

HOW CRAWFORD MET HIS DEATH

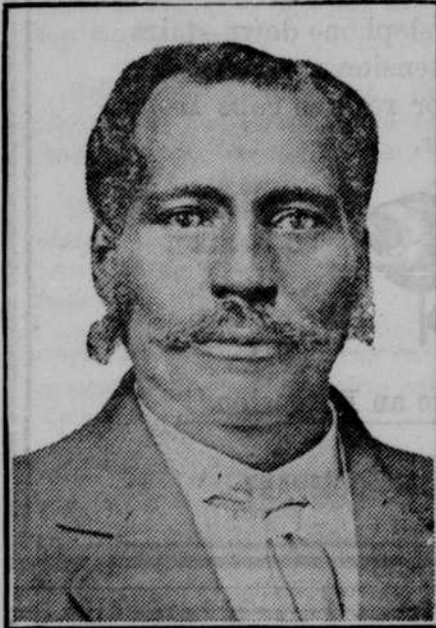
Thrilling Story of Mob Violence In South Carolina.

NASH VISITS ABBEVILLE.

Secretary of National Association For the Advancement of Colored People Returns From Scene of Brutal Murder With True Facts—Governor Says Law Must Be Upheld.

New York.—Roy Nash, secretary of the National Association For the Advancement of Colored People, has personally investigated and secured the facts in respect to the lynching of Anthony Crawford, a prosperous colored citizen, at Abbeville, S. C., last October. Governor Richard I. Manning and the citizens of Abbeville have gone on record as being bitterly opposed to mob rule in the state.

Governor Manning, in a statement to the press, says: "I was out of the state when the Abbeville lynching occurred. As soon as I learned of it I called Solicitor R. A. Cooper and Sher-



THE LATE ANTHONY CRAWFORD.

Murdered by a mob of white men at Abbeville, S. C., Oct. 21, 1916.

iff R. M. Burts of Abbeville to the office and called on Coroner F. W. R. Nance of Abbeville county to comply with the law and furnish me with a copy of the testimony taken at the coroner's inquest. I found that the coroner held an inquest, but took no testimony.

"I intend to do everything in my power to uphold the law and let the offenders know that such acts will not be tolerated and that those guilty of violating the law must suffer for it."

The lynching referred to occurred on Oct. 21 in one of South Carolina's most beautiful and progressive cities. Anthony Crawford, the victim, was a Negro fifty-one years old, worth over \$20,000. He got into a row with a white storekeeper named Barksdale over the price of cotton seed. It is reported that Mr. Barksdale called him a liar, and the Negro cursed him roundly in return, whereupon a clerk ran out to give Crawford a beating with an ax handle. He was saved from this by a policeman, who arrested Crawford and took him to the municipal building, but when they let him out on bail a crowd of men took after him again, intent on punishing him for daring to curse a white man.

"The day a white man hits me is the day I die," Anthony Crawford once said to a friend. When he saw the crowd coming after him he went down in the boiler room of the gin, picked up a four pound hammer and waited. The first man who came at him, McKinney Cann, received a blow in the

head which fractured his skull. But some one hurled a stone, which knocked out Crawford before he reached any one else. While he was down they knifed him in the back and kicked him until they thought they had finished him, when they permitted the sheriff to arrest the unconscious Crawford on condition that he would not take his prisoner out of town until they knew whether Cann would live or die.

Cann wasn't hurt as badly as they thought, but nevertheless a mob went back to the jail at 4 o'clock that afternoon, dragged Crawford through the streets of the Negro quarters with a rope around his neck, hung his mutilated body to a pine tree at the entrance to the fair grounds and expended a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition on it.

A meeting was called in the Abbeville courthouse, at which it was decided to order the sixteen sons and daughters of Crawford and their families to abandon their \$20,000 home and get out of the state by Nov. 15. After the meeting this mob closed up all the Negro shops in Abbeville.

The Columbia State in a powerful editorial pointed out that, in view of the exodus of Negro labor from the south to northern industrial fields and the approach of the boll weevil, South Carolina's problem was to keep her colored men instead of serving notice on them that, no matter how industrious or successful they might be, their case was hopeless. It convinced the business men of Abbeville that they had lynched their own pocket-books. On Nov. 6 another meeting was held in the courthouse, at which resolutions were unanimously passed condemning the whole lynching project.

A Perfect Gentleman.

He was particularly polite to women, and usually made a good impression on them. A young woman who was visiting at the family hotel in which he resided grew enthusiastic about his manners.

"Oh, he's such a perfect gentleman!" she exclaimed. "He always remembers the little things which mean so much."

"Yes," agreed her hostess. "For instance, he and his wife were coming down from the roof in the elevator last evening. I boarded the elevator at the fourth floor, and the instant I entered he removed his hat and held it in his hand all the rest of the way down!"—Life.

White Heather.

White heather is not so rare as many people imagine. Albino freaks of all kinds of heath and heather are often found, especially among the ling or truck heather—Calluna vulgaris—and more frequently on the downs of Surrey and Sussex than in Scotland. The superstition that white heather brings luck to the wearer admits of some rational explanation, because a successful searcher would probably possess diligence, perseverance, mental alertness and other qualities.—London Mail

Durable Hair.

Experts have found that the hair of Japanese women is extremely long, elastic and durable, making it superior to all other human hair for commercial purposes, especially for weaving with silk into textiles.

LITTLE FAULTS.

Beware how you regard as trifling faults which appear of but little consequence. You weigh them and think them nothing, but count them and you will be frightened at their number. Why not look yourself over frankly and honestly, discover your little faults and correct them? These cleared away, you may more easily see the larger ones, if there be any, and take up the work of correcting them.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

HOW A SWALLOW CAME BACK.



"Goodby, you bright, beautiful sun."

[Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.]

DADDY pointed to the places beside him, and the children snuggled down while he told them: "Once upon a time a very sad wedding was about to take place, for an old mole who loved darkness and dirt was bound to marry a charming little girl who was as dainty as a fairy and who loved sunshine and singing birds. Two such different people, you see, could hardly be happy living in a hole under the ground.

"But the old field mouse whom Thumbelisa, the bride, was living with wanted her to marry the mole. So one day he came to fetch her. He was dressed in his black velvet coat and had slicked up his hair into a splendid mound. But I am sorry to say that there was dirt behind both his ears, and no decent bridegroom goes to his own wedding with soiled ears.

"So it was settled that Thumbelisa was to spend the rest of her life living underground with an old mole, where she could never see the beautiful sunshine. She could not even go out to warm herself in the sunshine, because the old mole was of a jealous nature and feared to let her up out of his home, while sunshine sort of blinded him when he went to walk in it.

"The poor child was very sad at the thought of bidding goodby to the sunshine. While she had lived with the old field mouse she had always been allowed to go up out of the hole she stayed in and look at the sunshine covering all the cornfield near by.

"'Goodby, you bright, beautiful sun!' she cried, stretching out her tiny arms toward it. She walked on a bit through the cornfield, for the stalks had now been cut and the stubble stood like a forest of tree trunks above her head.

"'Goodby, goodby!' she cried, throwing her arms around a little red flower that grew among the stubble. 'Give my love to my dear swallow if he ever comes back to this cornfield again.'

"She had once saved this swallow's life when it was nearly frozen to death, you see, and was very fond of him.

"'Tweet, tweet!' sounded above her head. She looked up. It was her swallow flying past the cornfield.

"Thumbelisa was delighted to see her friend. She begged him to alight on a stubble top, and she told him how she hated to have a stupid old mole for her husband. She said she dreaded to live in a dark hole and never see daylight, and finally she wept about it all.

"'The cold winter is coming,' said the swallow, 'and I am on my way to warm countries that always have flowers. Will you go with me? Will you sit upon my back?'"

STREET LIGHTING CONTRACT RATIFIED

(Continued from first page.)

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|---------|---|------|------|-----|
| Ninth | 1 | 104 | 100 | 4 |
| Twelfth | 9 | 112 | 92 | 20 |
| Totals | | 1971 | 1173 | 798 |

These figures tell their own significant story.

The vote by wards was as follows:

| | | |
|----------|--------|-------|
| Ward | Yes | No |
| First | 1,101 | 499 |
| Second | 1,264 | 719 |
| Third | 585 | 164 |
| Fourth | 1,148 | 695 |
| Fifth | 870 | 960 |
| Sixth | 585 | 665 |
| Seventh | 795 | 777 |
| Eighth | 1,178 | 897 |
| Ninth | 870 | 809 |
| Tenth | 702 | 397 |
| Eleventh | 953 | 834 |
| Twelfth | 1,017 | 1,372 |
| Totals | 11,066 | 8,788 |

The Effect of Election

The immediate effect of the election will be to secure for Omaha over 1000 additional street lights at no additional cost to the taxpayers. Since the contract ordinance was to go into effect fifteen days after its passage, and was only headed off by the Howell-Butler referendum petition, it is presumed that the contract becomes effective almost at once.

Beautiful Business District.

Probably the most important feature of the contract is that clause which provides for the lighting of the important down town streets by ornamental iron pillars, each bearing two lamps, four posts to each block, placed on opposite sides of the street. Designs for these pillars and lamps are already made and will be submitted to the council.

It is freely asserted that this new lighting scheme, now assured by Tuesday's election, will make Omaha's

business section one of the best lighted districts of its character in the United States.

History of Ordinance.

The history of the contract-ordinance which was upheld by the voters will be of interest. The ordinance was passed shortly after the 6-cent light ordinance, and was violently opposed at first by Commissioner Butler, and later by General Manager R. Beecher Howell, on the ground that the contract would jeopardize Omaha's chances for taking over the light plant or of securing municipal light and power by other means. Corporation Counsel Lambert held that the contract-ordinance did nothing of the sort—but the campaign against the contract was made on that ground nevertheless. Commissioner Butler, who cast the only vote in the council against the ordinance, drew up the referendum petition which was circulated by the Howell forces and sufficient signers secured to bring about a special election.

A SOUTH CAROLINA CLIPPING

If the vote of the Negroes is to be curtailed in future the notion that a white skin and nothing else shall be sufficient qualification for voting will have to be abandoned. The makers of the Constitution intended that it be abandoned after the first day of January, 1898. If the people of South Carolina lack the courage and the conscience to disfranchise an illiterate white man then they would better cease to talk about keeping the Negroes or even the majority of them permanently out of politics in the coming years.—Columbia State.

Mr. E. W. Chiles and Mrs. George D. Hayden, of Winnipeg, Canada, brother and sister of Mr. H. A. Chiles are in the city for a few days visiting their mother and relatives. Mr. Chiles is in the real estate and insur-