

The Times and Democrat.

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The Fort Mill Times says the system of endorsing is all wrong. The Times is dead right. We can testify from experience.

There are only nine candidates for clerk of court over in Hampton county. Think of the disappointment that is in store for at least eight of these patriots.

Editor Appelt don't think that the threat of the State will cause Congressman Lever to lose any sleep. May be not, but it won't make the little Congressman sleep any sounder, either.

The Macon News says Augusta has already arriyed at the "don't-be-a-knocker" stage of the baseball season. Castro bids fair to have as lively a time over there this summer as his distinguished kinsman, the ex-president of Venezuela, is enjoying at this writing.

One of the soundest things ever said by Mr. Bryan is his statement, in last week's Commoner, that it is an outrage for the national government to issue licenses to sell whiskey in territory where there are State laws against it. The truth of this statement is self-evident.

The National Co-operator says there is no secret organization in the country that has nobler aims and objects than the Farmers' Union. Let every one remember this, stiffen his backbone and tell others what the success of the union means for the farmer his wife and children.

Congressman Clark, of Florida, who voted with the Republicans more than once on the tariff, and denouncing Bryan after pretending to be a great admirer of the Nebraskan, has been caught with a railroad pass in violation of the laws of his State. That pass explains his change of heart.

The "National Monthly," a magazine to be devoted to the interests of the Democratic party, has made its appearance in most attractive form, and if its high standard is maintained, it will prove of value and influence to the party of the people. It is published by Norman E. Mack, the rich Democratic editor of Buffalo, N. Y.

The Democrat that refuses to obey the platform of his party ceases to be a Democrat and becomes an independent. Congressman Lever refused to obey his party's platform when he voted to protect lumber, and right then he forfeited his claim on the Democratic party and became an independent.

In one of his letters Zach McGee says the Lumber Trusts maintained a lobby well supplied with money in Washington to influence congressmen to vote for a tax on lumber. He says this lobby gave elegant suppers, to which congressmen and others were frequently invited. We would like to see the names of these congressmen published.

Should Congressman Lever run again for congress from this district he would have to run as a Republican or an Independent, as he cut loose from the Democratic party when he voted to tax the people for the benefit of the lumber trusts in direct violation of the Democratic platform adopted at Denver, and on which he was elected to Congress.

The Newberry Observer says: "We see from the Orangeburg Times and Democrat that the "Gin Branch school," in that county, closes today for vacation. The gin mill school down there will close the first week in August; and maybe it will stay closed for all time." Then the blind tiger gin school will open up like it has done in all dry territories.

In noticing the death of Mrs. Evans Wilson, the great Southern author, some of the newspapers speak as if her books are back numbers. This is not the fact. All of her books are still on the copyright list except the first three she wrote. They sell well and so does several of the copyrighted ones. St. Elmo is one of the best selling books on the market. We know of one bookseller that has sold thirty or forty copies since January.

Zach McGee, in one of his letters to the State, expressed the opinion that the voting of so-called Democrats with the Republicans on the tariff, might destroy all Democratic chance of success in the next congressional and presidential elections. That might be the case if these so-called Democrats really represented the people of their districts when they voted with the Republicans to tax their constituents for the benefit of the trusts.

Republican Promises.

In the course of the tariff debate in the Senate some days ago, when some western senators showed they were not tied to Mr. Aldrich's apron strings, the Rhode Island senator demanded: "Where did the Republican party make the statement that it would revise the tariff downward?" In commenting on this incident the Chicago Record-Herald, a dived in the wool Republican paper, says "it is a mighty good thing for those who pleaded that the tariff be revised by its friends that this utterance was not issued prior to November, 1908. If it had been Mr. Aldrich's committee on finance would now be dealing with a bill bearing the name of some esteemed Democrat representative.

"Mr. Aldrich is no fool, no matter what he may think of the unfairness of the great American public in putting up with humbug statesmanship. He knows that the demand for tariff revision throughout the country was a demand to be relieved of excessive burdens. The millions of onerously taxed consumers were not so simple minded that they did not know what was wanted. The sentiment that made revision imperative did not contemplate an excuse for increasing existing burdens and adding to the profits of overprotected capitalists of eastern manufacturing industry. And yet the Republican leader of the United States senate insolently indicates a purpose to seize the excuse.

"Downward revision was part of the announced program when William H. Taft made his speech accepting the Republican nomination for the presidency on July 28 last. 'The tariff in a number of schedules,' he declared, 'exceeds the difference between the cost of production of articles abroad and at home, including a reasonable profit to the American producer. The excess over that difference serves no useful purpose, but offers a temptation to those who would monopolize the production and the sale of such articles in this country to profit by the excessive rate.'

"Who was more qualified to speak to the nation for the Republican party than the man nominated by it for president? And it was under just such understanding as this statement gave that the country returned a Republican congress to support the policy of the Republican president. Mr. Aldrich may be convinced that party platforms are things to straddle, but he is not a supreme court to interpret for the people their own understanding of promises made to them."

Bound by the Platform.

Editor Appelt, of the Manning Times, prints this squib in his paper last week:

The threat of The State will not cause Lever to lose any sleep, nor will his constituents take him to task for not tying himself to a corpse, the platform of the National Democratic party, put forth at Denver. In our judgment, the people of this State are not stickers for platform utterances. What they want is practical results, and they are getting this from Congressman Lever.

That which is alleged to be a "threat" by The State consists in a warning to Democratic congressmen to be Democrats. We sounded that warning in the past and shall continue to do so whenever it appears pertinent. And in our memory is not greatly at fault, when the warning was directed at Senator John L. McLaurin, Editor Appelt of the Manning Times was decidedly against us, and spoke then, as now, for "practical results." Mr. McLaurin's tendency toward "practical results" in disregard of "platform utterances" won him the designation—with others of his way of cutting corners—"commercial Democrat."

The State is not considering at all whether its comments cause Mr. Lever to "lose any sleep." We have no desire to occasion insomnia. But the party platform is the standard, and it will become a "corpse" only when the party so wills. It is not Mr. Lever's province or the province of any other man holding office from the party which made the platform, and from the people who indorsed the platform, to declare it a corpse, and refuse to tie himself to it. He tied himself to it when he stood upon it and accepted his commission from the people.

If one principle enunciated by a party platform can be abrogated at will by a congressman or governor, why not three principles or all the platform? The above is the conclusive answer of The State to Editor Appelt's little squib, and it squelches both the Editor and the Congressmen.

A Growing Evil.

In speaking of the meeting of the Williamsburg County Medical Association the Rutledge News says of special interest to the public might be mentioned the discussion upon the "narcotic evil" or the morphine and cocaine habit. This is an evil which is so common in this section that usage has caused our people to close their eyes to the baneful results of this evil and the ghastly wrecks that are being made of men and women in this section of the State.

The State says "it is a very threatening evil and a very sad fact that the medical men here, especially in the country districts, are meeting cases in their practice constantly who are wrecks in health and wrecks in character as the result of the habitual use of morphine or cocaine. Notwithstanding the fact that there are laws upon the statute books of South Carolina prohibiting the sale of this narcotic it is sold by general merchandise stores and druggists unrestrained and apparently without a thought of breaking a law or damaging a fellow-man.

"With all of the problems and great as they are, there is none that confronts the country so much as this ghastly spectre, which is gradually making its vicious inroads—the courier of the rider on the pale horse. Surely something can be done. It is told—and not always whispered—that the cocaine and morphine habits are by no means confined to the negroes, but are fast gaining popularity (save the mark) among those of intelligence and some culture."

"Who is responsible? Are there physicians, sealed by medical schools with the stamp of approval, that aid their patients in obtaining these horrid drugs? Are there drug stores that sell them openly and without restriction? If either of these exist, let's fix the blame. It is no time for rhetoric and oratory and fine writing, but for action. Prison bars are the cure."

HEARD FROM AGAIN.

"Uncle Jack" Writes About the "Good Old Days of the Past."

Editor Times and Democrat: Allow me to thank you for copying my little tilt with the Branchville Journal, and excuse me for supposing it would be wise journalism to do likewise in my write up of Branchville, but I confess I did not think of it until I had mailed the only copy I had to the Journal, except a few pages of my first scrawl. So I hasten to write you a copy as near as I can and beg that you will publish it at your own leisure. I well know that I cannot copy word for word, but will try and present the same subject matter.

As your readers will remember I promised to write my recollections of Branchville and country in the latter part of the fifties and early part of the sixties.

I am fully aware of the size of my job and the risk of bringing down wrath upon my head, as I am going to call a spade a spade.

My sainted mother having been born near Branchville, I had many relatives in that section, and consequently, often went there on a visit, just about the time I thought I had to shave my face to make it clean, and I often came very nearly getting one somewhere else when I returned home. Young men of those days did not have horses and buggies, but thought themselves well equipped for matrimonial ease if they had a horse and saddle, and it did give them much advantage over the buey when they wished to steal a march on their pater. I haven't got my first time to start off on Sunday in one direction and file left through the woods as soon as I thought pa's eyes off me to see if I could break his command not to enter that work horse, and often my compass was set for Branchville, as an excuse to see my aunts. I will leave it to Sam or Daniel Byrd to say whether I went to see any one else or not.

Oh, where are those many dear friends, male and female, of that day? Most of them have crossed over the river, and I trust are under the shade of the trees. Why, when I remember how few are living it makes me feel as if I was old, and suspected of having no hair on the top of my head. I recall with pleasure many names of my associates of that good old time, Byrds, Berrys, Dukes, Fairys, Rhoads, McAllhans, Cooners, Gressets, Griffiths, Whetstones, Panches, Edwards, Bruce, Smoak and may others, with whom I have had so much pleasure. Ask Irvin Dukes or Dan Fairay to tell the rest.

A more kind and hospitable people I have never met, and as truth must out, I will say that I never met an uglier people as a whole. Of course there are exceptions to that rule, and the recollections of some of those big, buxom, red cheek girls peeping, smiling and blushing from under those old flats of straw are very hard to forget, also that big hoop on it that kept a fellow at a respectable distance, unaided by those saintly mothers who always kept the best eye on those pure daughters, to save them from the many pitfalls so as to fit them for the wives of worthy Christian gentlemen. (Oh, for an army of such custodians for the young of today.) And woe to the young man if he had dared be as familiar as the dudes of the present day. But, oh my, those people did love their church and God. I have seen young ladies ride horseback five or ten miles, also have seen the old time schooner two-horse wagon, driven by the father or oldest son astride of the left horse guiding the sloop containing the whole family and a big basket of eatables, while from another direction would come husband and wife, each with a baby in their arms, coming to the old pole houses to praise God (and they did it, too) as I never can or want to forget. The old time singing led by old Brother Grimes or Berry. Oh, my! it just laid the present pipe organ and choir in the shade for hair raising and soul stirring. God bless those old people and their ways if they are laughed at now as out of date.

But one of the most pleasant and hallowed places of that country is old Cattle Creek camp ground where every tent was occupied by the good old people from Orangeburg to St. George, who had been preparing a feast for man and heart, and rarely ever failed for the last six months to give a man an opportunity to be saved. And perhaps thousands, with the writer, first obtained salvation around that old express railing altar, upon that carpet of clean wheat straw.

Under the soul stirring gospel from the lips of such Godly men as Old Bros. Banks, Morgan, Christburg, Seal, Shuford, Simmons, Williams, Boyd, Walker and others, who preach ed gospel truths, no matter who was present, even those that paid most into the church, they hewed to the line those days, regardless as to where the chips fell and trusted to their God for the dollars.

It generally took two of those old Saints to get through one service, and when they came walking under the stand with those old white turned down collars, and that stove pipe hat in hand, climbed up those old high pulpit steps amid the singing from a thousand throats some old time hymn, led by old Uncle Berry or Grimes, they did not need to hunt up some manuscript from their own Bible that they knew by heart, but they just opened the old Bible that lay on the stand and announced some old time familiar text, closed the book and looked to God for words and power, and they generally got it, too, and caused something to be doing. Yes, Mr. Editor, a man had to be choiced full of devil not to fear and tremble under such preaching. At the close of his sermon his lieutenant would rise up and sing with the spirit some good old hymn, suitable to the text, and then an able exhortation to sinners to forsake their ways and come to Jesus. It was hard to resist. There are still other pleasant recollections of that old place that is very hard to forget. When we young men and big boys would list'n for the first blast of Uncle Gabrel's summons trumpet, calling time for next services; when we would take our places in open rank in front of those tents, watching for those pretty young ladies to file out, and if we were fortunate in cutting the other fellow out and got our choice, with a sweet smile and nod of acceptance, you just imagined you were walking the fields of Elysian. And then after services to get one of those promenades around that big ground, well lighted up at night with a big pile of lightwood knots on those old dirt stands; Mr. Editor, such times are not forgotten, even by a Dutch Uncle.

Well, I could write dozens of pages on the old camp ground recollections, but would make this communication too long. So let's look at the new Branchville a while. My Mr. Editor, it was my good fortune to travel through those old sacred places a few months ago and when comparing the present with the past, I concluded Branchville will soon be abreast with the best of Orangeburg. I find those merry cypress ponds and gallberry flats gone, the lands well drained off and many of them under high state of cultivation, which seems to the writer ought to be yielding fair returns to their owners. While the old time 2-pin pole dwellings have been replaced by up-to-date houses, well furnished in many respects, containing a fine piano or organ, while those young ladies and little tots can give you all the vocal and instrumental music that you can stand. Many homes fruited by beautiful flower beds, also a great improvement on the highways. My recollections of the old time mud hole, where now stands the modern building, is anything but flattering. As it is looked more fitted for a colony of Alligators than the white man. I recollect grog shops, where was dispensed tobacco, coffee, red stick candy and ginger cakes, and plenty of red eye, as it was called in those days. Also blacksmith shops, railroad hotel, etc. And on every Saturday evening there gathered here the most motly crowd to talk and fight. Yes, sir, when a goodly number got half loaded with that red eye, it was a rare thing that they did not have one or more old time fisticuff fights. That was settled there and then, with notice of another trial for the next Saturday. That will seem a very rude mode of warfare, but it beats the present pull pistol and take life, and if fortunate enough to have the stuff to hire lawyers, keep her going until it threatens to bankrupt the county and then the slayer goes free, for the height of expenses (Continued on page 4).

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GRADUATION

PRESENT NEWS

FROM SPAHR'S

May and June will be graduation months. We have made special preparations for those months of marriages and graduations. Send the list and get your special needs as soon as possible. Note that we get anything you may want by special order, as we are direct agents for the best jewelry supply houses in the country.

PRETTY

LOCKETS

An especially good graduation gift at prices you can afford. Girls value these highly, even in after life.

WATCHES

Fine for boys, girls, too; neat pretty ones, with that rariety—good works. We mention Waltham, Elgin, Howard and Seth Bend as good ones.

ELEGANT

SILVER

Gorham's superb ware, Alvin & Co., all desirable pieces that will stand the efficiency test.

CUTGLASS

"Quaker City" best. An always good remembrance. Any kind of wants we can get for you.

H. SPAHR & SON.

WATCH REPAIRING

The Good Kind.

Jewelers Since 1867.

DR. WANNAMAKER ANNOUNCES AN IMPORTANT CUTGLASS SALE. There is no more appropriate present for any event, such as a wedding, anniversary gift, engagement remembrance, or special prizes for card games than good CUTGLASS.

THAT IS THE KIND WANNAMAKER HAS. We had an immense stock during the year and some exquisite designs in this ware. Now to get rid of all of this splendid assortment, such as pitchers, creamers, butter dishes, bowls, etc., we are going to offer the entire stock till July 1st at FIRST COST. This is meant exactly as we have stated it—first cost.

WE URGE OUR CUSTOMERS TO PURCHASE NOW. This store has too good a reputation to publish a reduction that means nothing. We earnestly request you to come and see what we offer.

ALL MAIL ORDERS FILLED. J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co. ORANGEBURG, S. C. "Your Drug Store."

Two Important

CLOTHES NECESSITIES FOR WOMEN WHO KNOW

We have just the snappiest line of ready to wear suits that you can possibly imagine. You can put one on and imagine that you came out of a fashion paper. In all the good shades of blue, pink, lavender and white. New arrivals. Made of linen and repp.

Price less than your dressmaker's bill.

GOOD OXFORDS

How our name for good ones has grown. Well, when you sell the "Queen Quality" beauties and Fox's superb footwear, you have to lose or get the trade. Which shall it be—tan or black? All the sizes and new arrivals, too.

\$2.50 up.

THEODORE KOHN

Women Outfitters since 1866.

Salesman—We are desirous of securing the services of an expert salesman on a salary to begin with of \$100 and expenses per month. No one except a hustler who can give good references need apply. We offer the right man a good contract. National Loan and Trust Company, Tifton, Ga.

Notice to Creditors.

All persons holding claims against the estate of J. E. Bull, deceased, will present the same properly verified, and all persons indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.

N. H. BULL, Administrator of the Estate of J. E. Bull, deceased. May 6th, 1909. 5-8-4t

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of S. A. Livingston, deceased, are hereby required to prove their respective demands before the undersigned at North, S. C., on or before July 20, 1909, or be debarred payment.

Executors. E. M. LIVINGSTON, SARAH E. LIVINGSTON.

MONTHLY STATEMENT OF THE DISPENSARIES IN ORANGEBURG COUNTY FOR MONTH OF APRIL

All Stock is Given at Consumers' Prices.

Table with 5 columns: Dispensaries at, Total Invoice including stock on hand first day of month, Total sales, Operating expenses of each dispensary, Consumers Stock on hand last day of month. Rows include Springfield, S. C., Ellorree, S. C., Branchville, S. C., Livingstone, S. C., Orangeburg, S. C., and a Total row.

State of South Carolina, County of Orangeburg.

Personally appeared J. G. Smit, T. R. McCants, L. A. Carson, Members of the Orangeburg County Disary board, who being each duly and severally sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true and correct.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 7th day of May, 1909.

J. H. Claffy, N. P., S. C.

Woman's Beauty. Some women retain their beauty to an advanced age. But women, who regularly endure pain, age rapidly, for suffering leaves its lasting marks on them. Nearly all women suffer more or less with some form of female trouble. It should not be neglected. Avoid the pain—treat yourself at home by taking Cardui, as thousands of other women have done. Begin at once and give Cardui a fair trial. TAKE CARDUI It Will Help You. Mrs. Katie Burlison, Goreville, Ill., tried Cardui and writes: "I suffered with female troubles, and was so sick I could not stand on my feet. Finally I began to take Cardui, and soon began to mend. Now I am able to do all my housework and am in much better health than I was before." Try it. AT ALL DRUG STORES

Over One Million People. die in the United States annually. Only a small proportion of these carry LIFE INSURANCE. Many who would cannot by reason of ill health. Thousands of others are able to do so but do not think it necessary. Consequently numberless WIDOWS and ORPHANS are each year LEFT IN NEED, or actually destitute. Some year YOU will be included in the million. What provision have you made for your dependents, and IS IT ADEQUATE? See Zeigler & Dibble, Special Agent, Equitable Life = = New York. "STRONGEST IN THE WORLD" An Opportunity to Secure a Useful Article. Beginning today I will give away to my customers Rayo Lamps with cash purchases amounting to \$20.00. The Rayo Lamp cash slip that you get with your purchase, and as soon as they amount to \$20 you are entitled to the lamp. Some customers are asking for the lamp before trading out the \$20 and in this event I will let them have the lamp, but they must deposit the \$20 with me, when I will open an account with them and they can trade out the amount as they like. The prices on goods will not be changed to offset the price of the lamp, and there is no fake whatever. must save your Come in and inspect. B. J. MIXSON.

The Edisto Savings Bank, ORANGEBURG, S. C. Capital.....\$100,000.00. Surplus.....\$30,000.00. B. H. Moss, President. J. M. Oliver, Vice-President, F. S. Dibble, Vice-President. Wm. L. Glover, Cashier. DIRECTORS M. O. Dantzler, J. M. Oliver, W. R. Lowman, W. F. Fairay, B. H. Moss, T. C. Doyle, Sol. Kohn, J. W. Smoak. Money saved is money made, and the way to save is to deposit your money in the savings department and draw interest on the first days of January, April, July and October at the rate of four per cent per annum. This bank's absolute safety is best attested by its capital stock, its surplus and by the character and standing of its officers and board of directors. Money loaned on good security.

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