



11-23-1897

The Lantern, Chester S.C.- November 23, 1897

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Recommended Citation

Bigham, J T., "The Lantern, Chester S.C.- November 23, 1897" (1897). *The Chester Lantern 1897*. 14.
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THE LANTERN.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1897.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Subscription Price, \$2.00 Cash.

Other day, I shall find it difficult to do it with my hands. I am in a distant place which I have twice spent delightful weeks there, and have talked to and taken by the hand a great many women situated precisely like my correspondent. I wish I could show her one of my days, which, in another way, are quite as busy as hers, beginning almost as early and ending later at night. Dear sisters, who are bringing up the children and doing endless work which must be done, forgive me if I still insist on my statement that if you will make time for the finishing touches, in the end you will be the gainers. Don't think I am a stranger to your life. I have witnessed over and over again its weary round of domestic drudgery. I have watched its effect on you. I know how it bows the shoulders and bends the back; how it brings pathetic lines into the face; how it tells on your health strength.

But you have this great joy to think of: that no woman on earth brings their boys and girls up better, and do more for the best interests of their period and their country than you do. You are worth ten thousand times as much as are the gay butterflies who flit from bough to bough, whose examples depress instead of elevate their households, and who live only for pleasure's giddy round.

God bless you! Many of our greatest men spent their boyhood under fostering care like yours. Many a statesman, general and great educator looks back with reverence to the plain little hard-working mother, whose chocolate colored print is in his eyes fairer than an angel's robes of fleecy white.

Here is my friend's letter, word for word, as she wrote it:

At 5:30. Skim milk, finish a skirt for one of the girls, so she may go tidy to school, and which, on account of press of work, could not be finished yesterday. Feed chickens, make beds, sweep floors, pickles, preserve, and can a bushel of tomatoes, pick green corn for dinner, work over butter, skim the milk again, feed chickens.

In doing the work it is necessary to go up and down stairs twenty or more times, and by the time I get a breathing spell I am too tired to do anything but throw myself on the lounge, curl up and rest a few minutes and then up and do it again.

I am too tired to go upstairs and change my dress, said dress being a neat, dark-colored calico wrapper. In fact I wear nothing else around home but easy-fitting wrappers, as my health is not good, and I cannot take the time to wash and iron anything else, and my clothes must hang from the shoulders, so my physician says. One daughter assists me at the housework, two are in school, one, a senior, too busy with her studies to help the other, a little girl, and they must look neat, so we must put the finishing touches on them. Our dresses are made nicely, with ruffles in the neck, of the same goods, and we do wear trousers which I checked by aprons tied around the waist, said aprons being of material articles, if they do not look esthetic.

I do all our sewing, dressmaking included, and knit mittens, socks and stockings for winter. We are so near to town that I can go there to church and school, and we must have things as nice as may be, with a slender purse to draw on.

It is three years since I have had a best dress, which cost not quite five dollars, so you see I have not much time or money to spend for myself, although no one knows but myself, how I would like dainty things; but if I can keep the girls in school until they get finishing touches to their education, I shall be content.

So long as I keep my body clean, my hair nicely combed and my dress neat, it matters not much if my dress is dark, or that my apron is red around my waist. It wouldn't look very neat to go without an apron, and to wear a fancy, light-colored one—oh, my! Just try it, once in doing the work I've done to-day, and see how often you would have to change it. This has spun out to an unconscionable length, but I wanted you to know how one farmer's wife lived and felt about it. Husband says it is bed time and that I must go to bed and rest, so I will put the finishing touches to this letter and wish you good-night and many years in which to write for me to read.

Sincerely yours,
A FARMER'S WIFE.

I thank you very much for that last kind wish, and now, as a tender mother-confessor, will you let me talk awhile with you?

hideous check one does, and will not soil my apron. No one wishes to wear a soiled apron about her work, and the clinging to the checked one is, in my belief, traditional only.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Grapes We Can't Reach.

The grapes we can't reach are not as a general thing, sour grapes; and it is a despicable kind of philosophy that asserts them to be so. Why should we despise good things because we do not possess them? Cicero, indeed says, "that if we do not have wealth, there is nothing better and nobler than to despise it." But this assertion was artificial in the case of Cicero, and it is no nearer the truth now than it was two thousand years ago.

In fact on the question of money this dictum appeals to us with great force; for though it may be true that not of the best things of life cannot be bought with money, it is equally true that there are other good things that nothing but money can buy. Therefore, to follow Cicero's advice and despise wealth if we have not got it, is to despise a great many excellent things; and not only that, it is to despise also the power of imparting these excellent things to other people. The golden grapes may be out of our reach, but we need not say the fruit is sour; rather let us give thanks that others have been able to gather, and press the rich vintage and to give graciously to the world of its wine of consolation.

In the same way, it has long been fashionable to assert a contempt for "the bubble reputation," whether sought on the battlefield or in the Senate, or forum, or study. But why despise one of the grandest moral forces in the universe? For when a man can get out of self to follow the fortunes of an idea, when he can fall in love with a cause, when he can fight for some public good, when he can forfeit life, if need be, for his conviction, the "reputation" that is sure to follow such abnegation and courage is not a "bubble"; it is a glorious fact—something through which the general level of humanity is raised and the world impelled forward.

I do not say that all persons who conscientiously use to their utmost ability the one or two talents they possess are not as happy as they can be. Thank God life can be full in small measures. But if any man or woman has been given five or ten talents, I do say they have no right to keep them for their own delectation, falling back upon such cheap sentiments as the hollowiness of fame and the "bubble reputation." Fame is not a bubble; it is a power whose beneficent achievements have done a great deal toward making this world a comfortable dwelling-place.

A great many high-sounding maxims in use at the present day have lost their application. There was a time, centuries ago, when the humiliations attending an upward climb were sufficient to deter a sensitive, nervous person. His long days are forever past. Any one now bearing precious gifts for humanity finds the gates lifted up, and many extracts result. Men and women can now mark they are able to lead the world stands with a sympathetic heart, and his "reputation" is not a bubble.

"Another fine, windy theme of warning from 'sour-grape' philosophers is the hollowness of friendship, and the general insincerity of the world. They have 'seen through' the world; they know all its falseness and worthlessness; and, as the world is far too busy to dispute their assertions or to defend itself, the superior discernment of this class of people is not brought to accurate accounting. As a matter of fact, however, people generally get just as much consideration

from the world, and just as much fidelity from their friends, as they deserve. A friend may ask us to dinner, but not therefore should we expect that he share his purse with us. Community of taste and sentiment does not imply community of goods. But, for all this, friendship is not hollow, nor are the grapes of its hospitality sour.

I may notice here the prevalent opinion that there is no such friendship now in the world as there used to be. "There are no Davids and Jonathans now," say the unbelievers in humanity. Very true, for David and Jonathan did not belong to the nineteenth century. To keep up such a friendship, we require, not a spare hour now and then, but an amount of certain and continuous leisure. There are still great friendships among boys at school and young men at college, for they have a large amount of steady leisure; and that is necessary to signal friendship. When we have more time, we shall have more and stronger friendships.

The vanity of life, the deceitfulness of women, the falseness of love, the impossibility of happiness, the passing away of all that is lovely and of good report, are old, old, old texts of complaint. Men and women talk about them until they feel ever so much better than the rest of the world; and such talk proper tends to look down with noble contempt upon the hypocrisies of society—that is, of their next-door neighbors and near acquaintances—and fosters a comfortable, but dangerous, self-esteem. The world, upon the whole, is a good world to those who try to be good and to do good, and every year it is growing better. During the last fifty years, how much it has grown! How sympathetic, how charitable, how evangelizing it has become! Yes, indeed, if we choose to do so, we shall meet with far more good hearts than bad ones, and the topmost grapes are not sour.

AMELIA E. BARR.

The Case of Newbold.

The exact facts in the Newbold-Turner homicide, will probably never be known. If Newbold is ever captured and tried, he will, of course, make a defense; but as to how much truth there will be in that defense is another question.

According to published statements, the tragedy occurred at about daylight in the morning. Newbold and another constable were lying on the roadside on the lookout for illicit whiskey dealers. Mr. Turner came along in his buggy, and it was while Newbold was having a parley with him, that the tragedy occurred.

While Newbold is said to have stood high in the estimation of ex-Governors Tillman and Evans, also in the estimation of Governor Ellerbe, his reputation in many respects has not been such as to justify that estimation. And in view of previous incidents, which have already been published, the tragic development over in Spartanburg is not surprising.

The Engineer, remembering the case of Detective Newbold, on one occasion, held up, at the point of his pistol Mr. M. A. Macfarland with a job of buttermilk. Mr. Macfarland was passing peacefully along the highway, where he had a perfect right to be, and Newbold, no doubt, had his right in what was in that jug. Had he had a proper conception of the duties of his position, he would have gotten the information without the necessity of committing an assault. The fact that he did commit the assault unnecessarily, was discreditably, and probably throws light on the Turner incident.

On one occasion, having worked up a case against a whiskey dealer, the late John Berry, Newbold tried to intimidate a witness—Mr. J. M. Templeton—of this county. The

position of the detective in the controversy was altogether unbecomable, and in answer to one of his statements, Mr. Templeton applied the epithet liar. Out came Newbold's revolver. Templeton was unarmed; but regardless of this disadvantage, proceeded to retaliate all that he had said, and subjected the detective to a most terrific flood of epithets. It was a nervy thing on the part of Templeton; but it was well that Newbold did not shoot, for it would have been murder. All the same, the incident was not at all creditable to him. Under the circumstances he had no right whatever to offend Mr. Templeton. The drawing of his weapon was cowardly, a fact proved by his failure to use it.

What the real cause of the Turner incident was, as has already been remarked, cannot be stated with certainty. The circumstances are easily supposable, however. Here are three constables, on a raid. Their game is to a greater or less extent an uncertain quantity. There may be liquor dealers along at any time, and again there may not. Thus lying out with time hanging heavily on their hands, the inclination of the constables to load themselves up with liquor would naturally be very strong. To imagine the recklessness of people who are more responsible than dispensary constables, filled with liquor and armed with revolvers, is not difficult. If this was the situation when Mr. Turner came along, it is no use to further pursue the inquiry.

But, after all, Newbold is not solely to blame. He should not be the only butt of public indignation. He was only an incident—a part of a vicious system. The history of the past four or five years shows that this system must necessarily be accompanied by a great deal of bloodshed. So long as the system continues there will be recurrences of the Spartanburg tragedy.

With the Politicians in Columbia During Fair Week.

Unless you kept your eyes pretty well open and were on the alert, you would hardly have noticed what a large sprinkling of politicians there was in the city during fair week. You may have noticed some of them; but may have concluded that they were only visitors to the fair like thousands of others. They were not unlike others, but they had other irons in the fire.

There were conferences and wire-pulling without end, and an allotment of offices, just as if the people had nothing to do with it.

Some of the Reformers are mad at Governor Ellerbe, because he has been appointing some Conservatives to office, and they have it "in the neck for him," and there are many candidates spoken of to succeed him or oppose him in the next campaign. As that is a long way off, there is no telling what may happen, and many, or all, of these schemes may go up in smoke.

However, The Register has definite information from a party on the inside that Senator E. L. Archer, of Spartanburg, will be a candidate for Governor.

Col. O. L. Schumper, it is said, has formally announced his candidacy for Governor this week. There has been some talk about this gentleman being fairly launched in the race, and matters will be considerably complicated thereby.

But there are others. Rumor has it that Mr. Leon J. Williams will be a candidate; and Judge Buchanan, Mr. L. D. Childs, Mr. W. C. McGowan, "Uncle" George Tillman, former Senator Harrison, of Greenville; Col. D. H. Tompkins, Congressman Talbert, and former Judge Hudson have also been mentioned in connection with the position.

With all these, or even half of them, the campaign will be of great political interest from the start, but some of them will doubtless drop out before they cross under the wire.

Republican Plums Getting Ripe.

A dispatch to The Record today from Washington briefly conveys the information that E. A. Webster has been appointed United States collector of customs for South Carolina to succeed S. A. Townes.

This appointment is by no means a surprise, since it has been expected all along that this juicy plum would fall to the boss of what there is of the Republican party in South Carolina.

Mr. Webster is a citizen of Orangeburg and has held public office before.

As soon as the appointment is confirmed, the appointment of colored postmasters in South Carolina will be begun and carried on at a rapid rate. At least that is the general expectation.—Columbia Record, 9th.

Texan Again Triumphant.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Postmaster E. T. Page, of Redwater, Tex., will be retained by this administration, and all because of the birth of quadruplets and twins in his family.

Eleven years ago he was given the postoffice, but when General Clarkson became assistant postmaster general, in the Wanamaker administration, an effort was made to replace the postmaster with a candidate of the Republican party. Many applications for the place were filed, but Page appealed for retention, citing that his wife had just presented him with bouncing quadruplets, and that twice before twins had been born to them. This settled the case, General Clarkson deciding not to remove the incumbent.

The case has now come up again and a number of candidates have sought the place. But Page has again protested that the successful raising of three of the quadruplets and two sets of twins entitled him to some consideration, and sent photographs of the three surviving quadruplets, now almost young ladies. Assistant Postmaster General Bristow conferred with Postmaster General Gary and the two decided that there should be no change in the office.

Partridges Do Eat Chirps Bogs.

There has been some dispute as to whether or not partridges eat chirps bogs; but a number of farmers to whom we have put the question say that such is indeed the case.

Then, too, it is claimed that it is foolish to suppose that partridges will exterminate the pest which has so devastated the grain fields in the Blackjacks. Partridges alone cannot accomplish this much desired end, but they can rock very materiality in doing so.—Rock Hill Herald.

A Wicked Prayer.

Richmond Telegram to New York Sun:

The Rev. T. H. Leavitt, a North Carolina evangelist, who is conducting a revival in a church here, last night saw two young women sailing during services. Watching them, the aide to where they were he knelt and prayed that they would die immediately and go to hell. The Rev. S. C. Hatcher, who was present and who has attended the revivals, straightway left the church. He is said to have replied, "I think it my duty to try and pray people out of hell, and not to pray them in."

"What, in your opinion, is the most pleasant decoration for a wheel?" "A pretty woman."

