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BONES EXHUM'D BY SEARCHERS EVIDENCE OF MANY WRECKS—HUMAN BONES WASHED ASHORE

Quest For Capt. Jarvis and Unfortunate Crew of Margaret A. May Unsuccessful.

News and Courier. After a two-day search of the islands about Stono Inlet in an effort to discover the bodies of Capt. Edward L. Jarvis, of the schooner Margaret A. May, and his two brothers, who lost their lives when their vessel was wrecked in the great hurricane of August 27 and 28, the Custom House launch Summer returned to the city yesterday afternoon. The members of the party who conducted the search, Messrs. G. J. Cherry, J. J. Fleetwood, Arnoldus Vander Horst and Capt. Ralph McGee, of the schooner Walton, returned with certain evidence of the loss of the Margaret A. May and holding the belief that the two bodies recently washed ashore and buried on Seabrook's island were not those of Capt. Jarvis or any of the men who perished on that ill-fated vessel. The bodies were exhumed by the search party, and the evidence failed to substantiate the report that one of them was that of the gallant and popular seaman, whose many friends in Charleston have never ceased to deplore his untimely death.

Two-Day Quest. The search party left Charleston on Tuesday morning for Kiawah in the Government launch Sumter, which had been kindly placed at their disposal by Collector of the Port E. W. Durant, Jr. They expected to return to the city on Tuesday evening, but their quest took a longer time than they anticipated and they were compelled to spend the night on the scene, being well taken care of and most hospitably treated by Mr. William Andell and his family. They spent Tuesday and yesterday making a thorough search of all the beaches and keys in the neighborhood of Stono Inlet, in exhuming the two bodies which had been found by negroes and buried, and in examining portions of wreckage cast up here and there in widely separated localities in that region of the coast.

Leg Bone in Fisher's Net. Bad weather hindered the searchers, and they had a hard and strenuous time of it. They found that the reports that had reached the city of the two bodies found and buried by the negro were correct. A negro fisherman, casting his net for mullet in a creek on Seabrook Island, drew up out of the shallow marginal water the leg bone of a man. He told others of his discovery. A great mass of dead marsh grass and sedge on the edge of the creek of that point was burned and underneath it were found two bodies badly decomposed. A grave was dug and the bodies buried together in the same cavity.

The search party was guided to the place and at once exhumed the bodies. These they found to have been reduced by decay to a mere jumbled mass of bones, with a little decomposed flesh hanging to them, and the whole somewhat charred by the fire which had been lighted to remove the covering of marsh grass. No trace of clothing of any sort was found; and the condition of the bodies was such as to render identification impossible. Examination of the bones disclosed the fact that one of the men had been of small or medium stature, while the other had been of rather large size.

Not Capt. Jarvis. Mr. Fleetwood, in telling the story to a representative of The News and Courier, stated that neither he nor any other member of the party believed that the remains found were those of Capt. Jarvis or any of his crew. The spot where the bodies were found is more than five miles distant from the nearest fragment of wreckage from the Margaret A. May, and more than 12 miles distant from the place where the figurehead of the schooner was discovered. It is believed that the vessel capsized at sea in the fury of the hurricane. Being loaded with lumber, she did not sink, but was blown in shore and cast upon the beach of Kiawah Island. The wreck of the schooner, with a keel length of about 150 feet was found bottom side up on the beach, and it is believed that this is the carcass of the gallant ship which Capt. Jarvis sailed out of Charleston just before the storm, in which he was to lose his life. The beach was patrolled for several miles and other fragments of wreckage and a lot of loose lumber were found, indications being that the latter came more from more than one vessel since it was of different sizes and kinds.

On information received from the Hernandez family, on Coles Island, the party visited Snake Island, and there found the figurehead of a schooner. On the figurehead was found the following description: "M. A. May." This would seem to dispose of the last vestige of doubt that the schooner met her end either at sea off Stono Inlet or on the breakers in that vicinity. The Hernandez family had found after the storm a cushion cover, which is believed to be one which was embroidered by Capt. Jarvis's wife. This was given to Capt. McGee, who is a friend and neighbor of the Jarvises in Philadelphia, and will be returned to the widow of the Margaret A.

May skipper. A number of books which were found after the storm were also given to Capt. McGee, whose schooner, now loading at the Tuxbury Lumber Company's plant, will soon sail North. These show no evidence of having been Capt. Jarvis's property, but they bear inscription showing that they belonged to the American Seamen's Library and were contained in a box bearing a number which will probably render easy the task of finding out what vessel they belonged to.

Pin Returned to Family. Mr. Fleetwood stated that Mr. H. B. Grimboll, who found a stick pin bearing the initials E. L. J., had sent the pin to members of the Jarvis family. The pin was found in a fragment of lead pipe, which was in a portion of the cabin on the Margaret A. May washed up on Bird Key at the mouth of the Inlet. Mr. Fleetwood stated that everything possible had now been done in the effort to discover the bodies of Capt. Jarvis and his crew. He said that he had no doubt that all the statements made by the residents of the islands concerning the wreckage and bodies found were absolutely correct. It is his belief, and that of the other members of the party that the bodies found did not come from the Margaret A. May, and that no trace will ever be discovered of any of the men who met their deaths aboard that ill-fated vessel.

Capt. Edward L. Jarvis was well known and well liked in Charleston, his schooner having traded here for years. He was a member of the Commercial Club and of the Carolina Yacht Club, and numbered his friends in this city by the score.

TO BOOST COTTON PRICES

Wade Stackhouse Suggests Plan of Warehousing One-Fourth of the Crop.

The greatest question before the business men of the cotton growing States, to-day is: "Can the balance of this crop be sold at a better price?" That the present price is near or below the price of production no one can doubt. Eight-cent cotton on the farm to-day is not so good a price as 5-cent cotton in 1896. The cost of mules, labor and supplies is almost double the price in 1896. I think this crop can be sold at a better price, and I suggest this plan: Get each farmer to store in a good warehouse one-fourth of his crop.

Let us suppose this crop will make 14,000,000 bales; if one-fourth of it should be 3,500,000 bales, leaving only 10,500,000 bales available for the spinners. There can be little doubt that if the cotton spinners knew that the crop available was only 10,500,000 bales that it would bring almost as much money as the whole crop. As to retiring the 3,500,000 bales, I suggest that each State form a cotton holding company with paid officers of known business ability to manage the business. Let a strong bank be selected as trustee and have all warehouse receipts held in trust for the cotton company. Get each farmer who stored his cotton to sign a legal contract between himself and the holding company, providing that if he sold his stored cotton for less than 12 cents that he would forfeit the difference between the selling price and 12 cents. You will note that I suggest 12 cents as the minimum price, and that the cotton pledge be stored in trust till August 15, 1912. Each farmer would be free to sell three-fourths of his crop. If he knew the amount to sell was a small crop he would approach his price very close to the 12-cent minimum. When the 10,500,000 bales was sold at a good price, part of the surplus could be sold. Very likely the price would reach 12 cents by February or March, 1912, and then the parties could could sell part or all the surplus crop.

This plan would mean that South Carolina would have to put in store 300,000 bales this year until August 15 or until the price reached 12 cents. We have only got warehouse room for about 100,000 bales in this State. If anything can be done it should be done quickly. My plan provides that the farmers, themselves, put one-fourth of their crop in store for the minimum price. If wealthy men of the North should store the cotton it would defeat the purpose. When each farmer realized that one-fourth of his crop might be carried into 1912, and that the surplus added to another big crop would put 1912 crop down to 6 cents per pound he would have a powerful incentive to cut his acreage and fertilizers. No plan will help sell the balance of this crop that does not provide a small acreage and less fertilizers.

The Farmers' Union made almost a fatal mistake when they claimed this a small crop and put minimum price at 15 cents. The cotton world can't be bluff by false statements, as to size of a crop and a threat to hold. It is up to the South to provide warehouse room to carry fully one-fourth of the largest crops likely to be made. These warehouses should be located at railroad centres and should have large capacity. Perhaps 20,000 bales is the minimum warehouse will ever pay. It would be better for one warehouse company to own and manage the few warehouses needed for each State. This would give capital stock of sufficient size behind

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3 TALES OF 'GLOBE TROTTERS' ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF MEN WHO HAD 'BEEN THERE'

Chinese Justice — Fly Paper to Catch Tigers — Justifiable Homicide in Texas.

Shanghai, China, Sept. 8.—Three men sat in the public garden which faces Whangpoo Creek and marks the end of the English Bund in Shanghai. One of them was a missionary, whose station is in the interior of China. Another was an English engineer who had spent many years in India. The third was a Texan, recently arrived in China on a leisurely trip around the world. The three smoked in silence while the band played a piece of American ragtime and then the missionary broke the silence.

"I have lived out here for ten years," he said, "and the longer I live here the more mystified I am when I try to understand the workings of the Chinese mind when it decides judicial problems. We had a very interesting trial in my village only a few days ago and the result was very different from what one would expect in a Western court."

"Chow Ling, a tea merchant, who had recently prospered, decided that he could broaden his matrimonial relations and looked about for a No. 2 wife. He found a girl to dickering with her mother they agreed on \$300 as the amount to be paid by him.

"The money had been paid the girl's mother heard new reports of Chow's prosperity and decided she had not demanded a price as high as she could have received. The day before the time set for the wedding she hired a band of rowdies to waylay the marriage procession and carry off the bride and this programme was executed.

"Chow Ling complained to the Magistrate and soon the girl and her mother appeared in court. The Magistrate heard all the evidence and then decided that the mother should pay the \$300 she had received to him in way of a fine. So poor Chow Ling is without either his bride or his \$300, and besides that is not in very good standing with his first wife because of his plans to supplant her with a younger No. 2. The mother, who lost her \$300, refused to pay the rowdies, so the next day they went to her home and broke up all the furniture."

The English engineer threw his cigar stump into the creek. "That's a typical Chinese court verdict," he said, "but we must not think that these Oriental people are unprogressive. They are advancing all the time and sometimes they surprise you in the way they adapt Western ideas, or inventions."

"A few months ago I was in Gwalior, India, when a couple of tigers had been terrifying the country. They had killed a large amount of live stock and had invaded some of the villages and killed a few natives. The unusual preparation for an extensive tiger hunt were being made when one of the natives succeeded in trapping the two brutes in a special but he had built for the purpose. They went inside after the bait he had placed there, the door was swung to and automatically bolted. The tigers were inside right enough, as any one could know when he got in earshot of them, but the problem was now to get them out.

"Every one puzzled over this for a few days while the tigers got hungrier and hungrier and it became increasingly dangerous to let them out. Then the very capable head shikari of the Maharajah of Gwalior solved the problem. He bought a lot of sticky fly paper and carpeted the approach to the hut with it, leaving the beasts no opportunity to escape except over this sticky substance. When the preparations were complete the door was swung open and all of the natives retired to the highest trees to watch the developments.

"The two tigers came rushing out and immediately found sheets of sticky fly paper clinging to their paws. In trying to get it off they plastered their eyes and noses with the same material and then rolled over and over in their anger until they became completely enveloped in heavy sheets of paper. In this helpless condition the head shikari's men rushed in and tied them securely."

The Texan had listened to these stories with all the interest of a tourist who is new to the Orient. "That beats any hunting story I ever heard a cowpuncher tell," said he, "and we've got some pretty good prevaricators out near the border too."

"But I guess you fellows have never had many man killers out this way, so I am a kind of curiosity, because I belong to that class."

Here he held up a big left hand and against the light the missionary and the engineer could see that the third finger was gone.

"It was down in San Antonio," continued the Texan, "in the early '90s when things were a good deal more free and easy than they are now that the town has gone into the winter resort business and doesn't want to shock its profitable visitors. But at that time there was a good many places where you could go for a quiet little game of poker and feel perfectly safe because the police would look in every now and then to see if there was any fighting going on.

"Being in the cow business, I played poker, and one night I sat down in a game with a stranger to me, but a man who was suspected of being a little too smooth with the cards. He sat just opposite me and he hooked up occasionally in the early part of the game, with varying results.

"Finally I had corralled quite a collection of chips, when a hand was dealt me and I skinned back my cards to see four kings looking me in the face. Naturally I opened and this stranger raised, then I raised a few times and finally each of us drew a card. The way we bet established a new record around there, and after a few fertile efforts every one else dropped out and left us in the game alone.

"I felt perfectly confident. I had seen a man next to me discard an ace, so I knew he couldn't have me beat on four of a kind. Finally we didn't have anything left to bet and when the showdown came he laid down four aces, just topping my four. I knew he had worked an old game, he had just worked a confederate's discarded ace, instead of the card dealt to him from the pack.

"The only thing I could do was to get out my artillery, and the stranger had the same impulse. The difference in results was that they buried the stranger the next day and the doctor trimmed off part of this finger."

"But the peculiar part about that shooting scrape was that when the witnesses came up in court the next day they all swore that only one shot had been fired and wouldn't believe otherwise until they were shown my missing finger and the empty shell in the stranger's gun."

"Did you have any trouble with the courts over the shooting?" asked the missionary.

"No," replied the Texan. "That was justifiable homicide."

Business Booming Again.

Convinced that the pendulum of business is ready to swing back to good times says the National News Service, representatives of the great manufacturing enterprises of the country with headquarters in New York, have ordered the wheels of industry, silent now for many months, to again hum with the song of work.

A canvas of the situation at home and abroad, they say shows that conditions are steadily improving and that all business, both big and little, has reached the end of the period of depression, which made necessary the heavy retrenchments in expenses and curtailment of production that marked the spring and summer months.

Failures are steadily declining in number and aggregate losses in all sections of the country and a firmer tone is noticeable everywhere.

In New England, sixty mills giving employment to more than 100,000 men and women, which have been shut down from two to ten weeks, resumed operation on full time on Monday and the balance of those that have been idle, have arranged to start the first of the coming week. From the South and the West the news is equally cheery. In the former twenty mills have taken hold again and in the latter 35 large manufacturing plants which have been closed or operating on a minimum basis, encouraged by the signal improvement in new orders, are once more in full swing.

President William M. Wood, of the American Woolen Company, which controls thirty mills in New England and New York, having 30,000 employees, who are now working on full time, says that the outlook is for a permanent and long continued change for the better.

In support of this conviction, in which all manufacturers here now generally share, the Greenwood Cotton Duck mills at New Hartford, Barkhamstead and Canton, Conn., which have been closed for ten years have been re-opened and giving work to 2,000 operatives, with the promise that the force will be substantially increased in a few weeks.

At North Brookfield, Mass., the Oxford Linen Mills which have orders in hand to keep them going at their maximum efficiency until well into the winter intend to double their force, with the installation on January 1st of new machinery ordered recently to enable them to supply the demand for American made linen goods.

With the general revival in trade which these signs augur, business is looking forward to a year of increased activity and nation wide prosperity in which every industry and every community will get its proportionate share. Co-incident with this, a marked lowering of the cost of living, especially in the everyday staples of life, is predicted.

WORK ON MARION ROADS.

Sand Clay Mixture Being Used On County's Highways.

Marion, October 14. — Special: The Marion highway commission is continuing to do some excellent work on the roads below Marion. Just at this time it is building up the road from Arl, about twelve miles south of the city, to connect with the road from Britton's Neck to Marion, which has already been made into a boulevard with the sand-clay mixture, it having been the first work done with the money provided by the \$100,000 bond issue.

LETTER TO COTTON FARMERS SOME GOOD ADVICE AND HOMELY LOGIC FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS

The Cotton Farmers Should Come Together and Stop Selling Cotton at Present Prices.

Cotton is selling to-day for 3 1-2 cents per pound less than at this time last year, or \$17.50 per bale and is the South prepared to lose this large amount of money? I ask the business men, are they willing for the farmers to suffer loss that present prices mean?

The farmers will not be the only losers for they can't pay the time merchant for their supplies and will not have the money to spend with the cash merchants.

"Oh, but the crop! the crop!" some say. Now come and let us reason together. Suppose it is a big crop; does not a pound of cotton make as many pounds of thread when the crop is a big one as when it is a small one? Are there not just as many units of ware and jute as much protection from cold in a pound of cotton now as there was a year ago?

Last year's crop amounted to, in pound numbers, 12,400,000 bales, and sold for about \$843,750,000. If this year's crop should amount to 13,800,000 bales, is that any reason it should sell for \$700,000,000, or more than \$140,000,000 less than last year's crop? These are vital questions and the continued prosperity of the South depends upon their solution. Take from the South \$140,000,000 and stagnation of business will be seen on every hand. But let that amount come in and the additional \$100,000,000 more for the increase in our crop, and business of every description would move up by leaps and bounds. Factories of every description, North and South would enjoy a season of activity such as they have never known.

If the big crop is in the way of good prices, let us reduce the quantity of cotton for sale. There is no sane man, who would rather sell 10 bales of cotton for \$675 than to sell 12 bales for \$500. That is what we are now doing as compared with prices received a year ago. If to procure the better price it is necessary to decrease the cotton put on the market, let us store the two bales and count them as that many already made on next year's crop, and market only the ten and receive the \$175 more than the 12 would bring. Then reduce acreage in cotton next year and keep the crop down to the quantity the trade can use profitably.

If we sell the 12 bales when the trade can use only 10 of them, the other two will be carried over until next year and used as a club to keep prices down again. For this reason we had better keep them in our own hands instead of letting the enemy have them.

It is highly necessary that something be done and done at once. It will be too late after the bulk of cotton is sold. There must be unity of purpose and action, or prices will go still lower than they are at present. We need not conclude that the bear interest will let up, neither need we underestimate their daring and confidence nor their resources. We had just as well make up our minds that we have a foe that is worthy of our steel and one that will contest every inch of ground. But we are mightier than they, and we should also remember that while they are fighting for profits we are fighting for our homes and the prosperity of our country. But to win we must present a solid front and not swerve from our purpose. Let us not forget the New Orleans convention, when cotton went down to 6 cents per pound, and we were told that it would go lower. But the farmers and business men of the South said it should not go lower, and it did not. But on the contrary it was 4 cents per pound higher before the season was over and that in the face of the largest crop we have ever made. What was accomplished by that convention can be re-enacted by another.

Above all hold your cotton. Don't rush it to market, and thus help depress the price.

A Farmer.

For The State Fair.

M. W. Twitchen, the State geologist, is preparing a mineral exhibit which will be placed on exhibition at the State Fair to be held at Columbia on October 30 to November 3. A food stuffs exhibit will also be shown. Some of the rotten corn that has been seized by inspectors of the department will be shown.

PRESIDENTS ON THE ROAD

Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison Fretful When They Travel.

"If anybody traveling needs rest over Sunday it is a President on a jaunt," said a man who has been out with several Presidents. "Fortunately for Mr. Taft he likes this sort of thing, but I notice that he has ordered rests over Sunday in his itinerary."

"I have traveled with Arthur, McKinley, Cleveland and Harrison on their jaunts. Arthur, in spite of his talents for mixing with a New York crowd, was never equal to the job in the country. If any town in this country is up on the art of catering to any exclusive taste it is

Louisville, Ky. Arthur was the first Republican President to go South, and Louisville spread herself to make him feel at home. Political lines were obliterated on the occasion of his visit when he went there to open the Cotton Exposition. The Pendergast Club gave him a banquet fit for a king, but he was glad when it was over.

"When he left Chicago for his hunt in Yellowstone he told Phil Sheridan, who had charge of the party, that he could have uninterrupted rest.

"McKinley was not as good a traveler as Taft, but he never showed that he was tired. I heard him say once that he wished railroad companies would make some arrangement by which a log cabin could be attached to a train instead of a Pullman sleeper.

"Cleveland never liked a crowd. He fretted under handshaking and always grunted when he had to make a platform speech. When he visited Chicago with his bride he got the greatest reception ever seen in that city. The fact that Mrs. Cleveland broke down under the strain of the excitement may have had something to do with making Cleveland impatient, but the way he acted over the man and mismanagement of that affair would have melted the side of any newspaper that tried to quote him. When he left the city for Madison, where he was the guest of Col. Vilas, he expressed himself as delighted over the rest to which he was bound. I saw him at an inaugural ball in Washington. I wouldn't like to repeat what I heard him say about the mob on the floor.

"Harrison was the most impatient Presidential traveler of all I ever jaunted with. One night the crowd in Burlington became unmanageable. It was the worst I ever saw. The police was as useless as a lot of wooden soldiers. When the meeting was over and Harrison and his party went to the Presidential train, Harrison asked when the train was due at the next stop, Ocala, Fla., where he was to open the Corn Palace the next day. When he was told that the schedule was for noon the following day he requested that the train be side-tracked somewhere for the remainder of the night in order that he might get rest.

"It was so ordered, and the train was run out of Burlington about 40 miles and placed in a siding in the woods. There it remained until after breakfast. For the first time in any Presidential jaunt that I ever heard of the President was lost to the people of the country for 10 hours. There was no wireless apparatus then.

The next day when Harrison and his party reached St. Joseph, Mo., he was routed out of bed at sunrise to take breakfast at the railroad station and talk to the people. I think Harrison came nearer forgetting his Presbyterian pledge than than he ever did before."

VALUE OF SILENCE

Too Much Talking as the Cause of Failures.

Youth Companion.

Many of the failures in business and profession as well as social life are due to injudicious talking. A young man of apparently very moderate ability has recently astonished his fellow workers by his noticeable success in business. "Pure luck," it has been called, but a policy of natural habit of silence is the real cause.

In the first position he succeeded a man of long experience and excellent judgment, a circumstance that made his youth and inexperience conspicuous by contrast. He made no apologies and asked little advice. He was courteous to his superiors, considerate of his business inferiors, but absolutely deaf to all the gossip and irresponsible talk so prevalent in every large business office.

He had held his position for a year; gossip had it that he had failed, for in that time he had not suggested a single innovation or enlarged his department in any way. But soon it became known that he had proposed a change that would result in an annual saving of \$2,000. Gradually his step became firmer, his manner more assured and he no longer outstayed the janitor at night. Slowly, but surely and he no longer outstayed the general manager and the heads of other departments, and it soon became their habit to come to him for advice. At the end of five years, when his former associates were wondering if they could afford to get married, he was admitted to membership in the firm.

In every establishment where a number of persons is employed there is always an undercurrent of gossip. A dissatisfied stenographer talks her troubles over with a bookkeeper. The bookkeeper confides to his telephone operator that he expects to get an increase in salary. The elevator boy explains that he is going to leave soon for a better job. These bits of news are exchanged until they become common property.

The employer, learning that the stenographer is dissatisfied, tells her that she may leave at her pleasure. The bookkeeper fails to get his increase in salary and the elevator boy does not get his "new job." Especially if you are dissatisfied should you refrain from discussing your position.

A strenuous soul hates cheap successes. It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender.—R. W. Emerson.