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 ABBEVILLE, S. C.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1922

**THE ANTIDOTE TO STARVATION**

A gloomy picture of the agricultural outlook in Abbeville county is painted by The Press and Banner—gloomier, one suspects, than is fully justified. That much truth is contained in these paragraphs, though, is not to be denied:

"Already the negroes are coming to the landlords and to the merchants for the purpose of getting every mouthful of supplies on which to raise a crop. Most of them are going to be disappointed. The landlords in many instances are utterly unable to make the advances; in either instance they prefer to allow the land to rest for a year rather than hazard the necessary money on so flimsy security as a crop to be grown by a negro tenant. Not many white people are in so destitute circumstances, but a white man who can not finance himself the present year has a thorny path to tread. The negro tenants and laborers had as well learn that they can no longer farm out of the stores. Those who receive supplies this year will not get more than enough to hold body and soul together. If they do not produce enough corn and meat at home to put them through the winter nothing awaits them except starvation. We think it unlikely that merchants and landlords will be disposed, even if they are able, to make advances to those who do not go to work this year and lay aside something for another year."

The State has repeatedly directed attention to the serious plight of the poorer people on the farms, especially those without land of their own. Beyond the borders of the South are people who imagine themselves friends of the Southern negroes, who exercise themselves greatly about the deprivations of the negroes' political rights but who shed no tears and lose no sleep when they are out of work and have little prospect of earning a comfortable livelihood.

As The Press and Banner observes, the serious factor in the problem of 1922 is that the white friends who so long have looked after the welfare of the negroes have as much as they can do now to care for themselves.

We think that our contemporary is unnecessarily alarmed when it uses the word "starvation." Land is so abundant in the South that healthy people can at least dig a living out of it—if they will only dig. The urgent necessity to do that is what The Press and Banner emphasizes and it would be well if its readers would take its words to heart.

"Negro tenants and laborers can no longer farm out of the stores." That the sun rises and sets is no more certain than that saying. But all who are willing to work will have plenty to eat, for the land will be more abundant than usual and almost anything and everything can be raised upon it. The year will be hard and painful to many poor people, but they need not be hungry or lack shelter.—The State.

**THE "COLORED BROTHER"**

We reproduce from the Commercial-Appeal of September 7th the following extracts from an article written by S. F. Davis, of Indianola, Miss., on the negro, whom he regards as "the Creator's Masterpiece." That the writer is thoroughly familiar with his subject is shown by the interesting, amusing and truthful manner in which he handles it:

"The negro can lie down beneath the scorching rays of a noonday sun and sleep the sleep of the seven sleepers of old without suffering any evil effects from it whatever; or he can weather the fiercest winter gale, clad only in a pair of cotton overalls and a blue jumper. He can also wear an overcoat to a Fourth of July celebra-

tion, or a pair of linen pants and an alpaca coat to a Christmas tree and be perfectly comfortable. And, strange as it may seem, anybody's clothes will fit him and look nice on him. There is nothing else like him under the sun. He sees all things, hears all things, believes all things and has implicit faith in everything he sees or hears and stands ready at all times to step aboard of anything that comes along, from a young mule to a flying machine.

"Wireless telegraphy is nothing new to him; he has used it for ages; every negro's mouth is a transmitter and every ear a receiver. If anything of importance happens on a plantation tonight, every negro for forty miles around will know it by morning. "Saturday is his special day by custom and common consent, and if you have any business to attend to in a delta town on Saturday, attend to it early and get off the streets before you get hurt. A negro cannot see you Saturday unless you owe him something, and if you get in his way he is liable to step on you, sit down on you, or back you up against a brick wall and smother you to death. He does not usually do these things, or any of them, through any evil design, as many sometimes suppose, but he simply cannot help it if you get in his way, for he is busy and cannot look out for you. Saturday is his 'rashions' and news exchange day, and in addition to having all those things on his mind, he has to shake hands with every other negro in town and hug every negro woman he meets. You had better take out an accident policy or get off the streets Saturday.

"The standard 'rashions' for a negro is a peck of cornmeal, two pounds of sugar, one pound of coffee, three pounds of salt meat and one gallon of black molasses a week, but he can consume all of this at one sitting if necessary, or if he is working for you and boarding himself he can live a week on three soda crackers, a box of sardines and five cents' worth of cheese. In other words, his stomach is built on the same general plan of an old-fashioned accordion, and either contracts or expands according to the pressure brought to bear upon it.

"He is also immune to nearly all kinds of poisons, and can swallow the most deadly drugs with impunity. I remember of having a negro working for me one time who was having chills and was suffering with severe backaches. I got him a bottle of chill tonic to take and a bottle of liniment to rub his back with. The liniment was labeled in box-car letters. 'Poison; For External Use Only,' and I cautioned him about it when I gave it to him, but for three days and nights, before I found it out, he had been rubbing his back with the chill tonic and taking a tablespoonful of the liniment three times a day before each meal, with excellent results. On another occasion I was sick and had a negro to wait upon me, and the doctor opened a can of antiphlogistine to make a plaster for my side, and left the can on the kitchen table, and when my negro went in to get his supper he mistook it for a can of peanut butter and ate the whole of it without ever discovering his mistake.

"He is likewise a great admirer of art, and in nearly every negro's home be it ever so humble, there hangs a life-size crayon portrait of himself on the wall right opposite the door, where you will be sure to see it as you come in the door. The rest of his surplus money he usually spends for entertainment preferably an excursion, but anything else in motion will do. I have frequently stood on the street corner on a cold, cloudy winter day and watched as many as fifty negroes, who would not average 50 cents each, and none of whom had on clothes enough to flag a flat car, clinging to a merry-go-round as it went round and round, grinding out that well-known and much-beloved melody, 'Oh, Billy Bailey, Why Don't You Come Home?' and their front teeth shining like the keys on a baby grand piano, while hundreds of others, who did not have the price of a ride, were standing in half-frozen mud, shoe-mouth deep, cheering them as they came round.

"All things are pleasing to him. A circus or a funeral is equally enjoyable, but a protracted meeting followed by a big baptizing, or a term of circuit court followed by a public hanging is his chiefest delight. "Whenever a negro tires of country life he moves to town, acquires a charcoal bucket and a tailor's goose,

forms an alliance with some white man's cook, and with his living thus assured, opens a cleaning and pressing establishment. He then goes out Monday morning and gathers in the Sunday clothes of the white clerks of town, and after wearing them himself every night during the week, he gets up Saturday morning and treats them to a gasoline bath, flattens them out with a red-hot iron and rushes them home to their owners, so that they may wear them Sunday; collects \$1.50 for his services in their behalf and goes on his way rejoicing. But should there be any special occasion in town on Saturday night which he wishes to attend he holds back the best suit that he happens to have on hand and wears it to that, and carries it home Sunday morning if he wakes up in time; otherwise its owner can lay in bed over Sunday, and he will bring it back sometime the following Monday.

"If perchance his fancy does not run to cleaning clothes, he gets himself a gasoline stove and other paraphernalia wherewith to defeat the vagrant statute, and sets up a lunch counter, where he serves all such as care to come his way, irrespective of race, color or previous conditions of servitude, with hamburgers, hot catfish and beef sausage, and sometimes sweet spirits of fermenti on the side. But should neither of the locations appeal to him, he usually opens a colored barber shop with a poolroom and crap table in the rear.

"As soon as the city authorities become obnoxious to him, however, he again goes back to the quiet country life, usually right after the Christmas holidays, and joins himself to a cotton-planter, and by his certain written contract duly executed in duplicate, obligates and binds himself to cultivate and gather a crop of cotton on the land therein described, and on the strength thereof proceeds to eat up anywhere from \$5 to \$300 worth of grub while he is waiting for the ground to get in shape to plow, and it very frequently happens that when the trees begin to bud and when the birds begin to whistle and the grasshopper begins to sing, Mr. Negro is seized with wanderlust and suddenly disappears, and the people who once knew him know him no more forever. Every delta town also has its full quota of negro women, who, like the lily, toil not, neither do they spin, yet the Queen of Sheba in all of her glory was never clad like unto one of them.

"Surely the negro is fearfully and wonderfully made, and his ways are past finding out."

**THREE COUNTIES HAVE SUBSCRIBED 51,233 BALES**

Columbia, March 14.—Three counties, Marlboro, Darlington and Sumter, have already signed 51,233 bales of cotton, or more than one-eighth of the quota for the whole state, according to a statement given out at the headquarters of the South Carolina Cotton Growers' Co-operative Association here today. A telegram from E. Wallace Evans, County Chairman for Marlboro county says that Marlboro county expects to sign a total of 40,000 bales or one-tenth of the quota of the whole state before the campaign closes. To date Marlboro has signed 21,667 bales, Darlington 18,760 bales and Sumter 10,806 bales. The three leading counties.

R. C. Hamer, chairman of the campaign committee, speaks at a big mass meeting of Laurens county farmers Friday, Saturday, Mr. Hamer and L. D. Jennings of Sumter will speak before the Agricultural bureau of the Greenville Chamber of Commerce. Alfred Scarborough, member of the organization committee, is speaking in Greenville county this week also. Committees of Spartanburg farmers who have signed the contract are canvassing Spartanburg county this week for additional signatures. This is also being observed "Sign Up Week" in Sumter. Governor Cooper will speak in Anderson, Abbeville, Greenwood and Newberry in behalf of the movement. The dates for his speeches have not yet been announced but will be announced in a few days.

**Good Description**

An amateur mountain climber, relating his experience in the Rockies, said:

"Goin' up you can mighty nigh stand up straight and bite the ground; goin' down a man want hobnails on the seat of his trousers."

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**  
**FOR ALDERMAN**  
 I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Alderman from Ward Two, subject to action of democratic primary election.  
**J. M. GAMBRELL.**

**MAJ. LEE DIES IN CHARLOTTE**

Maj. Thomas B. Lee died Monday morning in Charlotte, N. C. Major Lee was stationed at Abbeville while engaged in the construction of the G. C. and N. now known as the Seaboard Air Line railroad. The following dispatch from Charlotte gives a sketch of his career:

Thomas B. Lee, since prior to the War Between the States a leading civil engineer of South Carolina and for a period a major of engineers of General Longstreet's staff, died suddenly here Monday, aged 87 years. For 18 years past he has lived in Charlotte, still practicing his profession until the time of his death. During his life he has been connected with some of the most important engineering tasks in the South. His first practical experience in railway building was with the Blue Ridge Railroad from Anderson to Knoxville. He was connected with the building of the Seaboard Air Line Railway from Monroe to Atlanta and with most of that road's extensions into Florida. He also was connected during the past few years with the building of the Piedmont and Northern Railway from Charlotte to Gastonia and the interurban line from Spartanburg to Greenwood, being the real builder of these two roads. He was one of the organizers of the Southern Power Company.

Major Lee was born in Camden, S. C., February 28, 1835, a son of Dr. Joseph and Catherine Clarke Lee. He was educated at the Citadel, Charleston. In 1861 he volunteered with Orr's Rifles and served a while with the Army of Northern Virginia. Soon he was made a captain of engineers and later a major, with special duties around Richmond for a while. Secretary Meminger, of the Confederate State treasury, sent him with a million dollars in bonds and currency to Texas, one of the notable exploits of its kind in the war, part of the trip being made by foot.

At Charleston Major Lee was in charge of Battery Wagner when that unit stood the withering fire from 10-inch Federal guns making one of the noted events in the annals of the Confederacy. After the fight at Battery Wagner Major Lee remodeled all the defensive work in Charleston harbor and Sullivan Island and later sent by General Beauregard to Florida and fighting on St. John's river when the war closed. He received four wounds in the battle.

**OPERA HOUSE**  
**THURSDAY and FRIDAY**  
 March 23rd and 24th  
**RUDOLPH VALTINO and**  
**AGNES AYRES in**  
**"THE SHEIK"**  
 Matinee Each Day at 3:15  
 15 Cents 35 Cents  
 NIGHT 8:20  
 Admission: 25c and 50c

**Civil Service Examination**


At the request of the Postmaster General, the U. S. Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination to be held on April 8th, 1922 at Abbeville, S. C., to fill the position of Postmaster at Calhoun Falls, S. C. This is not an examination under the Civil Service Act and rules, but is held under an Executive order of May 10th, 1921.

David A. Wardlaw, Sec.,  
 Board U. S. Civil Service Examiners, Abbeville, S. C.

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**OUR NEW STETSON HATS**  
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**A SWELL LINE OF CAPS TOO.**  
 New grays and browns in tweeds  
 and herring bone stripes. Styles  
 that are becoming and attractive  
 for Young Men and Boys especially.

**LET US SHOW YOU.**

**PARKER & REESE**

**TEMPERATURE OF A GIRL RUN UP TO 114 DEGREES**  
 only to find that they both reached the same high point. During the night the girl's temperature advanced two degrees. Appropriate treatment was applied and the girl's temperature returned to normal or about, and she is now stated in perfect health. Medical journals do not record an instance of such temperature followed by the patient's recovery. Cost of the Dayton flood nine days ago was \$67,383,574.

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 Men's Dress Shirts from \$1.00 to \$1.50  
 Men's Work Pants from \$1.00 to \$2.50.  
 Men's Dress Pants from \$2.00 to \$6.00.  
 Men's and Boys' Summer Union Suits 75c to \$1.00 garment.  
 Men's and Boys' Caps from 50c to \$1.00  
 Men's Hats from \$1.50 to \$3.00

**D. POLIAKOFF**  
 ABBEVILLE, S. C.