

The Bamberg Herald

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

Published every Thursday in the Herald building, on Main street, in the live and growing City of Bamberg, being issued from a printing office which is equipped with Mergerhaller linotype machine, Babcock cylinder press, folder, two jobbers, a fine Miehle cylinder press, all run by electric power with other material and machinery in keeping, the whole equipment representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

Subscriptions—By the year \$1.50; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. All subscriptions payable strictly in advance.

Advertisements—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion, subsequent insertions 50 cents per inch. Legal advertisements at the rates allowed by law. Local reading notices 10 cents a line each insertion. Wants and other advertisements under special head, 1 cent a word each insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six and twelve months. Write for rates. Obituaries, tributes of respect, resolutions, cards of thanks, and all notices of a personal or political character are charged for as regular advertising. Contracts for advertising not subject to cancellation after first insertion.

Communications—We are always glad to publish news letters or those pertaining to matters of public interest. We require the name and address of the writer in every case. No article which is defamatory or offensively personal can find place in our columns at any price, and we are not responsible for the opinions expressed in any communication.

Thursday, June 24, 1915.

Weekly Weather Forecast.

Issued by the United States weather bureau at Washington, for the week beginning Wednesday, June 23, 1915.

For South Atlantic and East Gulf States:

Fair weather, with continued high temperature, is probable throughout the week.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but if there is any fighting going on there we don't mind saying our heart is nowhere close to it.

On account of the limitations of our "pass" we will not be able to get as far as Chick Springs this year, and to get beyond "wholly within the State of South Carolina" would be quite out of the question.

A crowd of people hanged Leo Frank in effigy at Newman, Ga., when the sentence of Frank was commuted. We imagine that Frank prefers this kind of hanging to the kind that has stared him in the face for about two years.

We trust that the fact that the meeting for the purpose of organizing a county fair association has been postponed does not mean that the ardor of the promoters has in any way been dampened. Several of those deeply interested in the project are out of the city, but it is well to remember that if a county fair is to be held this fall some steps will have to be taken pretty soon, else the necessary plans cannot be made in time.

The Newberry Herald and News this week was confronted by a most unique situation. Last week a prominent murder trial was held in Newberry and, of course, the newspapers carried long accounts of the trial. On Tuesday of this week the Herald and News contains letters on the front page from two correspondents, each accusing the newspaper of being unfair; one being in favor of the defendant, who was acquitted, and the other sharply criticizing the jury for its verdict. The dead man's friend said the report was one-sided; the live man's friend says the report was unfair and that it omitted important testimony. It seems to be a well established fact that everybody cannot be pleased, but when both sides criticize one he must be pretty near correct.

Suppression of news matter rarely avails anything. Newspapers are continually asked not to print this or that, for various and sundry reasons. Then others, when asked about certain news or a certain transaction, will deny any knowledge whatever in an effort to prevent the news being disseminated through the newspapers. The following very sensible paragraph is taken from a late issue of the Southern Railway Bulletin, bearing on the matter of suppressing news matter:

No man is serving the interests of the Southern Railway company by withholding information from a newspaper representative, or by attempting to mislead him. Never try to discourage a reporter who is looking for news. In the first place there's no use trying, for the reporter's business is to get the news and he generally gets it. If he can't get it from the railroad he will get it from some other source and in all likelihood will get a garbled statement which will appear much worse than would the facts.

It is stated by a gentleman who is in a position to know that a special act of the legislature allows towns and cities to vote water, light and sewerage bonds to any required amount. Allendale, Blackville, Walterboro and Barnwell are among the towns in this section of the State now installing sewerage systems. None of these

towns, so far as our information goes, have had constitutional amendments passed to allow them to vote bonds in excess of eight per cent. of the tax valuation. It may be stated that these towns are among the nearest rivals of Bamberg. Can this city afford not to vote in a sewerage system? Considering the matter from a purely business standpoint, which is the least argument in favor of sewerage, would an investor looking for a site for a manufacturing plant choose Bamberg, without sewerage, in preference to either of the other towns named, with sewerage? Would a family looking for a location choose Bamberg? These are questions we leave to those in authority to answer. If the health of Bamberg will be bettered by a system of sewerage, can the city afford not to have it? That is a question for the people to answer. The progress and the health of the city demand sewerage. Our neighboring towns are getting sewerage. Mr. Citizen of Bamberg, what are you going to do about it?

South Carolina Baptist Assembly.

The Baptists of South Carolina are to have a great summer gathering of Sunday-school workers, B. Y. P. U. workers, leaders of the Woman's Missionary unions, organized class workers, pastors and others, beginning July 9th and continuing until July 16th. The assembly will be held at Furman university, Greenville. A gathering of fully five hundred workers exclusive of the local attendance is confidently expected. The programme is rich and varied. The faculty is composed of leaders and experts of note coming from all sections of the State and the South. The Rev. Thos. J. Watts, Columbia, is the general secretary of the assembly. A beautiful thirty-six page booklet has been issued in which is given the entire programme. These may be had on application to Mr. Watts, at Columbia. Among the speakers and teachers we note the following: Rev. W. O. Carver, D. D., Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Chas. S. Gardner, D. D., Louisville, Ky.; Rev. John E. White, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.; Rev. J. J. Taylor, D. D., Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. Maude Reynolds McClure, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Kathleen Mallory, Baltimore, Md.; Prof. L. P. Leavell, Oxford, Miss.; Rev. Price E. Burroughs, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Almeda Coleman, Danville, Va.; Rev. B. W. Spillman, D. D., Ridgecrest, N. C.; Rev. E. M. Poteat, D. D., Greenville, S. C.; Rev. D. M. Ramsay, D. D., Greenville, S. C.; Prof. C. E. Crossland, Fork Union, Va.; Prof. E. L. Middleton, Raleigh, N. C., and a number of others equally important. Board will be provided in Furman university at \$1.00 per day and reduced rates will be given by all railroads. For further information our readers should promptly address Rev. Thos. J. Watts, general secretary, Columbia, S. C.

In connection with the Baptist summer assembly on the above dates the State Federation of Baptist organized classes will hold its first meeting. Every Baptist organized class in South Carolina of whatever name or form of organization is invited to participate and to send delegates. The number of delegates is without limit. It is hoped that each class will send at least one representative whose expenses shall be paid by the class. Let the classes please take note of this great meeting of organized class workers. For further information address Rev. Thos. J. Watts, Columbia, S. C.

The Whistle Test.

A Parisian journal tells a little story of a young Parisian who, in civil life, had long worn a monocle in his left eye, and had continued the habit as an officer. He had been wounded, was cured and asked to be returned to the front. He was to be examined, and concealed the monocle, thinking he might be charged with myopia in one eye. When the chief surgeon examined him, after looking well over his face, he said sharply, "Whistle!"

The soldier whistled like a blackbird.

"This is curious," said the surgeon, and, calling a young assistant, he said again to the soldier, "Whistle!" He whistled again. "That is curious," said the young assistant.

Another surgeon entered and the patient was called upon for the third time to whistle.

"Ah," said the surgeon, "this is curious!"

"But," expostulated the soldier, "I don't see why there is so much of this. I'm not to serve as a locomotive."

"It is all right," said the chief surgeon. "You may return to the front."

When the soldier arrived at his regiment he gave to the regimental surgeon the note that had been given him by the examiner. This surgeon said in his turn: "Will you please whistle?" He whistled. "This is curious," said the surgeon.

It seems that when a man wears a monocle it gives to the face the appearance of facial paralysis. The operation of whistling is a test. The facial paralytic cannot whistle.

SCIENCE AND SLAUGHTER.

Scientific Assistance in the Favorite Pursuit of War.

Without question, man has every reason to be grateful to science for her assistance in the favorite pursuit by which for the most part he reckons history, writes Henry W. Newenson, in the June Atlantic. Nor is he remiss in taking advantage of her progress. This war is probably the greatest and most destructive, as well as the most scientific, since creation. Mr. Asquith tells us that 6,000,000 men are now trying to kill one another as fast as possible in Europe, and his is a low estimate. There they stand, in long opposing lines. On one front the battle line is said to extend nearly 400 miles; on the other nearly twice as far. In the west, sheer numbers and the accuracy of industrious science almost prevent movement. For nearly five months now those men, in their effort to kill and escape death, have lived below the surface, like rabbits or primeval troglodytes. They have foundered in oozing mud—"the fifth element," as Napoleon called it. They have stood day and night in trenches, soaked to their middle by cold water, until their limbs swelled purple and threatened gangrene. The concussion of exploding shells has driven their eyes into their heads so that they see no more; shock and horror have struck them speechless. Their reason is overturned; some weep without ceasing; some gibber like ghosts. Limbs are scattered over the countryside. Hot-smelling blood pours from their bodies in unexpected quantity.

Naval Losses in the Straits.

The successful torpedo attack on the British Triumph operating in the Gulf of Saros in support of allied troops, again emphasized the serious nature of the task of facing the allied forces at the Dardanelles. Already the British navy has lost more battleships in this operation than have been sacrificed in all other naval operations put together. The Ocean and Irresistible were sunk by shell fire and torpedoes sent from shore tubes in the much-criticized sea attack upon the Dardanelles on March 18; the Goliath was sunk by a torpedo from a Turkish destroyer while operating in conjunction with the allies' forces, and the Triumph was the victim of a Turkish submarine. A floating mine accounted for the French battleship Bouvet. It is evident that thus far the Turkish defensive on land and sea has proved itself superior to the offensive strength developed by the allies.

Will this discrepancy continue? The news from Gallipoli indicates that within the past week both armies have been strongly reinforced, the allies bringing their strength up to 90,000 men, while the Turks have added some of the forces which were operating against the Russians in the Caucasus. This indicates a forthcoming clash of decisive importance.

The allies cannot permit the Gallipoli operations to drag. While the Turkish forces are still in action the invaders' hold on the peninsula is precarious. French and British troops are operating far from their bases and are dependent upon sea communications. A serious defeat on either flank might threaten the entire landing army with capture or annihilation. A severe storm might interfere with communications or at least prevent the warships from rendering effective assistance to the land forces. A speedy advance, effected with whatever sacrifice in men may be required, ought to commend itself to the allied commanders.

As for the Turks, they are once more proving to the world their ability to fight. If they would prove as tractable to instruction in the gentler arts of civilization as they are apt pupils in the arts of modern war the world might become reconciled to their continued existence as a nation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Could Have Cabbage.

A deputy sheriff, who was here recently to take back a prisoner, told this story on the jailer in his town:

The jailer, although a well meaning man, is illiterate and spelling is a trifle difficult for him. One day last spring, pencil and paper in hand, he went through the jail to get suggestions from the inmates as to changes in the dietary.

"We would like to have some rhubarb," suggested one prisoner.

"You may have it," replied the jailer, who then commenced trying to record the request. He began "ru," hastily abandoned that for "reu," and then put "roo" and "rheu," successively. Thoroughly exasperated at last, he exclaimed: "Rubub be hanged. You'll get cabbage."—Louisville Times.

The Lord made woman and she made herself over into a lady.

OUR NATIONAL BEVERAGE.

Soda Water, the King of City Summer Sports.

The time was—it is not so very distant—when the chief, almost the only, possible recreation during the heated spells in town was drinking soda water, writes Harrison Rhodes, in Harper's for June. And this is still, perhaps, the king of city summer sports. There are, of course, adepts of the fountain who keep up their favorite recreation all winter. Who of us has not seen, in some bleak January day, half-frozen district messenger boys take refuge in a drug store and there fortify themselves against the bitter cold by huge mugs of ice cream soda? But the taste, though preserved in winter, is formed in summer. It is then that doors are flung wide open to the street, while glittering fountains, towering like fairy castles, cast their magic spell upon those who pass along the burning pavements. In certain fortunate regions, where the tide of national civilization must be admitted to be rising very high, the drug store serves its soda to the music of a string quartette, and, in one happy Southern city, to the accompaniment of a "cabaret show." Let those who are approaching middle age remember the corner drug store of their childhood, with its modest white marble fountain dispensing six simple syrups. Nothing better marks the triumphant progress of the country, the richening and deepening of its life, than these gorgeous modern sources of a thousand strange concoctions of exotic names and irresistible allure.

A Few Affidavits.

We have now arrived at the affidavit stage of the Lusitania case. A gentleman named Gustav Stahle, whose name indicates his entire impartiality, and who is said to be both a German reservist and an employe of the German consulate in New York city, swears that he was taken on board the Lusitania by a steward, the night before the ship sailed, and that he saw four guns mounted on a lower deck. A New York boarding house keeper swears that the same steward told her the Lusitania carried Grieve swears that he heard the ried guns, and some one named steward say so to the boarding house keeper. Also, we have the sworn statement of an individual named Bruckner, who says that while standing on the Cunard dock, he saw a gun mounted on the Lusitania.

We can dismiss the testimony of the boarding house keeper and the testimony of Grieve as hearsay, which no court of law, let alone the government of the United States, would for one instant consider. As for Mr. Stahle his name, his occupation and his presumed prejudices call for an investigation which should go considerably further than the question of fact set forth in his affidavit. There remains then only Mr. Bruckner, of whom we know nothing, but who is unique, insofar as he stood right out in the open river dock, in broad daylight and discovered, in plain view, upon the deck of the Lusitania, something which had escaped the attention of passengers, their friends, and the custom house sleuths, who worked under the direction of Collector Malone. We should think the latter would be ashamed of his boasted neutrality squad, in view of the disclosures made in this interesting group of affidavits who could easily have told about the two 12-inch guns mounted forward on the Lusitania, next to the cook's galley and the two 14-inch guns mounted aft of the grand saloon, as well as the four submerged torpedo tubes, all of which will doubtless make material for future affidavits.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "Movies" as an Industry.

Even the hundreds of thousands of motion picture fans fail to realize the extent of the "movie" as an industry. According to the federal census bureau, 68,000 miles of film was manufactured for the United States at a cost of \$27,000,000 in the last eleven months of 1914.

The motion picture business is the fifth largest industry in the United States, and this applies only to the manufacture of film. Some feature films cost as high as \$300,000. It is estimated that 10,000,000 people daily visit the movies in 18,000 motion picture theatres.

The development of the motion picture industry has been one of the marvels of the present age. That motion pictures had come to stay was early published, but recognition of their educational value is only a matter of the past few years. From the crude pictures of the early days to the remarkable depictions of today is a long step.

There is nothing now that the motion picture does not reproduce for the amusement and enlightenment of its patrons.

America could not well get along without the "movies."—Buffalo News.



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A PYGMY RATTLER ATTACKS.

Venomous Little Reptile Hidden in Log Near King Snake Eggs.

In a small pond we captured several of the banded water snake (Tropidonotus fasciatus), says the New York Sun. One a large and richly marked specimen, was lying coiled under the water, which was about 4 inches deep, and lying as he was among the short growth of vegetation I nearly stepped on him before I saw him. On placing the forked stick over him he wound up it as far as he could and struck viciously at everything in reach, but was soon grasped by the neck and placed into a bag. These water snakes, though non-venomous, were by a great majority of the people we met, thought to be very poisonous.

Many snakes were uncovered in turning over the fans; mostly very young cotton-mouths, which very strongly resemble the young copperheads (Ancistrodon contortrix), and the pygmy rattlers (Sistrurus miliaris). This diminutive rattlesnake would generally be found coiled on the projecting base of a palm and covered by a palm fan. None that we caught made any attempt to escape, but they had the chance. They were so small, generally from 12 to 18 inches, that their rattling could not be heard unless held close to the ear.

My partner had a narrow escape from being bitten by one of them. He had broken open a hollow log, on the inside of which were a number of empty shells of snake eggs—probably the king snake or black snake—and as he reached to pick one of them up for closer examination, he caught sight of a pygmy rattler coiled partly under some pieces of the rotting core of the log and jerked his hand away just in time, for the snake struck viciously, narrowly missing it.

We broke open all the hollow logs which we found, and in doing so found several very fine specimens of the king snake (Ophibolus getulus). Usually when we found one we would find another one very close by. These snakes, while of a rather quarrelsome disposition among themselves or with other snakes, are remarkably gentle with man. Not one of the several we caught made any attempt to bite, nor showed any nervousness. When handled they would usually coil tightly around the arm, probably to prevent falling, and then would start slowly on an exploring expedition. These snakes are powerful constrictors, feeding principally upon obnoxious rodents and other snakes; they have been known to kill the deadly diamond-back rattlers (Crotalus adamanteus), although they have no preference and will as readily kill and devour the non-venomous species.

Wanter Further Instructions.

"Everybody," observed a New York woman, "knows one or more of those conscientious egotists who cannot rid themselves of the notion that no one can be trusted to carry out the simplest details of routine work without their personal supervision."

"It was one of this sort who went west, leaving in his brother's care a parrot, of which he was very fond. All the way out he worried about the bird, and at Chicago he sent his brother the following telegram:

"Be sure to feed the parrot."

"Whereupon brother telegraphed back:

"Have fed him, but he is hungry again. What shall I do next?"—New York Times.

Under normal conditions ten inches of snow yields one inch of water.

Guess Again.

Shronk stopped his motorcar at a desolate crossroads and yelled to a farmer who lay on a cart of fertilizer:

"Hey, Cornsilk, is this the way to Croydon?"

The farmer raising himself from the fertilizer in astonishment.

"By heck, stranger, how did you know my name was Cornsilk?" he asked.

"I guessed it," said the motorist.

"Then, by heck," said the farmer, as he drove off, "guess your way to Croydon."

If he can do it, Mr. Bryan ought to induce President Wilson to write some of the signed editorials in the Commoner.—Houston Post.

As Jess Willard is tired of being an actor already, this comes pretty near making it unanimous.—Washington Post.

Read The Herald, \$1.50 per year.

MASTER'S SALE.

State of South Carolina, Barnwell County—Court of Common Pleas. Elizabeth W. Rice, in her own right and as Administratrix of the estate of Benjamin T. Rice, deceased, plaintiff, against B. T. Rice, et al. Defendants.

By virtue of a decretal order to me directed in the above entitled cause, I will sell at Bamberg, in front of the court house, on Monday, July 5th, A. D. 1915, it being salesday in said month, within the legal hours of sale, the following described real property: All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the County of Bamberg, said State, Buford's Bridge Township, containing five hundred acres, more or less, and bounded on the North by lands of Patrick Starr; East by lands of Malcome M. Rice and P. H. Starr; on the South by lands to Frances J. Pelzer, and on the West by William Phail.

Terms of sale: Cash, purchaser to pay for papers.

H. L. O'BANNON, Master for Barnwell County. Master's office, June 11th, 1915.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Entrance Examinations

Entrance examinations to the University of South Carolina will be held by the County Superintendent of Education at the County Court House Friday, July 9th, 1915.

The University offers varied courses of study in science, literature, history, law and business. The expenses are moderate and many opportunities for self-support are afforded. A large number of scholarships are available. Graduates of colleges in this State receive free tuition in all courses except in the School of Law. For full particulars write to:

The President, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Columbia, S. C.

BANKRUPT SALE OF J. B. MILEY & CO., LODGE, S. C.

Under and by virtue of an order of the United States District Court of the Eastern District of South Carolina, dated third day of May, A. D., 1915, in the matter of J. B. Miley & Co., bankrupts, I will sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, on the 8th day of July, 1915, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the premises of the said J. B. Miley & Co., on Main street, in the town of Lodge, S. C., the following described property in separate parcels as set forth herein. The same to be sold for cash, all sales subject to confirmation by the court.

Parcel No. 1.

All that stock of goods contained in the store house on Main street, in the town of Lodge, formerly occupied by J. B. Miley & Co., bankrupts, consisting of dry goods, notions, clothing, shoes, hats, hardware, etc., which at invoice amounts to approximately \$2850.00, also the notes, open accounts, and other evidences of indebtedness, belonging to or owing to the said J. B. Miley & Co., bankrupts.

Parcel No. 2.

One horse, one cow, one lot of household furniture, etc., and other minor personal property referred to in the appraisement of the property of the said bankrupt.

W. MAX WALKER, Trustee.