dr. James Carlisle. After that time I took a two-years' law course at the South Carolina College, and have since been practicing law in the city of Columbia. While in those institutions I was not there in luxury, but every dollar that I spent while at those colleges I made myself. After Mr. Cooper's death that Christian gentleman, Gov. Ellerbe, made me his private secretary, and I served him faithfully until his death. I have collected and turned over to the Spanish-American War soldiers over twenty thousand dollars, and have claims now on file in Washington for \$30,000 more which as yet are unpaid. I will collect this amount sooner or later.

As to my opponents' personal or private character, I have nothing to say. I am not making this race on the bad character of my opponents, but on my own merit. If I cannot receive it in this way, I do not care to have it. The Railroad Commission of the State of South Carolina is more important to the welfare of her citizens than any other department of her government. In the wise and equitable management of our great avenues of commerce lies the secret of our progress or our downfall. That commission is charged with the duty of regulating, adjusting and enforcing our laws relative to traffic and commerce. They are a board of arbitrators between the people and the corporators, between labor and capital, between the toilers of the sod and the opulent millionaire. They are harnessed with the power of meting out equity, and fair dealing as between men and trusts. Our laws have been wise, and all we want is their proper execution. You, the people, want nothing but justice and equity—equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

You should have an equal footing with the corporators, which you have created. Why were they created? Were they not given their powers by the people that they might subvert the necessities of the people? They are a necessity. We could not do without them. Yet, when they grow so great as to defeat the very objects of their creation, they must be restricted. Corporations are powerful and thrifty slaves, but they are not to be permitted to use their powers to build up one man, and pull down his brother. They must not strangle the life breath from you while holding the cup of plenty to your neighbor. What you want, what the people want, my friends, is to regulate these railroads, to tame them like the wild horse, and make them split the middle track. If you take some of their wildness and outerness out of them.

To do these things, you have created our Railroad Commission. This commission has done much for you, but it has failed to do much. It should be composed of men fitted by experience, training and capacity to meet and solve the problems which arise. Its members should represent every phase of our citizenship. All farmers won't do. All politicians won't do. All lawyers or doctors won't do. But it should have one farmer, to know what the farmers want and it should have one business man to know what the commercial interests need, and it certainly should have one lawyer, learned in the law, and with practical experience in dealing with men, for he might meet and judge, as farmers and business men can't, the legal points which arise, the arguments which are made by the able attorneys of these corporations.

You ask first, "What are these wrongs which should be righted?" "Is it a fact that these railroads have us in their power to build up one place at the expense of another?" "Do they rob us of our money to fill the pocket of their favorites?" "Aye, like the serpent that a tunc the breast of that beautiful queen who would have warmed it back to life, the corporations of South Carolina have drained the breast of the State that gave her life.

The freight rates are presumed to be regulated by distance and weight and amount hauled. These rates are promulgated by the railroads, under the direction of the Railroad Commission. My friend, Mr. Wilbourn, has served two terms, eight years, on that commission, and is now running for a third term, which is six years more. He has received in salary for that office about \$20,000, and it is now time that the people gave this office to some one else. There are other men in the State just as capable, or more so, to hold it as Mr. Wilbourn. He has been there long enough to be perfectly familiar with the workings of the office, and he ought also to be able to explain to you why it has been done so badly; why he has allowed overcharges on freight rates; why he has allowed your claims, tied up for twelve or fifteen months, when they

should be paid up, under the statute law of the State within sixty days; why he has allowed the railroads to charge you demurrage when your freight happens to remain at the depot longer than you anticipated; why he does not make the railroads pay its customers demurrage when they promised to ship you a carload of goods on a certain date, and it is two weeks or more after that time before you get them. "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways."

Let me show you how unjust the rates are. Show me a road within the borders of South Carolina: A carload of hay, shipped from Augusta, Ga., to Orangeburg, S. C., costs \$23 freight, and the same carload of hay shipped from Jackson, S. C., a smaller station in the State, and nearer to Orangeburg, the freight is \$30. Robins, S. C., to Orangeburg, S. C., is fifty-five miles, and the freight charged a citizen of Orangeburg on a carload of hay from Robins to Orangeburg was \$14.08. Jackson, S. C., to Orangeburg, S. C., is 68 miles, and the freight on a similar carload of hay from Jackson to Orangeburg was \$30. So you see, Jackson, S. C., is only thirteen miles further from Orangeburg than Robins, S. C., yet the railroads charge you \$15.92 for hauling it only thirteen miles further.

It is eight times as far from Atlanta, Ga., to Monck's Corner as it is from Charleston to the same point. Yet the freight rate from Atlanta and Charleston to Monck's Corner is about the same.

Augusta, Ga., merchants can sell goods cheaper in Winnsboro by 3 per cent than Columbia merchants can, although Augusta is eighty miles further distant on the same line.

The freight charges on a barrel of flour from Columbia, the railroad hub of the State, to Greenville, 150 miles distant, is 41 cents. Greenville can buy flour in Cincinnati, Ohio, 500 miles distant, and have it shipped for 58 cents. The railroads carry the flour over 600 miles for only 17 cents, when it travels through other States. The rate from the same point, Cincinnati, to Sumter, a smaller place than Greenville, is 68 cents, though Sumter is the nearer.

It costs 75 per cent more to haul a hundred pounds of fruit from Edgefield County to the capital of the State than it costs to ship the same package from Columbia to Baltimore, seven times the distance.

Right here I wish to say a word as to my friend Caughman, who is running on what is known as the "Jim Crow car" bill. This bill was introduced into the South Carolina Legislature four years before Mr. Caughman ever became a member of that body; and if he did help to pass it, he did no more than his duty, and should have no more credit for it than the other 163 members of that honorable body who worked shoulder to shoulder with him to aid its passage. I am glad we have it. It is a good law, and had I been a member of the Legislature at that time I would have done all in my power to have had it passed, and any good citizen of the State, who had the welfare of the good women of the State of South Carolina at heart would have done the same thing.

South Carolina manufacturers now consume 40 per cent more cotton than is used in the State, but they can't use their own cotton, because the freight rates are too high, and they are compelled to go out to Mississippi to get cotton to spin; and the South Carolina farmers they can't sell to the factories of their own State, because they can't ship it to them without paying half again as much freight as they would to ship it to Norfolk, Va., and Savannah, Ga., and Wilmington, N. C. And all of the wharves in old Charleston are rotted down because the railroads have passed upon her the ban of high rates. There is not a farmer in South Carolina who lives more than fifty miles from Charleston who can ship his cotton to Charleston any cheaper than to Savannah, Ga., Wilmington, N. C., or Norfolk, Va. Why is it? Because the interests of the citizens of the State have not been protected. The railroads have perpetrated these outrages upon our State under the very sanction of my friend Mr. Wilbourn, who has been there for eight years, and who has had the opportunity to adjust these wrongs. Yet for eight years they have existed, and now he tries to justify himself before you and asks you to elect him for the third term.

There is a keen popular distrust to figures as arguments, for it has been shown often that, with proper training they can be put through evolutions that are really acrobatic. Advocates of trusts can show to many places of decimals that any increase in the wages paid to workmen would be prohibitive of dividends, and that even the present rates are an excessive burden upon these great corporations. Give any of these high officials in railroad circles a pencil and paper and he will produce forthwith an argument for lower wages and longer hours that will be overwhelming, until one supplies the common knowledge of arbitrary freight rates and inflated capital stock. We do not want to oppress the railroads, but we do not want them to charge the people such high freight rates as to pay them dividends on watered capital stock. We are willing for them to live and prosper, but at the same time, let us live and prosper.

Traffic has greatly increased in South Carolina within the last few years, and they can now afford to lower the freight rates, and yet make more money. We want better accommodations, better depots. The farmers want sheds built at the depots, so that their fertilizers will not be blown out in the rain. Small towns and places that have no competition should not be made to pay enormous freight rates in order to let the freight rates be lowered at competitive points.

August, in the primary, if you believe that I am the man that should be elected railroad commissioner, I shall appreciate your vote. If you think I am not, then vote for some of my competitors.

The Fatal Cattle Fever Dreaded in the South.

To the Editor of The State:

Cattle fever is the general name of a disease among our cattle that the stock raisers of this State are only too familiar with, it occurs every summer and fall and is known by several names, the principal being Southern fever, Texas fever, Splenic fever, Red Water and Tick fever—Southern fever because it originated only in the southern States, Texas fever because Texas is the greatest cattle raising State and the most southern, therefore has more cases than any other State; Red Water fever because of the hemorrhages from the kidneys during the last stages of the fever; Splenic fever because post mortems show the spleen to be excessively enlarged and discolored; Tick fever because the United States bureau of animal industry insists that the cattle tick is responsible for the disease.

The bureau has issued many bulletins and cited many instances to prove its theory, but, unfortunately for the southern cattle raiser, all that of the disease in the territory lying north of the quarantine line, and nearly all the investigations of the bureau have been confined to the territory affected by the transmitted disease and not in the territory of original infection. We do not deny that the tick transmits the disease to northern cattle in northern territory and to a certain extent in southern territory, but the experience of 12 years of close study in the home of the disease proves to us that the tick is not responsible for the disease in the southern States. The writer has inspected many herds of cattle in this State and has found the fever raging in herds that never carried a tick, and vice versa, has found herds, every head of which was covered with ticks and fever never prevailed. In one herd of Chester county the loss from fever each year for a number of years was from five to fifteen head and there was not a single tick to be found; a close study of this herd was made, individual animals were noted as they grazed and record kept of where they grazed mostly; six cows were noted as going to a certain place in the pasture (pasture contained about 300 acres) every morning and grazing until satisfied, and these were the first to contract the fever and had the most violent attacks, three of them dying. This spot of about an acre in extent was fenced out of the pasture and not another case occurred that year, 1890, nor has a case occurred in that herd since, though the same pasture is used year after year.

This led to the theory that the germ was received from the soil and the same measures of prevention have been used dozens of times all over the State and have not failed a single time in 12 years. Herds that were visited every year by the plague have been free from it since the pasture was inspected and the poisonous spots fenced out, some herds carried ticks and some did not, some have them now and some have not, but none have fever.

The disease is more prevalent this year than usual and promises to become raging later in the summer and fall unless conditions change materially; the object of this article is to bring to the attention of the stock raisers of this State the fact that nothing is being done by us or by the government to lessen the losses or to prevent the annual occurrence of the fever. The governments has devoted practically all efforts to the northern territory where the disease never originates but is always transmitted and has done very little, if anything, for the south where the disease originates but is transmitted to a very limited degree. We find the northern cattle protected by a set of stringent quarantine laws which prevent the northern movement of southern cattle except during a few certain months; this is fair for the northern cattle raisers, but it is most unfair to the southern raisers for it leaves him to the tender mercy of the fever without the knowledge of how to fight it and at the same time shuts him out of the northern markets and deprives him of the benefits of the higher prices to be obtained there.

This is the only disease and the only reason that prevents the south becoming a great cattle region, for we can pasture our cattle the year round and raise more beef and cheaper beef than sections that have to feed part of every year, but our farmers hesitate to invest their money in cattle when each year sees hundreds of heads carried off by this plague and nothing done to remedy the evil. This disease can be stopped and we trust the farmers and the stock raisers of this State especially will unite in demanding, through our representatives in Washington that the government will expend some of its energies in the infected districts and give us relief from this disease, that we may raise, at least, enough beef for home consumption.

A. W. Love. Chester, S. C., Aug. 6, 1902.

A Funny Story.

A monologue artist once told this one: Mr. Bungle didn't want to go to the ball.

"Great spoons, Etheldine!" he exclaimed after an argument with his wife on the subject. "It's out of the question. I haven't been to a ball in years."

"But you will go just to please your wife, dear," she persisted. "I'm crazy about the ball. Just this one time," and she completed his subjugation with a pleading kiss. "I'll go," Mr. Bungle reluctantly consented. "But it's the last time, remember. I know I've outgrown my evening suit," he added as a forlorn hope.

"Oh, never mind about that," his wife cheerfully responded. "That's a small matter. We can make it fit, I'm sure. I'll get it out this afternoon and have it pressed up nicely and the creases put in the legs. Never you mind about the evening suit."

"A small matter, eh?" soliloquized Mr. Bungle as she left the room. "Yes, I guess she's about right on that score. It's much too small, I fear."

The evening suit was a little previous, as a matter of fact. Mr. Bungle got red in the face when he tried to button it about his rotund figure that night. It fitted him to perfection when he was married in it, but years had passed since then, and he had taken on several or more degrees of what our French neighbors would term embonpoint. Nevertheless, he managed to get into it, and also managed, after divers efforts, to walk without swearing aloud at each step.

Mrs. Bungle went into the spirit of the ball very much after the fashion of an experienced swimmer who goes in for the first dive of the season. She lost Mr. Bungle almost at the first quarter. He didn't mind that. In fact, he was rather glad. That tight evening suit, etc., etc. He was soon comfortably upright against the wall where he had no occasion to move about, and he was content to stand there and watch the rhythmic whirl of the dancers as they glided by him. Occasionally he caught glimpses of Mrs. Bungle as she floated gaily in the mazes of the dance. She would toss him a reassuring nod or wave her hand at him when she saw him following her wistfully with his eyes as if he wanted to go home, but generously refrained from saying so. He was pleased when he saw her unmistakable enjoyment of the occasion, and he bore his martyrdom with as brave an air as he could muster.

"Come, have a smoke on the veranda, Bungle," a friend suggested after an interval of promenading by the dancers. "Awfully hot in here, you know. Let's get out."

"Sure I will," said Mr. Bungle, readily. "I should say it is hot in here. I'm perspiring now, and I haven't moved three steps since I came."

He reached in his pistol pocket for his handkerchief. It fell to the floor as he attempted to draw it forth. His friend made as if to pick it up. So did Bungle. He got in a great hurry when he saw his friend about to reach the handkerchief, and he made a quick dive for it. He was sorry an instant later.

There was a r-i-i-p-p-p-p as he stooped and he knew the worst had happened. Pale and trembling he straightened up against the wall again, forgetting in his agitation to mob the perspiration from his face.

"I—I believe I won't go on the veranda, after all, old man," he explained to his startled friend. "I see my wife motioning for me and I must find out what she wants."

In truth Mrs. Bungle was making frantic efforts at the other side of the ball-room to attract Mr. Bungle's attention. Evidently she had an acquaintance she wished to introduce. But Mr. Bungle didn't care to meet anyone just then. His reply to her signals was a series of distress signals of his own. Finally she came over to him. He leaned over in order that his words should reach no ears but hers.

"It's happened," he whispered. And she knew the rest from the look on his face.

A minute later he was sidestepping along the wall towards a door, Mrs. Bungle having already preceded him into an angular room leading off from the ball-room.

"What if it is the ladies' dressing room," Mrs. Bungle protested. "They are all dancing now and none will come in here. Besides, there's another door over there. It opens into a closet, I presume, and if we hear anyone coming you can just hide in there. Slip them off now, dear, and I'll have them mended in a minute."

Bungle dropped the trousers she was mending and shoved Mr. Bungle violently through the door he had cautiously opened.

She stood against the door as she glanced towards the entrance through which several ladies came in from the ball-room. Then she turned the key in the lock. She did not notice that the door she guarded was resounding with blows from the other side and she didn't appear to hear the loud voice calling her. She was only too glad to get Mr. Bungle safely in that closet before the ladies came in. Further than that she didn't care.

"Open this door!" Mr. Bungle's voice cried out above the animated conversation of the newcomers. "Etheldine! Open the door, I say!"

"I can't open the door, my dear," she said, explaining through the keyhole, after he had pounded on the panels hard enough to break through. "There are ladies in here. You can't come in."

"I must come in!" he yelled back, his tones growing more frantic with each word. "Open the door, quick!"

"You really must stay in the closet, dear."

"I'm not in a closet!"

"Where in the world are you then?"

"I'm in the ball-room!"—Milt Saul in Atlanta Journal.

WHEAT GROWERS.

Anderson, S. C., Aug. 1, 1902. To the contestants for the prizes offered by the Anderson Fertilizer Company for crop of 1901-1902:

We find that T. M. Welborn, of Pendleton, S. C., has won the first prize for the yield of 108.937 bushels from six acres, and the first prize for yield of 54.266 bushels from three acres, and the first prize for the yield of 18 1/2 bushels from one acre.

This crop was grown on land previously planted in cotton; was prepared by turning with a two-horse plow, followed by a two-horse subsoil plow. One bushel of Blue Stem wheat was sown per acre with a wheat drill, applying at the same time 800 pounds of Anderson Phosphate and Oil Company 10-2 acid and 200 lbs. cotton seed meal per acre.

This test is duly signed by the three judges, and dated July 1st, 1902.

The second prize for the best yield on six acres is won by Mr. Allen J. Sullivan, of Sullivan, S. C., for the yield of 108 1/2 bushels.

This crop was grown on land previously planted in cotton; was turned by a two-horse Oliver Chilled Plow to an average depth of eight to ten inches, then harrowed with Tarrant's harrow, then sown with Farmer's Favorite seed drill, applying one bushel Kentucky Red Wheat per acre, at the same time applying 340 pounds of Standard Fertilizer per acre, manufactured by the Anderson Phosphate and Oil Co.

Mr. Sullivan says that he used acid on another piece of ground, but got better results where he used Ammoniated Fertilizers.

This is dated July 9, 1902, and properly signed by the judges.

The second prize for the best yield on one acre is won by Mr. M. B. Richardson, of Pendleton, S. C., being 16 1/2 bushels. Mr. Richardson grew this crop where he previously had cotton. He plowed up the stalks, and ran over the land with a outway harrow; then turned deep with a two-horse plow, applied 600 pounds of Anderson Phosphate and Oil Co's 16 per cent acid to an acre, and ran the smoothing harrow over it; then sowed three-quarter bushel of Blue Straw Wheat to the acre, applied 200 pounds of meal to the acre, and plowed in with side harrow, followed with smoothing harrow.

This communication is dated July 7th, 1902, and properly signed by the judges.

Mr. L. O. Dean, of Dean, S. C., is the winner of the third prize for the best yield on one acre, having threshed 15 1/2 bushels from one acre. He is also the winner of the second prize for the three acre contest, having raised 48 bushels. Mr. Dean is also the winner of the third prize for the best yield on six acres, having threshed 96 1/2 bushels.

Mr. Dean raised this crop where he had oats and peas sown the year before. The land was turned with a two-horse turn plow five or six inches deep, then harrowed with a 20-inch solid disc harrow. This was followed with an Acme harrow, which was followed by a plank drag. He then applied 200 pounds of Anderson Phosphate and Oil Company's 16 per cent acid Phosphate and 150 pounds of cotton seed meal and 15 lbs. of Muriate of Potash through a Farmer's Favorite Grain Drill on Nov. 5th; the same application was made on Nov. 6th, and then on Nov. 12th he sowed 1 1/2 bushels of Blue Straw Wheat to the acre through a Farmers' Favorite Grain Drill.

This communication is dated July 1, 1902, and properly signed by the judges.

Yours truly, ANDERSON PHOSPHATE & OIL CO.

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