

ESTABLISHED 1844
The Press and Banner
 ABBEVILLE, S. C.

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Tuesday, May 28, 1918.

AT LONG CANE (COL.)

Some of the lawyers around Abbeville have made such reputations for themselves as negro preachers that we decided, as times were slack, we would put out a feeler for an appointment to preach a little ourselves, and try our hand at the same business. Bishop J. S. Morse having learned of our good intentions assigned us to Long Cane Methodist Church (colored) for last Sabbath. Having procured the assistance of Dr. C. H. McMurray and Col. Thomas P. Thomson, as ruling elders, and young John Lyon McMurray as mascot, we arrived on the scene of action about 2:15 P. M.

We found Rev. Vance, the pastor of the church, in charge, and we were soon notified that the meeting was ready to be turned over to us. A verse or two of a good old-time-religion hymn was sung while the congregation "gathered" in the church, and when the time was ripe, our elder Col. Thomson, gave us a flattering introduction, after which we harangued the people for a half hour or so on the Red Cross subject, and until the perspiration turned to sweat, after which we arrived at the time to take up the collection. Having called on all brethren and sisters who would give five dollars to stand up, and having given them notice to come forward and give in their names as well as the cash, we turned to assist elder McMurray in making out the necessary papers and in giving out the badges of honor. We didn't want to start on the two-fifties and the one dollar crowd until we finished with the big fish. But we made a mistake right here. Because no sooner had we turned our back than the little fishes went out around the net and the next thing we knew they were drinking water at the well. We couldn't blame them much however. The pastor said a word in their behalf to the general effect that he had had a rally already that day and that all male members had given one dollar, and all females had given seventy-five cents. Besides from the ease which they got out it appeared to us that they had seen collections taken up before. Notwithstanding when we had finished we had one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, which amount is more than has been given by some people to the good cause.

The meeting having been duly dismissed by the Reverend pastor, we went down to Col. Thomson's and not being disposed to hurt his feelings, especially after living at home for sometime on war diet, we readily accepted his invitation to take dinner with him. We did not do so any more readily, however, than elder McMurray and mascot John Lyon. It appeared to us that they, too, had been living at home, and eating at the same place. After a fine dinner which was greatly enjoyed, as well as the "charming hospitality," as the women say, of our gracious host during the eating of it, we went out on the porch to settle down to real enjoyment. We had hardly, however, got comfortably seated when one of those vulgar gas buggies came tooting up the road, and we soon spied Col. Dick Sondley at the wheel, with Col. Pat Roche and Col. Will Magill as companions. They had heard that we were to hold forth, they said, and "turned out" to the meeting, and were sorry to find that they were too late.

Having been invited in, and not caring to discuss worldly affairs on account of the day, they merely passed the time of the day on the growing cotton, the goat business and fishing, and settled down to serious matters. Col. Roche having the floor naturally directed the conversation towards the good old times before the war when people kept salt and soap and other household necessities in gourds etc. He rambled around awhile among the old grave yards and here and there he stopped to drop a flower on the grave of some hero of times past, whose memory has all but faded except with those who linger a little while after their generation has passed.

He told us also of an incident which he learned of from his old friend Col. Hiram Tusten. It seems that over in Georgia or somewhere else a family had a pet goat. It was about the gin house at ginning time and after the ginning was over the goat was nowhere to be found. The little children cried for days for the goat but it failed to return. Nothing was ever heard of it until the next spring when the cotton seed house was opened to get out the planting seed and there stood the goat eating cotton seed. Col. Tusten didn't tell, it seems, where the goat got water all this time, which puzzled Col. Roche somewhat, but Col. Sondley solved this by telling that the same thing happened with Wilson Caldwell in Newberry County, only there were five goats instead of one, and by explaining that cattle can live without water and that they fatten better without it, advancing the statement that Col. Aug. W. Smith, when he lived in Abbeville, was accustomed to stall-feed cattle for months without ever giving them a drop of water.

During the course of his remarks, however, Col. Roche happened to mention a snake. While speaking of snakes he told us of the bad habits his friend Sondley formerly had of coming up town every Saturday evening, walking around his old friends Gene McMillan and Mike Cassidy and slipping his hand in their pockets and getting out a few of the parched goobers which they were always eating. Knowing that the Colonel was somewhat afraid of snakes old man McMillan one day put a pet king snake in his pocket on top of the goober bag and walked around where Col. Sondley was sitting all the time cracking the brittle shells and rattling hunger into Colonel Sondley's make-up with every crack. Finally, the Colonel took a circuit around the old gentleman and quietly slipped his hand into the pocket and hit the snake, whereupon as Rev. John I. Reynolds, colored, said in his suit against the railroad, "the panorama lit up."

The snake subject having gotten a firm hold on all hearers Col. Sondley advanced to the front of the rostrum and made a few remarks on snakes he had seen. One of the longest to be remembered by him was the one he saw down in the Haskell woods when he and Col. L. C. Haskell went down there to "locate a corner". Both wore boots for fear of snakes, and they were making diligent search for the corner, when Col. Sondley all at once stepped on something soft which he took for the corner. Looking around, however, he saw that it was no corner at all but a big moccasin then in the act of striking at his boot leg, which it did immediately. Raising an Indian warwhoop the Colonel "lit a rag" for the open ground. When he had gone a little way he looked around to see if the snake was following when to his consternation, perturbation and utter demoralization he found that the moccasin, when it struck at him, had hung a tooth in the tough leather of the boot leg, and that he was taking it along with him. No sooner had he seen this than he hollered for all rabbits to clear the track for a man who could do some real running. When he stopped from exhaustion, he found that he had pulled the snake's tooth, and he was free except that after pulling off the boot, and taking off his socks, and rolling up his breeches leg he was unable, even with the assistance of friend Haskell, to tell whether the snake tooth had gone

into his leg or not, leaving nothing for him to do except to wait and see whether he would die or not.

Following this account of his experience in the Haskell woods, the company talked over other snake history, including habits of the hoop snake and others. Col. Roche informed the company of the time when the hoop snake made a roll at a man standing by a tree in McMillan's pasture, and of the man jumping aside causing the snake to drive its tail into the tree, and of the tree dying before sundown, and of other snake happenings immediately following the Revolution.

But Colonel Sondley had not finished. He had a snake story to tell that happened to him and Will Hall when he was trimming the fig bush, at which time as he told it a big snake rolled itself around his ankle several times and then locked up at him and winked its eye.

He also told of a cousin of his who caught all kinds of bad snakes and made pets of them, and other snake stories. In fact John Lyon McMurray said that it seemed to him that Colonel Sondley had "seen more snakes" than all the other gentlemen gathered together for the evening.

Finally the conversation having switched from snakes to cooters, we were forced to leave as we were already out late enough for elder McMurray to be called upon to give an account of himself. We left Col. Sondley on the floor discussing the habits of cooters on his goat farm below town, and it seemed to us from the way he was laying it down that he had just begun to talk.

**COUSIN PERCY WRITES
 COUSIN DAVIS**

Dear Cousin—I have received your letter pertaining to your wide expanse of business. I hope it will not prove a great Desert of Sahara in the wind up. I have heard the old people around Abbeville say that Mr. Jacob Miller in his day issued a wise saying to the effect that almost any man could run a sail-boat about the shore, but when a man puts to sea, it were well if he were a mariner. Now, do not get panicky when I tell you that a dreamed I saw you in the middle of the big blue ocean sailing round and round and shouting at the top of your voice for a sight of old Blue Hill.

There is another matter about which I think you had better seek legal advice. You know there is a law in this country known as the Sherman law. Under it a man who combines too many branches of a business creates a monopoly and may be indicted for running a Trust. You have heard I suppose, before the war, of the trust-buster. Well, do not be surprised when I tell you that the combination of the Edison talking machine and of your own gives the firm of Kerr & Edison a majority holding of all the talking machines in the country, and you may be indicted at any minute, unless you are willing, at least, to quit talking (and snoring too) in your sleep. Please give this matter your prayerful consideration. Now if you were as quiet all the time as you are at home when Mrs. Kerr is present, you might get through, but it seems to me after hearing your line of talk down town and after listening to the Edison that something may be doing in the trust-busting line pretty soon.

I did not hear what you said about coming up this summer. On that subject I am as deaf as you were the time I passed my plate back for another helping of the white meat of the turkey and you filled me up with rice and gravy. Brother Austin would like to do something for you, but he says the hotel man where he was boarding when you were up here and where he still is, says that you talked too much to the waiters when you were here, and that you worried the cook too much about wanting to carry in stove-wood so you could see what they were going to have for dinner. Then again he says that hotel registers cost money now on account of the high-price of paper and if you do come up and bring your family, and want to register the whole family every day, you must bring your own register, as he is not going to waste any more paper

FRIEDA HEMPEL JOINS EDISON



The most richly endowed soprano in America" is what the critics call Miss Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera. A true artist, her ambition to have her voice preserved in all its splendor outweighed all other considerations. She has joined the Edison group of stars. Henceforth she will sing for the only instrument which can Re-Create her superb voice.

Miss Hempel heard Re-Creations of other great artists; noted their superiority to anything she'd ever heard before and decided to investigate. She went to the Edison laboratories; made a Re-Creation; then submitted it to the searching trial of the tone test. She herself sang in direct comparison with the instrument. If you've ever heard her voice on talking machines you can conceive her joy in hearing it Re-Created with such fidelity and perfection that no human ear could distinguish artist from instrument. It was enough. There and then she resolved that henceforth the instrument for her voice was

**Frieda Hempel's
 Edison Re-Creations**

- Theme and Variations. (Proch).* As sung by Miss Hempel at the Metropolitan in "The Daughter of the Regiment."
- Ave Maria—Cavalleria Rusticana.* An adaption from the Intermezzo by Mascagni. Violin obligato by Mary Zentay.
- Aloha Oe. (Queen Liliuokalani).* Assisted by Criterion Quartet.
- My Old Kentucky Home. (Foster).* Assisted by Criterion Quartet.
- Emmet's Lullaby. (J. K. Emmet).* Assisted by Criterion Quartet.
- Long, Long Ago. (Bayly).*

The New Edison
 "The Phonograph With a Soul"

So now you can hear Frieda Hempel. Not a mere imitation on a talking machine but Miss Hempel herself. Call at our store and hear the Re-Creations listed on this page.

Edison Re-Creations should not be played and cannot be played properly on any other instrument. If they could be, the manufacturers who seek to profit by Mr. Edison's research work would be able to make tone test comparisons, such as we have made with the New Edison before two million music lovers.



The Kerr Furniture Co.

STOVES AND RANGES HOME OUTFITTERS

Abbeville, S. C.

of letting them hear what he had to say because he spoke so loud he might have stood on the top of his barn and they could have heard him just as well. He also said he didn't see why Mayor Mars paid fare on the train as he walked all the way from Abbeville to Chattanooga going from one coach to the other and introducing himself to the people. That is what makes some people poor all the time, spending money when there is no need for it.

We are leaving home as we mail this letter, and will notify you when we return if it is too cool for you to come up.

Your cousin,
 Percy.

As for your boy, Sun, I know your boarders stand a fine chance of getting their money's worth with your boy and his father at the table. As for inquiring anything about him the only inquiry I remember to have made about him was when I asked you last summer when you and he thought you would go back South, and not getting any satisfactory reply to that question, I feel sure that there must be some mistake about any further inquiry on my part.

The furniture dealers up here are getting a little uneasy about themselves. I suppose you have seen that the government is about to dispense with all unprofitable servants. The gamblers must go, and so must the bar-tenders, the idlers and all men engaged in business which is not worth much to the country and not much of that. As we were coming from the Wednesday night's prayermeeting my neighbor, brother Jones, said that he would not be surprised at anytime to see all clap-trap business like automobile sellers, lawyers, furniture dealers, fortune tellers and book-agents closed up and put into some kind of profitable employment. Now I think if I were you I would get a farm started and say that you are in the furniture business as a sideline and that you are a horny handed son of toil. It will not be pleasant work this summer digging ditches in France with a gun shooting around you every fifteen or sixteen seconds, and a word to the wise should be sufficient. At any rate it would be a good idea to put the furniture business in your wife's name, and you be a clerk.

**1 CENT MILE IS FARE
 FIXED FOR SOLDIERS**

Washington, May 24.—The rate of a cent a mile for soldiers for the duration of the war has been established by the railway administration it was announced late this afternoon. The action was taken, it was said, as a result of thousands of appeals from all sections of the country.

**GENERAL SESSIONS COURT
 FOR JUNE CALLED OFF**

All Grand Jurors and others having business in the Court of General Sessions for Abbeville County, are notified that there will be no Court held in June. Only Equity business will be transacted.

J. L. PERRIN,
 Clerk.

**114 WOUNDED U. S.
 SOLDIERS GET HOME**

Washington, May 24.—The arrival in this country of 114 American wounded was announced by Surgeon General Gorgas today. Eight were landed the week of May 10 and 106 the week of May 17. They have been distributed at various points for reconstruction.

**U. S. TO BUILD
 PICRIC ACID PLANT**

Washington, May 24.—Two picric acid plants, the first Government controlled plants to be established in this country, are to be constructed at Little Rock, Ark., and Brunswick, Ga., the War Department announced this afternoon. The Little Rock plant will cost about \$4,000,000.

The larger plant at Brunswick will be constructed by the Butterworth-Judson Company, of New York, at a cost of nearly \$7,000,000.

THE CANTEN SERVICE.

On last Thursday, the ladies of the A. R. C. Canteen Service were called to serve troop trains passing through here. The following ladies were on duty for that day: Mrs. J. C. Ellis, Captain; Miss Maggie Brooks, Second Lieutenant; Mrs. W. E. Johnson, Mrs. F. B. Gary, Mrs. Moffatt Plaxco, Mrs. Gus Lee, Miss Mary Smith and Miss Louise Brown, Privates.

Miss Mary Hill, Miss Leila Link, Miss Mary Aiken and Mrs. Will Harris, Motor Service.

The soldiers were given post cards, magazines, matches, chewing gum, and flowers, and all were pleased with the attention. Stamps were sold to them, and quite a number of cards were written while waiting, and mailed with letters and papers by the committee.